

# THE REVENGE

OF

*Bussy D'Ambois.*

A

TRAGEDIE.

*As it hath beene often presented at the  
priuate Play-house in the White-Fryers.*

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Written

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.

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L O N D O N:

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# TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS, AND

truely Noble Knight, S<sup>r</sup>.

*Thomas Howard, &c.*

*Sir,*

**S**Ince VVorkes of this kinde  
haue beene lately esteem-  
ed worthy the Patro-  
nage of some of our wor-  
thiest Nobles, I haue made  
no doubt to preferre this  
of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and ex-  
ceeding true Noblesse: as contayning mat-  
ter no lesse deseruing your reading, and ex-  
citation to Heroycall life, then any such  
late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Prin-  
ces of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued  
it any least diminution to their greatnesse,

## THE EPISTLE

to haue their Names wing'd with these Tragick Plumes, and disperst by way of Patronage, through the most Noble Notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the Scænicall presentation, it might meete with some maligners, yet considering, euen therein, it past with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their side (especially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poore enuious soules they are that cauilt at truths want in these naturall fictions: materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall Tragedie. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and fauour suffers defect in this, I shall soone supply with some other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made

### DEDICATORIE.

famous and preferued to posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expression; may be so much past others of your Rancke encreast, as they are short of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoeuer those Ignoble and sower-brow'd VVorldlings are carelesse of whatsoever future, or present opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most diuine Philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably answerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instruction: In whose fauour and honour I wish you most eminent; And rest euer.

*Your true Vertues*

*most true obseruer,*

*Geo. Chapman.*



## The Actors names.

<b>H</b> <i>Enry</i> , the King.	<i>Soiffone.</i>
<i>Monsieur</i> , his Brother.	<i>Perricot.</i>
<i>Guife. D.</i>	The <i>Guard.</i>
<i>Rencl</i> , a Marqueffe.	<i>Souldiers.</i>
<i>Mont fureau</i> , an Earle.	<i>Servants.</i>
<i>Baligny</i> , Lord Lieutenant.	{ <i>Buffy.</i> <i>Monsieur.</i> <i>Guife.</i> <i>Card. Guife.</i> <i>Shattilion.</i>
<i>Clermont, D'Ambois.</i>	
<i>Maillard.</i>	
<i>Challon.</i>	
<i>Aumal.</i>	
<i>Espernone.</i>	

*Countesse* of Cambray.  
*Tamyra*, wife to Mont fureau.  
*Charlotte*, wife to Baligny.  
*Rioua*, a Servant.



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---

Actus primi Scæna prima.

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Enter *Baligny, Renel.*

*Baligny.*



O what will this declining Kingdome  
turne

Swindging in euery licenſe, as in this  
Stupide permiſſion of braue D'Ambois  
Murther ?

Murther made paralell with Law ?  
Murther vs'd

To ſerue the Kingdome, giuen by fute to men  
For their aduancement ? ſuffered ſcarrow-like  
To fright adulterie ? what will policie  
At length bring vnder his capacitie ?

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*Rene.* All things; for as when the high births of  
Kings

Deliuerances, and Coronations,  
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels  
(Iangling together in vtun'd confusion :)  
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp : so when Glory,  
Flatterie, and smoothe applauses of things ill,  
Vphold th'inordinate swindge of downe-right power,  
Iustice, and truth, that tell the bounded vse,  
Vertuous, and well distinguisht formes of Time,  
Are gag'd and tongue-tide, but wee haue obseru'd  
Rule in more regular motion : things most lawfull  
Were once most royall, Kings fought common good  
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er so meane,  
And had their owne swindge so : more free, and more,  
But when pride enter'd them, and Rule by power,  
All browes that smil'd beneath them, frown'd ; hearts  
grieu'd,

By imitation ; vertue quite was vanisht,  
And all men studi'd selfe-loue, fraud, and vice,  
Then no man could be good but he was punish't :  
Tyrants being still more fearefull of the good  
Then of the bad ; their subiects vertues euer  
Manag'd with curbs, and dangers, and esteem'd  
As shadowes, and detractions to their owne.

*Bal.* Now all is peace, no danger : now what  
followes ?

Idleneffe rusts vs ; since no vertuous labour  
Ends ought rewarded : Ease, Securitie  
Now all the Palme weares, wee made warre before  
So to preuent warre, men with giuing gifts  
More then receiuing, made our Countrey strong ;  
Our matchlesse race of Souldiers then would spend  
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their spirits ;  
In daring Enemies, arm'd with meaneſt armes ;  
Not courting strumpets, and consuming birth-rights  
In Apishnesse, and enuy of attire.  
No labour then was harsh, no way so deepe,  
No rocke so sleepe, but if a Bird could scale it,



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Vp would our youth flie to. A Foe in armes  
Stirr'd vp a much more lust of his encounter,  
Then of a Mistresse neuer so be-painted :  
Ambition then, was onely scaling walles ;  
And ouer-topping turrets : Fame was wealth ;  
Best parts, best deedes, were best Nobilitie ;  
Honour with worth ; and wealth well got or none.  
Countries we wonne with as few men as Countries.  
Vertue subdu'd all.

*Ren.* Iust : and then our Nobles  
Lou'd vertue so, they prais'd and vs'd it to ;  
Had rather doe, then say ; their owne deedes hearing  
By others glorified, then be so barraine,  
That their parts onely flood in praising others.

*Bal.* Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and enui'd  
not ;  
Ciuite behauiour flourish ; Bountie flow'd,  
Auarice to vpland Boores, slaues hang-men banisht.

*Ren.* Tis now quite otherwise ; but to note the  
cause  
Of all these foule digressions, and reuolts  
From our first natures, this tis in a word :  
Since good Arts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd :  
Men ignorant are idle ; idle men  
Most practise what they most may doe with ease,  
Fashion, and fauour ; all their studies ayming  
At getting money, which no wife man euer  
Fed his desires with.

*Bal.* Yet now none are wise  
That thinke not heauens true foolish, weigh'd with that.  
Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,  
Make with thy greatnesse a new world arise.  
Such deprest Nobles (followers of his)  
As you, my selfe, my Lord will finde a time  
When to reuenge your wrongs.

*Ren.* I make no doubt :  
In meane time, I could wish, the wrong were righted  
Of your slaine Brother in law, braue Buffy D'Ambois.

*Bal.* That one accident was made my charge.

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My Brother Buffy's Sister (now my wife)  
 By no suite would consent to fatisfie  
 My loue of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,  
 To vse my vtmost to reuenge my Brother :  
 But Clermont D'Ambois (Buffy's second Brother)  
 Had (since) his apparition, and excitement,  
 To suffer none but his hand in his wreake,  
 Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes acquite  
 Me of my vow, made to my wife, his Sister,  
 And vndertake himfelfe Buffy's reuenge ;  
 Yet loathing any way to giue it act,  
 But in the noblest and most manly course.  
 (If th' Earle dares take it) he resolues to fend  
 A Challenge to him, and my selfe must beare it,  
 To which deliuerie I can vse no meanes ;  
 He is so barricado'd in his house,  
 And arm'd with guard fill.

*Ren.* That meanes lay on mee,  
 Which I can strangely make. My last lands sale,  
 By his great suite, stands now on price with him,  
 And hee (as you know) passing couetous,  
 (With that blinde greedinesse that followes gaine)  
 Will cast no danger, where her sweete feete tread.  
 Besides, you know, his Lady by his suite,  
 (Wooing as freshly, as when first loue shot  
 His faultlesse arrowes from her rosie eyes)  
 Now liues with him againe, and shee, I know,  
 Will ioyne with all helps, in her friends reuenge.

*Bal.* No doubt (my Lord) and therefore let me  
 pray you

To vse all speede ; for so on needels points  
 My wifes heart stands with haste of the reuenge :  
 Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,  
 That shee imagines I neglect my vow ;  
 Keepes off her kinde embraces, and still askes ;  
 When, when, will this reuenge come ? when perform'd  
 Will this dull vow be ? And I vow to Heauen  
 So sternely, and so past her sexe she vrges  
 My vowes performance ; that I almost feare

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To see her, when I haue a while beene absent,  
Not showing her before I speake, the bloud  
She so much thirsts for, freckling hands and face.

*Ren.* Get you the Challenge writ, and looke from  
me,

To heare your passage clear'd no long time after.

*Exit Ren.*

*Bal.* All restitution to your worthiest Lordship,  
Whose errand I must carrie to the King,  
As hauing sworne my seruice in the search  
Of all such Malecontents, and their designs,  
By seeming one affected with their faction,  
And discontented humours gainst the state :  
Nor doth my brother *Clermont* scape my counsaile  
Giuen to the King, about his Guisean greatnesse,  
Which (as I spice it) hath possesst the King  
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger :  
Charg'd in it to his person : though my conscience  
Dare sweare him cleare of any power to be  
Infected with the least dishonestie :  
Yet that sinceritie, wee Politicians  
Must say, growes out of enuie, since it cannot  
Aspire to policies greatnesse : and the more  
We worke on all respects of kinde, and vertue,  
The more our seruice to the King seemes great,  
In sparing no good that seemes bad to him :  
And the more bad, we make the most of good,  
The more our policie seearcheth ; and our seruice  
Is wonder'd at for wisedome and sincerenesse.  
Tis easie to make good suspected still,  
Where good, and God, are made but cloakes for ill.  
See Monsieur taking now his leaue for Brabant,

*Enter Henry, Monsieur, Guise, Cler., Espernone,  
Poisson. Monsieur taking leaue of the King.*

The Guise, & his deare Minion, *Clermont D'Ambois*,  
Whispering together, not of state affaires

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I durst lay wagers, (though the Guife be now  
In chiefe heate of his faction) but of some thing,  
Sauouring of that which all men else despise,  
How to be truly noble, truly wife.

*Monf.* See how hee hangs upon the eare of Guife,  
Like to his Iewell.

*Effer.* Hee's now whisp'ring in  
Some doctrine of stabilitie, and freedome,  
Contempt of outward greatnesse, and the guises  
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeale,  
Being onely seruile traines, and sumptuous houses,  
High places, offices.

*Monf.* Contempt of these  
Does he read to the Guife? Tis passing needfull,  
And hee, I thinke, makes shew t' affect his doctrine.

*Efp.* Commends, admires it.

*Monf.* And pursues another,  
Tis fine hypocrisie, and cheape, and vulgar,  
Knowne for a couert practise, yet beleeu'd  
(By those abus'd foules, that they teach and gouerne)  
No more then Wiues adulteries, by their Husbands,  
They bearing it with so vn mou'd aspects,  
Hot comming from it; as twere not all,  
Or made by custome nothing. This fame D'Ambois  
Hath gotten such opinion of his vertues,  
(Holding all learning but an Art to liue well,)  
And showing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,  
Being thereby strong in his perswading others;  
That this ambitious Guife, embracing him,  
Is thought t' embrace his vertues.

*Efp.* Yet in some  
His vertues are held false for th'others vices:  
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,  
To suspect truth then falsehood: and of both,  
Truth still fares worse; as hardly being beleeu'd,  
As tis vnusuall, and rarely knowne.

*Monf.* Ile part engendring vertue. Men affirme  
Though this fame Clermont hath a D'Ambois spirit,  
And breathes his brothers valour; yet his temper

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Is so much past his, that you cannot moue him :  
He try that temper in him. Come, you two  
Deuoure each other with your vertues zeale,  
And leaue for other friends, no fragment of yee :  
I wonder Guise, you will thus rauish him  
Out of my bosome, that first gaue the life  
His manhood breathes, spirit, and meanes and luster.  
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont ?  
Once giue me leaue (for tryall of that loue  
That from thy brother Buffy thou inherit'st)  
T'vnclasp thy bosome. *Cler.* As how sir ?

*Monf.* Be a true glasse to mee, in which I may  
Behold what thoughts the many headed-beast,  
And thou thy selfe breathes out concerning me,  
My ends, and new vpstart state in Brabant,  
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes,  
Imagin'd here in France : speake man, and let  
Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts :  
O were braue Buffy liuing ! *Cler.* Liuing my Lord ?

*Monf.* Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou  
Haue brau'd the Guise : mauger his presence, courted  
His wedded Lady ; emptied euen the dregs  
Of his worst thoughts of mee, euen to my teeth ;  
Discern'd not me his rising foueraigne  
From any common groome : but let me heare  
My grossest faults, as grosse-full as they were.  
Durst thou doe this ?

*Cler.* I cannot tell : A man  
Does neuer know the goodnesse of his stomacke  
Till hee fees meate before him. Were I dar'd,  
Perhaps as he was, I durst doe like him.

*Monf.* Dare then to poure out here thy freest foule,  
Of what I am. *Cler.* Tis stale, he tolde you it.

*Monf.* He onely iested, spake of splene and enuie  
Thy foule more learn'd, is more ingenuous,  
Searching, iudiciall ; let me then from thee  
Heare what I am.

*Cler.* What but the sole support,  
And most expectant hope of ail our France,

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The toward victor of the whole low Countreyes ?

*Monf.* Tush, thou wilt sing Encomions of my praise.  
Is this like D'Ambois ? I must vexe the Guife,  
Or neuer looke to heare free truth ; tell me,  
For Buffy liues not : hee durst anger mee,  
Yet for my loue, would not haue fear'd to anger  
The King himselfe. Thou vnderstand'st me, dost  
not ?

*Cler.* I shall my Lord, with studie.

*Monf.* Dost vnderstand thy selfe ? I pray thee tell  
me,

Dost neuer search thy thoughts, what my designe  
Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother ?  
What turne I meant to serue with you ?

*Cler.* Euen what you please to thinke.

*Monf.* But what thinkest thou ?

Had I no end in't think'st ? *Cler.* I thinke you had.

*Monf.* When I tooke in such two as you two were,  
A ragged couple of decayd Commanders,  
When a French-crowne would plentifully serue  
To buy you both to any thing i'th' earth.

*Cler.* So it would you :

*Monf.* Nay bought you both out-right,  
You and your Trunkes : I feare me, I offend thee.

*Cler.* No not a iot.

*Monf.* The most renowned Souldier  
*Epaminondas* (as good Authors say)

Had no more suites then backes, but you two shar'd  
But one suite twixt you both, when both your studies  
Were not what meate to dine with ; if your Partridge,  
Your Snipe, your Wood-cocke, Larke, or your red  
Hering,

But where to begge it, whether at my house,  
Or at the Guises (for you know you were  
Ambitious beggars,) or at some Cookes-shop,  
T'eternize the Cookes trust, and score it vp.  
Dost not offend thee ? *Cler.* No sir. Pray pro-  
ceede.

*Monf.* As for thy Gentry, I dare boldly take

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Thy honourable othe : and yet some fay  
Thou and thy most renowned noble Brother,  
Came to the Court first in a Keele of Sea-coale ;  
Dost not offend thee ? *Cler.* Neuer doubt it, sir.

