



TREASURE ROOM

Accessions

157. 621

Shelf No.

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*Barton Library.*

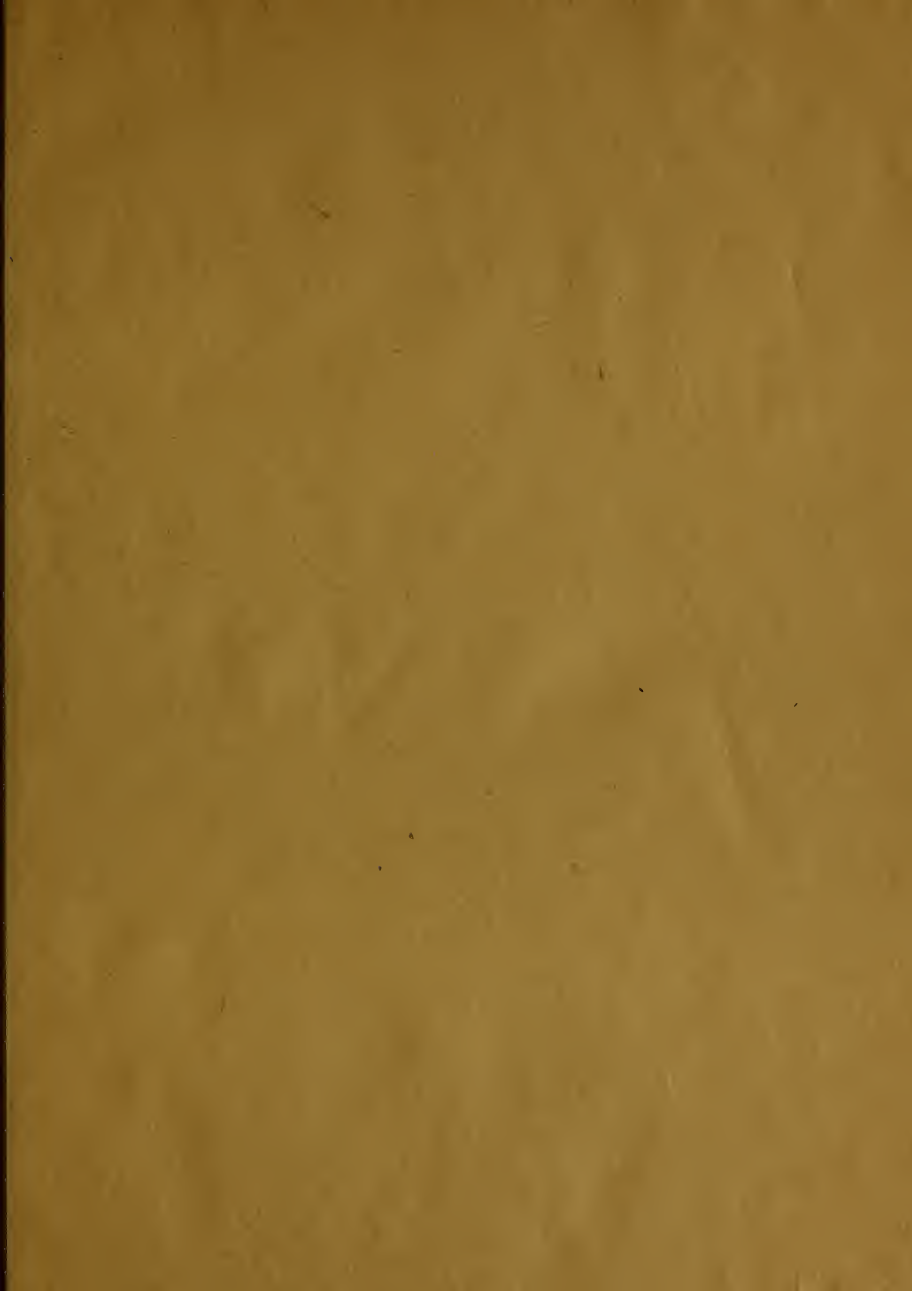


*Thomas Bennett Barton.*

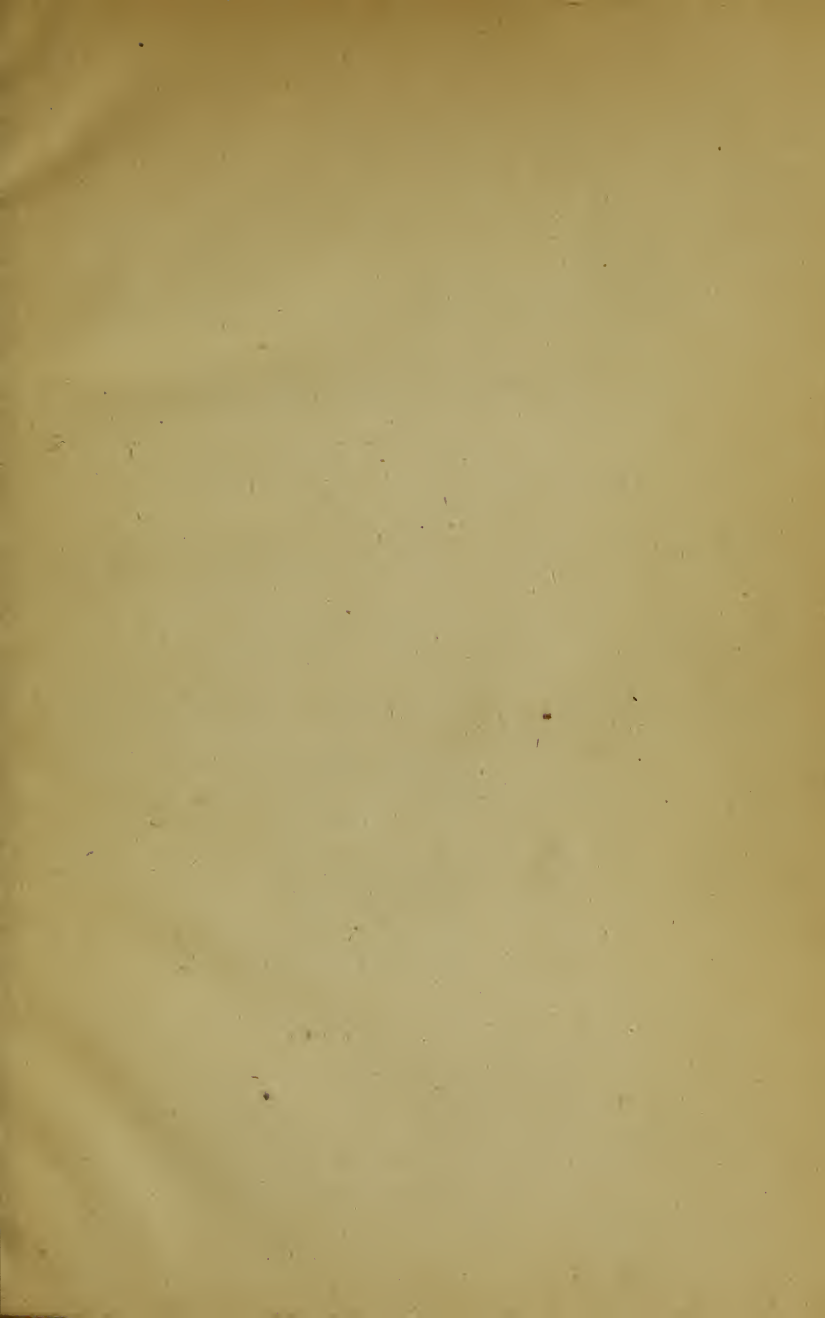
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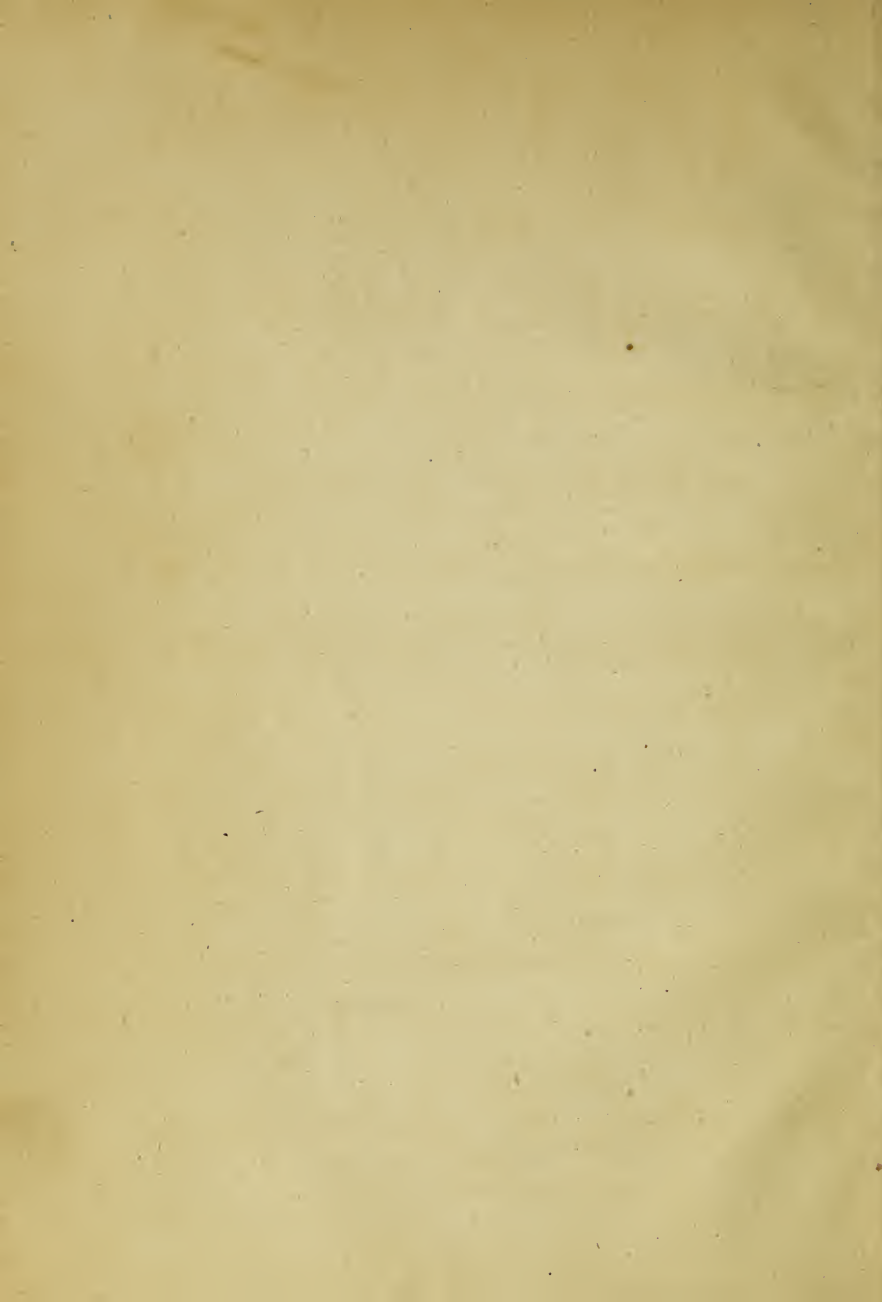
*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*









THE  
PICTVRE.

A

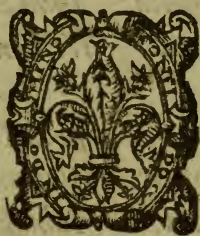
TRAGECOMEDIE,

As it was often presented with good  
allowance, at the *Globe*, and *Blacke-  
Friers* Play-houfes, by the Kings  
Maiefties feruants.

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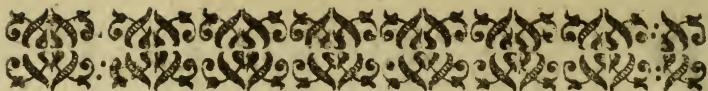
*Written by Philip Massinger.*

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LONDON.

Printed by I. N. for Thomas Walkley and are  
to be sold at his shoppe at the *Eagle* and  
*Child* in Brittaines Burse. 1630.



Dramatis personæ.

The Actors names.

<i>Ladislaus</i> King of Hungarie.	<i>Robert Benfield.</i>
<i>Eubulus</i> an old Counsaylor.	<i>John Lewin,</i>
<i>Ferdinand</i> Generall of the army.	<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
<i>Matbias</i> a knight of Bohemia.	<i>Ioseph Taylor.</i>
<i>Vbaldo,</i>	<i>Thomas Pollard.</i>
<i>Ricardo,</i> 2. wild courtiers.	<i>Eylardt Swanstone.</i>
<i>Hilario,</i> seruant to <i>Sophia.</i>	<i>John Shanucke.</i>
<i>Iulio Baptista</i> a great scholler.	<i>William Pen.</i>
<i>Honorio</i> the Queene.	<i>John Tomson.</i>
<i>Acanthe</i> a maid of honor.	<i>Alexander Goffe.</i>
<i>Sophia</i> wife to <i>Matbias.</i>	<i>John Hunnieman.</i>
<i>Corisca,</i> <i>Sophias</i> woman.	<i>William Trigge.</i>

6. Masquers.  
6. seruants to the Queene  
Attendants.





To my Honored, and selected friends  
of the Noble Society of the Inner  
Temple.

**I**T may bee obiected, my not inscri-  
bing their names, or tittles, to  
whom I dedicate this Poem, procee-  
deth either from my diffidence<sup>o</sup> of  
their affection to me, or their vnwillingnes to be  
publishde the Patrons of a trifle. To such as shall  
make so strict an inquisition of mee, I truly an-  
swere. The *Play* in the presentment found  
such a generall approbation, that it gaue mee as-  
surance of their fauour to whose protection it is  
now sacred, and they haue profes'd they so  
sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they  
would haue freely granted that in the publicati-  
on, which for some reasons. I denide my selfe.  
one, and that is a maine one: I had rather inioy  
( as I haue donne ) the reall proofes of their  
friendship, then mountebanke like boast their

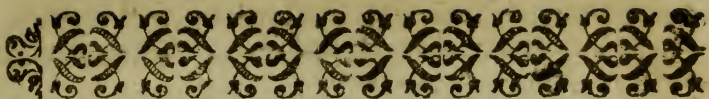
## The Epistle.

numbers in a Catalogue. Accept it noble gentlemen as a confirmation of his seruice who hath nothing else to assure you, and witnes to the world how much he stands ingagd for your soe frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me belecue, that you now may, and shall euer command,

Your seruant

*Philip Massinger.*

---



To his worthy friend M<sup>r</sup>. *Philip*  
*Massinger*, vpon his *Tragacomadie*  
stiled, *The Picture*.

**M**E thinkes I heere some busy Criticke say  
Who's this that singly vsuers on this Play?  
'Tis boldnes I confesse, and yet perchance  
It may be constur'd loue, not arrogance.

I do not heere vpon this lease intrude  
By praying one, to wrong a multitude.

Nor do I thinke that all are tyed to be  
(Forc'd by my vote) in the same creed with me.

Each man hath liberty to iudge; free will,  
At his owne pleasure to speake good, or ill.

But yet your Muse alreadie's knowne so well  
Her worth will hardly find an infidell.

Heere she hath drawne a picture, which shall lye  
Safe for all future times to practise by.

What ere shall follow are but Coppies, some  
Preceding workes were types of this to come.

'Tis your owne liuely image, and sett's forth  
When we are dust the beauty of your worth.

He that shall dully read and not aduance  
Ought that is heere betrayes his ignorance.

Yet whosoever beyond desert commends  
Errs more by much then he that reprehends,

For prayse misplac'd, and honor set vpon  
A worthlesse subiect is detraction.

I cannot sin so heere, vnlesse I went  
About, to stile you only excellent.

*Apollo's* gifts are not confin'd alone  
To your dispose, He hath more heires then one,

And such as do deriue from his blest hand  
A large inheritance in the Poets land  
As well as you, nor are you I assure  
My selfe so enuious, but you can endure.  
To heere their praise, whose worth long since was knowne  
And lustly to, prefer'd before your owne.  
I know you would take it for an iniury,  
( And 'tis a well becoming modesty )  
To be paraleld with *Beannions*, or to heere  
Your name by some to partiall friend write neere  
Vnequal'd *Ionson*: being men whose fire  
At distance, and with reuerence you admir'd.  
Do so and you shall find your gaine will bee  
Much more by yeelding them priority  
Then with a certaintie of losse to hould  
A foolish competition; 'Tis to bould.  
A tasque, and to be shunde, nor shall my prayse  
Wit to much waight ruine, what it would rayse.

*Thomas Iay.*

---



# THE PICTURE,

*A true Hungarian History.*

*Actus primi, Scena prima.*

*Enter Mathias in armour, Sophia in a riding sute, Corisca,  
Hilario with other seruants.*

*Mathias.*



Ince we must part *Sophia*, to passe further  
Is not alone impertinent but dangerous.  
We are not distant from the *Turkes* campe  
Aboue five leagues, and who knowes but some partie  
Of his *Timariots* that scoure the countrey  
May fall vpon vs, be now as thy name  
Truely interpreted hath euer spoke thee,  
Wife, and discrete, and to thy vnderstanding  
Marrie thy constant pacience.

*Sophia.* Yow put me Sir,  
To the vtmost triall of it.

*Mathias,* Nay noe melting,  
Since the necessity that now seperates vs,  
We haue long since disputed, and the reasons  
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in teates,  
I grant that you in birth were farre aboue mee,  
And great men my superiours riuals for you,  
But mutuall consent of heart, as hands  
Ioynde by true loue hath made vs one, and equal;  
Nor is it in me meere desire of fame,

## The Picture.

Or to be cri'de vp by the publike voyce  
For a braue souldier that puts on my armour;  
Such aerie tumours take not me, you know  
How narrow our demeanes are, and whats more  
Hauing as yet no charge of children on vs  
We hardly can subsist.

*Sophia.* In you alone sir  
I haue all abundance.

*Mathias.* For my minds content  
In your owne language I could answere you :  
You haue beene an obedient wife, a right one;  
And to my power, though short of your desert  
I haue beene euer an indulgent husband.  
We haue long inioyd the sweets of loue, and though  
Not to satisfie, or lothing, yet  
We must not liue such dotardes on our pleasures  
As still to hugge them to the certaine losse  
Of profit, and preferment, competent meanes  
Maintaines aquiet bed, want breeds dissention  
Euen in good women.

*Sophia.* Haue you found in me sir  
Any distast, or signe of discontent  
For want of whats superfluous ?

*Mathias.* No *Sophia.*

Nor shalt thou euer haue cause to repent  
Thy constant course in goodnes if heauen blesse  
My honest vndertakings; 'tis for thee  
That I turne souldier, and put forth, decreest,  
Vpon this sea of action as a factor  
To trade for rich materials to adorne  
Thy noble parts, and show'em in full lustre.  
I blush that other ladies lesse in beauty  
And outward forme, but in the harmonic  
Of the soules rauishing musick<sup>e</sup> the same age  
Not to be nam'd with thee, should so out shine thee  
In iewels, and variety of wardrobes,

While

# The Picture.

While you (to whose sweet innocense both Indies  
Compar'd are of no value) wanting these  
Passe vnregarded.

*Sophia.* If I am so rich  
In your opinion, why should you borrow  
Additions for me?

*Mathias.* Why? I should be censur'd  
Of ignorance possessing such a lewell  
About all price, if I forbear to giue it  
The best of ornaments. Therefore *Sophia*  
In few words know my pleasure and obey me,  
As you haue euer done: to your discretion,  
I leaue the gouernment of my family  
And our poore fortunes, and from these command  
Obedience to you as to my selfe,  
To the vtmost of what's mine liue plentifully,  
And ere the remnant of our store be spent,  
With my good sword I hope I shall reape for you  
A harvest in such full abundance, as  
Shall make a merry winter.

*Sophia.* Since you are not  
To be diuerted Sir from what you purpose  
All arguments to stay you heere are vselesse.  
Goe when you please Sir, Eyes I charge you waste not  
One drop of sorrow, looke you hoord all vp  
Till in my widdowed bed I call vpon you,  
But then be sure you faile not. You blest Angels  
Guardians of humane life, I at this instant  
Forbear t'inuoke you, at our parting 'twere  
To personate deuotion. My soule  
Shall goe along with you, and when you are  
Circl'd with death and horrour, seeke and finde you:  
And then I will not leaue a Saint vnus'd to  
For your protection. To tell you what  
I will doe in your absence, would shew poorely,  
My actions shall speake me, 'twere to doubt you

# The Picture.

To begge I may heere from you, where you are,  
You cannot line obscure nor shall one post  
By night, or day passe vnexamin'd by me.  
If I dwell long vpon your lips, consider  
After this fealt the griping fast that followes  
And it will be excusable, pray turne from mee.  
All that I can is spoken.

