

THE  
R E V E N G E  
OF  
*Buffy D'Ambois.*  
A  
T R A G E D I E.

*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 estee-  
med 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.

Howsoeuer therefore in the Scenicall presentation, it might meeke with some maligners, yet considering, euen therein, it past with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their fide (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 subiect is not truth, but things like truth? Poore enuious soules they are that cauill 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 whatsoeuer 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 Iudicall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoeuer those Ignoble and sowre-brow'd VVorldings are carelesse of whatsoeuer 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 intelle&tuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably answera-ble to the loue or negle&t we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instrucion: 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, the King.</i>	<i>Soiffone.</i>
	<i>Monſieur, his Brother.</i>	<i>Perricot.</i>
<i>Guife. D.</i>		<i>The Guard.</i>
<i>Renel, a Marquesſe.</i>		<i>Souldiers.</i>
<i>Mont fureau, an Earle.</i>		<i>Scravants.</i>
<i>Baligny, Lord Lieutenant.</i>		{ <i>Buffy.</i>
<i>Clermont, D'Ambois.</i>		<i>Monſieur.</i>
<i>Maillard.</i>	<i>Challon.</i>	{ <i>Guife.</i>
	<i>Captaines.</i>	<i>Card. Guife.</i>
<i>Aunal.</i>		<i>Shattilion.</i>
<i>Eſpernone.</i>		

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



THE REVENGE  
OF  
*Buffy D'Ambois.*  
A  
TRAGEDIE.

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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 ? fuffered scarcrow-like  
To fright adulterie ? what will policie  
At length bring vnder his capacitie ?

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

Deliuerances, and Coronations,  
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels  
(Iangling together in vntun'd confusion :)  
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp: so when Glory,  
Flatterie, and smooth applaues of things ill,  
Vphold th'inordinate fwindge of downe-right power,  
Iustice, and truth, that tell the bounded vfe,  
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 royll, Kings fought common good  
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er fo meane,  
And had their owne fwindge fo: 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 punisht:  
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?  
Idlenesse rusts vs; fince 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 matchleffe race of Souldiers then would spend  
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their spirts;  
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 fo deepe,  
No rocke fo steepe, but if a Bird could scale it,

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 sealing 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 stood in praiising others.

*Bal.* Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and enui'd  
not ;  
Ciuite behauour flourisht ; Bountie flow'd,  
Auarice to vpland Boores, flaues 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 easie,  
Fashion, and fauour ; all their studies ayming  
At getting money, which no wife man euer  
Fed his desires with.

*Bal.* Yet now none are wife  
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 arife.  
Such depreſt Nobles (followers of his)  
As you, my ſelſe, 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.

My Brother Buffyl's Sister (now my wife)  
 By no suite would consent to satisfie  
 My loue of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,  
 To vse my vtmost to reuenge my Brother :  
 But Clermont D'Ambois (Buffyl's fecond Brother)  
 Had (sincē) 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 himselfe Buffyl's reuenge ;  
 Yet loathing any way to giue it aēt,  
 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 ſtill.

*Rcn.* 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 ſpeeđe ; for ſo on needels points  
 My wifes heart ſtands with hafte of the reuenge :  
 Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,  
 That ſhee imagines I negleēt 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

To fee her, when I haue a while beeene absent,  
Not shewing 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 fuch Malecontents, and their desigues,  
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 spise it) hath possest the King  
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger :  
Charg'd in it to his person : though my conscience  
Dare fweare him cleare of any power to be  
Infected with the least dishonestie :  
Yet that sinceritie, wee Politicians  
Must fay, growes out of enuie, fince 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 feemes great,  
In sparing no good that feemes bad to him :  
And the more bad, we make the most of good,  
The more our policie fearcheth ; 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,  
Foison. Monsieur taking leaue of the King.*

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

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

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

*Esp.* Hee's now whispr'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 feruile traines, and sumptuous houes,  
High places, offices.

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

*Esp.* Commends, admires it.

*Monf.* And pursues another,  
Tis fine hypocrisie, and cheape, and vulgar,  
Knowne for a couert practise, yet beleu'd  
(By thos abus'd foules, that they teach and gouerne)  
No more then Wiues adulteries, by their Husbands,  
They bearing it with so vnmou'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 shewing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,  
Being thereby strong in his perwading others ;  
That this ambitious Guise, embracing him,  
Is thought t'mbrace his vertues.

*Esp.* Yet in some  
His vertues are held false for th'others vices :  
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,  
To suspe&t truth then falsehood : and of both,  
Truth still fares worse ; as hardly being beleu'd,  
As tis vnyuall, 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

Is so much past his, that you cannot moue him :  
Ile try that temper in him. Come, you two  
Deuoure each other with your vertues zeale,  
And leauue for other friends, no fragment of yee :  
I wonder Guife, you will thus rauish him  
Out of my bosome, that firf gaue the life  
His manhood breathes, spirit, and meanes and luster.  
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont ?  
Once giue me leauue (for tryall of that loue  
That from thy brother Buffe thou inherit'fl)  
T'vnclapfe 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 Buffe liuing ! *Cler.* Liuing my Lord ?

*Monf.* Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou  
Haue braud the Guife : mauger his prefence, 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.  
Durft 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 durft doe like him.

*Monf.* Dare then to poure out here thy freest soule,  
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, iudicall ; let me then from thee  
Heare what I am.

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

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The toward victor of the whole low Countryes ?

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

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

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

Doft 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 thinkst 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 decaid 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 fay)  
Had no more fuites 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 Guifes (for you know you were  
Ambitious beggars,) or at some Cookes-shop,  
T'eternize the Cookes trust, and score it vp.

Doft not offend thee ? *Cler.* No sir. Pray pro-  
ceede.

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

Thy honourable othe : and yet some fay  
Thou and thy most renownmed 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 fawcy 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 ; thatst 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  
Seekest 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.

*Mons.* Or did the flic Guife 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 sinewes ;  
Meere Swifster, apt for any execution.

*Cler.* But killing of the King.

*Mon.* Right : now I fee  
Thou vnderstand'ft thy selfe.

*Cler.* I, and you better.

