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LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

*VOL. XIII.—PLAYS.*

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY.  
THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.  
THE SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF JAMES THE FOURTH.  
THE COMICALL HISTORIE OF ALPHONSUS,  
KING OF ARRAGON.

1594—1599.



Might it please you  
But thinck Sir of our honest services  
(I dare not terme them equall) and but waigh well,—  
In which I know your Grace a perfect master,  
Your judgment excellent,—and then but tell us  
And truly (which I know your goodnes will doe)  
Why should we feeme so poore, so undertrodden  
And though not trusted with the State and Councell,  
Why so unable vallued. Pardon, great Sir,  
If those complaine who feele the waight of envy,  
If such poore trod on wormes make show to turne againe.  
Nor is it we that feele, I hope, nor you Sir,  
That gives the cullour of this difference :  
Rumour, has many tongues but few speak truth :  
We feele not onely,—if we did 'twere happie—  
Our Cuntry, Sir, our Cuntrie beares the blow too ;  
But you were ever noble.

Tragedy of *Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt*  
(Bullen's Old Plays, ii. 225).

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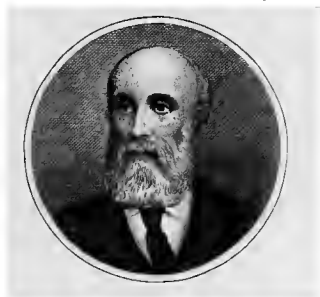
BOOKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

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BY THE

*Rev. Alexander R. Grosart, LL.D. F.S.A.*

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THE  
LIFE AND COMPLETE WORK  
IN  
PROSE AND VERSE  
OF  
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.,  
CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,  
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),  
*St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.*

VOL. XIII.—PLAYS.

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY.  
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1881—83.

50 Copies.]



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“ His bounty  
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping : his delights  
Were dolphin-like ; *they show'd his back above*  
*The element they liv'd in.*”

(*Antony and Cleopatra* v. 2).

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

---

Of the (probably) numerous Plays of Greene, written wholly by him and authenticated, only FOUR have reached us. These are summarily—

(a) The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay . . . .

(b) The Historie of Orlando Furiofo, one of the twelue Peeres of France . . . .

(c) The Scottish Historie of Iames the Fourth slaine at Flodden . . . .

(d) The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon.

I place (a) first, as the following entry from Henslowe's *Diary* (Shakespeare Society)—among others—shows that it was an 'acting play' in 1591-2, when it was performed by the Lord Strange's men,—

"Rd. at *fryer bacon*, the 19 of february, fatterdaye . . . xvij<sup>a</sup> iij<sup>d</sup>."

This was two days earlier than 'Orlando Furiofo,' as another entry of 1591-2 in the same *Diary* proves:—

"Rd. at *orlando*, the 21 of february . . . xvj<sup>a</sup> vij<sup>d</sup>."

Neither 'Iames the Fourth' nor 'Alphonfus' occurs in Henslowe, albeit the likelihoods are that the whole four were composed nearly contemporarily.

Of their publication we have only notices of three of them in the Stationers' Registers, thus (chronologically):—

7 Decembris [1593]

John Danter / This copie is put ouer by the con- sent of John Danter to Cuthbert Burbye. <i>vt patet.</i> 28 maij 1594. [See next entry].	Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[an]des of the warden[s], a plaie booke, intituled, <i>the historye of ORLANDO ffuriofo.</i> <i>one of the xij peeres of Ffraunce</i> . . . vj <sup>d</sup> . (Arber ii. 641)
--	---

Entry referred to in margin-note:—

xxvij<sup>o</sup> die Maii [1594]

Cuthbert Burbye/.	Entred for his copie by consent of John Danter and by warraunt from Master warden Cawood vnder his hande. A booke entytuled, <i>The</i> <i>historye of ORLANDO furiofo</i> , &c. PROVIDED ALWAIES, and yt is agreed that foe often as the fame booke shalbe printed, the saide John Danter to haue th[e] impryntinge thereof . . . vj <sup>d</sup> (Arber ii. 650).
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xiii<sup>jo</sup> maij [1594]

Thomas Creede / Entred vnto him by the like warrant [viz. vnder the hand of master Cawood warden] a booke intituled *the Scottishe story of JAMES THE FFOURTHE slayne at Fflooden* intermixed with a plefant Comedie presented by OBORON Kinge of ffayres . . . vj<sup>d</sup>. C. /

*ibid.*

(Arber ii. 648).

Adam Islip / Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of bothe the  
[erased]  
Edward White./ wardens a booke intituled the Historye of ffreyer BACON and ffryer BOUNGAYE . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup> C./

(Arber ii. 649).

In agreement with their registration, 'Orlando Furiofo' and 'Fryer Bacon' were published in 1594, but no earlier impression of 'James the Ffourthe' than 1598 is extant. 'Alphonfus' is not recorded in the Stationers' Registers, earlier or later, and the earliest known exemplar is of 1599. The title-pages (with additional information) of these four Plays will be found in their several places, and in Professor Storozhenko's Biography (in our Vol. I.) annotations and critical details. The whole of these FOUR Plays are included in the present volume.

Following these four, comes the 'Looking Glasse for London,' which was the joint production of Greene and Lodge. It is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers in the same year [1594] with the other three—

5 Marcij [1594]

Thomas Creede. Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes / a booke intituled *the lookinge glasse for London* / by THOMAS LODG[~~e~~] and ROBERT GREENE gent . . . vj<sup>d</sup> (Arber ii. 645).

It was published immediately in 1594. Henslowe's *Diary* (as before) shows it had been acted in 1591-2—"R<sup>d</sup>. at *the looking glasse*, the 8 of marche 1591-2 vij<sup>o</sup>." There fall to be added to these FIVE the following :—

(a) A Pleafant Conceyted Comedie of *George a Greene*, the Pinner of Wakefield . . . .

(b) The Firft Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus, emperour of the Turkes . . . .

On the Greene authorship of these two Plays I give proofs in the annotated Biography (as before). It is also my privilege, by the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, to furnish a facsimile of the original title-page of 'George a Greene,' showing the MS. notes assigning it to him on the testimony of Juby the actor and (indirectly) of Shakespeare. So early as 1595 this entry is found in the Stationers' Registers :

primo die Aprilis [1595]

Cuthbert  
Burbye.

Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes an Enter-  
lude called *the Pynder of Wakefeilde* . . . vj<sup>a</sup>

(Arber ii. 295).

The earliest known exemplar (believed to be *unique*) is of 1599 ; and it was published by Burbye.

These data will give sanction to our ordering of the succession of the Plays, viz.—1. Fryer Bacon. 2. Orlando. 3. James the Fourthe. 4. Alphonfus. 5. Looking-glasse. 6. George a Greene. 7. Selimus.

With respect to the original and early printing of these Plays, it is scarcely possible to overstate their carelessness, either from their imperfect MSS. or transcripts, or the perfunctoriness of the Printers. Dyce, notwithstanding his splendid work on our dramatic literature, must be blamed for the way in which, in the case of Greene (as with others), he has cobbled his text, and adapted it finically to modern grammatical rules. This he has done in a manner and to an extent that as a conscientious Editor I could not sanction, whilst his modernisations otherwise take away all CHARACTER from Greene's style and freaks of phrasing. With rare exceptions (noted in their places) I recur to the original text, albeit I would pay heartfelt tribute to the evident painstaking of Dyce even when he goes farthest astray (in my judgment). Speaking broadly, the punctuation is arbitrary and random. So far as sense would admit I have adhered to it ; yet I must intimate that not unfrequently I have had to depart from these oddities of the original and early quartos—the use of (.) for (?), and of (,) for (.) . I have used the ? and (.) for (,) as being needlessly irritating. Other slight conformities to present usage have been (sparingly) introduced. Perhaps not so often as I ought, I have used the semicolon (;) for comma (,) and preserved and occasionally added to the use of the colon (:). As a rule Greene's texts delight in multiplied sentences divided by a comma (,) alone. From long familiarity I have come to like the colon (:) as stronger than the (rare) semicolon (;). The Student will observe that there are fundamental differences from our present-day punctuation—*e.g.*, when words come between the nominative and the verb a comma (,) only is placed between the last of such words and the verb, whereas we wholly separate the words by placing a comma (,) between the nominative and first word ; and so too the comma (,) and colon (:) are frequently interchanged, as well as the comma (,) only employed to mark off a succession of short sentences linked up by a verb. Now and again I have used our semicolon (;) in such cases, and the colon (:) exceptionally. It would have been mere pedantry to have recorded such trivialities of revised punctuation, and

non-observance of the long *i* and even double long, and short (*fs*). Otherwise no misprint or slightest alteration has been intentionally over-passed. *As a rule* I have gratefully adopted Dyce's reduction of prose and fantastically printed *bis* into now blank verse and now rhymed. Where I have not done so the places are noted. It would bely my feeling if I did not accentuate my sense of obligation to Dyce throughout. Repeatedly I have departed from his fillings-in of lacking words, but frequently also have silently accepted them. It would needlessly have encumbered the margins to have recorded such acceptances and rejections.

Nor can I too emphatically express my obligation to my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for his finely painstaking and penetrative helpfulness throughout in the preparation of these Plays.

It must further be noted that, as in other contemporary Plays, the text frequently lengthens out words which we should contract, and which doubtless were then pronounced as now in their contracted form—*e.g.*, 'ere it' for 'ere't,' and 'we haue taken' for 'we've taken.' For all words and things not explained as footnotes, I must refer to the Glossarial-Index. Such words and things and references as it seemed expedient to explain in their places I have done; but though these in the aggregate are considerable, the majority must be looked for as stated. I credit to Dyce all of his notes, etc., accepted, albeit sometimes compressed. A number not given are scarcely for adult readers. Some admitted by me (from Walker, etc.) might as well, perhaps, have been left out.

With these introductory words and explanations, I venture to hope that these Plays of Greene are at long-last reproduced with such integrity and care as to render them more intelligible than hitherto, and, especially, relieved of editorial tinkering and modernisations. Sooth to say, it is only in flashes (or shall I say gleams?), that they show the genius of the wayward Greene. In other respects they must ever be of rare interest to the thoughtful students of our literature.

A. B. G.



I.

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE  
OF FRIER BACON AND  
FRIER BONGAY.

1594.



#### NOTE.

For the exemplar of 'Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay,' 1594, I am indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. It lacks a leaf between A 3 and B, and one at end. These have been supplied from other copies in the British Museum (C. 34, c. 37) and Bodleian (Malone). Opposite is the original title-page. This Play was reprinted in 1599, 1630 and 1655, and modernly. The most of Notes and Illustrations throughout must be looked for in the Glossarial Index, *s.v.* At foot of pages are given only variations or additions and notes on words likely to be misunderstood.

G.



THE  
HONORABLE HISTORIE  
of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maïesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene*, Maister of Arts.



LONDON

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at  
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of  
the Gun. 1594.



[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



*King* HENRY *the Third.*

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*

*Emperor of Germany.*

*King of Castile.*

LACY, *Earl of Lincoln.*

WARREN, *Earl of Suffex.*

ERMSBY, *a Gentleman.*

RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's Fool.*

*Friar* BACON.

MILES, *Friar Bacon's poor scholar.*

*Friar* BUNGAY.

JAQUES VANDERMAST.

BURDEN,	}	<i>Doctors of Oxford.</i>
MASON,		
CLEMENT,		

LAMBERT,	}	<i>Gentlemen.</i>
SERLSBY,		

*Two Scholars, their sons.*

*Keeper.*

THOMAS,	}	<i>Clowns.</i>
RICHARD,		

*Constable.*

*A Poet.*

*Lords, Clowns, etc.*

ELINOR, *daughter to the King of Castile.*

MARGARET, *the Keeper's daughter.*

JOAN, *a country wench.*

*Hofless of the Bell at Henley.*

A DEVIL.

*Spirit in the shape of HERCULES.]*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce—not in the original.





## The Honovrable Historie of Frier Bacon.

*Enter, Edward the first malcontented, with Lacy  
earle of Lincolne, Iohn Warren earle of Suffex,  
and Ermsbie gentleman: Ralph Simnell the kings  
foole.*

*Lacie.*



HY lookes my lord like to a  
troubled skie,  
When heauens bright shine is  
shadow'd with a fogge:  
Alate we ran the deere and  
through the Lawndes 10

Stript with our nagges the loftie frolicke bucks,  
That scudded fore the teifers like the wind;  
Nere was the Deere of merry Frefingfield  
So lustily puld down by iolly mates,  
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venison,  
So franckly dealt this hundred yeares before:

Nor haue I feene<sup>1</sup> my lord more frolicke in the  
 And now changde to a melancholie dumpe. [chace,  
*Warren.* After the Prince got to the keepers  
 And had been iocand in the houle a while: [lodge 20  
 Toffing of ale and milke in countrie cannes,  
 Whether it was the countries sweete content,  
 Or els the bonny damfell fild vs drinke  
 That seemd so stately in her stammel red:  
 Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,  
 But straight he fell into his passions. [maister,  
*Ermbsbie.* Sirra *Raphe*, what say you to your  
 Shall he thus all amort liue malecontent?

*Raphe.* Heereft thou Ned,—nay looke if hee  
 will speake to me.

*Edward.* What sayst thou to me foole?

*Raphe.* I pree thee, tell me Ned, art thou in 30  
 loue with the keepers daughter?

*Edward.* How if I be, what then?

*Raphe.* Why then firha Ile teach thee how to  
 deceiue loue.

*Edward.* How *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* Marrie, firha Ned, thou shalt put on my  
 cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put  
 on thy clothes, and thy sword, and so thou shalt 40  
 be my foole.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce prints 'Nor haue / I feene' etc. as two lines. Once for all I do  
 not think him thus justified in altering a 6-foot line. Greene may have  
 so intended to make it  $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \sim \\ 5 \text{ feet} \end{array} \right.$  but there is no sufficient proof.

*Edward.* And what of this?

*Raphe.* Why so thou shalt beguile Loue, for Loue is such a proud scab, that he will neuer meddle with fooles nor children: Is not *Raphes* counsell good Ned?

*Edward.* Tell me Ned Lacie, didst thou marke the mayd,

How louely<sup>1</sup> in her country-weedes she lookt :  
A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld ;  
All Suffolke, nay, all England holds none such. 50

*Raphe.* Sirha, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceiued.

*Ermsbie.* Why, *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

*Warren.* How proouest thou that *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* Why is not the Abbot a learned man, and hath red many bookes, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench, yes I warrant thee, by his whole 60 grammer.

*Ermsby.* A good reason *Raphe*.

*Edward.* I tell the[e] Lacie, that her sparkling Doe lighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire: [eyes  
And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes

<sup>1</sup> The original and 1599 misprint 'liuely'; but 'louely' repeatedly thus occurs in this Play.

Of such as gaze vpon her golden haire :  
 Her bashfull white, mixt with the mornings red,  
 Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes :  
 Her front is beauties table, where she paints,  
 The glories of her gorgeous excellence : 70  
 Her teeth are shelues of pretious *Margarites*,  
 Richly enclosed with ruddie currol cleues<sup>1</sup> :  
 Tush Lacie she is beauties ouermatch,  
 If thou survaist her curious imagerie.

*Lacie*. I grant my lord the damfelle is as faire,  
 As simple Suffolks homely towns can yeeld :  
 But in the court be quainter dames than she,  
 Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,  
 Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,  
 And vaunt their trophies in the courts of loue. 80

*Edward*. Ah Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as  
 And seene the secret bewties of the maid, [my self,  
 Their courtly coineffe were but foolery.

*Ermstbie*. Why how watcht you her my lord?

*Edward*. When as she swept like *Venus* through  
 the house,

And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughtes :  
 Into the Milkehouse went I with the maid,  
 And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,  
 As Pallace,<sup>2</sup> mongst her Princely hufwiferie :  
 She turnd her smocke ouer her Lilly armes, 90  
 And diud them into milke to run her cheefe :

<sup>1</sup> = coral cliffs.

<sup>2</sup> = Pallas.

But whiter than the milke her cristall skin,  
 Checked with lines of Azur, made her blush,  
 That art or nature durst bring for compare :  
 Ermsbie, If thou hadst seene, as I did note it well,  
 How bewtie plaid the hufwife, how this girle  
 Like *Lucrece*, laid her fingers to the worke,  
 Thou wouldest with *Tarquine* hazard Roome<sup>1</sup> and  
 all

To win the louely mayd of Frefingfield.

*Raphe.* Sirha Ned, wouldest faine haue her? 100

*Edward.* I, *Raphe.*

*Raphe.* Why Ned I haue laid the plot in my  
 head thou shalt haue her alreadie.

*Edward.* Ile giue thee a new coat, and<sup>2</sup> learne  
 me that.

*Raphe.* Why firra Ned weel ride to Oxford to  
 Frier *Bacon*: oh he is a braue scholler, firra ; they  
 say he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make  
 women of deuils, and hee can iuggle cats into  
 Costermongers.

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*Edward.* And how then *Raphe*?

*Raphe.* Marry, firha thou shalt go to him ; and  
 because thy father *Harry* shall not misse thee, hee  
 shall turne me into thee ; and Ile to the Court,  
 and Ile prince it out, and he shall make thee either

<sup>1</sup> = Rome—proof of old pronunciation, but it is printed 'Rome'  
 onward (ll. 236, 253).

<sup>2</sup> = 'an.

a filken purfe, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

*Edward.* But how shall I haue the mayd?

*Raphe.* Marry, firha, if thou beeſt a filken purfe full of gold, then on fundaiſes ſheeſe hang thee by 120 her ſide, and you muſt not ſay a word. Now fir when ſhe comes into a great preaſe of people, for feare of the cut-purfe, on a ſodaine ſheeſe ſwap thee into her plackerd; then firrha being there you may plead for your ſelfe.

*Ermſbie.* Excellent pollicie.

*Edward.* But how if I be a wrought ſmocke.

*Raphe.* Then ſheeſe put thee into her cheſt and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon ſome good day ſheeſe put thee on, and at night when you go to 130 bed, then being turnd from a ſmocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

*Lacie.* Wonderfully wiſely counſelled, *Raphe.*

*Edward.* *Raphe* ſhall haue a new coate.

*Raphe.* God thanke you when I haue it on my backe Ned.

*Edward.* Lacie the foole hath laid a perfect plot,  
For why our countrie *Margret* is ſo coy,  
And ſtandes ſo much vpon her honeſt pointes,  
That marriage, or no market with the mayd : 140  
*Ermſbie*, it muſt be nigromanticke ſpels  
And charmes of art that muſt inchaine her loue,  
Or elſe ſhall *Edward* neuer win the girle:

Therefore my wags, weelee horfe vs in the morne,  
And post to Oxford to this iolly Frier :

*Bacon* shall by his magicke doe this deed. [way

*Warren*. Content my lord, and thats a speedy  
To weane these head-strong puppies from the teat.

*Edward*. I am vnknowne, not taken for the  
They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers, [Prince; 150  
That reuell thus among our lieges game :  
Therefore I haue deuised a pollicie.

Lacie, thou knowst next friday is *S. Iames*,  
And then the country flockes to Harlston faire.  
Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there,  
And ouer-shine the troupe of all the maids,  
That come to see, and to be seene that day,  
Haunt thee disguised among the countrie swaines,  
Fain th'art a farmers sonne, not far from thence,  
Espie her loues, and who she liketh best: 160

Coat<sup>1</sup> him, and court her, to controll the clowne,  
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,  
That helpt her handsomly to run her cheefe,  
And fild her fathers lodge with venison,  
Commends him, and sends fairings to herselfe :  
Buy some thing worthie of her parentage,  
Not worth her beautie ; for Lacie then the faire,  
Affoords no Iewel fitting for the mayd :  
And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush :  
Oh then she loues ; but if her cheekes waxe pale, 170

<sup>1</sup> = keep by side of. Fr. *cotoyer*.

Disdaine it is. Lacie fend how she fares,  
And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.

*Lacie.* I will my lord so execute this charge,  
As if that Lacie were in loue with her. [newes.

*Edward.* Send letters speedily to Oxford .of the  
*Raphe.* And Sirha Lacie, buy me a thousand  
thousand million of fine bels.

*Lacie.* What wilt thou doe with them, Raphe?

*Raphe.* Mary, euery time that Ned sighs for  
the keepers daughter, Ile tie a bell about him, and 180  
so within three or four daies I will fend word to  
his father *Harry*, that his sonne, and my maister  
Ned, is become Loues morris dance.

*Edward.* Well Lacie, looke with care vnto thy  
And I will hast to Oxford to the Frier, [charge,  
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,  
Maist make me lord of merrie Frefingfield.

*Lacie.* God fend your honour your harts desire.<sup>1</sup>

*Exeunt.*

*Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore scholer with 190*  
*bookes vnder his arme, with them Burden, Mason,*  
*Clement, three doctōrs.*

*Bacon.* Miles where are you?

*Miles.* *Hic sum doct̃issime & reuerendissime doct̃or.*

*Bacon.* *Attulisti nos libros meos de Necromantia.*

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'all your heart's desire'?



*Miles.* *Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum,  
habitare<sup>1</sup> libros in vnum!*

*Bacon.* Now, maisters of our Academicke state,  
That rule in Oxford, Vizroies in your place,  
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts, 200  
Spending your time in deapth of learned skill,  
Why flocke you thus to Bacons secreet Cell,  
A frier newly stalde in Brazennose?  
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

*Burden.* Bacon we hear that long we haue suspect,  
That thou art read in Magicks mysterie,  
In Piromancie to diuine by flames,  
To tell, by Hadromaticke<sup>2</sup> ebbes and tides,  
By Aeromancie to discouer doubts,  
To plaine out questions, as Apollo did. 210

*Bacon.* Well, maister Burden, what of all this?

*Miles.* Marie fir, he doth but fulfill by re-  
hearing of these names the Fable of the Fox and  
the grapes, that which is aboue vs pertains nothing  
to vs.

*Burden.* I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report,  
Nay England, and the court of Henrie faies,  
Th'art making of a brazen head by art,  
Which shall vnfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,  
And read a lecture in Philosophie, 220  
And by the helpe of Diuels and ghastly fiends,

<sup>1</sup> The original '*habitares*' but correct in 1630.

<sup>2</sup> Error for '*Hydromatic*.'

Thou meanst ere many yeares or daies be past,  
To compasse England with a wall of brasfe.

*Bacon.* And what of this?

*Miles.* What of this maister, why he doth speak  
mystically, for he knowes, if your skill faile to  
make a brazen head, yet mother Waters<sup>1</sup> strong  
ale will fit his turne to make him haue a copper  
nose.

*Clement.* Bacon we come not greeuing at thy skill, 230  
But ioieing that our Academie yeelds  
A man supposde the woonder of the world :  
For if thy cunning worke these myracles,  
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,  
And Oxford shall in characters of brasfe,  
And statues, such as were built vp in Rome,  
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

*Mason.* Then, gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent.

*Bacon.* Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier,  
Resolue you doctors, Bacon can by bookes  
Make storming Boreas thunder from his caue, 240  
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse.  
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,  
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,  
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.  
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes ;  
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,  
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe :

<sup>1</sup> The original small 'w.'

I haue contrivd and framde a head of brasfe,  
 (I made Belcephon hammer out the stufte) 250  
 And that by art fhall read Philosophie,  
 And I will ftrengthen England by my skill,  
 That if ten Cæfars livd and raignd in Rome,  
 With all the legions Europe doth containe,  
 They fhould not touch a grafse of Englifh ground :  
 The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,  
 The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,  
 Carud out like to the portall of the funne,  
 Shall not be fuch as rings the Englifh ftroind  
 From Douer to the market place of Rie. 260

*Burden.* Is this poffible?

*Miles.* Ile bring ye t[w]o or three witneffes.

*Burden.* What be thofe?

*Miles.* Marry fir, three or foure as honeft diuels,  
 and good companions as any be in hell.

*Mafon.* No doubt but magicke may doe much  
 in this,

For he that reades but Mathematicke rules,  
 Shall finde conclufions that auaille to worke  
 Wonders that paffe the common fenfe of men.

*Burden.* But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach, 270  
 And tels of more than magicke can performe :  
 Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.  
 Haue I not pafft as farre in ftate of fchooles,  
 And red of many fecrets? yet to-thinke,  
 That heads of Brasfe can vtter any voice,

Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,  
This is a fable *Æsop* had forgot.

*Bacon.* *Burden*, thou wrongst me in detracting  
thus,

*Bacon* loues not to stuffe himselfe with lies :  
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare, 280  
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

*Burden.* I will : aske what thou can.

*Miles.* Marrie, sir, heele straight be on your  
pickpacke to knowe whether the feminine or the  
masculin gender be most worthie.

*Bacon.* Were you not yesterday, maister *Burden*,  
at Henly vpon the Thembs<sup>1</sup>?

*Burden.* I was, what then?

*Bacon.* What booke studied you thereon all  
night? 290

*Burden.* I, none at all, I red not there a line.

*Bacon.* Then doctors, Frier *Bacons* art knowes  
nought.

*Clement.* What say you to this, maister *Burden*,  
doth hee not touch you?

*Burden.* I passe not of his friuolous speeches.

*Miles.* Nay maister *Burden*, my maister, ere hee  
hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor  
to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will  
leauē no more learning in you than is in *Balaams* 300  
asse.

<sup>1</sup> = Thames.

*Bacon.* Maisters, for that learned Burdens skill is  
 And fore he doubts of *Bacons Cabalisme*, [deepe,  
 Ile shew you why he haunts to Henly oft :  
 Not doctors for to tast the fragrant aire,  
 But there to spend the night in Alcumie  
 To multiplie with secret spels of art.  
 Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all.  
 To prooue my sayings true, Ile shew you straight,  
 The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe. 310

*Miles.* Nay, now my maister goes to coniuration,  
 take heede.

*Bacon.* Maisters stand still, feare not, Ile shewe  
 you but his booke.

*Heere he coniures.*

*Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.*

Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton  
*on a spit, and a Deuill.*

*Miles.* Oh maister, cease your coniuration, or  
 you spoile all ; for heeres a shee diuell come with 320  
 a shoulder of mutton on a spit : you haue mard  
 the diuels supper, but no doubt hee thinkes our  
 Colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his  
 cooke with a shoulder of mutton, to make it  
 exceed.

*Hofteffe.* Oh where am I, or whats become of  
*Bacon.* What art thou? [me?

*Hofteffe.* Hofteffe at Henly, mistresse of the Bell.

*Bacon.* How camest thou heere?

*Hostesse.* As I was in the kitchen mongft the  
maydes,

330

Spitting the meate gainft<sup>1</sup> supper for my guesfe,<sup>2</sup>  
A motion mooued me to looke forth of dore.  
No sooner had I pried into the yard,  
But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,  
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes.  
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,  
Nor know I where or whether I was tane:  
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

*Bacon.* No, know you not maister Burden?

*Hostesse.* Oh yes good fir, he is my daily guesft, 340  
What, maister Burden twas but yesternight  
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

*Burden.* I knowe not what we did; a poxe of  
all coniuring Friers.

*Clement.* Now iolly Frier tell vs, is this the booke  
That Burden is so carefull to looke on?<sup>3</sup>

*Bacon.* It is, but Burden, tell me now,  
Thinkest thou that Bacons Nicromanticke skill  
Cannot performe his head and wall of Brasse,  
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post? 350

<sup>1</sup> The original 'against.'

<sup>2</sup> Frequently used for *guests* by our early writers; so Chamberlayne:

"The empty tables stood, for never *guess*  
Came there, except the bankrupts whom distress  
Spurr'd on," etc.

*Pharonnida*, 1659, B. iv., c. iii., p. 53.—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> The original prints as prose.

*Miles.* Ile warrant you, maister, if maister Burden could coniure as well as you, hee would haue his booke euerie night from Henly to study on at Oxford.

*Mason.* Burden what are you mated<sup>1</sup> by this frolicke Frier?—

Looke how he droops : his guiltie conscience  
Driues him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

*Bacon.* Well, mistres, for I wil not haue you mist,  
You shall to Henly to cheere vp your guests  
Fore supper ginne : Burden bid her adew, 360  
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes :  
Sirha away, and set her safe at home.

*Hostesse.* Maister Burden, when shall we see you  
at Henly?

*Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.*

*Burden.* The deuill take thee and Henly too.

*Miles.* Maister, shall I make a good motion?

*Bacon.* Whats that?

*Miles.* Marry fir nowe that my hostesse is gone  
to provide supper, coniure vp another spirite, and 370  
send doctor Burden flying after.

*Bacon.* Thus rulers of our Accademicke state,  
You haue seene the Frier frame his art by prooffe :  
And as the colledge called Brazennose,  
Is vnder him, and he the maister there :

<sup>1</sup> = confounded or astounded ; or qq. a chess term ?

So surely shall this head of brasse be framde,  
 And yeeld forth strange and vncoth *Aphorismes* :  
 And Hell and Heccate shall faile the Frier,  
 But I will circle England round with brasse.

*Miles.* So be it, & *nunc* & *semper*, Amen. 380

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Frefingfield, with  
 Thomas and Ione, and other clownes ; Lacie dis-  
 guised in countrie apparell.*

*Thomas.* By my troth Margret, heeres a wether  
 is able to make a man call his father whorson : if  
 this wether hold wee shall haue hay good cheape,  
 and butter and cheefe at Harlston will beare no  
 price.

*Margret.* Thomas, maides when they come to  
 see the faire, 390

Count not to make a cope<sup>1</sup> for dearth of hay :  
 When we haue turnd our butter to the salt,  
 And fet our cheefe safely vpon the racks,  
 Then let our fathers prise it as they please.  
 We countrie fluts of merry Frefingfield,  
 Come to buy needleffe noughts to make vs fine,  
 And looke that yong-men should be francke this  
 And court vs with such fairings as they can. [day,  
*Phæbus* is blythe, and frolicke looks from heauen,

<sup>1</sup> See full note on 'cope' in Glossarial-Index, s.v.



As when he courted louely Semele : 400  
 Swearing the pedlers shall haue emptie packs,  
 If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

*Lacie.* But louely Peggie, Semele is dead,  
 And therefore *Phæbus* from his pallace pries,  
 And seeing such a sweet and seemly faint,  
 Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

*Margret.* This is a fairing gentle fir indeed,  
 To soothe me vp with such smooth flatterie,  
 But learne of me, your scoffes to[o] broad before :  
 Well Ione our bewties must abide their iestes, 410  
 We serue the turne in iolly Frefingfield.

*Ione.* Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers  
 I warrant you, the meanest of vs both [sonne,  
 Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church.  
 But Thomas, whats the newes? what, in a dumpe?  
 Giue me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,  
 Out with your purse, we must haue fairings now.

*Thomas.* Faith Ione and shall, Ile bestow a fairing  
 on you, and then we will to the Tauern, and snap  
 off a pint of wine or two. 420

*All this while Lacy whispers Margret in the ear.*

*Margret.* Whence are you fir? of Suffolke? for  
 your tearms are finer than the common fort of  
 men.

*Lacy.* Faith louely girle I am of Beckles by,  
 Your neighbour, not aboue fix miles from hence ;

A farmers sonne, that neuer was so quaint,  
 But that he could do courtesie to such dames :  
 But trust me Margret, I am sent in charge  
 From him that reueld in your fathers house, 430  
 And fild his Lodge with cheere and venison,  
 Tyred in greene ; he sent you this rich purse ;  
 His token, that he helpt you run your cheefe,  
 And in the milkhousc chatted with your selfe.

*Margret.* To me? you forget your selfe.<sup>1</sup>

*Lacie.* Women are often weake in memorie.

*Margret.* Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man :  
 Twere little manners to refuse his gift,  
 And yet I hope he sends it not for loue :  
 For we haue little leifure to debate of that. 440

*Ione.* What Margret blufh not, mayds must haue  
 their loues.

*Thomas.* Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if  
 she were angrie.

*Richard.* Sirha are you of Beckls? I pray, how  
 dooth goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of  
 him ; Ile tell you Margret, a were good to be a  
 gentlemans iade, for of all things the foule hilding  
 could not abide a doongcart.

*Margret.* [*aside.*] How different is this farmer  
 from the rest, 450

<sup>1</sup> Dyce gives 'You forget . . . memorie' to Lacy—in error surely?  
 For evidently the Author meant to mark her (already) liking for Lacy,  
 she disliking even to seem to have encouraged another.

That earst as yet hath pleasd my wandring sight.  
 His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,  
 His courtesie gentle, smelling of the court,  
 Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,  
 Proportiond as was Paris, when in gray,  
 He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.  
 Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,  
 Who [am]<sup>1</sup> but the keepers lasse of Frefingfield :  
 And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly sonne  
 Passeth the prowdest that hath pleasd mine eye. 460  
 But Peg disclose not that thou art in loue,  
 And shew as yet no sign of loue to him,  
 Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy loue :  
 Keepe that to thee till time doth serue thy turne,  
 To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.  
 Come Ione and Thomas, shall we to the faire ?  
 You Beckls man will not forsake vs now ?

*Lacie.* Not whilst I may haue such quaint girls  
 as you.

*Margret.* Well if you chaunce to come by  
 Frefingfield,  
 Make but a step into the keepers lodge, 470  
 And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,  
 Butter and cheefe, creame, and fat venison,  
 You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.

*Lacie.* Gramarcies Peggie, looke for me eare long.

*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> = 'Who am,' for 'Who but' of original.

*Enter Henry the third, the emperour, the king of  
Castile, Elinor his daughter, Jaques Vandermaft  
a Germaine.*

*Henrie.* Great men of Europe, monarchs of the  
Ringd with the wals of old *Oceanus*, [West,  
Whose loftie furge is<sup>1</sup> like the battelments 481  
That compast high built Babell in with towers :  
Welcome my lords, welcome braue westerne kings,  
To Englands shore, whose promontorie cleeuues<sup>2</sup>  
Shews Albion is another little world :  
Welcome sayes English Henrie to you all,  
Chiefly vnto the louely Eleanour,  
Who darde for Edwards sake cut through the seas,  
And venture as Agenors damfell through the deepe,<sup>3</sup>  
To get the loue of Henries wanton sonne. 490

*Castile.* Englands rich Monarch, braue Plan-  
tagenet,  
The Pyren Mounts fwelling aboue the clouds,  
That ward the welthie Castile in with walles,  
Could not detaine the beautious Eleanour,  
But hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce prints and notes 'furge is' for 'furges',—accepted in text for grammar's sake, albeit Greene was careless therein.

<sup>2</sup> = cliffs.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries—"And ventures as Agenor's damfel did?" and adds, "Greene would hardly have written here 'through the deep' when the preceding line ended with 'through the seas.'" Certainly Greene did. Who among the Players would have dreamt, even had he been capable, of altering it?

She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,  
 And bide the brunt of froward Eolus :  
 Then may faire England welcome her the more.

*Elinor.* After that English Henrie by his  
 lords,

Had sent Prince Edwards louely counterfeit,<sup>1</sup> 500  
 A present to the Castile Elinor ;  
 The comly pourtrait of so braue a man,  
 The vertuous fame discourfed of his deeds,  
 Edwards couragious resolution,  
 Done at the holy land fore Damas walles ;  
 Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,  
 To like so of the English Monarchs sonne,  
 That I attempted perrils for his sake.

*Emperour.* Where is the Prince, my lord ?

*Henrie.* He posted down, not long since from 510  
 the court,

To Suffolke fide, to merrie Fremingham,  
 To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere ;  
 From thence by packets sent to Hampton house,  
 We heare the Prince is ridden with his lords  
 To Oxford, in the Academie there  
 To heare dispute amongst the learned men :  
 But we will send foorth letters for my sonne,  
 To will him come from Oxford to the court.

*Empe.* Nay rather Henrie let vs as we be,  
 Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine : 520

<sup>1</sup> = portrait.

<sup>2</sup> Fremlingham.

Faine would I see your Vniuersities,  
 And what learned men your Academie yields.  
 From Hapspurg<sup>1</sup> haue I brought a learned clarke  
 To hold dispute with English Orators :  
 This doctor, furnamde Iaques Vandermaft,  
 A Germaine borne, past into Padua,  
 To Florence and to fair Bolonia,  
 To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,  
 And talking there with men of art, put downe  
 The chiefeft of them all in Aphorifmes, 530  
 In Magicke, and the mathematicke rules :  
 Now let vs Henrie trie him in your schooles. [wel.

*Henrie.* He fhall my lord, this motion likes me  
 Weele progresse ftraight to Oxford with our trains,  
 And fee what men our Academie brings.—  
 And woonder<sup>2</sup> Vandermaft, welcome to me :  
 In Oxford fhalt thou find a iollie frier,  
 Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower :  
 Set him but Non-plus in his magicke fpels,  
 And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules, 540  
 And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes  
 Not with a poets garland made of Baies,  
 But with a coronet of choicest gold.  
 Whilst then we fet<sup>3</sup> to Oxford with our troupes,  
 Lets in and banquet in our English court. *Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> = Hapsburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce badly queries 'wondrous?'

<sup>3</sup> The original 'fit'—a possible misprint for 'fet.'

*Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparell, Edward Warren, Ermsby disguised.*

*Raphe.* Where be these vacabond knaues, that they attend no better on their maister?

*Edward.* If it please your honour, we are all 550 ready at an inch.

*Raphe.* Sirha Ned, Ne haue no more posthorse to ride on, Ile haue another fetch.

*Ermsbie.* I pray you, how is that, my Lord?

*Raphe.* Marrie sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or fve dozen of Geese, and Ile haue them tide fix and fix together with whipcord. Now vpon their backes will I haue a faire field bed with a Canapie, and so when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please; this will be easie. 560

*Warren.* Your honour hath said well: but shall we to Brazennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes?

*Ermsbie.* Warren, well motioned, we will to the Before we reuell it within the towne. [Frier Raphe, see you keepe your countenance like a prince.

*Raphe.* Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting<sup>1</sup> knaues to wait vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies: haue you not good swords and bucklers? 570

<sup>1</sup> = swaggering fighting.

*Enter Friar Bacon and Miles.*

*Ermſbie.* Stay who comes heere.

*Warren.* Some ſcholler, and weele aſke him where Frier Bacon is.

*Bacon.* Why thou arrant dunce, ſhal I neuer make thee good ſcholler? doth not all the towne crie out, and fay, Frier Bacons ſubſiſer is the greateſt blockhead in all Oxford? why thou canſt not ſpeake one word of true Latine.

*Miles.* No fir, yes,<sup>1</sup> what is this els? *Ego ſum* 580  
*tuus homo*, I am your man: I warrant you fir as good Tullies phraſe as any is in Oxford.

*Bacon.* Come on ſirha, what part of ſpeech is *Ego*?

*Miles.* *Ego*, that is I, marrie, *nomen ſubſtantiuo*.

*Bacon.* How prooue you that?

*Miles.* Why fir let him prooue himſelfe and a will, I can be hard, felt, and vnderſtood.

*Bacon.* Oh groſſe dunce.

*Here beat him.*

590

*Edward.* Come let vs breake off this diſpute between theſe two. Sirha, where is Brazennoſe Colledge?

*Miles.* Not far from Copper-smithes hall.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce alters to 'yet' erroneously, not perceiving the intended retraction of the 'No.'



*Edward.* What doest thou mocke me?

[*threatens him.*]

*Miles.* Not I fir, but what would you at  
Brazennose? [Bacon.

*Ermſbie.* Marrie, we would speake with Frier

*Miles.* Whose men be you?

*Ermſbie.* Marrie, scholler, heres our maister. 600

*Raphe.* Sirha, I am the maister of these good  
fellowes, mayst thou not know me to be a Lord  
by my reparrell?

*Miles.* Then heeres good game for the hawke,  
for heers the maister fool and a couie of Cocks  
combs: one wise man, I thinke would spring you all.

*Edward.* Gogs wounds Warren kill him.

*Warren.* Why Ned I thinke the deuill be in  
my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

*Ermſbie.* Nor I mine, Swones Ned I thinke I 610  
am bewicht.

*Miles.* A companie of scabbes, the proudest of  
you all drawe your weapon if he can. [*Aside.*<sup>1</sup>]  
See how boldly I speake now my maister is by.

*Edward.* I striue in vaine, but if my sword be  
shut,  
And coniured fast by magicke in my sheath,  
Villaine heere is my sift.

*Strike him a box on the eare.*

<sup>1</sup> In the original a new line commences with 'See'—to show it as an  
'aside' or separate speech.

*Miles.* Oh I befeech you coniure his hands too,  
that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he 620  
is light fingered.

*Raphe.* Ned strike him, Ile warrant thee by  
mine honour.

*Bacon.* What meanes the English prince to  
wrong my man?

*Edward.* To whom speakest thou?

*Bacon.* To thee.

*Edward.* Who art thou?

*Bacon.* Could you not iudge when all your  
fwords grew fast,

That frier Bacon was not farre from hence?

Edward King Henries sonne and Prince of Wales, 630

Thy foole disguifd cannot conceale thy felfe,

I know both Ermsbie and the Suffex Earle,

Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.

Thou comest in post from merrie Frefingfield,

Fast fancied to the keepers bonny lasse,

To craue some succour of the iolly Frier :

And Lacie, Ear[l]e of Lincolne hast thou left

To treat fair Margret to allow thy loues;

But friends are men, and loue can baffle Lords ;

The Earl both woes and courtes her for him- 640  
felfe.

*Warren.* Ned this is strange, the frier knoweth al.

*Ermsbie.* Appollo could not vtter more than this.

*Edward.* I stand amazed to heare this iolly Frier

Tell euen the verie secrets of my thoughts :  
 But, learned Bacon since thou knowest the cause  
 Why I did post so fast from Frefingfield,  
 Help Frier at a pinch, that I may haue  
 The loue of louely Margret to my selfe,  
 And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile giue  
 Living and lands to strength thy colledge state. 650

*Warren.* Good Frier, helpe the Prince in this.

*Raphe.* Why seruant Ned, will not the frier doe  
 it? Were not my sword glued to my scabberd by  
 coniuration, I would cut off his head and make  
 him do it by force.

*Miles.* In faith my lord, your manhood and  
 your sword is all alike, they are so fast coniured  
 that we shall neuer see them.

*Erm/bie.* W[h]at, doctor, in a dumpe, tush  
 helpe the Prince,  
 And thou shalt see how liberall he will prooue. 660

*Bacon.* Craue not such actions, greater dumps  
 than these?

I will my lord straine out my magicke spels,  
 For this day comes the earl to Frefingfield,  
 And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,  
 Theile be betrothed ech to other fast :  
 But come with me, weele to my studie straight,  
 And in a glasse prospectiue I will shew  
 Whats done this day in merry Frefingfield. [paine.

*Edward.* Gramercies, Bacon, I will quite thy

*Bacon.* But fend your traine my lord, into the 670  
towne,

My scholler shall go bring them to their Inne :

Mean while weele see the knauerie of the earle.

*Edward.* Warren leaue me :—and Ermsbie, take  
the foole,

Let him be maister, and go reuell it,

Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.

*Warren.* We will my lord.

*Raphe.* Faith Ned and Ile lord it out till thou  
comest, Ile be Prince of Wales ouer all the blacke  
pots in Oxford.

*Exeunt.*

*Bacon, and Edward, goes into the study.*<sup>1</sup> 680

*Bacon.* Now frolick Edward, welcome to my  
Cell,

Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies :

And holds this place his confistorie court,

Wherein the diuels pleads homage to his words,

Within this glasse prospectiue thou shalt see

This day whats done in merry Frefingfield

Twixt louely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates here : “*Frier Bacon and Prince Edward*, etc.] Here, after the exit of Warren, Ermsby, etc., and after Bacon and Edward had walked a few paces about (or perhaps towards the back of) the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to the interior of Bacon’s cell.”

*Edward.* Frier thou gladst me, now shall  
 Edward trie  
 How Lacie meaneth to his foueraigne lord. [glasse.  
*Bacon.* Stand there and looke directly in the 690

*Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.*<sup>1</sup>

What fees my lord?

*Edward.* I fee the keepers louely lasse appeare,  
 As brightfome<sup>2</sup> as the parramour of Mars,<sup>3</sup>  
 Onely attended by a iolly frier.

*Bacon.* Sit still and keepe the christall in your eye.

*Margret.* But tell me frier Bungay is it true,  
 That this faire courtious countrie swaine,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who saies his father is a farmer nie,  
 Can be lord Lacie earle of Lincolnshire. 700

*Bungay.* Peggie tis true, tis Lacie for my life,  
 Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile :  
 Left by prince Edward to procure his loues,  
 For he in greene, that holpe you runne your cheefe,  
 Is sonne to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

<sup>1</sup> So Dyce here : "*Enter Margret and Frier Bungay*] Perhaps the curtain which concealed the upper-stage (*i.e.* the balcony at the back of the stage) was withdrawn, discovering Margaret and Bungay standing there, and when the representation in the glass was supposed to be over, the curtain was drawn back again."

<sup>2</sup> The original 'bright-sunne,' Dyce's lection, accepted.

<sup>3</sup> = Venus.

<sup>4</sup> Dyce queries "That this fair, *witty*, courteous" etc.? See before, Margaret's first speech (p. 25, l. 452), and Bungay's next speech but one here."

*Margret.* Be what he will, his lure is but for lust.  
 But did lord Lacie like poor Marg[a]ret,  
 Or would he daine to wed a countrie lasse?  
 Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,  
 And for great wealth quite him with courtesie. 710

*Bungay.* Why Margret doest thou loue him?

*Margret.* His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,<sup>1</sup>

Might well auouch to shadow Hellens rape:<sup>2</sup>  
 His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,  
 As Greece affoorded in her chieftest prime:  
 Courteous, ah Frier, full of pleasing smiles,  
 Trust me, I loue too much to tell thee more,  
 Suffice to me he is<sup>3</sup> Englands parramour.

*Bungay.* Hath not ech eye that viewd thy  
 pleasing face  
 Surnamed thee faire maid of Frefingfield? 720

*Margret.* Yes Bungay, and would God the louely  
 Earle

Had that in *esse*, that so many fought.

*Bungay.* Feare not, the Frier will not be behind  
 To shew his cunning to entangle loue. [wench,

*Edward.* I thinke the Frier courts the bonny  
 Bacon, methinkes he is a lustie churle

*Bacon.* Now looke my lord.

<sup>1</sup> = Paris.

<sup>2</sup> The original prints 'cape,' and Dyce changes to 'rape'—accepted.  
 = carrying off, not in modern restricted sense.

<sup>3</sup> = he's.

*Enter Lacie [disguised as before].*

*Edward.* Cogs wounds, Bacon, heere comes Lacie.

*Bacon.* Sit still, my lord and marke the commedie. 730

*Bungay.* Heeres Lacie, Margret step aside awhile.

*[Retires with Margaret.]*

*Lacie.* Daphne, the damfell, that caught Phæbus  
fast,

And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,  
Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes,  
As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle;  
Recant thee Lacie—thou art put in trust,  
Edward, thy foueraignes sonne hath chosen thee  
A secret friend, to court her for himself:  
And darest thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie?— 740  
Lacie, loue makes no exception<sup>1</sup> of a friend,  
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:  
Honour bids thee controll him in his lust,  
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,  
But to intrap her and beguile the lasse:  
Lacie, thou louest, then brooke not such abuse,  
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:  
For better die, than see her liue disgracde.

*Margret.* Come Frier I will shake him from his  
dumps. *[Comes forward.]*

How cheere you fir, a pennie for your thought: 750

<sup>1</sup> The originals 'acception.'

Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,  
What come from Beckles in a morne so soone.

*Lacie.* Thus watchfull are such men as liue in  
loue, [fleepe,  
Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their  
I tell thee Peggie, since last Harlston faire,  
My minde hath felt a heape of passions. [friend,

*Margret.* A trustie man that court it for your  
Woo you still for the courtier all in greene?

I maruell that he fues not for himselfe. [for him,

*Lacie.* Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace 760  
But when mine eies suruaid your beautious lookes,  
Loue, like a wagge, straight diued into my heart,  
And there did shrine the<sup>1</sup> Idea of your selfe:  
Pittie me though I be a farmers sonne,  
And meafure not my riches but my loue.

*Margret.* You are verie hastie, for to garden well,  
Seeds must haue time to sprout before they spring,  
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials shade,  
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.

*Bungay.* [coming forward.] *Deus hic*, roome for  
a merrie Frier. 770

What youth of Beckles, with the keepers lasse,  
Tis well, but tell me heere you any newes?

*Margret.*<sup>2</sup> No Frier, what newes?

<sup>1</sup> = th'.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce gives this to Lacy, and probably correctly: yet it was a possible speech for her in the circumstances—therefore retained. Original mispunctuates, after 'No.'



*Bungay.* Heere you not how the purfeuants do  
poft

With proclamations through ech country towne?

*Lacie.* For what gentle frier, tell the newes.

*Bungay.* Dwelst thou in Beckles, & heerft not  
of thefe newes?

*Lacie* the Earle of Lincolne is late fled

From Windfor court, difguifed like a fwaine,

And lurkes about the countrie heere vnknowne. 780

Henrie fufpects him of fome trecherie,

And therefore doth proclaime in euey way,

That who can take the Lincolne earle, fhall haue

Paid in the Exchequer, twentie thoufand crownes.

*Lacie.* The earle of Lincolne, Frier thou art mad,  
It was fome other, thou miftakeft the man :

The earle of Lincolne, why it cannot be.

*Margret.* Yes, verie well my lord, for you are he,  
The keepers daughter tooke you prifoner :

Lord Lacie yeeld, Ile be your gailer once. 790

*Edward.* How familiar they be Bacon.

*Bacon.* Sit ftill, and marke the fequell of their loues.

*Lacie.* Then am I double prifoner to thy felfe,  
Peggie, I yeeld, but are thefe newes in ieft?

*Margret.* In ieft with you, but earneft vnto me :—  
For why, thefe wrongs do wring me at the heart,  
Ah how thefe earles and noble men of birth  
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill!

*Lacie.* Beleeeue me, laffe, I am the Lincolne earle,

I not denie but tyred thus in rags, 800  
 I liued disguisd to winne faire Peggies loue.

*Margret.* What loue is there where wedding  
 ends not loue? [wife.

*Lacie.* I meant<sup>1</sup> faire girle to make thee Lacies

*Margret.* I litle thinke that earles wil stoop so  
 low. [sleep?

*Lacie.* Say, shall I make thee countesse ere I

*Margret.* Handmaid vnto the earle, so please him-  
 A wife in name, but seruant in obedience. [selfe,

*Lacie.* The Lincolne countesse, for it shalbe so,  
 Ile plight the bands, and seale it with a kisse.

*Edward.* Gogs wounds Bacon, they kisse, Ile stab  
 them. 810

*Bacon.* Oh hold your handes my lord it is the  
 glasse.

*Edward.* Coller to see the traitors gree so well,  
 Made me [to] thinke the shadowes substances.

*Bacon.* Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach  
 betweene<sup>2</sup>

Oxford and Frefingfield, but sit still and see more.

*Bungay.* Well lord of Lincolne, if your loues be  
 knit,

And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree :  
 To auoid insuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'mean'; but cf. 'liued disguisd.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries "Is this a prose-speech, or corrupted verse?" Probably a 5-foot and 6-foot line. Printed in the original as in text.

Ile take my portace forth and wed you heere,—  
Then go to bed and seale vp your desires. 820

*Lacie.* Frier content, Peggie how like you this?

*Margret.* What likes my lord is pleasing vnto me.

*Bungay.* Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my

*Bacon.* What fees my lord now? [booke.

*Edward.* Bacon, I see the louers hand in hand,  
The Frier readie with his portace there,  
To wed them both, then am I quite vndone :  
Bacon helpe now, if ere thy magicke serude,  
Helpe Bacon, stop the marriage now,<sup>1</sup>  
If diuels or nigromancie may suffice, 830  
And I will giue thee fortie thousand crownes.

*Bacon.* Feare not my lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier  
For mumbling vp his orisons this day. [booke.

*Lacie.* Why speakest not Bungay, Frier, to thy

*Bungay is mute, crying Hud, hud.*

*Margret.* How lookest thou frier, as a man  
distracted,  
Rest of thy fences Bungay, shew by signes  
If thou be dum, what passions holdeth thee?

*Lacie.* Hees dumbe indeed : Bacon hath with his  
Inchanted him, or else some strange disease [diuels 840  
Or Appoplexie hath possesse his lungs :

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes : "Some word, or words, wanting here." It may, however be a 4-foot line. Or it might run 'Helpe Ba/con [Helpe / and] now . . .'

But Peggie what he cannot with his booke  
Weel twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.

*Margret.* Els let me die my lord a miscreant.

*Edward.* Why stands frier Bungay so amazd?

*Bacon.* I haue strook him dum, my lord, & if  
your honor please

Ile fetch this Bungay straightway from Frefingfield,  
And he shall dine with vs in Oxford here. [me.<sup>1</sup>

*Edward.* Bacon, doe that, and thou contentest

*Lacie.* Of courtesie, Margret let vs lead the frier 850  
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him

With brothes, to bring him from this haplesse trance.

*Margret.* Or els my lord, we were passing  
vnkinde<sup>2</sup>

To leaue the frier so in his distresse.

*Enter a deuill, and carrie Bungay on his backe.*

*Margret.* O, helpe my lord, a deuill, a deuill  
my lord,

Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe :

Lets hence for Bacons spirits be abroad.

*Exeunt.*

*Edward.* Bacon I laugh to see the iolly Frier 860

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries—

“I have struck him dumb, my lord : and, if *you* please,  
I'll fetch this Bungay *straight* from Fressingfield,  
And he,” etc.?

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries, “passing unkind we were”? Put slight stress on  
‘we were.’

Mounted upon the diuell, and how the earle  
Flees with his bonny lasse for feare :<sup>1</sup>

Affoone as Bungay is at Brazennose,  
And I haue chatted with the merrie frier,  
I will in post hie me to Frefingfield,  
And quite these wrongs on *Lacie* ere it<sup>2</sup> be long.

*Bacon.* So be it my lord, but let vs to our  
dinner :

For ere we haue taken our repast awhile,  
We shall haue Bungay brought to Brazennose.

*Exeunt.* 870

*Enter three doctores, Burden, Mason, Clement.*

*Mason.* Now that we are gathered in the regent-  
It fits vs talke about the kings repaire, [house,  
For he trooped<sup>3</sup> with all the westerne kings,  
That lie alongst the Danisc seas by East,  
North by the clime of frostie Germanie,  
The Almain Monarke, and the Saxon<sup>4</sup> duke,  
Castile, and louely Ellinor with him,  
Haue in their iests resolued for Oxford towne.

*Burden.* We must lay plots of stately tragedies, 880  
Strange comick shoves, such as proud Roscius<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes "Some word or words wanting." But probably Greene's frequent 4-foot line.

<sup>2</sup> = er't.

<sup>3</sup> The original 'troopt'—'trooped' needed for scansion, hence so printed.

<sup>4</sup> Misprinted in the originals 'Scoon.'

<sup>5</sup> = Roscius.

Vaunted before the Romane Emperours,  
To welcome all the westerne Potentates.<sup>1</sup>

*Clement.* But more, the king by letters hath  
foretold,

That Fredericke the Almaine Emperour,  
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,  
Whose surname is Don Jaquesse Vandermaft,  
Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.

*Mafon.* Then must we all make sute vnto the  
frier,

To Frier Bacon that he vouch this task, 890  
And vndertake to counteruaile in skill  
The German, els theres none in Oxford can,  
Match and dispute with learned Vandermaft.

*Burden.* Bacon, if he will hold the German play,  
Weele teach him what an English Frier can doe :  
The diuell I thinke dare not dispute with him.

*Clement.* Indeed mas doctor he [ill]pleasured  
you,

In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,  
From Henly posting vnto Brazennose.

*Burden.* A vengeance on the Frier for his paines, 900  
But leauing that, lets hie to Bacon straight,  
To see if he will take this taske in hand.

*Clement.* Stay what rumor is this, the towne is  
vp in a mutinie, what hurly-burlie is this?

<sup>1</sup> The originals by inadvertence commence Clement's speech with this  
ine—corrected by Dyce and accepted. Dyce supplies [dis] in l. 897.

*Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie,  
[all three disguised as before] and Miles.*

*Constable.* Nay maisters, if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeanour.

*Burden.* Whats the matter fellow? 910

*Constable.* Marrie fir, heres a companie of rufflers that drinking in the Tauerne, haue made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

*Miles.* *Salve*, doctor Burden, this lubberly lurden, Ill shapte and ill faced, disdained and disgraced, What he tels vnto *vobis mentitur de nobis*.<sup>1</sup> [crew?

*Burden.* Who is the maister and cheefe of this

*Miles.* *Ecce asinum mundi, figura*<sup>2</sup> *rotundi*, Neat, sheat and [as] fine, as a briske cup of wine.<sup>3</sup>

*Burden.* What are you? 920

*Raphe.* I am father doctor as a man would say, the Belwether of this cōpany, these are my lords, and I the prince of Wales.

*Clement.* Are you Edward the kings sonne?

*Raphe.* Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and I warrant when they see how foundly I haue broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man than a prince. [of Wales.

*Mason.* I cannot belieue that this is the prince 930

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 47.

<sup>2</sup> The original 'Fugura.'

<sup>3</sup> Original reads badly, 'Neat, sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.'

*Warren.* And why so fir?

*Mason.* For they say the prince is a braue & a wife gentleman.

*Warren.* Why and thinkest thou doctör that he is not so?

Darst thou detract and derogat from him,  
Being so louely and so braue a youth.

*Ermſbie.* Whose face, shining with many a  
fugred smile,  
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

*Miles.* And yet maister doctör, to speake like a  
proctor,

And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true ; 940  
To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparell,  
Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of  
Walis,

The cheef of our *gregis*, and *filius regis* :  
Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white  
sonne.

*Raphe.* Doctors, whose doting nightcaps are not  
capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am  
Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will  
make a shippe that shall hold all your colleges, and  
so carrie away the Niniuersitie with a fayre wind,  
to the Bankeſide in Southwarke. How sayst thou, 950  
Ned Warraine, shall I not do it?

*Warren.* Yes my good lord, and if it please  
your lordship, I wil gather vp al your old pan-



tophles and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of fīue hundred tunne, that shall ferue the turne maruellous well, my lord.

*Ermſbie.* And I my lord, will haue Pioners to vndermine the towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your ſummer walkes.

*Miles.* And I, with *ſcientia*, and great *diligentia*, 960  
Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme,  
That *utrum horum mauis*, your very great *nauis*,  
Like Barclays ſhip,<sup>1</sup> from Oxford do ſkip,  
With Colleges and ſchoolles, full loaden with fooles,  
*Quid dicis ad hoc*, worſhipfull *domine Dawcocke*? <sup>2</sup>

*Clement.* Why harebraind courtiers, are you  
drunke or mad,  
To taunt vs vp with ſuch ſcurilitie?  
Deeme you vs men of baſe and light eſteeme,  
To bring vs ſuch a fop for Henries ſonne?—  
Call out the beaſt[e]s, and conuay them hence 970  
Straight to Bocardo,<sup>3</sup> let the roifters lie  
Cloſe clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

<sup>1</sup> The original misprinted 'Bartlets ſhip.' The reference is to "The ſhypp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Laten Frenche and Doche into Englyſſhe Tonge, by Alexander Barclay Preſte. London by Richarde Pynfon. 1509, folio."—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> "An expreſſion borrowed from the author whoſe ſtyle is here imitated:

'*Conſtruas hoc,*

*Domine Dawcocke!*'

*Ware the Hauke*,—Skelton's *Works*, i. 163, ed. *Dyce*.—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> = "the old north gate of Oxford, which was uſed as a priſon; ſo called, we may certainly preſume, from ſome alluſion to the Ariſtotelian ſyllogiſm in *Bocardo*. It was taken down in 1771."—*Dyce*.

*Ermſbie.* Why ſhall we to priſon my lord?

*Raphe.* What ſaiſt Miles, ſhall I honour the priſon with my preſence?

*Miles.* No no, out with your blades, and hamper theſe iades,

Haue a flurt and a craſh, now play reuell daſh,  
And teach theſe Sacerdos, that the Bocardos,  
Like pezzants and elues, are meet for themſelues.

*Mafon.* To the priſon with them conſtable. 980

*Warren.* Well doctors ſeeing I haue ſported me,  
With laughing at theſe mad and merrie waggies,  
Know that prince Edward is at Brazennoſe,  
And this attired like the prince of Wales,  
Is Raphe, king Henries only loued foole,  
I, earle of Suffex,<sup>1</sup> and this Ermſbie  
One of the priuie chamber to the king,  
Who while the prince with Frier Bacon ſtaies,  
Haue reueld it in Oxford as you ſee.

*Mafon.* My lord pardon vs, we knew not what  
you were, 990

But courtiers may make greater ſkapes than theſe.  
Wilt pleaſe your honour dine with me to-day?

*Warren.* I will maiſter doctor, and ſatiſfie the  
vintner for his hurt, only I muſt deſire you to  
imagine him [pointing to Raphe] all this forenoon  
the prince of Wales.

*Mafon.* I will fir.

<sup>1</sup> The originals 'Eſſex.'

*Raphe.* And vpon that I will lead the way,  
 onely I will haue Miles goe before me, because I  
 haue heard Henrie say, that wisedome must go  
 before Maieftie. [Exeunt. 1000

*Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand,  
 Lacie and Margret.*

*Edward.* Lacie thou canst not shroud thy  
 traitrous thoughts,  
 Nor couer, as did Cassius, all his<sup>1</sup> wiles,  
 For Edward hath an eye that lookes as farre,  
 As Lincæus from the shores of Grecia.  
 Did not I sit in Oxford by the Frier,  
 And see thee court the mayd of Frefingfield,  
 Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse?  
 Did not prowde Bungay draw his portafle foorth, 1010  
 And ioyning hand in hand had married you,  
 If Frier Bacon had not strook him dumbe,  
 And mounted him vpon a spirits backe,  
 That we might chat at Oxford with the frier?  
 Traitor what answerst, is not all this true?

*Lacie.* Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make  
 reple,  
 At Harlstone faire there courting for your grace,  
 When as mine eye survaid her curious shape,  
 And drewe the beautious glory of her looks,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce misalters to 'thy.'

To diue into the center of my heart, 1020  
 Loue taught me that your honour did but iest,  
 'That princes were in fancie but as men :  
 How that the louely maid of Frefingfield  
 Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife,  
 Than concubine vnto the prince of Wales.