*Exit Sophia.*

*Mathias.* Follow your mistresse.

Forbeare your wishes for me, let mee finde'em  
At my returne in your prompt will to serue her.

*Hilario.* For my part sir I will grow leane with study  
To make her merry.

*Corisca.* Though you are my Lord,  
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place  
I may take my leaue, your hand or if you please.  
To haue neight so high, ile not be coy  
But stande a tiptoe for't;

*Mathias.* O farewell gyrl.

*Hilario.* A kisse well begg'd *Corisca,*

*Corisca.* Twas my fee,  
Loue how he melts! I cannot blame my ladies  
Vnwillingnesse to part with such marmulade lips.  
There will be scrambling for'em in the campe,  
And were it not for my honesty I could wish now  
I were his leager landresse I would finde  
Sope of mine owne, enough to wash his linnen  
Or I would straine hard for't

*Hilario.* How the mammet'twitters!  
Come, come my ladie staies for vs.

*Corisca.* Would I had beene  
Her ladi'ship the last night.

*Hilario.* Noe more of that wench.

*Exunt Hilario.*

*Mathias.* I am strangely troubled: yet why I should nourish  
A furie heere, and with imagind foode.  
Hauing no reall grounds on which to raise,  
A buildings of suspicion, she was euer;

Or



# The Picture.

Or can be false heereafter; I in this  
But foolishly inquire the knowledge of  
A future sorrow, which if I find out,  
My present ignorance were a cheape purchase  
Though with my losse of beeing, I haue already  
Dealt with a friend of mine, a generall scholler  
One deeply read in natures hidden secrets,  
And though with much vnwillingnesse haue wone him  
To doe asmuch as Art can to resolue me  
My fate that followes, to my wish, Hee's come.  
*Iulio Baptista*, now I may asirme  
Your promise, and performance walke together.  
And therefore without circumstance to the point,  
Instruct me what I am.

Enter  
*Baptista*.

*Baptista*. I could wish you had  
Made triall of my loue some other way.

*Mathias*. Nay this is from the purpose.

*Baptista*. If you can,  
Proportion your desire to any meane  
I do pronounce you happy, I haue found  
By certaine rules of Art your matchlesse wife  
Is to this present hower from all pollution  
Free and vntainted.

*Mathias*. Good.

*Baptista*. In reason therefore  
You should fixe heere, and make no farther serach  
Of what may fall heereafter.

*Mathias*. O *Baptista*  
Tis not in me to master so my passions,  
I must know farther, or you haue made good  
But halfe your promise. while my loue stood by,  
Holding her vpright, and my presence was  
A watch vpon her; her desires being met to  
with equall ardor from me; what one proofe  
Could she giue of her constancy being vntempted?  
But when I am absent, and my comming backe

# The Picture.

Vncertaine, and those wanton heates in women  
Not to be quench'd by lawfull meanes, and shee  
The absolute disposer of her selfe,  
Without, controule, or curbe, may more invited  
By opportunity and all strong temptations,  
If then she hold out.

*Baptista.* As no doubt she will,

*Mathias.* Those doubts must be made certainties *Baptista*  
By your assurance, or your boasted Art  
Deserues no admiration; how you trifle  
And play with my affliction? I am on  
The wracke till you confirme mee.

*Baptista.* Sure *Mathias.*

I am no God, nor can I diue into  
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are  
That is deni'd to art, and kept conceald  
enen from the diuels themselues: they can but gesse  
Out of long obseruation what is likely,  
But positiuely to foretell that this shall be  
You may conclude impossible; all I can  
I will doe for you, when you are distant from her  
A thousand leauges, as if you then were with her,  
You shall know truly when she is solicited,  
And how far wrought on.

*Mathias.* I desire no more.

*Baptista.* Take then this little modell of *Sophia*  
With more then humane skill limde to the life *Limn'd*  
Each line, and lenament of it in the drawing *Lineament*  
Soe punctually obserued that had it motion  
In so much'twere her selfe.

*Mathias.* It is indeede  
An admirable peece, but if it haue not  
Some hidden vertue that I cannot gesse at  
In what can it aduantage me?

*Baptista.* He instruct you,  
Carry it still about you and as oft

# The Picture.

As you desire to know how shee's affected  
With curious eyes peruse it while it keeps  
The figure it now has intire, and perfit;  
She is not onely innocent in fact  
But vnattempted: but if once it varie  
From the true forme, and what's now white, and red  
Incline to yellow, rest most confident  
Shees with all violence courted but vnconquerd.  
But if it turne all blacke 'tis an assurance  
The fort by composition, or surprize  
Is forc'd, or with her free consent surrenderd.

*Mathias.* How much you haue ingag'd me for this fauour,  
The seruice of my whole life shall make good

*Baptista.* We will not part so, Ile along with you,  
And it is needfull with the rising Sun  
The armies meete, yet ere the fight begun  
In spite of oposition I will place you  
In the head of the Hungarian Generals troope  
And nere his person.

*Mathias.* As my better Angel  
You shall direct and guide mee.

*Baptista.* As we ride  
Ile tell you more.

*Mathias.* In all things Ile obey you.

*Exeui*

*Actus primi scana secunda,*

*Enter Vbaldo, Ricardo.*

*Ricardo.* When came the post?

*Vbaldo.* The last night.

*Ricardo.* From the campe?

*Vbaldo.* Yes as 'tis said, and the letter writ and signd  
By the generall *Ferdinand*

*Ricardo.* Nay then sans question  
It is of moment.

*Vbaldo,*

*Vbaldo.* It concernes the liues  
Of two great armies,

*Ricardo.* Was it cherfully  
Receiued by the King?

*Vbaldo.* Yes, for being assured  
The armies were in view of one another  
Hauing proclaimed a publicke fast, and prayer  
For the good successe, dispatch'd a gentleman  
Of his priuy chamber to the generall  
With absolute authority from him  
To trie the fortune of a day.

*Ricardo.* No doubt then  
The Generall will come on and fight it brauely,  
Heauen Prosper him, this militarie art  
I grant to be the noblest of professions  
And yet I thanke my stars for't I was neuer  
Inclin'd to learne it, since this bubble honour,  
( Which is indeede the nothing souldiers fight for  
With the losse of limbes, or life ) is in my iudgement  
Too deare a purchase.

*Vbaldo.* Giue me our Court-warfare,  
The danger is not great in the encounter  
Of a faire Mistresse.

*Ricardo.* Faire and sound together  
Doe very well *Vbaldo.* But such are  
With difficulty to be found out, and when they know  
Their valúe prizde too high. By thy owne report  
Thou wast at twelue a gamester, and since that  
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader  
I'the streete with certaine danger to thy pocket,  
To the great Lady in her Cabinet,  
That spent vpon thee more in cullises  
To strengthen thy weake backe, then would maintaine  
Twelue Flanders mares, and as many running horses:  
Besides Apothecaries and Chirurgeons bills  
Payd vpon all occasions, and those frequent.

*Vbaldo.*

# The Picture.

*Ubaldo.* You talke *Ricardo*, as if yet you were  
A nouice in those misteries.

*Ricardo.* By no meanes,  
My Doctor can assure the contrary,  
I loose no time. I haue felt the paine and pleasure  
As he that is a gamester, and playes often  
Must sometimes be a looser.

*Ubaldo.* Wherefore then  
Doe you enuy me?

*Ricardo.* It growes not from my want,  
Nor thy abundance, but being as I am  
The likelier man, and of much more experience,  
My good parts, are my curfies, there's no beauty  
But yeeldes ere it be summon'd, and as nature  
Had sign'd me the monopolie of maidenheads,  
There's none can buy till I haue made my market,  
Satiety cloyes me, as I liue I would part with  
Halfe my estate, nay trauaile ore the world  
To finde that onely Phænix in my search  
That could hold out against me.

*Ubaldo.* Be not rapp'd so:  
You may spare that labour, as she is a woman  
What thinke you of the Queene?

*Ricardo.* I dare no taime at  
The petticoateroyall, that is still excepted:  
Yet were she not my Kings, being the abstract  
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,  
To write her in my catalogue, hauing inioy'd her  
I would venter my necke to a halter, but we talke of  
Impossibilities; as she hath a beauty  
Would make old *Nestor* young, such maiesty  
Drawes foorth a sword of terrour to defend it,  
As would fright *Paris*, though the Queene of loue  
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.

*Ubaldo.* Haue you obseru'd  
The grauity of her language mix'd with sweetnesse?

## The Picture.

*Ricardo.* Then at what distance she reserves her selfe  
When the King himselfe makes his approaches to her,

*Ubaldo.* As she were still a virgine, and his life  
But one continued wooing.

*Ricardo.* She well knowes  
Her worth, and values it.

*Ubaldo.* And so farre the King is  
Indulgent to her humors, that he forbears  
The ducty of a husband, but when she calles for't.

*Ricardo.* All his imaginations and thoughts  
Are buried in her, the lowd noyse of warre  
Cannot awake him.

*Ubaldo.* At this very instant.  
When both his life and Crowne are at the stake,  
He onely studies her content, and when  
She's pleas'd to shew her selfe, musicke and masques  
Are with all care and cost provided for her.

*Ricardo.* This night she promis'd to appeare.

*Ubaldo.* You may belecue it by the diligence of the King  
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter Ladislaus, Eubulus, and attendants  
with perfumes.*

*Ladislaus.* These roomes  
Are not perfum'd as we directed.

*Eubulus.* Not Sir,  
I know not what you would haue, I am sure the smoke  
Cost treble the price of the whole weekes provision  
Spent in your Maiesties kitchins.

*Ladislaus.* How! I scorne  
Thy grosse comparison. When my *Honorie*  
Th'amazement of the present time, and enuy  
Of all succeeding ages does descend  
To sanctifie a place, and in her presence  
Makes it a Temple to me, can I be

## The Picture.

Too curious, much lesse prodigall to receiue her?  
But that the splendour of her beames of beauty  
Hath strucke thee blinde?

*Eubulus.* As dotage hath done you.

*Ladislaus.* Dotage, O blasphemy! is it in me  
To serue her to her merit? is she not  
The daughter of a King?

*Eubulus.* And you the sonne  
Of ours I take it, by what priuiledge else  
Doe you reigne ouer vs? for my part I know not  
Where the dispairity lyes.

*Ladislaus.* Her birth old man,  
Old in the Kingdomes seruice which protects thee,  
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties  
Might make the thunderer a riual for her,  
They are but superficial ornaments  
And faintly speake her, from her heauenly mind  
Were all antiquity and fiction lost  
Our moderne Poets could not in their fancie  
But fashion a *Minerna* faire transcending  
Th'imagin'd one, whom *Homer* onely dreamt of,  
But then adde this, she's mine, mine *Eubulus.*  
And though she know one glance from her faire eyes  
Must make all gazers her idolaters,  
Shee is so sparing of their influence  
That to shun superstition in others,  
Shee shootes her powerfull beames onely at me.  
And can I then, whom she desires to hold  
Her Kingly captiue about all the world,  
Whose Nations and Empires if she pleas'd  
Shee might command as slaues, but gladly pay  
The humble tribute of my loue and seruice,  
Nay if I sayd of adoration to her  
I did not erre?

*Eubulus.* Well, since you hugge your fetters  
In loues name weare'em. You are a King, and that

# The Picture.

Concludes you wife. Your will a powerfull reason,  
Which we that are foolish Subjects must not argue.  
And what in a meane man I should call folly,  
Is in your Maiesty remarkable wisdom.  
But for me I subscribe.

*Ladislaws.* Doe, and looke vp:  
Vpon this wonder.

*Lowd musicke, Honoria in state under a Canopy, her  
traine borne up by Siluia and Acanthe.*

*Ricardo.* Wonder? it is more Sir.

*Vbaldo.* A rapture, an astonishment.

*Ricardo.* What thinke you Sir?

*Enbulus.* As the King thinks, that is the surest guard  
We Courtiers euer lie at. Was Prince euer  
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles  
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:  
But yet to admiration looke not on her.  
Heauen how he fawnes; and as it were his duty;  
With what assured grauity she receiues it!  
Her hand againe! O she at length vouchsafes.  
Her Lip, and as he had suck'd Nectar from it  
How he's exalted! Women in their natures  
Affect command, but this humility  
In a husband and a King markes her the way.  
To absolute tyranie. So, *Iuno's* plac'd  
In *Ioues* Tribunall, and like *Mercurie*  
Forgetting his owne greatnesse, he attends  
For her employments. She prepares to speake,  
What Oracles shall we heare now?

*Honoria.* That you please Sir,  
With such assurances of loue and fauour,  
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours Sir,  
A matchlesse Queene, and one that knowes her selfe so,  
Bindes me in retribution to deserue



# The Picture.

The grace conferd vpon me.

*Ladislaus.* You transcend

In all things excellent, and it is my glory,  
Your worth weigh'd truly to depose my selfe  
From absolute command, surrendering vp  
My will and faculties to your disposeure:  
And heere I vow, not for a day or yeere,  
But my whole life, which I wish long to serue you:  
That wharsoeuer I in iustice may  
Exact from these my subiects, you from me  
May boldly challenge. And when you require it,  
In signe of my subiection, as your vassall,  
Thus I will pay my homage.

*Honorio.* O forbear Sir,

Let not my Lips enuie my Robe: on them  
Print your alegiance often. I desire  
No other fealtie.

*Ladislaus.* Gracious Soueraigne,  
Boundlesse in bounty!

*Embulus.* Is not heere fine fooling?

He's questionlesse bewitch'd. would I were gelt  
So that would disenchant him. Though I forfeit  
My life for it I must speake. By your good leaue sir,  
I haue no sute to you, nor can you grant one  
Hauing no Power. You are like me a subiect.  
Her more then serene Maiesty being present.  
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,  
Hauing depos'd your selfe to keepe your hat on,  
And not stand bare as we doe, being no King,  
But a fellow subiect with vs. Gentlemen vs. shers  
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd,  
He has giuen away his Crowne, and cannot challenge  
The priuiledge of his bonnet.

*Ladislaus.* Doe no tempt me.

*Embulus.* Tempt you, in what? in following your example  
If you are angry question me heereafter,

# The Picture.

*As Ladislaus* should do *Eubulus*  
On equall termes, you were of late my soueraigne  
But weary of it, I now bend my knee  
To her diuinity, and desire a boone  
From her more then magnificence.

*Honoriam*. Take it freely.

Nay be not mou'd, for our mirth sake let vs heare him,  
*Eubulus*, 'Tis but to aske a question, haue you ne're read  
The story of *Semiramis* and *Ninus*?

*Honoriam*. Not as I remember.

*Eubulus*. I will then instruct you,  
And tis to the purpose, this *Ninus* was a King,  
And such an impotent louing King as this was  
But now hee's none, this *Ninus* (pray you obserue me)  
Doted on this *Semiramis*, a smiths wife,  
(I must confesse there the comparifon holdes not,  
You are a Kings daughter, yet vnder your correction  
Like her a woman) this *Assirian monarch*  
(Of whom this is a patterne) to expresse  
His loue, and seruice, seated her as you are,  
In his regall throne, and bound by oth his Nobles  
For getting all alleageance to him selfe  
One day to be her subiects, and to put  
In execution what euer shee  
Pleas'd to impose vpon 'em, pray you command him  
To minister the like to vs and then  
You shall heare what follow'd.

*Ladislaus*. Well sir to your story.

*Eubulus*. You haue no warrant, stand by, Let me know  
Your pleasure Goddesse.

*Honoriam*. Let this nod assure you.

*Eubulus*. Goddesse like indeede, as I liue a pretty Idoll,  
She knowing her power wisely made vse of it  
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance  
Of what he had granted (as in reason Madam,  
You may doe his) that hee might neuer haue

# The Picture.

Power to recall his grant, or question her  
For her short government, instantly gaue order  
To haue his head strucke off.

*Ladislaus.* 'Tis possible?

*Eubulus.* The story sayes so and commends her wisdom  
For making vse of her authority :  
And it is worth your imitation Madam,  
He loues subiection, and you are no Queene  
Vnlesse you make him feele the waight of it.  
You are more then all the world to him, and that,  
He may be foe to you, and not seeke change,  
When his delights are sated, mew him vp  
In some close prison, if you let him liue  
(Which is no policy) and there dyet him,  
As you thinke fit to feede your appetite  
Since there ends his ambition.

*Ubaldo.* Diuelish counsaile.

*Ricardo.* The King's amaz'd.

*Ubaldo.* The Queene appeares too full  
Of deepe imaginations, *Eubulus*  
Hath put both to it.

*Ricardo.* Now she seemes resolu'd  
I long to know the issue.

*Honoriam descends.*

*Honoriam.* Giue me leaue,  
Deare sir to reprehend you for appearing  
Perplex'd with what this old man out of enuy  
Of your vnequal'd graces showr'd vpon me,  
Hath in his fabulous story sawcily  
Applide to me, sir that you onely nourish  
One doubt *Honoriam* dares abuse the power  
With which shee is inuested by your fauour,  
Or that she euer can make vse of it  
To the iniury of you the great bestower,  
Takes from your iudgement, it was your delight  
To seeke to me with more obsequiousnesse,

Then

# The Picture.

Then I desir'd. And stood it with my duty  
Not to receiue what you were pleas'd to offer?  
I doe but act the Part you put vpon me,  
And though you make me Personate a Queene,  
And you my subiect, when the play your pleasure  
Is at a period, I am what I was  
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,  
And you my royall Soueraigne.

*Ricardo.* Admirable!

*Honorica.* I haue heard of Captains taken more with dangers  
Then the rewards, and if in your approches  
To those delights which are your owne, and freely  
To heighten your desire, you make the passage  
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you?  
Or blame your fondnesse? Or can that swell me  
Beyond my iust proportion?

*Ubaldo.* Aboue wonder!

*Ladisluss.* Heauen make me thankfull for such goodnesse.

*Honorica.* Now Sir,  
The state I tooke to satisfie your pleasure  
I change to this humility, and the oath  
You made to me of homage, I thus cancell,  
And seate you in your owne.

*Ladisluss.* I am transported  
Beyond my selfe.

*Honorica.* And now to your wife Lordship,  
Am I prou'd a *Semiramis*? or hath  
My *Ninus*, as maliciously you made him,  
Cause to repent th'excelsse of fauour to me,  
Which you call dotage?

*Ladisluss.* Answer wretch.

*Embulus.* I dare Sir,  
And say how euer the euent may pleade  
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;  
Nor was it wisdome in you (I repeate it)  
To teach a Lady, humble in her selfe

With

# The Picture.

With the ridiculous dotage of a louer  
To be ambitious.

*Honorio. Eubulus*, I am so,  
Tis rooted in me, you mistake my temper.  
I do professe my selfe to be the most  
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hould  
Command ouer my Lord, such a proud, torrent  
Would sincke me in my wishes; not that I  
Am ignorant how much I can deserue  
And may with iustice challenge.

*Eubulus*. This I look'd for;  
After this seeming humble ebbe I knew  
A gushing tide would follow.

*Honorio*. By my birth,  
And liberall giftes of nature, as of fortune,  
From you, as things beneath me, I expect  
What's due to maiesty, in which I am  
A sharer with your soueraigne.

*Eubulus*. Good againe!

*Honorio*. And as I am most eminent in place,  
In all my actions I would appeere so.

*Ladislaus*. You need not feare a riuall.

*Honorio*. I hope not;  
And till I finde one, I disdaine to know  
What enuie is.

*Ladislaus*. You are about it Madam.

*Honorio*. For beauty without art, discourse, and free  
From affectation, with what graces else  
Can in the wife and daughter of a King  
Be wish'd, I dare prefer my selfe.

*Eubulus*. As I  
Blush for you lady, trumpet your owne prayes?  
This spoken by the people had beene heard  
With honour to you; does the court afford  
Nooye-tongu'd parasite, that you are forc'd  
To be your owne grosse flatterer?

# The Picture.

*Ladislaus.* Bee dumbe,  
Thou spirit of contradiction.

*Honorio.* The wolfe  
But barks against the Moone, and I contemne it.  
The masque you promis'd.

*A horne.* Enter a Post.

*Ladislaus.* Let 'em enter. How!

*Eubulus.* Heere's one, I feare vnlook'd for.

*Ladislaus.* From the Campe?

*Post.* The Generall victorious in your fortune,  
Kisses your hand in this Sir.