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

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

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

*Cler.* You did no Princeely deedes

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

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

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

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

*Guise.* 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 judge iustly of their value,  
 Nor know their vse ; and therefore they are puft  
 With such proud tumours as this Monfieur is :  
 Enabled onely by the goods they haue,  
 To scorne all goodnessse : none great, fill their fortunes,  
 But as those men that make their houses greater,  
 Their housshoulds being leſſe, so Fortune raiſes  
 Huge heapes of outſide in theſe mightie men,  
 And giues them nothing in them.

*Guise.* True as truth :

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

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*Bal.* Tis nobly faid, my Lord.

*Guise.* I would haue these things  
Brought vpon Stages, to let mightie Misers  
See all their graue and serious 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 wheresoever goodnesse comes, shee makes  
The place still sacred : though with other feete  
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 Moralists fayes 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 ey  
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 fo blowne vp ;  
And the most poore man, to be grieu'd with poore-  
nesse,  
Both being fo 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 fplenatiue Philosopher that euer

Laught at them all, were worthy the enstaging :  
 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 impetuously ; 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 maskieries, and wore false faces :  
 Or else were simply vaine, I take no care,  
 But still hee laught, how graue foere they were.

*Guise.* And might right well (my Clermont) and  
     for this  
 Vertuous digression, we vvill thanke the scoffes  
 Of vicious Monsieur, But now for the maine point  
 Of your late resolutor 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 acceſſe to him, through all his Guard.

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

*Excunt.*

*Tamyra sola.*

*Tamy.* Reuenge, that euer red fitt'ſt in the eyes

Of iniur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes  
With bloudy Lawrell ; and receiue from thee  
Iustice for all our humors iniurie,  
Whose wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie  
Haue ruthlesse made, and bloudy. 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 bloud,  
And mark'd the place, to shew thee where was done  
The cruell'ſt murther 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 (rarefyng the thinne and yeelding ayre)  
Flew ſparkling vp into the Sphære of fire,  
Whence endleſſe flames it ſheds in my deſire :  
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights  
That can be wretſted from thy riuals armes ;  
(O my deare Buffe) I will lye, and kiffe  
Spirit into thy bloud, or breathe out mine  
In ſighes, and kiffes, and fad tunes to thine. *She ſings.*

*Enter Montfur.*

*Mont.* Still on this hant ? Still ſhall adulterous  
bloud  
Affect thy ſpirits ? Thinke, for shame, but this,  
This bloud that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'ſt  
To dry is to breed 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 kiffe horror, and with death engender.  
Strange croſſe in nature, pureſt virgine shame  
Lies in the bloud, as luſt lyes ; and together  
Many times mixe too : and in none more shamefull  
Then in the shamefac't. Who can then diſtinguiſh

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 tye  
 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 shoule 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 felues be common as the ayre)  
 We must not take the ayre, wee must not fit  
 Our a<sup>c</sup>tions to our owne affectons :  
 But as Geometricians (you still say)  
 Teach that no lines, nor superficies,  
 Doe moue themfelves, but still accompanie  
 The motions of their bodies ; so poore wiues  
 Must not purfue, nor haue their owne affections,  
 But to their husbands earneſts, and their iefſts,  
 To their auſterities of lookeſ, and laughteſ,  
 (Though ne'er ſo foolish and iniurious)  
 Like Parasites and flaues, fit their diſpoſures.

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

*Tamy.* So faid you, when you wo'd. So Souldiers  
 tortur'd

With tedious fieges 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.

*Monſ.* But loue me, and perorme a Wifes part yet,  
 (With all my loue before) I fweare forgiueneffe.

*Tamy.* Forgiuenesse ! that grace you shoulde seeke  
of mee :

These tortur'd fingers and these slab'd-through armes  
Kepe that law in their vvounds, yet, vnobferu'd,  
And euer shall. *Monsf.* Remember their deserts.

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

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

Quiet, and feruent, and therein was conſtant,  
Which made him caſt off both his cloake and coate :  
Like vvhom ſhould men doe. If yee vvifh your Wiues  
Should leauue diſlik'd things, ſeeke it not vvith rage ;  
For that enrages : vvhat yee giue, yee haue :  
But vſe calme warnings, and kindle manly meaneſs,  
And that in Wiues moſt proſtitute will winne  
Not onely ſure amends ; but make vs Wiues  
Better then thoſe that ne'er led faultie liues.

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sould.* My Lord.

*Monsf.* How now ; vvould any ſpeake with me ?

*Soul.* I, Sir.

*Monsf.* Peruerſe, and traiterous miſcreant :  
Where are your other fellowes of my Guard ?  
Haue I not told you, I will ſpeake with none,  
But Lord Renel ? *Sould.* And tis hee that ſtayes  
you.

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

*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 ferue 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 wel-  
come.

Wife, vvelcome 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 fo good time yet. *Enter Baligny with a Challenge.*

*Monf.* Death ! Who haue wee here ?  
Ho ! Guard ! Villaines ! *Bal.* Why exclaime you  
fo.

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

*Bal.* Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beene fo,  
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 forbeare. Show, show your  
purpese fir.

To moue such bold feete into others roofes.

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

I bring this Challenge.

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

*Ren.* Thou shalt leau thy life first. *Mont.* Mur  
ther, murther!

*Ren.* Retire my Lord; get off.

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

*Bal.* There lye the Chalenge. *They all fight and*  
*Bal. drives 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.*

## Actus secundi Scæna prima.

*Henry, Baligny.*

*Hen.* Come Baligny, we now are priuate: Say,  
 C What seruice bring'st thou? make it short;  
 the Guise  
 (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 Guise (with which my policie,  
 For seruice to your Highnesse feemes 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

(Much to his honour) fee for him, your forces  
Put into Battaile ; when hee comes, hee may  
With some cloſe Stratageme be apprehended :  
For otherwife your whole powers there will faile  
To worke his apprehencion : and with that  
My hand needes neuer be discern'd therin.

