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Sheweth the

THE
CRVELL
BROTHER.
A Tragedy.

As it was presented, at the
private House, in the
Blacke-Fryers:

By His Maiesties Seruants.



LONDON,
Imprinted by *A. M.* for *Iohn Waterfon,*
and are to bee solde at the signe of the
Crowne in *Pauls Church-yard,*
1630.

976

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TO
THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE THE
LORD WESTON, LORD
HIGH TREASURER OF
ENGLAND.

MY LORD,

Should doe my
inclination wrong,
to call this, the first
Testimony of my
Zeale to your
Lordshippe: For I did neuer

A 3 thinke

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THE EPISTLE

think the wonder, or the prayse
that I haue written, iust; vntill I
found your Lordships Character
in both: and yet the age is
growne vnworthy to receiue
such truths; therefore, some were
purposely conceal'd; and this fit
esteeme of your Lordship, is
chiefly left to delight Posterity.
I could vrge the dignitie of *Dram-
matick-Poems*, but that were vainly
to direct, rather then wooe,
an acceptation. Those errors,
your Lordshippes leasure shall
vouchsafe to reade in this *Trage-
dy*, are its originall Crimes,
hauing receiu'd no examination
since the Birth, and being ad-
uis'd to correct it, by a suruay,
Ifayd; I had study'd your Lord-
ship.

DEDICATORIE.

ship, and would not lessen, the
noble office of your Mercy. This
confidence (I hope) shall no-
thing preiudice

*Your Lordships hum-
ble Seruant.*

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



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on the first (second) combination
The Scene, *Italy.*

The Persons of this Tragedy.

- The DVKE. of Sienna.
 LVCIO. A Count.
 FORESTE. Creature to Lucio.
 CASTRUOHIO. A satyricall-Courtier.
 COSIMO. A Courtier, and Cousen to Castruchio.
 DORIDO. A Gentleman, Companion with both.
 LOTHARIO. A franisque young-Gallant.
 BORACHIO. A Rustick, Tennant, and Seruant to
 Lothario.
 A MONKE. A Sutor.
 A GENTLEMAN. A Sutor.
 CORSA. Sister to Foreste, Wife to Lucio.
 LVINNA. Wife to Foreste.
 DVARTE. Woman to Corfa.
 A BOY. Who Sings.
 SERVANTS. &c.

THE



THE CRVELL
BROTHER.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE and LVCIO.

FOREST. I must not be so rude as to beleue
 That you my Lord can your affections set
 Vpon a Mayde, so humble in her birth
 As she you name, for regard of honour
 Doe not mock the sister of your seruant.

Lucio. This way to madnesse leads, teach not my heart
 Such modern Heraldry. Let it dispose
 Of charitable thoughts, with naturall eies,
 Vnlimitted by customary forme,
 Which gaine, and nicetie haue made an Art,
 Virtue, not blood enobles vs, and ernes
 Her attribute, without hereditary helpe
 From ancestors. O my deere *Foreste*
 Thy sister with such noble wealth is fraught,
 That to be couetous for her, appeares
 A holy sinne. But thou art cruell growne
 Thy memory is sick. The old effects
 That witnesse how I loue thy learned soule,
 Are quite forgot.

Fayes. Young Lord, disclaime that thought!
 B. Here

The Cruell Brother.

Hearc I Promaigare, you my Patron are,
You found me in estate so poore, so lowe,
That you were faine to stoope to lift me up,
You are the Dukes Creature! who doates by Art,
Who in his loue, and kindnesse, Method keepes:
He holdeth thus his Armes, in fearefull care
Not to bruse you with his deere embracements,
And what is she whose Virgin blood disdaines
To quench your lawfull fire? or whom the Duke
Would not procure to climbe your Marriage bed
Vpon her Knees? And shall I then
(Like to the treacherous Moone) striue to eclipse
The Sunne that giues me light? Shall I consent
That she, that tumbled in a Wombe with me,
Shall giue your Issue birth? The royall Duke
Would thank me for such charitie. My Lord
Though you are wife, you are but young.

Lucio. Heart of Viper!

Sure Time hath lost his feathers from his Heeles,
Marke how slow he goes? Shall I neere be olde
That my designes may repure haue,
And credit in the World. I doe not aske
Thy Sister for my Whore; but for my Wife.

Foref. Sir t'is already ioynd vnto my Creede;
For I would eate your Heart, should it contriue
A way in thought, how to cheate my Sister
Of her pure Chastitie. I loue you so
That I with care suppose; She not deserues
To be your Wife, and so esteeme of her
That she is much too good, to be your Whore.
In this new Argument, I am too bolde,
You know my duty well. The Dukes abroad
Though but the birth of day. Goe Sir!

Enter Duke, Castruchio, Dorido, Cosimo,

Page: and Followers.

Duke. My glorious Boy, you are too vigilant:
The Sunne, and you, doe visite me at oncè.
This courtship is not safe, You must not meete

Your

The Cruell Brother.

Your Louer, with a Riuall, glorious
As your selfe. *Foref!* welcome from Genoa,
How fares our Brother Cardinal?

Foref. In health, and ease. He badde me tell your Grace
It was a deed of charitie to thinke
Him worthy of this same great impleyment.
And this letter he humbly recommends
To your perusall.

Duke reads the Letter to himselfe.

Cast. How can it choose
But choke the very Soule, and bruse the Heare
To thinke that such a giddy Snipe: a foole
(That merely liues to disparage Nature)
Should creepe to this ambitious government,
Still he rules the Ruler. The Duke is Ward
Vnto a Page; whose Eie-browes weare more Beard,
Then doth his Chinne: And there's his Instrument,
A darke fellow; that with disguised Lookes
Cou'd cheate an Hypocrite, older then Time.

Dorido. I'ue heard a better Character of both,
Such, as to the young Count, Witte, and vallour giues:
Vnto *Forefste*, honest Spirits.

Cast. R. port is then become a Bawde to Luck;
Whom Fortune do henrich, Fame doth flatter.

Duke. Sure this tame Priest will make vs all Cowards.
We must a truce confirme with Genoa.
Well, be it so. Where now (my noble Boy)
Shall I occasion finde, to restifie
That you deserue my loue, by vertue of your owne?
In sickely times, when Warre and ciuill Spleene
Besiege the Heart, with treacherous designes,
A friend shall find a cause to make him knowne,
But now in faire weather: I neede not aske
What Houell's here?

Lucio. In this, I dare diseredite Fate.
They are not so wealthy in affliction:
With sorrow so well stor'd; as could suffice
To trie my sufferance; in the behalfe
Of you my Prince, and still royall Master.

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. Dar'st thou then die for me?
Heere — make thy selfe a sacrifice to Fame,
Take it, and I will be thy Chronicler.

Lucio. It were (Sir) but ingratitude in me
To lessen thus the number san& safe
Of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to sheath it,
In that same part, which you doe most abhorre.

Duke. O **Lucio!** thou art my Earewig now,
Creep'st in my eare, to feast vpon my Braines.
When in my private graue, I lye inclos'd,
More silent then my ruin'd Fame: no tongue
Shall pay his tribute to my memory.
But thine: for thou art likely to suruiue.
Thy yeeres are few, but full of gratitude. —
Come, thye way to the Parke: The sprightfull morne
Gives motion wings, and libertie to those
Whom lameness stales vnto the ground.

Cast. Royaldorard, like tinder, thou dost waste
Thy forced fire, to giue another light
Whose sawcy flame will darken thine. Monstrous!

Dorid. Why dost thou spend thy gall in secret thus?
A pox vpon't: turne thoughts to action:
Hesuen knowes, I had rather enrich my selfe,
Then enuy others wealth. Imploy thy brayne.
Get the Dukes fill to this, and thou shalt share
Five hundred Crownes.

Cast. What is't?

Dorid. The old businesse.

Cast. And not yet sign'd: This t'is to be modest.
Had I had reputation in thy Creede
It had beene done long since. There's my agent.
Hence and prouide me thanks. Saue you Signior.

Forest. You may with charitie.

Cast. Am I in your remembrance sir?

Forest. Signior **Castruchio**, as I take you.

Cast. The same. Because I neuer did desire
To gaine by being troublesome, I lost

The Cruell Brother.

The deere benefit of the pra&ique part,
Custom's a sutors safe encourager.
I the Duke haue seru'd, since I was able
To serue my selfe. Yet neuer had the luck
To get by it: and as the times promise,
Neuer shall: Vnlesse I imitate the Crab,
And find my way: (as he doth his) backwards,
That is: to make petition to the foote
That he will please t' instruct, and teach the head
When to comiserate my affaire.

Forest. Signior, I neede a comment to your words.

Cast. If you will moue my Lord (the Count)
To get the Dukes faire hand, subscribed heere;
Then shall I feele my selfe well vnderstood.

Forest. Sit my abillities are most pregnant
When I find I may be profitable
To any Courtiers iust, and most iust.
I pray what sense carries the inscription?

Cast. Only this Sir. There is an Engine made
Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheelles,
For they once screw'd vp, in their returne
Will rine on Oake: but with such subtil force
That motion giues no leasure to impediment.
The large and ponderous Logge is soone consum'd,
To shauings more transparant then a Glasse.
Of these the skilfull Boxers make, Scabbards,
Sheathes, Chests, and molds for childrens Cabinets.

Forest. Trust me an Engine of importance great!
But now, what would the Engine himselfe?

Cast. Faith Signior, nought but a Monopoly
For all those wares, his Engine makes.

Forest. Keepe it. Good sir keepe it. A monopoly?
Why (sir) the common wealth hath beene so crush'd,
With th'insulting Chatter of such Patents,
That now the very word defiles the cause.
I had thought you Signior would haue ingag'd
My indultry in such a sute as might

The Cruell Brother.

Noway disparedg though it did enrich;
Howeuer not abule the publique weale.

Cast. Very good Sir. My Lord the Count, your selfe;
(His seruile Instrument) and some others,
Of this new faction that now, engrosse
All Offic s, and send your Scoutes abroad
Intelligencers strict that bring you home
The number, and the rate of what your selues,
Or others in the darke can put to sale.
Nature hath not altered yet: the first
And antick method to preserve our breaths.
We must eat bread if we intend to live;
Which how to get (vnlesse this humble way
That you deride) In troth I cannot tell.

It makes me mad to thinke you should expose
Vs Men of Heart, to those fastidious helpes
That scape your owne acceptance. Your wide Threats,
That soone will swallow any thing which fills
Although it nourish not. A pox vpon you all!

Forest. I did expect you would begin to rayle.
Good troubled Soule! I knew you well before.
You are the only Man, whose wealthy Muse
Doth furnish all the Fidlers in the State
With disperate Ballads, and inuictiue Songs.
Libells of such weake fancy and compofure
That we doe all esteeme it greater wrong
T'haue our Names extant in such paitery Ryme
Then in the slanderous fence.

Cast. Very well Sir!

Forest. You, you must be a Satyrift forsooth,
Calumniat. by instinct and inspiration.
As if iust Heauen would borrow Gall of you,
Wherewith to write our faults. (O strict account!)
Your Gall, which in the Pen so overflows,
That still it blots, where in inscribs.
You imitate the propertie of Doggs,
Who barke and snarle most at him they know not.

For

The Cruell Brother.

For else among all these you scandalize
Why nam'd you me? (almost a stranger to your Eye)
My Ancestors that built no Monument
For their fames, to dwell in; You also bring
Into the knowledge of the criticke World.
Why I could neuer see thee yet but drunke:
Which makes thy Verbes reele and stagger so.

Cast. Come sir! We may exchange one thrust vnseene.
They draw fight, close, Forc. flings down Cast. & disarms him.

Forest. A pretty Curr! dare it bite as well as barke!
How now sir, your Mathematicall thrusts?
Then haue at ye -- Yeeld me thy Sword, or else thou dy'st.
I haue no ioy to set at liberty
A Soule so vnprepar'd. And as thou art
My Enemy, I take a full reuenge,
By suffering thy corrupted blood, to dwell
And taint within thy yzines. W'are discovered --
Take thy sword. Now get thee home and rayle vpon't,
Because t'would fight no better.

Cast. Yet we may meete i'th' darke. You haue a throat
And there are Kniues in Italy.

Forest. A good day attend my ghostly Father!
Doth this your variance heere discover ought,
You would with me?

Monke. Your leasure shall produce my vtterance.
O Sonne, your fame is of complexion cleere,
Such as ensnares the virtuous Eye to loue
And adoration. Such as would procure
All the skillfull Angels sures to her,
And such as serues for my encouragement
For I no letters haue from Noble friends,
Which a requitall from the selues inuite,
By Courtship bold, and troublesome to others,
Nor am I with that wick'd mettrall stor'd,
That rules the might, and betrays the minde
To toyle in a designe, which angers Heauen,
And makes the Deuill blush. But yet (deere Sonne)
I haue a suite to thee.

Forest.

The Cruell Brother.

Foref. Which I desire to know.

Monke. In the ancient Covent of *S. Austine*
There is a holy brother lately dead,
Whose place if you will but confirme on me
By the Dukes letter to the brother-hood,
Then shall I better leasure haue to pray
For you my Patron.

Foref. Alas my Father!

The times are more obseruant to your Tribe.
It is the method now that your deserts
Need not to vsheer but succeed reward.
The Treatise (written lately) to confute,
The desperare sect in Mantua, calls it you
The Author?

Monke. It knowes no other.

Foref. There your preferment safely taketh roote.
Beleeue me (ghostly Father) I will choose
The fittest time to woke in your behalfe.

Monke. Heauen prosper your designs: *Exit Monke.*

Foref. What throngs of great impediments besiege
The vertuous minde? so thick in multitude,
They iostle one another as they come.
Hath Vice a charter got, that none must rise
But such, who of the Devils faction are?
The way to honour is not euermore
The way to Hell: a vertuous Man may climb.
Let the flatterer sell his Lies, else where
It is vnthrifty merchandize to change
My gold for breath. Of all Antagonists
Most charitic I finde in enuious men.
For they doe sooner hurt themselves, then hurt
Or me, or him, that rays'd me vp.
An enuious man is made of thoughts.
To ruminare much doth melt the braine,
And make the heart grow leane. Such men as these
That in opposing waste their proper strengths:
That sacrifice themselues in silly hope,

To

The Cruell Brother.

To butcher vs; saue Reuenge a labour,
And dye to make experiment of Wrath.
Let Fame discourse aloud vntill she want
An Antidote: I am not scar'd with noyse.
Heere I dismisse my feares. If I can swell
(Vnpoyson'd by those helpes, which Heauen forbids)
Fond loue of ease, shall neere my soule dehort:
Maugre all flattery, enuy, or report. *Exit Forefe.*

Sutors within.

