

THE VVifdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted
by the Children of Powles.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

1 6 0 0.



The wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll.

ACTVS. PRIMA.

*A Curtaine drawne, Earle Lasisingbergh is discovered
(like a Painter) painting Lucilia, who sits working
on a piece of Cushion worke.*

Lasinberge.

(rayes,
Welcome bright Morne, that with thy golden
Reueal'st the variant colours of the world,
Looke here and see if thou canst finde disper'st
The glorious parts of faire *Lucilia* :
Take them & ioyne them in the heauenly Spheares,
And fixe them there as an eternall light,
For Louers to adore and wonder at :
And this (long since) the high Gods would haue
But that they could not bring it back againe; (done,
When they had lost so great diuinitie: *Lord*

Lu. You paint your flattering words *Lasinbergh*,
Making a curious pensill of your tongue,
And that faire artificiall hand of yours,
Were fitter to haue painted heauens faire storie,
Then here to worke on Antickes and on me:

Doctor Dodypoll.

Thus for my sake, you (of a noble Earle)
Are glad to be a mercenary Painter.

Lass. A Painter faire *Lucia*? why the world
With all her beautie was by painting made.
Looke on the heauens colour'd with golden starres,
The firmamentall ground of it, all blew.
Looke on the ayre, where with a hundred changes
The watry Rain-bow doth imbracethe earth.
Looke on the sommer fields adorn'd with flowers,
How much is natures painting honour'd there:
Looke in the Mynes, and on the Easterne shore,
Where all our Mettalls and deare Iems are drawne:
Thogh faire themselues, made better by their foiles.
Looke on that litle world, the twofold man,
Whose fairer parcell is the weaker still:
And see what azure vaines in stream-like forme
Diuide the Rosie beautie of the skin.
I speake not of the fundry shapes of beasts,
The seuerall colours of the Elements:
Whose mixture shapes the worlds varietie,
In making all things by their colours knowne.
And to conclude, Nature her selfe diuine,
In all things she hath made, is a meere Painter.

She kisses his hand.

Now by this kisse, th' admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthie th' honor thou hast giuen
(With so sweet words) to thy eye-rauishing Art,
Of which my beauties can deferue no part.

Lass. Form these base Anticks where my hād hath
Thy seuerall parts: if I vniting all, (I pearst
Had figur'd there, the true *Lucilla*,
Then might'st thou iustly wonder at mine Art,
And

Doctor Dodypoll.

And deuout people would from farre repaire,
 Like Pilgrims, with their dutuous sacrifice,
 Adorning thee as Regent of their loues ;
 Here, in the Center of this Mary-gold,
 Like a bright Diamond I enchaſt thine eye.
 Here, vnderneath this little Roſie buſh
 Thy crimſon cheekes peers forth more faire then it.
 Here, *Cupid* (hanging downe his wings) doth ſit,
 Comparing Cherries to thy Ruby lippes :
 Here is thy browe, thy haire, thy neck, thy hand,
 Of purpoſe all in ſeuerall ſhrowds diſperſt :
 Leſt rauiſht, I ſhould dote on mine owne worke,
 Or Enuy-burning eyes ſhould malice it.

Luc. No more my Lord : ſee here comes *Haunce*
 (our man.

Enter Haunce.

Haunce. We haue the fineſt Painter here at boord
 wages, that euer made Flowerdelice, and the beſt
 bed-fellow too : for I may lie all night tryumphing
 from corner to corner, while he goes to ſee the Fay-
 ries: but I for my part, ſee nothing; but here a ſtrange
 noyſe ſometimes. Well, I am glad we are haunted ſo
 with Fairies : For I cannot ſet a cleane pump down,
 but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Mi-
 ſtreſſe *Lucilia*, ſhee's neuer from him : I pray God he
 paints no pictures with her : But I hope my fellowe
 hireling will not be ſo ſawcie. But we haue ſuch a
 wench a comming for you (Lordings) with her wo-
 ers : A, the fineſt wench : wink, wink, deare people,
 and you be wiſe : and ſhut, O ſhut your weeping
 eyes.

Enter

Doctor Dodypoll.

Enter Cornelia sola, looking upon the picture of Albedure in a little Jewell, and singing. Enter the Doctor and the Merchant following, and hearkning to her.

The Song.

*What thing is loue? for sure I am it is a thing,
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie, prettie thing.
It is a fire, it is a coale, whose flame creeps in at euery
And as my wits do best deuise, (hoale.
Loves dwelling is in Ladies eyes.*

Haunce. O rare wench!

Cor. Faire Prince, thy picture is not here imprest,
With such perfection as within my brest.

Mar. Soft maister Doctor.

Doct. *Cornelia*, by garr dis paltry marshan be too
bolde, is too sawcie by garr: Foole, holde off hand
foole, Let de Doctor speake.

Han. Now my braue wooers, how they striue for
(a Jewes Trump.

Doct. Madam me loue you: me desire to marry
Me pray you not to say no. (you,

Cor. Maister Doctor, I think you do not loue me:
I am sure you shall not marry me,
And (in good sadnes) I must needs say no.

Mar. What say you to this maister Doctor?
Mistresse let me speake.

That I do loue you, I dare not say, least I should of-
fend you: That I would marry you, I had rather you
should conceiue, then I should vtter: And I do liue
or

Doctor Dodypoll.

or die vpon your *Monasible*, I, or no.

Doct. By gar if you will see *de Marshan* hang himselfe say no: A good sheffe by garr. (man.

Han. A filthy French iest, as I am a dutch gentle-
Mar. Mistresse, Ile bring you from *Arabia*,
Turckie, and *India*, where the Sunne doth rise,
Miraculous Iemmes, rare stufes of pretious worke,
To beautifie you more then all the paintings
Of women with their coullour fading cheekes.

Doct. You bring stufte for her? you bring pudding.
Me vit one, two, tree pence more den de price,
Buy it from dee and her too by garr :
By garr dow fella' dy fader for two pence more :
Madam me gieue you restoratife,
Me gieue you tings (but tounsh you) make you faire:
Me gieue you tings, make you strong :
Me make you liue six, seauen, tree hundra yeere :
You no point so Marshan.

Marshan run fro you, two, tree, foure yere together,
who shal kisse you dan? who shal embrace you dan?
Who shall tounsh your fine hand? o shall, o sweete,
By garr.

Mar. Indeed M. Doctor your comodities are rare,
A guard of Vrinals in the morning ;
A plagueie fellow at midnight ;
A fustie Potticarie, euer at hand with his fustian
drugges, attending your pispot worship.

Doct. By garr skuruy marshan, me beat dee starck
dead, and make dee liue againe for sau'a de law.

Han. A plagueie marshan by gar, make the doctor
(angre.

Doct. Now madam, by my trot you be very faire.

Cor. You mock me M. Doct. I know the contrary.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Doct. Know? what you know? you no see yo
selfe, by garr me see you; me speake vatt me see;
You no point speake so.

Han. Peace Doctor I vise you,
Do not court in my maisters hearing, you were be

Enter Flores. (me

Flo. Where are these woocers heere? poore fil
Highly deceiu'd to gape for marriage heere:
Onely for gaine, I haue another reache,
More high then their base spirits can aspire:
Yet must I vse this Doctors secret aide,
That hath alreadie promist me a drug,
Whose vertue shall effect my whole desires.

Doct. O *Mounseur Flores*, mee be your worshi
seruant: Mee lay my hand vnder your Lordshi
foote by my trot.

Flor. O maister Doctor, you are welcome to vs
And you *Albertus*, it doth please me much,
To see you vowed riuals thus agree.

Doct. Agree? by my trot sheele not haue him

Ma. You finde not that in your vrins M. Docto

Doct. *Mounseur Flores* come hedder pray.

Flor. What sayes maister Doctor,
Haue you remembred me?

Doct. I by garr: heere be de powdra, you giue
halfe at once.

Flor. But are you sure it will worke the effect?

Doct. Me be sure? by garr she no sooner drinl
but shee hang your neck about; she stroake you
beard; she nippe your sheeke, she busse your lipp
by garr.

Flor. What wilt thou eate me Doctor?

Doct.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Doct. By garr, mee must shew you de vertue by plaine demonstration.

Flor. Well, tell me, is it best in wine or no?

Doct. By garr de Marshan, de Marshan, I tinck he kisse my sweete mistresse.

Flor. Nay pray thee Doctor speake, is't best in wine or no?

Doct. O good Lort in vyne, vat else I pray you?
You giue de vench to looue vatra?
Be garre me be asham of you.

Flo. Well, thankes gentle Doctor:
And now (my friends)
I looke to day for strangers of great state,
And must craue libertie to prouide for them:
Painter goe, leaue your worke, and you *Lucilia*,
Keepe you (I charge you) in your chamber close.

Exeunt. Cass. and Lucilia.

Hauuce, see that all things be in order set;
Both for our Musicke and our large Carowse:
That (after our best countrie fashion)
I may giue entertainment to the Prince.

Han. One of your Haultboyes (sir) is out of tune.

Flo. Out of tune villaine? which way?

Han. Drunke (sir) ant please you.

Flo. Ist night with him alreadie?

Well get other Musicke.

Han. So we had need in truth sir. *Exit Hans.*

Doct. Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my leaue, see de vnmanerlie Marshan, staie by garre.

Mar. Sir, with your leaue, *Exit.*

Ile choose some other time,
When I may lesse offend you with my staic. *Exit.*

Doctor Dodypoll.

Flo. *Albertus*, welcome: and now *Cornelia*,
 Are we alone? looke first; I, all is safe.
 Daughter, I charge thee now, euen by that loue
 In which we haue been partiall towards thee,
 (Aboue thy sister, blest with bewties gifts,)
 Receiue this vertuous powder at my hands,
 And (hauing mixt it in a bowle of Wine)
 Giue it vnto the Prince in his carowse.
 I meane no villanie heerein to him;
 But loue to thee, wrought by that charmed cup.
 We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes,
 Why should we then, shun any meanes we can,
 To raise vs to our auncient states againe?
 Thou art my eldest care, thou best deseru'st
 To haue thy imperfections helpt by loue.