*Ladislaus.* That great Power,  
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battailes,  
Be euer prais'd for't. Read sweet, and pertake it:  
The *Turke* is vanquish'd, and with little losse  
Vpon our part, in which our ioy is doubl'd.

*Eubulus.* But let it not exalt you, beare it Sir  
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.

*Ladislaus.* I vnderstand thee *Eubulus.* Ile not now  
Enquire particulars. Our delights deferr'd,  
With reuerence to the Temples, there wee'l tender  
Our Soules deuotions to his dread might,  
Who edg'd our swords, and taught vs how to fight.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The end of the first Act.*

*Actus*

# The Picture.

## Actus secundi, Scena prima.

Enter Hilario, Corisca.

*Hilario.*

**Y**ou like my speech?

*Corisca.* Yes, if you giue it action  
In the deliuerie.

*Hilario.* If? I pittie you.

I haue plaide the foole before, this is not the first time,  
Nor shall be I hope the last.

*Corisca.* Nay I thinke so to.

*Hila.* And if I put her not out of her dumps with laughter,  
Ile make her howle for anger.

*Corisca.* Not too much

Of that good fellow *Hilario*. Our sad Lady  
Hath dranke too often of that bitter cup,  
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience  
Would she indure to heare of the death of my Lord,  
That meerey out of doubt he may miscary  
Afflicts her selfe thus?

*Hilario.* Vm, 'tis a question

A widdow onely can resolue. There be some  
That in their husbands sicknesse haue wep'd  
Their pottle of teares a day: but being once certaine  
At midnight he was dead, haue in the morning  
Dri'd vp their handkerchers, and thought no more on't.

*Corisca.* Tush, shee is none of that race, if her sorrow  
Be not true and perfit, I against my sex  
Will take my oath woman nere wep'd in earnest.  
She has made her selfe a prisoner to her chamber,  
Darke as a dungeon, in which no beame  
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;  
Eates little, and her nightly musicke is  
Of sighes and groanes tun'd to such harmonic.

## The Picture.

Of feeling grieffe, that I against my nature  
Am made one of the consort. This houre onely  
She takes the aire, a custome euery day  
She sollemnly obserues, with greedy hopes  
From some that passe by to receiue assurance  
Of the successe, and safety of her Lord :  
Now if that your deuiice will take

*Hilario.* Nere feare it :

I am prouided cap a pe, and haue

My properties in readinesse.

*Sophia within.* Bring my vaile there.

*Corisca.* Be gone, I heare her comming.

*Hilario.* If I do not

Appere, and what's more, appere perfit, hisse me.

*Exit Hilario.*

*Enter Sophia.*

*Sophia.* I was flatter'd once I was a Star; but now  
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and like one  
Hang in the aire betweene my hopes, and feares,  
And euery howre the little stufte burnt out  
That yeelds a waning light to dying comfort,  
I doe expect my fall and certaine ruine.  
In wretched things more wretched is delay,  
And hope a parasite to me, being vnmasqu'd  
Appeares more horrid then despaire, and my  
Distraction worse then madnesse : eu'n my prayers  
When with most zeale sent vpward, are pull'd downe,  
With strong imaginary doubts and feares,  
And in their suddaine precipice orewhelme me.  
Dreames, and phantastick evisions walke the round  
About my widdowed bed, and euery slumber  
Broken with lowd alarms : can these be then  
But sad presages girle ?

*Corisca.* You mak 'em so,

And antedate a losse shall ne're fall on you.

Such pure affection, such mutuall loue,



# The Picture.

A bed, and vndefil'd on either part,  
A house without contention, in two bodies  
One will, and Soule like to the rod of concord,  
Kissing each other, cannot be short liu'd  
Or end in barrenesse: if all these deare Madam  
( Sweet in your sadnesse ) should produce no fruite,  
Or leaue the age no models of your selues,  
To witnesse to posterity what you were  
Succeeding times frighted with the example  
But hearing of your story, would instruct  
Their fairest issue to meete sensually,  
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise  
True loue, or *Himen* Altars.

*Sophia.* O *Corisca*,

I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes,  
And they are built vpon a weake foundation,  
To raise me comfort. Ten long dayes are past,  
Ten long dayes my *Corisca*, since my Lord  
Embarqu'd himselfe vpon a Sea of danger,  
In his deare care of me. And if his life  
Had not beene shipwrack'd on the rocke of war,  
Histenderesse of me ( knowing how much  
I languish for his absence ) had prouided  
Some trusty friend from whom I might receiue  
Assurance of his safety.

*Corisca.* Ill newes Madam,

Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on crutches:  
With patience expect it, and ere long  
No doubt you shall heare from him.

*A sowerdgers horne blowne. A Post.*

*Sophia.* Ha! What's that?

*Corisca.* The foole has got a sowerdgers horne  
As I take it Madam.

*Sophia.* It makes this way still,  
Neerer and neerer:

*Corisca.* From the Campe I hope.

# The Picture.

*Enter Hilario, with a long white hayre and beard, in an anticke armour, one with a horne before him.*

*Sophia.* The messenger appeares, and in strange armour.  
Heauen if it be thy will!

*Hilario.* It is no boote  
To strine, our horses tir'd let's walke on foot,  
And that the Castle which is very neere vs,  
To giue vs entertainment may soone heare vs,  
Blow lustily my Lad, and drawing nigh a,  
Aske for a Lady which is clep'd *Sophia*.

*Corisca.* He names you Madam.

*Hilario.* For to her I bring,  
Thus clad in in armes, newes of a pretty thing,  
By name *Mathias*.

*Sophia.* From my Lord? O Sir,  
I am *Sophia*, that *Mathias* wife.  
So may *Mars* fauour you in all your battailes,  
As you with speede vnloade me of the burthen  
I labour vnder, till I am confirm'd  
Both where, and how you left him.

*Hilario.* If thou art  
As I beleue, the pigs-ney of his heart,  
Kuow hee's in health, and what's more full of glee,  
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

*Sophia.* Haue you no letters from him?

*Hilario.* No more words.  
In the Campe we vse no pens, but write with swords:  
Yet as I am inioyn'd, by word of mouth  
I will proclaime his deeds from North to South.  
But tremble not while I relate the wonder,  
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voyce thunder.

*Sophia.* This is some counterfeit bragat.

*Corisca.* Heare him Madam.

*Hila.* The Reere march'd first, which follow'd by the Van,  
And wing'd with the Battalia, no man

## The Picture.

Durst stay to shift a shirt or louze himselfe;  
Yet ere the armies ioynd, that hopefull else,  
Thy deere my dainty duckling, bold *Marthias*  
Aduanc'd, and star'd like *Hercules* or *Golias*.  
A hundred thousand *Turkes*, it is no vaunt,  
Assail'd him, euery one a Termagaunt,  
But what did he then? with his keene edge speare  
He cut, and Carbonadode 'em, heere, and there,  
Lay leggs and armes, and as 'tis sayd truely  
Of *Benis*, some he quarter'd all in three.

*Sophia*. This is ridiculous.

*Hilario*. I must take breath

Then like a Nightingale i'le sing his death;

*Sophia*. His death?

*Hilario*. I am out.

*Corisca*. Recouer dunder-head.

*Hilario*. How he escap'd I should haue sung, not dide  
For, though a knight, when I said so I lide  
Weary he was, and scarce could stand vpright  
And looking round for some couragious Knight  
To reskue him, as one perplex'd in woe  
He cald to me, helpe, helpe *Hilario*,  
My valiant seruant helpe.

*Corisca*. He has spoyld all.

*Sophia*. Are you the man of armes then? ile make bold  
To take of your martiall beard, you had fooles hayre  
Enough without it. Slaue, how durst thou make  
Thy sport of what concernes me more then life,  
In such an anticke fashion? am I growne  
Contemptible to those I feed? you mignion  
Had a hand in it to, as it appeares,  
Your petticote serues for bases to this warrior.

*Corisca*. We did it for your mirth.

*Hilario*. For my selfe I hope,  
I haue spokelike a souldier.

*Sophia*. Hence you rascal.

## The Picture.

I neuer but with reuerence name my Lord  
And can I heere it by thy tongue prophain'd  
And not correct thy folly? but you are  
Transform'd, and turnd Knight terrant, take your course  
And wander where you please, for heere I vow  
By my Lords life (an oath I will not breake)  
Till his returne, or certainty of his safety,  
My doores are shut against thee.

*Exit Sophia.*

*Corisca.* You haue made  
A fine peece of worke on't: how do you like the quality?  
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,  
And may strowle where you please.

*Hilario.* Will you buy my share?

*Corisca.* No certainly, I feare I haue already  
Too much of mine owne, I'le onely as a damsell  
(As the bookes say) thus far helpe to disarme you,  
And so deere *Don Quixote* taking my leaue,  
I leaue you to your fortune.

*Exit Corisca.*

*Hilario.* Haue I sweate  
My braines out for this quaint and rare inuention,  
And am I thus rewarded? I could turne?  
Tragœdian, and rore now, but that I feare  
'Twould get me too great a stomacke hauing no meat  
To pacifie *Colon*, what will become of me?  
I cannot begge in armor, and steale I dare not:  
My end must bee to stand in a corne feild  
And fright away the crows for bread, and cheefe,  
Or finde some hollow tree in the high way,  
And there vntill my Lord returne sell switches  
No more *Hilario*, but *Dolorio* now.  
He weepe my eyes out, and bee blind of purpose  
To moue compassion, and so I vanish,

*Exit Hilario.*

# The Picture.

*Actus secundi Scena secunda.*

*Enter Eubulus, Vbaldo, Ricardo, and others.*

*Eubulus.* Are the gentlemen sent before as it was order'd  
By the Kings direction to entertaine  
The Generall?

*Ricardo.* Long since, they by this haue met him,  
And giu'n him the beinvenue.

*Eubulus.* I hope I neede not  
Instruct you in your parts.

*Vbaldo.* How! vs my Lord!  
Feare not, we know our distances and degrees  
To the very inch where we are to salute him.

*Ricardo.* The state were miserable if the Court had none  
Of her owne breede, familiar with all garbes.  
Gracious in *England, Italie, Spaine or France,*  
With forme, and punctuallity to receiue  
Sranger *Embassadours.* For the Generall  
Hee's a meere natiue, and it matters not  
Which way we doe accost him.

*Vbaldo.* 'Tis great pittie  
That such as sit at the helme prouide no better  
For the tiraning vp of the Gentry. In my iudgement  
A<sup>n</sup> Academie erected, with large pensions  
Tis such as in a table could set downe  
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,  
Proper to euery Nation.

*Ricardo.* Oit were  
An admirable piece of worke!

*Vbaldo.* And yet rich fooles  
Throw away their charity on Hospitals  
For beggers, and lame souldiers, and nere study  
The due regard to complement and court-ship,  
Matters of more import, and are indeed  
The glories of a Monarchie.

# The Picture.

*Eubulus.* These no doubt  
Are state, points, gallants, I confesse, but sure,  
Our court needs no aydes this way, since it is  
A schoole of nothing else: there are some of you  
Whom I forbear to name, whose coyning heads  
Are the mints of all new fashions, that haue donne  
More hurt to the Kingdome by superfluous brauerie  
Which the foolish gentry imitate then a war  
Or a long famine, all the treasure by  
This foule excesse, is got into the marchants,  
Embroiderers, silkemans, Jewellers, Taylors hand,  
And the third part of the land to, the nobility  
Ingrossing titles onely.

*Ricardo.* My lord you are bitter.

*Enter a seruant.*

*a trumpet,*

*Ser.* the Generall is alighted, and now entred.

*Ricardo.* Were he ten Generals I am prepar'd  
And know what I will doe.

*Eubulus.* Pray you what *Ricardo*?

*Ricardo.* Ile fight at complement with him.

*Ubaldo.* Ile charge home to.

*Eubulus.* And thats a desperate seruice if you come off well.

*Enter Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, two captaines.*

*Ferdinand.* Captaine command the officers to keepe  
The souldier as he march'd in ranke and file  
Till they heare farther from me.

*Eubulus.* Heer's one speakes  
In another keye, this is no canting language  
Taught in your Academie.

*Ferdinand.* Nay I will present you  
To the King my selfe.

*Mathias.* A grace beyond my merit,

*Ferdinand.* You vnderua'ew what I cannot see  
Too high a price on,

*Eubulus.* With a friends true heart  
I gratulate your returne.

*Ferdinando.*

# The Picture.

*Ferdinando*: Next to the fauour  
Of the great King I am happy in your friendship:

*Ubaldo*. By courtship, course on both sides,

*Ferdinando*. pray you receiue  
This stranger to your knowledge, on my credit  
At all parts hee deserues it.

*Eubulus*. Your report  
Is a strong assurance to mee, sir most welcome

*Mathias*. This sayd by you, the reuerence of your age  
Commands mee to beleuee it.

*Ricardo*. this was pretty.  
But second mee now, I cannot stoope too lowe  
To doe your excellence that due obseruance  
Your fortune claimes.

*Eubulus*. Hee nere thinks on his vertue.

*Ricardo*. For beeing, as you are, the soule of souldiers,  
And bulwarke of Bellona,

*Ubaldo*. The protection  
Both of the court and King.

*Ricardo*. and the sole mignion  
Of mighty Mars

*Ubaldo*. One that with iustice may  
Increase the number of the worthies.

*Eubulus*. hoye day.

*Ricardo*. It beeing impossible in my armes to circle  
Such giant worth.

*Ubaldo*. At distance wee presume  
To kisse your honored gauntlet.

*Eubulus*. What reple now  
Can he make to this fopperie?

*Ferdinand*. You haue sayd  
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done soe little,  
That 'till I learne to speake, and you to doe  
I must take time to thanke you.

*Eubulus*. As I liue  
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!

# The Picture.

*Ricardo.* This was harsh, and scurvie.

*Vbaldo.* We will be reueng'd

When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.

*Eubulus.* Nay doe your offices gentlemen, and conduct  
The Generall to the presence.

*Ricardo.* Keepe your order.

*Vbaldo.* Make way for the Generall.

*Exeunt omnes prater Eubulum.*

*Eubulus.* What wise man

That with iudicious eyes lookes one a souldier

But must confesse that fortunes swinge is more

Ore that profession, then all kinds else

Of life pursu'd by man, they in a state

Are but as chirurgions to wounded men

Euendesperate in their hopes, while paine and anguisha

Make them blaspheme, and call in vaine for death;

Their wiues and children kisse the chirurgions knees

Promise him mountaines, if his saning hand

Restore the tortur'd wretch to former strength.

But when grimme death by *Aesculapius* art

Is frighted from the house, and health appears

In sanguin colour s on the sicke mans face,

All is forgot, and asking his reward

Hee's payd with curses, often receaues wounds

From him whose woundes hee curde, so souldiers

Though of more worth and vse, meete the same fate;

As it is too apparent. I haue obseru'd

In one hue.

When horrid Mars the touch of whose rough hand

With Palsies shakes a kingdome, hath put on

His dreadfull Helmet, and with terror fills

The place where helike an vnwelcome guest

Resolue to reuell, how the Lords of her, like

The tradesman, marchant, and litigious pleader

(And such like *Scarabes* bred'ith dung of peace)

In hope of their protection humbly offer

Their



## The Picture.

Their daughters to their beds, heyres to their seruice,  
And wash with teares, their sweate their dust, their scars,  
But when those clouds of war that menaced  
A bloody deluge to th' affrighted state,  
Are by their breath dispers'd, and ouer blowne,  
And famine, bloud, and death Bellona's pages  
Whip'd from the quiet continent to Thrace  
Souldiers, that like the foolish hedge sparrow  
To their owne ruine hatch this Cucckow peace,  
Are straight thought burdensome, Since want of meanes  
Growing from want of action breeds contempt,  
And that the worst of ills fall to their lot  
Their seruice with the danger soone forgot.

*Enter a seruant.*

*Ser.* The Queene, my Lord, hath made choyce of this roome  
To see the masque.

*Exbulus.* Ile be looker on  
My dancing dayes are past.

*Loud musicke as they passe, a song in the praise of war, Vbaldo,  
Ricardo, Ladislaus. Ferdin. and Honoriu, Mathias,  
Silua, Acantbe, Baptista, and others.*

*Ladislaus.* This courtesie  
To a stranger My *Honoriu*, keepe faire ranke  
With all your rarities, after your trauaile  
Looke on our court delights; but first from your  
Relation, with erected eares i'll heare  
The musicke of your war which must be sweet  
Ending in victory.

*Ferdinand.* Not to trouble  
Your maiesties with description of a battaile  
To full of horror for the place, and to  
Avoyd perticulers which I should deliuer  
I must trench longer on your pacience then  
My manner will giue way to, in a word fir

## The Picture.

It was well fought on both sides, and almost  
With equall fortune, it continuin<sup>g</sup> doubtfull  
Vpon whose tents plum'd victory would take  
Her glorious stands, impatient of delay  
With the flower of our prime gentlemen I charg'd  
Their maine Bactalia, and with their assistance  
Brake in, but when I was almost tassar'd  
That they were routed, by a *Stratagem*  
Of the subtill *Turke*, who opening his grosse body,  
And ralyng vp his troopes on either side,  
I found my selfe so far engag'd (for I  
Must not conceale my errors) that I knew not  
Which way with honor to come off.

*Eubulus.* I like

A Generall that tells his faults, and is not  
Ambitious to ingrosse vnto himselfe  
All honour as some haue, in which with iustice  
They could not claime a share.

*Ferdinand.* Being thus hem'd in  
Their Cimitars rag'd among vs, and my horse  
Kil'd vnder me, I euery minute look'd for  
An honourable end, and that was all  
My hope could fashion to me, circ'd thus  
With death and horror, as one sent from heauen  
This man of men with some choise horse that foilow'd  
His braue exam'ple, did pursue the tract  
His sword cut for'em, and but that I see him,  
Already blush to heare what he being present,  
I know would wish vnspoken, I should say sir  
By what hee did, we bouldly may beleeeue  
All that is writ of *Hector*.

*Mathias.* Generall

Pray spare these strange Hyperboles.

*Eubulus.* Do not blush

To heare a truth, heere are a payre of *Monfieurs*  
Had they beene in your place would haue run away

## The Picture.

And nere chang'd countenance.

*Fbaldo.* We haue your good word still.

*Eubulus.* And shall while you deserue it.

*Ladislaus.* Silence, on.

*Ferdinand.* He as I sayd, like dreadfull lightning throwne  
From Iupiters shield disperfd the armed Gire  
With which I was enuiron'd horse and man,  
Shruncke vnder his strong arme more with his looks  
Frighted, the valiant fled with which encourag'd  
My souldiers (like young Eglets praying vnder  
The wings of their fierce dame) as if from him  
They tooke both spirit, and fire brauely came on.  
By him I was remounted, and inspir'd  
With trebble courage, and such as fled before  
Bouldly made head againe, and to confirme 'em  
It suddainely was apparent, that the fortune  
Of the day was ours, each souldier and commander  
Perform'd his part, but this was the great wheele  
By which the lesser mou'd, and all rewards  
And signes of honour, as the *Cinicke* garland,  
The murall wreath, the enemies prime horse,  
With the Generals sword, and armour (the old honors  
With which the Roman crowne their seueral leaders)  
To him alone are proper.

*Ladislaus.* And they shall  
Deseruedly fall on him, fit, tis our pleasure,

*Ferdinand.* Which I must serue, not argue,

*Honorio.* You are a stranger,  
But in your seruice for the King, a natiue.  
And though a free Queene, I am bound in duty  
To cherish vertue where soere I find it:  
This place is yours.

*Mathias.* It were presumption in me  
To sit so neere you.

*Honorio.* Not hauing our warrant

*Ladislaus.* Let the masquers enter by the preparation

## The Picture.

Tis a French brawle, an apish imitation  
Of what you really performe in battaile,  
And *Pallas* bound vp in a little volume  
*Apollo* with his lute attending on her  
Serue for the induction.

*Song and dance :*

*Enter the two Boyes, one with his lute, the other like Pallas, A  
song in the prayse of souldiers, especially being victo-  
rious : the song ended the King goes on.*

### Song by *Pallas*.

*Though we contemplate to expresse  
The glory of your happinesse,  
That by your powerfull arme haue binne  
So true a victor, that no sinne  
Could euer taint you with a blame  
To lessen your deserved fame.*

*Or though we contend to set  
Your worth in the full height, or get  
Caelestiall singers ( crownd with bayes  
With flourishes to dresse your praise )  
You know your conquest, but your story  
Lies in your triumphant glory.*

*Ladislaus.* Our thanks to all  
To the banquet thats prepard to entertaine'em,  
What would my best *Honor*ia?