*Edward.* Iniurious Lacie, did I loue thee more  
 Than Alexander his Hepheftion ?  
 Did I vnfold the passion<sup>1</sup> of my loue,  
 And locke them in the cloffet of thy thoughts?  
 Wert thou to Edward second to himfelfe, 1030  
 Sole freind, and partner of his fecreat loues,  
 And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake  
 Th'inchained fetters of fuch priuat freindes?  
 Bafe coward, falfe, and too effeminate,  
 To be coriuall with a prince in thoughts ;  
 From Oxford haue I pofted fince I dind,  
 To quite a traitor fore that Edward fleepe.

*Margret.* Twas I, my Lord, not Lacie ftept awry,  
 For oft he fued and courted for your felfe,  
 And ftill woode for the courtier all in greene, 1040  
 But I whome fancy made but ouer fond,  
 Pleded my felfe with looks as if I lovd ;  
 I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,  
 And ftill bewicht, lovd Lacie with my looks ;  
 My hart with fighes, myne eyes pleded with tears,  
 My face held pittie and content at once,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'passions,' but fuch phrasing was common then.

And more I could not fipher out by signes  
 But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart.  
 Then worthy Edward meafure with thy minde,  
 If womens fauours will not force men fall, 1050  
 If bewtie, and if darts of perſing loue,  
 Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes. [loues,  
*Edward.* I tell thee Peggie I will haue thy  
 Edward or none ſhall conquer Marg[a]ret.  
 In Frigats bottomd with rich Sethin<sup>1</sup> planks,  
 Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,  
 Stemd and incaſt with burniſht Iuorie  
 And ouerlaid with plates of Perſian wealth ;  
 Like Thetis ſhalt thou wanton on the waues  
 And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,  
 To daunce lauoltas in the purple ſtreames ; 1060  
 Sirens with harpes and ſiluer pſalteries,  
 Shall waight with muſicke at thy frigots ſtem,  
 And entertaine faire Margret with their<sup>2</sup> laies ;  
 England and Englands wealth ſhall wait on thee,  
 Brittain ſhall bend vnto her princes loue,  
 And doe due homage to thine excellence,  
 If thou wilt be but Edwards Marg[a]ret.

*Margret.* Pardon my lord, if Ioues great roialtie  
 Sent me ſuch preſents as to Danae,  
 If Phœbus ti[r]ed<sup>3</sup> in Latonas webs, 1070

<sup>1</sup> = Shittim. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>2</sup> The original misprints 'her.'

<sup>3</sup> Quarto '30 'tyed' = incased.

Came<sup>1</sup> courting from the beautie of his lodge,  
 The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie ;  
 Not all the wealth heauens treasurie affords,  
 Should make me leaue Lord Lacie or his loue.

*Edward.* I haue learnd at Oxford then this point  
 of schooles,

*Ablata<sup>2</sup> causa, tollitur effectus :*

Lacie['s] the cause that Margret cannot loue  
 Nor fix her liking on the English Prince—  
 Take him away, and then the effects will faile. 1080  
 Villaine prepare thy selfe, for I will bathe  
 My poinard in the bosome of an earle.

*Lacie.* Rather then liue, and misse faire Mar-  
 grets loue,

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatall doome,  
 But stab it home, end both my loues and life.

*Margret.* Braue Prince of Wales, honoured for  
 royall deeds, [blood,  
 Twere finne to staine faire Venus courts with  
 Loues conquests<sup>3</sup> end my lord, in courtesie ;  
 Spare Lacie gentle Edward, let me die,  
 For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

*Edward.* Lacie shall die as traitor to his Lord. 1090

*Lacie.* I haue deserued it, Edward, act it well.

[*kneels.*]

<sup>1</sup> The originals misprint 'come.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Abbata.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce corrects with 'conquest,' but I prefer removing the 's' from  
 'ends.'

*Margret.* What hopes the Prince to gaine by  
Lacies death? [g[a]ret.

*Edward.* To end the loues twixt him and Mar-

*Margret.* Why, thinks king Henries sonne that  
Margrets loue

Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time?  
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?  
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun  
Shall vaunt him thrice, ouer the loftie east,  
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heauens.

1100

*Lacie.* If ought betides to louely Marg[a]ret  
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,  
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie  
Should not allure Lacie to ouerliue :

Then Edward short my life and end her<sup>1</sup> loues.

*Margret.* Rid me, and keepe a friend worth  
many loues. [friends.

*Lacie.* Nay Edward keepe a loue worth many

*Margret.* And<sup>2</sup> if thy mind be such as fame hath  
Then princely Edward, let vs both abide [blazde,  
The fatall resolution of thy rage :

1110

Banish thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,  
And in one toomb knit both our carkases,  
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue.

*Edward* [*aside.*] Edward, Art thou that famous  
prince of Wales,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'our.' But Greene loved the contrast of 'my' and  
'her.'

<sup>2</sup> = An.

Who at Damasco beat the Sarafens,  
 And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point,  
 And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe?  
 Is it<sup>1</sup> princely to disseuer louers leagues?<sup>2</sup>  
 To part such friends as glorie in their loues?<sup>3</sup>  
 Leaue Ned, and make a vertue of this fault, 1120  
 And further Peg and Lacie in their loues,  
 So in subduing fancies passion,  
 Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile.  
 Lacie rise vp, faire Peggie heeres my hand,  
 The prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,  
 And all his loues he yeelds vnto the earle,  
 Lacie, enioy the maid of Frefingfield ;  
 Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,  
 And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,  
 Will giue her to thee franckly for thy wife. 1130

*Lacie.* Humbly I take her of my soueraigne,  
 As if that Edward gaue me Englands right,  
 And richt me with the Albion diadem. [mean true?

*Margret.* And doth the English Prince indeed  
 Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loues,  
 And yeeld the title of a countrie maid,  
 Vnto Lord Lacie?

*Edward.* I will faire Peggie as I am true lord.

*Marg.* Then lordly fir, whose conquest is as great,

<sup>1</sup> = 1<sup>st</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> In 4to '30 'Louers loues.'

<sup>3</sup> This line not in the later 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> 'indeed' accepted from Dyce.



In conquering loue as Cæsars victories ;  
 Margret, as milde and humble in her thoughts  
 As was Aspatia vnto Cirus selfe,  
 Yeelds thanks, and, next Lord Lacie, doth inshrine  
 Edward the second secret in her heart. [past,

*Edward.* Gramercie Peggie, now that vowes are  
 And that your loues are not [to] be reuolt,<sup>1</sup>  
 Once Lacie friendes againe ; come, we will post  
 To Oxford, for this day the king is there,  
 And brings for Edward Castile Ellinor.

Peggie I must go see and view my wife,  
 I pray God I like her as I loued thee.<sup>2</sup>  
 Beside, lord Lincolne we shall hear dispute  
 Twixt frier Bacon, and learned Vandermaft.

Peggie we leaue you for a weeke or two. [looks,<sup>3</sup>

*Margret.* As it please lord Lacie, but loues foolish  
 Thinke footsteps Miles, and minutes to be houres.

*Lacie.* Ile hasten Peggie, to make short returne,  
 But please your honour<sup>4</sup> goe vnto the lodge,  
 We shall haue butter, cheefe, and venison.  
 And yesterday I brought for Marg[a]ret  
 A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine ;

Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

<sup>1</sup> = revolted.

<sup>2</sup> "Read for harmony's sake, 'Pray God,' and pronounce 'lovèd.'"  
 —Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare*, etc., i. 77. (Wrong?)

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries "Can this be the right word?" I answer, Certainly :  
 = watching, wistful 'looks.'

<sup>4</sup> The original misprints 'houour.'

*Edward.* Tis cheere, lord Lacie, for an Em-  
perour,

If he respect the person and the place :  
Come let vs in, for I will all this night,  
Ride post vntill I come to Bacons cell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Henrie, Emperour, Castile, Ellinor,  
Vandermast, Bungay.*

*Emperour.* Trust me Plantagenet these Oxford  
schoolles

1170

Are richly feated neere the riuer side :  
The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere,  
The batling pastures laid with kine and flocks,  
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,  
And schollers seemely in their graue attire,  
Learned in searching principles of art :  
What is thy iudgement, Iaquis Vandermaft ?

*Vandermaſt.* That lordly are the buildings of  
the towne,

Spatious the romes, and full of pleasant walkes:  
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,      1180  
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

*Bungay.* I tell thee Germane, Hafpurg holds  
 none such,  
 None red so deepe as Oxenford contains ;  
 There are within our accademicke state,

Men that may lecture it in Germanie,  
To all the doctors of your Belgicke schools.

*Henrie.* Stand to him Bungay, charme this Van-  
And I will vse thee as a royall king. [dermaft,  
*Vandermaft.* Wherein darest thou dispute with  
*Bungay.* In what a Doctor and a Frier can. [me? 1190  
*Vandermaft.* Before rich Europes worthies put  
thou forth

The doubtfull question vnto Vandermaft.

*Bungay.* Let it be this, whether the spirites of  
Piromancie or Geomancie be most predominant in  
magick?

*Vander.* I say, of Piromancie.

*Bungay.* And I, of Geomancie. [spels,

*Vander.* The cabbalists that wright of magicke  
As Hermes, Melchie,<sup>1</sup> and Pithagoras,  
Affirme that mongst the quadruplictie 1200  
Of elementall effence, *Terra* is but thought,  
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest;  
And that the compasse of ascending eliments  
Exceed in bignesse as they doe in height,  
Iudging the concaue circle of the sonne,  
To hold the rest in his circomference.  
If then as Hermes saies, the fire be greatest,  
Purest, and onely giueth shapes to spirites;  
Then must these Demones that haunt that place,  
Be euery way superiour to the rest. 1210

<sup>1</sup> "Meant, I suppose, for Malchus (Melech), i.e. Porphyrius."—*Dyce.*

*Bungay.* I reason not of elementall shapcs,  
 Nor tell I of the concaue lattitudes,  
 Noting their essence nor their qualitie,  
 But of the spirites that Piromancie calles,  
 And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends.  
 I tell thee Germane, magicke haunts the grounds,<sup>1</sup>  
 And those strange [secret] necromantick spels  
 That worke such shewes and wondering in the  
 Are acted by those Geomanticke spirites, [world,  
 That Hermes calleth *Terræ filii*.

1220

The fierie spirits are but transparant shades,  
 That lightly passe as Heraldts to beare newes,  
 But earthly fiends, clofd in the lowest deepe,  
 Disseuer mountaines if they be but chargd,  
 Being more grosse and massie in their power.

*Vander.* Rather these earthly geomantike spirits  
 Are dull and like the place where they remaine :  
 For when proud Lucifer fell from the heauens,  
 The spirites and angels that did sin with him,  
 Retaind their locall essence as their faults,  
 All subiect vnder Lunas continent :  
 They which offended lesse hang<sup>2</sup> in the fire,  
 And second faults did rest within the aire,  
 But Lucifer and his proudhearted fiends  
 Were throwne into the center of the earth,

1230

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'ground' doubtfully.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce prints 'hung,' but such change of tense was common to Greene, etc.

Hauing lesse vnderstanding than the rest,  
 As hauing greater finne, and lesser grace.  
 Therefore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serue  
 For Iuglers, Witches, and vild forcerers;  
 Whereas the Piromanticke genii 1240  
 Are mightie, swift, and of farre reaching power.  
 But graunt that Geomancie hath most force  
 Bungay, to please these mightie potentates,  
 Prooue by some instance what thy art can doe.

*Bungay.* I will. [game,

*Emper.* Now English Harry, here begins the  
 We shall see sport betweene these learned men.

*Vandermaſt.* What wilt thou doe? [gold,

*Bungay.* Shew thee the tree leavd with refined  
 Whereon the fearfull dragon held his seate, 1250  
 That watcht the garden cald Hesperides,  
 Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.

*Vandermaſt.* Well done.

*Heere Bungay coniures and the tree appeares with  
 the dragon shooting fire.<sup>1</sup>*

*Henrie.* What say you royall lordings, to my frier,  
 Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce puts the stage-explanation before 'Well done.' But as Vandermaſt foreseeing how he can conquer Bungay would naturally say 'Well done' = that will be well done, I adhere to the original and do not alter the sequence. Besides, 'Well done' as applied to what he sees hardly agrees with his carping bombastic character, nor with his subsequent words 'Each scholar . . .'

*Vander.* Ech scholler in the Nicromanticke spels  
 Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd,  
 But as Alcmenas basterd rasd this tree, 1260  
 So will I raife him vp as when he liued,  
 And cause him pull the Dragon from his seate,  
 And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote  
 Hercules *Prodi*, *Prodi* Hercules! <sup>1</sup>

*Hercules appeares in his Lions skin.*

*Hercules.* *Quis me vult?* [Hercules,  
*Vandermaft.* Ioues bastard sonne, thou libian  
 Pull off the sprigs from<sup>2</sup> the Hesperian tree,  
 As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.  
*Hercules.* *Fiat.* 1270

*Heere he begins to breake the branches.*

*Vander.* Now Bungay, if thou canst by magicke  
 The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, [charme  
 From pulling downe the branches of the tree,  
 Then art thou worthy<sup>3</sup> to be counted learned.

*Bungay.* I cannot.

*Vander.* Cease Hercules, vntill I giue thee charge :  
 Mightie commander of this English Ile,  
 Henrie, come from the stout Plantagenets,  
 Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier ;

<sup>1</sup> The first 'Prodi' spelled 'Prodie' in original.

<sup>2</sup> Original misinserts here a second 'off.'

<sup>3</sup> In the original misprinted 'worry.'

But to compare with Iaquis Vandermaſt,  
 Oxford and Cambridge muſt go ſeeke their celles,  
 To find a man to match him in his art.  
 I haue giuen *non-plus* to the Paduans,  
 To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,<sup>1</sup>  
 Reimes [and] Louain and faire Rotherdam,  
 Franckford, Utrecht<sup>2</sup> [Paris] and Orleance :<sup>3</sup>  
 And now muſt Henrie if he do me right,  
 Crown me with lawrell as they all haue done.

*Enter Bacon.*

1290

*Bacon.* All haile [be] to this roiall companie,  
 That fit to heare and ſee this ſtrange diſpute :  
 Bungay, how ſtandſt thou as a man amazd?  
 What hath the Germane acted more than thou?

*Vandermaſt.* What art thou that queſtions thus?

*Bacon.* Men call me Bacon. [learnd

*Vander.* Lordly thou lookeſt, as if that thou wert  
 Thy countenance as if ſcience held her ſeate  
 Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

*Henrie.* Now Monarcks, hath the Germain found 1300  
 his match. [foile,

*Emperour.* Beſtirre thee Iaquis, take not now the  
 Leaſt thou doeſt looſe what foretime thou didſt

*Vandermaſt.* Bacon, wilt thou diſpute? [gaine.

<sup>1</sup> In the original misprinted 'Belogna.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Lutrech.'

<sup>3</sup> The bracketed words supplied (ll. 1286-7).

*Bacon.* Noe,<sup>1</sup>

Vnlesse he were more learnd than *Vandermaft*.

For yet tell me what haft thou done?

*Vandermaft.* Raifd Hercules to ruinate that tree,  
That Bongay mounted by his magicke fpels.

*Bacon.* Set Hercules to worke. [taske,

*Vander.* Now Hercules, I charge thee to thy 1310  
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

*Hercules.* I dare not; Seest thou not great Bacon  
heere, [can?

Whose frowne doth act more than thy magicke

*Vandermaft.* By all the thrones and dominations,  
Vertues, powers and mightie Hierarchies,  
I charge thee to obey to *Vandermaft*.

*Hercules.* Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belce-  
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the North, [phon,  
Bindes me from yeelding vnto *Vandermaft*.

*Henrie.* How now *Vandermaft*, haue you met 1320  
with your match? [dermaft,

*Vandermaft.* Neuer before wast known to Van-  
That men held deuils in fuch obedient awe;  
Bacon doth more than art, or els I faile.

*Emperour.* Why *Vandermaft*, art thou ouercome?  
Bacon difpute with him, and trie his fkill.

*Bacon.* I come<sup>2</sup> not Monarckes for to hold difpute,  
With fuch a nouice as is *Vandermaft*,

<sup>1</sup> In the original 'Noe, vnlesse . . .' one line.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes to 'came' (*bis*) needlessly.



I come to haue your royalties to dine  
 With Frier Bacon heere in Brazennose,  
 And, for this Germane troubles but the place 1330  
 And holds this audience with a long fuspence,  
 Ile fend him to his Accadémie hence :  
 Thou Hercules whom Vandermaft did raife,  
 Transport the Germane vnto Haspurge straight,  
 That he may learne by trauail gainft the fpring,<sup>1</sup>  
 More fecret doomes and Aphorifmes of art :  
 Vanifh the tree, and thou away with him.

*Exit the Spirit with Vandermaft and the Tree.*

*Emperour.* Why Bacon, whether doeft thou fend  
 him? [returne,

*Bacon.* To Haspurge ; there your highneffe at 1340  
 Shall finde the Germane in his studie fafe.

*Henrie.* Bacon, thou haft honoured England  
 with thy skill.

And made faire Oxford famous by thine art :  
 I will be Englifh Henrie to thy felfe,<sup>2</sup>  
 But tell me, fhall we dine with thee to-day?

*Bacon.* With me my Lord, and while I fit my  
 cheere,  
 See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,  
 Gracious as [is] the morning ftarre of heauen.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Original 'springs.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce fuppofes something wanting here, but it is not fo.

*Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsbie.* 1350

*Emperour.* Is this Prince Edward Henris royall  
How martiall is the figure of his face, [fonne?  
Yet louely and beset with Amorets.

*Henrie.* Ned, where hast thou been? [buckes,

*Edward.* At Framingham my Lord, to trie your  
If they could scape the<sup>1</sup> teifers or the toile ;  
But hearing of these lordly Potentates  
Landed, and prograft vp to Oxford towne,  
I posted to giue entertaine to them ;  
Chiefe to the Almaine Monarke ; next to him, 1360  
And ioynt with him, Castile and Saxonie,  
Are welcome as they may be to the English Court.  
Thus for the men, but see Venus appeares,  
Or one that matcheth Venus in her shape :<sup>2</sup>  
Sweet Ellinor, beauties high swelling pride,  
Rich natures glorie and her wealth at once,  
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion,  
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,  
If that thou dainst the welcome from my selfe.

*Ellinor.* Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high  
minded sonne, 1370  
The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,  
I likte thee fore I saw thee, now I loue,

<sup>1</sup> Original misprinted 'they.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce divides 'Or one

That . . . ' I prefer remouing 'ouer' from 'ouer-matcheth' and adhering to the one line of original.

And so as in so short a time I may ;  
 Yet so as time shall neuer breake that so,  
 And therefore so accept of Ellinor.

*Castile.* Feare not my Lord, this couple will  
 agree,

If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes:  
 And therefore Edward I accept thee heere,  
 Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

*Henrie.* Let me that ioy in these conforthing  
 greets, 1380

And glorie in these honors done to Ned,  
 Yeeld thanks for all these fauours to my sonne,  
 And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

*Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

*Miles.* *Saluete omnes reges*, that gouern your  
 Greges

In Saxonie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine:  
 For all this frolicke rable must I couer the table,  
 With trenchers, salt and cloth, and then looke for  
 your broth.<sup>1</sup>

*Emperour.* What pleasant fellow is this?

*Henrie.* Tis my lord, doctour Bacons poore  
 scholler. 1390

*Miles.* [*aside.*] My maister hath made me fewer

<sup>1</sup> Printed solid as prose in original. So onward a little. In l. 1387 printed 'thee' in original.

of these great lords, and God knowes I am as  
feruiceable at a table, as a fow is vnder an apple-  
tree : tis no matter, their cheere shall not be great,  
and therefore what skils where the salt stand, before  
or behinde. [Exit.]

*Castile.* These schollers knowes more skill in  
actions,<sup>1</sup>

How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistrie,  
Than for to couer courtly for a king.

*Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth,*  
*and after him Bacon.* 1400

*Miles.* Spill fir, why, doe you thinke I neuer  
carried twopeny chop before in my life?

By your leaue, *Nobile decus*, for here comes doctor  
Bacons *pecus*,

Being in his full age, to carrie a messe of pottage.

*Bacon.* Lordings admire not if your cheere be  
this,

For we must keepe our Accademicke fare,  
No riot where Philosophie doth raine ;  
And therefore Henrie place these Potentates,  
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

*Emp.* Presumptuous Frier, what, scoffst thou at 1410  
a king,

What, doest thou taunt vs with thy pefants fare,  
And giue vs cates fit for countrey fwaines?

<sup>1</sup> = axioms.

Henrie, proceeds this iest of thy consent,  
 To twit vs with such pittance of such price?<sup>1</sup>  
 Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeue the[e] long.

*Henrie.* By Henries honour, and the royall faith  
 The English monarcke beareth to his friend ;  
 I knew not of the friers feeble fare,  
 Nor am I pleas'd he entertaines you thus.

1420

*Bacon.* Content thee Fredericke, for I shewd  
 the<sup>2</sup> cates,  
 To let thee see how schollers vse to feede,  
 How little meate refines our English wits:  
 Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

*Miles.* Marry sir, I wil.  
 This day shall be a festiual day with me,<sup>3</sup>  
 For I shall exceed in the highest degree.

*Exit Miles.*

*Bacon.* I tell thee Monarch, all the Germane  
 Could not afford thy entertainment such, [Peeres 1430  
 So roiall and so full of Maiestie,  
 As Bacon will present to Fredericke ;  
 The Basest waiter that attends thy cups,  
 Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe ;  
 And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugges,  
 Fetcht by Carueils from Aegypts richest straights,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'with a pittance of such price.' I prefer the original except deletion of 'a.' Such repetitions, though not to Dyce's taste, were to Greene's ; and here it accentuates the Emperor's disgust.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce prints 'the[fe]' needlessly.

<sup>3</sup> One line in the original

Found in the wealthy strond of Affrica,  
 Shall royallize the table of my king;  
 Wines richer than the Gyptian courtisan  
 Quaft to Auguftus kingly countermatch, 1440  
 Shalbe carrowfd in English Henries feasts;  
 Candie shall yeeld the richeft of her canes,  
 Perfia, downe her volga by Canows,<sup>1</sup>  
 Send down the secrets of her fpicerie;  
 The Africke Dates, *mirabolans*<sup>2</sup> of Spaine,  
 Conferues and Suckets from Tiberias,  
 Cates from Iudea, choifer than the lampe  
 That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttonie;<sup>3</sup>  
 Shall bewtifie the board for Fredericke,  
 And therefore grudge not at a friers feaft. [*Exeunt.*] 1450

*Enter two gentlemen, Lambert and Serlby with  
 the keeper.*

*Lambert.* Come, frolicke keeper of our lieges  
 game,

<sup>1</sup> " 'This,' observes my friend Mr. W. N. Lettsom, 'is much as if France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames.'"—*Dyce*. See Glossarial-Index *s.v.*

<sup>2</sup> "*i.e.* dried plums. The original 'mirabiles' in italics. 'I have eaten Spanish *mirabolanes*, and yet am nothing the more metamorphosed.'"—Greene's *Notable Discouery of Coofnage*, 1591, Sig. A 2."—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> "A corrupted, or rather (as I think) a mutilated passage. The Rev. J[ohn] Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) alters 'lamp' to 'balm'; which, he feels confident, restores the true reading: 'Balm, he says, or the exudation of the Balsamum, was the *only export* of Judæa to Rome; and the balm was peculiar to Judæa.' But the correction 'balm' does not suit what immediately follows."—*Dyce*.

Whose table spred hath euer venison,  
 And Iacks of wines to welcome passengers ;  
 Know I am in loue with iolly Marg[a]ret,  
 That ouer-shines our damsels, as the moone  
 Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.  
 In Laxfield heere my land and liuing lies :  
 Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,  
 So thou consent to giue her to my wife ,  
 And I can spend fife hundreth markes a yeare.

1460

*Serlbie.* [*to Lambert*] I am the landlord<sup>1</sup> keeper  
 By coppie all thy liuing lies in me. [*of thy holds,*  
*Laxfield did neuer see me raise my due ;*  
 I will infeoffe faire Marg[a]ret in all,  
 So she will take her to a lustie squire. [*girt,*

*Keeper.* Now courteous gent[i]ls, if the keepers  
 Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both,  
 And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,  
 Tis doubtfull to decide the question.

1470

It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,  
 Should lay their liking on this base estate,  
 And that her state should grow so fortunate,  
 To be a wife to meaner men than you.  
 But sith such squires will stoop to keepers fee,  
 I will, to auoid displeasure of you both,  
 Call Margret forth, and she shall make her choise.

*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'lanflord.'

<sup>2</sup> That is, he commences to make his exit. The next words could be spoken to him when just off the stage.

*Lambert.* Content [thee] Keeper, fend her vnto 1480

vs.

Why Serlſby is thy wife ſo lately dead?  
Are all thy loues ſo lightly paſſed ouer,  
As thou canſt wed before the yeare be out?

*Serlſby.* I liue not Lambert to content the dead,  
Nor was I wedded but for life to her;  
The graue<sup>1</sup> ends and begins a married ſtate.

*Enter Margret.*

*Lambert.* Peggie, the louelie flower of all townes,  
Suffolks faire Hellen, and rich Englands ſtar, 1490  
Whoſe beautie tempered with her huſwifrie,  
Maks England talke of merry Friſingfield.

*Serlſby.* I cannot tricke it vp with poeſies,  
Nor paint my paſſions with compariſons,  
Nor tell a tale<sup>2</sup> of Phebus and his loues;  
But this beeleeue me, Laxfield here is mine,  
Of auncient rent ſeuē hundred pounds a yeare,  
And if thou canſt but loue a countrie ſquire,  
I wil infeoffe thee Marg[a]ret in all:  
I can not flatter, trie me if thou pleaſe.

*Mar.* Braue neighbouring ſquires, the ſtay of 1500  
Suffolks clime,  
A Keepers daughter<sup>3</sup> is too baſe in gree<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Original 'graues.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'daughters.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'tall.'

<sup>4</sup> = degree.



'To match with men accoumpted of fuch worth ;  
But might I not displease I would reply.

*Lambert.* Say Peggy, nought shall make vs dis-  
content. [stay,

*Marg.* Then, gentils note that loue hath little  
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,  
Be kindled but by fancies motion ;  
Then pardon, gentils, if a maids reply  
Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my selfe,  
Who or of whome loue shall constraîne me like. 1510

*Serlby.* Let it be me, and trust me Marg[a]ret,  
The meads inuironed with the siluer streames,  
Whose Batling pastures fateth<sup>1</sup> all my flockes,  
Yeelding forth fleeces stapled with such woole,  
As Lempster cannot yeelde more finer stuffe,  
And fortie kine with faire and burnisht heads,  
With strouting duggs that paggle to the ground,  
Shall serue thy da[i]ry if thou wed with me.

*Lambert.* Let passe the countrie wealth, as flocks  
and kine,

And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden sheues, 1520  
Filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes ;  
But Peggie if thou wed thy selfe to me,  
Thou shalt haue garments of Imbrodred silke,  
Lawnes, and rich networks for thy head attyre ;  
Cofflie shalbe thy fa[i]re abiliments,  
If thou wilt be but Lamberts louing wife.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes needlessly to 'fatten' = fatteth.

*Margret.* Content you gentles, you haue prof-  
ered faire,

And more than fits a countrie maids degree,  
But giue me leaue to counsaile me a time,  
For fancie bloomes not at the first assault, 1530  
Giue me . . . [a pause]

But ten dayes respite, and I will reply,<sup>1</sup>  
Which or to whom my selfe affectionats.

*Serlby.* Lambert I tell thee, thou art importunate,  
Such beautie fits not such a base esquire :

It is for Serlby to haue Marg[a]ret. [reach me?

*Lamb.* Thinkst thou with [thy] wealth to ouer  
Serlby, I scorn to brooke thy country braues,  
I dare thee Coward to maintaine this wrong,  
At dint of rapier single in the field. [auoucht ; 1540

*Serlby.* Ile answere Lambert what I haue  
Margret farewell, another time shall serue.

*Exit Serlby.*

*Lambert.* Ile follow. Peggie farewell to thy selfe,  
Listen how well ile answer for thy loue.

*Exit Lambert.*

*Margeret.* How Fortune tempers lucky happes  
with frowns,  
And wrongs<sup>2</sup> me with the sweets of my delight ;  
Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries "ought these words to be omitted?" I prefer arrangement in text.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'wrings.' Surely not ?

Shall I be Hellen in my froward<sup>1</sup> fates, 1550  
 As I am Hellen in my matchles hue,  
 And fet rich Suffolke with my face afire?  
 If louely Lacie were but with his Peggy,  
 The cloudie darckeneffe of his bitter frowne  
 Would check the pride of thefe aspiring fquires.  
 Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,  
 When as they looke for aunswere of their loues,  
 My Lord will come to merry Frisingfield,  
 And end their fancies, and their follies both ;  
 Til when Peggie be blith and of good cheere. 1560

*Enter a poft with a letter and a bag of gold.*

*Post.* Fair louely damfell which way leads this  
 How might I poft me vnto Frisingfield? [path?  
 Which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

*Margeret.* Your way is ready and this path is  
 My felfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield, [right,  
 And if the keeper be the man you feeke,  
 I am his daughter : may I know the caufe?

*Post.* Louely, and once beloued of my lord,  
 No meruaile if his eye was lodgd fo low, 1570  
 When brighter bewtie is not in the heauens :  
 The Lincolne earle hath fent you letters here,  
 And with them iuft an hundred pounds in gold,  
 [Gives letter and bag.]

Sweete bonny wench read them and make reply.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'forward.'

*Margret.* The scrowls that Ioue sent Danae,  
 Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnisht gold,  
 Were not more welcome than these lines to me.  
 Tell me whilst that I doe vnrip the seales,  
 Liues Lacie well, how fares my louely Lord? [well. 1580  
*Post.* Well, if that wealth may make men to liue

*The letter, and Margret reads it.*

The bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a  
 night, and vanish in a morne, the flies *Hæmere*<sup>1</sup>  
 (faire Peggie) take life with the Sun, and die  
 with the dew ; fancie that slippeth in with a gase,  
 goeth out with a winke, and too timely loues,  
 haue euer the shortest length. I write this as thy  
 grefe, and my folly, who at Frisingfield lovd that  
 which time hath taught me to be but meane  
 dainties ; eyes are dissemblers, and fancie is but 1590  
 queasie, therefore know Margret, I haue chosen a  
 Spanish ladie to be my wife, cheefe waighting  
 woman to the Princeffe Ellinour ; a Lady faire,  
 and no lesse faire than thy selfe, honorable and  
 wealthy : in that I forsake thee I leaue thee to  
 thine own liking, and for thy dowrie I haue sent  
 thee an hundred pounds, and euer assure thee of  
 my fauour, which shall auaille thee and thine much.

*Farewell.*

Not thine nor his own,

1600

*Edward Lacy.*

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Hæmere,' e being frequently written for æ.

Fond Ate<sup>1</sup> doomer of bad-boading fates,  
 That<sup>2</sup> wrappes proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,  
 Didst thou inchaunt my byrth-day with such stars,  
 As lightned mischeefe from their infancie?  
 If heauens had vowd, if stars had made decree,  
 To shew on me their froward influence,  
 If Lacie had but lovd, heauens hell and all,  
 Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde.

*Post.* It grieues me damfell, but the Earle is forst 1610  
 To loue the Lady, by the Kings command.

*Margret.* The wealth combinde within the Eng-  
 lish shelues,  
 Europes commaunder, nor the English King,  
 Should not haue moude the loue of Peggie from  
 her Lord.<sup>3</sup>

*Post.* What answere shall I returne to my Lord?

*Margret.* First for thou camst from Lacie whom  
 I lovd—

Ah, giue me leaue to figh at euery thought!  
 Take thou my freind the hundred pound he sent,  
 For Margrets resolution craues no dower;  
 The world shalbe to her as vanitie, 1620  
 Wealth trash, loue hate, pleasure, dispaire,

<sup>1</sup> The originals 'Atæ.'

<sup>2</sup> As before, the interposition of 'that' seems to have led Greene (or the copyist) to put the verb in the third person. Dyce prints silently 'Wrapp'st.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries 'from *him*,' and adds, "But the earlier part of the speech is also evidently corrupt." Not so. Here we have 6-foot lines, and below in 'Wealth,' etc., a 4-foot line.

For I will straight to stately Fremingham,  
 And in the abby there be shorne a Nun,  
 And yeld my loues and libertie to God :  
 Fellow I giue thee this, not for the newes,  
 For those be hatefull vnto Marg[a]ret,  
 But for th'art Lacies man, once Margrets loue.

*Post.* What I haue heard, what passions I haue  
 Ile make report of them vnto the Earle. [seene

*Exit Post.*<sup>1</sup> 1630

*Margret.* Say that she ioyes his fancies be at rest,  
 And praies that his misfortune<sup>2</sup> may be hers.

*Exit.*

*Enter Frier Bacon drawing the courtaines with a  
 white stick, a booke in his hand, and a lampe  
 lighted by him, and the brasen Head, and Miles,  
 with weapons by him.*

*Bacon.* Miles where are you?

*Miles.* Here fir.

*Bacon.* How chaunce you tarry so long? 1640

*Miles.* Thinke you that the watching of the  
 brazen head craues no furniture? I warrant you  
 fir I haue so armed my selfe<sup>3</sup> that if all your deuills  
 come, I will not feare them an inch.

<sup>1</sup> See note on l. 1479 before.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce silently (as so frequently) prints 'misfortunes.' But 'misfortune' is used generally, and as standing for all misfortunes.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.* feeding [my body] is his true meaning, though he would cover it by showing the arms.

*Bacon.* Miles, thou know[e]st that I haue diued  
into hell,

And fought the darkeſt pallaces of fiendes ;  
That with my Magick ſpels great Belcephon,  
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell ;  
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,  
And three-formd Luna hid her ſiluer looks, 1650  
Trembling vpon her concaue contenent ;  
When Bacon red vpon his Magick booke.  
With ſeuen years toſſing nigromanticke charmes,  
Poring vpon darke Hecats principles,  
I haue framd out a monſtrous head of braſſe,  
That, by the inchaunting forces of the deuil,  
Shall tell out ſtrange and vncoth Aphoriſmes,  
And girt faire England with a wall of braſſe.  
Bungay and I haue watcht theſe threeſcore dayes,  
And now our vitall ſpirites craue ſome reſt : 1660  
If Argos<sup>1</sup> livd and had his hundred eyes,  
They could not ouerwatch Phobeters<sup>2</sup> night.  
Now Miles in thee reſts Frier Bacons weale ;  
The honour and renowne of all his life,  
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head ;  
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God  
That holds the ſoules of men within his fiſt,  
This night thou watch ; for ere the morning ſtar  
Sends out his glorious glifter on the north,  
The head will ſpeake ; then Miles, vpon thy life, 1670

<sup>1</sup> = Argus.

<sup>2</sup> = Phobetor.

Wake me, for then by Magick art Ile worke,  
 To end my feuen yeares taske with excellence ;  
 If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,  
 Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame.  
 Draw close the courtaines Miles now ; for thy life,  
 Be watchfull and— *Here he falleth asleepe.*

*Miles.* So, I thought you would talke your selfe  
 a sleepe anon ; and tis no meruaile for Bungay on  
 the dayes, and he on the nights, haue watcht iust  
 these ten and fifty dayes ; now this is the night, 1680  
 and tis my taske and no more. Now Iesus blesse  
 me what a goodly head it is, and a nose : you talke  
 of *nos autem glorificare*, but heres a nose that I  
 warrant may be cald *nos autem popolare*<sup>1</sup> for the  
 people of the parish ; well I am furnished with  
 weapons: no w fir I will set me downe by a post  
 and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me,  
 if I chaunce to slumber. [He falls asleepe, knocks  
 his head against the post, wakes, thinking the head  
 has spoken.] I thought Goodman head, I would 1690  
 call you out of your *memento*. Passion of God I  
 haue almost broke my pate. Vp Miles to your  
 task, take your browne bill in your hand, heeres  
 some of your maisters hobgoblins abroad.

*With this a great noise.*

[*The head speakes.*]

<sup>1</sup> Original 'popelare.'



*Head.* Time is.

*Miles.* Time is, Why maister Brazenhead, haue you such a capitall nose, and answer you with fillables, Time is : is this all my maisters cunning, 1700 to spend seuen years studie about Time is? well fir, it may be we shall haue some better orations of it anon, well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile set a pricke against my brest : now rest there Miles. Lord haue mercy vpon me, I haue almost kild my selfe : [*A great noise.*] vp Miles, list how they rumble.

*Head.* Time was.

*Miles.* Well, frier Bacon, you spent your seuen 1710 yeares studie well, that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once, Time was : yea marie, time was when my maister was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen-head : you shall lie while your arce ake, and your Head speake no better : well I will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a Philosopher of Aristotles stampe, [*A great noise.*] what, a freshe noise? take thy pistols in hand Miles.

*Heere the Head speakes and a lightning flasheth 1720 forth, and a hand appeares that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.*

*Head.* Time is past.

*Miles.* Maister maister, vp, hels broken loose, your Head speakes, and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is vp in armes: out of your bed, and take a browne bill in your hand, the latter day is come.

*Bacon.* Miles, I come.<sup>1</sup>

Oh passing warily watcht,

Bacon will make thee next himselfe in loue ; 1730

When spake the Head?

*Miles.* When spake the Head? did not you say that hee should tell strange principles of Philosophie? why fir it speaks but two wordes at a time.

*Bacon.* Why villaine hath it spoken oft?

*Miles.* Oft? marie hath it thrice: but in all those three times it hath vttered but seuen wordes.

*Bacon.* As how?

*Miles.* Marrie fir, the first time he said, Time is, as if Fabius cumentator<sup>2</sup> should haue pronounced a sentence: [the second time] he said, Time was, and the third time with thunder and lightning as in great choller, he said Time is past. 1740

<sup>1</sup> Dyce fills in "Rises and comes forward"; but how could this have occurred without his seeing the wreck? I think he is only half awake and rubbing his eyes and in no great haste as knowing that if the head had spoken there would be a long pause. The words "When spake the head?" indicate that his wits were not yet in waking order and himself only half-shuffling off bed: 'Miles . . . watcht' = one 5-foot line.

<sup>2</sup> The original misprints 'Cumentator,' and Dyce nodded and printed 'Commentator.' Evidently he meant Q. Fabius Maximus surnamed Cunctator; but I have allowed 'Cumentator' to stand, as Miles was, according to Bacon, very little of a Latinist and a great dunce.

*Bacon.* Tis past indeed. A[h] villaine time is  
past,

My life, my fame, my glorie, all are past :  
Bacon,<sup>1</sup> . . . the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,  
Thy seuen yeares studie lieth in the dust ;  
Thy Brazen-head lies broken, through a flaue  
That watcht, and would not when the Head did  
What said the Head first? [will,— 1750]

*Miles.* Euen fir, Time is.

*Bacon.* Villaine if thou hadst cald to Bacon then,  
If thou hadst watcht, and wakte the sleepe frier,  
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphorismes,  
And England had been circled round with brasse ;  
But proud Aftmeroth, ruler of the North,  
And Demegorgon maister of the fates,  
Grudge that a mortall man should worke so  
much ;  
Hell trembled at my deep commanding spels,  
Fiendes frownd to see a man their ouermatch : 1760  
Bacon might boft more than a man might boast,  
But now the braues of Bacon hath an end,  
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end,  
His seuen yeares practife forteth to ill end,  
And, villaine, sith my glorie hath an end,  
I will appoint thee to some fatall end : <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In original one line, and accepted. See annotated Biography (I.)

<sup>2</sup> Original 'fatall to some end'—perhaps defensible, but Dyce's reading accepted.

Villaine auoid, get thee from Bacons sight,  
 Vagrant, go rome and range about the world,  
 And perish as a vagabond on earth.

*Miles.* Why then fir you forbid me your seruice. 1770

*Bacon.* My seruice villaine, with a fatall curle,  
 That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

*Miles.* Tis no matter, I am against you with the  
 old prouerb, The more the fox is curst, the better  
 he fares: God be with you fir, Ile take but a  
 booke in my hand, a wide fleeued gowne on my  
 backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if  
 I can want promotion.

*Bacon.* Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie  
 steps,

Vntill they doe transport thee quicke to hell, 1780  
 For Bacon shall haue neuer merrie day,  
 To loose the fame and honour of his Head.

*Exeunt.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Emperour, Castile, Henrie, Ellinor, Edward,  
 Lacie, Raphe.*

*Emper.* Now, louely prince, the prince<sup>2</sup> of Albions  
 wealth,

How fares the ladie Ellinor and you?

What haue you courted and found Castile fit

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Exit.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes to 'prime,' and it is not improbable, but the text is more characteristic of Greene's style.

To answer England in equiuolence,  
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee? 1790

*Edw.* Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,  
And not lie fettered in faire Hellens lookes,  
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorits,  
That Daphne glansed at his deitie?  
Can Edward then sit by a flame and freeze,  
Whose heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe?  
Now, Monarcks aske the ladie if we gree.

*Hen.* What, madam, hath my son found grace  
or no?

*Ellin.* Seeing my lord his louely counterfeit,  
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed, 1800  
I come not, troopt with all this warlike traine,  
Doubting of loue, but so effecttionat  
As Edward hath in England what he wonne in  
Spaine.<sup>1</sup>

*Castile.* A match my lord, these wantons needes  
must loue,

Men must haue wiues and women will be wed ;  
Lets hast the day to honour vp the rites.

*Raphe.* Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

*Henry.* I Raphe, how then?

*Raphe.* Marrie Harrie, follow my counsaile, fend  
for frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele so con- 1810  
iure him and her with his Nigromancie, that they

<sup>1</sup> Dyce here adds 'Corrupted.' Why? He has Ellinor in England whom his portrait had won in Spain.

fhall loue together like pigge and lambe whileft they liue.

*Caftile.* But hearft thou Raphe, art thou content to haue Ellinor to thy ladie?

*Raphe.* I, fo ſhe will promiſe me two things.

*Caftile.* Whats that Raphe?

*Raphe.* That ſhee will neuer ſcold with Ned nor fight with me : Sirha Harry, I haue put her downe with a thing vnpoſſible. 1820

*Henry.* Whats that, Raphe?

*Raphe.* Why Harrie, didſt thou euer ſee that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes? [*to Edw.*] no, but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare prooue a bag-piper.

*Emperour.* What faies the lord of Caſtile and the earle of Lincolne, that they are in ſuch earneſt and ſecret talke?

*Caſtile.* I ſtand my lord amazed at his talke,  
How he diſcourſeth of the conſtancie 1830  
Of one ſurnamd, for beauties excellence,  
The faire<sup>1</sup> maid of merrie Frefingfield.

*Henrie.* Tis true my lord, tis wondrous for to  
Her beautie paſſing Marces<sup>2</sup> paramour : [heare,  
Her virgins right<sup>3</sup> as rich as Veſtas was,  
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

<sup>1</sup> "Here 'fair' is a diſſyllable ; ſee Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146."—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> = Mars'.

<sup>3</sup> = rite.

*Castile.* What saies lord Lacie, shall she be his wife?

*Lacie.* Or els lord Lacie is vnfit to liue :  
May it please your highnesse giue me leaue to post  
To Frefingfield, Ile fetch the bonny girle, 1840  
And prooue in true apparance at the court  
What I haue vouched often with my tongue.

*Henrie.* Lacie, go to the quirie<sup>1</sup> of my stable,  
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turne ;  
Hie thee to Frefingfield, and bring home the lasse,  
And for her fame flies through the English coast,  
If it may please the ladie Ellinor,  
One day shall match your excellence and her.

*Ellinor.* We Castile ladies are not very coy,  
Your highnesse may command a greater boone ; 1850  
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earle  
With being partner of his marriage-day.

*Edward.* Gramercie Nell, for I do loue the lord,  
As he thats second to my selfe in loue.<sup>2</sup>

*Raphe.* You loue her? Madam Nell, neuer  
belieue him you, though he sweares he loues you.

*Ellinor.* Why Raphe?

*Raphe.* Why his loue is like vnto a tapsters  
glasse that is broken with euery tuch, for he  
loued the faire maid of Frefingfield once out of 1860

<sup>1</sup> = 'querry.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes to 'thyself'; but 'myself' expresses better how precious was his love to her; and hence I retain it.

all hoe<sup>1</sup>: nay Ned neuer wincke vpon me, I care not I.

*Henrie.* Raphe tels all, you shall haue a good  
secretarie of him;

But Lacie hafte thee post to Frefingfield :  
For ere thou haft fitted all things for her state,  
The solême marriage day will be at hand.

*Lacie.* I go my lord. *Exit Lacie.*

*Emperour.* How shall we passe this day my lord?

*Henrie.* To horse my lord, the day is passing  
faire,

Weele flie the partridge or go rouse the deere ; 1870

Follow my lords, you shall not want for sport.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frier Bacon with Frier Bungay to his cell.*

*Bungay.* What meanes the frier that frolickt it  
of late,

To fit as melancholie in his cell,<sup>2</sup>

As if he had neither loft nor wonne to day.

*Bacon.* Ah Bungay [ah] my Brazen-head is  
spo[i]ld,

My glorie gone, my seuen yeares studie loft :

The fame of Bacon bruted through the world,

Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace. 1880

<sup>1</sup> “*i.e.* out of measure. (‘Out of all ho, *Immodicè*.’—Coles’s *Dict.*).”—*Dyce.* Rather = out of all calling.

<sup>2</sup> In original printed twice.



*Bungay.* Bacon hath built foundation of<sup>1</sup> his  
fame,

So surely on the wings of true report,  
With acting strange and vncoth miracles,  
As this cannot infringe what he deserues.

*Bacon.* Bungay sit down, for by prospectiue skill,  
I find this day shall fall out ominous,  
Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep:  
But what and wherein little can I geffe.  
My minde is heauy what so ere shall hap.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter two schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serlby.*<sup>3</sup> 1890  
*Knocke.*

*Bacon.* Whose that knockes?

*Bungay.* Two schollers that desires to speake  
with you.

*Bacon.* Bid thē come in. Now, my youths,  
what would you haue?

1. *S[c]holler.* Sir, we are Suffolke men and  
neighbouring friend[s];  
Our fathers in their countries lustie squires,  
Their lands adioyne; in Crackfield mine doth  
dwell,

<sup>1</sup> In original misprinted 'on.'

<sup>2</sup> Original and Dyce give this line to Bungay; but evidently they are Bacon's closing words.

<sup>3</sup> These stage directions may have been reversed, or the stage, as sometimes then occurred (as now), may have been divided into two compartments.

And his in Laxfield ; we are colledge mates, 1900  
Sworne brothers, as our fathers liues as friendes.

*Bacon.* To what end is all this? [your cell

2. *Scholler.* Hearing your worship kept within  
A glasse prospectiue wherin men might see,  
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,  
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

*Bacon.* My glasse is free for euey honest man ;  
Sit downe and you shall see ere [it be] long<sup>1</sup>  
How or in<sup>2</sup> what state your friendly fathers liue ;<sup>3</sup>  
Mean while tell me your names. 1910

*Lambert.* Mine, Lambert.

2. *Scholler.* And mine, Serlsbie.

*Bacon.* Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedie.

*Enter Lambert and Serlsbie with Rapiers and  
daggers.*

*Lambert.* Serlsby thou hast kept thine houre  
like a man,<sup>4</sup>

Th'art worthie of the title of a squire ;  
That durst for prooffe of thy affection,  
And for thy mistresse fauour prize<sup>5</sup> thy bloud ;

<sup>1</sup> Original begins next line with 'How,' and against Dyce is accepted.

<sup>2</sup> = a tri-syllabic 1st foot | How or in | .

<sup>3</sup> Original, 'father liues.'

<sup>4</sup> Dyce notes here—'I may just notice that the author intended this line to be read "Serlsby, *thou'st* kept thine *hower* like a man." But he omits to notice that in the line preceding it 'there will be' is to be read 'there'll be.'

<sup>5</sup> = risk in combat.

Thou knowst what words did passe at Frefingfield, 1920  
 Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke :  
 I, for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts ;  
 Prepare thee Serlsbie, one of vs will die.

*Serlsbie.* Thou seeft I fingle [meet] thee [in] the  
 field,

And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword :  
 Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.  
 And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sonne,  
 That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,  
 Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

*Lambert.* And Serlsbie I haue there a lusty boy, 1930  
 That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,  
 And liues in Broadgates too, as well as thine :  
 But draw thy Rapier for wee le haue a bout.<sup>1</sup>

*Bacon.* Now lustie yonkers looke within the  
 glasse,

And tell me if you can discerne your fires.

1. *Scol.* Serlsbie tis hard, thy father offers wrong,  
 To combat with my father in the field.

2. *Schol.* Lambert, thou liest, my fathers is the  
 abuse,

And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

*Bungay.* How goes it firs ?

1940

1. *Scholler.* Our fathers are in combat hard by  
 Frefingfield.

*Bacon.* Sit still my friendes and see the euent.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'about.'

*Lambert.* Why standst thou *Serlbye*? doubtst thou  
of thy life?

A venie man : faire Margret craues so much.

*Serlbye.* Then this for her.

1. *Scholler.* Ah well thruft.

2. *Scholler.* But marke the ward.

*They fight and kill ech other.*

*Lambert.* Oh I am flaine.

*Serlbye.* And I . . . Lord haue mercie on me. 1950

1 *Scholler.* My father flaine, Serlby ward that.

2. *Scholler.* And so is mine<sup>1</sup> Lambert, Ile quite  
thee well.

*[The two schollers stab on(e) another.]*

*Bungay.* O strange strattagem.

*Bacon.* See Frier, where the fathers<sup>2</sup> both lie  
dead :

Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this maffacre,  
This glasse prospectiue worketh manie woes;  
And therefore seeing these braue lustie Brutes,<sup>3</sup>  
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,  
End all thy magicke and thine art at once :  
The poniard that did end the<sup>4</sup> fatall liues,  
Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes,

1960

<sup>1</sup> This is no answer to 'Ward that.' Something seems dropped.  
Query—'Serlby [my dagger's out]?'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'scholars?'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce prints 'Brutes,' i.e. Englishmen—accepted.

<sup>4</sup> 'No need for Dyce's change to 'their.'

So fade the glasse, and end with it the showes  
That Nigromancie did infuse the cristall with.

*He breakes the glasse.*

*Bungay.* What means learned Bacon thus to  
breake his glasse?

*Bacon.* I tell thee *Bungay* it repents me fore,  
That euer Bacon medled in this art ;  
The houres I haue spent in piromanticke spels,  
The fearfull tossing in the latest night, 1970  
Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,  
Coniuring and adiuring diuels and fiends,  
With stole and albe and strange<sup>1</sup> Pentagonon ;  
The wresting of the holy name[s] of God,  
As Sother<sup>2</sup> Eloim,<sup>3</sup> and Adonaie,  
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,  
With praying to the fve-fould powers of heauen ;  
Are instances that Bacon must be damde  
For vsing diuels to counteruaile his God.  
Yet Bacon cheere thee, drowne not in despaire, 1980  
Sinnes haue their salues, repentance can do much ;  
Thinke mercie fits where Iustice holds her feate  
And from those wounds those bloudie Iews did  
pierce  
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a fresh,  
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'strong'—doubtful. The original prints 'Pentagonon.' From πενταγωνος. Dyce prints 'Pentageron' silently.

= σωτηρ, Saviour.

<sup>3</sup> Original 'Elaim.'

To wafh the wrath of hie Iehouahs ire,  
 And make thee as a new-borne babe from finne :  
 Bungay Ile spend the remnant of my life  
 In pure deuotion, praying to my God,  
 That he would faue what Bacon vainly loft. *Exit.* 1990

*Enter Margret in Nuns apparell, Keeper, her father  
 and their friend.*

*Keeper.* Margret be not fo headftiong in thefe  
 Oh burie not fuch beautie in a cell, [vows,  
 That England hath held famous for the hue ;  
 Thy fathers haire like to the filuer bloomes  
 That beautifie the shrubs of Affrica,  
 Shall fall before the dated time of death,  
 Thus to forgoe his louely Marg[a]ret.

*Margret.* A[h] father, when the hermonie of 2000  
 heauen

Soundeth the meafures of a liuely faith,  
 The vaine Illufions of this flattering world,  
 Seemes odious to the thoughts of Marg[a]ret.  
 I loued once, lord Lacie was my loue,  
 And now I hate my felfe for that I lovd,  
 And doated more on him than on my God :  
 For this I fcourge my felfe with sharpe repents,  
 But now the touch of fuch aspiring finnes  
 Tels me all loue is luft but loue of heauens,  
 That beautie vſde for loue is vanitie :  
 The world containes nought but alluring baites,

Pride, van'tie, flatt'rie, and inconstant thoughts.<sup>1</sup>  
 To shun the pricks of death I leaue the world,  
 And vow to meditate on heauenly blisse ;  
 To liue in Framingham a holy Nunne,  
 Holy and pure in conscience and in deed ;  
 And for to wish all maides to learne of me,  
 To seek heauens ioy before earths vanitie.

*Friend.* And will you then Margret be shorn a  
 Nunne, and so leaue vs all. [woe : 2020]

*Margret.* Now farewell world, the engin of all  
 Farewell to friends and father, welcome Christ :  
 Adew to daintie robes ; this base attire  
 Better befits an humble minde to God,  
 Than all the shew of rich abilliments.  
 Farewell, O Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sweet Lacie, whom I loued once so deere ;  
 Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,  
 Least I offend to thinke on Lacies loue :  
 But euen to that as to the rest, farewell. 2030

*Enter Lacie, Warrain, Ermsbie, booted and spurd.*

*Lacie.* Come on my wags, weere neere the  
 keepers lodge ;  
 Heere haue I oft walkt in the watrie Meades,  
 And chatted with my louely Marg[a]ret.

*Warraine.* Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper?

<sup>1</sup> Original reads, 'Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce's reading accepted : original runs 'Lone, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell.'

*Lacie.* Tis the fame.

*Ermſbie.* The old lecher hath gotton holy mutton<sup>1</sup> to him, a Nunne my lord.

*Lacie.* Keeper, how fareſt thou? holla man,  
what cheere?

How doth Peggie thy daughter and my loue? 2040

*Keeper.* Ah good my lord, oh woe is me for  
Peggie;

See where ſhe ſtands clad in her Nunnes attire,

Readie for to be ſhorne in Framingham :

She leaues the world becauſe ſhe left your loue :

Oh good my lord, perſwade her if you can.

*Lacie.* Why how now, Margret, what, a male-  
content?

A Nunne? what holy father taught you this,

To taſke your ſelfe to ſuch a tedious life,

As die a maid? twere iniurie to me,

To ſmother vp ſuch bewty in a cell. [miſſe, 2050

*Margret.* Lord Lacie, thinking of my former  
How fond the prime of wanton yeares were ſpent<sup>2</sup>

In loue ; Oh ſie vppon that fond conceite,

Whoſe hap and effence hangeth in the eye ;

I leaue both loue and loues content at once,

Betaking me to him that is true loue,

And leauing all the world for loue of him.

<sup>1</sup> = cant word for a whore.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce notes here—"In almoſt all our early writers (Shakespeare included) are ſimilar inſtances of a nominative ſingular being followed by a verb plural when a genitive plural intervenes."



*Lacie.* Whence Peggie comes this Metamorphosis?

What, thorne a Nun, and I haue from the court,  
 Posted with courfers to conuaie thee hence 2060  
 To Windfore, where our Mariage shalbe kept :  
 Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands.  
 Come Peggy leaue these peremptorie vowes.

*Margret.* Did not my lord resigne his interest,  
 And make diuorce twixt Marg[a]ret and him ?

*Lacy.* Twas but to try sweete Peggies constancie;  
 But will fair Margret leaue her loue and Lord ?

*Margret.* Is not heauens ioy before earths fading  
 blisse,  
 And life aboute sweeter than life in loue ?

*Lacie.* Why then, [my] Margret will be thorne  
 a Nun. 2070

*Marg.* Margret hath made a vow which may  
 not be revokt.

*Warraine.* We cannot stay my Lord,<sup>1</sup> and if she  
 be so strict,

Our leifure graunts vs not to woo a fresh.

*Ermfby.* Choose you faire damfell, yet the choise  
 is yours,

Either a solemne Nunnerie, or the court,  
 God, or Lord Lacie ; which contents you best,  
 To be a Nun or els Lord Lacies wife ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes that 'my lord' is an addition which has most probably crept in.

*Lacie.* A good motion ; Peggie your answere  
must be short. [know it well,

*Margret.* The flesh is frayle ; my Lord doth  
That when he comes with his enchanting face, 2080  
What so ere betyde I cannot say him nay : [*disrobes.*]  
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,  
And seeing Fortune will, faire Fremingham,  
And all the shew of holy Nuns farewell ;  
Lacie for me, if he wilbe my lord.

*Lacie.* Peggie thy Lord, thy loue, thy hussband, [I]<sup>1</sup>  
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the King  
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,  
Vntil I bring thee richly to the court,  
That one day may both marry her and thee : 2090  
How faist thou Keeper, art thou glad of this ?

*Keeper.* As [glad as] if the English king had  
giuen

The parke and deere of Frisingfield to me.

*Erms.* I pray thee my Lord of Suffex why art  
thou in a broune study ?

*Warraine.* To see the nature of women, that be  
they neuer so neare God, yet they loue to die in a  
mans armes. [haue hied

*Lacie.* What haue you fit for breakefast ? we  
And posted all this night to Frisingfield.<sup>2</sup> 2100

<sup>1</sup> Query—not 'thy husband, I' as Dyce, but 'hussband' as a tri-syllable ?

<sup>2</sup> As prose in original.

*Margret.* Butter and cheefe and humb[e]ls of a  
Deere,  
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lodge.

*Lacie.* And not a bottle of wine?

*Margret.* Weele find one for my Lord. [more,  
*Lacie.* Come Suffex, let [u]s in, we shall haue  
For she speaks leaft, to hold her promise sure.<sup>1</sup>

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a deuill to seeke Miles.*

*Deuill.* How restles are the ghosts of hellish  
spirites,  
When euerie charmer with his Magick spels  
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Phlegethon,<sup>2</sup> 2110  
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in post,  
Vpon the speedie wings of swiftest winds :  
Now Bacon hath raifd me from the darkest deepe,  
To search about the world for Miles his man,  
For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones  
For careles watching<sup>3</sup> of his Brazen head :  
See where he comes : Oh he is mine.

*Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner cap.*

*Miles.* A scholler quoth you, marry fir I would  
I had bene made a botlemaker when I was made 2120

<sup>1</sup> As prose in original.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Blegiton.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'watchidg'—query error for 'watching' (1639) or 'watch-  
adg?'—former accepted for text from '30.

a scholler, for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoolemaister, no, not the clarke of a parish: some call me dunce, another faith my head is as full of Latine as an eggs full of oate-meale; thus I am tormented that the deuil and Frier Bacon, haunts me. Good Lord heers one of my maisters deuils, Ile goe speake to him: what maister Plutus, how chere you?

*Deuil.* Dooft thou know me?

*Miles.* Know you fir, why, are not you one of <sup>2130</sup> my maisters deuils, that were wont to come to my maister Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

*Deuil.* Yes marry am I.

*Miles.* Good Lord, M[after] Plutus, I haue seene you a thousand times at my maisters, and yet I had neuer the manners to make you drinke. But fir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute; I warrant you hees as yeomanly a man, as you shall see; marke you maisters, heers a plaine honest man, without welt or garde<sup>1</sup>; but I <sup>2140</sup> pray you fir do you come lately from hel?

*Deuil.* I marry, how then?

*Miles.* Faith tis a place I haue desired long to see: haue you not good tipling-houses there? may not a man haue a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a fwinging peece of chalke,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> = facing, trimming.

<sup>2</sup> = swindging *i.e.*, huge: query—cheese?

and a browne toaft that will clap a white waftcoat<sup>1</sup> on a cup of good drinke?

*Deuil.* All this you may haue there.

*Miles.* You are for me, freinde, and I am for 2150  
you, but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

*Deuil.* Yes, a thoufand: what wouldft thou be?

*Miles.* By my troth fir, in a place where I may profit my felfe: I know hel is a hot place, and men are meruailous drie, and much drinke is fpent there, I would be a tapfter.

*Deuil.* Thou fhalt.

*Miles.* Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer 2160  
a horfe.

*Deuil.* Thou fhalt ride on my backe.

*Miles.* Now furely her[e]s a courteous deuil, that for to pleafure his friend, will not ftick to make a Iade of him felf. But I pray you good-man friend, let me moue a queftion to you.

*Dev.* Whats that?

*Miles.* I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

*Dev.* An amble.

2170

*Miles.* Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot; But tis no matter, Ile preuent it. [stoops down.]

*Dev.* What doeft?

<sup>1</sup> = froth on it.

*Miles.* Mary, friend, I put on my spurs ; for if I find your pace either a trot or els vneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop, Ile make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

*Dev.* Get vp vpon my backe.

*Miles.* Oh Lord, heres euen a goodly maruell, when a man rides to hell on the deuils backe ! 2180

*Exeunt, the deuil roaring, because Miles has spurred him with a will.*

*Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse sword, next, the King of Castile carrying a sword with a point ; Lacy carrying the globe, Edward, Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a doue on it, Ermsby with a Crowne and Scepter ; the Queene with the faire Maide of Fresingfield on her left hand ; Henry, Bacon, with other Lords attending.* 2190

*Edward.* Great Potentates, earths miracles for  
state,

Thinke that Prince *Edward* humbles at your feet,  
And, for these fauours on his martiall sword,  
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues,  
Yeelding these honours vnto *Ellinour*.

*Henrie.* Gramercies, Lordings, old *Plantagenet*,  
That rules and fwayes the Albion diademe,  
With teares discouers these conceiued ioyes,

And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,  
 The wealth of England, or due honours done 2200  
 To *Ellinor*, may quite his Fauourites.<sup>1</sup>  
 But all this while what say you to the Dames  
 That shine like to the christall lampes of heauen?

*Emperour.* If but a third were added to these  
 two,

They did surpasse those gorgeous Images  
 That gloried *Ida* with rich beauties wealth.

*Margret.* Tis I my Lords, who humbly on my  
 knee,

Must yeeld her horizons to mighty Ioue  
 For lifting vp his handmaide to this state,  
 Brought from her homely cottage to the Court, 2210  
 And grasde with Kings, Princes and Emperours,  
 To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)  
 I vow obedience, and such humble loue  
 As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

*Ellinor.* Thou martiall man, that weares the  
 Almaine Crown,

And you the Western Potentates of might,  
 The Albian Princeesse, English *Edwards* wife,  
 Proud that the louely star of Frefingfield,  
 Fair Margret, Countesse to the Lincolne Earle, 2220  
 Attends on Ellinour : gramercies, Lord, for her,  
 Tis I giue thanks for Margret to you all,  
 And rest for her due bounden to your selues.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'favourers.'