Corn. Then father, shall we seek sinifer meanes
 Forbidden by the lawes of God and men?
 Can that loue prosper which is not begun
 By the direction of some heauenly fate?

Flo. I know not; I was nere made Bishop yet:
 I must prouide for mine, and still prefeſſe
 (Aboue all theſe) the honour of my houſe:
 Come therfore, no words but perſorme my charge

Corn. If you wil haue it ſo, I muſt conſent. *Exeunt*

Enter Alberdure, Hyanthe, Leander and Motto.

Alber. My deere *Hyanthe*; my content; my life;
 Let no new fancie change thee from my loue:
 And for my riual, (whom I muſt not wrong)
 (Be cauſe he is my father and my Prince)
 Giue thou him honour; but giue me thy loue.
 O that my riual bound me not in dutie
 To fauour him: then could I tell *Hyanthe*,

Tha

Doctor Dodypoll.

That he alreadie (with importun'd suite)
Hath to the *Brunswick* Dutcheffe vow'd himselfe,
That his desires are carelesse, and his thoughts
Too fickle and imperious for loue;
But I am silent, dutie ties my tongue.

Hya. Why? thinks my ioy, my princely *Aldbure*
Hyanthes faith stands on so weake a ground?
That it will fall or bend with euerie winde?
No stormes or lingring miseries shall shake it,
Much lesse, yaine titles of commaunding loue.

Motto. Madam dispatch him then; rid him out of
this earthlie purgatorie; for I haue such a coile with
him a nights; grunting and groaning! in his sleepe;
with O *Hyanthe*; my deare *Hyanthe*; and then hee
throbs me in his armes, as if he had gotten a great ie-
well by the eare.

Alber. Away you wag: and tel me now my loue,
What is the cause Earle *Cassimore* (your father)
Hath beene so long importunate with me,
To visit *Flores* the braue Jeweller?

Hyan. My father doth so dote on him my Lord,
That he thinkes he doth honour euery man,
Whom he acquaints with his perfections;
Therefore (in any wise) prepare your selfe,
To grace and sooth his great conceit of him:
For euerie iecture, euerie word he speaks,
Seemes to my father admirable good.

Lean. Indeed my Lord, his high conceit of him,
Is more then any man aliue deserues.
He thinkes the Jeweller made all of Jewels:
Who though he be a man of gallant spirit,
Faire spoken, and well furnisht with good parts,

Doctor Dodypoll.

Yet not so peerleslie to be admir'd.

Enter Caiſsimere.

(you,

Cass. Come, shall we go (my Lord) I dare assure
You shall beholde so excellent a man,
For his behauour, for his sweete discourse,
His sight in Musick, and in heauenlie Arts,
Besides the cunning iudgement of his eie,
In the rare secrets of all precious Iemmes,
That you will sorrow you haue staide so long.

Alber. Alas, whie would not then your lordships
Hasten me sooner? for I long to see him, (fauor,
On your iudiciall commendation.

Cass. Come, lets away then; go you in *Hyanthe*,
And if my Lord the Duke come in my absence,
See him (I pray) with honour entertain'd. *Exeunt.*

Hya. I will my Lord.

Leand. I will accompanie your Ladiship, if you
vouchsafe it.

Hya. Come good *Leander.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Constantine, Katherine, Ite, Vanderclence,
with others.

Const. Lord *Vanderclence*, go Lord Ambassadour
From vs, to the renowmed Duke of *Saxon*,
And know his highnesse reason and intent,
Whie being (of late) with such importunate suite,
Bethroth'd to our faire sister *Dowager*
Of this our Dukedome; he doth now protract
The time he vrge with such speede of late,
His honourd nuptiall rites to celebrate.

Kath. But good my Lord, temper your Ambassie
With such respectiue termes to my renowme,
That I be cleer'd of all immodest haste,

To

Doctor Dodypoll.

To haue our promist nuptials consumate:
For his affects (perhaps) follow the season,
Hot with the summer then, now colde with winter.
And Dames (though nere so forward in desire)
Must suffer men to blowe the nuptiall fire.

Vander. Madam, your name (in vrging his intent)
Shall not be vsd: but your right princelie brothers,
Who knowing it may breede in vulgar braines
(That shall giue note to this protraction)
Vniust suspicion of your sacred vertues,
And other reasons touching the estate
Of both their famous Dukedomes, sendeth mee
To be resolu'd of his integritie.

Const. To that end go my honourable Lord:
Commend me and my sister to his loue,
(If you perceiue not he neglects our owne).
And bring his princelie resolution.

Kat. Commend not me by any meanes my lord,
Vnlesse your speedie graunted audience,
And kinde entreatie make it requisite,
For honour rules my nuptiall appetite. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

*Enter Hannee, Lassingbergh, and others following,
seruing in a Bancket..*

Han. Come sir, it is not your painting alone,
Makes your absolute man; ther's as fine a hand
To be requir'd in carrying a dish,
And as sweete arte to be shew'd in't,
As in any maister peece whatsoeuer;
Better then as you painted the Doctorcene now,
With

Doctor Dedypoll.

With his nose in an Vrinall.

Lass. Be quiet fir, or ile paint you by and by, eating my maisters comfets. *Exit.*

Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Alberdura, Cornelia, and Motto.

Flor. Prince *Alberdura*, my great desire to answer
The greatnes of your birth, and high deserts,
With entertainment fitting to your state,
Makes althings seem too humble for your presence.

Alber. Courteous *S. Flores*, your kinde welcome is
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince;
And I am bound to good Earle *Cassimeere*,
For honouring me with your desired acquaintance.

Cass. Wilt please you therefore to draw neere my

Flo. Wilt please your grace to sit? *(lord)*

Alber. No good *S. Flores*, I am heere admiring
The cunning strangenes of your antick worke:
For though the generall tract of it be rough,
Yet is it sprinkled with rare flowers of Art.
See what a liuelie piercing eye is here;
Marke the conueiance of this louelie hand;
Where are the other parts of this faire cheek?
Is it not pittie that they should be hid?

Flor. More pittie tis *(my lord)* that such rare art
Should be obscur'd by needie pouertie,
Hee's but a simple man kept in my house.

Alber. Come sirra, you are a practitioner,
Lets haue your iudgement here.

Han. VVill you haue a stoole fir?

Motto. I, and I thanke you too fir. *(drawing)*

Flo. Hath this young Gentleman such skill in

Alber. Many great maisters thinke him *(for his yeares)*

Doctor Dodypoll.

Or both of them are Images and dead.

Flo. My Lord, I feare I trouble you too long,
Wilt please your Lordships taste this homely cates?

Corn. First, (if it please you) giue me leaue to greete
Your Princely hand with this vnworthy gift:
Yet woorthy, since it represents your selfe.

Alber. What? my selfe Lady? trust me it is pittie
So faire a Lemme should hold so rude a picture.

Corn. My Lord 'tis made a Jewell in your picture,
Which otherwise had not deseru'd the name.

Alber. Kinde mistresse, kindly I accept your fauour.

Enter Lassengbergh, Haunce, and Lucilia. (man?)

Flo. Heere you young gentleman; do you know this

Mot. Yes signior Flores, 'tis Earle *Lassingbergh*. *Exit*

My lord what meane you to come thus disguised? *Ham.*

Luc. Aye me.

Lass. The foolish boye is mad, I am *Cornelius*;
Earle *Lassingbergh*; I neuer heard of him.

Flo. O *Lassingbergh*, we know your villanie,
And thy dishonour (fond *Lucilia*,)
Asse that I was, dull, sencelesse, grosse braynd foole,
That dayly saw so many euident signes
Of their close dealings, winckings, becks and touches,
And what not? to enforce me to discern,
Had I not beene effatuate euen by Fate:
Your presence noble Lords (in my disgrace)
Doth deeply moue mee: and I heere protest
Most solemnly (in sight of heauen and you)
That if Earle *Lassingbergh* this day refuse,
To make faire mends for this fowle trespassse done,
I will reuenge me on his treacherous heart,
Though I sustaine for him a thousand deaths.

Cass. This

Doctor Dodypoll.

Cass. This action (traitour *Lassingbergh*) deserues
Great satisfaction, or else great reuenge.

Alber. Beleue me gallant Earle your choice is faire,
And worthy you a most honourable loue.

Lassin. My Lord, it grieues me to be thus vnmaskt,
And made ridiculous in the stealth of loue :

But (for *Lucilias* honour) I protest,
(Not for the desperate vowe that *Flores* made)

She was my wife before she knew my loue

By secret promise, made in sight of heauen.

The marriage which he vrgeth, I accept,

But this compulsion and vnkinde disgrace,

Hath altered the condition of my loue,

And filde my heart with yrksome discontent.

Flor. My Lord, I must preferre mine honour still,

Before the pleasure of the greatest Monarch ;

Which since your Lordship seekes to gratifie

With iust and friendly satisfaction ;

I will endeouour to redeeme the thought

Of your affection, and lost loue to vs:

Wilt please you therefore now to associate

This woorthy Prince, at this vnwoorthy banquet ?

Alber. My Lord let me intreate your company.

Lassin. Hold mee excusd faire Prince ; my griued

Are farre vnmeete for festiuall delights: (thoughts

Heere will I sit and feede on melancholie,

A humour (now) most pleasing to my taste.

Flor. *Lucilia*, waite the pleasure of your loue :

My Lord, now to the banquet,

Daughter commaund vs a carowse of wine.

Musick sounds a while ; and they sing,

Boire a la Fontaine.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Flor. My Lord, I greete you with this first carowfe,
And as this wine (the Elements sweete soule)
Shall growe in me to bloud and vitall spirit,
So shall your loue and honor growe in me.

Alber. I pledge you fir.

Cass. How like you him my Lord?

Alber. Exceeding well. *Sing boyre a le fontaine.*

Flor. *Cornelia*, do you serue the Prince with wine?