O good your Grace heare vs, heare the complaints
Of vs poore Men: O heare vs! we are all
Vndone! Good your Honour heare vs.

Enter Duke and Lucio.

Duke. Death encounter 'em! *Lucio* shut the doore!

Tis the plague of greatnesse, the curse
Or pompe, that in our darkest priuacie, wee must
Euen publique be to euery Mans affaires.
How now! All these sawcy Troopes of brawling
Surors, attend on you my glorious Boy.

Lucio. It is their humble skill not to arriue
Before your Grace, but by an Aduocate
A Mediatour blessed in your Eies.

Duke. How apt am I to loue: yet now obserue
Vnkindnesse in my care, and bitternesse
In Physicke. I study how to make thee lesse
That I may make thee more and more my owne.
Office and Dignity are Enemies
To health, and ease. Respect growes tedious
Obreruance troublesome, where tis most due.
He that giues his Soule no more imployment
Then what's her owne: may sleepe within a Drumme:
While busie Hearts, that loue to vndertake:
Beyond their reach of yeeres: are faine to vse
Drowisie potions: yet watch the Winter night
With more distinction then the Parish Clocker
Could'st thou resigne thy titles and thy cares
To make me yet more capable of ill
Enjoying

C

The Cruell Brother.

Enjoying thee?

Lucio. My zeale vnto my selfe forbids my speech.
Since if I make reply to this, I but
Disparedge duty, and consume my breath.
Where sight is young, and cleere, there Spectacles
Are troublefome; and rather hide, then shew
The obiekt. The most deuout obedience
Which I shall euer owe vnto your Grace
Becomes my heart, much better then my tongue.

Duke. But yet obserue (my Lucio)
Th'vnikind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd
By a religious constancy in Loue.
A Princes hate doth ruine where it falls:
But his affection warmth where it shines
Vntill it kindle fire to scorch himselfe.
If we are subiect to the sinne of Heauen,
(Too much charitie) extreamity of loue:
Let there be mercy shewen in punishment.
Why is the corrupted vse of Royall loue
Imputed to our charge, to our Audit layd?
We that with all those Organs furnis'd are
All those faculties naturall in Men:
Yet limited in vse of each: prescrib'd
Our conuersation, by a lawey forme
Of State. How can we choose (by this restraint)
But struggle more for liberty? make choise
Of some one Eare; wherein to empty out our Soules,
When they are full of busie thoughts; of plotts
Abortiue, crude, and thinne. 'Tis chicape, and base
For Maiestie not to be singular
In all effects. O then, if I must giue my heart
To the command of one: send him (sweete Heauen!)
A modest appetite: teach him to know
The stomacke sooner surfeits with too much,
Then starues for lacke of that supply
Which conctous Ambition calleth want.
For when my Friend begs, my bounty then

Concludes

The Cruell Brother.

Concludes to make me poore before that he
Shall so vnthrifty be of breath to aske in vaine.
Distraction! tamencesse! O my Lucio,
How canst thou conster this. After I haue chid
I seeme to flatter thee.

Lucio. My gracious Lord! ———

Duke. Peace ———

I will no more employ my memory
Thus to discourage thine. Where's *Foreste*?
T'is fit he know you are not vigilant
In his behalfe. *Farelo de Sforza*
(My old Secretary) is newly dead:
The place is his. I shall expect no thanks
From you, nor yet from him:
My bounty is requited in her choice.

Lucio. Your Grace will bring vs both within the reach
Of publike enuy.

Duke. Thou now would'st certifie,
His birth obscure and base discourageth
Such earnest helpe to his so great promotion.
Not a iot: Know my Boy! 't's the vulgar,
Not the Royall trade to patch vp things:
Or seeke to mend what was before of qualitie
Perfect enough it selfe. To make a Man
Of nothing: why this same creation
Enclines a little neere Diuinitie.
Neere the old performance; which from *Chaos*
Drew this multitude of subtile formes.

Lucio. Since you (the royall maker) doe commend
The mettall, and your workmanship; it shewes
There's little skill in those which enuy him.
Foreste is your Creature. Many times
I doe acquaint him what the generall voyce
Doth vrge in his disgrace. He laughs it out
And sweares he would not loose that priuiledge,
Which Nature gaue him by her kinde mistake
In his natiuitie, for the Seas worth.

C 2

The Cruell Brother.

As if from's Iſrael he could ne're deſerue.
 A Mona nent; vntleſſe himſelfe doe he we
 The ſtones whereof t'is built: vntleſe he raiſe
 His Mona nent on a Warr; his dignitie
 On pouertie obſcure and baſe.

Duke. We doe aff & his thoughts: Such induſtry
 Proclatmes him fit for high deſign. s: So ne Men
 Attend the talking Drumme; and riddle out
 Their liues on Earth; with Madneſſe Sophiſtry:
 Calling their loſſe, their gaine, danger, delight.
 Some men conuerſe with Bookes; and melle their braine
 In ſullen ſtudy how to vindicate
 The liberall Arts; Thoſe looſe formalitie,
 Then grow Methodicall; and dy ith' darke.
 Some praſtife rules of Soate; and ſuffer much
 For Honors ſake: nay tread vpon themſelues
 At firſt; to reach the higher. Some purſue
 The Plough; and in their wholeſome ſweat doe ſwimme,
 And ſome that furniſh'd are with nimbler ſoules,
 Imploy their times in wanton exerciſe;
 Maſques and Repells: the complementes of Loue,
 And Loue I finde the eaſieſt vanity.

Lucio. O gentle *Corſa!* make it ſo with me,
 Faine would I (if I durſt) reueale to him
 The heate of my affection, and where t'is fix'd.

Duke. Hearke: ſure the gallery doore is left vnlockt.
 Are we debar'd all place of priuacie?
 Nature in vs hath loſt her vulgar right.
 A loude, bawling ſutor; doth not waken
 Charitie, but deafen her.

A ſhame vpon 'em all! In *Lucio.* *Exeunt Duke & Lucio.*

Enter Suters at the other doore.

1. Heauen bleſſe his Grace!
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honor.
3. Friend' went the Duke this way?
2. Heere. This way.
3. Pray ſhow me him: they call *Sigmar Lucio.*

The Cruell Brother.

3. The Count. Come, I'll ſhew you him.
 1. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt.

Enter Dorido and Colimo.

Dor. Doſt ſeere? *Cosimo.*

Cof. What ſayſt thou?

Dor. I prethee ſtay, why ſlip but heere a ſide.
 And thou ſhalt ſee the moſt reſplendent *Fopp,*
 That euer did diſcredit Nature. *Sigrior*
Lothario; a Countrey Gentleman
 But now the Count Baboone: who perſwades himſelfe,
 (Out of a new kinde of madneſſe) to be
 The Dukes fauorite. He comes. Th'other is
 A bundle of Prouerbs: whom he ſeduc'd
 From the Plough; ro ſerue him for Preferment.

Lotha. Borachio.

Bor. My Lord?

Loth. Suruay my garments round, and then declare
 If I haue hit it?

Bor. You haue fir: but not the marke.

Loth. What marke? thou bold Parifhioner of Hell.

Bor. Why Sir, the marke I aime at: Preferment.

After a ſtorme, comes a calme: the harder
 You blow, the ſooner your Cheekes will ake: and he
 That cares for your anger, may haue more oft
 When he liſt, for my parr, I know my Mother.

Loth. The froward Siſters haue conſpir'd. Slaue? Dog?
 Wilt thou neuer leaue this immense folly?
 Can nothing ſerue thoſe dull Lippes but Prouerbs?

Bor. Sir, I know none of your Prouerbs. Firſt come,
 Firſt ſerud. Theſe words that are neereſt the tongue,
 Haue opportunitie ſooner to leaue
 The mouth.

Loth. Is it then decreed, I muſt grow mad?

Bor. I'll be no more ſlowted, nor bruſd, not I
 What need my Lord, be beholding to me
 For's mirth; when he may laugh at's owne folly?

The Cruell Brother.

Besides though motion and exercise
Be good for grosse bodies ; therefore, trust they
Of the Guard, pitch me vp and downe like a barre ?

Loth. Sa, sa, sa, A mutinie in Heauen!

Bor. If there be; You are not likely to come
Thither to appease it, first end this quarrell
Vpon earth, I haue seru'd you this sixe Moneths,
In hope of an Office; and am no more
An Officer then she that bore me.

Loth. Alas poore foole!

I pittie thee. Thou wilt belieue nothing
But that which may be scene or vnderstood.
If say thou art an Officer. Or if thou art not
Thou shalt be; which is better: for that same
Which we now enioy is in some danger
To be lost: but that which we neuer had
Cannot be lost before we haue it.

Bora. O rare conclusion!

(Count

Loth. Besides. Looke heere and then reioyce, Is the
(Whom they call my Riuall ith^d Dukes fauour)
Is he (I say) accoutred like to me?

Why his sleeues sit like stockins on his Armes.
His Breeches are like two Clokebags, halfe sowde
Together in the Twist: and his other
Garments shew like Playsters on him. Follow.
And make thy fortune fat.

Bora. Well. He that still expects, but tires his hope,
What One cannot, another can: t'is so
With dayes and houres too. And for my part
Let the Glasse runne our.

Exeunt

Loth. Bor.

Dorid. His Man's as full of Prouerbs
As a Constable: he coyns 'em himselve.

Cof. And such another Heade-peece fill'd with Whay
As is the Master heere, the Sunne nere saw.

Dorid. He walkes like a Zealand-storke.

Cast. But sure the Duke
Enables error in their fancy, by some

Behaviour

The Cruell Brother.

Behaviour equiualent to what
The Master, and the Man expect: for else
Folly cannot be so sickely-Eied; but time
Will giue it strength to know it selfe.

Dorid. Why sir; this dignifies the least. They scarce
Ere saw the Duke: and are lesse knowne
Vnto the world. His Grace well apprehends,
These voluntary mistakes of Nature,
In preservation of their intell^{ts},
Are fitter subie^{ts} for accidentall mirth,
Then a Comickall continuance. It is
A leuitie too humble in a Prince
To heede such trifles.

Cof. Nay — Prethee lead the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE and LVINNA.

FORES. I cannot tell, why thou (my Girle) should'st
In my aduancement thus. Honour, and place (ioy
Bring fullen thoughts with them: businesse of such
A ragged qualitie, as takes away
The amorous garbe: those soft wanton touches,
Wherewith the youthfull flatterer betrayes
The weaker side to action: whose effects
More weakenesse brings. I shall no leasure haue
To comfort thee with smiles: when t'is assign'd
That I must venture for a Boy: t'will be
In haste. My businesse will not suffer me
To stay, and make a prologue to the acte,
To kisse, or simper inuitation.

Luin. It is not fit I apprehend you now.
But I wish that you would know; My duty
Is so well preseru'd from all corruption:

Which

The Cruell Brother.

Which either youth: or fowle example might
Produce: that it implores for sufferance,
To certefie the world how strong it is.

Forest. I was assur'd before. This is the time,
In which I shall oblige posteritie
Or fall (my wench) by flattering error.
Hast thou to my sister counsaile giuen?
Instructions safe! whereby her actions
May warrant her promotion well deseru'd.

Luin. It was my tongues last employment.
Forest. I would haue her weare her growing fortunes,
In a handsome fashon: Doe but obserue
The vnpollish'd garbe of Citty dames: of those
Whom fathers parse-strings hoyle vp to honor.
How they doe sucke their Chinnes into their Neckes.
Simper with vnskilfull leuetie: and trip
On their wanton Toes, like Kibe-heeld-Fayries.
The Deuils damme shewes like a vestall Nunne
To them: more powerfull in hamilitie.

Instruct my Sister, gentle wife. — *Enter Lucio.*

Lucio. I shall be earnest to my utmost skill.
Forest. My Lord is come, where's my Sister
Lucio. VVith the Florentine: who instructeth her in
Lucio. Signior *Foreste,* (musicke. *Exit.*)
You see my loue is rude, and holde. I am
The vsher to my owne entrance.

Forest. My good Lord, The prouerbe will perswade you:
To be bold, with whats your owne.
Your title's strong, both to the house, and me.

Lucio. I am indebt for both. wilt thou not chide
To see my heart assume this libertie
Vpon my Tongue: before it rightly knowes
Thy sisters heart:
The Duke consent, as yet vnasked too: hearken?

Forest. Cease that noyse, tis troublesome: *cease Musi.*

Lucio. How *Foreste?* Hast thou eares? and wilt thou
Hence such hopefull harmony, or is

Thy

20

25

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35

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50

The Cruell Brother.

Thy thrift vnnaturall, wilt thou forbid
Thy friend to share in what is good, sweet tongue
And hand, persist in what your kindnesse profferd.

Forest. Obey him, if the musick not deserue
Your strict attention: You must blame your selfe: *Song.*

Lucio. Shew me the way *Foreste:*

Forest. Whither sir?

Lucio. My heart is stolne out of my care; let me
But know the thiefe, and Ile forgieue the robbery.
Speake; who ist that, with a voyce so amorous
And shrill, confounds the others hollow organ?
Still so reseru'd, and vnto me. *Enter Corfa.*

Forest. Why then looke there, the voyce was hers, goe sir
And take what else you would enforce from my possession.

Lucio. Is this that child of *Orpheus?* how? kneele to me?

Forest. Stay Sir — If she consent but to abuse
The propertie of motion in such kinde
As may exalt her person but on such
Aboue this height: I am her enemy
For euermore. Consider what you doe.
She brings no portion but humilitie,
If her first payment faile: who dares assure
The future debt? Pray looke into her lappe:
You'le finde she comes not from the East enrich'd
With Diamonds, bright wealth: whose wanton worth
Vnskilfull fancy prizes not from vse
But from the idolatrous doting of the eie.
Her chaste obedience is all her dowrie.
O bitter speech! it cuts my very soule
To thinke that fortune should create vs two
Meere patterns of your charitie.

Lucio. Dare you authorize this Idolatry?
Then Ile kneele too.

Forest. And I,
Will ioyne to make th'offence seeme virtuous.
Now enterchange your soules. Where passion is
So fond, it cannot well be counterfeit.

D

Each

The Cruell Brother.

