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THE COMEDIES AND TRAGE-
DIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN
NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN
THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD



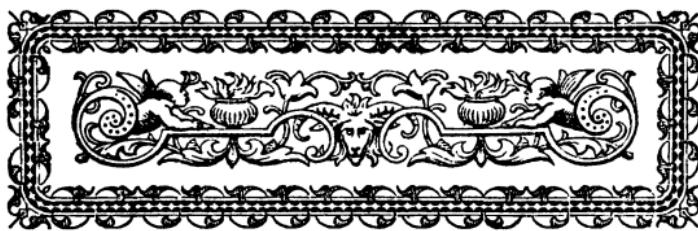
LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

THE Widdowes Teares

A Comedie.

As it was often presented in the blacke
and white Friers.

Written by
GEOR. CHAP.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop
in Fleet-street in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard.

1612.



To the right Vertuous and truly
noble Gentleman, M^r Io. R E E D
of Mitton, in the Countie of Glo-
cester Esquire.

SIR, if any worke of this nature be
worth the presenting to Friends
Worthie, and Noble; I presume
this, will not want much of that
value. Other Countrie men haue
thought the like worthie of Dukes
and Princes acceptations; Iniusti sdegnij;
Il Pentamento Amoroſe; Califthe, Pastor
fido, &c. (all being but plaies) were all dedi-
cate to Princes of Italie. And therefore only
discourse to shew my loue to your right vertuous
and noble disposition, This poor Comedie (of
many desired to see printed) I thought not
utterly unworthie that affectionate designe in
me: Well knowing that your free iudgement
weighs nothing by the Name, or Forme; or
any vaine estimation of the vulgar; but will
accept acceptable matter, as well in Plaies; as
in many leſſe materialls, masking in more
serious Titles: And so, till some worke more
worthie I can select, and perfect, out of my
other Studies, that may better exprefſe me;
and more fit the grauitie of your ripe incli-
nation, I rest.

Yours at all parts most truly affected.
G E O. C H A P M A N.



The Actors.

Tharsalio the wooer.

Lysander his brother.

Thir. Gouvernour of Cyprus.

Lycas ser. to the widdow Countesse.

Argus, Gent. Vsher.

3. Lords suitors to Eudora the widdow Countesse.

Hyl. Nephew to Tharsalio, and Sonne to Lysander.

Captaine of the watch.

2. Souldiers.

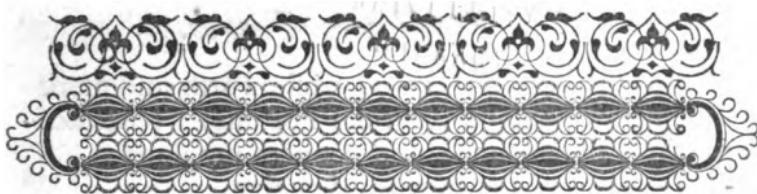
Eudora the widdow Countesse.

Cynthia, wife to Lysander.

Sthenio.

Ianthe Gent. attending on Eudora.

Ero, waiting woman to Cynthia.



The VViddowes Teares.

A COMEDIE.

Actus Primi.

Scœna Prima.

THARSALIO *Solus, with a Glasse in his hand
making readie.*

THow blinde imperfect Goddesse, that delights
(Like a deepe-reaching Statesman) to conuerse
Only with Fooles : Iealous of knowing spirits ;
For feare their piersing Iudgements might dis-
couer

Thy inward weaknesse, and despise thy power ;
Contemne thee for a Goddesse ; Thou that lad'st

Th'vnworthy Asse with gold ; while worth and merit
 Serue thee for nought ; (weake Fortune) I renounce
 Thy vaine dependance, and conuert my dutie
 And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts,
 To a more Noble Deitie. Sole friend to worth,
 And Patronesse of all good Spirits, *Confidence*,
 Shee be my Guide, and hers the praise of these
 My worthie vndertakings.

Enter Lysander with a Glasse in his hand, Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.

Lysand. Morrow Brother ; Not readie yet ?
Thar. No ; I haue somewhat of the Brother
 in me ; I dare say, your Wife is many times readie, and
 you not vp. Saeue you sister ; how, are you enamoured
 of my presence ? how like you my aspe&t ?

Cynth. Faith no worse then I did last weeke, the
 weather has nothing chang'd the graine of your com-
 plexion.

Thar. A firme prooфе, 'tis in graine, and so are not
 all complexions.

A good Souldiers face Sister.

Cynth. Made to be worne vnder a Beuer.

Thar. I, and 'twould shew well enough vnder a maske
 too.

Lysand. So much for the face.

Thar. But is there no obiect in this suite to whet
 your tongue vpon ?

Lysand. None, but Fortune send you well to weare
 it : for shee best knowes how you got it.

Thar. Faith, 'tis the portion shee bestowes vpon
 yonger Brothers, valour, and good clothes : Marry, if
 you aske how we come by this new suite, I must take
 time to answere it : for as the Ballad saies, in written
 Bookes I find it. Brother these are the blossomes of
 spirit : and I will haue it said for my Fathers honour,
 that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lysand. Not all?

Thar. Shall I tell you brother that I know will rejoyce you? my former suites haue been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

Lysand. A thing to bee heartily wisht; but brother, take heede you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

Thar. 'T had beene well for me, if you had follow'd that counfaile: You were too forward when you stopt into the world before me, and gull'd me of the Land, that my spirits and parts were indeede borne too.

Cynth. May we not haue the blessing to know the aime of your fortunes, what coast, for heauens loue?

Thar. Nay, tis a project of State: you may see the preparation; but the designe lies hidden in the brests of the wife.

Lysand. May we not know't?

Thar. Not vnlesse you le promise mee to laugh at it, for without your applause, Ile none.

Lysand. The qualitie of it may bee such as a laugh will not be ill bestow'd vpon't; pray heauen I call not *Arface* sister.

Cynth. What? the Pandrefle?

Thar. Know you (as who knowes not) the exquisite Ladie of the Palace? The late Gouernours admired Widdow? The rich and haughtie Countesse *Eudora*? Were not shee a Iewell worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

Lysand. How's that? how's that?

Thar. Brother, there is a certaine Goddesse called *Confidence*, that carries a maine stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits vpon her; *Cupid* is at her becke; shee fends them both of errands. This Deitie doth promise me much assistance in this busynesse.

Lysand. But if this Deitie should draw you vp in a basket to your Countesses window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the Towne to shoot at: how then?

Thar. If shee doe, let them shoothe their bolts and

spare not: I haue a little Bird in a Cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the barre? you'le say, I was Page to the Count her husband. What of that? I haue thereby one foote in her fauour alreadie; Shee has taken note of my spirit, and furuaid my good parts, and the picture of them liues in her eie: which sleepe, I know, can not close, till shee haue embrac't the substance.

Lysand. All this fauors of the blinde Goddesse you speake of.

Thar. Why should I despaire, but that *Cupid* hath one dart in store for her great Ladiship, as well as for any other huge Ladie, whom she hath made stoope Gallant, to kisse their worthie followers. In a word, I am assured of my speede. Such faire attempts led by a braue resolute, are euermore seconded by Fortune.

Cynth. But brother? haue I not heard you say, your own eares haue been witnesse to her vowes, made solemnely to your late Lord; in memorie of him, to preserue till death, the vnstain'd honour of a Widdowes bed. If nothing else, yet that might coole your confidence.

Thar. Tush sister, suppose you should protest with solemne oath (as perhaps you haue done, if euer Heauen heares your praiers, that you may liue to see my Brother nobly interred) to feede only vpon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you beleue it Brother?

Lysand. I am therein most confident.

Thar. Indeed, you had better beleue it then trie it: but pray Sister tell me, you are a woman: doe not you wiues nod your heads, and smile one vpon an other when yee meeete abroade?

Cynth. Smile? why so?

Thar. As who should say, are not we mad Wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? do you not brag amongst your felues how grossly you

abuse their honest credulities ? how they adore you for Saints : and you beleue it ? while you adhorne their temples, and they beleue it not ? how you vow Widdow-hood in their life time, and they beleue you, when euen in the sight of their breathlesse corse, ere they be fully cold, you ioine embrases with his Groome, or his Phisition, and perhaps his poisoner ; or at least by the next Moone (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new Hymineall bonds, with a wild, confident, vntamed Ruffine ?

Lysand. As for example.

Thar. And make him the top of his house, and soueraign Lord of the Palace, as for example. Looke you Brother, this glasse is mine.

Lysand. What of that ?

Thar. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face ; but can I make it so mine, that it shall bee of no vse to any other ? will it not doe his office to you or you : and as well to my Groome as to my selfe ? Brother, Monopolies are cryed downe. Is it not madnes for me to beleue, when I haue conquer'd that Fort of chaftitie the great Countesse ; that if another man of my making, and mettall, shall assault her : her eies and eares should lose their function, her other parts their vse, as if Nature had made her all in vaine, vnlesse I only had stumbl'd into her quarters.

Cynth. Brother : I feare mee in your trauaile, you haue drunck too much of that Italian aire, that hath infected the whole masse of your ingenuous Nature ; dried vp in you all sap of generous disposition, poifond the very Essence of your soule, and so polluted your sences, that whatsoeuer enters there, takes from them contagion, and is to your fancie repreſented as foule and tainted, which in it ſelfe perhaps is spotleſſe.

Thar. No fister, it hath refin'd my ſenses, and made mee fee with cleare eies, and to iudge of obiects, as they truly are, not as they ſeeme, and through their maske to diſcern the true face of thinges. It tells me how ſhort liu'd Widdowes teares are, that their weeping

is in truth but laughing vnder a Maske, that they mourne in their Gownes, and laugh in their Sleeues, all which I beleue as a Delphian Oracle: and am resolu'd to burne in that faith, And in that resolution doe I march to the great Ladie.

Lysand. You lose time Brother in discourse, by this had you bore vp with the Ladie and clapt her aboord, for I knowe your confidence will not dwell long in the seruice.

Thar. No, I will performe it in the Conquerours stile. Your way is, not to winne *Penelope* by suite, but by surprise. The Castle's carried by a sodaine assault, that would perhaps fit out a twelue-moneths siege. It would bee a good breeding to my yong Nephew here, if hee could procure a stand at the Palace, to see with what alacritie Ile a-coast her Countesship, in what garbe I will woo her, with what facilitie I will winne her.

Lysand. It shall goe hard but weeble heare your entertainment for your confidence sake.

Thar. And hauing wonne her Nephew; This sweet face

Which all the Citie faies, is so like me,
Like me shall be preferr'd, for I will wed thee
To my great widdowes Daughter and sole Heire,
The louely sparke, the bright *Laodice*.

Lysand. A good pleasant dreame.

Thar. In this eie I see
That fire that shall in me inflame the Mother,
And that in this shall set on fire the Daughter.
It goes Sir in a bloud; beleue me brother,
These destinies goe euer in a bloud.

Lysand. These diseases doe, brother, take heede of them :

Fare you well; Take heede you be not baffled.

Exeunt Lys. Cynth. Hyl. Ero. manet Thars.

Thar. Now thou that art the third blind Deitie
That gouernes earth in all her happinesse,
The life of all endowments, *Confidence* ;

Direct and prosper my intention.
Command thy seruant Deities, Loue and Fortune
To seconde my attempts for this great Ladie,
Whose Page I lately was ; That shee, whose bord
I might not sit at, I may boord a bed
And vnder bring, who bore so high her head. *Exit.*

Lysander, Lycus.

Lyc. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me Sir : he come to woo our Ladie Mistris for his wife ?

Lyf. 'Tis a phrensie he is possest with, and wil not be cur'd but by some violent remedie. And you shall fauour me so much to make me a spectator of the Scene. But is shee (say you) alreadie accessible for Suiters ? I thought shee would haue stood so stily on her Widdow vow, that shee would not endure the sight of a Suiter.

Lyc. Faith Sir, *Penelope* could not barre her gates against her woers, but shee will still be Mistris of her selfe. It is you know, a certaine Itch in femall bloud, they loue to be su'd to : but sheele hearken to no Suiters.

Lyf. But by your leauue *Lycus*, *Penelope* is not so wise as her husband *Vlyffes*, for he fearing the iawes of the *Syren*, stopt his eares with waxe against her voice. They that feare the Adders sting, will not come neare her hissing. Is any Suiter with her now ?

Lyc. A Spartan Lord, dating himselfe our great Vice-roies Kinsman, and two or three other of his Countrie Lords, as spots in his train. He comes armed with his Altitudes letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a Duchesle if shee embrace the match. This is no meane attraction to her high thoughts ; but yet shee disdaines him.

Lyf. And how then shall my brother presume of acceptance ? yet I hold it much more vnder her content-

ment, to marrie such a Nastie braggart, then vnder her honour to wed my brother : A Gentleman (though I fai't) more honourably descended than that Lord: who perhaps, for all his Ancestrie would bee much troubled to name you the place where his Father was borne.

Lyc. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother & him. And the Venerean disease, to which they say, he has beene long wedded, shall I hope first rot him, ere shee endure the fauour of his Sulphurous breath. Well, her Ladiship is at hand ; y'are best take you to your stand.

Lys. Thanks good friend *Lycus.*

Exit.

Enter Argus barehead, with whome another Vsher Lycus ioynes, going ouer the Stage. Hiarbas, and Pforabeus next, Rebus single before Eudora, Laodice, Sthenia bearing her traine, Ianthe following.

Reb. I Admire Madame, you can not loue whome the Viceroy loues.

Hiar. And one whose veines fwell so with his bloud, Madam, as they doe in his Lordship.

Pso. A neare and deare Kinsman his Lordship is to his Altitude, the Viceroy ; In care of whose good speede here, I know his Altitude hath not slept a sound sleepe since his departure.

Eud. I thanke *Venus* I haue, euer since he came.

Reb. You sleepe away your Honour, Madam, if you neglect me.

Hiar. Neglect your Lordship? that were a negligence no lesse than disfloyaltie.

Eud. I much doubt that Sir, It were rather a presumption to take him, being of the bloud Viceriall.

Reb. Not at all, being offered Madame.

Eud. But offered ware is not so sweet you know. They are the graces of the Viceroy that woo me, not your Lordships, and I conceiue it should be neither

Honor nor Pleasure to you, to be taken in for an other mans fauours.

Reb. Taken in Madam ? you speake as I had no house to hide my head in.

Eud. I haue heard so indeed, my Lord, vnlesse it be another mans.

Reb. You haue heard vntruth then ; These Lords can well witnesse I can want no houses.

Hiar. Nor Palaces neither my Lord.

Pjo. Nor Courts neither.

Eud. Nor Temples I thinke neither ; I beleue wee shall haue a God of him.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. See the bold fellow ; whether will you Sir ?

Thar. Away, all honour to you Madam ?

Eud. How now base companion ?

Thar. Base Madame : hees not base that fights as high as your lips.

Eud. And does that beseeme my seruant ?

Thar. Your Court-seruant Madam.

Eud. One that waited on my boord ?

Thar. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed Madam.

Eud. How darst thou come to me with such a thought ?

Thar. Come to you Madam ? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loued shadowes ; and would any way make terrible the acceſſe of my loue to you.

Eud. Loue me ? loue my dogge.

Thar. I am bound to that by the prouerb Madam.

Eud. Kennell without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presumſt on ?

Thar. On your iudgement Madam, to choose a Man,

and not a Giant, as these are that come with Titles, and Authoritie, as they would conquer, or rauish you. But I come to you with the liberall and ingenuous Graces, Loue, Youth, and Gentrye; which (in no more deform'd a person then my selfe) deserue any Princesse.

Eud. In your fawcie opinion Sir, and sirha too; get gone; and let this malipert humour returne thee no more, for afore heauen Ile haue thee tost in blanquets.

Thar. In blanquets Madam? you must adde your sheetes, and you must be the Tosser.

Reb. Nay then Sir y'are as grosse as you are fawcie.

Thar. And all one Sir, for I am neither.

Reb. Thou art both.

Thar. Thou liest; keepe vp your smiter Lord *Rebus*.

Hiar. Vfest thou thus his Altitudes Cosen?

Reb. The place thou know'st protects thee.

Thar. Tie vp your valour then till an other place turne me loose to you, you are the Lord (I take it) that wooed my great Mistris here with letters from his Altitude; which while she was reading, your Lordship (to entertaine time) strold'd and skal'd your fingers; as you would shew what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheetes.

Hiar. Slight, why does your Lordship endure him?

Reb. The place, the place my Lord.

Thar. Be you his Attorney Sir.

Hiar. What would you doe Sir?

Thar. Make thee leape out at window, at which thou cam'st in: Whores-fonne bag-pipe Lords.

Eud. What rudenesse is this?

Thar. What tamenesse is it in you Madam, to sticke at the discarding of such a suiter? A leane Lord, dub'd with the lard of others? A diseased Lord too, that opening certaine Magick Characters in an vnlawfull booke, vp-start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skinne. Send him (Mistris) to the Widdow your Tennant; the vertuous Pandresse *Arface*. I per-

ceiue he has crownes in's Purse, that make him proud of a string ; let her pluck the Goose therefore, and her maides dresse him.

Pfo. Still my Lord suffer him ?

Reb. The place Sir, beleue it the place.

Thar. O good Lord *Rebus* ; The place is neuer like to be yours that you neede respect it so much.

Eud. Thou wrong'ft the noble Gentleman.

Thar. Noble Gentleman ? A tumor, an impostume hee is Madam ; a very hault-boy, a bag-pipe ; in whom there is nothing but winde, and that none of the sweetest neither.

Eud. Quitt the House of him, by 'thead and Soul-ders.

Thar. Thankes to your Honour Madame, and my Lord Cosen the Viceroy shall thanke you.

Reb. So shall he indeede fir.

Lyc. *Arg.* Will you be gone fir ?

Thar. Away poore Fellowes.

Eud. What is he made of ? or what Deuill fees your childish, and effeminate spirits in him, that thus yee shun him ? Free vs of thy fight ;

Be gone, or I protest thy life shall goe.

Thar. Yet shall my Ghof stay still ; and haunt those beauties, and glories, that haue renderd it immortall.

But since I see your bloud runnes (for the time)

High, in that contradiction that fore-runs

Truest agreements (like the Elements

Fighting before they generate ;) and that Time

Must be attened most, in thinges most worth ;

I leaue your Honour freely ; and commend

That life you threaten, when you please, to be

Aduentur'd in your seruice ; so your Honour

Require it likewise.

Eud. Doe not come againe.

Thar. Ile come againe, beleue it, and againe. *Exit.*

Eud. If he shall dare to come againe, I charge you shut dores vpon him.

Arg. You must shut them (Madam)

To all men else then, if it please your Honour,
For if that any enter, hele be one.

Eud. I hope, wise Sir, a Guard will keepe him out.

Arg. Afore Heauen, not a Guard (ant please your Honour.)

Eud. Thou liest base Asse; One man enforce a Guard?

Ile turne yee all away (by our Iles Goddesse)
If he but set a foote within my Gates.

Lurd. Your Honour shall doe well to haue him poison'd.

Hiar. Or begg'd of your Cosen the Viceroy. *Exit.*

Lyfander from his Island.

Lyfand. This brauing wooer, hath the successe expected; The fauour I obtain'd, made me witnesse to the sport; And let his Confidence bee sure, Ile giue it him home. The newes by this, is blowne through the soure quarters of the Cittie. Alas good Confidence: but the happiness is he has a forehead of proofe; the staine shall neuer stick there whatsoeuer his reproch be.

Enter Tharsilio.

Lyfand. What? in discourse?

Thar. **W**HAT? in discourse?

Hell and the Furies take this vile en-

counter,

Who would imagine this Saturnian Peacock

Could be so barbarous to vse a spirit

Of my erection, with such lowe respect?

Fore heauen it cuts my gall; but Ile dissemble it.

Lyfand. What? my noble Lord?

Thar. Well Sir, that may be yet, and meanes to be.

Lyfand. What meanes your Lordship then to hang

that head that hath beene so erected; it knocks Sir at your bosome to come in and hide it selfe.

Thar. Not a iot.

Lyfand. I hope by this time it needes feare no hornes.

Thar. Well Sir, but yet that blessing runs not alwaies in a bloud.

Lyfand. What blanqueted? O the Gods? spurn'd out by Groomes like a base Bifogno? thrust out by'th head and shoulders?

Thar. You doe well Sir to take your pleasure of me, (I may turne tables with you ere long.)

Lyfand. What has thy wits fine engine taken cold? art stuff't inth head? canst answere nothing?

Thar. Truth is, I like my entertainment the better that 'twas no better.

Lyfand. Now the Gods forbid that this opinion should run in a bloud.

Thar. Haue not you heard this principle, All thinges by strife engender?

Lyfand. Dogges and Cats doe.

Thar. And men and women too.

Lyfand. Well Brother, in earnest, you haue now set your confidence to schoole, from whence I hope't has brought home such a lesson as will instruct his master neuer after to begin such attempts as end in laughter.

Thar. Well Sir, you lesson my Confidence still; I pray heauens your confidence haue not more shallow ground (for that I know) then mine you reprehend so.

Lyfand. My confidence? in what?

Thar. May be you trust too much.

Lyfand. Wherein?

Thar. In humane frailtie.

Lyfand. Why brother know you ought that may impeach my confidence, as this succeſſe may yours? hath your obſeruation diſcouered any ſuch frailtie in my wife (for that is your aime I know) then let me know it.

Thar. Good, good. Nay Brother, I write no bookeſ

of Observations, let your confidence beare out it selfe, as mine shall me.

Lyfand. That's scarce a Brothers speech. If there be ought wherein your Brothers good might any way be question'd can you conceale it from his bosome ?

Thar. So, so. Nay my saying was but generall. I glanc't at no particular.

Lyfand. Then must I presse you further. You spake (as to your selfe, but yet I ouer-heard) as if you knew some disposition of weaknesse where I most had fixt my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Thar. Brother ? are you wife ?

Lyfand. Why ?

Thar. Be ignorant. Did you neuer heare of *Aetæon* ?

Lyfand. What then ?

Thar. Curiositie was his death. He could not be content to adore *Diana* in her Temple, but he must needes dogge her to her retir'd pleasures, and see her in her nakednesse. Doe you enjoy the sole priuiledge of your wiues bed ? haue you no pretie *Paris* for your Page ? No yong *Adonis* to front you there ?

Lyfand. I thinke none : I know not.

Thar. Know not still Brother. Ignorance and credulitie are your sole meanes to obtaine that blessing. You see your greatest Clerkes, your wisest Politicians, are not that way fortunate : your learned Lawyers would lose a dozen poore mens causes to gaine a lease ant, but for a Terme. Your Phisition is ielous of his. Your Sages in generall, by seeing too much ouerfee that happiness. Only your block-headly Tradesman ; your honest meaning Cittizen ; your not-headed Countrie Gentleman ; your vnapprehending Stinckerd is blest with the sole prerogatiue of his Wiues chamber. For which he is yet beholding, not to his starres, but to his ignorance. For if he be wife, Brother, I must tell you the case alters.

How doe you relish these thinges Brother ?

Lyfand. Pasing ill.

Thar. So do sick men solid meates : hearke you brother, are you not ielous ?

Lysand. No : doe you know cause to make me ?

Thar. Hold you there ; did your wife neuer spice your broth with a dramme of sublimate ? hath shee not yeelded vp the Fort of her Honour to a staring Soldado ? and (taking courage from her guilt) plaid open banckrout of all shame, and runne the Countrie with him ? Then blesse your Starres, bow your knees to *Juno*. Looke where shee appeares.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus.

Cynth. **W**E haue fought you long Sir, there's a Messenger within, hath brought you letters from the Court, and desires your speech.

Lysand. I can discouer nothing in her looks. Goe, Ile not be long.

Cynth. Sir, it is of weight the bearer faies : and besides, much hastens his departure. Honourable Brother ! crie mercie ! what, in a Conquerours stile ? but come and ouercome ?

Thar. A fresh course.

Cynth. Alas you see of how sleight mettall Widdowes vowedes are made.

Thar. And that shall you proue too ere long.

Cynth. Yet for the honour of our sexe, boast not abroade this your easie conquest ; another might perhaps haue staid longer below staires, it but was your confidence, that surpris'd her loue.

Hy. My vnkle hath instructed me how to accoast an honorable Ladie ; to win her, not by suite, but by surpise.

Thar. The Whelp and all.

Hyl. Good Vnkle let not your neare Honours change your manners, bee not forgetfull of your promise to mee, touching your Ladies daughter *Laodice*. My

fancie runns so vpon't, that I dreame euery night of her.

Thar. A good chicken, goe thy waies, thou hast done well; eate bread with thy meate.

Cyn. Come Sir, will you in?

Lysand. Ile follow you.

Cynth. Ile not stirre a foot without you. I can not satisfie the messengers impatience.

Lys. *He takes Thar. aside.* Wil you not resolute me brother?

Thar. Of what?

Lysander stamps and goes out vext with Cynth. Hyl. Ero. So, there's venie for venie, I haue giuen't him i'th speeding place for all his confidence. Well out of this perhaps there may bee moulded matter of more mirth, then my baffling. It shall goe hard but Ile make my constant sister act as famous a Scene as *Virgil* did his Mistris; who cau'td all the Fire in Rome to faile so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Now forth: At this house dwells a vertuous Dame, sometimes of worthy Fame, now like a decaid Merchant turn'd Broker, and retailes refuse commodities for vnrifistic Gallants. Her wit I must employ vpon this businesse to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split. Ho? Madam *Arface*, pray heauen the Oister-wiues haue not brought the newes of my woing hether amongst their stale Pilcherds.

Enter Arface, Tomasin.

Arf. **W**Hat? my Lord of the Palace?

Thar. **W**ooke you.

Arf. Why, this was done like a beaten Souldier.

Thar. Hearke, I must speake with you. I haue a share for you in this riche aduenture. You must bee the Asse chardg'd with Crownes to make way to the Fort, and I the Conquerour to follow, and seise it. Seest thou this iewell?

Arf. Is't come to that? why *Tomasin*.

Tom. Madam.

Arf. Did not one of the Countesses' Seruing-men tell vs that this Gentleman was sped?

Tom. That he did, and how her honour grac't and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Arf. And brought him downe staires her selfe.

Tom. I forsooth, and commanded her men to beare him out of dores.

Thar. Slight, pelted with rotten egges?

Arf. Nay more, that he had alreadie possest her sheetes.

Tom. No indeede Mistris, twas her blanquets.

Thar. Out you yong hedge-sparrow, learne to tread afore you be fledge. *He kicks her out:*

Well haue you done now Ladie.

Arf. O my sweet kilbuck.

Thar. You now, in your shallow pate, thinke this a disgrace to mee; fuch a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a souldiers head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I vse thee?

Arf. Vse me!

Thaa. O holy reformation! how art thou fallen downe from the vpper-bodies of the Church to the skirts of the Citie! honestie is stript out of his true substance into verball nicetie. Common sinners startle at common termes, and they that by whole mountaines swallow downe the deedes of darknesse; A poore mote of a familiar word, makes them turne vp the white o'th eie. Thou art the Ladies Tennant.

Arf. For terme Sir.

Thar. A good induction, be successefull for me, make me Lord of the Palace, and thou shalt hold thy Tement to thee and thine eares for euer, in free smockage, as of the manner of Panderage, prouided alwaies.

Arfa. Nay if you take me vnprouided.

Thar. Prouided I say, that thou mak'st thy repaire to her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and

for thy furer accesse to her greatnesse, thou shalt present her, as from thy selfe with this iewell.

Arfa. So her old grudge, stand not betwixt her and me.