*Henrie.* Seeing the matriage is solemnized,  
 Lets march in triumph to the Royall feast.  
 But why stands Frier *Bacon* here so mute ?

*Bacon.* Repentant for the follies of my youth,  
 That Magicks secrete mysteries misled,  
 And ioyfull that this Royall marriage  
 Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Realme.

*Hen.* Why, *Bacon*, what strange euent shall happē 2230  
 to this Lād ?

Or what shall grow from *Edward* and his Queene ?

*Bacon.* I find<sup>1</sup> by deep præscience of mine Art,  
 Which once I tempred in my secrete Cell,  
 That here where *Brute* did build his Troynovant,  
 From forth the Royall Garden of a King,  
 Shall flourish 'out so rich and fair a bud,  
 Whose brightnesse shall deface proud *Phæbus* flowre,  
 And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaues.  
 Till then *Mars* shall be master of the field,  
 But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease : 2240  
 The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,  
 Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight ;  
 With wealthy fauours, plenty shall enrich  
 The strond that gladdened wandring *Brute* to see,  
 And peace from heauen shall harbour in these  
 leaues  
 That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower :

<sup>1</sup> "One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth which frequently occur at the conclusion of dramas acted during her lifetime."—*Dyce*.



*Apollos* helletropian then shall stoope,  
 And *Venus* hyacinth shall vaile her top,  
*Iuno* shall shut her Gilliflowers vp,  
 And *Pallas* bay shall bask her brightest greene, 2250  
*Ceres* carnation, in confort with those,  
 Shall stoope and wonder at *Dianas* Rose.

*Henrie*. This Prophecie is mysticall.  
 But, glorious Commanders of Europas loue,<sup>1</sup>  
 That make faire England like that wealthy Ile  
 Circled with Gihen and swift<sup>2</sup> Euphrates,  
 In Royallizing *Henries* Albion,  
 With presence of your princely mightinesse,  
 Let [u]s march ; [on], the tables all are spred,<sup>3</sup>  
 And viandes, such as Englands wealth affords, 2260  
 Are ready set to furnish out the bords.  
 You shall haue welcome, mighty Potentates.  
 It rests to furnish vp this Royall Feast,  
 Only your hearts be frolicke ; for the time  
 Craues that we taste of nought but iouissance.  
 Thus glories England ouer all the West.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*<sup>4</sup>

FINIS.

2269

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes—"Some corruption here. Qy. 'But, glorious comrades of' etc. ? May be of Greene's 6-foot lines, as *frequenter*."

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'firft.' Dyce's emendation accepted. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries "Let us march hence ?" But of the 4-foot lines ?

<sup>4</sup> Greene's favourite motto.

## APPENDIX.

*The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon* (n.d.), on which Greene founded his drama, is noticed by Dyce, and his specimen of it, is now subjoined :

“ How Fryer Bacon made a Brafen Head to speake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with braffe.

“ FRYER BACON, reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himselfe how he might keepe it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himselfe famous hereafter to all posterities. This, after great study, hee found could be no way so well done as one ; which was to make a head of braffe, and if he could make this head to speake, and heare it when it speakes, then might hee be able to wall all England about with braffe. To this purpose hee got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholler and a magician, but not to bee compared to Fryer Bacon : these two with great study and paines so framed a head of braffe, that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a naturall mans head. This being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to giue those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake : many bookes they read, but yet could not finde out any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To do this they prepared all things ready, and went one euening

to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies vsed, they spake the words of coniuration; which the Deuill straight obeyed and appeared vnto them, asking what they would? 'Know,' said Fryer Bacon, 'that wee haue made an artificiall head of brasse, which we would haue to speake, to the furtherance of which wee haue raifed thee; and being raifed, wee will here keepe thee, vnlesse thou tell to vs the way and manner how to make this head to speake.' The Deuill told him that he had not that power of himselfe. 'Beginner of lyes,' said Fryer Bacon, 'I know that thou dost diffemble, and therefore tell it vs quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures.' At these threatnings the Deuill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuell fume of the fix hottest simples it should haue motion, and in one month space speak; the time of the moneth or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost. They being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

"Then went these two learned fryers home againe, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this brasen head would speake. Thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepey that they could not any longer refraine from rest: then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not vnknown to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby; therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speake. 'Feare not, good master,' said Miles, 'I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake,

I will call you ; therefore I pray take you both your refts and let mee alone for watching this head.' After Fryer Bacon had giuen him a great charge the fecond time, Fryer Bungy and he went to fleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brafen head. Miles, to keepe him from fleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry difpofed, fung this long to a northren tune of

'CAM'ST THOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?'

To couple is a cuftome,  
all things thereto agree :  
Why fhould not I, then, loue ?  
fince loue to all is free.

But Ile haue one thats pretty,  
her cheekes of fcarlet die,  
For to breed my delight,  
When that I ligge her by.

Though vertue be a dowry  
yet Ile chufe money ftore :  
If my loue proue vntrue,  
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft vnconftant,  
the blacke is often proud ;  
Ile chufe a louely browne ;—  
come, fidler, fcrape thy crowd.

Come, fidler, fcrape thy crowd,  
for Peggie the browne is ſhe  
Muſt be my bride : God guide  
that Peggy and I agree !

“With his owne muſicke and ſuch fongs as theſe ſpent he his time, and kept from fleeping at laſt. After ſome noyle the head ſpake theſe two words, TIME IS. Miles, hearing it to ſpeake no more, thought his maſter would be angry if

hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner; 'Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS? Had hee watched with a lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would haue giuen him more and better words then thou hast yet. If thou canst speake no wiser, they shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS! I know Time is, and that you shall heare, Goodman Brazen-face:—

TO THE TUNE OF 'DAINTIE, COME THOU TO ME.'

Time is for some to plant,  
Time is for some to fowe,  
Time is for some to graft  
The horne, as some doe knowe.

Time is for some to eate,  
Time is for some to sleepe,  
Time is for some to laugh,  
Time is for some to weepe.

Time is for some to sing,  
Time is for some to pray,  
Time is for some to creepe,  
That haue drunke all the day.

Time is to cart a bawd,  
Time is to whip a whore,  
Time is to hang a theefe,  
And time is for much more.

'Do you tell vs, copper-nose, when TIME IS? I hope we schollers know our times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our hostes, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it,—that time comes seldome.' After halfe an houre

had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these, *TIME WAS*. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and haue such a tutor as his master: and in scorne of it fung this song;

TO THE TUNE OF 'A RICH MERCHANT-MAN.'

Time was when thou, a kettle,  
wert filld with better matter;  
But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle  
when he thy fides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwellèd  
with men of occupation;  
Time was when lawyers did not thriue  
so well by mens vexation.

Time was when kings and beggers  
of one poore stuffe had being;  
Time was when office kept no knaues,—  
that time it was worth feeling.

Time was a bowle of water  
did giue the face reflection;  
Time was when women knew no paint,  
which now they call complexion.

'*TIME WAS!* I know that, brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what things there was when Time was; and if you speake no wiser, no master shall be waked for mee.' Thus Miles talked and fung till another halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake again these words, *TIME IS PAST*; and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this

noyfe the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to fee the whole roome fo full of fmoake; but that being vanifhed, they might perceiue the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. At this fight they griued, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles, halfe dead with feare, faid that it fell downe of itfelfe, and that with the noyfe and fire that followed he was almoft frighted out of his wits. Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not fpake? ‘Yes,’ quoth Miles, ‘it fpake, but to no purpofe: Ile haue a parret fpake better in that time that you haue been teaching this brazen head.’ ‘Out on thee, villaine!’ faid Fryer Bacon; ‘thou haft vndone vs both: hadft thou but called vs when it did fpake, all England had been walled round about with braffe, to its glory and our eternal fames. What were the wordes it fpake?’ ‘Very few,’ faid Miles, ‘and thofe were none of the wifeft that I haue heard neither: firft he faid, *TIME IS.*’ ‘Hadft thou calld vs then,’ faid Fryer Bacon, ‘we had been made for euer.’ ‘Then,’ faid Miles, ‘half an hour after it fpake againe and faid, *TIME WAS.*’ ‘And wouldft thou not call vs then?’ faid Bungey. ‘Alas,’ faid Miles, ‘I thought he would haue told me fome long tale, and then I purpofed to haue called you: then half an houre after he cried, *TIME IS PAST*, and made fuch a noyfe that hee hath waked you himfelfe, mee thinkes.’ At this Fryer Bacon was in fuch a rage that hee would haue beaten his man, but he was reftained by Bungey: but neuertheleffe, for his punifhment, he with his art ftruck him dumbe for one whole month fpace. Thus the greate worke of thefe learned fryers was ouerthrown, to their great griefes, by this fimple fellow.”







II.

THE  
HISTORIE OF  
ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

1594—1599.



#### NOTE.

Our text (substantially) is the 4to of 1599; but throughout, that of 1594 has been collated. I gladly accept Dyce's readings, etc., from the Alleyn MS., albeit it is singularly corrupt and needs critical study. It exemplifies how unauthoritative were the acting copies often. See annotated Biography in Vol. I.—G.



THE  
HISTORIE OF  
ORLANDO FVRIOSO,  
ONE OF THE TWELVE  
PEERES OF FRANCE.

*As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie.*

AUT NVNC AUT NVNQUAM.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
for Cuthbert Burby : And are to be sold at his shop  
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.





[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>



MARSILLUS, *Emperor of Africa.*

*Soldan of Egypt.*

RODAMANT, *King of Cuba.*

MANDRICARD, *King of Mexico.*

BRANDIMART, *King of the Isles.*

SACRIPANT.

ORLANDO.

OGIER.

NAMUS.

OLIVER.

TURPIN.

DUKE OF AQUITAINE.

ROSSILION.

MEDOR.

ORGALIO, *page to Orlando.*

SACRIPANT'S man.

TOM.

RALPH.

*Fiddler.*

*Seuerall of the Twelue Peers of France, whose names  
are not giuen. Clowns, Attendants, etc.*

ANGELICA, *daughter to Marfillus.*

MELISSA, *an enchantress.*

*Satyrs.]*

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce, except 'Marfillus,' not Marfilius, and 'Rodamant,' not 'Rodomont'—adhering to the original.





The Historie of Orlando Fvrioso,  
One of the Twelve Peeres of France.

*Enter Marfillus the Emperour of Affrica, and  
Angelica his daughter, the Soldane, the King of  
Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando, Countie  
Sacrépant, with others.*

*Marfillus.*



ICTORIOUS Princes, fummon'd  
to appeare  
Within the Continent of Affrica ;  
From feuen-fold Nilus to Tapro-  
bany,<sup>1</sup>

Where faire Apollo darting foorth his light  
Playes on the seas ;

10

From Gadis Ilands, where stoute Hercules  
Imblasde his Trophees on two posts of brasfe,  
To Tanais, whose swift-declining flouds  
Inuiron rich Europa to the North ;

<sup>1</sup> = Sumatra.

All / fetcht

From out your Courtes by beauty to this Coaft,<sup>1</sup>  
 To seeke and fue for faire Angelica ;  
 Sith none but one muſt haue this happie prize,  
 At which you all haue leueld long your thoughts ; 20  
 Set each man forth his paſſions how he can,  
 And let her Cenſure make the happieſt man.

*Souldan.* The faireſt flowre that glories Affrica,  
 Whoſe beautie Phœbus dares not daſh with  
 ſhowres,

Ouer whoſe climate neuer hung a cloud,  
 But ſmiling Tytan lights the Oryzon ;  
 Egypt is mine, and there I hold my ſtate,  
 Seated in Cairye<sup>2</sup> and in Babylon<sup>3</sup> ;  
 From thence the matchleſſe beautie of Angelica,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whoſe hiew[’s] as bright as are thoſe filuer doues 30  
 That wanton Venus manth<sup>5</sup> vpon her fiſt,  
 Forſt me to croſſe and cut th’Atlanticke Seas,  
 To ouerſearch the feareful Ocean,  
 Where I arriud t’eternize with my Launce

<sup>1</sup> One line in original, ‘All . . . coaft.’

<sup>2</sup> = Cairo.

<sup>3</sup> Alexandria formerly named ‘Babylon’; but the geographical license was in thoſe times ſo great that Greene may have intended the great Babylon.

<sup>4</sup> Dyce annotates—“‘matchleſſe.’ Qy. *dele* this word? But the text is wretchedly corrupt.” I counter-query—Is it a ſix-foot line? or five-foot + a ſyllable, pronouncing Angel’ca? *Certes* this ſcanſion of Angelica as Angel’ca, an iambus *plus* an ending ſyllable, is common throughout the Play. So ſix lines onward.

<sup>5</sup> Dyce notes “‘manth,’ to ſhow that the word, for the ſake of the metre, was to be pronounced as one ſyllable.” See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*



The matchleffe beautie of faire Angelica ;  
 Nor tilt, nor tournay, but my Speare and shield  
 Refounding on their Crests and sturdy Helmes,  
 Topt high with Plumes, like Mars his Burgonet,  
 Inchafing on their Curats<sup>1</sup> with my blade,  
 That none so faire as faire Angelica. 40  
 But leauing these such glories as they be,  
 I loue, my Lord : let that suffice for me.

*Rodamant.* Cuba my feate, a Region so inricht  
 With fauours sparkling from the smiling heauens,  
 As those that seeke for trafficke to my Coast,  
 Accounted<sup>2</sup> like that wealthy Paradise  
 From whence floweth Gyhon and swift Euphrates :  
 The earth within her bowels hath inwrapt,  
 As in the massie storehouse of the world,  
 Millions of golde, as bright as was the showre 50  
 That wanton loue sent downe to Danæ.  
 Marching from thence to manage armes abroad,  
 I past the triple-parted Regiment  
 That froward Saturne gaue vnto his sonnes,  
 Erecting statutes<sup>3</sup> of my Chiuallrie,  
 Such and so braue as neuer Hercules  
 Vowd for the loue of louely Iole.  
 But leauing these such glories as they be,  
 I loue, my Lord ; let that suffice for me.

<sup>1</sup> = cuirasses.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce corrects into ' Account it.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce corrects by ' statues ' ; but see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

*Mandrecard.* And I, my Lord, am Mandricard  
of Mexico, 60

Whose Clymate[']s] fairer then Iberias,<sup>1</sup>  
Seated beyond the sea of Trypoly,  
And richer then the plot Hesperides,  
Or that fame Ile wherein Vlyffes loue  
Luld in her lap the yong Telegonus<sup>2</sup> ;  
That did but Venus tread a dayntie step,<sup>3</sup>  
So would she like the land of Mexico,  
As, / Paphos and braue Cypres set aside,  
With me sweete louely Venus would abide.  
From thence, mounted vpon a Spanish Barke, 70  
Such as transported Iason to the fleece,  
Come from the South, I furrowed Neptunes Seas,  
Northeast as far as is the frozen Rhene ;  
Leauing faire Voya, croft vp Danuby,  
As hie as Saba, whose inhaunfing streames  
Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Ruffians :  
There did I act as many braue attempts,  
As did Pirithous for his Proserpine.  
But leauing these such glories as they be,  
I loue, my Lord ; let that suffice for me. 80

*Brandemart.* The bordering Ilands, feated here  
in ken,

Whose shores are sprinkled with rich Orient Pearle,

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Tyberius'—Dyce's correction.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Telegone.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce notes here, "This line—before which something has certainly dropped out—appears to be corrupted." Doubtful.

More bright of hiew then were the Margarets  
 That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion ;  
 The sands of Tagus all of burnisht gold  
 Made Thetis neuer prouder on the Clifts<sup>1</sup>  
 That ouerpiere the bright and golden shore,  
 Then doe the rubbish of my Country Seas :  
 And what I dare, let say the Portingale,  
 And Spaniard tell, who, mand with mightie 90  
 Fleetes,

Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,  
 Filling our seas with stately Argofies,  
 Caluars and Magars, hulkes of burden great ;  
 Which / Brandyemart rebated from his coast,  
 And sent them home ballast with little wealth.  
 But leauing these such glories as they be,  
 I loue, my Lord ; let that suffice for me.

*Orlando.* Lords of the South, and Princes of  
 esteeme,

Viceroyes vnto the state of Affrica,  
 I am no king, yet am I princely borne, 100  
 Descended from the royall house of France,  
 And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,  
 Surnamde Orlando the Countie Palatine.  
 Swift fame hath<sup>2</sup> founded to our Westerne seas  
 The matchles beautie of Angelica,  
 Fairer then was the Nymph of Mercurie,

<sup>1</sup> So Dyce again, " This speech is mutilated." Again doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'that.'

Or,<sup>1</sup> when bright Phœbus mounteth vp his coach,<sup>2</sup>  
 And tract's Aurora in her siluer steps;  
 And sprinkles from the folding of her lap,  
 White lilies, roses, and sweet violets. 110  
 Yet thus beleue me, Princes of the South,  
 Although my countries loue, dearer then pearle,  
 Or mynes of golde, might well haue kept me backe;  
 The sweete conuerfing with my King and friends,  
 (Left all for loue) might well haue kept me backe.  
 The Seas by Neptune hoyfed to the heauens,  
 Whose dangerous flawes<sup>3</sup> might well haue kept me  
 The fauage Moores and Anthropophagi;<sup>4</sup> [backe;  
 Whose lands I past might well haue kept me backe;  
 The / doubt of entertainment in the Court 120  
 When I arriud, might well haue kept me backe;  
 But so the fame of faire Angelica  
 Stamp't in my thoughts the figure of her loue,  
 As neither Countrey, King, or Seas, or Cannibals,<sup>5</sup>  
 Could by despairing keepe Orlando backe.  
 I list not boast in acts of Chiualrie,  
 (An humour neuer fitting with my minde)  
 But come there forth the proudest Champion  
 That hath suspition in the Palatine,

<sup>1</sup> The original 'Who' I change to 'Or.' See Glossarial-Index under 'Nymph of Mercurie.'

<sup>2</sup> = herse.

<sup>3</sup> = blasts.

<sup>4</sup> Original misprinted 'Anthropagei.'

<sup>5</sup> Dyce queries—"king, seas, cannibals'?"

And with my trustie sword [hight] Durandell,<sup>1</sup> 130

Single, Ile register vpon his helme

What I dare doe for faire Angelica.

But leauing these, such glories as they be ;

I loue, my Lord ;

Angelica her selfe shall speake for me.

*Marfillus.* Daughter, thou hear'ft what loue  
hath here alleadgd,

How all these kings, by beautie summond here,

Put in their pleas, for hope of Diademe,

Of noble deeds, of wealth, and chiuallrie,

All hoping to possesse Angelica. 140

Sith fathers will<sup>2</sup> may hap to ayme amisse,

(For parents thoughts in loue oft step awry,)

Chuse thou the man who best contenteth thee,

And he shall weare the Affrycke Crowne next me ;

For trust me, daughter, like of whome thou please, ✓

Thou fatisfide, my thoughts shall be at ease.

*Angelica.* Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica,

Sith / fathers will hangs on his daughters choyce,

And I, as earst Princeesse Andromache

Seated amidst the crue of Priams sonnes, 150

Haue libertie to chuse where best I loue ;

Must freely say, for fancie hath no fraud,

That farre vnworthy is Angelica

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates — "In this line 'sword' is a dissyllable ; see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc, p. 32." I prefer supplying [hight]—'sword' as a dissyllable is not good.

<sup>2</sup> Qy. 'well' ?

Of such as deigne to grace her with their loues ;  
 The Souldan with his seate in Babylon,  
 The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico,  
 Whose wealthy Crownes might win a womans wil;  
 Yong Brandemart, master of all the Iles  
 Where Neptune planted hath his treasurie ;  
 The worst of these, men of so high import 160  
 As may command a greater Dame then I.  
 But Fortune, or some deepe inspiring fate,  
 Venus, or els the bastard brat of Mars,  
 Whose bowe commands the motions of the minde,  
 Hath sent proud loue to enter such a plea  
 As nonsutes all your Princely euidence,  
 And flat commands that, maugre maiestie,  
 I chuse Orlando, Countie Palatine.

*Rodam.* How likes Marfillus of his daughters .  
 choice ?

*Marfillus.* As fits Marfillus of his daughters  
 spouse. 170

*Rodamant.* Highly thou wrongst vs, King of  
 Affrica,

To braue thy neighbour Princes with disgrace,  
 To tie thine honour to thy daughters thoughts,  
 Whose choyce is like that Greekish giglots loue,  
 That left her Lord, [her Lord] Prince Menelaus,  
 And / with a swaine made scape away to Troy.  
 What is Orlando, but a stragling mate,  
 Banisht for some offence by Charlemaine,

Skipt from his countrey as Anchifes sonne,  
And meanes, as he did to the Carthage Queene, 180  
To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue?

*Orlando.* Iniurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree<sup>1</sup>  
To wrong a stranger with discourtesie.  
Wert not the sacred presence of Angelica  
Preuailes with me (as Venus smiles with Mars)  
To set a *Supersedeas* on<sup>2</sup> my wrath,  
Soone should I teach thee what it were to braue.

*Mandre.* And Frenchman, wert not against the  
lawe of Armes,  
In place of parly for to draw a sword,  
Vntaught companion, I would learne you knowe 190  
What duetie longs to such a Prince as he.

*Orlando.* Then as did Hector fore Achilles Tent,  
Trotting his Courser softly on the plaines,  
Proudly darde forth the stoutest youth of Greece ;  
So who stands hiest in his owne conceite,  
And thinkes his courage can performe the most,  
Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground,  
And I will pawne my honour to his gage,  
He shall e're night be met and combated.

*Marfillus.* Shame you not, Princes, at this bad 200  
To wrong a stranger with discourtesie? [agree,  
Beleeue me, Lords, my daughter hath made choyce,  
And, maugre him that thinkes him most agrioud,  
She / shall enioy the Counte Palatine.

<sup>1</sup> = degree.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'of.'

*Brandemart.* But would these Princes follow my  
aduice,  
And enter Armes as did the Greekes gainst Troy ;  
Nor he, nor thou shouldest haue Angelica.

*Rodamant.* Let him be thought a dastard to his  
That will not sell the trauels he hath past [death,  
Dearer then for a womans fooleries : 210  
What sayes the mightie Mandrecard ?

*Mandre.* I vow to hie me home to Mexico,  
To troope my felfe with such a crew of men  
As shall so fill the downes of Affrica,  
Like to the plaines of waterie Theffalie,  
Whenas an Easterne gale, whistling aloft,  
Hath<sup>1</sup> ouerspred the ground with grasshoppers.  
Then see, Marfillus, if the Palatine  
Can keepe his Loue from falling to our lots,  
Or thou canst keepe thy Countrey free from spoile. 220

*Marfil.* Why, thinke you, Lords, with hautie  
menaces  
To dare me out within my Pallace gates?  
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint  
Of that which neuer could be got by loue?  
Passe from my Court, make haste out of my land,  
Stay not within the bounds Marfillus holds ;  
Left, little brooking these vnfitting braues,  
My cholar ouer-flip the law of Armes,  
And I inflict reuenge on such abuse.

<sup>1</sup> Original ' Had.'



*Rodam.* Ile beard and braue thee in thy proper 230  
towne,

And here inſkonce my ſelfe deſpite of thee,  
And / hold thee play till Mandrecard returne :  
What fayes the mightie Souldan of Egypt ?

*Sould.* That when Prince Menelaus with all<sup>1</sup> his  
mates

Had ten yeeres held their ſiege in Afia,  
Folding their wraths in cinders of faire Troy :  
Yet, for their Armes grew by conceit of loue,  
Their Trophees were but conqueſt of a girle :  
Then truſt me, Lords, Ile neuer manage armes  
For womens loues that are ſo quickly loſt. 240

*Brandem.* Tuſh, my Lords, why ſtand you vpon  
termes ?

Let vs to our Skonce,—and you, my Lord, to  
Mexico. *Exeunt Kings.*

*Orlando.* I firſt, inſkonce ye how you can,  
See what we dare, and thereon ſet your reſt.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Sacripant and his man.*

*Sacrebant.* Boaſt not too much, Marfillus, in thy  
ſelfe,

Nor of contentment in Angelica ;  
For Sacrebant muſt haue Angelica,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes here, “An addition by the tranſcriber, I preſume.”  
Certainly not : *laus* is a monosyllable, as before.

And with her, Sacrepant muſt haue the Crowne :  
 By hooke or crooke I muſt and will haue both. 250  
 Ah, ſweet Reuenge, incenſe their angry mindes,  
 Till all theſe Princes weltring in their bloods,  
 The Crowne doe fall to Countie Sacrepant !  
 Sweet are the thoughts that ſmother<sup>1</sup> from conceit :  
 For when I come and ſet me downe to reſt,  
 My chaire preſents a throne of maieſtie ;  
 And when I ſet my bonnet on my head,  
 Me / thinks I fit my forehead for a Crowne ;  
 And when I take my trunchion in my fiſt,  
 A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts ; 260  
 My dreames are Princely, all of Diadems.  
 Honour : me thinks the title is too baſe :  
 Mightie, glorious, and excellent,—I theſe,  
 My glorious<sup>2</sup> genius, found within my mouth ;  
 Theſe pleaſe the eare, and with a ſweet applauſe  
 Make me in termes coequall with the gods.  
 Then [take] theſe,<sup>3</sup> Sacrepant, and none but theſe ;  
 And<sup>4</sup> theſe, or els make hazard of thy life.  
 Let it ſuffice, I will conceale the reſt.—

Sirra.

270

*Man.* My Lord?

*Sacre.* My Lord! How baſely was this flaue  
 brought vp,

<sup>1</sup> Qy.—smoulder? but ſee Gloſſarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>2</sup> Dyce ſays—“ A wrong epithet,—repeated by miſtake from the preceding line.” Not at all : it is caught up from it.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries ‘Then *win* theſe’?

<sup>4</sup> So ‘Ay’?

That knowes no titles fit for dignitie,  
 To grace his master with Hyperboles !  
 My Lord !  
 Why, the basest Baron of faire Affryca  
 Deferues as much ; yet Countie Sacrepant,  
 Must he a fwaine salute with name of Lord !  
 Sirra, what thinkes the Emperour of my colours,  
 Because in field I weare both blewe and red at once?<sup>1</sup> 280

*Man.* They deeme, my Lord, your honour<sup>2</sup>  
 liues at peace,

As one that's newter in these mutinies,  
 And couets to rest equall friends<sup>3</sup> to both ;  
 Neither enuious to Prince Mandrecard,  
 Nor wishing ill vnto Marfill[i]us,<sup>4</sup>  
 That you may safely passe where er'e you please,  
 With / friendly salutations from them both.

*Sacrepant.* I, so they gesse, but leuell farre awry ;  
 For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,  
 Mine Embleme forteth to another sence. 290  
 I weare not these as one resolu'd to peace,  
 But blue and red as enemie to both ;  
 Blue, as hating King Marfill[i]us,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce again, " An interpolation " : but rather another six-foot line.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* his Honor the Count Sacripant. So earlier.

<sup>3</sup> Original has 'friends,' and as it is still a colloquialism (though it may be a vulgar one) to say 'He is friends with both,' Greene may have meant it. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, against Dyce's reading of 'friend.'

<sup>4</sup> Whence it is clear that Marsillus and Mandrecard and their followers appeared in those colours. Marsillus had 'red,' as onward.

And red, as in reuenge to<sup>1</sup> Mandrecard ;  
 Foe vnto both, friend onely to my felfe,  
 And to the Crowne ; for thats the golden marke  
 Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe.  
 Seest thou not<sup>2</sup> all men pefage I fhall be King ?  
 Marfillus fends to me for peace ; Mandrecard  
 Puts off his cap, ten mile off : two things more, 300  
 And then I cannot miffe the Crowne.

*Man.* O, what be thofe, my good Lord?

*Sac.* Firft muft

I get the loue of faire Angelica.  
 Now am I full of amorous conceits,  
 Not that I doubt to haue what I defire,  
 But how I might beft with mine honour woo ;  
 Write, or intreate [fie] fie, that fitteth not ;  
 Send by ambaffadours, no, that's too bafe ;  
 Flatly command, I, that's for Sacrepant ; 310  
 Say thou art Sacrepant, and art in loue,  
 And who  
 In Affrica<sup>3</sup> dare fay the Countie nay ?  
 O Angelica,  
 Fairer then Chloris when in all her pride  
 Bright Mayas fonne intrapt her in the net,  
 Wherewith Vulcan intangled the god of warre !

<sup>1</sup> = toward.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce alters to 'not thou' needlessly ; and queries 'See'ft not all men pefage?' etc.

<sup>3</sup> Original (1594) reads 'Afrie,' and this, with 'And who,' makes a five-foot line.

*Man.* / Your honour is so far in contēplation of Angelica as you haue forgot the second in attaining to the Crowne. 320

*Sacrep.* Thats to be done by poyson, Poinard,<sup>1</sup> or any meanes of treachery, To put to death the traitrous Orlando. But who is this comes here? Stand clofe.

*Enter Orgalio, Orlandos Page.*

*Orgalio* [*to himself*]. I am sent on imbassage, to the right mightie and magnificent, *alias*, the right proud and pontificall, the Countie Sacrepant. For Marfillus and Orlando, knowing him to be as ful of prowesse as policie, and fearing lest in leaning to 330 the other faction, he might greatly preiudice them, they seeke first to hold the candle before the deuill; and knowing him to be a Thrafonicall mad-cap, they haue sent mee a Gnathonicall companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now fir, knowing his astronomicall humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the streetes. But, whist, *lupus est in fabula*.

*Ch. from  
Rus. com.*

*Sacrepant.* Sirra, thou that ruminatest to thy selfe 340 a Catalogue of priuie conspiracies, what art thou?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce said of the original word here, " 'Prowess'—Cannot be right," but unlike his wont retained it in text, though suggesting 'poniard.' I accept 'poinard,' albeit Sacripant is so vain that he might conceit his 'prowess' as superior to Orlando's. Cf. Orgalio's speech, l. 330.

*Orgalio.* God faue your Maieftie !

*Sacrepant.* My Maieftie ! Come hither, my well  
nutrimented knaue : whom takeft thou me to be ?

*Orgalio.* The mighty Ma[n]dricard of Mexico.

*Sacrepant.* I holde theſe falutations as ominous :  
For faluting mee by that which I am not, he  
prefageth what I ſhall bee ; for ſo did the Lacedæ-  
monians by Agathocles, who of a baſe potter, wore  
the Kingly Diadem. / But why deemeſt thou me 350  
to be the mightie Mandrecard of Mexico ?

*Orgalio.* Marrie, fir,——

*Sacrepant.* Staythere: wert thou neuer in France ?

*Orgalio.* Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieftie.

*Sac.* So it ſeemes, for there they ſalute their  
King by the name of Sir, Monſier—but forward.

*Orgalio.* Such ſparkes of peereleſſe maieſtie,  
From thoſe lookes, flame like lightning from the  
Eaſt, [prince,—

As either Mandrecard, or elſe ſome greater 360

*Sacr.* [*aſide.*] Me thinkes theſe falutations make  
my thoughts

To be heroically,——

But ſay, to whome art ſent ?

*Orgalio.* To the Countie Sacrepant.

*Sacre.* Why, I am he.

*Orgalio.* It pleaſeth your maieſtie to ieſt.

*Sacre.* What e're I ſeeme, I tell thee I am he.

<sup>1</sup> 'Thou' of original I remove, as making the line un-scanable.

*Orgalio.* Then may it please your honour, the Emperour Marfillus, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your Excellencie 370 to dine with them.

*Sacre.* Is Angelica there?

*Orgalio.* There, my good Lord.

*Sacre.* Sirra.

*Man.* My Lord?

*Sacre.* Villaine, Angelica sends for me: see that Thou entertaine that happy messenger, And bring him in with thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter / Orlando, the Duke of Aquitaine, the Countie Roffilion, with souldiers.* 380

*Orlando.* Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,  
Whose glories brighter then the burnisht gates,  
From whence Latonas lordly sonne doth march,  
When mounted on his coach tinfeld with flames,  
He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens ;  
This is the place where Rodamant lies hid :  
Here lyes he, like the theefe of Theffaly,  
Which feuds abroad and seareth for his pray,  
And, being gotten, straight he gallops home,  
As one that dares not breake a speare in field. 390  
But trust me, Princes, I haue girt his fort,  
And I will sacke it, or on this Castle wall

Ile write my resolution with my blood.

Therefore, drum, found a parle.

*Sound a parle, and one comes on the wals.*

*Sol.* Who is't that troub[e]leth our sleepest?

*Orlando.* Why, fluggard, feest thou not Lycaons<sup>1</sup>  
fonne,

The hardie plough-fwaine vnto mightie Ioue,  
Hath traced his siluer furrowes in the heauens,  
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme, 400  
Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot?

I tell thee, fluggard, sleepe is far vnfit  
For such as still haue hammering in their heads  
But onely hope of honour and Reuenge :

These cald me forth to rouse thy master vp.

Tell him from me, false coward as he is,

That / Orlando, the Countie Palatine,

Is come this morning, with a band of French,

To play him hunts-vp with a point of warre ;

Ile be his minstrell with my drum and fife ; 410

Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,

Let Fortune throw her fauours where she list.

*Sol.* French-man, between halfe sleeping and  
awake,

Although the mystie vaile strained ouer<sup>2</sup> Cinthia

<sup>1</sup> Original misprinted 'Lycanos.'

<sup>2</sup> Doubtful whether this be an over-syllable, or whether 'ouer' should be 'o'er.' 'Euer' and 'neuer' are so spelt in this Play, though they be monosyllables.



Hinders my fight from noting all thy crue ;  
 Yet for I know thee and thy stragling groomes  
 Can in conceite build Castles in the Skie,  
 But in your actions like the stammering Greeke  
 Which breathes his courage bootelesse in the ayre,  
 I wish thee well, Orlando ; get thee gone, 420  
 Say that a centynell did suffer thee ;  
 For if the Round or Court of Gard should heare  
 Thou or thy men were braying at the walles,  
 Charles wealth, the wealth of all his Westerne  
 mynes,

Found in the mountaines of Transalpine France,  
 Might not pay ranfome to the King for thee.

*Orlando.* Braue centynell, if nature hath<sup>1</sup> inchaft  
 A sympathie of Courage to thy tale,  
 And, like the Champion of Andromache,  
 Thou, or thy master, dare come out the gates, 430  
 Maugre the Watch, the Round, or Court of gard,  
 I will attend to abide the coward here.  
 If not, but still the crauen sleepest secure,  
 Pitching his gard within a trench of stones,  
 Tell / him his walles shall serue him for no prooffe,  
 But as the sonne of Saturne in his wrath  
 Pasht<sup>2</sup> all the mountaines at Tropheus head,  
 And topsie-turvie turnd the bottome vp,

<sup>1</sup> Original 'had.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce needlessly annotates—"Something has dropped out at the end of this sentence." Not at all. The sense is, 'so shall Rodamant's castle be pashed and turned topsy-turvy.'

So shall the Castle of proud Rodamant,—  
 And so, braue Lords of France, lets to the fight. 440  
*Exeunt omnes.*

*Allarum. Rodamant and Brandimart flee. Enter  
 Orlando with his coate.*

*Orlando.* The Foxe is scape, but heres his cace :  
 I mist him neere ; t'was time for him to trudge.

*[Enter the Duke of Aquitaine.]*

How now, my Lord of Aquitaine?  
*Aqui.* My Lord,  
 The court of gard is put vnto the sword,  
 And all the watch that thought themselues so sure, 450  
 So that not one within the Castle breathes.

*Orl.* Come the,  
 Lets post amaine to find out Rodamãt,  
 And then in tryumph march vnto Marfillus.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Medor and Angelica.*

*Angelica.* I maruaile, Medor, what my father  
 meanes

To enter league with Countie Sacrepant?

*Medor.* Madam, the king your father's wife  
 inough ;

He knowes the Countie (like to Cassius) 460

Sits sadly dumping, ayming Cefars death,  
Yet crying Aue to his Maiestie.  
But, / Madame, marke a while, and you shall see  
Your Father shake him off from secrecie.<sup>1</sup>

*Angelica.* So much I gesse ; for when he wild I  
should

Giue entertainment to the doating Earle,  
His speach was ended with a frowning smile.

*Medor.* Madame, see where he comes: I will<sup>2</sup>  
be gone. [Exit Medor.

*Enter Sacrepant and his man.*

*Sacrepant.* How fares my faire Angelica? 470

*Angelica.* Well, that my Lord so friendly is in  
league,

(As honour wils him) with Marfill[i]us. [thee?

*Sacre.* Angelica shall I haue a word or two with

*Angelica.* What pleaseth my Lord [me] for to  
command?

*Sacrepant.* Then know, my loue, I cānot paint my  
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her sonne, [grief,  
Reporting such a Catalogue of toyes :  
It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate.

Onely giue leaue, my faire Angelica,  
To fay, the Countie is in loue with thee.

480.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'him from *society*'? But the 'him' in the phraseology of that day may be Marsillus himself, or he may shake Sacrepant out of that secrecy which he now hugs.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'He be.'

*Angelica.* Pardon, my Lord ; my loues are ouer-  
past :

So firmly is<sup>1</sup> Orlando printed in my thoughts,  
As loue hath left no place for any els. [not

*Sacrep.* Why, ouer-weening Damsel, feest thou  
Thy lawlesse loue vnto this stragling mate

— Hath fild our Affricke Regions full of blood ?

And wilt thou still perseuer in thy loue ?

Tush, leaue the Palatine, and goe with me.

*Angelica.* Braue Countie, know, where sacred loue  
vnites ;—

490

The /knot of gordian<sup>2</sup> at the shrine of Ioue

Was neuer halfe so hard or intricate

As be the bands which louely Venus tyes.

Sweete is my loue ; and, for I loue, my Lord,

Seeke not, vnlesse as Alexander did,

To cut the plough-swaines traces with thy sword ;

Or slice the slender fillets of my life,

Or<sup>3</sup> else, my Lord, Orlando must be mine.

*Sacrepant.* Stand I on loue ? stoop I to Venus'  
lure,

That neuer yet did feare the god of warre ?

500

Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant

Held louers paines for pining passions ?

Shall such a Syren offer me more wrong

<sup>1</sup> Dyce again queries—'So firm's'?

<sup>2</sup> Original 'Cordion.'

<sup>3</sup> Here he queries needlessly, 'For' ? and adds finically, "but the whole speech is corrupted." The sense is 'Seek not [me] unless as,' etc.

Then they did to the Prince of Ithaca?<sup>1</sup> No:  
 As [he] his eares, so, Countie, stop thine eye.  
 Go to your needle (Lady) and your clouts;  
 Goe to such milk-fops as are fit for loue: —  
 I will imploy my busie braines for warre.

*Angelica.* Let not, my Lord,<sup>2</sup> deniall breede  
 offence: 510

Loue dooth allow her fauours but to one,  
 Nor can there sit within the sacred shrine  
 Of Venus, more then one installed heart.  
 Orlando is the Gentleman I loue,  
 And more then he can not<sup>3</sup> inioy my loue.

*Sacrep.* Damsell, be gone; fancie hath taken  
 leaue;

Where I tooke hurt, there haue I heal'd my selfe,  
 As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,  
 Fetcht help at selfefame poynted speare.<sup>4</sup>  
 Beautie / gan braue, and beautie hath repulse;  
 And, beautie, get ye home<sup>5</sup> to your Orlando. 520

*Exit Angelica.*

*Man.* My Lord, hath loue amated him, whose  
 thoughts  
 Haue euer bene heroicall and braue?  
 Stand you in dumpes, like to the Mirmydon

<sup>1</sup> 'Ithaca' to be pronounced 'Ith'ca.' Dyce transfers 'No' to a line by itself wrongly.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'lords.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce alters to 'may not.'

<sup>4</sup> Dyce queries badly 'deadly-pointed spear?'

<sup>5</sup> Dyce alters to 'gone'—doubtful.

Trapt in the tresses of Polixena,  
 Who, mid the glorie of his chivalrie,  
 Sat daunted with a maid of Asia? [loue?

*Sacre.* Thinkst thou my thoughts are lunacies of  
 No, they are brands fier'd in Plutoes forge,  
 Where sits Tisiphone tempering in flames 530  
 Those torches that doe set on fire Reuenge.  
 I lou'd the dame; but brau'd by her repulse,  
 Hate cals me on to quittance all my ils;  
 Which first must come by offering preiudice  
 Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.

*Man.* O, how may that be brought to passe, my

*Sac.* Thus. [Lord?

Thou see'st that Medor and Angelica  
 Are still so secret in their priuate walkes,  
 As that they trace the shadie [cov'red] lawndes,<sup>1</sup> 540  
 And thickest shadowed [leafy] groues;  
 Which well may breed suspition of some loue.  
 Now, than the French no Nation vnder heauen  
 Is sooner toucht with stings of ielosie.

*Man.* And what of that, my Lord?

*Sacre.* Hard by, for solace, in a secret groue,  
 The Countie once a day fayles not to walke:  
 There / solemnely he ruminates his loue.  
 Vpon those shrubs that compasse in the spring,  
 And on those trees that border in those walkes, 550  
 He sily haue engrauen on euery barke

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes "A corrupted passage."

The names of Medor and Angelica.  
 Hard by, Ile haue some roundelayes hung vp,  
 Wherein shall be some posies of their loues,  
 Fraughted so full of fierie passions  
 As that the Countie shall perceiue by prooffe  
 Medor hath won his faire Angelica.

*Man.* Is this all, my Lord?

*Sacrepant.* No;

For thou like to a shepheard shalt be cloathde, 560  
 With staffe and bottle, like some countreye fwaine  
 That tends his flockes feeding vpon these downes.  
 There see thou buzze into the Countie's eares  
 That thou hast often seene within these woods  
 Base Medor sporting with Angelica;  
 And when he heares a shepheards simple tale, —  
 He will not thinke t'is fainde.

Then either a madding moode will end his loue, —  
 Or worfe betide him through fond ielosie.

*Man.* Excellent, My Lord: see how I will play 570  
 the shepheard.

*Sacre.* And marke thou how I play the  
 caruer:

Therefore be gone, and make thee readie straight.

*Exit his man.*

*Sacrepant* [carves the names and] hangs vp the  
*Roundelayes on the trees, and then goes out;*  
*and his man re-enters like a Shepheard.*

*Shep.* Thus all alone, and like a shepheards  
 As Paris (when Oenone lou'd him well) [swaine,  
 Forgot he was the sonne of Priamus,  
 All clad in gray, sat piping on a reed ; 580  
 So I transformed to this countrey shape,  
 Haunting<sup>1</sup> these groues to worke my master's will,  
 To plague the Palatine with ielosie,  
 And to conceite him with some deepe extreame,—  
 Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke.

*Enter Orlando and his page Orgalio.*

*Orlando.* Orgalio, goe see a centinell be plac'd,  
 And bid the souldiers keepe a Court of gard,  
 So to hold watch till secreet here alone,  
 I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue. 590

*Orgalio.* I will, my Lord. *Exit Orgalio.*

*Orlan.* Faire Queene of loue, thou mistris of  
 delight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou gladsome lampe that waitst on Phœbes traine,  
 Spreading thy kindenes through the iarring Orbes,  
 That in their vnion prayse thy lasting powers ;  
 Thou that hast staid the fierie Phlegons course,  
 And madest the Coachman of the glorious waine  
 To droope, in view of Daphnes excellence ;  
 Faire pride of morne, sweete<sup>3</sup> beautie of the euen,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries badly 'Haunt in,' and adds, "Or is the passage mutilated?"

<sup>2</sup> Venus and the star Venus.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce here tells us the MS. Alleyn (which commences with the present speech) omits the three first words and reads 'faire.' The MS. is most corrupt, and Dyce much too facile in adopting it.



Looke on Orlando languishing in loue. 600  
 Sweete solitarie groues, whereas<sup>1</sup> the Nymphes  
 With / pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,  
 Witnes Orlandoes faith vnto his loue.  
 Tread she these lawnds, kinde Flora, boast thy pride,<sup>2</sup>  
 Seeke she for shades,<sup>3</sup> spread cedars for her sake.  
 Faire Flora<sup>4</sup> make her couch amidst thy flowers.  
 Sweet Chrifall springs,  
 Wash ye with rofes when she longs to drinke.  
 Ah, thought, my heauen ! ah, heauen, that knows  
 my thought !  
 Smile, ioy, in her that my content hath wrought. 610  
*Shep.* [*aside*]. The heauen of loue is but a plea-  
 fant hel,  
 Where none but foolish wife imprifned dwell.  
*Orlan.* Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be  
 these,<sup>5</sup>  
 That focke with doubtfull motion<sup>6</sup> in thy minde ?  
 Heauen fmiles, and<sup>7</sup> trees do boast their fummers<sup>8</sup>  
 pride.  
 What ? Venus writes her<sup>9</sup> tryumphs here beside.

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. 'wheare.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'sweet flora, boft thy flowers.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* (badly) 'shade' ; which Dyce accepts.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Kinde Flora, make her couch fair cristall springes :  
 washe you her Rofes, yf she long to drink.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'are thofe.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 'motions.'

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* 'heauens fmile, thes.'

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* 'summer,' which Dyce accepts.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* 'Venus hath grauen hir.'

*Shep. [aside].* Yet when thine eye hath seene, thy  
heart shall rue

The tragicke chance that shortly shall infue.

*Orlando reads. Angelica:* Ah, fweete and heauenly<sup>1</sup>  
name, 620

Life to my life, and effence to my ioy !

But, soft !

This Gordion knot together counites

A Medor partner in her peerelesse loue.

Vnkinde ; and will she bend her thoughts to change ?

Her name, her writing ! Ah foolish<sup>2</sup> and vnkind !

No name of hers, vnles the brookes relent

To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe

To / raise his moysten'd lockes from out the reedes,  
And flow with calme alongst his turning bounds : 630

No name of hers, vnlesse Zephyrus<sup>3</sup> blowe

Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods ;<sup>4</sup>

Where all the world for wonders do awaite.

And yet her name ! for why Angelica ;

But, mixt with Medor, not<sup>5</sup> Angelica.

Onely by me was lou'd Angelica,

Onely for me must liue Angelica.

I finde her drift : perhaps the modest pledge

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. 'bleffed.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce prints 'Foolish and unkind.'

<sup>3</sup> Alleyn MS. 'the Zephyr,' which Dyce accepts. I prefer text, but delete 'the' before Zephyrus = west wind.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'along the desert woodes

of Arden, wher the world for wonders, waighates.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'then not.'

Of my content, hath with a secreet smile<sup>1</sup>  
 And fweet disguife restraind her fancie thus,  
 Shadowing<sup>2</sup> Orlando vnder Medors name ; 640  
 Fine drift (faire Nymph) Orlando hopes no leffe

*He spies the roundelays.*

Yet more ! are Mufes masking in these trees,  
 Framing<sup>3</sup> their ditties in conceited lines,  
 Making a Goddeffe, in despite of me,  
 That haue no goddess<sup>4</sup> but Angelica ?

*Shep.* Poore haples man, these thoughts containe  
 thy hel !

*Orlando reades this Roundelay.*

*Angelica is Lady of his heart,  
 Angelica is substance of his ioy,  
 Angelica is medicine of his smart, 650  
 Angelica hath healed his annoy.*

*Orlando.* Ah, false Angelica ! What, haue we  
 more ?

*Another.*

*Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie springs,  
 The Cedar, Cypresse, Laurell, and the Pine,  
 Ioy in the notes of loue that Medor sings  
 Of those sweete lookes, Angelica, of thine.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn, 'a priuy thought.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Shadowing'—accepted for 'Figuring' of 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'forming.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'goddess'—accepted for 'other' of 4tos.

*Then Medor, in Angelica take delight,  
Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night.* 660

Orlando. What, dares Medor<sup>1</sup> court my Venus  
What may Orlando deeme? [at night?<sup>2</sup>  
Aetna, forfake the boundes of Sicily,  
For now<sup>3</sup> in me thy reaftles flames appeare.  
Refuf'd, contemn'd, difdain'd: what worfe than  
Orgalio! [these?

*Orgalio.* My Lord?<sup>4</sup>

*Orl.* Boy,<sup>5</sup> view these trees carued with true-  
loue knots,  
The infcription Medor and Angelica :  
And read these verses hung vp of their loues :  
Now tell me, boy, what doest thou thinke? 670

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. 'and night'—'and' a misreading from l. 660 for 'at.' So corrected and accepted.

<sup>2</sup> "A mutilated passage, which in MS. Alleyn stands thus, incomplete :—

'. . . . . sorrowes dwell.  
dare Medor court my Venus? can hir eyes  
bayte any lookes but suche as must admyre?  
what may Orlando deeme?'—Dyce.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'for why.'

<sup>4</sup> MS. Alleyn—

'. . . . . what not, then thus.  
. . . . . angry brest.

*Argalio.* . . . . . my Lord.'—Dyce.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* gives this speech thus :—

"come hether, *Argalio*: vilayne, behold these lynes;  
see all these trees carued with true loue knottes,  
wherin are figured Medor and Angelica.  
what thinkest thou of it?"

*Orga.* By my troth, my Lord, I thinke Angelica  
is a woman.

*Orlando.* And what of that?<sup>1</sup>

*Orgalio.* Therefore vnconstant, mutable, hauing  
their loues hanging in their eye-lids; that as they  
are got with a looke, so they are lost againe with a  
winke. But heres a Shepheard; it may be he can  
tell vs newes.

*Orlando.* What messenger hath Ate sent abroad 680  
With idle lookes to listen my laments?<sup>2</sup>  
Sirra, who wronged happie Nature so,  
To / spoile these trees with this Angelica?—  
Yet in her name (Orlando) they are blest.

*Shep.* I am a shephearde fwaine, thou wandering  
Knight,  
That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue.

*Orlan.* Not<sup>3</sup> follow loue? darst<sup>4</sup> thou dispraise  
my heauen,  
Or once disgrace or<sup>5</sup> preiudice her name?  
Is not Angelica the Queene of loue,  
Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowers? 690  
She is. Then speake, thou peasant, what is he  
That dare attempt or court<sup>6</sup> my Queene of loue,  
Or I shall<sup>7</sup> send thy soule to Charons charge.

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. 'then.' <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'lament.' <sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'As' in 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'dar't': original 'why dareft,' and perhaps should be in text,  
and deleting 'thou.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'offer disgrace, and.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 'That dares attempt to court,' in 4tos.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* 'will.'

*Shep.* Braue Knight, since feare of death in-  
forceth still

In greater mindes submiſſion and relent ;  
Know that this Medor, whoſe vnhappie name  
Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,  
Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.  
Yon Caue beares witneſſe of their kinde content ;  
Yon medowes talk the actions of their ioy ; 700  
Our ſhepheards in their ſongs of Solace ſing,  
Angelica doth none but Medor loue.<sup>1</sup>

*Orlando.* Angelica doth none but Medor loue ?  
Shall Medor, then, poſſeſſe Orlandos loue ?  
Daintie and gladfome beames<sup>2</sup> of my delight,  
Delicious brows,<sup>3</sup> why ſmiles your heauen for  
thoſe  
That, wounding you, proue poor Orlandos foes ?  
Lend me your plaints, you ſweet Arcadian Nymphs

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. '*Nought but Angelica and Medors loue.*

*Orl. Nought but Angelica and Medors loue !*'

See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* The original 4tos ('94 and '99) have :—

'Daintie and gladfome beames of my delight,  
Delicious *bowers*, why *ſmiles* your *heauen* for thoſe  
That *wandring* make you proue Orlandos foes ?'

MS. Alleyn has :

'danty and gladfome beames of my delight,  
*why feaſt your gleames on others luſtfull thoughtes ?*  
delicious browes, why ſmile your *heauen* for thoſe,  
that *woundring* you proue poor Orlandos foes

<sup>3</sup> Misprinted '*bowers*' in original.

That wont to waile<sup>1</sup> your late<sup>2</sup> departed loues ;  
 Thou / weeping flood, leaue Orpheus wayle for me; 710  
 And, Tytons Neece, gather all in one  
 Those fluent springs of your lamenting teares,  
 And let them streame along<sup>4</sup> my faintfull lookes.

*Shep.* [*aside.*] Now is the fire, late smothered in  
 suspect,

Kindled, and burnes within his angry brest :  
 Now haue I done the will of Sacrepant.<sup>5</sup>

*Orlan.* *Fæmineum seruile genus, crudele, superbum:*  
 Discourteous women, Natures fairest ill,  
 The woe of man, that first created curse,  
 Base female sexe, sprung from blacke Ates loynes, 720  
 Proud, [and] disdainfull, cruell, and vniust ;  
 Whose words are shaded<sup>6</sup> with enchanting willes,<sup>7</sup>  
 Worse then Medusa, mateth all our minds :  
 And in their hearts fits shamelesse trechery,  
 Turning a truthles, vile circumference.

<sup>1</sup> Better the text than 'sing' of MS. Alleyn. Dyce accepts 'sing' on the ground that 'waile' occurs in next line, oblivious of Greene's trick of repetition.

<sup>2</sup> Accepted from Alleyn MS. for 'new' of 4tos. <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'proude.'

<sup>4</sup> 'flow' of 4tos inferior to 'stream along' of MS. Alleyn.

<sup>5</sup> "After the word 'Sacripant,' something is wanting in MS. Alleyn : it then gives,

'Argalio, seek me out Medor, seek out that same,  
 that dare inchaſe him with Angelica' :

it then marks a speech in reply to Orlando as having ended with the word 'be,' after which it is again imperfect down to 'O *feminile ingegno*,' etc.—*Dyce.*

<sup>6</sup> Dyce queries 'o'er-shaded,' and adds, "But the passage is mutilated."

<sup>7</sup> = willes.

- O could my furie paint their furies forth !  
 — For hels no hell, compared to their hearts ,  
 Too simple deuils to conceale their arts ;  
 Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,  
 Brought for eternall pestilence to the world. 730  
*O femminile ingegno, de tutti mali fede,*  
*Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,*  
*Contrario oggetto proprio de la fede !*  
*O infelice, o miser chi ti crede !*  
*Importune, superbe, dispettose.*  
*Priue d'amor, di fede, e di consiglio,*  
*Temerarie, / crudeli, inique, ingrato*  
*Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate.<sup>1</sup>—*  
 Villaine, what art thou that followest me ?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The first four of these lines are from the 117th stanza of the XXVII. Canto of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, the other four from the 121st stanza of the same canto. Greene has substituted 'de tutti mali fede' for the 'egli dicea' of the original. 'Importune, superbe,' etc., is scarcely intelligible, if the word 'donne' be omitted, which occurs at the beginning of the stanza from which it is taken. For this note I am indebted to the kindness of Signor Panizzi."—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> "Thus in MS. Alleyn :—

\*vilayne, *Argalio, whers medor ? medor is, medor a knaue*  
 what, *lyes* he here,  
 and braues me to my face ? *by heauen, Ile tear*  
 [drages him in]  
*him pecemeale in dispyght of these.*  
 [enters with a mans legg]  
*villayns, prouide me straight a lions skynne.*  
 . . . . . *on his neck.*  
*for I, thou seeest, am mighty Hercules.*  
*see whers my maffy clubb vpon my neck.*  
*I must to hell to fight with Cerberus,*



*Orgalio.* Alas, my Lord, I am your teruant, 740  
Orgalio.

*Orlando.* No, Villaine, thou art Medor :  
That ranft away with [faire] Angelica.

*Orga.* No, by my troth, my Lord, I am Orgalio ;  
Afke all thefe people elfe.

*Orlando.* Art thou Orgalio ? tell me where  
Medor is.

*Orga.* My Lord, looke where he fits.

*Orlando.* What, fits he here, and braues me too ?

*Shep.* No, truly, Sir, I am not he.

*Orlando.* Yes, Villaine. *He draws him by the leg.*<sup>1</sup>

*Orga.* Helpe, helpe, my Lord of Aquitaine ! 750

*Enter the Duke of Aquitaine, and fouldiers.*

*Orgalio.* O, my Lord of Aquitaine, the Count  
Orlando is runne mad, and taking of a fhepheard  
by the heeles, rends him as one would teare a  
Larke ! See where he comes, with a leg on his  
necke.

*Enter Orlando with a leg.*

*Orl.* Villaine, prouide me ftraight a Lyon's  
Thou feeft I now am mightie Hercules ; [fkinne,

*And find out Medor ther, you vilaynes, or Ile dye.*

. . . . ., . . . . . *fhall I doe ?*

*ah, ah, ah, Sirha, Argalio !*

*Ile weare the fpeare framd out of . . . ?"—Dyce,*

<sup>1</sup> ll, 749-50 one epic line.

Looke wheres my maffie club vpon my necke. 760

I muſt to hell,

To ſeeke for Medor and Angelica,

Or elſe I dye. [away ;

You / [you] that are the reſt, get you quickly

Prouide ye horſes all of burniſht gold,

Saddles of Corke, becauſe Ile haue them light ;

For Charlemaine the great is vp in Armes,

And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes

To ſeeke for Medor and Angelica.

*So he beateth them all in before him : Manet 770*  
*Orgalio.*

*Enter Marfillus.*

*Orgalio.* Ah, my Lord, Orlando——

*Marfillus.* Orlando? what of Orlando?

*Orga.* He, my Lord, runs madding through the  
woods,

Like mad Oreſtes in his greateſt rage.

Step but aſide into the bordring groue,

There ſhall you ſee ingrauen on euery tree

The lawleſſe loue of Medor and Angelica.

O ſee, my Lord, not any ſhrub but beares 780

The curſed ſtampe that wrought the Counties rage.

If thou beeſt mightie King Marfill[i]us,

For whom the Countie would aduenture life,

Reuenge it on the falſe Angelica,

*Marfillus.* Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage  
 Did neuer more reuenge his wrongd Hippolytus  
 Then I will on the false Angelica.  
 Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth ;  
 Teare from his brest the daring villaines hart.  
 Next take that base and damn'd adulteresse— 790  
 (I sorne / to tittle her with daughters name)  
 Put her in rags, and, like some shepheardeffe,  
 Exile her from my kingdome presently.  
 Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Enter a souldier, with Mandrecard disguised.*

How now, my friend ? what fellow hast thou there ?

*Sol.* He sayes, my Lord,  
 That he is seruant vnto Mandrecard. 800

*Marfillus.* To Mandrecard ?  
 It fits me not to fwaye<sup>1</sup> the Diademe  
 Or rule the wealthie Realmes of Barberie,  
 To staine my thoughts with any cowardise.  
 Thy master [ouer] brau'd<sup>2</sup> me to my teeth,  
 He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe ;  
 For which, nor he, nor his, shall scape my hands.  
 No, souldier, thinke me resolute as he. [agree,  
*Mandre.* It grieues me much, that Princes dis-

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'who fway,' etc., and 'And rule,' etc. ? but in Greene's looser style 'to' and 'or' can stand.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'proudly' or 'boldly brau'd' ?

Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward :  
 But leauing that, pardon me, gracious Lord. 810

*Marfillus.* For thou intreatst, and newly art  
 arriu'd,

And yet thy sword is not imbrowd in blood,  
 Vpon conditions, I will pardon thee ;  
 That thou shalt neuer tell thy master, Mandrecard,  
 Nor any fellow-souldier of the Campe,  
 That King Marfillus licenst thee depart  
 He shall not thinke, I am so much his friend,  
 That he, or one of his, shall scape my hand.

*Mandre.* I sweare, my Lord, and vow to keep  
 my word. [red;

*Marfillus.* Then take [to thee] my banderoll of 820  
 [For] mine, and none but mine, shall honour thee,  
 And safe conduct thee to port Carthagene. [here,

*Mandre.* But say, my Lord, if Mandrecard were  
 What fauour should he finde, or life or death ?

*Marfillus.* I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king  
 To prize his wrath before his curtisie.  
 Were Mandrecard, the King of Mexico,  
 In prison here, and crau'd but libertie ;  
 So little hate hangs in Marfillus breast,  
 As one entreatie should quite race it out. 830  
 But this concernes not thee, therefore, farewell.

*Exit Marfillus.*

*Mandre.* Thanks, and good fortune fall to such  
 As couets to be counted courteous. [a king

Blush, Mandrecard ;  
 The honour of thy foe disgraceth thee ;  
 Thou wrongest him that wisheth thee but well ;  
 Thou bringest store of men from Mexico  
 To battaile him that scornes to iniure thee,  
 Pawning his colours for thy warrantize. 840  
 Backe to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home ;  
 Bouge not a foote to aid Prince Rodomant ;  
 But friendly gratulate these fauours found,  
 And meditate on nought but to be friends.

*Exit.*

*Enter Orlando attired like a mad man.*

Orlando. Woods, trees,<sup>1</sup> leaues ; leaues, trees,  
 Woods ; *tria / sequuntur tria.* Ho, Minerua !

<sup>1</sup> " This nonsense is much fuller in MS. Alleyn :—

‘ ORLANDO.

*Solus.* . . . . .

*Woodes, trees, leaues, leaues, trees, woodes ; tria sequuntur tria, ergo*  
*optimus vir non est optimus magistratus. a peny for a pott of beer*  
*and fixe pence for a peec of beife ? wounds ! what am I the worfe ?*  
*o minerva ! salve ; god morrow ; how doe you to day ? sweet goddeffe, now*  
*I see thou louest thy vliifes. louely Minerua, tell thy vliifes, will Ioue*  
*send Mercury to Calipso to lett me goe ?*

*Here he harkens.] will he ? why then he is a good fellow ; nay more,*  
*he is a gentleman, euery haire of the head of him. tell him I haue bread*  
*and beife for him : lett him put his arme into my bag thus deep, yf he*  
*will eate. goddeffe, he shall haue it. thre blew beans [def. in MS.] a*  
*blewe bladder, rattle bladder [def. in MS.] Lantorne and candle light ;*  
*child [def. in MS.] children, a god when . . .*

*He walketh vp and downe] but fofte you, minerua, whats a clock ? [def.*  
*in MS.] hie tree.*

*He singes.] I am Orlando [def. in MS.] fo bragg. [def. in MS.] who . . .*  
*Iupiters brayne when you were*

*Jaques*, Good morrow ; how do you to-day ? Tell me, sweet Goddesse, will Ioue send Mercurie to Calipso, to let me goe ; will he ? [*hearkens*] why, 850 then, hees a Gentleman, euery haire a the head on him. But, ho, Orgalio : where art thou, boy ?