Each vnbufied Angel, heare me speake !
O send, send downe vnto this youthfull paire
Celestiall heate. Such serious loue as makes
A businesse of delight ; Instruct her soule
To practise duty in the humble straine.
And furnish him with an acceptance prompt.
Make her fruitfull as the Vine ; which growes
Crooked with the weight of its owne encrease.
So blessed in their Issue, that when rime
Shall thinke them fit to taste the priuiledge
Of Death : they shall not need a Monument
Yet dwell as chiefe i'th' memory of Fame.

Corfa. Amen, Amen.

Lucio. Such is my prayer too. O Foreste!
Excessiue ioy disturbs my vtterance.
My words are parted on my tongue, O speake!
Thou know'it my heart ! Tell her, there may lie hope,
I shall deserue those Teares that shew like dew
Vpon the Morning cheeke. Intreat her, that
My yeeres may not disgrace my loue. Though I
Am young, I cannot counterfeit,
I euer speake my thoughts. I am o'recome.

Corfa. Alas sir, so am I, There needs no Art,
To helpe belife, where no suspition is.

Foref. Now ; Ple leaue you to your selues. Exit Foref.

Corfa. I'ue much to promise in my owne behalfe :
Of my future loue, and humble duty
To you my deereft Lord. Time layes his hand
On Pyramides of Brasse, and ruines quite
What all the fond Artificers did thinke
Immortall workemanship. He sends his wormes
To Bookes, to old Records : and they deuoure
Th'inscription. He loues Ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of Man :
But i shall neere forget on what strange termes
You take me to your bed.

Lucio. Excellent wretch ! I am vndone with ioy

I will.

The Cruell Brother.

I will not blame the Coward to feare death,
Since the world contains such ioy as this.
Why doe you weepe Lady ? can you suppose
Foreste would consent to what is done,
Vnlesse he knew there were no danger in't ?
Sure his Mocher was a Sibyll ; he sees
With a prophetique aime ; the end of his
Designes ; before they come to action.
He is too wise to erre. Why weepe you then ?

Corfa. It is a folly in my Eies.

I know not why they weepe : vnlesse they weepe
Because they now haue lost their libertie ;
Heeretofore each man, which chance presented,
Was to them a lawfull obiect : but now,
They are to looke on none but you.

Lucio. Marke then the bondage I impose on mine,
My poore eies haue no obiect, but your face :
Of which I will deprivie them thus —
Shroude thee in thy vestall ornaments.
Creepe, creepe, my glorious Sunne, behind a cloud.

For els my eies, will su:feit with delight.
I neuer felt true ioy till now. Me thinks
A briske alacritie, a nimble fire,
Conuayes me strangely from my flesh.

Not the Cannons, Iron-entraile, when wrapp'd
Within a swarthy case of troubled Aire,
Could quall me in emphasis of Motion.

Corfa. Though Modesty would suffer me to boast,
Yet t'were not in the power of breath, to make
My ioy so knowne, as i is felt.

Lucio. Come then (my deare Corfa) the Priest attends
Within ; the world wants Men ; and Hymen is
A nimble God. When all is past preuention
The Duke shall know my choice.

Enter Dorido : and Cosimo :

Dorid. This disgrace, makes thy Cousen boyle his heart
In his owne blood.

D a

Cos

The Cruell Brother.

Cof. He hath writ a most pestilent Libell
Which must be sung all about the city,
By one he calls his Daw; A tall, bigg, fellow:

Dor. I know him. He sings like *Pbalaris Bull*.

Cof. I supposd at first, he would haue sent him
A Challenge.

Dor. But that's contingent now: *Foreste*
Being made Secretary of State.

Cof. I'haue heard o'th' new edit, which institutes
A mitterious toy, i'th' Hatband, for those
Of the faction.

Dor. Why about two dayes since: one of the sect
Sent me a Challenge. Because my sister
Drunke his Lords health, with her Quoife on. Eachhoure
These giddy Participles doe imbarque
Themselves for Duels. The one is a kinne
To my honorable Lady. Th'other
To my very good Lord.

Cof. There comes my Cousen, chawing his leane heart.

Dor. Good morrow to the Court Satyrift.

Cof. The world is alred *Dorido, Foreste*
Is stepp'd beyord my reach: we cannot meete
In Duell: The Heralds stand betweene.
But my fine Thrush, can sing you a new Lybell.

Dor. We shall haue your Thrush, in a Cage shortly.
Remember, who you deale withall.

Cof. Hang him, dull, open slaue, His thoughts may be
Discernd, through the shauing of a deale boid.
I'le sift and winnow him, in an old hat.

Dor. Prethee (sweete *Castruchio*) leaue thy barkeing.
'Twill be treason shortly for any man,
To carry cares, within three miles of thy Tongue.

Cof. Why Signior, what Faction are you of:

Dor. Not of your faction (Sir) if none returne
Vnto the prison for your libelling.
You remember your Vices-strip'd, and whip'd.
Your trimme Eclogues, the fulsome Satyr too,

Written

The Cruell Brother.

Written to his Grace. Wherein you flatter,
Whine, and damne your selfe to get a pardon
For what seemes there a resolute offence.
Satyrs, are more vsfull, now then euer.
Nor grieues it me to see the humour vs'd,
But thus abus'd. To see a Bard still reach
At holy Bayes. Pafsion o'me! I'le tell thee.
Thy Rimes include not so much Braines, as would
Suffice to fill a Cherry-stone.

Cof. Yo'ld faine make me angry.

Dor. I, with thy selfe.

Cof. And then thou spend'st thy Gall, with more iustice,
Then when, thou rayl'st against *Foreste*.

Cof. Cry you mercy (precious Cox) Hath *Foreste*,
So great a share in your tongue too? Sympathy
Is corrupted: Behold society
Amongst the wicked: whilst a vertuous man,
Is left alone to resist his bad fate.

Let him chide the sulsome Age, raile against
The Times, aloude; though in a Vault: ortweene
Two Hills. He shall find no zealous ecchoe,
To second his bold Language. When I dye,
I dye a Martyr to the Common-weale.

Enter *Lothario and Borsachio*.

Loth. Dull Caytife, leaue these abortiue Prouects,
And talke in the newestt fashion. I'le haue
My very Dogge barke i'th' Courtly garbe.

Dor. Steppe aside. They are as mad as thy Cousen.

Loth. The excrements and meere defects of nature,
shall be reduc'd to Ornaments in me.
I'le feed vpon the tongues of Nightingales,
For so each fart I let, will be a Song —

Cof. For the Peripateticks being Butchers
Hcere in Sienna: —

Loth. A Pallas hewne in an intire Carbuncle.
Encircled with a Mote that flowes with *Lhasis* —

D 3

Cof i

The Cruell Brother.

Cast. Deriu'd their Augury from the warme Entrailles
Of a Calfe. 75

Bor. Sir, These are some of those, that laugh'd at yee
In the presence.

Loth. At me? thou lyeest. They laugh'd at thee.

Bora. Why then the Deuill, will ne're giue a Man
Leasure, to beleue a trueth. 80

Cast. Seignior Lothario, the great Minion
To our Duke: I greet your health, with all ioy.

Cast. And I with all humility,

Dorid. And I with all celerity. 85

Loth. Hearke! thou dull Sinner. Is this reall? hah!

Bora. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his owne
Thinke what he list.

Loth. Doe they adore, or floute me now?

Bora. All is witchcraft. know when the Moone winks
There's something in't, besides an ecclips. 90

Loth. Miscreant: What suspitious follis
Dost thou creat within that Wodden-skull?
And with what Heathen-phraze vtter'd? Know Dogg,
If I imploy my wrath — 95

Bora. Allas sir I'ue more faults then misbeliefe.
Therefore giue me your blessing, and let me
Goe home in peace. T'is true, when the skie falls
We shall haue Larkes. But let weaker stomachs,
Expe& such curious meate. I can eat
Oates, and Garlick, vnder my owne Roofe. 100

Dorid. How? will Borachio leaue the Court?

Cast. What accident of dire portent is fallne?

Loth. Gentlemen applaude my patience: Because,
He cannot furnish me with wholesome Sutes,
He doubts my power to get 'em granted. 105

Cast. Why we, will furnish him with Sutes.

Bora. But wont yee floute, and play the knaue with one?

Cast. How (Knaue!) was that the word?

Bora. Interpret the word, as your selfe shall please.
I scorn to be your Dictionary. 110

Marry

The Cruell Brother.

Marry come vp: Are your cares so tender?
I hope I'm a Man, although a sinner.

Cast. Vse no choller Amorous childe. But if
Thou wantest sutes, thy Lord being nere the Duke,
May furnish thee with —

Cast. Or me thinks thou would'st become a knighthood
Get him to begg it for thee.

Bora. No, no, Hot words make but warme aire, A figg
For a Knight-errant; that hath a stile, and nere a hedge.

Dorid. Then get a Patent to suruay Brine-pits.
Or else for casting Ordinance in Lome.

Cast. Or else searce Saint Peters patrimony,
Lay Prebendrys are good, and Symony
Is an old Paradox.

Bora. Holde, holde
Enough sufficeth all women but whores.
He that expe&s the Morning lengthens the Night
Therefore I traitway let my Lord get the Duke
To signe these Patents: which done
I'll returne to the wife of my bowels,
And dye for ioy.

Cast. Why this, is fit, and requisite.

Cast. If Signior Lothario doe consent.

Loth. It is decreed.

Bora. Who would hasten Time, when we may be old
Too soone. Let me take downe a Cushion, and pray,
For I shall haue more dignitie then will suffice
To damne a Monke.

Cast. Who could perish in a better cause?

Bora. Why, can I helpe it? If a man be borne
To Offices. Or as my Master sayd,
Predestinate in the wombe of greatnesse.
Tis not our faults. Each man obayes his Starre,
In spight of his Teeth,

Dor. All this is Alcaron.

Bora. One thing grieues me. I'ue a badd memory
Already, and now t'will be made worse.

Cast:

The Cruell Brother.

Cast. How can preferment hurt thy memory ?

Bora. O Sir ! preferment makes a man forget
His deereſt friends ; nay his kindred too. (Aire. 150

Coſ. Looke, Thy Maſter's building more Caſtles, in the

Caſt. He has intelligence from Spaine, and fortifies,
To no purpoſe gainſt the next Spring.

Loth. All offices ſhall be ſold i'th' darke — 155

Bora. How ! Grow not old in anothers garment,
Sell what's your owne, Some of thoſe offices
Are mine by promiſe.

Loth. Still, croſſe to my deſignes. Ile ſtretch your Sinws :

Dor. Hold ! Signior *Lothario*, hold ! Mercy 160
Becomes the powerfull,

Bora. Let the Deuill take the Knighthood, and make
His Damme a Lady. I'll not be his Aſſe, *Exit Bor. Loth.*
That ſeru'd for blowes ; and Prouander. *running after him.*

Dor. Lets relieue *Borabio*, or all our Comick Scenes 165
Are at an end, *Exeunt Omnes.*

Chaire out.

Enter Duke and Foreſte.

Duke. *Foreſte.*

Foreſ. My gracious Lord.

Duke. Are yet our Letters to his Holineſſe
Diſpatch'd ?

Foreſ. They are ſo pleaſe your Grace. 5

Duke. Did the French-Embaffador make ſome ſhew
Of diſcontent at his departure hence ?

Foreſ. Both in his words and lookes : for when he heard
Th'English-Leiger had oppos'd his Treaty
Concerning traffique with the Florentine, 10
His anger ſtraight diſmiſſed the Argument,
And ſeiz'd vpon the Nation, nay rayl'd
Againſt the Leiger too, whoſe oppoſition,
Might be chidden as too nice a Virtue,
But could not be accuſed as a vice, 15

Tis

The Cruell Brother.

Tis knowne indeed the French doe take a pride,
In the emphasis of ſudden anger,
As if alacritic in ill did make,
The fault looke handſomely, and dulneſſe adde
Deformitic to ſinne. 20

Duke. Tis ſaichfully obſeru'd.

Foreſ. Swell'd with vncharitable pride : ſuch as
Admits no ſtile of Neighbour ; as if growne
About the uſe of friendſhippe. They ſeeme to call
Thoſe mighty Ilanders neereſt their ſoyle, 25
Poore borderers to their Continent. Such,
Whoſe thinne numbers, haue in bloody battaile,
Made their multitudes their impediments,
Worne their Enſignes, inſtead of gaudy Skarfes.

Duke. The chance of war,
Admitteth many times of Miracles, 30
Euen ſuch, as doe diſcredit History,
High-providence confers the conqueſt there,
Where probability conferd the loſſe.

And this is done, that we may attribute
The prayſe to him that gaue the victory,
Not to them that got it. Obſerue beſides,
That when the weak doe overcome : the ſtrong,
Doe leaue that ſtaine, for their Poſteritie
To wipe away : which is already done ; 35
The French, haue fiery nimble ſpirits. 40

Foreſ. Your Grace deales juſtly in your praife. They
Spirits : but they all are vſeleſſe made, (haue
By forward and aſſeſtate violence.
He that ſpends his fury, and his ſtrength
I'th' firſt charge, muſt not hope to make's retreat,
So nobly, as the modeſt Combatant,
Whoſe onſet ſlowly mooues : as carefull not
T'outride his ſkill. Their valour is t'attempt,
Not to performe. T'is a giſſy Nation ; 45
And neuer ſerious but in trifles. 50

Duke. Thou doeſt miſtake in naturall effects,

E

Where

The Cruell Brother.

Where Fancy is so rich, tis incident
To some mis-experience. These witty ryots
Divulge the wealth o'th' Braine. Fruite that is ripe
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt it selfe. 55
According to the age of Monarchies
They now are fully ripe: they reach
The height, and top of mor'all faculties.
Nature in them doth stand vpon the verge 60
Of her owne youth. The English want
Three hundred yeeres of that perfection.
And as the Moone ner'e changes but i'th' full
Euen so the mighty Nations of the Earth,
Change in their greatest glory. First their stri&
And rugged discipline, to vaine delights. 65
Their solemne Marches next to wanton Iigs.
Their Battailles fierce to Duells spleenatiue,
Or witty quarrels of the Peine. *enter Lucio,
kneeles.*

Luc. Heere may my knees take root: whilst I doe grow
A liuing Statue of true obedience,
Or let my royall Master grant his pardon. 70

Duke. Sure we may trust, the iudgement of our eies,
Thou dost not looke as if thou coul'st commit
A sinne so horrid, so vgly as can fright
Our mercy from vs. Rise, we pardon thee. 75
Now let vs know thy crime.

Lucio. It is no crime
Vnlesse against that great prerogatiue
Youre care hath ouerrune. Perhaps my Heart,
Hath made escape through these fonde Eies. And I
(I'th' rash discretion of my youthfull blood)
Confin'd my selfe in Matrimoniall bonds.