*Mons.* Why doe I loue thee then ? why haue I  
rak'd thee

Out of the dung-hill ? cast my cast Ward-robe on thee ?  
Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy Brother ?  
Made yee my sawcy bon companions ?  
Taught yee to call our greatest Noble men  
By the corruption of their names ; Iack, Tom ?  
Haue I blowne both for nothing to this bubble ?  
Though thou art learn'd ; thatt no enchanting wit,  
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound  
To keepe thee for my Table ?

*Cler.* Well Sir, 'twere

A good Knights place. Many a proud dubb'd Gal-  
lant

Seekes out a poore Knights liuing from such Emrods.  
Or what vse else should I designe thee to ?  
Perhaps you'll answere me, to be my Pander.

*Cler.* Perhaps I shall.

*Monsf.* Or did the slic Guise put thee  
Into my bosome, t'vndermine my proiects ?  
I feare thee not ; for though I be not sure  
I haue thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet  
To be as emptie a dull piece of wainscot  
As euer arm'd the scalpe of any Courtier ;  
A fellow onely that consists of finewes ;  
Meere Swisser, apt for any execution.

*Cler.* But killing of the King.

*Mon.* Right : now I see  
Thou vnderstand'st thy selfe.

*Cler.* I, and you better.

You are a Kings sonne borne. *Monsf.* Right.

*Cler.* And a Kings brother. *Monsf.* True.

*Cler.* And might not any foole haue beene so too,  
As well as you ? *Monsf.* A poxe vpon you.

*Cler.* You did no Princely deedes



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Ere you're borne (I take it) to deferue it ;  
Nor did you any since that I haue heard ;  
Nor will doe euer any, as all thinke.

*Monf.* The Diuell take him. Ile no more of him.

*Guife.* Nay : slay my Lord, and heare him answere  
you.

*Monf.* No more I sweare. Farewell. *Ex. Monf.*

*Guife.* No more : Ill fortune. *Esper. Soiff.*

I would haue giuen a million to haue heard  
His scoffes retorted : and the insolence  
Of his high birth and greatnesse (which were neuer  
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)  
Made shew to his dull eyes, beneath the worth  
That men aspire to by their knowing vertues,  
Without which Greatnesse is a shade, a bubble.

*Cler.* But what one great man dreames of that,  
but you ?

All take their births and birth-rights left to them  
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchase,  
When many a foole in both, is great as they :  
And who would thinke they could winne with their  
worths

Wealthy possessions, when wonne to their hands,  
They neyther can iudge iustly of their value,  
Nor know their vse ; and therefore they are puffed  
With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is :  
Enabled onely by the goods they haue,  
To scorne all goodnesse : none great, fill their fortunes,  
But as those men that make their houses greater,  
Their households being lesse, so Fortune raises  
Huge heapes of out-side in these mightie men,  
And giues them nothing in them.

*Guife.* True as truth :

And therefore they had rather drowne their substance  
In superfluities of bricke and stones ;  
(Like *Sisyphus*, aduancing of them euer,  
And euer pulling downe) then lay the cost  
Of any fluttish corner, on a man,  
Built with Gods finger, and enfil'd his Temple.



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*Bal.* Tis nobly said, my Lord.

*Guisc.* I would haue these things  
Brought vpon Stages, to let mightie Misers  
See all their graue and ferious miseries, plaid,  
As once they were in Athens, and olde Rome.

*Cler.* Nay, we must now haue nothing brought on  
Stages,  
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous Antickes :  
Men thither come, to laugh, and feede fool-fat,  
Checke at all goodnesse there, as being prophan'd :  
When wherefoeuer goodnesse comes, shee makes  
The place still sacred : though with other seete  
Neuer so much tis scandal'd, and polluted.  
Let me learne anything that fits a man,  
In any Stables showne, as well as Stages.

*Bal.* Why ? is not all the world esteem'd a Stage ?

*Cler.* Yes : and right worthily : and Stages too  
Haue a respect due to them : if but onely,  
For what the good Greeke Morallists sayes of them ;  
Is a man proud of greatnesse, or of riches ?  
Giue me an expert Actor ; Ile shew all,  
That can within his greatest glory fall.  
Is a man fraid with pouertie and lownesse ?  
Giue me an Actor, Ile shew euery eye  
What hee laments fo, and so much doth flye,  
The best and worst of both : if but for this then,  
To make the proudest out-side that most fwels,  
With things without him, and aboue his worth,  
See how small cause hee has to be so blowne vp ;  
And the most poore man, to be grieu'd with poore-  
nesse,

Both being so easily borne by expert Actors.  
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptfull,  
As euery innouating Puritane,  
And ignorant sweater out of zealous enuie,  
Would haue the world imagine. And besides,  
That all things haue beene likened to the mirth,  
Vs'd vpon Stages, and for Stages fitted.  
The splenatiue Philosopher that euer

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Laught at them all, were worthy the enflaging :  
 All obiects, were they ne'er so full of teares,  
 He so conceited, that he could distill thence  
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.  
 Heard he a Lawyer, neuer so vehement pleading,  
 Hee stood and laught. Heard hee a Tradef-man  
     swearing

Neuer so thriftily (selling of his wares ;)   
 He stood and laught. Heard hee an holy brother,  
 For hollow ostentation at his prayers  
 Ne'er so impetuoufly ; hee stood and laught.  
 Saw hee a great man neuer so insulting,  
 Seuerely inflicting, grauely giuing lawes,  
 Not for their good, but his ; hee stood and laught.  
 Saw hee a youthfull widow  
 Neuer so weeping, wringing of her hands,  
 For her lost Lord, still the Philosopher laught :  
 Now whether hee suppos'd all these presentments,  
 Were onely maskeries, and wore false faces :  
 Or else were simply vaine, I take no care,  
 But still hee laught, how graue soere they were.

*Guise.* And might right well (my Clermont) and  
     for this

Vertuous digression, we vwill thanke the scoffes  
 Of vicious Monsieur, But now for the maine point  
 Of your late resolution for reuenge  
 Of your flaine friend.

*Cler.* I haue here my Challenge,  
 Which I will pray my Brother Baligny  
 To beare the murtherous Earle.

*Bal.* I haue prepar'd  
 Meanes for acceffe to him, through all his Guard.

*Guise.* About it then, my worthy Baligny,  
 And bring vs the succeffe. *Bal.* I will my Lord.

*Excunt.*

*Tamyra sola.*

*Tamy.* Reuenge, that euer red sitt'ft in the eyes

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Of iniur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes  
With bloody Lawrell ; and receiue from thee  
Iustice for all our humors iniurie,  
Whose wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie  
Haue ruthlesse made, and bloody. Enter here,  
Enter, O enter : and, though length of time  
Neuer lets any scape thy constant iustice,  
Yet now preuent that length. Flye, flye, and here  
Fixe thy steele foot-steps : Here, O here, where still  
Earth (mou'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd  
My Loues faire figure, drawne in his deare blood,  
And mark'd the place, to shew thee where was done  
The cruell'st murder that ere fled the Sunne.  
O Earth ! why keep'st thou not as well his spirit,  
To giue his forme life ? No, that was not earthly :  
That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)  
Flew sparkling vp into the Sphaere of fire,  
Whence endlesse flames it sheds in my desire :  
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights  
That can be wrested from thy riuals armes ;  
(O my deare Buffy) I will lye, and kisse  
Spirit into thy blood, or breathe out mine  
In sighes, and kisses, and sad tunes to thine. *She sings.*

*Enter Mont fur.*

*Mont.* Still on this hant ? Still shall adulterous  
    blood  
Affect thy spirits ? Thinke, for shame, but this,  
This blood that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'st  
To dry is to breede any quench to thine.  
And therefore now (if onely for thy lust  
A little couer'd with a vaile of shame)  
Looke out for fresh life, rather then witch-like,  
Learne to kisse horror, and with death engender.  
Strange crosse in nature, purest virgine shame  
Lies in the blood, as lust lyes ; and together  
Many times mixe too : and in none more shamefull  
Then in the shamefac't. Who can then distinguish

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Twixt their affections ; or tell when hee meetes  
 With one not common ? Yet, as worthiest Poets  
 Shunne common and plebeian formes of speech,  
 Euery illiberall and affected phrase  
 To clothe their matter : and together tie  
 Matter and forme, with Art and decencie.  
 So worthiest women should shunne vulgar guises,  
 And though they cannot but flye out for change,  
 Yet modestie, the matter of their liues,  
 Be it adulterate, should be painted true  
 With modest out-parts ; what they should doe still  
 Grac'd with good shew, though deedes be ne'er so ill.

*Tamy.* That is so farre from all yee seeke of vs,  
 That (though your selues be common as the ayre)  
 We must not take the ayre, wee must not fit  
 Our actions to our owne affections :  
 But as Geometricians (you still say)  
 Teach that no lines, nor superficies,  
 Doe moue themselves, but still accompanie  
 The motions of their bodies ; so poore wiues  
 Must not pursue, nor haue their owne affections,  
 But to their husbands earnestes, and their iests,  
 To their auerities of lookes, and laughters,  
 (Though ne'er so foolish and iniurious)  
 Like Parasites and slaues, fit their disposures.

*Mont.* I vsde thee as my soule, to moue and rule  
 me.

*Tamy.* So said you, when you woo'd. So Souldiers  
 tortur'd

With tedious sieges of some wel-wall'd Towne,  
 Propound conditions of most large contents,  
 Freedome of Lawes, all former gouernment ;  
 But hauing once set foote within the Wals,  
 And got the reynes of power into their hands,  
 Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude swindges,  
 Seaze all their goods, their liberties, and liues,  
 And make aduantage, and their lusts, their lawes.

*Mont.* But loue me, and performe a Wifes part yet,  
 (With all my loue before) I sweare forgiueneffe.

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*Tamy.* Forgiueneffe ! that grace you should seeke  
of mee :

These tortur'd fingers and these stab'd-through armes  
Keepe that law in their vvounds, yet, vnobferu'd,  
And euer fhall. *Monf.* Remember their deferts.

*Tam.* Those vvith faire warnings might haue beene  
reform'd,

Not these vnmanly rages. You haue heard  
The fiction of the North winde and the Sunne,  
Both vvorking on a Traueller, and contending  
Which had moft power to take his cloake from him :  
Which when the Winde attempted, hee roar'd out  
Outragious blafts at him to force it off,  
That vvrap it clofer on. When the calme Sunne  
(The Winde once leauing) charg'd him vvith ftill  
beames,

Quiet, and feruent, and therein was conftant,  
Which made him caft off both his cloake and coate :  
Like vvhom fhould men doe. If yee vvish your Wiues  
Should leaue diflik'd things, feeke it not vvith rage ;  
For that enrages : vvhat yee giue, yee haue :  
But vfe calme warnings, and kinde manly meanes,  
And that in Wiues moft prostitute will winne  
Not onely fure amends ; but make vs Wiues  
Better then thofe that ne'er led faultie liues.

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sould.* My Lord.

*Monf.* How now ; vvould any fpeake with me ?

*Soul.* I, Sir.

*Monf.* Peruerfe, and traiterous mifercant :  
Where are your other fellows of my Guard ?  
Haue I not told you, I will fpeake with none,  
But Lord Renel ? *Sould.* And tis hee that ftayes  
you.

*Monf.* O, is it he ? Tis well : attend him in.  
I muft be vigilant : the Furies haunt mee.  
Doe you heare dame ?

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*Enter Renel, with the Souldier.*

*Ren.* Be true now, for your Ladies iniur'd sake,  
Whose bountie you haue so much cause to honour:  
For her respect is chiefe in this designe,  
And therefore serue it, call out of the vvay  
All your confederate fellowes of his Guard,  
Till Monsieur Baligny be enter'd here.

*Sould.* Vpon your honour, my Lord shall be free  
From any hurt you say.

*Ren.* Free as my selfe. Watch then, and cleare  
his entrie.

*Ren.* I will not faile, my Lord. *Exit Souldier.*

*Ren.* God saue your Lordship.

*Monf.* My noblest Lord *Renel*! past all men welcome.

Wife, welcome his Lordship. *Osculatur.*

*Ren.* I much ioy in your returne here.

*Tamy.* You doe more then I.

*Monf.* Shee's passionate still, to thinke we euer parted,

By my too sterne iniurious Ielousie.

*Ren.* Tis well your Lordship will confesse your  
errour

In so good time yet. *Enter Baligny with a Challenge.*

*Monf.* Death! Who haue wee here?

Ho! Guard! Villaines! *Bal.* Why exclaime you  
so.

*Monf.* Negligent Trayters! Murther, murther,  
murther.

*Bal.* Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beene so,  
like yours,

It had beene done ere this.

*Ren.* Sir, your intent,  
And action too, was rude to enter thus.

*Bal.* Y'are a decaid Lord to tell me of rudenesse,  
As much decaid in manners as in meanes.

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*Ren.* You talke of manners, that thus rudely thrust

Vpon a man that's busie with his Wife.

*Bal.* And kept your Lordship then the dore. *Ren.* The dore?

*Mont.* Sweet Lord forbear. Show, show your purpose fir.

To moue such bold feete into others roofes.

*Bal.* This is my purpose fir, from Clermont D'Ambois

I bring this Challenge.

*Mon.* Challenge ! Ile touch none. *Bal.* Ile leaue it here then.

*Ren.* Thou shalt leaue thy life first. *Mont.* Murther, murther !

*Ren.* Retire my Lord ; get off.

Hold, or thy death shall hold thee. Hence my Lord.

*Bal.* There lye the Challenge. *They all fight and*

*Bal. driues in Mont. Exit Mont.*

*Ren.* Was not this well handled ?

*Bal.* Nobly my Lord. All thanks. *Exit Bal.*

*Tamy.* Ile make him reade it. *Exit Tamy.*

*Ren.* This was a sleight well maskt. O what is man,

Vnlesse he be a Politician !

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

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Actus secundi Scæna prima.

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*Henry, Baligny.*

*Hen.* Come Baligny, we now are priuate: Say,  
 What seruice bring'st thou? make it short;  
 the Guife  
 (Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in Court, and  
 neare,  
 And may obserue vs.

*Bal.* This fir, then in short.  
 The faction of the Guife (with which my policie,  
 For seruice to your Highnesse seemes to ioyne)  
 Growes ripe, and must be gather'd into hold;  
 Of which my Brother Clermont being a part  
 Exceeding capitall, deserues to haue  
 A capitall eye on him. And (as you may  
 With best aduantage, and your speediest charge,)  
 Command his apprehension: which (because  
 The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)  
 Wee must aske Country swindge and open fields.  
 And therefore I haue wrought him to goe downe  
 To Cambray with me (of which Gouernment  
 Your Highnesse bountie made mee your Lieutenant)  
 Where when I haue him, I will leaue my house,  
 And faine some seruice out about the confines,  
 When in the meane time, if you please to giue  
 Command to my Lieutenant, by your Letters,  
 To traine him to some muster, where he may



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(Much to his honour) fee for him, your forces  
Put into Battaille ; when hee comes, hee may  
With some clofe stratageme be apprehended :  
For otherwise your whole powers there will faile  
To worke his apprehension : and with that  
My hand needes neuer be discern'd therein.