*Honor*ia. May it please  
My King that I who by his suffrage euer  
Haue had power to command, may now intreat  
An honor from him.

*Ladislaus.* Why should you desire

Wha

# The Picture.

What is your owne, what ere it be you are  
The mistress of it.

*Honorio.* I am happy in  
Your grant: my sute sir is, that your commanders  
Especially this stranger, may as I  
In my discretion shall thinke good, receiue  
What's due to their deserts.

*Ladislaus.* What you determine  
Shall know no alteration.

*Eubulus.* The souldier  
Is like to haue good vsage when he depends  
Vpon her pleasure? are all the men so bad  
That to giue satisfaction we must  
A woman threasourer, heauen helpe all.

*Honorio.* With you sir  
I will begin, and as in my esteeme  
You are most eminent expect to haue,  
What's fit for me to giue, and you to take;  
The fauour in the quicke dispatch being double  
Goe fetch my casket, and with speed.

*Eubulus.* The Kingdome      *Exit Acanthe.*  
Is very bare of mony: when rewards  
Issue from the Queenes ieuell house, giue him gold  
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.  
Good Madam what shall he doe with a hoop ring,  
And a sparke of diamond in it, though you tooke it

*Enter Acanthe.*

For the greater honor from your maiesties finger,  
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase  
Rich suites, the gay comparison of court-shipp,  
Reuell, and feast, which the war ended is  
A souldiers glory, and tis fit that way  
Your bountie should prouide for him

*Honorio.* You are rude,  
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.  
What I will doe now, shall be worth the enuie

## The Picture.

Of *Cleopatra* open it, see heere  
The *Lapillares* Idol gold is trash  
And a poore salarie fit for groomes, weare these  
As studded stars in your armour, and make the Sun  
Looke dimme with ieaiousie of a greater light  
Then his beames guild the day with: when it is  
Expos'd to view, call it *Honorias* guift,  
The Queene *Honorias* guift that loues a soulder,  
And to giue ornament, and lustre to him  
Parts freely with her owne, yet not to take  
From the magnificence of the King, I will  
Dispench his bounty to but as a page  
To wait on mine, for other tosses take  
A hundred thousand crownes, your hand deere sir,  
And this shall be thy warrant. *Takes of the Kings signet.*

*Eubulus.* I perceiue  
I was cheated in this woman now she is  
I th' giruing veine to souldiers, let her be proud  
And the King dote, soe she goe on, I care not  
*Honorias.* This done, our pleasure is that all arrearages  
Bepayd into the Captaines, and their troopes  
With a large donatiue to increase their Zeale  
For the seruice of the kingdome.

*Eubulus.* Better still,  
Let men of armes be vsd thus, if they do not  
Charge desperately vpon the Cannons mouth  
Though the Diuell ror'd, and fight like dragons, hang me.  
Now they may drinke sacke, but small beere, with a passport  
To begge with as they trauaile, and no money,  
Turnes their red blood to buttermilke.

*Honorias.* Are you pleas'd sir  
With what I haue done?

*Ladislans* Yes, and thus confirme it,  
With this addition of mine owne, you haue sir  
From our lou'd Queene receaued some recompence  
For your life hazarded in the late action.

# The Picture.

And that we may follow her great example  
In cherishing valor without limit, aske  
What you from vs can wish

*Mathias.* If it be true,  
Dread sir as 'tis affirm'd, that euery soyle  
Where he is well, is to a valiant man  
His naturall country, reason may assure me  
I should fix heere, where blessings beyond hope  
From you the spring like riuers flow vnto me.  
If wealth were my ambition, by the Queene  
I am made rich already, to the amazment  
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read  
The story of her bounty, if to spend  
The remnant of my life in deedes of armes  
No region is more fertill of good knights  
from whom my knowledg that way may be beterd  
Then this your warlike Hungary; if fauour,  
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant  
Far far beyond my merrit, I may make  
In yours a free election, but alas sir  
I am not mine owne, but by my destiny  
(Which I cannot resist) forc'd to prefer  
My countries smoke before the glorious fire  
With which your bounties warme me all I aske sir  
Though I cannot be ignorant it must rellish  
Of soule ingratitude is your gracious licence  
For my departure.

*Ladislaus.* Whether?

*Mathias.* To my owne home sir  
My owne poore home, which will at my returne  
Grow rich by your magnificence, I am heere  
But a body without a soule, and till I finde it  
In the embraces of my constant wife, & to set of that constancy  
in her beauty and matchlesse excellencies without a riuall  
I am but halfe my selfe.

*Honoris.* And is she then  
So chaste, and faire as you infer?

# The Picture.

*Mathias.* O Madam

Though it must argue weakenes in a rich man  
To show his gold before an armed thiefe,  
And I in praying of my wife, but feed,  
The fire of lust in others to attempt her,  
Such is my full sayld confidence in her vertue  
Though in my absence She were now beseege'd  
By a strong army of lasciuious wooers,  
And euery one more expert in his art,  
Then those that tempted chaste *Penelope*,  
Though they raisd batteries by Prodigall guifts,  
By admorous letters, vowes made for her seruice  
With all the *Engins* wanton appetite  
Could mount to shake the fortresse of her honor,  
Heere, heere is my assurance she holdes out  
*kisse the picture.*

And is impregnable,

*Honorias.* What's that?

*Mathias.* Her faire figure.

*Ladislaus.* As I liue an excellent face!

*Honorias.* You haue seene a better.

*Ladislaus.* I euer except yours, nay frowne not sweetest,  
The Cyprian Queene compar'd to you, in my  
Opinion is a *Negro*, as you orderd  
I'll see the souldier payd, and in my absence  
Pray you vse your powerfull arguments to stay  
This gentleman in our seruice.

*Honorias.* I will doe

My parts.

*Ladislaus.* On to the campe.

*Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, Captaines.*

*Honorias.* I am full of thoughts.

And something there is heere I must giue forme to  
Though yet an *Embrion*, you *Signiers*  
Hane no businesse with the souldier, as I take it,



# The Picture.

You are for other warfare, quit the place,  
But be within call.

*Ricardo.* Imployment on my life boy.

*Ubaldo.* If it lie in our road we are made foreuer..

*Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo*

*Honorio.* You may perceiue the King is no way tainted  
With the disease of ieaousie, since he leaues mee  
Thus priuate with you.

*Mathias.* It were in him Madam  
A sinne vnardonable to distrust such purencesse,  
Though I were an *Adonis*.

*Honorio.* I presume  
He neither does, nor dares : and yet the story  
Deliuered of you by the Generall  
With your *Herc'ul* courage (which sinckes deeply  
Into a knowing womans heart) besides  
Your promising presence might beget some scruple,  
In a meaner man, but more of this heereafter  
I'll take another Theme now and coniure you  
By the honors you haue woone, and by the loue  
Sacred to your deere wife, to answer truely  
To what I shall demand.

*Mathias.* You need not vse  
Charmes to this purpose Madam.

*Honorio.* Tell me then  
Being your selfe assur'd 'tis not in man  
To sully with one sport' th' immaculate whitenes  
Of your wifes honor, if you haue not since  
The Gordion of your loue was tide by marriage  
Playd false with her?

*Mathias.* By the hopes of mercy neuer.

*Honorio.* It may be, not frequenting the conuerse  
Of handsome ladies, you were neuer tempted  
And so your faith's vntride yet.

*Mathias.* Surely Madam,  
I am no woman hater, I haue beene,

## The Picture.

Received to the society of the best,  
And fairest of our climate, and haue met with  
No common entertainement, yet nere felt  
The least heat that way,

*Honorio.* Strange; and doe you thinke still  
The earth can show no beauty that can drench  
In *Lethe* all remembrance of the fauour  
Your now beare to your owne?

*Mathias.* Nature must find out  
Some other mold to fashon a new creature  
Fairer then her *Pandora*, ere I proue  
Guilty or in my wishes, or my thoughts,  
To my *Sophia*.

*Honorio.* Sir consider better  
Not one in our whole sex?

*Mathias.* I am constant to  
My resolution.

*Honorio.* But dare you stand  
The oposition, and bind your selfe  
By oath for the performance?

*Mathias.* My faith else  
Had but a weake foundation.

*Honorio.* I take hold  
Vpon your promise, and inioyne your stay  
For one month heere

*Mathias.* I am caught.

*Honorio.* And if I do not  
Produce a lady in that time that shall  
Make you confesse your error I submit  
My selfe to any penultie you shall please  
T' impose vpon me, in the meane space write  
To your chaste wife, acquainte her with your fortune  
The iewells that were mine you may send to her,  
For better confirmation, I'll prouide you  
Of trusty messengers, but how far distant is she?

*Mathias.* A dayes hard riding.

*Honorio.*

# The Pidare.

*Honoris.* There's no retiring  
I'll bind you to your word.

*Mathias.* Well since there is,  
Noe way to shun it I will stand the hazard  
And instantly make ready my dispatch  
'Till then, I'll leaue your maicesty.

*Exit Mathias.*

*Honoris.* How I burst  
With enuie that there liues besides my selfe  
One faire, and loyall woman, 'twas the end  
Of my ambition to be recorded  
The onely wonder of the age, and shall I  
Giue way to a competitor? nay more  
To adde to my affliction, the assurances  
That I plac'd in my beautie haue deceau'd me  
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring  
All hearts to my subiection, but this stranger  
Vnmaoud as rockes contemnes me, but I cannot  
Sit downe so with my honor, I will gaine  
A double victory by working him  
To my desire, and tainte her in her honor  
Or loose my selfe, I haue read that sometime poyson  
Is vsfull, to suplant her ile imploy  
With any cost *v baldo*, and *Ricardo*  
Two noted courtiers of approued cunning  
In all the windings of lusts labirinthe,  
And in corrupting him I will out goe  
*Neros Poppæa*, if he shut his eares,  
Against my Siren notes, 'le boldly sweare  
*Vlysses* liues againe, or that I haue found  
A frozen Cynike, cold in spite of all  
Allurements, one, whom beauty cannot moue  
Nor softest blandishments entice to loue.

*Exit Honoris.*

*The end of the second Act.*

# The Picture.

## Actus tertij, Scena prima.

*Enter Hilario.*

**T**Hinne, Thinne, prouision, I am dieted  
Like one set to watch hawkes, and to keepe me waking  
My croaking guts make a perpetuall larum,  
Heere I stand centinell, and though I fright  
Beggars from my ladies gate, in hope to haue  
A greater share I find my commons mend not.  
I lookt this morning in my glasse the riuier  
And there appeard a fish cald a poore Iohn  
Cut with a lenten face in my owne likenesse,  
And it seemd to speake and say goodmorrow comen :  
No man comes this way but has a sting at me,  
A Chirurghion passing by ask'd at what rate,  
I would sell my selfe, I answered for what vse ?  
To make sayd he a liucing Anatomy  
And set thee vp in our hall, for thou art transparent  
Without dissection, and indeede he had reason,  
For I am scourd with this poore purge to nothing.  
They say that hunger dwels in the campe, but till  
My Lord returnes, or certaine tidings of him  
He will not part with me, but sorrowes drie  
And I must drinke howsoeuer.

*Guide.* That is her castle

*Enter Ubaldo, and Ricardo, Guide.*

Vpon my certaine knowledge.

*Ubaldo.* Our horses held out

To my desire: I am a fire to be at it.

*Ricardo.* Take the iades for thy reward, before I part hence,  
I hope to be better carried, giue me the Cabinet.

Soe leaue vs now

*Guide.* Good fortune to you Gallants.

*Exit Guide.  
Ubaldo,*

# The Picture.

*Ubaldo.* Being ioynt Agents in a designe of trust to  
For the seruice of the Queene, and our owne pleasure,  
Let vs proceed with iudgement.

*Ricardo.* If I take not  
This fort at the first assault, make me an Euenuche,  
So I may haue precedence.

*Ubaldo.* On no termes.  
We are both to play one prize he that workes best  
I'th searching this mine shall carry it  
Without contention.

*Ricardo.* Make you your approaches  
As I directed

*Ubaldo.* I need no instruction.  
I worke not on your anuile, I'll giue fire  
With my owne linstocke, if the powder be dancke  
The Diuell rend the touch-hole. Who haue we heere?  
What skelliton's this?

*Ricardo.* A ghost! or the image of famine!  
Where doest thou dwell?

*Hilario.* Dwell sir? my dwelling is  
I'th high way, that goodly house was once  
My habitation, but I am banished.  
And cannot be cald home 'till newes arriue  
Of the good knight *Matbias.*

*Ricardo.* If that will  
Restore thee thou art safe

*Ubaldo.* We come from him  
With presents to his Lady.

*Hilario.* But are you sure  
Hee is in health?

*Ricardo.* Neuer so well, conduct vs  
To the lady.

*Hilario.* Though a poore snake I will leape  
Out of my skine for ioy, breake picher breake,  
And waller late my cubbard I bequeath thee  
To the next begger, thou red herring swimme

# The Picture.

To the red sea againe me thinckes I am already  
Knuckle deepe in the flesh potts, and though waking, dream  
Of wine and plenty.

*Ricardo.* What's the misery  
Of this strange passion?

*Hilario.* My belly gentlemen,  
Will not geue me leau to tell you, when I haue brought you  
To my ladies presence I am disenchantred,  
There you shall know all follow if I outstrip you  
know I run for my belly.

*Ubaldo.* A mad fellow.

*Exunt.*

*Actus tertij, Scena secunda.*

*Enter Sophia Corisca.*

*Sophia.* Do not againe delude me.

*Corisca.* If I doe, send me a grasing with my fellow *Hilario*,  
I stood as you commanded in the turret  
Oberseruing all that pas'd by, and euen now  
I did diserue a payre of Caualiers  
For such their outside spoke them with their guide  
Dismounting from their horses, they said something  
To our hungry Centinell that made him caper  
And frish'ith ayre for ioy, and to confirme this  
See Madam they in view.

*Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, Ricardo.*

*Hilario.* Newes from my Lord?  
Tidings of ioy, these are no counterfaytes,  
But Knights indeed, deere Madam signe my pardon  
That I may feed againe, and picke vp my crumes  
I haue had a long fast of it,

*Sophia.* Eate, I forgiue thee.

*Hilario.* O comfortable wordes, eate I forgiue thee

And

# The Picture.

And if in this I do not soone obey you  
And ramne in to the purpose billet me againe  
P' the high way, butler and Cooke be ready  
For I enter like a tyrant.

*Exit Hilario.*

*Ubaldo.* Since mine eyes  
Were neuer happy in for sweets an object,  
Without eniury I presume you are  
The ladie of the house, and so salute you.

*Ricardo.* This letter with these iewels from your Lord  
Warrant my boldnes Madam.

*Ubaldo.* in being a seruant  
To such rare beauty you must needes deserue  
This courtesie from a stranger.

*Ricardo.* You are still  
Before hand with me, pretty one I descend  
To take the height of your lippe, and if I misse  
In the altitude heereafter if you please  
I will make vse of my *Iacobs* staffe,

*Sophia* having in the interim redd the letter  
and gend the Casket.

*Corisca.* These gentlemen  
Haue certainly had good breeding, as it appears  
By their neat kissing, they hit me so bat on the lipps  
At the first sight.

*Sophia.* Heauen in thy mercy make mee  
Thy thankfull handmaid for this boundles blessing  
In thy goodnesse showr'd vpon me.

*Ubaldo.* I do not like  
This simple deuotion in her it is feldome  
Practisd among my mistresses.

*Ricardo.* Or mine  
Would they kneele to I know not who for the possession  
Of such inestimable wealth before  
They thank'd the bringers of it & the poore lady  
Does want instruction, but All be bertutor

## The Picture.

And read her another lesson.

*Sophia.* If I haue  
Showne want of manners gentlemen in my shewes  
To pay the thanks I owe you for your trauaile  
To doe my Lord, and me (howere vnworthy  
Of such a benifit) this noble fauour  
Impute it in your clemencie to the excesse  
Of ioy that ouerwhelm'd me.

*Ricardo.* She speaks well

*Ubaldo.* Polite, and courtly.

*Sophia.* And howere it may  
Increase th' offence to trouble you with more  
Demandes touching my Lord, before I haue  
Inuited you to rest, such as the courtesie  
Of my poore house can offer, pray you conuine  
On my weake tendernesse though I intreate  
To learne from you something hee hath it may bee  
In his letter left vnmention'd.

*Ricardo.* I can onely  
Giue you assurance that he is in health,  
Grac'd by the King, and Queene

*Ubaldo.* And in the court  
With admiration look'd on;

*Ricardo.* You must therefore  
Put off these widdowes garments, and appeere  
Like to your selfe.

*Ubaldo.* And enertaine all pleasures  
Your fortunes markes out for you.

*Ricardo.* There are other  
Perticular priuacies which on occasion  
I will deliuer to you.

*Sophia.* You oblige me  
To your seruice euer.

*Ricardo.* Good by your seruice, marke that.

*Sophia.* In the meane time by your good acceptance make  
My rusticke entertainment rellish of.



# The Picture.

The curiousnesse of the court.

*Ubaldo.* Your lookes sweete Madam  
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

*Sophia.* It shall be  
Such in the freedome of my will to please you.  
I'll show you the way; this is to great an honor  
From such braue ghefts to me so meane an hostesse.

*Exeunt.*

*Abus tertij. Scena prima.*

*Enter Acanthe, two fower, or five with vizards.*

*Acanthe.* You know your charge, gius it action, and expect  
Rewards beyond your hopes.

1. If we but eye'em,  
They are ours I warrant you.

2. May we not aske why  
We are put vpon this?

*Acanthe.* Let that stop your mouth,  
And learne more manners groome, tis vpon the hower  
In which they vse to walke heere, when you haue'em,  
In your power, with violence carry them to the place  
Where I appointed, there I will expect you,  
Be bold, and carefull.

*Exit Acanthe.*

*Enter Mashim and Baptista.*

1. These are they.

2. Are you sure?

1. Am I sure I am my selfe?

2. Cease on him strongly, If he haue but meant  
To draw his sword. 'tis ten to one we smart fort.  
Take all aduantages:

*Mashim.* I cannot guesse  
What her intents are, but her carriage was  
As I but now related.

# The Picture.

*Baptista.* Your assurance  
In the constancie of your lady is the armor  
That must defend you, whers the picture?

*Mathias,* Heere.  
And no way alter'd

*Baptista.* If she be not perfit,  
There is no truth in art.

*Mathias.* By this I hope  
She hath receiv'd my letters.

*Baptista.* Without question  
These courtiers are rancke riders, when they are  
To visit a handsome lady.

*Mathias.* Lend me your eare.  
One peece of her entertainment will require  
Your deereft priuacy.

1. Now they stand faire  
Vpon 'em,

*Mathias.* Villaines.

1. Stop their mouths, we come not  
To trie your valures, kill him if he offer,  
To open his mouth, we haue you, tis in vaine  
To make resistance, mount 'em and away.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus tertij, Scana quarta.*

*Enter seruants with lights, Ladislans, Ferdinand,  
Eubulus.*

*Ladislans.* 'Tis late go to your rest, but doe not enuy  
The happinesse I draw nesre to.

*Eubulus.* If you inioy it,  
The moderate way the sport yeelds I confesse  
A pretty titillation, but to much oft  
will bring you on your knees, in my yonger daies  
I was my selfe a gamster, and I found

# The Picture.

By a sad experience, there is no such soker  
As a yonger spongie wife, shee keeps a thousand  
Horleeches in her box, and the thieues will sucke out  
Both bloud, and marrow, I feele a kind of crampe  
In my ioynts when I thinke o'nt, but it may bee *Queenes*  
And such a *Queene* as yours is, has the art

*Ferdinand.* You take leaue  
To talke my Lord.

*Ladislaus.* He may since he can do nothing

*Eubus.* If you spend this way to much of your royall stock  
Ere long we may be pnesfellows.

*Ladislaus.* The doore shut,  
Knocke gentlie, harder. So, heere comes her woman,  
Take of my gowne.

*Enter Acanthe.*

*Acanthe.* My Lord, the *Queene* by me  
This night desires your pardon,

*Ladislaus.* How *Acanthe*!  
I come by her appointment 'twas her grant  
The motion was her owne

*Acanthe.* It may be fir  
But by her Doctors Since shee is aduis'd  
For her health sake to forbear.

*Eubulus.* I do not like  
This phisicall lecherie, the old downe right way  
Is worth a thousand out.

*Ladislaus.* Prethe *Acanthe.*  
Meditate for me.

*Eubulus.* O the fiends of hell  
Would any man bribe his seruant to make way  
To his owne wife, if this be the court state  
Shame fall on such as vse it.