Thar. Feare not that.

Presents are present cures for femall grudges,
Make bad, seeme good : alter the case with Judges.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundi.

Scœna Prima.

Lyfander, Tharsalio.

Lyfand. **S**o now we are our felues. Brother, that ill relisht speech you let slip from your tongue, hath taken so deepe hold of my thoughts, that they will neuer give me rest, till I be resolu'd what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

Thars. Tush : I am wearie of this subiect, I said not so.

Lyf. By truth it selfe you did : I ouer-heard you. Come, it shall nothing moue me, whatfoever it be ; pray thee vnfold briefly what you know.

Thars. Why briefly Brother. I know my sister to be the wonder of the Earth ; and the Enuie of the Heauens. Vertuous, Loiall, and what not. Briefly, I know shee hath vow'd, that till death and after death, sheele hold inuiolate her bonds to you, & that her black shal take no other hew ; all which I firmly beleue. In briefe Brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know brother, I haue other yrons on th'anuile.

Exiturus.

Lyf. You shall not leaue mee so vnsatisfied ; tell mee what tis you know.

Thar. Why Brother ; if you be sure of your wiues loialtie for terme of life : why should you be curious to search the Almanacks for after-times : whether some wandring *Eneas* should enjoy your reuerfion ; or whether your true Turtle would sit mourning on a wither'd branch, till *Atropos* cut her throat : Beware of curiositie, for who can resolute you ? youle say perhaps her vow.

Lyfand. Perhaps I shall.

Thar. Tush, her selfe knowes not what shee shall doe, when shee is transform'd iuto a Widdow. You are now a sober and staid Gentleman. But if *Diana* for your curiositie should translate you into a monckey : doe you know what gambolds you should play ? your only way to bee resolu'd is to die and make triall of her.

Lyfand. A deare experiment, then I must rise againe to bee resolu'd.

Thar. You shall not neede. I can send you speedier aduertisement of her constancie, by the next Ripier that rides that way with Mackerell. And so I leaue you.

Exit Thar.

Lyfand. All the Furies in hell attend thee ; has giuen me a

Bone to tire on with a pestilence ; flight know ?
What can he know ? what can his eie obserue
More then mine owne, or the most piersing sight
That euer viewed her ? by this light I thinke
Her priuat'ft thought may dare the eie of heauen,
And challenge th' eniuious world to witnesse it.
I know him for a wild corrupted youth,
Whom prophane Ruffins, Squires to Bawds, & Strum-
pets,
Drunkards, sped out of Tauerms, into'th sinkes
Of Tap-houses, and Stewes, Reuolts from manhood ;
Debaucht perdu's, haue by their companies
Turn'd Deuill like themselues, and stuft his soule

With damn'd opinions, and vnhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood, of all humanitie,
Nay Deitie it selfe.

Enter Lycus.

Lyf. **W**Elcome friend *Lycus*.

Lyc. Haue you met with your capricious brother?

Lyf. He parted hence but now.

Lyc. And has he yet resolu'd you of that point you brake with me about?

Lyf. Yes, he bids me die for further triall of her constancie.

Lyc. That were a strange Phisicke for a iealous patient; to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith Sir, discharge your thoughts an't; thinke 'twas but a Buzz deuis'd by him to set your braines a work, and diuert your eie from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honour'd Fame: her vertues so admir'd in this Ile, as the report thereof sounds in forraigne eares; and strangers oft arriuing here, (as some rare sight) desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the Picture with the originall. Nor thinke he can turne so farre rebell to his bloud,

Or to the Truth it selfe to misconceive

Her spotlesse loue and loialtie; perhaps
Oft hauing heard you hold her faith so sacred
As you being dead, no man might stirre a sparke
Of vertuous loue, in way of second bonds;
As if you at your death should carrie with you
Both branch and roote of all affection.
T'may be, in that point hee's an Infidell,
And thinkes your confidence may ouer-weene.

Lyf. So thinke not I.

Lyc. Nor I: if euer any made it good.
I am resolu'd of all, sheele proue no changling.
Lyf. Well, I must yet be further satisfied;
And vent this humour by some straine of wit,
Somewhat Ile doe; but what, I know not yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sthenio, Ianthe.

Sthe. **P**Affion of Virginitie, *Ianthe*, how shall we quit ourselues of this Pandresse, that is so importunate to speake with vs ? Is shee knowne to be a Pandresse ?

Ian. I, as well as we are knowne to be waiting women.

Sthe. A shrew take your comparisoun.

Sthe. Lets cal out *Argus* that bold Asse that neuer weighs what he does or faies ; but walkes and talkes like one in a sleepe ; to relate her attendance to my Ladie, and present her.

Ian. Who ? ant please your Honour ? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit.

Ho ? *Argus* ?

Enter Argus bare.

Arg. **W**Hats the matter Wenchess ?

Seth. You must tell my Ladie here's a Gentlewoman call'd *Arface*, her Honours Tennant, attends her, to impart important businesse to her.

Arg. I will presently.

Exit Arg.

Iant. Well, shee has a welcome present, to beare out her vnwelcoime presence : and I neuer knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest.

Arface ?

Enter Arface.

Arf. **I**Mistris.

Sthe. **I**Giue me your Present, Ile doe all I can, to make way both for it and your selfe.

Arf. You shall binde me to your seruice Ladie.

Sthe. Stand vnfeene.

Enter Lyc. Eudora, Laodice, Reb, Hiar Pfor., comming after, Argus comming to Eudora.

Arg. **H**Ere's a Gentle-woman (ant Please your Honour) one of your Tennants

Desires acceſſe to you.

Eud. What Tennant? what's her name?

Arg. *Arſace*, ſhee faies Madam.

Eud. *Arſace*? what the Bawde?

Arg. The Bawd Madam? ſhee ſtrikes, that's without my priuitie.

Eud. Out Aſſe, know'ſt not thou the Pandrefſe *Arſace*?

Sth. Shee preſents your Honour with this Iewell?

Eud. This iewell? how came ſhee by ſuch a iewell? Shee has had great Cuſtomers.

Arg. Shee had neede Madam, ſhee ſits at a great Rent.

Eud. Alas for your great Rent: Ile keepe her iewell, and keepe you her out, yee were beſt: ſpeake to me for a Pandrefſe?

Arg. What ſhall we doe?

Sth. Goe to; Let vs alone. *Arſace*?

Arſ. I Ladie.

Sth. You muſt pardon vs, we can not obtaine your acceſſe.

Arſ. Miftris *Sthenio*, tell her Honour, if I get not acceſſe to her, and that iſtantly ſhee's vndone.

Sth. This is ſome thing of importance. Madam, ſhee ſweares your Honour is vndone if ſhe ſpeake not with you iſtantly.

Eud. Vndone?

Arſ. Pray her for her Honour's fake to giue mee iſtant acceſſe to her.

Sth. Shee makes her buſineſſe your Honour Madame, and entreates for the good of that, her iſtant ſpeech with you.

Eud. How comes my Honour in queſtion? Bring her to mee.

Enter Arſace.

Arſ. O Vr *Cypriane* Goddeſſe ſaue your good Honor.

Eud. Stand you off I pray: How dare you Miftris

importune accesle to me thus, considering the last warning I gaue for your absence ?

Arf. Because, Madam, I haue been mou'd by your Honours last most chast admonition, to leaue the offensiuſe life I led before.

Eud. I ? haue you left it then ?

Arf. I, I affeare your Honour, vnleſſe it be for the pleasure of two or three poore Ladies, that haue prodigall Knights to their husbands.

Eud. Out on thee Impudent.

Arf. Alas Madam, wee would all bee glad to liue in our callings. *

Eud. Is this the reform'd life thou talkſt on ?

Arf. I beseech your good Honour mistake me not, I boast of nothing but my charitie, that's the worſt.

Eud. You get these iewels with charitie, no doubt. But whatſ the point in which my Honour stands endanger'd I pray ?

Arf. In care of that Madam, I haue presum'd to offend your chafte eies with my preſence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally, that your Honor will take to husband a yong Gentleman of this Citiſe called *Tharsalio*.

Eud. I take him to husband ?

Arf. If your Honour does, you are vtterly vndone, for hee's the moſt incontinent, and infatiate Man of Women that euer VENVS bleſt with abilitie to please them.

Eud. Let him be the Deuill ; I abhorre his thought, and could I be inform'd particularly of any of theſe ſlanderers of mine Honour, he ſhould as dearely dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

Arf. Madam, the report of it is ſo ſtrongly confident, that I feare the ſtrong destinie of marriage is at worke in it. But if it bee Madam : Let your Honours knowne vertue refiſt and defie it for him : for not a hundred will ferue his one turne. I protest to your Honour, When (VENVS pardon mee) I winckt at my

** It is no ſin for a man to labor in his vocation. - Falstaff.*

vnmaidenly exercise, I haue knowne nine in a Night
made mad with his loue.

Eud. What tell'st thou mee of his loue ? I tell thee I
abhorre him ; and destinie must haue an other mould
for my thoughts, then Nature or mine Honour, and
a Witchcraft aboue both, to transforme mee to an-
other shape, as foone as to an other conceit of
him.

Arf. Then is your good Honour iust as I pray for
you, and good Madam, euen for your vertues sake,
and comfort of all your Dignities, and Possessions ;
fixe your whole Woman-hood against him. Hee will
so enchant you, as neuer man did woman : Nay a
Goddesse (say his light huswifes) is not worthie of his
sweetnesse.

Eud. Goe to, be gone.

Arf. Deare Madam, your Honours most perfect ad-
monition haue brought mee to such a hate of these
imperfections, that I could not but attend you with
my dutie, and vrge his vnreasonable manhood to the
fill.

Eud. Man-hood, quoth you ?

Arf. Nay Beastly-hood, I might say, indeede Madam,
but for sauing your Honour ; Nine in a night said I ?

Eud. Goe to, no more.

Arf. No more Madame ? that's enough one would
thinke.

Eud. Well be gone I bid thee.

Arf. Alas Madam, your Honour is the chiefe of our
Cittie, and to whom shall I complaine of these in-
chafties, (being your Ladiships reform'd Tennant)
but to you that are chaste ?

Eud. I pray thee goe thy waies, and let me see this
reformation you pretend continued.

Arf. I humbly thanke your good Honour, that was
first cause of it.

Eud. Here's a complaint as strange as my Suiter.

Arf. I beseech your good Honour thinke vpon him,
make him an example.

Eud. Yet againe ?

Arf. All my dutie to your Excellence. *Exit. Arf.*

Eud. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaim'd, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to dispraise faults & use them ; that so we may vse them the safer. What might a wife Widdow resolute vpon this point now ? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings: Befrow her ; would shee had spared her newes. *Exit.*

Reb. See if shee take not a contrarie way to free her selfe of vs.

Hiar. Yon must complaine to his Altitude.

Pfor. All this for triall is ; you must indure That will haue wiues, nought else, with them is sure. *Exit.*

Tharsalio, Arface.

Thar. **H**ast thou beene admitted then ?

Arf. Admitted ? I, into her heart, Ile able it ; neuer was man so prais'd with a dispraise ; nor so spoken for in being rail'd on. Ile giue you my word ; I haue set her hart vpon as tickle a pin as the needle of a Diall ; that will neuer let it rest, till it be in the right position.

Thar. Why doft thou imagine this ?

Arf. Because I saw *Cupid* shoot in my wordes, and open his wounds in her lookes. Her bloud went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart ; and these changes I can tell you are shrewd tell-tales.

Thar. Thou speak'st like a Doctrisse in thy facultie ; but howsoeuer, for all this foile, Ile retrive the game once againe, hee's a shallow gamster that for one displeasing cast giues vp so faire a game for lost.

Arf. Well, 'twas a villanous inuention of thine, and had a swift operation, it tooke like sulphure. And yet this vertuous Countesse hath to my eare spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sisters thred agaist concupiscence. But euer with such an affected zeale, as my

minde gaue me, shee had a kinde of secret titillation to grace my poore house sometimes ; but that shee fear'd a spice of the Sciatica, which as you know euer runs in the bloud.

Thar. And as you know, sookes into the bones. But to say truth, these angrie heates that breake out at the lips of these freight lac't Ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustfull feuer that boiles within them. For wherefore rage wiues at their husbands so, when they flie out, for zeale against the sinne ?

Arf. No, but because they did not purge that sinne.

Thar. Th'art a notable Syren, and I sweare to thee, if I prosper, not only to giue thee thy mannor-house gratis, but to marrie thee to some one Knight or other, and burie thy trade in thy Ladiship : Goe be gone.

Exit Arf.

Enter Lycus.

Thar. **W**Hat newes *Lycus* ? where's the Ladie ?

Lyc. Retir'd into her Orchard.

Thar. A pregnant badge of loue, shee's melancholy.

Lyc. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartane wooer. But howsoever tis with her, youhaue practis'd strangely vpon your Brother.

Thar. Why so ?

Lyc. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That sparke ielousie falling into his drie melancholy braine, had well neare set the whole house on fire.

Thar. No matter, let it worke : I did but pay him in's owne coine ; Sfoot hee plied me with such a volley of vnseason'd scoffs, as would haue made Patience it selfe turne Ruffine, attiring it selfe in wounds and bloud : but is his humour better qualified then ?

Lyc. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous then the sicknesse : you know how strange his dotage euer was on his wife ; taking speciall glorie to haue her loue and loialtie to him so renown'd abrode. To whom shee oftentimes hath vow'd constancie after

life, till her owne death had brought forsooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he ioy'd in strangely, and was therein of infallible beliefe, till your furnife began to shake it; which hath loos'd it so, as now there's nought can settle it, but a triall, which hee's resolu'd vpon.

Thar. As how man? as how?

Lyc. Hee is resolu'd to follow your aduise, to die, and make triall of her stahlenesie, and you must lend your hand to it.

Thar. What to cut's throat?

Lyc. To forge a rumour of his death, to vphold it by circumstance, maintaine a publike face of mourning, and all thinges appertaining.

Thar. I, but the meanes man: what time? what probabilitie.

Lyc. Nay, I think he has not lickt his Whelpe into full shape yet, but you shall shortly heare ant.

Thar. And when shall this strange conception see light?

Lyc. Forthwith: there's nothing staines him, but some odde businesse of import, which hee must winde vp; least perhaps his absence by occasion of his intended triall be prolonged aboue his aimes.

Thar. Thankes for this newes i' faith. This may perhaps proue happie to my Nephew. Truth is I loue my sister well and must acknowledge her more then ordinarie vertues. But shee hath so possest my brothers heart with vowes, and disfauowings, seal'd with oathes of second nuptialls; as in that confidence, hee hath inuested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our Familie: and left my Nephew and the rest to hang vpon her pure deuotion; so as he dead, and shee matching (as I am resolu'd shee will) with some yong Prodigall; what must ensue, but her post-issue beggerd, and our house alreadie sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this triall may remoue it, and since tis come to this; marke but the issue *Lycus*, for all these solemne vowes, if I doe not make her proue in the handling as

weake as a wafer ; say I lost my time in trauaile. This resolution then has set his wits in ioynt againe, hee's quiet.

Lyc. Yes, and talkes of you againe in the fairest manner, listens after your speede.

Thar. Nay hee's passing kinde, but I am glad of this triall for all that.

Lyc. Which he thinkes to be a flight beyond your wing.

Thar. But hee will change that thought ere long. My Bird you saw euen now, sings me good newes, and makes hopefull signes to me.

Lyc. Somewhat can I say too, since your messengers departure, her Ladiship hath beene something alter'd, more pensiue then before, and tooke occasion to question of you, what your addicitions were ? of what tast your humor was ? of what cut you wore your wit, and all this in a kind of disdainefull scorne.

Thar. Good Callenders *Lycus.* Well Ile pawne this iewell with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brothers iudgement. Come lets in, he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Mens iudgments fway on that side fortune leanes,
Thy wishes shall affist me :

Lyc. And my meanes.

Exeunt.

Argus, Clinias, Sthenio, Ianthe.

Arg. I Must confesse I was ignorant, what'twas to court a Ladie till now.

Sthe. And I pray you what is it now ?

Arg. To court her I perceiue, is to woo her with letters from Court, for so this Spartane Lords Court discipline teacheth.

Sth. His Lordship hath procur'd a new Pacquet from his Altitude.

Clin. If he bring no better ware then letters in's pacquet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speede.

Ian. If his Lordship did but know how gracious his Aspe&t is to my Ladie in this solitarie humour.

Clin. Well these retir'd walkes of hers are not vsuall ; and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may bee the cause *Sthenio*.

Sthe. Nay twould trouble *Argus* with his hundred eies to descrie the cause.

Ian. *Venus* keepe her vpright, that shee fall not from the state of her honour ; my feare is that some of these Serpentine fuiters will tempt her from her constant vow of widdow-hood. If they doe, good night to our good daies.

Sthe. 'Twere a finne to suspect her ; I haue been witnesse to so many of her fearfull protestations to our late Lord against that course ; to her infinite oathes imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if euer it should receiue a second impression ; to her open and often detestations of that incestuous life (as shee term'd it) of widdowes marriages ; as being but a kinde of lawfull adulterie ; like vsurie, permitted by the law, not approu'd. That to wed a second, was no better then to cuckold the first : That women should entertaine wedlock as one bodie, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vowes should not restraine her, yet the worlds shame to breake such a constant resolution, should reppresse any such motion in her.

Arg. Well, for her vowes, they are gone to heauen with her husband, they binde not vpon earth : And as for Womens resolutions, I must tell you, The Planets, & (as *Ptolomie* saies) the windes haue a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangenesse, and exorbitant solitude, be not hatching some new Monster.

Ian. Well applied *Argus* ; Make your husbands Monsters.

Arg. I spoke of no husbands : but you Wenches haue

the pregnant wits, to turne Monsters into husbands, as you turne husbands into monsters.

Sthe. Well *Ianthe*, 'twere high time we made in, to part our Ladie and her Spartane wooer.

Ian. We shall appeare to her like the two fortunate Stars in a tempest, to saue the shipwrack of her patience.

Sthe. I, and to him to, I beleuee; For by this time he hath spent the last dramme of his newes.

Arg. That is, of his wit.

Sth. Iust good wittals. *Ian.* If not, & that my La: be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall heare from his Lordship; what such a Lord said of his wife the first night hee embrac't her: To what Gentleman such a Count was beholding for his fine children. What yong Ladie, such an old Count should marrie; what Reuells: what presentments are towards; and who penn'd the Pegmas; and so forth: and yet for all this, I know her harsh Suiter hath tir'd her to the vttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will doe more, vnlesse we two, like a paire of Sheres, cut a-sunder the thred of his discourse.

Sthe. Well then, lets in; But my masters, waite you on your charge at your perils, See that you guard her approch from any more intruders.

Ian. Excepting yong *Tharsalio*.

Sthe. True, excepting him indeede, for a guard of men is not able to keepe him out ant please your Honour.

Arg. O Wenches, that's the propertie of true valour, to promise like a Pigmey, and performe like a Giant. If he come, Ile bee sworne I doe my Ladies commandement vpon him.

Ian. What? beate him out?

Sthe. If hee should, *Tharsalio* would not take it ill at his handes, for he does but his Ladies commandement.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. Well, by *Hercules* he comes not here.

Sthe. By *Venus* but hee does: or else shee hath heard my Ladies praiers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likenesse to fright away that Spartane wooer, that hants her.

Thar. There stand her Sentinells.

Arg. Slight the Ghost appeares againe.

Thar. Saue yee my quondam fellowes in Armes; saue yee; my women.

Sthe. Your Women Sir?

Thar. Twill be so. What no courtesies? No preparation of grace? obserue me I aduise you for your owne fakes.

Ian. For your owne sake, I aduise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer then you thinke.

Clin. What senelesse boldnesse is this *Tharsalio*?

Arg. Well said *Clinias*, talke to him.

Clin. I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatnings of worse; you would yet presume to trouble this place againe.

Thar. Come y're a widgine; Off with your hat Sir, acknowledge: forecast is better then labour. Are you squint ey'd? can you not see afore you. A little foresight I can tell you might sted you much as the Starres shine now.

Clin. 'Tis well fir, tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you. But Sir, you must know, wee are chardg'd to barre your entrance.

Thar. But Wifler, know you, that who so shall dare to execute that charge, Ile be his Executioner.

Arg. By *Ioue*, *Clinias*, me thinks, the Gentleman speakes very honourably.

Thar. Well I see this house needes reformation, here's a fellow stands behind now, of a forwarder insight then yee all. What place haft thou?

Arg. What place you please Sir.

Thar. Law you Sir. Here's a fellow to make a Gentleman Vsher Sir, I discharge you of the place, and doe here inuest thee into his roome, Make much of thy haire, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office; Come, Vsher me to thy Ladie: and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Arg. No bribes Sir, ant please your Worship.

Thar. Goe to, thou dost well; but pocket it for all that; it's no impaire to thee: the greatest doo't.

Arg. Sir, tis your loue only that I respect, but since out of your loue you please to bestow it vpon me, It were want of Courtship in mee to refuse it; Ile acquaint my Ladie with your comming. *Exit.* *Arg.*

Thar. How say by this? haue I not made a fit choise, that hath so foone attain'd the deepest mysterie of his profession: Good sooth Wenches, a few courties had not beene cast away vpon your new Lord.

Sthe. Weele beleuee that, when our Ladie has a new Sonne of your getting.

*Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiar.
Pfor.*

Eud. WHats the matter? whose that, you say, is come?

Arg. The bold Gentleman, ant please your Honour.

Eud. Why thou flering Asse thou.

Arg. Ant please your Honour.

Eud. Did not I forbid his approch by all the charge and dutie of thy seruice?

Thar. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly vnderstood your command according to the stile of the Court of *Venus*; that is, by contraries: when you forbid you bid.

Eud. By heauen Ile discharge my house of yee all.

Thar. You shall not neede Madame, for I haue al-

readie casheer'd your officious Vsher here, and chos'd this for his Successor.

Eud. O incredible boldnesse !

Thar. Madam, I come not to command your loue with enforst letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my Pedigree, as hee who drawes the thred of his descent from *Ledas* Distaffe ; when 'tis well knowne his Grandsire cried Coniskins in Sparta.

Reb. Whom meane you Sir ?

Thar. Sir, I name none, but him who first shall name himselfe.

Reb. The place Sir, I tell you still ; and this Goddesles faire presence, or else my reply should take a farre other forme vpon't.

Thar. If it should Sir, I would make your Lordship an anser.

Arg. Anser's Latine for a Goose, ant please your honor.

Eud. Well noted Gander ; and what of that ?

Arg. Nothing, ant please your Honor, but that he said he would make his Lordship an answere.

Eud. Thus euyer foole mocks my poore Suiter. Tell mee thou most frontlesse of all men, did'st thou (when thou had'st meanes to note me best) euer obserue so base a temper in mee, as to giue any glance at stooping to my Vassall ?

Thar. Your drudge Madam, to doe your drudgerie.

Eud. Or am I now so skant of worthie Suiters, that may aduance mine honour ; aduance my estate ; strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot my head.

Thar. No but your fide, to keepe you warme a bed. But Madame vouchsafe me your patience to that points serious answere. Though I confess to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable ; my person more gratioues ; my minde more adorn'd with Noble and Heroicall vertues ; yet Madame (that you thinke not your bloud disperadg'd by mixture with mine) daine to know this : howsoeuer

I once, only for your loue, disguis'd my selfe in the seruice of your late Lord and mine ; yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartane attempters ; who by vnknown quills or conduits vnder ground, drawes his Pedigree from *Lycurgus* his great Toe, to the Viceroyes little finger, and from thence to his owne elbow, where it will neuer leauue itching.

Reb. Tis well Sir, presume still of the place.

Thar. Sfoot Madame, am I the first great personage that hath stoopt to disguises for loue ? what thinke you of our Countrie-man *Hercules* ; that for loue put on *Omphales* Apron, and fate spinning amongst her Wenchess, while his Mistris wore his Lyons skin and Lamb-skin'd him, if he did not his busynesse.

Eud. Most fitly thou resembl'st thy selfe to that violent outlaw, that claim'd all other mens possessions as his owne by his meere valoure. For what lesse hast thou done ? Come into my houfe, beate away these Honourable persons ?

Thar. That I will Madam. Hence ye Sparta-Velvets.

Pfor. Hold, shee did not meane fo.

Thar. Away I say, or leauue your liues I protest here.

Hiar. Well Sir, his Altitude shall know you.

Reb. Ile doe your errand Sir.

Exeunt.

Thar. Doe good Cosen Altitude ; and beg the reuersion of the next Ladie : for *Dido* has betroght her loue to me. By this faire hand Madam, a faire riddance of this Calidonian Bore.

Eud. O most prodigious audaciousnesse !

Thar. True Madam ; O fie vpon am, they are intollerable. And I can not but admire your singular vertue of patience, not common in your sexe ; and must therefore carrie with it some rare indowment of other Masculine and Heroicall vertues. To heare a rude Spartane court so ingenuous a Ladie, with dull newes from Athens, or the Viceroyes court ; how many dogs

were spoil'd at the last Bull-baiting ; what Ladies dub'd their husbands Knights, and so forth.

Eud. But haft thou no shame ? No sence of what disdain I shew'd thee in my last entertainement ? chacing thee from my presence, and charging thy dutie, not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life ; and dar'st thou yet approch mee in this vnmannery manner ? No question this desperate boldnesse can not choose but goe accompanied with other infinite rudenesse.

Thar. Good Madam, giue not the Child an vnfit name, terme it not boldnes, which the Sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible Rocke of a womans constancie.

Eud. If shame can not restraine thee, tell mee yet if any brainlesse foole would haue tempted the danger attending thy approch.

Thar. No Madam, that proues I am no Foole : Then had I been here a Foole, and a base low-spirited Spar-tan, if for a Ladies froune, or a Lords threates, or for a Guard of Groomes, I should haue shrunke in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalke, or to be sauadgely pluckt by a prophane finger. No Madam : First let me be made a Subiect for disgrace ; let your remorselesse Guard seaze on my despised bodie, bind me hand and foot, and hurle me into your Ladiships bed.

Eud. O Gods : I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Thar. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration : know me better, and youle admire me lesie.

Eud. What would'st thou haue mee know ? what seekes thy comming ? why dost thou hant me thus ?

Thar. Only Madam, that the *Aetna* of my fighes, and *Nilus* of my teares, pour'd forth in your presence, might witnesse to your Honor the hot and moist affection of my hart, and worke me some measure of fauour, from your sweete tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good Ladiship shall esteeme more conducible, to your diuine contentment.

Eud. Pen and Inck-horne I thanke thee. This you learn'd when you were a Seruинг-man.

Thar. Madam, I am still the same creature ; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happinessle (as I know it will be) to mount into my Lords succeſſion, yet vow I neuer to affume other Title, or State, then your seruants : Not approching your boord, but bidden : Not preſſing to your bed, but your pleaſure ſhall be firſt known if you will command me any ſeruice.

Eud. Thy vowes are as vaine as a Ruffins othes ; as common as the aire ; and as cheape as the duff. How many of the light huswiues, thy Mufes, hath thy loue promiſt this ſeruice beſides, I pray thee ?

Thar. Compare shadowes to bodies, Madam ; Pictures to the life ; and ſuch are they to you, in my valuation.

Eud. I ſee wordes will neuer free me of thy boldneſſe, and will therefore now vfe blowes ; and thoſe of the mortalleſt enforcement. Let it ſuffice Sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enioy your ſafetie ; keepe backe : No one foote follow mee further ; for I protest to thee, the next threshold paſt, lets paſſe a prepar'd Ambuſh to thy lateſt breath.