*Hen.* Thankes honest Baligny.

*Bal.* Your Highnesse knowes  
I will be honest ; and betray for you  
Brother and Father : for, I know (my Lord)  
Treacherie for Kings is trueſt Loyaltie ;  
Nor is to beare the name of Treacherie,  
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that ſeeme  
Ill in particular reſpects, are good  
As they reſpect your vniuerſall Rule.  
As in the maine ſway of the vniuerſe  
The ſupreame Rectors generall decrees,  
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,  
Since they make good that guard to preſeruatiō  
Of both thoſe in their order and firſt end,  
No mans particular (as hee thinkes) wrong  
Muſt hold him wrong'd : no, not though all mens  
reaſons,

All Law, all conſcience, concludes it wrong.  
Nor is compariſon a flatterer  
To liken you here to the King of kings ;  
Nor any mans particular offence  
Againſt the worlds ſway ; to offence at yours  
In any ſubieſt ; who as little may  
Grudge at their particular wrong ; if ſo it ſeeme  
For th'vniuerſall right of your eſtate.  
As (being a Subieſt of the Worlds whole ſway  
As well as yours ; and being a righteous man  
To whom Heauen promiſes defence, and bleſſing,  
Brought to decay, diſgrace, and quite defenceleſſe)  
Hee may complaine of Heauen for wrong to him.

*Hen.* Tis true : the Simile at all parts holds,  
As all good Subieſts hold, that loue our fauour.

*Bal.* Which is our Heauen here ; and a miſerie

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Incomparable, and most truly Hellish  
To liue depriu'd of our Kings grace and countenance,  
Without which best conditions are most curfed :  
Life of that nature, howfoeuer fhort,  
Is a most lingering, and tedious life ;  
Or rather no life, but a languishing,  
And an abuse of life.

*Hen.* Tis well conceited.

*Bal.* I thought it not amiffe to yeeld your High-  
neffe

A reason of my speeches ; left perhaps  
You might conceiue I flatter'd : which (I know)  
Of all ils vnder heauen you most abhorre.

*Hen.* Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,  
For which I thanke and loue thee. Thy aduife  
Ile not forget : Haste to thy Gouvernement,  
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell. *Exit.*

*Bal.* Your Maiestie fare euer like it selfe.

*Enter Guife.*

*Guife.* My sure Friend Baligny !

*Bal.* Noblest of Princes !

*Guife.* How stands the State of Cambray ?

*Bal.* Strong, my Lord,  
And fit for seruice : for whose readinesse  
Your creature Clermont D'Ambois, and my selfe  
Ride shortly downe.

*Guife.* That Clermont is my loue ;  
France neuer bred a nobler Gentleman  
For all parts : he exceeds his Brother Buffy.

*Bal.* I, my Lord ?

*Guife.* Farre : because (besides his valour)  
Hee hath the crowne of man, and all his parts,  
Which Learning is ; and that so true and vertuous,  
That it giues power to doe, as well as fay  
What euer fits a most accomplisht man ;  
Which Buffy, for his valours season, lackt ;  
And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes

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Beyond Decorum ; where this absolute Clermont,  
Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)  
Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it crost ;  
And in defence of it ; yet when he lifts  
Hee can containe that fire, as hid in Embers.

*Bal.* No question, hee's a true, learn'd, Gentleman.

*Guife.* He is as true as Tides, or any Starre  
Is in his motion : And for his rare learning,  
Hee is not (as all else are that seeke knowledge)  
Of taste so much depraui'd, that they had rather  
Delight, and satisfie themselues to drinke  
Of the streame troubled, wandring ne'er so farre  
From the cleare fount, then of the fount it selfe.  
In all ; Romes Brutus is reuiu'd in him,  
Whom hee of industry doth imitate.

Or rather, as great Troys Euphorbus was  
After Pithagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.  
And (were not Brutus a Conspirator)

*Bal.* Conspirator, my Lord ? Doth that empaire  
him ?

Cæsar beganne to tyrannize ; and when vertue,  
Nor the religion of the Gods could serue  
To curbe the insolence of his proud Lawes,  
Brutus would be the Gods iust instrument.  
What said the Princeesse (sweet Antigone)  
In the graue Greeke Tragedian, when the question  
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings ?  
Which when he vrges, shee replies on him ;  
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods ;  
Nor would shee value Creons written Lawes  
With Gods vnwrit Edicts : since they last not  
This day and the next, but euery day and euer ;  
Where Kings Lawes alter euery day and houre,  
And in that change imply a bounded power.

*Guife.* Well, let vs leaue these vaine disputings  
what

Is to be done, and fall to doing something.  
When are you for your Gouvernment in Cambray ?

*Bal.* When you command, my Lord.

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*Guise.* Nay, that's not fit.  
Continue your designements with the King,  
With all your seruice; onely if I send  
Respect me as your friend, and loue my Clermont.

*Bal.* Your Highnesse knowes my vowes.

*Guise.* I, tis enough. *Exit Guise. Manet Bal.*

*Bal.* Thus must wee play on both sides, and thus  
harten

In any ill those men whose good wee hate.  
Kings may doe what they list: and for Kings,  
Subiects,

Eyther exempt from censure or exception: *Αυχανου*  
For, as no mans worth can be iustly iudg'd *δε παντος,*  
But when he shines in some authoritie; *&c.*

So no authoritie should suffer censure *Impossible est*  
But by a man of more authoritie. *viri cognoscere*  
Great vessels into lesse are emptied neuer, *mentem ac vo-*  
There's a redoundance past their continent *luntatem, pri-*  
euer. *usquam in Ma-*  
*gistratibus appa-*  
*ret.*

These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures;  
For looke how Spinners weaue out of themselues  
Webs, whose strange matter none before can see; *Sopho. Antig.*  
So these, out of an vnseene good in vertue,  
Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,  
That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner.

*Enter Clermont.*

*Cler.* Now, to my Challenge. What's the place,  
the weapon?

*Bal.* Soft sir: let rist your Challenge be receiued.  
Hee would not touch, nor see it.

*Cler.* Possible!  
How did you then?

*Bal.* Left it, in his despight.  
But when hee saw mee enter so expectlesse,  
To heare his base exclames of murther, murther,  
Mad mee thinke Nobleesse lost, in him quicke buried.

*Cler.* They are the breathing Sepulchres of  
Nobleesse:

No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures  
 Hung vp for signes, are Lions. Who knowes not, *Quo mellius*  
 That Lyons the more soft kept, are more seruile? *dequnt, co*  
 And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand, *seruilius.*  
 Lose quite th'innatiue fire of spirit and greatnesse *Epiet.*  
 That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey;  
 And grow so grosse, that mastifes, curs, and mungrels  
 Haue spirit to cow them: So our soft French Nobles  
 Chain'd vp in ease and numb'd securitie,  
 Their spirits shrunke vp like their couetous fists,  
 And neuer opened but Domitian-like,  
 And all his base, obsequious minions  
 When they were catching, though it were but flies.  
 Befotted with their pezzants loue of gaine,  
 Rustling at home, and on each other preying.  
 Are for their greatnesse but the greater slaues,  
 And none is noble but who scrapes and faues.

*Bal.* Tis base, tis base; and yet they thinke them  
 high.

*Cler.* So Children mounted on their hobby-horse,  
 Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile  
 They beare what should beare them. A man may well  
 Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd Cammels,  
 That to their high heads, beg'd of Ioue hornes higher;  
 Whose most vncomely, and ridiculous pride  
 When hee had satisfied, they could not vse,  
 But where they went vpright before, they floopt,  
 And bore their heads much lower for their hornes. *Simil.*  
 As these high men doe, low in all true grace,  
 Their height being priuiledge to all things base.  
 And as the foolish Poet that still writ  
 All his most selfe-lou'd verse in paper royall,  
 Of Parchment rul'd with Lead, smooth'd with the  
 Pumice,  
 Bound richly vp, and strung with Crimson strings;  
 Neuer so blest as when hee writ and read  
 The Ape-lou'd issue of his braine; and neuer  
 But ioying in himselfe; admiring euer:  
 Yet in his workes behold him, and hee shew'd

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Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,  
All set on out-side, looke vpon within,  
And not a pezzants entrailes you shall finde  
More foule and mezel'd, nor more steru'd of minde.

*Bal.* That makes their bodies fat. I faine would  
know

How many millions of our other Nobles  
Would make one Guife. There is a true tenth Worthy,  
Who (did not one aēt onely blemish him.)

*Cler.* One aēt? what one?

*Bal.* One, that (though yeeres past done)  
Stickes by him still, and will distaine him euer.

*Cler.* Good Heauen! wherein? what one aēt can  
you name

Suppos'd his staine, that Ile not proue his luster?

*Bal.* To satisfie you, twas the Massacre.

*Cler.* The Massacre? I thought twas some such  
blemish.

*Bal.* O it was hainous.

*Cler.* To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reafon. Wee so tender  
The vile part in vs, that the part diuine  
We see in hell, and shrinke not. Who was first  
Head of that Massacre?

*Bal.* The Guife.

*Cler.* Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made  
In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greekes?  
Was it not Paris rauishing the Queene  
Of Lacædemon? Breach of shame and faith?  
And all the lawes of Hospitality?

This is the Beastly slaughter made of men,  
When Truth is ouer-throwne, his Lawes corrupted;  
When foules are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,  
Slaine bodies are no more then Oxen slaine.

*Bal.* Differ not men from Oxen?

*Cler.* Who sayes so?

But see wherein; In the vnderstanding rules  
Of their opinions, liues, and actions;

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In their communities of faith and reason.  
Was not the Wolfe that nourisht *Romulus*  
More humane then the men that did expose him?

*Bal.* That makes against you.

*Cler.* Not sir, if you note  
That by that deede, the actions difference make  
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor  
formes.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights  
Beene broke by Troy, Greece had not made that  
slaughter.

Had that beene fau'd (sayes a Philosopher)  
The *Iliads* and *Odysses* had beene lost,  
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,  
Religious Guise had neuer massacred,

*Bal.* Well sir, I cannot when I meete with you  
But thus digresse a little, for my learning,  
From any other businesse I intend.  
But now the voyage, we resolu'd for Cambray,  
I told the Guise beginnes; and wee must haste.  
And till the Lord *Rend* hath found some meane  
(Conspiring with the Countesse) to make sure  
Your sworne wreake on her Husband (though this  
fail'd)

In my so braue Command, wee'll spend the time,  
Sometimes in training out in Skirmishes,  
And Battailles, all our Troopes and Companies;  
And sometimes breathe your braue Scotch running  
horse,

That great Guise gaue you, that all th'horse in France  
Farre ouer-runnes at every race and hunting  
Both of the Hare and Deere. You shall be honor'd  
Like the great Guise himselfe, about the King.  
And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd Sister,  
For our delaid wreake of your Brothers slaughter)  
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.

*Cler.* Ile see my Lord the Guise againe before  
Wee take our iourney.

*Bal.* O sir, by all meanes,

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You cannot be too carefull of his loue,  
That euer takes occasion to be raising  
Your virtues, past the reaches of this age,  
And ranks you with the best of th'ancient Romanes.

*Cler.* That praise at no part moues mee, but the  
worth

Of all hee can giue others spher'd in him.

*Bal.* Hee yet is thought to entertaine strange  
aymes.

*Cler.* He may be well; yet not as you thinke  
strange.

His strange Aymes are to crosse the common Cus-  
tome

Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's so rauisht,  
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,  
On Atlas shoulders, and from thence lookes downe,  
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:

Rich, poore of reason, wander; All pale looking,  
And trembling but to thinke of their fure deaths,  
Their liues so bafe are, and so rancke their breaths.

Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet  
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;

For which, hee onely loues me, and deferues

My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:

Resolving this (what euer change can be)

Thou hast created, thou hast ruinde mee.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*



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Actus tertij Scæna prima.

---

*A march of Captaines over the Stage.*

*Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.*

*Mail.* **T**Hese Troopes and companies come in  
with wings :  
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,  
I thinke no other Gouernment in France  
So soone could bring together. With such men  
Me thinkes a man might passe th'insulting Pillars  
Of Bacchus and Alcides.

*Chal.* I much wonder  
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe  
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaues him  
At such an instance.

*Mail.* Twas the Kings command :  
For whom he must leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all  
things.

*Aum.* The confines of his Gouernment, whose  
view  
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede  
Of no such sodaine expedition.

*Mail.* Wee must not argue that. The Kings Com-  
mand  
Is neede and right enough : and that he serues,  
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.

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*Chal.* But knowes not hee of your Command to take

His Brother Clermont ?

*Mail.* No : the Kings will is  
Expressely to conceale his apprehension  
From my Lord Gouvernour. Obseru'd yee not ?  
Againe peruse the Letters. Both you are  
Made my assistants, and haue right and trust  
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.

*Aum.* Tis strange a man that had, through his life  
past,  
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,  
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found  
tripping,  
And taken vp thus, so to make his fall  
More sleepe and head-long.

*Mail.* It is Vertues fortune,  
To keepe her low, and in her proper place,  
Height hath no roome for her : But as a man  
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere  
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,  
To breathe himselfe : where hee that gets no childe  
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well.)  
So, let one marry this fame barraine Vertue,  
She neuer lets him rest : where fruitfull vice  
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath ;  
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

*Chal.* I see that good liues neuer can secure  
Men from bad liuers. Worst men will haue best  
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wrest.

*Aum.* There was a merit for this, in the fault  
That Buffy made, for which he (doing pennance)  
Proues that these foule adulterous guilts will runne  
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can  
thunne.

*Mail.* Ile therefore take heede of the bastarding  
Whole innocent races ; tis a fearefull thing.  
And as I am true Batcheler, I sweare,  
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)

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Vnlesse it be mine owne wife or my friends.  
I may make bold with him.

*Aum.* Tis safe and common.

The more your friend dares trust, the more deceiue  
him.

And as through dewie vapors the Sunnes forme  
Makes the gay Rainebow, girdle to a storme,  
So in hearts hollow, Friendship (euen the Sunne  
To all good growing in societie)  
Makes his so glorious and diuine name hold  
Collours for all the ill that can be told.

*Mail.* Harke, our last Troopes are come.

*Trumpets within.*

*Chal.* Harke, our last foote. *Drums beate.*

*Mail.* Come, let vs put all quickly into battaile,  
And fend for Clermont, in whose honour, all  
This martiall preparation wee pretend.

*Chal.* Wee must bethinke vs, ere wee apprehend  
him,

(Besides our maine strength) of some stratageme  
To make good our seuer Command on him ;  
As well to saue blood, as to make him sure :  
For if hee come on his Scotch horse, all France  
Put at the heeles of him, will faile to take him.