*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 naime of Treacherie,  
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that ſeeme  
Ill in particular reſpeſts, are good  
As they reſpect your vniuersall Rule.  
As in the maine fway of the vniuerſe  
The ſupreme Rectors generall decrees,  
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,  
Since they make good that guard to preſeruation  
Of both thofe 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 likē you here to the King of kings ;  
Nor any mans particular offence  
Againſt the worlds fway ; 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 fway  
As well as yours ; and being a righteous man  
To whom Heauen promifes 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 miferie

Incomparable, and most truely Hellish  
 To liue depriu'd of our Kings grace and countenance,  
 Without which best conditions are most cursed :  
 Life of that nature, howsoeuer short,  
 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 amisse to yeld your High-  
 neffe

A reason of my speeches ; lest 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 aduise  
 Ile not forget : Haste to thy Gouernment,  
 And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell. *Exit.*

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

*Enter Guise.*

*Guise.* My sure Friend Baligny !

*Bal.* Noblest of Princes !

*Guise.* 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.

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

*Bal.* I, my Lord ?

*Guise.* 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 seafon, lackt ;  
 And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes

Beyond Decorum ; where this absolute Clermont,  
Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)  
Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it croft ;  
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.

*Guise.* 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 feeke knowledge)  
Of taste so much deprau'd, that they had rather  
Delight, and satisfie themselues to drinke  
Of the stremme 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 Princesse (sweet Antigone)  
In the graue Greeke Tragedian, when the question  
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings ?  
Which when he vrges, shée replies on him ;  
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods ;  
Nor would shée 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.

*Guise.* Well, let vs leaue thefe vaine disputings  
what

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

*Bal.* When you command, my Lord.

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

*Bal.* Your Highnesse knowes my vowed.

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

*Bal.* Thus must wee play on both fides, 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 : *Αυκχαρον*  
 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  
 But by a man of more authoritie.

Great vessels into leffe are emptied neuer,  
 There's a redouundance past their continent  
 euer.

These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures ; *impossible est*  
 For looke how Spinners weave out of themselues  
*viri cognoscere*  
 Webs, whose strange matter none before can see ; Sopho. Antig.  
*mentem ac vo-*  
 So theſe, out of an vnſeene good in vertue,  
 Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,  
*luntatem, pri-*  
 That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner. *usquam in Ma-*  
*gistratibus appa-*  
*ret.*

*Enter Clermont.*

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

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

*Cler.* Poffible !  
 How did you then ?

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

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

No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures  
Hung vp for signes, are Lions. Who knowes not, *Quo mollis*  
That Lyons the more soft kept, are more seruile ? *degent, &*  
And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand, *seruilius.*  
Lose quite th'innatiue fire of spirit and greatnessse *Epic.*  
That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey ;  
And grow so grosse, that mastifes, curs, and mungrils  
Haue spirit to cow them : So our soft French Nobles  
Chain'd vp in ease and numbd 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 flyes.  
Befotted with their pezzants loue of gaine,  
Rusling at home, and on each other preying.  
Are for their greatnessse but the greater flaues,  
And none is noble but who scrapes and fauces.

*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 thosse foolish great-spleen'd Cammels,  
That to their high heads, beg'd of loue hornes higher;  
Whose most vncomely, and ridiculous pride  
When hee had satisfied, they could not vfe,  
But where they went vpright before, they stoopt,  
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 stll writ  
All his most selfe-lou'd verse in paper royall,  
Of Partchment 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 issye of his braine ; and neuer  
But ioying in himselfe ; admiring euer :  
Yet in his workes behold him, and hee shrow'd

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 a<sup>c</sup>t onely blemish him.)

*Cler.* One a<sup>c</sup>t ? what one ?

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

*Cler.* Good Heauen ! wherein ? what one a<sup>c</sup>t can  
you name

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

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

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

*Bal.* O it was hainous.

*Cler.* To a brutifh fense,  
But not a manly reasoun. Wee so tender  
The vile part in vs, that the part diuine  
We fee in hell, and shrinke not. Who was first  
Head of that Maffacre ?

*Bal.* The Guife.

*Cler.* Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughterers made  
In Ilion, and about it ? Were the Greeks ?  
Was it not Paris rauishing the Queene  
Of Lacedemon ? Breach of shame and faith ?  
And all the lawes of Hospitalitie ?  
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 flaine.

*Bal.* Differ not men from Oxen ?

*Cler.* Who fayes so ?

But fee 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 massacerd,

*Bal.* Well sir, I cannot when I meete with you

But thus digresse a little, for my learning,

From any other businesse I entend.

But now the voyage, we refol'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 fure

Your fworne wreake on her Husband (though this  
fail'd)

In my fo braue Command, wee'll spend the time,

Sometimes in training out in Skirmishes,

And Battailes, all our Troopes and Companies ;

And fometimes breathe your braue Scotch running  
horfe,

That great Guise gaue you, that all th'horfe in France

Farre ouer-runnes at eucry race and hunting

Both of the Hare and Deere. You shall be honor'd

Like the great Guise himselfe, aboue the King.

And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd Sister,

For our delaide 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,

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

*Cler.* That prafe 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 Cuf-  
 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 ſure deaths,  
 Their liues ſo base are, and ſo rancke their breaths.  
 Which I teach Guife to heighten, and make ſweet  
 With liſes 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:  
 Refoluing this (what euer change can be)  
 Thou haſt created, thou haſt ruinde mee.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

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*A march of Captaines ouer the Stage.*

*Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.*

*Mail.* These Troopes and companies come in  
with wings :  
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,  
I thinke no other Gouvernment in France  
So foone 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 Gouvernment, whose  
view  
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede  
Of no such fodaine 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.

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

His Brother Clermont ?

*Mail.* No : the Kings will is  
Expressly to conceale his apprehension  
From my Lord Gouernour. 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 steepe 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, givis him in labour breath ;  
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

*Chal.* I fee 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 wrefst.

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

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

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 storne,  
So in hearts hollow, Friendship (euen the Sunne  
To all good growing in societie)  
Makes his so glorious and diuine name hold  
Colours 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 fende 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 feuere Command on him ;  
As well to faue blood, as to make him fure :  
For if hee come on his Scotch horfe, 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 fende them for him, running by his side,  
Till they haue brought him in some ambuscado  
We close may lodge for him ; and sodainely  
Lay sure hand on him, plucking him from horfe.

*Aum.* It must be sure and strong hand : for if  
once  
Hee feeles the touch of such a stratageme,  
Tis not the choicest brace of all our Bands  
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

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

*Aum.* Doe as you pleafe ; 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 wifedome feeme of ſize as huge,  
And all for ſleight encounter of a ſhade,  
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made ?