Exit. Eud.

Thar. This for your Ambuſh, *He drawes* : Dare my loue with death ?

Clin. Slight ; follow ant please your Honour.

Arg. Not I by this light.

Clin. I hope Gentle-women you will.

Sthe. Not we Sir, we are no parters of fraies.

Clin. Faith nor Ile be any breaker of cuſtomes.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertij.

Scœna Prima.

Enter Lysander and Lycus booted.

Lyc. **W**ould any heart of Adamant, for satisfaction of an vngrounded humour, racke a poore Ladies innocencie as you intend to doe. It was a strange curiositie in that Emperour, that ript his Mothers wombe to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come do not lode me with volumes of perswasion ; I am resolu'd, if shee be gold shee may abide the taſt, lets away, I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.

Cynth. **S**Ir.

Lysand. **S**I pray thee wife shew but thy ſelfe a woman ; and be ſilent : question no more the reaſon of my iourney, which our great Viceroyes charge vrg'd in this letter doth enforce me to.

Cynth. Let me but fee that letter, there is ſomthing in this prefaging bloud of mine, tells me this ſodaine iourney can portend no good, resolute me ſweet, haue not I giuen you caufe of discontent, by ſome miſprision, or want of fit obſeruance, let mee know that I may wreake my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe.

Lysand. Come wife, our loue is now growne old and ſtaid,

And muſt not wanton it in tricks of Court,
Nor enterchang'd delights of melting louers ;
Hanging on ſleeues, ſighing, loth to depart ;
These toies are paſt with vs ; our true loues ſubſtance
Hath worne out all the ſhew, let it ſuffice,
I hold thee deare : and thinke ſome caufe of weight

With no excuse to be dispenst with all,
Compells me from thy most desired embraces ;
I stay but for my Brother, came he not in last night.

Hyl. For certaine no fir, which gauе vs cause of wonder, what accident kept him abrode.

Cynth. Pray heauen it proue not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the Countesse.

Lyfand. Trust me I something feare it, this infatiate spirit of aspiring, being so dangerous and fatall ; desire mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

Hyl. Sir, sir, here 's my Vnkle. *Enter Thars.*

Lyfand. What wrapt in carelesse cloake, face hid in hat vnbanded, these are the ditches brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themselues and their riders.

Thar. Well, wee must get out as well as wee may, if not, there's the making of a graue fau'd.

Cynth. That's desperately spoken brother, had it not beene happier the colt had beene better broken, and his rider not fallen in.

Thar. True sister, but wee must ride colts before wee can breake them, you know.

Lyfand. This is your blind Goddesse *Confidence.*

Thar. Alas brother, our house is decaid, & my honest ambition to restore it, I hope be pardonable. My comfort is : the Poet that pens the storie will write ore my head *magnis tamen excidit aulis* ; which in our natuie Idiome, lets you know, His mind was high, though Fortune was his Foe.

Lyfand. A good resolute brother, to out-iest disgrace : come I had been on my iourney but for some priuate speech with you : lets in.

Thar. Good brother stay a little, helpe out this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lyfand. How now.

Thar. Now I confesse my ouersight, this haue I purchas'd by my confidence.

Lysand. I like you brother, 'tis the true Garb you know,

What wants in reall worth supply in show.

Thar. In show ? alas 'twas eu'en the thing it selfe,

I op't my counting house, and tooke away

These simble fragments of my treasurie,

Husband my Countesse cri'd take more, more yet,

Yet, I in hast, to pay in part my debt,

And proue my selfe a husband of her store,

Kist and came of ; and this time tooke no more.

Cynth. But good brother.

Thar. Then were our honor'd spousall rites perform'd,

Wee made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lysand. Hee's wrap't.

Thar. Then did my Vshers, and chiefe Seruants stoope,

Then made my women curtisies, and enuied

Their Ladies fortune : I was magnified.

Lysand. Let him alone, this spirite will foone vanish.

Thar. Brother and sister as I loue you, and am true seruant to *Venus*, all the premises are serious and true, and the conclusion is : the great Countesse is mine, the Palace is at your seruice, to which I inuite you all to solemnize my honour'd nuptials.

Lysand. Can this be credited !

Thar. Good brother doe not you enuie my fortunate atchieuement.

Lysand. Nay I euer said, the attempt was commendable.

Thar. Good.

Lysand. If the issue were successfull.

Thar. A good state-conclusion, happie euent make good the worst attempts. Here are your widdow-vowes sister ; thus are yee all in your pure naturalls ; certaine morall disguyses of coinesse, which the ignorant cal modestie, ye borrow of art to couer your buske points ; which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken vnder a fortunate aspect, easily disarmes you off ;

and then alas what are you? poore naked sinners, God wot: weake paper walls thrust downe with a finger; this is the way on't, boile their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them downe in the nicke.

Cynth. Is there probabilitie in this; that a Ladie so great, so vertuous, standing on so high termes of honour, should so foone stoope?

Thar. You would not wonder sister, if you knew the lure shee stoopt at: greatnessse? thinke you that can curb affection; no, it whets it more; they haue the full stremme of bloud, to beare them: the sweet gale of their sublim'd spirits to driue them: the calme of ease to prepare them: the fun-shine of fortune to allure them: Greatnesse to waft them safe through all Rocks of infamie: when youth, wit, and person come aboord once, tell me sister, can you chuse but hoise saile, and put forward to the maine?

Lysand. But let me wonder at this frailtie yet; would shee in so short time weare out his memorie, so soon wipe from her eies, nay, from her heart, whom I myfelfe, and this whole Ile besides, still remember with griefe, the impression of his losse taking worthily such roote in vs; howe thinke you Wife?

Cynth. I am ashameant, and abhorre to thinke, So great and vow'd a patterne of our fexe, Should take into her thoughts, nay to her bed, (O staine to woman-hood) a second loue.

Lyc. In so short time.

Cynth. In any time.

Lysand. No wife.

Cynth. By *Iuno* no; sooner a lothsom Tode.

Thar. High words beleue me, and I thinke sheeke keep them; next turne is yours Nephew; you shall now marrie my noblest Ladie-Daughter; the first mariage in *Paphos*; next my nuptialls shall be yours; these are strange occurrents brother, but pretie and patheticall; if you see mee in my chaire of Honour; and my Countesse in mine armes; you will then

beleeue, I hope, I am Lord of the Palace, then shall you trie my great Ladies entertainement ; see your handes free'd of mee, and mine taking you to aduancement.

Lysand. Well, all this rids not my businesse ; wife you shall bee there to partake the vnxpected honour of our House. *Lycus*, and I will make it our recreation by the way, to thinke of your Reuells and Nuptiall sports ; Brother my stay hath beene for you ; Wife pray thee bee gone, and soone prepare for the solemnitie, a Moneth returns mee.

Cynth. Heauens guide your iourney.

Lys. Fare-will.

Thar. Fare-well Nephew ; prosper in virilitie, but doe you heare ; keepe your hand from your voice, I haue a part for you in our Hymeneall shew.

Hyl. You speake too late for my voice, but Ile discharge the part. *Exit Cyn. Hyl.*

Lysand. Occurrents call yee them ; foule shame confound them all ; that impregnable Fort of chaftitie and loyaltie, that amazement of the world, O yee Deities could nothing restraine her ? I tooke her spirit to bee too haughtie for such a depression.

Thar. But who commonly more short heeld ; then they that are high 'ith in-step.

Lysand. Mee thinkes yet shame should haue controul'd so sodaine an appetite.

Thar. Tush, shame doth extinguish lust as oile doth fire, The bloud once het, shame doth enflame the more, What they before, by art dissembled most They act more freely ; shame once found is lost ; And to say truth Brother ; what shame is due to't ? or what congruence doth it carrie, that a yong Ladie, Gallant, Vigorous, full of Spirit, and Complexion ; her appetite newe whetted with Nuptiall delights ; to be confind to the speculation of a deaths head, or for the losse of a husband, the world affording flesh enough, make the noone-tide of her yeares, the funne-set of her pleasures.

Lyc. And yet there haue been such women.

Thar. Of the first stamp perhaps, when the mettal was purer then in these degenerate daies ; of later yeares, much of that coine hath beene counterfaiit, and besides so crackt and worne with vse, that they are growne light, and indeede fit for nothing, but to be turn'd ouer in play.

Lysand. Not all brother.

Thar. My matchlesse sister only excepted : for shée, you know is made of an other mettal, then that shée borrow'd of her mother. But doe you brother sadly intend the pursuite of this triall ?

Lysand. Irreuocably.

Thar. Its a high proiect : if it be once rais'd, the earth is too weake to beare so waightie an accident, it cannot bee coniur'd downe againe, without an earthquake, therefore beleue shée will bee constant.

Lyc. No, I will not.

Thar. Then beleue shée will not be constant.

Lysand. Neither, I will beleue nothing but what triall enforces ; will you hold your promise for the gouerning of this proiect with skill, and secrecie ?

Thar. If it must needes bee so. But hearke you brother ; haue you no other Capricions in your head to intrap my sister in her frailtie, but to proue the firmenesse of her widdow vowes after your suppos'd death.

Lysand. None in the world.

Thar. Then here's my hand, Ile be as clofe, as my Ladies shoe to her foote that pinches and pleases her, and will beare on with the plot, till the vessell split againe.

Lysand. Forge any death, so you can force beliefe.

Say I was poison'd, drown'd.

Thar. Hang'd.

Lysand. Any thing, so you affist it with likely circumstance, I neede not instruct you : that must bee your imployement *Lycus.*

Lyc. Well Sir.

Thar. But brother you must set in to ; to countenance truth out, a herse there must be too ; Its strange to thinke how much the eie preuailes in such impreſſions ; I haue marckt a Widdow, that iuft before was ſeene pleasant enough, follow an emptie herſe, and weepe deuoutly.

Lyc. All thoſe thinges leauē to me.

Lysan. But brother for the beſtowing of this herſe in the monument of our Familiē, and the marshalling of a Funerall.

Thar. Leauē that to my care, and if I doe not doe the mourner, as liuely as your Heire, and weepe as luſtily as your Widdow, ſay there's no vertue in Onions ; that being done, Ile come to viſit the diſtreſt widdow ; apply old ends of comfort to her grieſe, but the burden of my ſong ſhall be to tell her wordes are but dead comforts ; and therefore counſaile her to take a liuing comfort ; that might Ferrit out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepaſd with choiſe of fuiters ; either my Spartane Lord for grace at the Viceroyes Court, or ſome great Lawyer that may foder vp her crackt eſtate, and ſo forth. But what would you ſay brother, if you ſhould finde her married at your arriuall.

Lysand. By this hand ſplit her Weaſand.

Thar Well, forget not your wager, a ſtately chariot with four braue Horses of the Thracian breedē, with all appurtenances. Ile prepare the like for you, if you proue Victor ; but well remembred, where will you lurke the whiles ?

Lysand. Mewd vp cloſe, ſome ſhort daies iourney hence, *Lycus* ſhall know the place, write ſtill how all things paſſe, brother adiew ; all ioy attend you.

Thar. Will you not ſtay our nuptiall now ſo neare.

Lysand. I ſhould be like a man that heares a tale And heedes it not ; one abſent from himſelfe, my wife ſhall attend the Counteſſe, and my Sonne.

Thar. Whom you ſhal here at your returne call me father, adiew : *Ioue* be your ſpeeđe.

My Nuptialls done, your Funeralls ſucceſſed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Argus barehead.

Arg. A Hall, a hall : who's without there ? *Enter two or three with cushions.*

Come on, y'are proper Groomes, are yee not ? Slight I thinke y'are all Bridegroomes, yee take your pleasures so. A companie of dormice. Their Honours are vpon comming, and the roome not readie. Rushes and feates instantly.

Thar. Now, alas fellow *Argus*, how thou art comberd with an office ?

Arg. Perfume firra, the roome's dampish.

Thar. Nay you may leau that office to the Ladies, theyle perfume it sufficienly.

Arg. Cry mercie Sir, here's a whole *Chorus* of *Syluans* at hand, cornetting, & tripping ath' toe, as the ground they troad on were too hot for their feete. The deuice is rare ; and there's your yong Nephew too, he hangs in the clouds Deified with *Hymens* shape.

Thar. Is he perfect in's part ? has not his tongue learn'd of the *Syluans* to trip ath' Toe ?

Arg. Sir, beleue it, he does it pretiously for accent and action, as if hee felt the part he plaid : hee rauishes all the yong Wenches in the Palace : Pray *Venus* my yong Ladie *Laodice* haue not some little prick of *Cupid* in her, shee's so diligent at's rehearsalls.

Thar. No force, so my next vowes be heard, that if *Cupid* haue prickt her, *Hymen* my cure her.

Arg. You meane your Nephew Sir that presents *Hymen*.

Thar. Why so, I can speake nothing but thou art with in me : fie of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But howsoeuer you please to vnderstand, *Hymen* send the boy no worse fortune : And where's my Ladies honour ?

Arg. At hand Sir, with your vnpargond sister, please you take your chaire of Honour Sir ?

Thar. Most seruiceable *Argus*, the Gods reward thy seruice ; for I will not.

Enter Eudora, leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, with others following.

Eud. Come sister, now we must exchange that name

For stranger Titles, let's dispose our felues
To entertaine these *Syluane* Reuellers,
That come to grace our loued Nuptialls,
I feare we must all turne Nymphs to night,
To fide those sprightly wood-Gods in their dances ;
Can you doo't nimbly sister ? flight what aile you, are
you not well ?

Cynth. Yes Madam.

Eud. But your lookes, mee thinkes, are cloudie ;
suiting all the Sunne-shine of this cleare honour to
your husbands house.

Is there ought here that sorts not with your liking ?

Thar. Blame her not Mistris, if her looks shew care.
Excuse the Merchants fadneffe that hath made

A doubtfull venture of his whole estate ;
His liuelyhood, his hopes, in one poore bottome,
To all encounters of the Sea and stormes.
Had you a husband that you lou'd as well,
Would you not take his absent plight as ill ?
Cauill at euery fancie ? Not an obiect
That could present it selfe, but it would forge
Some vaine obiection, that did doubt his safetie ;
True loue is euer full of iealousie.

Eud. Iealous ? of what ? of euery little iourney ?
Meere fancie then is wanton ; and doth cast
At those sleight dangers there, too doting glances ;
Misgiuing mindes euer prouoke mischances :
Shines not the Sunne in his way bright as here ?
Is not the aire as good ? what hazard doubt you ?

Arg. His horse may stumble if it please your Honour ;

The raine may wet, the winde may blow on him ;
Many shrewd hazards watch poore trauailers.

Eud. True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckend vs,
Good sister, these cares fit yong married wiues.

Cynth. Wiues should be stil yong in their husbands loues.

Time beares no Sythe should bear down them before him.

Our liues he may cut short, but not our loues.

Thar. Sister be wise, and ship not in one Barke,
All your abilitie : if he miscarrie,

Your well tried wisedome should looke out for new.

Cynth. I wish them happie windes that runne that course,

From me tis farre ; One Temple seal'd our troth.

One Tomb, one houre shall end, and shroud vs both.

Thar. Well, y'are a *Phœnix*, there be that your cheere

Loue, with your husband be, your wisedome here.

Hearke, our sports challenge it ; Sit dearest Mistris.

Eud. Take your place worthiest seruant.

Thar. Serue me heauen. *Musique.*

As I my heauenly Mistris, Sit rare sister.

Musique : *Hymen* descends ; and sixe *Syluanes* enter beneath, with Torches.

Arg. A hall, a hall : let no more Citizens in there.

Laod. O, Not my Cosen see ; but *Hymens* selfe.

Sthe. He does become it most enflamingly.

Hym. Haile honor'd Bridegroom, and his Princely bride

With the most fam'd for vertue, *Cynthia* ;

And this yong Ladie, bright *Laodice*,
One rich hope of this noblest Familie.

Sthe. Hearke how he courts : he is enamour'd too.

Laod. O grant it *Venus*, and be euer honour'd.

Hym. In grace and loue of you, I *Hymen* searcht
The groues and thickets that embrace this Palace

With this clear-flam'd, and good aboding Torch
For summons of these fresh and flowrie *Syluans*,
To this faire presence ; with their winding Haies,
Actiue and Antique dances to delight
Your frolick eies, and helpe to celebrate
These noblest nuptialls ; which great Destinie,
Ordain'd past custome and all vulgar obiect
To be the readuancement of a house,
Noble and Princely, and restore this Palace
To that name, that sixe hunderd Summers since
Was in possession of this Bridegroomes Anctors,
The ancient and most vertue-fam'd *Lyfandri*.
Syluans ! the Courtships you make to your Dryads,
Vse to this great Bride, and these other Dames,
And heighthen with your sports, my nuptiall flames.
Laod. O would himselfe descend, and me command.
Sthe. Dance ; and his heart catch in an others hand.
Syluans, take out the Bride and the rest : They dance, after which, and all set in their places.
Hymen.

Hym. Now, what the Power and my Torches influence
Hath in the blessings of your Nuptiall ioyes
(Great Bride and Bridegroome) you shall amply part
Betwixt your free loues, and forgoe it neuer.
Omn. Thankes to great *Hymen*, and faire *Syluanes* euer.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertij.

Actus Quarti.

Scoena Prima.

Tharsalio, Lycus, with his Arme in a skarfe, a night cap on's head.

Lyc. I Hope Sir by this time.
Thar. Put on man, by our selues.
Lyc. The edge of your confidence is well take

off ; would you not bee content to with-draw your wager ?

Thar. Faith fellow *Lycus*, if my wager were weakely built, this vnexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinarie, to follow her husbands bodie into the Tombe, and there for his companie to burie her selfe quick : it's new and stirring, but for all this, Ile not despaire of my wager.

Lyc. Why Sir, can you thinke such a passion dissembl'd ?

Thar. All's one for that, What I thinke I thinke ; In the meane time forget not to write to my Brother, how the plot hath succeeded, that the newes of his death hath taken ; a funerall solemnitie perform'd, his suppos'd Corfe bestow'd in the monument of our Familie, thou and I horrible mourners : But aboue all that his intollerable vertuous Widow, for his loue, and (for her loue) *Ero* her hand-maid, are discended with his Corfe into the vault ; there wipe their eies time out of minde, drinke nothing but their own teares, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say tis true) where left you him ?

Lyc. At Dipolis Sir, some twentie miles hence.

Thar. He keepes close.

Lyc. I fir, by all meanes ; skulks vnowne vnder the name of a strange Knight.

Thar. That may carrie him without discrying, for there's a number of strange Knights abroad. You left him well.

Lyc. Well Sir, but for this iealous humour that hants him.

Thar. Well, this newes will absolutely purge that humor. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discouerie of his slaughter : did shee performe it well for her husbands wager ?

Lyc. Performe it, call you it ? you may iest ; men hunt Hares to death for their sports, but the poore beasts die in earnest : you wager of her passions for

your pleasure, but shee takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I neuer saw such an extasie of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew vp to her head like Furies, hid all her beauties in her discheuel'd haire, & wept as she would turne fountaine. I would you and her husband had beene behind the Arras but to haue heard her. I assure you Sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in despight of my discretion, I was forc't to turne woman, and beare a part with her. Humanitie broke loose from my heart, and stream'd through mine eies.

Thar. In prose, thou weptst. So haue I seen many a moist Auditor doe at a play; when the storie was but a meere fiction: And didst act the Nuntius well, would I had heard it: could'st thou dresse thy lookes in a mournefull habite?

Lyc. Not without preparation Sir; no more then my speech, twas a plaine acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the part.

Thar. As how for heauens sake?

Lyc. *Phæbus* addrest his Chariot towards the West To change his wearied Coursers, and so forth.

Thar. Nay on, and thou lou'st me.

Lyc. *Lysander* and my selfe beguild the way With enterchang'd discourse, but our chiefe Theame, Was of your dearest selfe, his honour'd wife; Your loue, your vertue, wondrous constancie.

Thar. Then was her Cu to whimper; on.

Lyc. When sodainly appear'd as far as fight A troope of horse, arm'd as we might deserne, With Lauelines, Speares, and such accoutrements.

He doubted nought (As Innocencie euer
Is free from doubting ill.)

Thar. There dropt a teare.

Lyc. My minde miſgaue me.

They might be mountaners. At their approch
They vs'd no other language but their weapons,
To tell vs what they were; *Lysander* drew,
And bore him selfe *Achilles* like in fight,

And as a Mower sweepes off t'heads of Bents,
So did *Lysanders* sword shauue off the points
Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell vnder him ;
I seeing I could not rescue, vs'd my spurres
To flie away.

Thar. What from thy friend ?

Lyc. I in a good quarrell, why not ?

Thar. Good ; I am answ'red.

Lyc. A lance pursued me, brought me back againe ;
And with these wounds left me t'accompanie
Dying *Lysander* : Then they rifl'd vs,
And left vs.

They gone ; my breath not yet gone, gan to striue
And reuiue fense : I with my feeble ioynts
Crawl'd to *Lysander*, stirr'd him, and withall
He gaspt ; cried *Cynthia* ! and breath'd no more.

Thar. O then shee howl'd out right.

Lyc. Passengers came and in a Chariot brought vs
Streight to a Neighbour Towne ; where I forthwith
Coffind my friend in leade ; and so conuaid him
To this sad place.

Thar. 'Twas well ; and could not shew but strangely.
Lyc. Well Sir, This tale pronounc't with terroure, suited
with action clothed with such likely circumstance ; My
wounds in shew, her husbands herse in fight, thinke
what effect it wrought : And if you doubt, let the sad
consequence of her retreat to his Tombe, bee your
wofull instruicter.

Thar. For all this, Ile not despaire of my wager :
These Grieues that found so lowd, proue alwaies
light,

True sorrow euermore keepes out of fight.

This straine of mourning with Sepulcher, like an ouer-
doing Actor, affects grofely, and is indeede so farre
forc't from the life, that it bewraies it selfe to be alto-
gether artificiall.

To set open a shop of mourning ! Tis palpable.
Truth the substance, hunts not after the shadow of

popular Fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemnes her sincerite. When did euer woman mourne so vnmeasurably, but shee did dissemble ?

Lyc. O Gods ! a passion thus borne ; thus apparell'd with teares, sighes, swownings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembl'd ! by *Venus* I am sorrie I euer set foot in't. Could shee, if shee dissembl'd, thus dally with hunger, be deafe to the barking of her appetite, not hauing these foure daies relieu'd nature with one dramme of sustenance.

Thar. For this does shee looke to bee Deified, to haue Hymnes made of her, nay to her : The Tomb where she is to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our Familie the *Lysandri* ; but the new erected Altar of *Cynthia* : To which all the Paphian widdowes shall after their husbands Funeralls, offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they haue past, as Sea-men doe their wet garments at *Neptunes* Temple after a ship wracke.

Lyc. Well, Ile apprehend you, at your pleasure : I for my part will say ; that if her faith bee as constant as her loue is heartie, and vnaffected, her vertues may iustly challenge a Deitie to enshrine them.

Thar. I, there's an other point too. But one of those vertues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the braine of the West, were in the heads of the learned ; then might Parish-Clerkes be common counsaile men, and Poets Aldermens deputies. My sister may turne *Niobe* for loue ; but till *Niobe* bee turn'd to a Marble, Ile not despaire but shee may proue a woman. Let the triall runne on, if shee doe not out-runne it, Ile say Poets are no Prophets, Prognosticators are but Mountibankes, & none tell true but wood-mongers. *Exit.*

Lyc. A sweet Gentleman you are. I meruaile what man ? what woman ? what name ? what action doth his tongue glide ouer, but it leaues a slime vpon't. Well, Ile presently to Dipolis, where *Lyfander* staines ; and will not say but shee may proue fraile : But this

Ile say, If she should chance to breake, Her teares are true, though womens truths are weake. *Exit.*

Enter Lysander like a Souldier disguised at all parts, a halfe Pike, gorget, &c. he discouers the Tombe, lookes in and wonders, &c.

O Miracle of nature ! womens glorie ;
 Mens shame ; and enuie of the Deities !
 Yet must these matchlesse creatures be suspected ;
 Accus'd ; condemn'd !
 Now by th'immortall Gods,
 They rather merit Altars, Sacrifice,
 Then loue and courtship.
 Yet see the Queene of these lies here interred ;
 Tearing her haire, and drowned in her teares.
 Which *Ioue* should turne to Christall ; and a Mirrour
 Make of them ; wherein men may see and wonder
 At womens vertues. Shall shee famish then ?
 Will men (without diffwasions) suffer thus
 So bright an Ornament to earth, tomb'd quick.
 In Earths darke bosome : Ho !
 Who's in the Tombe there ?
Ero. Who calls ? whence are you ?
Lyf. I am Souldier of the watch and must enter.
Ero. Amongst the dead ?
Lyf. Doe the dead speake ? ope or Ile force it open.
Ero. What violence is this ? what seeke you here
 Where nought but death and her attendants dwell.
Lyf. What wretched soules are you that thus by night
 lurke here amongst the dead ?
Ero. Good Souldier doe not stirre her,
 Shee's weake, and quickly seiz'd with swowning and
 passions, and with much trouble shall we both recall
 her fainting spirits.
 Fiue daies thus hath shee wasted ; and not once sea-
 son'd her Pallate with the tast of meate ; her powers
 of life are spent ; and what remaines of her famisht
 spirit, serues not to breath but figh.

Shee hath exil'd her eies from sleepe, or fight, and giuen them wholly vp to ceaselesse teares ouer that ruthfull herse of her deare Spouse, slaine by Bantditos, Nobly borne *Lysander*.

Lysand. And hopes shee with these heauie notes and cries to call him from the dead ? in these fие daies hath shee but made him stirre a finger or fetch one gasp of that forsaken life shee mournes ?

Come, honour'd Mistris ; I admire your vertues ;
But must reprove this vaine excesse of mone ;
Rowse your selfe Ladie, and looke vp from death,
Well said, tis well ; stay by my hand and rife.

This Face hath beene maintain'd with better huf-
wiferie.

Cyn. What are you ?

Lyf. Ladie, I am Sentinel,
Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard
On forfait of my life, these monuments
From Rape, and spoil'd of sacrilegious handes
And saue the bodies, that without you fee
Of crucified offenders : that no friends
May beare them hence, to honour'd buriall.

Cyn. Thou seem'st an honest Souldier, pray thee
then

Be as thou seem'st ; betake thee to thy charge
And leaue this place ; adde not affliction
To the afflicted.

Lyf. You misname the children.
For what you terme affliction now, in you
Is but selfe-humour ; voluntarie Penance
Impos'd vpon your selfe : and you lament
As did the *Satyre* once, that ran affrighted
From that hornes found that he himselfe had winded.
Which humor to abate, my counsaile tending your
term'd affliction,
What I for Phisicke giue, you take for poison.
I tell you honour'd Mistris, these ingredients
Are wholesome, though perhaps they seeme vntooth-
some.

Ero. This Souldier sure, is some decaid pothecarie.

Lyf. Deere Ghost be wife, and pittie your faire selfe
Thus, by your selfe vnnaturally afflicted :

Chide back, heart-breaking grones, clear vp those
lamps,

Restore them to their first creation :

Windowes for light ; not fluces made for teares.

Beate not the fenseleffe aire with needlesse cries,
Banefull to life, and booteleffe to the dead.

This is the Inne, where all *Deucalions* race

Sooner or later, must take vp their lodging ;

No priuiledge can free vs from this prison ;

No teares, no praiers, can redeeme from hence

A captiu'd soule ; Make vse of what you see :

Let this affrighting spectacle of death

Teach you to nourish life.