*Mail.* What thinke you if wee should disguise a  
brace

Of our best Souldiers in faire Lackies coates,  
And send them for him, running by his side,  
Till they haue brought him in some ambuscado  
We close may lodge for him ; and sodainely  
Lay fure hand on him, plucking him from horse.

*Aum.* It must be sure and strong hand : for if  
once

Hee feels the touch of such a stratageme,  
Tis not the choifest brace of all our Bands  
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

*Mail.* When they haue feaz'd him, the ambush  
shal make in.

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*Aum.* Doe as you please; his blamelesse spirit  
deferues

(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

*Chal.* Why should all this stirre be then?

*Aum.* Who knowes not

The bumbast politie thrusts into his Gyant,  
To make his wisedome seeme of fize as huge,  
And all for sleight encounter of a shade,  
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made?

*Mail.* It may be once so; but so euer, neuer;  
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horse;  
Faction chokes euery corner, streete, the Court,  
Whose faction tis you know: and who is held  
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes reach,  
Nought but a Crowne can measure. This must fall  
Past shadowes waights; and is most capitall.

*Chal.* No question; for since hee is come to Cam-  
bray

The malecontent, decaid Marqueffe Renel,  
Is come, and new arriu'd; and make partaker  
Of all the entertaining Showes and Feasts  
That welcom'd Clermont to the braue Virago  
His manly Sister. Such wee are esteem'd  
As are our comforts. Marqueffe malecontent  
Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath safest vent.

*Mail.* Let him come at his will, and goe as free,  
Let vs ply Clermont, our whole charge is hee. *Exit.*

*Enter a Gentleman Vsher before Clermont: Renel,  
Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others:  
Showes hauing past within.*

*Char.* This for your Lordships welcome into Cam-  
bray.

*Ren.* Noblest of Ladies, tis beyond all power  
(Were my estate at first full) in my meanes  
To quit or merit.

*Cler.* You come something latter  
From Court my Lord then I: And since newes there

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Is euery day encreasing with th'affaires,  
Must I not aske now, what the newes is there?  
Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change? what  
auise

From England, Italic.

*Rin.* You must doe so,

If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,  
And weare your time and wits in those discourfes.

*Cler.* The Locrian Princes therefore were braue  
Rubers;

For whosoeuer there came new from Countrie,  
And in the Citie askt, what newes? was punisht:  
Since commonly such braines are most delighted  
With innouations, Gossips tales, and mischiefes:  
But as of Lyons it is said and Eagles,  
That when they goe, they draw their seeres and tal-  
lons

Clofe vp, to shunne rebating of their sharpnesse:  
So our wits sharpnesse, which wee should employ  
In noblest knowledge, wee should neuer waste  
In vile and vulgar admirations.

*Ren.* Tis right: but who, saue onely you, performes  
it,

And your great brother? Madame, where is he?

*Char.* Gone a day since, into the Countries con-  
fines,

To see their strength, and readinesse for seruice.

*Ren.* Tis well: his fauour with the King hath made  
him

Most worthily great, and liue right royally.

*Cler.* I: Would hee would not doe so. Honour  
neuer

Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price  
And value of their virtuous Seruices,  
But as their signe or Badge: for that bewrayes  
More glory in the outward grace of goodnesse,  
Then in the good it selfe; and then tis said:  
Who more ioy takes, that men his good aduance,  
Then in the good it selfe, does it by chance.

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*Char.* My brother speakes all principle ; what  
man  
Is mou'd with your foule ? or hath'fuch a thought  
In any rate of goodnesse ?

*Cler.* Tis their fault.

We haue examples of it, cleare and many.  
Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,  
And (which not oft meete) a Philosopher,  
So great in Athens grew, that he erected  
Three hundred Statues of him ; of all which,  
No rust, nor length of time corrupted one ;  
But in his life time, all were ouerthrowne.  
And Demades (that past Demosthenes  
For all extemporall Orations)  
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)  
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.  
Many such ends haue fallen on such proud honours,  
No more because the men on whom they fell  
Grew insolent and left their vertues state ;  
Then for their hugeness, that procur'd their hate :  
And therefore little pompe in men most great,  
Makes mightily and strongly to the guard  
Of what they winne by chance, or iust reward.  
Great and immodest braueries againe,  
Like Statues, much too high made for their bases,  
Are ouerturn'd as soone, as giuen their places.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter.*

*Messen.* Here is a Letter fir deliuer'd mee,  
Now at the fore-gate by a Gentleman.

*Cler.* What Gentleman ?

*Mess.* Hee would not tell his name ;  
Hee saide, hee had not time enough to tell it,  
And say the little rest hee had to say.

*Cler.* That was a merry saying ; he tooke measure  
Of his deare time like a most thriftie husband.

*Char.* What newes ?

*Cler.* Strange ones, and fit for a Nouation ;

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Waightie, vnheard of, mischieuous enough.

*Ren.* Heauen shield : what are they ?

*Cler.* Read them, good my Lord.

*Ren.* You are betraid into this Countrie. Mon-  
strous !

*Char.* How's that ?

*Cler.* Read on.

*Ren.* Maillard, you brothers Lieutenant, that yef-  
terday inuited you to see his Musters ; hath Letters  
and strickt Charge from the King to apprehend you.

*Char.* To apprehend him ?

*Ren.* Your Brother absents himselfe of purpose.

*Cler.* That's a found one.

*Char.* That's a lye.

*Ren.* Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your  
strength ; you know where it is, and there it expects  
you : Beleeue this as your best friend had sworne it.  
Fare-well if you will. Anonymos. What's that ?

*Cler.* Without a name.

*Charl.* And all his notice too, without all truth.

*Cler.* So I conceiue it Sister : ile not wrong  
My well knowne Brother for Anonymos,

*Charl.* Some foole hath put this tricke on you, yet  
more

T'vncouer your defect of spirit and valour.

First showne in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.

See what it is to giue the enuious World

Aduantage to diminish eminent vertue.

Send him a Challenge ? Take a noble course

To wreake a murther, done so like a villaine ?

*Cler.* Shall we reuenge a villanie with villanie ?

*Char.* Is it not equall ?

*Cler.* Shall wee equall be

With villaines ?

Is that your reason ?

*Char.* Cowardise euermore  
Flies to the shield of Reason.

*Cler.* Nought that is

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Approu'd by Reason, can be Cowardise.

*Charl.* Dispute when you should fight. Wrong  
wreaklesse sleeping,  
Makes men dye honorlesse : One borne, another  
Leapes on our shoulders.

*Cler.* Wee must wreake our wrongs  
So, as wee take not more.

*Char.* One wreakt in time  
Preuents all other. Then shines vertue most  
When time is found for facts ; and found, not lost.

*Cler.* No time occurses to Kings, much lesse to  
Vertue ;

Nor can we call it Vertue that proceedes  
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer  
(By any instigation in th'appearance  
My Brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)  
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murder.  
All worthy men should euer bring their bloud  
To beare all ill, not to be wreakt with good :  
Doe ill for no ill : Neuer priuate cause  
Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.

*Char.* A D'Ambois beare in wrong so tame a  
spirit !

*Ren.* Madame, be sure there will be time enough  
For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.  
The course yet taken is allow'd by all,  
Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,  
Now makes him worthy of your worst aduantage :  
And I haue cast a proiect with the Countesse  
To watch a time when all his wariest Guards  
Shall not exempt him. Therefore giue him breath ;  
Sure Death delaid is a redoubled Death.

*Cler.* Good Sister trouble not your selfe with this :  
Take other Ladyes care ; practise your face.  
There's the chaste Matron, Madame Perigot,  
Dwels not farre hence, Ile ride and send her to you,  
Shee did liue by retailing mayden-heads  
In her minoritie : but now shee deales  
In whole-sale altogether for the Court.



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I tell you, shee's the onely fashion monger,  
For your complexion, poudring of your haire,  
Shadowes, Rebatoes, Wires, Tyres, and such trickes,  
That Cambray, or I thinke, the Court affords :  
She shall attend you Sister, and with these  
Womanly practises emply your spirit ;  
This other suites you not, nor fits the fashion.  
Though shee be deare, lay't on, spare for no cost,  
Ladies in these haue all their bounties lost.

*Ren.* Madame, you see, his spirit will not checke  
At any single danger ; when it stands  
Thus merrily firme against an host of men,  
Threaten'd to be armes for his surprise.

*Char.* That's a meere Bugge-beare, an impossible  
mocke.

If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith  
Had not beene dull and drossie in performing  
Wreake of the deare blood of my matchlesse Brother,  
What Prince ? what King ? which of the desperat'st  
Ruffings,

Outlawes in Accden, durst haue tempted thus  
One of our blood and name, be't true or false.

*Cler.* This is not caus'd by that : twill be as sure  
As yet it is not, though this should be true.

*Char.* True ? tis past thought false.

*Cler.* I suppose the worst,  
Which farre I am from thinking ; and despise  
The Armie now in battaile that should act it.

*Cler.* I would not let my blood vp to that thought,  
But it should cost the dearest blood in France.

*Cler.* Sweet Sister, [*osculatur*] farre be both off as  
the fact

Of my fain'd apprehension.

*Char.* I Would once  
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie  
If a poore woman, votist of reuenge  
Would not performe, it with a president  
To all you bungling foggy-spirited men ;  
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention

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One syllable of any word may goe  
To the begetting of an act so tender,  
And full of sulphure as this Letters truth :  
It comprehends so blacke a circumstance  
Not to be nam'd ; that but to forme one thought,  
It is or can be so ; would make me mad :  
Come my Lord, you and I will fight this dreame  
Out at the Cheffe.

*Ren.* Most gladly, worthiest Ladie.

*Exit Char. and Ren.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, my Lord Gouvernours Lieutenant prayes  
Acceffe to you.

*Cler.* Himselfe alone ?

*Mess.* Alone, sir.

*Cler..* Attend him in. [*Exit Mess.*] Now comes  
this plot to tryall,  
I shall descerne (if it be true as rare)  
Some sparkes will flye from his dissembling eyes.  
He found his depth.

*Enter Maillard with the Messenger.*

*Maill.* Honour, and all things noble.

*Cler.* As much to you good Captaine. What's  
th' affaire.

*Maill.* Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all  
Your studyed welcome to this martiall place,  
In presentation of what strength consists  
My Lord your Brothers Gouvernement is readie.  
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies  
Aduance, and put themfelues randg'd in Battailia,  
That you may see, both how well arm'd they are ;  
How strong is euery Troope and Companie ;  
How ready, and how well prepar'd for seruice,

*Cler.* And must they take mee ?

*Maill.* Take you, sir ? O Heauen !

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*Meſſ.* Belecue it fir, his count'nance chang'd in turning.

*Mail.* What doe you meane fir?

*Cler.* If you haue charg'd them,  
You being charg'd your ſelfe, to apprehend mee,  
Turne not your face : throw not your lookes about ſo.

*Mail.* Pardon me fir. You amaze me to conceiue  
From whence our wils to honour you, ſhould turne  
To ſuch diſhonour of my Lord your Brother.  
Dare I, without him, vndertake your taking?

*Cler.* Why not? by your direct charge from the  
King?

*Mail.* By my charge from the King? would he ſo  
much

Diſgrace my Lord, his owne Lieutenant here,  
To giue me his Command without his forfeite?

*Cler.* Acts that are done by Kings, are not askt  
why.

Ile not diſpute the caſe, but I will ſearch you.

*Mail.* Search mee? for what?

*Cler.* For Letters.

*Mail.* I beſeech you,  
Doe not admit one thought of ſuch a ſhame  
To a Commander.

*Cler.* Goe to: I muſt doo't.  
Stand and be ſearcht; you know mee.

*Mail.* You forget

What tis to be a Captaine, and your ſelfe.

*Cler.* Stand, or I vow to heauen, Ile make you  
lie

Neuer to riſe more.

*Mail.* If a man be mad  
Reaſon muſt beare him.

*Cler.* So coy to be ſearcht?

*Mail.* Sdeath fir, uſe a Captaine like a Carrier.

*Cler.* Come, be not furious; when I haue done  
You ſhall make ſuch a Carrier of me  
It's be your pleaſure: you're my friend I know,  
And ſo am bold with you.

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*Mail.* You'll nothing finde  
Where nothing is.

*Cler.* Sweare you haue nothing.

*Mail.* Nothing you seeke, I sweare, I beseech you,  
Know I desir'd this out of great affection,  
To th'end my Lord may know out of your witnesse,  
His Forces are not in so bad estate  
As hee esteem'd them lately in your hearing :  
For which he would not trust me with the Confines ;  
But went himfelfe to witnesse their estate.

*Cler.* I heard him make that reason, and am forie  
I had no thought of it before I made  
Thus bold with you ; since tis such Ruberb to you.  
Ile therefore search no more. If you are charg'd  
(By Letters from the King, or otherwise)  
To apprehend me ; neuer spice it more  
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but say : I yeeld ;  
Holde ; take my sword ; here ; I forgiue thee freely ;  
Take ; doe thine office.

*Mail.* Sfoote, you make m'a hang-man :  
By all my faith to you, there's no such thing.

*Cler.* Your faith to mee ?

*Mail.* My faith to God : All's one,  
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

*Cler.* In that sence I accept your othe, and thanke  
you.

I gaue my word to goe, and I will goe. *Exit Cler.*

*Mail.* Ile watch you whither. *Exit Mail.*

*Mess.* If hee goes, hee proues  
How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,  
When heauen strikes blinde their powers of note and  
vse ;  
And makes their way to ruine seeme more right,  
Then that which safetie opens to their sight.  
Cassandra's prophecie had no more profit  
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when shee fore-tolde  
Troyes ruine : which succeeding, made her vse  
This sacred Inclamation ; God (said thee)  
Would haue me vtter things vncredited :

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For which now they approue what I presag'd ;  
They count me wife, that faid before I rag'd.

*Enter Chalton with two Souldiers.*

*Chal.* Come Souldiers : you are downe-wards fit  
for lackies ;  
Giue me your Pieces, and take you these Coates,  
To make you compleate foot men : in whose formes  
You must be compleate Souldiers : you two onely  
Stand for our Armie.

1. That were much.

*Chal.* Tis true,  
You two must doe, or enter, what our Armie  
Is now in field for.

2. I see then our guerdon  
Must be the deede it selfe, twill be such honour.

*Chal.* What fight Souldiers most for ?

1. Honour onely.

*Chal.* Yet here are crownes beside.

*Ambo.* We thanke you Captaine.

2. Now sir, how show wee ?

*Chal.* As you should at all parts.  
Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe him,  
Two Battailes are fet ready in his honour,  
And stay his presence onely for their signall,  
When they shall ioyne : and that t'attend him hither,  
Like one wee so much honour, wee haue sent him

1 Vs two in person.

*Chal.* Well sir, say it so.  
And hauing brought him to the field, when I  
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both  
Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe,  
And I with th'ambush laid, will second you.