*Acanthe.* By this iewel  
This night I dare not moue her, but to morrow  
I will watch all occasion

*Ladislaus.* Take this

# The Picture.

To be mindfull of me

*Exit Acanthe.*

*Embulus.* S'ight, I though a king  
Might haue tooke vp any woman at the Kings Price  
And must he buy his owne at a deerer rate  
Then a stranger in a brothell?

*Ladislaus.* What is that  
You mutter sir?

*Embulus.* No treason to your honor  
I'll speake it out though it anger you, if you pay for  
Your lawfull pleasure, in some kind great sir  
What do you make the Queene, cannot you clicket  
Without a fee? or when she has a suit for you to grant?

*Ferdinando.* O hold sir.

*Ladislaus.* Off with his head.

*Embu.* Do when you please, you but blow out a taper  
That would light your vnderstanding, and in care of t  
Is burnt downe to the socket, be as you are fir  
An absolute monarch, it did show more Kinglike  
In those libidinous Casars that compeld  
Matrous, and virgins of all rankes to bow  
Vnto their ratenous lusts, and did admit  
Of more excuse then I can vrge for you,  
That slaue your selfe to th'imperious humor  
Of a proud beauty.

*Ladislaus.* Out of my sight.

*Embulus.* I will fir

Giue way to your furious passion, but when reason  
Hath got the better of it I much hope  
The counsaile that offends now, will deserue  
Your royall thanks, tranquillity of mind  
Stay with you sir. I do begin to doubt  
Ther's something more in the Queenes strangnes, then  
Is yet disclofd, and i'll find it out  
Or loose my selfe in the serch.

*Ferdinand.* Sure He is honest,

And

# The Picture.

And from your infancy hath truly seru'd you  
Let that plead for him and impute this harshnes  
To the frowardnes of his age.

*Ladislaws.* I am much troubled  
And do begin to stagger, *Ferdinand* good night  
To morrow visit vs, eacke to our owne lodgings.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus tertij, Scena quinta.*

*Enter Acanthe, the vizarded seruants, Mathias, Baptista.*

*Acanthe.* You haue donne brauely, locke this in that roome,  
There let him ruminare, I'll anon vnhood him. *they carry*  
The other must stay heere, as soone as I *of Baptista*  
Haue quit the place giue him the liberty,  
And vse of his eies, that donue disperse your selues  
As priuately as you can, but on your liues  
No word of what hath pas'd.

*Exit Acanthe.*

1. If I doe, sell  
My tongue to a tripe wife, come vnbind his armes,  
You are now at your owne disposure and howeuer  
We vs'd you roughly, I hope you will find heere  
Such entertainment, as will giue you cause  
To thanke vs for the seruice, and so I leaue you,

*Exeunt seruants.*

*Mathias.* If I am in a prison 'tis a neat one,  
What O edipus can resolue this riddle? Ha!  
I neuer gaue iust cause to any man  
Basely to plot against my life, but what is  
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer  
More then my selfe.

*Acanthe.* Remoue th' idle feare  
Hee's safe as you are.

*Mathias.* Whoso'ere thou art  
For him I thanke thee, I cannot imagine  
Where I should be, though I haue read the table

*The Picture.*

Or errant knight hood, stuff'd, with the relations  
Of magicall enchantments, yet I am not  
So sottishly credulous, to beleue the diuell  
Hath that way power, Ha? musick e!

*Musicke above, a song of pleasure.*

*The blushing rose and purple flower,  
Let grow to long are soonest blasted.  
Dainty fruites, though sweete, will sower  
And rot in ripenes, left untasted.  
Yet here is one more sweete then these  
The more you tast, the more shee'l please.*

*Beauty though inclos'd with ice,  
Is A shadow chaste as rare,  
Then how much those sweetes intice.  
That haue issue full as faire,  
Earth cannot yeeld from all her powers  
One equall, for Dame Venus bowers.*

A song too, certainly be it he, or she  
That owes this voyce, it hath not bene acquainted  
With much affliction, who soere you are  
That doe inhabit heere, if you haue bodies  
And are not meere aeriall formes appeare

*Enter Honoria.*

And makeme know your end with me, most strange  
What haue I couer'd vp? sure if this be,  
A spirit 'tis no damn'd one what a shap'es heere;  
Then with what maiety it moues, *If Iuno*  
Were now to keepe her state among the Gods,  
And *Hercules* to be made againe her gheit  
She could not put on a more glorious habit  
Though her handmaid *Iris* lent her vaious colours.  
Or ouid *Oceanus* rauish'd from the deepe

## The Picture.

All iewels shipwrack'd in it, as you haue  
Thus far made knowne your selfe, if that your face  
Haue not too much diuinity about it  
For mortall eyes to gaze on, perfit what  
You haue begun with wonder, and amazement  
To my astonish'd senses, how! the Queene! *kneeles*  
*she pulls of her masque.*

*Honorio.* Rise sir, and heare my reasons in defence  
Of the rape for so you may conceaue, which I  
By my instruments made vpon you, you perhaps  
May thinke, what you haue suffer'd for my lust  
Is a common practise with me, but I call  
Those euer shining lamps, and their great maker  
As witnesses of my innocence, Inere look'd on  
A man but your best selfe, on whom I euer  
(Except the King) vouchsaf'd an eie of fauour

*Mathias.* The King indeed, and onely such a King  
Deserues your rarities Madam, and but hee  
'Twere gyant like ambition in any  
In his wishes onely to presume to tast  
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed  
His appetite with that ambrosia, due  
And proper to a prince, and what bind mores  
A lawfull husband, for my selfe great Queene  
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of  
All merit, that can rayse me higher then  
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty  
To hazard my life for you, and that way  
I am most ambitious.

*Honorio.* I desire no more  
Then what you promise, if you dare expose  
Your life as you professe to doe me seruice,  
How can it better be imployd, then in  
Preseruing mine? which onely you can doe.  
And must doe with the danger of your owne.

## The Picture.

A desperate danger to, if priuate men  
Can brooke no riuals in what they affect  
But to the death pursue such as inuade  
What law makes their inheritance, the King  
To whom you know I am deerer then his crowne  
His health his eies his after-hopes with all  
His present blessings must fall on that man  
Like dreadfull lightning that is won by prayers,  
Threates, or rewards to staine his bed, or make  
His hop'd for issue doubtfull.

*Mathias.* If you aime  
At what I more then feare you doe, the reasons  
Which you deliuer should in iudgement rather  
Deter me, then invite a grant, with my  
Assured ruine.

*Honorio.* True if that you were  
Of a cold temper one whom doubt, or feare,  
In the most horrid formes they could put on  
Might teach to be ingratefull, your deniall  
To me, that haue deseru'd so much, is more  
If it can haue addition.

*Mathias.* I know not  
What your commandes are.

*Honorio.* Haue you fought so well  
Among armi'd men, yet cannot ghesse what lists  
You are to enter when you are in priuate  
With a willingly ladie, one, that to inioye  
Your company this night deni'd the King  
Accesse, to what's his owne, if you will presse me  
To speake in playner language.

*Mathias.* Pray you forbear,  
I would I did not vnderstand too much  
Already, by your words I am instructed  
To credite that, which not confirm'd by you,  
Had bred suspicion in me of vntruth  
Though an Angell had affirm'd it, but suppose



## The Picture.

That cloyd with happines (which is euer builte  
On vertuous chastity, in the wantonnesse  
Of appetite, you desire to make triall  
Of the false delights propos'd by vicious lust :  
Among ten thousand euery way more able  
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you  
Obedience being your subiects, why shou'd you  
Make choice of me a stranger ?

*Honoris.* Though yet reason  
Was nere admitted in the court of loue,  
I'll yeeld you one vnanswerable, as I vrg'd  
In our last priuate conference, you haue  
A pretty promising presence, but there are  
Many in limbes, and feature who may take  
That way the right hand file of you, besides  
Your May of youth is pas'd, and the blood spent  
By woundes, though brauely taken, render you  
Disabl'd for loues seruice, and that valour  
Set off with better fortune, which it may be  
Swels you aboue your boundes 'is not the hooke  
That hath caught me good sir I need no champion  
With his sword to guard my honor, or my beauty,  
In both I can defend my selfe, and liue  
My owne protection.

*Mathias.* If these aduocates  
The best that can plead for me, haue no power ?  
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you  
With irrecoverable losse vnto your selfe  
To be a gayner from me ?

*Honoris.* You haue Sir  
A ieuell of such matchlesse worth and lustre,  
As does disdain comparifon, and darkens  
All that is rare in other men, and that  
I must or win, or lessen.

*Mathias.* You heape more  
Amazement on me, what am I possess'd of

## The Picture.

That you can couet? make me vnderstand it,  
If it haue a name?

*Honorio.* Yes an imagin'd one,  
But is in substance nothing, being a garment  
Worne out of fashion, and long since giuen ore  
By the court and country, tis your loya ty,  
And constancy to your wife, 'tis that I dote on,  
And does deserue my enuy, and that iewell  
Or by faire play, or foule, I must winne from you.

*Mathias.* These are meere contraries, if you loue me Madam  
For my constancy, why seeke yo to destroy it?  
In my keeping it preferue me worth your fauour,  
Or if it be a iewell of that value,  
As you with labour'd rhetoric would perswad me  
What can you stake against it?

*Honorio.* A Queenes fame,  
And equall honor.

*Mathias.* So whoeuer wins  
Both shall be loosers.

*Honorio.* That is that I aime at  
Yet on the by I lay my youth, my beauty  
This moist palme, this soft lippe, and those delights  
Darkenesse should onely iudge of, do you find 'em  
Infectious in the tryall, that you start  
Asfrighted with their touch?

*Mathias.* Is it in man  
To resist such strong temptations?

*Honorio.* He begins  
To wauer.

*Mathias.* Madam as you are gracious  
Grant this short nights deliberation to me,  
And with the rising sun from me you shall  
Receiue full satisfaction.

*Honorio.* Though extreames  
Hate all delay, I will denie you nothing,  
This key will bring you to your friend you are safe both

And

## The Picture.

And all things vsfull that could be prepar'd  
For one I loue and honor waite vpon you,  
Take counsaile of your pillow, such a fortune  
(As with affections swiftest wings flies to you  
Will not be often tendred.

*Exit Honoria.*

*Mathias.* How my blood  
Rebels! I now could call her backe and yet  
Ther's something staves me, if the King had renderd  
Such fauours to my wife 'tis to be doubted  
They had not benereful'd, but being a man  
I should not yeeld first, or proue an example  
For her defence of fraylty, by this sans question  
She's tempted too, and heere I may examine

*looke on the picture.*

How shee holds out, she's still the same, the same  
Pure Christa! rocke of chastity perish all  
Allurements that may alter me, the snow  
Osher sweete coldnes, hath extinguished quite  
The fire that but euen now began to flame!  
And I by her confirm'd, rewards, nor titles,  
Nor certaine death from the refused Queene  
Shall shake my faith, since I resolute to be  
Loyall to her, as she is true to me.

*Exit Mathias.*

*Actus tertij, Scana secunda.*

*Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo.*

*Ubaldo.* What we spake on the voley begins to worke,  
We haue layd a good foundation

*Ricardo.* Build it vp  
Or else tis nothing, you haue by lot the honor  
Of the first assault, but as it is condition'd  
Obterue the time proportion'd, I'll not part with

My

# The Picture.

My share in the atchieuement, when I whistle,  
Or hemme fall off.

*Enter Sophia.*

*Vbaldo.* She comes Stand by, I'll watch  
My oportunity.

*Sophia.* I find my selfe  
Strangely distracted with the various stories  
Now we l, now ill, then boubtfully by my ghests  
Deliuier'd of my Lord : and like poore beggers  
That in their dreames find treasure, by reflection  
Of a wounded fancie, make it questionable  
Whither they sleepe, or not ; yet teickl'd with  
Such a phantasticke hope of happinesse,  
With they may neuer wake in some such measure,  
Incredulous of what I see, and touch  
As 'twere a fading apparition, I  
Am still perplex'd, and troubled, and when most  
Confirm'd tis true a curious ielousie  
To be assur'd, by what meanes, and from whom  
Such a masse of welth, was first deseru'd, then gotten  
Cunningly steale into me, I haue practis'd  
For my certaine resolution with these courtiers  
Promising priuate conference to either,  
And at this hower, if in search of the truth  
I heare or say inore, then becomes my vertue  
For gi ueme my *Mathias.*

*Vbaldo.* Now I make in,  
Maddam as you commanded I attend  
Your pleasure.

*Sophia.* I must thanke you for the fauour.

*Vbaldo.* I am no ghostly father, yet if you haue  
Some scruples, touching your Lord, you would be resolu'd of  
I am prepar'd.

*Sophia.* But will you take your oath  
To answere truely?

*Vbaldo.* On the hemme of your smocke if you please

## The Picture.

A vow I dare not breake it beeing a booke  
I would gladly swere on.

*Sophia.* To spare fir that trouble  
I'll take your word which in a gentleman  
Should be of equall value, is my Lord then  
In such grace with the Queene?

*Vbaldo.* Yon should best know  
By what you haue found from him, whether he can  
Deserue a grace or noe.

*Sophia.* What grace do you meane?

*Vbaldo.* That speciall grace (if you'l haue it)  
He laboured so hard for betweene a paire of sheets  
On your wedding night  
When your Ladiship lost you know what.

*Sophia.* Fie be more modest  
Or I must leaue you.

*Vbaldo.* I would tell a truth  
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subiecte  
Makes me run out a little.

*Sophia.* You would put now  
A foolish ielousie in my head my Lord  
Hath gotten a new miltris.

*Vbaldo.* One? a hundred  
But vnder seale I speake it, I presume  
Vpon your silence, it being for your profit,  
They talke of *Hercules*, backe for fifty in a night  
'Twas well, but yet to yours he was a pidler  
Such a souldier, and a courtier neuer came  
To *Alba regalis*, the ladies run mad for him,  
And there is such contention among'em  
Who shall ingrosse him wholly, that the like  
Was neuer hard of.

*Sophia.* Are they handsome women?

*Vbal.* Fie noe course mammetts, and whats worse they are old  
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay deere fort  
Beleeuing, that he carries a powder in his breeches

# The Picture.

Will make 'em young againe, and these sucke shrewdly,  
*Ricardo.* Sir I mult fetch you off. *Whistles.*

*Vbaldo.* I could tell you wonders  
Of the cures he has done, but a buifnesse of import  
Ca'ls me away, but that dispatch'd I will  
Be with you presently.

*Steps aside.*

*Sophia.* There is something more  
In this then bare suspition.

*Ricardo.* Saue you lady  
Now you looke like your selfe ! I haue not look'd on  
A lady more compleat yet haue seene a Madam  
Were a garment of this fashon, of the same stufte to,  
One iust of your dimensions, fate the wind there boy.

*Sophia.* What lady si ?

*Ricardo.* Nay nothing, and me thinkes  
I should know this rubie very good ? tis the same  
This chaine of orient pearle, and this diamond to  
Haue beene worn e before, but much good may they do you  
Strength to the gentlemans backe he toyld hard for 'em,  
Before he got 'em

*Sophia.* Why ? how were they gotten ?

*Vbaldo humms.*

*Ricardo.* Not in the feeld with his sword vpon my life  
He may thanke his clole stilletto, plage vpon it  
Run the minutes so fast, pray you excuse my manners  
I left a letter in my chamber window,  
Which I would not haue seene on any termes, fye on it  
Forgetfull as I am, but I frayt attend you

*Ricardo steps aside.*

*Sophia.* This is strange his letters sayd these iewels were  
Presented him by the Queene, as a reward  
For his good seruice, and the trunckes of clothes  
That followd them this last night, with hast made vp  
By his direction.

*Enter*

# The Picture.

Enter *Ubaldo*.

*Ubaldo*. I was telling you  
Of wonders Madam.

*Sophia*. If you are soe skilfull  
Without premeditation answere me,  
Know you this gowne, and these rich iewels?

*Ubaldo*. Heauen.  
How things will come out, but that I should offend you,  
And wrong my more then noble friend  
Your husband for we are sworne brothers, in the discouery  
Of his neereft secret s I could.

*Sophia*. By the hope of fauour  
That you haue from me out with it.

*Ubaldo*. Tis a potent spell  
I cannot resist, why I will tell you Madam,  
And to how many feuerall women you are  
Beholding for your brauerie, this was  
The Wedding gowne of *Paulina* a rich strumpet  
Worme but a day when she married ould *Gonzage*,  
And left of trading.

*Sophia*. O my hart.

*Ubaldo*. This chaine  
Of pearle was a great widdowes, that inuited  
Your Lord to the masque, and the wether prouing soule  
He lodg'd in her house all night, and merry they were,  
But how he came by it I know not.

*Sophia*. Periurd man!

*Ubaldo*. This ring was *Iuliettas*, a fine peece  
But very good at the sport, this diamond  
Was Madam *Acanthes* giuen him for a song  
prick'd in a priuate arbor, as she sayd  
When the Queene askd for it, and she hard him sing to,  
And danc'd to his hornpipe or there are lyers abroad  
There are other toyes about you  
The same way purchas'd but paraleld  
With these not worth the relation.

## The Picture.

You are happy in a husband neuer man  
Made better vse of his strength, would you haue him wast,  
His body away for nothing? If he holds out,  
Thers not an Embrodered peticote in the court  
But shall be at your seruice.

*Sophia.* I commend him

It is a thriuing trade, but pray you leaue me.

A little to my selfe.

*Ubaldo.* You may command

Your seruant madam, she stur-z vnto the quicke ladd.

*Ricardo.* I did my part if this potion worke not hang me

Let her sleepe as well as she can to night, to morrow

Wee'll mount new batteries,

*Ubaldo.* And till then leaue her?

*Exeunt Ubaldo, Ricardo*

*Sophia.* You powers that take into your care, the gard

Of innocence ayd me, for I am a creature,

Soe forfeyed to dispaire, hope cannot fancie

A ransome to redeeme me, I begin

To wauer in my faith and marke it doubtfull

Whither the Saints that were canoniz'd for

Their holines of life find not in secret.

Since my *Mathias* is falne from his vertue

In such an open fashon, could it be else

That such a husband so deuoted to me,

so vow'd to temperance, for laciuous hire

Should prostitute himselfe to common harlors

Ould, and deform'd to wast for this he left me?

And in a faind pretence for want of meanes

To giue me ornament? or to bring home

Diseases to me? suppose these are false,

And lustfull goates if he were true and right

Why stayer he so long from me? being made rich

And that the onely reason why he left me.

No he is lost; and shall I weare the spoiles.

And



## The Picture.

And Salaries of lust? they cleave vnto me  
Like *Nessus* poyson'd shirt? no in my rage  
I'll teare 'em of, and from my body wash  
The venome with my teares, haue I no spleene  
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build  
Vpon my ruins and I vureueng'd  
Deplore his falshood? no? with the same trash  
For which he hath dishonor'd me, I'll purchase  
A iust reuenge, I am not yet so much  
In debt to yeares, nor so misshap'd that all  
Should flie from my Embraces, chastity  
Thou onely art a name, and I renounce thee,  
I am now a seruant to voluptuousnesse,  
Wantons of all degrees and fashions welcome  
You shall be entertain'd, and if I stray  
Let him condemne himselfe, that lead the way.

*Exit.*

*The end of the third Act.*

## *Actus quarti, Scena prima.*

*Enter Mathias, Baptista.*

*Baptista.* We are in a desperat straight, ther's no euasion  
Nor hope left to come of, but by your yeelding  
To the necessity, you must faine a grant  
To her violent passion, or

*Mathias.* What my *Baptista*?

*Baptista.* We are but dead else.

*Mathias.* Were the sword now heau'd vp,  
And my necke vpon the blocke, I would not buy  
An howers retriue with the losse of faith and vertue  
To be made immortall heere, art thou a scholler  
Nay almost without paralell, and yet feare

## The Picture.

To dye which is ineuitable you may vrge  
The many yeeres that by the course of nature  
We may trauaile in this tedious pilgrimage,  
And hou'd it as a blessing, as it is  
When innocence is our guid, yet know *Baptista*  
Our vertues are preferu'd before our yeeres  
By the great iudge to dye vntaynted in  
Our fame, and reputation is the greatest  
And to loofe that can we desire to liue?  
Or shall I for a momentary pleasure  
Which soone comes to a period; to all times  
Haue breāch of faith and periury remembred  
In a still liuing Epitath, no *Baptist*,  
Since my *Sophia* will go to her graue  
Vnspotted in her faith, I'll follow her  
With equall loyalty, but looke on this  
your owne great worke, your masterpeece, and then  
She being stil' the same teach me to alter.  
Ha! sure I doe not sleepe! or if I dreame, *The pi-*  
This is a terrible vision! I will cleare *cture alfred.*  
My eiesight, perhaps melancholly makes me  
See that which is not.