Ero. Good heare him : this is a rare Souldier.

Lyfand. Say that with abstinence you should vnlofe
the knot of life : Suppose that in this Tombe for your
deare Spouse, you should entomb your selfe a liuing
Corfe ; Say that before your houre without due Sum-
mons from the Fates, you send your hastie soule to
hell : can your deare Spouse take notice of your faith
and constancie ? Shall your deare Spouse reuiue to
giue you thankes ?

Cynth. Idle discouerfer.

Lyfan. No, your moanes are idle.

Goe to I say, be counsail'd ; raise your selfe :

Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you,

Now, liue for a better husband.

No ? will you none ?

Ero. For loue of courtesie, good Mistris, eate,

Doe not reiect so kinde and sweet an offer,

Who knowes but this may be some *Mercurie*

Disguis'de, and sent from *Juno* to relieu vs ?

Did euer any lend vnwilling eares

To those that came with messages of life ?

Cynth. I pray thee leauue thy Rhetorique.

Ero. By my soule ; to speake plaine truth, I could

rather wish t'employ my teeth then my tongue, so your example would be my warrant.

Cynth. Thou haft my warrant.

Lysand. Well then, eate my wench,
Let obstinacie starue.

Fall to.

Ero. Perswade my Mistris first.

Lysand. Slight tell me Ladie,
Are you resolu'd to die? If that be so,
Choose not (for shame) a base, and beggars death :
Die not for hunger, like a Spartane Ladie ;
Fall valiantly vpon a fword, or drinke
Noble death, expell your grieve with poifon,
There 'tis, feize it.—Tush you dare not die.
Come Wench thou hast not lost a husband ;
Thou shalt eate, th'art now within
The place where I command.

Ero. I protest fir.

Lyf. Well said ; eate, and protest, or Ile protest
And doe thou eate ; thou eat'st against thy will,
That's it thou would'st fay.

Ero. It is.

Lyf. And vnder such a protestation
Thou lost' thy Maiden-head.

For your owne fake good Ladie forget this husband,
Come you are now become a happy Widdow,
A blessednesse that many would be glad of.
That and your husbands Inuentorie together,
Will raife you vp husbands enow.
What thinke you of me ?

Cynth. Trifler, purſue this wanton Theame no fur-
ther ;

Lest (which I would be loth) your ſpeech prouoke
Vnciuill language from me ; I must tell you,
One ioynt of him I lost, was much more worth
Then the racket valew of thy entire bodie.

Ero. O know what ioynt ſhee meanes.

Lyf. Well, I haue done.

And well done frailtie ; proface, how lik'st thou it.

Ero. Very toothsome Ingrediens surely fir,
Want but some lycor to incorporate them.

Lyf. There tis, carouse.

Ero. I humbly thanke you Sir.

Lyf. Hold pledge me now.

Ero. Tis the poifon Sir,
That preferues life, I take it.

bibit Ancill.

Lyf. Doe so, take it.

Ero. Sighing has made me somthing short-winded.
Ile pledge y'at twice.

Lyf. Tis well done ; doe me right.

Ero. I pray sir, haue you beene a Pothecarie ?

Lyf. Marrie haue I wench ; A womans Pothecarie.

Ero. Haue you good Ingredients ?

I like your Bottle well. Good Mistris tast it.

Trie but the operation, twill fetch vp

The Roses in your cheekes againe.

Doctor Verolles bottles are not like it ;

There's no *Guaicum* here, I can assure you.

Lyf. This will doe well anone.

Ero. Now fie vpon't.

O I haue lost my tongue in this same lymbo.

The spring ants, spoil'd me thinkes ; it goes not off
With the old twange.

Lyf. Well said wench, oil it well ; twill make it slide
well.

Ero. Aristotle faies sir, in his Posterions.

Lyf. This wench is learned ; And what faies he ?

Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moues
is his heart, in a woman her tongue.

Lyf. Right ; and addes further, that you women are
a kind of spinners ; if their legs be pluckt off, yet still
they'le wag them ; so will you your tongues.

With what an easie change does this same weaknesse
Of women, slip from one extreame t' another ?

All these attractions take no hold of her ;
No not to take refection ; 'T must not be thus.

Well said wench ; Tickle that Helicon.

But shall we quit the field with this disgrace

Giuen to our Oratorie ? Both not gaine
So much ground of her as to make her eate ?

Ero. Faith the trurh is sir : you are no fit Organe
For this businesse ;

Tis quite out of your Element :

Let vs alone, sheele eate I haue no feare ;
A womans tongue best fits a womans eare.

Ioue neuer did employ *Mercurie*,
But *Iris* for his Messenger to *Juno*.

Lys. Come, let me kiffe thee wench ; wilt vndertake
To make thy Mistris eate ?

Ero. It shall go hard Sir

But I will make her turne flesh and bloud,
And learne to liue as other mortalls doe.

Lys. Well said : the morning hafts ; next night
expect me.

Ero. With more prouision good Sir.

Lys. Very good.

Exiturus.

Ero. And bring more wine. *Shee shuts vp the Tomb.*

Lys. What else ; shalt haue enough :

O *Cynthia*, heire of her bright puritie,
Whose name thou dost inherit ; Thow disdainst
(Seuer'd from all concretion) to feede

Vpon the base foode of grosse Elements.

Thou all art foule ; All immortalitie.

Thou fasts for *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*,
Which till thou find'st, and eat'st aboue the starres,
To all foode here thou bidd'st celestiall warrs. *Exit.*

Cynthia, Ero, the Tomb opening.

Ero. So ; lets aire our dampish spirits, almost stifl'd
in this grofe muddie Element.

Cyn. How sweet a breath the calmnesse of the night
inspires the aire withall ?

Ero. Well said ; Now y'are your selfe : did not I
tell you how sweet an operation the Souldiers bottle
had ? And if there be such vertue in the bottle ; what
is there in the Souldier ? know, and acknowledge his
worth when hee comes in any case Mistris.

Cyn. So Maide.

Ero. Gods my patience? did you looke forsooth that *Juno* should haue sent you meate from her owne Trencher, in reward of your widdowes teares? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, Ile able't.

Cyn. I feare me thy lips haue gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith the truth is, my tongue hath beene so long tied vp, that tis couer'd with rust, & I rub it against my pallat as wee doe suspected coines, to trie whether it bee currant or no. But now Mistris for an vpshot of this bottle; let's haue one carouse to the good speede of my old Master, and the good speede of my new.

Cyn. So Damzell.

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Doe me right I pray.

Cyn. You say I must.

Ero. Must? what else?

Cyn. How excellent ill this humour suites our habite?

Ero. Go to Mistris, do not thinke but you and I shall haue good sport with this iest, when we are in priuate at home. I would to *Venus* we had some honest shift or other to get off withall; for Ile no more ant; Ile not turne Salt-peeter in this vault for neuer a mans companie liuing; much lesse for a womans. Sure I am the wonder's ouer, and 'twas only for that, that I endur'd this; and so a my conscience did you. Neuer denie it.

Cyn. Nay pray thee take it to thee.

Enter Lyfander.

Cyn. Earke I heare some footing neare vs.

Ero. H Gods me 'tis the Souldier Mistris, by *Venus* if you fall to your late black *Santus* againe, Ile dif- couer you.

Lyf. What's here? The maid hath certainly pre- uail'd with her; mee thinkes those cloudes that last

night couer'd her lookes are now disperst: Ile trie this further. Saeu you Lady.

Ero. Honorable Souldier? y'are welcome; please you step in sir?

Lyf. With all my heart sweet heart; by your patience Ladie; why this beares some shape of life yet. Damzell, th'ast performd a seruice of high reckoning, which cannot perish vnrewarded.

Ero. Faith Sir, you are in the way to doe it once, if you haue the heart to hold on.

Cyn. Your bottle has poifond this wench sir.

Lyf. A wholsome poison it is Ladie, if I may be iudge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordaind to raife such hearts as finke,

Whom wofull starres distemper; let him drinke.

I am most glad I haue beene some meane to this part of your recouerie, and will drinke to the rest of it.

Ero. Goe to Mistris, pray simper no more; pledge the man of Warre here.

Cyn. Come y'are too rude.

Ero. Good.

Lyf. Good sooth Ladie y'are honour'd in her seruice; I would haue you liue, and shee would haue you liue freely; without which life is but death. To liue freely is to feast our appetites freely; without which humanes are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drinke Ladie.

Cyn. Ile pledge you Sir.

Ero. Said like a Mistris; and the Mistris of your selfe; pledge him in loue too: I see hee loues you; Shee's silent, shee consents fir.

Lyf. O happy starres. And now pardon Ladie; me thinks these are all of a peece.

Ero. Nay if you kiffe all of a peece wee shall n'ere haue done: Well twas well offer'd, and as well taken.

Cyn. If the world should see this.

Lyf. The world! should one so rare as your selfe, respect the vulgar world?

Cyn. The prafe I haue had, I would continue.

Lyf. What of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deserues not loue of the vertuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is?

Ero. Comfortable doctrine Mistris, edifie, edifie.

Me thinkes euen thus it was when *Dido*
And *Aeneas* met in the Caeue; And hearke
Me thinks I heare some of the hunters. *She shuts the*
tomb.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quinti.

Scœna Prima.

Enter Tharsalio, Lycus.

Lyc. **T**is such an obstinacie in you Sir,
As neuer was conceipted, to runne on
With an opinion against all the world,
And what your eies may witnes; to ad-
uerture

The famishment for griefe of such a woman
As all mens merits met in any one,
Could not deserue.

Thar. I must confess it *Lycus*,
Weele therefore now preuent it if we may,
And that our curious triall hath not dwelt
Too long on this vnnescessarie hant:
Griefe, and all want of foode; not hauing wrougght
Too mortally on her diuine disposure.

Lyc. I feare they haue, and shee is past our cure.

Thar. I must confess with feare and shaine as much.

Lyc. And that shee will not trust in any thing
What you perswade her to.

Thar. Then thou shalt hast
And call my brother from his secret shroude,
Where he appointed thee to come and tell him

How all thinges haue succeeded.

Lyc. This is well.

If (as I say) the ill be not so growne,
That all help is denied her. But I feare
The matchlesle Deme is famisht. *Thar. looks into the*
Thar. Slight, whose here ? *tomb.*

A Souldier with my sister ? wife, wive, see
Kissing by *Ioue* ; shee, as I lay tis shee.

Lyc. What ? is shee well Sir ?

Thar. O no, shee is famisht ;
Shee's past our comfort, shee lies drawing on.

Lyc. The Gods forbid.

Thar. Looke thou, shee's drawing on.
How faist thou ?

Lyc. Drawing on ? Illustrious witchcrafts.

Thar. Lies shee not drawing on ?

Lyc. Shee drawes on fairely.
Our sister Sir ? This shee ? can this be shee ?
Thar. She, she, she, and none but shee.

He dances & sings.

Shee only Queene of loue, and chasteitie,
O chasteitie ; This women be.

Lyc. Slight tis prodigious. *Thar.* Horse, horse,
horse,
Foure Chariot Horses of the Thracian breedie,
Come, bring me brother. O the happiest euening,
That euer drew her vaile before the Sunne.

Who is't canst tell ?

Lyc. The Souldier Sir that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place.
Of which to lose one, it is death to him,
And yet the lustfull knaue is at his Venerie,
While one might steale one.

Thar. What a flauie was I
That held not out my windes strength constanly,
That shee would proue thus ? O incredible ?
A poore eight-pennie Souldier ? Shee that lately
Was at such height of interiection,
Stoope now to such a bafe coniunction ?

By heauen I wonder now I fee't in act,
My braine could euer dreame of such a thought.
And yet, tis true : Rare, pereles, is't not *Lycus* ?

Lyc. I know not what it is ; Nor what to say.

Thar. O had I held out (villaine that I was,)
My blessed confidence but one minute longer,
I shoule haue beene eternis'd. Gods my fortune,
What an vnspakeable sweet fight it is ?
O eies Ile sacrifice to your deare sene.

And consecrate a Phane to Confidence.

Lyc. But this you must at no hand tell your brother.
Twill make him mad : For he that was before
So scurg'd but only with bare iealousie.

What would he be, if he should come to know it ?

Thar. He would be lesse mad : for your only way
To cleare his iealousie, is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes suspicione vanishes.

The Sunne-beames breaking forth swallow the mists.
But as for you Sir Gallant : howsoeuer
Your banquet seemes sweet in your lycorous pallat,
It shall be sure to turne gall in your maw.
Thy hand a little *Lycus* here without.

Lyc. To what ?

Thar. No bootie serue you sir Soldado
But my poore sister ? Come, lend me thy shoulder,
Ile climbe the croffe ; it will be such a cooler
To my Venerean Gentlemans hot liuer,
When he shall finde one of his crucified bodies
Stolne downe, and he to be forthwith made fast
In place thereof, for the signe
Of the lost Sentinell. Come glorifie
Firme Confidence in great Inconstancie.
And this beleuee (for all prou'd knowledge swarees)
He that beleuees in error, neuer errs. *Exeunt.*

The Tomb opens, Lysander, Cynthia, Ero.

Lys. Tis late ; I must away.

Cyn. Not yet sweet loue.

Lys. Tempt not my stay, tis dangerous. The law is
strict, and not to bee dispenst with. If any Sentinell

be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies should be stollen from the croffe, his life buyes it.

Cyn. A little stay will not endanger them.

The daies proclaimer has not yet giuen warning.

The Cock yet has not beate his third alarme.

Lyf. What? shall we euer dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in publique? sit in *Lysanders* chaire? Raigne in his wealth?

Cyn. Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my loue to thee Hath prou'd thus fodaine and for hast lept ouer The complement of wooing, Yet only for the worlds opinion.

Lyf. Marke that againe.

Cyn. I must maintaine a forme in parting hence.

Lyf. Out vpon't, Opinion the blind Goddesse of Fooles, Foe to the vertuous; and only friend to undeferring persons, contemne it. Thou know'st thou hast done vertuously; thou hast strangly sorrow'd for thy husband, follow'd him to death; further thou could'st not, thou hast buried thy selfe quick. (O that 'twere true) spent more teares ouer his carafe, then would serue a whole Citie of saddest widdowes in a plague time; besides fighings, and swownings, not to be credited.

Cyn. True, but those complements might haue their time for fashion sake.

Lyf. Right, Opinion and Fashion. Sfoot what call you time? t'haft wept these foure whole daies.

Ero. Nay berladre almost fие.

Lyf. Looke you there; nere vpon fие whole daies.

Cyn. Well goe and see; Returne, weeble goe home.

Lyf. Hell be thy home, Huge Monsters damne yee, and your whole creation, O yee Gods; in the height of her mourning in a Tomb, within sight of so many deaths! her husbands beleeu'd bodie in her eie. He dead, a few daies before; this mirrour of Nuptiall chaftie; this Votresse of widdow-constancie: to

change her faith ; exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger ; and but my shame withstood, to giue the vtmost earnest of her loue, to an eight-pennie Sentinel: in effect, to prostitute her selfe vpon her husbands Coffin ! Lust, impietie, hell, womanhood it selfe, adde if you can one step to this.

Enter Captaine with two or three Souldiers.

Cap. O Ne of the crucified bodies taken downe !

Lyf. Enough. *(slincks away.)*

Cap. And the Sentinel not to be heard off ?

1. No sir.

Cap. Make out ; haft, search abbut for him ; does none of you know him ? nor his name ?

2. Hee's but a stranger here of some foure daies standing ; and we neuer set eie on him, but at setting the watch.

Cap. For whom serues he ? you looke well to your watch masters.

1. For *Seigneur Stratio*, and whence he is, tis ignorant to vs ; we are not correspondent for any, but our owne places.

Cap. Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me haue him. *Exeunt.*

This negligence will by the Gouernour be wholly cast on me, he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy, that the Citie guards are very carefly attended. He loues mee not I know ; because of late I knew him but of meane condition ; but now by fortunes iniudicious hand, guided by bribing Courtiers, hee is rais'd to this high feate of honour. Nor blushes he, to see him selfe aduanc't ouer the heads of ten times higher worths ; but takes it all forsooth, to his merits ; and lookes (as all vpstarts doe) for most huge obferuance. Well, my mind must stoope to his high place, and learne within it selfe to feuer him from that, and to adore the Authoritie the Goddesse, how euer borne by an vnworthie beast ; and let the Beasts dull apprehension take the honour done to *Ihs*, done to himselfe. I must sit

fast, and bee sure to giue no hold to these fault-hunting
enemies.

Exit.

*Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along,
Cynthia and Ero.*

Lys. Pray thee disturbe me not ; put out the lights.

Ero. Faith Ile take a nap againe.

Cyn. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolu'd
What happy winde hath driuen thee back to harbour ?
Was it my loue ?

Lys. No.

Cyn. Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof
I may enjoy all that I wish in earth.

Lys. I am sought for. A crucified body is stolne
while I loiter'd here ; and I must die for't.

Cyn. Die ? All the Gods forbid ; O this affright tor-
ments me ten parts more then the sad losse of my deare
husband.

Lys. (Damnation) I beleue thee.

Cyn. Yet heare a womans wit,
Take counsaile of Neceffitie and it
I haue a bodie here which once I lou'd
And honour'd aboue all ; but that time's past.

Lys. It is, reuenge it heauen.

Cyn. That shall supply at so extrem a need the vacant
Gibbet.

Lys. *Canero.* What ? thy husbands bodie ?

Cyn. What hurt is't, being dead it faue the liuing ?

Lys. O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion.

Cyn. Vexe not thy selfe deare loue, nor vse delay.
Tempt not this danger, set thy handes to worke.

Lys. I can not doo't ; my heart will not permit
My handes to execute a second murther.

The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.

Cyn. The Gods forbid.

Lys. It was this hand that bath'd my reeking fword
In his life bloud, while he cried out for mercie,
But I remorselesse, panch't him, cut his throat,
He with his last breath crying, *Cynthia.*

Cyn. O thou hast told me newes that cleaves my heart,

Would I had neuer seene thee, or heard sooner
This bloudie storie ; yet see, note my truth
Yet I must loue thee.

Lys. Out vpon the Monster.

Goe, tell the Gouernour ; Let me be brought
To die for that most famous villanie ;
Not for this miching base transgression
Of tenant negligence.

Cyn. I can not doo't.

Loue must salue any murther : Ile be iudge
Of thee deare loue, and these shall be thy paines
In steede of yron, to suffer these soft chaines.

Lys. O I am infinitely oblig'd.

Cyn. Arise I say, thou saufer of my life.
Doe not with vaine-affrighting confscience
Betray a life, that is not thine but mine :
Rise and preferue it. *Lys.* Ha ? thy husbands bodie ?
Hang't vp you say, in steede of that that's stolne ;
Yet I his murtherer, is that your meaning ?

Cyn. It is my Loue. *Lys.* Thy loue amazes me,
The point is yet how we shall get it thither,
Ha ? Tie a halter about's necke, and dragge him to
the Gallowes : shall I my loue ?

Cyn. So you may doe indeede,
Or if your owne strength will not ferue, wee'le aide
Our handes to yours, and beare him to the place.
For heauens loue come, the night goes off apace.

Lys. All the infernall plagues dwell in thy soule ;
Ile fetch a crow of yron to breake the coffin.

Cyn. Doe loue, be speedie.

Lys. As I wish thy damnation. *Shut the Tomb.*
O I could teare my selfe into Atomes ; off with this
Antick, the shirt that *Hercules* wore for his wife, was not
more banefull. Is't possible there should be such a
latitude in the Sphere of this sexe, to entertaine such
an extention of mischiefe, and not turne Deuill. What
is a woman ? what are the worst when the best are so

past naming ? As men like this let them trie their wiues againe. Put women to the test ; discouer them ; paint them, paint them ten parts more then they doe themselues, rather then looke on them as they are ; Their wits are but painted that dislike their painting. Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets, And ill's abrode ; looke home, and store & choke thee ; There sticks an Achelons horne of all, Copie enough. As much as Alizon of stremes receiues, Or loftie Ilea showes of shadie leaues.

Enter Tharsalio.

Who's that ?

Thar. I wonder *Lycus* failes me. Nor can I heare whats become of him. Hee would not certaine ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

Lys. My brothers voice ; what makes he here abouts so vntimely ? Ile slip him. *Exiturus.*

Thar. Who goes there ? *Lys.* A friend.

Thar. Deare friend, lets know you. A friend least look't for but most welcome, and with many a long looke expected here.

What fir vnbooted ? haue you beene long arriu'd ?

Lys. Not long, some two houres before night.

Thar. Well brother, y'haue the most rare, admirable, vnmachable wife, that euer suffer'd for the sinne of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeede now : 'tis built on such infallible ground ; *Lycus* I thinke be gone to call you to the rescue of her life. why shée ! O incomprehensible !

Lysan. I haue heard all related since my arriu'ter weeble meet to morrow.

Thar. What hast brother ? But was it related whou what vntollerable paines, I and my Mistris, her o' friends, Matrones and Magistrates, labour'd her di'ction from that course ?

Lys. Yes, yes. *Thar.* What streams of teares shē powr'd out ; what tresses of her haire she tore ! and

offer'd on your suppos'd herse ! *Lyf.* I haue heard all.

Thar. But aboue all ; how fince that time, her eies neuer harbour'd winck of slumber, these sixe daies ; **no** nor tasted the least dramme of any sustenance.

Lyf. How is that assurd ? *Thar.* Not a scruple.

Lyf. Are you sure there came no Souldier to her nor brought her victualls ? *Thar.* Souldier ? what Souldier ?

Lyf. Why some Souldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies : well brother I am in hast ; to morrow shall supply this nights defect of conference ; **Adieu.**

Exit. Lyf.

Thar. A Souldier ? of the watch ? bring her victualls ? Goe to brother I haue you in the winde ; hee's vnharnest of all his trauailing accoutrments. I came directly from's house, no word of him there ; he knowes the whole relation ; hee's passionate : All collections speake he was the Souldier. What should be the riddle of this ? that he is stolne hether into a Souldiers disguise ? he should haue staid at Dipolis to receiue news from vs. Whether he suspected our relation ; or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantique capricious Deuill iealousie hath tost him hether on his hornes, I can not coniecture. But the case is cleare, hee's the Souldier. Sister, looke to your fame, your chastetie's vncouer'd. Are they here still ? here beleue it both most wofully weeping ouer the hōttele.

He knocks.

Ly. Who's there. *Thar.* *Tharsafio,* open.

Ile. Alas Sir, tis no boote to vexe your sister, and *Cy.* selfe, she is desperate, & will not heare perfwasion, *Ly;* very weak.

O fr. Here's a true-bred chamber-maid. Alas, I am Arie for't ; I haue brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

Ero. O the very naming an't, will drive her into a swowne ; good Sir forbeare.

Thar. Yet open sweet, that I may blesse mine eies

with sight of her faire shrine ; and of thy sweetest selfe (her famous Pandresse) open I fay. Sister ? you heare me well, paint not your Tomb without ; wee know too well what rotten carcases are lodg'd within ; open I fay. *Ero* opens, and hee sees her head layd on the coffin, &c. Sister I haue brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummerie.

Ero. Alas shee's faint, and speech is painefull to her.

Thar. Well said frubber, was there no Souldier here lately ?

Ero. A Souldier ? when ?

Thar. This night, last night, tother night ; and I know not how many nights and daies. *Cyn.* Whose there ?

Ero. Your brother Mistris, that asks if there were not a souldier here. *Cyn.* Here was no souldier.

Ero. Yes Mistris I thinke here was such a one though you tooke no heede of him. *Thar.* Goe to sister ; did not you ioyne kisses, embraces, and plight indeede with him, the vtmost pledge of Nuptiall loue with him. Deni't, deni't ; but first heare me a short storie. The Souldier was your disguis'd husband, dispute it not. That you see yonder, is but a shadow, an emptie chest containing nothing but aire. Stand not to gaze at it, tis true. This was a proiect of his owne contriuing to put your loialtie & constant vowes to the test ; y'are warnd, be arm'd.

Exit.

Ero. O fie a these perils. *Cyn.* O *Ero* ! we are vndone.

Ero. Nay, you'd nere be warn'd ; I euer wisht you to withstand the push of that Souldiers pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widowes vowes made to *Lysander*. *Cyn.* Thou did'st, thou did'st.

Ero. Now you may see th'euent. Well our safetie lies in our speed : heele doe vs mischiefe, if we preuent not his comming. Lets to your Mothers : and there cal out your mightiest friends to guard you from his furie. Let them begin the quarrell with him for prac-

tising this villanie on your sexe to intrappe your frailties.

Cyn. Nay I resolute to fit out one brunt more ; to trie to what aime heele enforce his proiect : were he some other man, vnknowne to me, his violence might awe me ; but knowing him as I doe, I feare him not. Do thou but seconde me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should prove outragious. Despaire they say makes cowarde turne couragious. Shut vp the Tomb.

Shut the Tomb.

Enter one of the Souldiers sent out before to seeke the Sentinel.

1. All paines are lost in hunting out this Souldier ; his fear (adding wings to his heeles) out-goes vs as farre as the fresh Hare the tir'd hounds. Who goes there ?

Ent. 2 souldier another way

2. A friend. 1. O, your successe and mine touching this Sentinel, tells, I suppose, one tale ; hee's farre enough I vndertake by this time. 2. I blame him not : the law's feuere (though iust and can not be dispenc'd.)

1. Why should the lawes of Paphos, with more rigour, then other Citie lawes pursue offenders ? that not appeas'd with their liues forfait, exact a iustice of them after death ? And if a Souldier in his watch forsooth lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't: It seems the State needed no souldiers when that was made a law. 2. So we may chide the fire for burning vs ; or say the Bee's not good because she stings ; Tis not the body the law respects, but the souldiers neglect ; when the watch (the guard and safetie of the Citie) is left abandon'd to all hazards. But let him goe ; and tell me if your newes sort with mine, for *Lycus* ; apprehended they say, about *Lysanders* murther.

1. Tis true ; hee's at the Captaines lodge vnder guard, and tis my charge in the morning to vnclose the leaden coffin, and discouer the bodie ; The Captaine will assay an old conclusion often approu'd ; that

at the murtherers fight the bloud reuiues againe, and boiles a fresh ; and euery wound has a condemning voice to crie out guiltie gainst the murtherer.

2. O world, if this be true ; his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd out for his bosome !

1. Tush man, in this topsie turuy world, friendship and bosom kindnes, are but made couers for mischief, meanes to compasse il. Near-allied trust, is but a bridge for treson. The presumptions crie loud against him ; his answeres found disiointed ; crosse-legd tripping vp one another. He names a Town whether he brought *Lysander* murther'd by Mountaineres, that's falfe, some of the dwellers haue been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show, are such as shrews closely giue their husbands, that neuer bleede, and finde to be counterfeit.

2. O that iade falsehood is neuer sound of all ; but halts of one legge still. Truth pace is all vpright : found euery where.

And like a die, sets euer on a square.

And how is *Lycus* his bearing in this condition ?

1. Faith (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point) carelesse, & confident, laughing at all that seeme to pittie him. But leaue it to th'euent. Night fellow Souldier, youle not meet me in the morning at the Tomb, and lend me your hand to the vnrigging of *Lysanders* herse.

2. I care not if I do, to view heauens power in this vnbottomd feller.

Bloud, though it sleepe a time, yet neuer dies.

The Gods on murtherers fixe reuengefull eies.

Exeunt.

