



~~TREASURE ROOM~~

Accessions

151. 640

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Thomas Pennant, Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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Perfect, but a few lines in the lower margin are slightly cut. The leaf, containing the commendatory verses by W. B. (perhaps W. Basse) is, I suspect, peculiar to this copy. They are not noticed by Gifford.



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THE DVKE OF MILLAINE.

A TRAGÆDIE.

As it hath beene often acted by his Maiesties
seruants, at the blacke Friers.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER *Gent.*



LONDON

Printed by B. A. for Edward Blackmore, and are
to be sold at his shop at the great Soules
doore of Pauls. 1623.

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May 1873



TO THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE AND MUCH
ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH

BIRTH, BUT MORE ADMIR-
red for her vertue, the Lady KATHE-

RINE STANHOPE, wife to

PHILIP Lord STANHOP,

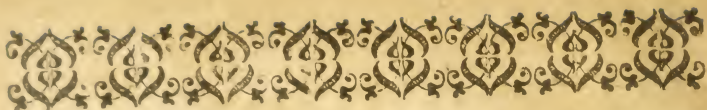
Baron of Skelford.



ADAM: *If I were not most assured that workes of this nature, hath found both patronage, and protection, amongst the greatest Princesses of Italie, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdome, I should not presume to offer this my weake, and imperfect labours, at the altar of your fauour, let the example of others more knowing, and more experienced in this kind (if my boldnesse offend) pleade my pardon, and the rather since there is no other meanes left mee (my misfortunes hauing cast me on this course, to publish to the world, if it hold the least good opinion of mee) that I am euer your Ladyships creature vouchsafe therefore with the neuer fayling clemency, of Your Noble disposition, not to contemne the tender of his duty, who while hee is, will euer bee.*

An humble seruant to your
Ladyship, and yours.

PHILIP MESSENGER:



THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

Ludouico Sforza. *a supposed Duke of Millaine.*

Signior Francisco. *his especial favorite.*

Tiberio. }
Stephano. } *two Lords of his Counsell.*

Pescara, *a Marquesse, and friend to Sforza.*

Graccho. *a creature of Mariana sister to Sforza.*

Charles *the Emperour.*

Hernando }
Medina } *Captaines to the Emperour.*

Marcelia. *the Dutches wife to Sforza.*

Ifabella. *mother to Sforza.*

Mariana. *wife to Francisco, and sister to Sforza.*

Eugenia. *sister to Francisco.*

2. *Posts.*

A Beadle.

Waiters.

Mutes.



VPON THIS WORKE OF HIS
beloued friend the AVTHOR.

I Am snap't already, and way goe my way;
The Poet-Critick's come; I heare him say,
This YOUTH's mistooke, The AVTHOR'S WORKE'S a PLAY.

*He could not misse it; he will strait appeare
At such a baite; 'Twas laid on purpose there
To take the vermine, and I haue him here.*

*Sirra, you wilbe nibling; a small bitt,
(a silable) when yo' are i' the hungry fit,
Will serue to stay the stomacke of your witt.*

*Foole; Knaue; what's worse? for worse cannot depraue
And were the diuell now instantly to haue thee, (thee.
Thou canst not instance such a worke to saue thee.*

*'Monest all the ballets which thou dost compose,
And what thou stil'st thy Poems, ill as those,
And void of rime, and reason, thy worse Prose.*

*Yet like a rude Iack-sauce in Poetic,
With thouches vnblest, and hand vnmanerly,
Rauishing branches from Apoll'os tree.*

*Thou mak'st a garland (for thy touch vnfit)
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sence with it,
As if it were the Supreme Head of wit.*

*The blameles Muses blush; who not allow
Thy reuerend Order, to each vulgar brow,
whose sinfull touch prophanes the holy Bough.*

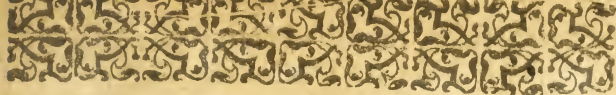
*Hence (shallow Prophet) and admire the straine
Of thine owne Pen, or thy poore Copesinat's wine.
This PIECE too curious is, for thy course braine.*

*Here witt (more fortunate) is ioynd with Art,
And that most sacred Frenzie beares a part
Infus'd by Nature in the Poet's heart.*

*Here, may the Puny-wits themselues direct,
Here, may the Wilest find what to affect;
And Kings may learne their proper Dialect.*

*On then, deare friend, Thy Pen thy Name shall spread;
And should'st thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
Thy Muse must labour, when thy Hand is dead.*

W. B.



THE DUKE OF
MILLAINE.

Act. Prim. Scæ. Pri.

Graccho, Ionio, Giouanni, with Flagon.

Gra. TAKE euery man his flagon : giue the oath
To al you meet: I am this day, the state drun-
(I am sure against my will) And if you finde (kard;
A man at ten, that's sober, hee's a Traitor,
And in my name arrest him.

Io. Very good Sir :

But say hee be a Sexton ?

Gra. If the bells,
Ring out of tune , as if the street were burning,
And he cry 'tis rare Musicke : bid him sleepe ,
'Tis a signe he has tooke his liquour; And if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Voulesse he read it in *Geneua* print,
Lay him by the heeles.

Io. But thinke you tis a fault
To be found sober ?

Gra. It is Capitall Treason,
Or if you Mittigate it, Let such pay
Fortie Crownes to the poore ; But giue a pention
To all the magistrates , you find singing catches,
Or their Wiues dauncing ; For the Courtiers reeling,
And the *Duke* himselfe , (I dare not say distemperd,
But kind, and in his tottering chaire carousing)
They doe the countrie seruice. If you meet,
One that eates bread , a child of Ignorance,

The Duke of Millaine.

In the true posture, though he die in the taking
His drench, it skilles not: What's a priuate man
For the publike honour? we haue nought else to thinke
And so deere friends, copartners in my trauailes (on.
Drinke hard; and let the health run through the City,
Vntill it reele againe: and with me crie:

Long liue the *Dutches*. *Enter Tiberio, Stephano.*

Io. Heere are two Lords; what thinke you?
Shall we giue the oath to them?

Gra. Fie, no: I know them,
You neede not sweare 'em; your *Lord*, by his patten
Stands bound to take his rouse. Long liue the *Dutches*.

Exit Gra. Io.

Step. The cause of this. But yesterday the court,
Wore the sad liuerie of distrust, and feare;
No smile, not in a buffon to bee seene,
Or common iester; The great *Duke* himselte,
Had sorrow in his face: which waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest *Dutches*,
Dispers'd a silent mourning through all *Millaine*:
As if some great blow had been giuen the State,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,

I know, as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets, of more weight,
Then now I shall deliuer. If that *Sforza*,
The present *Duke*, (though his whole life hath beene,
But one continued pilgrimage, through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors: which, his Fortune, guided
By his strong Iudgement, still hath ouercome)
Appeares now shaken, it deserues no wonder.
All that his youth hath laboured for: the haruest
Sowen by his industry, readie to be reap'd, to,
Being now at stake; And all his hopes confirmd,
Or lost for euer.

Step. I know no such hazard:

The Duke of Millaine.

The people well affected; And so wisely
His prouident care hath wrought: that though warre
In most parts of our westerne world, there is (rages
No enimic neere vs.

Tib. Dangers that we see
To threaten ruine. are with ease preuented:
But those strike deadly, that come vnexpected;
The lightning is farre off: yet soone as seene,
We may behold the terrible effects,
That it produceth. But Ile helpe your knowledge,
And make his cause of feare familiar to you.
The warre so long continued betweene
The Emperour *Charles*, and *Francis* the French King:
Haue interress'd in eithers cause, the most
Of the *Italian Princes*: Among which *Sforza*,
As one of greatest power, was fought by both,
But with assurance hauing one his friend,
The other liu'd his enimic.

Step. Tis true,
And 'twas a doubtfull choice.

Tib. But hee, well knowing,
And hauing too, (it seemes) the *Spanish* pride,
Lent his assistance to the King of *France*:
Which hath so farre incens'd the *Emperor*,
That all his hopes, and honours are embark'd,
With his great Patrons Fortune.

Step. Which stands faire,
For ought I yet can heare.

Tib. But should it change,
The *Duke's* vndon. They haue drawne to the field
Two royall armies, full of fierie youth,
Of equall spirit to dare, and power to doe:
So neere entrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope,
Of humane counsell, they can er'e be seuerd,
Vntill it be determin'd by the sword,
Who hath the better cause. For the successe,

The Duke of Millaine.

Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How vncertaine,
The Fortune of the warre is, children know;
And, it being in suspence, on whose faire Tent,
Win'gd victory wil make her glorious stand;
You cannot blame the *Duke*, though he appeare,
Perplex'd, and troubled.

Step. But why then,
In such a time when euery knee should bend,
For the successe, and safetie of his person,
Are these lowd triumphs? In my weake opinion,
They are vnseasonable.

Tib. I iudge so too;
But onely in the cause to be excus'd.
It is the *Dutchesse* Birth-day: once a yeere
Solemniz'd, with all pompe, and ceremony:
In which, the *Duke* is not his owne, but hers:
Nay, euery day indeed, he is her creature,
For neuer man so doted; But to tell
The tenth part of his fondnesse, to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

Step. She's indeed,
A Lady of most exquisite forme.

Tib. She knowes it,
And how to prize it.

Step. I ne're heard her tainted,
In any point of honour.

Tib. On my life,
Shee's constant to his bed, and well deserues
His largest Fauours. But when beauty is
Stampt on great women, great in birth, and fortune,
And blowne by flatterers greater then it is,
'Tis seldome vnaccompanied with pride;
Nor is shee, that way free. Presuming on
The *Dukes* affection, and her owne Desert,
Shee beares her selfe with such a Maiestie.

The Duke of Millaine.

Looking with scorne on all, as things beneath her :
That *Sforzas* mother, (that would loose no part
Of what, was once her owne) : Nor his faire Sister,
(A Lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brooke it well ; And howsoer'e, their hate,
Is smother'd for a time, 'Tis more then feard,
It will at length breake out.

Step. Hee, in whose power 'tis,
Turne all to the best.

Tib. Come, let vs to the Court,
We there shall see, all brauery, and cost,
That art can boast of.

Exeunt.

Step. Ile beare you company.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Marianna,

Ma. I will not goe, I scorne to be a spot
In her proud traine.

Isa. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to waite on her,
That owes me duty ?

Fra. 'Tis done to the *Duke*,
And not to her. And my sweet wife remember,
And Madam, if you please receiue my counsell,
As *Sforza* is your sonne, you may command him,
And as a sister you may challenge from him,
A brothers loue, and Fauour : But this graunted,
Consider hee's the *Prince*, and you, his Subiects,
And not to question, or contend with her,
Whom hee is pleas'd to honour ; Priuate men
Preferre their wiues : and shall hee being a *Prince*,
And blest with one that is the *Paradise*
Of sweetnesse, and of beauty, to whose charge,
The stocke of womens goodnesse is giuen vp,
Not vse her, like her selfe ?

Isa. You are euer forward,
To sing her praises

Ma. Others are as faire

The Duke of Millaine.

I am sure as noble.

Fra. I detract from none,
In giuing her, what's due. Were she defor'nd,
Yet being the *Dutches*, I stand bound to serue her,
But as she is, to admire her. Neuer wife,
Met with a purer heate her husbands seruor;
A happie paire, one in the other blest:
She confident in her selfe, hee's wholly hers,
And cannot seeke for change: and he secure
That tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore, to contest with her that is
The stronger, and the better part of him,
Is more then folly; You know him of a nature,
Not to be play'd with: and should you forget
To obey him as your *Prince*, hee'le not remember,
The dutie that he owes you.

Isa. Tis but trueth:

Come cleere our browes, and let vs to the banquet,
But not to serue his Idoll.

Ma. I shall doe,
What may become the sister of a *Prince*,
But will not stoope, beneath it.

Fra. Yet be wise,
Sore not too high to fall, but stoope to rise. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen setting forth a banquet.

1. *Ge.* Quicke quicke for loues sake, let the court put
Her choicest outside: Cost, and brauerie (on
Be onely thought of.

2. *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the eare, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.

3. *Gen.* Ther's a Masque,
Haue you heard what's the inuention?

1. *Gent.* No matter,
It is intended for the *Dutches* honour:
And if it giue her glorious attributes,

As the most faire, most vertuous, and the best,
'Twill please the Duke. They come.

3. *Gent.* All is in order.

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcelia,
Isabella, Mariana, attendants*

Sfo. You are the Mistris of the feast, sit heere;
O my soules comfort: And when *Sforzi* bowes
Thus low to doe you honour, let none thinke
The meanest seruice they can pay my loue,
But as a faire addition to those tytles,
They stand possess of. Let me glory in
My happinesse, and mightie Kings looke pale
With enuie, while I triumph in mine owne.
O mother looke on her, sister admire her:
And since this present age yeelds not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past: and let imagination helpe
Of those canoniz'd Ladies *sparta* boasts of,
And, in her greatnesse, *Rome* was proud to owe
To fashion: and yet still you must confesse,
The *Phenix* of perfection ner'e was seene,
But in my faire *Marcelia*.

Fra. She's indeede
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your excellence,
(Though I confesse you giue her but her owne)
Forces her modestie to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfo. It neede not my *Marcelia*;
When most I striue to praile thee, I appeare
A poore detractor: For thou art indeed
So absolute in bodie, and in minde,
That, but to speake the least part to the height,
Would aske an Angels tongue: and yet then end
In silent admiration!