1 Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strength  
To neede your secondings.

2 I hope, we shall.

Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

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*Chal.* Tis well said worthy Souldiers : haſt, and haſt him.

*Enter Clermont, Maillard cloſe following him.*

*Cler.* My Scotch horſe to their Armie.

*Mail.* Pleaſe you fir ?

*Cler.* Sdeath you're paſſing diligent.

*Mail.* Of my ſoule

Tis onely in my loue to honour you  
With what would grace the King : but ſince I ſee  
You ſtill ſuſtaine a iealous eye on mee,  
He goe before.

*Cler.* Tis well ; He come ; my hand.

*Mail.* Your hand fir ? Come, your word, your  
choiſe be vs'd. *Exit.*

*Clermont ſolus.*

*Cler.* I had an auerſation to this voyage,  
When firſt my Brother mou'd it ; and haue found  
That natiue power in me was neuer vaine ;  
Yet now neglected it, I wonder much  
At my inſtancie in theſe decrees,  
I euery houre ſet downe to guide my life.  
When Homer made Achilles paſſionate,  
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and infatiate  
In his affections ; what man will denie,  
He did compoſe it all of induſtrie,  
To let men ſee, that men of moſt renowne,  
Strong'ſt, nobleſt, faireſt, if they ſet not downe  
Decrees within them, for diſpoſing theſe,  
Of Iudgement, Reſolution, Vprightneſſe,  
And certaine knowledge, of their uſe and ends  
Miſhap and miſerie no leſſe extends  
To their deſtruction ; with all that they priſ'd,  
Then to the pooreſt, and the moſt deſpis'd.

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*Enter Rencl.*

*Ren.* Why, how now friend ? retir'd ? take heede  
you proue not  
Dismaid with this strange fortune : all obserue you.  
Your gouernment's as much markt as the Kings.  
What said a friend to Pompey ?

*Cler.* What ?

*Ren.* The people  
Will neuer know, vnlesse in death thou trie,  
That thou know'st how to beare aduersitie.  
*Cler.* I shall approue how vile I value feare  
Of death at all times : but to be too rash,  
Without both will and care to shunne the worst,  
(It being in power to doe, well and with cheere)  
Is stupid negligence, and worse then feare.

*Ren.* Suppose this true now.

*Cler.* No, I cannot doo't.  
My sister truely said ; there hung a taile  
Of circumstance so blacke on that supposure,  
That to sustaine it thus, abhorr'd our mettall.  
And I can shunne it too, in spight of all :  
Not going to field : and there too, being so mounted  
As I will, since I goe.

*Ren.* You will then goe ?

*Cler.* I am engag'd both in my word, and hand ;  
But this is it, that makes me thus retir'd,  
To call my selfe t'account, how this affaire  
Is to be manag'd if the worst should chance :  
With which I note, how dangerous it is,  
For any man to prease beyond the place,  
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge ties  
him,

For my part, though of noble birth my birth-right  
Had little left it, and I know tis better  
To liue with little ; and to keepe within  
A mans owne strength still, and in mans true end,  
Then runne a mixt course. Good and bad hold neuer  
Any thing common : you can neuer finde

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Things outward care, but you neglect your minde.  
 God hath the whole world perfect made and free ;  
 His parts to th' vse of th'all ; men then that are  
 Parts of that all, must as the generall sway  
 Of that importeth, willingly obay  
 In euery thing without their power to change.  
 Hee that vnpleas'd to hold his place, will range,  
 Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,  
 And so resisting th' All, is crusht with it.  
 But he that knowing how diuine a Frame  
 The whole world is : and of it all, can name  
 (Without felse-flatterie) no part so diuine,  
 As hee himselfe ; and therefore will confine  
 Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,  
 Goes on most God-like. Hee that striues i'inuert  
 The Vniuersals course with his poore way,  
 Not onely dust-like shivers with the sway,  
 But crossing God in his great worke ; all earth  
 Beares not so curfed, and so damn'd a birth.

*Ren.* Goe, on ; Ile take no care what comes of  
 you ;  
 Heauen will not see it ill, how ere it show :  
 But the pretext to see these Battailles rang'd  
 Is much your honour.

*Cler.* As the world esteemes it.  
 But to decide that ; you make me remember  
 An accident of high and noble note,  
 And fits the subiect of my late discourse,  
 Of holding on our free and proper way.  
 I ouer-tooke, comming from Italie,  
 In Germanie, a great and famous Earle  
 Of England ; the most goodly fashion'd man  
 I euer saw : from head to foote in forme  
 Rare, and most absolute ; hee had a face  
 Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romanes,  
 From whence his noblest Familie was deriu'd ;  
 He was beside of spirit passing great,  
 Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the Sunne,  
 Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subiects,



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Or of the discipline of publike weales ;  
And t'was the Earle of Oxford : and being offer'd  
At that time, by Duke Cassimere, the view  
Of his right royall Armie then in field ;  
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to stirre  
Out of his owne free fore-determin'd course :  
I wondring at it, askt for it his reason,  
It being an offer so much for his honour.  
Hee, all acknowledging, said, t'was not fit  
To take those honours that one cannot quit.

*Ren.* T'was answer'd like the man you haue describ'd.

*Cler.* And yet he cast it onely in the way,  
To stay and serue the world. Nor did it fit  
His owne true estimate how much it waigh'd,  
For hee despis'd it ; and esteem'd it freer  
To keepe his owne way straight, and swore that hee  
Had rather make away his whole estate  
In things that crost the vulgar, then he would  
Be frozen vp, stiffe, like a fir Iohn Smith  
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles fashions ;  
Affecting, as the end of Noblesse were  
Those seruile obseruations.

*Ren.* It was strange.

*Cler.* O tis a vexing sight to see a man  
Out of his way, stalke, proud as hee were in ;  
Out of his way to be officious,  
Obseruant, wary, serious, and graue,  
Fearefull, and passionate, insulting, raging,  
Labour with iron Flailes, to thresh downe feathers  
Flitting in ayre.

*Ren.* What one considers this,  
Of all that are thus out ? or once endeuours,  
Erring to enter, on mans Right-hand path ?

*Cler.* These are too graue for braue wits : giue them  
toyes,  
Labour bestow'd on these is harsh and thriftlesse.  
If you would Confull be (sayes one) of Rome,  
You must be watching, starting out of sleepes ;

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Euery way whisking ; gloryfying Plebeians,  
 Kiffing Patricians hands, Rot at their dores ;  
 Speake and doe bafely ; euery day beflow  
 Gifts and obferuance vpon one or other :  
 And what's th'euent of all ? Twelue Rods before thee,  
 Three or foure times fit for the whole Tribunall.  
 Exhibite Circean Games ; make publike feasts,  
 And for thefe idle outward things (fayes he)  
 Would'ft thou lay on fuch coft, toile, fpend thy fpirits.  
 And to be voide of perturbation  
 For conftancie: fleepe when thou would'ft haue fleepe,  
 Wake when thou would'ft wake, feare nought, vex for  
 nought,

No paines wilt thou beflow ? no coft ? no thought ?

*Ren.* What fhould I fay ? as good comfort with  
 you,

As with an Angell : I could heare you euer.

*Cler.* Well ; in, my Lord, and fpend time with my  
 Sifter ;

And keepe her from the Field with all endeauour ;  
 The Souldiers loue her fo ; and fhee fo madly  
 Would take my apprehenfion, if it chance,  
 That bloud would flow in riuers.

*Ren.* Heauen forbid ;  
 And all with houour your arriuall fpede. *Exit.*

*Enter Mefenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.*

*Meff.* Here are two Lackies fir, haue meffage to  
 you.

*Cler.* What is your meffage ? and from whom, my  
 friends ?

1 From the Lieutenant Colonell, and the Cap-  
 taines,  
 Who fent vs to informe you, that the Battailes  
 Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your prefence,  
 To be their honor'd fignall when to ioyne,  
 Ane we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

*Cler.* I come. I pray you fee my running horfe

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Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

*Meff.* Instantly. *Exit Meff.*

*Cler.* Chance what can chance mee ; well or ill is  
equall

In my acceptance, since I ioy in neyther ;  
But goe with fway of all the world together.  
In all successees, Fortune and the day  
To mee alike are ; I am fixt, be thee  
Neuer so fickle ; and will there repose,  
Farre past the reach of any Dye she throwes.

*Ex. cum Pedij.*

*Finis Actus tertij.*

---

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

---

*Alarum within : Excursions ouer thee Stage.*

*The Lackies running, Maillard following them.*

*Mail.* **V**illaines, not hold him when ye had him  
downe.

1 Who can hold lightning ? Sdeath a man as well  
Might catch a Canon Bullet in his mouth,  
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

*Mail.* Purfue ; enclose him ; stand, or fall on him,

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And yee may take him. Sdeath, they make him guards.  
*Exit.*

*Alarum still, and enter Chalon.*

*Chal.* Stand Cowards, stand, strike, send your bullets at him.

1 Wee came to entertaine him fir, for honour.

2 Did ye not say so? *Chal.* Slaues, hee is a traitor;

Command the horse troopes to ouer-runne the traitor.  
*Exit.*

*Showts within. Alarum still, and Chambers shot off.  
Then enter Aumall.*

*Aum.* What spirit breathes thus, in this more then man,

Turnes flesh to ayre poffest, and in a storme,  
Teares men about the field like Autumne leaues?  
He turnd wilde lightning in the Lackies hands,  
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch vnhorst him,  
Yet when he bore himselfe, their faucie fingers  
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beene fire.  
The ambush then made in, through all whose force,  
Hee draue as if a fierce and fire-giuen Canon  
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them.  
The Battailes then, in two halfe-moones enclos'd him,  
In which he shew'd, as if he were the light,  
And they but earth, who wondring what hee was;  
Shruncke their steele hornes, and gaue him glorious  
passe:

And as a great shot from a towne besieg'd,  
At foes before it, flies forth blacke and roring,  
But they too farre, and that with waight opprest,  
(As if disdaining earth) doth onely grafe,  
Strike earth, and vp againe into the ayre;  
Againe sinkes to it, and againe doth rise,  
And keepe such strength that when it softliest moues,

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It piece-meale shiuers any let it proues :  
So flew braue Clermont forth, till breath forfooke him,  
His spirits conuulsions made him bound againe,  
Past all their reaches ; till all motion spent,  
His sixt eyes cast a blaze of such disdaine,  
All flood and star'd, and vntouch'd let him lie,  
As something sacred fallen out of the skie.

*A cry within.*

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him !

*Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Capitaines  
and Souldiers following.*

See, prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more,  
Then all the freedome he enioy'd before.

*Mail.* At length wee haue you sir.

*Cler.* You haue much ioy too,  
I made you sport yet, but I pray you tell mee,  
Are not you periur'd ?

*Mail.* No : I fwoe for the King.

*Cler.* Yet periurie I hope is periurie.

*Mail.* But thus forswearing is not periurie  
You are no Politician : not a fault,  
How foule foeuer, done for priuate ends,  
Is fault in vs sworne to the publike good :  
Wee neuer can be of the damned crew,  
Wee may impolitique our selues (as t'were)  
Into the Kingdomes body politique,  
Whereof indeede we're members : you misse terme's.

*Cler.* The things are yet the same.

*Mail.* Tis nothing so : the propertie is alter'd :  
Y're no Lawyer. Or say that othe and othe  
Are still the same in number, yet their species  
Differ extreamely, as for flat example,  
When politique widowes trye men for their turne,  
Before they wed them, they are harlots then,  
But when they wed them, they are honest women :  
So, priuate men, when they forswear, betray,  
Are periur'd treachers, but being publique once,

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That is, fworne, married to the publique good.

*Cler.* Are married women publique ?

*Mail.* Publique good ;

For marriage makes them, being the publique good,  
And could not be without them. So I say

Men publique, that is, being fworne or married

To the good publique, being one body made

With the Realmes body politique, are no more

Pruiate, nor can be periur'd, though forfworne,

More then a widow married, for the act

Of generation is for that an harlot,

Becaufe for that shee was so, being vnmarried :

An argument *a paribus*. *Chal.* 'Tis a throw'd one.

*Cler.* Who hath no faith to men, to God hath  
none :

Retaine you that Sir ? who said so ? *Mail.* Twas I.

*Cler.* Thy owne tongue damne thine infidelitie.

But Captaines all you know me nobly borne,

Vfe yee t'assault fuch men as I with Lackyes.

*Chal.* They are no Lackyes sir, but Souldiers,  
Disguis'd in Lackyes coates.

*I* Sir, wee haue seene the enemye.

*Cler.* Auant yee Rascols, hence.

*Mail.* Now leaue your coates.

*Cler.* Let me not see them more.

*Aum.* I grieue that vertue liues so vndistinguisht  
From vice in any ill, and though the crowne  
Of Soueraigne Law ; shee should be yet her foot-stoole,  
Subiect to censure, all the shame and paine  
Of all her rigor.

*Cler.* Yet false policie

Would couer all, being like offenders hid,

That (after notice taken where they hide)

The more they crouch and flirre, the more are spide.

*Aum.* I vvonder how this chanc'd you.

*Cler.* Some informer,

Bloud-hound to mischiefe, vther to the Hangman,

Thirstie of honour for some huge state act,

Perceiuing me great vvith the vvorthy Guise :

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And he (I know not vvhy) held dangerous,  
Made me the desperate organe of his danger,  
Onely vvith that poore colour : tis the common  
And more then vvhore-like tricke of treacherie,  
And vermine bred to rapine, and to ruine :  
For vvhich this fault is still to be accus'd,  
Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd.  
If it be other neuer pittie mee.

*Aum.* Sir, vve are glad, belecue it, and haue hope  
The King vvill fo conceit it.

*Cler.* At his pleafure.

In meane time, vvhat's your vvill Lord Lieutenant ?

*Mail.* To leaue your owne horle, and to mount the  
trumpets.

*Cler.* It fhall be done : this heauily preuents  
My purpos'd recreation in thefe parts ;  
Which now I thinke on : let mee begge you fir,  
To lend me fome one Captaine of your Troopes,  
To beare the meffage of my hapleffe feruice,  
And miferie, to my moft noble miftrefse,  
Countefse of Cambray : to whose houle this night  
I promift my repaire, and know moft truely,  
With all the ceremonies of her fauour,  
She fure expects mee. *Mail.* Thinke you now on  
that ?

*Cler.* On that, fir ? I, and that fo worthily,  
That if the King, in fpight of your great feruice,  
Would fend me instant promife of enlargement,  
Condition I would fet this meffage by,  
I would not take it, but had rather die.

*Aum.* Your meffage fhall be done fir : I my felfe  
Will be for you a meffenger of ill.

*Cler.* I thanke you fir, and doubt not yet to liue  
To quite your kindneffe.