Shee puts the powder into the Cup and giues it the Prince.

Alber. I thanke you Lady.

Earle Cassimeere, I greete you; and remember
Your faire *Hyanthe*.

Cass. I thanke your honour. *Sing boyre a, &c.*

Flor. Fill my Lord *Cassimeere* his right of wine.

Cass. *Cornelia*, I giue you this dead carowfe.

Corn. I thanke your Lordship. *Sing boyre a, &c.*

Alber. What smoake? smoake and fire.

Cass. What meanes your honour?

Alber. Powder, powder, *Etna*, *Sulphure*, fier; quench
it, quench it.

Flor. I feare the medicine hath distemper'd him,
O villaine Doctor.

Alber. Downe with the battlements, powre water on,
I burne, I burne; O giue me leaue to flie
Out of these flames; these fiers that compasse me. *Exit.*

Cass. What an vnheard off accident is this?

Would God friend *Flores*, t'had not happen'd heere.

Flor. My Lord, 'tis sure some Planet striketh him;
No doubt the furie will away againe.

Cass. Ile follow him. *Exit.*

Lass. What hellish spright ordain'd this hateful feast,
That ends with horror thus and discontent?

Flor. I

Doctor Dodypoll.

Flor. I hope no daunger will succede therein:
How euer, I resolue me to conceale it.
My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit.
And deck your selfe with ornaments more fit
For celebration of your marriage.

Laff. I, I, put on me what attire you will,
My discontent, that dwels within me still. *Exeunt.*

Enter Haunce solus.

Hans. Whom shall a man trust? a Painter? no.
A seruant? no: a bedfellowe? no:
For seeming for to see, it falls out right,
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Ho *Zaccharae*, bid *Vrsula* bruishe my two, tree,
fine Damaske gowne; spread de rishe couerlet on de
faire bed; washe de fine plate; smoake all de shambra
vit de sweete perfume.

Hans. Heer's the Doctor, what a gaping his wisdom
keepe*s* i'the streete?

As if he could not haue spoken all this within.

Doct. Ho *Zaccharae*; if de grand patient come,
You finde me signior *Flores*.

Hans. By your leaue maister Doctor.

Doct. *Hans* my very speciall friend; fait and trot,
Me be right glad for see you veale.

Hans. What do you make a Calfe of me M. Doctor?

Doct. O no; pardona moy; I say vell, be glad for see
you vell, in good health. (sick sir.

Hans. O but I am sick M. Doctor; very exceeding

Doct. Sick? tella me by garr; me cure you presently.

Hans. A dead palsey M. Doctor, a dead palsey.

Doct. Veare? veare?

Doctor Dodypoll.

Hans. Heere M. Doctor, I cannot feele, I cannot feele;

Doct. By garr you be de braue merry man;
de fine proper man; de very fine, braue, little,
'tropta sweet Iack man: by garr me loou'a you;
de honour you, me kisse'a your foote.

Hans. You shall not stoope so lowe good M. Doctor,
kisse higher if it please you.

Doct. In my trot me honour you.

Hans. I but you giue me nothing sir.

Doct. No? by garr me giu'a de high cōmendation,
passe all de gold, precious pearle in de world.

Hans. I sir, passe by it, you meane so sir:
Vell I shall haue your good word, I see M. Doctor.

Doct. I fayt.

Hans. But not a rag of money.

Doct. No by wy trot: no point money; me gieue de
egggra de money: no point de braue wan.

Hans. Would I were not so braue in your mouth:
but I can tell you newes maister Doctor.

Doct. Vat be dat?

Hans. The young Prince hath drunke himselfe mad
t my maisters to day.

Doct. By garr; drunke I tindk.

Hans. No sir, starke mad; he cryes out as if the towne
were a fier.

Doct. By garr me suspect a ting.

Hans. Nay, I can tell you more newes yet.

Doct. Vat newes;

Hans. If your cap be of capacitie to conceiue it now
o it is: Ile deale with you by way of Interrogation:

Who is it must marry with Lucilia bright?

All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

Doct.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Doct. By garr me no conceiue vatt you say.

Han. Let wilddome answer : *I aske what is man ?*

A Pancake tost in Fortunes frying pan.

Doct. Vat frying pan ? by garr I tinck
De foolishh petit Iack is madd.

Hans. For as an Asse may weare a Lyons skinne,
So noble Earles haue sometimes Painters binne.

Doct. Garrs blurr he ryme de grand Rats frō my house
Me no stay, me go seek a my faire *Cornelia.* *Exit.*

Han. Farewell Doctor Doddy, in minde & in body,
An excellent Noddy:

A Cockfomb in cony, but that he wants mony,
To giue *legem pane.* O what a pittifull case is this ? what
might I haue done with this wit, if my friends had be-
stowed learning vpon me ? well, when all's don, a na-
turall giuft is woorth all. *Exit.*

*Enter Alphonsō, Hardenbergh, Hofschermann,
with others. &c.*

Hard. The Ambassador of Brunswick (good my lord)
Begins to murmure at his long delays.

Hofc. Twere requisit your highnes wold dismisse him.

Alph. Who holds him ? let him go.

Hard. My Lord you know, his message is more great
Then to depart so slightly without answer,
Vrging the marriage that your grace late sought
With *Katherine*, sister to the Saxon Duke.

Hofc. Whom if your highnes should so much neglect,
As to forsake his sister and delude him,
Considering already your olde iarre,
With the stoute *Lantgraue*,
What harmes might ensue ?

Alph. How am I crost ? *Hyant* he is for thee,

For thee

That

Doctor Dodypoll.

That I neglect the Duchesse and my vowes.

Hard. My Lord, 'twere speciallie conuenient
Your Grace would satisfie th'embassador.

Alph. Well, call him in.

Hosk. But will your Highnes then forsake *Hyanthe*?

Alph. Nothing lesse *Hosk.*

Hosk. How will you then content th'embassador?

Alph. I will delaie him with some kinde excuse.

Hard. What kinde excuse my Lord?

Alph. For that let me alone: do thou but soothe,
What I my selfe will presently deuise,
And I will send him satisfied away.

Hard. Be sure (my Lord) Ile sooth what ere you say.

Alph. Then let them come, we are prouided for the.

Enter Vandercleeue the Ambassador attended.

Alph. My lord Ambassador, we are right sorrie,
Our vrgent causes haue deferd you thus:
In the dispatch of that we most desire.
But for your answer: Know I am deterr'd
By many late prodigious ostents,
From present consumation of the nuptials,
Vowd twixt your beautious Dutchesse and our selfe.
O what colde feare mens iealous stomacks feele
In that they most desire: suspecting still,
'Tis eyther too too sweete to take effect,
Or (in th'effect) must meete with some harsh chaunce
To interuent the ioye of the successe.
The same wisht day (my Lord) you heere arrind,
I bad Lord *Hardenbergh* commaund two horse,
Should priuately be brought for me and him,
To meete you on the waye for honours sake,
And to expresse my ioye of your repaire:

When

Doctor Dodypoll.

When (loe :) the horse I vsd to ride vpon,
(That would be gently backt at other times,)
Now offering but to mount him; stood aloft,
Flinging and bound : you know Lord *Hardenburgh*.

Hard. Yes my good Lord.

Alph. And was so strangely out of wonted rule,
That I could hardlie back him.

Hard. True my liege : I stood amaz'd at it.

Alph. Well, yet I did;
And riding (not a furlong) downe he fell.

Hard. That neuer heeretofore would trip with him,

Alph. Yet would I forward needs : but *Hardenbergh*
More timorous then wise, as I supposed,
(For loue so hardned me, feare was my slaue)
Did ominate such likelie ill to me,
If I went forward, that with much enforcement
Of what might chance, he draue me to retreat,
Didst thou not *Hardenbergh*?

Hard. I did my Lord.

Alph. Yet all the euent & reasons vrgd, thou sawest,
Would scarcelie worke on me a nightie while.

Hard. 'Tis true my Lord.

Alph. I warrant thou wilt say,
Thou neuer yet saw'st any man so loathie
To be perswaded ill, of so ill signes.

Hard. Neuer in all my life.

Alph. Thou wonderst at it?

Hard. I did indeed my liege, nor without cause.

Alph. O blame not *Hardenbergh*: for thou dost know,
How sharpe my heart was set, to entertaine
The Lord of this Ambassage louingly.

Hard. True my good Lord.

Doctor: Dodypoll.

Alph. But (comming back) how gently the Iade went,
Did he not *Hardenbergh*?

Hard. As any horse on earth could do my Lord.

Alph. Well sir, this drew me into deepe conceit,
And to recomfort me, I did commaund
Lord *Hardenbergh* should ope a Cabanet,
Of my choise Iewels, and to bring me thence
A ring : a riche and Violet *Hiacinthe*,
Whose sacred vertue is to cheere the heart,
And to excite our heauie spirits to mirth,
With putting on my finger swift, did breake,
Now this indeed did much discomfort me :
And heauie to the death, I went to bed,
Where in a slumber I did strongly thinke,
I should be married to the beautilous Dutchesse:
And comming to my Chappell, to that end,
Duke *Constantine* her brother with his Lords
And all our peeres (me thought) attending vs,
Forth comes my princelie *Katherine*, led by death,
Who threatning me, stood close vnto her side,
Vrging by those most horrible portents,
That wedding her, I married mine owne death :
I frighted in my sleepe, struggled and sweat,
And in the violence of my thoughts, cryed out:
So lowde, that *Hardenberghe* awakt, and rose.
Didst thou not *Hardenberghe*?

Hard. I felt I did, for neuer yet (my Lord)
Was I in heart and soule so much dismaide.

Alph. Why thus you see (my Lord) how your delaies,
Were mightilie, & with huge cause enforste. (humors

Amb. But dreames (my lord) you know growe by the
Of the moist night, which store of vapours lending

Vnto

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Doctor Dodypoll.