Isab. You still court her,

As if she were a Mistris, not your wife.

Sfo. A Mistris mother? she is more to me,
And euery day, deserues more to be su'de too.
Such as are cloyd with those they haue embrac'd,
May thinke their wooing done: No night to mee,
But is a brydall one, where *Himen* lights
His torches fresh, and new: And those delights,
Which are not to be cloth'd in ayrie sounds,
Inioyd, beget desires, as full of heat,
And Iouiall feruor, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit; Blest night, and be it numbred
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was by the full consent of all the Starrs,
Confer'd vpon mankind.

Marc. My worthiest Lord,
The onely obiect I behold with pleasure:
My pride, my glory, in a word my all;
Beare witnessse *Heauen*, that I esteeme my selfe
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise,
You can bestow, vnlesse it be in this,
That in my heart I loue, and honor you.
And but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speake my strong desire, and zeale to serue you:
I then could say, these eyes yet neuer saw
The rising Sun, but that my vowes, and prayers,
Were sent to Heauen, for the prosperitie
And safety of my Lord; Nor haue I euer
Had other studie, but how to appeare
Worthy your fauour: and that my embraces,
Might yeeld a fruitfull Haruest of content,
For all your noble trauaile, in the purchase,
Offer, that's still your seruant; By these lips,
(Which pardon mee, that I presume to kisse)

Sfo. O sweare, for euer sweare.

Marc. I ne're will seeke
Delight, but in your pleasure: and desire,

When you are seated with all Earthly glories,
And age, and honours make you fit for Heauen,
That one Graue may receiue vs.

Sf. 'Tis belieu'd,
Belieu'd, my blest One.

Mars. How she winds her selfe
Into his Soule!

Sf. Sit all: Let others feed
On those grosse Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
Immortall Viands, tane in at his Eyes.

I could liue euer thus. Command the Eunuch
To sing the Dittie that I last compos'd,
In prayse of my *Marcellia*, From whence?

Ent. Post

Post. From *Panic*, my dread Lord.

Sf. Speake, is all lost?

Post. The Letter will informe you.

Fran. How his Hand shakes,
As he receiues it?

Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.

Sf. Though it bring death, ile read it.

May it please your Excellence to vnderstand, that the ve-
rie houre I wrot this, I heard a bold defiance deliuered by a
Herald from the Emperour, which was chearefully receiu'd
by the King of France. The battailes being readie to ioyne,
and the Vantguard committed to my charge, inforces me
to end abruptly.

Your Highnesse humble Seruant,

Gaspero.

Readie to ioyne, By this, then I am nothing,
Or my Estate secure.

Marc. My Lord.

Sf. To doubt,

Is worse then to haue lost: And to despaire,
Is but to antidate those miseries,

That must fall on vs. All my hopes depending
Vpon this battailes fortune; In my Soule
Me thinks there should be that Imperious power,
By supernaturall, not vsuall meanes,
T'informe me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I feare? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their counsels wise :
But then, the haughtie Spaniard is all Fire,
Hot in his executions; Fortunate
In his attempts; Married to victorie :
I, there it is that shakes me.

Franc. Excellent Lady :

This day was dedicated to your Honor :
One gale of your sweet breath will easly
Disperse these Clouds : And, but your selfe, ther's none
That dare speake to him.

Marc. I will run the hazard.

My Lord ?

Sf. Ha : Pardon me *Marcellia*, I am troubled ;
And stand vncertaine, whether I am Master
Of ought that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours Sir ;

And I haue heard you sweare, I being safe,
There was no losse could moue you. This day Sir,
Is by your guift made mine : Can you reuoke
A Grant made to *Marcellia*? Your *Marcellia*?
For whose loue, nay, whose honour (gentle Sir)
All deepe designs, and State affaires deser'd :
Be, as you purpos'd, merrie.

Sf. Out of my sight,

And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of Fate ;
Though the Foundation of the Earth should shrinke,
The glorions Eye of Heauen loose his Splendor :
Supported thus, I'll stand vpon the ruins,

And

The Duke of Millaine.

And seeke for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports? By Heauen he's not my friend,
That weares one Furrow in his Face. I was told
There was a Masque.

Franc. They waite your Highnesse pleasure,
And when you please to haue it.

Sf. Bid 'em enter:

Come, make me happie once againe. I am rap't,
'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next,
But all my dayes, and yeeres shall be employed
To doe thee honour.

Marc. And my life to serue you.

A Horne.

Franc. Another Post? Goe hang him, hang him I say,
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my Head:
Hang him I say.

Marc. Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd,
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knowes, but he brings newes, we wish to heare,
To heighten our delights.

Sf. As wise as faire.

Ent. another Post.

From *Gaspero*?

Post. That was, my Lord.

Sf. How, dead?

Post. With the deliuerie of this, and prayers,
To guard your Excellencie from certaine dangers,
He ceast to be a Man.

Sf. All that my feares
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish
Is false vpon me. Silence, that harsh musicke,
'Tis now vnseasonable; A tolling Bell,
As a sad Harbinger to tell me, that,
This pamper'd lump of Flesh, must feast the Wormes.
'Tis fitter for me, I am sick.

Marc. My Lord.

Sf. Sick to the death, *Marcellia*, Remoue
These signes of mirth, they were ominous, and but vs herd
Sorrow and ruine.

Marc. Blesse vs Heauen!

Isab. My Sonne.

Marc. What suddaine change is this?

Sf. All leaue the roome;

Ile beare alone the burthen of my grieffe,

And must admit no partner. I am yet

Your Prince, wher's your obedience? Stay *Marcellia* :

I cannot be so greedie of a sorrow,

In which you must not share.

Marc. And chearefully,

I will sustaine my part. Why looke you pale?

Where is that wonted constancie, and courage,

That dar'd the worst of Fortune? Where is *Sforza*?

To whom all dangers that fright common men,

Appear'd but *Panicque* terrors? Why doe you eye me

With such fix'd lookes? Loue, counsell, dutie, seruice,

May flow from me, not danger.

Sf. O *Marcellia*!

It is for thee I feare: For thee, thy *Sforza*

Shakes like a coward; For my selfe, vnrou'd:

I could haue heard my troupes were cut in peeces,

My Generall slaine; And he, on whom my hopes

Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their dependance;

The King of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner

To so proud enemies.

Marc. Then you haue iust cause

To show you are a Man.

Sf. All this were nothing,

Though I ad to it, that I am assur'd

For giuing ayd to this vnfortunate King,

The Emperour incenc'd, layes his command

On his victorious Army, flesh'd with spoyle,

And bold of conquest, to march vp against me,
 And sease on my Estates : Suppose that done too,
 The Citie tane, the Kennels running blood,
 The ranfack'd Temples, falling on their Saints :
 My Mother in my sight, tofs'd on their Pikes,
 And Sister rauish'd : And my selfe bound fast
 In Chaines, to grace their Triumph : Or what else,
 An Enemies insolence could load me with,
 I would be *Sforza* still ; But when I thinke,
 That my *Marcellia* (to whom, all these
 Are but as Atomes to the greatest Hill)
 Must suffer in my cause : And for me suffer
 All Earthly torments ; Nay, euen those the dama'd
 Houle for in Hell, are gentle strokes, compar'd
 To what I feele *Marcellia*.

Marc. Good Sir, haue patience :
 I can as well partake your aduerse fortune,
 As I thus long haue had an ample share,
 In your prosperitie. Tis not in the power
 Of Fate to alter me : For while I am,
 In spight of't, I am yours.

Sf. But should that will
 To be so forc'd *Marcellia* ? And I liue
 To see those Eyes I prize aboue mine owne,
 Dart fauours (though compel'd) vpon another ?
 Or those sweet Lips (yeelding Immortall Nectar)
 Be gently touch'd by any but my selfe ?
 Thinke, thinke *Marcellia*, what a cursed thing
 I were, beyond expression.

Marc. Doe not feed
 Those iealous thoughts ; The only blessing that
 Heauen hath bestow'd on vs, more then on beasts,
 Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to dye.
 Besides, were I now in anothers power,
 There are so many wayes to let out life,

I would not liue, for one short minute, his;
I was borne only yours, and I will dye so.

Sf. Angels reward the goodnesse of this Woman :
All I can pay is nothing, Why vncall'd for?) *Ent. Francis.*

Franc. It is of waight, Sir, that makes me thus presse
Vpon your priuacies. Your constant friend
The Marquisse of Pescara, tyr'd with hast,
Hath businesse that concernes your life and fortunes,
And with speed to impart.

Sf. Waite on him hether; *Ex. Francis.*
And deereft to thy Closet : Let thy prayers
Assist my counsels.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against my selfe ; without you I am nothing. *Ex. Marc.*

Sf. The Marquisse of Pescara; A great Souldior ;
And though he seru'd vpon the aduerse partie,
Euer my constant friend.

Enter Francisco, Pescara.

Franc. Yonder he walkes,
Full of sad thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not good *Francisco*,
He hath much cause to grieue : Would I might end so,
And not ad this, to feare.

Sf. My deere *Pescara* :
A miracle in these times, a friend and happie,
Cleaves to a falling fortune.

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weake power, in act to raise it,
As 'tis to beare a part of sorrow with you ;
You then should haue iust cause to say, *Pescara*
Look'd not vpon your State, but on your Vertues,
When he made suit to be writ in the List
Of those you fauord. But my hast forbids
All complement. Thus then, Sir, to the purpose.
The cause that vpattended brought me hether,

Was

The Duke of Millaine.

Was not to tell you of your losse, or danger;
For Fame hath many Wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you haue heard it: But to giue you such,
Such friendly counsell, as perhaps may make
Your sad disaster, lesse.

Sf. You are all goodnesse,
And I giue vp my selfe to be dispos'd of,
As in your wisdome you thinke fit.

Pesc. Thus then, Sir.

To hope you can hold out against the Emperor;
Were flatterie in your selfe, to your vndooing;
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to giue vp your selfe to his discretion,
Before you be compeld. For rest assur'd,
A voluntarie yeelding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least excuse:
But should you linger doubtfull, till his Powers
Haue seas'd your Person, and Estates perforce,
You must expect extreames.

Sf. I vnderstand you,
And I will put your counsell into act;
And speedilie; I only will take order
For some Domesticall affaires, that doe
Concerne me neerely, and with the next Sun
Ride with you; In the meane time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I haue trauaild hard,
And will embrace your counsell.

Ex. Pescara.

Sf. With all care,
Attend my Noble friend. Stay you, *Francisco*,
You see how things stand with me?

Franc. To my grieue:
And if the losse of my poore life could be
A Sacrifice, to restore them, as they were,
I willingly would lay it downe.

Sf. I think so :

For I haue euer found you true, and thankful,
Which makes me loue the building I haue rays'd,
In your aduancement : And repent no grace,
I haue conferr'd vpon you : And belecue me,
Though now I should repeate my fauours to you,
The Titles I haue ginen you, and the meanes
Sutable to your Honours, that I thought you
Worthy my Sister, and my Family,
And in my Dukedome made you next my selfe :
It is not to vpbraid you : But to tell you
I find you are worthy of them in your loue,
And seruice to me.

Franc. Sir, I am your Creature :
And any shape, that you would haue me weare,
I gladly will put on.

Sf. Thus, then *Francisco* ;
I now am to deliuer to your trust,
A weightie secret : Of so strange a nature,
And 'twill I know appeare so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortur'd, to command it :
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that but to heare it,
Would strike into a Ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate Hang-man, soft compassion ;
And yet *Francisco* (of all Men the deereft,
And from me most deseruing) such my state,
And strange condition is, that thou alone,
Must know the fatall seruice, and performe it.

Franc. These preparations, Sir, to worke a stranger,
Or to one, vnacquainted with your bounties,
Might appeare vsfull : But to me, they are
Needlesse impertinances : For, I dare doe,
What e're you dare command.

Sf. But thou must sweare it,

And

The Duke of Millaine.

And put into thy Oath, all ioyes, or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirme the good :
Not to conceale it only, that is nothing ;
But whensoe're my will shall speake, strike now :
To fall vpon't like Thunder.

Franc. Minister

The Oath, in any way, or forme you please,
I stand resolu'd to take it.

Sf. Thou must doe then,
What no maleuolent Star will dare to looke on,
It is so wicked : For which, Men will curse thee,
For being the Instrument: And the blest Angels,
For sake me at my need, for being the Author :
For 'tis a deed of Night, of Night *Francisco*,
In which the memorie of all good Actions,
We can pretend too, shall be buried quick ;
Or if we be remembred, it shall be
To fright posteritie, by our example :
That haue out-gone all presidents of Villaines,
That were before vs : And such as succeed,
Though taught in hels black schoole, shal ne're com nere vs.
Art thou not shaken yet ?

Franc. I grant you moue me:
But to a Man confirm'd ;

Sf. Ile try your temper :
What thinke you of my Wife?

Franc. As a thing Sacred:
To whose faire Name, and memorie, I pay gladly
These signes of dutie.

Sf. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish't in Woman?

Franc. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose Sir.

Sf. Ad to her goodnesse,
Her tenderesse of me, Her care to please me,

Her vn suspected chastity, nere equall'd :
Her Innocence, her honor : O I am lost
In the Ocean of her vertues, and her graces,
When I thinke of them.