*Orgalio*. Here, my Lord : did you call me ?

*Orlando*. No, nor name thee.

*Orga*. Then God be with you.

*Orgalio proffers to goe in.*

*Orland*. Nay, preethee, good Orgalio, stay ; Canst thou not tell me what to say ?

*Orgalio*. No, by my troth.

*Orlando*. O, this it is ; Angelica is dead. 860

*Orga*. Why, then, she shall be buried.

*He whistles for him.]* begotten. Argalio, Argalio !

farewell, good Minerua ; haue me recommended to vulcan, and tell him I would fayne see him dance a galyard.

. . . . . my lord,

I pray the, tell me one thing : dost thou not know wherfore I cald the . . . . .

. . . . . neither.

Why knowest thou not ? nay nothing, thou mayst be gone. *stay*, stay, villayne, I tell thee, *Angelica is dead*, nay she is in deed.

. . . . . lord.

*but my Angelica is dead.*

. . . . . my lord.

*He beats]* and canst thou *not weepe*

. . . . . Lord.

Why *then* begin, but first lett me gene [*def. in MS.*]

*A begins to weepe]* your watchword, Argalio.

Argalio, stay.

. . . . . '—*Dyce*. Some of this is necessary for the sense. He fancies himself. Ulysses.

*Orlando.* But my Angelica is dead.

*Orgalio.* Why, it may be so.

*Orlando.* But shees dead and buried. [*fiercely*]

*Orga.* I, I thinke so.

*Orlando.* Nothing but I thinke so, and it may  
be so ! *He beateth him.*

*Orga.* What doe you meane, my Lord ?

*Orlando.* Why, shall I tell you<sup>1</sup> that my loue is  
dead, 870

And can ye not weepe for her ?

*Orgalio.* Yes, yes, my Lord, I will.

*Orlando.* Well, doe so, then. *Orgalio.*

*Orgalio.* My Lord.

*Orlando.* Angelica is dead. *Orgalio cryes.* Ah, /  
poore slaue : so, cry no more now.

*Orgalio.* Nay, I haue quickly done.

*Orlando.* *Orgalio.*

*Orgalio.* My Lord.

*Orlando.* Medors Angelica is dead.

*Orgalio cryes, and Orlando beats him againe.* 880

*Orgalio.* Why doe you beate me, my Lord ?

*Orlando.* Why, slaue, wilt thou weepe for Medors  
Angelica ? thou must laugh for her. [*will.*]

*Orgalio.* Laugh ? yes, Ile laugh all day, and<sup>2</sup> you

*Orlando.* *Orgalio.*

*Orgalio.* My Lord.

<sup>1</sup> Original ('99) 'thee.

<sup>2</sup> = an.

*Orlando.* Medors Angelica is dead.

*Orgalio.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Orlando.* So, ti's well now. 890

*Orgalio.* Nay, this is easier then the other was.

*Orlando.* Now away !

Seeke the herbe Moly ; for I muft to hell,

To feeke for Medor and Angelica.

*Orgalio.* I know not the hearbe Moly, i' faith.

*Orlando.* Come, Ile lead ye to it by the eares.

*Orgalio.* Ti's here, my Lord, ti's here. [*does so.*]

*Orlando.* Ti's indeede :

Now to Charon, bid him dresse his boat,

For he had neuer fuch a paffenger. 900

*Orgalio.* Shall I tell him<sup>1</sup> your name ?

*Orlando.* No, then he will be afraid, and not be  
at home. *Exit.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Thom.* Sirra Rafe, an thou'lt goe with me, Ile  
let thee fee the braueft mad man that euer thou  
faweft.

*Rafe.* Sirra Tom ; I belecue it was hee that was  
at our towne a Sunday ; Ile tell thee what he did,  
firra : he came to our houle, when all our folkes  
were gone to Church, and there was no bodie at 910  
home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he  
comes in, and bad mee fetch him fome drinke.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in '99 4to.



Now, I went and fetcht him some; and ere I came againe, by my troth, hee ran away with the roft-meate, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porredge to dinner.

*Thom.* By my troth, that was braue : but, firra, he did so course the boyes, last funday ; and if ye call him mad man, heele run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, 920 as it passeth. *They spie Orlando.*

*Rafe.* O, Tom, looke where he is : call him mad man.

*Tom.* Mad man, mad man.

*Rafe.* Mad man, mad man.

*Orlando.* What faiest thou, villaine ?<sup>1</sup>

*He beateth them.*

So, now you shall be both my fouldiers.

*Tom.* Your fouldiers ! we shall haue a mad captaine then. 930

*Orlan.* You must fight against Medor. [nose.

*Rafe.* Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody

*Orlan.* Come then, and Ile giue you weapons ftraite. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Angelica, like a poore woman.*

*Angel.* Thus causelesse banisht from thy<sup>2</sup> natieue home,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, " Surely we may suspect that Greene wrote, ' What say ye, villains ? ' " Doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce misreports the 4to of 1599 as ' my.'

Here fit, Angelica, and rest a while,  
For to bewaile the fortune<sup>1</sup> of thy loue.

*Enter Rodamant and Brandemart, with souldiers.*

*Rodamant.* This way she went, and farre she  
cannot be.

*Brandemart.* See where she is, my Lord: speake 940  
[you] as if

You<sup>2</sup> knew her not.

*Roda.* Faire shepherdesse, for so thy fitting seemes,  
Or Nymph, for lesse thy beautie cannot be;  
What, feede you sheep vpon these downes?

*Angel.* Daughter I am vnto a bordering Swaine,  
That tend my flockes within these shady groues.

*Roda.* Fond gyrl, thou liest; thou art Angelica.

*Brande.* I, thou art she, that wrongd the Palatine.

*Angel.* For I am knowne, albeit I am disguisde, 950  
Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throate,  
Sith thou reportst I wrongd the Palatine.

*Brande.* Nay then, thou shalt be vsed according<sup>3</sup>  
To thy deserts. Come, bring her to our tents.

*Rod.* But stay, what drum is this? <sup>4</sup>

*Enter Orlando with a Drum and souldiers, with  
spits and dripping pans.*

*Brande.* Now see,  
Angelica, the fruites of all your loue.

<sup>1</sup> Better than Dyce's change to 'fortunes.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to '99 'Yee.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries 'accordingly,' but that were not English. Pronounce  
'vsèd.'

<sup>4</sup> This line omitted in the 4to of 1599: accepted from 1594.

*Orlan.* Souldiers, 960  
This is the Citie of great Babylon,  
Where / proud Darius was rebated from :  
Play but the men, and I will lay my head,  
Weele facke and raze it er'e the funne be fet.

*Clowne.* [*Tom.*] Yea, and scratch it too. March  
faire, fellow frying pan. [laughter?

*Orlan.* Orgalio, knowst thou the cause of my  
*Orgalio.* No, by my troth, nor no wise man else.

*Orlan.* Why, firra, to thinke that if the enimie  
were fled er'e we come, we will not leaue one of 970  
our owne souldiers aliue, for we two will kill them  
with our fists.

*Rafe.* Fo, come, let's go home againe : heele fet  
*Probatum est* vpon my head peece anon.

*Orlan.* No, thou shalt not be hurt, nor thee ;  
Backe souldiers ; looke where the enimie is.

*Thom.* Captaine, they haue a woman amongst  
them.

*Orlan.* And what of that?

*Thom.* Why, strike you downe the men, and 980  
then let me alone to thrust in the woman.

*Orlan.* No, I am challenged the single fight ;  
Sirra, ist you [that] chalenge me the combate?

*Bran.* Franticke companion, lunaticke and wood,<sup>2</sup>  
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heauen,  
Thy madnesse shall not priuiledge thy life.

<sup>1</sup> I remove a second 'no' of the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> = mad, furious.

*Orlan.* I tell thee, villaine, Medor wrongd me fo,  
Sith thou art come his Champion to the field,  
Ile learne thee know, I am the Palatine.

*Allarum.* *They fight; Orlando kils Brandemart; 990*  
*and all the rest flee, but Angelica [and Orgalio].*<sup>1</sup>

*Orgalio.* / Looke my Lord, here's one kild.

*Orlan.* Who kild him?

*Orgalio.* You, my Lord, I thinke.

*Orlan.* I? No, no, I fee who kild him.

*He goes to Angelica, and knows her not.*

Come hither, gentle fir,<sup>2</sup> whose prowesse hath  
performde such an act: thinke not the curteous  
Palatine will hinder that thine honour hath  
atchieued. Orgalio, fetch me a sword, that pre- 1000  
sently this squire may be dubd a Knight.

*Ange.* Thanks, gentle Fortune, that sends me  
such good hap,

— Rather to die by him I loue so deare,  
Then liue and see my Lord thus lunaticke.

*Orgalio* [*giving a sword.*] Here, my Lord.

*Orlando.* If thou bee'st come of Lancelots worthy  
Welcome thou art. [line,  
Kneele downe,—fir Knight; rise vp, fir Knight;  
Here, take this sword, and hie thee to the fight.

*Exit Angelica.* 1010

<sup>1</sup> But Brandemart appears onward, and Rodamant is said to be dead onward. See Glossarial-Index under 'Brandemart' on this passage.

<sup>2</sup> "Blank-verse corrupted."—*Dyce*.

Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou thinke ; will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire ?

*Orgalio.* He cannot chuse, being of your making.

*Orlan.* But where's Angelica now ?

*Orga.* Faith, I cannot tell.

*Orlan.* Villaine, finde her out,  
Or else the torments that Ixion fees,  
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> "Here we have a wrong quantity—'Belides.' MS. Alleyn (which wants a good deal immediately before this line) has :—

'That the belydes. youle fetch me hir, fir.

*spare no cost, run me to Charlemagne,  
and fay Orlando sent for Angelica. away, villayne !*

. . . . . your humor.

*Oh, oh ! as though that Sagitar in all his pride  
could take faire Leda from stout Iupiter ;  
and yet, forsooth, Medor durst enterprife  
to reave Orlando of Angelica.*

*fyrrha, you that are the messenger to Ioue,  
you that can sweep it through the milke white pathe  
that leades vnto the fynode howse of Mars,  
fetch me my helme, tempred of azure Steele,  
my sheild, forged by the cicloppe for Anchises sonne,  
and see yf I dare combat for Angelica.*

heauen and hell, godes and deuyls ! whers Argalio ?

. . . . . Angelica.

Ah my dear Angelica !

*fyrrha, fetch me the harping starr from heauen,  
Lyra, the pleasant mynstrell of the spheares,  
that I may dance a galyard with Angelica.  
ride me to Pan ; bidd all his waternimphes  
come with ther bagpipes and ther tamberins.*

. . . . . for a woeman.

*howe fares my sweet Angelica ?*

. . . . . for his honesty.

*art thou not fayre Angelica,*

Villaine, wilt thou not<sup>1</sup> finde her out?

*Orga.* Alas, my Lord, I know not where 1020  
she is.

*Orlando.* / Runne to Charlemaine, spare for no  
coft ;

Tell him, Orlando fends for Angelica.

*with browes as faire as faire Ibythea,  
That darks Canopus with her silver hewe?*

. . . . . art Angelica.

*Why are not these* those ruddy coulered *cheekes,*  
*Wher both the lillie and the blushing rose*  
*fytted equall futed with a natyve redd.*

. . . . . a ballad.

*Are not, my sweet, these eyes, these sparkling lampes*  
*Wherout proud Phebus flasheth fourth his lights?*

. . . . . with an othe.

but tell me, false Angelica,  
*strumpett, worse then the whorish loue of Mars,*  
*traytreffe, surpaffing trothlesse Cressida,*  
that so inchaft his name within that groue,  
wheres medor? say me for truth wher medor is.  
yf Iupiter hath shutt him with young Ganymede,  
by heauen, Ile fetch him from the heles of Ioue.  
inconstant, base, iniurious and vntrue!  
such strumpetts shall not scape away with life.

. . . . . god be with you.

[def. in MS.] wher are my fouldiours? whers all  
the campe, the captayns, leutenantes, fargeantes,  
[def. in MS.] of the band, corporalles and [I]ancprefades,  
gentlemen and mercenaries? seest thou not, medor  
standes brauing me at the gates of Rome?

. . . . . to much wages.

follow me! I may [must] goe seek my captaynes out,  
that Medor may not haue Angelica.

*Exit.]* "—*Dyce.*

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in the 4to of 1594.

*Orgalio.* Faith, Ile fetch you such an Angelica  
as you neuer saw before

*Exit Orgalio.*

*Orlan.* As though that Sagittarius in his pride  
Could [not] take Læda from stoute Iupiter!<sup>1</sup>  
And yet, forfooth, Medor, base Medor durst  
Attempt to reauē Orlando of his loue. 1030  
Sirra, you that are the messenger of Ioue,  
You that can sweep it through the milke white path  
That leads vnto the Senate house of Mars,  
Fetch me my shielde tempered of purest Steele,  
My helme  
Forg'd by the Cyclops for Anchifes sonne,  
And see if I dare combat<sup>2</sup> for Angel'ca!

*Re-enter Orgalio, with the Clowne [Tom] drest like  
Angelica.*

*Orgalio.* Come away, and take heede you laugh  
not.

*Clowne.* No, I warrant you ; but I thinke I had  
best goe backe and shauē my beard. 1040

*Orgalio.* Tush, that will not be seene.

<sup>1</sup> The run of the after-text and the scansion seem to require, if any sense is to be got from it, that 'could [not]' should be the text and 'braue' before 'Leda' deleted. Was this fable invented by Orlando for the occasion? In the language of the day (see Batman) the planet Jupiter was the Lord of Sagittarius by night as the Sun was its Lord by day.

<sup>2</sup> "So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4tos, '94 and '99, 'dare not combat.'"—*Dyce.*

*Clo.* Well, you will giue me the halfe crown ye promist me?

*Orgalio.* Doubt not of that, man.

*Clo.* Sirra, didst not see me serue the fellow a fine tricke, when we came ouer the Market-place?

*Org.* Why, what was that?

*Clowne.* Why, he comes to me and sayd, Gentlewoman, wilt please you to take a pint or a quart? 1050  
No gentlewoman, / said I, but your friend and Doritie.<sup>1</sup>

*Orgalio.* Excellent: Come, see where my Lord  
My Lord, here is Angelica. [is.

*Orlan.* Mas, thou sayst true, tis she indeed;  
how faires

The faire Angelica?

*Clowne.* Well, I thanke you heartily.

*Orlan.* Why, art thou not that faire Angelica,  
With browes<sup>2</sup> as bright as faire Erythea  
That darkes Canopus with her filuer hiew? 1060

*Clowne.* Yes, forsooth.<sup>3</sup>

*Orlan.* Are not these the beautious cheekes  
Wherein the Lillies and the native Rose  
Sit equall futed with a blushing red?

*Clo.* He makes a garden-plot in my face.

<sup>1</sup> = Dorothy.

<sup>2</sup> "So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4to '94, 'Whose hiew.'" —*Dyce*. But perhaps 'hiew[s]' were preferable.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 1061-2 = one iambic line.



Orlan. Are not, my deare, those [eyes the]<sup>1</sup>  
radiant eyes

Whereout proud Phœbus flasheth out his beames ?

Clo. Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers brauely.

Orlan. You are Angelica ?

Clowne. Yes, marrie, am I. [Medor ? 1070

Orlan. [threateningly] Wheres your sweet heart

Clowne. Orgalio, giue me eighteen-pence, and  
let me go.

Orlando. Speak, strumpet, speake. [quart.

Clowne. Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a

Orlan. Why, strumpet, worfe than Mars his  
trothlesse loue,

Falser thẽ faithles Cressida,<sup>2</sup> thou shalt not scape. —

Clowne. Come, come, you<sup>3</sup> doe not vse me like  
a Gentlewoman : and if I be not for you, I am for  
another.

Orlan. Are you ? that will I trie. 1080

*He beateth him out. Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with drum  
and trumpets.*

Oger. Braue Peeres of France, sith we haue past  
the bounds,

Whereby the wrangling billowes seeke for straites

<sup>1</sup> Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 151) corrects the versification by reading 'the' before radiant, and Dyce accepts. I prefer to read as in text.

<sup>2</sup> I remove 'strumpet' of 4tos after 'Cressida.'

<sup>3</sup> Original 4tos 'yee' as before—query 'ee' or 'you' or 'thou'?

To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes ;  
 Sith we haue furrowd through these wandring tides  
 Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys daunce  
 Vpon the Hyperborean billowes crefts,  
 That braues with streames the watric Occident ; 1090  
 And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime  
 Sought-to by greedie mindes for hurtfull gold ;  
 Now let vs seeke to venge the Lampe of France  
 That lately was eclipsed in Angelica ;  
 Now let vs seeke Orlando forth, our Peere,  
 Though from his former wits lately estrang'd,  
 Yet famous in our fauours as before :  
 And sith by chance we all encountred be,  
 Let's seek reuenge on her, that wrought his wrong.

*Namus.* But being thus arriud in place vn- 1100  
 knowne,

Who shall direct our course vnto the Court  
 Where braue Marfillus keepes his royall State ?

*Enter Marfillus and Mandrecard like Palmers.*

*Oger.* Loe here, two Indian Palmers hard at  
 hand,

Who can perhaps resolue our hidden doubts.  
 Palmers, God speed.<sup>1</sup>

*Marfillus.* / Lordings, we greet you well.

*Oger.* Where lies Marfillus Court, friend? canst  
 thou tel ?

<sup>1</sup> This and next one line in original.

*Mar.* His court is his campe, the Prince is now

*Turp.* In armes ? [in armes. 1110

What's he that dares annoy so great a king ?

*Mandre.* Such as both loue and furie doeth  
confound :

Fierce Sacrepant, incenft with ftange defires,

Warres on Marfillus ; and Rodamant being dead,

Hath leuied all his men, and traitour like

Affailes his Lord and louing foueraigne :

And Mandrecard, who late hath bene in Armes

To profecute reuenge againft Marfillus,

Is now through fauours paff become his friend.

Thus ftands the ftate of matchleffe India. [courfe ; 1120

*Oger.* Palmer, I like thy braue and briefe dis-  
And couldft thou bring vs to the Princes Campe,

We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands.

*Marfil.* Ye ftanger Lords, why feeke ye out  
Marfillus ?

*Oliuer.* In hope that he, whofe Empire is fo large,  
Will make both minde and Monarchie agree.

*Marfil.* Whence are you, Lordes, and what  
request you here ?

*Namus.* A question ouer hautie for thy weed,  
Fit for the king himfelfe for to propound. [weeds

*Mandre.* O fir, know [thou] that vnder fimple 1130  
The gods haue makkt : then deeme not with dis-  
To anfwere to this Palmers queftion, [daine  
Whofe coate includes, perhaps, as great as yours.

Oger. Hautie their words, their persons full of  
state;

Though habite be but meane, their mindes excell.

Wel, / Palmers, know

That Princes are in India arriu'd,

Yea, euen those Westerne princely Peers of France

That through the world aduentures vndertake,

To finde Orlando late incenst with rage.

1140

Then, Palmers, sith you know our stiles and state,

Aduise vs where your king Marfillus is,

*Marfillus.* Lordings of France, here is Marfilius,<sup>1</sup>

That bids you welcome into India,

And will in person bring you to his Campe.

Oger. Marfillus? and thus disguisde?

*Marfillus.* Euen Marfillus and thus disguisde.

But what request these Princes at my hand?

*Turpin.* We sue for law and iustice at thy hand:

We seeke Angelica thy daughter out;

1150

That wanton maide, that hath eclipsd the ioy

Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.

*Marfillus.* My daughter, Lords? why she[s]  
exilde;<sup>2</sup>

And her grieu'd father is content to lose

The pleafance of his age, to countnance law.

<sup>1</sup> This line shows the true spelling is 'Marsilius.' See Glossarial-Index, *s.n.*

<sup>2</sup> Dyce again annotates, "Here 'lords' is a dissyllable (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 32). So again in the next speech of Marsilius: 'Lords of France, what would you more of me?'—Not allowable.

*Oliuer.* Not onely exile shall await Angelica,  
But death, and bitter death, shall follow her.  
Then yeeld vs right, Marfillus, or our fwords  
Shall make thee feare to wrong the Peeres of France.

*Marfil.* Words cannot daunt me, Princes, be 1160  
affured ;

But law and iustice shall ouerrule in this,  
And I will burie father's name and loue.  
The haplesse maide, banisht from out my land,  
Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne :  
Her, / if ye finde, with furie persecute ;  
I now disdaine the name to be her father.  
Lords of France, what would you more of me ?

*Oger.* Marfillus, we commend thy princely minde,  
And will report thy iustice through the world.  
Come, Peeres of France, lets seeke Angelica, 1170  
Left for a spoile to our reuenging thoughts.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Orlando like a poet, [and Orgalio.]*

*Orlan.* Orgalio,<sup>1</sup>

Is she not like those purple coloured Swans  
That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia ?

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. reads as below, and I accept l. 1175 from it for 'Is not my loue,' etc., and so l. 1178 from same.

'Sirha, is she not like those purple coulered swannes,  
that gallopp by the coche of Cinthya ?  
her face situered like to the milkwite shape  
that Ioue came dauncing in to Semele ?  
tell me, Argalio, what sayes Charlemagne ?

*Orgalio.* Yes, marry, is she, my Lord.

*Orlan.* Her face filuer'd like to the milke  
white<sup>1</sup> shape

That Ioue came dauncing in to Semele ? <sup>2</sup>

*Orgalio.* It is, my Lord.

1180

*Orlan.* Then goe thy wayes, and clime vp to  
And tell Apollo that Orlando fits [the Clowds,  
Making of verfes for Angelica.  
If he deny<sup>3</sup> to fend me downe the shirt

his nephew Orlando, palantyne of fraunce,  
is poet laureat for geometry.

. . . . .

ORLANDO.

. . . . . in the w[def. in MS.]  
bafe mynded traytors ! yf you dare but fay  
Thetis is fayrer then Angelica,  
Ile place a peal of ryfing riuers in your throates  
[def. in MS.] Virgill, Lucian [Lucan], Ovide, Ennius,  
Sirba, were not thefe poettes ? . . . yes, my lord.  
Then Ioue, trotting vpon proud Eolus,  
shall not gaynefay, but maugre all his bouldes  
Ile try with vulcane cracking of a launce,  
Yf any of the godes mislikes my rondelayes,  
Argalio, thefe be the lockes Apollo turnd to bowes,  
when crimfon daphne ran away for loue.  
loue ! whats loue, villayne, but the bastard of Mars,  
the poyfon of penns, and yet thou feest I wear  
badges of a poet laureat . . . the world.  
*Clyme vp the clowdes* to Galaxsy fraight,  
*And tell Apollo,* etc.

'Orgalio . . . Cynthia' not in '99 4to.

<sup>1</sup> 4to '94 reads, 'Is not her face filuer'd like that white-milk shape.'

<sup>2</sup> "So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4tos, 'When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele.'—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> "Alleyn MS. The 4tos, 'And if he doe deny.'—*Dyce*.

Which Deianyra fent to Hercules,  
To make me braue vpon my wedding day,  
Tell him

Ile vp the Alpes, and post to Meroe,<sup>1</sup>  
(I know he knowes that watrie lakish hill,)  
And pull the harpe out of the minstrel's hands,<sup>2</sup> 1190  
And pawne it vnto louely Proserpine,  
That she may fetch the fair Angelica.

*Orgalio.* / But, my Lorde, Apollo is asleepe, and  
will not heare me.

*Orlando.* Then tell him, he is a sleepeie knaue :  
but, firra, let no man<sup>3</sup> trouble mee, for I must lie  
downe a while, and talke with the starres.

<sup>1</sup> So MS. Alleyn ; better than 4tos, 'Ile passe the Alpes and vp to Meroe.'

<sup>2</sup> "Is this an allusion to the statue of Memnon?"—*Dyce.*

<sup>3</sup> *Dyce* reads 'nobody.' "In MS. Alleyn, after the line which ends the preceding speech of Orlando ('That she may fetch *me* fayre Angelica') we find :—

'vilayne, will he not fend me it ?

. . . . . no answerr.

So, Orlando must become a poet.

No, the palatyne is sent champion vnto the warrs.

take the Laurell, Latonas bastard sonne :

I will to flora, firha, *downe* vpon the ground,

*for I must talke* in secret to *the starres.*

. . . . . doth lye.

when Ioue rent all the welkin with a crake.

fye, fye ! tis a false verse . . . penyleffe.

how, fellow, wher is the Artick bear, late baighted

from his poel ? scuruy poetry ! a litell to long.

. . . . . by force.

Oh, my sweet Angelica, brauer then Iuno was.

but, vilayne, she conuerst with Medor.

*Enter [Tom as] a Fidler.*

*Orgalio.* What, old acquaintance? well met.

*Fidler.* Ho, you would haue me play Angelica 1200 againe, would ye not?

*Orgalio.* No, but I can tell thee where thou mayst earne two or three shillings this morning, euen with the turning of a hand.

*Fidler.* Two or three shillings? tush, thou wolt<sup>1</sup> coufen me, thou: but and thou canst

. . . . . I gine.  
drowned be Canopus child in those arcadyan twins.  
is not that sweet, Argalio?  
. . . . . confesse it.  
stabbd the old whore, and fend her foule to the diuell.  
Lende me the nett that vulcan trapt for Mars.  
[def. in MS.] felows, vilaynes, whats there adoe  
the court is cald, an nere a Senatur.  
Argalio, geve me the chayre; I will be judg  
my felfe . . . . . fouldioures.  
So, firs, what sayes Caffius? why stabbd he Cæsar  
in the fenate howse?  
. . . . . his furye.  
Why speakes not, vilayne, thou peasaunt?  
Yf thou beest a wandring knight, say who  
hath crackt a Launce with the? . . . to him.  
what sayest? Is it for the armour of  
Achilles thou doest striue? yf be Ajax  
shall trott away to troy, geue me thy  
hand uliffes, it is thine. . . . Armorer.  
And you, fair virgin, what fay you?  
Argalio, make her confesse all . . .

ORLANDO.

. . . . . haue relet.'''—*Dyce.*

<sup>1</sup> 4to of 1599 'wolt'; Dyce 'wot'—former accepted.



tell where I may earne a groat, Ile giue thee fixe pence for thy paines.

*Orgalio.* Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

*Fidler.* Why, he is mad ftill, is he not? 1210

*Orgalio.* No, no : come, play.

*Fidler.* At which fide doeth he vfe to giue his reward ?

*Orgalio.* Why, of any fide.

*Fidler.* Doth he not vfe to throw the chamber-pot fometimes? T'would grieue me he fhould wet my fiddle-ftings.

*Orgalio.* Tush, I warrant thee.

*He playes and fings any odde toy, and*

*Orlando wakes.*

1220

*Orlando.* / Who is this ? Shan Cuttelero ?  
Heartily welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

*Fidler.* No, fir, you fhould haue faid "Shan the Fidideldero."

*Orlando.* What, haft thou brought me a<sup>1</sup> fword ?

*He takes away his fiddle.*

*Fidler.* A fword ? no, [no], fir, that's my fiddle.

*Orlando.* But doeft thou thinke the temper to be good ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce alters to 'my' without need. He refers to Orlando's fecond fpeech after this ; but it does not fanitize 'my.'

And will it hold, 1230  
 When thus and thus, we Medor do affaile ?

*He strikes and beates him with the fiddle.*

*Fidler.* Lord, fir, youle breake my liuing. [*To Org.*] You told me your master was not mad.

*Orlando.* Tell me—why<sup>1</sup> hast thou mard my sword ?

The pummel's well, the blade is curtall short :  
 Villaine, why hast thou made it so ?

*He breakes it about his head. Exit Fidler.*

*Fidler.* O Lord, fir, will you<sup>2</sup> answere this ?

*Enter Melissa with a glasse of wine.* 1240

*Orlando.* Orgalio, who is this ?

*Orgalio.* Faith, my Lord, some old witch, I thinke.

*Melissa.* O, that my Lord would but conceite my tale :

Then would I speake and hope to find redresse.

*Orlando.* Fair Polixena,<sup>3</sup> the pride of Ilion,

<sup>1</sup> 4to of '99 'what.'    <sup>2</sup> I change from 'you will' of 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> The line can be rectified by reading 'Polyxene,' or by omitting 'the.' The former seems preferable, as we have had 'Telegone' before, though in this the final 'e' is pronounced. MS. Alleyn :—

'[def. in MS.] the flowes [flower] of Ilium.

*Fear not Achilles ouermadding boy :*

*Pyrrhus shall not. Argalio, why suffereſt*

*this olde trot to come ſo nere me.*

away with theſe rages !

Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy ;  
Pyrrus shall not, &c.<sup>1</sup>——

Sounes, / Orgalio, why fuffereſt thou this old  
trot, to come ſo nigh me ? 1250

*Orgalio.* Come, come, ſtand by, your breath  
ſtinkes.

*Orlando.* What ? be all the Troianes fled ?  
Then giue me ſome drinke.

*Meliſſa.* Here, Palatine, drinke ;  
And euer bee thou better for this draught.

*Orlando.* What's here ?  
The paltrie bottle that Darius quaſt ?

*He drinks, and ſhe charmes him with her wand,  
and he lies downe to ſleepe.*

1260

fetch me the Robe that proud Apollo wears,  
that I may Iett it in the capytoll.  
Argalio, is Medor here ? ſay whiche of  
theſe is he. courage ! for why, the palatyne  
of fraunce ſtraight will make ſlaughter  
of theſe daring foes. *currunt.*

. . . . .  
*are all the troyans fledd ? then geue me  
ſome drynke, ſome drink. . . . my lord,  
els will I ſett my mouth to Tigris ſtreames,  
and drink vp ouerflowing Euphrates.*

. . . . . my lord.  
This is the geſey ſhepherdes bottle, that Darius  
quaſt. fo, fo, fo, oh fo . . . .  
*Inchaunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> “ Sometimes means, in old dramas, any nonsense the player chose to utter extempore.”—*Dyce*. Perhaps Greene wrote more and the Players ‘cut’ it.

Elfe would I<sup>1</sup> fet my\mouth to Tygres' streames,  
 And drinke vp ouerflowing Euphrates.  
 Mine eyes are heauie, and I needes muſt ſleepe.

*Meliſſa ſtrikes with her wande, and the Satyres  
 enter with muſicke, and play round about  
 him; which done, they ſtay: he awaketh and  
 ſpeakes.*

What ſhewes<sup>2</sup> are theſe,  
 That fill mine eyes with view of ſuch regard  
 As heauen admires to ſee my ſlumbring dreames? 1270  
 Skies are fulfil'd with lampes of laſting ioy,  
 That boalt the pride of haught<sup>3</sup> Latonas ſonne,  
 Who<sup>4</sup> lightneth all the candles of the night.  
 Mnemoſyne hath<sup>5</sup> kiſt the kingly Ioue,  
 And entertain'd a feaſt within my braines,  
 Making / her daughters<sup>6</sup> ſolace on my brow.  
 Me thinks, I feele how Cynthya tunes<sup>7</sup> conceites  
 Of ſad repent, and meloweth thoſe deſires

<sup>1</sup> "Not only is the preſent ſcene mutilated and corrupted, but this and the next line are ſhuffled out of their place: *vide* the preceding quotation from MS. Alleyn."—*Dyce*. See Gloſſarial-Index, *s.v.*, on this paſſage.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Alleyn:—

'What heavenly fightes of pleaſaunce fills my eyes,  
 that feed the pride *with view of ſuch regard*?

[def. in MS.] *admyres to ſe the ſlumbring dreams.*—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> = haughty.

<sup>4</sup> "So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos 'He.'"—*Dyce*.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Alleyn 'had': 4tos miſprint 'Nymosene.'

<sup>6</sup> "*i.e.* the Muſes. So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos 'daughter.'"—*Dyce*.

<sup>7</sup> MS. Alleyn 'tyms.'

That phrenfies fcares<sup>1</sup> had ripened in my head.  
Ate, Ile kiffe thy reftleffe cheeke a while, 1280  
And fuffer fruitleffe paffion<sup>2</sup> bide controll.

[*He lieth downe againe.*

*Melifsa. O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deæque,  
Nymphæ Hamadriades, Driades, Parcæque potentes !  
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,  
Infernasque domus et nigra palatia Ditis !  
Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,  
Qui regis infernum folium, cælumque, folumque !<sup>3</sup>  
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes ;  
In caput Orlandi celestes fpargite lymphas, 1290  
Spargite, quis mifere reuocetur rapta per<sup>4</sup> umbras  
Orlandi infelix anima.*

[*Then let muficke play before him, and fo goe forth.*

*Orlando.* What fights, what fshapes, what ftrange-  
conceited dreames,<sup>5</sup>  
More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba  
When fall of Troy was figured in her fleepe.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn 'That frenzy fcarce,' etc.

<sup>2</sup> "So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos 'vile repent to.'"—*Dyce.*

<sup>3</sup> "The 4tos '*folenque, folumque, cælumque.*' Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 216), who cites from Prudentius, *Peristeph. Hymn.* x. 326, '*Cælum, folumque, vim marini gurgitis,*' etc."—*Dyce.*

<sup>4</sup> "The 4tos 'raptator,' and in the next line 'Orlando.'"—*Dyce.*

<sup>5</sup> "So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos 'What fights, what *fhewes*, what fearefull fshapes are thefe.'"—*Dyce.* See Glossarial-Index, s.v., on this.

<sup>6</sup> MS. Alleyn fleeps.'

Iuno, me thought, sent downe from heauen<sup>1</sup> by  
 Ioue,  
 Came / swiftly sweeping<sup>2</sup> through the gloomy ayre ;  
 And calling Iris,<sup>3</sup> sent her straight abroad  
 To summon Fauns, the Satyrs, and the Nymphes, 1300  
 The Dryades, and all the demigods,  
 To secrete council ; [and, their] parle past,  
 She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.  
 With that,  
 Mounted vpon<sup>4</sup> her parti-colour'd Coach, [ayre,  
 Being drawne with Peacockes proudly through the  
 She flew<sup>5</sup> with Iris to the sphere of Ioue.  
 What fearefull thoughts<sup>6</sup> arise vpon this shew !  
 What desert groue is this ? How thus disguised ? 1310  
 Where is Orgalio ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn 'sent from the heauen.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'sweeping swiftly.'

<sup>3</sup> "So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos have merely :—

'And calling *Fame*, the Satyres, and the Nymphes,  
 She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.'—*Dyce.*

<sup>4</sup> The 4tos 'on.'

<sup>5</sup> MS. Alleyn 'flipt.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 'what thoughts arise vpon this *fearfull* shewe !

wher ? in what woodes ? what vncouth groue is this  
*how thus disguised ? where is Argalio ? Argalio !*

. . . . . mad humores.

say me, fir boy, *how cam I thus disguised,*  
*like mad Orestes quaintly thus attyred ?*

. . . . . you are.

As I am ! villayne, termeest me lunaticke ?

tell me *what furye hath inchaunted me ?*

. . . . .

*what art thou, some sibill, or some godes,*

or what ? *frely* say on.'

*Orgalio.* Here, my Lord.

*Orlando.* Sirra, how came I thus disguised?  
Like mad Orestes, quaintly thus attir'd?<sup>1</sup>

*Orgalio.* Like mad Orestes? nay, my Lord,  
you may boldly iustifie the comparison; for  
Orestes was neuer so mad in his life as you were.

*Orlando.* What, was I mad? what Furie hath  
enchanted me?

*Melissa.* A Furie, fure,<sup>2</sup> worfe then Megera was,  
That rest her sonne from trustie Pilades. 1320

*Orlando.* Why, what art thou,  
Some Sybel, or some goddesse? freely speake.

*Melissa.* Time not affords to tell each circum-  
stance:

But thrice hath [changing] Cynthia chang'd her  
hiew,

Since thou, infected with a lunasie  
Hast gadded vp and downe these lawnds and groues,  
Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,  
All for the loue of faire Angelica,  
Whom thou with Medor didst suppose plaid false.  
But Sacrepant had grauen these rundelayers, 1330  
To / sting thee with infecting ieaousie:

<sup>1</sup> "So MS. Alleyn (as just shown). The 4tos 'disguised.'"—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> "'fure' omitted in the 4to of 1599. This speech is imperfect. Greene must have written something equivalent to:—

'A fury, fure, worfe than Megæra was,  
That sought to 'venge the blood of Clytemnestra,  
And rest her son from trusty Pyllades.'"—*Dyce*.

The fwaine that tolde thee of their oft conuerſe,  
 Was ſeruant vnto Countie Sacrepant :  
 And truſt me, Orlando, Angelica,  
 Though true to thee, is baniſht from the Court,  
 And Sacrepant  
 This day bids battell to Marſilius.  
 The armies readie are to giue affaile ;  
 And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both  
 Stand all the worthie matchleſſe Peeres of France, 1340  
 Who are in queſt to ſeek Orlando out.  
 Muſe not at this, for I haue tolde thee true :  
 I am<sup>1</sup> ſhe that cured thy diſeaſe.  
 Here take theſe weapons, giuen thee by the fates,  
 And hie thee, Counte, to the battell ſtraight.

*Orlando.* Thankes, ſacred goddeſſe,<sup>2</sup> for thy  
 helping hand.

[Now] Thither will I hie to be reueng'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries, 'And I am'?

<sup>2</sup> "MS. Alleyn has the following ſpeech, which ſeems to belong to the cloſe of the preſent ſcene :—

'ORLANDO.

. . . . . batt [def. in MS.]  
 Hath then the [def. in MS.] of Alcumenas child  
 ledd fourth my thoughts, with far more egar rage  
 then waſtled in the brayne of Phillips ſonne,  
 when mad with wyne he practiſed Clytus fall.  
 break from the cloudes, you burning brandes of Ire,  
 that ſtyrr within the thunderers wrathful fiſtes,  
 and fixe your hideous fyers on Sacrapant,  
 from out your fatall treforyes of wrath,  
 you waſtfull furies, draw thoſe eben bowles,



*Allarums: Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing  
Marfillus and Mandrecard.*

1350

*Sacrepant.* Viceroyes, you are dead ;  
For Sacrepant, alreadie crown'd a king,  
Heaues vp his sword to haue your Diademes.

*Marfillus.* Traitour, not dead, or<sup>1</sup> any whit  
difmaide ;  
For deare we prize the smallest droppe of blood.

*Enter / Orlando, with a scarfe before his face.*

*Orlando.* Stay, Princes,<sup>2</sup>  
Base not your felues, to combate such a dog.

that boisted lukewarme bloud at Centaures feast,  
to choak with bloud the thirsty Sacrapant,  
thorough whom my Clymene and hebe fell,  
thorow whom my sprittes with fury wer suppreft.  
my fancyes, post you vnto Pindus topp :  
ther midft the sacred troupes of nimphes inquire,  
seek for my Venus nere Erycinne,  
or in the vale of [def. in MS.] yf she sleep.  
tell her Orlando [def. in MS.] second Mars,  
hath robd the burning hill of Cicelye  
of all the Ciclops treasurs ther bestowed,  
to venge hir wronges, and stoupe those haught conceiptes,  
that fought my Ielowfye and hir disgrace.  
Ride, Nemefis, vpon this angry steel  
that thretmeth those that hate Angelica,  
who is the sonne of glory that consumes  
Orlando, euen the phenix of affect.

[Exit.]—Dyce.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce alters modernly to 'nor.'

<sup>2</sup> MS. Alleyn :—

' . . . . . flau as he.  
'Prynces, for shame ! vnto your royall campos.'

See Glossarial-Index on this, s.v.

Mount on your Courfers,<sup>1</sup> follow those that flee,<sup>2</sup>  
 And let 1360  
 Your conquering fwords be tainted in their bloods:  
 Passe ye for him; he shall be combated.  
[Exeunt Kings.]

*Sacre.* Why, what art thou that brauest me thus?  
*Orlando.* I am, thou seeft, a mercenarie fouldier,<sup>3</sup>  
 Homely attir'd, but of fo<sup>4</sup> hautie thoughts,  
 As nought can ferue to quench th'aspiring flames,<sup>5</sup>  
 That burne<sup>6</sup> as doe the fires of Cicely,<sup>7</sup>  
 Vnlesse I win that princely Diademe,  
 That seemes so ill vpon thy coward's head. 1370

*Sacrepant.* Coward?  
 To armes, fir boy? I will not brooke these  
 braues,  
 If Mars himfelfe euen from his firie throne  
 Came arm'd with all his furnitures of warre.

[*They fight: S. falls.*]  
 Oh villaine! thou hast slain a Prince.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn:—

‘follow the chafe, mount on your courfers strong;  
 manage your spears, and lett your slaughtering fwordes  
 be taynted with the bloud of them that flee.  
 from him passe ye; he shalbe combated.’

<sup>2</sup> Dyce corrects into ‘fly.’

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, ‘ . . . . withine.

I am, thou seeft, a cuntry seruile fwayne.’

Runs better. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>4</sup> The 4tos, ‘Homely, yet of such’: Alleyn MS. accepted.

<sup>5</sup> “So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos ‘thoughts.’”—Dyce.

<sup>6</sup> MS. Alleyn ‘scorch.’ <sup>7</sup> = *Sicily*. <sup>8</sup> MS. Alleyn ‘King.’

*Orlando.* Then mayst thou think that Mars  
 himselfe came downe,<sup>1</sup>  
 To vaile thy plumes and heaue thee from thy  
 pompe,  
 Proude that<sup>3</sup> thou art: I recke not of thy gree,<sup>4</sup>  
 But / I will haue the conquest of my sword, 1380  
 Which is the glorie of thy diademe. [*Takes it.*

*Sacrepant.* These words bewraie thou art no  
 bafe borne Moore,  
 But by discent sprung from some royall line:  
 Then freely tell [to] me, what [is] thy name?  
*Orlando.* Nay, first let me know thine.<sup>5</sup>  
*Sacrepant.* Then knowe that thou hast slaine  
 Prince Sacrepant.

*Orlan.* Sacrepant!  
 Then let me at thy dying day intreate,  
 By that same sphere wherein thy soule shall rest,

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn:—

‘Then mayst thou deme some second mars from heauen  
 is sent, as was *Amphitrios* foster sonne.’

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ‘a crowne.’

<sup>3</sup> Dyce prints from Alleyn MS. badly ‘Proue what.’ I have punctuated  
 , after ‘pomp,’ and : after ‘art.’

<sup>4</sup> “*i.e.* degree. After this line, MS. Alleyn has:—

‘as Lampethufas brother from his coach,  
 prauncing and vifor open, went his courfe  
 and tombled from Apollo’s chariott,  
 so shall thy fortunes and thy honor fall.  
 to proue it, Ile haue the guerdon of my sword  
 which is the glory of thy diademe.’”—Dyce.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Alleyn ‘first thine.’

If Ioue denye not passage to thy ghost, 1390  
Thou tell me

Whether<sup>1</sup> thou wrongdſt Angelica or no?

*Sacre.* O, that's the ſting that pricks my con-  
science!

O, thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke!

I tell thee, knight, for thou doeſt ſeeme no leſſe,

That I ingraued the roundelayes on the trees,

And hung the ſchedules<sup>2</sup> of poore Medors loue,

Intending ſo to breed [jealous] debate

Betweene Orlando and Angelica:

O, thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica!

1400

Now tell [to] me, what ſhall I call thy name?

*Orlando.* Then dead is the fatal author of my  
ill.<sup>3</sup>

Base villaine, vaſſall, vnworthy<sup>4</sup> of a crowne,

Know that the man that ſtrooke the fatall<sup>5</sup> ſtroke,

Is Orlando, the Countie Palatine,<sup>6</sup>

Whom fortune ſent to quittance all thy<sup>7</sup> wrongs.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn, 'then tell me, yf.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'feduleſt.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Alleyn:—

'Extinguiſh, proud teſyphone, thoſe brandes :  
fetch dark Aleſto from black phlegeton,  
or Lethe water to appeaſe thoſe flames,  
that wrathfull Nemefis hath ſett on fire.  
*dead is the fatall author of my yll.*'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'vaſſall ! baſe vilayne ! worthleſſe.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'ſtabd the diſmall.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 'palatyne of fraunce.'

<sup>7</sup> 4tos 'my' : 'thy' from Alleyn MS. accepted.

Thou foyld and flaine, it now behooues me straight<sup>1</sup>  
To hie me fast to massacre thy men:  
And / fo, farewell, thou deuill in shape of man.

[*Exit Orlando.* 1410

*Sacrepant.* Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,  
Set such a balefull period on my life  
As none might ende the days of Sacrepant  
But mightie Orlando, riuall of my loue?  
Now holde<sup>2</sup> the fatal murderers of men  
The sharpned knife readie to cut my thread,  
Ending the scene of all my tragedie:  
This day, this houre, this minute ends the dayes  
Of him that liued worthy old Nestors age.  
Phœbus, put on<sup>3</sup> thy sable futed wreathe, 1420  
Clad all thy spheres in darke and mourning  
weedes:

Parcht be the earth, to drinke vp euery spring:  
Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue;  
Heauen turne to brasse, and earth to wedge of steele;  
The world to cinders. Mars, come thundring  
downe,  
And neuer sheathe thy swift reuenging sword,  
Till, like the deluge in Dewcalion's dayes, [blood.  
The highest mountaines swimme in streames of  
Heauen, earth, men, beasts, and euery living thing,  
Consume and end with Countie Sacrepant! [*Dyes.* 1430

<sup>1</sup> Alleyn MS. 'dogg.'    <sup>2</sup> 4to of '94 'holdeth.'    <sup>3</sup> The 4tos 'out.'

*Enter* Marfillus, Mandrecard, *and* twelue Peeres,  
with Angelica.

*Marfillus.* Fought is the felde, and Sacrepant is  
With / such a maffacre of all his men, [flaine,  
As Mars, descending in his purple robe,  
Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of blood  
To banquet all the demigods of warre.

*Mandrecard.* See, where he lyes flaughtered with-  
out the Campe,  
And by a fimple fwaine, a mercenarie,  
Who brauely tooke the combate to himfelfe : 1440  
Might I but know the man that did the deede,  
I would, my Lord, eternize him with fame.

*Oger.* Leauing the factious Countie to his death,  
Command, my Lord, his body be conuaid  
Vnto fome place, as likes your Highnes beft.  
See, Marfillus, pofting through Affrica,  
We haue<sup>1</sup> found this ftragglng girle, Angelica,  
Who, for fhe [fouly] wrong'd<sup>2</sup> her loue Orlando,  
Chiefeft of the Wefterne Peeres, conuerfing with  
So meane a man as Medor was,<sup>3</sup> 1450  
We will haue her punifht by the lawes of France,  
To ende her burning luft<sup>4</sup> in flames of fire.

<sup>1</sup> As before, 'I am' was pronounced 'I'm,' and 'we have' as 'we've,' though printed in full. So l. 1402 'dead is' for 'dead's.'

<sup>2</sup> "Another halting passage."—*Dyce*.

*Dyce* divides '/Chiefeft . . . conuerfing./' I have corrected, the second being a 4-foot line.

<sup>4</sup> The 4to of 1599 'loue.'

*Marfillus.* Beshrew you, Lordings, but you doe  
your worst;  
Fire, famine, and as cruell [a] death<sup>1</sup>  
As fell to Neros mother in his rage.

*Angelica.* Father, if I may dare to call thee so,  
And Lords of France, come from the Westerne  
seas.

In quest to finde mightie Orlando out,  
Yet, ere I die, let me haue leaue to say,  
Angelica held euer in her thoughts 1460  
Most / deare the loue of Countie Palatine.  
What wretch hath wrongd vs with suspect of lust,<sup>2</sup>  
I know not, I, nor can accuse<sup>3</sup> the man ;  
But, by the heauens, whereto my soule shall flee,<sup>4</sup>  
Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando.  
I speake not this as one that cares to liue,  
For why my thoughts are fully malcontent ;  
And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,  
You quit Orlandos wrong vpon Angelica.

*Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face.* 1470

*Oliuer.* Strumpet, feare not, for, by faire Maya's  
fonne,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'Hers be fire,' etc. I read 'Fire' as = fier, and insert [a]. Or we may take it simply as a four-foot line.

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'loue.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of 1599 'excuse.'

<sup>4</sup> Dyce again reads 'fly.'

This day thy foule shall vanish vp in fire,  
 As Semele, when Iuno wil'd<sup>1</sup> the trull  
 To entertaine the glory of her loue.

*Orlando.* Frenchman, for so thy quaint aray  
 imports,

Be thou a Peere, or be<sup>2</sup> thou Charlemaine,  
 Or hadst thou Hector<sup>3</sup> or Achilles heart,  
 Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,  
 That did in courage farre surpasse them all,<sup>4</sup>  
 I tell thee, fir, thou liest in<sup>5</sup> thy throate—  
 The greatest braue Cisalpine<sup>6</sup> France can brooke— 1480  
 In saying that sacred Angelica<sup>7</sup>  
 Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine,  
 I am a common mercenary souldier;<sup>8</sup>  
 Yet, for I see my<sup>9</sup> Princeesse is abusde  
 By / new-come straglers from a forren<sup>10</sup> coast,  
 I dare the proudest of these<sup>11</sup> Westerne Lords  
 To cracke a blade in triall of her right.

<sup>1</sup> = beguiled.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Alleyn 'beest . . . beeft.' Perhaps more emphatic.

<sup>3</sup> "So MS. Alleyn (which has also 'hartes'). The 4tos 'Hector.'"—  
*Dyce.*

<sup>4</sup> MS. Alleyn '*the insuful metemfichosis* of them all.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'within.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Cisalpine' from Alleyn MS. accepted as better from a Frenchman  
 than 4tos 'Tranfalpine.'

<sup>7</sup> Dyce annotates: "Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 15)  
 notices that here 'sacred' is a trisyllable; and his editor adds that  
 'saying' is a monosyllable." Pure nonsense. See annotated Biography.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Alleyn '*flawthe Indian* mercenary.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* 'the.'

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* 'an vncooth.'

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* 'the.'



*Mandre.* Why, foolish-hardie, daring, simple  
groome,  
Follower of fond conceited<sup>1</sup> Phaëton ; 1490  
Knowest thou to whome thou speakest?

*Marfillus.* Braue souldier (for so much thy  
courage fays),  
These men are Princes dipt within the blood  
Of Kings most royall, seated in the West,  
Vnfit to accept<sup>2</sup> a challenge at your hand ;  
Yet thanks that thou wouldst in thy Lords defence  
Fight for my daughter ; but her guilt is knowne.

*Angelica.* I, rest thee, souldier, Angelica is false :  
False, for she hath no triall of her right ;  
Souldier, let me die for the 'misse of all. ✓ 1500  
Wert thou as stout as was<sup>3</sup> proud Theseus,  
In vaine thy blade should offer my defence ;  
For why, these be the champions of the world,  
Twelue Peeres of France that neuer yet were foild.

*Orlando.* How Madam,<sup>4</sup> the twelue Peeres of  
France ?  
Why, let them be twelue deuils of hell ;

<sup>1</sup> "i.e. 'filly-minded.'"—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> Here we have printed ' / to accept / ' ; elsewhere, though not  
always, the ' to ' is printed ' t '.

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of 1594 ' is.'

<sup>4</sup> MS. Alleyn :—

' *Twelue peres of fraunce, twelue diuylles, whats that  
what I haue spoke, ther I pawne my sword  
to seale it on the helme of him that dare,  
Malgrado,* etc.

See annotated Biography on this and other Alleyn readings.

What I haue faid, [thereto] Ile pawne my fword,  
 To feale it on the fhield of him that dares,  
*Malgrado* of his honour, combate me.

*Oliuer*. Marrie fir, that dare I.

1510

*Orlando*. Y'ar a welcome man, fir.

*Turpin*. Chaftice the groome (*Oliuer*) and learne  
 him know

We are not like the boyes of Affrica,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn reads as follows—on which see annotated Biography :

. . . . . Lords of India.

*You that fo proudly bid him fight,*  
*out with your blade, for why, your turne is next.*  
*tis not this champion can difcourage me.*

. . . . .  
*Pugnant. M. victus]*

You, fir, that braued your heraldry,  
 wher is the honor of the howfe of fraunce ?

. . . . . to doe.

faire princeffe, what I may belongs to the :

wittnes I well haue hanfeled yet my fword.

now, fir, you that will chaftyce when you meet,

bestirr you, french man, for Ile tafke you hard.

*Oliuer victus]* . . . . .

Prouide you, lordes ; determyne who is next :

pick out the stoutest champion of you all.

they wer but striplings : call you thofe the peers ?

Hold, *madam*, and yf my life but *laft it out*,

*Ile gard your perfon with the peires of fraunce.*

by my fide. . . . .

So fir, *you haue made a godly oracion*,

but *vfe your fword better leſt I well*

*beſwinge you.*

*Pugnant]* . . . . .

by my faith you have done pretily well ; but,

firha french man, thinck you to breath ? come,

*Orlando.* Heare you, fir ?  
 You that so peremptorily bad him fight,  
 Prepare your weapons, for your turne is next ;  
 Tis not one Champion can<sup>1</sup> discourage me.  
 Come, are ye readie ?

*He fights first with one, and then with another,  
 and ouercomes them both.*

1520

So, stand aside :—  
 And, Madame, if my fortune last it out,  
 Ile gard your person with twelue Peeres of France.  
*Oger.* [*aside.*] Oh Oger, how canst thou stand,  
 and see a slaue  
 Disgrace the house of France ? Sirra, prepare you ;  
 For angry Nemesis sits on my sword  
 To be reueng'd.

*Orlando.* Well said, Frenchman: you haue made  
 a goodly oration ; but you had best to vse your  
 sword better, leaft I bewinge you.

1530

*They fight a good while, and then breathe.*

*Oger.* Howfoe're<sup>2</sup> disguif'd in base or Indian<sup>3</sup>  
 shape,

fall to this geer clofe : dispatch, for we must  
 haue no parle. . . . .

*O. victus]* . . . . . *Orlando.*

Ogier, sweet cuffs, geue me thy hand, my lord,  
 and say thaft found the county Palatyne.' "*Dyce.*

<sup>1</sup> So MS. Alleyn (as shown above). The 4tos 'that can.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce prints 'Howe'er.' <sup>3</sup> Cf. l. 1484.

Oger can well discerne thee by thy blowes;  
For either thou art<sup>1</sup> Orlando, or the deuill.

*Orlando.* [*taking off his scarf.*] Then, to assure  
you that I am no deuill,  
Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.

*Oger.* And none can be more glad then Oger is,  
That he hath found his Cousin in his sence.

*Oliuer.* When as I felt his blowes vpon my  
shield,  
My / teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceide, 1540  
Who might this be, if not the Palatine ?

*Turpin.* So had I said, but that report did tell  
My Lord was troubled with a lunacie. [awhile,

*Orlando.* So was I, Lordes ;<sup>2</sup> but giue me leaue  
Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,  
So to submit to faire Angelica.—  
Pardon, thy Lord, faire saint Angelica,

<sup>1</sup> = thou'rt.

<sup>2</sup> 'Lordes' accepted from Alleyn for 'Lordings' of 4tos. The MS.  
Alleyn thus reads :—

*'So was I, Lordes ; but geue me leaue a while,  
humbly as mars did to his paramour  
when as his godhead wrongd hir with suspect,  
so to submit to faire Angelica,  
vpon whose louly Roseate cheekes, me femes,  
the cristall of hir morne more clerly spredes,  
then doth the dew vpon Adonis flower.  
faire nimphe, about whose browes fittes floras pride,  
Elifian bewty trappes about thy lookes,  
pardon thy Lord, who, perft with Ielowfie,  
darkned thy vertues with a great ecclipse.  
pardon thy Lord, faire saynt,' etc.*"—*Dyce.*

Whose loue, stealing by steps into extreames,  
Grew by fuspition to a causelesse<sup>1</sup> lun'cie.

*Angelica.* O no, my Lord, but pardon my 1550  
For had not Orlando lou'd Angelica, [amisse,  
Ne're had my Lord falne into these extreames,  
Which we will parly priuate to ourselues ;  
Ne're was the Queene of Cypresse halfe so glad<sup>2</sup>  
As is Angelica to see her Lord,  
Her deare Orlando, settled in his sence.

*Orlando.* Thankes, my sweet loue.<sup>3</sup>  
But why stands [thus] the Prince of Affrica,  
And Mandrecard the King of Mexico,  
So deepe in dumps, when all reioyce beside ?<sup>4</sup>  
First know, my Lord, I slaughtred Sacrepant ; 1560

<sup>1</sup> I spell 'lun'cie' for 'lunacie' of the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, " Here a line, which informed us why the queen of Cyprus (Venus) 'was glad,' has been omitted by mistake." Very doubtful.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Alleyn 'sweet *Angelica*.'

<sup>4</sup> Dyce says, " A speech addressed to Orlando, which immediately followed these words, is wanting." Surely baseless ? MS. Alleyn reads as follows :—

*'when all reioyse beides ?*

[First know I am the Countie] Palatyne.  
And that, my leig, durandal hath averd  
agaynst my kinfmen and the peires of fraunce.  
next know, my Lord, I slaughtered Sacrapant.  
*I am the man that did the slaue to death,*  
*who falsely wrongd Angelica and me ;*  
*for when I stabd the traytor to the hart,*  
*and he lay breathing in his latest gaspe,*  
*he frankly made confession at his death*  
*That he,' etc.*"—Dyce.

I have filled in a line within [     ].

I am the man that did the flaue to death ;  
 Who frankly there did make confession,  
 That he engrau'd the Roundelayes on the trees,  
 And hung the schedules<sup>1</sup> of poore Medor's  
     loue,

Intending by suspect to breed debate  
 Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica ;  
 His / hope had hap, but we had all the harme ;  
 And now reuenge leaping from out the seate  
 Of him that can<sup>2</sup> command sterne Nemefis,  
 Hath powrde those<sup>3</sup> treafons iustly on his head.  
 What faith my gracious Lord to this ?

1570

<sup>1</sup> MS. Alleyn 'scedule.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'can'—accepted for 'may' of 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'heapd his.' "After this line the MS. goes on and ends as follows (bits within [     ] our fillings in) :—

' [In slaying him I did but] honor the[e].  
 [And now give] *thanks*, Angelica, for her.  
 but *nowe*, my Lordes *of fraunce*, *frollick*, *my frendes*,  
 and welcome to the courts of Africa.  
 courage, companyons, that haue past the fea  
 furrowing the playnes of neptune with your keles  
 to seeke your frend the county Palatyne.  
 you thre, my Lordes, I welcome with my sword,  
 the rest, braue gentlemen, my hart and hand.  
 what welth within the clime of Africa,  
 what pleasure longft [= belongest] the costes of mexic.  
 Lordinges, commaund, I dare be bold so far  
 with Mandrycard and prince Marfilius.  
 the pretious shrubbes, the [balmy trees] of mirh,  
 the founts as riche as Eden did aford,  
 whatso euer is faire and pleasing, Lordinges, vse,  
 and welcome to the county Palatyne.

. . . . . or none.

*Marfillus.* I stand amazde, deepe ouer-drencht  
with ioy,  
To heare and see this vnexpected ende :  
So well I rest content.—You<sup>1</sup> Peeres of France,  
Sith it be prou'd Angelica is cleare,  
Her, and my Crowne, I freely will bestow  
Vpon Orlando, the Countie Palatine.

*Orlando.* Thankes, my good Lorde. And nowe  
my friendes of France,  
Frollicke, be merry ; we will hasten home, 1580  
So soone as king Marfillus will consent  
To let his daughter wend with vs to France.  
Meanewhile wee le richly rigge vp all our Fleete,  
More braue<sup>2</sup> then was that gallant Grecian keele  
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of golde :  
Our Sailes of Sendall<sup>3</sup> spred into<sup>4</sup> the winde ;

Thankes, Affrike vicroye, for the Lordes of fraunce.  
and, fellow mates, *be merry, we will home*  
*as sone as pleaseth King Marfillus*  
*to lett his doughter passe with vs to fraunce.*  
*meane while wele richly rigg vp all our fleet*  
*more braue then wer the [def. in MS.] keles."*—*Dyce.*

Supply [gallant Grecian] as in text.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce prints 'Ye' modernly.

<sup>2</sup> = splendid.

<sup>3</sup> " 'A kinde of Cipres stufte or filke' (Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617). 'CENDALUM, Cendatum, etc. Tela subferica, vel pannus fericus, Gallis et Hispanis, *Cendal* : quibusdam quasi *Setal*, interposito, n. *ex seta*, seu ferico ; aliis ex Græco σινδών, *amicus ex lino Ægyptiaco* : aliis denique ex Arabico *Cendali*, folium delicatum, subtile : vel *lamina subtilior*' (Du Cange, *Gloss.*)."—*Dyce.*

<sup>4</sup> "Here, as in numerous passages of our early writers, 'into' is equivalent to 'unto.'"—*Dyce.*

Our ropes and tacklings all of finest filke,  
 Fetcht from the natue loomes of labouring wormes,  
 The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth  
 That is transported by the Westerne bounds ; 1590  
 Our stems cut out of gleaming Iuorie ;  
 Our planks and fides framde out of Cypresse wood,  
 That beares the name of Cyparissus change,  
 To burst the billowes of the Ocean Sea,  
 Where / Phœbus dips his amber-tresses oft,  
 And kisses Thetis in the dayes decline ;  
 That Neptune proude shall call his Trytons forth  
 To couer all the Ocean with a calme ;  
 So rich shall be the rubbish of our Barkes,  
 Tane here for ballas to the Ports of France, 1600  
 That Charles himselfe shall wonder at the sight.  
 Thus, Lordings, when our banquettings be done,  
 And Orlando espowf'd to [faire] Angel'ca,<sup>1</sup>  
 Weele furrowe through the mouing Ocean,  
 And cheerely frolicke with great Charlemaine.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce accentuates—'èd.' I read as in text, for Angelica is several times so scanned, and here smoothenes the line.

FINIS.





III.

THE  
SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF  
JAMES THE FOURTH.

1598.



#### NOTE.

For the (*unique*) exemplar of 'James the Fourth' I am indebted to the Huth Library, where it forms one of the plays in the Charles II. red-morocco-bound collection formerly in the Charlemont Library (39 leaves, A to K 3).

Dyce must have spent infinite pains in the preparation of his text. The original is tryingly corrupt. *As a rule* I have accepted his reduction of the chaotically printed portions into blank verse. It would have been "idle pains" to have recorded all such. For the source—unknown to Dyce, Dr. David Laing, and everybody—see Storojenko's annotated Biography in Vol. I. The original title-page is given opposite. G.