*Mail.* It may be once fo ; but fo euer, neuer ;  
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horſe ;  
Faſtion chokes euery corner, ſtreete, the Court,  
Whose faſtion 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 Marqueſſe 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 Sifter. Such wee are eſteem'd  
As are our conſorts. Marqueſſe 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 having 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

Is every 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, Italie.

*Rin.* You must doe so,  
If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,  
And weare your time and wits in those discourses.

*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 fuch 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 feeres and tal-  
lons

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

*Ren.* Tis right : but who, saue onely you, performs  
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 wife 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.

*Char.* My brother speakes all principle ; what man

Is mou'd with your soule ? or hath'fuch a thought  
In any rate of goodneffe ?

*Cler.* Tis their fault.

We haue examples of it, cleare and many.

Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,  
And (which not oft meeete) 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 extemporal Orations)  
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)  
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.  
Many fuch ends haue fallen on fuch proud honours,  
No more because the men on whom they fell  
Grew insolent and left their vertues stale ;  
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 foone, as giuen their places.

*Enter a Mefjenger with a Letter.*

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

*Cler.* What Gentleman ?

*Meff.* Hee would not tell his name ;  
Hee faid, hee had not time enough to tell it,  
And fay the little rest hee had to fay.

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

*Char.* What newes ?

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

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-  
storous !

*Char.* How's that ?

*Cler.* Read on.

*Ren.* Maillard, you brothers Lieutenant, that yester-  
day inuited you to see his Muslers ; 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 sound one.

*Char.* That's a lye.

*Ren.* Get on your Scotch horfe, 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'vincouer your defect of fpirit and valour.

First showne in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.

See what it is to giue the eniuious World

Aduantage to diminish eminent virtue.

Send him a Challenge ? Take a noble course

To wreake a murther, done fo 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  
Flyes to the shield of Reason.

*Cler.* Nought that is

Approu'd by Reafon, can be Cowardise.

*Char.* 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  
Preuent all other. Then fhines vertue moſt  
When time is found for facts ; and found, not loſt.

*Cler.* No time occures to Kings, much leſſe to  
Vertue ;  
Nor can we call it Vertue that proceeds  
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer  
(By any iſtigation in th'appearance  
My Brothers ſpirit made, as I imagin'd)  
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murther.  
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 caufe  
Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.

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

*Ren.* Madame, be fure 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 Ladys care ; praetife your face.  
There's the chafe 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-fale altogether for the Court.

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 empty 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 fee, 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 bloud of my matchlesse Brother,  
What Prince ? what King ? which of the desperat'l  
Ruffings,

Outlawes in Acden, durst haue tempted thus  
One of our bloud 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 aet it.

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

*Cler.* Sweet Sister, [*osculatur*] farre be both off as  
the fact  
Of my fain'd apprehenfion.

*Char.* I Would once  
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie  
If a poore woman, votif of reuenge  
Would not perfome, 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 aet 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.*

*Meff.* Sir, my Lord Gouernours Lieutenant prays  
Acceſſe to you.

*Cler.* Himſelfe alone ?

*Meff.* Alone, fir.

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

*Enter Maillard with the Messenger.*

*Mail.* Honour, and all things noble.

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

*Mail.* Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all  
Your ſtudye welcome to this martiall place,  
In preſentation of what strength conſiſts  
My Lord your Brothers Gouernment is readie.  
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies  
Aduance, and put themſelues randg'd in Battailia,  
That you may fee, 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 ?

*Mail.* Take you, fir ? O Heauen !

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*Meſſy.* Beleeue it fir, his count'rance chang'd in  
turning.

*Mail.* What doe you meane fir ?

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

*Mail.* Pardon me fir. You amaze me to conceiue  
From whence our wils to honour you, shoulde 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 fo  
much

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

*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 ſuſh a shame  
To a Commander.

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

*Mail.* You forget  
What tis to be a Captaine, and your felfe.

*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 feaſhct ?

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

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

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

*Cler.* Sweare you haue nothing.

*Mail.* Nothing you seeke, I fweare, 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 himselfe to witnesse their estate.

*Cler.* I heard him make that reasoun, 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 otherwife)  
To apprehend me ; neuer spicke it more  
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but fay : 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 sensē 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.*

*Meff.* If hee goes, hee proues  
How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,  
When heauen strikes blinde their powers of note and  
vfe ;

And makes their way to ruine feeme more right,  
Then that which fafetie opens to their fight.  
Cassa ndra's prophecie had no more profit  
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when fhee fore-tolde  
Troy es ruine : which fucceeding, made her vfe  
This sacred Inclamation ; God (said fhee)  
Wou ld haue me vtter things vncredited :

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

*Enter Challon 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 shew 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 fent 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 seconde 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.

*Chal.* Tis well said worthy Souldiers: haft, and haft 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 fee  
You still fustaine a ialous eye on mee,  
Ile goe before.

*Cler.* Tis well; Ile conie; my hand.

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

*Clermont solus.*

*Cler.* I had an auerstation to this voyage,  
When firſt my Brother mou'd it; and haue found  
That natuie power in me was neuer vaine;  
Yet now neglected it, I wonder much  
At my inconstancie in theſe decrees,  
I euery houre fet downe to guide my life.  
When Homer made Achilles paſſionate,  
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and infatiate  
In his affeſtions; what man will denie,  
He did compoſe it all of industrie,  
To let men fee, that men of moſt renoune,  
Strong'ſt, nobleſt, faireſt, if they fet not downe  
Decrees within them, for diſpoſing theſe,  
Of Iudgement, Refolution, Vprightneſſe,  
And certaine knowledge, of their vfe 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.

*Enter Renel.*

*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 faid a friend to Pompey ?

*Cler.* What ?

*Ren.* The people  
Will neuer know, vnlesse in death thou trie,  
That thou know'ft how to beare aduerfitie.

*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 faid ; there hung a taile  
Of circumstance so blacke on that supposure,  
That to sustaine it thus, abhorrd 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

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 obey  
 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 fo 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 fo diuine,  
 As hee himfelfe ; and therefore will confine  
 Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,  
 Goes on most God-like. Hee that ftrives i'inuert  
 The Vniuersals course with his poore way,  
 Not onely dust-like shivers with the fway,  
 But crossing God in his great worke ; all earth  
 Beares not fo curfed, and fo damn'd a birth.