Duke. Hah! married? speake suddenly, to whom?

Foref. To my Sister. Sir pardon the permission, *Forefste* 85
Or frowne, and leaue your creature more obscure *kneeles.*
Then when you own'd him first. Now is the time
To shew your charity Diuine. *Forefste*
What you haue made, *Forefste*

Duke.

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. *Forefste* this is ill. 90

What, confederate with vngouern'd youth?
But rise, we pardon you. Where's the Lady? *Enter Corfs.*
Rare beauty! —

You haue our pardon, and our fauour too.
I thus inuite more knowledge of your worth. 95
Beleeue me Lady: you haue a feature
That would betray a more experienc'd Eie
Then *Lucio's* is: Excellent wretch! with a
Timorous modesty, she stifleth vp
Her vtterance. O such a pregnant Eye!
And yet so slow of speech; is a wonder
More delightfull, then any Nature makes.
Hast thou *Lucio*, so much vnhappy witt,
As to be jealous yet? wilt thou suppose
Thy selfe secure in our discourse? 100

Lucio. Heauen forbid, your Grace should er'e employ
Your time to ill, as to discourse with her
'Till I grew jealous. 105

Duke. Come higher Lady, come, confesse, how chance
You haue bewitch'd my Boy with subtil smiles,
With wanton hauiour of those pretty Eies?
Doth Heauen bestow such Noble ornaments,
To be abused in the vse: and now
He is your Prisoner too, in cheerefull bonds,
How can you haue the heart to make such spoile,
And haue of his beauty? hah! speake Lady! 110

Corfs. I hope your Grace hath thoughts more mercifull.
I know this match was made in Heauen; and not
Prook'd by any sinfull art in me.
How I haue v'd him in this little time
That he hath bin my Lord: let him declare. 115
My duty is so stri&, I need not blush
To heare the story told.

Duke. No! looke, looke there. His Eies for very shame
Their luster's lost are crept into his head:
Encircled with the weakely cullor blew. 120

The Cruell Brother.

The Roses in his Cheekes are withered quite
His cleere and briske aspect is muddy now
And dull: His voyce (that was so shrill; and could
Eaen Trumpet-like, outscolde the Ecchoe)
Is hollow growne, and horce. Haue you then vs'd him well?

Corfa. Alas (most gracious sir) goe not about
To make my Lord suspect my Loyalty.
If Nature sickne in his faculties;
Which (heauen be thanked) I perceiued not yet,
It cannot prooue a guiltinesse in me.

Duke. Beleeu't (young wife) I am no Profelyte.
I still auerr, you are that greedy Nymph,
That hath deuour'd the rich complexion of my Boy.
See how his feature's shrunke? his beauty stain'd?
The Scythian Dame (whose cruelty is such,
Whose lust so prodigall, that she doth striue
To kill the able Lecher in the act;
Making her wombe his Sepulchre) would yet
Haue spard that wanton handsomenesse; to shew
As patterne of her Lenitie.

Corfa. I hope, your Grace will pardon Ignorance,
That so ill mannerd is, as not to know
Your meaning.

Duke. No matter Lady.
My accusation shall withdraw it selfe.
Pretty innocence! *Lucia*, prepare.
Tis our will to make thy Wife a Courtier;
She shall be high in fauour; if she'll leaue
Her modesty; that's out of fashion now;
In Neighbor Courts, the Ladys so preuaile
With masculine behaitour: they grow
In factions able to depose their Husbands.
From the charter of their Sex.

Fores. Tis strange that his dislike is fled so soone.

Duke. Your Marriage we wil solemnize with masques,
And Reuels. If Inuention euer meane,
To get reward for subtiltie; tis now.

The Cruell Brother.

We take notice (*Lucia*) She is thy wife,
And thy sister our *Foresta*.

Fores. *Lucia.* We your Graces humblest Creatures.

Fores. Affection is become a Paraisie;
Striues to please, whom it cannot benifit.

Exiunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter, DORIDO, COSIMO, CASTRUCHIO.

DORIDO, Knowne, by whom: by Citty witts!
Cos. Or my Ladys workemen.

Dor. Who ne're saw verse, but what their Sutors writ,
Which they read like Prose too.

Cast. I'le not discredit my patience, talke on,

Dor. They say you are particular with a
Great Lady.

Cos. Yes, and her Pensioner.

Dor. Some loose thing (belike) yet will be at charge,
To secure her fame from noyse. For thou prayst
Against all lechery but thine owne.

Cos. And she hath wish'd in witty penitence,
Thou had'st beene single in the world.

Dor. I, for then she had liu'd chaste. He growes angry,
His eies looke red.

Cast. No Sir. They blush to see a Foole.

Dor. T'were fit they would imploy their modesty
At home. For thou art a foole in print.

Cos. Yet had he liu'd, when the old Sybill,
Presented her diuine Manuscripts, to
The dull Romane; he would haue scolded with her,
Vnlesse his Pamphlets had attain'd the first
Acceptance.

The Cruell Brother.

Dor. True, for euery Poet thinks him selfe
The best Poet in the world. 25

Cof. And that Satyr not the worst; wherein
He chides Women, for wearing their Haire Ruffes,
Which pinn'd behind traies scituate the face,
Or makes 'em looke, like *Ianus* with two faces.

Dorid. A iust exception: for going hattily
To kisse his whore; he could not find her Mouth. 30

Cof. Why sure her breath was strong enough
To direct him to it.

Cast. Yet I haue heard nothing, but what deserues
More pittie, then anger. 35

Dorid. Now when he hath prouided some high toy
For the Presse; he thinks on dedication,
Strait chooseth one of the faction; who must
Not Patronize, but buy what he makes vendable,
With praise in the Epistle. 40

Cof. Can you deny this Cousen Satyrift?

Dorid. And nothing makes Learning so cheape; but that
Euery writer sells his works. *Exit Castuchio.*

Cof. Nay let's follow; and worry him to peeces. *they af-
ter him.*

Enter Lucio, and Foreste. III, ii

Lucio, Foreste. Our riuine is contriu'd aboue.
If our Master prouue vnkin'd, the Planets
Gouerne ill: For our gratitude, and care,
Deserues more constancy.

Foreste Lookes he so strangely on yee? 5

Lucio. As if the object were but new to him:
And his owne heart vnlesed in his breast.

Foref. Is his violence so soone tir'd? struay
The Register of your owne deeds. Speake Sir,
Haue you so engross'd his eares, as if their
Organ, were yours, not his. Confine a vnto
Your owne tongue: and so depriv'd the sorrowfull
The grieu'd in heart, of an easie audience? 10

Lucio.

The Cruell Brother.

Lucio. Neuer. 15

Foref. Since you haue shar'd the Dukes prerogative,
And by his loue, held opposition,
At such great aduantage. did you e're flight
With cheape regard, those of high, and Noble birth?

Lucio. My soule abhorrs such tyranny. 20

Foref. Haue those who weare th' Eternalls Liuey
Bought their wages of ye? Or haue they found
Bold, and ski'full flattery, more helps
Aduancement; then deepe and modest Learning?

Lucio. Neuer, since my distinction was of power,
To helpe its choyce. 25

Foref. In nice triall, or euidence of Law,
Hath Custome (which only giues vs hope
Of certainty in iustice) bin traduc'd
By your obscure helpe?

Lucio. Neuer. 30

Foref. Hath the desolate Widow scar'd mercy
From your eies, with her old ruin'd beauty,
(For grieffe was neuer amorous) or hath
The torne Begger too soone dismissed your charitie
Because not gidd, enough to delight
Wantonesse. 35

Lucio. Neuer.

Foref. Then if our great Master withdraw his loue;
The weight of sufferance c'not bruise ye;
For the whole world will share i'th' burden. 40

Enter a young Gentleman with a Letter.

Lucio. From whom is this sic?

Gent. From my Lord Marquisse de Lorissa.

Lucio. I humbly kisse his hand.

Gent. Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made
Tis short, pray heauen it be sweete, or I'le nere loue
The Proverb. 45

Lucio. Sir, haue you euer bin in seruice;
Vnder any eminent Commander?

Gent. Neuer yet.

Lucio.

The Cruell Brother.

Lucio. Reade these *Foreste.*

How Reputation lessens in esteeme,
Courtesie growes so cheape, that deniall,
Secmes lesse troublesome then consent,
And performance is only Lazy
The labor of subscription hinders more,
Then thought of that, to which it doth subscribe.
This Letter would faine make you a Captaine
In the new Troupes, sent to the Valtaline.
But sure your modesty will teach you banlike
The grant, though I should beg ye to receau't.

Foref. Sir. Shall the grey head, the old Souldier,
That tries misfortune by his constancy
In sufferance; affronts the winters rage;
Whilst his blood is frozen into Corral,
His sinnes into Wyer: whose Vallor thinkes
To weare Chain'd shot, as bracelets on his Loynes.
Shall his preferment be intercepted?
Shall he now traile a Pike vnder a Boy,
Whose experience is younger then his face?

Lucio. No, the friendship of the noble Marquisse
Shall neuer countenance vniust deeds.
Finde a Sute more capable of my grant,
And your acceptance, it is your owne.

Gent. Noble Signior, I'le put ye to the test.

Foref. Princes letters are cheaper far then those
Which Scriueners put to sale. If such Pigmyes,
Apes in doublets, procure command oth' Campe,
Let the Cranes wage war agen. No opposition
Is too weake to ruinate. — Goe young Lord,
The Duke is ill accompany'd, if only
With his owne thoughts. Discouer more. Perhaps
His discontent concerns not you.

Lucio. I feare, yet my hopes would faine comfort me,
Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter.

The Cruell Brother.

Enter Luinna, and Duarte.

Luin. I would not be vnmanerly, but if
She be at leasure, tell her, I am heere.

Dua. Please your Ladyship to sit, I'll tell her so. *enter*
She's come already. *Corfa.*

Corfa. I saw your entrance. How doe you Sister?

Luin. I humbly thanke your honor, I am well,
Pray dismisle your woman: I would impart
A priuacy. *(bring*

Corfa. Watch my Lords comming from the Duke, and
Me word, before he is vncoach'd. *10*

Dua. I shall.

Exit Duarte.

Luin. O Madam Time is now growne old, and runnes
But slowly, I thought each Hower, a yeere,
Vntill I saw your Ladyship. *15*

Cor. Why what's the matter? I hope my brother's well.

Luin. Yes, I thanke heauen. But pray come hither.
Who doe you suppose was with me last night,
When my husband was at Court?

Corfa. How should I tell, without you instruct me.

Luin. Why giue a guesse. *20*

Corfa. The Lady *Benuolia*, or the Lady
Peruvia, who was it?

Luin. Nay t'was a Man too.

Corfa. That's fine i'faith, pray name him to me.

Luin. What thinke you of the best man in Sienna?

Corfa. How! was the Duke with ye?

Luin. Yes, disguis'd too: he either came, (or else
Pretended so) to meete your husband there. *25*

After some talke, (in which he did expresse
His loue to all our family) he gaue

An ample praise of you: and sayd he saw

Already so much worth in your faire breast

As will adde a knot to your Lords Heart,

And his owne: nay and make his constant loue *30*

F

A

The Cruell Brother.

A patterne for euery royall Master.

Corfa. Indeed, I dayly pray to haue it so.

Luin. Then he gaue me this same Iewell; to you!
He recommended the receipt of this.

Corfa. Trust me wench, they are both full of glory
Rarely cut, and set.

Luin. Your's is the better of the twaine,

Corfa. It is.

But truely I mislike the manner of
The gift. Dost thou thinke his thoughts are honorable?
I prethee tell me?

Luin. Th'are such as I suspected at the first,
Such as made me to refuse these Iewels.
He swore I was a Traytor, if I thought
He meant amisse. Or if I did deny
To beare this same to you, I did but ill
Requite his kind request vnto my husband.
Then in the close he vsd such Art, such subtrill phrase,
To free his thoughts from the strict ieaalousie
Of mine; as reconcil'd me to obey his will,
You know besides how harsh it is to chide
With Maiestie, or slight Princes fauors.

Corfa. I'll shew it to my Lord.

Luin. I had thought t'haue shewne my husband mine too
But since t'is capable of curious

Questioning, I meane to stay awhile.

(at once. 60

Corfa. Thou counsayl'st well. Wee'll weare 'em both
mine is the best, I e're was Mistresse of. *Enter Duarto.*

Luin. And mine is not ecclipsed much by yours.

Dua. Madam, my Lord is neere at hand.

Corfa. Come Sister, we shall heere the newes at Court. 65

Luin. I'll waite vpon your Ladyship.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Borachio. III, iv

Cast. Sir Knight, beleeu't *Foreste* is the Man;
That duls your reputation with the Duke,

And

The Cruell Brother.

And subbornes the Count against ye.

Loth. Dares he controle my purposes?

Cast. Aske honest *Borachio* else.

Bora. Nay He'll not beleue me: though I should sweare
You flout him behind his backe: and when a man
Sees things plainly; he neede not buy spectacles,
Till he grow old.

Loth. I'll mince the Villaine into sand, to fill
My Howerglasse —

Cast. In this Garden he walkes continually
Afer dinner. Heere stay, and expect him.
And Signior in this skin of parchment; marke
What paines I take, to perfect your reuenge.
I'th' shape of a tree (which takes roote in Hell)
You shall discover all his base discent.
On that branch appears a Hangman. Then,
A Iakes-man, then, a Tynker. On's Mothers side
A Bawde profess'd. then, a Tybb. then, a Trypewife.
A Synagogue of Welsh Rabbys; could not
Expresse more skill in Genealogies,
Then this includes. Sir, shew it him, and he
Insaniates strait.

Loth. I'll make him weare it on his forehead.

Cast. Excellent rage! but not a word of me.
I humbly take my leaue.

exit Castruchio.

Loth. Not the foure winds (met in March) shall coole my

Bora. Sir, now we are priuat, tis a fit time (I spleene
To be troublesome — (blood--

Loth. I'll cram Cerberus, with sopps made of the slaues

Bora. Concerning those Offices. I'ue thought on 'em,
And will haue 'em all in spight of *Boltens* teeth. *ent. Bor.*

Foref. Signior *Lothario!* *Borachio* too.

Thou art an honest fellow.

Bora. I, your worship is wise, to speake no more,
Then what you may well stand too.

Loth. Base stemme, deriu'd from Ilope roote,
Our Ancestors were not so familiar.