THE  
SCOTTISH  
Historie of Iames the  
fourth, flaine at *Flodden*.

Entermixed with a pleafant Comedie, presented  
by *Oboram* King of *Fayeries* :

*As it hath bene fundrie times publikey  
plaide.*

Written by *Robert Greene*, Maifter of Arts.

*Omne tulit punctum.*



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598 [4°].





[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>



KING OF ENGLAND.

LORD PERCY.

SAMLES.

KING OF SCOTS.

LORD DOUGLAS.

LORD MORTON.

LORD ROSS.

BISHOP OF ST ANDREWS.

LORD EUSTACE.

SIR BARTRAM.

SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.}

ATEUKIN.

IAQUES.

*A Lawyer.*

*A Merchant.*

*A Divine.*

SLIPPER,

NANO, a dwarf, } *sons to Bohan.*

ANDREW.

*Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Huntsmen, Soldiers,  
Reuellers, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce.

DOROTHEA, *Queen of Scots.*

COUNTESS OF ARRAN.

IDA, *her daughter.*

LADY ANDERSON.

*Ladies, &c.*

OBERON, *King of Fairies.*

BOHAN.

*Antics, Fairies, &c.]*



## THE SCOTTISH HYSTORIE

of Iames the fourth, flainè at *Flodden*.

Muficke playing within.

*Enter After Oberō, King of Fayries; an[d] Antique[s],<sup>2</sup> who dance about a Tombe, plac't conueniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddainly starts vp as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a ridstall<sup>1</sup> man, from whom the Antique[s] flye. Oberon Manet.*

*Bohan.*



Y say, whats thou?

*Oberon.* Thy friend Bohan.

*Bohan.* What wot I, or reck I <sup>10</sup> that, whay, guid man, I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe, als ene to me. Git the[e] ganging, and trouble not may

<sup>1</sup> "A mis-spelling, if not a corruption."—*Dyce*. = Ridsdal = Ridsdale. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.* I have changed 'flies' to 'flye.'

<sup>2</sup> = Antics. See l. 24.

whayet,<sup>1</sup> or ays gar<sup>2</sup> the[e] recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary mafs, fall I.

*Ober.* Why, angrie Scot, I vifit thee for loue : then what mooues thee to wroath?<sup>3</sup>

*Bohan.* The deele awhit reck I thy loue. For I knowe too well, that true loue tooke her flight<sup>20</sup> twentie winter fence to heauen, whither till ay can, weele I wot, ay fal nere finde loue : an thou lou'ft me, leaue me to my felfe. But what were thofe Puppits that hopt and fkipt about me year whayle?<sup>4</sup>

*Oberon.* My fubiefts. /

*Boh.* Thay fubiefts, whay, art thou a King?

*Ober.* I am.

*Bohan.* The deele thou art, whay, thou look'ft not fo big as the king of Clubs, nor fo sharpe as<sup>30</sup> the king of Spades, nor fo faine as the king Adaymonds, be the maffe ay take thee to bee the king of falfe harts : therfore I rid<sup>5</sup> thee, away or

<sup>1</sup> The Scotch is as bad as present-day Scotch in *Punch*. = 'my quiet.'

<sup>2</sup> "i.e., 'I'll make.' Bohan, the reader will observe, sometimes says 'Ay' and sometimes 'I' : nor in several other words does he always adhere to the Scottish dialect."—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> "Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 167) would make this speech verse :—

'Why, angry Scot, I vifit thee for loue ;

Then what moues thee to wrath?'—*Dyce*.

<sup>4</sup> = erewhile.

<sup>5</sup> = rede, i.e. advise.



ayfe fo curry your Kingdome, that yous be glad to runne to faue your life.

*Ober.* Why, ftoycall Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me, heare is my breft, ftrike.<sup>1</sup>

*Boh.* Thou wilt not threap me :<sup>2</sup> this whiniard has gard many better mē to lope thē thou : [*Tries to draw his sword.*] But how now? Gos 40 fayds, what, wilt not out? Whay, thou wich, thou deele, gads fute, may whiniard.

*Ober.* Why, pull man : but what an twear out, how then?

*Boh.* This, then, thou weart beft begon firft : for ayl fo lop thy lymys, that thoufe go with half a knaues carkaffe to the deele. [not?

*Ober.* Draw it out : now ftrike foole, canft thou

*Boh.* Bread ay gad,<sup>3</sup> what deele is in me? whay, 50 tell mee thou fkipiack, what art thou?

*Ober.* Nay firft tell me what thou waft from thy birth, what thou haft paft hitherto, why thou dwelleft in a Tombe, & leaueft the world? and then I will releafe thee of thefe bonds; before, not.

*Boh.* And not before? then needs muft needs fal : I was borne a gentleman of the beft bloud

<sup>1</sup> "Here again, Walker (*ubi supra*) would arrange as verse :—

'Why, ftoical Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me :

Here is my breast, ftrike.'—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> "i.e., 'obstinately contradict me, that this sword has made many better men to leap,' etc."—*Dyce*. Scarcely accurate. See Glossarial-Index, s.v. 'threap.'

<sup>3</sup> = Bread of God.

in all *Scotland*, except the king. When time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier : where, though ay list not praise my selfe, ay engraue the memory of 60 *Boughon*<sup>1</sup> on the skin-coate of some of them, and reueld with the proudest.

*Ober.* But why, liuing in such reputation, didst thou leaue to be a Courtier ?

*Boh.* Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promises, & my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares seruice, one outran me ; and what the deele should I then do there ? No no : flattering knaues that can cog and prate fastest, speede best 70 in the Court.

*Ober.* To/what life didst thou then betake thee ?

*Boh.* I then chang'd the Court for the countrey, and the wars for a wife : but I found the craft of fwaines more vile then the knauery of courtiers : the charge of children more heauie then seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe : and therefore I gaue ore that, & went to the Citie to dwell, & there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the neere.<sup>2</sup> 80

*Ober.* And why ?

*Boh.* Because, in seeking friends, I found table

<sup>1</sup> *sic*—and retained because it is possible it was meant to represent the Scottish pronunciation,—*i.e.*, of Buchan ?

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

gweets to eate me, & my meat, my wiues goffops  
 to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to  
 betray the effect of my life, which when I  
 noted, the court ill, the country worfe, and the  
 citie worst of all, in good time my wife died: ay  
 wood she had died twentie winter sooner, by the  
 masse: leauing<sup>1</sup> my two sonnes to the world, and  
 shutting myself into this Tombe, where if I dye,  
 I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilst  
 I liue, cannot be free frō ill companie. Besides,  
 now I am sure gif all my friends faile me, I fall  
 haue a graue of mine owne prouiding: this is all.  
 Now what art thou?

*Ober.* Oberon, King of Fayries, that loues thee  
 because thou hatest the world, and to gratulate  
 thee, I brought those Antiques to shew thee some  
 sport in daunsing, which thou hast loued well.

*Bohan.* Ha, ha, ha, thinkest thou those puppets 100  
 can please me? whay, I haue two sonnes, that  
 with one scottish gigge shall breake the necke of  
 thy Antiques.

*Ober.* That would I faine see.

*Boha.* Why, thou shalt: Howe<sup>2</sup> boyes.

<sup>1</sup> "Some words are wanting here."—*Dyce*. Doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> "As innumerable passages in early books prove, this was frequently  
 the spelling of 'Ho': so in the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623:—

'Ware pensals. *How?*' ['Ware pencils, *ho!*']

*Loves Labour's Lost*, Act. v., sc. 2.

\* *How?* Let the doore be lock'd.

*Hamlet*, Last scene."—*Dyce*.

*Enter Slipper and Nano [talking merrily].*

Haud your clacks<sup>1</sup> lads, trattle<sup>2</sup> not for thy life,  
but gather vppe your legges, and daunce me  
forthwith a gigge worth the fight.

*Slip.* Why, I muft talk, on<sup>3</sup> I dy fort : wher- 110  
fore was my tongue made ?

*Boha.* Prattle an thou darft, ene word more,  
and ais dab this whiniard in thy wembe.

*Ober.* Be quiet *Bohan*. Ile strike him dumbe,  
and his brother too : their talk fhall not hinder  
our gyg : fall to it, dance I fay, mǎ.

*Boh.* Dance Humer,<sup>4</sup> dance, ay rid<sup>5</sup> thee.

*The two dance a gig deuifed for the nonft.<sup>6</sup>*

Now get you to the wide world with more thē  
my father gaue me : thats learning enough, both 120  
kindes, knauerie & honeftie : and that I gaue you,  
fpēd at pleafure.

*Ober.* Nay, for their fport I will giue them  
this gift : to the Dwarfe I giue a quicke witte,  
prettie[nefs] of body, and awarrant<sup>7</sup> his prefer-  
ment to a Princes feruice, where by his wifdome  
he fhall gaine more loue then cōmon. And to  
loggerhead<sup>8</sup> your fonne I giue a wandering life,

<sup>1</sup> = voluble chatter.      <sup>2</sup> = trifling talk : see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>3</sup> Dyce changes to 'an,' which is not Scotch.

<sup>4</sup> Dyce, in his first edition, printed 'Heimore' from a modern text :  
neither is intelligible. Query 'Cummer' or 'Kimmer' = companion,  
meant ?

<sup>5</sup> = rede, as before.

<sup>6</sup> = nonce.

<sup>7</sup> = I warrant.

<sup>8</sup> = squabblor.

and promise he shall neuer lacke, and auow that  
if in all distreffes he call vpon me, to helpe him : 130  
now let them go. *Exeunt with curtesies.*

*Boh.* Now King, if thou bee a King, I will  
shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration.  
In the yeare 1520. was in *Scotland*, a king, ouer-  
ruled with parasites, misled by lust, & many  
circumstances, too long to trattle on now, much  
like our court of *Scotland* this day. That story  
haue I set down : gang with me to the gallery,  
& Ile shew thee the same in Action, by guid  
fellowes of our country men : and then when 140  
thou seest that, iudge if any wise man would not  
leauē the world if he could.

*Ober.* That will I see : lead, and ile follow thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Laus Deo detur in Eternum.*

*Enter the King of England, the King of Scots,  
Dorthe his Queen, the Countesse, Lady Ida, with  
other Lords. And Ateukin with them aloofe.*

*Actus primus. Scena prima.*

*K. of Scots.* Brother of England, since our neigh- 150  
boring land  
And neare alliance doth inuite our loues,  
The more I think vpon our last accord,



*All.* Long liue and prosper our faire Q. of Scots. 180

*Enstall and Crowne her.*

*Dor.* Thanks to the king of kings for [this] my  
dignity,—

Thanks to my father, that prouides so carefully,—

Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honour,—

And thanks to all that loue their King and me.

*All.* Long liue faire *Dorithea*, our true Queene.

*K. of E.* Long shine the fun of *Scotland* in her  
pride,

Her fathers comfort, and faire *Scotlands* bride.

But, *Dorithea*, since I must depart,

And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge, 190

Let me aduise my louely daughter first,

What best befits her in a forraine land.

Liue *Doll*, for many eyes shall looke on thee;

Haue<sup>1</sup> care of honor and the present state;

For she that steps to height of Maiestie,

Is euen the marke whereat the enemy aimes.

Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,

Thine affable discourse to abiect minde:

If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.

Be therefore warie in this slippery state: 200

Honour thy husband, loue him as thy life:

Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,

Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gaine:

But loue such friends as do the truth maintaine.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'With' needlessly.

Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone,  
And thou shalt liue in health when I am gone.

*Dor.* I will engraue these precep[t]s in my heart,  
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,  
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps,  
May blesse my father with continuall grace. 210

*K. of E.* Then son farwell :  
The fauouring windes inuites vs to depart. /  
Long circumstance<sup>1</sup> in taking princely leaues  
Is more officious then conuenient.

Brother of *Scotland*, loue me in my childe :  
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

*K. of Sc.* Then louely *Doll*, and all that fauor me,  
Attend to see our English friends at sea :  
Let all their charge depend vpon my purse :  
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord, 220  
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.  
Onely faire Countesse, and your daughter, stay,  
With you I haue some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt all, in all royaltie, saue the King, the  
Countesse, Ida, Ateukin.*]

*K. of S.* [*Afide*]. So let them triumph that haue  
cause to ioy,  
But wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death ;  
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill ;  
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,  
Mised by loue, hast<sup>2</sup> made another choyce, 230

<sup>1</sup> = ceremonious offices.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce corrects into 'hath.'



Another choyce, euen when thou vowdſt thy foule  
 To *Dorithea*, Englands choyfeſt pride ;  
 O then thy wandring eyes bewitcht thy heart :  
 Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,  
 When periur'd man, though faire *Doll* had thy hand,  
 The Scottiſh *Idaes* beauty ſtale<sup>1</sup> thy heart :  
 Yet feare, and loue hath tyde thy readie tongue  
 From blabbing forth the paſſions of thy minde,  
 'Leſs<sup>2</sup> fearefull ſilence haue in ſuttle looks  
 Bewrayd the treaſon of my new vovd loue, 240  
 Be faire and louely *Doll*, but here's the prize,  
 That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes :  
 Yet, how ſo ere I loue, I muſt be wiſe—  
 Now louely Counteſſe, what reward or grace  
 May I imploy on you for this your zeale,  
 And humble honors, done vs in our Court,  
 In entertainment of the Engliſh King ? / [done ;  
*Counteſſe*. It was of dutie Prince, that I haue  
 And what in fauour may content me moſt,  
 Is, that it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue 250  
 For to returne vnto my Countrey home.

*K. of Scots*. But, louely *Ida*, is your mind the  
 ſame ?

*Ida*. I count of Court, my Lord, as wiſe men do ;  
 Tis fit for thoſe that knowes, what longs thereto :  
 Each perſon to his place ; the wiſe to Art,  
 The Cobler to his clout, the Swaine to Cart.

<sup>1</sup> = stole.

<sup>2</sup> The original 'left' : Dyce's correction accepted.

*K. of Sc.* But *Ida*, you are faire, and beautie  
 shines,  
 And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

*Ida.* If beutie (as I know there's none in me)  
 Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be ; 260  
 The farther from the Court I were remoued,  
 The more, I thinke of heauen I were beloued.

*K. of Scots.* And why ?

*Ida.* Because the Court is counted *Venus* net,  
 Where gifts and vowes for stales are often set :  
 None, be she chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete  
 A curious toong to charme her eares with sweet.

*K. of Scots.* Why *Ida*, then I see you set at  
 naught  
 The force of loue.

*Ida.* In sooth, this is my thoght  
 Most gracious king, that they that little proue, 270  
 Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of loue.  
 And weele I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,  
 That like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting :  
 He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,  
 He on Kings pillowes, bends his prettie knees ;  
 The boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,  
 He hath a leaded foote, and wings to flie :  
 Beshrow me yet, for all these strange effects,  
 If I would like the Lad, that so infects.

*K. of Scots.* [*aside.*] Rare wit, fair face, what 280  
 hart could more desire ?

But *Doll* is faire, and doth concerne thee neere. /  
 Let *Doll* be faire, she is wonne ; but I must woe  
 And win faire *Ida* ; theres some choyce in two.—  
 But *Ida*, thou art coy.

*Ida.* And why, dread King ?

*K. of Scots.* In that you will dispraise so sweet  
 a thing

As loue : had I my wish—

*Ida.* What then ?

*K. of Scots.* Then would I place his arrows here,  
 His bewtie in that face.

*Ida.* And were *Apollo* moued and rulde by me, 290  
 His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

*K. of Scots.* But here returns our traine.

*Enter the traine backe.*

Welcome, faire *Doll* :

How fares our father ? is he shipt and gone ?

*Dor.* My royall father is both shipt and gone :  
 God and faire winds direct him to his home.

*K. of Sc.* Amen, say I.—[*Aside.*] Wold thou  
 wert with him too :

Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.

But Countesse, you would be gone, therefore, farwell. 300

Yet *Ida*, if thou wilt, stay thou behind,

To accompany my Queene.

But if thou [not] like the pleasures of the Court ;—

[*Aside.*] Or if she likte me, tho she left the Court,—

What should I say ? I know not what to say.—

You may depart : and you, my curteous Queene,  
 Leaue me a space ; I haue a waightie cause  
 To thinke vpon :—*Ida*, it nips me neere ;  
 It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

*Exeunt all sauing the King and Ateukin.*

*K. of Scot.* Now am I free from fight of commō 310  
 Where to my selfe I may disclose the grieve [eie,  
 That hath too great a part in mine affects.

*Ateu.* [*aside.*] And now is my time, by wiles &  
 words to rise,  
 Greater then those that thinks themfelues more wise.

*K. of Scots.* And first, fond King, thy honor  
 doth engraue, /  
 Vpon thy browes, the drift of thy disgrace :  
 Thy new-vowd loue, in fight of God and men,  
 Linke<sup>1</sup> thee to *Dorithea* during life ;  
 For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife ?  
 Deceitful murtherer of a quiet minde, 320  
 Fond loue, vile lust, that thus misleads vs men,  
 To vowe our faithes, and fall to sin againe.  
 But Kings stoupe not to euery common thought.  
*Ida* is faire and wise, fit for a King :  
 And for faire *Ida* will I hazard life,  
 Venture my Kingdome, Country, and my Crowne :  
 Such fire hath loue to burne a kingdom downe.  
 Say *Doll* dislikes, that I estrange my loue :

<sup>1</sup> Dyce alters to 'Links,' but see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

Am I obedient to a womans looke ?  
 Nay, say her father frowne when he shall heare 330  
 That I do hold faire *Idaes* loue so deare.  
 Let father frowne and fret, and fret and die,  
 Nor earth, nor heauen shall part my loue and I.  
 Yea, they shall part vs, but we first must meet,  
 And wo, and win, and yet the world not feet.<sup>1</sup>  
 Yea, ther's the wound, & wounded with that thoght,  
 So let me die : for all my drift is naught.

*Ateu.* [*coming forward*]. Most gracious and imperiall Maiestie,—

A little<sup>2</sup> flattery more were but too much.—

[*K. of Scots*] Villaine what art thou 340  
 That thus darrest interrupt a Princes secrets?

*Ateu.* Dread King, thy vassall is a man of Art,  
 Who knowes, by constellation of the stars,  
 By oppositions and by dire aspects,  
 The things are past and those that are to come.

*K. of S.* But where's thy warrant to approach  
 my presence ?

*Ateu.* My zeale, and ruth to see your graces  
 wrong,  
 Makes me lament, I did detract so long.

*K. of S.* If thou knowst thoughts, tell me what  
 mean I now ?

<sup>1</sup> = see't.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce gives this to '*Ateu.*' as an '*aside*,' and begins '*K. of Scots*' with '*Villaine*,' etc. Accepted. <sup>3</sup> Original misprints '*drie*.'

*Ateu.* Ile calculate the caufe

350

[*Takes paper or booke and pen from his girdle*]

Of thofe your highneffe fmiles, and tell your  
thoughts. / [neffe,

*K. of S.* But leaft thou fpend thy time in idle-  
And miffe the matter that my mind aimes at,  
Tell me, what ftar was oppofite—when that was  
thought ?

*He ftrikes him on the eare.*

*Ateu.* Tis inconuenient, mighty Potentate,  
Whofe lookes refemble Ioue in Maieftie,  
To fcorne the footh of fciencie with contempt.  
I fee in thofe imperiall lookes of yours,  
The whole difcourfe of loue : *Saturn* combuft,  
With direfull lookes, at your natiuitie,  
Beheld faire *Venus* in her filuer orbe :  
I know, by certaine axiomes<sup>1</sup> I haue read,  
Your graces griefs, & further can exprefle  
Her name, that holds you thus in fancies bands.

360

*K. of S.* Thou talkeft wonders.

*Ateu.* Naught but truth O King,  
Tis *Ida* is the miftrefle of your heart,  
Whofe youth muft take impreffion of affects :  
For tender twigs will bowe, and milder mindes  
Will yeeld to fancie, be they followed well.

370

*K. of S.* What god art thou, compofde in  
humane fhape?

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'exiomies.'

Or bold *Trophonius*, to decide our doubts?  
How knowst thou this?

*Ateu.* Euen as I know the meanes  
To worke your graces freedome and your loue:  
Had I the mind, as many Courtiers haue,  
To creepe into your bosome for your coyne,  
And beg rewards for euery cap and knee,  
I then would say, If that your grace would giue 380  
This lease, this manor, or this pattent seald  
For this or that I would effect your loue:  
But *Ateukin* is no Parasite, O Prince.  
I know your grace knowes schollers are but  
poore,—

And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,  
Your mightinesse is so magnificent,  
You cannot chuse but cast some gift apart, /  
To ease my bashfull need that cannot beg.  
As for your loue, oh might I be imployd,  
How faithfully would *Ateukin* compasse it: 390  
But Princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,  
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

*K. of Scots.* *Ateu[kin]*, If so thy name, for so  
thou faist,  
Thine Art appeares in entrance of my loue;  
And since I deeme thy wisdom matcht with truth,  
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone  
Shalt be the Agent to dissolue my griefe.  
Sooth is, I loue, and *Ida* is my loue;

But my new marriage nips me neare, *Ateukin* :  
 For *Doritheia* may not brooke th'abuse. 400

*Ateu.* These lets are but as moates<sup>1</sup> against the  
 fun,

Yet not so great ; like<sup>2</sup> dust before the winde,  
 Yet not so light. Tut, pacifie your grace :  
 You haue the sword and scepter in your hand ;  
 You are a King, the state depends on you ;  
 Your will is law. Say that the case were mine,  
 Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,  
 She should consent, for that our liues, our goods,  
 Depend on you ; and if your Queene repine,  
 Although my nature cannot brooke of blood, 410  
 And Schollers grieue to heare of murtherous deeds,—  
 But if the Lambe should let the Lyon's way,  
 By my aduise the Lamb should lote her life.  
 Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,  
 Who am too base to kisse your royall feete ;  
 For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent,  
 Nor countenance here in Court ; but, for my lotie,  
 Your Grace shall find none such within the realme.

*K. of S.* Wilt thou effect my loue ? shall she be  
 mine ?

*Ateu.* Ile gather Moly, crocus,<sup>3</sup> and the earbes 420  
 That heales the wounds of body and the minde ;

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'moathes.'    <sup>2</sup> Qy. [The] dust . . . [Is] not ?

<sup>3</sup> In the original 'Moly-rocus' : corrected by Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*,  
 March 1833, p. 217.



Ile fet out charmes and spels, nought shalbe left/  
 To tame the wanton if she shall rebell :  
 Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

*K. of S.* Thou shalt haue gold, honor, and  
 wealth inough ;

Winne [thou] my Loue,<sup>1</sup> and I will make thee great.

*Ateu.* These words do make me rich, most noble  
 Prince ;

I am more proude of them then any wealth.

Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,

Beleeue me, I would boldly publish this :—

430

Was neuer eye that sawe a sweeter face,

Nor neuer eare that heard a deeper wit :

O God, how I am rauisht in your woorth !

*K. of S. Ateu[kin],* Follow me, loue must haue  
 ease.

*Ateu.* Ile kisse your highnesse feet, march when  
 you please. *Exeunt.*

## [SCENE II.]

*Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their  
 billes, readie written, in their hands.*

*Andrew.* Stand back fir, mine shall stand highest. 440

*Slip.* Come vnder mine arme fir, or get a foot-

<sup>1</sup> Original a superfluous 'else' here.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'Win *thou* my loue,' etc., or 'Win *but* my loue,' etc. ?  
 Former accepted in text, though not by Dyce himself.

stoole ; or else by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

*Nano.* Agree, my maisters ; euery man to his height : though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

*Andr.* Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes ; as good lucke comes on the right hand, as the left : here's for me.

*Slip.* And me.

450

*Nano.* And mine.

[*They set vp their bills.*]

*Andr.* But tell me, fellowes, till better occasion come, do you seeke maisters ?

*Ambo.* We doo.

*Andr.* But what can you do worthie preferment ?

*Nano.* Marry I can smell a knaue from a Rat.

*Slip.* And I can licke a dish before a Cat.

*Andr.* And I can finde two fooles vnfought :  
how like you that ?

But, in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you two ? 460

*Slip.* How meane you that sir, of what trade ?

Marry, Ile tell you, I haue many trades : /

The honest trade when I needs must ;

The filching trade when time serues ;

The Coufening trade as I finde occasion.

And I haue more qualities : I cannot abide a full cup vnkist,

A fat Capon vncaru'd,  
 A full purfe vnpickt, 470  
 Nor a foole to prooue a Iustice as you do.

*Andr.* Why sot, why calst thou me foole ?

*Nano.* For examining wiser then thy selfe.

*Andr.* So doth many more then I in *Scotland*.

*Nano.* Yea, those are such as haue more authoritie then wit, and more wealth then honestie.

*Slip.* This is my little brother with the great wit ; ware him. But what canst thou do, tel me, that art so inquisitiue of vs ?

*Andr.* Any thing that concernes a gentleman to do, that can I do. 480

*Slip.* So you are of the gentle trade ?

*Andr.* True.

*Slip.* Then gentle fir, leaue vs to our felues, for heare comes one as if he would lack a seruant ere he went.

*Andrew stands aside.*

*Enter Ateu[kin].*

Why so, *Ateukin* ? this becomes thee best,  
 Wealth, honour, ease, and angelles in thy cheft :  
 Now may I say, as many often sing, 490  
 No fishing to the sea, nor seruice to a king.  
 Vnto this high promotion<sup>1</sup> doth belong  
 Meanes to be talkt of in the thickest throng.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'promotions.'

And first, to fit the humors of my Lord,  
 Sweete layes and lynes of loue I must record ;  
 And such sweete lynes and loue-lays Ile endite,  
 As men may wish for, and my leech<sup>1</sup> delight :  
 And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,  
 That men may say, the world doth run on  
 For men of art, that rise by indirection [wheeles ; 500  
 To honour and the fauour of their King,  
 Must vse all meanes to saue what they haue got,  
 And win their fauours whom they<sup>2</sup> neuer knew.  
 If any frowne to see my fortunes such, /  
 A man must beare a little, not too much :  
 But, in good time, these billes partend, I thinke,  
 That some good fellowes do for seruice seeke.

[Reads.

*Read. If any gentleman, spirituall or temperall,*  
*will entertaine out of his seruice, a young stripling 510*  
*of the age of 30 yeares, that can sleep with the*  
*foundest, eate with the hungriest, work with the*  
*sickest,<sup>3</sup> lye with the lowdest, face with the proudest,*  
*&c., that can wait in a Gentlemans chamber, when*  
*his maister is a myle of, keepe his stable when tis*  
*emptie, and his purse when tis full, and hath many*  
*qualities woorse then all these, let him write his*  
*name and goe his way, and attendance shall be giuen.*

*Ateu. By my faith, a good seruant: which is he ?*

<sup>1</sup> = liege, *not* = leach, a physician.    <sup>3</sup> Original 'he.'

<sup>3</sup> "A friend conjectures 'sickereft.' Qy. 'stontest'?"—*Dyce. Sic !!*

*Slip.* Trulie fir, that am I !

520

*Ateu.* And why doest thou write such a bill ?  
Are all these qualities in thee ?

*Slip.* O Lord I fir, and a great many more ;  
some better, some worse, some richer, some poorer.  
Why fir, do you looke so ? do they not please you ?

*Ateu.* Trulie, no, for they are naught, and so art  
thou : If thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

*Slip.* O fir, I tell the worst first ; but, and you  
lack a man, I am for you : Ile tell you the best  
qualities I haue.

530

*Ateu.* Be breefe then.

*Slip.* If you need me in your chamber, I can  
keepe the doore at a whistle ; in your kitchin,  
turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the  
fire burne ; but if in the stable,—

*Ateu.* Yea there would I vse thee.

*Slip.* Why there you kill me, there am I,<sup>1</sup> and  
turne me to a horse & a wench, and I haue no  
peere.

*Ateu.* Art thou so good in keeping a horse ? 540  
I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath  
a horse ?

*Slip.* Why so fir : a horse hath two properties  
of a man, that is, a proude heart and a hardie

<sup>1</sup> "A corrupted passage. The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) suggests 'am I *a per se*, turn me to a horse and a wench, and I haue no peer.'—*Dyce*. No corruption. Cf. l. 529 : the 'and' l. 537 = an, as in l. 528.

stomacke ; foure properties of a Lyon, a broad breft, a stiffe docket,—Hold your nose, master,—a wild countenance, and 4 good legs : nine properties of a Foxe, nine of a Hare, nine of an Asse, and ten of a woman.

*Ateu.* A woman : why, what properties of a 550 woman hath a Horse ?

*Slip.* O, maister, know you not that ? Draw your tables,<sup>1</sup> and write what wise<sup>2</sup> I speake. First, a merry countenance.

Second, a soft pace.

Third, a broad forehead.

Fourth, broad buttockes.

Fift, hard of warde.

Sixt, easie to leape vpon.

Seuenth, good at long iourney.

560

Eight, mouing vnder a man.

Ninth, alway busie with the mouth.

Tenth, Euer chewing on the bridle.

*Ateu.* Thou art a man for me : whats thy name ?

*Slip.* An auncient name fir, belonging to the Chamber and the night-gowne. Gesse you that.

*Ateu.* Whats that ? *Slipper* ?

*Slip.* By my faith, well gest ; and so tis indeed. Youle be my maister ?

*Ateu.* I meane so.

570

<sup>1</sup> = take out your note-book.

<sup>2</sup> = in what way.

*Slip.* Reade this first.

*Ateu.* [*reads*] *Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine a seruant of more wit than stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.*

What of this?

*Slip.* He is my brother fir; and we two were born together, must serue together, and will die together, though we be both hangd.

*Ateu.* Whats thy name?

*Nano.* Nano.

*Ateu.* The etimologie of which word, is a dwarfe: Art not thou the old stoykes<sup>1</sup> son that dwels in his Tombe? /

*Ambo.* We are.

*Ateu.* Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou giue thy selfe wholly to be at my disposition?

*Nano.* In all humilitie I submit my selfe.

*Ateu.* Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee courtly, and present thee to the Queene as my gift: art thou content?

*Nano.* Yes, and thanke your honor too.

*Slip.* Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

*Andr.* [*coming forward.*] May it please your honor to abase your eye so lowe as to looke either on my bill or my selfe?

*Ateu.* What are you?

*An.* By birth a gentleman; in profession a

<sup>1</sup> = Stoic's.

fcholler; and one that knew your honor in *Edenborough*, before your worthineffe cald you 600  
to this reputation: By me, *Andrew Snoord*.<sup>1</sup>

*Ateu.* *Andrew*, I remember thee: follow me,  
and we will confer further, for my waightie  
affaires for the king commands me to be brieve  
at this time. Come on *Nano*, *Slipper*, follow.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

*Enter Sir Bartram with Eustas, and others, booted.*

*S. Bar.* But tell me louely *Eustas*, as thou lou'ft  
Among the many pleafures we haue past, [me,  
Which is the rifeft in thy memorie, 610  
To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend?

*Eu.* What makes *Sir Bartram* thus inquisitiue?  
Tell me good knight, am I welcome or no?

*Sir Bar.* By fweet S[aint] *Andrew* and may  
fale<sup>2</sup> I fweare,  
As welcom is my honeft *Dick* to me,  
As mornings sun, or as the watry moone  
In merkift<sup>3</sup> night, when we the borders track.  
I tell thee *Dick*, thy fight hath cleerd my thoughts,

<sup>1</sup> Either the bill itself has been omitted by accident, or he presents it, merely repeating its last words, and pointing to his signature.

<sup>2</sup> = my soul: but it isn't Scotch at all—'faul,' not 'fale,' is the right word. Or is it = my sell (self)?

<sup>3</sup> = murkiest, darkest. So in Hogg's famous song, 'tween the gloamin' an' the mirk when the kye comes hame.'



Of many banefull troubles that there woond :  
 [Aye] welcome to <sup>1</sup> fir *Bartram* as his life : / 620  
 Tell me [my] bonny *Dicke*, haft got a wife ?

*Eust.* A wife : God shield fir *Bartram*, that  
 were ill,

To leaue my wife and wander thus astray :  
 But time and good aduise, ere many yeares,  
 May chance to make my fancie bend that way.  
 What newes in *Scotland*? therefore came I hither,  
 To see your Country and to chat togither.

*Sir Bar.* Why man, our Countries blyth, our  
 king is well,

Our Queene so, so, the Nobles well, and worfe,  
 And weele are they that are <sup>2</sup> about the king, 630  
 But better are the Country Gentlemen :  
 And I may tell thee, *Eustace*, in our liues  
 We old men neuer faw so wondrous change :  
 But leaue this trattle, and tell me what newes  
 In louely England with our honest friends ?

*Eust.* The king, the Court, and all our noble  
 frends

Are well : and God in mercy keepe them so.  
 The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts,  
 That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,  
 Commends them to my honest friend fir *Bartram*, 640

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'As welcome to Sir Bartram as his life !

But tell me,' &c. ?

I prefer to read as in text, 'aye.'

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'were.'

And many others that I haue not seene :  
 Among the rest, the Countesse *Elinor*,  
 From *Carlile* ; where we merry oft haue bene,  
 Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me  
 By message this faire ladies face to see.

[Shows a portrait.

*Sir Bar.* I tell thee *Eustace*, 'lefs<sup>1</sup> mine old  
 eyes daze,

This is our Scottish moone and euenings pride :  
 This is the blemish of your English Bride :  
 Who failes by her, are sure of winde at will.  
 Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill :  
 And yet in sooth, sweet *Dicke*, it may be said,  
 The king hath folly, their's vertue in the mayd.

650

*Eust.* But knows my friend this portrait ? be  
 aduise.

*Sir Bar.* Is it not *Ida*,<sup>2</sup> the Countesse of *Arain's*  
 daughters ? /

*Eust.* So was I told by *Elinor* of *Carlile* :  
 But tell me louely *Bartram*, is the maid  
 Euil-inclind, misfed, or Concubine  
 Vnto the King, or any other Lord ?

[*Sir*] *Ba.* Shuld I be brief & true, thē thus my  
*Dicke* :

All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Lasse,  
 Nor *Europ* can surpasse her<sup>3</sup> for her gifts,  
 Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest :

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'left,' as before. <sup>2</sup> = portrait of. <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'art.'

But our fōd king, not knowing sin in lust,  
 Makes loue by endlesse meanes and precious gifts ;  
 And men that see it dare not sayt, my friend,  
 But wee may wish that it were otherwise :  
 But I rid<sup>1</sup> thee to view the picture still,  
 For by the persons fights,<sup>2</sup> there hangs som ill.

[*Eust.*]<sup>3</sup> Oh good sir *Bartram*, you suspect I loue 670  
 —Then were I mad—her<sup>4</sup> whom I neuer sawe,  
 But how so ere, I feare not entifings ;  
 Desire will giue no place vnto a king :  
 Ile see her whom the world admires so much,  
 That I may say with them, There liues none such.

[*Sir*] *Bar.* Be Gad, and fal<sup>5</sup> both see and talke  
 with her ;

And when th'haft done, what ere her beautie be,  
 Ile warrant thee her vertues may compare  
 With the proudest she that waits vpon your Queen.

[*Enter Servant.*]

680

[*Serv.*]<sup>6</sup> My Ladie intreats your Worship in to  
 supper. [thee more :

[*Sir*] *Ba.* Guid bony *Dick*, my wife will tel

<sup>1</sup> = rede, as before.

<sup>2</sup> = eyes : Dyce corrects into 'right.' See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>3</sup> Original mis-assigns these six lines to Sir Bartram.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* misprints 'hee.'

<sup>5</sup> = you shall.

<sup>6</sup> Original gives this to Eustace, and does not mark the entrance of the Servant.

Was neuer no man in her bookes before ;  
 Be Gad, fhees blyth, faire, louely,<sup>1</sup> bony, &c.<sup>2</sup>

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act :  
 to them a rownd of Fairies, or some prittie dance.*

*Boh.* Be Gad, gramerfis, little king, for this,  
 This sport is better in my exile life,  
 Then euer the deceitfuil world could yeeld.

*Ober.* I tell thee *Bohan*, *Oberon* is king, /  
 Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,  
 Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world,  
 Tide to no place, yet all are tide to one.<sup>3</sup>  
 Liue thou this life,<sup>4</sup> exilde from world and men,  
 And I will shew thee wonters ere we part.

690

*Boh.* Then marke my story,<sup>5</sup> and the strange  
 doubts,<sup>6</sup>  
 That follow flatterers, lust, and lawlesse will,

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'lewely.' Dyce annotates : "i.e., I suppose, 'lovely.' The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 218), speaking of the present passage, says, 'This word (lewely) we find in the old romance of *Havelok*, ed. Madden, v. 2921 :—

"So the rose in roser,  
 Hwan it is fayr sprad vt newe  
 Ageyn the sunne, brith, and *lewe*."

But was Mr. Mitford aware that in the lines just quoted 'lewe' means 'warm' ? "

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries, "Was the player here to speak extempore whatever he chose ?" Rather = goes out talking.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce alters to 'me,' but hardly admissible.

<sup>4</sup> Original misprints 'in this life.' <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'stay.'

<sup>6</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

And then fay I haue reason to forfake  
 The world, and all that are within the fame.  
 Gow shrowd vs in our harbor, where weelee fee 700  
 The pride<sup>1</sup> of folly, as it ought to be. *Exeunt.*

*After the first act.*

*Ober.* Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg,<sup>2</sup>  
 And meanes to paint the worldes inconstant waies:  
 But turne thine ene, see what<sup>3</sup> I can commaund.

*Enter two battailes, strongly fighting, the one Semiramis,<sup>4</sup> the other Stabrobates; she flies, and her Crowne is taken, and she hurt.*

*Boh.* What gars this din of mirk and balefull  
 harme,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "Qy. 'prize' (*i.e.* reward)? The whole of what follows, till the beginning of the next act, is a mass of confusion and corruption." Not so. See annotated Biography in Vol. I., and on next note.

<sup>2</sup> 'After the first act . . . thy gyg'—Oberon speaks of 'thy gyg,' but Bohan has only given one, viz., at close of the Induction; nor can Bohan be the real speaker of this speech: for first, he has spoken just before, 'Be gad,' etc.; and secondly, because of the line 'But turn,' etc., which cannot possibly belong to any but Oberon. Hence it seems clear this is displaced and should come after the 'jig' in the Induction, probably after Slipper and Nano have gone out, albeit I cannot explain Bohan's 'marke my words and prosecute my gyg,' nor the '2,' nor Oberon's words after '2.' Very possibly in the representation this bit as to Semiramis, etc., was cut and the dialogue of the part left slightly altered to allow of this cutting. That some error has been made is shown by the words 'After the first act,' for they are not immediately after the first act, and we have, not half a page before this, "Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act."

<sup>3</sup> Original misprints 'which for.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Simi Ranus' and onward 'Simeranus.' So on a little, 'Staurobates' and 'S. Taurobates.'

Where euery weane<sup>1</sup> is all betaint with bloud? 710

*Ober.* This shewes thee *Bohan*, what is worldly  
Semiramis, the proud Assirrian Queene, [pompe.  
When Ninus died, did levy<sup>2</sup> in her warres  
Three millions of footemen to the fight,  
Fiue hundreth thousand horse, of armed chars  
A hundreth thousand more, yet in her pride  
Was hurt and conquered by *S. Taurobates*.  
Then what is pompe?

*Bohan.* I fee thou art thine ene,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou bonny King, if Princes fall from high : 720  
My fall is past, vntil I fall to die.  
Now marke my talke, and profecute my gyg.

## 2.

*Ober.* How shuld these crafts withdraw thee  
from the world? /  
But looke my *Bohan*, pompe [again] allureth.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter* Cirus, king[s] *humbling themselues; himselfe  
crowned by Oliue [and] Palm :<sup>5</sup> at last dying,  
layde in a marbell tombe with this inscription :*

Whofo thou bee that passest [by],  
For I know one shall passe; knowe I, 730

<sup>1</sup> = child.      <sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'tene.'

<sup>3</sup> = *ain*, own : but *gy*. 'hast' for 'art'?

<sup>4</sup> Dyce annotates "a quadrisyllable (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146)"—nonsense.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, "I cannot even conjecture what the author wrote here." The original misprints 'Oliue Pat.' Altered *ut supra*.

Am Cirus of Persia<sup>1</sup> [and I pray]  
 Leaue me not thus like a clod of clay  
 Wherewith my body is couered.

*All exeunt.*

*Enter the king in great pompe, who reads it, & issueth,  
 [and] crieth Ver meum.*<sup>2</sup>

*Boha.* What meaneth this?

*Ober. Cirus of Persia,*

Mightie in life, within a marbell graue  
 Was layde to rot; whom *Alexander* once  
 Beheld in tombe, and weeping did confesse  
 Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse:  
 Why then boast men?

*Boh.* What recke I then of life,  
 Who make<sup>3</sup> the graue my home,<sup>4</sup> the earth my  
 wife?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "The 4to,

'I am Cirus of Persia,

'And I *prithce* leaue me not thus,' etc.

But all this is stark nonsense. See the inscription on the tomb of Cyrus in Plutarch, *Alex.* 69." In l. 734 original misprints 'bydy.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "The 4to 'vermeum': qy. if a misprint for '*vermium*,' the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of earthly grandeur? 'We think with him (the editor of the present volume) that it is an introduction to a moral reflection; but that it is "*Ver meum*," my spring hath passed away, etc. The king probably quoted the two first words of some moral sentence, and "*Vermium*" was not likely to be the common by-word.'—Rev. John Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217)."

<sup>3</sup> Dyce inadvertently states that the original has 'makes.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* annotates, "The 4to 'tombe' [it is 'tumble']. Corrected by Mr. Collier, *Introd. to The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858."

[*Ober.*] But mark mee more.<sup>1</sup>

3.

*Boh.* I can no more : my patience will not warpe<sup>2</sup>  
To see these flatterers,<sup>3</sup> how they scorne and carpe.

*Ober.* Turne but thy head.

*Enter [f]our kings carr[y]ing Crowns, Ladies 750*  
*presenting odors to Potentate<sup>4</sup> inthroned, who sud-*  
*dainly is slaine by his seruants, and thrust out,*  
*and so they eate. Exeunt.*

[*Boh.*] Sicke is the world, but whilke is he I sawe?

*Ober.* *Sesoftrix*, who was conquerour of the world,  
Slaine at the last, and stamp't on by his slaues.

*Boh.* How blest are peur men then, that know  
their graues.<sup>5</sup>

Now marke the sequell of my Gig. /  
An weelee meete ends.<sup>6</sup> The mirk and fable night  
Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroad: 760  
Thou nill me stay : haile then thou pride of kings.  
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.  
Marke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles  
The loathe of finnes, and where corruption dwells.  
Haile me ne mere with showes of gudlie fights ;  
My graue is mine, that rids me from dispights.

<sup>1</sup> Original mis-assigns this to Bohan.    <sup>2</sup> See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* misprints 'flatteries.'    <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Potentates.'    <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* 'graue.'

<sup>6</sup> Original 'An he weelee meete ends.' I delete 'he' : but it is  
obscure still. = well met?



Accept my gig, guid King, and let me rest ;  
The graue with guid men, is a gay-built nest.

*Ober.* The rising funne doth call me hence away ;  
Thankes for thy gyg, I may no longer stay : 770  
But if my traine did wake thee from thy rest,  
So shall they sing thy lullabie to rest. [*Exeunt.*]

*Actus Secundus. Schena Prima.*

*Enter the Countesse of Arran, with Ida, her daughter,  
in theyr porch, sitting at work.*

*A Song.*<sup>1</sup>

*Count.* Faire *Ida*, might you chuse the greatest  
good,  
Midst all the world, in blessings that abound :  
Wherein my daughter, shold your liking be ?

*Ida.* Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie. 780

*Count.* And why ?

*Ida.* Since these are meanes to draw  
the minde

From perfect good, and make true iudgement blind.

*Count.* Might you haue wealth, and Fortunes  
ritchest store ?

*Ida.* Yet, would I (might I chuse) be honest  
For she that sits at fortunes feet alowe [poore.

<sup>1</sup> "In the printed copies of our early plays the 'songs' are frequently omitted."—*Dyce*. It was because any song was chosen according to circumstances.

Is fure ſhe ſhall not taſte a further woe,  
But thoſe that prancke one<sup>1</sup> top of fortunes ball,  
Still feare a change ; and fearing, catch a fall.

*Count.* Tut, fooliſh maide, each one contemneth  
need.

*Ida.* Good reaſon why, they know not good indeed. 790

*Count.* Many marrie, then, on whom diſtreſſe  
doth loure. / [dowre.

*Ida.* Yes, they that vertue deeme an honeſt  
Madame, by right this world I may compare  
Vnto my worke, wherein with heedful care,  
The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,  
As I with needle drawe each thing one<sup>1</sup> land,  
Euen as hee liſt : ſome men like to the Roſe  
Are fashioned freſh ; ſome in their ſtalkeſ do cloſe,  
And borne do fuddaine die ; ſome are but weeds,  
And yet from them a ſecret good proceeds : 800  
I with my needle if I pleaſe, may blot  
The faireſt roſe within my cambricke plot ;  
God with a becke can change each worldly thing,  
The poore to rich,<sup>2</sup> the begger to the king.  
What then hath man, wherein hee well may boalt,  
Since by a becke he liues, a louer,<sup>3</sup> is loſt ?

*Enter Euſtace with letters.*

*Count.* Peace *Ida*, heere are ſtraungers neare at  
hand.

<sup>1</sup> = on.

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'earth.'

<sup>3</sup> = by a loue.

*Eust.* Madame, God speed !

*Count.* I thanke you gentle squire.

810

*Eust.* The countrie Countesse of *Northumberland*  
Doth greete you well, and hath requested mee  
To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

*He carries the letter[s].*

*Count.* I thanke her honour, and your selfe my  
friend.

*Shee receiues and peruseth them.*

I see she meanes you good, braue Gentleman.

Daughter, the Ladie *Elinor* salutes

Your selfe as well as mee : then, for her sake

T'were good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

820

*Ida.* As much salute as may become my sex,

And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,

I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.

Good sir, sit downe : my mother heere and I

Count time mispent, an endlesse vanitie.

*Eust.* [*aside.*] Beyond report, the wit, the faire,<sup>1</sup>

the shape.— / [see it ?

What worke you heere, faire Mistrresse ? may I

*Id.* Good Sir, looke on : how like you this  
compáct ?

*Eust.* Me thinks in this I see true loue in act :

The Woodbins with their leaues do sweetly spred, 830

The Roses blushing prancke them in their red,

<sup>1</sup> = beauty.

No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring ;  
 This bird hath life indeed if it could sing :  
 What meanes, faire Mistres, had you in this worke ?

*Ida.* My needle fir.

*Eust.* In needles then, there lurke<sup>1</sup>  
 Some hidden grace, I deeme beyond my reach.

*Id.* Not grace in thē, good fir, but those that  
 teach. [sing,—

*Eust.* Say that your needle now were *Cupids*  
 [*Aside.*] But, ah, her eie must bee no lesse,

In which is heauen and heauenlineffe ; 840

In which the foode of God is shut,  
 Whose powers the purest mindes do glut !

*Ida.* What if it were ?

*Eust.* Then see a wondrous thing ;  
 I feare mee you would paint in *Tereus*'<sup>2</sup> heart  
 Affection in his power and chiefeft parte.<sup>3</sup>

*Ida.* Good Lord fir, no, for hearts but pricked  
 Are wounded fore, for so I heare it oft. [soft

*Eust.* What reckes the wound,<sup>4</sup> where but your  
 happy eye

May make him liue whom *Ioue* hath iudgd to die ?

*Ida.* Should life & death within this needle lurke, 850  
 Ile pricke no hearts, Ile pricke vpon my worke.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, after altering to 'lurk,' "The 4to 'lurkes,' which destroys the rhyme. The construction is, 'I deem there *lurk*' = *lurks*." Greene (as commonly) violates grammar for rhyme's sake.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'Teueus,' not 'Teneus' as Dyce states.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'parts.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'second.'

*Enter Ateukin, with Slipper the Clowne.*

*Coun.* Peace *Ida*, I perceiue the fox at hand.

*Eust.* The fox? why fetch your hounds, &  
chace him hence.

*Count.* Oh sir, these great men barke at small  
offence.

Come,<sup>1</sup>—will it please you enter, gentle sir?

[They] *Offer to exeunt.*

Stay, courteous Ladies; fauour me so much /

As to discourse a word or two apart.

*Count.* Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of 860  
To shun resort, and straungers companie: [mee,  
For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,  
Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

*Slip.* Now, I pray you sir, what akin are you to  
a pickrell?

*Ateu.* Why knaue?

*Slip.* By my troth sir, because I neuer knew a  
proper scituation fellow of your pitch fitter to  
swallow a gudgin.

*Ateu.* What meanest thou by this?

870

*Slip.* Shifting fellow sir,—these be thy words:<sup>2</sup>  
shifting fellow: this Gentlewoman I feare, knew  
you[r] bringing vp.

*Ateu.* How so?

<sup>1</sup> Original gives this line to Ateukin: I delete 'to' before 'enter' of 4to, albeit 't'enter' was as usual meant, though printed in full.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "i.e. the words which describe you."

*Slip.* Why fir, your father was a Miller, that could shift for a pecke of grift in a bushell, and you a faire spoken Gentleman, that can get more land by a lye then an honest man by his readie mony.

*Ateu.* Catiue, what sayest thou ? 880

*Slip.* I say fir, that if shee call you shifting knaue, you shall not put her to the prooffe.

*Ateu.* And why ?

*Slip.* Because fir, living by your wit as you do, shifting is your letters pattents :<sup>1</sup> it were a hard matter for mee to get my dinner that day wherein my Maister had not folde a dozen of deuices, a case of dogges, and a shute of shifts, in the morning. I speake this in you[r] commendation fir, & I pray you so take it. 890

*Ateu.* If I liue, knaue, I will bee reuenged. [*beats him.*] What Gentleman would entertaine a rascall thus to derogate from his honour ?

*Ida.* My Lord, why are you thus impatient ?

*Ateu.* Not angrie *Ida* ; but I teach this knaue How to behaue himselfe among his betters.— Behold, faire Countesse, to assure your stay, I heere present the signet of the king, Who now by mee, faire *Ida*, doth salute you : And since in secret I haue certaine things / 900  
In his behalfe good Madame to impart,  
I craue your daughter to discourse apart.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>2</sup> As usual 'a part' in original.

*Count.* Shee shall in humble dutie bee addrest<sup>1</sup>  
To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

*Id.* Now gentle fir, what would his grace with  
me?

*Ateu.* Faire, comely Nymph, the beautie of your  
face,

Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,  
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late  
Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue;  
And though his power and Maiestie requires 910  
A straight commaund before an humble sute,  
Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase  
As to intreat your fauour, honest maid.

*Ida.* Is he not married fir, vnto our Queen?

*Ateu.* Hee is.

*Ida.* And are not they by God accurst,  
That feuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

*Ateu.* They bee: what then? wee seeke not to  
displace

The Princeesse from her seate, but, since by loue  
The king is made your owne, hee<sup>2</sup> is resolute 920  
In priuate to accept your dalliance,  
In spight of warre, [or] watch, or worldly eye.

*Ida.* Oh how hee talkes, as if hee should not die,  
As if that God in iustice once could winke  
Vpon that fault I am asham'd<sup>3</sup> to thinke.

<sup>1</sup> = ready, prepared.

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'shee.'

<sup>3</sup> Twice 'ashamed' is printed 'a shamed' as 'apart' is 'a part.'

*Ateu.* Tut Mistresse, man at first was born to  
erre ;

Women are all not formed to bee faints :

Tis impious for to kill our natiue king,

Whom by a little fauour wee may faue.

*Ida.* Better then liue vnchaste, to lie<sup>1</sup> in graue. 930

*Ateu.* Hee shall erect your state, & wed you well.

*Ida.* But can his warrant keep my foule from  
hell ?

*Ateu.* He will inforce, if you resist his fute.

*Ida.* What tho<sup>2</sup>? the world may shame to him  
account,

To bee a king of men and worldly pelfe ; /

Yet [h'] hath<sup>3</sup> no power to rule and guide himselfe.

*Ateu.* I know you gentle Ladie, and the care  
Both of your honour and his graces health,  
Makes me confused in this daungerous state.

*Ida.* So counsell him, but sooth thou not his 940  
finne :

Tis vain alurement that doth make him loue :

I shame to heare, bee you ashamde to mooue.

*Count.* I fee my daughter growes impatient ;  
I feare me, hee pretends some bad intent.

*Ateu.* Will you dispise the king, & scorne him so?

*Ida.* In all alleageance I will serue his grace,  
But not in lust : oh how I blush to name it !

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'liue.'

<sup>2</sup> = then.

<sup>3</sup> Original gives this line to Ateukin, and reads 'Yet hath to power  
no rule,' etc.



*Ateu.* [*aside.*] An endlesse worke is this : how  
should I frame it ?

*They discourse priuately.*

*Slip.* Oh Mistresse, may I turne a word vpon 950  
you ?

*Count.* Friend, what wilt thou ?<sup>1</sup>

*Slip.* Oh what a happie Gentlewoman bee you  
trulie ! the world reports this of you Mistresse,  
that a man can no sooner come to your house, but  
the Butler comes with a blacke Iack and faves,  
welcome, friend, heere's a cup of the best for you :  
verilie Mistresse you are said to haue the best Ale  
in al *Scotland*.

*Count.* Sirrha, go fetch him drinke. 960

[*Seruant brings drink.*]

How likest thou this ?

*Slip.* Like it, Mistresse ? why, this is quincy  
quarie pepper de watchet, sngle goby, of all that  
euer I tasted : Ile prooue in this Ale and to[a]ft,  
the compasse of the whole world. First, this is the  
earth,—it lies<sup>2</sup> in the middle, a faire brown to[a]ft,  
a goodly countrie for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon :  
next, this is the sea, a fair poole for a drie tōgue  
to fish in : now come I, & feing the world is  
naught, I diuide it thus ; & because the sea cānot 970  
stand without the earth, as *Arist[otle]* faith, I put

<sup>1</sup> Original gives this line also to Ateukin.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* misprints 'ties.'

thē both into their first Chaos, / which is my bellie ;  
and so mistresse you may see your ale is become a  
myracle.

*Eustace.* A merrie mate Madame, I promise you.

*Count.* Why figh you firrah ?

*Slip.* Trulie Madam, to think vppon the world,  
which, since I denoūced it, keepes such a rumbling  
in my stomack, that vnlesse your Cooke giue it a  
counterbuffe with some of your roasted Capons or 980  
beefe, I feare me I shall become a loose body, so  
daintie, I thinke I shall neither hold fast before  
nor behinde.

*Count.* Go take him in, and feast this merrie  
fwaine—

Syrrha, my cooke is your phistian ;  
He hath a purge for to disiest<sup>1</sup> the world.

[*Exeunt Slipper and Servant.*]

*Ateu.* Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

*Ida.* As I haue saide, in dutie I am his ;  
For other lawlesse lusts, that ill befeeme him, 990  
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.<sup>2</sup>

*Count.* *Ida*, come in :—and fir, if so you please,  
Come, take a homelie widowes intertaine. [nye ;

*Ida.* If he haue no great haste, he may come  
If haste, tho he be gone, I will not crie. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ateu.* I see this labour lost, my hope in vaine ;  
Yet will I trie another drift againe.

<sup>1</sup> = digest.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'em' ?—no call for change.

## [SCENE II.]

*Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas, Morton, with others, one way ; the Queene, with 1000 Dwarfe<sup>1</sup> [Nano] an other way.*

*B. S. Andr.* [*among themselues.*] Oh wrack of  
Cōmonweale ! Oh wretched state !

*Doug.* [*ibid.*] Oh haplesse flock whereas the  
guide is blinde !

*Mort.* [*ibid.*] Oh heedlesse youth, where coun-  
saile is despis'd.

[*They all are in a muse.*

*Dorot.* Come prettie knaue, and prank it by my  
fide ;

Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

*Dwarfe.* Madame altho my lims are very fmall,  
My heart is good ; Ile serue you therewithall.

*Doro.* How, if I were affaild, what couldst thou 1010  
do ? /

*Dwarf.* Madame, call helpe, and boldly fight  
it to :

Altho a Bee be but a little thing,

You know faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

*Dor.* How couldst thou do me good were I in  
greefe ?

*Dwar.* Counsell deare Prince[fe], is a choyce  
releefe :

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'Dwarfes.'

Tho *Nestor* wanted force, great was his wit,  
And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

*S. And.* [*aside*]. Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,  
Toft in the doubtfull streame, without a helme,  
Such is a Monarke without good aduice. 1020

I am oreheard : cast raine vpon thy tongue<sup>1</sup> ;

*Andrewes*, beware ; reproofe will breed a scar.

*Mor.* Good day, my Lord.

*B. S. And.* Lord *Morton*, well y-met :—

Whereon dreames<sup>2</sup> Lord *Douglas* all this while ?

*Dou.* Of that which yours and my poore heart  
doth breake :

Altho feare shuts our mouths, we dare not speake.

*Dor.* [*aside*.] What meane these Princes sadly to  
Somewhat, I feare, betideth them amisse, [*consult* ?  
They are so pale in lookes, so vext in minde : 1030

In happie houre ye<sup>3</sup> Noble Scottish Peeres,  
Haue I incountred you : what makes you mourne ?

*B. S. And.* If we with patience may attention<sup>4</sup>  
gaine,

Your Grace shall know the cause of all our grieve.

*Dor.* Speake on, good father ; come and sit by  
I know thy care is for the common good. [me :

*B. S. And.* As fortune, mightie Prince[s]<sup>[fe]</sup> reareth  
To high estate and place in Common-weale, [some

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index under 'raine' on this technical blunder.

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'deemes' : Dyce's correction accepted, though not by himself, in text.

<sup>3</sup> Original 'the,' because MS. had *y<sup>o</sup>* = the.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'attentive.'

So by diuine bequest to them is lent  
 A riper iudgement and more searhing eye, 1040  
 Whereby they may discerne the common harme ;  
 For where our fortunes<sup>1</sup> in the world are most,  
 Where all our profits rise and still increase,  
 There is our minde, thereon we meditate,  
 And what we do partake of good aduice, /  
 That we imploy for to concerne the fame.  
 To this intent, these nobles and my selfe,  
 That are (or should bee) eyes of Common-weale,  
 Seeing his highnesse reachlesse<sup>2</sup> course of youth,  
 His lawlesse and vnbridled vaine in loue, 1050  
 His to[o] intentiue trust to flatterers,  
 His abiect care of counsell and his friendes,  
 Cannot but greeue ; and since we cannot drawe  
 His eye or Iudgement to discerne his faults,  
 Since we haue spake, and counsaile is not heard,  
 I, for my part, (let others as they list)  
 Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will ;  
 Leaft with a ruthfull eye I should behold  
 His ouerthrow, which, fore I feare is nye.

*Doro.* Ah father, are you so estranged from loue, 1060  
 From due alleageance to your Prince and land,  
 To leaue your King when most he needs your help ?  
 The thriftie husbandmen are neuer woont,  
 That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forsake them ;

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'importunes' : Mr. Collier's correction accepted.

<sup>2</sup> = reckless.

But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,  
 They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte :  
 The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne ;  
 In calmer waues the fillie failor striues.  
 Are you not members, Lords of Common-weale,  
 And can your head, your deare annointed King, 1070  
 Default, ye Lords, except your selues do faile ?  
 Oh stay your steps, returne and counsaile him.

*Doug.* Men seek not mosse vpon a rowling stone,  
 Or water from the siue, or fire from yce,  
 Or comfort from a rechlesse monarches hands.  
 Madame, he sets vs light that seru'd in Court,  
 In place of credit, in his fathers dayes :  
 If we but enter prefence of his grace,  
 Our payment is a frowne, a scoffe, a frumpe ;  
 Whilst flattering *Gnato*<sup>1</sup> prancks it by his side, / 1080  
 Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds ;  
 And if your grace consider your estate,  
 His life should vrge you too, if all be true.

*Dor.* Why, *Douglas*, why ?

*Doug.* As if you haue not heard  
 His lawlesse loue to *Ida* growne of late,  
 His carelesse estimate of your estate.

*Doro.* Ah *Douglas*, thou misconstreft<sup>2</sup> his intent :

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "*i.e.*, Ateukin:—our author appears to have wavered between these two names (see *post*). *Gnatho* is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence." Rather is used as an epithet of character.

'Gnato' is immediately followed by Ateukin, ll. 1161-2.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

He doth but tempt his wife, he tryes my loue : | 7  
 This iniurie pertaines to me, not to you.<sup>1</sup> | 1090  
 The King is young ; and if he step awrie,  
 He may amend, and I will loue him still.

Should we disdaine our vines becaufe they sprout  
 Before their time ? or young men, if they straine  
 Beyōd their reach ? No : vines that bloome and  
 spread

Do promise fruites, and young men that are wilde  
 In age growe wife. My frendes and Scottish Peeres,  
 If that an English Princeffe may preuaile,  
 Stay, stay with him : lo, how my zealous prayer  
 Is plead with teares : fie Peeres, will you hence ? | 1100

*S. And.* Madam, tis vertue in your grace to plead ;  
 But we that see his vaine vntoward course,  
 Cannot but flie the fire before it burne,  
 And shun the Court before we see his fall.

*Doro.* Wil you not stay ? then Lordings, fare  
 you well.

Tho you forsake your King, the heauens, I hope,  
 Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer.

*Dwar.* Content you Madam ; thus old *Ouid*  
 Tis foolishh to bewaile recurelesse things. [sings,

*Dorothea.* Peace, [foolish] Dwarfie ;<sup>2</sup> these words | 1110  
 my patience moue.

<sup>1</sup> The second 'to you' = 't' you.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "An epithet belonging to this word would seem to have dropped out." I supply 'foolish.'

*Dwar.* Altho you charme my speech, charme not  
my loue. [*Exeunt Nano and Dorothea.*]

*Enter the King of Scots : Arius, the nobles spying  
him, returnes.*

*K. of S. Douglas,* how now ! why changest thou  
thy cheere ? /

*Doug.* My priuate troubles are so great, my  
liege,

As I must craue your licence for a while,  
For to intend mine owne affaires at home.

*King.* You may depart. [*Exit Douglas.*]

But why is *Morton* sad ? 1120

*Mor.* The like occasion doth import me too,  
So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.

*K. of S.* Well sir, you may betake you to your  
ease. [*Exit Morton.*]

[*Aside.*] When such grim fyrs are gone, I see no let  
To worke my will.