*Aum.* Meane fpace vfe your fpirit  
And knowledge for the chearfull patience  
Of this fo ftrange and fodaine confequence.

*Cler.* Good fir, belecue that no perticular torture  
Can force me from my glad obedience

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To any thing the high and generall cause,  
 To match with his whole Fabricke, hath ordainde,  
 And know yee all (though farre from all your aymes,  
 Yet worth them all, and all mens endlesse studies)  
 That in this one thing, all the discipline  
 Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd ;  
 A man to ioyn himselfe with th'Vniuerse,  
 In his maine sway, and make (in all things fit)  
 One with that all, and goe on, round as it ;  
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,  
 And into straites, or into nought reuert,  
 Wishing the compleate Vniuerse might be  
 Subiect to such a ragge of it as hee :  
 But to consider great necessitie  
 All things as well refract, as voluntarie  
 Reduceth to the prime celestiall cause,  
 Which he that yeelds to with a mans applause,  
 And cheeke, by cheeke, goes ; crossing it, no breath,  
 But like Gods Image, followes to the death,  
 That man is truly wise, and euery thing,  
 (Each cause, and euery part distinguishing)  
 In Nature, with enough Art vnderstands,  
 And that full glory merits at all hands,  
 That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,  
 And appertaines to one celestiall borne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Baligny, Renl.*

*Bal.* So foule a scandall neuer man sustain'd,  
 Which caus'd by'th King, is rude and tyrannous :  
 Giue me a place, and my Lieutenant make  
 The filler of it.

*Ren.* I should neuer looke  
 For better of him ; neuer trust a man,  
 For any Iustice, that is rapt with pleasure :  
 To order armes well, that makes smockes his ensignes,  
 And his whole Gouernments sayles: you heard of  
 late,



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Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of Venerie  
Done all before him.

*Bal.* 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

*Ren.* 'Tis more then natures mightie hand can  
doe

To make one humane and a Letcher too.

Looke how a Wolfe doth like a Dogge appeare,

So, like a friend is an Adulterer,

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods ;

No more true men are, then so many Toads.

A good man happy, is a common good ;

Vile men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

*Bal.* Giue and then take like children.

*Ren.* Bounties are

As soone repented as they happen rare.

*Bal.* What should Kings doe, and men of eminent  
places ;

But as they gather, fow gifts to the Graces ?

And where they haue giuen, rather giue againe,

(Being giuen for vertue) then like Babes and fooles,

Take and repent Gifts ; why are wealth and power ?

*Ren.* Power and wealth moue to tyranny, not  
bountie ;

The Merchant for his wealth is swolne in minde,

When yet the chiefe Lord of it is the Winde.

*Bal.* That may so chance to our State-Merchants  
too :

• Something performed, that hath not farre to goe.

*Ren.* That's the maine point, my Lord ; insist on  
that.

*Bal.* But doth this fire rage further ? hath it taken

The tender tynder of my wifes fere bloud ?

Is shee so passionate ?

*Ren.* So wilde, so mad,

Shee cannot liue, and this vnwreakt sustaine.

The woes are bloody that in women raigne.

The Sicile gulfes keepe feare in lesse degree ;

There is no Tyger, not more tame then shee.

*Bal.* There is no looking home then ?

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*Ren.* Home ? Medea  
With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, lightnings,  
Made not her prefence, and blacke hants more dread-  
full.

*Bal.* Come, to the King, if he reforme not all,  
Marke the euent, none stand where that must fall.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Countesse, Rioua, and an Vsher.*

*Vsh.* Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont  
D'Ambois  
Desires acceffe to you.

*Count.* And not himfelfe ? *Vh.* No, Madame.

*Count.* That's not vvell. Attend him in. *Exit. Vsh.*  
The last houre of his promife now runne out  
And he breake ? fome brack's in the frame of nature  
That forceth his breach.

*Enter Vsher and Aumal.*

*Aum.* Saue your Ladiship.

*Coun.* All welcome. Come you from my worthy  
feruant ?

*Aum.* I, Madame, and conferre fuch newes from  
him.

*Coun.* Such newes ? vvhat newes ?

*Aum.* Newes that I wifh fome other had the  
charge of.

*Coun.* O vvhat charge ? vvhat newes ?

*Aum.* Your Ladiship muft vse fome patience  
Or elfe I cannot doe him that defire,  
He vrg'd vvith fuch affection to your Graces.

*Coun.* Doe it ; for heauens loue doe it, if you ferue  
His kinde defires, I vvill haue patience.  
Is hee in health ? *Aum.* He is.

*Count.* Why, that's the ground  
Of all the good eftate wee hold in earth ;  
All our ill built vpon that, is no more

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Then wee may beare, and should; expresse it all.

*Aum.* Madame, tis onely this; his libertie.

*Coun.* His libertie! Without that health is nothing.  
Why liue I, but to aske in doubt of that,

Is that bereft him? *Aum.* You'll againe preuent me.

*Coun.* No more, I sweare, I must heare, and together

Come all my miserie. Ile hold though I burst.

*Aum.* Then madame, thus it fares; he was enuited  
By vway of honour to him, to take view  
Of all the Powers his brother Baligny  
Hath in his gouernment; vvhich rang'd in batailles,  
Mailiard, Lieutenant to the Gouvernour,  
Hauing receiu'd strickt Letters from the King,  
To traine him to the musters, and betray him,  
To their supprise, which, with Chalon in chiefe,  
And other Captaines (all the field put hard  
By his incredible valour for his scape)  
They haplesly and guiltlesly perform'd,  
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.

*Coun.* What change is here? how are my hopes  
preuented?

O my most faithfull seruant; thou betraid?

Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie

(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)

Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,

Then twixt the King and Subiect? let them feare,

Kings Prefidents in licence lacke no danger.

Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,

Full in all right, in nought superfluous;

Nor nothing straining past right, for their right:

Raigne iustly, and raigne safely. Policie

Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way

Venter'd in Defarts, vvithout guide or path.

Kings punish Subiects errors vvith their owne.

Kings are like Archers, and their Subiects, shafts:

For as when Archers let their arrowes flye,

They call to them, and bid them flye or fall,

As if twere in the free power of the shaft

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To flye or fall, vwhen onely tis the strength,  
 Straight shooting, compasse giuen it by the Archer,  
 That makes it hit or misse ; and doing eyther,  
 Hee's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft :  
 So Kings to Subiects crying, doe, doe not this ;  
 Muſt to them by their owne examples strength,  
 The ſtraightneſſe of their acts, and equall compaſſe,  
 Giue Subiects power t'obey them in the like ;  
 Not ſhoote them forth with faultie ayme and ſtrength,  
 And lay the fault in them for flying amiſſe,

*Aum.* But for your ſeruant, I dare ſweare him  
 guiltleſſe.

*Count.* Hee would not for his Kingdome traitor  
 be ;

His Lawes are not ſo true to him, as he.  
 O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd  
 Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe it :  
 And had I, of my courage and reſolue,  
 But tenne ſuch more, they ſhould not all retaine him ;  
 But I will neuer die, before I giue  
 Maillard an hundred ſlaſhes with a ſword,  
 Chalon an hundred breaches with a Piſtoll.  
 They could not all haue taken Clermont D'Ambois,  
 Without their treacherie ; he had bought his bands  
 out

With their ſlaue bloods : but he was credulous ;  
 Hee would beleue, ſince he would be beleeu'd ;  
 Your nobleſt natures are moſt credulous.  
 Who giues no truſt, all truſt is apt to breake ;  
 Hate like hell mouth, who thinke not what they  
 ſpeake.

*Aum.* Well, Madame, I muſt tender my attend-  
 ance

On him againe. Will't pleaſe you to returne  
 No ſeruite to him by me ?

*Count.* Fetch me ſtraight

My little Cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] Tis little tell him,  
 And much too little for his matchleſſe loue :  
 But as in him the worths of many men

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Are close contracted; [*Intr. Ancil.*] so in this are  
Jewels

Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good fir)

Commend my kindest service to my servant,

Thanke him, with all my comforts; and, in them

With all my life for them: all sent from him

In his remembrance of mee, and true loue:

And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye

*She kneeles downe at his feete.*

Prostrate at feet of his accurst misfortune,

Pouring my teares out, which shall euer fall,

Till I haue pour'd for him out eyes and all.

*Aum.* O Madame, this will kill him: comfort you

With full assurance of his quicke acquittall;

Be not so passionate: rise, cease your teares.

*Coun.* Then must my life cease. Teares are all the  
vent

My life hath to scape death: Teares please me better,

Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall feede

Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares, *Hee raises*

So doth an vndissembled sorrow, teares. *her, and leades  
her out. Exe.*

*Vsh.* This might haue beene before, and sau'd  
much charge. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp. Soisson.*

*Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.*

*Guise.* Now fir, I hope you're much abus'd Eyes  
fee

In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine

Hee was that whisper'd in your iealous eare

His owne blacke treason in suggesting Clermonts:

Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee,

Signe then this writ for his deliuerie,

Your hand was neuer vrg'd with worthier boldnesse:

Come, pray fir, signe it: why should Kings be praid

To acts of Iustice? tis a reuerence

Makes them despis'd, and shoves they sticke and tyre

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In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

*Hen.* Well, take your will sir, Ile haue mine ere  
long. *Auerfus.*

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?

*Guise.* In his most gentle, and vnwearied minde,  
Rightly to vertue fram'd; in very nature ;  
In his most firme inexorable spirit,  
To be remou'd from any thing hee chuseth  
For worthinesse ; or beare the least perswasion  
To what is base, or fitteth not his obiect ;  
In his contempt of riches and of greatnesse ;  
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar ;  
His scorne of all things seruile and ignoble,  
Though they could gaine him neuer such aduance-  
ment ;

His liberall kinde of speaking what is truth,  
In spight of temporising ; the great rising,  
and learning of his soule, so much the more  
Against ill fortune, as shee set her selfe  
Sharpe against him, or would present most hard,  
To shunne the malice of her deadliest charge ;  
His detestation of his speciall friends,  
When he perceiu'd their tyrannous will to doe,  
Or their abiection basely to sustaine  
Any iniustice that they could reuenge ;  
The flexibilitie of his most anger,  
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,  
When any obiect of desertfull pittie  
Offers it selfe to him ; his sweet disposure  
As much abhorring to behold, as doe  
Any vnnaturall and bloody action ;  
His iust contempt of Iesters, Parasites,  
Seruile obseruers, and polluted tongues :  
In short, this Senecall man is found in him,  
Hee may with heauens immortall powers compare,  
To whom the day and fortune equall are,  
Come faire or foule, what euer chance can fall,  
Fixt in himselfe, hee still is one to all.

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*Hen.* Showes he to others thus? *Omn.* To all that know him.

*Hen.* And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

*Guife.* These are your Macheuilian Villaines,  
Your bastard Teucers, that their mischiefs done,  
Runne to your shield for shelter: Caucusses,  
That cut their too large murtherous theucies,  
To their dens length still: woe be to that state  
Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men great.

*Hen.* Goe, take my Letters for him, and release him.

*Om.* Thanks to your Highnesse, euer liue your  
Highnesse. *Exeunt.*

*Bal.* Better a man were buried quicke, then liue  
A propertie for state, and spoile, to thriue. *Exit.*

*Enter Clermont, Mail. Chal. with Souldiers.*

*Mail.* Wee ioy you take a chance so ill, so well.

*Cler.* Who euer saw me differ in acceptance  
Of eyther fortune?

*Chal.* What, loue bad, like good?  
How should one learne that?

*Cler.* To loue nothing outward,  
Or not within our owne powers to command;  
And so being sure of euery thing we loue,  
Who cares to lose the rest: if any man  
Would neyther liue nor dye in his free choise,  
But as hee sees necessitie will haue it,  
(Which if hee would resist, he striues in vaine)  
What can come neere him, that hee doth not well,  
And if in worst euent, his will be done;  
How can the best be better? all is one.

*Mail.* Me thinkes tis prettie.

*Cler.* Put no difference  
If you haue this, or not this; but as children  
Playing at coites, euer regard their game,  
And care not for their coites; so let a man  
The things themselves that touch him not esteeme,  
But his free power in well disposing them.

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*Chal.* Prettie from toyes.

*Cler.* Me thinkes this double disticke  
Seemes prettily too, to slay superfluous longings :  
Not to haue want, what riches doth excede ?  
Not to be subiect, what superiour thing ?  
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing neede ;  
Who breakes no Law is subiect to no King.

*Mail.* This goes to mine eare well I promise you.

*Chal.* O, but tis passing hard to slay one thus.

*Cler.* Tis so ; rancke custome raps men so beyond  
it,

And as tis hard, so well mens dores to barre  
To keepe the cat out, and th'adulterer ;  
So tis as hard to curbe affections so,  
Wee let in nought to make them ouer-flow.  
And as of Homers verses, many Critickes  
On those stand, of which times old moth hath eaten,  
The first or last feete, and the perfect parts,  
of his vnmatched Poeme sinke beneath,  
With vpriht gasping, and floath dull as death :  
So the vnprofitable things of life,  
And those we cannot compasse, we affect ;  
All that doth profit, and wee haue, neglect,  
Like couetous, and basely getting men,  
That gathering much, vse neuer vvhath they keepe ;  
But for the least they loofe, extreemely vveepe,

*Mail.* This prettie talking and our horses walking  
Downe this steepe hill, spends time with eqaall profit.

*Cler.* Tis well bestow'd on ye, meate and men  
ficke

Agree like this, and you : and yet euen this  
Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

*Chal.* I long to heare fir, how your Mistresse  
takes this.

*Enter Aumal with a Cabinet.*

*Mail.* Wee soone shall know it : see Aumall  
return'd.



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*Aum.* Ease to your bands fir.

*Cler.* Welcome worthy friend.

*Chal.* How tooke his noblest Mistresse your sad  
message?

*Aum.* As great rich men take sodaine pouertie.  
I neuer witnels'd a more noble loue,  
Nor a more ruthfull forrow : I well wisht  
Some other had beene master of my message.

*Mail.* Y'are happy fir, in all things, but this one,  
Of your vnhappy apprehension.

*Cler.* This is to mee, compar'd with her much  
mone,  
As one teare is to her whole passion.

*Aum.* Sir, shee commends her kindest seruice to you,  
And this rich Cabinet.

*Chal.* O happy man.

This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.

*Cler.* These clouds I doubt not, will be soone  
blowne ouer.

*Enter Baligny with his discharge : Renel, and others.*

*Aum.* Your hope is iust and happy, see fir both  
In both the looks of these.

*Bal.* Here's a discharge  
For this your prisoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.

*Mail.* Alas, fir, I vsurpe that stile enforc't,  
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

*Bal.* Well fir, my wrong aspir'd past all mens  
hopes.

*Mail.* I sorrow for it fir.

*Ren.* You see fir there  
Your prisoners discharge autenticall.