F 2

Behold,

the user's information needs, and the user's information-seeking behaviour.

The user's information needs are defined as the user's perceived information requirements, which are based on the user's information-seeking behaviour.

The user's information-seeking behaviour is defined as the user's information-seeking actions, which are based on the user's information needs.

The user's information-seeking actions are defined as the user's information-seeking activities, which are based on the user's information-seeking behaviour.

The user's information-seeking activities are defined as the user's information-seeking processes, which are based on the user's information-seeking actions.

The user's information-seeking processes are defined as the user's information-seeking outcomes, which are based on the user's information-seeking activities.

The user's information-seeking outcomes are defined as the user's information-seeking results, which are based on the user's information-seeking processes.

The user's information-seeking results are defined as the user's information-seeking achievements, which are based on the user's information-seeking outcomes.

The user's information-seeking achievements are defined as the user's information-seeking accomplishments, which are based on the user's information-seeking results.

The user's information-seeking accomplishments are defined as the user's information-seeking successes, which are based on the user's information-seeking achievements.

The user's information-seeking successes are defined as the user's information-seeking triumphs, which are based on the user's information-seeking accomplishments.

The user's information-seeking triumphs are defined as the user's information-seeking victories, which are based on the user's information-seeking successes.

The user's information-seeking victories are defined as the user's information-seeking conquests, which are based on the user's information-seeking triumphs.

The user's information-seeking conquests are defined as the user's information-seeking dominions, which are based on the user's information-seeking victories.

The user's information-seeking dominions are defined as the user's information-seeking territories, which are based on the user's information-seeking conquests.

The user's information-seeking territories are defined as the user's information-seeking domains, which are based on the user's information-seeking dominions.

The user's information-seeking domains are defined as the user's information-seeking kingdoms, which are based on the user's information-seeking territories.

The user's information-seeking kingdoms are defined as the user's information-seeking empires, which are based on the user's information-seeking domains.

The user's information-seeking empires are defined as the user's information-seeking realms, which are based on the user's information-seeking kingdoms.

III, IV
The Cruell Brother.

Behold, & grow more minnerly. *shows him a Parchment.* 40

Foref. Whats heere? My Pedigree? Some sawcy knaue
Hath counsell'd him, to this affront. What he, *Enter*
I must know th'originall projector. *servants.*

Lay hold vpon those fooles.

Loth. Lay hold on me? 45

Take off your hands; or I will tosse ye all
Into the cloudes, and kicke the Mountaines after ye.

Bora. I pray bid the Gentleman take good heede;
For my Master, can doe all this, and more too
I haue seene him. 50

Ser. Be you quiet. You that desire Offices.

Bora. If I doe, what then? there be those desire
Worse things.

Loth. Know ye not Rogues, that I can muzle vp
The testie Vnicorne, in a Spinners threed? 55

Foref. Lay all hold on him.

Bora. He that cannot runne for his Liberty
Hath no courage in his Heeles. Let the Goute
Take him, that hath Leggs, and w'ont vse'em *he runs away.*

Foref. No matter, let him goe. Conuey that foole, 60
Vnto the Porters Lodge.

Loth. A Chaos shall succeed this same. *Exeunt ser-*
uants with Lothario.

Enter Lucio.

Foreste. Whither so fast (sweete Lord!)

Lucio. *Foreste,* I haue tane my leaue o'th' Duke.

Foref. Must ye away to night. 65

Lucio. Now, presently. My followers attend
At doore. I onely came to kisse thy hands.

Foref. The Sonne will faile yee, ere ye reach *Lucca.*

Lucio. I must through. His grace will haue it so.
Why dost thou make thy head, to shake and reele,
Vpon thy shoulders thus. Is it o'th' come 70
With thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?

Foref. Take heede, suspicion is the Favorite

The Cruell Brother.

Of Time, and Nature it takes a sudden growth:
And gathers in the brest, like Balls of snow, 75
In snow; vntill the weight make it deny
To be remou'd: then melts at leasure too.

Lucio. He's too moderate, that will at my yeeres,
Be satisfied thus.

Foref. Why then consider thus. You goe to *Lucca,*
There to congratulate the safe approach
Of the Popes Legate; He hath bin there a weeke;
And why he was not visited ere this 80

Or why vpon such strict, and short summons.
Your selfe must now be sent; quite puzzles me.
Actions rare, and sudden, doe commonly
Proceed from fierce necessitie: or else
From some oblique designe: which is ashamed,
To shew it selfe i'th' publique Rode. 85

Lucio. *Foreste* is this all? 90

Foref. Why my sweete Patron: this is enough
Of danger, since none is merited.

Lucio. Yong thoughts encourage me to sufferance.
Each storme is vsher to a gentle calme:
Who toyles with speede, gets soonest home to rest. 95
The plodding Mule shall sleepe eternally.
Why should the stricken deare bemoane his death:
His obsequies, were full of noble rites:

Akteons Quire, a iolly Requiem gaue:
An i'th' Arrow from the bow did sing his dirge. 100

Foref. Thus thy yeeres doe riddle griece away;
Making sorrow swift, because 'tis mortall.
Let me waite, on your Lordship to your horse,
And at your better leasure read this same.
I'll tell ye as we goe, who brought it me. 105

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Duke.

Duke. To wrong my boy, vnkinde, incestuous heate!
Why is Copulation legal; it giues

P 3

Authority.

The Cruell Brother.

Authoritie to lust, for chastitie
Would soone conclude the World. O virtuous
Preiudice, when error, prevents folly!
Fiendes, Devils, that doe liue in liquid fire,
Haue constitutions not halfe so hot,
So riotous as mine. But why this?
The beautionous *Corsa* is not yet defild.
He that repents e're he commits a fault,
Doth like a thirsty sinner store his Soule
With mercy, to absolue that sinne himselve;
Which he may afterwards, more securely
Fall into. Enough this soone Initiates. *Enter Castruchio.*
The credulous Count her husband, I haue sent
To Lucca. And to morrow he returnes.
My plots are limitted too short a time
To become Actions. Nor was it skill
To send the Jewell by her sister. Marke!
My Soule and braine, are perfect Courtiers growne;
In my declention, and my greatest want
They leaue me to instruct, and helpe my selfe.
Cast. These fancies are not old: the whole Court
Oserues him strangely altered. But why
Am I sent for? that I must know, by safe,
And cautelous insinuation.
Duke. How soone, I'ue profited in discipline
Of Hell. I must through. What I did meane
Adultery at first; will now I feare
Become a Rape.
Cast. Hah! still vpon that string? I like it well,
T'is musically.
Duke. *Castrucho!* art thou come?
Thou hast bin a Courtier long; but whether
'Twas want of skill in me to choose a Man,
Or want of lucke in thee to be my choyce;
Suspence makes neutrall. But know; my loue
Wastardy, because still voyde of leasure;

To

The Cruell Brother.

To warrant passion well bestowed; by safe
(Though tedious) trials. Affection
That is slow, is sure: And now, I weare my heart
Not in mine owne breast, but thine.
Cast. I haue but one life, it is some error
In your Grace, thus, t'oblige me to the losse
Of more, in your deare seruice.
Duke. I am not skil'd in words: But I affect
Thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr,
That whips *Foreste*, and the wanton Count,
In thy tart Verse.
Cast. My gracious Lord! I shall conceiue much grieffe,
If my zeale mistake in accusation
Of those Men, which th'vncertaine Tongue of Fame
Deliuers to my charge.
Duke. Nay, make not thy confession an excuse
Rather then a story: For there needs none.
I hate *Foreste*, and the Count, and would
Deuise succinct ways to my reuenge.
Cast. Heauen forbid! I'de rather farre disgrace
The skill of my subiect; call accusation
Slander: then that the busie multitude
Should note inconstancy in you,
Duke. This is a damn'd Hypocrite. Chamelions
Changes, are not-so intricate to sense.
Castruchio! ease me with nimble apprehension.
I haue not leasure, to be modest now.
Speake; hast no acquaintance with any neere
Corsa's person; the Counts faire wife?
Cast. I humbly beg, your Grace would not mistake
The conditions of my duty.
Duke. I beg of thee not to mistake the sense
Of my designes. My words import my heart,
And both, no danger vnto thee.
Cast. I hope my skill in seruitude, will not
Pronoke my Prince to tempt my honor.

Duke

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. What prolix lone is this, Dost thou indent
With my acceptance, make choyce of seruices! 75

Cast. Your Grace will giue me leaue; since that I know
I not deserue to share in your high secrets,
To doubt my safety in knowing this.

Duke. Death! and horror! thy inspicions are too thinne. 80
Consider why I sent the Count to Lucca?
Vpon my life thou art secure: therefore
Reply vnto my former question.

Cast. My gracious Lord, I haue some interest
In her woman. 85

Duke. Is Corfa's woman knowne to thee?

Cast. She is. Perhaps—

Duke. Discharge thy tongue. May my eares blister
If they digest words to thy preiudice.

Cast. Perhaps I knew her, beyond the modest straine. 90

Duke. There's Gold. *Castruchio*, shew some pittie *flings*
On rebellious blood. Be my Harbenger, *him a Bag.*
Billert me this night where she doth lye
And thou art made for euer.

Cast. Must it be this night?

Duke. Strict opportunitie will haue it so. 95
Her Lord returnes with the next Sunne.

Cast. I cannot say her selfe shall porter be
Vnto your entrance; but her woman shall.

Duke. Enough! there's more Gold. Summon vp thy
Thy heart, thy soule, to meet in consultation, *(braine*
And so contriue my peace, Farewell. 100

Cast. I will instruct your Grace ere long: both when,
And how to make this amorous assault.

Duke. My selfe and my Exchequer are thine owne. 105
There needs no Art to worke him into euill;
He is bad enough to infect the Deuill.

Exeunt several wayes.

Actus

The Cruell Brother.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter DORIDO.

(lock'd

DORIDO, Good! they haue left the Garden dore vn-

I'll venture in to helpe discouery.
Castruchio is grac'd with rare imployment:
The Duke and he doe heere consume the Night.

These are houres for Ghosts, Adulterers
And Theeues. The slaue is Haggard. At Supper
Being full of gold: his vaine Appetite
Fed at Nero's rate; I was discarded
With a frowne: shaken like a Burre from's sleue.

As if my closure heeretofore had bin
Impertinent. Ambition lessens all
Beneath it selfe to nothing: the higher *Enter Castru.*
We doe stand: so much lesse those men appeare *Duar.*
Whom we behold below — Hearke! Kinde Fortune
Lend me thy Eares —

Cast. The night growes aged now. T'were fit the Duke
Would hasten his departure. In troth Wench,
Thy seruice to him exceeds requitall.
But what; she tooke it willingly!

Dua. No, but she did not.

Cast. Pox 'o these modest Lies! I say she did,

Duar. In troth you doe abuse her then; I'm sure
Her shreeks did scare my heart vp to my lipps.

Cast. Then thou couldst haue Kifs'd heartely.

Duar. I wonder, it wakened not the whole house.

Cast. Ist possible! what meanes did the Duke vse
To stifle vp this noyse?

Dua. Nay, I know not. But since she was no more
Pliant; it doth repent me much, I'ere
Was instrument to his other actions.

G

Cast.

141
The Cruell Brother.

Cast. What, repent ! I prethee sweete *Duarte*
Wrong not Diuinitie so much : waste not
A virtue, that would more profit others:
And to suppose that the Lady was rauish'd,
Is an heresie, which my Soule must nere
Be guilty of. Doe not I know Women
Are a kinde of soft waxe, that will receaue
Any impressiō ?

Dua. And doe not I know : there is difference
In workemen as in wax. Hard wax (when cold)
Accepts of no impressiō. By coldnesse
I inferre chastitie : for chastitie
Is colde.

Cast. But those workemen are harder farre
Then that hard waxe. And 'tis hardest of all
To finde those workemen : vnlesse by *Russia*
Where the people freeze, till they spit snow. Come,
Kisse me Chuck. Agen, once more —

Dor. A precious Satyrist ! This furly Dog,
Inneyes 'gainst lechery in others, 'cause
He would engrosse all Women to himselfe.

Cast. Your greatest Thieues, are commonly begot
When Parents doe their leachery by stealth.
Men get Cowards, when frighted in the Act.
And by such vulgar consequence : 't'is now
A proper time to beget a Pander.
One, that may hereafter doe other men
The same office : which we doe the *Duke* now.
Come. Shall we in, and try ?

Dua. You presume much, on an easie nature ;
And how extrauagant you are abroad ;
I am not so vnkind to queltion.

Cast. Faith Wench : I've some interest in every Childe
That plays i' h' streete, The *Dukes* come down. Go, go, ent.
Giue your Lady a Cawdle ; and let me heare *Duke.* 65
How she likes her new Bedfellow. I'le meete *Exit Duar.*
His Grace two houres hence : when he hath dismiss'd

Those

The Cruell Brother.

Those thoughts, which still succeed vnlawfull lust: *Exit*

Dor. O damn'd villāny ! Is this th' imployme nt *Castro.*
That doth make ye proude ? I will haunt ye still, 70
To strengthen my intellige. *Exit Dor. after. Cast.*

Duke. O silly, weake euasiō ! being darke,
I creepe within my Cloke. T'is modestly
In sinne to practise euery disguise
To hide it from the World. But Creatures free from guilt 75
Affect the Sunne, and hate the darke ; because
It hides their innocence. O trayoutour Lust !
That leades vs with encouragement to fight,
And when we haue discharg'd our Vaines for thee,
W'are besieg'd with thoughts, that more perplex vs 80
Then the former. For then we did complaine
Of strength ; but now of weakenesse more.
Away, away. T'is time that I were gone :
The modest Morne doth blush i' th' East, as if
Asham'd to see so fowle a Rauisher. *exit Duke.* 85

Enter Castruchio, and Dorido.

Dorido. So swift of foote ! I must ouertake ye.

Cast. How now ! the World is wide enough : wherefore
Dost thou iostle me ?

Dor. Cry mercy Signior : the day's bleare Eie'd yet,
And my owne hast made me vnmanerly. 5

Cast. Signior *Dorido* is it you ? T'is much
To see you appeare before the Sunne.

Dor. Faith Signior ; the Count being out o' Towne
I thought *Foreste* would haue more leasure
To peruse my new Sute. He's early vp ;
Which caus'd my vigilance. 10

Cast. Why Signior vse a meanes more absolute ;
It is true, *Foreste* does all : but how ?
As th' Instrument govern'd i' th' workemans hand.
Instruēt me with conueniency of time,

G 2

And 15

The Cruell Brother.