*S. And.*<sup>1</sup> What, like the Eagle, then,  
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose ?  
O King, canst thou indure to see thy Court  
Of finest wits and Iudgements dispossessd,  
Whilst cloking craft with soothing climbs so high 1130  
As each bewailes ambition is so bad ?  
Thy father left thee with estate and crowne,

<sup>1</sup> "The 4to '8. Atten.' but it is plain, from the King's reply, that the Bishop of St. Andrews is the speaker."—*Dyce.*



A learned councell to direct thy Courfe<sup>1</sup> :  
 These careleslie, O King, thou castest off,  
 To entertaine a traine of Sicophants.  
 Thou well maist see, although thou wilt not see,  
 That euery eye and eare both sees and heares  
 The certaine signes of thine incontinence.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou art alyed vnto the English King  
 By marriage ; a happie friend indeed, 1140  
 If vsed well ; if not, a mightie foe.  
 Thinketh your grace, he can indure and brooke  
 To haue a partner in his daughters loue ?  
 Thinketh your grace, the grudge of priuie wrongs  
 Will not procure him chaunge his smiles to threats ?  
 Oh be not blinde to good : call home your lordes ;  
 Displace these flattering Gnatoes, driue them hence ;  
 Loue, and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife ;  
 Or else (which God forbid) I feare a change :  
 Sinne cannot thriue in courts without a plague. 1150  
*K. of S.* Go pack thou too, vnles thou mēd thy  
 talk : /

On paine of death, proud Bishop, get you gone,  
 Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

*S. And.*<sup>3</sup> Thou god of heauē preuent my coun-  
 tries fall ! *Exeunt.*

*K. of S.* These staies and lets to pleasure, plague  
 my thoughts,

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'Court.'

<sup>3</sup> As before, '8. Atten.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'incontinence.'

Forcing my greuous wounds anew to bleed ;  
 But care that hath transported me so farre,  
 Faire *Ida*, is disperst in thought of thee ;  
 Whose answere yeeldes me life, or breeds my death : 1160  
 Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe.

Enter *Gnato*.

*Ateukin*, What newes ?

*Ateu*. The adament, o King, will not be filde,  
 But by it self, and beautie that exceeds,  
 By some ex[c]eeding fauour must be wrought.  
*Ida* is coy as yet, and doth repine,  
 Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death :  
 Shee's holy, wise, and too precise for me.

*K. of S.* Are these thy fruites of wits, thy fight 1170  
 in Art ?

Thine eloquence ? thy pollicie ? thy drift ?  
 To mocke thy Prince ? Thē, catiue, pack thee  
 hence,

And let me die deuoured in my loue.

*Ateu*. Good Lord, how rage gainfayeth reasons  
 power :

My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,  
 The essence of my soul,<sup>1</sup> my God on earth,  
 Sit downe and rest your selfe : appease your wrath,  
 Least with a frowne yee wound me to the death.  
 Oh that I were included in my graue,

<sup>1</sup> Original 'sute' : Mr. Collier's correction accepted, in "Introd. to *The Tempest*, p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858."—*Dyce*.

That eyther now, to faue my Princes life, 1180  
Must counsell crueltie, or loofe my King.

*K. of S.* Why firrha, is there meanes to mooue  
her minde?

*Ateu.* [*As to himself.*] Oh should I not offend  
my royall liege.

*K. of S.* Tell all, spare naught, so I may gaine  
my loue. [twaine,

*Ateu.* Alasse my soule, why art thou torne in  
For feare thou talke a thing that should displease?

*K. of S.* Tut, / speake whatso thou wilt, I pardon  
thee. [grace :

*Ateu.* How kinde a word, how courteous is his  
Who would not die to succour such a king?—  
My liege, this louely maid of modest minde 1190  
Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares  
Faure *Dorotheas* power : your grace doth know,  
Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue.

Were *Ida* fure to bee your wedded wife, [mand :  
That then the twig would bowe, you might com-  
Ladies loue presents, pompe, and high estate.

*K. of S.* Ah *Ateukin*, how shuld we displace<sup>1</sup>  
this let?

*Ateu.* Tut, mightie Prince. Oh that I might  
bee whift !<sup>2</sup>—

*K. of S.* Why dalliest thou?

*Ateu.* I will not mooue my Prince ;

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'display.'

<sup>2</sup> = silent.

I will preferre his safetie 'fore<sup>1</sup> my life. 1200  
 Hear me, ô king ! tis *Dorotheas* death  
 Muft do you good.

*K. of S.* What, murther of my Queene ?  
 Yet, to enioy my loue, what is my Queene ?  
 Oh but my vowe and promise to my Queene :  
 I, but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene :  
 With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawne ?  
 Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare ?  
 If *Dorothe[a]* die, will *Ida* loue ?

*Ateu.* Shee will, my Lord. [meanes ;

*K. of S.* Then let her die : deuife, aduife the 1210  
 Al likes me wel that lends me hope in loue.

*Ateu.* What, will your grace consent ? then let  
 mee worke :

Theres heere in Court a Frenchman, *Iaques* calde,  
 A fit performer of our enterprife,  
 Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt  
 To flaye the Queene, fo that your grace will feale  
 A warrant for the man, to faue his life.

*K. of S.* Nought shall he want ; write thou, and  
 I wil figne :

And, gentle Gnato, if my *Ida* yeelde, /  
 Thou shalt haue what thou wilt ; Ile giue the[e] 1220  
 A Barony, an Earledome for reward. [ftraight

*Ateu.* Frolicke young king, the Lasse shall be  
 your owne.

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'before.'

Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*<sup>1</sup> *Enter Bohan with Obiron.*

3. *Act.*<sup>2</sup>

*Boh.* So *Oberon*, now it beginnes<sup>3</sup> to worke in  
The auncient Lords by leauing him alone,<sup>4</sup> [kinde,  
Disliking of his humors and despight,<sup>5</sup>  
Lets him run headlong, till his flatterers,  
Sweet[n]ing<sup>6</sup> his thoughts of luckleffe<sup>7</sup> lust  
With vile perfwasions and alluring words,  
Makes him make way by murther to his will.  
Iudge, fairie king, haft heard a greater ill?

1230

*Ober.* Nor seen<sup>8</sup> more vertue in a countrie maid.  
I tell the[e] *Bohan*, it doth make me forrie,<sup>9</sup>  
To thinke the deeds the king meanes to performe.

*Boha.* To change that humour, stand and see  
the rest :

I trow my sonne *Slipper* will shewes<sup>10</sup> a iest.

<sup>1</sup> This word is misplaced in original at l. 1248.

<sup>2</sup> Qy.—a kind of introduction to Act. 3?

<sup>3</sup> Pronounced ‘gins,’ though printed in full.

<sup>4</sup> Original misprints ‘aliue.’

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* ‘respight.’

<sup>6</sup> Dyce changes to ‘Soliciting,’ and annotates, “The excellent correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 349: ‘Read,’ he says, “Soliciting” (in the old Latin sense, as frequent in the writers of that age.’ The 4to ‘Sweetening,’ which Mr. Collier (Preface to *Coleridge’s Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc., p. cxvi) ‘has no doubt’ is a misprint for ‘Suiting.’”—I prefer my text, as above.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Collier corrected to ‘lawless,’ and Dyce accepted. Not needed.

<sup>8</sup> Original ‘fend.’

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* ‘merrie.’

<sup>10</sup> = shew’s, *i.e.* us.

*Enter Slipper with a companion, boy or wench,* 1240  
*dauncing a hornpipe, and daunce out againe.*

*Boha.* Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,  
 And changing them from sad to better glee,  
 Lets to our fell, and fit and see the rest,  
 For, I belecue, this Iig<sup>1</sup> will prooue no iest.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus 3. Schena Prima.*

*Enter Slipper one way, and S[ir] Bartram*  
*another way.*

*Bar.* Ho fellow, stay and let me speake with thee. 1250

*Slip.* Fellow: frend, thou doest disbuse me; I  
 am a Gentlemã.

*Bar.* A Gentleman, how so?

*Slip.* Why, I rub horses fir.

*Bar.* And what of that?

*Slip.* O simple witted, marke my reason. They  
 that do good seruice in the Common-weale are  
 Gentlemen; but such as rub horses / do good  
 seruice in the Common-weale, Ergo tarbox Maister  
 Courtier, a Horfe-keeper is a Gentleman.

*Bar.* Here is ouermuch wit, in good earnest. 1260  
 But firrha, where is thy Maister?

*Slip.* Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground,  
 drawing out red into white, swallowing that downe  
 without chawing that was neuer made without  
 treading.

<sup>1</sup> = Play.

*Bar.* Why, where is hee then ?

*Slip.* Why, in his feller, drinking a cup of neate and briske claret in a boule of filuer : Oh fir, the wine runnes trillill down his throat, which cost the 1270 poor vintner<sup>1</sup> many a flampe before it was made. But I must hence fir, I haue haste.

*Bar.* Why whither now, I pritheee ?

*Slip.* Faith fir, to Sir *Siluester*, a Knight hard by, vppon my Maisters arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the lease of *E[a]st Spring* shall bee confirmed ; and therefore must I bid him prouide trash, for my Maister is no friend without mony.

*Bar.* [*aside.*] This is the thing for which I fued so This is the lease which I, by *Gnatoes* means, [long, 1280 Sought to possesse by pattent from the King ; But hee iniurious man, who liues by crafts, And selles kings fauours for who will giue most, Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couertly Will sell away the thing pertaines to mee : But I haue found a present helpe, I hope, For to preuent his purpose and deceit.— Stay, gentle friend.

*Slip.* A good word ! thou haste won me : this word is like a warme caudle<sup>2</sup> to a colde stomacke. 1290

*Bar.* Sirra, wilt thou for mony and reward, Conuay me certaine letters, out of hand, From out thy maisters pocket ?

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'Vintnerd.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'candle.'

*Slip.* Will I fir? why, were it to rob my father, hang my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your / commaundement, fir. What will you giue me, fir?

*Bar.* A hundreth pounds.

*Slip.* I am your man : giue me earnest. I am dead at a pocket fir ; why, I am a lifter, maister, 1300 by my occupation.

*S. Bar.* A lifter : what is that?

*Slip.* Why fir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse assoone as any theefe in my countrie.

*S. Bar.* Why fellow hold ; heere is earnest, ten pound to assure thee. [*Gives money.*] Go, dispatch, and bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou seest ; and assure thy selfe thou shalt both haue thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony. 1310

*Slip.* I will, fir—Now roome for a Gentleman, my maisters : who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new Angell?

[*Exeunt.*

## [SCENE II.]

*Enter Andrew and Purueyor.*

*Pur.* Sirrha, I must needs haue your maisters horses : the king cannot bee vsferued.

*And.* Sirrha, you must needs go without them, because my Maister must be serued. 1320



*Pur.* Why, I am the kings Purueyer, and I tell thee I will haue them.

*And.* I am *Ateukins* seruant, Signior *Andrew*, and I say, thou shalt not haue them.

*Pur.* Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darst.

*And.* There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darst.

*Pur.* Sirrha, firrha, tame your tongue, least I make you.

*And.* Sirrha, firrha, hold your hand, least I 1330  
bum<sup>1</sup> you.

*Pur.* I tell thee, thy Maisters geldings are good, and therefore fit for the king.

*An[d].* I tell thee, my Maisters horses haue gald backes, and therefore cannot fit the King. Purueyer, Purueyer, puruey thee of more wit: darst thou presume to wrong my Lord *Ateukin*,<sup>2</sup> being the chiefeest man in Court? /

*Pur.* [*to himself*]. The more vnhappie Commonweale where flatterers are chiefe in Court. 1340

*And.* What sayest thou?

*Pur.* I say thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall schoole thee.

*And.* A figge for them and thee, Purueyer; they seeke a knot in a ring that would wrong my maister or his seruants in this Court.

<sup>1</sup> = beat you thereon.

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'Ateukins.'

*Enter Iaques.*

*Pur.* The world is at a wise passe, when Nobilitie is afraid of a flatterer.

*Iaq.* Sirrha, what be you that parley *contra*<sup>1</sup> 1350  
Monfieur my Lord *Ateukin*? *en bonne foy*, prate  
you against Syr *Alteffe*, mee maka your *teste*<sup>2</sup> to  
leap from your shoulders, *par ma foy c'y ferai-je*.<sup>3</sup>

*And.* Oh signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe  
a forward and friendly Gentleman in my Maisters  
behalf: I will cause him to thanke you.

*Iaq.* *Poultron*, speake me one parola<sup>4</sup> against  
my bon Gentilhome, I shall estampe your guttes,  
and thumpe your backa, that you no poynt  
mannage this tenne ours. 1360

*Pur.* Sirrha, come open me the stable, and let  
mee haue the horses; and, fellow, for all your  
French bragges, I will doo my dutie.

*And.* Ile make garters of thy guttes, thou  
villaine, if thou enter this office.

*Iaq.* *Mort Dieu*<sup>5</sup> take me that cappa *pour votre*<sup>6</sup>  
*labeur*: be gonne, villein, in the *mort*. [*Exit.*

*Pur.* What, will you resist mee then? well, the  
Councell, fellow, shall know of your insolency. [*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Of course '*contre*' more accurate, but '*contra*' is kin with his pseudo-Italian endings.

<sup>2</sup> Original '*test*.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* '*per ma foy cy fere ie.*'

<sup>4</sup> A Frenchman would say '*parole*' or '*parole*': '*estampe*' misprinted '*astrampe*.'

<sup>5</sup> Original '*lieu*.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* '*notre*.'

*Andr.* Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I 1370  
can best spare / from my backe partes, and get you  
gone with a vengeance. [*Exit Purueyor.*]

*Enter Gnato.*

*Ateu. Andrew.*

*Andr.* Sir.

*Ateu.* Where be my writings I put in my  
pocket last night?

*Andr.* Which fir, your anno[t]ations vpon Mat- /  
chauell?

*Ateu.* No fir : the letters pattents for east spring. 1380

*An.* Why fir, you talk wonders to me, if you  
ask that questiō.

*Ateu.* Yea fir, and will work wonders too with<sup>1</sup>  
you, vnlesse you finde them out : villaine, search  
me them out, and bring thē me, or thou art but  
dead.

*Andr.* A terrible word in the latter end of  
a sessions. Master, were you in your right wits  
yesternight?

*Ateu.* Doeſt thou doubt it?

*Andr.* I, and why not fir? for the greatest 1390  
Clarkes are not the wisest, and a foole may dance  
in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock :  
besides, such as giue themselues to *Philautia*,<sup>2</sup> as

<sup>1</sup> Original 'which.'

<sup>2</sup> "i.e., *φιλαυτία*, self-love. The 4to '*Plulantia*.' Corrected by Mr.  
Collier, Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*,  
p. cxvii."—*Dyce*.

you do, maister, are so cholericke of complection, that that which they burne in fire ouer night, they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah I take care of your worship : this common-weale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.

*Ateu.* Thou flatterest me.

1400

*Andr.* Is it flatterie in me sir, to speake you faire ? what is it then, in you to dallie with the King ?

*Ateu.* Are you prating knaue ? I will teach you better nurture. Is this the care you haue of my wardrop, of my accounts, and matters of trust ?

*Andr.* Why alasse sir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited, as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them ; but since you are growne greater, and your Garments more fine and gaye, if / your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride and commend my cleanlinesse : as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for mee.

1410

*Ateu.* Villaine, go, flie, finde them out : if thou loofest them, thou loofest my credit.

*And.* Alasse, sir, can I loofe that you neuer had ?

*Ateu.* Say you so ? then hold, feel you that you neuer felt.

[*Beats him.*]

[*Re-enter Iaques.*]

*Ia.* O monsieur, ayez patience ; pardon your pauvre valet<sup>1</sup> : me bee at your commaundement.

1420

<sup>1</sup> Original '*pouure vallet.*' So before, '*aies patient.*'

*Ateu.* Signior *Iaques*, wel met ; you shall commaund me.—Sirra, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market-place ; promise a great reward to them that findes them ; looke where I fupt and euery where.

*And.* I will fir—Now are two knaues well met, and three well parted : if you conceiue mine enigma, gentlemen,<sup>1</sup> what shall I bee then ? faith, a plain harpe shilling.<sup>2</sup> [Exit.

*Ateu.* *Sieur Iaques*, this our happy meeting<sup>1430</sup> hinders<sup>3</sup>

Your friends and me, of care and greuous toyle,  
For I that looke into deserts of men,  
And see among the souldiers in this court  
A noble forward minde, and iudge thereof,  
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raise them vp  
Who merritt credite in the Common-weale.  
To this intent, friend *Iaque[s]*, I haue found  
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd  
Both with the king, and with the best in Court :  
For I espie in you a valiant minde,  
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you.  
To this intent (if so your trust and faith,  
Your secrecie be equall with your force)

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates : “ So again, in the next act, the same speaker, *when alone on the stage*, says, ‘ is not this a wily accord, gentlemen ? ’ Nor would it be difficult to cite passages from various early dramas, in which, with similar impropriety, the audience is addressed.”

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>3</sup> Original misprints ‘hides.

I will impart a seruice to thy selfe,  
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,  
And what or hee, and I with him, can worke /  
Shall be imployd in what thou wilt desire.

*Iaq.* Me fweara by my ten bones, my signior <sup>1</sup>  
to be loyal to your Lordship's intents, affaires :  
ye[a], my *monseigneur*, *que non ferai-je pour*,<sup>2</sup> your  
pleasure? By my fworda, me be no *babillard*.<sup>3</sup> 1450

*Ateu.* Then hoping one thy truth, I prithee see  
How kinde *Ateukin* is to forward thee.<sup>4</sup> [loue,  
Hold, [*giving money*] take this earnest pennie of my  
And marke my words ; the King, by me, requires  
No flender seruice, *Iaques*, at thy hands,  
Thou must by priuie practise make away  
The Queene, faire *Dorethea*, as she sleepest ;  
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death :  
Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

*Iaq.* Stabba the woman ! *par ma foi*, *monseig-* 1460  
*neur*,<sup>5</sup> me thrufta my weapon into her belle, so me  
may be guard *par le roi*.<sup>6</sup> Mee do your seruice :  
but me no be hanged *pour*<sup>7</sup> my labor?

*Ateu.* Thou shalt haue warrant *Iaques*, from the  
King :  
None shall outface, gainfay, and wrong my friend.

<sup>1</sup> Original '*signiar*.'

<sup>2</sup> Original misprints 'ye my monsignieur, qui non fera ic pour. Yea  
pleasure?'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'babie Lords.'

<sup>4</sup> Original 'mee.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* '*per ma foy, monsignieur*.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* '*ber le roy*.'

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* '*pur*.'

Do not I loue thee, *Iaques* ? feare not then :

I tell thee whoſo toucheth thee in ought

Shall iniure me : I loue, I tender thee :

Thou art a ſubieſt fit to ſerue his grace.

*Iaques*, I had a written warrant once,

1470

But that by great miſfortune late is loſt.

Come, wend we to S. *Andrewes*, where his grace

Is now in progreſſe, where he ſhall aſſure

Thy ſafetie, and confirme thee to the act.

*Iaques*. We will attend your nobleneſſe.

*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.]

*Enter ſir Bartram, Dorothea the Queene, Nano,*

*Lord Roſs, Ladies, attendants.*]

*Doro.* Thy credite *Bartram*, in the Scottiſh Court, 1480

Thy reuerend yeares, the ſtrickneſſe of thy vowes,

All theſe are meanes ſufficient to perſwade ;

But loue, the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts,

That hath poſſeſſion of my conſtant minde,

Exiles all dread, ſubdueth vaine ſuſpect.

Me thinks no craft ſhould harbour in that breſt

Where Maieſtie and vertue are inſtaled :

Me thinke my beautie ſhould not cauſe my death.

*Bar.* How gladly, ſoueraign Princeſſe, would

I erre,

And bide<sup>1</sup> my ſhame to ſaue your royall life :

1490

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'find' ?—doubtful. I print 'bide for 'binde' of original.

'Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,  
 To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime ;  
 But if in due preuention you default,  
 How blinde are you that were forewarnd before.

*Doro.* Suspition without cause deserueth blame.

*Bar.* Who see,<sup>1</sup> and shunne not harmes, deserue  
 the fame :

Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.

[*Giues warrant.*

*Doro.* What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote  
 it not.

*Bar.* Heere is his warrant, vnder seale and signe, 1500  
 To *Iagues*, borne in *France*, to murder you.

*Doro.* Ah carelesse King, would God this were  
 not thine.

What tho I reade? Ah should I thinke it true?

*Rosse.* The hand and seale confirms the deede  
 is his.

*Doro.* What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

*Nano.* Madame, *Lucretius* faith, that to repent  
 Is shildish, wifdome to preuent.

*Doro.* What tho? <sup>2</sup> [you,

*Nano.* Then cease your teares that haue dismaid  
 And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

*Bar.* What needes these<sup>3</sup> long suggestions in 1510  
 this cause,

<sup>1</sup> I read 'see' for 'sees' of original.

<sup>2</sup> = then, as before.

<sup>3</sup> Original 'this.'



When euery circumstance confirmeth trueth ?  
First, let the hidden mercie from aboue  
Confirm your grace, since by a wondrous meanes  
The practise of your daungers came to light : /  
Next, let the tokens of approued trueth  
Gouerne and stay your thoughts, too much seduc't,  
And marke the sooth, and listen the intent.  
Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords  
Can witnesse this, that whilest your husband's firre 1520  
In happie peace possesse the Scottish Crowne,  
I was his sworne attendant heere in Court ;  
In daungerous fight I neuer fail'd my Lord,  
And since his death, and this your husbands raigne,  
No labour, dutie, haue I left vndone,  
To testifie my zeale vnto the Crowne :  
But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are  
dim,  
Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle :  
I came to court, in hope, for seruice past,  
To gaine some leafe to keepe me, beeing olde. 1530  
There found I all was vprie turuy turnd,  
My friends displac't, the Nobles loth to craue :  
Then sought I to the minion of the King,  
*Auteukin*, who, allured by a bribe,  
Assur'd me of the leafe for which I sought :  
But see the craft : when he had got the graunt,  
He wrought to sell it to Sir *Siluester*,  
In hope of greater earnings from his hands :

In briefe, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes,  
 By one his needie seruante<sup>1</sup> for reward, 1540  
 To steale from out his pocket all the briefes;  
 Which hee perform'd, and with reward resign'd.  
 Them when I read (now marke the power of God)  
 I found this warrant seald among the rest;  
 To kill your grace; whom God long keepe aliue.  
 Thus, in effect, by wonder are you sau'd:  
 Trifle not then, but seeke a speedie flight;  
 God will conduct your steppes and shield the right.

*Dor.* What should I do? ah poore vnhappy  
 Queen,

Borne to indure what fortune can contrive.<sup>2</sup>/ 1550  
 Ahlasse, the deed is too apparant now:  
 But oh mine eyes, were you as bent to hide  
 As my poore heart is forward to forgiue,  
 Ah cruell king, my loue would thee acquite.  
 Oh what auailles to be allied and matcht  
 With high estates, that marry but in shewe?  
 Were I [but] baser borne,<sup>3</sup> my meane estate  
 Could warrant me from this impendent harme;  
 But to be great and happie, these are twaine.  
 Ah Roffe, what shall I do? how shall I worke? 1560

*Roffe.* With speedie letters to your father send,  
 Who will reuenge you, and defend your right.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'seruants.'

<sup>2</sup> I read 'contrive' for 'containe' of original.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries "'If I were baser'?" or (according to the phraseology of our author's time) 'Were I more baser'?" 'But' is preferable.

*Dor.* As if they kill not me, who with him fight :  
 As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded :  
 As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded :  
 We are one heart, tho rent by hate in twaine ;  
 One soule, one essence doth our weale containe :  
 What then can conquer him, that kils not me?

*Roffe.* If this aduice displease, then, Madame, flee.

*Dor.* Where may I wend or trauel without feare? 1570

*Roffe.*<sup>1</sup> Where not, in changing this attire you weare?

*Dor.* What, shall I clad me like a Country maide?

*Na.* The pollicie is base, I am affraide.

*Dor.* Why *Nano*?

*Na.* Aske you why? What, may a Queene  
 March foorth in homely weede, and be not seene?  
 The Rose, although in thornie shrubs she spread,  
 Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead ;  
 And noble mindes, altho the coate be bare,  
 Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are.

*Bar.* The Dwarfe saith true. 1580

*Dor.* What garments likste thou than?

*Na.* Such as may make you seeme a proper man.

*Dor.* He makes me blush and smile, tho I am sad.

*Na.* The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.

*Dor.* What, / shall I iet in breeches like a squire?  
 Alasse, poor dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeete.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Original misassigns to 'Nano.' Cf. l. 1573.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "Corrupted. This line ought to rhyme with the preceding one."—Not necessarily so.

*Na.* Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,  
 Your sword vpreard with queint & comely grace :  
 If any come and question what you bee,  
 Say you, a man, and call for witnesse mee. 1590

*Dor.* What should I weare a sword? to what  
 intent?

*Na.* Madame for shew ; it is an ornament :  
 If any wrong you, drawe : a shining blade  
 Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

*Dor.* But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,  
 What should I do ? I feare I should bee flaine.

*Nano.* No, take it single on your dagger so :  
 Ile teach you, Madame, how to ward a blow.

*Do.* How little shapen much substance may  
 include !—

Sir *Bartram, Rosse*, yee Ladies, and my friends, 1600  
 Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,  
 Hence will I flie disguised like a squire,  
 As one that seekes to liue in Irish warres :  
 You gentle *Rosse*, shall furnish my depart.

*Ross.* Yea Prince, & die with you with all my  
 Vouchsafe me then in all extreamest states [hart :  
 To waight on you and serue you with my best.

*Dor.* To me pertaines the woe : liue thou<sup>1</sup> in rest.  
 Friends, fare you well ; keepe secret my depart :

*Nano* alone shall my attendant bee. 1610

*Nan.* Then Madame, are you mand,<sup>2</sup> I warrant ye :

<sup>1</sup> Original 'then.'

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate,  
Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate.

*Rofs.* How fore wee grieue to part so soone away.

*Dor.* Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.

*Nano.* The time in words mispent is litle woorth;  
Madam walke on, and let them bring vs foorth.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

*Enter Boha[n.]*

1620

*Boh.* So, / these fad motions make the faire[y] | 7 S<sup>1</sup>  
sleepe;

And sleep hee shall in quiet and content :  
For it would make a marbell melt and weepe,  
To see these treasons gainst the innocent.  
But since shee scapes by flight to saue her life,  
The king may chance repent she was his wife.  
The rest is ruthfull ; yet to beguile<sup>1</sup> the time,  
'Tis interlast with merriment and rime. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus. Schena Prima.*

*After a noyse of hornes and showtings, enter certaine* 1630  
*Huntsmen, (if you please, singing), one way ; an-*  
*other way Ateukin and Iaques.*<sup>2</sup>

*Ateu.* Say, Gentlemen, where may wee finde the  
king?

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'beguilde.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* gives 'Gnato,' but, as before, 'Gnato' is only another name for 'Ateukin': but note it is = parasite, and so allowable.

*Hunts.* Euen heere at hand, on hunting [he is bent],  
And at this houre hee taken hath a stand,  
To kill a Deere.

*Ateu.* A pleafant worke in hand :  
Follow your fport, and we will feeke his grace.

*Hunts.* When fuch him feeke, it is a wofull cafe.

*Exeunt* Huntfman *one way*, *Ateu*[kin] 1640  
*and* *Iaq*[ues] *another.*

[SCENE II.]

*Enter Eufpace, Ida, and the Counteffe.*

*Count.* Lord *Eufpace*, as your youth & vertuous  
Deferues a farre<sup>1</sup> more faire and richer wife, [life  
So, fince I am a mother, and do wit  
What wedlocke is and that which longs to it,  
Before I meane my daughter to beftow,  
Twere meete that fhe and I your ftate did know.

*Euf.* Madame, if I confider *Idas* woorth, 1650  
I know my portions meritt<sup>2</sup> none fo faire ;  
And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent  
A thoufand pound ; which may her ftate content.

*Count.* But what eftate, my Lord, fhall fhe  
poffeffe ?

*Euf.* All that is mine, graue Counteffe, & no  
But / *Ida*, will you loue ? [leffe.—

<sup>1</sup> Original misprints 'faire.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce needlessly alters to 'portion merits.'

*Ida.* I cannot hate.

*Eust.* But will you wedde?

*Ida.* Tis Greeke to mee, my Lord ;  
Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

*Eust.* Shall I some signe of fauour, then, receiue? 1660

*Ida.* I, if her Ladiship will giue me leaue.

*Count.* Do what thou wilt.

*Ida.* Then, noble English Peere,  
Accept this ring, wherein my heart<sup>1</sup> is fet,  
A constant heart, with burning flames befret,  
But vnder written this, *O morte dura* :  
Heereon when so you looke with eyes *Pura*,  
The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

*Eust.* Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

*Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.*

*Hunts.* Widdowe Countesse, well ymet ;

Euer may thy ioyes bee many ;— 1670  
Gentle *Ida*, faire befet,<sup>2</sup>

Faire and wife, not fairer any :  
Frolike Huntsmen of the game  
Willes you well, and giues you greeting.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'a,' and refers to 'Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 329.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, after changing to 'fair befet,' "So Walker, who adds, '*Scoticè, ut passim*' (*Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 293)"—but not admissible. = well-surrounded. 'Saire befet' is indeed Scotch, but not at all in keeping with occasion or speaker.

*Ida.* Thanks, good Woodman, for the same,  
And our sport, and merrie meeting.

*Hunts.* Vnto thee we do present  
Siluer heart with arrow wounded.

*Eust.* [*aside.*] This doth shadow my lament,  
[With]<sup>1</sup> both feare and loue confounded. 1680

*Ladies.* To the mother of the mayde,  
Faire as th'lilies, red as roses,  
Euen so many goods are faide,  
As her selfe in heart supposes.

*Count.* What are you, friends, that thus doth  
with vs wel? [hunting beene,

*Hunts.* Your neighbours nigh, that haue on  
Who vnderstanding of your walking forth, /  
Prepare this traine to entertaine you with :  
This Ladie *Douglas*, this Sir *Egmond* is.

*Count.* Welcome ye Ladies, and thousand thanks 1690  
for this;

Come, enter you a homely widdowes house,  
And if mine entertainment please you, let vs<sup>2</sup> feast.

*Hunts.* A louely lady neuer wants a guest.

[*Exeunt : Mane[n]t Eustace, Ida.*

*Eust.* Stay gentle *Ida*, tell me what you deeme,  
What doth this hart,<sup>3</sup> this tender heart befeeme ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce well supplies 'with,' but ill places it after 'Both.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries "if an interpolation" ? = let's.

<sup>3</sup> Original 'haft,' and Dyce asks, "Is there not something wrong in the next speech?" Clearly something has been omitted from this speech of Eustace's.



*Ida.* Why not my Lord, since nature teacheth art  
To fencelesse beastes to cure their greeuous smart ;  
*Dictamnum*<sup>1</sup> serues to close the wound againe.

*Eust.* What helpe for those that loue ? 1700

*Ida.* Why, loue againe.

*Eust.* Were I the Hart,—

*Ida.* Then I the hearbe would bee :  
You shall not die for help ; come, follow me.

*Exeunt.*

### [SCENE III.]

*Enter Andrew and Iaques.*

*Iaq.* *Mon dieu*, what *malheur* be this ? Me come  
a the chamber, Signior *Andrew*, *mon dieu* ; taka my  
poinyard *en ma main*, to giue the *Estocade* to the  
damoifella : *par ma foi*, there was no perfon ; *elle*  
*s'est en allée*.<sup>2</sup> 1710

*And.* The woorse lucke *Iaques* : but because I  
am thy friend, I will aduise the[e] somewhat to-  
wards the attainment of the gallowes.

*Iaq.* Gallowes : what be that ?

*An[d]*. Marrie, fir, a place of great promotion,

<sup>1</sup> Original '*Dictanum*.' See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

<sup>2</sup> French continuously bad in original : *e.g.*, '*Dieu*' (*bis*) . . . '*mal-  
heure*' . . . '*mon maine*' . . . '*per ma foy*' . . . '*cest*' . . . '*alle*,'  
and so onward, '*Purquoy*' (but *oy* for *oi* was common then) . .  
*tout vn*' . . . '*money*' . . . '*rama*' = *rame*, *i.e.* row, labour, but the '*a*'  
(Italianate), as frequently in this Play.

where thou shalt by one turne aboue ground, rid the world of a knaue, & make a goodly enfample for all bloodie villaines of thy profession.

[*Iaq.*] *Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew ?*

*And.* I say, *Iaques*, thou must keep this path, and 1720  
high thee ; for the Q[ueene,] as I am certified, is departed with her dwarfe, apparelled like a squire. Overtake her, Frenchman, stab her ; Ile promise thee, this dubblet shall be happy.

*Iaq.* *Pourquoi ?*

*And.* It shall serue a iolle Gentleman, / Sir Dominus Monsignior Hangman.

*Iaq.* *C'est tout un ; me will rama pour la monnoie.*

[*Exit.*

*And.* Go, and the rot consume thee ! Oh what 1730  
a trim world is this ? My maister liu[e]s by coufoning the king, I by flattering him : *Slipper*, my fellow, by stealing, and I by lying : is not this a wylie accord, Gentlemen ? This last night, our iolly horsekeeper, being well stept in licor, confessed to me the stealing of my maisters writings, and his great reward : now dare I not bewraye him, least he discouer my knauerie ; but thus haue I wrought. I vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide him necessaries ; but if I and my fellowes faile not, 1740  
wee will teach him such a lesson, as shall cost him a chiefe place on pennileffe bench for his labour : but yond he comes.

*Enter Slipper, with a Tailor, a Shoemaker,  
and a Cutler.*

*Slip.* Taylor.

*Tayl.* Sir.

*Slip.* Let my dubblet bee white Northren, fue  
groates the yard : I tell thee, I will bee braue.

*Tayl.* It shall fir.

*Slip.* Now fir, cut it me like the battlements of  
a Custerd, full of round holes : edge me the sleeues  
with Couentry-blew, and let the lynings be of ten-  
penny locorum. 1750

*Tayl.* Very good fir.

*Slip.* Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.

*Tayl.* And why so? that fashion is stale.

*Slip.* Oh friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell  
thee a flap is a great friend to a storrie<sup>1</sup> : it stands  
him instead of cleane napery ; and if a mans shert 1760  
bee torne, it is a present penthouse to defend him  
from a cleane hufwifes scoffe.

*Tayl.* You say sooth fir.

*Slip.* [*Giuing money.*] Holde take thy mony ;  
there is feuen shillings for the dubblet, and eight  
for the breeches : feuen and eight ; birladie,  
thirtie fixe is a faire deal of mony.

*Tayl.* Farwell fir.

*Slip.* Nay, but stay Taylor.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "A word, if it be not a misprint, with which I am unacquainted." Query—misprint for 'florrie' = flurry? See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

*Tayl.* Why fir?

1770

*Slip.* Forget / not this speciall make,<sup>1</sup> let my back-parts bee well linde, for there come many winter stormes from a windie bellie, I tell thee. [*Exit Tailor.*] Shoemaker.

*Shoe-ma.* Gentleman, what shoo will it please you to haue?

*Slip.* A fine neate calues leather, my friend.

*Shoe.* Oh fir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

*Slip.* I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am *Slipper*, which hath his best grace in summer to 1780  
bee futed in Iackas<sup>2</sup> skins. Guidwife Clarke, was my Grandmother, and Goodman Neatherleather mine Vnckle; but my mother good woman, Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and drest by a good fellow, an Englishman, is growne to some wealth: as when I haue but my vpper-parts clad in her husbands costlie Spanish leather, I may bee bold to kisse the fayrest Ladies foote in this contrey.

*Shoe.* You are of high birth fir: but haue you 1790  
all your mothers markes on you?

*Slip.* Why knaue?

*Shoemaker.* Because if thou come of the bloud of the *Slippers*, you should haue a Shoemakers Alle thrust through your eare.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'mate.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Iakus,' or it might be meant for 'Iakus': Collier's emendation  
's accepted in note on *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. v., p. 600.

*Slip.* [*Giuing money.*] Take your earnest, friend, and be packing, and meddle not with my progenators. *Exit* [*Shoemaker.*] *Cutler.*

*Cutler.* Heare fir.

*Slip.* I must haue a reaper and digger.<sup>1</sup> 1800

*Cutler.* A Rapier and Dagger, you meane fir.

*Slipper.* Thou faiest true ; but it must haue a verie faire edge.

*Cutler.* Why so fir?

*Slip.* Because it may cut by himselfe, for trulie, my freende, I am a man of peace, and weare weapons but for facion.

*Cutler.* Well fir, giue me earnest, I will fit you.

*Slip.* [*Giuing money.*] Hold, take it : I betrust thee, friend ; let me be wel armed. 1810

*Cutler.* You shall. *Exit Cutler.*

*Slip.* / Nowe what remaines ? theres twentie Crownes for a house, three crownes for houshol[d] stuffe, six pence to buie a Constables staffe ; nay, I will be the chiefe of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a seruant, to make an [w]hole familie. Shall I marrie with *Alice*, goodmā *Grimshaues* daughter ? shee is faire, but indeede her tongue is like Clocks on Shrouetuesday, alwaies out of temper. Shall I 1820

<sup>1</sup> Original 'a Rapier and Dagger'—Collier's emendation accepted in *ibid.*, vol. v., p. 599. Evidently the context involves an (intended) blunder here, albeit it might be meant to be indicated only in pronunciation.

wed *Sisley* of the Whightō? Oh no; she is like a frog in a parcell bed; as scittish as an e[e]le: if I seek to hāper her, she wil horne me. But a wench must be had, maister *Slip*. Yea, and shal be, deer friend.

*And.* [*aside.*] I now wil driue him from his contemplations. Oh, my mates, come forward: the lamb is vnpenit, the fox shal preuaile.

*Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take Slipper with them.*

1830

*Slip.* I will, my freend[s], and I thanke you heartilie: pray keepe your curtesie: I am yours in the way of an hornpipe.—[*Aside.*] They are strangers, I see, they vnderstand not my language: wee, wee.<sup>1</sup>

*Whilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money, and the other Antiques depart.*

Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what, not one crosse point against Sundayes? What <sup>1840</sup> ho firrha, you gome,<sup>2</sup> you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a right greeke one turne more.—Theeues, theeues: I am robd, theeues. Is this the knauerie of Fiddlers? Well, I will then binde

<sup>1</sup> "I know not what this means. (In the fifth scene of the present act the 4to has 'Wee' as the spelling of the Fr. 'Oui.')"—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> = gomerall, foolish fellow: 4to misprints 'gone.'

the [w]hole credit of their occupatiō on a bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that haue coufoned me of my money. *Exeunt.*

## [SCENE IV.]

*Enter Nano, Dorothea in mans apparel.*

1850

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, I am wearie of these weedes,  
 Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare,  
 Wearie of loue, from whom my woe proceedes, /  
 Wearie of toyle, since I haue lost my deare.  
 O wearie life, where wanted<sup>1</sup> no distresse,  
 But euery thought is paid with heauinesse. /

*Na[no].* Too much of wearie: madame, if you please,

Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your ease.

*Doro.* How looke I, *Nano*? like a man or no?

*Nano.* If not a man, yet like a manlie shrowe.<sup>2</sup> 1860

*Doro.* If any come and meete vs on the way,  
 What should we do, if they inforce vs stay? [field:

*Na[no].* Set cap ahuffe, and challenge him the  
 Suppose the worfe, the weake may fight to yeeld.

*Dorot.* The battaile *Nano*, in this troubled minde,  
 Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.  
 The bodie's wounds by medicines may be eased,  
 But griefes of mindes by salues are not appeased.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce 'wanteth'—not so good.

<sup>2</sup> = shrew.

*Na[no]*. Say Madame, will you heare your  
*Nano* sing?

*Dor.* Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing. 1870

*Na[no]*. What, if I sing of fancie, will it please?

*Dor.* To such as hope successe such noats breede  
 ease. [sheepe?

*Na[no]*. What, if I sing like *Damon*, to my

*Dor.* Like *Phillis*, I will sit me downe to weepe.

*Na[no]*. Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure  
 small,

Ile sit me downe, and sing you none at all.

*Doro.* Oh be not angrie, *Nano*.

*Nano.* Nay, you loath

To thinke on that which doth content vs both.

*Doro.* And<sup>1</sup> how?

*Nano.* You scorne desport when you are wearie, 1880  
 And loath my mirth, who liue to make you merry.

*Doro.* Danger and fear withdraw me from  
 delight. [spight.

*Na[no]*. 'Tis vertue to contemne fals[e] Fortunes

*Do[r]*. What shuld I do to please thee, friendly  
 squire?

*Na[no]*. A smile a day is all I will require :  
 And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,  
 Ile kill this curfed care, or else beshrowe me. /

*Dor.*<sup>2</sup> We are descried ; Oh *Nano*, we are dead.

<sup>1</sup> = 'An' : Dyce queries 'As'?

<sup>2</sup> 4to misprints 'Doug . . . Mano.'



*Enter Iaques, his sword drawne.*

Nano. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead 1890  
indeed.

Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand,  
And I will seek for rescue out of hand.<sup>1</sup> [death.

Dor. Run, Nano runne, preuent thy Princef[se]  
Na[no]. Feare not, Ile run all danger out of  
breath. [Exit.

Iaq. Ah you calleta,<sup>2</sup> you strumpet: *la Maîtresse*  
*Doretie, êtes vous surprise?* Come, say your  
pater noster, *car vous êtes morte, par ma foy.*

Do[r]. Callest<sup>3</sup> me strumpet, catiue as thou art?  
[I'm no strumpet] but euen a princeffe born,  
Who scorne[s] thy threats— 1900

Shall neuer French man say, an English mayd  
Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

Iaq. You no *dites* *votres prières?* *morbleu,*  
*mechante femme,*<sup>4</sup> *guarda* your bresta there: me  
make you die on my morglay.<sup>5</sup> [wife,

Doro. God sheeld me, haplesse princef[se] and a  
And faue my soule, altho I loose my life.

*They fight, and shee is fore wounded.*

<sup>1</sup> 4to gives this line to Dorothea.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* misprints '*calletta* . . . *ta Matresse Doretie este, vous surprisus*'  
and '*est mort.*'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* '*callet*': Dyce's emendation accepted. Of course in '*calletta*'  
he simply uses his (absurdly) favourite Italianate '*a*,' We might read  
'*Callet! me strumpet!*'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* misprints '*vostre prieges, vrbleme merchants famme.*'

<sup>5</sup> See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

Ah I am flaine : some piteous power repay  
This murtherers curfed deed, that doth me flay. 1910

*Iaq. Elle est toute morte : me will runne pour a  
wager, for feare me be surpris and pendu for my  
labour. Bien, je m'en allerai au roy lui dire mes  
affaires. Je serai un cheualier for this daies tra-  
uaile.<sup>1</sup>* *Exit.*

*Enter Nano S[ir] Cut[h]bert Anderson, his sword  
drawne [and Seruants].*

*S. Cuth.* Where is this poore distressed gentle-  
man? [the death.

*Nano.* Here laid on ground, and wounded to  
Ah gentle heart, how are these beautious lookes 1920  
Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death :  
Oh wearie foule, breake thou from forth my brest,  
And ioyne thee with the foule I honoured most.

*S. Cuth.* Leaue mourning friend ; the man is  
yet aliue.

Some helpe me to conuey him to my house ; /  
There will I see him carefully recured,<sup>2</sup> [therer.  
And fend [forth] priuie searck to catch the mur-

*Nano.* The God of heauen reward the[e],  
curteous knight !

[*Exeunt. And they beare out Dorothea.*

<sup>1</sup> 4to French again bad : e.g., 'mort . . . par . . . surpryses Be in  
Je meu vlera . . . auy cits me Je ferra vn chivalier.'

<sup>2</sup> = recovered.

## [SCENE V.]

*Enter the King of Scots, Iaques, Ateukin, Andrew ;* 1931

*Iaques running with his sword one way, the  
King with his traine an other way.*

*K. of S.* Stay *Iaques*, feare not ; sheath thy  
murthering blade :

Loe here thy King and friends are come abroad  
To saue thee from the terrors of pursuite :  
What, is she dead ?

*Iaq.* *Oui, Monsieur, elle is blessée par la tête over  
les épaules :*<sup>1</sup> I warrant, she no trouble you.

*Ateu.* Oh then my liege, how happie art thou 1940  
growne,

How fauoured of the heauens, and blest by loue :

Mee thinkes I see faire *Ida* in thine armes,

Crauing remission for her late contempt<sup>2</sup> ;

Mee thinkes<sup>3</sup> I see her blushing steale a kisse,

Vniting both your soules by such a sweete,

And you, my King, suck Nectar from her lips.

Why then delaies your grace to gaine the rest

You long desired ? why loose we forward time ?

Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage :

If she deny your fauour, let me die.

1950

<sup>1</sup> 4to again bad French, '*Wee . . . . blesse . . . . per lake teste . . . .  
oues espaules.*' As shown by the ' ' of 4to '*tête*', the word was origin-  
ally '*teste*,' and is so spelled in Cotgrave, who does not give '*tête*,' but  
only '*tete*,' a 'pap' or 'teat.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'attempt' : Dyce's emendation accepted.

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'thinke.

*Andr.* Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare at his natiuitie, that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of the Thracian stone; for who toucheth it, is exempted from griefe, and he that heareth my Maister's counsell, is alreadie possessed of happinesse; nay, which is more myraculous, as the Nobleman in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme of Bees laid honey on his lippes in token of his eloquence, for *melle dulcior*<sup>1</sup> 1960  
*fluit oratio.*

*Ateu.* Your grace must beare with imperfections: This is exceeding loue that makes him speake. /

*K. of S. Ateukin,* I am rauisht in conceit,  
And yet depreßt againe with earnest thoughts.  
Me thinkes, this murther foundeth in mine eare  
A threatning noyse of dire and sharp reuenge:  
I am incenst with greefe, yet faine would ioy.  
What may I do to end me of these doubts?

*Ateu.* Why Prince, it is no murther in a King, 1970  
To end an others life to faue his owne:  
For you are not as common people bee,  
Who die and perish with a few men's<sup>2</sup> teares;  
But if you faile, the state doth whole default,  
The Realme is rent in twaine, in such a losse;  
And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true,  
Of euills need[ful]<sup>3</sup> we must chuse the least:

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'dulcier.'<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'mans.'<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'needs.'

Then better were it that a woman died  
 Then all the helpe of *Scotland* should be blent.  
 Tis pollicie, my liege, in euerie state, 1980  
 To cut off members that disturbe the head :  
 And<sup>1</sup> by corruption generation growes,  
 And contraries maintaine the world and state.

*K. of S.* Enough, I am confirmed. *Atcukin*, come,  
 Rede<sup>2</sup> me of loue, and rid me of my greefe ;  
 Driue thou the tyrant from this tainted brest,  
 Then may I triumph in the height of ioy.  
 Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that I vowe  
 To raise her head, and make her honours great :  
 Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire 1990  
 Shall be embellished<sup>3</sup> with orient pearles,  
 And Crownes of Saphyrs, compassing her browes,  
 Shall warre<sup>4</sup> with those sweete beauties of her  
 eyes:

Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that my foule  
 Shall keepe her semblance closed in my brest ;  
 And I, in touching of her milke-white mould,  
 Will thinke me deified in such a grace :  
 I like no stay ; go write, and I will signe : /  
 Reward me *Iaques* ; giue him store of Crowne[s].  
 And, firrha *Andrew*, scout thou here in Court, 2000  
 And bring me tydings, if thou canst perceiue  
 The least intent of muttering in my traine ;

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'as' !<sup>2</sup> 4to misprints 'rid.'<sup>3</sup> 4to misprints 'embolished.'<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'weare.'

For either those that wrong thy Lord, or thee,  
Shall suffer death.

*Ateu.* How much, ô mightie king,  
Is thy *Ateukin* bound to honour thee: [knees;  
Bowe thee [then], *Andrew*, bend thine sturdie  
Seest thou not here thine onely God on earth?

[*Exit the King.*<sup>1</sup>

*Iaq.* *Mais ou est mon argent, seigneur?*<sup>2</sup>

*Ateu.* Come, follow me.—[*Aside.*] His graue, I 2010  
fee, is made,  
That thus 'on fuddain he hath left vs here.—  
Come, *Iaques*: we will haue our packet soone dis-  
patcht,

And you shall be my mate vpon the way.

*Iaq.* *Comme vous plaira, monsieur.*<sup>3</sup> [*Exeunt.*

*Andr.* Was neuer such a world I thinke before,  
When sinners seeme to daunce within a net:  
The flatterer and murtherer, they grow big;  
By hooke or crooke promotion now is fought.  
In such a world, where men are so misled,  
What should I do, but, as the Prouerbe saith, 2020  
Runne with the Hare, and hunt [too] with the  
Hound?

To haue two meanes befeemes a wittie man:  
Now here in Court I may aspire and clime

<sup>1</sup> 4to misplaces this stage direction five lines above. *Ateukin* was not the man to waste uselesse flattery on an absent king.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce rightly alters from '*Signior*,' and so perhaps '*signior*' before should not be '*signior*' but '*seigneur*.' <sup>3</sup> 4to 'come . . . plora.'

By subtiltie before<sup>1</sup> my maisters death :  
 And if that faile, well fare an other drift ;  
 I will, in secreet, certaine letters fend  
 Vnto the English King, and let him know  
 The order of his daughters ouerthrow,<sup>2</sup>  
 That if my maister crack his credit here,  
 As I am fure long flattery cannot hold, 2030  
 I may haue meanes within the English Court  
 To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice.

*Exit. /*

*Chorus. Enter Bohan and Obiron.*

*Ober.* Beleue me, bonny Scot, these strange euentis  
 Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

*Boha.* Else say that *Bohan* hath a barren skull,  
 If better motions yet then any past  
 Do not more gree<sup>3</sup> to make the fairie greet.  
 But my small son made prittie handsome shift 2040  
 To faue the Queene, his Mistresse, by his speed.

*Obiro.* Yea, [and] yon<sup>4</sup> lad[d]ie, for his sport  
 he made,  
 Shall see, when least he hopes, Ile stand his friend,  
 Or else hee capers in a halters end.

*Boha.* What, hang my son? I trow not, *Obiran* :  
 Ile rather die then see him woe begun.

<sup>1</sup> 4to misprints 'for' ; Dyce's emendation accepted, though not by himself, in text.

<sup>2</sup> 4to misprints 'ouerthtow.'

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'glee' : =agree, and 'greet' =sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Yea, you Ladie for his sport,' etc. Dyce annotates, "Oberon alludes to Slipper."

*Enter a rownd, or some daunce at Pleasure.*

*Ober.* Bohan, be pleafd, for, do they what they will,  
Heere is my hand, Ile faue thy fon from ill. *Exit.*

*Actus Quintus. Schena Prima.* 2050

*Enter the Queene in a nightgowne, Ladie Anderson,  
and Nano.*

*La[dy] And.* My gentle friend, beware, in  
taking aire,  
Your walkes growe not offensiue to your woundes.

*Do.* Madame, I thank you of your courteous care:  
My woundes are well nigh clof'd, tho fore they are.

*L. And.* Me thinks these closed woundes should  
breed more grieffe,  
Since open woundes haue cure, and find reliefe.

*Dor.* Madame, if vndiscovered woundes you  
meane,  
They are not curde, because they are not feene. 2060  
*L. And.* I meane the woundes which do the  
heart subdue.

*Nano.* Oh that is loue: Madame, speake I not  
true?

[*Ladie Anderson ouerheares.*

*La. And.* Say it were true, what falue for such  
a fore?

*Nano.* Be wife, and shut such neighbours out of  
dore.



*La. And.* How / if I cannot driue him from my  
brest? [his best.

*Nano.* Then chaine him well, and let him do  
[*Enter Sir C. at the side vnseen overhearing.*

*S. Cutb.* [*aside.*] In ripping vp their wounds, I  
see their wit ;

But if these woundes be cured, I sorrow it. 2070

*Doro.* Why are you so intentiue to behold  
My pale and wofull lookes, by care controld ?

*La. And.* Because in them a readie way is found  
To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

*Nano.* Good Maister, shut your eyes, keepe that  
conceit :

Surgeons giue *Quoine* to get a good receipt.

*Doro.* Peace, wanton son : this Ladie did amend  
My woundes: mine eyes her hidden grieve shall end:  
Looke not too much, it is a waightie case.

*Nano.* Whereas a man puts on a maidens face, 2080  
For many times, if Ladies ware<sup>1</sup> them not,  
A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

*S. Cutb.* [*aside.*] Ile breake off their dispute,  
least loue proceed  
From couert smiles to perfect loue indeed.

*Comes forward.*

*Nano.* The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee  
still. [will.

*L. And.* Tut, wee can flie such cats, when so we

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'weare.'

*S. Cutb.* How fares my guest? take cheare,  
 nought shall default,  
 That eyther doth concerne your health or ioy;  
 Vse me, my house, and what is mine is yours. 2090  
*Doro.* Thankes, gentle knight; and if all hopes  
 be true,

I hope ere long to do as much for you.

*S. Cutb.* Your vertue doth acquite me of that  
 doubt:

But courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,  
 I must to *Edenbourg*, vnto the king, [warres.—  
 There to take charge, and waight him in his  
 Meane while, good Madame, take this squire in  
 charge,

And vse him so as if it were my selfe.

*L. And.* Sir *Cutbert*, doubt not of my dilligence:  
 Meane while, till your returne, God send you health. 2100

*Doro.* God bleffe his grace, and, if his cause be iust,  
 Prosper his warres: if not, hee'l mend, I trust:  
 Good/sir, what mooues the king to fall to armes?

*S. Cutb.* The king of England forrageth his land,  
 And hath besieged *Dunbar*<sup>1</sup> with mightie force.

*Doro.* What other newes<sup>2</sup> are common in the  
 Court?

*Sir Cutb.* [*giving letters to Lady Anderson.*]  
 Reade you these letters, Madame; tell the squire  
 The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'Dambac.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* gives this line to Sir Cuthbert.

*Doro.* God prosper you, and bring you backe 2110  
from thence :

*Exit [Sir Cuthbert Anderson].*

Madame, what newes?

*La. And.* They say the Queene is flaine.

*Doro.* Tut, such reports more false then trueth  
containe. [leau him.

*L. And.* But these reports haue made his Nobles

*Doro.* Ah carelesse men, and would they so  
deceiue him? [the crosse ;

*La. And.* The land is spoylde, the commons fear  
All crie against the king, their cause of losse :  
The English king subdues and conquers all.

*Doro.* Ahlasse, this warre growes great, on causes  
small.

*L. And.* Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone, 2120  
Still dreading death.

*Doro.* Woes *me*, for him I moane :  
Helpe [me] now helpe [me, for] a suddaine qualme  
Affayles my heart.

*Nano.* Good Madame, stand his<sup>1</sup> friend :  
Giue vs some licor to refresh his heart.

*L. And.* Daw thou him vp,<sup>2</sup> and I will fetch  
thee foorth

Potions of comfort, to reprels his paine. *Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes, "The 4to 'her,' the transcriber perhaps having forgot that Dorothea is disguised as a man."

<sup>2</sup> "i.e. revive, resuscitate. The 4to, 'Daw thou *her* vp,' and in the next line, '*her* paine.'"—Dyce.

*Nano.* Fie, Princeſſe, faint on euery fond report :  
 How well-nigh had you opened your eſtate :  
 Couer theſe ſorrowes with the vaile of ioy,  
 And hope the beſt ; for why this warre will cauſe 2130  
 A great repentance in your huſbands minde.

*Doro.* Ah *Nano*, trees liue not without their ſap,  
 And *Clytia*<sup>1</sup> cannot bluſh but on the ſunne ;  
 The thirſtie earth is broke with many a gap,  
 And lands are leane where riuers do not runne : /  
 Where foule is reft from that it loueth beſt,  
 How can it thriue or boaſt of quiet reſt ?  
 Thou knoweſt the Princes loſſe muſt be my death,  
 His griefe, my griefe ; his miſchiefe muſt be mine :  
 Oh if thou loue me, *Nano*, high to court, 2140  
 Tell *Roffe*, tell *Bartram*, that I am aliue ;  
 Conceale thou yet the place of my abode :  
 Will them,<sup>2</sup> euen as they loue their Queene,  
 As they are charie of my foule and ioy,  
 To guard the King, to ſerue him as my Lord.  
 Haſte thee, good *Nano*, for my huſbands care  
 Conſumeth mee, and wounds mee to the heart.

*Nano.* Madame I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

*Dor.* Go thou with ſpeed : euen as thou holdſt  
 me deare,

Returne in haſte.

*Exit* [*Nano*]. 2150

<sup>1</sup> = Clytie.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries “ ‘ *But* will them,’ or ‘ *And* will them ’— ‘ will them,  
*i.e.* deſire them.”

*Enter Ladie Anderson.*

*L. An.* Now fir, what cheare? come tast this  
broth I bring.

*Doro.* My griefe is past, I feele no further sting.

*L. And.* Where is your dwarfe? why hath hee  
left you fir?

*Doro.* For some affaires: hee is not traueled  
farre.

*L. And.* If so you please, come in and take your  
rest.

*Doro.* Feare keeps awake a discontented brest.  
*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

*After a solemne seruice, enter, from the widdowes* 2160  
*[Countess of Arran] house, a seruice, muscal*  
*songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie*  
*triumph you list: to them Ateukin and [his]*  
*Gnato [= Iaques].*<sup>1</sup>

*Ate.* What means this triumph, frend? why are  
these feasts?

*Serui.* Faire *Ida* fir, was married yesterday  
Vnto fir *Eustace*, and for that intent  
Wee feast and sport it thus to honour them:  
An if you please, come in and take your part;  
My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare. / 2170

*[Exit with other Reuellers.]*

<sup>1</sup> Dyce reads, 'After a solemn service enter, from the Countess of Arran's house, a band of Reuellers,' etc.

*Iaq. Monseigneur, why be you so fadda? faites bonne chere: foutre de ce monde!*<sup>1</sup>

*Ateu.* What, was I borne to be the scorn of  
To gather feathers like to<sup>2</sup> hopper-crowe, [kinne?  
And loose them in the height of all my pompe?  
Accursed man, now is my credite lost:  
Where is my vowes I made vnto the king?  
What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare  
That I haue causde him kill a vertuous Queene, 2180  
And hope in vaine for that which now is lost?  
Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens  
Are iust, and will reuenge; I know my finnes  
Exceede compare.—Should I proceed in this?  
This *Eustace* must a main<sup>3</sup> be made away:  
Oh were I dead, how happy should I bee.

*Iaq. Est ce donc à tel point votre état*<sup>4</sup>? faith,  
then, adeiu, *Scotland*, adeiu, Signior *Ateukin*: me  
will homa to *France*, and no be hanged in a  
strange country. *Exit.* 2190

*Ateu.* Thou doest me good to leaue me thus alone,  
That galling grieffe and I may yoake in one.  
Oh what are subtile meanes to clime on high  
When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame?  
I promist *Idaes* loue vnto the Prince,  
But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne:

<sup>1</sup> 4to reads, 'Monseigneur . . . fette bon chere fontre.'

<sup>2</sup> I remove a superfluous 'a' before 'hopper-crowe.'

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'a man.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'donque a tell poynt vostre estat.'

I practif'd *Dorotheas* hapleffe death,  
 And by this practife haue commenft a warre.  
 Oh curfed race of men, that traficque guile,  
 And in the end themfelues and kings beguile : 2200  
 Aſhamde to looke vpon my Prince againe ;  
 Aſhamde of my ſuggeſtions and aduiſe ;  
 Aſhamde of life ; aſhamde that I haue erde ;  
 Ile hide my ſelfe, expecting for my ſhame.  
 Thus God doth worke with thoſe that purchaſe fame  
 By flattery, and make their Prince their gaine.<sup>1</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

## [SCENE III.]

*Enter the King of England, Lord Percey, Samles,  
 and others. /* 2210

*K. of Eng.*<sup>2</sup> Thus farre, ye<sup>3</sup> Engliſh Peeres, haue  
 we diſplayde

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'gaine'—I cannot accept Dyce's reading ('game'), as Greene was not at all particular as to rhyme, and 'gaine' yields a rather better and more ſuitable meaning.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "To the ſpeeches of the King of England throughout this ſcene is prefixed 'Arius.' 'It is a ſingular circumſtance,' ſays Mr. Collier, 'that the King of England, who forms one of the characters in this play, is called *Arius*, as if Greene at the time he wrote had ſome ſcruple in naming Henry VIII., on account of the danger of giving offence to the Queen and court' (*Hiſt. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 161. But it is only in the preſent ſcene that the King of England is called 'Arius'; and in a ſtage-direction to an earlier ſcene (p. 200, ſec. col.) the 4to gives the name 'Arius' when the King of England cannot be meant." But 'Arius' before ſeems an error, as he never ſpeaks.

<sup>3</sup> 4to, 'the,' becauſe written 'y' = the.

Our wauing Ensignes with a happy warre ;  
 Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde  
 My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot.  
 And now before *Dambar*<sup>1</sup> our campe is pitcht ;  
 Which, if it yeeld not to our compromise,<sup>2</sup>  
 The plough<sup>3</sup> shall furrow where the pallace stood,  
 And furie shall enioy<sup>4</sup> so high a power  
 That mercie shall bee banisht from our swords.

[*Enter Douglas and others on the walls.*] 2220

*Doug.* What seekes the English King ?

*K. of Eng.* Scot, open those gates, and let me  
 enter in :

Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,  
 Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,  
 And lay this cittie leuell with the ground.

*Doug.* For what offence? for what default of  
 ours ?

Art thou incenst so fore against our state?  
 Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne  
 To pray on those that neuer did offend ?  
 What though the Lyon (king of brutish race) 2230  
 Through outrage sinne, shall lambes be therefore  
 flaine ?

Or is it lawfull that the humble die  
 Because the mightie do gainfay the right ?

<sup>1</sup> = Dunbar, still locally 'Dumbar.'

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'place.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'compromise.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'enuy.'



O English King, thou bearest in thy crest<sup>1</sup>  
 The King of beasts, that harmes not yeelding ones :  
 The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field,  
 A signe of peace, not of reuenging warre.  
 Be gracious, then, vnto this little towne ;  
 And, tho we haue withstood thee for a while  
 To shew alleageance to our liefest liege, 2240  
 Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe,  
 Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld our selues.