*Ren.* Goe, on ; Ile take no care what comes of  
 you ;

Heauen will not see it ill, how ere it shew :  
 But the pretext to fee these Battailes 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,

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 royll Armie then in field ;  
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to flirre  
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.* Twas answer'd like the man you haue def-  
crib'd.

*Cler.* And yet he cast it onely in the way,  
To stay and ferue 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 sir Iohn Smith  
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles fashions ;  
Affecting, as the end of Noblesse were  
Those feruile 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 confiders 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 bestlow'd on these is harsh and thirstlesse.  
If you would Confull be (fayes one) of Rome,  
You must be watching, flarting out of sleepes ;

Euery way whisking ; gloryfying Plebeians,  
 Kissing Patricians hands, Rot at their dores ;  
 Speake and doe basely ; euery day beslow  
 Gifts and obseruance vpon one or other :  
 And what's th'euent of all ? Twelue Rods before thec,  
 Three or four 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 cost, toile, spend thy spirits.  
 And to be voide of perturbation  
 For constancie: sleepe when thou would'ft haue sleepe,  
 Wake when thou would'ft wake, feare noughe, vexe for  
 noughe,  
 No paines wilt thou beslow ? no cost ? no thought ?

*Ren.* What should I say ? as good confort with  
 you,

As with an Angell : I could heare you cuer.

*Cler.* Well ; in, my Lord, and spend time with my  
 Sister ;

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

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

*Enter Messenger 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, expefting but your prefence,  
 To be their honor'd signall when to ioyne,  
 Ane we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

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

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 successes, Fortune and the day  
To mee alike are ; I am fixt, be fhee  
Neuer so fickle ; and will there repose,  
Farre past the reach of any Dye fhee throwes.

*Ex. cum Pedif.*

*Finis Actus tertij.*

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Actus quarti Scæna prima.

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*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 ; enclofe him ; stand, or fall on him,

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

*Alarum still, and enter Chalon.*

*Chal.* Stand Cowards, stand, strike, send your bul-  
lets 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 posseft, and in a storme,  
Teares men about the field like Autumnne leaues ?  
He turnd wilde lightning in the Lackies hands,  
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch vnhorft him,  
Yet when he bore himfelse, 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-mooones 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, flyes 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 finkes to it, and againe doth rise,  
And keepes such strength that when it softliest moues,

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

*A cry within.*

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him !

*Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Capaines  
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 spport yet, but I pray you tell mee,  
Are not you perjur'd ?

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

*Cler.* Yet perjurie I hope is perjurie.

*Mail.* But thus forswearing is not perjurie  
You are no Politician : not a fault,  
How foule souuer, 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 felues (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 fo : the propertie is alter'd :  
Y'are 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 forsware, betray,  
Are perjur'd treachers, but being publique once,

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That is, sworne, 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 sworne or married  
To the good publique, being one body made  
With the Realmes body politique, are no more  
Priuate, nor can be perjur'd, though forsworne,  
More then a widow married, for the act

Of generation is for that an harlot,

Because for that shee was so, being vnmarrid :

An argument *a paribus.* *Chal.* Tis a shrow'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'affault such men as I with Lackyes.

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

*T.* Sir, wee haue feene the enemie.

*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 shoud 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 stirre, the more are spide.

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

*Cler.* Some informer,  
Bloud-hound to mischiefe, vsher to the Hangman,  
Thirstie of honour for some huge stale aet,  
Perceiuing me great vvith the vvorthy Guise :

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

*Aum.* Sir, vve are glad, beleue it, and haue hope  
The King vwill so conceit it.

*Cler.* At his pleasure.  
In meane time, vwhat's your vwill Lord Lieutenant ?

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

*Cler.* It shall be done : this heauily preuents  
My purpos'd recreation in these parts ;  
Which now I thinke on : let mee begge you fir,  
To lend me some one Captaine of your Troopes,  
To beare the meffage of my hapleffe feruice,  
And miserie, to my most noble mistresse,  
Countesse of Cambray : to whose house this night  
I promist my repaire, and know most truely,  
With all the ceremonies of her fauour,  
She sure expects mee. *Mail.* Thinke you now on  
that ?

*Cler.* On that, fir ? I, and that so worthily,  
That if the King, in spight 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 shall be done fir : I my felfe  
Will be for you a messenger of ill.

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

*Aum.* Meane space vfe your spirit  
And knowledge for the chearfull patience  
Of this so strange and fodaine confequence.

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

To any thing the high and generall caufe,  
 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 studys)  
 That in this one thing, all the difcipline  
 Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd ;  
 A man to ioyne himſelfe with th'Vniuerſe,  
 In his maine fway, 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 ſtraiſtes, or into nougnt reuert,  
 Wiſhing the compleat e Vniuerſe might be  
 Subiect to ſuſh a ragge of it as hee :  
 But to confider great neceſſitie  
 All things as well refræſt, as voluntarie  
 Reduceth to the prime celeſtiall caufe,  
 Which he that yelds to with a mans applaufe,  
 And cheeke, by cheeke, goes ; croſſing it, no breath,  
 But like Gods Image, followes to the death,  
 That man is truely wife, and euery thing,  
 (Each caufe, and euery part diſtinguifhing)  
 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, Rend.*

*Bal.* So foule a scandall neuer man fustain'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 pleauure :  
 To order armes well, that makes fmockes his enſignes,  
 And his whole Gouernments fayles : you heard of  
 late,

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Hec 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 foone repented as they happen rare.

*Bal.* What should Kings doe, and men of eminent  
places ;  
But as they gather, sow 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 powr ?

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

The Merchant for his wealth is fwolne in minde,  
When yet the chiefe Lord of it is the Winde.

*Bal.* That may fo 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 fustaine.  
The woes are bloody that in women raigne.  
The Sicile gulfe keepes feare in leffe degree ;  
There is no Tyger, not more tame then shee.

*Bal.* There is no looking home then ?

*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 Vfher.*

*Vfh.* Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont  
D'Ambois  
Desires acceſſe to you.