*Mail.* It is fir, and I yeeld it him with gladnesse.

*Bal.* Brother, I brought you downe to much good  
purpose.

*Cler.* Repeate not that fir : the amends makes all :

*Ren.* I ioy in it, my best and worthiest friend,  
O y'haue a princely fautor of the Guise.

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*Bal.* I thinke I did my part to.

*Ren.* Well, fir; all

Is in the issue vvell: and (vvorthiest Friend)  
Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the  
Countesse,

Your Brothers Mistresse, the contents vvhereof  
I know, and must prepare you now to please  
Th'vnrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,  
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,  
His apparition show'd it; the complot  
Is now laid sure betwixt vs; therefore haste  
Both to your great friend (vvho hath some vse  
vvaightie

For your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,  
Whose satisfaction is no lesse important.

*Cler.* I see all, and vvill haste as it importeth.  
And good friend, since I must delay a little  
My wisht attendance on my noblest Mistresse,  
Excuse me to her, with returne of this,  
And endlesse protestation of my seruice;  
And now become as glad a messenger,  
As you were late a vvofull.

*Aum.* Happy change,  
I euer vvill salute thee with my seruice. *Exit.*

*Bal.* Yet more newes Brother; the late iesting  
Monsieur

Makes now your Brothers dying prophesie equall  
At all parts, being dead as he presag'd.

*Ren.* Heauen shield the Guise from seconding that  
truth,  
With what he likewise prophesied on him.

*Cler.* It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth in  
one,

To'th other falshood and confusion.  
Leade to'th Court fir.

*Bal.* You Ile leade no more,  
It was to ominous and foule before. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

---

Actus quinti Scæna prima

---

*Ascendit Vmbra Buffi.*

*Vmb.* **V**P from the Chaos of eternall night,  
(To vvhich the whole digestion of the  
world

Is now returning) once more I ascend,  
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre,  
To vrge the iustice, whose almightie word  
Measures the bloudy acts of impious men,  
With equall pennance, who in th'aet it selfe  
Includes th'infliction, which like chained shot  
Batter together still ; though (as the thunder  
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their fight,  
To breake a great time after lightning forth,  
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)  
So men thinke pennance of their ils is slow,  
Though th'ill and pennance still together goe.  
Reforme yee ignorant men, your manlesse liues  
Whose lawes yee thinke are nothing but your lusts  
When leauing but for supposition fake,  
The body of felicitie (Religion)  
Set in the midst of Christendome, and her head  
Cleft to her bosome ; one halfe one vvay swaying  
Another th'other : all the Christian world  
And all her lawes, vvhoſe obseruation,  
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reason :

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Leauing (I fay) all thefe, this might fuffice,  
To fray yee from your vicious fwindle in ill,  
And fet you more on fire to doe more good:  
That fince the vvorld (as vvvhich of you denies)  
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,  
That all the ioynts and nerues fuftraining nature,  
As well may breake, and yet the vvorld abide,  
As any one good vnrewarded die,  
Or any one ill fcape his penaltie.

*The Ghoft flands clofe.*

*Enter Guife, Clermont.*

*Gui.* Thus (friend) thou feeft how all good men  
would thriue,

Did not the good thou prompt'ft me with preuent,  
The iealous ill purfuing them in others.  
But now thy dangers are difpatcht, note mine :  
Hafth thou not heard of that admired voyce,  
That at the Barricadoes fpake to mee,  
(No perfon feene) Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes ?

*Cler.* Nor could you learne the perfon ?

*Guife.* By no meanes.

*Cler.* Twas but your fancie then a waking dreame :  
For as in fleepe, which bindes both th'outward fenfes,  
And the fenfe common to ; th'imagining power  
(Stird vp by formes hid in the memories ftore,  
Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours  
In bodies full and foule ; and mixt vvith fpirits,)  
Faines many ftrange, miraculous images,  
In which aēt, it fo painfully applies  
It felfe to thofe formes, that the common fenfe  
It aētuates with his motion ; and thereby  
Thofe fictions true feeme, and haue reall aēt :  
So, in the ftrength of our conceits, awake,  
The caufe alike, doth of like fictions make.

*Guife.* Be what it vvill, twas a prefage of fome-  
thing  
Waigtie and fecret, vvvhich th'aduertifements

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I haue receiu'd from all parts, both vvithout,  
And in this Kingdome, as from Rome and Spaine  
Soccaine and Sauoye, giues me caufe to thinke,  
All vvriting that our plots Catastrophe,  
For propagation of the Catholique caufe,  
Will bloody proue, dissoluing all our counfailes :

*Cler.* Retyre then from them all.

*Guife.* I must not doe so.

The Arch-Bishop of Lyons tels me plaine  
I shall be said then to abandon France  
In so important an occasion :

And that mine enemies (their profit making  
Of my faint absence) soone would let that fall,  
That all my paines did to this height exhale.

*Cler.* Let all fall that would rise vnlawfully :  
Make not your forward spirit in vertues right,  
A property for vice, by thrusting on  
Further then all your powers can fetch you off.  
It is enough, your will is infinite  
To all things vertuous and religious,  
Which within limits kept, may without danger  
Let vertue some good from your Graces gather,  
Auarice of all is euer nothings father.

*Vmb.* Danger (the spurre of all great mindes) is  
euer

The curbe to your tame spirits ; you respect not  
(With all your holinesse of life and learning)  
More then the present, like illiterate vulgars,  
Your minde (you say) kept in your fleshes bounds,  
Showes that mans will must rul'd be by his power :  
When (by true doctrine) you are taught to liue  
Rather without the body, then within ;  
And rather to your God still then your selfe :  
To liue to him, is to doe all things fitting  
His Image, in which, like himselfe we liue ;  
To be his Image, is to doe those things,  
That make vs deathlesse, which by death is onely ;  
Doing those deedes that fit eternitie,  
And those deedes are the perfecting that Iustice,

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That makes the world last, which proportion is  
Of punishment and wreake for euery wrong,  
As well as for right a reward as strong :  
Away then, vse the meanes thou hast to right  
The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted Law  
Leaues vnperform'd in Kings, doe thou supply,  
And be aboue them all in dignitie. *Exit.*

*Guife.* Why stand'st thou still thus, and applyest  
thine eares,  
And eyes to nothing ?

*Cler.* Saw you nothing here ?

*Guife.* Thou dream'st, awake now ; what was here  
to see ?

*Cler.* My Brothers spirit, vrging his reuenge.

*Guife.* Thy Brothers spirit ! pray thee mocke me  
not.

*Cler.* No, by my loue and seruice.

*Guife.* Would he rise,

And not be thundring threatens against the Guife ?

*Cler.* You make amends for enmitie to him,  
With tenne parts more loue, and desert of mee ;  
And as you make your hate to him, no let  
Of any loue to mee ; no more beares hee  
(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.  
Which reafon and which Iustice is perform'd  
In Spirits tenne parts more then fleshy men.  
To whose fore-fights our acts and thoughts lie open :  
And therefore since hee saw the treacherie  
Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,  
Hee would not honor his hand with the iustice  
(As hee esteemes it) of his blouds reuenge,  
To which my Sister needs would haue him sworne,  
Before she would consent to marry him.

*Guife.* O Baligny, who would beleeeue there were  
A man, that (onely since his lookes are rais'd  
Vpwards, and haue but sacred heauen in sight)  
Could beare a minde so more then diuellish ?  
As for the painted glory of the countenance,  
Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought esteeme,

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And the more ill hee does, the better seeme.

*Cler.* Wee easily may beleue it, since we see  
In this worlds practise few men better be.  
Iustice to liue doth nought but Iustice neede,  
But Policie must still on mischief feede.  
Vntruth for all his ends, truths name doth sue in ;  
None safely liue, but those that study ruine.  
A good man happy, is a common good ;  
Ill men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

*Guise.* But this thy brothers spirit startles mee,  
These spirits feld or neuer hanting men,  
But some mishap ensues.

*Cler.* Ensue what can :  
Tyrants may kill, but neuer hurt a man ;  
All to his good makes, spight of death and hell.

*Enter Aumall.*

*Aum.* All the desert of good, renowne your High-  
nesse.

*Guise.* Welcome Aumall.

*Cler.* My good friend, friendly welcome.  
How tooke my noblest mistresse the chang'd newes ?

*Aum.* It came too late sir, for those loueliest eyes  
(Through which a foule look't so diuinely louing,  
Teares nothing vttering her distresse enough)  
She wept quite out, and like two falling Starres  
Their dearest sights quite vanisht with her teares.

*Cler.* All good forbid it.

*Guise.* What euent are these ?

*Cler.* All must be borne my Lord ; and yet this  
chance  
Would willingly enforce a man to cast off  
All power to beare with comfort, since hee sees  
In this, our comforts made our miseries.

*Guise.* How strangely thou art lou'd of both the  
sexes ;

Yet thou lou'st neyther, but the good of both.

*Cler.* In loue of women, my affection first

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Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud ;  
Which till I haue enioy'd, is passionate,  
Like other louers : but fruition past,  
I then loue out of iudgement ; the desert  
Of her I loue, still sticking in my heart,  
Though the desire, and the delight be gone,  
Which must chance still, since the comparifon  
Made vpon tryall twixt what reason loues,  
And what affection, makes in mee the best  
Euer preferd ; what most loue, valuing left.

*Guife.* Thy loue being iudgement then, and of the  
minde,

Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.

*Cler.* If there were loue in mariage fo I would ;  
But I denie that any man doth loue,  
Affecting vviues, maides, widowes, any women :  
For neither Flyes loue milke, although they drowne  
In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the Bee  
Loue honey, though the labour of her life  
Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat  
Or beafts, or fowles, doe any thing therein  
For any loue : for as when onely nature  
Moues men to meate, as farre as her power rules,  
Shee doth it with a temperate appetite,  
The too much men deuoure, abhorring nature ;  
And in our most health, is our most difeafe :  
So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.  
Tis for focietie confinde in reason.

But what excites the beds desire in bloud,  
By no meanes iustly can be construed loue ;  
For when loue kindles any knowing spirit,  
It ends in vertue and effects diuine ;  
And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.

*Guife.* Thou shalt my Mistresse be ; me thinkes my  
bloud

Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.  
And howfocuer other men despise  
Thefe Paradoxes strange, and too precise,  
Since they hold on the right way of our reason,



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I could attend them euer. Come, away ;  
Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake ;  
And I will see what great affaires the King  
Hath to employ my counsell, which he seemes  
Much to desire, and more and more esteemes. *Exit.*

*Enter Henry, Baligny, with fixe of the guard.*

*Hen.* Saw you his sawcie forcing of my hand  
To D'Ambois freedome ?

*Bal.* Saw, and through mine eyes  
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare  
An infolence so Giantly austere.

*Hen.* The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the  
more

Their lingring Iustice gathers ; that refembles  
The waightie, and the goodly-bodied Eagle,  
Who (being on earth) before her shady wings  
Can raife her into ayre, a mightie way  
Close by the ground she runnes ; but being aloft,  
All shee commands, she flies at ; and the more  
Death in her Seres beares, the more time shee slayes  
Her thundry stoope from that on which shee preyes.

*Bal.* You must be then more secret in the waight  
Of these your shadie counfels, who will else  
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guife and D'Am-  
bois)

Pouder about them. Counfels (as your entrailes)  
Should be vnpiers'd and found kept ; for not those,  
Whom you discouer, you neglect ; but ope  
A ruinous passage to your owne best hope.

*Hen.* Wee haue Spies set on vs, as we on others ;  
And therefore they that serue vs must excuse vs,  
If what wee most hold in our hearts, take winde,  
Deceit hath eyes that see into the minde.  
But this plot shall be quicker then their twinckling,  
On whose lids Fate, with her dead waight shall lie,  
And Confidence that lightens ere she die.  
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be

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True to your Soueraigne, keepe it manfully :  
 Your eyes haue witnest oft th'Ambition  
 That neuer made acceffe to me in Guife  
 But Treason euer sparkled in his eyes :  
 Which if you free vs of, our safetie shall  
 You not our Subiects, but our Patrons call.

*Ommes.* Our duties binde vs, hee is now but  
 dead.

*Heu.* Wee trust in it, and thanke ye. Baligny,  
 Goe lodge their ambush, and thou God that art  
 Fautor of Princes, thunder from the skies,  
 Beneath his hill of pride this Gyant Guife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tamyra with a Letter, Charlotte in mans  
 attire.*

*Tam.* I see y'are Seruant, fir, to my deare sifter,  
 The Lady of her lou'd Baligny.

*Char.* Madame I am bound to her vertuous  
 bounties,  
 For that life which I offer in her vertuous seruice,  
 To the reuenge of her renowned brother.

*Tam.* She writes to mee as much, and much  
 desires,  
 That you may be the man, whose spirit shee knowes  
 Will cut short off these long and dull delayes,  
 Hitherto bribing the eternall Iustice :  
 Which I beleeeue, since her vnmatched spirit  
 Can iudge of spirits, that haue her sulphure in them ;  
 But I must tell you, that I make no doubt,  
 Her liuing brother will reuenge her dead,  
 On whom the dead impos'd the taske, and hee,  
 I know, will come t'effect it instantly.

*Char.* They are but words in him ; beleeeue them  
 not.

*Tam.* See ; this is the vault, where he must enter :  
 Where now I thinke hee is.

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*Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countesse being  
blinde.*

*Ren.* God saue you Lady.

What Gentleman is this, with whom you trust

The deadly waightie secret of this houre ?

*Tam.* One that your selfe will say, I well may trust.

*Ren.* Then come vp Madame.

*He helps the Countesse vp.*

See here honour'd Lady,

A Countesse that in loues mishap doth equall

At all parts your wrong'd selfe ; and is the mistresse

Of your slaine seruants brother ; in whose loue

For his late treachrous apprehension,

She wept her faire eyes from her Iuory browes,

And would haue wept her foule out, had not I

Promist to bring her to this mortall quarrie,

That by her lost eyes for her seruants loue,

She might coniure him from this sterne attempt,

In which, (by a most ominous dreame shee had)

Shee knowes his death fixt, and that neuer more

Out of this place the Sunne shall see him liue.

*Char.* I am prouided then to take his place,  
And vndertaking on me.

*Ren.* You sir, why ?

*Char.* Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,  
His mournfull sifter.

*Tam.* See her Letter sir. *Hee reads.*

Good Madame, I rue your fate, more then mine,

And know not how to order these affaires,

They stand on such occurrents.

*Ren.* This indeede,

I know to be your Lady mistresse hand,

And know besides, his brother will, and must

Indure no hand in this reuenge but his.

*Enter Vmbr. Buffy.*

*Vmb.* Away, dispute no more ; get vp, and see,

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Clermont must auchthor this iust Tragedie.

*Coun.* Who's that ? *Ren.* The spirit of Buffy.

*Tam.* O my feruant ! let vs embrace.