*Baptista.* It is to apparent.

I grieue to looke vpon't, besides the yellow  
That does assure she's temptd there are lines  
Of a darke colour, that disperse themselues  
Ore euery miuiature of her face, and those  
Confirme.

*Mathias.* She is turnd whore.

*Baptista.* I must not say so.

Yet as a friend to truth if you will haue me  
Interpret it, in her consent, and wishes  
She's false but not in fact yet.

*Mathias.* Fa? *Baptista?*

Make not your selfe a pandar to her loosenes,  
In labouring to palliate what a vizard

## The Picture.

Of impudence cannot couer did ere woman  
In her will decline from chastety, but found meanes  
To giue her hot lust full? it is more  
Impossible in nature for grosse bodies  
Descending of themselues, to hang in the ayre,  
Or with my single arme to vnderprop  
A falling tower, nay in its violent course  
To stoppe the lightning then to stay a woman  
Huried by two furies lust and falshood  
In her full carier to wickednes.

*Baptista.* Pray you tempter  
The violence of your passion.

*Mathias.* In extreames  
Of this condition, can it be in man  
To vse a moderation? I am throwne  
From a steepe rocke headlong into a gulph  
Of misery, and find my selfe past hope  
In the same moment that I apprehend  
That I am falling and this the figure of  
My Idoll few hovers since, while she cotinued  
In her perfection that was late a mirror  
In which I saw miracules shāpes of duty,  
Stayd manners with all excellency a husband  
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the suddaine  
Turnd to a magicall glasse, and does present  
Nothing but hornes, and horror

*Baptista.* You may yet  
And 'tis the best foundation, build vp comfort  
On your owne goodnes.

*Mathias.* Noe, that hath vndone me  
For now I hold my temperance a sinne  
Worse then excesse, and what was vice a vertue,  
Haue I refus'd a Queene, and such a Queene  
Whose rauishing beauties at the first sight had tempted  
A hermit from his beades, and chang'd his prayers  
To amorous Sonets, to preferue my faith

## The Picture.

I nauigate to thee, with the hazard of  
My death with tortrue, since she could inflict  
No lesse for my contempt, and haue I made  
Such a returne from thee? I will not curse thee,  
Nor for thy falshood raile against the sex  
'Tis poore, and common, Ile onely with wise men  
Whisper vnto my selfe, hower they seeme  
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come  
Hath heeretofore, can now, or euer shall  
Produce on constant woman.

*Baptista.* This is more  
Then the Satirists wrot against 'em.

*Matbias.* Ther's no language  
That can expresse the poyson of these Aspicks,  
These weeping Crocadiles, and all to little  
That hath beeing sayd against 'em but I'll mould  
My thoughts into another forme, and if  
She can out-lieue the report of what I haue donne  
This hand when next she comes within my reach  
Shall be her executioner.

*Enter Honoria.*

*Baptista.* The Queene sir.

*Honoria.* Wait our commnd at distance, sir you haue to  
Free liberty to depart.

*Baptista.* I know my manners  
And thanke you for the fauour.

*Exit Baptista.*

*Honoria.* Haue you taken  
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now  
Your resolute answere, but aduise maturely  
Before I heare it,

*Matbias.* Let my actions Madam,  
For no words can dilate my ioy in all  
You can command with cherefulness to serue you,  
Assure your highnes, and in signe of my  
Submission, and contrition for my error.

# The Picture.

My lipps, that but the last night shund the touch  
Of yours as poyson, taught humility now  
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honor  
For such an vnderferuer seales my duty,  
A cloudy mist of ignorance equall to  
Cimmerian darkenes, would not let me see then  
What now with adoration, and wonder  
With reuerence I looke vp to: but those foggs  
Dispersd and scatterd by the powerfull beames  
With which your selfe the Sun of all perfection,  
Vouchsafe to cure my blindnes like a suppliant  
As low as I can kneele / humbly begge  
What you once pleas'd to tender.

*Honorio.* This is more  
Then I could hope, what find you so attractiue  
Vpon my face in so short time to make  
This suddaine Metamorphosis? pray you rise;  
I for your late neglect thus signe your pardon.  
I now you kisse like a louer, and not as brothers  
Coldly salute their sisters.

*Mathias.* I am turnd  
All spirit and fire.

*Honorio.* Yet to giue some allay  
To this hot seruor 'twere good to remember  
The King, whose eies and eares are euery where  
With the danger to that followes, this discouer'd.

*Mathias.* Danger? a buggebeare Maddam let ride once  
Like *Phaeton* in the the Chariot of your fauour,  
And I contemne Ioues thunder though the King  
In our embraces stood a looker on,  
His hang-men and with studied cruelty ready  
To dragge me from your armes, it should not fright me  
From the inioying that, a single life is  
Too poore a price for, O that now all vigour  
Of my youth were recollected for an hower  
That my desire might meete with yours and draw  
The enuy of all men in the Encounter  
Vpon my head, I should, but we loose time,

# The Picture.

De gracious mighty Queene

*Honorio.* Pause yet a little

The boancies of the King, and what weighs more  
Your boasted constancie to your machlesse wife,  
Should not soone be shaken.

*Mathias.* The whole fabricke  
When I but looke on you, is in a moment  
Oreturnd, and ruind, and as riuers loose  
Their names, when they are swallowed by the *Ocean.*  
In you alone all faculties of my sou'e  
Are wholly taken vp, my wife, and King  
At the best as things forgotten.

*Honorio.* Can this be?

I haue gaynd my end now.

*Mathias.* Wherefore stay you Madam?

*Honorio.* In my consideration what a nothing  
Mans constancy is.

*Mathias.* Your beauties make it so,  
In me sweet lady.

*Honorio.* And it is my glory:  
I could be coy now as you were, but I  
Am of a gentler temper, howsoeuer,  
And in a iust returne of what I haue suffer'd  
In your disdain, with the same measure graunt me  
Eq'all deliberation I ere long  
Will visite you againe and when I next  
Appeare, as conq'erd by it, flauelike wayt  
On my triumphant beauty.

*Exit Honorio.*

*Mathias.* What a change  
Is heere beyond my feare but by thy falshood  
*Sophia* not her beauty is it denid me  
To sinne but in my wishes? what a frowne  
In scorne at her departure she threw on me?  
I am both waies lost; stormes of Conempt, and scorne.  
Are ready to breake on me, and all hope  
Of shelter doubtfull I can neither be  
Disloyall, nor yet honest, I stand guilty  
On either part, at the worst death will end all,

And

# The Picture.

And he must be my iudge to right my wrong,  
Since I haue lou'd too much and liu'd too long.

*Exit Mathias.*

*Actus quarti, Scena secunda.*

*Enter Sophia sola with a booke and a note.*

*Sophia.* Nor custome nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as doe offend make lesse the sinne,  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted, and that comfort which  
The damnd pretend, fellowes in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments, euery one  
Must suffer in himselfe the measure of  
His wickednes, if so, as I must grant  
It being vnrrefutable in reason,  
Howe ere my Lord offend, it is no warrant  
For me to walke in his forbidden paths,  
What penance then can expiate my guilt  
For my consent (transported then with passion)  
To want onnesse? he woundes I giue my fame  
Cannot recover his and though I haue fedd  
These courtiers with promises and hopes  
I am yet in fact vntainted and I trust  
My sorrow for it with my purity  
And loue to goodnes for it selfe, made powerfull  
Though all they haue alleadg'd proue true or false,  
Will be such exorcisines as shall command  
This furie ieaousie from me, what I haue  
Determind touching them I am resolu'd  
To put in execution, Within there?  
Where are my noble ghefts?

*Enter Hilario, Corisca, with other seruants.*

*Hilario.* The elder Maddam,  
Is drinking by himselfe to your Ladiships health  
In Muskadine and egges and for a rasher  
To draw His liquor downe he hath got a pie  
Of marrow-bones, Potatos and Eringos,  
With many such ingredients, and tis sayd

# The Picture.

He hath sent his man in post to the next towne,  
For a pound of Amber gris, and halfe a pecke  
Of fishes cald Cantharides.

*Corisca.* The younger  
Prunes vp hiuselfe as if this night he were  
To act a bridegroomes part, but to what purpose  
I am ignorance it selfe,

*Sophia.* Continue so. *gives a paper.*  
Let those lodgings be prepar'd as this directs you,  
And fayle not in a circumstance, as you  
Respect my fauour.

*1 seruant.* We haue our instructions

*2 seruant.* And punctually will follow 'em

*Enter Vbaldo.*

*Exeunt seruants.*

*Hilario.* Heere comes Madam

The Lord *Vbaldo.*

*Vbaldo.* Pretty on, thers gould,  
To buy thee a new gowne, and ther's for thee,  
Grow fat, and fit for seruice, I am now  
As I should be at the height and able to  
Begget a gyant, O my better Angell  
In this you show your wisdom when you pay  
The lecher in his owne coyne, shall you sit puling,  
Like a patient Grissell, and be laught at? no  
This is a fayre reueng, shall we to it?

*Sophia.* To what fir?

*Vbaldo.* The sport you promis'd.

*Sophia.* Could it be donne with safety.

*Vbaldo.* I warant you, I am found as a bell, a tough  
Old blade, and steele to the backe, as you shall find me  
In the triall on your anuill.

*Sophia.* So, but how fir  
Shall I satisfie your friend to whom by promise.  
I am equally engag'd?

*Vbaldo.* I must confesse  
The more the merier, but of all men liuing  
Take heed of him you may safer run vpon  
The mouth of a cannon, when it is valading



# The Picture.

And come off colder.

*Sophia.* How ! is he not holosome ?

*Vbaldo.* Holosome ? I'll tell you for your good, he is

A sprittle of diseases and indeed

More lothsome and infections, the tubbe is

His weekly bath; He hath not dranke this seauen yeare

Before he came to your houle, but compositions

Of Sassafras, and Guacum, and drie mutton

His daily portion; name what scratch soeuer

Can be got by women and the Surgeons will resolue you

At this time or at that *Ricardo* had it.

*Sophia.* Blesse me from him.

*Vbaldo.* 'Tis a good prayer Lady,

It being a degree vnto the pox.

Onely to mention him, if my tongue burne not hange me

When I but namd *Ricardo*.

*Sophia.* Sir this caution

Must be rewarded.

*Vbaldo.* I hope I haue marrd his market.

But when?

*Sophia.* Why presently follow my woman

She knowes where to conduct you, and will serue

To night for a page, let the wastcote I apointed

With the cambricq shirt perfumd, and the rich cappe

Be brought into his chamber.

*Vbaldo.* Excellent Lady.

And a caudle too in the morning.

*Corisca.* I will fit you.

*Enter Ricardo.*

*Exeunt Vbaldo & Cor*

*Sophia.* So hot on the scent here comes the other beagle.

*Ricardo.* Take purse and all

*Hilario.* If this company would come often.

I should make a pretty terme on't,

*Sophia.* For your sake

I haue put him off, he only begd a kisse

I gaue it and so parted.

*Ricardo.* I hope better

He did not touch your lipps ?

# The Picture.

*Sophia.* Yes I assure you.

The e was no danger in it.

*Ricardo.* No? eate presently

These lozenges, of forty crownes an ounce,  
Or you are vndone.

*Sophia.* What is the vertue of 'em.

*Ricardo.* They are preferuatiues against stinking breath  
Rising from rotten lungs.

*Sophia,* Ifso your carriage  
Of such deere antidotes in my opinion  
May render yours suspected.

*Ricardo,* Fie no I vie 'em

When I take with him I should be poysond else.  
But i'll be free with you. Hee was once a creature  
It may be of Gods making, but long since  
He is turnd to a druggists shoppe, the spring and fall  
Hold all the yeere with him that he liues he owes  
To art not nature, she has giuen him ore.  
He moues like the faery King, on scrues and wheelcs  
Made by his Doctors recipes, and yet still  
They are out ofioynt, and euery day repairing  
He has a regiment of whores he keeps  
At his owne charge in a lazar house but the best is  
There's not a rose among 'em: Hee's acquainted  
With the greene water and the spitting pill  
Familiar to him, in a frosty morning  
You may thrust him in a pottle pot his bones  
Rattle in his Skinne like beanes rof'd in a bladder  
If he but heere a coche the fomentation  
The Friction with funigation cannot faue him  
From the chine cuill in a word he is  
Not on disease but all, yet being my friend  
I wil forbear his character, for I would not  
Wrong him in your opinion.

*Sophia,* The best is

The vertues you bestow on him to me  
Are mistries I know not but howeuer  
I am at your seruice. Sirrha let it be your care  
T'vncloath the gentleman, and with speed, delay

# The Picture.

Takes from delight.

*Ricardo.* Good, there's my hat, sword, cloke,  
A vengeance on these buttons, off with my dublet  
I dare show my Skinne, in the touch you will like it better  
Prethe cut my codpeepe poynt, and for this seruice  
When I leaue them off they are thine.

*Hilario.* I'll take your word sir.

*Ricardo.* Deere lady stay not long.

*Sophia.* I may come too soone sir

*Ricardo.* No, no I am ready now,

*Hilario.* This is the way sir.

*Exeunt Hilario,  
and Ricardo.*

*Sophia.* I was much too blame to credit their reports

Touching my Lord that so traduce each other  
And with such virulent malice, though I presume  
They are bad enough, but I haue studied for 'em  
A way for their recouerie.

*The noyse of clapping a doore, Ubaldo above in his shirt.*

*Ubaldo.* What dost thou meane wench?

Why dost thou shut the doore upon me? ha

My cloths are taine away to ! shall I starue heere?

Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talkd of

A rich cappe, a perfum'd shirt, and a wastcote

But heere is nothing but a little fresh straw,

A pettycote for a couerlet and that torne to,

And an ould womans biggen for a night cappe,

*Enter Corisca.*

Slight tis a prison, or a pigstie, ha!

The windows grated with Iron I cannot force'em

And if I leape downe heere I breake my necke

I am betrayd, rogues villaines let me out

I am a Lord, and that's no common tittle,

And shall I be vsd thus?

*Sophia.* Let him raue, Hee's fast

I'll parley with him at leasure.

*Ricardo entring with a great noyse above, as fallen.*

*Ricardo.* Zoones haue you trap doores?

*Sophia.* The other birds i' th cage too let him flutter.

*Ricardo.* Whither am I falne into Hell?

*Ubaldo*

# The Picture.

*Vbaldo.* Who makes that noyse there?  
Helpe me if thou art a friend?

*Ricardo.* A friend? I am where  
I cannot helpe my selfe, let me see thy face.

*Vbaldo.* How *Ricardo*! prethe throw me  
Thy cloke, if thou canst to couer me I am almost  
Frozen to death.

*Ricardo.* My cloke, I haue no breeches  
I am in my shirt as thou art, and heer's nothing  
For my selfe but a clownes cast suite.

*Vbaldo.* We are both vndone  
Prethe rore a little, Madam.

*Enter Hilario in Ricardos suite.*

*Ricardo.* Lady of the house.

*Vbaldo.* Groomes of the chamber

*Ricardo.* Gentlewomen, milkemaydes.

*Vbaldo.* Shall we be murthered?

*Sophia.* Noe but soundly punish'd  
To your diferts.

*Ricardo.* You are not in earnest Madam?

*Sophia.* Iudge as you find, and feele it, and now heere  
What I irreuocablie purpose to you.  
Being receau'd as ghefts into my house  
And with all it afforded entertaind  
You haue forgot all hospitable duties,  
And with the defamation of my Lord  
Wrought on my woman weakenesse in reuenge  
Of his iniuries, as you fashiond 'em to me,  
To yeeld my honor to your lawlesse lust.

*Hilario.* Marke that poore fellowes.

*Sophia.* And so far you haue  
Transgres'd against the dignity of men  
( who should, bound to it by vertue, still defend  
Chast ladies honors) that it was your trade  
To make 'em in famous, but you are caught  
In your owne toiles like lustfull beasts, and therefore  
Hope not to find the vsage of men from me  
Such mercie you haue forfeited, and shall suffer

*The Picture-*

Like the most flauish women.

*Vbaldo.* How will you vse vs?

*Sophia.* Ease and excesse in feeding made you wanton  
A plurisie of ill blood you must let out.

By labour, and spare diet, that way got to,  
Or perish for hunger, reach him vp that distaffe  
Wich the flax vpon it, though no Omphale  
Nor you a second *Hercules*, as I take it  
As you spinne well at my command, and please me  
Your wages in the courset bread, and water,  
Shall be proportionable.

*Vbaldo.* I will starue first.

*Sophia.* That's as you please.

*Ricardo.* What will become of me now?

*Sophia.* You shall haue gentler worke I haue oft obseru'd  
You were proud to show the finenesse of your hands,  
And softnes of your fingers, you should reele well  
What he spins if you giue your mind to it, as ill force you  
Deliuier him his materialls. Now you know  
Your penance fall to worke, hunger will teach you  
And so as slaues to your lust, not me I leaue you. *Exit Sophia.*

*Vbaldo.* I shall spinne a fine thred out now *and seruants.*

*Ricardo.* I cannot looke  
On these deuices but they put me in mind  
Of rope-makers.

*Hilario.* Fellow thinke of thy taske  
Forget such vanities, my liuery there  
Will serue thee to worke in.

*Ricardo.* Let me haue my clothes yet,  
I was bountifull to thee.

*Hilario.* They are past your wearing  
And mine by prom se, as all these can witnes  
You haue no holydaies comming, nor will I worke  
While these, and this lasts and so when you please  
You may shut vp your shoppe windowes.

*Vbaldo.* I am faint  
And must lye downe.

*Exit Hilario.*

*Ricardo.* I am hungry to, and could  
Ocurfed women

*The Picture.*

*Ubaldo.* This comes of our whoring.  
But let vs rest aswell as we can to night  
But not ore sleepe our selues, least we fast to morrow.

*They drew the curtaines.*

*Astus quarti, Scana terty.*

*Enter Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand,  
Acanthe, attendance.*

*Honoria.* Now you know all sir with the motiues why  
I forc'd him to my lodging.

*Ladislaus.* I desire  
No more such tria's Lady.

*Honoria.* I presume sir  
You do not doubt my chastity.

*Ladislaus.* I would no,  
But these are strange inducements.

*Eubulus.* By no meanes sir  
Why though he were with violence ceas'd vpon,  
And still detaynd the man sir being no souldier  
Nor vld to charge his pike when the breach is open  
There was no danger in't: you must conceiue sir,  
Being religious, she chose him for a Chaplaine  
To read old Homelies to her in the darke,  
Shee's bound to it by her Cannons.

*Ladislaus.* Still tormented  
With thy impertinence.

*Honoria.* By your selfe deere sir.  
I was ambitious onely to ouer throw  
His boasted constancy in his consent,  
But forsa & I contemne him, I was neuer  
Vnchast in thought, I laboured to giue prooffe  
What power dwels in this beauty you admire so,  
And when you see how soone it hath transform'd him,  
And with what superstition hee addores it,  
Determine as you please.

*Ladislaus.* I will looke on  
This pageant but.

*Honoria.* When you haue seene and hard sir.  
The passages, which I my selfe discouer'd,  
And could haue kept conceal'd had I meant basely

Judge as you please.

*Ladislaus.* well Ill obserue the issue.

*Enbulus.* How had you tooke this Generall in your wife?

*Ferdinand.* As a strange curiosity, but *Queenes*  
Are priuiledgd aboute subiects, and tis fit fir.

*Exeunt.*

*Astus quarti, Scana quarti.*

*Enter Mathias, Batista.*

*Baptista.* You are much alterd fir since the last night  
When the *Queene* left you, and looke cheerefully  
Your dulnesse quite b'owne ouer.

*Mathias.* I haue seene a vision  
This morning makes it good, and neuer was  
In such security as at this instant,  
Fall what can fall, and when the *Queene* appeares  
Whose shortest absence now istedious to me,  
Obserue 'thi counter.

*Enter Honoria, Ladislaus, Enbulus, Ferdinand*  
*Acanthe, with others above.*

*Baptista.* She already is  
Entred the lists.

*Mathias.* And I prepard to meete her.

*Baptista.* I know my duty.

*Honoria.* Not so you may stay now  
Asa wienes of our contract.

*Baptista.* I obey  
In all things Madam.