Fran. Now I finde the end
Of all your coniurations : there's some seruice
To be done for this sweet Lady ; If she haue enemies
That she would haue remou'd ?

Sf. Alas *Francisco*,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest loue,
Yet in that hatred, her Idolater.
One smile of hers would make a sauage tame ;
One accent of that tongue would calme the Seas ,
Though all the windes at once stroue there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present iourney,
(From whence it is all number to a cypher,
I ner'e returne with honor) by thy hand
Must haue her murdered.

Fra. Murder'd ? Shee that loues so,
And so deserues to be belou'd againe ?
And I, (who sometimes you were pleas'd to fauor)
Pick'd out the instrument ?

Sf. Doe not flye off :
What is decreed, can neuer be recal'd ;
'Tis more than loue to her, that marks her out,
A wish'd companion to me, in both fortunes :
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith',
That giues vp to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not haue forc'd from me. O *Francisco* :
There is no heauen without her : nor a hell,
Where she recides. I aske from her but iustice,
And what I would haue payd to her: had sicknesse,
Or any other accident diuorc'd,
Her purer soule, from her vnspotted body.

The Duke of Millaine.

The slavish Indian Princes when they dye
Are cheerefully attended to the fire,
By the wife, and slaue, that liuing they lou'd best,
To doe them seruice in another world:
Nor will I be lesse honor'd, that loue more,
And therefore trifle not, but in thy lookes,
Expresse a ready purpose to performe,
What I command, or by *Marcelias* soule,
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. 'Tis not feare
Of death, but loue to you, makes me embrace it;
But for mine owne security when 'tis done,
What warrant haue I? If you please to signe one,
I shall, though with vnwillingnesse and horror,
Perform your dreadfull charge.

Sf. I will *Francisco*;
But still remember, that a Princes secrets
Are balme, conceal'd: but poyson, if discover'd.
I may come backe; then this is but a tryall,
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A neerer place in my affection; but
I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a Character
I will not part with.

Sf. I may liue to reward it.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUN. SCÆ PRIMA.

Tiberio, Stephano.

Ste. How? left the Court?

Tib. Without guard or retinuc
Fitting a Prince.

Ste. No enemy neere, to force him?
To leaue his owne strengths, yet deliuer vp

Himselfe, as 'twere in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him? 'Tis beyond example:
You neuer heard the motiues that induc't him,
To this strange course?

Tib. No, those are Cabinet counsels,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his owne, and sure; Alas,
We fill vp empty places, and in publique,
Are taught to giue our suffrages to that,
Which was before determin'd: And are safe so;
Signiour *Francisco* (vpon whom alone
His absolute power is with al strength confer'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolu'e you.
To me, they are Riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be,
My *Oedipus*, Ile rather dwell in darkenesse.
But my good Lord *Tiberio*, This *Francisco*,
Is, on the suddaine, strangely rays'd.

Tib. O Sir,
He tooke the thryuing course: He had a Sister,
A faire one too; With whom (as it is rumor'd)
The Duke was too familiar; But she cast off,
(What promises soeuer past betweene them)
Vpon the sight of this, forsooke the Court,
And since was neuer seene; To smother this,
(As Honors neuer faile to purchase silence)
Francisco first was grac'd, and step by step,
Is rais'd vp to this height.

Steph. But how is his absence borne?

Tib. Sadly, it seemes
By the Dutches: For since he left the Court,
For the most part, she hath kept her priuate Chamber,
No visitants admitted; In the Church,
She hath been seene to pay her pure deuotions,
Season'd with teares: And sure her sorrow's true,

Or deeply counterfeited ; Pompe, and State,
And brauerie cast off : And she that lately
Riuall *Poppæa* in her varied shapes,
Or the Ægyptian Queene : Now, widow-like,
In Sable colours (as, her Husbands dangers,
Strangled in her, the vse of any pleasure)
Mournes for his abience.

Steph. It becomes her Vertue,
And does confirme, what was reported of her.

Tib. You take it right ; But on the other side,
The darling of his Mother, *Mariana*,
As there were an Antipathy, betweene
Her, and the Dutches passions : And as
Sh'ad no dependance on her brothers fortune,
She ne're appear'd so full of mirth.

Steph. 'Tis strange.
But see, her fauorite : & accompani'd ;
To your report.

Ent. Graccho
with fdlers

Grac. You shall scrape, and Ile sing,
A scuruie Dittie, to a scuruie tune,
Repine who dares.

Fidl. But if we should offend,
The Dutches hauing silenc't vs : & these Lords,
Stand by to heare vs.

Grac. They, in Name are Lords,
But I am one in Power : And for the Dutches,
But yester-day we were merrie for her pleasure,
We now'l be for my Ladies.

Tib. Signiour *Graccho*.

Gr. A poore Man, Sir, a Seruant to the Prince :
But you, great Lords, and Councillors of State,
Whom I stand bound to reuerence.

Tib. Come, we know
You are a Man in grace.

Grac. Fye, no : I grant,

The Duke of Millaine.

I beare my fortunes patiently : Serue the Princessse,
And haue successe at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence : when your graue Lordships
Are masters of the modesty, to attend
Three houres, nay sometimes foure ; and then bid waite
Vpon her the next morning.

Ste. He derides vs.

Tib. Pray you, what newes is stirring ? you know all.

Grac. Who, I ? alas, I haue no intelligence
At home, nor abroad : I onely sometimes guesse
The change of the times ; I should ask of your Lordships
Who are to keepe their Honors, who to loose 'em ;
Who the Duchesse smil'd on last, or on whom frown'd,
You onely can resolue me : we poore waiters
Deale (as you see) in mirth, and foolish fyddles :
It is our element ; and could you tell me,
What point of State 'tis, that I am commanded
To muster vp this musicke : on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.

Ste. Sirra, you grow sawcie.

Tib. And would be layd by the heeles.

Grac. Not by your Lordships,
Without a speciall warrant ; looke to your owne stakes ;
Were I committed, here come those would baile me :
Perhaps we might change places too.

Tib. The Princessse ; *Ent. Isabella, Mariana.*
We must be patient.

Ste. There's no contending.

Tib. See, the informing rogue.

Ste. That we should stoope
To such a Mushrome.

Mari. Thou dost mistake ; they durst not
Vse the least word of scorne, although prouok'd,
To any thing of mine. Goe, get you home,
And to your seruants, friends, and flatterers, number

The Duke of Millaine.

How many discents you are noble; Look to your wiues too,
The smooth-chin'd Courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No way, to be a Free-man? *Ex. Tib. Steph.*

Grac. Your Excellence, hath the best guist to dispatch,
These Arras pictures of Nobilitie,
I euer read of.

Mari. I can speake sometimes.

Grac. And couer so your bitter Pills, with sweetnesse
Of Princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallowed.

Isab. But, the purpose Daughter,
That brings vs hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this Woman? That, because
She only would be thoght truly to grieue,
The absence, and the dangers of my Son,
Proclaimes a generall sadnesse?

Mari. If to vex her,
May be interpreted to doe her Honor,
She shall haue many of 'em? Ile make vse
Of my short Raigne: my Lord, now gouernes all:
And she shall know, that her Idolater,
My Brother, being not by, now to protect her,
I am her equall.

Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of Gall: A Diuell of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spitefull,
Gets not a Hors-head of her.

Mari. On her Birth-day,
We were forc'd to be merrie: & now she's musty
We must be sad, on paine of her displeasure;
We will, we will. This is her priuate Chamber,
Where like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She seemes to mourne her absent Mate, her Seruants
Attending her like Mutes: But Ile speake to her
And in a high Key too, play any thing

The Duke of Millaine.

That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will haue rare sport. *Song. Marcelia above*
Ifab. She frownes, as if *in blacke.*
Her lookes could fright vs.

Mari. May it please your greatnesse,
We heard that your late Physicke hath not work'd,
And that breeds Melancholy, as your Doctor tells vs:
To purge which, we that are born your Highnesse Vassals,
And are to play the fooles to doe you seruice,
Present you with a fit of mirth: what thinke you
Of a new Anticke?

Ifab. 'Twould show rare in Ladies.

Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleas'd to grace it.

Ifab. Fye, she will,
Be it nere so meane: shee's made of courtesie.

Mari. The Mistresse of all hearts; one smile I pray you
On your poore seruants, or a Fidlers fee:
Comming from those faire hands, though but a Ducat,
We will inshrine it as a holy relique.

Ifab. 'Tis Wormewood, and it workes.

Marc. If I lay by
My feares, and griefes (in which you should be sharers)
If doting age could let you but remember,
You haue a sonne; or frontlesse impudence,
You are a sister; and in making answere,
To what was most vnfit for you to speake,
Or me to heare: borrow of my iust anger.

Ifab. A set speech on my life.

Mari. Pen'd by her Chaplaine.

Marc. Yes, it can speake, without instruction speake;
And tell your want of manners, that y'are rude,
And sawcily rude, too.

Grac. Now the game begins.

Marc. You durst not else on any hire or hope,

(Remembering what I am, and whose I am)
Put on the desperate boldnesse, to disturbe
The least of my retirements.

Mari. Note her now.

Marc. For both shal vnderstand; though th'one presume
Vpon the priuiledge due to a Mother,
The Duke stands now on his owne legs, and needs
No nurse to leade him.

Isab. How, a Nurse?

Marc. A dry one,
And vselesse too: But I am mercifull,
And dotage signes your pardon.

Isab. I defie thee,
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.

Marc. For you, Puppet.

Mari. What, of me? Pine-tree.

Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And haueas little worth, but much lesse wit,
You durst not else, the Duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the alleageance,
You owe him, as a Subiect, due to me.

Mari. To you?

Marc. To me: And therefore as a Vassal,
From this houre learne to serue me, or, you'l feele,
I must make vse of my authoritie,
And as a Princeesse punish it.

Isab. A Princeesse?

Mari. I had rather be a Slaue vnto a Moore,
Than know thee for my equall.

Isab. Scornefull thing,
Proud of a white Face.

Mari. Let her but remember
The Issue in her Legge:

Isab. The charge, she puts
The State too, for Perfumes.

Mari. And, how soe're
She seemes, when she's made vp : As she's her selfe,
She stinks about ground. O that I could reach you,
The little one you scorne so, with her nayles,
Would teare your painted Face, & scratch those Eyes out.
Doe but come downe.

Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy Neck, to breake mine owne,
Rather than be outbrau'd thus.

Grac. Fourtie Ducats
Vpon the little Hen : She's of the kind,
And will not leaue the Pit.

Mari. That it were lawfull
To meete her with a Ponyard, and a Pistoll ; *Ent. Marc.*
But these weake hands shall shew my spleene. *below.*

Marc. Where are you ? You Modicum, you Dwarfie.

Mari. Here, Giantesse, here. *Ent. Francisco,*

Franc. A tumult in the Court ? *Tib. Steph.*

Mari. Let her come on.

Franc. What winde hath rais'd this tempest ?
Seuer 'em, I command you. What's the cause ?
Speake *Mariana.*

Mari. I am out of breath ;
But we shall meete, we shall. And doe you heare, Sir,
Or right me on this Monster (she's three foote
Too high for a Woman) or ne're looke to haue,
A quiet houre with me.

Isab. If my Sonne were here,
And would endure this ; May a Mothers curse
Persue, and ouertake him.

Franc. O forbear,
In me he's present, both in power, and will ;
And Madam, I much grieue, that in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to moue you :
It being his principall, nay only charge,

The Duke of Millaine.

To haue you in his absence seru'd, and honour'd,
As when himselfe perform'd the willing Office.

Mari. This is fine, yfaith.

Grac. I would I were well off.

Franc. And therefore, I beseech you Madam, frowne not
(Till most vnwittingly he hath deseru'd it)

On your poore Seruant; To your Excellence,
I euer was, and will be such: And lay,
The Dukes authoritie, trusted to me,
With willingnesse at your feet.

Mari. O base.

Isab. We are like
To haue an equall Iudge.

Franc. But should I finde
That you are touc'd in any point of Honor,
Or that the least neglect is falne vpon you,
I then stand vp a Prince.

Fidl. Without reward,
Pray you dismiss vs.

Grac. Would I were fūe Leagues hence.

Franc. I will be partial to none, not to my selfe,
Be you but pleas'd to shew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that haue offended you.

Isab. I am one,
And I will iustifie it.

Mari. Thou art a base Fellow,
To take her part.

Franc. Remember, she's the Dutchesse.

Marc. But vs'd with more contempt, than if I were
A Peasants Daughter: Bayted, and hooted at
Like to a common Strumpet: With lowd noyses,
Forc'd from my prayers: And my priuate Chamber
(Which with all willingnesse I would make my Prison
During the absence of my Lord) deni'd me.

The Duke of Millaine.

But if he e're returne.

Franc. Were you an Actor,
In this lewd Comedie?

Mari. I marrie was I,
And will be one againe.

Isab. I'le ioyne with her,
Though you repine at it.

Franc. Thinke not then, I speake
(For I stand bound to honour, and to serue you)
But that the Duke, that liues in this great Lady,
For the contempt of him, in her, commands you
To be close Prisoners.

Isab. Mari. Prisoners?

Franc. Beare them hence.
This is your charge my Lord *Tiberio*,
And *Stephano*, this is yours.

Marce. I am not cruell,
But pleas'd they may haue libertie.

Isab. Pleas'd, with a mischief.

Mari. I'le rather liue in any loathsome Dungeon,
Than in a Paradise, at her intreatie:
And, for you vpstart.