And I will worke the *Duke* in thy behalfe.

Dor. Then Signior, you will oblige my prayers.

Cast. At supper, when you departed from me,
You gaue demonstrations of discontent :
Who knowes, but whilst the soule's employ'd within;
The body might neglect some outward forme,
Which curiosity prefers to custome,
Custome to abuse. It was my businesse
Not disrespect of you, that did depriue
My complement of vanity. I shall
Reioyce when I can shew you kindenesse.

Dorid: I will be bold to thinke so.

Cast. I'de haue thee build thy Mansion on a Rocke.
Fauorites are seru'd in with those Dishes
The Prince best loues. And meate we most affect
We soonest surfeit on. Instruct thy soule.
The Count is but a glorious trifle.
And to be factious without benefit—
Well, thinke vpon't. I know a way to get
The Dukes best Eare, without *Foreste's* helpe.
Farewell. *Exit Castruchio.*

Dor. The Profit of the day be yours. These tricks
Shall make me weare him in my Eies. The slaue
Doth vs her out his breath in state; as if
His honours had out growne his owne knowledge.
Yet but a tame Pander. The beautious *Corfa*
Is rauish'd by the Duke. O blacke horror.
Arise my soule, inspire my industry
With noble purpose. Something I'le doe
That shall proclaime my Spirit.

Enter Corfa, and Duarte.

Corfa. Hence, hence, like Time; who swiftly flies away,
But euer more returns. Goe cruell wench!
Thou hast betray'd thy Mistresse, euen to

Eternall

The Cruell Brother.

Eternall losse. Th'Angels that liue aboue
Haue seene it all. They know thee well enough.
In the generall Sesion of the world ;
It will not my adultery be call'd ;
But a prodigious Rap: deriu'd from thee.

Duarte. Good Madam, your Conscience is too bold:
It troubles you too much. Dismiss it: thinke,
That other Ladys haue offended more.

Corfa. Out Deuill. Wilt thou betray my soule too ?
Duarte hence ! I am inspired with strength
To make reuenge prooue masculine.
Flye quickly hence. Why doest thou stay ? There's Gold.
I prethee wench in all thy Pilgrimage
Disperse my faulte in charitable sence.
Use me nobly with thy Tongue. So farewell.

Duarte. Or let my sinne no mercy finde in Heauen,
No pittie here on Earth. *Exit Duarte.*

Corfa. Now all the motiues of my Lords delight
Exterminate for euermore with me.
My silent Lute's interred in the Case.
My voyce now rather frights, then captiuates
The sence.

Enter Luinna.
O Sister, dare you visit me ?
I am a strumpet growne. Hence, and secure
Your fame.

Luin. Alack, what prodegie is this !

Corfa. I will tell thee all. For I should disgrace
Iniquitie to be modest now. The Duke —

Luin. Ay me ! What in that name can priuiledge
Offence ?

Corfa. Heare my *Luinna*, heare. In midst of night,
By my pernicious womans helpe ; He opes
My chamber doore : whose faithfull Hinges shreek'd,
To warne me of his dire approach. His Hand
Imployd a Torch, a Torch ; whose fancy weake
Aged, and blacke, had ouergrownen the flame.
And shew'd (me thought) like vnto *Tarquins* Ghost ;

G 3

Preaching

The Cruell Brother.

Preaching in fire : as if it counsell'd him,
To prevent such pennance by forsaking
His attempt. This, I told him too. But he
(That came not to consider, but to act)
O'erul'd my Hands with his; then made shipwrack
Of my Honor. 45

Luin. O royall Villaine!

My ioynts and sinnewes dissipated are,
And scatter'd in a trembling feare. But marke
More sorrowes yet: My Husband lookeing in
My Cabinet, did spy that Jewell there, 50
Which the 'Duke last gaue me. It was to him
A new, and vnknowne starre: and Commet like,
Imployd his thoughts with such Astrologie
As made an Optick of his ieaousie; 55
Through which, he would discern the cause, th' effect
Of its being there. I told him all the truth:
And Truth's oftner prayesd, then rewarded
Heere on Earth: for he dismiss'd me streight
With fatall lookes. 60

Corfa. My Brother is a noble Gentleman.
Goe, goe, and kneele to him. All ieaousie
Must still be strangled in its birthe: or Time
Will soone conspire to make it strong enough
To ouercome the truth. Shield vs sweete Heauen! 65
The Sybills daunce about my Heart. They lay
Their verges heere: infusing a prophetique feare:
Which whispers we shall neuer meete againe,
Lets take a solemne leaue: farewell for euer *they kisse.*

Luin. Farewell! the noblest Lady o'th' World. 70

Exeunt severall Wayes.

Enter Cofino, and Borachio. II, iv

Cof. I am glad to see thee well *Borachio!*
But where's thy Master? what, in durance still?

Bora. Alas Sir, I (Good Gentleman,) the Roome
Wherein they haue put him, is so litle

Hee

The Cruell Brother.

Hee fills it vp to the Roofe: and is faine
To leaue his Legges Sentinels without doore,
To watch the rest of his body. Tis no
Chamber, but a Court-Cubbord.

Cof. But they make him amends in his diet.

Bora. They cannot Sir, For he's a fainte eater,
If he would pray so often as he fasts;
He had bin at libertie long agoe.
He'le dine vpon a single Pea; and leaue Orts.

Cof. Doe they no more regard his potent hopes?

Bora. Alas Sir, when Fortune's Tippet stands vp,
Few men will lend a pin to tacke it downie,
I, and my lineage haue sweete losse of him:
I'm sure o'that, 15

Cof. Nay, that's too eident.

Bora. O sir! I would not a'giuen this Rush;
T'haue bin assur'd all th' offices in's gift
But hang such Dukes (I say) that suffer thus
Their Fauorites to be imprisoned. 20

Cof. How now *Borachio!* Dost thou speake treason?

Bora. Sir, I haue sayd no more, then what I meane
To vnfay againe: which is but a kinde
Of loosing one's labor. And 'tis better,
To be ill employ'd then to be idle. *enter Castruchio.* 25

Cof. How the slaue sowes his Prouerbs together.
Are you come? I haue stay'd vntill the Clocke
Gaued your promise the lyè.

Cast. My time was spent to more aduantage.
I haue declar'd my interest in your blood.
If you asist my plots; you needs must share
Successe, that hath already warranted
A large requitall. 35

Cof. I am resolu'd: and with my selfe more able.

Cast. T'is well. But now you vndertake business:
You must be as serious as a Musle!
That is: weare your Beard, vpon your tongue: talke,
Brauely. But of all auoyd *Derido* 40

As

The Cruell Brother.

As you would to drinke

A violent poyson.

Cof. Enough, he is a stranger to my thoughts.

Cast. There's fresh encouragement — *giues him Gold.* 45

Cof. A little more of this mettall would puzzle

My Geography; Is this Italy

Or the Indies. There *Borachio!* Weepe no more

For thy Master.

Bora. Allas I'm apt to weepe, though I but see

An Onyon stripp'd naked.

Cast. I thought to meete thy Master heere. I'm sure

I saw the warrant, sign'd for his release,

Bora. The Deuill take your worship for me, why,

D'ye bring such good newes, on a work'y day?

Cast. But thou pray'st ill, in praying the Deuill

To take me.

Bora. Why could he euer come to lesse purpose

Then when he findes you doing well. Though he

Loose his labour once: I dare warrant ye,

He'll come againe on the same arrand.

Cast. A bitter foole.

Bora. Sir, let we friends be true to one another.

There are but few true friends extant. Let them

Be kindly vs'd and kept, if only for breed.

Cast. With all my heart, translate thy meaning.

Bora. Is my Master at liberty?

Cast. I'll deferre an answer of this, vntill

Thy owne Eies be a little elder.

Bora. Well, is he still in fauour with the Duke?

Cast. Why he shall shortly gouerne all at Court,

And be a very Mote in the Duk's eye.

Bora. Enough. 'Tis not wholesome to burst with loy.

Cast. But what then?

Bora. I've thought with much care on these Offices:

And finde my selfe fitting to be in'em.

I will haue'em all; come Cut, and Long-taile.

For my Wife, will be such a glad woman. *Enter Lothario.*

Cof.

The Cruell Brother.

Cof. Looke! who comes there?

Bora. O Sir! giue me your blessing — *He kneeles* 80

Loth. Weepe not *Borachio!* I haue prepar'd

Such bloody art in my reuenge; as makes

Mens wits, more famous then their cruelty.

Let horror propagate. All's too litle

For my vse. But you Sir had the honor,

To release me.

Cast. Or else I had bin much dishonour'd.

Cof. Sir, now he supposeth you in durance:

And is himselfe secure; happely drunke,

Or riding in the stewes; you may take some

Aduantage on his soule too. Loose no time.

Loth. That's my intent.

For it were dull humanitie to aime

No farther then his life. I'll pursue him

Euen to Hell.

Cast. And let me alone so to facilitate

The proiect, by search of fit time, and meanes:

As shall declare the a& lesse troublesome,

Then thus to threaten it with words.

Bora. You Signior *Castruchio!* Signior *Coxcombe!* 100

Are you tri'd with doing well? you haue scarce

Brought my poore Lord out of the Prison doores;

But you long to haue him in agen. Nay,

N'ere looke? For my Sword dwells within a Yard

Of my Tongue, and shall defend what I say

Cast. What a pernicious Calfe is this?

Bora. What harme haue my poore Wife, and Children

To you, or yours; that seeing me within (done

A haire's breadth, of a hundred offices,

You confound all, by leading my poore Lord

Into new broyles.

Loth. Bold Miscreant! If I but stir —

Cof. Nay Signior! let him alone. *Borachio!*

Steepe thy wrath in cold water: follow,

And be dumbe. All shall be well.

H

Bora. 115

The Cruell Brother.

Bora. Yes, perswade me to dry Ice in an Ouch?
But I'll follow your Heeles so close; as Ile
Goe neere to tread vpon your Kibes.

Exit omnes.
Enter Dorido, and Forests.

Dorido. Signior, I knew ye a braue Commander
Vnder the great Petruchio; and since
That time your constant virtues haue deseru'd
More recompence, then Fate will minister
By me. My kindenesse is no miracle:
Since gratitude is only sicke, not dead,
But pray beleue what I haue sayd is truth.

Forest. O Sir, 'tis th'error of vnskillfull loue
To be too constant in her charitie
To all. But I haue grounds more relatiue
To make me iealous of the truth; and I
Beleue you with my heart; and yet 'tis strange.
Doth this *Castruchio* thinke his haggard fate
Can triumph ouer mine? because in iust
The Deuill did instruct his industry:
Dares he attempt my life?

Dor. I giue you reall grounds for my suspence.
Reward (fit) may make a Villaine bloody
Though it cannot make him valiant. The Duke
Will let him want no Gold.

Forest. Nay 'tis often scene.
Amongst the seuerall Creatures of a Prince,
Such instruments as these most profit reape.
Imployments noble doe require themselves,
And honour payes, the great of heart; who loose
But Time in seruice which is the Bodies wealth.
Your friend stays. If you please appeare with him
From thence, as my summons: I shall discover more.

Dor. Noble Signior, I am yours,
Forest. What hoa? *Luinna's* Wife.

Enter Luinna.
Luin.

The Cruell Brother.

Luin. My Lord!
Forest. Come hither Lone. Signefie in secret
When was the royall Lecher heere disguis'd?
What did he send thee last? when must ye quench
The Cyprian fire; hahe you may tell me all.
For I'll not blabb. Alas, I'm more silent
Then my Grandfire in his Tombe. A subtrill Pinpe, I
A Pander learned in the art. Tell me Chucke?

Luin. Alas my noble Lord! what doe ye meane?
Forest. Why nothing, I: yet tis enough I feele
The wrong. Ignorant, I suffer twice.
And therefore let me know my Enemy.

The little worme, when trod vpon; will turne
His Head, to looke vpon his Murderer.
And hath my Spleene no Eies? Is the reuenge
Of Man lesse curious then a Wormes. — She weepes,
O *Luinna*, the sacred knot's vnti'd.
Thou hast defil'd and stayn'd the vestall Sheetes.
Thy Breast shall be no more my Pillow.

Luin. O say not so: Let Thunder strike me dead,
If I'ere knew the Duke; with knowledge more
Dishonest, then what harbours in the Fits;
Only by fight.

Forest. O new horror! such brazen impudence,
Would make a Negro blush. Come glorious whore.
Acquaint me with your tricks. Who! when, where, how?
For besides the Jewell which he gaue thee:
I haue proofes, that will euen damme my sister;
And conuince thee too.

Luin. My deere Lord? be not cruell in your Faith;
What I haue sayd is truth.

Forest. Still constant in thy periurie. Mercy
Were tamenesse then. Thou shalt dye.
Like an heroyique Whore: a stoute Martyr.
Enter Dorido
To thy concealed louer. Appeare heere
Heere my she goats! These men are full and fresh;
vsards.

Luin. Hee

The Cruell Brother.

But if they cannot tire ye out : I will
Procure y^e some of larger Thighs ; that feede
On th' vnctious Lhasis, and the Persian-Crab.
Or bring the riotous Horse, and the Towne Bull
To drown ye in the sea. Take her aside,
And agree who shall beginne.

Luin. Stay, stay, O my Husband, my dearest Lord!
Will you permit such cruelty against
Your owne Wife. She, that hath so often slept
Within your Bosome. O speake? doe you want
The naturall touch? stay, stay, I will confesse.

Forest. Stay, I'm of too easie, too soft a Soule.
My Heartstrings (sure) are made of silke : and 'tis
A subtile whore, she knowes it well enough.
But come, be briefe. Charme me not with storys.
(Of my former loue betweene vs.

I see thee as thou art, and thou appear'st
Like an intire, proportionable Boyle.
Why speake'st thou not?

Luin. Sorrow was euer flow of viterance,
And I doe tremble still. I knew the time,
My duty hath bin held in more regard
Then now it is. All former interest
Is quit forgot.

Forest. Marke, did not I suspect, she would begin
Her Charmes agen. Away with her.

Luin. O stay, now, now, I will reueale all.

Forest. Be nimble then : and tell me punctuall truth,
For my reuenge is honest, and would not
Willingly mistake, when it shall strike.

Luin. 'Tis true, your Sister's raiuish'd by the Duke.
Which fatall truth, this morning receau'd
From her owne mouth. But if I ere did breake
My Marriage vowes, or thinke vnlawfully ;
Then may I loose my interest in Heauen.
My duty, and my loue remaine still yours,
And this constancy deserues some kindnesse.