Vnto our stomaches when we are in sleepe,
And to the bodies supream parts ascending,
Are thence sent back by coldnesse of the braine,
And these present our idle phantasies
With nothing true, but what our labouring soules
Without their actiue organs, falselie worke.

Alp. My lord, know you, there are two sorts of dreams,
One sort whereof are onely phisicall,
And such are they whereof your Lordship speakes,
The other Hiper-phisicall : that is,
Dreames sent from heauen, or from the wicked fiends,
Which nature doth not forme of her owne power,
But are extrinsecate, by manuaile wrought,
And such was mine : yet notwithstanding this,
I hope fresh starres will gouerne in the spring,
And then assure our princelie friend your maister,
Our promise in all honour shall be kept:
Returne this answer Lord Ambassador,
And recommend me to my sacred loue.

Amb. I will my lord : but how it will be accepted
I know not yet, your selfe shall shortly heare. *Exeunt*

Alph. Lords some of you associate him, ha, ha, *all bus*
Come *Hardenbergh*, was not this well deuif'd? *Alph.*

Hard. Exceeding well, and grauelic good my lord.

Alp. Come lets go and visit my *Hianthe*,
She whose perfections, are of power to mooue
The thoughts of *Cesar* (did he liue) to loue. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus.

ACTVS TERTIYS.

Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Lassing, Lucil. Cor. Han. & Doct.

Hā. Wel mistr. god giue you more ioy of your husbād

D 2

Then

Doctor Dodypoll.

Then your husband has of you.

Doct. Fie, too too bad by my fait, vat my Lord melancholie, and ha de sweete Bride, de faire Bride, de verrie fine Bride, â monsieur, one, two, tree, voure, viue, with de braue capra, heigh.

Han. O the Doctor would make a fine frisking
Vsher in a dauncing schoole.

Doct. O by garr, you must daunce de braue galliarr,
A pox of dis melancholie.

Cass. My Lord, your humors are most strange to vs,
The humble fortune of a seruants life,
Should in your carelesse estate so much displease.

Lass. *Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acius vrit.*

Flor. Could my childe beautie, moouue you so my
When Lawe and dutie held it in restraint, (lord,
And now (they both allowe it) be neglected?

Lass. I cannot rellish ioyes that are enforst,
For were I shut in Paradice it selfe,
I should as from a prison strue t'escape.

Luc. Haplesse *Lucia*, worst in her best estate.

Lass. Ile seeke me out some vnfrequented place,
Free from these importunities of loue,
And onelie loue, what mine owne fancie likes.

Luc. O staie my Lord.

Flor. What meanes Earle *Lassenbergh*?

Cass. Sweete Earle be kinder.

Lass. Let me go I pray.

Doct. Vat you go leaue a de Bride, tis no point good
fashion: you must stay be garr.

Lass. Must I stay sir?

Doct. I spit your nose, and yet is no violence, I will
giue a de proue a dee good reason, regard Monsieur,
you

Doctor Doolypoli.

you no point eate a de meate to daie, you be de empy,
begar you be emptie, you be no point vel, you no point
vell, be garr you be vere sicke, you no point leaue a de
prouision, be garr you stay, spit your nose.

Lass. All faies haue strength like to thy arguments.

Cass. Staie *Lassenbergh*.

Luci. Deare Lord.

Flo. Most honord Earle.

Lass. Nothing shall hinder my resolved intent,
But I will restlessle wander from the world,
Till I haue shaken off these chaines from me. *Exit La.*

Luc. And I will neuer cease to follow thee,
Till I haue wonne thee from these vnkinde thoughts.

Cass. Haplesse *Lucilia*.

Exit Luc.

Flor. Vnkinde *Lassenbergh*.

Doct. Be garr, dis Earle be de chollericke complecti-
on, almost skipshack, be garr: he no point staie for one
place: Madame me be no so laxatiue: mee be bound
for no point mooue, fixe, seauen, siue hundra yeare,
from you sweete sidea: be garr me be as de fine *Curia-*
net, about your vite necke: my harte be close tie to you
as your fine Buske, or de fine Gartra boutte your fine
legge. (talkes.)

Hans. A good fencible Doctor, how feelinglie he

Doct. A plage a de Marshan, blowe wine.

Han. You need not curse him sir, he has the stormes
at Sea by this time.

Doct. *O fortie bien*, a good Sea-sick ieast, by this faire
hand: blowe winde for mee: puh he no come heere
Madame.

Flo. Come noble Earle, let your kind presence grace
Our feast preparad, for this obdurate Lord,

D. 3

And

Doctor Dodypoll.

And giue some comfort to his sorrowfull bride,
Who in her pitteous teares swims after him.

Doct. Me beare you company signior *Flores*.

Flor. It shall not need sir.

Doct. Be garr dis be de sweet hauē for me for anchor.

Flor. You are a sweet smell-feast, Doctor that I see,
Ile no such tub-hunters vse my house:
Therefore be gone our marriage feast is dasht.

Doct. Vat speake a me de feast: me spurne a me kick a
De feast, be garr me tell a,
Me de de grand grace, de fauor, for suppa, for dina,
For cata with dee, be garrs blur,
We haue at home de restoratiue de quintessence,
De pure destill goulde, de Nector,
De Ambrosia, *Zacharee*, make ready de fine
Partriche depaste de grand *Otamon*?

Han. *Zacharee* is not heere sir, but ~~he~~ do it for you:
VWhat is that *Otamon*, sir?

Doct. O de grand Bayaret de Mahomet,
De grand Turgur be garr.

Ha. O a Turkie sir, you would haue rosted would you?
Call you him an *Otoman*?

Doct. Haue de whole ayre of Fowle at commaund.

Flor. You haue the foole at command sir,
You might haue bestowed your selfe better:
Wilt it please you walke M. Doct. Dodypoll.

Exeunt all but the Doctor.

Doct. How Doddie poole? garrs blurr,
Doctor Doddie, no point poole,
You be paltrie lacke knaue by garr
De doctor is nicaft, de doctor is rage,
De doctor is furie be gar, the doctor is

Horrible

Doctor Dodypoll.

Horrible, terrible, furie: Vell derre,
Be a ting me tinke, be gars blur me know,
Me be reuenge, me tella de Duke,
Vell me say no more, chok a de selfe foule churle,
Fowle horrible, terrible, pigge pye cod. *Exit.*

Enter Leander and Hyanthe.

Lea. I wonder, what varietie of sights,
Retaines your father, and the prince so long,
VVith signior *Flores*?

Hya. O signior *Flores*, is a man so ample
In euery complement of entertainment,
That guests with him, are as in Bowers enchanted,
Rest of all power, and thought of their returne :

Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.

Lean. Be silent, heere's the Duke.

Alp. Aye me, beholde,
Your sonne Lord *Hardenbergh*,
Courting *Hyanthe*.

Har. If he be courting: tis for you my liege.

Alph. No *Hardenbergh*, he loues my sonne too well,
To be my spokes man in the rights of loue.
My faire *Hyanthe*, what discourse is it
Wherewith *Leander* holdes you this attentiuē?
VVould I could thinke vpon the like for you.

Hya. You should but speake, & passe the time my lord.

Alp. Passe-time that pleaseth you: is the vse of time,
Had I the ordering of his winged wheele,
It onely should serue your desires and mine,
VVhat should it do, if you did gouerne it?

Hya. It should go backe againe, and make you yong.

Alph. Swounds *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. To her againe my Lord.

Alph.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Alp. *Hyanthe* wouldst thou loue me, I would vse thee
o kindlie, that nothing should take thee from me.

Hya. But time would soone take you frō me my lord.

Alp. Spight on my soule: why talke I more of time?
hee's too good for me at time, by heauen.

Har. I and place to (my Lord) I warrant her.

Omnes. Stop, stop, stop.

Enter Albeydure mad, Motto, and others following him.

Mott. O stay my Lord.

Albe. *Hyanthe*, *Hyanthe*, ô me my loue.

Lea. Heer's the Duke his father, heele marrall.

Albe. O villaine, he that lockt her in his arms,
and through the riuer swims along with her,
taie traiterous *Nefsus*, giue me bowe and shafts,
Whirre, I haue strooke him vnder the shorte ribs,
come *Hyanthe*, O peace, weepe no more. *Exit.*

Alp. Meanes he not me by *Nefsus*, *Hardenbergh*?

Flor. My lord he is surelie mad.

Alph. *Hyanthe* lones him,
ee how she trembles, and how pale she lookes,
he hath enchanted my deere *Aldbure*,
Vith crafts and treasons, and most villanous Arts,
re meanes by which shee seekes to murder him,
Hardenbergh, take her, and imprison her,
Vithin thy house, I will not loose my sonne,
or all the wealth, the Loues of heauen embrace.

Hya. What meanes your grace by this?

Alp. Away with her.

Hya. You offer me intollerable wrong.

Alp. Away with her I say.

Har. Come Ladie feare not, Ile entreate you well.

Hya. What iniurie is this. *Exit Har.* with *Hyan.*

Alph. So

Doctor Dodypoll.

Alp. So now I haue obtainde what I desir'd,
And I shall easilie worke her to my will,
For she is in the hands of *Hardenbergh*,
Who will continually be pleading for me.†

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Roome, a hall, a hall, be garr vere is de Duke?

Alp. Heere maister Doctor.

Doct. O me haue grand important matter for tella
your grace, how de know de cause, for de wish cause
your sonne is da madman.

Enter Alberdure running.

Alb. What art thou heere?

Sweete *Clio*: come be briefe,
Take me thy Timbrell and Tobaccho pipe,
And giue *Hyanthe* musicke at her windowe.

Doct. Garrs blurr, my cap, my cap, cost me de deale
a French crowne.

Alb. But Ile crowne thee, with a cod of Muske,
Insteed of Lawrell, and a Pomander:
But thou must write *Acrostignes* first my girle.

Doct. Garzowne, what a pox do you stand heere for
de grand pultrone pezant: and see de Doctor be dus.

Alb. Aye me, what *Demon* was it gulde me thus?
This is *Melpomene* that Scottish witch,
Whom I will scratche, like to some villanous gibb, and.