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. What shall become of these?

Franc. See them well whip'd,
As you will answer it.

Tib. Now Signiour *Graccho*,
What thinke you of your greatnesse?

Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.

Fid. I was neuer yet
At such a huntf-vp, nor was so rewarded.

Fr. Let them first know themselues, & how you are
To be seru'd, and honour'd: Which, when they confesse,
You may againe receiue them to your fauour:

*Exe. omnes,
praeter Fra.
& Marcel.*

And then it will shew nobly.

Marce. With my thanks,
The Duke shall pay you his, If he returne
To blesse vs with his presence.

Franc. There is nothing
That can be added to your faire acceptance:
That is the prize, indeed: All else, are blankes,
And of no value. As in vertuous actions,
The vndertaker finds a full reward,
Although confer'd vpon vnthankfull Men;
So, any seruice done to so much sweetnesse,
(Howeuer dangerous, and subiect to
An ill construction) in your fauour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.

Marce. From you, I take this
As loyall dutie, but in any other,
It would appeare grosse flatterie.

Franc. Flatterie, Madam?
You are so rare, and excellent in all things,
And rais'd so high vpon a Rock of goodnesse,
As that vice cannot reach you: who, but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But must bow to it: and out of that zeale,
Not only learne to adore it, but to loue it.

Marce. Whither will this fellow?

Franc. Pardon therefore Madam,
If an excesse in me of humble dutie,
Teach me to hope (and though it be not in
The power of Man to merit such a blessing)
My pietie (for it is more than loue)
May find reward.

Marce. You haue it in my thanks:
And on my hand, I am pleas'd, that you shal take
A full possession of it. But take heed,
That you fix here, & feed no hope beyond this;

The Duke of Millaine.

If you doe, 'twill proue fatall.

Franc. Be it death,
And death with torments, Tyrants neuer found out:
Yet I must say I loue you.

Marce. As a Subiect,
And 'twill become you.

Franc. Farewell circumstance:
And since you are not pleas'd to vnderstand me,
But by a plaine, and vsuall forme of speech:
All superstitious reuerence lay'd by,
I loue you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enioy you. Why do you start, and flye me?
I am no Monster, and you but a Woman:
A Woman made to yeeld, and by example
Told it is lawfull; Favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest:
And therefore Lady—

Marce. Keepe of. O you Powers!
Libidinous Beast, and ad to that vnthankfull
(A crime, which Creatures wanting reason, flye from)
Are all the Princely bounties, fauours, honours,
Which (with some preiudice to his owne wisdome)
Thy Lord, and Rayser hath confer'd vpon thee,
In three dayes absence buried? Hath he made thee
(A thing obscure, almost without a name)
The enuie of great Fortunes? Haue I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy rancke? And entertain'd thee, as
A Friend, and not a Seruant? And is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine Honour,
The faire returne of both our ventur'd fauours?

Franc. Heare my excuse.

Marce. The Diuell may plead mercie,
And with as much assurance, as thou yeeld one.
Burnes Lust so hot in thee? Or, is thy pride
Growne vp to such a height, that, but a Princesse,

No Woman can content thee? And ad to that,
His Wife, and Princeffe, to whom thou art t'ide
In all the bonds of Dutie? Reade my life,
And finde one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could inuite a most selfe-louing-Foole,
Set of, with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my fauour:
And (what's the worst mine enemies could wish me)
I'll be thy Strumpet.

Franc. 'Tis acknowledg'd Madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a patterne
For chaste, and vertuous Women; In your beautie
(Which I first saw, and lou'd) as a faire Cristall,
I read your heauenly mind, cleere and vntainted;
And while the Duke did prize you to your valew
(Could it haue been in Man to pay that dutie)
I well might enuie him, but durst not hope
To stop you, in your full carrear of goodnesse:
But now I find, that he's falne from his fortune,
And (howsoeuer he would appeare doting)
Growne cold in his affection: I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true seruice: Nor stand I bound,
To looke back on the curtesies of him,
That, of all liuing Men, is most vnthankfull.

Marce. Vnheard-of impudence!

Franc. You'l say I am modest,
When I haue told the Storie. Can he taxe me
(That haue receiu'd some worldly trifles from him)
For being ingratefull? When, he that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd your sweet embraces
(In which, all blessings that our fraile condition
Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with happinesse, contemnes the giuer
Of his felicitie? And, as he reach'd not,

The master-peice of mischiefe, which he aymes at,
Vnlesse he pay those fauours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate? You thinke he loues you,
With vnexampled seruor: Nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than Woman:
When on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd,
You were among the dead: And I, you scorne so,
Perhaps, am your preseruer.

Marce. Blessè me good Angels,
Or I am blasted. Lyes so false, and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a humane tongue.
My Husband, hate me? Giue thy selfe the Lye,
False, and accurs'd; Thy Soule (if thou hast any)
Can witnesse, neuer Lady stood so bound,
To the vnfained affection of her Lord,
As I doe, to my *Sforza*. If thou would'st worke
Vpon my weake credulitie, Tell me rather,
That the Earth moues; The Sunne, and Starres, stand still;
The Ocean keeps nor Floods, nor Ebbes; Or that,
Ther's peace betweene the Lyon, and the Lambe;
Or that, the rauenous Eagle, and the Doue,
Keepe in one Ayery, and bring vp their yong:
Or any thing that is auerse to Nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My Lord can thinke of me, but as a Iewell,
He loues more than himselfe, and all the World.

Franc. O Innocence, abus'd! Simplicitie couzen'd!
It were a sinne, for which we haue no name,
To keepe you longer in this wilfull errour.
Reade his affection here; And then obserue
How deere he holds you; 'Tis his Character,
Which cunning yet, could neuer counterfeit.

Marce. 'Tis his hand, I am resolu'd of't.
I'll try what the Inscription is.

Fran. Pray you doe so.

Marc. You know my pleasure, & the houre of *Marcellias* death, which faile not to execute, as you will answere the contrarie, not with your Head alone, but with the ruine of your whole Famely. And this written with mine owne Hand, and Signed with my priuie Signet, shall be your sufficient Warrant.

Lodovico Sforza.

I doe obey it, euerie word's a Poynard,
And reaches to my Heart.

She swenes.

Fran. What haue I done?

Madam, for Heauens sake, Madam. O my Fate!
I'll bend her body: This is yet some pleasure,
I'll kisse her into a new life. Deare Lady:
She stirs: For the Dukes sake, for *Sforza's* sake.

Marc. Sforzas? Stand off: Though dead, I will be his,
And euen my Ashes shall abhorre the touch
Of any other, O vnkind, and cruell.
Learne Women, learne to trust in one another;
There is no faith in Man: *Sforza* is false,
False to *Marcellia*.

Fran. But I am true,
And liue to make you happie. All the Pompe,
State, and obseruance you had being his,
Compar'd to what you shall enioy when mine,
Shall be no more remembred. Loose his memory,
And looke with chearefull beames on your new Creature:
And know what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the Emperour,
Take not his life, at his returne he dyes,
And by my Hand: My Wife, that is his Heire,
Shall quickly follow; Then we Raigne alone,
For with this Arme I'll swim through Seas of blood,
Or make a Bridge, arch'd with the bones of Men,
But I will graspe my aymes in you my deereft,
Deereft, and best of Women.

Marc. Thou art a Villaine ?

All attributes of Arch-Villaines made into one,
Cannot expresse thee. I preferre the hate
Of *Sforza*, though it marke me for the Graue,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure, and vnspotted, in my true loue to him ;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted ;
Nor will I part with Innocence, because
He is found guiltie. For thy selfe, thou art
A thing, that equall with the Diuell himselfe,
I doe detest, and scorne.

Franc. Thou then art nothing :

Thy life is in my power, disdainfull Woman :
Thinke on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now

To play thy hangmans part. Thou well may'st be
My Executioner, and art only fit
For such employment ; But ne're hope to haue,
The least grace from me. I will neuer see thee,
But as the shame of Men : So, with my curses
Of horror to thy Conscience in this life ;
And paines in Hell hereafter : I spit at thee,
And making hast to make my peace with heauen,
Expect thee as my Hangman.

Ex. Marc.

Franc. I am lost,

In the discouerie of this fatall secret.

Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodnesse ; All my plots
Turne backe vpon my selfe ; But I am in,
And must goe on : And since I haue put off
From the Shoare of Innocence guilt be now my Pilot.
Reuenge first wrought me, Murther's his Twin-brother,
One deadly sin then helpe to cure another.

Actus Terc. Scæ. Prima.

Enter Medina, Hernando, Alphonso.

Med. The spoyle, the spoyle, 'tis that the soldior fights for;
Our victorie as yet affords vs nothing,
But wounds, and emptie honor. We haue past
The hazard of a dreadfull day, and forc'd
A passage with our Swords, through all the dangers,
That Page-like waite on the successe of warre;
And now expect reward.

Hern. Hell put it in
The Enemies mind to be desperate, and hold out:
Yeeldings, and compositions will vndoe vs;
And what is that way giuen, for the most part,
Comes to the Emperours Coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action (as 'tis rumor'd)
When vsually, some Thing in Grace (that ne're heard
The Canons roring tongue, but at a Triumph)
Puts in, and for his intercession shares,
All that we fought for: The poore Soldior left
To starue, or fill vp Hospitalls.

Alph. But when
We enter Townes by force, and carue our selues,
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest Wines,
Open our shrunke-vp vaines, and poure into 'em
New blood, and feruor.

Med. I long to be at it;
To see these Chuffes, that euerie day may spend
A Soldiors entertainment for a yeere,
Yet make a third meale of a bunch of Raysons;
These Sponges, that suck vp a Kingdomes fat
(Batning like *Scarabes* in the dung of Peace)
To be squee's'd out by the rough hand of warre;
And all that their whole liues haue heap'd together,

And what termes fouer he seeke peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or denie it.
Yet for our glorie, and to shew him that
We haue brought him on his knees; It is resolu'd
To heare him as a Supplyant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our iust anger,
In the Guard that you make for him.

Ex. Piscara

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue (all plagues on it)
He will appeare in some deiected habit,
His countenance lutable; And for his order,
A Rope about his neck; Then kneele, and tell
Old Stories, what a worthy thing it is
To haue power, and not to vse it; Then ad to that
A Tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,
Who said (forsooth, and wisely) 'Twas more honor
To make a King, then kill one: Which, applyed
To the Emperor, and himselfe, a Pardons granted
To him, an Enemie; and we his Seruants,
Condemn'd to beggerie.

Med. Yonder he comes,
But not as you expected.

En. Sforza

Alph. He lookes, as if
He would out-face his dangers.

Hern. I am cōsēn'd:
A suitor in the Diuels name.

Med. Heare him speake.

Sf. I come not (Emperor) to inuade thy mercie,
By fawning on thy fortune; Nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I professe
(And with a good Mans confidence, euen this instant,
That I am in thy power) I was thine enemie;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemie; One that wih'd
Confusion to thy Person and Estates:
And with my vtmost powers, and deepest counsels

(Had

(Had they been truly followed) further'd it :
Nor will I now, although my neck were vnder
The Hang-mans Axe, with one poore syllable
Confesse, but that I honor'd the French King,
More then thy selfe, and all Men.

Med. By Saint Iaques,
This is no flatterie.

Her. There is Fire, and Spirit in't ;
But not long liu'd, I hope.

Sf. Now giue me leaue,
(My hate against thy selfe, and loue to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to giue vp the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I euer found him faithfull ; Had supplies
Of Men and Moneys from him ; And my hopes
Quite funke, were by his Grace, bouy'd vp againe :
He was indeed to me, as my good Angell,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speake
(Nay must and will) his prayse now, in as high
And lowd a key, as when he was thy equall.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Vnthankfull ground, but yeelded him his owne
With faire encrease, and I still glorie in it.
And though my fortunes (poore, compar'd to his,
And Millaine waigh'd with France, appearē as nothing)
Are in thy furie burnt : Let it be mentioned,
They seru'd but as small Tapers to attend
The solemne flame at this great Funerall :
And with them I will gladly wast my selfe,
Rather then vndergoe the imputation,
Of being base. or vnthankfull.

Alph. Nobly spoken.

Her. I doe begin, I know not why, to hate him
Lesse then I did.

Sf. If that then to be gratefull . . .

For curtesies receiu'd; Or not to leaue
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other Nations
That like your aym'd at Empire, lou'd, and cherish'd
Where e're they found it) *Sforza* brings his Head
To pay the forfeit; Nor come I as a Slaue,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squallid weed,
Falling before thy Feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestal'd remission; That were poore,
And would but shame thy victorie: For conquest
Ouer base foes, is a captiuitie,
And not a triumph. I ne're fear'd to dye,
More then I wish'd to liue. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a Duke, I wore these Robes,
This Crowne vpon my Head, and to my side
This Sword was girt; And witnessse truth, that now
'Tis in anothers power when I shall part
With them and life together, I am the same,
My Veines then did not swell with pride; nor now,
They shrink for feare: Know Sir, that *Sforza* stands
Prepar'd for either fortune.

Her. As I liue,
I doe begin strangely to loue this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share
In the promis'd spoyle, to saue him.

Sf. But if example
Of my fidelitie to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mixt with yours;
As Brookes deuowr'd by Riuers, loose their names)
Has power to inuite you to make him a friend,
That hath giuen euident prooffe, he knowes to loue,
And to be thankfull; This my Crowne, now yours,
You may restore me: And in me instruct
These braue Commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect,

The Duke of Millaine.