*Vmb.* Forbeare. The ayre, in which  
My figures liknesse is impreſt, will blaſt,  
Let my reuenge for all loues ſatisfie,  
In vvhich (dame) feare not, Clermont ſhall not dye :  
No word diſpute more, vp, and ſee th'euent.

*Exeunt Ladyes.*

Make the Guard ſure Renel ; and then the doores  
Command to make faſt, when the Earle is in.

*Exit Ren.*

The blacke ſoft-footed houre is now on wing,  
Which for my iuſt wreake, Ghoſts ſhall celebrate,  
With dances dire, and of infernall ſtate. *Exit.*

*Enter Guiſe.*

*Guiſe.* Who ſayes that death is naturall, vvhen  
nature

Is with the onely thought of it, diſmaid ?  
I haue had Lotteries ſet vp for my death,  
And I haue drawne beneath my trencher one,  
Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot,  
The word being ; Y'are a dead man if you enter,  
And theſe words, this imperfekt bloud and fleſh,  
Shrincke at in ſpight of me ; their ſolidſt part  
Melting like ſnow within mee, with colde fire :  
I hate my ſelfe, that ſeeking to rule Kings,  
I cannot curbe my ſlaue. Would any ſpirit  
Free, manly, Princely, wiſh to liue to be  
Commanded by this maſſe of ſlauerie,  
Since Reaſon, Iudgement, Reſolution,  
And ſcorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare ?  
While this ſame ſincke of ſenſualitie ſwels,  
Who would liue ſinking in it ? and not ſpring  
Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrion here,  
For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare ?  
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide

This softnesse from my flesh, farre as my reason,  
Farre as my resolution, not to stirre  
One foote out of the way, for death and hell.  
Let my false man by falshood perish here,  
There's no way else to fet my true man cleere.

*Mess.* The King desires your Grace to come to  
Councill.

*He takes up the Arras, and the Guard enters upon him:  
hee drawes.*

*Hen.* See fir, I am come  
To iustifie it before men, and God,  
Who knows with what wounds in my heart for woe  
Of your so wounded faith, I made these wounds,  
Forc't to it by an insolence of force  
To stirre a floue, nor as a rocke oppos'd  
To all the billowes of the churlish sea,

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More beate, and eaten with them, then was I  
With your ambitious mad Idolatrie ;  
And this bloud I shed, is to faue the bloud  
Of many thoufands.

*Guife.* That's your white pretext,  
But you will finde one drop of bloud shed lawleffe,  
Will be the fountaine to a purple fea :  
The prefent luft, and shift made for Kings liues  
Againft the pure forme, and iuft power of Law,  
Will thriue like shifters purchafes ; there hangs  
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne  
Giues yet no light, will raine a poyfon'd shower  
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele  
How little fafetie lies in treacherous Steele.

*Hen.* Well fir, Ile beare it ; y'haue a Brother to,  
Burfts with like threates, the skarlet Cardinall :  
Seeke, and lay hands on him ; and take this hence,  
Their blouds, for all you, on my confcience. *Exit.*

*Guife.* So fir, your full fwindle take ; mine, death  
hath curb'd.

Clermont, farewell : O didft thou fee but this :  
But it is better, fee by this the Ice  
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt defpife,  
When thou hear'ft mine shed. Is there no friend here  
Will beare my loue to him ? *Aum.* I will, my Lord.

*Guife.* Thankes with my laft breath : recommend  
me then

To the moft worthy of the race of men.

*Dyes. Exeunt.*

*Enter Montf. and Tamyra.*

*Mont.* Who haue you let into my houfe ? *Tam.* I,  
none.

*Mont.* Tis falfe, I fauour the rancke bloud of foes  
In euery corner.

*Tam.* That you may doe well,  
It is the bloud you lately shed, you fmell.

*Mont.* Sdeath the vault opes. *The gulfe opens.*

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*Tam.* What vault? hold your sword. *Clermont ascends.*

*Cler.* No, let him vse it. *Mont.* Treafon, murther, murther.

*Cler.* Exclaime not; tis is in vaine, and bafe in you,

Being one, to onely one. *Mont.* O bloody strumpet!

*Cler.* With what bloud charge you her? it may be mine

As well as yours; there shall not any elfe

Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,

Nor imitate the murtherous courfe you tooke;

But fingle here, will haue my former challenge,

Now answer'd fingle, not a minute more

My brothers bloud shall ftay for his reuenge,

If I can act it; if not, mine shall adde

A double conquest to you, that alone

Put it to fortune now, and vse no ods.

Storme not, nor beate your felfe thus gainft the dores,

Like to a fauage vermine in a trap:

All dores are fure made, and you cannot fcape,

But by your valour. *Mont.* No, no, come and kill mee.

*Cler.* If you will die fo like a beaft, you shall,

But when the fpirit of a man may faue you,

Doe not fo shame man, and a Noble man.

*Mont.* I doe not fhew this bafeneffe, that I feare thee,

But to preuent and shame thy victory,

Which of one bafe is bafe, and fo Ile die. *Cler.* Here then.

*Mou.* Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me,  
*He starts vp.*

And fince I muft afford thee victory,

It shall be great and braue, if one request

Thou wilt admit mee. *Cler.* What's that?

*Mont.* Giue me leaue

To fetch and vse the fword thy Brother gaue mee

When he was brauely giuing vp his life.

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*Cler.* No, Ile not fight against my brothers sword,  
Not that I feare it, but since tis a tricke,  
For you to shew your backe.

*Mont.* By all truth, no :  
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.

*Cler.* Your honourable othe, plaine truth no place  
has  
Where othes are honourable.

*Tam.* Trust not his othe.  
Hee will lie like a Lapwing, when shee flies  
Farre from her fought nest, still here tis shee cries.

*Mont.* Out on thee damme of Duels, I will quite  
Disgrace thy braues conquest, die, not fight.

*Tam.* Out on my fortune to wed such an abiect.  
Now is the peoples voyce, the voyce of God ;  
Hee that to wound a woman vants so much,  
(As hee did mee) a man dares neuer touch.

*Cler.* Reuenge your wounds now madame, I resigne  
him

Vp to your full vill, since hee will not fight.  
First you shall torture him (as hee did you,  
And Iustice wils) and then pay I my vow.  
Here, take this Ponyard.

*Mont.* Sinke Earth, open Heauen,  
And let fall vengeance.

*Tam.* Come fir, good fir hold him.

*Mont.* O shame of women, whither art thou fled !

*Cler.* Why (good my Lord) is it a greater shame  
For her then you ? come, I will be the bands  
You vs'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.

*Mont.* No fir, Ile fight now, and the terror be  
Of all you Champions to such as shee.  
I did but thus farre dally : now obserue,  
O all you aking fore-heads that haue rob'd,  
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of valour,  
Ioyne in mee all your rages, and rebutters,  
And into dust ram this same race of Furies,  
In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,  
In his one purple foule shed, drowne it all.

*Fight.*



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*Mont.* Now giue me breath a while. *Cler.* Receiue it freely.

*Mont.* What thinke y'a this now?

*Cler.* It is very noble.

Had it beene free (at least) and of your selfe,  
And thus wee see (where valour most doth vant)  
What tis to make a coward valiant.

*Mont.* Now I shall grace your conquest.

*Cler.* That you shall. *Mont.* If you obtaine it.

*Cler.* True fir, tis in fortune.

*Mont.* If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce  
Change liues with you, I feele fo great a change  
In my tall spirits breath'd, I thinke, with the breath  
A D'Ambois breathes here, and necessitie  
(With whose point now prickt on, and so, vvwhose helpe  
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,  
If thee except not you, of all men onely)  
May change the case here.

*Cler.* True as you are chang'd,  
Her power in me vrg'd, makes y'another man,  
Then yet you euer were. *Mont.* Well, I must on.

*Cler.* Your Lordship must by all meanes. *Mon.*  
Then at all. *Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.*

*Charlotte about.*

*Char.* Death of my father : what a shame is this,  
Sticke in his hands thus? *Ren.* Gentle fir forbear.

*Coun.* Is he not flaine yet? *She gets downe.*

*Ren.* No Madame, but hurt in diuers parts of him.

*Mont.* Y'haue giuen it me,  
And yet I feele life for another vennie,

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Cler.* What would you fir?

*Char.* I would performe this Combat.

*Cler.* Against which of vs?

*Char.* I care not much if twere

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Against thy felfe : thy fifter would haue sham'd,  
To haue thy Brothers wreake with any man  
(In fingle combat) flicke fo in her fingers.

*Cler.* My Sifter? know you her?

*Cam.* I fir, fhee fent him

With this kinde Letter, to performe the wreake  
Of my deare Seruant.

*Cler.* Now alas good fir,  
Thinke you you could doe more?

*Char.* Alas? I doe,  
And wer't not, I, frefh, found, fhould charge a man  
Weary, and vvounded, I would long ere this,  
Haue prou'd what I prefume on.

*Cler.* Y'haue a minde  
Like to my Sifter, but haue patience now,  
If next charge fpeede not, Ile refigne to you,

*Mont.* Pray thee let him decide it.

*Cler.* No, my Lord,  
I am the man in fate, and fince fo brauely  
Your Lordfhip ftands mee, fcape but one more  
charge,  
And on my life, Ile fet your life at large.

*Mont.* Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,  
Sit ioy and all good on thy victorie.

*Fights, and fals downe.*

*Mon.* Farewell, I hartily forgiue thee. Wife,  
And thee, let penitence fpend thy reft of life.

{ *Hee giues his  
hand to Cler.  
and his wife.*

*Cler.* Noble and Christian.

*Tam.* O it breakes my heart.

*Cler.* And fhould, for all faults found in him be-  
fore,

Thefe words, this end, makes full amends and more.  
Reft worthy foule, and vvith it the deare fpirit  
Of my lou'd Brother, reft in endleffe peace :  
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your foules abode,  
And to your afhes be the earth no lode.

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*Musicke, and the Ghost of Buffy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guife; Monsieur, Cardinall Guife, and Shattilion, they dance about the dead body, and Excunt.*

*Cler.* How strange is this? the Guife amongst these spirits,  
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet liuing,  
And that the rest vvith them, vvith ioy thus celebrate  
This our reuenge? This certainly presages  
Some instant death both to the Guife and Cardinall.  
That the Shattilians Ghost to should thus ioyne  
In celebration of this iust reuenge,  
With Guife, that bore a chiefe stroke in his death,  
It seemes that now he doth approue the act,  
And these true shadowes of the Guife and Cardinall,  
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approue  
That all things to be done, as here wee liue,  
Are done before all times in th'other life.  
That Spirits should rife in these times yet are fables;  
Though learnedst men hold that our sensiue spirits  
A little time abide about the graues  
Of their deceased bodies; and can take  
In colde condenc't ayre, the same formes they had,  
When they were shut vp in this bodies shade.

*Enter Aumall.*

*Aum.* O Sir, the Guife is slaine. *Cler.* Auert it Heauen.

*Aum.* Sent for to Councill, by the King, an ambush  
(Lodg'd for the purpose) rusht on him, and tooke  
His Princely life; who sent (in dying then)  
His loue to you, as to the best of men.

*Cler.* The worst, and most accurst of things creeping  
On earths sad bosome. Let me pray yee all

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A little to forbear, and let me vfe  
 Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.  
 Ile call yee straight againe.

*Aum.* We will forbear, and leaue you free fir.

*Excunt.*

*Cler.* Shall I liue, and hee  
 Dead, that alone gaue meanes of life to me ?  
 There's no disputing with the acts of Kings,  
 Reuenge is impious on their sacred persons :  
 And could I play the worldling (no man louing  
 Longer then gaine is reapt, or grace from him)  
 I should furuiue, and shall be wondred at,  
 (Though in mine owne hands being) I end with him :  
 But Friendship is the Sement of two mindes,  
 As of one man the foule and body is,  
 Of which one cannot feuer, but the other  
 Suffers a needfull separation.

*Descend Ren.*

*& Coun.*

*Ren.* I feare your seruant, Madame : let's descend.

*Cler.* Since I could skill of man, I neuer liu'd  
 To please men worldly, and shall I in death,  
 Respect their pleasures, making such a iarre  
 Betwixt my death and life, when death should make  
 The confort sweetest ; th'end being prooffe and crowne  
 To all the skill and worth wee truely owne ?  
 Guife, O my Lord, how shall I cast from me  
 The bands and couerts hindring me from thee ?  
 The garment or the couer of the minde,  
 The humane foule is ; of the foule, the spirit  
 The proper robe is ; of the spirit, the bloud ;  
 And of the bloud, the body is the shrowd.  
 With that must I beginne then to vnclothe,  
 And come at th'other. Now then as a ship,  
 Touching at strange, and farre remoued shores ;  
 Her men a shore goe, for their feuerall ends,  
 Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and pearle,  
 All yet intentiue when (the master calls,  
 The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all  
 Their greediest labours, left they there be left,

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To theecues, or beafts, or be the Countries flauces :  
So, now my mafter calls, my fhip, my venture  
All in one bottome put, all quite put off,  
Gone vnder faile, and I left negligent,  
To all the horrors of the vicious time,  
The farre remou'd fhores to all vertuous aimes ;  
None fauouring goodneffe ; none but he refpe<ting  
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here furuiue,  
Not caft me after him into the fea,  
Rather then here liue, readie euery houre  
To feede theecues, beafts, and be the flauce of power ?  
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes.  
*Hee kills himfelfe.*

*Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.*

*Aum.* What ? lye and languifh, Clermont ? Curfed  
man  
To leaue him here thus : hee hath flaine himfelfe.  
*Tam.* Mifery on mifery ! O me wretched Dame  
Of all that breath, all heauen turne all his eyes,  
In hartie enuie, thus on one poore dame.  
*Char.* Well done my Brother : I did lone thee  
euer,  
But now adore thee : loffe of fuch a friend  
None fhould furuiue, of fuch a Brother ;  
With my falfe husband liue, and both thefe flaine :  
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

*Enter Renel leading the Counteffe.*

*Ren.* Horror of humane eyes, O Clermont D'Am-  
bois !  
Madame, wee flaid too long, your feruant's flaine.  
*Coun.* It muft be fo, he liu'd but in the Guife,  
As I in him. O follow life mine eyes.  
*Tam.* Hide, hide thy fnakie head, to Cloifters flie,  
In pennance pine, too eafie tis to die.  
*Cler.* It is. In Cloifters then let's all furuiue.

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Madame, since wrath nor grieve can helpe these fortunes,

Let vs forsake the world, in which they raigne,  
And for their wifht amends to God complaine.

*Count.* 'Tis fit and onely needfull : leade me on,  
In heauens course comfort feeke, in earth is none.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Henry, Espernone, Soiffone, and others.*

*Hen.* Wee came indeede too late, which much I  
rue,

And would haue kept this Clermont as my crowne.

Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome

(The house shut vp) the famous D'Ambois Tombe.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*