*Lysander solus with a crow of yron, and a halter
which he laies downe and puts on his disguise
againe.*

Come my borrow'd disguise, let me once more
Be reconcild to thee, my trustiest friend ;
Thou that in truest shape haft let me see

That which my truer selfe hath hid from me,
 Help me to take reuenge on a disguise,
 Ten times more false and counterfeit then thou.
 Thou, false in shew, hast been most true to me ;
 The seeming true ; hath prou'd more false then her.
 Assit me to behold this act of lust,
 Note with a Scene of strange impietie.
 Her husbands murtherd corse ! O more then horror !
 Ile not beleuee't vntri'd ; If shee but lift
 A hand to act it ; by the fates her braines flie out,
 Since shee has madded me ; let her beware my hornes.
 For though by goring her, no hope be showne
 To cure my selfe, yet Ile not bleede alone. *He knocks.*
Ero. Who knocks ? *Lys.* The fouldier ; open.

she opes & he enters

See sweet, here are the engines that must doo't,
 Which with much feare of my discouerie
 I haue at last procur'd.
 Shall we about this worke ? I feare the morne
 Will ouer-take's ; my stay hath been prolong'd
 With hunting obscure nookes for these emploiments,
 The night prepares away ; Come, art resolu'd.
Cyn. I, you shall finde me constant.
Lys. I, so I haue, most prodigiously constant,
 Here's a rare halter to hugge him with.
Ero. Better you and I ioyne our handes and beare
 him thether, you take his head.
Cyn. I, for that was alwaies heauier then's whole
 bodie besides
Lys. You can tell best that loded it.
Ero. Ile be at the feet ; I am able to beare against
 you I warrant you.
Lys. Hast thou prepar'd weake nature to digest
 A fight so much distastfull ; hast fer'd thy heart
 I bleede not at the bloudie spectacle ?
 Hast arm'd thy fearefull eies against th'affront
 Of such a direfull obiect ?
 Thy murther'd husband ghasly staring on thee ;

His wounds gaping to affright thee ; his bodie soild
with

Gore ? fore heauen my heart shruggs at it.

Cyn. So does not mine,

Loue's resolute ; and stands not to consult
With pettie terrour ; but in full carrier
Runnes blind-fold through an Armie of misdoubts,
And interposing feares ; perhaps Ile weepe
Or so, make a forc't face and laugh againe.

Lyf. O most valiant loue !

I was thinking with my selfe as I came ; how if this
Brake to light ; his bodie knowne ;

(As many notes might make it) would it not fixe

Vpon thy fame, an vnremoued Brand

Of shame, and hate ; they that in former times

Ador'd thy vertue ; would they not abhorre

Thy lothest memorie ? *Cyn.* All this I know,

But yet my loue to thee

Swallowes all this ; or whatsoeuer doubts

Can come against it.

Shame's but a feather ballanc't with thy loue.

Lyf. Neither feare nor shame ? you are steele toth'
Proofe (but I shall yron you) : Come then lets to
worke.

Alas poore Corps how many martyrdomes

Must thou endure ? mangl'd by me a villaine,

And now expos'd to foule shame of the Gibbet ?

Fore, pietie, there is somewhat in me striues

Against the deede, my very arme relents

To strike a stroke so inhumane,

To wound a hallow'd herse ? suppose twere mine,

Would not my Ghost start vp and flie vpon thee ?

Cyn. No, I'de mall it down againe with this.

She snatches vp the crow.

Lyf. How now ?

He catches at her throat.

Cyn. Nay, then Ile assay my strength ; a Souldier and
afraid of a dead man ? A soft-r'ode milk-sop ? come
Ile doot my selfe.

Lyf. And I looke on ? giue me the yron.

Cyn. No, Ile not lose the glorie ant. This hand, &c.

Lys. Pray thee sweet, let it not bee said the sauage act was thine ; deliuer me the engine.

Cyn. Content your selfe, tis in a fitter hand.

Lys. Wilt thou first ? art not thou the most.

Cyn. Ill-deflin'd wife of a transform'd monster ; Who to assure him selfe of what he knew, Hath lost the shape of man. *Lys.* Ha ? crosse-capers ?

Cyn. Poore Souldiers case ; doe not we know you Sir ?

But I haue giuen thee what thou cam'st to seeke.

Goe *Satyre*, runne affrighted with the noise Of that harsh sounding horne thy selfe hast blowne, Farewell ; I leaue thee there my Husbands Corps, Make much of that. *Exit. cum Er.*

Lys. What haue I done ? O let me lie and grieue, and speake no more.

Captaine, Lycus with a guard of three or foure Souldiers.

Cap. Bring him away ; you must haue patience Sir : If you can say ought to quit you of those presumptions that lie heauie on you, you shall be heard. If not, tis not your braues, nor your affec-ting lookes can carrie it.

We must acquite our duties.

Lyc. Y'are Captaine ath' watch Sir.

Cap. You take me right.

Lyc. So were you best doe mee ; see your presumptions bee strong ; or be assured that shall proue a deare presumption, to brand me with the murther of my friend. But you haue beene suborn'd by some close villaine to defame me.

Cap. Twill not be so put off friend *Lycus*, I could wish your soule as free from taint of this foule fact ; as mine from any such vnworthy practise.

Lyc. Conduct mee to the Gouernour him selfe ; to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Cap. First Sir, Ile beare you to *Lysanders* Tombe, to confront the murther'd body ; and see what euidence the wounds will yeeld against you.

Lyc. Y'are wise Captaine. But if the bodie should chance not to speake ; If the wounds should bee tongue-tied Captaine ; where's then your euidence Captaine ? will you not be laught at for an officious Captaine ?

Cap. Y'are gallant Sir.

Lyc. Your Captainship commands my seruice no further.

Cap. Well Sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not ; weeble trie what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

Lyc. Say you so Captaine ? but hearke you Captaine, Might it not concurre with the qualitie of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatning danger ; to winck a little at a by-slip, or so ?

Cap. How's that ?

Lyc. To send a man abroad vnder guard of one of your filliest shack-rags ; that he may beate the knaue, and run's way. I meane this on good termes Captaine ; Ile be thankfull.

Cap. Ile thinke ont hereafter. Meane time I haue other emploiment for you.

Lyc. Your place is worthily replenisht Captaine. My dutie Sir ; Hearke Captaine, there's a mutinie in your Armie ; Ile go raise the Gouernour. *Exiturus.*

Cap. No hast Sir ; heele ioone be here without your summons.

Souldiers thrust vp Lysander from the Tomb.

1. Bring forth the Knight ath' Tomb ; haue we met with you Sir ? *Lys.* Pray thee souldier vse thine office with better temper. 2. Come conuay him to the Lord Gouernour.

First afore the Captaine Sir. Haue the heauens nought else to doe, but to stand still, and turne all their malignant

Aspects vpon one man ?

2. Captaine here's the Sentinell wee fought for ; hee's some new prest Souldier, for none of vs know him.

Cap. Where found you him ?

1. My truant was mich't Sir into a blind corner of the Tomb.

Cap. Well said, guard him safe, but for the Corps.

1. For the Corps Sir ? bare misprision, there's no bodie, nothing. A meere blandation, a *deception visus*. Vnlesse this souldier for hunger haue eate vp *Lysanders* bodie.

Lyc. Why, I could haue told you this before Captaine ; The body was borne away peece-meale by devout Ladies of *Venus* order, for the man died one of *Venus* Martys. And yet I heard since 'twas feene whole ath' other side the downes vpon a Colestafe betwixt two huntſmen, to feede their dogges withall. Which was a miracle Captaine.

Cap. Mischief in this act hath a deepe bottom ; and requires more time to found it. But you Sir, it seemes, are a Souldier of the newest stamp. Know you what tis to forsake your stand ? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolne away ; how answere you that ? See here comes the Gouernour.

Enter a Guard bare after the Gouernour : Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias, before Eudora, Cynthia, Lao-dice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, &c.

Guard. Stand aside there.

Cap. Roome for a strange Gouernour. The perfect draught of a most brainelesse, imperious vp-start. O desert ! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was gilded ouer with the Title of Gouernour ?

Guard. Peace Masters ; heare my Lord.

Thar. All wisedome be silent ; Now speakes Authoritie.

Gouer. I am come in person to discharge Iustice.

Thar. Of his office.

Gouer. The cause you shall know hereafter ; and it is this. A villaine, whose very sight I abhorre ; where is he ? Let mee see him.

Cap. Is't *Lycus* you meane my Lord ?

Gouer. Goe to firrha y'are too maliperter ; I haue heard of your Sentinells escape ; looke too't.

Cap. My Lord, this is the Sentinel you speake of.

Gouer. How now Sir ? what time a day ist ?

Arg. I can not shew you precisely, ant please your Honour.

Gouer. What ? shall we haue replications ? Reioindlers ?

Thar. Such a creature, Foole is, when hee bestrides the back of Authoritie.

Gouer. Sirrha, stand you forth. It is supposed thou haft committed a most inconuenient murther vpon the body of *Lysander*.

Lyc. My good Lord, I haue not.

Gouer. Peace varlet ; dost chop with me ? I say it is imagined thou haft murther'd *Lysander*. How it will be prou'd I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently bee had to execution, as iustice in such cases requireth. Souldiers take him away : bring forth the Sentinel.

Lyb. Your Lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Gouer. Sirrha ; Ile no fending nor prouing. For my part I am satisfied, it is so : that's enough for thee. I had euer a Sympathy in my minde against him.

Let him be had away.

Thar. A most excellent apprehension. Hee's able yee see to iudge of a cause at first sight, and heare but two parties. Here's a second *Solon*.

Eud. Heare him my Lord ; presumptions oftentimes, (Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth. And Truth is oft abus'd by likelyhood.

Let him be heard my Lord.

Gouer. Madam, content your selfe. I will doe iustice ; I will not heare him. Your late Lord, was

my Honourable Predecessour: But your Ladiship must pardon me. In matters of iustice I am blinde.

Thar. Thats true.

Gouer. I know no persons. If a Court fauourite write to mee in a case of iustice: I will pocket his letter, and proceede. If a Suiter in a case of iustice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceede. Therefore Madam, set your heart at rest: I am seated in the Throne of iustice; and I will doe iustice; I will not heare him.

Eud. Not heare him my Lord?

Gouer. No my Ladie: and thoreouer put you in mind, in whose presence you stand; if you Parrat to me long; goe to.

Thar. Nay the Vice must snap his Authoritie at all he meetes, how shalt else be knowne what part he plaies?

Gouer. Your husband was a Noble Gentleman, but Alas hee came short, hee was no Statesman. Hee has left a foule Citie behinde him.

Thar. I, and I can tell you twill trouble his Lordship and all his Honorable assistants of Scauingers to sweene it cleane.

Gouer. It's full of vices, and great ones too.

Thar. And thou none of the meanest.

Gouer. But Ile turne all topfie turuie; and set vp a new discipline amongst you. Ile cut of all perisht members.

Thar. Thats the Surgeons office.

Gouer. Cast out these rotten stinking carcases for infecting the whole Citie.

Arg. Rotten they may be, but their wenches vse to pepper them; and their Surgeons to perboile them; and that preserues them from stinking, ant please your Honour.

Gouer. Peace Sirra, peace; and yet tis well said too. A good pregnant fellow yfaith. But to proceede. I will spew drunkennesse out ath' Citie.

Thar. Into th' Countrie.

Gouer. Shifters shall cheate and sterue ; And no man shall doe good but where there is no neede. Braggarts shall liue at the head ; and the tumult that hant Tauernes. Asses shall beare good qualities, and wise men shall vse them. I will whip lecherie out ath' Citie, there shall be no more Cuckolds. They that heretofore were errand Cornutos, shall now bee honest shop-keepers, and iustice shall take place. I will hunt ielousie out of my Dominion.

Thar. Doe heare Brother ?

Gouer. It shall be the only note of loue to the husband, to loue the wife : And none shall be more kindly welcome to him then he that cuckolds him.

Thar. Beleeue it a wholsome reformation.

Gouer. Ile haue no more Beggers. Fooles shall haue wealth, and the learned shall liue by their wits. Ile haue no more Banckrouts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure : And the rest shall make a vertue of imprisonment ; and their wiues shall helpe to pay their debts. Ile haue all yong widdowes spaded for marrying againe. For the old and wither'd, they shall be confiscate to vnthriftie Gallants, and decai'd Knights. If they bee poore they shall bee burnt to make sope ashes, or giuen to Surgeons Hall, to bee stampet to salue for the French mesells. To conclude, I will Cart pride out ath' Towne.

Arg. Ant please your Honour Pride ant be nere so beggarly will looke for a Coch.

Gouer. Well said a mine Honour. A good significant fellow yfaith : What is he ? he talkes much ; does he follow your Ladiship ?

Arg. No ant please your Honour, I goe before her.

Gouer. A good vndertaking prefence ; A well-promising forehead, your Gentleman Vsher Madam ?

Eud. Yours if you please my Lord.

Gouer. Borne ith' Citie ?

Arg. I ant please your Honour, but begot ith' Court.

Gouer. Treffellegg'd ?

Arg. I, ant please your Honour.

Gouer. The better, it beares a bredth ; makes roome a both sides. Might I not see his pace ? *Argus*

Arg. Yes ant please your Honour.

flakes.

Gouer. Tis well, tis very well. Giue me thy hand : Madame I will accept this propertie at your hand, and wil weare it thredbare for your sake. Fall in there, firra. And for the matter of *Lycus* Madam, I must tell you, you are shallow : there's a State point in't ? heark you : The Viceroy has giuen him, and wee must vphold correspontence. Hee must walke ; say one man goes wrongfully out ath' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world.

Eud. Your Lordship will giue me but a word in priuate.

Thar. Come brother ; we know you well : what meanes this habite ? why staid you not at Dipolis as you resolu'd, to take aduertisement for vs of your wiues bearing ?

Lyc. O brother, this iealous phrensie has borne mee headlong to ruine.

Tnar. Go to, be comforted ; vncafe your selfe ; and discharge your friend.

Gouer. Is that *Lysander* say you ? And is all his storie true ?

Berladie Madam this iealousie will cost him deare : he vndertooke the person of a Souldier ; and as a Souldier must haue iustice. Madam, his Altitude in this case can not dispence. *Lycus*, this Souldier hath acquitted you.

Thar. And that acquitall Ile for him requite ; the body lost, is by this time restor'd to his place.

Soul. It is my Lord.

Thar. These are State points, in which your Lordships time has not yet train'd your Lordship ; please your Lordship to grace a Nuptiall we haue now in hand.

Hylus and Laodice stand together.

Twixt this yong Ladie and this Gentleman.

Your Lordship there shall heare the ample storie.

And how the Asse wrapt in a Lyons skin
Fearefully rord ; but his large eares appeard
And made him laught at, that before was feard.

Gouer. Ile goe with you. For my part, I am at a
non plus.

Eudora whispers with Cynthia.

Thar. Come brother ; Thanke the Countesse : shee
hath fwet to make your peace. Sister giue me your
hand.

So ; Brother let your lips compound the strife,
And thinke you haue the only constant Wife.

Exeunt.

99?

FINIS.

THE
MEMORABLE MASKE

of the two Honorable Houses or Inns of
Court; the Middle Temple, and
Lyncolns Inne.

*As it was performd before the King, at
White-Hall on Shroue Munday at night ;
being the 15. of February. 1613.*

At the Princely celebration of the most Royall
Nuptiall of the Palsgraue, and his thrice gratiouse
Princesse Elizabeth. &c.

*With a description of their whole show; in the manner
of their march on horse-backe to the Court from
the Maister of the Rolls his house: with all
their right Noble consorts, and most
showfull attendants.*

Inuented, and fashioned, with the ground, and
speciall structure of the whole worke,

By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious
Architect, INNIGO IONES.

*Supplied, Aplied, Digested, and written,
By GEO: C H A P M A N.*

AT LONDON,

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *George Norton* and are to be
sould at his shoppe neere Temple-bar.



TO THE MOST NO- ble, and constant Combiner of Honor, and Virtue, Sir EDWARD PHILIPS, Knight, M^r. of the Rolls.

GHis Noble and Magnificent performance, renewing the ancient spirit, and Honor of the Innes of Court ; being especially furthered and followed by your most laborious and honored endeuors, (for his Maiesties seruice ; and honour of the all-grace-deseruing Nuptialls, of the thrice gracious Princesse Elizabeth, his Highness daughter) deserues especially to be in this sort consecrate, to your worthy memory and honor. Honor hauing neuer her faire hand more freely and nobly giuen to Riches (being a fit particle of this Inuention) then by yours, at this Nuptiall solemnity. To which assisted, and memorable ceremony ; the ioin'd hand and industry, of the worthely honour'd Knight, Sir H. Hubberd, his Maiesties Atturny generall, deseruing, in good part a ioint memory with yours, I haue submitted it freely to his noble acceptance. The poore paines I added to this Royall seruice, being wholly chosen, and commanded by your most constant, and free

The Epistle Dedicatore.

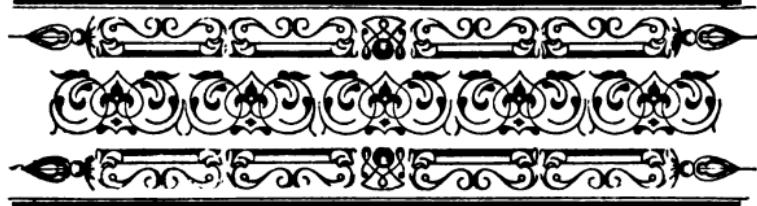
*fauour; I hope will now appeare nothing neglectiue
of their expected duties. Hearty wil, and care
enough, I am assured was employ'd in me; and
the onely ingenuous will, being first and principall
step to vertue; I beseech you let it stand for the
performing vertue it selfe. In which addition of
your euer-honour'd fauours, you shall euer binde
all my future seruice to your most wished Com-
mandement.*

*God send you long health, and your Vertues will
endue you with honor enough,*

By your free merits euer vow'd honorer,

and most vnfainedly affectioned,

GEO. CHAPMAN.



THE MASKE OF THE

Gentlemen of the two combin'd houses,

• or Inns of Court, the Middle-Temple,

and Lincolns Inne.

T the house of the most worthely honour'd
preferrer and gracer of all honorable
Actions, and vertues, (sir *Edward*
Philips Knight, Master of the Rolls) al
the Performers and their Assistents
made their *Rendes vous*, prepar'd to their performance,
and thus set forth.

Fiftie Gentlemen, richly attirde, and as gallantly
mounted, with Foot-men perticularly attending, made
the noble vant-garde of these Nuptiall forces. Next
(a fit distance obseru'd betweene them) marcht a mock-
Maske of Baboons, attir'd like fantasticall Trauailers,
in Neapolitane futes, and great ruffes, all horst with
Asses; and dwarfe Palfries, with yellow foot-cloathes,
and casting Cockle-demois about, in courtesie, by way
of lardges; Torches boarn on either hand of them;

lighting their state as ridiculously, as the rest Nobly. After them were sorted two Carrs Triumphall, adorn'd with great Maske heads, Festones, scroules, and antick leaues, euery part inricht with siluer and golde. These were through-varied with different inuention, and in them aduanc't, the choice Musitions of our Kingdome, sixe in each ; attir'd like Virginean Priests, by whom the Sun is there ador'd ; and therfore called the Phœbades. Their Robes were tuckt vp before ; strange Hoods of feathers, and scallops about their neckes, and on their heads turbants, stucke with feuerall colour'd feathers, spotted with wings of Flies, of extraordinary bignesse ; like those of their countrie : And about them march't two ranks of Torches. Then rode the chiefe Maskers, in Indian habits, all of a resemblance : the ground cloath of siluer, richly embroidered, with golden Sunns, and about euery Sunne, ran a traile of gold, imitating Indian worke : their bases of the same stiffe and work, but betwixt euery pane of embroidery, went a row of white Estridge feathers, mingled with sprigs of golde plate ; vnder their breasts, they woare bawdricks of golde, embroidered high with with purle, and about their neckes, Ruffes of feathers, spangled with pearle and siluer. On their heads high sprig'd-feathers, compast in Coronets, like the Virginian Princes they presented. Betwixt euery set of feathers, and about their browes, in the vnder-part of their Coronets, shin'd Sunnes of golde plate, sprinkled with pearle ; from whence sprung rayes of the like plate, that mixing with the motion of the feathers, shew'd exceedingly delightfull, and gracious. Their legges were adorn'd, with close long white silke-stockings : curiously embroidered with golde to the Midde-legge.

And ouer these (being on horse backe) they drew greaues or buskins embroidered with gould, & enterlac't with rewes of fethers ; Altogether estrangfull, and *Indian* like.

In their Hands (set in feuerall postures as they rode)

they brandisht cane darts of the finest gould. Their vizerds of oliue colour ; but pleasingly visag'd : their hayre, blacke and lardge, wauing downe to their shoulders.

Their Horse, for rich shew, equalld the Maskers them-selues ; all their caparisons being encha'ct with funnes of Gould and Ornamentall Iewells. To euery one of which, was tacked a Scarffing of Siluer ; that ran sinuouely in workes ouer the whole caparison, euen to the daseling of the admiring spectators.

Their heads, no lesse gracefully and properly deckt with the like light skarffing that hung about their eares wantonly dangling.

Euery one of these horse, had two Moores, attir'd like *Indian* flaues, that for state sided them ; with fwelling wreaths of gould, and watshed on their heads, which arose in all to the number of a hundred.

The Torch-bearers habits were likewise of the *Indian* garb, but more strauagant then those of the Maskers ; all shewfully garnisht with feuerall-hewd fethers. The humble variety whereof, stucke off the more ampie, the Maskers high beauties, shining in the habits of themselues ; and reflected in their kinde, a new and delightfully-varied radiance on the beholders.

All these sustaint torches of *Virgine* wax, whose flaues were great canes al ouer gilded ; And these (as the rest) had euery Man his Moore, attending his horse.

The Maskers, riding single ; had euery Masker, his Torch-bearer mounted before him.

The last Charriot, which was most of all adornd ; had his whole frame fill'd with moulded worke ; mixt all with paintings, and glittering scarfings of siluer ; ouer which was cast a Canopie of golde, boarne vp with antick figures, and all compos'd *a la Grotesca*. Before this in the feate of it, as the Chariotere ; was aduanc't a strange person, and as strangely habited, half French, halfe Swizz ; his name *Capriccio* ; wearing on his head a paire of golden Bellowes, a guilt spurre

in one hand, and with the other manngaging the reignes of the fowre Horses that drewe it.

On a seate of the same Chariot, a little more eleuate, fate *Eunomia*, the Virgine Priest of the Goddesse *Honor*, together with *Phemis*, her Herald: The habite of her Priest, was a Robe of white silke, gathered about the necke; a pentacle of siluered stiffe about her shoulders, hanging foldedly downe, both before and behind.

A vestall vaile on her head of Tiffany, strip't with siluer, hanging with a trayne, to the earth.

The Herrald was attyrd ~~in~~ an Antique Curace of siluer stiffe, with labells at thewings and busses; a short gowne of gould stiffe; with wide sleeues, cut in panes: A wreath of gould on his head, and a Rod of gould in his hand.

Highest of all in the most eminent seate of the Tryumphall sat, side to side, the coelestiall Goddesse, *Honour*; and the earthy Deity, *Plutus*; or Riches. His attire; a short robe of gould, frindg'd; his wide sleeues turn'd vp, and out-showd his naked armes: his Head and Beard sprinckl'd with shoures of gould: his Buskins, clinckant, as his other attire. The Ornaments of Honor were these: a rich full robe of blew silke girt about her, a mantle of siluer worne ouer-thwart, ful gathered, and descending in folds behind: a vaile of net lawne, embrodered with Oos and Spangl'd; her tresses in tucks, braided with siluer: The hinder part shadowing in waues her shoulders.

These, thus perticularly, and with proprietie adorn'd, were strongly attended with a full Guard of two hundred Halbardiers: two Marshals (being choice Gentlemen, of either house) Commaunder-like attir'd, to and fro coursing, to keepe all in their orders.

A shewe at all parts so nouell, conceitfull and glorious, as hath not in this land, (to the proper vse and obiect it had porpof'd) beene euer before beheld. Nor did those honorable Inns of Court, at any time in that kinde, such acceptable seruice to the sacred Maiesy of

this kingdome, nor were return'd by many degrees, with so thrice gratioues, and royll entertainment and honor. But, (as aboue sayd) all these so marching to the Court at White Hall, the King, Bride, & Bridegroom, with all the Lords of the most honord priuy Councel, and our chief Nobility, stood in the Gallery before the Tilt-yeard, to behold their arriuall ; who, for the more ful satisfaction of his Maiesties view, made one turn about the yeard, and dismounted : being then honorably attended through the Gallery to a Chamber appointed, where they were to make ready for their performance in the Hall, &c.

The King beeing come forth, the Maskers ascended vnfeene to their scene. Then for the works.

First there appear'd at the lower end of the Hall, an Artificiall Rock, whose top was neere as high as the hall it selfe. This Rock, was in the vndermost part craggy, and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contriv'd, two winding paire of staires, by whose greces the Persons aboue might make their decents, and all the way be feene : all this Rocke grew by degrees vp into a gold-colour ; and was run quite through, with veines of golde : On the one side whereof, eminently raised on a faire hill, was erected a siluer Temple of an octangle figure, whose Pillars were of a compos'd order, and bore vp an Architraue, Freeze, and Cornish : Ouer which stood a continued Plinthe ; whereon were aduanc't Statues of siluer : Aboue this, was placed a bastarde Order of Architecture, wherein were keru'd Compartements : In one of which was written in great golde Capitalls, *HONORIS FANVM*. Aboue all, was a *Coupolo*, or Type, which seem'd to be scal'd with siluer Plates.

For finishing, of all, vpon a Pedistall, was fixt a round stone of siluer, from which grew a paire of golden wings, both faign'd to bee Fortunes : the round stone (when her feet trod it) euer affirm'd

to be rouling ; figuring her inconstancy : the golden wings, denoting those nimble Powres, that pompously beare her about the world ; On that Temple (erected to her daughter, *Honor* ; and figuring this kingdome) put off by her, and fixt, for assured signe she would neuer forfake it.

About this Temple, hung Festones wreath'd with siluer from one Pillars head to another. Besides, the Freeze was enricht with keruings, all shewing Greatnes and Magnificence.

On the other side of the Rocke, grewe a Groue, in whose vtmost part appear'd a vast, wither'd, and hollow Tree, being the bare receptacle of the Baboonerie.

These following should in duty haue had their proper places, after euery fitted speech of the Actors ; but being preuented by the vnexpected haste of the Printer, which he neuer let me know, and neuer sending me a proofe, till he had past those speeches ; I had no reason to imagine hee could haue been so forward. His fault is therfore to be supplied by the obseruation, and reference of the Reader, who will easily perceiue, where they were to bee inserted.

After the speech of *Plutus* (who as you may see after, first entred) the middle part of the Rocke began to moue, and being come some fие paces vp towards the King, it split in peeces with a great crack ; and out brake *Capriccio*, as before described. The peeces of the Rocke vanisht, and he spake as in his place.

At the singing of the first Song, full, which was fung by the Virginian Priests ; called the Phœbades, to fixe Lutes (being vsed as an Orphean vertue, for the state of the Mines opening) : the vpper part of the Rock was sodainly turn'd to a Cloude, discouering a rich and resfulgent Mine of golde ; in which the twelue Maskers were triumphantly feated : their Torch-bearers attending before them. All the lights being so ordred, that though none were seen, yet had their lustre such

vertue, that by it, the least spangle or spark of the Maskers rich habites, might with ease and cleerenesse be discerned as far off as the seate.