*Honoria.* Wher's that reuerence,  
Or rather superstitious addoration,  
Which captiue like to my triumphant beauty  
You payd last night? no humble knce? nor signe  
Of vassall duty? sure this is the foote,  
To whose proud couer, and then happy in it,  
Your lipps were glewd; and that the necke then offer'd  
To wienes your subiection to be trod on  
Your certaine losse of life in the Kings anger  
Was then to meane a price to buy my fauour.  
And that false gloweworme fire of constancie  
To your wife, extinguished by a greater light.

*The Picture.*

Shot from our eyes ; and that it may be ( being  
To glorious to be look'd on ) hath depriv'd you  
Of speech, and motion : but I will take off  
A little from the splendor, and descend  
From my owne height, and in your lownesse heere you  
Plead as a suppliant.

*Mathias.* I do remember  
I once saw such a woman.

*Honoris.* How !

*Mathias.* And then  
She did appeare a most magnificent *Queene*  
And what's more vertuous though somewhat darkned  
With pride and selfe oppinion.

*Eubulus.* Call you this courtship ?

*Mathias.* And she was happy in a royall husband,  
Whom enuie could not tax, vnlesse it were  
For his too much inda'gence to her hamors.

*Eubulus.* Pray you sir obserue that touch, tis to the purpose  
I like the play the better for't.

*Mathias.* And she liu'd  
Worthy her birth, and fortune; you retayne yet  
Some part of her angelicall forme, but when  
Enuie to the beauty of a nother woman  
Inferior to hers, (one she neuer  
Had seene but in her picture) had dispers'd  
Infection through her veines and loyaltie  
Which a great *Queene* as shee was should haue nourish'd  
Grew odious to her

*Honoris.* I am thunderstrocke.

*Mathias.* And lust in all the brauery it could borrow  
From maiesty, howere disguise had tooke  
Sure footing in the kingdome of her heart  
(The throne of chastity once,) how in a moment  
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her  
And woone vpon all hearts, like seeming shadowes.  
Wanting true substance vanish'd.

*Honoris.* How his reasons  
Worke on my Soule.

*Mathias.* Retire into your selfe.



*The Picture.*

Your owne strengths Madam, strongly man'd with vertue  
And be but as you were, and there's no offence.

So base beneath the flauery, that men  
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.  
But as you play, and iuggle with a stranger  
Varying your shapes like *Thetis* though the beauties  
Of all that are by Poëts raptures Sainted  
Were now in you vnited, you should passe  
Pittied by me perhaps, but not regarded.

*Eubulus.* If this take not I am cheated.

*Mathias.* To slip once  
Is incident, and excusde by humane fraylty,  
But to fall euer damnable we were both  
Guilty I grant in rendering our affection,  
But, as I hope you will doe, I repented.  
When we are growne vp to ripenessse, our life is  
Like to this picture. While we runne  
A constant race in goodnesse, it retaines  
The iust proportion. But the iourneyes being  
Tedious and sweet temptations in the way,  
That may in some degree diuert vs from  
The rode that we put forth in, ere we end  
Our pilgrimage, it may like this turne yellow  
Or be with blacknesse clouded. But when we  
Finde we haue gone astray, and labour to  
Returne vnto our neuer sayling guide  
Vertue, contrition with vnfained teares,  
The spots of vice wash'd off will soone restore it  
To the first purenesse.

*Honorio.* I am disenchantèd  
Mercy, O mercy heauens?

*kneeles*

*Ladislaus.* I am rauished with  
What I haue seene and hard.

*Ferdinand.* Let vs descend and heere  
The rest below.

*Eubulus.* This hath falne out beyond  
My expectation. *they descend.*

*Honorio.* How haue I wandred  
Out of the tract of piety and misled

*The Picture.*

By ouerweening pride, and flattery  
Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatnes)  
Could neuer meeete till now a passenger  
That in his charity would set me right,  
Or stay me in my precipice to ruine.  
How ill haue I return'd your goodnes to me?  
The horror in my thought oft turnes me ma: ble.

*Enter the King and others,*

But if it may be yet preuented, O sir,  
What can I do to shew my sorrow or  
With what brow aske your pardon?

*Ladislaus.* Pray you rise.

*Honorio.* Neuer, till you forgiue me, and receiue  
Vnto your loue, and fauour a chang'd woman.  
My state, and pride turn'd to humillity henceforth  
Shall waite on your commands, and my obedience  
Steer'd only by your will.

*Ladislaus.* And that will proue  
A second and a better marriage to me, all is forgot

*Honorio.* Sir I must not rise yet  
Till with a free confession of a crime,  
Vnknow ne to you yet, and a following suite  
Which thus I beg be granted.

*Ladislaus.* I melt with you.  
Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus.

*Honorio.* Know then sir.  
In malice to this good knights wife I practis'd  
*Ubaldo*, and *Ricardo*, to corrupt her.

*Baptista.* Thence grew the change of the picture.

*Honorio.* And how far  
They haue preuaild I am ignorant now if you sir  
Or the honor of this goodman, may be intreated  
To trauaile thither, it being but a dayes iourney  
To fetch'em off,

*Ladislaus.* We will put on to night.

*Baptista.* I if you please your harbinger.

*Ladislaus.* I thanke you.

Let me embrace you in my armes, your seruice  
Donne on the *Turke* compar'd with this waighs nothing.

*Mathias.*

*The Picture.*

*Mathias.* I am still your humble creature.

*Ladislans.* My true friend

*Ferdinand.* And so you are bound to hold him.

*Eubulus.* Such a plante

Imported to your Kingdome, and heere grafted  
Would yeeld more fruit then all the idle weedes  
That sucke vp your raigne of fauour.

*Ladislans.* In my will

Ill not be wanting, prepare for our iourney.

In acte be my *Honor*a now, not name,

And to all after times preferue thy fame.

*Exeunt.*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

*Actus quinti, Scena prima.*

*Sophia, Corisca, Hilario.*

*Sophia.* Are they then so humble

*Hilario.* Hunger and hard labour

Haue ramde 'em Madam, at the first they below'd  
Like stags tane in a toyle and would not worke  
For sillennesse, but when they found with out it  
Therewas no eating, and that to starue to death  
Was mach against their stomachs, by degice  
Against their wills they fell to it.

*Corisca.* And now feed on

The little pittance you allow with g'adnesse

*Hilario.* I do remember that they stop'd their noses  
At the sight of beefe, and mutton as course feeding  
For their fine palats, but now their worke being ended  
Thy leape at a barley crust and ho'd these parings  
With a spoonefull of pal'd wine pour'd in their water,  
For festiuall exceedings.

*Corisca.* When I examine

My spinsters worke hee trembles like a prentice  
And takes a box on the eare when I spie faults  
And botches in his labour, as a fauour  
From a curst mistrisse.

*Hilario.* The other to reele well

For

*The Picture.*

For his time, and if your ladieship would please.  
To see 'em for your sport, since they want ayring  
It would do well in my iudgement, you shall heere  
Such a hungry diologe from 'em.

*Sophia.* But suppose  
When they are out of prison they should grow  
Rebellious?

*Hilario.* Neuer feare't Ill vndertake  
To lead 'em out by the nose with a course thred  
Of the o nes spinning and make the other reele after  
And wit h out grumbling, & when you are weary of  
Their co mpany as easily returne 'em.

*Corisca* Deere Madam it will helpe to driue away  
Your melancholy.

*Sophia.* Well on this assurance  
I am cont<sup>e</sup>nt, bring 'em hither.

*Hilario.* I will do it

In stately Equipage.

*Exit Hilario.*

*Sophia.* They haue confessed then  
They were set on by the Queene to taynt mee in  
My lo yalty to my Lord?

*Corisca.* Twas the maine cause,  
That brought 'em hither.

*Sophia.* I am glad I know it  
And as I haue begun before I end  
Ill at the height reuenge it, let vs steppe aside  
They come the obiects so ridiculous  
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but  
Lend a forc'd smile to grace it.

*Enter Hilario, Vbaldo spinning, Ricardo reeling.*

*Hilario.* Come away  
Worke as you go, and loose no time 'tis precious  
You'll find it in your Commons.

*Ricardo.* comons call you it  
The word is proper I haue graz'd so long  
Vpon your commons I am almost staru'd heere

*Hilario.* Worke harder and they shall be better'd

*Vbaldo.* better'd?

worfer they cannot be would I might lye

*The Picture.*

Like a dogge vnder her table and serue for a footstool  
So I might haue my belly full of that  
Her Island cure refuses.

*Hilario.* How do you like  
Your ayring? is it not a fauour?

*Ricardo.* Yes  
Iust such a one as you vse to a brace of gray-houndes  
When they are ledd out of their kennels to scumber  
But our case is ten times harder, we haue nothing  
In our bellies to be vented, if you will bee  
And honest yeoman phenterer, feed vs first,  
And waike vs after?

*Hilario.* Yeomen phenterer?  
Sach another word to your Gouvernor, and you goe  
Supperlesse to bed toort.

*Ubaldo.* Nay euen as you please.  
The comfortable names of breake-fasts, dinners,  
Collations, supper, beuerage, are words  
Worne out of our remembrance.

*Ricardo.* O for the steame  
Of meat in a cookes shoppe?

*Ubaldo.* I am so drie  
I haue not spittle enough to wete my fingers  
When I draw my flax from my distaffe

*Ricardo.* Nor I strength  
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. oh.  
I haue the crampe all ouer me

*Hilario.* What do you thincke  
Were best to apply to it, a crampstone as I take it  
Were very vifuil.

*Ricardo.* Oh no more of stones  
We haue beene vfd to long like hawkes already.

*Ubaldo.* We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting  
We will come to an empty fist.

*Hilario.* Nay that you shall not  
So hoe birdes, how the eyasses scratch, and scramble  
Take heed of a surfer do not cast your gorges,  
This is more then I haue commission for, be thankfull.

*Sophia.* Were all that studie the abuse of women

The Picture.

Vsd thus, the citty would not swarme with Cuccholds  
Nor so many trads-men breake.

*Corisca.* Pray you appeare now  
And marke the altetation.

*Hilario.* To your worke  
My Lady is in presence, show your duties  
Exceeding well.

*Sophia.* How do your scollers profite?

*Hilario.* Hold vp your heads demurely. Prettily  
For young beginners.

*Corisca* and will do well in time  
If they be kept in awe.

*Ricardo.* In awe I am sure  
I quake like an aspen leafe.

*Vbaldo.* no mercy Lady?

*Ricardo.* Nor intermission?

*Sophia.* Let me see your worke.

Fie vpon't what a thredds heere, a poore coblers wife  
Would make a finer to sow a clounes rent start vp  
And heere you reele as you were druncke.

*Ricardo.* I am sure it is not with wine

*Sophia.* O take heade of wine  
Could water is far better for your healths  
Of which I am very tender, you had foule bodies  
And must continue in this phisicall diet  
Tell the cause of your disease be tane away  
For feare of a relaps and that is dangerous  
Yet I hope alreedy that you are in some  
Degree recouerd and that way to resolu me  
Answer me truly, nay what I propound  
Concernes both neerer, what would you now giue  
If your meanes were in your hands to lye all night  
With a fresh and handsome ladie?

*Vbaldo.* How a lady?

O I am past it, hunger with her razor  
Hath made me an euenuch

*Ricardo.* for a messe of porridge  
well sop'd with a bunch of raddish and a carret  
I would sell my barron ric but for women. oh

Noe more of women, not a doyte for a doxeie,  
After this hungry voyage.

*Sophia.* These are truly  
Good symptomes, let them not venture too much in the ayre;  
Till they are weaker.

*Ricardo.* this is tyranie.

*Ubaldo.* Scorne vpon scorne.

*Sophia.* You were so  
In your malicious intents to me;

*Enter a seruant*

And therefore tis but iustice, whats the busnesse?

*Seruant.* My Lords great friend, signior *Baptista* Madam,  
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certaine  
Assurance of my Lords arriuall.

*Sophia.* How?

And stand I trifling here, hence with the mungrells  
To there seuerall kennels, there let them houle in priuate,  
Ile bee no farther troubled.

*Exeunt Sophia and seruant.*

*Ubaldo.* O that euer  
I saw this fury!

*Ricardo.* Or look'd on a woman  
But as a prodigie in nature.

once

*Hilario.* Silence;  
Noe more of this.

*Corisca.* me thincks you haue noe cause  
To repent your being heere.

*Hilario* haue you not learnt  
When your states are spent your seuerall trades to liue by,  
and neuer charge the hospita'l?

*Corisca.* Worke but titely,  
And wee will not vse a dishe-cloute in the house  
But of your spinning.

*Ubaldo* O I would this hempe  
Were turn'd to a halter.

*Hilario* Will you march?

*Ricardo.* A soft one,  
Good generall, I beseech you.

*Ubaldo.* I can hardly  
Draw my legs after me.

*Hilario.* For a crouch, you may vse

Your distaffe, a good wit makes vse of all things.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus quinti, Scena secunda.*

*Enter Sophia, Baptista.*

*Sophia.* Was he jealous of me?

*Baptista.* Ther's no perfite loue,  
Without some touch of t Madam.

*Sophia.* And my picture  
Made by your diuelish art, a spie vpon  
My actions? I neuer fate to be drawne,  
Nor had you fir comisson for't,

*Baptista.* excuse me,  
At his earnest sute I did it.

*Sophia.* Very good,  
Was I growne so cheape in his opinion of me?

*Baptista.* The prosperous euent that croand his fortunes  
May qualifie the offence.

*Sophia.* Rood the euent  
The sanctuary fooles and madmen flie to,  
when their rash and desperat vndertakings thriue well  
But good, and wisemen are directed by  
Graue counsaies, and with such deliberation  
Proceed in their affaires that chance had nothing  
To do with 'em; howsoere, take the paynes fir  
To meete the honor in the King, and Queenies  
Approches to my house, that breakes vpon mee  
I will expect them with my best of care

*Baptista.* To entertaine such royall ghests.

*Sophia.* I know it  
Leaue that to me fir what should mone the Queene  
So giuen to ease and pleasure, as fame speakes her,  
To such a iourney? or worke on my Lord  
To doubt my loyalty? nay more to take  
For the resolution of his feares, a course  
That is by holy writ denide a christian?  
Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome  
He hopes in my embraces may deceiue  
His expectation the trumpet's speake  
The Kings arriual, helpe a womans wit now,  
To make him know his fault, and my iust anger.

*Exit Baptista.*

*Exit Sophia.*

*Actus*



The Picture.

Actus quinti, scena ultima.

Loud musicke, Enter Mathias, Eubulus, Ladislaus, Ferdinand,  
Honoris, Baptista, Acanthe, with attendants

Eubulus. Your maiesty must be weary.

Honoris. No my Lord

A willing mind makes a hard iourney easie

Mathias. Not lone attended on by Hermes, was

More welcome to the cottage of Philemon,

And his poore Baucis, then your gracious selfe.

Your matchlesse Queene, and all your royall traine

Are to your seruant and his wife.

Ladislaus. Where is she?

Honoris. I long to see her as my now loud riuall

Eubulus. And i to haue a smatch at her, 'tis a cordiall

To an old man, better then sacke, and a toft

Before he goes to supper.

Mathias. Halis my house turnd

To a wilderness? nor wife nor seruants ready

Wit hall rites due to maiesty to receiue

Such vnexpected blessings? you assur'd me

Of better preparation, hath not

Th'excesse of ioy transported her beyond

Her vnderstanding?

Baptista. I now parted from her,

And gaue her your directions.

Mathias. How shall I begge

Your maiesties patience? sure my fame's druncke

Or by some witch in enuie of my glory

A dead sleepe throwne vpon'em.

Enter Hilario, and seruants.

I seruant. Sir.

Mathias. But that

The sacred presence of the King forbids it,

My sword should make a massacre among you.

Where is your mistress?

Hilario. First you are welcome home sir

Then know shee's sicke sir, there's no notice

Taken of my brauery.

*The Picture.*

*Mathias.* Sicke at such a time !

It cannot be, though she were on her death bed,  
And her spirit euen now departed, heere stand they  
Could call it backe againe, and in this honor  
Giue her a second being, bring me to her,  
I know not what to vrge, or how to redeeme  
This morgage of her manners.

*Exeunt Mathias  
and Hilario.*

*Eubulus.* Ther's no climate

On the world I thinke where on iades tricke or other  
Raignes not in women,

*Ferdinand.* You were euer bitter  
Against the Sex.

*Ladislaus.* This is very strange.

*Honorio.* Meane women  
Haue their faults as well, as **Q**ueenes.

*Landislaus.* O shee appeares now.

*Enter Mathias, Sophia, & Hilario.*

*Mathi.* The iniury that you conceiue I haue done you  
Dispute heereafter, and in your peruersenes  
Wrong not your selfe, and me.

*Sophia.* I am pass'd my childhood,  
And need no tutor.

*Mathias.* This is the great King.  
To whom I am ingag'd till death for all  
I stand possess'd of.

*Sophia.* My humble rooffe is proud sir.  
To be the canopie of so much greatnes,  
Set off with goodnes.

*Ladislaus.* My owne prayfes flying  
In such pure ayre, as your sweete breath faire Lady  
Cannot but please me.

*Mathias.* This is the **Q**ueene of **Q**ueenes,  
In her magnificence to me.

*Sophia.* In my duty  
I kisse her highnes robe.

*Honorio.* You stoope too low  
To her whose lipps would meete with yours.

*Sophia.* Howere.  
It may appeare prepostrous in women

Soe to encounter, 'tis your p'caſure Madam  
 And not my proud ambition; do you heare ſir,  
 Without a magicall picture, in the touch,  
 I find your printe of cloſe and wanton kiſſes  
 On the Queenes lipps

*Mathias.* Vpon your life be ſilent.  
 And now ſalute theſe Lords.

*Sophia.* Since you'll hane me  
 You ſhall ſee I am experienc'd at the game  
 And can play it titely; you are a braue man ſir  
 And do deſerue a free and hartly welcome  
 Be this the prologue to it.

*Eubulus.* An old mans turne  
 Is euer laſt in kiſſing, I haue lipps too  
 Howeuer cold ones Madam.

*Sophia.* I will warme 'em,  
 With the fire of mine.

*Eubulus.* And ſo ſhe haſt; I thanke you:  
 I ſhall ſleepe the better all night for't.

*Mathias.* You expreſſe  
 The boldnes of a wanton courtezan,  
 And not a matrons modeſty, take vp,  
 Or you are diſgrac'd foreuer.

*Sophia.* How? with kiſſing  
 Feelingiy as you tought mee? would you haue me  
 Turne my cheek to 'em, as proud ladies uſe  
 To their inferiors, as if they intended  
 Some buſineſſe ſhould be whiſperd in their eare  
 And not a ſalutation, what I doe  
 I will do freely, now I am in the humor  
 I'll ſiee at all, are there any more?

*Mathias.* Forbeare,  
 Or you will rayſe my anger to a height,  
 That will deſcend in fury.

*Sophia.* Whie? you know  
 How to reſolue your ſeiſe what my intents are,  
 By the helpe of Mephoſtophiles, and your picture,  
 Pray you looke vpon't againe, I humbly thanke  
 The Queenes great care of me, while you were abſent.

She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,  
 And being for that time a kind of widdow,  
 To passe away her melancholly hours  
 Wit hout good company, and in charity therefore  
 Provided for me, out of her owne store  
 She culd the Lords *Ubaldo*, and *Ricardo*,  
 Two principall courtiers for Ladies seruice,  
 To do me all good offices, and as such  
 Imployd by her, I hope I haue receau'd,  
 And entertain'd 'em, nor shall they depart  
 Wit hout the effect arising from the cause  
 That brought 'em hither.

*Mathias*. Thou dost be-lye thy selfe,  
 I know that in my absence thou wer't honest,  
 Howeuer now turnd monster.

*Sophia*. The truth is  
 We did not deale like you in speculations  
 On cheating pictures; we knew shadowes were  
 No substances and a ctuall performance  
 The best assurance, I will bring 'em hither  
 To make good in this presence so much for me.  
 Some minutes space I begge your maiesties pardon  
 You are mou'd now champe vpon this bit a little  
 Anon you shall haue another, waite me *Hilario*.

*Exeunt Sophia, & Hilario.*

*Ladislans*. How now? turnd statue sir?

*Mathias*. Flic, and flic quicklie  
 From this curst habitation, or this Gorgon  
 Will make you all as I am, in her tongue  
 Millions of adders hisse, and eery haye  
 Vpon her wicked head a snake more dreadfull  
 Than that *Tisiphone* hrew on *Athamas*,  
 Which in his madnes forc'd him to dismember  
 His proper issue O that ~~the~~ euer I  
 Repc'd my trust in magicke, or belieu'd  
 Impossibili ies, or that charmes had power  
 To sincke and serch into the bottomlesse hell,  
 For a false womans heart.