From noble enemies for being faithfull,
The charges of the warre I will defray,
And what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you : I'le preuent the cryes
Of murder'd Infants, and of rauish'd Mayds,
Which in a Citie sack'd call on Heauens Justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And when I know the Captaines and the Soldiors,
That haue in the late battle, done best seruice,
And are to be rewarded ; I, my selfe
(According to their quallitie and merrits)
Will see them largely recompenc'd. I haue said,
And now expect my sentence.

Alph. By this light,
'Tis a braue Gentleman.

Med. How like a block
The Emperor sits ?

Her. He hath deliuer'd reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought brauely (I my selfe am one, &
I care not who knowes it) as, I wonder, that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stirre,
Mercie an't be thy will.

Charl. Thou hast so farre
Outgone my expectation, noble *Sforza*
(For such I hold thee) And true constancie,
Rais'd on a braue foundation, beares such palme,
And priuiledge with it ; That where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command vs
To loue and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that in seeking fauour,
Thou did'st not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abiect meanes : And for mine owne,
(That since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world cannot

The Duke of Millaine

Taxe me of leuitie, in my setled counceles ;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor seruile flatterie ; but forc'd vnto it,
By a faire warre of vertue.

Hern. This sounds well.

Charl. All former passages of hate be buried ;
For thus with open armes I meete thy loue,
And as a friend embrace it : And so farre
I am from robbing thee of the least honor,
That with my hands, to make it fit the faster,
I set thy Crowne once more vpon thy head :
And doe not only stile thee, Duke of Millaine,
But vow to keepe thee so : Yet not to take
From others to giue only to my selfe,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my Commanders, neither will I vrge it,
But in that, as in all things else I leaue you
To be your owne disposer.

Florish. Ex. Charl.

Sf. May I liue

To seale my loyaltie, though with losse of life
In some braue seruice worthy *Casars* fouor,
And I shall dye most happy. Gentlemen,
Receiue me to your loues, and if henceforth
There can arise a difference betweene vs,
It shall be in a Noble emulation.
Who hath the fairest Sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for *Charles* the Emperor ?

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honor ;
And there we are your Schollers.

Sf. True, but such

As farre out-strip the Master ; we'le contend
In loue hereafter, in the meane time pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and as in earnest
Of what's to come, deuide this Cabinet :

Will yeeld a hundred thousand Pistolets,
Which honor me to receiue.

Med. You bind vs to you.

Sf. And when great *Charles* comands me to his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designes that most concerne me next this mercie,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meete you,
And gratifie the fauor.

Her. In this and all things, we are your Seruants.

Sf. A name I euer owe you. *Ex. Med. Her. Alph.*

Pesc. So Sir, this tempest is well ouerblowne,
And all things fall out to our wishes. But
In my opinion, this quicke returne,
Before you haue made a partie in the Court
Among the great ones (for these needy Captains
Haue little power in peace) may beget danger,
At least suspition.

Sf. Where true honor liues,
Doubt hath no being, I desire no pawne
Beyond an Emperors word for my assurance:
Besides, *Pescara*, to thy selfe of all men
I will confesse my weakenesse, though my State
And Crown's restored me, though I am in grace
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honors, I must hence. Alas,
I liue not here, my wife, my wife *Pescara*,
Being absent I am dead. Prethe excuse,
And do not chide for freindship sake my fondnes
But ride along with me, I'le giue you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your owne pleasure,
I'le bere you companie.

Sf. Farewell grieffe, I am stor'd with
Two blessings most desir'd in humaine life,
A constant friend, an vn suspected wife.

Actus Ter. Scæ. Secunda.

Enter Graccho, Officer.

Offic. What I did, I had warrant for ; you haue tasted
My Office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea bitings to the Ierks I could haue lent you,
There does belong a feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented and dishonor'd ?

Off. Fye no,
Your honours not empar'd in't : What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too ?
There is no Chirurgion like me to take off
A Courtiers Itch that's rampant at great Ladies,
Or turnes knaue for preferment, or growes proud
Of their rich Clokes, and Sutes, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Verie good Sir,
But am I the first man of qualitie,
That e're came vnder your fingers ?

Off. Not by a thousand,
And they haue said I haue a luckie hand to,
Both men and women of all sorts haue bow'd
Vnder this scepter. I haue had a fellow
That could indite forsooth, and make fine meeters
To tinkle in the eares of ignorant Madams,
That for defaming of great Men, was sent me
Thredbare and lowfie, and in three dayes after
Discharged by another that set him on, I haue seene him
Cap a pe gallant, and his stripes wash'd of
With oyle of Angels.

Grac. 'Twas a soueraigne cure,

Off. There was a Secretarie to, that would not be
Conformable to the Orders of the Church,

The Duke of Millaine.

Nor yeeld to any argument or reason,
But still rayle at authoritie, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and trussed his hanches,
Grew a fine Pulpet man, and was benefic'd.
Had he not cause to thanke me?

Grac. There was phisicke
Was to the purpose.

Off. Now for women,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twentie fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prethe doe,
For I grow wearie of thee.

Off. There was lately
A fine she waiter in the Court, that doted
Extremely of a Gentleman, that had
His maine dependance on a Signiors fauor
(I will not name) but could not compasse him
On any tearmes. This wanton at dead midnight
Was found at the exercise behind the Arras
With the 'foresaid Signior; he got cleare off,
But she was seisd on, and to saue his honor,
Indur'd the lash; And though I made her often
Curuet and caper, she would neuer tell,
Who play'd at push-pin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd?
Prethe be brieft.

Off. Why this Sir, she deliuered,
Had store of Crownes assign'd her by her patron,
Who forc'd the Gentleman to saue her credit,
To marie her, and say he was the partie
Found in Lobs pound. So, she that before gladly
Would haue been his whore, raignes o're him as his wife,
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speake but truth then,
Is not my Office luckie?

The Duke of Millaine.

Grac. Goe,ther's for thee,
But what will be my fortune?

Off. If you thriue not
After that soft correction,come againe.

Grac. I thanke you knaue.

Off. And then knaue, I will fit you. *Ex.Officer.*

Grac. Whipt like a rogue? no lighter punishment strue
To ballance with a little mirth: 'Tis well,
My credit sunke for euer, I am now
Fit companie, only for Pages and for foot boyes,
That haue perused the Porters Lodge. *Enter two*

1.Gentlem. See *Iulio,*

Gentlemen.

Yonder the proud slaue is,how he lookes now
After his castigation?

2.Gentlem. As he came

From a crote fight at Sea vnder the Hatches,
With a she Dunckerke,that was shot before
Betweene winde and weather,
And he hath sprung a leake too,or I'me cousen'd.

1.Gentlem. Lets be merie with him.

Grac. How they stare at me? am I turn'd to an Owle?
The wonder Gentlemen?

2.Gentlem. I read this morning
Strange stories of the passiue fortitude
Of men in former ages,which I thought
Impossible,and not to be beleued.
But now I looke on you, my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason Sir?

2.Gentlem. Why Sir you haue been whip'd
Whip'd signior *Graccho.* And the whip I take it,
Is to a Gentleman,the greatest tryall
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir,I'le call you
To a strickt account for this,

2.Gentlem. I'le not deale with you,

And then I'll answere you.

1. Gentlem. Farewell poore *Graccho.*

Ex. Gentlem.

Grac. Better and better still, If euer wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,
Hell now inspire me. How, the Lord Protector!
My Iudge I thank him. Whether thus in priuate,
I will not see him.

Enter

Franc.

& Servant

Franc. If I am sought for,
Say I am indispos'd, and will not heare,
Or suits, or futors.

Serv. But Sir, if the Princes
Enquire, what shall I answere?

Franc. Say, I am rid
Abrode to take the ayre, but by no meanes
Let her know I am in Court.

Serv. So I shall tell her.

Ex. servant

Franc. Within there, Ladies.

Ent. a Gentlewoman

Gentlem. My good Lord, your pleasure?

Franc. Prethe let me begge thy fauor for accesse
To the Dutches.

Gentlem. In good sooth my Lord I dare not,
She's verie priuate.

Franc. Come ther's gold to buy thee
A new gowne, and a rich one.

This will tempt me.

Gentlem. I once swore
If're I lost my maiden-head, it should be
With a great Lord as you are, and I know not how,
I feele a yeelding inclination in me,
If you haue appitite.

Franc. Poxe on thy maiden-head,
Where is thy Lady?

Gentlem. If you venter on her,
She's walking in the Gallerie, perhaps
You will find her lesse tractable.

Franc. Bring me to her.

Gentlem.

Gentlew. I feare you'l haue cold entertaimment, when
You are at your iourneys end, and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.

Franc. Prethe leaue fooling,
My page waites in the lobbie, giue him sweet meats,
He is trayn'd vp for his Masters ease,
And he will coole thee. *Ex. Franc. & Gentlew.*

Grac. A braue discoverie beyond my hope,
A plot euen offer'd to my hand to worke on,
If I am dull now, may I liue and dye
The scorne of wormes & slaues, let me consider,
My Lady and her Mother first committed
In the fauor of the Dutches, and I whip'd,
That with an Iron pen is writ in brasse
On my tough hart, now growne a harder mettall,
And all his brib'd approches to the Dutches
To be conceal'd, good, good, This to my Lady,
Deliuier'd as I'le order it, runs her mad.
But this may proue but courtship, let it be
I care not so it feed her Iealoufie. *Ex.*

Actus Ter. Scæ. Ter.

Enter Marcelia, Francisco.

Marc. Beleeue thy teares or oathes? Can it be hop'd,
After a practice so abhor'd and horred,
Repentance e're can find thee?

Franc. Deere Lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodnes,
Make a superlatiue of excellence,
In being greatest in your sauing mercie.
I doe confesse, humbly confesse my fault,
To be beyond all pittie; my attempt,
So barberously rude, that it would turne
A saint-like patience, into sauage furie:

But

But you that are all innocence and vertue,
No spleane or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeale to pietie fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to loue,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better
A sinne, a monstrous sinne, yet with it, many
That did proue good men after, haue bin tépted,
And thogh I am croked now, 'tis in your powre
To make me straight againe.

Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning?

Franc. But if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know,
'Tis not the feare of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loathed detestation of my madnesse,
Which makes me wish to liue to haue your pardon.
I will not waite the sentence of the Duke
(Since his returne is doubtfull) but I my selfe
Will doe a fearefull iustice on my selfe,
No witness by but you, there being no more
When I offended: yet before I doe it,
For I perceiue in you no signes of mercie,
I will disclose a secret, which dying with me,
May proue your ruine.

Marc. Speake it, it will take from
The burthen of thy consciens.

Franc. Thus then Madam,
The warrant by my Lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditionall, but you must sweare
By your vnspotted truth, not to reueale it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes
Of ioyes hereafter, on.

Franc. Nor was it hate
That forc'd him to it, but excesse of loue,

And if I e're returne, so said great *Sforza*,
No liuing man deseruing to enioy
My best *Marcellia*. With the first newes
That I am dead, for no man after me
Might e're enioy her, but till certaine prooffe
Assure thee I am lost (these were his words)
Obserue and honor her as if the seale
Of womans goodnesse only dwelt in hers.
This trust I haue abus'd and basely wrong'd,
And if the excellling pittie of your mind
Cannot forgieue it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather then looke on my offended Lord,
I stand resolu'd to punish it.

— Faile not
to kill her

Marc. Hold, 'tis forgieuen,
And by me freely pardned. In thy faire life
Hereafter studie to deserue this bountie
With thy true penitence (such I beleue it)
Against my resolution hath forc'd from me,
But that my Lord, my *Sforza* should esteeme,
My life fit only as a page, to waite on
The various course of his vncertaine fortunes,
Or cherish in himselfe that sensuall hope
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me,
Nor does his enuie lesse deserue my anger,
Which though such is my loue, I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardor that I had to see him
Returne in safetic.

Franc. But if your entertainment
Should giue the least ground to his iealousie,
To raise vp an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercie. Therefore Madam
(Though I shall euer looke on you as on
My liues preseruer, and the miracle
Of human pittie) would you but vouchsafe,
In companie to doe me those faire graces

And

-The Duke of Millaine.

And fauors which your innocencie and honor
May safely warrant, it would to the Duke
(I being to your best selfe alone known guiltie)
Make me appeare most innocent.

Marc. Haue your wishes,
And some thing I may doe to try his temper,
At least to make him know a constant wife,
Is not so flau'd to her husbands doting humors,
But that she may deserue to liue a widow,
Her fate appointing it.

Franc. It is enough,
Nay all I could desire, and will make way
To my reuenge, which shall disperse it selfe
On him, on her, and all.

*Shout, and
Flourish*

Marc. What shout is that?
Tib. All happines to the Dutches, that may flow
From the Dukes new and wish'd returne.

*Ext. Tiberio
& Stephano*

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receiues it.

Tib. Obserue their encounter.

Flourish:

Ent. Sforza, Pescaria, Isabella, Mariana, Graccho, & the rest.

Marc. What you haue told me *Graccho* is beleu'd,
And I'll find time to stir in't.

Grac. As you see cause,
I will not doe ill offices.

Sf. I haue stood
Silent thus long *Marcellia*, expecting
When with more then a greedie hast you would
Haue flowne into my armes, and on my lippes
Haue printed a deepe welcome. My desire
To glaze my selfe in these faire eyes, haue borne me
With more then human speede. Nor durst I stay
In any Temple, or to any saint
To pay my vowes and thanks for my returne,
Till I had seene thee.