Ouer this golden Mine, in an Euening sky, the ruddy Sunne was seen ready to be set ; and behind the tops of certayne white Clifffes, by degrees descended, casting vp a banke of Cloudes ; in which, a while hee was hidden : but then gloriously shining, gaue that vñually-obseru'd good Omen, of succeding faire weather.

Before he was fully set, the Phœbades (shewing the custome of the Indians to adore the Sunne setting) began their obseruance with the Song, to whose place, wee must referre you for the manner and words ; All the time they were singing ; the Torch-bearers holding vp their Torches to the Sun ; to whome the Priests themselues, and the rest, did as they fung obeisance : Which was answred by other Musique and voices, at at the commandement of *Honor*, with al' obseruances vñ'd to the King &c. As in the following places.

TO answer certaine insolent obiections made against
the length of my speeches, and narrations; being (for
the probability of all accidents, rising from the inuention
of this Maske; and their application, to the persons, and
places: for whome, and by whome it was presented) not
conuenient, but necessary; I am enforēt to affirme this;
That: as there is no Poem nor Oration so generall; but
hath his one particular proposition; Nor no riuers so
extrauagantly ample, but hath his neuer-so-narrow foun-
taine, worthy to be namd; so all these courtly, and honor-
ing inuentions (hauing Poesie, and Oration in them, and
a fountaine, to be exprest, from whence their Riuers
flow) should expressiuely-arise; out of the places, and
persons for; and by whome they are presented; without
which limits, they are luxurious, and paine. But what
rules soever are set downe, to any Art, or Act (though,
without their obseruation; No Art, nor Act, is true, and
worthy) yet they are nothing the more followd; or those
few that follow them credited. Euery vulgarly-esteemd
uplari; dares breake the dreadfull dignity of antient and
autenticall Poesie: and presume Luciferously, to proclaim
in place thereof, repugnant precepts of their owne spaune.
Truth, and Worth, haue no faces, to enamour the Lycen-
tious, but vaine-glory, and humor. The same body: the
same beauty, a thousand men seeing: Onely the man
whose bloud is fitted, hath that which hee calls his soule,

enamourd. And this, out of infallible cause ; for, men understand not these of Mænander — est morbus oportunitas

Animæ, quod ictus, vulnus accipit graue.

But the cause of all Mens being enamourd with Truth. And of her slight respect, in others ; is the diuine Freedome ; one touching with his apprehensiuē finger, the other, passing. The Hill of the Muses (which all men must clime in the regular way, to Truth) is faid of ould, to be forcked. And the two points of it, parting at the Top ; are Insania, and, diuinus furor. Insania, is that which every Ranck-brainde writer ; and iudge of Poeticall writing, is rapt withal ; when hee presumes either to write or censure the height of Poesie ; and that transports him with humor, vaine-glory and pride, most profane and sacrilegious : when diuinus furor ; makes gentle, and noble, the neuer so truly-inspired writer —

Emollit mores nec finit esse feros.

And the mild beames of the most holy inflamer ; easely, and sweetly enter, with all understanding sharpenesse, the soft, and sincerely humane ; but with no Time ; No Study ; No meanes under heauen : any arrogant, all-occupation devourer (that will Chandler-like set vp with all wares ; selling, Poesies Nectar and Ambrosia ; as wel as mustard, and vineagar.) The chaste and restraint beames of humble truth will euer enter ; but onely grafe and glaunce at them : and the further fly them.

The applicable argument of *the Maske.*

Honor, is so much respected, and ador'd ; that shee hath a Temple erected to her, like a Goddesse ; a Virgine Priest consecrated to her (which is *Eunomia*, or Lawe ; since none should dare acceſſe to Honor, but by Vertue ; of which Lawe being the rule, must needs be a chiefe) and a Herrald (call'd *Phemis*, or Fame) to proclaime her institutions, and commandements. To ampleſie yet more the diuine grāces of this Goddesſe ; *Plutus*, (or Riches) being by *Aristophanes*, *Lucian*, &c. presented naturally blind, deformd, and dull witted ; is here by his loue of Honor, made ſee, made ſightly, made ingenious ; made liberall : And all this conuerted and conſecrate to the moſt worthy celebration of theſe ſacred Nuptialls ; all iſſuing (to conclude the neceſſary application) from an honorable Temple. &c.

Non est certa fides, quam non Iniuria verſat.
————— Fallit portus & ipſe fidem.



THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

Honour, a Goddesse.

Plutus, (or Riches) a God.

Eunomia (or law) Priest of honor.

Phemis, Honors Herrald.

Capriccio, a man of wit, &c.

THE PRESENTMENT.

Plutus appear'd furuaying the worke with this speech.

PLVTVS.

Rockes? Nothing but Rockes in these masking deuices? Is Inuention so poore shee must needs euer dwell amongst Rocks? But it may worthily haue chaunc'd (being so often presented) that their vaine Custome is now become the necessarie hand of heauen, transforming into Rocks, some stonie hearted Ladies, courted in former masks; for whose loues, some of their repulst seruants haue perisht: or perhaps some of my flintie-hearted Vsurers haue beene heere metamorphosed; betwixt whom and Ladies, there is resemblance enough: Ladies vsing to take interest, besides their principall, as much as Vsurers. See, it is so; and now is the time of restoring them to their naturall shapes: It moues, opens, excellent! This metamorphosis I intend to ouer-heare.

A ROCK, MOOVING

and breaking with a cracke about
Capriccio, he enters with a payre of Bellows on
his head, a spur in one hand, and a peece of
golde Ore in the other, &c.

He speakes, vt sequitur.

CAPRICCIO.

How hard this world is to a man of wit? hee
must eate through maine Rockes for his
food, or fast; a restles and tormenting
stone, his wit is to him: the very stome of
Sisyphus in hell; nay, the Philosophers stome, makes
not a man more wretched: A man must be a second
Proteus, and turne himselfe into all shapes (like *Vlisses*)
to winde through the straites of this pinching vale of
miferie; I haue turn'd my selfe into a Tailor, a Man,
a Gentleman, a Nobleman, a Worthy man; but had
neuer the witte to turne my selfe into an Alder-man.
There are manie shapes to perish in, but one to liue
in, and tha's an Aldermans: Tis not for a man of wit
to take any rich Figure vpon him: your bould, proud,
ignorant, that's braue and clinkant, that findes crownes
put into his shooes euery morning by the Fayries and
will neuer tell; whose Wit is humor, whose Iudgement
is fashion, whose Pride is emptineffe, Birth his full

man, that is in all things someting, in Sum totall, nothing. He shall liue in the land of *Spruce*, milke and hony flowing into his mouth sleeping.

PLVTVS.

This is no transformation, but an intrusion into my golden mines : I will heare him further.

CAPRIC.

This breach of Rockes I haue made, in needy pursuite of the blind Deity, Riches : who is myraculously arived here. For (acording to our rare men of wit) heauen standing, and earth mouing, her motion (being circular) hath brought one of the most remote parts of the world, to touch at this all-exceeding Iland : which a man of wit would imagine must needs moue circularly with the rest of the world, and so euer maintaine an equal distance. But, Poets (our chiefe men of wit) answere that point directly ; most ingeniously affirming : That this Ile is (for the excellency of it) diuided from the world (*diuisus ab orbe Britannus*) and that though the whole World besides moues ; yet this Ile stands fixt on her owne feete, and defies the Worlds mutability, which this rare accident of the arriuall of Riches, in one of his furthest-off-scituate dominions, most demonstratiuely proues.

PLVTVS.

This is a man of wit indeede, and knows of all our arriuals.

CAPRIC.

With this dull Deity Riches, a rich Iland lying in the South-sea, called *Pæana*; (of the *Pæans* (or songs) sung to the Sun, whom they there adore (being for strength and riches, called the Nauill of that South-sea) is by earths round motion mou'd neere this Brittan Shore. In which Island (beeing yet in command of the Vir-

ginian continent.) A troupe of the noblest Virginians inhabiting ; attended hether the God of Riches, all triumphantly shyning in a Mine of gould. For hearing of the most royal solemnity, of these sacred Nuptialls ; they crost the Ocean in their honor, and are here arriu'd. A poore snatch at some of the goulden Ore, that the feete of riches haue turnd vp as he trod here, my poore hand hath purchast ; and hope the Remainder of a greater worke, wilbe shortly extant.

PLVT.

You Sir, that are miching about my goulden Mines here.

CAPR.

What, can you see Sir ? you haue heretofore beene presented blinde : like your Mother Fortune ; and your Brother Loue.

PLVT.

But now Sir, you see I see.

CAPR.

By what good meanes, I beseech you Sir.

PLVT.

That meanes, I may vouchsafe you hereafter ; meane space, what are you ?

CAPR.

I am Sir a kinde of Man ; A Man of wit : with whom your worship has nothing to do I thinke.

PLVT.

No Sir, nor will haue any thing to doe with him : A Man of wit ? whats that ? A Begger.

CAPR.

And yet no Diuell Sir.

PLV.

As I am, you meane.

CAPR.

Indeede sir your Kingdome is vnder the Earth.

PLVT.

That's true, for Riches is the *Atlas* that holdes it vp,
it would sinke else.

CAPR.

Tis rather a wonder, it sinks not with you Sir, y'are so
sinfully, and damnably heauy.

PLVT:

Sinfull ? and damnable ? what a Puritane ? These
Bellowes you weare on your head, shew with what
matter your braine is pufft vp Sir : A Religion-forger
I see you are, and presume of inspiration from these
Bellowes ; with which yee study to blow vp the setled
gouernments of kingdoms.

CAPR.

Your worship knockes at a wrong dore Sir, I dwell
farre from the person you speak of.

PLVT.

What may you be then, beeing a man of wit ? a Buffon,
a Iester. Before I would take vpon mee the title of a
man of wit, and bee baffl'd by euery man of wisedome
for a Buffon ; I would turne Banckrout, or set vp a
Tobacco shop, change clokkes with an Alchemist, or
serue an Vsurer, bee a watering post for euery Groome ;
stand the push of euery rascall wit ; enter lists of iests

with trencher-fooles, and bee foold downe by them, or (which is worse) put them downe in fooling : are these the qualities a man of wit should run proud of ?

CAPR.

Your worship I see has obtaind wit, with fight, which I hope yet my poor wit wil well be able to answer; for touching my iesting, I haue heard of some Courtiers, that haue run themselues out of their states with Iusting ; and why may not I then raise my selfe in the State with iesting ? An honest Shoomaker, (in in a liberall Kings time) was knighted for making a cleane boote, and is it imposisble, that I for breaking a cleane Iest, should bee aduaunc't in Court, or Counfaile ? or at least, serued out for an Ambassador to a dull Climate ? Iests, and Merriments are but wild weedes in a rank soile, which being well manured, yield the wholesom crop of wisdome and discretion at time ath' yeare.

PLV.

Nay, nay, I commend thy iudgement for cutting thy cote so iust to the bredth of thy shouolders ; he that cannot be a courser in the field, let him learne to play the Iack-an-Apes in the Chamber, hee that cannot personate the wife-man well amongst wisards, let him learne to play the foole well amongst dizzards.

CAPR.

Tis passing miraculous, that your dul and blind worship should so sodainly turne both fightfull, and witfull.

PLVT.

The Riddle of that myracle, I may chance dissolute to you in sequell; meane time, what name sustain'st thou ? and what toies are these thou bear'st so phantaftically about thee ?

CAPR.

These, toies Sir, are the Ensignes that discouer my name and qualitie: my name being *Capriccio*, and I weare these Bellowes on my head, to shew I can puffe vp with glory all thosse that affect mee: and besides, beare this spurre, to shew I can spur-gall, euen the best that contemne me.

PLVT.

A dangerous fellowe, But what makeſt thou (poore man of wit) at theſe pompos Nuptials;

CAPRIC.

Sir, I come hether with a charge; To doe theſe Nuptial's, I hope, very acceptable ſeruice; And my charge is; A company of accompliſht Trauailers; that are excellent at Antemaskes; and will tender a taſt of thair quallity, if your worship please.

PLVT.

Excellent well pleasd; of what vertue are they beſides.

CAPR.

Passing graue Sir, yet exceeding acute: witty, yet not ridiculous; neuer laugh at their owne iefts: laborious yet not base, hauing cut out the skirts of the whole world, in amorous queſt of your gould and ſiluer.

PLVT.

They ſhal haue enough; cal them: I beſeech thee call them: how farre hence abide they?

CAPR.

Sir (being by another eminent qualitie the admired ſouldiers of the world) in contempt of ſoftnes, and

delicacie, they lie on the naturally hard boords of that naked tree ; and will your worship assure them rewards fit for persons of their freight.

PLVT.

Dost thou doubt my reward beeing pleased ?

CAPR.

I know Sir, a man may sooner win your reward, for pleasing you, then deferring you. But you great wise persons, haue a fetch of State ; to employ with countenance, and encouragement, but reward with austerity and disgrace, saue your purses, and lose your honours.

PLVT.

To assure thee of reward, I will now satisfie thee touching the miraculous cause, both of my fight and wit, and which consequently moues mee to humanity, and bounty ; And all this, onely this ; my late being in loue, with the louely Goddesse Honor.

CAPRIC.

If your Worshipp loue Honor, indeed, Sir you must needs be bountifull. But where is the rare Goddesse you speake of to be seene ?

PLVTVS.

In that Rich Temple, where Fortune fixt those her goulden wings, thou seest ; And that rowling stone she wuld to tread vpon, for signe shee would neuer for-sake this Kingdome ; There is ador'd, the worthy Goddesse Honor. The swetnesse of whose voice, when I first heard her perwasions, both to my self, and the *Virginian* Princes arriu'd here, to doe honor and homage, to these heauenly Nuptialls, so most powerfully enamour'd mee, that the fire of my loue flew vp to the

fight of mine eyes : that haue lighted within mee a whole firmament of Bounty, which may securely assure the, thy reward is certaine : & therefore call thy accomplitsh company to their Autemaske.

CAPRIC.

See Sir, The time, set for their apperance, being ex-
pir'd ; they appeere to their seruice of them-felves.

*Enter the Baboones after whose dance,
being Anticke, and delightful, they
returned to their Tree, when Plu-
tus spake to Capriccius.*

PLVTVS.

Gramercy now *Capriccio*, take thy men of complement,
and trauaile with them to other marriages. My Riches
to thy Wit ; they will get someting some-where.

CAPR.

Whats this ?

PLVT.

A straine of Wit beyond a Man of Wit. I haue im-
ployd you, and the grace of that, is reward enough ;
hence ; packe, with your complemental Fardle : The
fight of an attendant for reward, is abominable in the
eyes of a turne-seru'd Politician, and I feare, will strike
me blinde againe. I can not abide these bellowes of
thy head, they and thy men of wit haue melted my

Mines with them, and consum'd me, yet take thy life and be gone. *Neptune* let thy predecessor, *Vlyffes*, liue after all his flaine companions, but to make him die more miserably liuing: gaue him vp to ship-wracks, enchantments; men of wit are but enchanted, there is no such thing as wit in this world. So, take a tree, inure thy souldiers to hardnes, tis honorable, though not clinkant.

CAPR.

Can this be possible?

PLVT.

Alas! poore man of wit, how want of reward daunts thy vertue? But because I must send none away discontented, from these all-pleasing Nuptials; take this wedge of golde, and wedge thy selfe into the world with it, renouncing that loose wit of thine, 'twill spoile thy complexion.

CAPR.

Honor, and all *Argus* eyes, to Earths all-commaunding Riches. Pluto *etiam cedit* Iupiter.

Exit Capr.

After this lowe Induction, by these
succeeding degrees, the chiefe Maskers
were aduanc't to their discouerie

PLVTVS.

Plutus, cals These humble obiects can no high eyes drawe,
to Euno- *Eunomia*? (or the sacred power of Lawe)
mia. Daughter of Ioue, and Goddesie Honors Priest;
Appeare to *Plutus*, and his loue assist.

EVN.

Eunomia
in the Tem- ple gates. What would the god of Riches?

PLVT.

Ioine with Honor :

In purpos'd grace of these great Nuptials ;
And since to Honor none should dare accesfe,
But helpt by vertues hand (thy selfe, chaste *Loue*
Being *Vertues* Rule, and her directfull light)
Help me to th' honor of her speech and sight.

EVN.

Thy will shal straight be honour'd ; all that seek
Accesfe to Honor, by cleer virtues beame,
Her grace preuents their pains, and comes to them.

Loud Musick, and Honor appears,
descending with her Herrald Phemis, and
Eunomia (her Priest) before her. The
Musique ceasing *Plutus* spake.

PLVT.

Crowne of all merit, Goddefe, and my Loue ;
Tis now high time, that th' end for which we come
Should be endeuor'd in our vtmost right,
Done to the sweetnes of this Nuptiall night.

HON.

Plutus ? The Princes of the Virgine land,
Whom I made croffe Britan Ocean
To this most famed Ile, of all the world,
To do due homage to the sacred Nuptials
Of *Loue* and *Beauty*, celebrated here,
By this Howre of the holy Eeven I know,
Are ready to performe the rites they owe
To setting *Phæbus* ; which (for greater State
To their appearance) their first act aduances.
And with songs Vshers their succeding dances,
Herrald ! giue summons to the Virgine Knights
No longer to delay their purpos'd Rites.

*The Masque of the middle
HER.*

Knights of the Virgine Land, whom bewties lights
Would glorifie with their inflaming fights ;
Keep now obscur'd no more your faire intent,
To adde your Beames to this nights ornament,
The golden-winged *Howre* strikes now a Plaine,
And calls out all the pompe ye entertaine ;
The Priacely Bride-groome, and the Brides bright
eyes,
Sparkle with grace to your discoueries.

At these words, the Phoebades (or Priests of the Sunne) appear'd first with sixe Lutes, and sixe voices, and fung to the opening of the Mine and Maskers discouery, this ful Song.

The first Song.

*O Pe Earth thy wombe of golde
Shew Heauen thy cope of starres.
All glad Afpeets unfolde,
Shine out, and cleere our Cares :
Kifse Heauen and Earth, and so combine
In all mixt ioy our Nuptiall Twine.*

*This Song ended, a Mount opened, and spred like a
Skie, in which appear'd a Sunne setting ; beneath
which, sate the twelue Maskers, in a Mine of
golde ; twelue Torch-bearers holding their torches
before them, after which *Honor, &c.**

HON.

Se now the setting Sun, casts vp his bank,
And shewes his bright head at his Seas repaire,
For signe that all daies future shall be faire.

PLVT.

May he that rules al nightes & dayes confirme it.

HON.

Behold the Sunnes faire Preifts the *Phæbades*,
Their euening seruice in an Hymne addresse
To *Phæbus* setting ; which we now shall heare,
And see the formes of their deuotions there.

*The Phæbades sing the first Stance of the
second song, ut sequitur.*

One alone 1.

*Descend (faire Sun) and sweetly rest,
In Tethis Cristal armes, thy toyle,
Fall burning on her Marble brest,
And make with Loue her billowes boyle.*

Another alone. 2.

*Blow blow, sweet windes, O blow away,
Al vapours from the fined ayre :
That to his golden head no Ray,
May languish with the least empaire.*

CHO.

*Dance Tethis, and thy loues red beames,
Embrace with Ioy he now discends :
Burnes burnes with loue to drinke thy streames,
and on him endles youth attends.*

After this Stance, Honor &c.

HON.

This superstitious Hymne, fung to the Sunne,
Let vs encounter with fit duties done
To our cleere Phœbus ; whose true piety,
Enioyes from heauen an earthly deity.

Other Musique, and voyces; and this second
Stance was fung, directing their obser-
uance to the King.

One alone 1.

*Rise, rise O Phæbus, euer rise,
defcend not to th' inconstant streame,
But grace with endles light, our skyes,
to thee that Sun is but a beame.*

Another 2.

*Dance Ladies in our Sunnes bright rayes,
in which the Bride and Bridegroome shine:
Cleere sable night with your eyes dayes,
and set firme lights on Hymens shrine.*

CHO.

*O may our Sun not set before,
he fees his endles feed arife:
And deck his triple crowned shore,
with springs of humane Deities.*

This ended the *Phæbades* fung the
third Stance.

1. *Set Set (great Sun) our rising loue
shall euer celebrate thy grace:
Whom entring the high court of Ioue,
each God greetes rising from his place.*
2. *When thow thy siluer bow dost bend,
all start aside and dread thy draughtes:
How can we thee enough commend,
commanding all worlds with thy shafts?*

CHO.

*Blest was thy mother bearing thee,
And Phœbe that delights in darts :
Thou artful Songs doft set ; and shee
winds horns, loues hounds, & high pallmd harts.*

After this Honor.

HON.

Againe our Musique and conclude this Song,
To him, to whom all Phœbus beames belong :

*The other voyces sung to other Musike the
third stancē.*

1. *Rise stil (cleere Sun) and neuer set,
but be to Earth her only light :
All other Kings in thy beames met,
are cloudes and darke effects of night.*

2.

*As when the Rosie Morn doth rise,
Like Mists, all giue thy wisedome waie ;
A learned King, is, as in skies,
To poore dimme stars, the flaming day.*

CHO.

*Blest was thy Mother, bearing Thee,
Thee only Relick of her Race,
Made by thy vertues beames a Tree,
Whose armes shall all the Earth embrace.*

This done *Eunomia* spake to the Maskers set
yet aboue.

EVN.

Virginian Princes, ye must now renounce
Your superstitious worship of these Sunnes,

Subiect to cloudy darknings and descents,
 And of your fit deuotions, turne the euent
 To this our Britan *Phæbus*, whose bright skie
 (Enlightned with a Christian Piety)
 Is neuer subiect to black Errors night,
 And hath already offer'd heauens true light,
 To your darke Region ; which acknowledge now ;
 Descend, and to him all your homage vow.

With this the Torch-bearers descended, and performed another Antemaske, dancing with Torches lighted at both ends; which done, the Maskers descended, and fell into their dances, two of which being past, and others with the Ladies.
Honor spake.

The Bride and Musique! your voyces, now tune sweet and
Bridgegroome were figured in hie,

Loue and Beauty. And singe the Nuptiall *Hymn* of Love,
 and Beauty.

Twynns, as of one age, so to one desire

Twynns of which Hippocrates speaks. May both their bloods giue, an vnparted fire.
 And as those twynns that Fame giues all
 her prise,

Combind their lifes power in such *Sympathies* ;
 That one being merry ; mirth the other grac't :
 If one felt sorrow, th' other grieve embrac't.
 If one were healthfull ; Health the other please'd :
 If one were sicke : the other was diseas'd ;
 And all waies ioynd in such a constant troth
 That one like cause had like effect in both,
^{Called Twynns} So may these Nuptiall Twynnes, their whole
^{being both of} _{an Age.} liues store,
 Spend in such even parts, neuer grieuing more,
 Then may the more set off their ioyes diuine ;
 As after the clouds, the Sunne, doth clereſt shine.

This fayd, this Song of *Loue*, and
Bewty was fung ; singe.

Bright Panthaea borne to Pan,
Of the Nobleſt Race of Man,
Her white hand to Eros giuing,

*With a kisse, ioin'd Heauen to Earth
And begot so faire a birth,
As yet neuer grac't the liuing.*

CHO.

*A Twinne that all worlds did adorne,
For so were Loue and Bewty borne.*

2.

*Both so lou'd, they did contend
Which the other shoulde transcend,
Doing either, grace, and kindnes ;
Loue from Bewty did remoue,
Lightnes call'd her staine in loue,
Bewtie took from Loue his blindness ;*

CHO.

*Loue sparks made flames in Bewties skie,
And Bewtie blew vp Loue as hie.*

3

*Virtue then commixt her fire ;
To which Bountie did aspire,
Innocence a Crowne conferring ;
Mine, and Thine, were then vnusde,
All things common : Nought abusde,
Freely earth her frutage bearing.*

CHO.

*Nought then was car'd for, that could fade,
And thus the golden world was made.*

This fung, the Maskers danc't againe with
the Ladies, after which *Honor*.

HON.

Now may the blessings of the golden age,
Swimme in these Nuptials, euen to holy rage,
A Hymn to Sleep prefer, and all the ioyes
That in his Empire are of dearest choice,
Betwixt his golden flumbers euer flow,
In these; And Theirs, in Springs as endless growe.

This sayd, the last Song was sung full.

The last Song.

*Now sleepe, binde fast, the flood of Ayre,
strike all things dumb and deafe,
And, to distract our Nuptiall paire,
Let stir no Aspen leafe.
Send flocks of golden Dreames
That all true ioyes presage,
Bring, in thy oyly stremes,
The milke and hony Age.
Now close the world-round sphere of blisse,
And fill it with a heauenly kisse.*

After this *Plutus* to the Maskers.

PLVT.

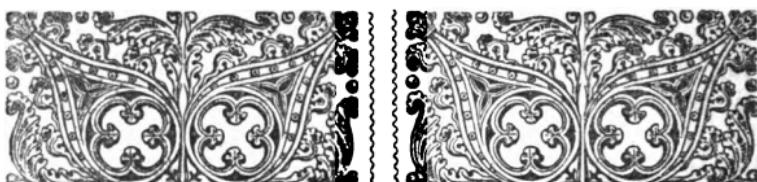
Come Virgine Knights, the homage ye haue done,
To *Loue* and *Bewty*, and our Britan Sun,
Kinde *Honor*, will requite with holy feasts
In her faire Temple; and her loued Guests,
Giues mee the grace t'inuite, when she and I
(*Honor* and *Riches*) will eternally
A league in fauour of this night combine,
In which *Loues* second hallowed Tapers shine;

Whose Joies, may Heauen & Earth as highly please
As those two nights that got great *Hercules*.

The speech ended ; they concluded with a dance, that
brought them off ; *Plutus*, with *Honor* and the
rest conducting them vp to the Temple of *Honor*.

FINIS.