*Enbulus.*

*The Picture.*

*Eubulus.* These are the fruites  
Of marriage, and old batchelor, as *I* am,  
And what's more will continue so, is not troublede  
With these fine sagaries.

*Ferdinand.* Till you are resolu'd fir,  
Forfake not hope.

*Baptista.* Vpon my life this is  
Dissimulation.

*Ladislans.* And it suites not with  
Your fortitude and wifdome to be thus  
Transported with your passion.

*Honorina.* You were once  
Deceaud in me fir as I was in you,  
Yet the deceiptre please both.

*Mathias.* She hath confes'd all,  
What further prooffe should I aske ?

*Honorina.* Yet remember  
The distance that is interpos'd betweene  
A womans tongue, and her hart, and you must grant  
You build vpon no certainties.

*Enter Sophia, Corisca, Hilario, Vbaldo, & Ricardo, as before.*

*Eubulus.* What haue we heere ?

*Sophia.* You must come on and show you selues.

*Vbaldo.* The King !

*Ricardo.* And Queene too, would I were as far vnder the earth  
As I am about it.

*Vbaldo.* Some Poet will  
Prom this relation, or in verse, or prooffe,  
Or both together blended render vs  
Ridiculous to all ages,

*Ladislans.* I remember  
This face when it was in a better plight  
Are not you *Ricardo* ?

*Honorina.* And this thing I take it  
Was once *Vbaldo*.

*Vbaldo.* I am now I know not what.

*Ricardo.* We thanke your maiesty for imploying vs  
To this subiill Circe.

*The Picture.*

*Eubulus.* How my Lord? turnd spinster.  
Do you worke by the day or by the great?

*Ferdinand.* Is your Theorbo  
Turnd to a distaffe Signior, and your voyce  
With which you chanted rome for a lusty gallant  
Turnd to the note of lacrey mæ?

*Eubulus.* Prethee tell me  
For I know thou art free, how often and to the purpose  
Haue you beene merry with this lady.

*Ricardo.* Neuer, neuer.

*Ladislans.* Howsoeuer you should say so, for your credit  
Being the only count bull.

*Vbaldo.* O that euer  
I saw this kicking heyfer,

*Sophia.* You see Madam  
How I haue curd your seruants, and what fauours  
They with their rampaht valour haue woone from me.  
You may as they are phisickd, I presume  
Trust a faire virgine with 'em, they haue learnd  
Their seuerall trades to liue by, and payd nothing  
But cold, and hunger for 'em, and may now  
Set vp for them selues for heere I giue 'em ouer,  
And now to you sir, why doe you not againe,  
Peruse your picture? and take the aduice  
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none  
That made you, as the Italian sayes a beco.

*Mathias.* I know not which way to intreat your pardon  
Nor am I worthy of it my *Sophia*,  
My best *Sophia*, heere before the king,  
The *Queene*, these Lords, and all the lookers on  
I do renounce my error, and embrace you  
As the great example to all after times  
For such as would dye chaste, and noble wiues  
With reuerence to immitate.

*Sophia.* Not so sir.  
I yet hold of, howeuer I haue purg'd  
My doubted innocence, the foule asperctions  
In your vnmanly doubts cast on my honor

*The Picture.*

Cannot so soone be washd of.

*Eubulus.* Shall we haue  
More ijjgobobs yet?

*Sophia.* When you went to the warrs  
I set no spie vpon you to obserue  
which way you wandred, though our sex by nature  
Is subiect to suspitions and feares,  
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from 'em.  
But to deale as you did gainst your religion  
With this inchanter to suruey my actions  
Was more then womans weaknes, therefore know  
And tis my boone vnto the King, I doe  
Desire a seperation from your bed  
For I will spend the remnant of my life  
In prayer, and meditation.

*Mathias.* O take pittie  
Vpon my weake condition, or I am  
More wretched in your innocence, then if  
I had found you guilty, haue you showne a iewell  
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind  
To locke it vp againe? She turues away  
Will none speake for me? shame, and sinne hath robd me  
Of the vse of my tongue.

*Ladislaus.* Since you haue conquerd Maddam  
You wrong the glory of your victory  
If you vse it not with mercy.

*Ferdinand.* Any penance  
You please to impose vpon him I dare warrant  
He will glad'y suffer.

*Eubulus.* Haue I liu'd to see  
But on good woman, and shall we for a trifle  
Haue her returne nun? I will first pull downe the cloyster  
To the ould sport againe with a good lucke to you  
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,  
We must haue some of the breed of you, will you destroy  
The kind, and race of goodnesse? I am conuerted  
And aske your pardon Madam for my ill opinion  
Against the sex, and show me but two such more

*The Picture*

I'll marry yet, and loue em.

*Honoria.* She that yet  
Nere knew what 'twas to bend but to the King  
Thus begge remission for him.

*Sophia.* O deere Madam  
Wrong not your greatnesse so.

*Omnes.* We all are sutors.

*Vbaldo.* I do deserue to bee hard among the rest.

*Ricardo.* And we haue sufferd for it

*Sophia.* I perceiue  
Thers no resistance but suppose I pardon  
What's past, who can secure me, He'll be free  
From iعالouie heereafter.

*Mathias.* I will be  
My owne security, go ride where you please,  
Feast, reuele, banquet, and make choise with whom  
I'll set no watch vpon you, and for prooffe, oft  
This cursed picture I surrender vp  
To a consuming fire,

*Baptista.* As I abuire  
The practise of my art.

*Sophia.* Vpon this termes.  
I am reconcil'd and for these that haue payd  
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

*Ladislaus.* At your request they haue it.

*Vbaldo.* Hang all trades now.

*Ricardo.* I will find a new one, and that is to liue honest.

*Hilario.* These are my fee's.

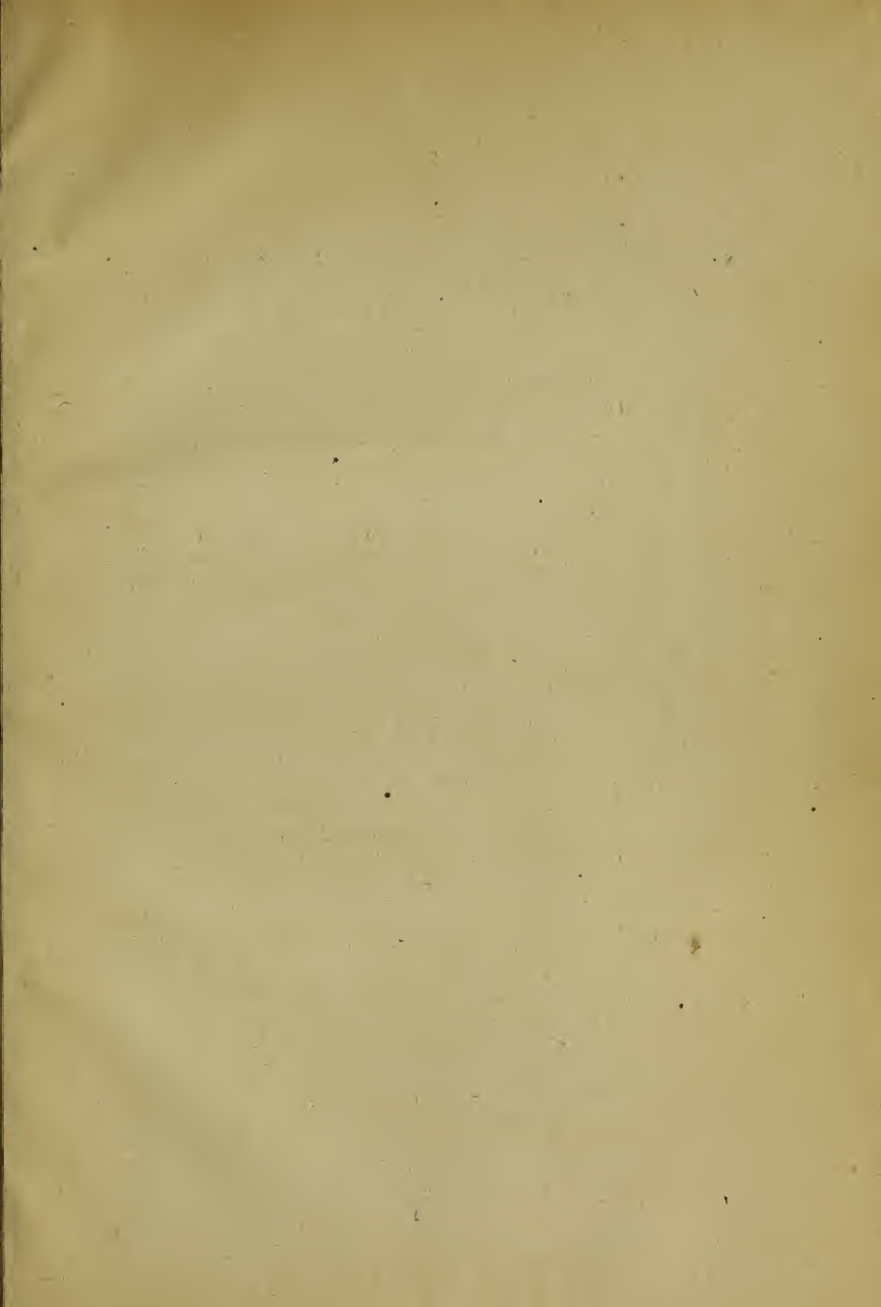
*Vbaldo.* Pray you take 'em with a mischeefe.

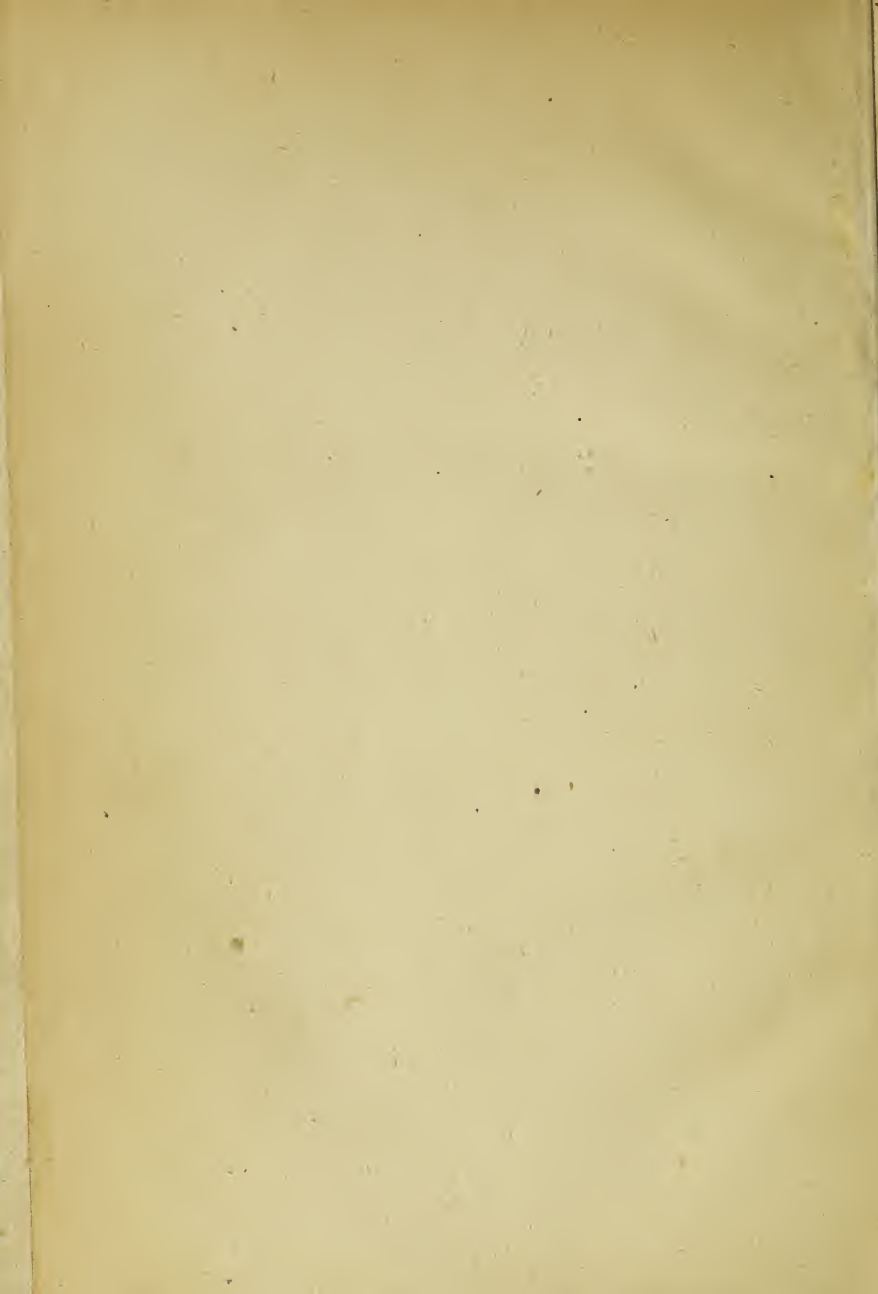
*Ladislaus.* So all ends in peace now  
And to all married men be this a caution.  
Which they should duly tender as their life  
Neither to dore to much nor doubt a wife.

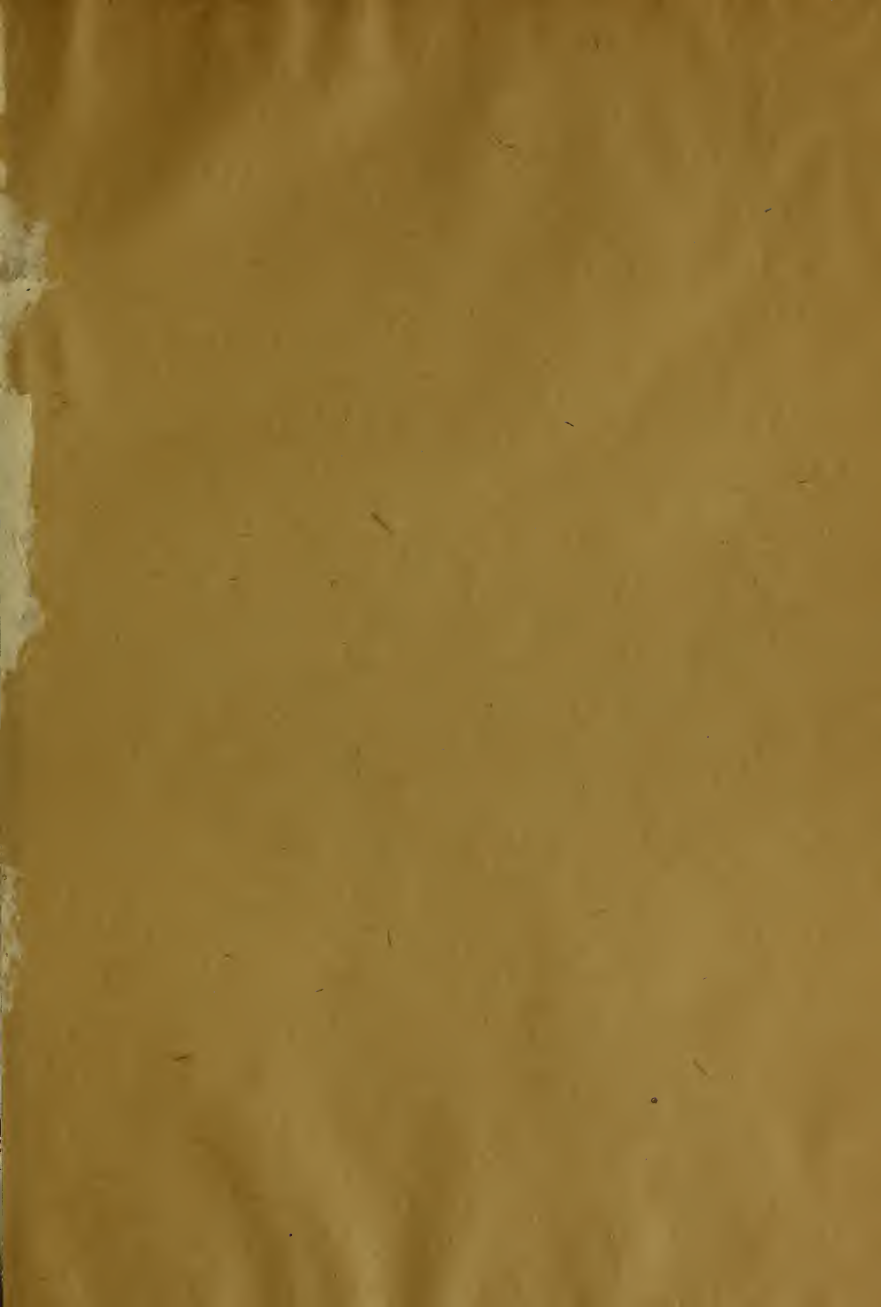
*Exeunt Omnes*

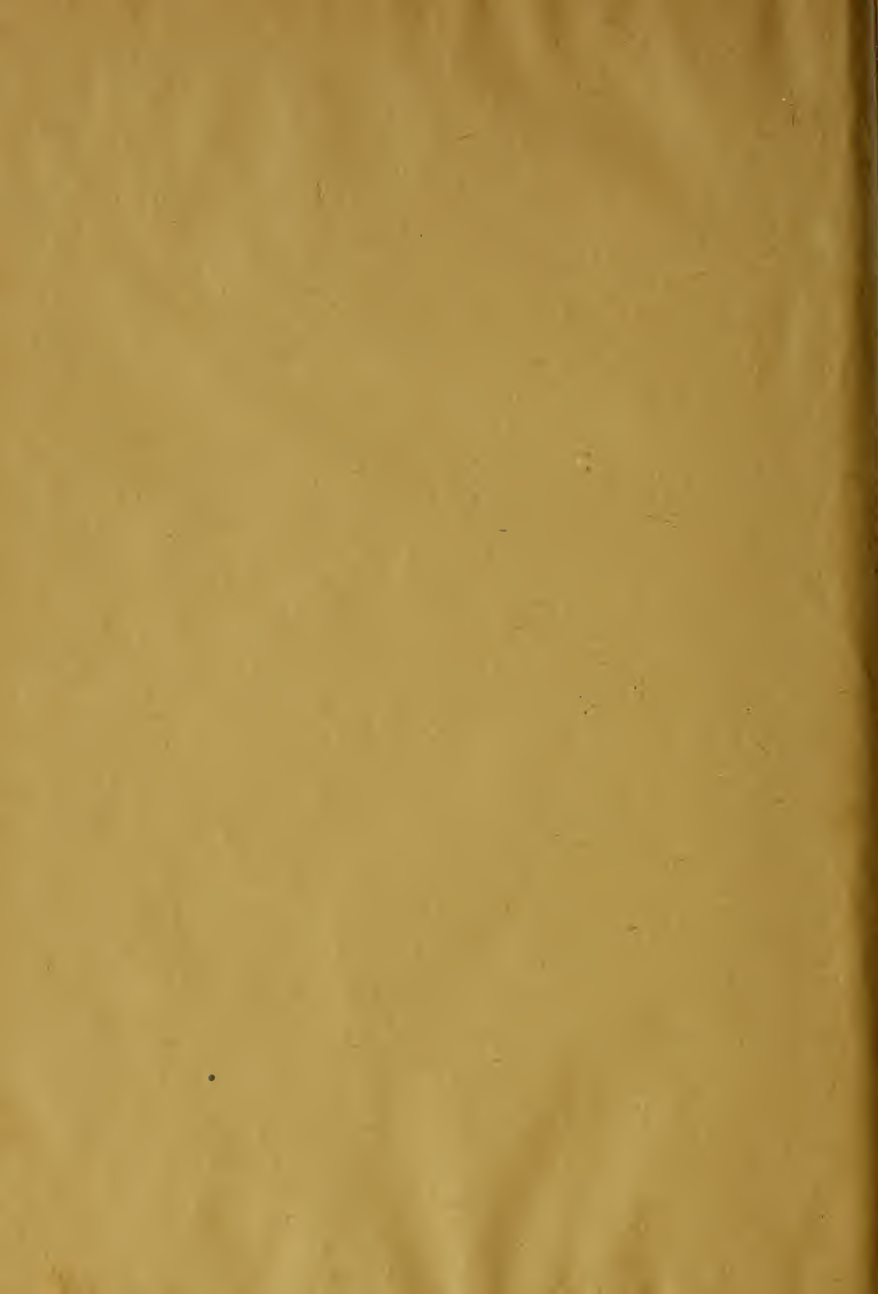
**FINIS.**











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