Doct. O garzowne, la diabole, la pestilence gars blur.

Alp. Lay holde vpon him, helpe the Doctor there.

Alb. Then reason's tied to animals I see,
And Ile vanish like Tobaccho smoake. *Exit.*

Doct. A grand pestilence a disfurie.

Alp. Follow him sirs, *Leander*, good *Leander*:
But Doctor, canst thou tell vs the true cause,

Doctor Dodypoll.

Of this his suddaine frenzie? (tale de short tale?

Doct. O by garr, pleaze your grace heare de long

Alp. Briefe as you can good *Doctor.*

Doct. Faire, and trot, briefe den, very briefe, very lacingue, de prince your sonne, feast with de knaue Jeweller *Flores*, and he for make a prince, loue a de foule troope. shouldra daughter *Cornelia*, giue a de prince a de loue poudra which my selfe giue for de wenche a, before, and make him starke madde be garr, because he drinke a too much a.

Alp. How know you this?

Doct. Experience teach her by garr, de poudra haue grand force for enflama de bloud, too much make a de rage and de present furie: be garr I feare de mad man is de deuilla, garr bleffe a.

Enter Hardenbergh.

Alp. How now sweete *Hardenbergh*?

Har. The prince my Lord in going down the staires hath forste an Ape from one of the Treuants, And with it (as he runnes) makes such cleare way, As no man dare oppose him to his furie.

Alp. Aye me, what may I do: heere are such newes to As neuer could haue entred our free eares, But that their sharpnesse do enforce a passage, Follow vs Doctor, 'tis *Flores* trecherie That thus hath wrought my sonnes distemperature.

Hard. *Flores* the Jeweller?

Exit.

Doct. I he, dat fine precious stone knaue, by garr I tinke shall hit vpon hir skirt till be thred bare new. *Exit.*

Musicke playing within. Enter a Peasant.

Peas. Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way, I harke what braue musick is this vnder the green hills

Enter

Doctor Dodypoll.

Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.

O daintie, O rare, a banquet, would to Christ,
I were one of their guests : Gods ad, a fine little
Dapper fellow has spied me : what will he doo?
He comes to make me drinke. I thanke you sir.
Some of your victuals I pray sir, nay now keepe your
I haue enough I, the cup I faith. *Exit.* (meate,

*Enter the spirit with banqueting stufte, & missing the Peasant
lookes up & downe for him, the rest wondring at him,
to them enters the Enchanter.*

Ench. Where is my precious cup you Antique flames,
Tis thou that hast conuaid it from my bowre,
And I will binde thee in some hellish caue,
Till thou recouer it againe for me.
You that are bodyes made of lightest ayre,
To let a Peasant mounted on a lade,
Coozen your curtesies, and run away
With such a Jewell : worthy are to endure,
Eternall pennance in the lake of fier.

Enter Laff. & Lucilla.

Laff. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still,
Should I entreate thee to attend me thus,
Then thou wouldst pant and rest; then your soft feete,
Would be repining at these niggard stones:
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like winde,
Ne tedious space of time, nor storme can tire thee,
But I will seeke out some high slipperie close,
Where euery step shall reache the gate of death,
That feare may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodiless be, when you are there,
For loue despiseth death, and scorneth feare.

Laff. Ile wander where some boysterous riuer parts
This solid continent, and swim from thee.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Luc. And there Ile follow, though I drowne for thee.

Lass. But I forbid thee.

Luc. I desire thee more.

Lass. Art thou so obstinate?

Luc. You taught me so.

Lass. I see thou louest me not.

Luc. I know I doo.

Lass. Do all I bid thee then.

Luc. Bid then, as I may doo.

Lass. I bid thee leaue mee.

Luc. That I cannot doo.

Lass. My hate.

Luc. My loue.

Lass. My torment.

Luc. My delight.

Lass. Why do I straine to wearie thee with words?
Speech makes thee liue; Ile then with silence kill thee:
Henceforth be deafe to thy words,
And dumbe to thy minde.

Ench. What rock hath bred this sauage minded man?
That such true loue, in such rare beautie shines,
Long since I pittied her: pittie breeds loue;
And loue commaunds th'assistance of my Art,
T'enclude them in the bounds of my commaund.
Heere stay your wandring steps: chime siluer strings,
Chime hollow caues, and chime you whistling reedes,
For musick is the sweetest chime for loue:
Spirits binde him, and let me leaue my loue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Aberdure at one doore, and meetes with the
Pasant at the other doore.*

'Alb. Hyanthe. ô sweete Hyanthe, haue I met thee?
How is thy beautie changed since our departure?

A beard

Doctor Dodypoll.

A beard *Hyanthe* : tis growne with griefe,
But now this loue shall teare thy griefe from thee.

Pea. A pox on you : what are you?
Swounds I thinke I am haunted with spirits.

Alb. Weepe not *Hyanthe*, Ile weepe for thee:
Lend me thy eyes, no villaine thou art he
• That in the top of *Eruines* hill:
Daunst with the Moone, and eate vp all the starres,
Which make thee like *Hyanthe* shine so faire,
But villaine, I will rip them out of thee.

Enter Motto and others.

Pea. Slid holde your hands.

Alp. I come with thunder.

Pea. Come and you dare.

Mott. Holde villaine, tis the young prince *Alberdure*.

Pea. Let the young Prince hold then, slid I haue no
starres in my bellie, I, let him seeke his *Hyanthe* where
he will.

Alb. O this way by the glimmering of the Sunne,
And the legierite of her sweete feete,
Shce scowted on, and I will follow her,
I see her like a goulden spangle sit,
Vpon the curled branche of yonder tree,
Sit still *Hyanthe*, I will flie to thee. *Exit.*

Mott. Follow, follow, follow. *Exeunt all but Peaf.*

Enter Flores and Homer.

Pea. Together and be hanged O, (these two.
Heere comes more, pray God I haue better lucke with
By your leaue sir, do you know one Maist. *Flores* I pray?

Flo. What wouldst thou haue with him?

Pea. Faith sir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune
with a peece of plate : I doe hope you will vse plaine
E 3 dealing,

Doctor Dodypoll.

dealing, being a Jeweller.

Flor. Where hadst thou this?

Pec. In a very strange place sir.

Han. He stole it sir I warrant you.

Flo. I neuer sawe a Iemme so precious:
So wonderfull in substance and in Art:

Fellow confesse preciselie, where thou hadst it.

Pec. Faith sir, I had it in a caue in the bottome of a
fine greene hill, where I found a company of Fairies, I
thinke they call them.

Flo. Sawst thou any more such furniture there?

Pec. Store sir, store.

Elo. And canst thou bring me thither?

Pec. With a wet finger sir.

Han. And ha they good cheere too?

Pec. Excellent.

Han. O sweete theefe.

Flo. Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring
Will soone dissolue, and guard me free from feare:
Heer's for the cup, come gaide me quickly thither.
Ah, could I be possesst of more such Iemmes,
I were the wealthiest Jeweller on earth. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Enchanter, leading Luc. & Lafs. bound by spirits, who
being laid down on a green banck, the spirits fetch in a banquet.*

The Song.

*Oh princely face and fayre, that lightens all the ayre,
Would God my eyes kinde fire, might life and soule inspire:
To thy riche beauty shining in my hearts treasure,
The vnperfect words refining, for perfect pleasure.*

Ench. Lie there, and lose the memorie of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee

By

Doctor Dodypoll.

By my inchantments : come sit downe faire Nimphe
 And taste the sweetnesse of these heauenly cates,
 Whilst from the hollow craines of this rocke,
 Musick shall sound to recreate my loue.
 But tell me had you euer loue yet ?

Luc. I had a loue I thinke, but who it was,
 Or where, or how long since, aye me, I know not :
 Yet beat my timorous thoughts on such a thing,
 I feele a passionate heate, but finde no flame:
 Thinke what I know not, nor know what I thinke.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy loue,
 Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertaine,
 With lookes, with vowes of loue, with amorous kisses,
 Lookst thou so strange, doost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Sure I should know you.

Ench. Why loue, doubt you that ?
 Twas I that lead you through the painted meades,
 Where the light Fairies daunst vpon the flowers,
 Hanging on euery leafe an orient pearle,
 Which strooke together with the silken winde,
 Of their loose mantels made a siluer chime.
 Twas I that winding my shrill bugle horne,
 Made a guilt pallace breake out of the hill,
 Filled suddenly with troopes of knights and dames,
 Who daunst and reueld whilst we sweetly slept,
 Vpon a bed of Roses wrapt all in goulde,
 Doost thou not know me yet ?

Luc. Yes now I know you. (kis.)

Ench. Come then confirme thy knowledge with a

Luc. Nay stay, you are not he, how strange is this.

Ench. Thou art growne passing strange my loue,
To him that made thee so long since his bride.

Luc.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Luc. O was it you? come then, *o stay a while,*
I know not where I am, nor where I am,
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

Enter Flores with Hance and the Peasant.

Pea. This is the greene Str where I had the Cup,
And this the bottome of a falling hill,
This way I went following the sound:
And see.

Hanc. O see, and seeing, eate withall.

Flo. What *Lassenbergh* laid bound, and fond *Lucilla*
Wantonly feasting by a strangers side,
Peasant be gone, *Hance* stand you there and stir not,
Now sparckle forth thy beams thou vertuous Iemme,
And lose these strong enchauntments.

Ench. Stay, aye me:

VVe are betrai'd, haste spirits and remoue
This table and these cups remoue I say,
Our incantations strangely are dissolu'd.

Exeunt Ench, with spirits and banquets.

Hanc. O spightfull churles, haue they caried
away all? has haste made no waste?

Luc. My Lord Earle *Lassenbergh*, *o pardon me.*

Lass. Away from me.

Luc. O can I in these bands, forget the
Dutie of my loue to you? were they
Of Iron, or strong Adamant, my hands
Should teare them from my wronged Lord.