*A Hymne to Hymen for the most time-
fitted Nuptialls of our
thrice gracious Princeſſe
Elizabeth, &c.*

Singe, Singe a Rapture to all Nuptial eares,
Bright *Hymens* torches, drunke vp *Parcæs* tears :
Sweete *Hymen* ; *Hymen*, Mightiest of Gods,
Attoning of all-taming blood the odds ;
Two into One, contracting ; One to Two
Dilating, which no other God can doe.
Makſt ſure, with change, and lettſt the married try,
Of Man and woman, the Variety.
And as a flower, halfe ſcorcht with daies long
Simil. heate.
Thirſts for refreshing, with Nights cooling ſweate,
The wings of *Zephire*, fanning ſtill her face,
No chere can ad to her heart-thirſty grace ;

Yet weares she gainst those fires that make her fade,
Her thicke hayrs proofe, al hyd, in Midnights shade ;
Her Helth, is all in dews ; Hope, all in showres,
Whose want bewailde, she pines in all her powres :
So Loue-scorch't Virgines, nourish quenchles fires ;
The Fathers cares ; the Mothers kind desires.
Their Gould, and Garments, of the newest guise,
Can nothing comfort their scorcht Phantasies,
But, taken rauish't vp, in *Hymens* armes,
His Circkle holds, for all their anguish, charms :
Simil. ad Then, as a glad Graft, in the spring Sunne
candem ex. plicat. shines,
That all the helps, of Earth, & Heauen combines
In Her sweet grouch : Puts in the Morning on
Her cherefull ayres ; the Sunnes rich fires, at Noone ;
At Euen the sweete deaws, and at Night with starrs,
In all their vertuous influences shares ;
So, in the Bridegromes sweet embrace ; the Bride,
All varied Ioyes tafts, in their naked pride :
To which the richest weedes : are weedes, to flowres ;
Come *Hymen* then : com close these Nuptial howres
With all yeares comforts. Come ; each virgin keepes
Her odorous kisses for thee ; Goulden sleepes
Will, in their humors, neuer steepe an eie,
Till thou inuit'st them with thy Harmony.
Why staiest thou ? see each Virgin doth prepare
Embraces for thee ; Her white brests laies bare
To tempt thy soft hand ; let's such glances flie
As make starres shooote,-to imitate her eye.
Puts Arts attires on, that put Natures doune :
Singes, Dances, sets on euery foote a Crowne,
Sighes, in her songs, and dances ; kisfeth Ayre
Till Rites, and words past, thou in deedes repaire ;
The whole court Io sings : Io, the Ayre :
Io, the flouds, and fields : Io, most faire,
Most sweet, most happy *Hymen* ; Come : away ;
With all thy Comforts come ; old Matrons pray,
With young Maides Languors ; Birds bill, build, and
breed

To teach thee thy kinde, euery flowre and weed
 Looks vp to gratulate thy long'd for fruites ;
 Thrice giuen, are free, and timely-granted suites :
 There is a seed by thee now to be sowne,
 In whose fruit Earth, shall see her glories shoun',
 At all parts perfect ; and must therfore loose
 No minutes time ; from times vse all fruite flowes ;
 And as the tender Hyacinth, that growes Simil.
 Where *Phæbus* most his golden beames bestowes,
 Is propt with care ; is water'd euery howre ;
 The sweet windes adding their encreasing powre,
 The scattered drops of Nights refreshing dew,
 Hasting the full grace, of his glorious hew,
 Which once disclosing, must be gatherd straight,
 Or hew, and Odor both, will lose their height ;
 So, of a Virgine, high, and richly kept,
 The grace and sweetnes full growne must be reap't,
 Or, forth her spirits fly, in empty Ayre ;
 The sooner fading ; the more sweete and faire.
 Gentle, O Gentle *Hymen*, be not then
 Cruell, That kindest art to Maids, and Men ;
 These two, One Twynn are ; and their mutuall blisse,
 Not in thy beames, but in thy Bosome is.
 Nor can their hands fast, their harts ioyes make sweet ;
 Their harts, in brests are ; and their Brests must
 meete.
 Let there be Peace, yet Murmur ; and that noise,
 Beget of peace, the Nuptiall battailes ioyes.
 Let Peace grow cruell, and take wrike of all,
 The warrs delay brought thy full Festiuall.
 Harke, harke, O now the sweete Twyn murmur
 sounds ;
Hymen is come, and all his heate abounds ;
 Shut all Dores ; None, but *Hymens* lights aduance.
 No sound flyr ; let, dumb Ioy, enjoy a trance.
 Sing, sing a Rapture to all Nuptiall eares,
 Bright *Hymens* Torches drunke up *Parcæs* teares.

F I N I S.

CAESAR
AND
POMPEY :
A Roman Tragedy, de-
claring their Warres.

Out of whose euents is euicted this
Proposition.

Only a iust man is a freeman.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

LONDON :
Printed by THOMAS HARPER, and are to be
sold by *Godfrey Emondson*, and *Thomas Alchorne*.
M.DC.XXXI.

TO
THE RIGHT HONO-
rable, his exceeding good Lord, the
Earle of *Middlesex, &c.*

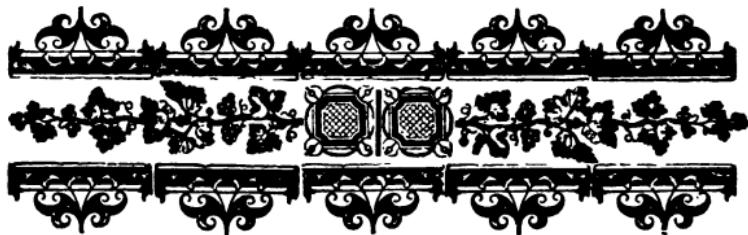


Hough (my good Lord) this martiall
History suffer the diuision of Acts and
Scenes, both for the more perspicuity
and height of the celebration, yet never
toucht it at the Stage; or if it had
(though some may perhaps causelessly
empaire it) yet would it, I hope, fall
under no exception in your Lordships
better-iudgeing estimation, since sceni-
call representation is so farre from
giuing iust cause of any least diminution; that the
personall and exact life it giues to any History, or
other such delineation of humane actions, adds to
them lustre, spirit and apprehension, which the only
seftion of Acts and Scenes makes mee stand vpon thus
much, since that only in some precisianimes will require a
little preuention: And the hasty prose the stile auoides,
obtaine to the more temperate and stai'd numerous elocution,
some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it.
Though ingeniously my gratitude confesseth (my Lord) it
is not such as hereafter I vow to your honor; being written
so long since; and had not the timely ripenesse of that age
that (I thank God) I yet finde no fault with all for any
old defects.

2
Good my Lord vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit
some slight glances at this, till some worke of more nouelty
and fashion may conferre this the more liking of your honors
more worthy deseruings; To which his bounden affection
vowes all seruices.

Euer your Lordships

GEO. CHAPMAN.



The Argument.



Ompey and Cæsar bring their Armies so neare *Rome*, that the Senate except against them. *Cæsar* vnduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. *Pompey* more for feare of *Cæsars* violence to the State, then mou'd with any affection of his own greatnesse. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conducing to their ends, warre ends them. In which at first *Cæsar* is forc't to fly, whom *Pompey* not purfuing with such wings as fitted a speeding Conqueror ; his victory was preuented, and he vnhappily dishonor'd. Whose ill fortune his most louing and learned wife *Cornelia* trauailde after, with paines solemne and carefull enough ; whom the two *Lentuli* and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murthered.

Both the Consuls and *Cato* are slaughterd with their owne invincible hands ; and *Cæsar* (in spight of all his fortune) without his victory, victor.



ONLY A IVST MAN IS A FREE MAN.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.

Cat. Now will the two Suns of our Romane
Heauen
(*Pompey & Cæsar*) in their Tropicke
burning,
With their contention, all the clouds assemble
That threaten tempests to our peace & Empire,
Which we shall shortly see poure down in bloud,
Civill and naturall, wilde and barbarous turning.

Ath. From whence presage you this?

Cat. From both their Armies,
Now gathered neere our Italie, contending
To enter feuerally : *Pompeys* brought so neere
By Romes consent ; for feare of tyranous *Cæsar*,
Which *Cæsar* fearing to be done in fauour
Of *Pompey*, and his passage to the Empire ;
Hath brought on his for interuention.

And such a flocke of Puttocks follow *Cæsar*,
 For fall of his ill-dispos'd Purse
 (That neuer yet spar'd Crosse to Aquiline vertue)
 As well may make all ciuill spirits suspicuous.
 Looke how against great raines, a standing Poole
 Of Paddockes, Todes, and water-Snakes put vp
 Their speckl'd throates aboue the venomous Lake,
 Croking and gasping for some fresh falne drops
 To quench their poifond thirst ; being neere to stifle
 With clotterd purgings of their owne foule bane ;
 So still, where *Cæsar* goes, there thrust vp head,
 Impostors, Flatterers, Fauorites, and Bawdes,
 Buffons, Intelligencers, select wits ;
 Close Murtherers, Montibankes, and decaied Theeues,
 To gaine their banefull liues relieves from him.
 From Britaine, Belgia, France, and Germanie,
 The scum of either Countrie, (chus'd by him,
 To be his blacke Guard^{*}, and red Agents here)
 Swarming about him.

Porc. And all these are said
 To be suborn'd, in chiefe, against your selfe ;
 Since *Cæsar* chiefly feares, that you will fit
 This day his opposite ; in the cause for which
 Both you were sent for home ; and he hath stolne
 Acceſſe ſo foone here ; *Pompeys* whole reſt raiſde
 To his encounter ; and on both ſides, Rome
 In generall vproare.

Stat. Which Sir, if you ſaw,
 And knew, how for the danger, all ſuſpeſt
 To this your worthiſt friend (for that knowne free-
 dome
 His ſpirit will vſe this day, 'gainſt both the Riuals,
 His wife and familie mourne, no food, no comfort
 Allowd them for his danger) you would vſe
 Your vtmoſt poures to ſtay him from the Senate,
 All this daies Seſſion.

Cat. Hee's too wife, *Statilius*,
 For all is nothing.

Stnt. Nothing Sir? I ſaw

* kitchen retainers. See Fletcher's

Bloody Brother. Modern, black guard

Castor and Pollux Temple, thrust vp full,
 With all the damn'd crew you haue lately nam'd :
 The market place and suburbs swarming with them :
 And where the Senate sit, are Ruffians pointed
 To keepe from entring the degrees that goe
 Vp to the Bench ; all other but the Consuls,
Cæsar and Pompey, and the Senators,
 And all for no cause, but to keepe out *Cato*,
 With any violence, any villanie ;
 And is this nothing Sir ? Is his One life,
 On whom all good liues, and their goods depend,
 In Romes whole Empire ! All the Iustice there
 That's free, and simple ; all such virtues too,
 And all such knowledge ; Nothing, nothing, all !

Cat. Away *Statilius* ; how long shall thy loue
 Exceede thy knowledge of me, and the Gods ?
 Whose rights thou wrongst for my right ? haue not I
 Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs ?
 Their iustice, and integrity included,
 In what I stand for ? he that feares the Gods,
 For guard of any goodnesse ; all things feares ;
 Earth, Seas, and Aire ; Heauen, darknesse, broade
 day-light,
 Rumor, and Silence, and his very shade :
 And what an Aspen soule hath such a creature ?
 How dangerous to his soule is such a feare ?
 In whose cold fits, is all heauens iustice shaken
 To his faint thoughts ; and all the goodnesse there
 Due to all good men, by the gods owne vowes,
 Nay, by the firmenesse of their endlesse Being,
 All which shall faile as foone as any one
 Good to a good man in them : for his goodnesse
 Proceeds from them, and is a beame of theirs.
 O neuer more, *Statilius*, may this feare
 Taint thy bould bosome, for thy selfe, or friend,
 More then the gods are fearefull to defend.

Athen. Come ; let him goe, *Statilius* ; and your
 fright ;

This man hath inward guard, past your yong sight.

Exeunt.

Enter Minutius, manet Cato.

Cat. Welcome ; come stand by me in what is fit
For our poore Cities safety ; nor respect
Her proudest foes corruption, or our danger
Of what seene face soeuer.

Min. I am yours.

But what alas, Sir, can the weaknesse doe
Against our whole State of vs only two ?
You know our Statilts spirits are so corrupt
And seruile to the greatest ; that what crossest
Them, or their owne particular wealth, or honor,
They will not enterprize to saue the Empire.

Cat. I know it ; yet let vs doe like our selues.

Exeunt.

*Enter some bearing Axes, bundles of rods, bare ; before
two Consuls, Cæsar and Metellus ; Anthonius, and
Marcellus in couples ; Senators, People, Souldiers,
&c. following. The Consuls enter the Degrees, with
Anthonius, and Marcellus : Cæsar slaying a
while without with Metellus who hath
a paper in his hand.*

Cæs. Moue you for entring only Pompeys army ;
Which if you gaine for him ; for me, all iustice
Will ioyne with my request of entring mine.

Met. Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

Cæs. But might we not win *Cato* to our friendship
By honoring speeches, nor perwasive gifts ?

Met. Not possible.

Cæs. Nor by enforciue vsage ?

Met. Not all the violence that can be vsde,
Of power, or set authority can stirre him,
Much lesse faire words win, or rewards corrupt him ;
And therefore all meanes we must vs to keepe him
From off the Bench.

Cæf. Giue you the course for that,
And if he offer entry, I haue fellowes
Will serue your will on him, at my giuen signall.

They ascend.

*Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with
papers. Enter the Lists, ascend and sit.*

*After whom enter Cato, Minutius,
Athenodorus, Statilius, Porcius.*

Cat. He is the man that fits so close to *Cæsar*,
And holds the law there, whispering ; see the Cowherd
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.
Ile part their whispering virtue.

1 Hold, keepe out.

2 What ? honor'd *Cato* ? enter, chuse thy place.

Cato Come in ;

He drawes him in and fits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus.

—Away vnworthy gromes.

3. No more.

Cæf. What should one say to him ?

Met. He will be Stoicall.

Cat. Where fit place is not giuen, it must be taken.

4. Doe, take it *Cato* ; feare no greatest of them ;
Thou seek'lt the peoples good ; and these their owne.

5. Braue *Cato* ! what a countenance he puts on ?
Let's giue his noble will, our vtmost power.

6. Be bould in all thy will ; for being iust,
Thou maist defie the gods.

Cat. Said like a God.

Met. We must endure these people.

Cæf. Doe ; begin.

Met. Consuls, and reuerend Fathers ; And ye
people,

Whose voyces are the voyces of the Gods ;
I here haue drawne a law, by good consent,
For entring into *Italy*, the army
Of Romes great *Pompey* : that his forces here,

As well as he, great *Rome*, may rest secure
 From danger of the yet still smoaking fire,
 Of *Catilines* abhor'd conspiracy :
 Of which the very chiefe are left alive,
 Only chafisde, but with a gentle prisone.

Cat. Put them to death then, and strike dead our feare,
 That well you vrge, by their vnfitt furuiuall.
 Rather then keepe it quick ; and two liues giue it,
 By entertaining *Pompeys* army too.
 That giues as great cause of our feare, as they.
 For their conspiracy, onely was to make
 One Tyrant ouer all the State of *Rome*.
 And *Pompeys* army, sufferd to be entred,
 Is, to make him, or giue him meanes to be so.

Met. It followes not.

Cat. In purpose ; clearely Sir,
 Which Ile illustrate, with a cleare example.
 If it be day, the Sunne's aboue the Earth ;
 Which followes not (youle answere) for 'tis day
 When first the morning breakes ; and yet is then
 The body of the Sunne beneath the Earth ;
 But he is virtually aboue it too,
 Because his beames are there ; and who then knowes
 not

His golden body will foone after mount.
 So *Pompeys* army entred *Italy*,
 Yet *Pompey's* not in *Rome* ; but *Pompey's* beames
 Who fees not there ? and consequently, he
 Is in all meanes enthron'd in th' Emperie.

Met. Examples proue not, we will haue the army
 Of *Pompey* entred.

Cato. We ? which we intend you ?
 Haue you already bought the peoples voices ?
 Or beare our Consuls or our Senate here
 So small loue to their Country ; that their wills
 Beyond their Countrys right are so peruerse,
 To giue a Tyrant here entire command ?
 Which I haue prou'd as cleare as day, they doe,

If either the Conspirators suruiuing
Be let to liue ; or *Pompeys* army entred ;
Both which, beat one sole path ; and threat one
danger.

Cæf. Consuls, and honor'd Fathers ; The sole
entry

Of *Pompeys* army, Ile not yet examine :
But for the great Conspirators yet liuing,
(Which *Cato* will conclude as one selfe danger,
To our deare Country ; and deterre all therefore
That loue their Country, from their liues defence
I see no reason why such danger hangs
On their fau'd liues ; being still safe kept in prison ;
And since close prison, to a Roman freedome,
Ten fold torments more, then directest death,
Who can be thought to loue the lesse his Country,
That seekes to saue their liues ? And lest my selfe
(Thus speaking for them) be vnjustly toucht
With any lesse doubt of my Countryes loue,
Why (reuerend Fathers) may it be esteem'd
Selfe praise in me, to proue my selfe a chiefe
Both in my loue of her ; and in desert
Of her like loue in me : For he that does
Most honour to his Mistrisse ; well may boast
(Without least question) that he loues her most.
And though things long since done, were long since
known,
And so may seeme superfluous to repeat ;
Yet being forgotten, as things neuer done,
Their repetition needful is, in iustice,
Tenflame the shame of that obliuion :
For hoping it will seeme no lesse empaire
To others acts, to truely tell mine owne ;
Put all together ; I haue past them all
That by their acts can boast themselues to be
Their Countries louers : first in thofe wilde king-
domes
Subdu'd to *Rome*, by my vnwearied toyles.
Which I dislauag'd and made nobly ciuill.

Next, in the multitude of those rude Realmes
 That so I fashond ; and to *Romes* yong Empire
 Of old haue added : Then the battailes numbred
 This hand hath fought, and wonne for her, with all
 Those infinites of dreadfull enemies
 (I flue in them : Twice fifteene hundred thousand
 All able Souldiers) I haue driuen at once
 Before my forces : and in sundry onsets,
 A thousand thousand of them, put to sword :
 Besides, I tooke in lesse then ten yeares time,
 By strong assault, aboue eight hundred Cities,
 Three hundred feuerall Nations, in that space,
 Subduing to my Countrey ; all which seruice,
 I trust, may interest me in her loue,
 Publique, and generall enough, to aquit me
 Of any selfe-loue ; past her common good :
 For any motion of particular iustice
 (By which her generall Empire is maintaind)
 That I can make for those accused prisoners,
 Which is but by the way ; that so the reason
Metellus makes for entring *Pompeys* armie,
 May not more weighty seeme, then to agree
 With those imprison'd nobles, vitall safeties.
 Which granted, or but yeelded fit to be,
 May well extenuate the neceffity
 Of entring *Pompeys* armie.

Cat. All that need

I tooke away before ; and reasons gaue
 For a neceffity to keepe it out
 Whose entry (I thinke) he himselfe affects not.
 Since I as well thinke he affects not th' Empire,
 And both those thoughts hold ; since he loues his
 Country,
 In my great hopes of him too well to seeke
 His sole rule of her, when so many soules,
 So hard a taske approue it ; nor my hopes
 Of his sincere loue to his Country, build
 On sandier grounds then *Cæfars* ; since he can
 As good Cards shew for it as *Cæsar* did,

And quit therein the close aspersion
Of his ambition, seeking to employ
His army in the breast of *Italy*.

Pomp. Let me not thus (imperiall Bench and
Senate)

Feele my selfe beat about the eares, and tost
With others breathes to any coast they please :
And not put some stay to my errors in them.
The gods can witnesse that not my ambition
Hath brought to question th' entry of my army,
And therefore not suspected the effect,
Of which that entry is supposde the cause :
Which is a will in me, to giue my power
The rule of *Romes* sole Empire ; that most strangely
Would put my will in others powers ; and powers
(*Vnforfei* by my fault) in others wills.
My selfe-loue, out of which all this must rise :
I will not wrong the knowne proofes of my loue
To this my natvie Cities publique good,
To quit, or thinke of ; nor repeat those proofes
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I haue made ;
For conquest of the whole inhabited world ;
First *Affrick*, *Europe*, and then *Asia*,
Which neuer Confull but my selfe could boast.
Nor can blinde Fortune vaunt her partiall hand,
In any part of all my seruices,
Though some haue said, she was the page of *Cæsar*,
Both sayling, marching, fighting, and preparing
His fights in very order of his battailes :
The parts she plaid for him inuerting nature,
As giuing calmnesse to th' enraged sea ;
Imposing Summers weather on sterne winter ;
Winging the slowest foot he did command,
And his most Cowherd making fierce of hand.
And all this euer when the force of man
Was quite exceeded in it all ; and she
In th' instant adding her cleare deity.
Yet, her for me, I both disclaime and scorne ;
And where all fortune is renounc't, no reason

} 2

Will thinke one man transferd with affectation
 Of all *Romes Empire* ; for he must haue fortune
 That goes beyond a man ; and where so many
 Their hand-fulls finde with it ; the one is mad
 That vndergoes it : and where that is clear'd ;
 Th' imputed meanes to it, which is my fute
 For entry of mine army, I confute.

Cat. What rests then, this of all parts being dis-
 claimd ?

Met. My part, Sir, rests, that let great *Pompey*
 beare

What spirit he lifts ; 'tis needfull yet for *Rome*,
 That this Law be establisht for his army.

Cæs. Tis then as needfull to admit in mine ;
 Or else let both lay downe our armes ; for else
 To take my charge off, and leaue *Pompey* his ;
 You wrongfully accuse me to intend
 A tyranny amongst ye : and shall giue
Pompey full meanes to be himfelfe a tyrant.

Anth. Can this be answer'd ?

1. *Conf.* Is it then your wils
 That *Pompey* shall ceafe armes ?

Anth. What else ?

Omn. No, no.

2. *Conf.* Shall *Cæsar* ceafe his armes ?

Omn. I, I.

Anth. For shame
 Then yeeld to this cleare equity, that both
 May leaue their armes.

Omn. We indifferent stand.

Met. Read but this law, and you shall see a differ-
 ence

Twixt equity and your indifferency ;
 All mens obiections answered ; Read it Notary.

Cat. He shall not read it.

Met. I will read it then.

Min. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vaine,
 Pretending cause for *Pompeys* armies entry,
 That only by thy Complices and thee ;

Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an vproare.

Met. I haue it Sir, in memory, and will speake it.

Cat. Thou shalt be dumbe as foone.

Cæf. Pull downe this *Cato*,

Author of factions, and to prison with him.

Gen. Come downe Sir. *He drawes,*

Pom. Hence ye mercenary Ruffians. *and all draw.*

I. Conf. What outrage shew you? sheath your
infolent swords,

Or be proclaim'd your Countreys foes and traytors.

Pom. How infolent a part was this in you,

To offer the imprisonment of *Cato*?

When there is right in him (were forme so answer'd
With termes and place) to fend vs both to prison?

If, of our owne ambitions, we should offer

Th' entry of our armies; for who knowes

That, of vs both, the best friend to his Country,

And freest from his owne particular ends;

(Being in his power) would not assume the Empire,

And hauing it, could rule the State so well

As now 'tis gouer'nd, for the common good?

Cæf. Accuse your selfe, Sir, (if your conscience
vrge it)

Or of ambition, or corruption,

Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,

And found not me with your Lead.

Pom. Lead? tis Gold,

And spirit of Gold too; to the politique drosse

With which false *Cæsar* sounds men; and for which

His praise and honour crownes them; who sounds not

The inmost fand of *Cæsar*? for but fand

Is all the rope of your great parts affected.

You speake well, and are learn'd; and golden speech

Did Nature neuer giue man; but to guild

A copper soule in him; and all that learning

That heartily is spent in painting speech,

Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.

But y'aué another praise for temperance,

Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate.

For so you must be ; at least in your meales,

Since y'aue a malady that tyes you to it ;

For feare of daily fals in your aspirings.

And your disease the gods nere gaue to man ;

But such a one, as had a spirit too great

For all his bodies passages to serue it,

Which notes th' excesse of your ambition.

The malady chancing where the pores and passages

Through which the spirit of a man is borne,

So narrow are, and straight, that oftentimes

They intercept it quite, and choake it vp.

And yet because the greatnesse of it notes

A heat mere fleshly, and of bloods ranck fire,

Goates are of all beasts subiect to it most.

Cæf. Your selfe might haue it then, if those faults
cause it ;

But deales this man ingeniously, to tax

Men with a frailty that the gods inflict ?

Pomp. The gods inflict on men, diseases neuer,

Or other outward maimes ; but to decipher,

Correct, and order some rude vice within them :

And why decipher they it, but to make

Men note, and shun, and tax it to th' extreame ?

Nor will I see my Countryes hopes abusde,

In any man commanding in her Empire ;

If my more tryall of him, makes me see more

Into his intricacies ; and my freedome

Hath spirit to speake more, then obseruers seruile.

Cæf. Be free, Sir, of your insight and your speech ;

And speak, and see more, then the world besides ;

I must remember I haue heard of one,

That fame gaue out, could see thorow Oke and stone :

And of another set in *Sicily*,

That could discerne the Carthaginian Nauy,

And number them distinctly, leauing harbor,

Though full a day and nights saile distant thence :

But these things (Reuerend Fathers) I conceiue,

Hardly appeare to you worth graue belief :
 And therefore since such strange things haue beene
 feene
 In my so deepe and foule detractions,
 By only Lyncean *Pompey* ; who was most
 Lou'd and beleeu'd of *Romes* most famous whore,
 Infamous *Flora* ; by so fine a man
 As *Galba*, or *Sarmentus* ; any iester
 Or flatterer may draw through a Ladyses Ring ;
 By one that all his Souldiers call in scorne
 Great *Agamemnon*, or the King of men ;
 I rest vnmou'd with him ; and yeeld to you
 To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

Cat. My Lords, ye make all *Rome* amaz'd to
 heare.

Pom. Away, Ile heare no more ; I heare it thun-
 der

My Lords ; All you that loue the good of *Rome*,
 I charge ye, follow me ; all such as stay,
 Are friends to *Cæsar*, and their Countreys foes.

Cæf. Th' euent will fall out contrary, my Lords.

1. *Conf.* Goe, thou art a thiefe to *Rome*, discharge
 thine army,

Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open foe.

2. *Conf.* *Pompey*, I charge thee, helpe thy iniur'd
 Country

With what powers thou haft arm'd, and leuy more.

The Ruffians. Warre, warre, O *Cæsar*.

Sen. and Peop. Peace, peace, worthy *Pompey*.

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Fronto all ragg'd, in an ouergrowne red Beard, black head, with a Halter in his hand, looking about.

VV Arres; warres, and presses, fly in fire about ;
 No more can I lurke in my lasie corners,
 Nor shifting courses : and with honest meanes
 To rack my miserable life out, more,
 The rack is not so fearefull ; when dishonest
 And villanous fashions faile me ; can I hope
 To liue with virtuous ? or to raiise my fortunes
 By creeping vp in Souldierly degrees ?
 Since villany varied thorow all his figures,
 Will put no better case on me then this ;
 Despaire ! come seafe me : I had able meanes ;
 And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections ;
 Plung'd in all riot, and the rage of blood ;
 In full assurance that being knaue enough,
 Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,
 I needs must haue enough, while this world lasted ;
 Yet, since I am a poore, and ragged knaue,
 My rags disgrace my knauery so, that none
 Will thinke I am knaue ; as if good clothes
 Were knacks to know a knaue ; when all men know
 He has no liuing ? which knacks since my knauery
 Can shew no more ; and only shew is all
 That this world cares for ; Ile step out of all
 The cares 'tis steept in. *He offers to hang himselfe.*

*Thunder, and the Gulfe opens, flames issuing ;
 and Ophioneus ascending, with the face,
 wings, and taile of a Dragon ; a skin
 coate all speckled on the throat.*

Oph. Hold Rascall, hang thy selfe in thefe dayes ?

The only time that euer was for a Rascall to liue in ?

Fron. How chance I cannot liue then ?

Oph. Either th'art not rascall nor villaine enough ;
Or else thou dost not pretend honesty
And piety enough to disguise it.

Fro. That's certaine, for euery asse does that.

What art thou ?

Oph. O villaine worse then thou.

Fro. And dost breathe ?

Oph. I speake, thou hear'ft, I moue, my pulse
beates

Fast as thine.

Fro. And wherefore liu'ft thou ?

Oph. The world's out of frame, a thousand Rulers
Wresting it this way, and that, with as many
Religions ; when, as heauens vpper Sphere is mou'd
Onely by one ; so should the Sphere of earth be, and
Ile haue it so.

Fro. How canſt thou ? what art thou ?

Oph. My ſhape may tell thee.

Fro. No man ?

Oph. Man ? no, ſpawne of a clot, none of that
cursed
Crew, damn'd in the maſſe it ſelfe ; plagu'd in his
birth,
Confinde to creepe below, and wrestle with the Ele-
ments ;
Teach himſelfe tortures ; kill himſelfe, hang himſelfe ;
No ſuch gally flauſe, but at warre with heauen ;
Spurning the power of the gods, command the Ele-
ments.

Fro. What maift thou be theu ?

Oph. An endleſſe friend of thine ; an immortall
deuill.