*Count.* And not himſelfe ? *Vfh.* No, Madame.  
*Count.* That's not vwell. Attend him in. *Exit. Vfh.*  
The laſt houre of his promife now runne out  
And he breake ? ſome brack's in the frame of nature  
That forceth his breach.

*Enter Vfh and Aumal.*

*Aum.* Saue your Ladifhip.

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

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

*Coun.* Such newes ? vwhat newes ?

*Aum.* Newes that I wiſh ſome other had the  
charge of.

*Coun.* O vwhat charge ? vwhat newes ?

*Aum.* Your Ladifhip muſt vſe ſome patiencē  
Or elſe I cannot doe him that deſire,  
He vrg'd vwith ſuch affection to your Graces.

*Coun.* Doe it ; for heauens loue doe it, if you ferue  
His kinde deſires, I vwill haue patiencē.

Is hee in health ? *Aum.* He is.

*Count.* Why, that's the ground  
Of all the good estate 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 fweare, 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; vwhich rang'd in battailes,  
Mailiard, Lieutenant to the Gouernour,  
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 haplefly and guiltlefly perform'd,  
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.

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

O my most faithfull feruant; thou betrayd?  
Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie  
(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)  
Leffe broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,  
Then twixt the King and Subiect? let them feare,  
Kings Presidents 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 Desarts, vwithout guide or path.  
Kings punish Subiects errors vwith 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

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 shoothe them forth with faultie ayme and strength,  
 And lay the fault in them for flying amisse,

*Aum.* But for your seruant, I dare fweare him  
 guiltleffe,

*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 resolute,  
 But tenne fuch more, they shoule not all retaine him ;  
 But I will neuer die, before I giue  
 Maillard an hundred flashes 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 flauie blouds : but he was credulous ;  
 Hee would beleue, sinc he would be beleue'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 ſeruice to him by me ?

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

Are close contractēd ; [Intr. *Ancil.*] so in this are  
Iewels

Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good sir)  
Commend my kindest seruice to my seruant,  
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 acquitall ;  
Be not so passionate : rise, cease your teares.

*Coun.* Then must my life ceafe. 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 vndiſembled 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. Soiffon.*  
*Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.*

*Guife.* 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 aſts of Iuſtice ? tis a reucrence  
Makes them despis'd, and ſhowes they ſticke and tyre

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 fuch a rare one ?

*Guife.* 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 chufeth  
For worthinesse ; or beare the leſt perſwafion  
To what is bafe, or fitteth not his obiect ;  
In his contempt of riches and of greatnesse ;  
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar ;  
His ſcorne of all things feruile and ignoble,  
Though they could gaine him neuer fuch aduancement ;  
His liberall kinde of ſpeaking what is truth,  
In ſpight of temporifing ; the great riſing,  
and learning of his foulē, fo 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 fuſtaine  
Any iniuſice that they could reuenge ;  
The flexibilitie of his moſt anger,  
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,  
Wnen any obiect of deſertfull pittie  
Offers it ſelfe to him ; his ſweete diſpoſure  
As much abhorring to behold, as doe  
Any vnnaturall and bloody action ;  
His iuſt contempt of Iefters, 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 foulē, what euer chance can fall,  
Fixt in himſelfe, hee ſtill is one to all.

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

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

*Guise.* These are your Macheuilian Villaines, Your bastard Teucers, that their mischieves done, Runne to your shield for shelter : Caucusses, That cut their too large murtherous theueries, 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.* Thankes 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 fees necessarie will haue it, (Which if hee would refist, he striaues 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 themselues that touch him not esteeme, But his free power in well disposing them.

*Chal.* Prettie from toyes.

*Cler.* Me thinkes this double disticke  
Seemes prettily too, to stay 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 care well I promise you.

*Chal.* O, but tis passing hard to stay 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 laft feete, and the perfect parts,  
of his vnmatched Poeme finke beneath,  
With vpright gasping, and floathe dull as death :  
So the vnprofitable things of life,  
And those we cannot compasse, we affect ;  
All that doth profit, and wee haue, negleict,  
Like couetous, and basely getting men,  
That gathering much, vse neuer vwhat they keepe ;  
But for the least they loose, extreamely 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  
fickie

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 foone 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 witneſt'd a more noble loue,  
Nor a more ruthfull forrow: I well wiſt  
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 commands her kindeſt feruice 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 foone  
blowne ouer.

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

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

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

*Mail.* Alas, fir, I vſurpe that ſtyle enſorc'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 fee fir there  
Your paſſioners diſcharge autentiſcall.

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

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

*Clr.* 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 Guife.

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

*Ren.* Well, fir; all

Is in the issue vwell: and (vvorthiest Friend)  
Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the  
Countesse,  
Your Brothers Mistresse, the contents vwhereof  
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 (vwho hath some vse  
vvaigthe  
For your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,  
Whose satisfaction is no leſſe important.

*Cler.* I fee all, and vwill hafte as it importeth.  
And good friend, ſince I muſt delay a little  
My wiſt attendance on my nobleſt Mistrefſe,  
Excuse me to her, with returne of this,  
And endleſſe protestation of my feruice;  
And now become as glad a meſſenger,  
As you were late a vvofull.

*Aum.* Happy change,  
I euer vwill falute thee with my feruice. *Exit.*

*Bal.* Yet more newes Brother; the late iesting  
Monsieur  
Makes now your Brothers dying prophesie equall  
At all parts, being dead as he prefag'd.

*Ren.* Heauen shield the Guise from ſeconding that  
truth,

With what he likewife prophesied on him.

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

To'th other falſhood and conuision.

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

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*Ascendit Vmbra Buffi.*

*Vmb.* **V**P from the Chaos of eternall night,  
(To vwhich the whole digestion of the  
world  
Is now returning) once more I ascend,  
And bide the cold dampc of this piercing ayre,  
To vrge the iustice, whose almighty word  
Measures the bloudy acts of impious men,  
With equall pennance, who in th'act it selfe  
Includes th'infliction, which like chained shot  
Batter together still ; though (as the thunder  
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their sight,  
To breake a great time after lightning forth,  
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)  
So men thinke pennance of their ills is flow,  
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 fwaying  
Another th'other : all the Christian world  
And all her lawes, vvhose obseruation,  
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reaon :

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

*The Ghost stands close.*

*Enter Guiſe, Clermont.*

*Guiſe.* Thus (friend) thou feest how all good men  
 would thriue,  
 Did not the good thou promptſt me with preuent,  
 The ialous ill purſuing them in others.  
 But now thy dangers are dispatcht, note mine :  
 Haſt thou not heard of that admired voyce,  
 That at the Barricadoes ſpake to mee,  
 (No perſon ſene) Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes ?