*K. of Eng.* What, shall I enter then, and be your  
 Lord ?

*Doug.* We will submit vs to the English king.

*They descend downe, open the gates, and humble  
 them.*<sup>2</sup>

*K. of Eng.* Now life and death dependeth on  
 my sword : /

This hand now reard, my *Douglas*, if I list,  
 Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine,  
 But since I see thee wise and olde in yeares, 2250  
 True to thy king, and faithfull in his warres,  
 Liue thou and thine. *Dambar* is too too small  
 To giue an entrance to the English king :  
 I, Eaglelike, disdaine these little foules,  
 And looke on none but those that dare resist.  
 Enter your towne, as those that liue by me :

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'breft.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes to 'themselves' needlessly, 'humble them' being  
 a reflective verb.

For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle :  
 Mine English souldiers, as you loue your king,  
 Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

*Exeunt.* 2260

[SCENE IV.]

*Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Diuine.*

*Lawyer.* My friends, what thinke you of this  
 present state ?

Were euer seene such changes in a time ?  
 The manners and the fashions of this age  
 Are, like the *Ermine* skinne, so full of spots,  
 As soone[r] may the Moore bee washed white,  
 Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

*Merch.* What fees mas<sup>1</sup> Lawyer in this state  
 amisse ?

*Law.* A wresting power that makes a nose of  
 wax

2270

Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtile drift,  
 In all estates to clime by others losse,  
 An eager thrift<sup>2</sup> of wealth, forgetting trueth :  
 Might I ascend vnto the highest states,  
 And by discent discover euery crime,  
 My friends, I should lament, and you would greeue  
 To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

*Diu.* O Lawyer, thou haste curious eyes to prie  
 Into the secret maimes of their estate ;

<sup>1</sup> = Master.

<sup>2</sup> = thirst.

But if thy vaile of error were vnmaskt, 2280  
 Thy selfe should see your sect, do maime her most.  
 Are you not those that should maintaine the peace,  
 Yet onely are the patrones of our strife? /  
 If your profession haue his ground and spring  
 First from the lawes of God, then countries right,  
 Not any waies inuerting natures power,  
 Why thriue you by contentions? why deuise you  
 Clawfes and subtil reasons to except?  
 Our state was first, before you grew so great,  
 A Lanterne to the world for vnitie : 2290  
 Now they that are befriended, and are rich  
 Oppresse<sup>1</sup> the poore: come *Homer* without quoine,  
 He is not heard: What shall we terme this drift?  
 To say the poore mans cause is good and iust,  
 And yet the rich man gaines the best in lawe :  
 It is your guise (the more the world laments)  
 To quoine *prouisoers* to beguile your lawes,  
 To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,  
 When you delay your common-pleas for yeares.  
 Mark what these dealings lately here haue 2300  
 wrought :  
 The craftie men haue purchaste great mens lands :  
 They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone:  
 If these complaine, by you they are vndone :  
 You fleese them of their quoine, their children beg,  
 And many want, because you may bee rich :

<sup>1</sup> 4to Or presse.

This scarre is mightie, maister Lawyer.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now war<sup>2</sup> hath gotten head within this land,  
 Marke but the guife. The poore man that is  
 Is readie to rebell ; hee spoyles, he pilles ; [wrongd  
 We need no foes to forrage that wee haue : 2310  
 The lawe (fay they) in peace confumed vs,  
 And now in warre we will confume the lawe,  
 Looke to this mischiefe, Lawyers: conscience knowes  
 You liue amiffe ; amend it, least you end.

*Law.* Good Lord, that these<sup>3</sup> diuines should see  
 so farre

In others faults, without amending theirs?  
 Sir, fir, the generall defaults in state, /  
 (If you would read before you did correct)  
 Are, by a hidden working from aboue,  
 By their successeiue changes still remoud.<sup>4</sup> 2320  
 Were not the lawe by contraries maintaine,  
 How could the trueth from falsehood be discernde?  
 Did wee not taste the bitterneffe of warre,  
 How could wee know the sweet effects of peace?  
 Did wee not fee the nipping winter frostes,  
 How should we know the sweetnesse of the spring?  
 Should all things still remaine in one estate,  
 Should not in greatest arts some scarres be found?  
 Were all vpright and changd, what world were this?

<sup>1</sup> "Here 'Lawyer' is a trisyllable (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 177)." — *Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'man.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'their.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'remainde.'

A *Chaos*, made of quiet, yet no world ; 2330  
 Because the parts thereof, did still accord :  
 This matter craues a variance, not a speech.  
 But fir Diuine, to you : looke on your maimes,  
 Diuisions, sects, your simonies,<sup>1</sup> and bribes,  
 Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall ;  
 You shall perceiue you are the cause of all.  
 Did each man know there were a storme at hand,  
 Who would not cloath him well, to shun the wet ?  
 Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the least,  
 Know what were sinne, without a partiall glose, 2340  
 Wee[d] need no long discouery<sup>2</sup> then of crimes,  
 For each would mend, aduise by holy men :  
 Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your sinnes ;  
 But if they were depainted out for life,  
 Alasse, wee both had wounds inough to heale.

*Merch.* None of you both, I see, but are in fault ;  
 Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.  
 This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do ;  
 But wee may say, Physitian, mend thy selfe.  
 This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke ; 2350  
 But all are words, I see no deeds of woorth.

*Law.* Good Merchant, lay your fingers on your  
 mouth ; /.  
 Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe.

<sup>1</sup> 4to misprints 'summonies.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce over-boldly changes to 'discourfing' : the text is equivalent to that, and is more Greeneian.

What should I terme your state, but euen the way  
 To euery ruine in this Common-weale ?  
 You bring vs in the meanes of all excesse,  
 You rate it and retail<sup>1</sup> it as you please ;  
 You sweare, forswear, and all to compasse wealth ;  
 Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen ;  
 You are the groundworke of contention. 2360  
 Firſt heedleſſe youth by you is ouerreacht ;  
 Wee are corrupted by your many crownes ;  
 The Gentlemen, whoſe titles you haue bought,  
 Loofe all their fathers toyle within a day,  
 Whilſt *Hob* your ſon, and *Sib* your nutbrowne  
     childe,  
 Are Gentlefolkes, and Gentles are beguilde.  
 This makes ſo many Noble mindes<sup>2</sup> to ſtray,  
 And take finiſter courſes in the ſtate.

*Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* My friends, begone, and if you loue your 2370  
     liues ;  
 The King of England marcheth heere at hand :  
 Enter the campe, for feare you bee ſurpriſde.  
*Diuine.* Thankes, gentle ſcout.—God mend that  
     is amiſſe,  
 And place true zeale whereas corruption is !

*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'retalde.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'maides.'

## [SCENE V.]

*Enter Dorothea [in man's apparel], Ladie Anderson,  
and Nano.*

*Doro.* What newes in Court, *Nano*? let vs  
know it. [shew it ;

*Nano.* If so you please, my Lord, I straight will 2380  
The English king hath all the borders spoyld,  
Hath taken *Morton* prisoner, and hath slaine  
Seuen thousand Scottish lads<sup>1</sup> not farre from Tweed.

*Doro.* A wofull murther and a bloodie deed.

*Nano.* The king,<sup>2</sup> our liege, hath sought by many  
For to appease his enemy by prayers : [meanes  
Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore  
Faure *Dorothea*, long supposed dead :  
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,  
That who so euer returne the Queene to Court 2390  
Shall haue a thousand Markes for his reward.

*L. And.* He / loues her, then, I see, altho inforst,  
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her :  
Why fit you sad, good fir? be not dismaide.

*Na.* Ile lay my life, this man would be a maide.

*Dor.* [*aside.*] Faine would I shewe my selfe, and  
change my tire.

[*Lady*] *And.* Whereon diuine you fir?

*Na.* Vppon desire

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'Lords.' "Corrected by Mr. Collier, Introd. to *The Tempest*,  
p. 11, *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858."—*Dyce*. <sup>2</sup> 4to 'Thinking.'

Madam, marke but my skill, Ile lay my life,  
My maister here will prooue a married wife.

*Doro.* [*afide to N.*] Wilt thou bewray me *Nano*?

*Nano.* [*afide to Q. D.*] Madam, no : 2400

[*Aloud.*] You are a man, and like a man you goe :  
But I that am in speculation seene<sup>1</sup>

Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

*Dor.* [*afide to N.*] Thou art not dwarfe, to  
learne thy mistresse mind :

Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind,  
But yet I blush. [than,

*Na.* [*afide to Q. D.*] What blush you, Madam,  
To be yourselfe, who are a fayned man?

Let me alone. [me so?

*La. And.* Deceitfull beautie, hast thou scorn'd

*Nano.* Nay, muse not, madam, for she<sup>2</sup> tels you 2410  
true.

*La. An.* Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred  
my shame.

*N[ano].* And womens faces work more wrongs  
then these :

Take comfort, Madam, to cure [y]our<sup>3</sup> disease,  
And yet he loues a man as well as you,  
Onely this difference, he<sup>4</sup> cannot fancie two.

<sup>1</sup> = skilled.

<sup>2</sup> "The 4to '*maiden*, for *she*.' I hardly understand this ; and perhaps the text here is somewhat mutilated : but it is evident that Lady Anderson has not yet learned the sex of her guest."—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'our.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'she.'



*La. An.* Blush, greeue, and die in thine infaciat  
lust.<sup>1</sup> [friend,

*Do.* Nay, liue, and ioy that thou hast won a  
That loues thee as his life by go[o]d desert.

*La. An.* I ioy, my Lord, more then my tongue  
Though<sup>2</sup> not as I desir'd, I loue you well; [can tell : 2420  
But modestie, that neuer blusht before,  
Discouer my false heart: I say no more. /  
Let me alone.

*Doro.* Good *Nano*, stay awhile.  
Were I not sad, how kindlie could I smile,  
To see how faine I am to leaue this weede :  
And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede :  
But danger hates delay, I will be bold.  
Faire lady, I am not, [as you] suppose,  
A man, but euen that Queene, more haplesse I,  
Whom Scottish King appointed had<sup>3</sup> to die : 2430  
I am the haplesse Princeesse for whose right  
These kings in bloudie warres reuenge dispight<sup>4</sup> ;  
I am that *Dorothea* whom they seeke,  
Yours bounden for your kindnesse and releefe ;  
And since you are the meanes that saue my life,  
Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire,  
Whereas your husband shal enioy reward,  
And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

<sup>1</sup> These two speeches of Lady Anderson were doubtless spoken to herself, and perhaps also the other before.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'Although.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'hath.'

<sup>4</sup> = avenge?

[*La.*] *An.* Pardon, most gracious Princeſſe, if you  
My rude diſcourſe and homelie entertaine ; [*pleaſe, 2440*  
And if my words may fauour any worth,  
Vouchſafe my counſaile in this waightie cauſe :  
Since that our liege hath ſo vnkindly dealt,  
Giue him no truſt, returne vnto your ſyre ;  
There may you ſafelie liue in ſpight of him.

*Doro.* Ah Ladie, ſo wold worldly counſell work ;  
But conſtancie, obedience, and my loue,  
In that my huſband is my Lord and chiefe,  
Theſe call me to compaſſion of his ſtate<sup>1</sup> :  
Diſſwade me not, for vertue will not change. 2450

[*La.*] *An.* What woonderous conſtancie is this I  
heare :

If Engliſh dames their huſbands loue ſo deer,  
I feare me, in the world they haue no peere.

*Na.* Come, Princes[ſe] wend, and let vs change  
your weede :

I long to ſee you now a Queene indeed. *Exeunt./*

# [SCENE VI.]

*Enter the King of Scots, the Engliſh Herauld,  
& Lords.*

*K. of S.* He would haue parly Lords :—Herauld,  
ſay he ſhall,

And get thee gone : goe, leaue me to my ſelfe. 2460 . . . .

*Exit Herauld.—Lords retire.*

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'eſtate.'

'Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres ;  
 The one assures me of my *Idaes* loue,  
 The other moues me for my murthred Queene :  
 Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy,  
 And doubt in greateft hope, and death in weale.  
 Ahlaffe, what hell may be compared with mine,  
 Since in extreames my comforts do confift ?  
 Warre then will ceafe, when dead ones are reuiued ;  
 Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope. 2470  
 Who doth difturbe me? *Andrew* ?

*Andrew enter[s] with Slipper.*

*Andr.* I, my liege.

*K. of S.* What newes ?

*Andr.* I think my mouth was made at firft  
 To tell thefe tragique tales, my liefest Lord. [worft.

*K. of S.* What, is *Ateukin* dead ? tell me the

*Andr.* No, but your *Ida*—[and] fhall I tell him  
 Is married late (ah, fhall I fay to whom ?) [all?—  
 My maifter fad (for why he fhames the Court) 2480  
 Is fled away ; ah moft vnhappie flight.

Onelie my felfe, ah, who can loue you more ?

To fhew my dutie, (dutie paft beliefe)

Am come vnto your grace, (Oh gracious liege)

To let you know,—Oh would it weare not thus !

That loue is vain, and maids foone loft and wonne.

*K. of S.* How haue the partial heauens, thē,  
 dealt with me,

Boading my weale, for to abase my power ?  
 Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppresse?  
 Iniurious loue is partiall in<sup>1</sup> my right, 2490  
 And flattering tongues, by whom I was misled,  
 Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state and me.  
 Methinkes I heare my *Dorotheas* goast /  
 Howling reuenge for my accursed hate :  
 The goasts<sup>2</sup> of those my subiects that are flaine  
 Pursue me, crying out, woe, woe to lust :  
 The foe pursues me at my pallace doore,  
 He breakes my rest, and spoyles me in my Camp.  
 Ah, flattering broode of *Sicophants*, my foes :  
 First shall my dire reuenge begin on you : 2500  
 I will reward thee *Andrew*.

*Slip*. Nay sir, if you be in your deeds of  
 charitie remember me. I rubd M[after] *Ateukins*  
 horse heeles when he rid to the medowes.

*K. of S.* And thou shalt haue thy recompente  
 for that.—

Lords, beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,  
 Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

*And*. If so your grace in such fort giue rewards,  
 Let me haue nought ; I am content to want.

*Slip*. Then, I pray sir, giue me all ; I am as 2510  
 ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide ;  
 spare not me sir. [the King]

*K. of S.* Then hang them both as traitors to

<sup>1</sup> = to?

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'gifts.'

*Slip.* The case is altered fir : Ile none of your gifts. What, I take a reward at your hands, Maister? faith fir no : I am a man of a better conscience. [away.]

*K of S.* Why dallie you? go draw them hence

*Slip.* Why, alas fir, I will go away. I thanke you gentle friends ; I pray you spare your pains : 2520  
I will not trouble his honors maisterhip ; Ile run away.

*K. of S.* Why stay you? moue me not. Let search be made

For vile *Ateukin* : who so findes him out  
Shall haue five hundreth markes for his reward.  
Away with the[m].<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Oberon<sup>2</sup> and Antiques, and carrie away the  
Clowne [Slipper] ; he makes mops,<sup>3</sup> and sports,  
and scornes. [Andrew is removed.]*

Lords, troop about my tent ; 2530

<sup>1</sup> 4to “ ‘Away with the Lords troupes about my tent’ ; and it makes Oberon and the Antics enter too soon (the stage-directions in our old dramas—which were generally printed from prompters’ copies—being often prematurely marked in order to give the players notice to be in readiness). Oberon had told Bohan that he would save his son on this critical occasion :—

‘*Ober.* Yea, and yon laddy, for the sport he made,  
Shall see, when leaft he hopes, I’ll stand his friend,  
Or else he capers in a halter’s end.

*Boh.* What, hang my son,’ etc.”—*Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> 4to ‘Adam’—probably owing to name of the actor of the part.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* ‘pots.’

Let all our fouldiers stand in battaile ray,  
For, lo, the English to their parley come.

*March ouer brauelie, first the English hoste, the sword  
caried before the King by Percy. The Scottish  
on the other side, with all their pompe brauelie.*

*K. of S.* What seekes the King of England in  
this land ? /

*K. of Eng.* Falso, traiterous Scot, I come for to  
reuenge

My daughters death ; I come to spoyle thy wealth,  
Since thou hast spoyle me of my marriage-ioy ;  
I come to heape thy land with Carkasses, 2540  
That this thy thriftie<sup>1</sup> soyle, choakt vp with blood,  
May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head ;  
I come to quit thy loueleffe loue<sup>2</sup> with death :  
In briebe, no meanes of peace shall ere be found,  
Except I haue my daughter or thy head.

*K. of S.* My head, proud King ? abase thy  
prancking plumes<sup>3</sup> :

So striuiug fondly maieft thou catch thy graue.  
But if true iudgement do direct thy course,

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'thriftie' : old spelling of 'thirsty,' but misprinted with f.

<sup>2</sup> "'quit,' i.e. requite. The 4to 'quit thy loueleffe loue.' Altered to 'lawleffe' by Mr. Collier, Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, etc., p. cxvi."—*Dyce*. But I cannot accept this new reading. As his words, before and after this line, speak only of Dorothea, I retain 'loueleffe loue' as one of Greene's bad-conceited expressions.

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'plaines.'

These lawfull reasons should deuide the warre<sup>1</sup> :  
Faith, not by my consent thy daughter dyed. 2550

*K. of E.* Thou lieft false Scot : thy agēts haue  
cōfessit it.

These are but fond delayes : thou canst not thinke  
A meanes to<sup>2</sup> reconcile me for thy friend.

I haue thy parasites confession pend ;

What then canst thou alleage in thy excuse ?

*K. of S.* I will repay the raunsome for her bloud.

*K. of E.* What ; thinkst thou catiue, I wil fel my  
child ?

No, if thou be a Prince and man at armes,  
In singule combat come and trie thy right,  
Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face. 2560

*K. of S.* I brooke<sup>3</sup> no combat, false iniurious  
King ;

But since thou needlesse art inclinde to warre,  
Do what thou darest ; we are in open field ;  
Arming my<sup>4</sup> battailes I will fight with thee.

*K. of E.* Agreed. Now, trumpets, found a  
dreadfull charge.

Fight for your Princeesse [my] braue Englishmen.

[*K. of S.*] Now for your lands, your children,  
and your wiues,

My Scottish Peeres, and lastly for your King.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries '*This lawful reason should diuert the war*' ?

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'for to.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'tooke.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'thy' : 'battailes' = vanguard, rearguard, and middle host.

<sup>5</sup> Dyce gives these two lines to the King of England.

*Alarũ founted; both the battailes offer to meet, &  
as the Kings are ioyning battaile, enter Sir 2570  
Cutbert [Anderson] and the Lady Cutbert, with  
the Queene Dorothea richly attired, [and Nano].*

*S. Cutb.* Stay, Princes, wage not warre : a priuie  
grudge

Twixt such as you (most high in Maiestie) /  
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.

How many fwordes, deere Princes, see I drawne ?

The friend against his friend, a deadly friend<sup>1</sup> ;

A desperate diuision in those lands

Which, if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.

Oh stay, with reason mittigate your rage ; 2580

And let an old man, humbled on his knees,

Intreat a boone, good Princes, of you both.

*K. of E.* I condiscend, for why thy reuerend  
years

Import some newes of truth and consequence.

*K. of S.* I am content,<sup>2</sup> for *Anderson*, I know :  
Thou art my subiect, and doost meane me good.

*S. Cutb. And.* But by your gracious fauours grant  
me this,

To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.

*K. of E.* See, by my sword, and by a Princes  
faith,

In euery lawfull fort I am thine owne.

2590

<sup>1</sup> Dyce over-licentiously changes to 'fiend.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to gives this line to the King of England.



K. of S. And, by my Scepter and the Scottish  
Crowne

I am resolu'd to grant thee thy request.

[*Sir*] *Cutb.* I see you trust me, Princes, who  
repose

The waight of such a warre vpon my will.

Now marke my fute. A tender Lyons whelp,

This other day, came stragling in the woods,—

Attended by a young and tender hinde,—

In courage hautie,<sup>1</sup> yet tyr'd like a lambe.

The Prince of beafts had left this young in keepe,

To foster vp as louemate and compeere, 2600

Vnto the Lyons mate, a<sup>2</sup> naighbour friend :

This stately guide, seduced by the fox,

Sent forth an eger Woolfe, bred vp in *France*,

That gript the tender whelp, and wounded it.

By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,

I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelp :

I tooke them both, and brought them to my house.

With charie care I haue recorde<sup>3</sup> the one ;

And since I know the lyons are at strife

About the losse and dammage of the young, / 2610

I bring her home : make claime to her who list.

*Hee discouereth her [Queen Dorothea].*

*Doro.* I am the whelp, bred by this Lyon vp,  
This royall English king, my happy fire :

<sup>1</sup> Dyce prints 'haught' needlessly : but I print 'tyr'd' for his 'tyrèd.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* queries 'and' !

<sup>3</sup> = recovered, as before.

Poore *Nano* is the hinde that tended me.  
 My father, Scottish king, gaue me to thee,  
 A haplesse wife : thou, quite misled by youth,  
 Hast fought sinister loues and forraine ioyes.  
 The fox *Ateukin*, curfed Parasite,  
 Incenst your grace to send the wolfe abroad, 2620  
 The French borne *Iaques*, for to end my daies :  
 Hee, traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,  
 And left mee wounded ; where this noble knight  
 Both rescued me and mine, and sau'd my life.  
 Now keep thy promise : *Dorothea* liues ;  
 Giue *Anderson* his due and iust reward :  
 And since you kings, your warres began by me,  
 Since I am safe, returne, surcease your fight.

*K. of S.* Durst I presume to looke vpon those  
 eies

Which I haue tired with a world of woes, 2630  
 Or did I thinke submission were ynough,  
 Or sighes might make an entrance to thy<sup>1</sup> soule ;  
 You heauens, you know how willing I wold weep ;  
 You heauens can tell, how glad I would submit ;  
 You heauens can say, how firmly I would figh.

*Do.* Shame me not Prince, companion in thy bed,  
 Youth hath misled ;—tut, but a little fault :  
 Tis kingly to amend what is amisse.  
 Might I with twise as many paines as these  
 Vnite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord 2640

<sup>1</sup> 4to misprints 'my,' and Dyce follows suit.

See how incesfaunt labours I would take.—

My gracious father, gouerne your affects :

Giue me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,

And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this

[neck],

About the shoulders of my wedded spoufe :

Ah mightie Prince, this king and I am one :

Spoyle / thou his subiects, thou despoylest me ;

Touch thou his brest, thou doest attaint this heart :

Oh bee my father, then, in louing him. [increase,

*K. of Eng.* Thou prouident kinde mother of 2650

Thou must preuaile, ah nature, thou must rule :

Holde daughter, ioyne my hand and his in one ;

I will embrace him for to fauour thee :

I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

*Dor.* Ah royall husband, see what God hath  
wrought !

Thy foe is now thy friend.—Good men-at-armes,

Do you the like. These nations if they ioyne,

What Monarch, with his leigemen, in this world,

Dare but encounter you in open field ?

*K. of S.* Al wisdome ioynde with godly pietie ! 2660

Thou English king, pardon my former youth ;

And pardon, courteous Queen, my great misdeed ;

And, for assurance of mine after life,

I take religious vowes before my God,

To honour thee for father,<sup>1</sup> her for wife.

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'fauour.'

*Sir Cutb.*<sup>1</sup> But yet my boones, good Princes, are  
not past :

First, English king, I humbly do request,  
That by your meanes our Princeesse may vnite  
Her loue vnto mine aldertrueft<sup>2</sup> loue,  
Now you will loue, maintaine, and helpe them both. 2670

*K. of Eng.* Good *Anderson*, I graunt thee thy  
request. [mickle more :

*Sir Cutb.* But you, my Prince, must yelde me  
You know your Nobles are your cheefest staies,  
And long time haue been bannisht from your Court :  
Embrace and reconcile them to your selfe :  
They are your hands, whereby you ought to worke.  
As for *Ateukin* and his lewde compeeres,  
That sooth'd you in your finnes and youthly pompe,  
Exile, torment, and punish such as they ;  
For greater vipers neuer may be found 2680  
Within a state, then such aspiring heads,  
That reck not how they clime, so that they clime./

*K. of S.* Guid Knight, I graunt thy sute.—First  
I submit,  
And humble[y] craue a pardon of your grace.—  
Next, courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues  
Forgiue mine errors past, and pardon mee.  
My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdane,

<sup>1</sup> 4to gives to Lady Anderson this and the next speech of Sir Cuthbert Anderson. On ll. 2667—2689 see annotated Biography in Vol. I.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours),  
 Heereafter, trust me, you are deare to me.  
 As for *Ateukin*, who so findes the man, 2690  
 Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straight be hangd,  
 As all his vaine abettors now are dead.<sup>1</sup>  
 And *Anderson* our Treaasurer shall pay  
 Three thousand Markes for friendly recompence.

*Nano*.<sup>2</sup> But Princes, whilst you friend it thus in  
 one,  
 Me thinks of friendship *Nano* shall haue none.

*Doro*. What would my Dwarfe, that I will not  
 bestow ?

*Nano*. My boone, faire Queen, is this, that you  
 would go :

Altho my bodie is but small and neate,  
 My stomache after toyle, requireth meate : 2700  
 An easie fute, dread Princes[fe] ; will you wend ?

*K. of S.* Art thou a Pigmey borne, my prettie  
 friend ?

*Nano*. Not so, great King, but nature, when she  
 framde me,  
 Was scant of earth, and *Nano* therefore namde me ;  
 And, when she sawe my bodie was so small,  
 She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

<sup>1</sup> 4to, 'As all his vaine arbettors now are diuided.' See Glossarial Index, under '*diuided*.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'L. Andr.'

<sup>3</sup> "To this and the next speech of the King of Scots the 4to prefixes merely 'K.' Part of the text appears to be wanting here."—*Dyce*.

*K.* [*of Scots.*] Till time when ?<sup>3</sup>

*Dor.* Eate then.

*K.* [*of Scots.*] My friend, it stands with wit,  
To take repast when stomache serueth it. 27

*Dor.* Thy pollicie, my *Nano*, shall preuaile.  
Come, royall father, enter we my tent :  
And, souldiers, feast it, frolike it; like friends :  
My Princes, bid this kinde and courteous traine  
Partake some fauours of our late accord.  
Thus warres haue end, and, after dreadfull hate,  
Men learne at last to know their good estate.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

27



IV.

THE COMICALL HISTORIE  
OF ALPHONSUS  
KING OF ARAGON.

1599.



#### NOTE.

I owe continuous thanks to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire for his *unique* exemplar of this Play. See title-page opposite, with its 'Brinted' for 'Printed.' Our present use of 'Comedy' and 'Comical' is misleading. Here the latter is = a spectacular piece, much as Dante so names his tremendous poem a 'Comedy.' Dyce's rule of re-writing stage-directions is peculiarly unhappy in the present Play. I have restored the whole; and they (1) Give a graphic idea of the modes of procedure on the Elizabethan stage, (2) Explain how as a whole this Play is less corrupted than any—*i.e.* as having probably been printed direct from the Author's holograph.

G.



THE  
COMICALL  
HISTORIE OF

Alphonfus, *King of Aragon,*

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted.*

Made by R. G.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede.

1599.





[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>



CARINUS, *the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon.*

ALPHONSUS, *his son.*

FLAMINIUS, *King of Arragon.*

BELINUS, *King of Naples.*

DUKE OF MILAN.

ALBINUS.

FABIUS.

LÆLIUS.

MILES.

AMURACK, *the Great Turk.*

ARCASTUS, *King of the Moors.*

CLARAMONT, *King of Barbary.*

CROCON, *King of Arabia.*

FAUSTUS, *King of Babylon.*

BAJAZET, *a lord.*

*Two Priests of Mahomet.*

*Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.*

FAUSTA, *wife to Amurack.*

•

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce.

IPHIGENA, *her daughter.*

MEDEA,<sup>1</sup> *an enchantress.*

MAHOMET (*speaking from the Brazen Head*).

VENUS.

*The NINE MUSES.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Greene is not the only modern poet who has introduced an enchantress of this name, distinct from the ancient one (see Tasso's *Rinaldo*, Canto x.)"—*Dyce*.



The Comickall Historie of *Alphonfus*,  
King of *Arragon*.

ACT I.

*After you haue sounded thrise,<sup>1</sup> let Venus be let  
downe from the top of the Stage, and when  
she is downe, say :*



Oets are scarce, when Goddeffes  
themselues  
Are forst to leaue their high and  
stately seates,  
Placed on the top of high *Olympus*  
Mount,

To seeke them out, to pen their Champions praise. 10  
The time hath bene when *Homers* sugred Muse,  
Did make each Eccho to repeate his verse,

<sup>1</sup> "In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three soundings or flourishes of trumpets. At the *third sounding* the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods), and the play began."—*Dyce*.

That euery coward that durst crack a speare,  
 And Tilt and Turney for his Ladies sake,  
 Was painted out in colours of such price  
 As might become the proudest Potentate.  
 But now a dayes so yrksome idles<sup>1</sup> flights,  
 And curfed charmes haue witch'd each students  
 That death it is to any of them all,                    [mind,  
 If that their hands to penning you do call :                    20  
 O *Virgil*, *Virgil*, wert thou now aliue,  
 Whose painfull pen, in stout *Augustus* dayes,  
 Did daigne<sup>2</sup> to let the base and silly fly<sup>3</sup>  
 To scape away without thy praise of her ;  
 I do not doubt but long or ere this time,  
*Alphonfus* fame vnto the heauens should clime :  
*Alphonfus* fame, that man of *Ioue* his seed,  
 Sprung from the loines of the immortall Gods,  
 Whose/ fire, although he habit on the earth,  
 May claime a portion in the fierie Pole,                    30  
 As well as any one what ere he be.  
 But setting by *Alphonfus* power diuine,  
 What man aliue, or now amongst the ghoasts,  
 Could counteruaile his courage and his strength ?  
 But thou art dead, yea *Virgil*, thou art gon :  
 And all his acts drownd in obliuion.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'Idels.'

<sup>2</sup> = disdain.'—*Dyce*. Qy. 'condescend not to,' etc. ?

<sup>3</sup> "The 4to 'flea.' The *Culex* is the poem alluded to."—*Dyce*.

<sup>4</sup> This line is printed twice over in the 4to : possibly meant to be repeated with sad cadence.

No, *Venus*, no, though Poets proue vnkind,  
 And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,  
 Yet rather then they shall be cleane forgot,  
 I, which was wont to follow *Cupids* games, 40  
 Will put in vre *Mineruaes* sacred Art ;  
 And this my hand, which vsed for to pen  
 The praise of loue, and *Cupids* peerles power,  
 Will now begin to treat of bloudie *Mars*,  
 Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories.

*Enter Melpomine, Clio, Errato, with their sisters,  
 playing all vpon sundrie Instruments, Calliope  
 onely excepted, who coming last, hangeth downe  
 the head, and plaies not of her Instrument.*

But see whereas the stately *Muses* come, 50  
 Whose harmony doth very far surpasse  
 The heauenly musick of *Appolloes* pipe !  
 But what meanes this ? *Melpomine* her selfe  
 With all her sisters found their Instruments,  
 Onely excepted faire *Calliope*,  
 Who, comming last & hanging downe her head,  
 Doth plainly shewe by outward actions  
 What secret sorrow doth torment her heart.

*Stands aside.*

*Mel.* / *Calliope*, thou which so oft didst crake 60  
 How that such clients clustred to thy Court,  
 By thicke and threefold, as not any one  
 Of all thy sisters might compare with thee ;

Where be thy schollers now become, I troe ?  
Where are they vanisht in such suddain sort,  
That while as we do play vpon our strings,  
You stand still lazing, and haue naught to do ?

*Clio.* *Melpomine*, make you a why of that ?  
I know full oft you haue [in] Authors red,  
The higher tree, the sooner is his fall, 70  
And they which first do flourish and beare fway,  
Vpon the suddenn vanish cleane away.

*Cal.* Mock on apace ! my backe is broad enough  
To beare your flouts, as many as they be.  
That yeare is rare, that nere feelles winters  
stormes ;

That tree is fertile, which nere wanteth frute ;  
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store,  
Which neuer wanteth clients at her doore.  
But yet, my sisters, when the furgent seas  
Haue ebde their fill, their waues do rise againe 80  
And fill their bankes vp to the very brimmes ;  
And when my pipe hath easd her selfe a while,  
Such store of futers shall my seate frequent,  
That you shall see my schollers be not spent.

*Errato.* Spent (quoth you) fister ? then we were  
too blame,

If we should say your scholars all were spent :  
But pray now tell me when your painfull pen  
Will rest enough ?

*Mel.* When husbandmen sheere hogs.



*Ven.* [*coming forward.*] Melpomine, Errato,<sup>1</sup> and go  
the rest,

From thickest shrubs dame *Venus* did espie  
The mortall hatred which you ioyntly beare  
Vnto your sifter high *Calliope*.  
What, do you thinke if that the tree do bend,  
It / followes therefore that it needs must breake ?  
And since her pipe a litle while doth rest,  
It neuer shall be able for to found ?  
Yes *Muses*, yes, if that she wil vouchsafe  
To entertaine Dame *Venus* in her schoole,  
And further me with her instructions, 100  
She shall haue scholars which wil daine to be  
In any other *Muses* companie.

*Calliope.* Most sacred *Venus*, do you doubt of  
that ?

*Calliope* would thinke her three times blest  
For to receiue a Goddess in her schoole,  
Especially so high an one as you,  
Which rules the earth, and guides the heauens too.

*Ven.* Then sound your pipes, and let vs bend our  
steps

Vnto the top of high *Pernassus* hill,  
And there together do our best deuoyr 110  
( For to describe *Alphonfus* warlike fame ;  
And, in the maner of a Comedie,  
Set downe his noble valour presently. )

<sup>1</sup> "Wrong quantity."—*Dyce*.

*Calli.* As *Venus* wils, so bids *Calliope*.

*Melpo.* And as you bid, your sist'ers do agree.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Carinus*<sup>1</sup> *the Father and Alphonsus his sonne.*

*Carinus.* My noble sonne, since first I did recount  
 The noble acts your predeceffors did 120  
 In *Aragon*, against their warlike foes,  
 I neuer yet could see thee ioy at all,  
 But hanging downe thy head as malcontent<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy youthful days in mourning haue been spent.  
 Tell me *Alphonsus*, what might be the cause  
 That makes thee thus to pine away with care?  
 Hath old *Carinus* done thee any offence  
 In reckning vp these stories vnto thee?  
 What / nere a word but mumme? *Alphonsus* speake  
 Vnles your Fathers fatall day you seeke. 130

*Alphon.* Although deare father, I haue often  
 Nere to vnfold the secrets of my heart [vowde  
 To any man or woman, who some ere  
 Dwels vnderneath the circle of the skie;  
 Yet do your words so coniure me, deare fire,  
 That needs I must fulfil that you require.  
 Then so it is : amongst the famous tales  
 Which you rehearst done by our fires in warre,  
 When as you came vnto your fathers daies,  
 With sobbing notes, with sighs & blubbring teares,

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'Clarinus.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to (:) after 'malcontent.'

And much ado, at length you thus began : 140  
 ' Next to *Alphonfus* should my father come  
 For to possesse the Diadem by right  
 Of *Aragon*, but that the wicked wretch  
 His yonger brother, with aspiring mind,  
 By secet treason robd him of his life,  
 And me his sonne of that which was my due.'  
 These words my fire, did so torment my mind,  
 As had I bene with *Ixion*<sup>1</sup> in hell,  
 The rauening bird could neuer plague me worfe ;  
 For euer since my mind hath troubled bene 150  
 Which way I might reuenge this traitorous fact,  
 And that recouer which is ours by right.

*Cari.* Ah my *Alphonfus*, neuer thinke on that,  
 In vaine it is to striue against the streame :  
 The Crowne is lost, and now in hucksters hands,  
 And all our hope is cast into the dust :  
 Bridle these thoughts, and learne the same of me,—  
 A quiet life doth passe an Emperie.

*Alphon.* Yet noble father, ere *Carinus* brood 160  
 Shall brooke his foe for to vsurpe his seate,  
 Heele die the death with honour in the field,  
 And so his life and sorrowes briefly end.  
 But / did I know my froward fate were such  
 As I should faile in this my iust attempt ;  
 This sword deare father, should the Author be,

<sup>1</sup> "Wrong quantity again. And here Greene confounds the punishment of Tityus with that of Ixion."—*Dyce*.



Prefume not villaine further for to go,  
Vnles<sup>1</sup> you do at length the same repent.

*Alphonfus comes towards Albinus.*

*Alphon.* Villain faist thou? nay, villain in thy  
throat :

What knowst thou skipiack, whom thou villain calst?

*Albi.* A common vassall I do villaine call.

*Alphon.* / That shalt thou soone approue, per-  
fwade thy self,

Or else Ile die, or thou shalt die for me.

*Albi.* What, do I dreame, or do my dazeling eies 200

Deceiue me? Ist *Alphonfus* that I see?

Doth now *Medea* vse her wonted charmes

For to delude *Albinus* fantasie?

Or doth black Pluto, king of darke Auerne,

Seeke [for] to flout me with his counterfait?

His bodie like to *Alphonfus* framed is;

His face resembles much *Alphonfus* hewe;

His noble mind declares him for no les;

Tis he indeed! Wo worth *Albinus*,

Whose babling tongue hath causde his owne annoy. 210

Why doth not *Ioue* send from the glittering skies

His Thunderbolts to chastice this offence?

Why doth dame *Terra* cease with greedie iawes

To swallow vp *Albinus* presently?

What, shall I flie and hide my traytorous head

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "Left (as afterwards)." — *Dyce*.

From stout Alphonfus whom I so misufde ?  
 Or fhall I yeeld ? Tush, yeelding is in vaine :  
 Nor can I flie but he will follow me.  
 Then caft thy felfe downe at his graces feete,  
 Confefle thy fault, and readie make thy breft     220  
 To entertaine thy well deferued death.

*Albinus kneeles down.*

*Alph.* What newes my friend ? why are you  
                   [now] fo blanke  
 That earft before did vaunt it to the fkies ?

*Albi.* Pardon deare Lord, Albinus pardon craues  
 For this offence, which, by the heauens I vowe,  
 Vnwithtingly I did vnto your grace ;  
 For had I knowne Alphonfus had bene here,  
 Ere that my tongue had fpoke fo trayteroufly,  
 This hand fhould make my very foule to die.     230

*Alphon.* Rife vp my friend, thy pardon foone is  
                   got ;                             [*Albinus riles vp.*<sup>1</sup>  
 But prithie tell me, what the caufe might be  
 That in fuch fort thou erft vpbraidedft me ?

*Albi.* / Moft mightie Prince, fince firft your  
                   fathers fire  
 Did yeeld his ghofte vnto the fifters three,  
 And olde *Carinus* forced was to flie  
 His natieue foyle, and royall Diadem ;  
 I, for becaufe I feemed to complaine  
 Againft their treafon, fhortly was forewarnd     240

<sup>1</sup> The 4to places this after the fpeech of Alphonfus.

Nere more to haunt the bounds of *Aragon*,  
 On paine of death ; then, like a man forlorne,  
 I fought about to find some resting place ;  
 And at the length did happe vpon this shore,  
 Where shewing forth my cruell banishment,  
 By King *Belinus* I am succoured.

But now my Lord, to answere your demaund ;  
 It happens so, that the vsurping King  
 Of *Aragon*, makes warre vpon this land,  
 For certaine tribute which he claymeth heere :  
 Wherefore *Belinus* sent me round about  
 His Countrey,<sup>1</sup> for to gather vp [his] men  
 For to withstand this most iniurious foe ;  
 Which being done, returning with the king,  
 Dispightfully I did so taunt your grace,  
 Imagining you had some fouldier bene,  
 The which, for feare had sneaked from the Campe.

250

*Alphon.* Inough *Albinus*, I do know thy mind:  
 But may it be, that these thy happie newes  
 Should be of truth, or haue you forged them ?

260

*Albi.* The gods forbid that ere *Albinus* tongue  
 Should once be found to forge a fayned tale,  
 Especially vnto his foueraigne Lord :  
 But if *Alphonfus* thinke that I do faine,  
 Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see  
 My words be true, when as you do perceiue

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "Something has dropped out from this line."  
 Doubtful.





Doth play the diuell where some ere he comes.  
 Now, as we are informed by our scouts,  
 He marcheth on vnto our cheefest seate,  
*Naples*, I meane, that Citie of renowne,  
 For to begirt it with his bands about ;  
 And so at length, the which high *Ioue* forbid,  
 To sacke the same, as earst he other did.  
 If which should happe, *Belinus* were vndone, 300  
 His countrey spoyld, and all his subiect[s] flaine.  
 Wherefore your soueraigne thinketh it most meet  
 For / to preuent the furie of the foe,  
 And *Naples* succour, that distressed Towne,  
 By entring in, ere Aragon doth come,  
 With all our men, which will sufficient be  
 For to withstand their cruell batterie.

*Albi.* The fillie serpent, found by Country swaine,  
 And cut in peeces by his furious blowes,  
 Yet if her<sup>1</sup> head do scape away vntoucht, 310  
 As many write, it very stranglye goes  
 To fetch an herbe, with which in litle time  
 Her battered corpes againe she doth conioyne :  
 But if by chance the ploughmans sturdie staffe,  
 Do happe to hit vpon the Serpents head,  
 And bruse the same, though all the rest be found,  
 Yet doth the fillie serpent lie for dead ;  
 Nor can the rest of all her bodie serue  
 To finde a salue which may her life preferue.

<sup>1</sup> "The 4to 'his' : but see what follows."—*Dyce*.

Euen so my Lord, if *Naples* once be lost  
Which is the head of all your graces land,  
Easie it were for the malicious foe,  
To get the other Cities in their hand :  
But if from them that *Naples* Towne be free,  
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall bee.  
And therefore mightie King, I thinke it best,  
To succour *Naples*, rather then the rest.

*Bel.* Tis brauely spoken; by my Crowne I  
I like thy counsell, and will follow it. [swear  
*Point toward Alphonfus.* 330

But harke Albinus, dost thou know the man  
That doth so closely ouerthwart vs stand ?

*Albi.* Not I, my Lord, nor neuer faw him yet.

*Bel.* Then prithie, goe and ask him presently,  
What countrey man he is, and why he comes  
Into / this place? perhaps he is some one  
That is sent hither as a secret spie  
To heare and see in secret what we do.

Albinus *and* Fabius *go toward* Alphonfus.

*Albi.* My friend, what art thou, that fo like a 340  
Doft sneake about Belinus royall Campe? [ſpie

*Alphon.* I am a man.

*Fabi.* A man? we know the fame :  
But prithee tell me, and set scoffing by,  
What country man thou art, and why you come,  
That we may soone resolue the King thereof?

*Alphon.* Why, say I am a souldier.

*Fabi.* Of whose band?

*Alphon.* Of his that will most wages to me giue

*Fabi.* But will you be

Content to serue Belinus in his wars? <sup>1</sup>

*Alphon.* I,

350

If he will <sup>1</sup> reward me as I do deferue,

And grant what ere I winne, it shall be mine

Incontinent.

*Albi.* Beleeue me fir, your seruice costly is:

But stay a while, and I will bring you word

What King Belinus sayes vnto the same.

*Albinus go towards Belinus.* <sup>2</sup>

*Beli.* What newes Albinus? who is that we see?

*Albi.* It is, my Lord, a souldier that you see,

Who faine would serue your grace in these your 360

But that, I feare his seruice is too deare. [warres,

*Beli.* Too deare? why so? what doth the  
souldier craue? [his sword

*Albi.* He craues my Lord, all things that with  
He doth obtaine, what euer that they be.

[*Alphonfus draws near.*

*Beli.* Content my friend; if thou wilt succour me,

What ere you get, that challenge as thine owne;

Belinus giues it franckly vnto thee,

Although it be the Crowne of *Aragon*.

Come on therefore, and let vs hie apace

370

<sup>1</sup> The 4to a single line, and so ll: 352-3, 4-5.

<sup>2</sup> = he'll.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 'Alphonfus.'

To *Naples* Towne, whereas by this, I know,  
Our / foes haue pitcht their tents against our walles.

[*Alphon.*] March on,<sup>1</sup> my Lord, for I will follow  
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long, [you;  
I shall obtaine the Crowne of *Aragon*.     *Exeunt*.

## ACT II.

*Of the Historie of Alphonfus.*

*Enter* Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, Alphonfus, with  
the souldier: assoone as they are in, strike vp  
alarum awhile, and then enter Venus. 380

*Venus.* Thus from the pit of pilgrimes pouertie  
*Alphonfus* ginnes by step and step, to climbe  
Vnto the toppe of friendly Fortunes wheele:  
From banisht state, as you haue plainly seene,  
He is transformed into a souldiers life,  
And marcheth in the Ensigne of the King  
Of worthy *Naples*, which *Belinus* hight;  
Not for becaufe that he doth loue him so,  
But that he may reuenge him on his foe.  
Now on the toppe of lustie barbed steed 390  
He mounted is, in glittering Armour clad,  
Seeking about the troupes of *Aragon*,  
For to encounter with his traiterous Neece.  
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall,  
Marke this our Act, for it doth shew it all.  
*Exit Venus.*

<sup>1</sup> "These three lines in the 4to form a part of Belinus' speech."—*Dyce*.

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Flaminius at one doore,  
Alphonfus at an other : they fight ; Alphonfus  
kill Flaminius, and say—*

*Alphon.* Go packe thou hence vnto the Stygian 400  
And make report vnto thy trayterous fire [lake.  
How well thou hast enioyd the Diadem  
Which / he by treason fet vpon thy head ;  
And if he ask thee who did send thee downe,  
*Alphonfus* say, who now must weare thy crowne.

*Strike vp alarum. Enter Lælius, who seeing that  
his King is flaine, vpbraides Alphonfus in this sort.*

*Læli.* Traytor, how darest thou looke me in the  
face,  
Whose mightie King thou trayterously hast flaine ?  
What, dost thou thinke *Flaminius* hath no friends 410  
For to reuenge his death on thee againe ?  
Yes, be you sure that, ere you scape from hence,  
Thy gasping ghost shall beare him companie,  
Or else my selfe fighting for his defence,  
Will be content, by those thy hands to die.

*Alphon.* *Lælius*, fewe words would better thee  
Especially as now the case doth stand ; [become,  
And diddest thou know whom thou dost threaten  
thus,

We should you haue more calmer out of hand :  
For *Lælius* know, that I *Alphonfus* am, 420

The sonne and heire to olde *Carinus*, whom  
 The trayterous father of *Flaminius*  
 Did secretly bereaue of his *Diadem*.  
 But see the iust reuenge of mightie *Ioue* !  
 The father dead, the sonne is likewise slaine  
 By that mans hand who they did count as dead,  
 Yet doth furuiue to weare the *Diadem*,  
 When they themfelues accompany the ghofts  
 Which wander round about the *Stigian* fieldes.

*Lælius gaze vpon Alphonsus.* 430

Muse not hereat, for it is true I say ;  
 I am *Alphonsus*, whom thou hast misufde./

[*Læli.*] The man whose death I did so oft  
 lament ? *Kneele downe.*

Then pardon me for these vncurteous words,  
 The which I in my rage did vtter forth,  
 Prickt by the dutie of a loyall mind ;  
 Pardon, *Alphonsus*, this my first offence,  
 And let me die if ere I flight again.

*Alphon.* *Lælius*, I faine would pardon this 440  
 And eke accept thee to my grace againe, [offence,  
 But that I feare that, when I stand in need  
 And want your helpe, you will your Lord betray :  
 How say you *Lælius*, may I trust to thee ?

*Læli.* I, noble Lord, by all the Gods I vowe ;  
 For first shall heauens want stars, and foming seas  
 Want watry drops, before Ile traytor be  
 Vnto *Alphonsus*, whom I honour so.

*Alphon.* Well then, arise ; and for because Ile 450  
 trie *Lælius rises.*

If that thy words and deeds be both alike,  
 Go haste and fetch the youthes of *Aragon*,  
 Which now I heare haue turnd their heeles & fled:  
 Tell them your chance, and bring them back again  
 Into this wood ; where in ambushment lie  
 Vntill I come or fend for you my selfe.

*Læli.* I will my Lord. *Exit Lælius.*

*Alphon.* Full little think Belinus and his Peeres  
 What thoughts Alphonfus casteth in his mind ;  
 For if they did, they would not greatly haste  
 To pay the same the which they promist me. 460

*Enter* Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, *with their*  
*souldiers, marching.*

*Beli.* Like simple sheep, when shepheard absent is,  
 Farre / from his flock, assaild by greedie wolues,<sup>1</sup>  
 Do scattering flie about, some here, some there,  
 To keepe their bodies from their rauening iawes,  
 So do the fearefull youths of *Aragon*  
 Run round about the greene and pleasant plaines,  
 And hide their heads from Neapolitans : 470  
 Such terror haue their strong and sturdie blowes  
 Strooke to their hearts, as for a world of gold,  
 I warrant you, they will not come againe.  
 But noble Lords, where is the knight become

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'Wolfe.'

Which made the blood besprinkle all the place

Whereas he did encounter with his foe ?

My friend Albinus, know you where he is ?

*Albi.* Not I my Lord, for since in thickest rankes  
I sawe him chase Flaminius at the heeles,  
I neuer yet could fet mine eyes on him.

480

*Albinus spies out Alphonsus, and shewes him to  
Belinus.*

But see, my Lord, whereas the warriour stands,

Or else my fight doth faile me at this time.

*Beli.* Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,  
Hath slaine the King or else some other Lord,  
For well I wot, a carcas I did<sup>1</sup> see  
Hard at his feete lie strugling on the ground.  
Come on, Albinus, we will try the truth.

*Belinus and Albinus go towards Alphonsus.* 490

*Belinus say to Alphonsus*<sup>2</sup>

Haile to the noble victor of our foes.

*Alph.* Thanks mightie Prince, but yet I seek not  
It is not words must recompence my paine, [this:  
But / deeds : when first I tooke vp Armes for you,  
Your promise was, what ere my sword did winne  
In fight, as his *Alphonsus* should it craue.

*Shewe Belinus Flaminius, who lieth all this  
while dead at his feete.*

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'do.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* places this a line above.



See then where lies thy foe *Flaminius*, 500  
 Whose Crowne my sword hath conquered in the  
 Therefore *Belinus*, make no long delay, [field;  
 But that discharge you promise for to pay.

*Beli.* Will nothing else satisfie thy conquering  
 mind

Besides the Crowne? Well, since thou hast it wonne,  
 Thou shalt it haue, though farre against my will.

*Alphonfus sit in the Chaire ; Belinus takes the  
 Crowne off of Flaminius head, and puts it on  
 that of Alphonfus.*

Here doth *Belinus* Crowne thee with his hand 510  
 The King of Arragon.

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes within.*

What, are you please?

*Alphon.* Not so *Belinus*, till you promise me  
 All things belonging to the royall Crowne  
 Of *Aragon*, and make your Lordings sweare  
 For to defend me to their vtmost power  
 Against all men that shall gainfay the same.

*Beli.* Marke, what belonged erst vnto the Crowne  
 Of *Aragon*, that challenge as thine owne ;  
*Belinus* giues it franckly vnto thee, 520  
 And sweare[s] by all the powers of glittering skies,  
 To do my best for to maintaine the same ;  
 So that it be not preiudiciall  
 Vnto mine honour, or my Countrey soyle.

*Albi.* / And by the sacred seate of mightie *Ioue*  
*Albinus* fweares that first heele die the death  
 Before heele see *Alphonsus* suffer wrong.

*Fabi.* What erst *Albinus* vowd we ioyntly vow.

*Alphon.* Thanks mightie Lords; but yet I greatly  
feare

That very fewe will keep the oathes they fweare. 530

But what *Belinus*, why stand you so long,  
And cease from offering homage vnto me?

What, know you not that I thy foueraigne am,  
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,  
And now confirmed by your solemne oathes?

Feed not thy felfe with fond perfwafions,

But presently come yeeld thy Crowne to me,  
And do me homage, or by heauens I sweare  
Ile force thee do it maugre all thy traine.

*Bel.* How now base brat? what are thy wits 540  
thine owne,

That thou darest thus abraide me in my land?

'Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,

Or else, by *Ioue*, Ile make thee to repent

That ere thou setteſt thy foote in *Naples* foyle.

*Alphon.* Base brat, sayest thou? as good a man  
But say I came but of a base descent, [as thou :

My deeds shall make my glory for to shine

As cleare as *Luna* in a winters night.

But for because thou braggest so of thy birth,

He see how it shall profit thee anon.

*Fabi.* *Alphonfus*, cease from these thy threatning words,

And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,  
Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.

*Alphon.* How now fir boy, will you be pratling  
Tis best for thee to hold thy tatling tongue, [too ?  
Vnles<sup>1</sup> I send some one to scourge thy breech.

Why then I see 'tis time to looke about  
When euery boy *Alphonfus* dares controll :  
But be they sure, ere *Phæbus* golden beams

Haue / compassed the circle of the skie, 560  
Ile clog their toongs, since nothing else will serue  
To keep those vilde and threatning speeches in.

Farwell Belinus, loke thou to thy selfe :  
Alphonfus meanes to haue thy Crown ere night. ✓

*Exit Alphonfus.*

*Beli.* What, is he gone ? the diuel break his  
necke,

The fiends of hell torment his traiterous corpes :

Is this the quittance of Belinus grace,

Which he did shewe vnto that thankles wretch,

That runagate, that rachell, yea that theefe ?

For well I wot, he hath robd me of a Crowne. } 570

If euer he had sprung from gentle blood,

He would not thus misuse his fauourer.

*Albi.* That runagate, that rachell, yea that thief !  
Stay there<sup>1</sup> fir King, your mouth runs ouer much ;

<sup>1</sup> = lest.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'their.'

It ill becomes the subiect for to vse  
 Such trayterous termes against his fouereigne.  
 Know thou Belinus, that Carinus sonne  
 Is neither rachell nor [a] runagate :  
 But be thou sure that, ere the darksome night  
 Do driue God *Phæbus* to his *Thetis* lap,  
 Both thou and all the rest of this thy traine,  
 Shall well repent the words which you haue faine.

*Beli.* What, traiterous villain, dost thou threaten  
 me ?—

Lay hold on him, and see he do not scape ;  
 Ile teach the flaue to know to whom he speakes.

[*Albi.*] To thee I speake,<sup>1</sup> and to thy fellowes all ;  
 And though as now you haue me in your power,  
 Yet doubt I not but that in litle space  
 These eyes shall see thy treason recompens't,  
 And then I meane to vaunt<sup>2</sup> our victorie.

*Beli.* Nay proud Albinus, neuer build on that ;  
 For / though the Gods do chance for to appoynt  
 Alphonfus victor of *Belinus* land,  
 Yet shalt thou neuer liue to see that day :—  
 And therefore *Fabius*, stand not lingring,  
 But presently slash off his trayterous head.

*Albi.* Slash off his head ? as though Albinus  
 head

Were then so easie to be slashed off :

<sup>1</sup> "The 4to gives these five lines to Belinus."—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* has a superfluous 'of.'

In faith fir, no; when you are gone and dead, 600  
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.

*Beli.* Why, how now *Fabius*? what, do you  
stand in doubt

To do the deed? what feare you? who dares seeke  
For to reuenge his death on thee againe,  
Since that *Belinus* did command it so?  
Or are you waxt so daintie that you dare  
Not vse your sword for staining of your hands?  
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,  
And I will be his butcher for this time.

*Fabius giue Belinus thy sword drawne;* 610  
*Belinus say as followeth.*

Now fir *Albinus*, are you of the minde  
That erst you were? what, do you looke to see,  
And triumph in *Belinus* ouerthrow?  
I hope the very fight of this my blade  
Hath chaungde your minde into an other tune.

*Albi.* Not so *Belinus*, I am constant still.  
My minde is like to the Abefton ftone,  
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire,  
Denieth<sup>1</sup> to becommen colde againe: 620  
Euen fo am I, and shall be till I die;  
And though I should see *Attropos* appeare  
With knife in hand, to flit my threed in twaine,  
Yet nere *Albinus* should perfwaded be  
But that *Belinus* he should vanquifht see.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'deineth.'

*Beli.* Nay / then Albinus, since that words are  
vaine

For to perfwade you from this herefie,  
This sword fhall fure<sup>1</sup> put you out of doubt.

*Belinus offers to strike off Albinus' head : strike vp  
alarum ; enter Alphonfus and his men ; flie  
Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonfus and  
Albinus. Enter Lælius, Miles,<sup>3</sup> and his  
feruants.*

*Læli.* My noble Lords of Aragon, I know  
You wonder much what might the occafion be  
That *Lælius*, which earft did flie the field,  
Doth egge you forwards now vnto the warres ;  
But when you heare my reafon, out of doubt  
Yowle be content with this my rafh attempt.  
When firft our King, *Flaminius* I do meane,  
Did fet vpon the Neapolitans,  
The worft of you did know and plainly fee  
How farre they were vnable to withftand  
The mightie forces of our royall Campe ;  
Vntill fuch time as froward fates we thought,—  
Although the fates ordaind it for our gaine,—  
Did fend a ftraunger ftout, whofe fturdie blowes  
And force alone, did caufe our ouerthrow.  
But to our purpofe ; this fame martiall knight

<sup>1</sup> "Here 'sure' is a disyllable (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146)." — *Dyce*. Of course, as invariably in pronunciation.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'Milos.'

Did hap to hit vpon *Flaminius* 650  
 And lent our King then such a friendly blow  
 As that his gasping ghost to Lymbo went.  
 Which, when I sawe, and seeking to reuenge,  
 My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize  
 As neuer King nor *Keisar* got the like.

*Mi[les]*. *Lælius*, of force we must confesse to  
 thee,

We wondred all whenas you did perswade  
 Vs to returne vnto the warres againe ;  
 But since our maruell is increased much  
 By/these your words, which sound of happinesse : 660  
 Therefore good *Lælius*, make no tarrying,  
 But soone vnfolde thy happie chaunce to vs.

*Læ.* Then friends and fellow souldiers, hark to  
 me ;

When *Lælius* thought for to reuenge his king  
 On that same knight, instead of mortall foe,  
 I found him for to be our cheefest friend. ✓

*Mi.* Our cheefest friend? I hardly can beleue  
 That he, which made such bloudie massacres  
 Of stout Italians, can in any poynt  
 Beare friendship to the countrey or the King. 670

*Læ.* As for your king *Miles*, I hold with you,  
 He beare no friendship to *Flaminius*,  
 But hated him as bloudie Attropos ;  
 But for your country, *Lælius* doth auowe,  
 He loues as well as any other land ;

Yea fure, he loues it beft of all the world.  
 And for becaufe you fhall not thinke that I  
 Do fay the fame without a reafon why,  
 ( Know that the knight *Alphonfus* hath to name,  
 Both fonne and heire to old *Carinus*, whom  
*Flaminius*' fire bereaued of his Crowne ;  
 Who did not feeke the ruine of our hoft  
 For any enuie he did bear to vs,  
 But to reuenge him on his mortall foe ;  
 Which by the helpe of high celeftiall *Ioue*  
 He hath atchieu'd with honour in the field.

*Mi.* *Alphonfus*, man ? Ile nere perfwaded be  
 That ere *Alphonfus* may furuiue againe,  
 Who with *Carinus*, many yeares agoe,  
 Was faid to wander in the Stigian fieldes.

*Læli.* Truth Noble Miles ; thefe mine ears haue  
 heard,

For certaintie reported vnto me,  
 That olde *Carinus*, with his peerleffe fonne,  
 Had felt the fharpneffe of the fifters' fheeres ;  
 And / had I not of late *Alphonfus* feene  
 In good eftate, though all the world fhould fay  
 He is aliuie, I would not credit them :  
 But fellow fouldiers, wend you backe with me,  
 And let vs lurke within the fecret fhade  
 Which he himfelfe appointed vnto vs ;  
 And if you find my words to be vntroth,  
 Then let me die to recompence the wrong.



*Strike up alarum: Enter Albinus with his sword drawne, and say*

*Albi.* Lælius make haste : fouldiers of *Aragon*,  
Set lingring by, and come and helpe your King,  
I meane *Alphonfus*, who, whilest that he did  
Pursue *Belinus* at the very heeles,  
Was suddenly enuironed about  
With all the troupes of mightie *Millaine* land. 710

*Mi.* What newes is this? and is it very so?  
Is our *Alphonfus* yet in human state,  
Whom all the world did iudge for to be dead?  
Yet can I scarce giue credit to the same:  
Giue credit? yes, and since the *Millain* Duke  
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,  
Ere *Cynthia*, the shining lampe of night,  
Doth scale the heauens with her horned head,  
Both he and his shall very plainly see  
The league is burst, that caused long the glee. 720

*Læ.* And could the traytor harbor in his brest  
Such mortall treason gainst his soueraigne,  
As when he should with fire and sword defend  
Him from his foes, he seekes his ouerthrow?  
March on my friends: I nere shall ioy at all,  
Vntill I see that bloudie traytor's fall. *Exeunt.*

*Strike up alarum: flie Belinus, follow Lælius: flie*  
*Fabius, follow Albinus: flie the Duke of*  
*Millain, follow Miles.*

## ACT / III.

730

*Strike vp alarum: Enter Venus.*

[*Venus.*] No sooner did *Alphonfus* with his  
troupe

Set on the souldiers of *Belinus* band,  
But that the furie of his sturdie blowes  
Did strike such terror to their daunted mindes  
That glad was he which could escape away  
With life and limme, forth of that bloudie fray.

*Belinus* flies vnto the Turkish soyle,  
To craue the aide of *Amuracke* their King ;  
Vnto the which he willingly did consent,  
And sends *Belinus*, with two other Kings,  
To know god *Mahomets* pleasure in the fame.

740

Meane time the Empreffe by *Medeas* helpe,  
Did vse such charmes that *Amuracke* did see,  
In foundest sleepe, what afterward should hap :  
How *Amuracke* did recompence her paine,  
With mickle more, this Act shall shew you plaine.