The Duke of Millaine.

Marc. Sir, I am most happie
To looke vpon you safe, and would expresse
My loue and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might sute with the behauior
Of one that knowes her selfe a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fierd with hot appetite, nor can it wrong me,
To loue discreetly.

Sf. How, why can there be
A meane in your affections to *Sforza*?
Or any act though neare so loose that may
Inuite or heighten appetite, appeare
Immodest or vncomly. Doe not moue me,
My passions to you are in extreames,
And know no bounds, come kisse me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sf. By all the ioyes of loue, she does salute me
As if I were her grand-father. What witch,
With cursed spels hath quenchi'd the amorous heat
That liued vpon these lips? Tell me *Marcellia*,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldnesse, or neglect
Of others in my absence?

Marc. Neither Sir,
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good *Francisco* for his care,
And faire obseruance of me: There was nothing
With which you being present could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.

Sf. How!

Marc. The pleasures
That sacred Hymen warrants vs excepted,
Of which in troth you are too great a doter,
And there is more of beast in it then man.
Let vs loue temperatly, things violent last not,

And too much dotage rather argues folly
Then true affection.

Grac. Obserue but this,
And how she prays'd my Lords care and obseruance,
And then iudge Madam if my intelligence
Haue any ground of truth.

Mari. No more, I marke it.

Steph. How the Duke stands ?

Tib. As he were routed there,
And had no motion.

Pesc. My Lord, from whence
Growes this amazement ?

Sf. It is more deare my friend,
For I am doubtfull whether I haue a being,
But certaine that my lifes a burthen to me,
Take me bake good *Pescara*, show me to *Cesar*,
In all his rage and furie I disclame
His mercie, to liue now which is his guift,
Is worse then death, and with all studied torments.
Marcellia is vnkind, nay worse, growne cold
In her affection, my excesse of feruor,
Which it was neuer equal'd, growne distastfull
But haue thy wishes woman, thou shalt know
That I can be my selfe, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight
Without reply, for I am apt to doe
Something I may repent. O, who would place
His happinesse in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousnesse ingenders pride,
And harshnesse deadly. From this howre
I'le labour to forget there are such creatures ;
True friends be now my mistrisses. Cleere your browes,
And though my heart-strings cracke for't, I will be
To all, a free example of delight :
We will haue sports of all kinds, and propound

The Duke of Millaine.

Rewards to such as can produce vs new.
Vnsatisfiz'd though we surfeit in their store.
And neuer thinke of curs'd *Marcellia* more.

Ex.

ACTUS Quart. Scæ. Prim.

Enter Francisco, Graccho.

Franc. And is it possible thou should'st forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then studie
My safetie and content ?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to haue read the elements of Courtship
(Not the abstruce & hidden acts to thriue there)
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That iniuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble fauours. Is it not growne common
In euerie sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as haue to giue ? Your Captaine cast
If poore, though not thought daring, but approu'd so
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicuely, but receiues
Rewards for them in priuate.

Franc. Well obseru'd.
Put on, we'le be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his fauor,
I found my selfe to be another thing,
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a prittie fellow, and of prittie parts too,
And was perhaps receiu'd so : but once rais'd,
The liberall Courtier made me Master of
Those vertues, which I ne're knew in my selfe.
If I pretended to a iest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation. If I offer'd

They had helps to saue me, and without a blush
Would sweare, that I by nature had more knowledge,
Then others could acquire by any labor.
Nay all I did indeed, which in another
Was not remarkeable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bountie.

Franc. True;

They gaue me those good parts I was not borne too,
And by my intercession they got that,
Which (had I cross'd them) they durst not haue hop'd for.

Grac. All this is Oracle. And shall I then,
For a foolish whipping leaue to honour him,
That holds the wheele of Fortune? No, that sauiors
Too much of th'antient freedome: Since great men
Receiue disgraces, and giue thanks, poore knaues
Must haue nor spleene, nor anger. Though I loue
My limbes aswell as any man, if you had now
A humor to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in State, and vndo others,
Stood I not bound to kisse the foot that did it?
Though it seeme strange there haue been such things seene
In the memorie of man.

Franc. But to the purpose;

And then, that seruice done, make thine owne fortunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is iealous, I am too.
Familiar with the Dutches.

Grac. And incens'd

For her commitment in her brothers absence;
And by her Mothers anger is spur'd on
To make discouerie of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declin'd
As much as in me lay, but finding her
Determinstely bent to vndertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your Lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril I stood bound to reueale it.

Franc. I thanke thy care, and will deserue this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosome,
And take it from me. Canst thou thinke, dull *Graccho*,
My power, and honours, were confer'd vpon me,
And ad to them this forme, to haue my pleasures
Confin'd and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet varietie, that's my heauen on earth,
For which I loue life only. I confesse,
My wife pleas'd me a day, the Dutches, two,
(And yet I must not say, I haue enioy'd her)
But now I care for neither. Therefore *Graccho*,
So farre I am from stopping *Mariana*
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To vrge her to it.

Grac. That may proue your ruine,
The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtfull she hath play'd false.

Franc. There thou art cosen'd,
His dotage like an ague keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I loose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument, and in spite
Of the old sawe, that sayes, it is not safe
On any termes to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language
My Lord, I vnderstand not.

Franc. You thought, sirra,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and hauing woon
Some weightie secret from me, in reuenge
To play the traytor. Know thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whip'd, & euey day
I'll haue thee freshly tortur'd, if thou misse
In the least charge that I impose vpon thee.

Though

The Duke of Millaine.

Though what I speake, for the most part is true
Nay, grant thou had'st a thousand witnesses
To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word (such is *Sforza's* confidence
Of my fidelitie not to be shaken)
To make all void, and ruine my accusers.
Therefore looke to't, bring my wife hotly on
T'accuse me to the Duke (I haue an end in't)
Or thinke, what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall vpon thee. Thou wert a foole
To hope by being acquainted with my courses
To curbe and awe me, or that I should liue
Thy slaue, as thou did'st sawcily diuine.
For prying in my counsels, still liue mine.

Exe. Franc.

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a punie
In Policies *Protean* Schoole, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenc'd & gon out doctor.
If I disconer, what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be beleu'd. If I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together.
And ther's no hope of safetic, till I get
A plummet, that may sound his deepest counsels.
I must obey and serue him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.

Ex. Grac.

Actus Quart. Scæ. Secund.

Enter Marcia, Tiberio, Stephano, Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, & with such scorne
As he would rate his slaue.

Tib. 'Twas in his furie,

Steph. And he repents it Madame.

Marc. Was I borne

To' bserue his humors, or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib.

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receiue a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deepe the least
Vnkindnesse wounds from you, you would excuse
His hastie language.

Steph. He hath payed the forfeit
Of his offence, I'me sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserue
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps he hath it,
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Then he can be for mine? So pray you, tell him.
But till I haue digested some sad thoughts,
And reconcil'd passions that are at warre
Within my selfe, I purpose to be priuate.
And haue you care, vnlesse it be *Francisco*,
That no man be admitted.

Tib. How, *Francisco*!

Steph. He, that at euerie stage keeps liuerie Mi-
The stallion of the State! (stresses,

Tib. They are things about vs,
And so no way concerne vs.

Steph. If I were
The Duke (I freely must confesse my weakenesse)
I should weare yellow breeches. Here he comes. *Ent. Frac.*

Tib. Nay spare your labour, Lady, we know our exit,
And quit the roome.

Steph. Is this her primacie ?
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may goe to the Duke.

Marc. Your face is full
Of feares and doubts. The reason ?

Franc. O best Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I your poore conuert,
That only wish to liue in sad repentance,

The Duke of Millaine.

To mourne my desperate attempt of you,
That haue no ends, nor aymes, but that your goodnesse
Might be a witnessse of my penitence,
Which seene would teach you, how to loue your mercie,
Am robb'd of that last hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more then feare, hath found, that I am guiltie.

Marc. By my vnspotted honor, not from me,
Nor haue I with him chang'd one sillable
Since his returne, but what you heard.

Franc. Yet, malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not.
And Iealousie's too apt to build vpon
Vnsure foundations.

Marc. Iealousie?

Franc. It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only thinke, I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certaine prooffe,
To giue it hearing, not beleefe, deserues
My hate for euer.

Franc. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste fauors showne vnto me,
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantique wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Haue I then liu'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my fauors
The theames of her discourse? Or what I doe,
That neuer trode in a suspected path,
Subiect to base construction? Be vndanted,
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise vp your protrectesse. All the grace
I hither to haue done you, was bestowed
With a shut hand. It shall be now more free,
Open, and liberall. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you

To nourish sawcie hopes.

Franc. May I be blasted
When I proue such a monster.

Marc. I will stand, then,
Betweene you, and all danger. He shall know,
Suspition o're-turnes, what confidence builds,
And he that dares but doubt, when ther's no ground,
Is neither to himselfe, nor others sound. *Ex. Marc.*

Franc. So, let it worke, her goodnesse; that deny'd,
My seruice branded with the name of Lust,
Shall now destroy it selfe. And she shall fiade,
When he's a sutor, that brings Cunning arm'd
With power to be his aduocates, the denyall
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastitie a clew, that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, Duke, and be but rash,
And violent enough, and then at leasure
Repent. I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my reuenge I haue my heauen on earth. *Ex. Franc.*

Act. Quart. Scæ. Tert.

Enter Sforza, Pescara, three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promis'd to be merrie.

1. Gentlem. There are pleasures
And of all kinds to enterraine the time.

2. Gentlem. Your excellencie vouchsafing to make choice
Of that, which best affects you.

sf. Hold your prating.
Learne manners too, you are rude.

3. Gentlem. I haue my answer,
Before I aske the question.

Pesc. I must borrow
The priuiledge of a friend, and will, or else

I am, like these, a seruant, or what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow, *Sforza* worships
In spite of reason.

Sf. Pray you vse your freedome,
And so farre, if you please, allow me mine,
To heare you only, not to be compel'd
To take your morall potions. I am a man,
And thogh philosophy your mistrisse rage for't,
Now I haue cause to grieue, I must be sad,
And I dare shew it.

Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Vpon a worthier subiect.

Sf. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose paine will make me mad,
And I shall then forget my selfe and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Haue you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and out-fac'd the anger
Of a great Emperour, that vow'd your ruine,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no president? Are you return'd with honor,
Lou'd by your subiects? Does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Haue you giu'n prooffe to this houre of your life,
Prosperitie (that leaches the best temper)
Could neuer puffe you vp, nor aduerse fate
Deiect your valor? Shall I say, these vertues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frowne
(To please you I will say so) of a faire woman?
Yet I haue seene her equals.

Sf. Good *Pescara*,
This language in another were prophane,
In you it is vnmanly. Her equall?
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly

(To all men else, my Sword should make reply)

Her goodnesse does disdain compariton,
And but her selfe admits no paralell.

But you will say she's crosse, 'tis fit she should be

When I am scollish, for she's wise, *Pescara*,

And knows how farre she may dispose her bounties,

Her honour safe: or if she were auerse,

'Twas a prevention of a greater sinne

Readie to fall vpon me, for she's not ignorant

But truly vnderstands how much I loue her,

And that her rare parts doe deserue all honour,

Her excellence increasing with her yeeres to,

I might haue falne into Idolatry,

And from the admiration of her worth,

Bin taught to think there is no power aboue her,

And yet I doe beleue, had Angels sexes,

The most would be such women, and assume

No other shape, when they were to appeare

In their full glorie.

Pesc. Well Sir, I'le not crosse you,

Nor labour to diminish your esteeme

Hereafter of her, since your happinesse

(As you will haue it) has alone dependance

Vpon her fanour, from my Soule, I wish you

A faire attonement.

Sf. Time, and my submission

May worke her to it. O! you are well return'd,

Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsaf'd to heare you?

Is there hope left that she may be appeas'd?

Let her propound, and gladly I'le subscribe

To her conditions.

Tib. She Sir, yet is froward,

And desires respite, and some priuacie.

Step. She was harsh at first, but ere we parted, seem'd not

Implacable.

*Ent. Tib. &
Steph.*

Sf. Ther's comfort yet, I'le ply her
Each houre with new Embassadors of more honors,
Titles, and eminence. My second selfe
Francisco, shall sollicit her.

Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a Prince, that may command,
Should sue thus poorely, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whose proud feet, himselfe, his State, and Countrey,
Basely beg'd mercie.

Sf. What is that you mutter?
I'le haue thy thoughts,

Steph. You shall, you are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swolne too bigge alreadie,
And surfeits with obseruance.

Sf. O my patience!
My vassall speake thus?

Steph. Let my head answere it
If I offend. She that you thinke a Saint,
I feare may play the Diuel.

Pesc. Well said old fellow.

Steph. And he that hath so long ingross'd your fauours,
Though to be nam'd with reuerence, Lord *Francisco*,
Who as you purpose, shall sollicite for you,
I think's too neere her.

Pesc. Hold Sir, this is madnesse.

Steph. It may be they conferre of winning Lordships,
I'me sure he's priuate with her.