*Cler.* Nor could you learne the perſon ?

*Guiſe.* By no meanes.

*Cler.* Twas but your fancie then a waking dreame :  
 For as in ſleepe, which bindes both th'outward ſenſes,  
 And the ſenſe common to ; th'imagining power  
 (Stird vp by formes hid in the memories ſtore,  
 Or by the vapours o'er-flowing humours  
 In bodies full and foule ; and mixt vvith ſpirits,)  
 Faines many ſtrange, miraculous images,  
 In which aet, it fo painfully applies  
 It ſelfe to thoſe formes, that the common ſenſe  
 It aetuates with his motion ; and thereby  
 Thoſe fictions true ſeeme, and haue reall aet :  
 So, in the ſtrength of our conceits, awake,  
 The caufe alike, doth of like fictions make.

*Guiſe.* Be what it vvill, twas a prefage of ſome-  
 thing  
 Waughtie and ſecret, vvhich th'aduertisements

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

*Cler.* Retyre then from them all.

*Guise.* I must not doe so.

The Arch-Bishop of Lyons tels me plaine  
I shall be faid 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 spirts ; you respect not  
(With all your holinesse of life and learning)  
More then the prefent, 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 stll 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,

That makes the world laft, which proportion is  
 Of punishment and wreake for every wrong,  
 As well as for right a reward as strong :  
 Away then, vse the meanes thou haft 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.*

*Guise.* Why stand'ſt thou ſtill thus, and applyeſt  
 thine eares,

And eyes to nothing ?

*Cler.* Saw you nothing here ?

*Guise.* Thou dream'ſt, awake now ; what was here  
 to fee ?

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

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

*Cler.* No, by my loue and ſeruice.

*Guise.* Would he rife,

And not be thundring thretes againſt the Guife ?

*Cler.* You make amends for enmitie to him,  
 With tenne parts more loue, and defert 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 reaſon and which Iuſtice is perform'd  
 In Spirits tenne parts more then fleſhy men.  
 To whoſe foreſights 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 needes would haue him fworne,  
 Before ſhe would conſent to marry him.

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

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And the more ill hee does, the better seeme.

*Cler.* WEE easily may beleue it, fince we see  
In this worlds practise few men better be.  
Iustice to liue doth nought but Iustice neede,  
But Policie must still on mischiefe 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.

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

*Cler.* Enfue 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.

*Guife.* 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 fights quite vaniſh with her teares.

*Cler.* All good forbid it.

*Guife.* What euents 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, fince hee fees  
In this, our comforts made our miſeries.

*Guife.* 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

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, sinc the comparis'on  
 Made vpon tryall twixt what reason loues,  
 And what affection, makes in mee the best  
 Euer preferd ; what most loue, valuing left.

*Guise.* Thy loue being iudgement then, and of the  
 minde,  
 Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.

*Cler.* If there were loue in mariage so I would ;  
 But I denie that any man doth loue,  
 Affecting vvives, 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 beasts, 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 diseafe :  
 So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.  
 Tis for societie 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.

*Guise.* Thou shalt my Mistresse be ; me thinkes my  
 bloud  
 Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.  
 And howsoeuer other men despise  
 These Paradoxes strange, and too precise,  
 Since they hold on the right way of our reason,

I could attend them cuer. 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 feemes  
Much to desire, and more and more esteemes. *Exit.*

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

*Hen.* Saw you his fawcie 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 insolence so Giantly austere.

*Hen.* The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the  
more  
Their lingring Iustice gathers ; that resembles  
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, shee flyes 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 counsels, who will else  
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guife and D'Am-  
bois)

Pouder about them. Counsels (as your entrailes)  
Should be vnpierst and found kept ; for not those,  
Whom you discouer, you negle<sup>c</sup>t ; but ope  
A ruinous paſſage to your owne beſt hope.

*Hen.* Wee haue Spies fet on vs, as we on others ;  
And therefore they that ferue 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 twineckling,  
On whose lids Fate, with her dead waight ſhall lie,  
And Confidence that lightens ere the die.  
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be

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

*Omnes.* 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 Guise. *Exeunt.*

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

*Tam.* I fee y'are Seruant, fir, to my deare sister,  
 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 fpirit shhee knowes  
 Will cut short off these long and dull delayes,  
 Hitherto bribing the eternall Iustice :  
 Which I beleue, fince her vnmatched fpirit  
 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 ; beleue them  
 not.

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

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

*Ren.* God faue you Lady.  
What Gentleman is this, with whom you trust  
The deadly waightie secret of this houre ?

*Tam.* One that your selfe will fay, 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 flaine seruants brother ; in whose loue  
For his late treachrous apprehension,  
She wept her faire eyes from her Iuory browes,  
And would haue wept her soule 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 fir, why ?

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

*Tam.* See her Letter fir. *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. Buffye.*

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

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Clermont must auchthor this iuft 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 vvwhich (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 iuft wreake, Ghosts ſhall celebreate,  
With dances dire, and of infernall ſtate. *Exit.*

*Enter Guife.*

*Guife.* Who ſayes that death is naturall, vvhen  
nature  
Is with the onely thought of it, diſmaid ?  
I haue had Lotteries fet 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 imperfeſt 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 flaue. Would any ſpirit  
Free, manly, Princely, wiſh to liue to be  
Commanded by this maſſe of flauerie,  
Since Reaſon, Iudgement, Reſolution,  
And ſcorne of what we feare, wiſh yeld to feare ?  
While this fame fincke of fenſualitie fwels,  
Who would liue finking in it ? and not ſpring  
Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrión here,  
For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare ?  
O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide

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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 falsehood perish here,  
There's no way else to set my true man cleere.