*Exit Venus.*

*Enter one, carrying two Crownes vpon a Crest ;*  
*Alphonfus, Albinus, Lælius, and Miles, with* 750  
*their souldiers.*

*Alph.* Welcome braue youthes of *Aragon*, to me,  
Yea welcome, *Miles, Lælius*, and the rest,  
Whose prowesse alone hath bene the onely cause

That we, like victors, haue subdued our foes.  
 Lord, what a pleasure was it to my minde,  
 To see *Belinus*, which not long before  
 Did with his threatnings terrifie the Gods, ✓  
 Now scudde apace from warlike *Lælius* blowes:  
 The Duke of Millaine, he increast our sport, 760  
 Who<sup>1</sup> doubting that his force was ouerweake  
 For / to withstand Miles, thy sturdie arme,  
 Did giue more credence to his frisking skippes  
 Then to the sharpnesse of his cutting blade.  
 What *Fabius* did to pleasure vs withall,  
 Albinus knowes as well as I my selfe ;  
 For, well I wot, if that thy tyred steed  
 Had bene as fresh and swift in foote as his,  
 He should haue felt, yea knowne for certaintie,  
 To checke *Alphonfus*, did deferue to die. 770  
 Breefly, my friends and fellow peeres in armes,  
 The worst of you deferue<sup>2</sup> such mickle praise,  
 As that my tongue denies for to set forth  
 The demie parcell of your valiant deeds ;  
 So that perforce, I must by dutie be  
 Bound to you all, for this your courtesie.  
*Mi.* Not so my Lord ; for if our willing armes  
 Haue pleased you so much as you do say,  
 We haue done nought but that becommeth vs,  
 For to defend our mightie soueraigne. 780

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'When.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'doo' superfluously before 'deferue.'



The which Alphonfus frankly giueth thee,  
 In prefence of his warlike men at armes ;  
 And if that any stomacke this my deed,  
 Alphonfus can reuenge thy wrong with speed.

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

Now to Albinus, which in all my toyles 810  
 I haue both faithfull, yea, and friendly found :  
 Since that the Gods and friendly Fates assigne  
 This present time to me to recompence  
 The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,  
 Sit downe by them, and on thy faithfull head

*Take the Crowne from thy owne head.*

Receiue the Crowne of peerlesse *Aragon*.

*Albi.* Pardon deare Lord, Albinus at this time ;  
 It ill becomes me for to weare a Crowne  
 When as my Lord is destitute himselfe : 820  
 Why, high Alphonfus, if I should receiue  
 This Crowne of you, the which high *Ioue* forbid,  
 Where would your selfe obtaine a Diadem ?  
*Naples* is gone, *Millaine* possessed is,  
 And nought is left for you but *Aragon*.

*Alphon.* And nought is left for me but *Aragon* ?  
 Yes, surely yes, my Fates haue so decreed,  
 That *Aragon* should be too base a thing  
 For to obtaine Alphonfus for her King.  
 What, heare you not how that our scatter'd foes 830  
*Belinus*, / *Fabius*, and the *Millaine* Duke,  
 Are fled for succour to the Turkish Court ?

And thinke you not that *Amurack* their King  
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,  
Seeke to reuenge *Belinus* ouerthrow ?

Then doubt I not but ere these broyles do end,

*Alphonfus* shall possesse the Diadem

That *Amurack* now weares vpon his head.

Sit downe therefore, and that receiue of mee,

The which the Fates appointed vnto thee.

840

*Albi.* Thou king of heauen, which by thy  
power diuine

Dost see the secrets of each liuers heart,

Beare record now with what vnwilling mind

I do receiue the Crowne of *Aragon*.

*Albinus sit downe by Lælius & Miles ; Alphonfus  
set the Crowne on his head, and say.*

*Alphon.* Arise *Albinus*, King of *Aragon*,  
Crowned by me, who, till my gasping ghost  
Do part asunder from my breathlesse corpes,  
Will be thy shield against all men aliue  
That for thy kingdome any way do strue.

850

*Sound Trumpets and Drummes.*

Now since we haue, in such an happie houre,  
Confirmd three kings, come, let vs march with  
speed

Into the Citie, for to celebrate

With mirth and ioy this blisful festiuall.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Amurack the great Turke, Belinus, Fabius,  
Arcaftus King of Moores, Claramount King  
of Barbery, Baiazet a Lord, with their traine.* 860

*Amu.* Welcome Belinus, to thy cofens Court,  
Whofe late arriuall in fuch pofting pace  
Doth / bring both ioy and forrow to vs all ;  
Sorrow, becaufe the Fates haue bene fo falfe  
To let *Alphonfus* driue thee from thy land,  
And ioy, fince that now mightie *Mahomet*  
Hath giuen me caufe to recompence at full  
The fundry pleafures I receiu'd of thee.  
Therefore *Belinus*, do but afke and haue,  
For *Amurack* doth grant what ere you craue. 870

*Beli.* Thou fecond fun, which with thy glimfing  
beames

Doeft clarifie each corner of the earth,  
*Belinus* comes not, as earft *Mydas* did  
To mightie *Bacchus*, to defire of him  
That what fo ere at any time he toucht  
Might turned be to gold incontinent.  
Nor do I come as *Iupiter* did erft  
Vnto the Pallace of *Amphitrion*,  
For any fond or foule concupifcence.  
Which I do beare to *Alcumenaes* hew. 880  
But as poor *Saturne*, forft by mightie *Ioue*  
To flie his Countrey, banifht and forlorne,  
Did craue the aide of *Troos* King of *Troy* ;





The cause you know, and can enforme him<sup>1</sup> well,  
 That makes me take these bloudie broyles in hand :  
 And say, that I desire their sacred God,  
 That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies,  
 To send me word, and that most speedely,  
 Which of vs shall obtaine the victory.

*Exeunt omnes præter Baiazet and Amurack.*

You, Baiazet, go poste away apace  
 To *Siria*, *Scythia*, and *Albania*, 920  
 To *Babylon*, with *Mesopotamia*,  
*Asia*, *Armenia*, and all other lands  
 Which owe their homage to high Amurack :  
 Charge all their Kings with expedition  
 To gather vp the cheefest men at armes  
 Which now remaine in their dominions,  
 And on the twentie[th] day of the same month  
 To come and wait on Amurack their King  
 At his chiefe city *Constantinople*.  
 Tell them, moreouer, that who so doth faile, 930  
 Nought else but death from prison shall him baile.

*Exit Baiazet. As soone | as he is gone,  
 sound musike within.*

What heauenly Musicke foundeth in my eare ?  
 Peace Amurack, and hearken to the same.

*Sound musicke, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleepe.*

<sup>1</sup> Dyce wrongly changes to 'them.' It is 'Mahomet' to whom they are sent, and Greene attends to his thought rather than to grammar.

*Enter Medea, Fausta the Empresse and Iphigina,  
her daughter.*

*Medea.* Now haue our charmes fulfilled our minds  
High Amurack is lulled fast a sleepe,    [full well : 940  
And doubt I not but, ere he wakes againe,  
You shall perceiue Medea did not gibe  
When as she put this practise<sup>1</sup> in your mind :  
Sit, worthie Fausta, at thy spouse his feete.

*Fausta and Iphigina sit downe at Amuracks feete.*

Iphigina, sit thou on the other side :  
What ere you see, be not agast thereat,  
But beare in mind what Amurack doth chat.

*Medea do ceremonies belonging to coniuring, and say.*

Thou, which wert wont in Agamemnons days,     950  
To vtter forth *Apolloes* Oracles  
At sacred *Delphos*, *Calchas* I do meane,  
I charge thee come ; all lingring set aside,  
Vnles the pennance you thereof abide :  
I coniure thee, by *Plutoes* loathsome lake,  
By all the hags which harbour in the same,  
By stinking *Stix* and filthie *Flegeton*,  
To come with speed, and truly to fulfill  
That which *Medea* to thee streight shall will.

*Rise/ Calchas vp, in a white Cirples<sup>2</sup> and a  
Cardinals Myter, and say. 960*

<sup>1</sup> = stratagem, or device.

<sup>2</sup> = surplice.

*Cal.* Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make  
an end

Of troubling vs with these thy curfed Charmes ?  
What meanst thou thus to call me from my graue ?  
Shall nere my ghost obtaine his quiet rest ?

*Me.* Yes, *Calchas* yes, your rest doth now  
approch ;

*Medea* meanes to trouble thee no more,  
When as thou hast fulfilled her mind this once.

Go get thee hence to *Pluto* backe againe,

And there enquire of the Destinies<sup>1</sup> 970

How *Amurack* shall speed in these his warres :

Peruse their bookes, and marke what is decreed

By Ioue himself and all his fellow Gods ;

And when thou knowst the certaintie thereof,

By fleshlesse visions shewe it presently

To *Amuracke*, in paine of penaltie. [ing minde,

*Cal.* Forst by thy charme, though with vnwill-  
I hast to hell, the certaintie to finde.

*Calchas* sinke downe where you came vp.

*Me.* Now peerles Princes, I must needs be gon ; 980  
My hastie businesse calls me from this place.

There resteth nought, but that you beare in minde

What *Amuracke* in this his fit doth say :

For marke what dreaming, madam, he doth prate

Affure your selfe that that shall be his fate.

<sup>1</sup> "In this line 'inquire' is a trisyllable (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146.)—Dyce.

*Fau.* Though very loth to let thee so depart,  
Farewell Medea, easer of my hart.     *Exit Medea.*

*Sound Instruments within: Amurack as it  
were in a dreame, say.*

*Amu.* What *Amurack*, doest thou begin to nod?     990  
Is this the care that thou hast of thy warres?  
As / when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,  
To egge thy souldiers forward in thy warres,  
Thou fittest moping by the fireside?  
See where thy Vicerioies grouell on the ground,  
Look where *Belinus* breatheth forth his ghost,  
Behold by millions how thy men do fall  
Before *Alphonfus*, like to fillie sheepe.  
And canst thou stand still lazing in this sort?  
No proud *Alphonfus*, *Amurack* doth flie     1000  
To quaille thy courage, and that speedilie.

*Sound Instruments a while within, and  
then Amuracke say.*

And doest thou think, thou proud iniurious God,  
*Mahound* I meane, since thy vaine prophefies  
Led *Amurack* into this dolefull case,  
To haue his Princely feete in irons clapt,  
Which erst the proudest kings were forst to kisse,  
That thou shalt scape vnpunisht for the same?  
No, no, assoone as by the help of *Ioue*,     1010  
I scape this bondage, downe go all thy groues,  
Thy alters tumble round about the streets,

And whereas erst we sacrificde to thee,  
Now all the Turks thy mortall foes shall bee.

*Sound Instruments a while within.*

*Amuracke say.*

Behold the Iemme and Iewel of mine age,  
See where she comes, whose heauenly maiestie  
Doth far surpasse the braue and gorgeous pace  
Which *Cytherea*, daughter vnto *Ioue*, 1020  
Did put in vre when as she had obtaind  
The golden Apple at the shepheards hands.  
See, worthie *Fausta*, where *Alphonsus* stands,  
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be  
With / all the men at armes of *Affrica* ;  
See now he stands as one that lately sawe  
*Medusaes* head, or *Gorgons* hoarie hue.

*Sound Instruments a while within,*

*Amurack say :*

And can it be that it may happen so ? 1030  
Can Fortune proue so friendly vnto me  
As that *Alphonsus* loues *Iphigina* ?  
The match is made, the wedding is decreed :  
Sound trumpets, haw, strike drums for mirth &  
glee :

And three times welcome sonne in lawe to mee.

*Fausta rise vp as it were in a furie, wake*

*Amuracke, and say.*

*Fau.* Fie *Amurack*, what wicked words be these ?

How canst thou looke thy *Fausta* in the face,  
 Whom thou hast wronged in this shameful fort ?     1040  
 And are the vowes so solemnely you fware  
 Vnto *Belinus*, my most friendly neece,  
 Now washt so clearly from thy traiterous heart ?  
 Is all the rancor which you earst did beare  
 Vnto *Alphonfus* worne so out of mind  
 As, where thou shouldest pursue him to [the] death  
 You seek to giue our daughter to his hands ?  
 The Gods forbid that such a hainous deed,  
 With my consent, should euer be decreed :  
 And rather then thou shouldst it bring to passe,     1050  
 If all the armie of *Amazones*  
 Will be sufficient to withhold the fame,  
 Assure thy selfe that *Fausta* meanes to fight  
 'Gainst *Amuracke*, for to maintaine the right.

*Iphi.* Yea mother, say,—which *Mahomet* forbid,—  
 That in this conflict you should haue the foyle,  
 Ere that *Alphonfus* should be cald my spowse,  
 This / heart, this hand, yea, and this blade, should  
    be

A readier meanes to finish that decree.

*Amuracke rise in a rage from thy chaire.* 1060

*Amu.* What threatning words thus thunder in  
    mine eares ?

Or who are they, amongst the mortall troupes,  
 That dares presume to vse such threats to me ?  
 The prowdest Kings and Keisers of the land

Are glad to feed me in my fantasie ;  
 And shall I suffer then, each pratling dame  
 For to vpbraide me in this spightfull fort ?  
 No, by the heauens, first will I loofe my Crowne,  
 My wife, my children, yea, my life and all :  
 And therefore Fauſta, thou which Amuracke 1070  
 Did<sup>1</sup> tender erſt as the apple of mine eye,  
 Auoyd my Court, and, if thou lou'ſt thy life,  
 Approach not nigh vnto my regiment.  
 As for this carping gyrl *Iphigina*,  
 Take her with thee to beare thee company,  
 And in my land I reede be ſeene no more,  
 For if you do, you both ſhall die therefore.

*Exit Amurack.*

*Fau.* Nay, then, I fee tis time to looke about,  
 Delay is dangerous, and procureth harme : 1080  
 The wanton colt is tamed in his youth,  
 Wounds muſt be cured when they be freſh and  
 greene,  
 And plurifies, when they begin to breed  
 With little eaſe,<sup>2</sup> are driuen away with ſpeed.  
 Had Fauſta then when Amuracke begunne,  
 With ſpightful ſpeeches to controll and checke,  
 Sought to preuent it by her martiall force,  
 This baniſhment had neuer hapt to me.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'didſt.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce alters to 'care'—wrongly. I remove the , after 'breed' to carry on the thought intended.

But the Echinus, fearing to be goard,  
 Doth keepe her younglings in her paunch so long, 1090  
 Till, when their prickles be waxen long and sharpe,  
 They put their damme at length to double paine :  
 And I, because I loathed the broyles of Mars,  
 Bridled / my thoughts and pressed downe my rage ;  
 In recompence of which my good intent,  
 I haue receiud this wofull banishment.  
 Wofull, said I ? nay, happie I did meane,  
 If that be happie which doth set one free :  
 For by this meanes I do not doubt ere long  
 But *Fausta* shall with ease reuenge her wrong,     1100  
 Come daughter, come : my minde fortelleth me  
 That *Amuracke* shall soon requited be.

*Make as though you were a going out, Medea  
 meete her and say.<sup>1</sup>*

*Me. Fausta*, what meanes this suddén flight of  
 yours ?

Why do you leaue your husbands princely Court,  
 And all alone passe through these thickest groues,  
 More fit to harbour brutish sauadge beasts  
 Then to receiue so high a Queene as you ?  
 Although your credit would not stay your steps     1110  
 From bending them into these darkish dennes,

<sup>1</sup> " Here a change of scene is supposed,—from the palace of Amurack  
 to certain ' groves ' : see the next speech. It must be remembered that,  
 in our author's days, the theatres had no painted moveable scenery."—  
*Dyce.*



Yet should the daunger, which is imminent  
 To euery one which passeth by these pathes,  
 Keepe you at home with fayre *Iphigina*.  
 What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?  
 I greatly feare some hap hath hit amis.

*Fau.* No toy *Medea*, tickled *Faustaes* head,  
 Nor foolish fancie ledde me to these groues,  
 But earnest businesse egges my trembling steps  
 To passe all dangers, what so ere they be. 1120  
 I banisht am *Medea*, I, which erst  
 Was Empresse ouer all the triple world,  
 Am banisht now from pallace and from pompe.  
 But if the gods be fauourers to me,  
 Ere twentie dayes I will reuenged be.

*Me.* I thought as much, when first from thickest  
 I saw you trudging in such posting pace. [leaves  
 But to the purpose; what may be the cause  
 Of / this [so] strange and sudden banishment?

*Fau.* The cause, aske you? a simple cause, God 1130  
 Twas neither treason, nor yet felonie, [wot :  
 But for because I blamde his foolishnes.

*Me.* I heare you say so, but I greatly feare,  
 Ere that your tale be brought vnto an end,  
 Youle proue your selfe the author of the same.  
 But pray be brieve: what follie did your spowse?  
 And how will you reuenge your wrong on him?

*Fau.* What follie, quoth you? such as neuer yet  
 Was heard or seene, since *Phæbus* first gan shine.

You know how he was gathering in all haste     1140  
 His men at armes, to set vpon the troupe  
 Of proude *Alphonfus* ; yea, you well do know  
 How you and I did do the best we could  
 To make him shew vs in his drowfie dreame  
 What afterward should happen in his warres.  
 Much talke he had, which now I haue forgot ;  
 But at the length, this surely was decreed,  
 How that *Alphonfus* and *Iphigina*  
 Should be conioynd in *Iuno*es sacred rites.  
 Which when I heard, as one that did despise     1150  
 That such a traytor should be sonne to me,  
 I did rebuke my husband *Amuracke* :  
 And since my words could take no better place,  
 My sword with helpe of all *Amazones*  
 Shall make him soone repent his foolishnes.

*Me.* This is the cause then, of your banishment?  
 And now you goe vnto *Amazon*  
 To gather all your maydens in array,  
 To set vpon the mightie *Amuracke* ?  
 Oh foolish Queene, what meant you by this talke? 1160  
 Those pratling speeches haue vndone you all.  
 Do you disdaine to haue that mightie Prince,  
 I meane *Alphonfus*, counted for your sonne?  
 I tell / you *Fausta*, he is borne to be  
 The ruler of a mightie Monarchie :  
 I must confesse the powers of *Amuracke*  
 Be great ; his confines stretch both far and neare ;

Yet are they not the third part of the lands  
 Which shall be ruled by *Alphonfus* hands:  
 And yet you daine<sup>1</sup> to call him sonne in law : 1170  
 But when you see his sharpe and cutting sword  
 Piercing the heart of this your gallant gyrl,  
 Youle curse the houre wherein you did denay  
 To ioyne *Alphonfus* with *Iphigina*.

*Fau.* The gods forbid that ere it happen so.

*Me.* Nay, neuer pray, for it must happen so.

*Fau.* And is there then, no remedie for it?

*Me.* No, none but one, & that you haue for-  
 fworn.

*Fau.* As though an oath can bridle so my minde  
 As that I dare not breake a thousand oathes 1180  
 For to eschew the danger imminent.  
 Speake good *Medea*, tell that way to me,  
 And I will do it, what so ere it be.

*Me.* Then, as already you haue well decreed,  
 Packe to your countrey, and in readinesse  
 Select the armie of *Amazones* :  
 When you haue done, march with your female  
 To *Naples* Towne, to succour *Amuracke* : [troupe  
 And so, by marriage of *Iphigina*,  
 You soone shall driue the danger cleane away. 1190

*Iphigi.* So shall we soone<sup>2</sup> eschew *Caribdis'* lake,  
 And headlong fall to *Syllaes* greedie gulph ;

<sup>1</sup> = disdain.

<sup>2</sup> "A recollection of the celebrated line in Gaultier's *Alexandreis* :—  
 'Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdis.'"—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'stones needs.'

That which the fates appoint must happen so,  
Though heavenly *Ioue*, and all the Gods say no. 1220

*Fau.* *Iphigina*, she sayth naught but truth,  
Fates must be followed in their iust decrees ;  
And therefore, setting all delayes aside,  
Come, let vs wend vnto *Amazon*,  
And gather vp our forces out of hand.

*Iphi.* Since *Fausta* wils, and fates do so command,  
*Iphigina* will neuer it withstand.

*Exeunt omnes.*

#### ACT IV.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Venus.* 1230

*Ven.* Thus haue you seene how *Amuracke* him-  
felfe,

*Fausta* his wife, and euery other King  
Which / holds their scepters at the Turke his hands,  
Are now in armes, entending to destroy,  
And bring to nought, the Prince of *Aragon*.  
Charmes haue been vsde by wife *Medeas* art,  
To know before what afterward shall hap ;  
And King *Belinus*, with high *Claramount*,  
Ioyn'd to *Arcaustus*<sup>2</sup>; which with Princely pompe  
Doth rule and gouerne all the warlike Moores, 1240  
Are sent as Legats to god *Mahomet*,  
To know his counsell in these high affaires.  
*Mahound*, prouokte by *Amurackes* discourse,

<sup>1</sup> 4to misprints '3.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Alphonfus.

Which, as you heard, he in his dreame did vse,  
 Denies to play the Prophet any more ;  
 But, by the long intreatie of his Priests,  
 He propheties in such a craftie sort  
 As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.  
 Yet poore *Belinus*, with his fellow Kings,  
 Did giue such credence to that forged tale                    1250|  
 As that they lost their dearest liues thereby,  
 And *Amuracke* became a prisoner  
 Vnto *Alphonfus*, as straight shall appeare.

*Exit Venus.*

*Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the  
 place behind the Stage, out of the which cast flames  
 of fire, drums rumble within : Enter two Priests.*

1. *Pr.* My fellow Priest<sup>1</sup> of *Mahounds* holy house,  
 What can you iudge of these strange miracles  
 Which daily happen in this sacred seate?                    1260|

*Drums rumble within.*

Harke what a rumbling ratleth in our eares.

*Cast flakes of fire forth of the brazen Head.*

See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth  
 Of / *Mahomet*, that God of peerles power.  
 Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,  
 What *Mahomet*, by these his signes, doth craue.

2. *Pr.* Thrife ten times *Phæbus* with his golden  
 beames

<sup>1</sup> 4to misprint 'Priests.'

Hath compassed the circle of the skie,  
 Thrife ten times *Ceres* hath her workemen hir'd, 1270  
 And fild her barnes with frutefull crops of corne,  
 Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life ;  
 Yet in this time I neuer heard before  
 Such feareful sounds, nor saw such wondrous fights ;  
 Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,  
 What *Mahomet*, by these his signes, doth craue.

*Speake out of the brazen Head.*

*Ma.* You cannot tell, nor will you seeke to know :  
 Oh peruerse priest[s], how carelesse are you wact ;  
 As when my foes approach vnto my gates, 1280  
 You stand still talking of 'I cannot tell' :  
 Go packe you hence, and meete the Turkish kings,  
 Which now are drawing to my Temple ward :  
 Tell them from me, God *Mahomet* is dispos'd  
 To prophesie no more to *Amuracke*,  
 Since that his tongue is waxen now so free  
 As that it needs must chat and raile at me.

*Kneele downe both.*

1. *Pr.* Oh *Mahomet*, if all the solemne prayers  
 Which from our childhood we haue offered thee, 1290  
 Can make thee call this sentence backe againe,  
 Bring not thy Priest[s] into this dangerous state :  
 For when the Turke doth heare of this repulse,  
 We shall be sure to die the death therefore.

*Ma.* [*speaking out of the Brazen Head.*]  
 Thou sayest truth: go call the Princes in:  
 Ile prophesie vnto them for this once;  
 But in such wise as they shall neither boast,  
 Nor you be hurt in any kinde of wise.

*Enter / Belinus, Claramont, Arcaustus [and Fabius]: 1300*  
*go both the Priests to meet him: the first say*

1. *Pr.* You Kings of *Turkie*, *Mahomet* our God,  
 By sacred science hauing notice that  
 You were sent Legats from high *Amuracke*  
 Vnto this place, commaunded vs, his Priests,  
 That we should cause you make as mickle speed  
 As well you might, to heare for certaintie  
 Of that shall happen to your King, and ye.

*Beli.* For that intent we came into this place;  
 And fithens that the mightie *Mahomet* 1310  
 Is now at leifure for to tell the same,  
 Let vs make hafte and take time while we may;  
 For mickle daunger hapneth through delay.

2. *Pr.* Truth, worthy king, and therefore you  
 yourfelfe,  
 With your companions, kneele before this place,  
 And listen well what *Mahomet* doth say.

*Beli.* As you do will, we ioyntly will obey.

*Kneele all downe before the brazen Head.*

*Ma.* [*speaking out of the Brazen Head.*]  
 Princes of *Turkie*, and Embassadors 1320



Of *Amuracke* to mightie *Mahomet*,  
 I needs must muse that you, which erst haue bene  
 The readiest souldiers of the triple world,  
 Are now become so slacke in your affaires  
 As, when you should with bloudie blade in hand  
 Be hacking helmes in thickest of your foes,  
 You stand still loytering in the Turkish soyle.  
 What, know you not how that it is decreed  
 By all the gods, and chiefly by my selfe,  
 That you with triumph should all Crowned bee? 1330  
 Make haste [then] Kings, lest<sup>1</sup> when the fates do see  
 How carlesly you do neglect their words,  
 They / call a Counsell, and force *Mahomet*  
 Against his will some other thing to set.  
 Send *Fabius* backe to *Amuracke* againe,  
 To haste him forwards in his enterprife ;  
 And march you on, with all the troupes you haue,  
 To *Naples* ward, to conquer *Aragon* ;  
 For if you stay, both you and all your men  
 Must needs be sent downe straight to *Lymbo* den. 1340

2. *Pr.* Muse not, braue kings, at *Mahomet's* dis-  
 course,

For marke what he forth of that mouth doth say  
 Assure yourselues<sup>2</sup> it needs must happen so ;  
 Therefore make hast, go mount you on your steeds,

<sup>1</sup> "Qy. 'Make haste, then, kings,' etc.? Walker (*Crit. Exam. of th Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 148) conjectures 'Make haste, ye king etc., and 'Make haste, *haste*, kings,' etc."—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'your selfe.'



Her blackish mantle, but a drowfie sleepe  
 Did take poffeffion of *Carinus* fence, 1370  
 And Morpheus<sup>1</sup> fhewd me ftrange difguifed  
 fhapes.

Methought I faw *Alphonfus*, my deare fonne,  
 Plaft in a throane all glittering cleare with gold,  
 Bedeckt with diamonds, pearles & precious ftones,  
 Which fhind fo cleare and glittered all fo bright,  
*Hiperions* coach<sup>2</sup> that well be term'd it might.  
 Aboue his head a canapie was fet,  
 Not deckt with plumes, as other Princes vfe,  
 But all befet with heads of conquered kings,  
 Enftald with Crowns, which made a gallant fhew, 1380  
 And ftrooke a terror to the viewers harts.

Vnder his feete lay grouelling on the ground  
 Thoufand of Princes, which he in his warres  
 By martiall might did conquer and bring lowe :  
 Some lay as dead as either ftock or ftone,  
 Some other tumbled, wounded to the death ;  
 But moft of them, as to their foueraigne king,  
 Did offer duly homage vnto him.

As thus I flood beholding of this pompe,  
 Methought *Alphonfus* did efpie me out, 1390  
 And, at a trice, he leauing throane alone,  
 Came to imbrace me in his bleffed armes.  
 Then noyfe of drums and found of trumpets shrill  
 Did wake *Carinus* from this pleafant dreame.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to 'Morphei.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'couch.'

Something, I know, is now foreshewne by this :  
The Gods forbend that ought should hap amis.

*Carinus walke vp and downe. Enter the Duke of  
Millain in Pilgrims apparell, and say.*

*Du.* This is the chance of fickle Fortunes wheele ;  
A Prince at morne, a Pilgrim ere it<sup>1</sup> be night.     1400  
I, which, / erewhile did daine<sup>2</sup> for to possesse  
The proudest pallace of the westerne world,  
Would now be glad a cottage for to finde,  
To hide my head ; so Fortune hath assignde.  
'Thrife *Hesperus* with pompe and peerelesse pride  
Hath heau'd his head forth of the Easterne seas,  
Thrife *Cynthia*, with *Phæbus* borrowed beames,  
Hath shewē her bewtie through the darkish clowdes,  
Since that I, wretched Duke,<sup>3</sup> haue tasted ought,  
Or drunke a drop of any kinde of drinke.     1410  
Instead of beds set forth with Ibonie,  
The greenish grasse hath bene my resting place ;  
And, for my pillow stuffed [soft] with downe<sup>4</sup>  
The hardish hillockes haue sufficed my turne.  
Thus I, which erst had all things at my will,  
A life more hard then death do follow still.

*Ca. [aside.]* Me thinks I heare, not very far  
from hence,

<sup>1</sup> = ere't.<sup>2</sup> = disdain.<sup>3</sup> 4to 'Dulce.'<sup>4</sup> " 'Stuffed soft with down,' I imagine " (Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 268).—*Dyce*.

Some wofull wight lamenting his mischance :

Ile go and see if that I can espie

Him where he fits, or ouerheare his talke. 1420

*Du.* Oh *Millaine*, *Millaine*, litle dost thou thinke

How that thy Duke is now in such distresse ;

For if thou didst, I soone should be releast

Forth of this greedie gulf of miserie.

*Ca.* [*aside*]. The *Millaine* Duke : I thought as  
much before,

When first I glaunst mine eyes vpon his face.

This is the man which was the onely cause

That I was forst to flie from *Aragon* :

High *Ioue* be prais'd, which hath allotted me

So fit a time to quite<sup>1</sup> that iniurie.—

1430

Pilgrime, God speed.

*Du.* Welcome, graue fir to me.

*Cari.* Me thought as now I heard you for to  
speake

Of *Millaine* land : pray do you know the same ?

*Du.* I, aged father,<sup>2</sup> I haue cause to know

Both / *Millaine* land, and all the parts thereof.

*Cari.* Why then, I doubt not but you can resolute  
Me of a question, that I shall demaund.

*Duke.* I, that I can, what euer that it be.

*Cari.* Then to be brieve : not twentie winters  
past,

When these my lims, which withered are with age, 1440

<sup>1</sup> = requite.

<sup>2</sup> The 4to gives these two lines to Carinus.

Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,  
 I still desirous, as yoong gallants be,  
 To see the fashions of *Arabia*,  
 My native soyle, and in this pilgrims weed,  
 Began to trauell through vnkennd lands.  
 Much ground I past, and many soyls I saw ;  
 But when my feet in *Millain* land I set,  
 Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw  
 As neuer in my life I found the like.  
 I pray good sir, what might the occasion bee     1450  
 That made the *Millains* make such mirth and glee?

*Duk.* This solemne ioy whereof you now do  
 Was not solemnized, my friend, in vaine ; [speak  
 For at that time there came into the land  
 The happiest tidings that they ere did heare ;  
 For newes was brought vpon that solemne day  
 Vnto our Court, that *Ferdinandus* proud  
 Was slaine himselfe, *Carinus* and his sonne  
 Were banisht both for euer from *Aragon* :  
 And for these happie newes that ioy was made.     1460

*Cari.* But what, I pray, did afterward become  
 Of old *Carinus* with his banisht sonne ?  
 What, heare you nothing of them all this while ?

*Du.* Yes, too too much, the *Millain* Duke may  
       say.

*Alphonfus* first by secret meanes did get  
 To be a fouldier in *Belinus* warres,  
 Wherein he did behaue himselfe so well

As that he got the Crowne of *Aragon* ;  
 Which being got, he dispoſſeſt alſo  
 The / King *Belinus* which had fostered him. 1470  
 As for *Carinus*, he is dead and gone :  
 I would his ſonne were his companion.

*Cari.* A bliſter build vpon that traytors tongue :  
 But, for thy frienſhip which thou ſhewedſt me,  
 Take that of me, I frankly giue it thee. *Stab him.*  
 Now will I haſte to *Naples* with all ſpeed,  
 To ſee if *Fortune* will ſo fauour me  
 To view *Alphonſus* in his happie ſtate.

*Exit Carinus.*

*Enter Amuracke, Crocon King of Arabia, Fauſtus* 1480  
*King of Babilon, [and] Fabius, with the Turkes*  
*Ganeſaries.*

*Amu. Fabius*, come hither : what is that thou  
 ſayeſt?

What did god *Mahound* prophecie to vs ?  
 Why do our Viceroyes wend vnto the warres  
 Before their king had notice of the ſame ?  
 What, do they thinke to play bob foole with me ?  
 Or are they waxt ſo frolicke now of late,  
 Since that they had the leading of our bands,  
 As that they thinke that mightie *Amuracke* 1490  
 Dares do no other then to ſoothe them vp ?  
 Why ſpeakeſt thou not ? what fond or franticke fit  
 Did make thoſe careleſſe Kings to venture it ?

*Fa.* Pardon, deare Lord ; no franticke fit at all,  
 No frolicke vaine, nor no presumptuous mind  
 Did make your Viceroyes take theſe wars in hand ;  
 But forſt they were by *Mahounds* prophecie  
 To do the ſame, or elſe reſolue to die.

*Amu.* So fir, I heare you, but can ſcarce<sup>1</sup> belieue  
 That *Mahomet* would charge them go before, 1500  
 Againſt *Alphonſus*, with ſo ſmall a troupe,  
 Whoſe number far exceeds King *Xerxes* troupe.<sup>2</sup>

*Fa.* Yes, Noble Lord, and more then that, hee  
 ſaid  
 That, / ere that you, with theſe your warlike men,  
 Should come to bring your ſuccour to the field,  
*Belinus*, *Claramount*, and *Arcaſtus* too  
 Should all be crownd with crownes of beaten  
 gold,  
 And borne with triumphes round about their tēts.

*Amu.* With triumph, man ? did *Mahound* tell  
 them ſo ?—

Prouoft, go carrie *Fabius* preſently 1510  
 Vnto the Marſhalſie : there let him reſt,  
 Clapt ſure and ſafe in fetters all of ſteele,  
 Till *Amuracke* diſcharge him from the ſame ;  
 For be he ſure, vnles it happen ſo  
 As he did ſay, *Mahound* did propheſie,  
 By this my hand, forthwith the ſlaue ſhall die.

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'ſcare.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'hoſt' : but Greene never hesitates to repeat a word.



*Lay hold of Fabius, and make as though you carrie  
him out : Enter a souldier, and say.*

*Sold.*<sup>1</sup> Stay, Prouost stay, let *Fabius* alone :  
More fitteth now that euery lustie lad 1520  
Be buckling on his helmet, then to stand  
In carrying souldiers to the Marshalfie.

*Amu.* Why, what art thou that darest once  
prefume

For to gainfay that *Amuracke* did bid ?

*Sold.* I am, my Lord, the wretched[s] man aliue,  
Borne vnderneath the Planet of mishap ;  
Erewhile a souldier of *Belinus* band,  
But now—

*Amu.* What now ?

*Sold.* The mirror of mishap ;  
Whose / Captaine is flaine, and all his armie dead,  
Onely excepted me, vnhappy wretch. 1530

*Amu.* What newes is this ? and is *Belinus* flaine ?  
Is this the Crowne which *Mahomet* did say  
He should with triumph weare vpon his head ?  
Is this the honour which that curfed god  
Did prophesie should happen to them all ?  
Oh *Dædalus*, and wert thou now aliue  
To fasten wings vpon high *Amuracke*,  
*Mahound* should know, and that for certaintie,  
That Turkish Kings can brooke no iniurie.

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'Mess.' = soldier-messenger. So throughout.

*Fabi.* Tush, tush, my Lord; I wonder what 1540  
you meane,<sup>1</sup>

Thus to exclaime against high *Mahomet*.  
Ile lay my life that, ere this day be past,  
You shall perceiue these<sup>2</sup> tidings all be waste.

*Amu.* We shall perceiue, accursed *Fabius*?

' Suffice it not that thou hast bene the man  
That first didst beate those bables in my braine,  
But that, to helpe me forward in my greefe,  
Thou seekest to confirme so fowle a lie?

*Stab him.*

Go get thee hence, and tell thy trayterous King 1550  
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring.—  
And now, my Lords, since nothing else will serue,  
Buckle your helmes, clap on your steeled coates,  
Mount on your steeds, take Launces in your hands;  
For *Amuracke* doth meane this very day  
Proude *Mahomet* with weapons to assay.

*Sold.* Mercie high Monarch: it is<sup>3</sup> no time now  
To spend the day in such vaine threatnings  
Against our god, the mightie *Mahomet*.  
More / fitteth thee to place thy men at armes 1560  
In battle ray, for to withstand your foes,  
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.

*Sound drummes within.*

<sup>1</sup> In 4to these lines and others before and after are printed short—viz.,

'Tush, tush my Lord,

I wonder what you meane,' etc.

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'his.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'tis.'

Hark, how their drummes with dub a dub do come!  
 To armes, high Lord, and fet these trifles by,  
 That you may fet vpon them valiantly.

*Amu.* And do they come? You kings of  
*Turkie* [land]

Now is the time in which your warlike armes  
 Must raise your names aboue the starrie skies:  
 Call to your minde your predeceffors acts, 1570  
 Whose martiall might, this many a hundred yeare,  
 Did keepe those fearefull dogs in dread and awe,  
 And let your weapons shew *Alphonfus* plaine,  
 That though that they be clapped vp in clay,  
 Yet there be branches sprung vp from these trees,  
 In Turkish land, which brooke no iniuries.  
 Besides the same, remember with your selues  
 What foes we haue; not mightie Tamberlaine,  
 Nor souldiers trained vp amongst the warres,  
 But feareful boors,<sup>1</sup> pickt from their rurall flocke, 1580  
 Which, till this time, were wholly ignorant  
 What weapons ment, or bloudie *Mars* doth craue.  
 More would I say, but horses that be free  
 Do need no spurs; and souldiers which themselues  
 Long and desire to buckle with the foe,  
 Do need no words to egge them to the same.

*Enter Alphonfus, with a Canapie carried ouer him  
 by three Lords, hauing ouer each corner a*

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'bodies.'

*Kings head crowned; with him Albinus,  
Lælius, Miles, with Crownes on their heads, 1590  
and their Souldiers.*

Besides the same, behold whereas our foes  
Are marching towards vs most speedilie.  
Courage, / my Lords, ours is the victorie.

*Alph.* Thou Pagan dog, how darst thou be so  
To fet thy foote within *Alphonfus* land? [bold  
What, art thou come to view thy wretched kings,  
Whose traiterous heads bedecke<sup>1</sup> my tent so well?  
Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof  
There is a place left vacant, art thou come                      1600  
To haue thy head possesse the highest seate?  
If it be so, lie downe, and this my sword  
Shall presently that honor thee affoord.  
If not, pack hence, or by the heauens I vow,  
Both thou and thine shall verie soone perceiue  
That he that seekes to moue my patience  
Must yeeld his life to me<sup>2</sup> for recompence.

*Amu.* Why, proud *Alphonfus*, thinkst thou  
                    *Amurack*,  
Whose mightie force doth terrefie the Gods,  
Can ere be found to turne his heeles, and flie                      1610  
Away for feare from such a boy as thou?  
No, no, although that *Mars* this mickle while  
Hath fortified thy weake and feeble arme,

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'bedeckt . . . tents.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'thee.'

And Fortune oft hath viewd with friendly face  
 Thy armies marching victors from the field,  
 Yet at the prefence of high *Amuracke*  
 Fortune shall change, and *Mars*, that God of might,  
 Shall succour me, and leaue *Alphonfus* quight.

*Alphon.* Pagan I fay, thou greatly art deceiu'd;  
 I clap vp Fortune in a cage of gold, } 1620  
 To make her turne her wheele as I thinke best;  
 And as for *Mars* whom you do fay will change,  
 He moping fits behind the kitchin doore,  
 Preft at commaund of euery Scullians mouth,  
 Who dares not ftir, nor once to moue a whit,  
 For feare *Alphonfus* then should ftomack it.

*Amu.* Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth  
 Doth ceafe from renting vnderneath thy feete,  
 To / swallow vp that<sup>1</sup> cankred corpes of thine.  
 I mufe that *Ioue* can bridle fo his ire } 1630  
 As, when he heares his brother fo mifufde,  
 He can refraine from fending thunderbolts  
 By thick and threefold, to reuenge his wrong.  
*Mars* fight for me, and Fortune be my guide:  
 And Ile be victor, what fome ere betide.

*Albi.* Pray loud enough, leſt that you pray in vain:  
 Perhaps God *Mars* and Fortune are a ſleepe.

*Amu.* And<sup>2</sup> *Mars* lies flumbring on his downie  
 bed,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'thofe.'

<sup>2</sup> And = an, i.e. if.

<sup>3</sup> The 4to gives theſe five lines inadvertently to Albinus.

*Fau.* High *Amurack*, I wonder what you meane,  
That, when you may with litle toyle or none  
Compell these dogs to keepe their toongs in peace,  
You let them stand still barking in this sort :  
Beleeue me, *soueraigne*, I do blush to see  
These beggers brats to chat so frolikelie.

*Alphon.* How now fir boy? let *Amurack* himselfe,  
Or any he, the proudest of you all,  
But offer once for to vnſheath his sword,  
If that he dares, for all the power you haue.

*Amu.* What darst thou vs? my selfe will venter  
To armes, my mates. [it.—

Amuracke draw thy sword: Alphonfus and all the  
other kings draw theirs. Strike vp alarum: flie  
Amuracke and his companie. Follow Alphonfus  
and his companie.

ACT / V.

*Strike up alarum. Enter Venus.*

*Ven.* Fearce is the fight, and bloudie is the broyle;  
No fooner had the roaring cannon shot,

Spit forth the venome of their fired panch,  
 And with their pellets sent such troupes of foules  
 Downe to the bottome of the darke *Auerne*,  
 As that it<sup>1</sup> couered all the Stigian fields ;  
 But, on a suddenn, all the men at armes,  
 Which mounted were on lustie courfers backes, 1670  
 Did rush together with so great a noyse  
 As that I thought the giants one time more  
 Did scale the heauens, as erst they did before.  
 Long time dame Fortune tempred so her wheele  
 As that there was no vantage to be seene  
 On any side, but equall was the gaine.  
 But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,  
*Alphonfus* was the victor of the field,  
 And *Amuracke* became his prisoner ;  
 Who so remaind vntil his daughter came, 1680  
 And by her marying did his pardon frame.

[*Exit Venus.*

*Strike vp alarum : flie Amuracke, follow Alphonfus,  
 and take him prisoner : carrie him in. Strike vp  
 alarum : flie Crocon and Fauftus. Enter Faufta  
 and Iphigina, with their armie, and meete them,  
 and say.*

*Fau.* You Turkish kings, what suddenn flight is  
 this? [prowes

What meanes the men, which for their valiant

<sup>1</sup> "It is frequently applied by our early writers to plural nouns : but qy. 'they'?"—*Dyce.*

Were dreaded erst cleane through the triple world, 1690  
 Thus cowardly to turne their backes and flie?  
 What / froward fortune hapned on your side?  
 I hope your king in safetie doth abide?

*Cro.* I, noble madam, *Amurack* doth liue,  
 And long I hope he shall enioy his life;  
 But yet I feare, vnles more succour come,  
 We shall both loofe our king and foueraigne.

*Fau.* How so, King *Crocon*? dost thou speak in  
 To proue if *Fausta* would lament his death? [iest,  
 Or else hath any thing hapt him amis? 1700  
 Speake quickly *Crocon*, what the cause might be,  
 That thou dost vtter forth these words to me.

*Cro.* Then, worthie *Fausta* know that *Amuracke*,  
 Our mightie king, and your approued spowse,  
 Prickt with desire of euerlasting fame,  
 As he was pressing in the thickest rankes  
 Of Aragonians, was, with much adoo,  
 At length tooke prisoner by *Alphonfus* hands,  
 So that, vnles you succour soone do bring,  
 You loofe your spowse, and we shall want our king. 1710

*Iphi.* O haples hap, oh dire and cruell fate!  
 What iniurie hath *Amuracke*, my fire,  
 Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath?  
 Although vniustly and without a cause.  
 For well I wot, not any other king,  
 Which now doth liue, or since the world begun  
 Did sway a scepter, had a greater care



To please the Gods, then mighty *Amuracke* :  
 And for to quite our fathers great good will,  
 Seeke they thus basely all his fame to spill ? 1720

*Fau. Iphigina*, leaue off these wofull tunes :  
 It is not words can cure and ease this wound,  
 But warlike fwords ; not teares, but sturdie speares,  
 High *Amuracke* is prisoner to our foes :  
 What then ? thinke you that our *Amazones*,  
 Ioynd with the forces of the Turkish troupe,  
 Are / not sufficient for to set him free ?  
 Yes, daughter, yes, I meane not for to sleepe  
 Vntill he is free, or we him company keepe.—  
 March on, my mates. *Exeunt omnes.* 1730

*Strike vp alarum : flie Alphonsus, follow  
 Iphigina, and say,*

*Iphi.* How now *Alphonsus* ! you which neuer yet  
 Could meet your equall in the feates of armes,  
 How haps it now that in such fudden fort  
 You flie the presence of a fillie maide ?  
 What, haue you found mine arme of such a force  
 As that you thinke your bodie ouerweake  
 For to withstand the furie of my blowes ?  
 Or do you else disdaine to fight with me, 1740  
 For staining of your high nobilitie ?

*Alp.* No, daintie dame, I wold not haue thee  
 That ever thou or any other wight [think  
 Shall live to see *Alphonsus* flie the field

From any king or *Keisar* who some ere :  
 First will I die in thickest of my fo,  
 Before I will disbase mine honour so.  
 Nor do I scorne, thou goddes, for to staine  
 My prowes with thee, although it be a shame  
 For knights to combat with the female sect<sup>1</sup>:     1750  
 But loue, sweete mouse, hath so benumbd my wit,  
 That, though I would, I must refraine from it.

*Iphi.* I thought as much when first I came to  
 Your noble acts were fitter to be writ     [wars;  
 Within the Tables of dame *Venus* son<sup>2</sup>  
 Then in God *Mars* his warlike registers :  
 When as your Lords are hacking helmes abroad,  
 And make their speares to shiuer in the air,  
 Your mind is busied in fond *Cupids* toyes.  
 Come / on, i'faith, Ile teach you for to know,     1760  
 We came to fight, and not to loue, I trow.

*Alphon.* Nay virgin stay. And if thou wilt  
 To entertaine *Alphonfus* simple sute,     [vouchsafe  
 Thou shalt ere long be Monarch of the world :  
 All christned kings, with all your Pagan dogs,  
 Shall bend their knees vnto *Iphigina*.  
 The Indian soyle shalbe thine at command,  
 Where euery step thou fettest on the ground  
 Shall be receiued on the golden mines ;  
 Rich *Paetolus*,<sup>3</sup> that riuier of account,     1770

<sup>1</sup> = sex.<sup>2</sup> 4to 'fun.'<sup>3</sup> "Another false quantity, like 'Euphrātes,' 'Erāto,' and 'Ixion,'  
*ante.*"—*Dyce.*

Which doth descend from top of *Tmolu's* mount,  
 Shall be thine owne, and all the world beside,  
 If you will graunt to be *Alphonfus* bride.

*Iphi.* *Alphonfus* bride? Nay, villain, do not thinke  
 That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts,  
 As for to make me loue and fancie him  
 Whom I do hate, and in such fort despise,  
 As, if my death could bring to passe his baine,  
 I would not long from *Plutoes* port remaine.

*Alph.* Nay then, proud peacock, since thou art so 1780  
 As that intreatie will not moue thy minde [stout  
 For to consent to be my wedded spowse,  
 Thou shalt, in spite of Gods and Fortune too,  
 Serue high *Alphonfus* as a concubine.

*Iphi.* Ile rather die then euer that shall hap.

*Alphon.* And thou shalt die vnles it come to pas.

*Alphonfus and Iphigina fight. Iphigina flie ;*  
*follow Alphonfus. Strike vp alarum. Enter*  
*Alphonfus with his rapier, Albinus, Lælius,*  
*Miles, with their Souldiers. Amurack, Fauſta, 1790*  
*Iphigina, Crocon, and Fauſtus, all bounde with*  
*their hands behind them. Amuracke looke angerly*  
*on Fauſta.*

*Enter / Medea.*

*Med.* Nay *Amurack*, this is no time to iarre,  
 Although thy wife did, in her franticke moode,

Vse speeches which might better haue been sparde,  
 Yet do thou not iudge this<sup>1</sup> same time to be  
 A season to requite that iniurie.

More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou hast,     1800  
 To call to mind which way thou maist release  
 Thy selfe, thy wife, and faire *Iphigina*,  
 Forth of the power of stout *Alphonfus* hands;  
 For, well I wot, since first you breathed breath,  
 You neuer were so nie the snares of death.

Now *Amurack*, your high and kingly feate,  
 Your royall scepter and your stately Crowne,  
 Your mightie Countrey, and your men at armes,  
 Be conquered all, and can no succour bring.

Put then no trust in these same paltrie toyes,     1810  
 But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,  
 Clapt vp in chaines ; whose life and death depend<sup>2</sup>  
 Vpon the hands of thy most mortall foe.

Then take thou heed, that what som ere he say,  
 Thou doest not once presume for to gainfay.

*Amu.* Away you foole ! thinke you your curfed  
 charmes

Can bridle so the mind of *Amuracke*

As that he will stand croaching to his foe ?

No, no, be sure that, if that begger's brat

Do dare but once to contrary my will,     1820

Ile make him soone in heart for to repent

That ere such words gainst *Amuracke* he spent.

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'the.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'deaths depends.'

*Med.* Then, since thou dost disdaine my good  
 Looke to thy selfe, and if you fare amis, [aduise,  
 Remember / that *Medea* counsell gaue  
 Which might you saue from all those perils saue.<sup>1</sup>  
 But *Fausta*, you, as well you haue begun,  
 Beware you follow still your friend's aduise :  
 If that *Alphonfus* do desire of thee  
 To haue your daughter for his wedded spowse, 1830  
 Beware you do not once the same gainfay,  
 Vnles<sup>2</sup> with death he do your rashnes pay.

*Fau.* No, worthie wight ; first *Fausta* means to  
 Before *Alphonfus* she will contrarie. [die

*Med.* Why, then, farwell.—But you, *Iphigina*,  
 Beware you do not ouersqueamish wax,  
 When as your mother giueth her consent.

*Iphi.* The Gods forbid that ere I should gainfay  
 That which *Medea* bids me to obey.

*Exit Medea.* 1840

*Rise vp Alphonfus out of his chaire, who all this  
 while hath bene talking to Albinus, and say.*

*Al.* Now *Amurack*, the proud blasphemous dogs,  
 (For so you termd vs) which did brall and raile  
 Against God *Mars* and fickle Fortunes wheele,  
 Haue got the gole for all your solemne praiers.  
 Your selfe are prisoner, which as then did thinke  
 That all the forces of the triple world

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'saw'd . . . haue ' ?—Certainly not.      <sup>2</sup> = lest.

Were insufficient to fulfill the fame.  
 How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,  
 Or hath God *Mars* such force or power diuine,  
 As that he can, with all the power he hath,  
 Set thee and thine forth of *Alphonfus* hands?  
 I do not thinke but that your hopes so small  
 As that you would with verie willing mind  
 Yeeld for my spowse the faire *Iphigina*,  
 On that condition, that without delay  
*Fausta* and you may scotfree scape away.

*Amu.* What, thinkst thou, villain, that high  
*Amurack*

Beares / such a minde as, for the feare of death,  
 Heele yeeld his daughter, yea, his onely ioy,  
 Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?  
 No traytor, no ; for [though] as now I lie  
 Clapt vp in Irons and with bolts of steele,  
 Yet do there lurke within the Turkish soyle  
 Such troupes of fouldiers, that, with small ado,  
 Theile set me scotfree from your men and you.

*Alp.* ‘Villain,’ sayest thou? ‘traitor’ & ‘dunghil knight’?

Now, by the heauens, since that thou dost denie  
 For to fulfill that which in gentle wife

*Alphonfus* craues, both thou and all thy traine  
 Shall with your liues requite that iniurie.—

*Albinus*, lay holde of *Amuracke*,  
 And carrie him to prison presently,

There to remaine vntill I do returne  
 Into my tent ; for by high *Ioue* I vowe,  
 Vnles he waxe more calmer out of hand,  
 His head amongst his fellow Kings shall stand.

*Albinus* *carrie Amuracke forth, who as he is  
 going, must say.* 1880

*Amu.* No villaine, think not that the feare of death  
 Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.

[*Exit in custody of Albinus.*]

*Alphon.* Now *Lælius*, take you *Iphigina*,  
 Her mother *Fausta*, with these other Kings,  
 And put them into prisons seuerally ;  
 For *Amuracks* stout stomacke shall vndo  
 Both he himselfe and all his other crew.

*Fausta* *kneele downe.*

*Fau.* Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine 1890  
 teares,

Distilling downe poor *Faustas* withered cheekes,  
 Can / mollifie the hardnes of your heart,  
 Lessen this iudgement, which thou in thy rage  
 Hast giuen on thy luckles prisoners.

*Alphon.* Woman away ! my word is gone and past ;  
 Now, if I would, I cannot call it backe.  
 You might haue yeelded at my first demaund,  
 And then you need[ed] not to feare this hap.—  
*Lælius*, make haste, and go thou presently  
 For to fulfill that I commanded thee. 1900

*Rise vp Fauſta, kneele downe Iphigina, and ſay.*

*Iphi.* Mightie *Alphonſus*, ſince my mothers ſute  
Is ſo reiected that in any caſe  
You will not grant vs pardon for her ſake,  
I now will trie if that my wofull prayers  
May plead for pittie at your graces feete.  
When firſt you did, amongeſt the thickeſt ranckes,  
All clad in glittering armes encounter me,  
You know your ſelfe what loue you did proteſt  
You then did beare vnto *Iphigina* :  
Then for that loue, if any loue you had,  
Reuoke this ſentence, which is too too bad.

*Alp.* No damſel<sup>1</sup>; he that will not when he may,  
When he deſires, ſhall ſurely purchaſe nay :  
If that you had, when firſt I profer made,  
Yeelded to me, marke, what I promiſt you,  
I would haue done ; but ſince you did denie,  
Looke for deniall at *Alphonſus* hands.

*Riſe vp Iphigina, and ſtand aſide.*     *Alphonſus talke  
with Albinus. Enter Carinus in Pilgrims  
clothes, and ſay.*

*Cari.* [*aſide.*] Oh / friendly *Fortune*, now thou  
                         ſheweſt thy power  
In raiſing vp my ſonne, from baniſht ſtate  
Vnto the top of thy moſt mightie wheele :  
But, what be theſe, which at his ſacred feete

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'damſel damſel.'



Do seeme to pleade for mercie at his hands?

Ile go and sift this matter to the full.

*Go toward Alphonsus, and speake to one of his  
soldiers.*

Sir Knight, and may a Pilgrim be so bolde 1930

To put your person to such mickle pain

For to enforme me what great King is this,

And what these be, which, in such wofull sort,

Do seeme to seeke for mercie at his hands?

*Soul.* Pilgrim, the King that sits on stately throne

Is cald *Alphonsus*; and this matron hight

*Fausta*, the wife to *Amuracke* the Turke;

That is their daughter, faire *Iphigina*;

Both which, together with the Turke himselfe,

He did take prisoners in a battle fought. 1940

*Alph.* [*spie out Carinus and say.*] And can the  
gods be found so kind to me

As that *Carinus* now I do espie?

Tis he indeed.—Come on, *Albinus*:

The mightie conquest which I haue atchieu'd,

And victories the which I oft haue<sup>1</sup> wonne,

Bring not such pleasure to *Alphonsus* hart

As now my fathers presence doth impart.

*Alphonsus* / and *Albinus* go toward *Carinus*:

*Alphonsus* stand looking on *Carinus*, *Carinus* say.

<sup>1</sup> 4to twice 'haue.'

*Cari.* What, nere a word *Alphonfus*? art thou dumb?

Or doth my presence so perturb thy minde  
That, for because I come in Pilgrims weed,  
You thinke each word which you do spend to me  
A great disgrace vnto your name to be?  
Why speakest thou not? If that my place you craue,  
I will be gone, and you my place shall haue.

*Alph.* Nay father stay, the Gods of heauen forbid  
That ere *Alphonfus* should desire or wish  
To haue his absence whom he doth account  
To be the [guiding] Loadstone of his life.  
What, though the Fates and Fortune, both in one,  
Haue bene content to call your louing sonne  
From beggars state, vnto this princely feate,  
Should I therefore disdaine my aged fire?  
No, first both Crowne and life I will detest,  
Before such venome breed within my brest.  
What erst I did, the sudden ioy I tooke  
To see *Carinus* in such happie state,  
Did make me do, and nothing else at all,  
High *Ioue* himselfe do I to witnes call.

*Cari.* These words are vaine; I knew as much  
before.

But yet *Alphonfus*, I must wonder needs  
That you, whose yeares are prone<sup>1</sup> to Cupids snares,  
Can suffer such a Goddess as this dame

<sup>1</sup> 4to 'proue.'

Thus for to shead such store of Christfall teares.  
 Beleeue me sonne, although my yeares be spent,  
 Her fighes and fobs in twaine my heart do rent.

*Alph.* Like power, deare father, had she ouer me,  
 Vntill for loue I looking to receiue  
 Loue backe againe, not onely was denied, 1980  
 But also taunted in most spightful fort :  
 Which / made me loathe that which I erst did loue,  
 As she her selfe, with all her friends, shall proue.

*Cari.* How now *Alphonsus*? You which haue  
 so long  
 Bene trained vp in bloudie broyles of *Mars*,  
 What, know you not that Castles are not wonne  
 At first assault, and women are not wooed  
 When first their futers profer loue to them?  
 As for my part, I should account that maide  
 A wanton wench, vnconstant, lewde and light, 1990  
 That yeelds the field before she venture fight ;  
 Especially vnto her mortall foe,  
 As you were then vnto *Iphigina*.  
 But, for because I see you fitter are  
 To enter Lifts and combat with your foes  
 Then court faire Ladyes in God *Cupids* tents,  
*Carinus* meanes your spokelman for to bee,  
 And if that she consent, you shall agree.

*Alphon.* What you commaund, *Alphonsus* must  
 not flie,  
 Though otherwise perhaps he would denie. 2000

*Cari.* Then, daintie damfell, stint these trickling  
teares,

Cease fighes and fobs, yea, make a merrie cheare :  
Your pardon is already purchafed,  
So that you be not ouer curious<sup>1</sup>

In granting to *Alphonfus* iust demand.

*Iphi.* Thankes, mightie Prince : no curiofer Ile  
bee

Than doth become a maide of my degree.

*Cari.* The Gods forbid that ere *Carinus* tongue  
Should go about to make a mayd consent  
Vnto the thing which modestie denies. 2010

That which I aske is neither hurt to thee,  
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,  
But good and honest, and will profit bring  
To thee and those which leane vnto that thing.

And / that is this : since first *Alphonfus* eyes  
Did hap to glaunce vpon your heauenly hew,  
And saw the rare perfection of the same,  
He hath desired to become your spowse :

Now, if you will vnto the same agree,  
I dare assure you that you shall be free. 2020

*Iphi.* Pardon deare Lord ; the world goes very  
hard

When womenkinde are forced for to wooe ;  
If that your sonne had loued me so well,  
Why did he not informe me of the same ?

<sup>1</sup> = over-scrupulous.

*Ca.* Why, did he not? what, haue you cleane forgot

What ample profers he did make to you  
When hand to hand, he did encounter you?

*Iphi.* No, worthy fir, I haue not it forgot;  
But *Cupid* cannot enter in the brest

Where *Mars* before had tooke possession. 2030

That was no time to talke of *Venus* games  
When all our fellowes were pressed in the warres.

*Cari.* Well, let that passe: now canst thou be content

To loue *Alphonfus*, and become his spowse?

*Iphi.* I, if the high *Alphonfus* could vouchsafe  
To entertaine me as his wedded spowse.

*Alphon.* If that he could? what, dost thou doubt  
of that?

*Iafon* did iet when as he had obtaind

The golden fleece by wise *Medeas* art;

The Greekes reioyced when they had subdued 2040

The famous bulwarkes of most stately *Troy*;

But all their mirth was nothing in respect

Of this my ioy, since that I now haue got

That which I long desired in my heart.

*Ca.* But what sayes *Faufa* to her daughters  
choice?

*Fau.* *Faufa* doth say, the Gods haue bin her  
To let her liue to see *Iphigina* [friends,  
Bestowed so vnto her hearts content.

*Alphon.* / Thankes, mightie Empreffe, for your  
gentlenes ;

And, if *Alphonfus* can at any time  
With all his power requite this curtesie,  
You shall perceiue how kindly he doth take  
Your forwardnesse in this his happie chance.

*Cari. Albinus*, go call forth *Amuracke* :  
Weele fee what he doth fay vnto this match.

*Exit Albinus, bring forth Amuracke.*

Most mightie Turke, I, with my warlike sonne  
*Alphonfus*, loathing that so great a Prince  
 As you should liue in such vnseemly fort,  
 Haue sent for you to proffer life or death ; 2060  
 Life, if you do consent to our demand,  
 And death, if that you dare gainfay the same.  
 Your wife, high *Fausta*, with *Iphigina*,  
 Haue giuen consent that this my warlike sonne  
 Should haue your daughter for his bedfellow :  
 Now resteth nought but that you do agree,  
 And so to purchase sure tranquillitie.

*Amu.* [*aside.*] Now *Amurack*, aduife thee 'what  
thou fayest ;

Bethinke thee well what answere thou wilt make:  
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words. 2070  
If thou denie to be *Alphonfus* fire,  
Death is thy share ; but if that thou consent,  
Thy life is fau'd. Consent ? nay, rather die :

Should I consent to giue *Iphigina*  
 Into the hands of such a beggers brat ?  
 What, *Amuracke*, thou dost deceiue thy selfe ;  
*Alphonfus* is the sonne vnto a King :  
 What then ? the[n] worthy of thy daughters loue.  
 She is agreed, and *Fausta* is content ;  
 Then *Amuracke* will not be discontent.— 2080

*Take Iphigina by the hand, and giue her to  
 Alphonfus.*

Heere, / braue *Alphonfus*, take thou at my hand  
*Iphigina*, I giue her vnto thee ;  
 And for her dowrie, when her father die[s],  
 Thou shalt possesse the Turkish Emperie.  
 Take her I say, and liue King *Nestors* yeeres :  
 So would the Turke and all his Noble Peeres.

*Alphon.* Immortall thanks I give vnto your grace.

*Cari.* Now, worthy Princes, since by helpe of 2090  
*Ioue*

On either fide the wedding is decreed,  
 Come, let vs wend to *Naples* speedily  
 For to solemize it with mirth and glee.

*Amu.* As you do will, we ioyntly do agree.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Venus with the Muses, and say.*

*Ve.* Now worthy *Muses*, with vnwilling mind  
*Venus* is forst to trudge to heauens againe :  
 For *Iupiter*, that God of peerles power,





Come, let vs hafte unto *Pernaffus* hill,  
As *Citherea* did [vs] lately will.

*Melpom.* Then make you hafte her mind for to  
fulfill.

*Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.*

FINIS.

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END OF VOL. XIII.