Sf. Let me goe,
I scorne to touch him, he deserues my pittie,
And not my anger, dotard, and to be one
Is thy protection, els thou durst not thinke
That loue to my *Marcella* hath left roome
In my full heart for any Iealous thought,
That idle passion dwell with thick-skind Trades-men,

The vnderseering Lord, or the vnable,
Lock vp thy owne wife foole, that must take physicke
From her young Doctor vpon her backe
Because thou hast the palsey in that part
That makes her actiue, I could smile to thinke
What wretched things they are that dare be ieaious,
Were I match'd to another *Messaline*,
While I found merit in my selfe to please her:
I should beleue her chaste, and would not seeke
To find out my owne torment, but alas,
Inioying one that but to me's a *Dion*,
I'me too secure.

Tib. This is a confidences
Beyond example.

Ent. Grac. Isab. Mar.

Grac. There he is, now speake,
Or be for euer silent.

Sf. If you come
To bring me comfort, say, that you haue made
My peace with my *Marcellia*.

Isab. I had rather
Waite on you to your funerall.

Sf. You are my mother,
Or by her life you were dead else.

Mar. Would you were,
To your dishonor, and since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A limbe of patience only? No fire in you?
But doe your pleasure, here your Mother was
Committed by your seruant (for I scorne
To call him husband) and my selfe your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd vp to make the way open and free
For the Adultrisse, I am vnwilling
To say a part of *Sforza*.

The Duke of Millaine.

Sf. Take her head off,
She hath blasphem'd, and by our Law must dye.

Isab. Blasphem'd, for calling of a whore, a whore?

Sf. O hell, what doe I suffer?

Mar. Or is it treason

For me that am a subiect, to endeouour
To saue the honour of the Duke, and that
He should not be a Wittall on record.
For by posterie 'twill be beleen'd
As certainly as now it can be prou'd,
Francisco the great Minion, that swayes all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the Dutches,
Hath leap'd into her bed.

Sf. Some prooffe vile creature,
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mar. The publique fame,
Their hourelly priuate meetings, and euen now
When vnder a pretence of grieffe or anger,
You are deny'd the ioyes due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The dore stands open to him. To a Dutchman
This were enough, but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesse.

Isab. Would you haue vs
To be her bawdes?

Sf. O the mallice
And enuie of base women, that with horror
Knowing their owne defects and inward guilt,
Dare lye, and sweare, and damne, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions vpon one vntainted,
Y'are in your natures deuils, and your ends
Knowing your reputation sunke for euer,
And not to be recouer'd, to haue all,
Weare your blacke liuerie. Wretches, you haue rays'd
A Monumentall trophy to her purenesse,

The Duke of Millaine.

In this your studied purpose to deprave her,
And all the shot made by your foule detraction;
Falling vpon her sure-arm'd Innocence,
Return's vpon your selues, and if my loue
Could suffer an addition, I me so farre
From giuing credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire & serue her, you are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her,
And therefore liue till your own enuy burst you.

Isab. All is in vaine, he is not to be mou'd.

Mar. She has bewitcht him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past beliefe,
To me it shewes a fable.

Ent. Franc. & a servant.

Franc. On thy life
Prouide my horses, and without the Port
With care attend me.

Seru. I shall my Lord.

Ex. seru.

Grac. He's come.

What cracke haue we next?

Franc. Great Sir.

Sf. Francisco,

Though all the ioyes in woman are fled from me,
In thee I doe embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.

Franc. I would impart,
Please you to lend your care, a waightie secret,
I am in labour to deliuer to you.

Sf. All leaue the roome, excuse me good *Pesc.*
Ere long I will waite on you.

Pesc. You speake Sir
The language I should vse.

Sf. Be within call,
Perhaps we may haue vse of you.

Tib. We shall Sir.

Sf. Say on my comfort.

Franc.

The Duke of Millaine.

Franc. Comfort? No, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me, I could curse
The houre that gaue me being.

Sf. What new monsters
Of miserie stand readie to deuoure me?
Let them at once dispatch me.

Franc. Draw your sword then,
And as you wish your own peace, quickly kil me,
Consider not, but doe it.

Sf. Art thou mad?

Franc. Or if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death indeed concludes all human sorrowes,
Cut off my nose and eares, pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my owne deformities: Why was I borne
Without some mulct impos'd on me by nature?
Would from my youth a lothsome leprosie
Had runne vpon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shun'd
Of all societies: curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women, since those parts which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

Sf. I am on the racke,
Dissolue this doubtfull riddle.

Franc. That I alone (you,
Of all mankind that stand most bound to loue
And studie your content should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forc'd by cruell fate
To be your greatest enemy, not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your Dutches loues me.

Sf. Loues thee?

This walking tree of Iealousie, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? O are you here Sir?
Is it by your commandement or allowance,
I am thus basely vs'd? Which of my vertues,
My labours, seruices, and cares to please you
(For to a man suspitious and vnthankfull,
Without a blush I may be mine owne trumpet)
Inuities this barbarous course? Dare you looke on me
Without a seale of shame?

Sf. Impudence,
How vgly thou appear'st now? Thy intent
To be a whore, leaues thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush, what had the act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonor thou deseruest
Though willingly I had giuen vp my selfe
To euerie common letcher.

Sf. Your chiefe minion,
Your chosen fauourite, your woo'd *Francisco*,
Has deerely pay'd for't, for wretch, know he's dead,
And by my hand.

Marc. The bloodyer villaine thou,
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy loue
Do's know no other obiect, thou hast kil'd then
A man I doe professe I lou'd, a man
For whom a thousand Queenes might well be riualls,
But he (I speake it to thy teeth) that dares be
A Iealous foole, dares be a murtherer,
And knowes no end in mischief.

Sf. I begin now
In this my Iustice.

Stabs her.

Marc. Oh, I haue fool'd my selfe
Into my graue, and only grieue for that
Which when you know, you haue slaine an Innocent
You needs must suffer.

Sf. An Innocent? Let one

Call in *Francisco*, for he liues (vile creature) Ex. Steph.
To iustifie thy falshood, and how often
With whorish flatteries thou hast tempted him,
I being only fit to liue a stale,
A bawd and propertie to your wantonnesse. Ent. Steph.

Steph. Signior *Francisco* Sir, but euen now
Tooke horse without the Ports.

Marc. We are both abus'd,
And both by him vndone, stay death a little
Till I haue cleer'd me to my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee. O my *Sforza*,
Francisco was not tempted, but the Tempter,
And as he thought to win me shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.

Sf. Then I beleue thee,
Beleue thee innocent too.

Marc. But being contemn'd,
Vpon his knees with teares he did beseech me
Not to reueale it, I soft-hearted foole
Iudging his penitence true, was won vnto it.
Indeed the vnkindnesse to be sentenc'd by you
Before that I was guiltie in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now behold the issue, as I do,
May heauen forgie you. dye.

Tib. Her sweet soule has left
Her beauteous prison.

Steph. Looke to the Duke, he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Griefe hath stopt
The organ of his speech.

Steph. Take vp this body
And call for his Physitians.

Sf. O my heart-strings,

Actus Quint. Scæ. Prim.

Enter Francisco, Eugenia.

Franc. Why could'st thou thinke *Eugenia* that rewards,
Graces, or fauours though strew'd thicke vpon me
Could euer bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit downe, before
I had dry'd these eyes still wet with showers of teares
By the fire of my reuenge? Looke vp my dearest
For that proud-faire that thiefe-like step'd betweene
Thy promis'd hopes, and rob'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found
With horrid prooffe, his loue she thought her
And assurance of all happineffe, (glorie
But hast'ned her sad ruine.

Eug. Doe not flatter
A grieffe that is beneath it, for how euer
The credulous Duke to me proued false & cruel,
It is imposible he could be wrought
To looke on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serue her.

Franc. Such indeed I grant
The streame of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I with cunning malice
(And yet I wrong my act, for it was Iustice)
Made it turne back-wards, and hate in extreames
Loue banish'd from his heart to fill the roome,
In a word, know the faire *Marcellia's* dead.

Eug. Dead!

Franc. And by *Sforza's* hand, do's it not moue you?
How coldly you receiue it? I expected
The meere relation of so great a blessing
Botne proudly on the wings of sweet reuenge
Would haue cal'd on a sacrifice of thanks,

And ioy not to be bounded or conceal'd!
You entertaine it with a looke, as if
You wish'd it were vndone!

Eug. Indeed I doe,
For if my sorrowes could receiue addition,
Her sad fate would encrease, not lessen 'em.
She neuer iniur'd me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise Lady gladly would haue kneel'd for.
Vnlesse you would impute it as a crime,
She was more faire then Land had discretion
Not to deliuer vp her virgin fort
(Though straight besieg'd with flatteries, vowes, & teares)
Vntill the Church had made it safe & lawfull.
And had I been the mistress of her iudgement
And constant temper, skilfull in the knowledge
Of mans malitious falshood, I had neuer
Vpon his hell-deepe oathes to marrie me,
Giuen vp my faire name, and my mayden honor
To his foule lust, nor liu'd now being branded
In the forehead for his whore the scorne & shame
Of all good women.

Franc. Haue you then no gall,
Anger, or spleene familiar to your sexe?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possesse what was your due,
And not growe pale with enuie?

Eug. Yes of him
That did deceiue me. Ther's no passion that
A maid so iniur'd euer could partake of
But I haue deerely suffer'd. These three yeeres
In my desire, and labour of reuenge,
Trusted to you, I haue indur'd the throcs
Of teeming women, and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me but I will reache

Thy heart false *Sforz*. You haue trifled with me
And not proceeded with that fiery zeale
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signes of griefe
Farewell for euer; Vengeance arm'd with furie
Possesse me wholly now;

Franc. The reason sister
Of this strange metamorphosis?

Eng. Aske thy feares,
Thy base vnmanly feares, thy poore delays,
Thy dull forgetfulnesse equall with death,
My wrong else, and the scandall which can neuer
Be wash'd off from our house but in his blood,
Would haue stirr'd vp a coward to a deed
In which, though he had faulne, the braue intent
Had crown'd it selfe with a faire monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access, and then with shame
Hearing my sodaine execution, iudge
What honor thou hast lost in being transcended
By a weake woman.

Franc. Still mine owne, and dearer,
And yet in this you but pour oyle on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not,
And that you may perceiue I say not fallow;
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my hart
By the Yron pen of vengeance, I attempted
By whoring her to cuckold him, that failing
I did begin his tragedie in her death,
To which it seru'd as Prologue, and will make
A memorable storie of your fortunes
In my assur'd reuenge, only best sister
Let vs not loose our selues in the performance,
By your rash vndertaking, we will be
As suddaine as you could wish.

The Duke of Millaine.

Eng. Vpon those termes
I yeeld my selfe and cause to be dispos'd of
As you thinke fit.

Ent. seruant

Franc. Thy purpose?

Seru. Ther's one *Graccho*

That follow'd you it seemes vpon the tract,
Since you left *Millaine*, that's importunate
To haue accessse, and will not be deni'd,
His last he saies concernes you.

Franc. Bring him to me,

Ex. seruant

Though he hath lay'd an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will preuent him
And worke mine own ends out.

Ent. Grac.

Grac. Now for my whipping,
And if I now out-strip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way to, hereafter
I'le sweare there are wormes in my braines.

Franc. Now my good *Graccho*,
We meet as 'twere by miracle!

Grac. Loue, and durie,
And vigilance in me for my Lords safetie,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. Al's come forth my Lord
That you could wish conceal'd. The *Dutchesse* wound
In the *Dukes* rage put home, yet gaue her leaue
To acquaint him with your practises, which your flight
Did easily confirme.

Franc. This I expected,
But sure you come provided of good counsaile
To helpe in my extreames.

Grac. I would not hurt you.

Franc. How? hurt me? Such another word's thy death,
Why dar'st thou thinke it can fall in thy will,
T'outline what I determine?

Grac. How he awes me?

The Duke of Millaine.

Franc. Be briefe, what brought thee hither?

Grac. Care to informe you,
You are a condemn'd man, pursu'd, and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand Ducates
To him that brings it.

Franc. Very good.

Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choyce troopes of horse
Scoure o're the neighbour plaines, your picture sent
To euerie State confederate with Millaine,
That though I grieue to speake it, in my iudgement.
So thicke your dangers meet, and run vpon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.

Eng. Why let vs then turne Romanes,
And falling by our owne hands, mocke their threats,
And dreadfull preparations.

Franc. 'Twould show nobly,
But that the honour of our full reuenge
Were lost in the rash action: No *Eugenia*;
Graccho is wise, my friend to, not my seruant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would (and thou must helpe vs to performe it)
First kill the Duke, then fall what can vpon vs,
For iniuries are writ in brasse, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should doe.

Franc. What's that?

Grac. I labour with
A strong desire t'assist you with my seruice,
And now I am deliuer'd of't.

Franc. I tould you.
Speake my oraculous *Graccho*,

Grac. I haue heard Six

Of men in debt, that layd for by their creditors
(In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter) chose for sanctuarie,
Their lodgings vnderneath their creditors noses,
Or neere that prison to which they were design'd
If apprehended, confident that there
They neuer should be sought for.

Eng. 'Tis a strange one!

Franc. But what inferre you from it?

Grac. This my Lord,
That since all wayes of your escape are stop'd,
In Millaine only, or what's more, i'the Court
(Whether it is presum'd you dare not come)
Conceal'd in some disguise you may liue safe.

Franc. And not to be discovered?

Grac. But by my selfe.

Franc. By thee? Alas I know thee honest *Graccho*,
And I will put thy counsell into act,
And suddainly. Yet not to be vngratefull
For all thy louing travell to preferue me,
What bloody end soe're my starres appoint,
Thou shalt be safe good *Graccho*. Who's within there?