Therefore,

The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, if 'tis decreed that I must dye :
Let me dye a modest death. Expose not
Your poore vvife, vnto the cruelty
Of Rauishers.

Forest. What thinke ye sir?

Dor. My thoughts continue in the former sencer
I haue a chaste, and virtuous vvife ; howeuer
You desir'd assurance from a triall
So vnkind as this.

Forest. Still me thinks that Iewell which he gaue her,
Procur'd the same requitall that my Sister made.
But let it passe. I doe conire ye both,
(As y^e haue bin Souldiers) to keepe your Tongues,
A safe distance from your Eares ; Let not words
Disperse what you haue heard. 'Tis externall
Reputation that keeps some Men from sinne.
Our faults once knowne, we doe negle& to mend :
Since Reputacion suffers still : for that
Admits of helpe, but it is neuer cur'd.
And so the fatall iarrs twene Man, and Wife,
If secret kept, dissension falls asleepe.
But if once knowne to Fame ; Fame talks so loude
She waketh it agen. Your silence Signiors,
Shall challenge much from my requitall.

Dor. Besides our obligations to your worth,
Euen both our honors would impose it
As a virtue, not a trouble. We are
Your humble seruants. *Exit Dorido with his Friend,*

Forest. I will deserue you for my friends. Rise —
You must be cleer'd by a stricter triall :
'Till when I doe negle& the large Charter
Of Husbands o're their Wives : and command ye
As a Iudge th'offendor. Hence, and beco me
My Prisoner in your Closet. Take heede,
No curiosity in feare make you,
To pry in my designes.

H 3

Luin.

1005

The Cruell Brother.

The Cruell Brother.

Luin. I doe obay ye cheerefully. *Exit Luin.* 140
Forest. O my heart! shall my industry, and hopes
Finde this period? My sufferance is tir'd.
It is an old inconstancy in Fate,
Soone to erect, and soone to ruinate. *Exit.*

A Chayre at the Arras.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE Solus.

FORESTE, No, no, my Starres, it is too much to beare.
Though I were stomach'd like an Estridge,
Yet could I not digest such hard dealing.
My Wife defil'd, Corfa ravi'sh'd. The Count
Abus'd where satisfaction is exempte
By Nature. My selfe proscrib'd to suffer
By the cheape vallour of obscure Villaines.
Would I had trode the humble path, and made
My industry lesse ambitious. The Shrub
Securilie growes. The tallest Tree, stands
Most in the winde. And thus we distinguish
The Noble from the base: the Noble finde
Their lives, and deaths still troublesome:
But humility doth sleepe, whilst the storme
Growes horce with scolding. My Gall o'eflowes my heart:
And drownes propitious Thoughts. I will be iust
Yet cruell too. The darkenesse of the Night
Is thicke. I feele as I grope for way —
Stay — That sickly light from her chamber breaks.
Minion I'e beginne with you.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Corfa and a Boy.

Corfa. Sing gentle youth; who knowes if I shall live
T'employ thy voyce agen;

Song.

Boy. Weepe no more for what is past
For Time in motion makes such hast
He hath no leasure to discry
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider Accident,
And how repugnant unto sence,
It pays desert with bad event:
We shall disparedge Prouidence.

Enter Foreste.

Forest. This is your Dirge.

Corfa. Hah! who is there?

Foref. 'Tis I. Dismiss that trifle hence, and shut
The doore.

Corfa. Farewell Youth! Get thee to bed. *Exit Boy.*

Foref. But where's the rigled Hagg; th' incestuous lump
Of heate? where is she, speake?

Corfa. Alas Sir, who doe you meane?

Foref. Why she that Gossips with the Devils Damme,
The subtill Bawde, your Woman. O Sister! *Corfa kneeles.*
I haue heard all. — Nay doe not worke distinction thus.
Kneele not to me; you are my Patrons wife.
But yet where obligation is indeer'd;
There Iniurie condemns it selfe. Can you
Suruiue a wrong so eminent: a wrong
Committed gainst your Husband, and my Patron?

Corfa. O Sir! I hope if you haue heard the truth
You will conclude it as a rape i'th' Duke;

And

The Cruell Brother.

And no adultery in me.

Foref. How, a rape! o weake, and immodest shift;

Were *Aretine* aliue; or had I brought
A Crew of Midwiues heere: whose obscene art

Might warrant the distinction good;

Although the cause did blush, to owne th' effect;

Yet thy appeale might stand: but heere are none.
If compulsion doth insift, vntill

Enforcement breed delight, we cannot say,
The femall suffers. Acceptance at the last,

Disparageth the not consenting at the first:
Calls her deniall, her vnskilfulnesse;

And not a virtuous frost i'th' blood.
Come, sit thee downe. — Or if ye meane to pray,

Kneele, and be nimble in deuotion.
Thou art to dye.

Corfa. My Noble Brother!

Doe not fright my sufferance: vse me kindly
With your tongue, and lookes: I am already
Reconcil'd to Heauen; and would perhaps
Consent to your designe.

Foref. Blessed speech! thou shalt prescribe my gesture
And my Phrase.

Corfa. Twere not vnnaturall in me, to wish
For life: yet minding what constructions
The world may make of my sinister-chance —

Foref. I there's the point. The gidly multitude
Haue neither skill, nor leasure to conuince
Supposition, with Arguments of strength
And charitie. Their quicke censure, brings such

Effect, as Spectacles, when vs'd in hast;

Which then doe rather aggrauate the shape:
Then giue distinction of the forme. Who, who,
Would liue to be an Argument for them?

Corfa. Doe ye conclude then, that I must now dye?

Foref. Why ist not apt, and pregnant to your sense,
It should be so?

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Corfa.

The Cruell Brother.

Corfa. Ere I take my last leaue of my kinde Lord!

Foref. Ceremonious forme, doth oft, so long
Delay our iourney; till it prooue too late
To reach our home. T'is a long way to Heauen.

We must make hast. Nay, if your courage faile
Before it comes vnto the lest: I shall
Prepare to be vnkind. Grimme, black fancy

Could you indure to see your Lord; defil'd,
Polluted as you are? That kinde Patron
To all our family; whose constant loue

Is warranted by Time; that best can iudge
Of constancy. Who tooke you to his bed;
Vpon conditions cheape, and dangerous

To his owne estate.

Corfa. Sir, speake no more: but vse me as you please;
I will obey in all.

Foref. Come, stretch downe your Arme: and permit this
To fastne it to th' Chaire. Then vaile your Eies.
We must not trust a Woman's vallout so —

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh.

Foref. The torture's past. Thy wrist waynes are cut,
In this Bason bleed: till drynesse make them curl
Like Lute-strings in the fire —

Corfa. Commend me to my dearest Lord. I am
His humble sacrifice. Hee'le not be more
Vnwillig to grant attonement: then I

Haue bene to neede it. The Fates giue others
Expiation: which now they want themselues.
I speake too loude. For who dares chide with them
That may imploy Thunder.

Foref. Her beauty gins to wither. She distills
Like to a Rose. O could I separate
The blood defil'd from what is pure: I would
Shed that; then restrain the currant, know!

(Vnskilfull Nature) If operation
Should long subsist in such grosse mixture: Men,
Would be Devils 'ere they liu'd in Hell.

Corfa.

Foref.

Corfa.

Foref.

Corfa.

Corfa.

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V, 11
The Cruell Brother.

Corfa. I come Celestiall Quire! — *She riseth up.*

Foref. Extasie! through weakenes in expence of blood!
Deare sister! Disturbe not your last Minutes.

Corfa. I must ascend —

Foref. How! would you enter Heauen; with fetters on
Your Soule? clogg'd with these mortall Limbs. Sit downe,
Expire in peace.

Corfa. O my Brother! whilst I am yet humane,
Let me feele some interest in your blood.
What fault of mine deserues impediments
In my last iourney? If my Lord were heere
He would haue seene me vs'd with mercy.

Foref. Sweete Soule! these, are but mistakes of weakene-
(nesse)

Corfa. Will not my Lord be mercifull; to me,
And to my memory. *riseth up.*

Foref. Sit still. I bring no negatiue reply.
Thy worth shall shine in such a Character:
That being dead; he needs must wooe thy Ghost.

Corfa. And will Posterity consent, that I
Abide in List; with those of modest fame?

Foref. That Astrologer; who spys thee first
Within a Starre: must not finde thee billeted
Neere to *Venus*. Such error in his Art;
Would make me wreath his Body into Cords.
And with prolix strength draw the dull Caytiffe,
Through his slender Optick.

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh —

Foref. A Convulsion in her Arteries!

Corfa. Mercy Heauen!

Foref. Hearke!

As she ascends, the Spheares doe welcome her,
With their owne Musicke. --- Her Soule is gone!
Hah? whether is it gone? O vast suspence!
Madnesse succeeds inquirie. Fooles of Nature!
What Ancestor (that dyde long since) hath brought
Vs newes of his abode! or told vs how
They vse him in the other world? O this.

Recorders: Sadly.

She dies. Still Musicke
aboue.

*Cease
Rec.*

V. Wilde

V, 12
The Cruell Brother.

Wilde mysterie so much concerneth Man:
That we would willingly dismisse suspence
With Eiesight not with consequence.

For he that sees through Faith, but flatters doubt.
Faith's a Perspective; through whose narrow lane;
Little things (far of) seeme so much too great,
Too neere: that what was first vnknowne is more
Estrang'd from knowledge, then it was before.

Yet by the rules of lawfull notion: It
Goes well with her: for she was euer giuen
To prayer: superstitious in humilitie:
And euen vnchristy in her charitie.

She held her Virtues in such high extreames,
That her Diuinity was troublesome.
Grew from a Saint, a holy Cynick. Sleepe heere:
A sacrifice to thy wrong'd Lord: Till I
(Thy Pries't) become an Executioner
To him; who was thy cruell Rauisher. *Exit Foreste.*

Enter Duke, and Castruchio.

Duke. Doth she insist in censure of the act
With such a sterne impatience, and dislike?

Cast. Euen so (Sir) my intelligence imports.
For since her Woman, was dismissed: she sent
A Messenger vnto Lucca; to vrge,
Her Lords returne: whom (by a labor'd consequence)
I doe expect within this Hower. Hee'le choole
To trauaile in the Night for priuacie.

Duke. And I haue sent to stay him there: vntill
A new Commission order his returne.

Cast. Most royall Sir, you then may guesse what frights
Such opposition in these messages
Will nourish in his Heart. And being yong,
He cannot feede on doubts. Hee'le rather thinke
His interest in you his preuledge to erre:
So, slight your Mandate, and come home,

I 2

To

V, III

The Cruell Brother.

To settle his suspence.

Duke. Remorse doth cherish danger! Let me be safe.
Secure me in thy wholesome Art. I would
Expresse my selfe without a Tongue —

Cast. My gracious Lord; my apprehension lies
Not in my Eares but in my Braine. I can
Conceiue without the noyse of words. It shewes
Apparent to my intellect: the Count
Presuming on that free adresse, he still
Hath had vnto your person: will hither bring
Corsea, and *Foreste* to shew the shape,
And quality, of his new sufferance.

Be you within your bed, to free you from
The worlds suspition: whilst I doe place
Behind the Gallery doore (which leads vnto
Your Closset Chappell) such trusty spirits,
As shall dare to thrust their weapons home.

Duke. O quintessence of Soule. I will deuote
My actions wholly to thy vse. Good night.

Cast. May slumber cease vpon your royall Eies
With gentle closure. Know, poore *Foreste*!
The bag that holds my Gall is so immense, *Enter Duke.*
That when I steepe thee in it thou art drown'd.

Duke. *Castruchio*; I haue better thought vpon't.

Cast. My gracious Lord.

Duke. I would not haue thee hurt my Boy vsf him
Kindly for my sake.

Cast. Shall I not strike him heere; betweene the Ribbes?

Duke. Not for the world. Thou dost not know his Soule.
He's of so soft, so sweete a propperie,
That he enchants where he is knowne. Besides,
I finde I am so powerfull o're his youth:
That I shall soone extirpate from his memory
The wrong I did his Wife, and him. As for
Foreste: his experience is of growth
Too stubborne, of practise stiffe; and will not
Be remou'd from his reuenge, by strength of words.

Therefore

The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, let him no mercy feeie: but let;
My Boy be gently vs'd for my sake. Farewell —

Cast. This is a silly kinde of loue!
But let me thinke --- So to contriue this plot:
That *Lothario* may destroy *Foreste*,
And I him to make his silence safe! humh —

Duke. No; it must not be ---

Cast. My royall Lord!

Duke. *Lucio* (my Boy) is not perscrib'd. Take heed
Castruchio! If thou dost extend thy hand:
In motion, boysterous, and rough to him;
Thou dost infect all thy other kindnesse:
And I shall see thee as a Cocatrice:
That will enforce my Optick-nerues to shrinke,
And pull my Eies into my skull. Looke to't:

Cast. Most gracious Sir; were his person bulwark'd
With the Alpes: were he hidden in's owne feare;
He could not be more safe, then you haue made him.

Duke. Once more then good Night.

Cast. A plague vpon this turd' loue. Such thoughts
When first your Blood did make your Vaines to swell
(Like Bridges o're your flesh) had preuented
My employment. Softely, softely.
Feare, and suspition euer walke on Egges.

Enter Foreste, and Seruants with a Light.

Foref. Leau' heere the Light, and goe to Bed. *Exit*
Breake ope the doore, breake ope the doore. *Seruants.*

Foref. Hah! who counsels so vnlawfully? *within cry*

Enter Lucio and Seruants.

Lucio. O *Foreste*! the fatall Houre is come.
Ring out your Bells, vntill they wake the dead.
Let the Drumme murmure in a fable Bagge.
Reuerse your Muskets; and traile your stubborne Pikes

The Cruell Brother.

In slimy Channels. Let Trumpets groane,
And the shrill Ph:ph be hoarce. The fatal Hower,
Is come.

Foref. Why, what's the matter Sir?

Lucio. O my wife! by this she did entreat me *be shewes*
Suddenly, (vpon some vrgent cause) *a Letter.*
To haste from Lucca to her: Iust now;
I lighted from my Horse, enter'd her Chamber:
And found her newly murdered in her Chayre.

My Seruants say that my arriual there,
Did iust succeed your departure from her.

Foref. Dismiss your Seruants, and you shall know all.

Lucio. Hence, and expect me strait at home. *Exennt*

Foref. I pray come hither Sir. -- Doe you dislike *serm.*
That iustice which depriu'd your Wife of breath?