*Enter Messenger.*

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

*Gutse.* I come. It cannot be : hee will not dare  
To touch me with a treacherie so prophane.  
Would Clermont now were here, to try how hee  
Would lay about him, if this plot should be :  
Here would be tossing foules into the skie.  
Who euer knew blood sau'd by treacherie ?  
Well, I must on, and will ; what shoulde I feare ?  
Not against two, Alcides ! against two  
And Hercules to friend, the Guise will goe.

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

*Guise.* Holde murtherers. They strike him downe.  
So then, this is confidence  
In greatnes, not in goodnes : wher  
is the king ?

*The king comes  
in fight with Esf.  
Soif. & others.*

Let him appeare to iustifie his deede.  
In fpight of my betrai'd wounds ; ere my soule  
Take her flight through them, and my tongue hath  
strength

To vrge his tyrannie.

*Hen.* See sir, I am come  
To iustifie it before men, and God,  
Who knowes 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 stome, nor as a rocke oppos'd  
To all the billowes of the churlish sea,

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 thousands.

*Guise.* That's your white pretext,  
But you will finde one drop of bloud shed lawlefse,  
Will be the fountaine to a purple sea :  
The prefent lust, and shift made for Kings liues  
Against the pure forme, and iust power of Law,  
Will thriue like shifsters purchases ; there hangs  
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne  
Giues yet no light, will raine a poyson'd shower  
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele  
How little safetic lies in treacherous steele.

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

*Guise.* So fir, your full swindge take ; mine, death  
hath curb'd.  
Clermont, farewell : O didst thou see but this :  
But it is better, fee by this the Ice  
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt despise,  
When thou hear'st mine shed. Is there no friend here  
Will beare my loue to him ? *Aum.* I will, my Lord.

*Guise.* Thankes with my last breath : recommend  
me then  
To the most worthy of the race of men.

*Dyes.* *Excunt.*

*Enter Montf. and Tamyra.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Cler.* Exclame not; tis is in vaine, and base in you,

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

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

As well as yours; there shall not any else  
Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,  
Nor imitate the murtherous course you tooke;  
But singe here, will haue my former challengc,  
Now answ'red singe, not a minute more  
My brothers bloud shall stay for his reuenge,  
If I can aet 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 selfe thus gainst the dores,  
Like to a fauage vermine in a trap:  
All dores are fure made, and you cannot scape,  
But by your valour. *Mont.* No, no, come and kill mee.

*Cler.* If you will die so like a beast, you shall,  
But when the spirit of a man may faue you,  
Doe not so shame man, and a Noble man.

*Mont.* I doe not shrow this bafenesse, that I feare thee,  
But to preuent and shame thy victory,  
Which of one base is base, and so Ile die. *Cler.* Here then.

*Mou.* Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me,  
*He starts vp.*  
And since I must afford thee victorie,  
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.

*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 flyes  
Farre from her fought nest, still here tis shee cryes.

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

*Lyes downe.*

*Tam.* Out on my fortune to wed fuch an abie&t.  
Now is the peoples voyce, the voyce of God ;  
Hee that to wound a vvoman 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 vwill, 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.* Re-  
ceiue 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 so 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, vvhose helpe  
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,  
If shee except not you, of all men onely)  
May change the cafe 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 aboue.*

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

*Coun.* Is he not slaine 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

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

*Cler.* My Sister ? know you her ?

*Cam.* I fir, shée fent him  
With this kinde Letter, to perorme 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, fresh, found, shoudle charge a man  
Weary, and vvounded, I would long ere this,  
Haue prou'd what I perfume on.

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

*Mont.* Pray thee let him decide it.

*Cler.* No, my Lord,  
I am the man in fate, and since so brauely  
Your Lordship stands mee, scape but one more  
charge,

And on my life, Ile set 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, *I'ee giues his  
hand to Cler.*  
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest *and his wife.*  
of life.

*Cler.* Noble and Christian.

*Cam.* O it breakes my heart.

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

These words, this end, makes full amends and more.  
Rest worthy soule, and vwith it the deare spirit  
Of my lou'd Brother, rest in endlesse peace :  
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your foules abode,  
And to your ashes be the earth no lode.

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*Musick, and the Ghost of Buffye enters, leading the Ghost of the Guise; Monsieur, Cardinall Guise, and Shattilion, they dance about the dead body, and Excunt.*

*Cler.* How strange is this? the Guise amonst these  
spirits,  
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet liuing,  
And that the rest vwith them, vwith ioy thus celebrate  
This our reuenge? This certainely prefages  
Some instant death both to the Guise and Cardinall.  
That the Shattilians Ghost to shold thus ioyne  
In celebration of this iust reuenge,  
With Guise, that bore a chiefe stroke in his death,  
It seemes that now he doth approue the act,  
And these true shadowes of the Guise 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 rise 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 Guise is slaine. *Cler.* Auert it  
Heauen.

*Aum.* Sent for to Councill, by the King, an am-  
bush  
(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 creep-  
ing  
On earths sad bosome. Let me pray yee all

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 sir.

*Exeunt.*

*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,  
 Respet their pleasures, making such a iarde  
 Betwixt my death and life, when death should make  
 The confort sweetest ; th'end being proofe and crowne  
 To all the skill and worth wee truely owne ?  
 Guise, 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 calis,  
 The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all  
 Their greediest labours, lest they there be left,

To theeues, or beasts, or be the Countries flaues :  
So, now my master cals, my shipp, 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 shores to all vertuous aimes ;  
None fauouring goodnesse ; none but he respeETING  
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here furuiue,  
Not cast me after him into the sea,  
Rather then here liue, readie every houre  
To feede theeues, beasts, and be the flauue of power ?  
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes.

*Hec kils himselfe.*

*Enter Aumal, Tamara, Charlotte.*

*Aum.* What ? lye and languish, Clermont ? Cursed  
man  
To leaue him here thus : hee hath flaine himselfe.  
*Tam.* Misery on misery ! O me wretched Dame  
Of all that breath, all heauen turne all his eyes,  
In harty enuie, thus on one poore dame.  
*Char.* Well done my Brother : I did lone thee  
euer,  
But now adore thee : losse of fuch a friend  
None shoulde furuiue, of such a Brother ;  
With my false husband liue, and both these flaine :  
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

*Enter Renel leading the Countesse.*

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

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Madame, since wrath nor griefe can helpe these fortunes,

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hcnry, Espernone, Soifjone, 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.*