Grac. In the deuils name what meanes he? *Ent. seruants.*

Franc. Take my friend
Into your custodie, and bind him fast,
I would not part with him.

Grac. My good Lord,

Franc. Dispatch,
'Tis for your good to keepe you honest *Graccho*,
I would not haue ten thousand Ducates tempt you
(Being of a soft and waxe like disposition)
To play the traytor, nor a foolish itch
To be reueng'd for your late excellent whipping:
Giue you the opportunitie to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why thou foole,

I can looke through, & through thee, thy intents
Appeare to me as written in thy forehead
In plaine and easie characters. And but that
I scorne a slaues base blood should rust that sword
That from a Prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead, but liue only to pray
For good successe to crowne my vndertakings,
And then at my retaine perhaps I'll free thee *Ex. seruants*
To make me further sport. Away with him, *with Gracc.*
I will not heare a syllable. We must trust
Our selues *Eugenia*, and though we make vse of
The counsaile of our seruants, that oyle spent,
Like stuffles that doe offend we tread them out.
But now to our last Scene, which we'le so carry,
That few shall vnderstand how 'twas begun,
Till all with halfe an eye may see 'tis don. *Exeunt*

ACTUS Quint. Scæ. Secund.

Enter Pescara, Tiberio, Stephano.

Pesc. The like was neuer read of.

Steph. In my iudgement
To all that shall but heare it, 'twill appeare
A most impossible fable.

Tib. For *Francisco*,
My wonder is the lesse because there are
Too many Presidents of vnthankfull men
Rays'd vp to greatnesse, which haue after studied
The ruine of their makers.

Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should worke
So farre vpon a man as to compell him
To court a thing that has nor sence, nor being,
Is vnto me a miracle.

Pesc. 'Tis oth I'll tell you,

And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madnesse, When by the care
Of his Physitians he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearefull dreame,
And had not acted what I griene to thinke on,
He call'd for faire *Marcellia*, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extreames,
(I would not say blasphem'd) & cri'd that heauen
For all th'offences that mankind could doe,
Would neuer be so cruell as to rob it
Of so much sweetnesse, & of so much goodnesse,
That not alone was sacred in her selfe,
But did preserue all others innocent
That had but comersse with her: Then it came
Into his fancie that she was accus'd
By his mother & his sister, thrice he curs'd 'em,
And thrice his desperat hand was on his sword
To haue kill'd 'em both, but he restrayn'd, & they
Shunning his furie, spite of all preuention
He would haue turn'd his rage vpon himselfe,
When wisely his Physitians looking on
The Datches wound, to stay his readie hand,
Cry'd out it was not mortall.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easly beleeuing what he wish'd,
More then a perpetuie of pleasure
In any object else, flatter'd by hope
Forgetting his owne greatnesse, he fell prostrate
At the doctors feet, implor'd their ayd, & swore,
Prouided they recouer'd her, he would liue
A priuat man, & they should share his dukedom.
They seem'd to promise faire, and euerie houre
Vatie their iudgements as they find his fit
To suffer intermission, or extreames.
For his behauiour since

The Duke of Millaine.

Sf. As you haue pittie *withie*
Support her gently.

Pesc. Now be your owne witnessses,
I am preuented.

Enter Sferza, Isab. Mari. the body of Marc. Doctors, Seruants.

Sf. Carefully I beseech you,
The gentlest touch torments her, & then thinke
What I shall suffer. O you earthy gods,
You second natures, that from your great master
(Who ioy'd the limbes of torne *Hippolytus*,
And drew vpon him selfe the Thunderers enuie)
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death wounded men, You haue a patient
On whom to'xpresse the excellence of art,
Will bind e'ne heau'n your debtor, though It pleases
To make your hands the organs of a worke
The saints will smile to looke on, & good Angels
Clap their Celestiall wings to giue it plaudits.
How pale and wan she lookes? O pardon me,
That I presume dyde o're with bloody guilt,
Which makes me I confesse, far, far vnworthy
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is?
This once was *Cupids* fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulles beat to?
Yet in this temper she is all perfection,
And Miltris of a heat so full of sweetnesse,
The blood of virgins in their pride of youth
Are balles of Snow or Ice compar'd vnto her.

Mari. Is not this strange?

Isab. O crosse him not deere daughter,
Our conscience tells vs we haue been abus'd,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guiltie of a fact — *Ent. a seruant*

Mari. 'Tis now past helpe.

Pescara

The Duke of Millaine.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Ser. He has a strange aspect,
A Iew by birth, and a Physitian
By his profession as he sayes, who hearing
Of the Dukes phrensie, on the forfeit of
His life will vndertake to render him
Perfect in euery part. Prouided that
Your Lordships fauour gaine him free acesse,
And your power with the Duke a safe protection,
Till' the great worke be ended.

Pesc. Bring me to him,
As I find cause I'le doe.

Exe. Pesc. & Ser.

Sfor. How sound shee sleeps!
Heauen keepe her from a lethergie; how long
(But answere me with comfort I beseech you.)
Do's your sure iudgement tell you that these lids
That couer richer iewells then themselues
Like enuious night will barre these glorious sunnes
From shining on me?

1. Doct. We haue giuen her Sir,
A sleepey potion that will hold her long,
That shee may be lesse sensible of the torment,
The searching of her wound will put her to.

2. Doct. Shee now feeles litle, but if we should make her,
'To heare her speake would fright both vs and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.

Sf. I am patient,
You see I doe not rage, but waite your pleasure.
What doe you thinke shee dreames of now? for sure
Although her bodies organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.

1. Doct. That Sir, lookes on
Your sorrow for your late rash art with pittie
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet with free confession of your guilt

With a glad pardon.

Forza. Shee was euer kind

And her displeasure though call'd on, short liu'de
Vpon the least submission. O you powers
That can conuey our thoughts to one another
Without the end of eies, or eares, assist me,
Let her behold me in a pleasing dreame,
Thus on my knees before her (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient) let her see me
Compell my mother (from whom I looke life)
And this my sister, Partner of my being,
To bow thus low vnto her, let her heare vs
In my acknowledgement freely confesse
That we in a degree as high are guilty,
As she is innocent; bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your soules
For hauing belide that purenesse, to come neere which
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though strining to be good, poore Riuals.
And for that dog *Francisco* (that seduc'd me
In wounding her to raise a temple built
To Chastitie and sweetnesse) let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there liue a fourth fury to torment him.
Then for this cursed hand and arme that guided
The wicked steele, I'll haue them ioynt by ioynt,
With burning irons feard of, which I will eate.
I being a vultur fit to tast such carrion,
Lastly.

1. Doct. You are too lowd, Sir, you disturbe
Her sweet repose.

Forza. I am hush'd, yet giue vs leaue
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eies bent downewards,
Vnworthy, and asham'd to looke vpon her,
T' expect her gracious sentence.

The Duke of Millaine.

2. *Doct.* Hee's past hope.

1. *Doct.* The body to, will putrifie, and then
We can no longer couer the imposture.

Tibe. Which in his death will quickly be discover'd
I can but weepe his fortune.

Sseph. Yet be carefull,
You loose no minute to preferue him, time,
May lessen his distraction.

Franc. I am no God sir. *Ent. Pesca. Fran. Eugen.*
To giue a new life to her, yet I'le hazard
My head, I'le worke the sencelesse trunk t' appeare
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soule that's fled from 't were call'd backe,
To gouerne it againe, I will preferue it
In the first sweetnesse, and by a strange vaper
Which I'le infule into her mouth, create
A seeming breath, I'le make her vaines run high to
As if they had true motion.

Pesc. Doe but this,
Till we vse meanes to win vpon his passions
T'indure to heare shee's dead with some small patience.
And make thy owne reward.

Franc. The art I vse
Admits no looker on, I only aske
The fourth part of an hower to perfect that
I boldly vndertake.

Pesc. I will procure it.

2. *Doct.* What stranger's this?

Pesc. Sooth me in all I say
There is a maine end in 't.

Franf. Beware.

Eugc. I am warn'd.

Pesc. Looke vp Sir chearefully, comfort in me
Floues stronglie to you.

Forza. From whence came that sound?

Was it from my *Marcelia*? if it were
I rise and ioy will giue me wings to meet it.

Pes. Nor shall your expectation be deferrd
But a few minuts, your Physitians are
Meere voice, and no performance, I have found
A man that can do wonders, do not hinder
The Dutches wisht recouery to inquire,
Or what he is, or to giue thanks, but leaue him
To worke this miracle.

Sf. Sure, 'tis my good Angell,
I do obey in all things; be it death
For any to disturbe him, or come neere
Till he be pleas'd to call vs, ô be prosperous
And make a Duke thy Bondman.

*Exe. all but Franc.
& Eugenia.*

Franc. Tis my pupose
If that to fall a long wisht sacrifice
To my reuenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the dores, &c.

Euge. You amaze me
What followes now?

Franc. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes, looke on this, *Eugenia*,
Eu'n such a thing, the proudest faire on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd
And art with nature studies to preferue her)
Must be when she is summond to appeare
In the Court of death, but I loose time.

Euge. What meane you?

Franc. Disturbe me not, your Ladiship looks pale
But I, your Docter, haue a ceruse for you,
See my *Eugenia*, how many faces
That are ador'd in Court borrow these helpes,
And passe for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this, your mouth smells soure to,
But here is that shall take away the sent,

A precious antidote old Ladies vse
When they would kisse, knowing their gummes are rotten :
These hands to, that disdained' to take a touch
From any lip, whose honour writ not Lord
Are now but as the coursest earth, but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid to
To giue them seeming beauty, soe tis done
How do you like my workmanship ?

Eugen. I tremble
And thus to tirannize vpon the dead
Is most inhumane.

Franc. Come we for reuenge,
And can we thinke on pittie ? now to the vps hott,
And as it proues applaud it. My lord the Duke
Enter with ioy, and see the suddaine chance
Your seruants hand hath wrought.

*Ent. Forza and
the rest.*

Forza I liue againe
In my full confidence that *Marcellia* may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speake yet ?

Franc. No,
You must not looke for all your ioyes at once,
That will aske longer time.

Pesca. Tis wondrous strange !

Forza. By all the dues of loue I haue had from her,
This hand seemes as it was when first I kist it,
These lips inuite to, I could euer feed
Vpon these roses, they still keepe their colour
And natiue sweetnesse, only the nectar's wanting
That like the morning dew in flowry May
Preferu'd them in their beauty.

Enter Graccho

Grac. Treason, treason.

Tiber. Call vp the guard.

Franc. *Graccho* ! then we are lost.

Gracc. I am got off, Sir Iew, a bribe hath done it
For all your serious charge ; ther's no disguise can keepe

You from my knowledge,

Forza Speake.

Gracc. I am out of breath,

But this is.

Franc. Spare thy labor foole, *Francisco.*

All. Monster of Men.

Franc. Giue me all attributes

Of all you can imagine, yet I glory

To be the thing I was borne, I am *Francisco,*

Francisco that was rais'd by you,

And made the Minion of the time

The same *Francisco,*

That would haue whor'd this trunke when it had life,

And after breath'd a icaloufie vpon thee

As killing as those dampes that belch out plagues,

When the foundation of the earth is shaken;

I made thee doe a deed heauen will not pardon

Which was to kill an innocent.

Forza. Call forth the tortures

For all that flesh can feele.

Franc. I dare the worst,

Only to yeeld some reason to the world

Why I pursud' this course, looke on this face

Made old by thy base falshood, 'tis *Eugenia.*

Forza. *Eugenia.*

Franc. Do's it start you Sir? my Sister,

Seduc'd and fool'd by thee, but thou must pay

The forfeit of thy falshood, do's it not worke yet?

What ere becomes of me (which I esteeme not)

Thou art mark'd for the graue, I haue giuen thee poison

In this cup, now obserue me, with thy last

Carousing deeply of, made thee forget

Thy vow'd, faith to *Eugenia.*

Pesc. O damn'd villaine!

Isab. How do you Sir?

Forza. Like one,
That learns to know in death what punishment,
Waires on the breath of faith, ô now I feele
An *Aetna* in my entrailes, I haue liu'd
A Prince, and my last breath shalbe commaund
I burne, I burne, yet er'e life be consum'd
Let me pronounce vpon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can inuent.

Pesc. Away with him.

Tibe. In all things we will serue you.

Franc. Farewell sister,

Now I haue kept my word, torments I scorne,
I leaue the world with glory, they are men
And leaue behind them name and memory,
That wrong'd doe right themselues before they die.

Ste. A desperate wretch.

Exc. guard with Franc.

Forza. I come death, I obey thee,
Yet I will not die raging, for alas,
My whole life was a phrensie. Good *Eugenia*
In death forgieue me, As you loue me beare her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life, when I am ashes
Perhaps shee'll be appeas'd, and spare a prayer
For my poore soule. Bury me with *Marcellia*
And let our Epitaph be —

Tibe. His speech is stop'd.

Steph. Already dead.

Pesc. It is in vaine to labour
To call him backe, wee'll giue him funerall,
And then determine of the state affaires
And learne from this example, ther's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust.

Exeunt.

to know in detail what I have
to do in the future I shall be
very glad to receive your
advice and suggestions.

I have not yet had time to
write you a long letter but
I will try to do so in the
future.

I am very glad to hear that
you are well and hope you
will continue to be so for
many years to come.

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