Lucio. Doest thou call it Iustice?

Foref. Yes, in the noblest straine: she was defil'd.
The royall Goate (the *Duke*) hath rauish'd her:

And I (that neuer could admit excuse
In points of honot). (where euer suspicion

Sufficeth to condemne) did summon vp
My memory: wherein the kinde effects,

Of your best loue to vs are registred.
And finding you betray'd in your owne Fort!

I slit her Wrist-vaynes, and gaue perpetuall
Liberty; to her polluted Blood.

Lucio. O Villaine! more bloody then the Tyger;
Whose empty Entrailes noyse, doth (Trumpet like)

Encourage cruelty; Though thou didst slight her
As my poore Wife: yet she might well expect

Some mercy, as being thy owne sister.

Foref. Had she included all propinquity
Of blood; which lawfull Mariage keepeth knowne,

Or promiscuous Copulation, makerh
Intricate: this bare word (Honor) had bin

Enough, t'hane diuorc'd her from my mercy.
Sweete Lord; doe not mistake your Seruant:

Whose

The Cruell Brother.

Whose kindenesse thinks his owne Sister (when defil'd)
Was to base for your vse.

Lucio. A bloody kindnesse to distinguish so.
She was no Adulteresse, but enforc'd. Her thoughts
Were pure: and such a noble sympathy
Indeerd her Soule to mine; that her owne Teares,
Might soone haue wash'd away her Bodys staine,
And she againe seeme cleane. *Corsa!*

O my Wife! my bosome Girle! where art thou?
Speake, no reply? Art thou so much busied
With thy new acquaintance now in Heauen:
That thy poore Lord, may not borrow one word
At parting? Draw, draw ingratefull Monster!
That hast preuented thus our Dialogue.

Foref. Sir, coole your spleene! take breath awhile:
And heare me speake.

Lucio. No false Syren! thou holy Hypocrite!
I know thy tricks too well! Cause I am yong,
Too soft of heart, and apt to-melt
In euery flame of my owne trinitall loue;
Therefore thou thinkst to practise on me now
With subtill phrase. Draw, or else thou dy'st.

Foref. Come -- Let me dye (as she) a sacrifice
To thee my Patron. *offers his naked brest.*

Lucio. A sacrifice to me! O *Foref!*
Why dost thou multiply thy skill. *slings away his Sword.*
To thy friends preiudice? It is not well,
In troth it is not. Imploy thy owne heart:
Thinke vpon'r thy selfe. 'Tis not kindly done:
I should not haue vs'd you thus --

Foref. O my deere Lord! where did I loose your heart?
I am o'recome at these expresions.
I cannot weepe much: yet my Eies are moyst.
O my vnskilfull gratitude! what dire
Mistake, confounds our properties! I kill'd
A Sister, to secure a Friend. 'Twas ill,
'Twas not the right way. A true Romane now,

Would.

The Cruell Brother.

Would walke aside, and with his owne Sword
Dismiss his owne Soule: and not permit
Moysture in youthfull Eies, thus to disgrace
The strength of elder loue. I cannot weepe,
But our diuinity supplies vs with
Discreeter wayes, to make affection knowne;
Enough. I will prefix but one short Houre,
To thinke vpon't. Heere sir. Sheath your good sword,
Till reuenge prooue ripe. And I coniure
By all my Sisters loue to follow me:
In whose behalfe, your iustice may employ
It selfe. Which done, you shall behold my Heart
Without a Perspective.
If it concerneth her; by whom thou dost
Coniure my seruice, I'm bound to follow thee.

Forf. What hoa! *Enter Luinna.*

Luin. My Lord.

Forf. Come Minion, come along with vs, You walke
Vnto the Barre. If triall find thee false;
Thou shalt be scattered into Attomes

Luin. O my deuining Soule! Sure my Sister
Is not safe

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cossimo,
seuerall wayes.*

Cast. Signior Lothario!

Loth. Heere! Signior Cossimo!

Cos. I am heere, Speake low. Cosen *Castruchio.*

Cast. I am heere too. Why are we scattered thus?

Cos. T'is in search of *Borachio*; who fearing
Danger in this action, commits himselfe
Very tamely to his Heeles.

Cast. Let him be damn'd vnthought of. Haue you heard,
Or seene a Passenger.

Cos. No, yet *Lothario* giues me notice:

Of

The Cruell Brother.

Of a noyse farre off: but you know the length
Of an Asses care.

Loth. Passes there (say you) who is't?

Cos. He echoes by mistake. No body: but
My Cousen says he lugges the Asses care,
Speaking of your Man.

Loth. The Butchers dog shall saue him a labor?

Cast. Well Gentlemen, I haue intelligence
(By my Boy) that *Foreste*, and the Count,
Are comming hither. Looke tot. But let the Count
Be safe. You know his voyce *Lothario*?

Loth. Very distinctly.

Cast. Well, any Man (but he) that stirres his Tongue,
Enuities his owne ruine. Giue me your Hands
I'le bring ye to a doore: through which, if they
Doe passe, it must be ouer vs.

Loth. Leauē *Foreste* to my charge for I am
His impediment.

Cos. Softely, softely.

Exeunt Omnes.

The Duke (on his Bed) is drawne forth.

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Forf. Now set we the reflex at liberty. He opens a
Heere let me beg your tariance: till I no darke *Leathorne*.
Resolue a doubt that most concernes my Heart.

Lucio. You shall. But doe not execute reuenge
Vpon the Duke; till my assent encourage thee.

Forf. My actions are confin'd: Vpon, not in
The Bed? Guilt confounds all order, and makes,
Our reit vnnatural. *Mistresse*, stand you there.

He leads Her to stand at the Beds feete.

Duke. Hah! from whence that light! who waites within?
Foreste, is it you? what doe you meane
By this vnciuill visitation?

Forf.

The Cruell Brother.

Foref. I am not so vnthrifty of my time
To ioyne replys, vnto demands, I must
Deprive you of your Soule:

Duke. How? Is this Language lawfull, vnto me
Thy Soueraigne Prince. Did not high-providence,
Treble the assurance of my safety:
By Guards inuisible; when I was first
Prestinate to this supreme function?
And darst thou tempt the strength of Heauen?

Foref. I knowe were a prophane curiosity
In me, to question the prerogatives
Of a free Prince. For ignorance; and a dull,
Easie faith; must flatter bondage still.
Or Libertie (th'eldest Child of Nature)
Confounds predominance, by saing for
Equalitie amongst the Sonnes of Men:
And so renokes a Chaos.

Duke. Which soone returns: vnlesse distinction
Perswade thee fixe my Royalty, aboue
Thy reach: that art my naturall Subiect.

Foref. Enough false Sir. Warne not the ayre with words.
Be still, or I conclude ye in a trice,
And now requite the Leaseure, I permit
For prayer: by a true reply to what
I shall demand.

Duke. I will.
Foref. Looke on your opposite.
Did you euer make her an Adulteresse?
Speake truth; so come your Soule to Heauen.

Duke. Neuer. So come my Soule to Heauen, as I
Speake truth.
Foref. O Sir!
Take heede the Periuurer hath little hope
On the last day, to hide himselfe i'th' Crowde.
He is a sinner much too eminent.

But what meant that Jewell which you gaue her;
And which she conceald; till its owne lustre

Did

The Cruell Brother.

Did betray it?

Duke. I gaue it to disguise the cause, for which
I sent the other vnto *Corfa*.

Lucio. That name will prick my fury on: although
I striue to be propitious.

Foref. I know *Luinna*, thou art mercifull;
Forgiue me gentle Girl. It was the first
Bargaine we did make i'th' Church, to Share
In sufferance.

Luin. And 'tis my duty Sir, to be most prompt
In the obseruance.

Foref. My Lord

Lucio. A rude summons, that calls me as a Iudge,
To censure on the errors of my Prince.

Duke. What, Is he there too? O killing obiekt!

Foref. Behold (yong Lord) the cruell Rauisher,
Whom Time himselfe shall neuer parallell,
Though he suruay his old Records, and scratch
His reuerend Head to waken memory.

Lucio. O horror! furnish vs (sweet Heauen) with some
Instinct. Inspire remorse: or we accuse
Thy skilfulnesse to predestine vs a Prince:
Murdring, whom thou didst annoint our Soueraigne.

Foref. My heart swells: I'm full of griefe; and danger.
Some Iron Hoopes to helpe my Ribbes, or I shall burit.

Duke. The cause deserues great alteration:
More then mortallity can see; and yet

Be safe: I wonder Heauen takes so little
Notice of it. I am not findg'd to death
With Lightning; Like the Dorr: nor mured through
The Eare with thunder; like a Batt. O *Lucio*!
Minde not my former loue: but strike, vntill
I groane my last.

Lucio. *Forefe* sheath thy sword. It must not be.
He was our Royall Master once, and might
In modesty compare himselfe; with all
Best Princess; whom Fame referes as Paternes.

K 2

For

V, VI

The Cruell Brother.

For my sake sheath your Sword.

Duke. O I shall suruive my Royall Charter?
My creature is more beautifull then I:
More wealthy in his lone.

Foref. For my owne part, I will annihilate
My selfe: for should I liue, I should grow madder.
But I am bound to care for you (my Lord):
Take heede! I know the tricks of Maieftie.
They thinke they cannot be secure after
Doing ill; but by doing worse: that is,
By killing quite, whom erst they did but wound.

Lucio. And that's the surgery, which I desire.
I will endure all. O my Lord, my Lord,
I will not bid Posterity tell tales: nor charge
Historians to insert in Annalls:
On such a Night a great Italian Duke,
Rauish'd his Creature *Lucio's Wife: Sister*
To *Foreste*, his actiue Councillor.

Foref. *Lucio*, compos'd of such an humble loue:
That to secure his Masters feete, would spread,
And scatter all his Limmes, for him to walke vpon.

Lucio. And *Foreste*, whose industry, and care
Outwatch'd *Leane*-vigilance, till she grew mad.
But come, Let's leaue him to contriue our deaths.
My Heart so fills my mouth, I cannot speake.

Duke. *Lucio* stay, *Foreste* stay awhile.
Leaue me not thus anatomiz'd with breath. *He riseth*
Disse& me really with your good Swords. *from the Bed.*
Behold my Breast, take out my Heart: and if
You finde your figures there, then vsf my Fame
With Mercy.

Lucio. *Foreste* come away.
Foref. Make hast *Luinna*.
Luin. I am wak'd out of a strange amazement.

Exeunt Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Duke. Hide me swelling Hills! rough, and scabbed Rocks,
Ye Quarries cleaue, and sucke me in, then ioyn

Againe.

The Cruell Brother.

Againe. Would it not make a Patriarke mad?
O who shall bribe the Sunne, that in the day
Of generall accompts: he may auouch
He neuer saw me heere. Hah! false Memory!
I forgot to tell 'em of *Castruchio*.
Tis best to o'retake 'em. I cannot guesse
Which way they went:

Exit the other way.

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cosimo.

Cast. Hell, and the Pillary take such dull Eares.
It cannot be, but they haue pass'd the Cloysters,
And e're this, with helpe of priuate Keyes,
Entred the Dukes Bedchamber.

Loth. Those were Authors of that noyse, I spoke of.
Cast. The very same. A pox vpon demurres.
Cos. Will you lead the way, that we may hearken
If they be there, or no. *enter Duke.*

Duke. If I should come too late? —
Loth. That's none of the Counts voyce. Haue at ye fir.
Duke. O, O, O, I am surpriz'd in my owne snare.
Cast. It is *Foreste* sure. Let's make safe worke
Kill *Lothario*, lay him by him, and depart.

Cos. A match.
Loth. O Villaines, O, O, O. *Lothario diet.*

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Foref. What noyse is that?
Cast. Another *Foreste*.
Lucio. My Royall Master bleeding on the Ground:
O murderous Villaines:

Luin. Murder, murder. Helpe! oh helpe! *Exit*
Lucio fights with Cossimo, Foreste with Castruchio.
Foref. The *Duke* my Soueraigne slaine, and *Lucio*
Bleeding at his feete. Villaine take this thrust.

K 3

Ac.

The Cruell Brother.

At my owne preiudice.

Lucio. I am foyld by a base hand.

Cast. Flie *Cosimo*, flie.

Exeunt Cast. and Cos. 25

Foref. Some comfort yet remaines: in that I am,
Proscrib'd to share in thy fate, though it be bad.
I loose much blood. O triuiall fortitude,

False Sinnewes, doe you begin to shrinke? *He falls downe.*

Duke. *Lucio*, Let my Soule, cary your pardon

With her vnto Heauen; and yours *Forefste.*

This stratagem was mine, but the successe,

Was much against my will.

Lucio. Sir, I forgine you all.

Foref. Nay let vs ioyne Hands. — We doe forgine

Each other, and the World. The like mercy

May Heauen bestow on vs.

Duke. Amen, Amen.

Lucio. Amen, Amen.

Foref. There his heartstrings broke. *Lucio* (my Patron)

Already Chapfalne to: that sight deserues a Teare:

Though I should stabb my Eies to warrant it.

Enter Dorido, Luinna, Courtiers with Light:

Cast. *Luinnio*: and *Cosimo*: led in.

Dor. Bring the slaues in, their deeds will soone conuince
Their faint deniall, where did you leaue'em Lady?

Luin. Here, here, O my Lord, my Lord.

Foref. I haue not breath enough to comfort thee.

With words, mercy Heauen.

Luin. O my Lord? my Husband He's dead, he's dead.

Dor. Hold the Lady there: O dire spectacle.

the *Duke*, *Lucio*, *Forefste*, and *Lothario*:

Lye here breathlesse. I did suspect some blacke

Conspiracy. Which made me haunt them two

Vnto the Pallace, but I did loose'em

By the Chappell staires; bloody dogs, what Deuill

Prompted thee to this action.

Cast.

The Cruell Brother.

Cast. I hope, I'ue not so much Blood left, as will preferus
Me for an answere.

Cos. I feele my end to neere. (there

Dor. Take em away, and close their wounds, though
Be some mercy shewne, by thus deferring

That reward which your blacke soules shall receaue
In Hell. Yet know the Law will heere on Earth

Prouide such tortures as shall make your deaths
Exemplary to all succeeding times. — *exeunt some with*

Gentlemen, your silence may be excus'd. *Cast. and Cos.*

Where, theres so much cause of admiration.

Some helpe transfer the dead from hence, others

Call vp the Councillors of state.

So intricate is Heauens reuenge gainst lust.

The righteous suffer here, with the vniust.

Exeunt omnes.

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