Flo. O *Lassenbergh*, to what vndoubted perrill,
Of life and honour had you brought your selfe,
By obstinacie of your froward minde?
Had not my fortune brought me to this place,
To lose the enchantment, which enthralled you both,

By

Doctor Dodypoll.

By hidden vertue of this precious ring.
Come therefore friendly, and imbrace at last
The liuing partner of your strange mishaps,
Iustly pursuing you for flying her.

Lass. Leauē me I say, I can endure no more.

Lu. Ah, haue I loof'd thee then, to flie from mee?

Lass. Away. *Exit.*

Lu. Ile follow thee.

Flo. Tarrie *Lucilia*.

Lu. Deare father pardon mee. *Exit.*

Flo. Sirrah, attend her poore wretch,
I feare this too much loue in thee, is fatall to thee :
Vp sirrah, follow your mistresse.

Han. I sir, I go, my mistresse dogs the banker,
And I dog her. *Exeunt.*

Finis. ACTVS TERTII.

Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.

Motto. So sir, lay euen downe your handie worke.

Rap. Nay sir, your handie worke, for you were the
cause of his drowning.

Mot. I, I defie thee : wert not thou next him when
he leapt into the Riuer?

Rap. O monstrous lyar.

Mot. Lye, you peasant, go too, Ile go tell the Duke.

Rap. I sir, Ile go with you I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Alb. What sodain cold is this that makes me shake,
Whose veines euen now were fill'd with raging fire ?
How am I thus all wet, what water's this,
That lies so ycelike, freezing in my blood ?

F

I thinke

Doctor Dodypoll.

I thinke the cold of it hath cur'd my heate,
 For I am better tempred then before :
 But in what vnacquainted place am I ?
 O where is my *Hyanthe*, where's *Leander* ?
 What all alone ? nothing but woods and streames,
 I cannot guesse whence these euents should grow.

Enter Peasant.

Pea. O that I could lose my way for another cup now,
 I was well paide for it yfaith.

Alb. Yonder is one, Ile enquire of him.

Fellow ho ? Peasant ?

Pea. Aie me, the mad man againe, the mad man.

Alb. Saie, whither fleest thou ?

Pea. Pray let me goe sir, I am not *Hyanthie*,
 In truth I am not sir.

Alb. *Hyanthie* villaine, wherefore namest thou her ?

Pea. If I haue any scarres in my belly,
 Pray God I starue sir.

Alb. The wretch is mad I thinke. (amended sir.

Pea. Not I sir, but you be not madde, you are well

Alb. Why tellest thou me of madnesse ?

Pea. You were little better then mad euen now sir,
 When you gaue me such a twitch by the beard.

Alb. I can remember no such thing, my friend.

Pe. No sir, but if you had a beard your self you wold.

Alb. What place is this ? how far am I from court ?

Pea. Some two myles, and a wye byt sir.

Alb. I wonder much my friends haue left me thus,
 Peazant, I pray thee change apparell with mee.

Pea. Change apparell, Ifaith you wil lose by that sir.

Alb. I care not: Come I pray thee letts change.

Pea. With all my heart sir, and I thanke you too.

Sblood

Doctor Dodypoll.

Sblood y'are very moist sir, did you sweat al this I pray?
You haue not the disease I hope.

Alb. No I warrant thee.

Pea. At a venture sir Ile change,
Nothing venter, nothing enter.

Alb. Come letts be gonne.

Pea. Backe sir I pray.

Exeant.

Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Cassimere,

Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, & Raphe.

Har. Thus *Flores* you apparantly perceiue
How vaine was your ambition, and
What dangers, all vnexpected fall vpon your head,
Pouertie, exile, guiltinesse of heart,
And endlisse miserie to you and yours,
Your goods are seized alreadie for the Duke.
And if Prince *Alberdure* be found deceast,
The least thou canst expect is banishment.
Earle *Cassimere* I rake your word of pledge
Of his appearance, Pages of the Prince
Come guide me straight where his drownd bodielies,
Drownes his father in eternall teares.

Mot. Drownes him, and will hang vs. *Exit cum seruus.*

Mar. Good signior *Flores*, I am sory for you. *manet Al.*

Doct. Marshan, parle vu peu, Be garr, me vor grand
loue, me beare de good Mershan, vor de grand worte
be garr, and de grand deserte me see in you: de brauea
mershan me no point, Riual, you haue *Cornelia* alone,
by my trot, ha, ha, ha.

Mar. M. Doctor *Doddie*, furnam'd the Amorous'de,
I will ouercome you in curtesie, your selfe
Shall haue her.

F 2

Doct. No

Doctor Dodypoll.

Doct. No by garr Marthan : you bring de fine tings
From de strange land : vere de Sunne do rise,
De iewell de fine stufte vor de braue gowne,
Me no point : Come, by garr, you haue *Coruet*.

Cass. Hands off base Doctor, shee despiseth thee,
Too good for thee tō touch, or looke vpon.

Flo. What wretched state is this Earle *Cassimere*,
That I, and my vnhappye progenie
Stand subiect to the scornes of such as these?

Cass. Griue not deare friends, these are but casuall
That wanton Fortune daily casts at those (darts
In whose true bosomes perfect honour growes.

Now *Dodypoll* to you : you here refuse

Cornelias marriage, yow'le none of her?

Doct. Be garr you be de prophet, not I by my trot.

Cass. Nor you masse merchant? shee's too poore
(for you?

Mar. Not so fir, but yet I am content to let fall my
(suite.

Cass. Cornelia, both dissembled they wold haue you:
Which like you best?

Cor. My Lord, my fortunes are no chusers now,
Nor yet accepters of discourtesies.

Cass. You must chuse one here needs.

Doct. By garr no chuse mee, me clime to heauen,
Me sinke to hell, me goe here, me go dare, me no point
deere by garr.

Cass. If you will none : whose iudgements are too
base to censure true desert, your betters will.

Flo. What meanes Lord *Cassimere* by these strange

Cas. I mean to take *Cornelia* to my wife. (words?

Flo. VVil you then in my miserie mock me too?

Cas. I

Doctor Dodypoll.

Cass. I mock my friend in misery? heauens scorne such,
Halfe my estate, and halfe my life is thine,
The rest shall be *Cornelius* and mine.

Doct. O bitter sheffe be garr.

Flo. My Lord, I know your noble loue to me,
And do so highly your deserts esteeme,
That I will neuer yeeld to such a match,
Chooſe you a beautilous dame of high degree,
And leaue *Cornelia* to my fate and mee.

Cass. Ah *Flores*, *Flores*, were not I assured,
Both of thy noblenesse, thy birth and merite:
Yet my affection vow'd with friendships too long,
In spite of all base changes of the world,
That tread on noblest head once stooped by fortune,
Should loue and grace thee to my vtmost power,
Cornelia is my wife, what sayes my loue?
Cannot thy fathers friend entreat so much?

Cor. My humble minde can nere presume,
To dreame in such high grace, to my lowe seate.

Cass. My graces are not ordered in my words,
Come loue, come friend, for friendship now and loue,
Shall both be ioyned in one eternall league.

Flo. O me, yet happy in so true a friend. *Exeunt.*

Doct. Est possible, by garr, de foole Earle drinke my
powder, I tinke Merthan tella mee.

Mar. What maister Doctor Doddie?

Doct. Hab you be blew, and de yellow Veluet ha?

Mar. What of that sir?

Doct. Be garr me buy too, tree peece, vor make de
Cocke-combe pur de foole Earle, ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Mer. Fortune fights lowe,
VVhen such triumphe on Earles.

Exit.

Doctor Dodypoll.

*Enter Lassenbergh singing, Lucilla followi
after the Song he speaks.*

Lass. O wearie of the way and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrowed tired limmes?

Luc. Rest in my bosome, rest you here my Lord,
place securer you can no where finde.

Lass. Nor more vnfit, for my vnpleased minde:
heaueie slumber calles me to the earth,
eere will I sleepe, if sleepe will harbour heere.

Luc. Vnhealthfull is the melancholie earth,
let my Lord rest on *Lucilla's* lappe,
: helpe to shield you from the searching ayre,
nd keepe the colde dampes from your gentle blood.

Lass. Pray thee away, for whilst thou art so neere,
o sleepe will seaze on my suspicious eyes.

Luc. Sleepe then, and I am pleazd far off to sit,
ke to a poore and forlorne Sentinell,
Vatching the vnthankfull sleepe that seuers me,
om my due part of rest deere loue with thee.

Shee sits farre off from him.

Enter Const. Dutchesse with a willowe Garland. cum alijs.

Con. Now are we neere the court of *Saxonie* :
Where the duke dreames such tragicall ostents.

Amb. I wonder we now treading on his soile,
e none of his strange apparitions.

Kath. VVe are not worthy of such meanes diuine,
or hath heauen care of our poore liues like his,
ust endure the end, and show I liue,
ough this same plaintiffe wreath doth showe
eforsaken: Come let vs forth.

Const. Stay sister, what faire sight,
s mourning in this desolate abode.

Dut.

Doctor Dodypoll.

leau him a little and heele follow you.

Luc. I know not what to doo.

Dut. Come, come with vs.

Con. Dame neuer feare, get you a Willow w.
The Dutcheffe (doubt not) can aduise you well.

Luc. Lets wake him then, and let him go with

Dut. That's not so good, I pray be rulde by me.

Luc. Sleep then deare loue, & let sleep that doth bind,
Thy sence so gently, make thee more kinde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell, and the Pasant.

Pea. Come sirra, money for your gentlemans apparel,
You promist me money sir, but I perceiue you forget
(your selfe.

Han. True, pride makes a man forget himselfe,
And I haue quite forgot that I owe thee any.

Pea. But Ile put you in minde sir, if there be any ser-
uants in *Saxonie*, I thinke I meane not to loose so much
by you.

Han. Why I haue lost a maister and a mistresse,
And yet I aske thee no money for them.

Pea. I bought them not of you sir, therefore pay me
my money.

Han. I will pay thee morningly euery morning, as
long as thou liuest, looke in thy right shooe and thou
halt finde sixe pence.

Pea. What a fowle knaue and fairie : well vse thy
conscience. I thanke God I stand in neede of no such
trifles. I haue another iewell heere, which I found in
the Princes pocket when I chang'd apparrell with him,
that will I make money of, and go to the ieweller that
ought the cup of mee. Farewell, if God put in thy
minde to pay me, so : if not, so.

Exit.

Hance:

Doctor Dodypoll.

Han. O braue free harted slaue : he has the laske of minde vpon him.

Lass. What speech is this, that interrupts my rest?
Who haue we heere ?

Han. Sometime a seruing man, and so were yee,
Both now iolly gentlemen you see. (you?)

Lass. What sir, how came you thus gallant I beseech

Han. I turn'd the spit in Fortunes wheele sir.

Lass. But stay, where is *Lucillia* ?

Han. Marry where say you sir ?

Lass. Villaine, looke for her, call her, seeke her out:
Lucillia ? where's my loue ? ô where's *Lucillia* ?

Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her,
Hath driuen her to some desperate exigent,
Who would haue tempted her (true loue) so farre,
The gentlest minds with iniuries ouercome,
Growe most impatient, ô *Lucillia*,
Thy absence strikes a louing feare in me,
Which from what cause so euer it proceedes,
Would God I had beene kinder to thy loue.

Enter Hard. with a guarde, Motto, Raphe.

Hard. Slaues, can yee not direct vs to the place ?

Mot. Yes sir, heer's the place we left him in.

Ra. O see) my lord) heer's one weares his apparrell.

Hard. But wher's he ? stay firra, what are you
That iet thus in the garments of the Prince ?

Han. Bought and sold sir, in the open market sir,
Aske my maister.

Hard. Earle *Lassimbergh*, where is the Princes body ?

Lass. Why aske you me my Lord ?

Har. Since you are in the place where he was drown'd,
And this your hinde here, hath his garments on.

G

Lass.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Lass. Enquire of him then.

Hard. Ile enquire of you, and of your gallant too:
Guard apprehend them, and bring them
Presentlie to court with vs.

Lass. What meanes Lord *Hardenberg*?
To entreate me thus?

Har. That you shall know anon, bring them away.

Enter Leander and Hyante. (*Exeunt.*)

Lean. O Madam, neuer were our teares bestowed
Of one whose death was worthier to be mon'd,
Deere *Alberdure*, why parted I from thee?
And did not like the faithfull *Phides*,
Attend my deere *Orestes* in his rage.

Hya. O my sweete loue, O princelie *Alberdure*,
Would God the riuer where thy course lay drownde,
Were double deepe in me, and turned to teares,
That it might be consumde for swallowing thee.

Enter Alber. with a basket of Apricocks disguised.

Alber. In this disguise, Ile secretly enquire,
Why I was so forsaken of my friend,
And left to danger of my lunacie:
Here is the man, that most I blame for this,
Whose vowed friendship promised greater care:
But he it seemes enamour'd of my loue;
Was glad of that occasion, and I feare:
Hath turned her womanish conceipt from me,
Ile prooue them both. Maister wilt please you
Buie a basket of well riped Apricocks?

Lea. I pray thee keepe thy dainties, I am full
Of bitter sorrowes, as my hart can holde.

Alb. It may be maister your faire Lady will?

Hya. No friend, my stomack is more full then his.

Lea.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Lea. Where dwellest thou friend?

Alb. Not farre from hence my Lord. (streame

Lea. Then thou knowest well which was the fatall
Wherein the young prince *Alberdure* was drown'd?

Alb. I know not he was drown'd: but oft haue scene
The pittious manner of his lunacie.

In depth whereof he still would eccho forth,

A Ladies name that I haue often heard,

Beautious *Hymen*, but in such sad sort,

As if his frenzie felt some secret touch,

Of her vnkindnesse and inconstancie:

And when his passions somewhat were appeaz'd,

Affording him (it seemd) some truer sence

Of his estate; left in his fittes alone:

Then would he wring his hands, extreemly weeping,

Exclaiming on the name of one *Leander*,

Calling him Traitor and vnworthie friend;

So to forsake him in his miserie.

Lea. Accursed I, & thou hast mooued me more,

Then if a thousand shewers of venom'd darts,

With feuerall paines at once had prickt my soule.

Hya. O thou ordaind, to beare swords in thy tounge,

Dead thou hast struck me, and I liue no mote.

Alb. It seemes your honoures loued him tenderly.

Lea. O my good friend, knewst thou how deer I loued

Hya. Nay knewst thou honest friend, (him.

How deere I loued him.

Alb. I see then, you would reioyce at his health:

Lea. As at my life, were it reuiued from death.

Hya. As at my soule, were it preferu'd from hell.

Alb. Be thou from death and hell recouered both,
As I am now by your firme loues to me:

Admire me not, I am that *Alberdure*

Doctor, Dodypoll.

Whom you thought drownde,
That friend, that loue, am I.

Lea. Pardon sweete friend.

Hya. Pardon my princely loue.

Alb. Deare loue, no further gratulations now,
Least I be seene, and knowne : but sweete *Leander*,
Do you conceale me in thy fathers house,
That I may now remaine with my *Hyanthie*,
And at our pleasures safely ioy each others loue.

Lea. I will (deare friend) and blesse my happy stars,
That giue me meanes to so desir'd a deed.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

*Enter Cassimeere, Flores with the Cup, Pesant,
and the Marchant.*

Mar. See signior *Flores*,
A Pesant that I met with neere your house:
VVhere since he found you not,
He asked of me the place of your abode,
And heere I haue brought him.

Flo. I thanke you sir: my good lord *Cassimeere*,
This is the man that brought this cup to me,
Which for my ransome, we go now to offer
To my good lord the Duke.

Cass. VVhat brings he now?

Flo. That will we know: come hither honest friend,
What wisht occasion brings thee now to me?

Pea. This occasion sir, what will ye giue me for it?

Flo. Thou art a luckie fellow, let vs see:
Lord *Cassimere*, this is the haplesse Jewell,
That represents the forme of *Alberdure*,

Giuen

Doctor Dodypoll.

Giuen by *Cornelia* at our fatall feast,
Where hadst thou this, my good and happy friend?

Pea. Faith sir, I met with the young prince all wet,
who lookt as if he had beene a quarter of a yeare drown-
ed: yet prettelie come to himselfe, sauing that he was
so madde to change apparrell with me: in the pocket
whereof sir, I found this Iewell.

Flo. O tell me trulie, liues prince *Alberdure*?

Pea. He liues a my word sir, but very poorelie now,
God helpe him.

Cass. Is he recouered of his Lunacie?

Pea. I by my faith, hee's tame inough now Ile war-
rant him.

Flo. And where is he?

Pea. Naie that I cannot tell.

Cass. Come *Flores* hast we quicklie to the Court,
VVith this most happie newes.

Flo. Come happie friend,
The most auspicious messenger to me,
That euer greeted me in Pefants weeds. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor.

Mar. I would I could meet with M. Doctor Doddie,
I haue a trick to gull the Ass withall,
I christned him right Doctor Doddipole.
Heere he comes passing luckely, Ile counterfeit
Businesse with him in all poste haste possible:
Maister Doctor, maister Doctor?

Doct. Shesue vat ayle de man?

Mar. I loue you maister Doctor, and therefore with-
all the speed I could possible, I fought you out.

Doct. Vell, vat?

Mar. This sir, the marriage which we thought made

Doctor Dodypoll.

euen now, betweene Earle *Cassimere* and *Cornelia*, was but a iestonely to drawe you to marrie her, for she doth exceedinglie dote vpon you : and *Flores* her father hath inuented, that you are betrothed to her, and is gone with a supplication to the Duke, to enforce you to marrie her.

Doct. Be garr me thought no lesse, O knaue Jeweller, O vile begger, be my trot Marthan, me studdie, me beat my braine, me inuent, me dreame vpon such a ting.

Mar. I know sir your wit would foresee it.

Doct. O by garr, tree, fore, siue monthe agoe.

Mar. Well sir, y'au'e a perilous wit, God blesse me out of the swinge of it: but you had best looke to it betimes; for Earl *Cassimere* hath made great friends against you.

Doct. Marthan, me loue, me embrace, me kisse de will be my trot.

Mer. Well sir, make haste to preuent the worst.

Doct. I flie Marthan, spit de Earle, spit de wenche, spit all bee garre, Se dis Marthan, de braue Braine be garre.

Exit.

Mar. De braue braine by garre, not a whit of the flower of wit in it. Ile to the Courte after him, and see how he abuses the Dukes patience.

Exit.

Enter Alphons, Hard. Lasing. Leander, Stro.

Hofherman, Mollo and Raphe.

Alp. Aye me, what hard extremitie is this?
Nor quick nor dead, can I beholde my sonne.

Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell.

Hance. Beholde your sonne :
Blessing noble Father.

Hard. Malipart knaue, art thou the Princes sonne?

Han. I sir, apparrell makes the man.

Alp.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Alp. Vnhappy man, would God I had my sonne,
So he had his *Hyanthe*, or my life.

Lea. Should he enioy *Hyanthe* my Lord?
Would you forsake your loue so he did liue?

Alp. My loue and life, did my deere sonne suruiue.

Lea. But were he found, or should he liue my Lord,
Although *Hyanthes* loue were the chiefe caule,
Of his mishap, and amourous lunacie,
I hope your highnesse shewes him ouer well,
To let him repossesse his wits with her.

Alp. My loue is dead, in sorrow for his death,
His life and wits, should ranfome worlds from me.

Lea. My Lord, I had a vision this last night,
Wherein me thought I sawe the prince your sonne,
Sit in my fathers garden with *Hyanthe*,
Vnder the shaddow of the Lawrell tree.

VVith anger therefore you should be so wrongde,
I wakt, but then contemned it as a dreame,
Yet since my minde beates on it mighrelie,
And though I thinke it vaine, if you vouchsafe,
He make a triall of the truthe hereof. *Exit.*

Alp. Do good *Leander*: *Hardenbergh* your sonne
Perhaps deludes me with a vision,
To mocke my vision, that deferre the Dutchesse,
And with *Hyanthe* closlie keepes my sonne.

Hard. Your sonne was madde, and drown'd,
This cannot bee.

Alp. But yet this circumuenting speech,
Offered suspition of such euent.

Stre. My lord, most fortunate were that euent,
That would restore your sonne from death to life.

Har. As though a vision should do such a deed.

Alp.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Alp. No, no, the boyes young brain was humorous,
His seruant and his Page did see him drown'd.

Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe, Alberdure
seeming fearefull to come forward.

Lea. Come on sweet friend, I warrant thee thy loue.
Shun not thy fathers sight that longs for thee.

Alb. Go then before, and we will follow straight.

Lean. Comfort my Lord, my vision proou'd most
Euen in that place, vnder the Lawrell shade, (true,
I found them sitting iust, as I beheld them
In my late vision: see sir where they come.

Alp. Am I enchanted? or see I my sonne?
I, I, the boy hath plaide the traytor with me:
O you young villaine, trust you with my loue,
How smoothe the cunning treacher look on it.

Hard. But sirra can this be? (drownd,

Lean. You knew him to be mad, these thought him
My Lord, take you no more delight to see your sonne,
Recouered of his life and wits?

Alp. See, see, how boldly the young pollytician
Can vrge his practise: Sirra you shall know,
He not be ouer-reacht with your young braine:
All haue agreed I see to cozen me,
But all shall faile: come Ladie, He haue you
Spight of all: and sonne learne you
Hereafter, to vse more reuerend meanes,
To obtaine of me what you desire:
I haue no ioy to see thee rais'd,
From a deluding death.

Hya. My Lord, 'tis tyrannie to enforce my loue.

Lean. I hope your Highnesse will maintaine your
(word.
Alp.

Doctor Dodypoll.

Alp. Dooft thou speake Traitor?
Straight Ile haue you safe :
For daring to delude me in my loue.

Albe. O friend, thou hast betraide my loue in vaine,
Now am I worfe, then cyther mad or drown'd:
Now haue I onely wits to know my griefes,
And life to feele them.

Hya. Let me go to him.

Alp. Thou shalt not haue thy will,
Nor he his Loue:
Neither of both know what is fit for you.
I loue with iudgement, and vpon cold bloud,
He with youths furie, without reasons stay:
And this shall time, and my kinde vsage of thee,
Make thee discerne, meane time consider this;
That I neglect for thee a beautilous Dutchesse,
Who next to thee is fairest in the world.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Duke of *Brunswick*, and his sister
The beautilous Dutchesse are arriued here.

Alp. Whats that the Dutchesse?

Mes. Euen her grace my Lord.

Alp. VVhy *Hardenbergh* ha,
Is the Dutchesse come?

Hard. I know not my good Lord,
Where is the Dutchesse?

Mes. Hard by my Lord.

Alp. Sounes I am not here, go tell her so;
Or let her come, my choice is free in loue.
Come my *Hyanthie*, stand thou close to me.

Mes. My Lord, the Duke himfelfe is come to vrge

H

Your

Doctor Dodypoll.

Your promise to him, which you must not breake."

Hofch. Nor will you wish to breake it good my lord:
I am assur'd, when you shall see the Dutchesse,
Whose matchlesse beauties will renew the minde,
Of her rare entertainment, and her presence,
Put all new thoughts of loue out of your minde.

Alp. Well I do see 'tis best, my sweete *Hyanshie*,
That thou stand further.

Hya. Ile be gone my Lord.

Alp. Not gone, but mixe thy selfe among the rest,
What a spight is this:

Counsell me *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. The Dutchesse comes my Lord.

Alp. Out of my life, how shall I looke on her?

Enter Constan. Kath. Lassen. Lucil. Cassi.

*Cornelia, Ite, a Songe: after the
Dutchesse speaks.*

Kat. How now my Lord, you looke as one dismaid,
Haue any visions troubled you of late?

Alp. Your grace, & your most princely brother here,
Are highlie welcome to the *Saxon Court*.

Kath. O you dissemble fir:
Nor are we come in hope of welcome,
But with this poore head-peece,
To beare the brunt of all discourtesies.

Const. My Lorde, wee come not now to vrge the
(marriage
You sought with such hot suite, of my faire Sister;
But to resolue our selues, and all the world,
Why you retained such meane conceipt of vs,
To slight so solemne and so high a contract,

With

Doctor Dodyall.

With vaine pretext of visions or of dreames.

Alp. My Lord, I heare protest by earth and heauen,
I holde your state right mightie and renowned,
And your faire sisters beauties and deserts,
To be most worthy the greatest king aliue,
Onlie an ominous vision troubled me,
And hindred the wisht speede I would haue made,
Not to dissolue it, though it were disferd,
By such portents (as least you thinke I faine)
Lord *Hardenbergh* can witness is most true.

Hard. Most true my Lord, and most prodigious.

Alp. Yet Ile contemne them with my life and all,
Ere Ile offend your grace or breed suspect
Of my firme faith, in my most honoured loue.

Kath. No, no, my Lord, this is your vision,
That hath not frightened but enamoured you.

Alp. O Madame, thinke you so, by heauen I sweare,
Shee's my sonnes loue : sirra take her to you,
Haue I had all this care to do her grace,
To prooue her vertues, and her loue to thee,
And standst thou fearefull now ? take her I say.

Lea. My Lord, he feares you will be angry with him.

Alp. You play the villaine, wherfore should he feare?
I onely proued her vertues for his sake,
And now you talke of anger, aye me wretche,
That euer I should liue to be thus shamed?

Alb. Madame, I sweare, the Ladie is my loue,
Therefore your highnesse cannot charge my father,
With any wrong to your high woorth in her.

Con. Sister, you see we vtterly mistake the kinde
And princelie dealing of the Duke :

Doctor Dodypoll.

Therefore without more ceremonious doubts,
Lets reconfirm the contract and his loue.

Kath. I warrant you my Lord, the Duke dissembles.

Alp. Heere on my knees, at the Altar of those feete,
I offer vp in pure and sacred breath,
The true speech of my hart, and hart it selfe.
Require no more, if thou be princelie borne,
And not of Rockes, or ruthlesse Tygers bred.

Kath. My Lord, I kindlie crie you mercy now,
Ashamed that you should iniurie your estate,
To kneele to me : and vowe before these Lords.
To make you all amends you can desire.

Flo. Madame, in admiration of your Grace
And princelie wisdom : and to gratifie
The long wisht ioye, done to my Lord the Duke,
I here present your highnesse with this Cup,
Wrought admirable by th'art of Spirits,
Of substance faire, more riche then earthly Iemmes,
Whose vauw no mans iudgement can esteeme.

Alp. Flores, Ile interrupt the Dutchesse thanks,
And for the present thou hast giuen to her,
To strengthen her consent to my desires,
I recompence thee with a free release,
Of all offences twixt thy selfe and me.

Flo. I humblie thanke your Excellence.

Kath. But where is now vnkinde Earle *Lasinbergh?*
That iniuries his faire loue, and makes her weare
This worthlesse garland: come fir make amends,
Or we will heere awarde you worthie penance.

Lasf. Madame, since her departure I haue done
More hartie penance then her hart could wish,

And

Doctor Dodypoll.

And vowe hereafter to liue euer hers.

Kat. Then let vs cast aside these forlorne wreat hes,
And with our better fortunes change our habits.

*Enter Doctor in poste, the Marchant
following him.*

Doct. O stay my Lorte, me pray you on knee, vor
staie.

Alp. What's the matter Doctor?

Doct. O me bret begarr, for haste.

Con. What ayles the hastie Doctor?

Doct. My Lorte be garr he lyes falllie in his troate,
Me prooue by the duell dat he be the fallce knaue.

Alp. Who is it man, with whom thou art so bold?

Doct. My Lorte, if me make my contrack of marriage, if me be not as loose as de vide worlde, if me doe
not alleadge.

Alp. I praie thee man what meanest thou?

Doct. Be garr enforme your grace vat he dare, I will
prooue by good argument and raison, dat he is de
fallce beggerlie Jeweller, dat I no point marrie *Cornelia*;
vat say you now?

Cass. My Lord, no doubt some man hath guld the
Doctor, supposing he should be enforste to wed her
that is my wife, and euer scorned him.

Doct. Vat you say? de Marchant tella me, I marrie
Cornelia spit my Nose.

Alp. The Marchant I perceiue hath trimde you
And comb'd you smoothe lie: (Doctor,
Fai the I can him thanke,
That thus reuiues our meeting with such mirth.

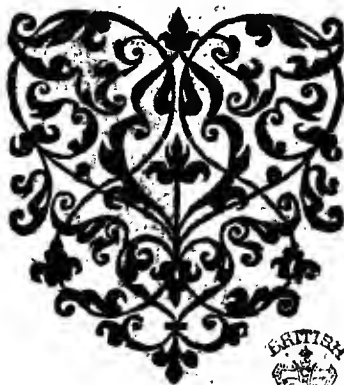
Doct. O be bright de heauen, est a possible, and by
heauen

Doctor Dodypoll.

heauen I be reuenge dat vile Marthen, me make de
medecine drie vp de Sea, seauen towland, towland
million d'Alloe, fife hundred, hundred, dram *Fuffian*,
Marquesite, *Balestia*, *Hematete*, *Cortemedian*, *Churcacholl*,
Pantafite *Petrofidem*, *Hynape*; and by garr de hot Pepre,
me make de vinde, de greate collicke, puffle, blowe, by
garr, teare de Sayle, beate de maste, cracke de Ship in
towland towland peeces. *Exit.*

Alp. Farewell gentle Doctor Doddipoll:
And now deere Ladie, let vs celebrate
Our happie royall nuptials, and my sonnes,
With this our sweete and generall amitie,
Which heauen smile on with his goulden eye.

Finis Actus quinti, & vltimi.



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