Fro. Heauen bleſſe vs.

Oph. Nay then, forth, goe, hang thy ſelfe, and
thou talk'ſt
Of heauen once.

Fro. I haue done ; what deuill art thou ?

Oph. Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee

Me truly, and fayes that I *Ophioneus* (for so is My name.

Fro. *Ophioneus*? what's that?

Oph. Deuiliſh Serpent, by interpretation; was generall

Captaine of that rebellious host of fpirits that Wag'd warre with heauen.

Fro. And so were hurl'd downe to hell.

Oph. We were so; and yet haue the rule of earth; and cares

Any man for the worſt of hell then?

Fro. Why ſhould he?

Oph. Well ſaid; what's thy name now?

Fro. My name is *Fronto*.

Oph. *Fronto*? A good one; and has *Fronto* liu'd thus long

In *Rome*? lost his ſtate at dice? murther'd his Brother for his meanes? ſpent all? run thorow worſe Offices ſince? beene a Promoter? a Purveyor? a Pander?

A Sumner? a Sergeant? an Intelligencer? and at laſt Hang thy ſelfe?

Fro. How the deuill knowes he all this?

Oph. Why thou art a moſt greene Plouer in policy, I

Perceiue; and maift drinke Colts-foote, for all thy Horfemane beard: S'light, what need haſt

Thou to hang thy ſelfe? as if there were a dearth Of hangmen in the land? Thou liu'ſt in a good cheape State, a man may be hang'd here for a little, or Nothing. What's the reaſon of thy deſperation?

Gro. My idle diſſolute life, is thrust out of all his corners

By this ſearching tumult now on foot in *Rome*.

Cæſar now and *Pompey* Are both for batteile: *Pompey* (in his feare Of *Cæſars* greater force) is fending hence

His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

Enter Pompey running over the Stage with his wife and children, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, Pages; other Senators, the Consuls and all following.

See, all are on their wings ; and all the City
 In such an vproare, as if fire and fword
 Were ransacking, and ruining their houes,
 No idle person now can lurke neare *Rome*,
 All must to armes ; or shake their heeles beneath
 Her martiall halters ; whose officious pride
 Ile shun, and vse mine owne swinge : I be forc't
 To helpe my Countrey, when it forceth me
 To this past-helping pickle ?

Oph. Goe to, thou shalt serue me ; chuse thy profession ;
 And what cloth thou wouldst wish to hauē thy Coat
 Cut out on.

Fro. I can name none.

Oph. Shall I be thy learn'd Counfaile ?

Fro. None better.

Oph. Be an Archflamen then, to one of the Gods.

Fro. Archflamen ? what's that ?

Oph. A Priest.

Fro. A Priest ? that nere was Clerke ?

Oph. No Clerke ? what then ?

The greatest Clerks are not the wisest men. x
 Nor skils it for degrees in a knaue, or a fooles prefer-
 ment,

Thou shalt rise by fortune : let desert rise leisurely
 Enough, and by degrees ; fortune preferres headlong,
 And comes like riches to a man ; huge riches being
 Got with little paines ; and little with huge paines.

And

For discharge of the Priesthood, what thou wantst
 In learning, thou shalt take out in goodfellowship :
 Thou shalt equiuocate with the Sophister, prate with

* original here ?

The Lawyer, scrape with the Vifurer, drinke with the Dutchman, fweare with the French man, cheat With the English man, brag with the Scot, and Turne all this to Religion, *Hoc est regnum Deorum Gentibus.*

Fro. All this I can doe to a haire.

Oph. Very good, wilt thou shew thy selfe deeplye learn'd too, And to liue licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter ?

Fro. Not for hell ?

Oph. For hell ? soft Sir ; hop'st thou to purchafe hell

With only dicing or whoring away thy liuing ? Murthering thy brother, and so forth ? No there Remaine works of a higher hand and deeper braine, To obtaine hell. Thinkst thou earths great Potentates haue gotten their places there with Any single act of murther, poysoning, adultery, And the rest ? No ; tis a purchase for all manner Of villany ; especially, that may be priuiledg'd By Authority ; colourd with holinesse, and enyoyd With pleasure.

Fro. O this were most honourable and admirable.

Oph. Why such an admirable honorable villane shalt

Thou be.

Fro. Is't possible ?

Oph. Make no doubt on't ; Ile inspire thee.

Fro. Sacred and puissant. *He kneels.*

Oph. Away ; Companion and friend, giue me thy Hand ; say, dost not loue me ? art not enamoured Of my acquaintance ?

Fro. Protest I am.

Oph. Well said, protest and tis enough. And know for

Infallible ; I haue promotion for thee ; both here, and Hereafter ; which not one great one amongst Millions shall euer aspire to. *Alexander, nor great*

Cyrus, retaine those titles in hell, that they did
On earth.

Fron. No ! *Oph.* No : he that sold Seacoale
here, shall be
A Baron there ; he that was a cheating
Rogue here, shall be a Iustice of peace there ;
A knaue here, a knight there. In the meane
Space, learne what it is to liue ; and thou shalt
Haue Chopines at commandment to any heighth
Of life thou canst wish.

Fro. I feare my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low foole ! hast thou not heard of
Vulcans falling

Out of heauen ! Light a thy legges, and no matter
Thou thou halt'ft with thy best friend euer after ; tis
The more comely and fashionable. Better goe lame
In the fashion with *Pompey*, then neuer so vpright,
Quite out of the fashion with *Cato*.

Fro. Yet you cannot change the old fashion (they
say)

And hide your clouen feet.

Oph. No ? I can weare Roses that shall spread
quite
Ouer them.

Fro. For loue of the fashion doe then.

Oph. Goe to ; I will hereafter.

Fro. But for the Priesthood you offer me, I affect
it not.

Oph. No ? what faist thou to a rich office then ?

Fro. The only seconde meanes to raise a rascall
In the earth.

Oph. Goe to ; Ile helpe thee to the best ith earth
then :

And that's in *Sicilia* ; the very storehouse of the
Romanes, where the Lord chiefe Censor there
Lyes now a dying ; whose soule I will haue ; and
Thou shalt haue his office.

Fro. Excellent ; was euer great office better
supplied ?

Exeunt.

K

Nuntius.

Now is the mighty Empresse of the earth
 (Great *Rome*) fast lockt vp in her fancied strength,
 All broke in vproares ; fearing the iust gods
 In plagues will drowne her so abused blessings.
 In which feare, all without her wals, fly in ;
 By both their iarring Champions rushing out ;
 And those that were within, as fast fly forth ;
 The Consuls both are fled without one rite
 Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,
 As euer heretofore their custome was
 When they began the bloody frights of warre.
 In which our two great Souldiers now encountring,
 Since both left *Rome*, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,
Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battaile,
 By *Catos* counsaile, vrging good cause) fled :
 Which firing *Cæsars* spirit ; he pursu'd
 So home, and fiercely, that great *Pompey* skorning
 The heart he tooke, by his aduised flight,
 Despise aduice as much as his pursuite.
 And as in *Lybia*, an aged Lion,
 Vrg'd from his peacefull couert, feares the light,
 With his vnready and diseaf'd appearance,
 Giues way to chace a while, and coldly hunts,
 Till with the youthfull hunters wanton heat,
 He all his coole wrath frets into a flame :
 And then his fides he swinges with his Sterne,
 To lash his strenth vp, let's downe all his browes
 About his burning eyes ; erects his mane,
 Breakes all his throat in thunders, and to wreake
 His hunters insolence, his heart euen barking ;
 He frees his fury, turnes, and rushes back
 With such a gasty horror, that in heapes,
 His proud foes fly, and he that station keepes :
 So *Pompeys* coole spirits, put to all their heat
 By *Cæsars* hard pursuit he turnd fresh head,
 And flew vpon his foe with such a rapture
 As tooke vp into furies, all friends feares ;
 Who fir'd with his first turning, all turnd head,

And gaue so fierce a charge, their followers fled,
 Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,
 And after set out such a tragedy,
 As all the Princes of the earth may come
 To take their patternes by the spirits of *Rome*.

Alarme, after which enter Cæsar following Crassius calling to the Souldiers.

Crass. Stay cowherd, fly ye *Cæsars* fortunes ?

Cæs. Forbeare, foolish *Crassinius*, we contend in
 vaine

To stay these vapours, and must rafe our Campe.

Crass. How shall we rife (my Lord) but all in vp-
 roares,
 Being still purfude ?

Enter Acilius.

The purfuit stayes, my Lord,
Pompey hath founded a retreat, resigning
 His time to you to vfe, in instant rayfing
 Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where fortune
 May good amends make for her fault to day.

Cæs. It was not fortunes fault, but mine *Acilius*,
 To giue my foe charge, being fo neare the fea,
 Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,
 And should haue driuen th' encounter further off ;
 Bearing before me fuch a goodly Country,
 So plentifull, and rich, in all things fit
 To haue suppli'd my armies want with victuals,
 And th' able Cities too, to strengthen it,
 Of *Macedon* and *Theffaly*, where now
 I rather was besieg'd for want of food,
 Then did assault with fighting force of armes.

Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.

Ant. See, Sir, here's one friend of your foes re-
 couer'd.

Cæs. *Vibius* ! In happy houre.

Vib. For me vnhappy.

Cæf. What ? brought against your will ?

Vib. Else had not come.

Ant. Sir, hee's your prisoner, but had made you his,

Had all the rest purfu'd the chace like him ;

He draue on like a fury ; past all friends,

But we that tooke him quick in his engagement.

Cæf. O *Vibius*, you deserue to pay a ransome
Of infinite rate, for had your Generall ioyn'd
In your addresion, or knowne how to conquer ;
This day had prou'd him the supreame of *Cæsar* !

Vib. Knowne how to conquer ? His fие hundred
Conquests

Atchieu'd ere this day, make that doubt vnfit
For him that flyes him ; for, of iffues doubtfull
Who can at all times put on for the best ?
If I were mad, must hee his army venture
In my engagement ? Nor are Generalls euer
Their powers disposers, by their proper Angels,
But trust against them, oftentimes, their Counsailes,
Wherein, I doubt not, *Cæsars* selfe hath err'd
Sometimes as well as *Pompey*.

Cæf. Or done worse,
In disobeying my Counsaile (*Vibius*)
Of which, this dayes abused light is witnesse ;
By which I might haue seene a course secure
Of this discomfiture.

Ant. Amends fits euer
Aboue repentance, what's done, wish not vndone ;
But that prepared patience that you know
Best fit ; a souldier charg'd with hardest fortunes ;
Asks still your vse, since powers still temperate kept
Ope still the clearer eyes by one faults sight
To place the next act, in the surer right.

Cæf. You prompt me nobly Sir, repaying in me
Mine owne stayes practise, out of whose repose,
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc't me
Thus farre beyond my temper ; but good *Vibius*,

Be ransom'd with my loue, and haste to *Pompey*,
 Entreating him from me, that we may meet,
 And for that reason which I know this day
 (Was giuen by *Cato*, for his pursutes stay
 Which was preuention of our Romane blood)
 Propose my offer of our hearty peace.
 That being reconcil'd, and mutuall faith
 Giuen on our either part, not three dayes light
 May further shew vs foes, but (both our armes
 Disperst in Garifsons) we may returne
 Within that time to *Italy*, such friends
 As in our Countryes loue, containe our splenes.

Vit. Tis offerd, Sir, 'boue the rate of *Cæsar*,
 In other men, but in what I approue
 Beneath his merits: which I will not faile
 T' enforce at full to *Pompey*, nor forget
 In any time the gratitude of my seruice. *Vi. salutes Ant.*
Cæf. Your loue, Sir, and your friendship. *and the other,*
& exit.

Ant. This prepares a good induction to the change
 of fortune,
 In this dayes issue, if the pride it kindles
 In *Pompeys* vaines, makes him deny a peace
 So gently offerd: for her alterd hand
 Works neuer surer from her ill to good
 On his side she hath hurt, and on the other
 With other changes, then when meanes are vsde
 To keepe her constant, yet retire refusde.

Cæf. I try no such conclusion, but desire
 Directly peace. In meane space Ile prepare
 For other issue in my vtmst meanes;
 Whose hopes now resting at *Brundusium*,
 In that part of my army, with *Sabinus*,
 I wonder he so long delaies to bring me,
 And must in person haste him, if this Euen
 I heare not from him.

Craft. That (I hope) flyes farre
 Your full intent, my Lord, since *Pompeys* navie
 You know, lies houering all alongst those seas,
 In too much danger, for what ayde soeuer

You can procure to passe your person safe.

Acil. Which doubt may proue the cause that stayes
Sabinus;

And, if with shippynge fit to passe your army,
He yet straines time to venture, I presume
You will not passe your person with such Conuoy
Of those poore vessells, as may serue you here.

Cæs. How shall I helpe it ? shall I suffer this
Torment of his delay ? and rack suspitions
Worse then assur'd destructions through my thoughts.

Anth. Past doubt he will be here ; I left all orderd,
And full agreement made with him to make
All vtmost haste, no least let once suspected.

Cæs. Suspected ? what suspition should feare a
friend

In such assur'd streights from his friends enlargement.
If twere his souldiers safeties he so tenders,
Were it not better they should sinke by sea,
Then wrack their number, King and caufe ashore ?
Their stay is worth their ruine, should we liue,
If they in fault were ? if their leader ! he
Should dye the deaths of all ; in meane space, I
That should not, beare all, fly the fight in shame,
Thou eye of nature, and abortiue night
Fall dead amongst vs : with defects, defects
Must serue proportion ; iustice neuer can
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt.*

*Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus,
Porcius, Statilius.*

Pomp. This charge of our fierce foe, the friendly
gods

Haue in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,
Of two and thirty Ensignes forc't from him,
Two thousand souldiers slaine.

Cat. O boast not that,
Their losse is yours, my Lord.

Pomp. I boast it not,
But only name the number.

Gab. Which right well
You might haue raisde so high, that on their tops
Your Throne was offer'd, euer t'ouerlooke
Subuerted *Cæsar*, had you beene so blest
To giue such honor to your Captaines Counsailes
As their alacrities did long to merit
With proofefull action.

Dem. O twas ill negle^cted.

Stat. It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet
Th' euent so cleare is to confute.

Pom. If twere,
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battaile,
Th' aduenture being so casuall ; if compar'd
With our more certaine meanes to his subuersion ?
For finding now our army amply storde
With all things fit to tarry surer time,
Reafon thought better to extend to length
The warre betwixt vs ; that his little strength
May by degrees proue none ; which vrged now,
(Consisting of his best and ablest souldiers)
We should haue found at one direct set battaile
Of matchlesse valours ; their defects of victuall
Not tyring yet enough on their tough nerues,
Where, on the other part, to put them still
In motion, and remotion, here and there ;
Enforcing them to fortifying still
Where euer they set downe ; to siege a wall,
Keefe watch all night in armour : their most part
Can neuer beare it, by their yeares oppression ;
Spent heretofore too much in those steele toyles.

Cat. I so aduisde, and yet repent it not,
But much reioyce in so much faued blood
As had beene pour'd out in the stroke of battaile,
Whose fury thus preuented, comprehends
Your Countreys good, and Empires ; in whose care
Let me beseech you that in all this warre,
You sack no City, subiect to our Rule,

Nor put to fword one Citizen of *Rome* ;
 But when the needfull fury of the fword
 Can make no fit distinction in maine battaile,
 That you will please still to prolong the stroke
 Of absolute decision to these iarres,
 Considering you shall strike it with a man
 Of much skill and experience, and one
 That will his Conquest sell at infinite rate,
 If that must end your difference ; but I doubt
 There will come humble offer on his part,
 Of honor'd peace to you, for whose sweet name
 So cryed out to you in our late-met Senate,
 Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.
 Take pity on your Countreys blood as much
 As possible may stand without the danger
 Of hindering her iustice on her foes,
 Which all the gods to your full wish dispose.

Pom. Why will you leaue vs? whither will you
 goe
 To keepe your worthyest person in more safety
 Then in my army, so deuoted to you ?
Cat. My person is the least, my Lord, I value ;
 I am commanded by our powerfull Senate,
 To view the Cities, and the kingdomes iicituate
 About your either army, that which fide
 Soeuer conquer, no disordered straglers
 Puft with the Conquest, or by need impeld,
 May take their swinge more then the care of one
 May curb and order in these neighbor confines
 My chiefe passe yet resolues for *Vtica*.

Pom. Your passe (my truest friend, and worthy
 Father)
 May all good powers make safe, and alwayes answer
 Your infinite merits, with their like protection.
 In which, I make no doubt but we shall meet
 With mutuall greetings, or for absolute conquest
 Or peace preuenting that our bloody stroke,
 Nor let our parting be dishonor'd fo,
 As not to take into our noblest notice

Your selfe (most learned and admired Father)
Whose merits, if I liue, shall lack no honor.

Porcius, Statilius, though your spirits with mine
Would highly chere me, yet ye shall bestow them
In much more worthy conduct ; but loue me,
And wish me conquest, for your Countreys sake.

Sta. Our liues shall seale our loues, Sir, with worst
deaths

Aduentur'd in your seruice.

Pom. Y'are my friends.

Exeunt Cat. Athen. Por. Sat.

These friends thus gone, tis more then time we minded
Our lost friend *Vibius*.

Gab. You can want no friends,
See, our two Consuls, Sir, betwixt them bringing
The worthy *Brutus*

Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.

1. *Conf.* We attend (my Lord)
With no meane friend, to spirit your next encounter,
Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths
Brought in his conduct.

2. *Conf.* And though neuer yet
He hath saluted you with any word
Or looke of flendrest loue in his whole life,
Since that long time since, of his fathers death
By your hand authord ; yet see, at your need
He comes to serue you freely for his Country.

Pom. His friendly presence, making vp a third
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome,
As if *Ioues* triple flame had guilt this field,
And lightn'd on my right hand, from his shield.

Bru. I well assure my selfe, Sir, that no thought
In your ingenious construiction, touches
At the aspersion that my tended seruice
Proceeds from my despaire of elsewhere safety.
But that my Countreys safety owning iustly
My whole habilities of life and fortunes,

And you the ablest fautor of her safty,
 Her loue, and (for your loue of her) your owne
 Only makes sacred to your vse my offering.

Pom. Farre fly all other thought from my construc-
 tion,
 And due acceptance of the liberall honor,
 Your loue hath done me, which the gods are witnesse,
 I take as stirr'd vp in you by their fauours,
 Nor lesse esteeme it then an offering holy ;
 Since, as of all things, man is said the measure,
 So your full merits measure forth a man.

1. *Conf.* See yet, my Lord, more friends.

2 *Conf.* Fiue Kings, your seruants.

Enter fiue Kings.

Hib. Conquest and all grace crowne the gracious
 Pompey,

To serue whom in the sacred Romane safety,
 My selfe, *Iberias* King, present my forces.

Theff. And I that hold the tributary Throne
 Of Grecian *Theffaly*, submit my homage,
 To *Rome*, and *Pompey*.

Cil. So *Cilicia* too.

Epir. And so *Epirus*.

Thra. Lastly I from Thrace
 Present the duties of my power and seruice.

Pom. Your royll aides deserue of *Rome* and
Pompey

Our vtmost honors. O may now our fortune
 Not ballance her broad breast twixt two light wings,
 Nor on a slipp'ry globe sustaine her steps,
 But as the Spartans say, the Paphian Queene
 (The flood *Eurotas* passing) laid aside
 Her Glasie, her Ceston, and her amorous graces,
 And in *Lycurgus* fauor ; arm'd her beauties
 With Shield and Iaueline, so may fortune now,
 The flood of all our enemies forces passing
 With her faire Ensignes, and arriu'd at ours,

Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shooes,
 Her faithlesse, and still-rowling stone spurne from her,
 And enter our powers as she may remaine
 Our firme assistent : that the generall aydes,
 Fauours, and honors you forme to *Rome*,
 May make her build with you her endlesse home.

Omn. The gods vouchsafe it ; and our causes right.

Dem. What fuddaine Shade is this ? obserue my
 Lords,

The night, methinks, comes on before her houre.

Thunder and lightning.

Gab. Nor trust me if my thoughts conceiue not fo.

Bru. What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest
 shafts

Along aires middle region.

1 *Conf.* They preface
 Vnusuall tempests.

2. *Conf.* And tis their repaire,
 That timelesse darken thus the gloomy ayre.

Pom. Let's force no *omen* from it, but avoid
 The vapors furies now by *Ioue* employd.

Thunder continued, and Cæsar enters disguiде.

The wrathfull tempest of the angry night,
 Where hell flyes mufl'd vp in clouds of pitch,
 Mingl'd with Sulphure, and thofe dreadfull bolts,
 The Cyclops Ram in *Ioues* Artillery,
 Hath rousde the furies, arm'd in all their horrors,
 Vp to the eniuious feas, in fpight of *Cæsar*.

O night, O ielous night, of all the nobleſt
 Beauties, and glories, where the gods haue stroke
 Their foure digestions, from thy gaſtly Chaos,
 Blush thus to drowne them all in this houre sign'd
 By the neceſſity of fate for *Cæsar*.

I that haue ranſackt all the world for worth,
 To forme in man the image of the gods,

Must like them haue the power to checke the worst
 Of all things vnder their celestiall Empire,
 Stoope it, and burst it, or breake through it all,
 With vse and safetie, till the Crowne be set
 On all my actions ; that the hand of nature
 In all her worst works ayming at an end,
 May in a master-peece of hers be seru'd
 With tops, and state fit for his virtuous Crowne :
 Not lift arts thus farre vp in glorious frame,
 To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.
 This riuier *Anius* (in whose mouth now lyes
 A Pynnace I would passe in, to fetch on
 My armes dull rest from *Brundusium*)
 That is at all times else exceeding calme,
 (By reason of a purling winde that flyes
 Off from the shore each morning, driuing vp
 The billows farre to sea) in this night yet,
 Beares such a terrible gale ; put off from sea,
 As beats the land wind back, and thrusts the flood,
 Vp in such vproare, that no boat dare stirre.
 And on it is disperst all *Pompeys* nauy
 To make my perill yet more eniuious.
 Shall I yet shrinke for all ? were all, yet more ?
 There is a certaine need that I must giue
 Way to my passe ; none, knowne, that I must liue.

Enter Master of a ship with Sailors

Mast. What battaile is there fought now in the
 ayre.
 That threatens the wrack of nature ?
Cæf. Master ? come.
 Shall we thrust through it all ?
Mast. What lost man,
 Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make
 So desperate a motion.
Cæf. Launch man, and all thy feares fraught dif-
 auow,
 Thou carriest *Cæsar* and his fortunes now.

Act III. Scene I.

*Pompey, two Consuls, five Kings, Brutus, Gabinius,
Demetrius.*

Now to *Pharsalia*, where the smarting strokes
 Of our resolu'd contention must refound,
 (My Lords and friends of *Rome*) I giue you all
 Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,
 Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crowne)
 Can crowne your fauours with, and ferue the hopes
 Of my deare Country, to her vtmost wish ;
 I can but set vp all my being to giue
 So good an end to my forerunning Acts ;
 The powers in me that formd them hauing lost
 No least time since, in gathering skill to better ;
 But like so many Bees haue brought me home,
 The sweet of what foever flowers haue growne
 In all the meades, and gardens of the world.
 All which hath growne still, as the time encrease
 In which twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd.
 That what decay foever blood inferr'd,
 Might with my mindes store, be suppli'd, and cher'd,
 All which, in one fire of this instant fight
 Ile burne, and sacrifice to euery cinder
 In sacred offering to my Countreys loue,
 And therefore what euent foever fort,
 As I no praiſe will looke for, but the good
 Freely bestow on all ; (if good succeed)
 So if aduerſe fate fall, I wish no blame,
 But th' ill beſalne me, made my fortunes shame,
 Not mine, nor my fault.

1 *Cons.* We too well loue *Pompey*,
 To doe him that iniuſtice.

Bru. Who more thirsts
The Conquest, then resolues to bear the foile ?

Pom. Said *Brutus*-like, giue feuerall witnesse all,
That you acquit me whatsoeuer fall.

2 Cons. Particular men particular fates must bear,
Who feeles his owne wounds lesse, to wound another ?

Theff. Leaue him the worst whose best is left
vndone,

He only conquers whose minde still is one.

Epir. Free mindes, like dice, fall square, what ere
the cast.

Ibir. Who on him selfe fole stands, stands solely
fast.

Thra. He's neuer downe, whose minde fights still
aloft.

Cil. Who cares for vp or downe, when all's but
thought.

Gab. To things euents doth no mans power extend.

Dem. Since gods rule all, who any thing would
mend.

Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, your selues vn-
burthening.

Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know
Of *Vibius* certaine state ?

Gab. Not yet, my Lord.

Pomp. Too long protract we all meanes to recouer
His person quick or dead, for I still thinke
His losse seru'd fate, before we blew retreat ;
Though some affirme him feene, soone after fighting.

Dem. Not after, Sir, (I heard) but ere it ended.

Gab. He bore a great minde to extend our pursuite
Much further then it was ; and seru'd that day
(When you had, like the true head of a battaile,
Led all the body in that glorious turne)
Vpon a farre-off Squadron that stood fast
In conduct of the great *Marc Anthony*,
When all the rest were fled, so past a man
That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him
Thrice breake thorow all with ease, and passe as faire

As he had all beene fire, and they but ayre.

Pom. He stuck at last yet, in their midſt, it ſeem'd.

Gab. So haue I ſeen a fire drake glide at midnight
Before a dying man to point his graue,
And in it ſtick and hide.

Dem. He comes yet ſafe.

*A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius,
with others.*

Pom. O *Vibius*, welcome, what a prisoner ?
With mighty *Cæsar*, and ſo quickly ransom'd ?

Vib. I Sir, my ransome, needed little time,
Either to gaine agreement for the value,
Or the diſburſment, ſince in *Cæſars* grace
We both concluded.

Pom. Was his grace ſo free.

Vib. For your reſpect, Sir.

Pom. Nay, Sir, for his glory.
That the maine Conqueſt he ſo ſurely builds on,
(Which euer is forerun with petty fortunes)
Take not effect, by taking any friend
From all the moſt, my poore defence can make,
But muſt be compleat, by his perfect owne.

Vib. I know, Sir, you more nobly rate the freedome
He freely gaue your friend ; then to peruerit it
So paſt his wiſdom : that knowes much too well
Th' vncertaine ſtate of Conqueſt ; to raiſe frames
Of ſuſh preſumption on her fickle wings,
And chiefely in a loſſe ſo late, and grieuous,
Beſides, your forces farre exceeding his,
His whole powers being but two and twenty thouſand :
And yours full fourē and fourty thouſand ſtrong :
For all which yet, he ſtood as farre from feare
In my enlargement, as the conſiſtient glory
You pleaſe to put on him ; and had this end
In my ſo kinde diſmision, that as kindly
I miſt ſolicite a ſure peace betwixt you.

Pom. A peace ? Is't poſſible ?

Vib. Come, doe not shew this wanton incredulity too.

Tom. Beleeue me I was farre from such a thought In his high stomack : *Cato* prophecied then. What thinke my Lords our Consuls, and friend *Brutus*?

Omn. An offer happy.

Bru. Were it plaine and hearty.

Pom. I, there's the true inspe&ton to his prospect.

Bru. This st freight of his perhaps may need a flight

Of some hid stratagem, to bring him off.

Pom. Deuices of a new fordge to entrap me ? I rest in *Cesars* shades ? walke his strow'd paths ? Sleepe in his quiet waues ? Ile sooner trust Hibernian Boggs, and quicksands ; and hell mouth Take for my sanctuary : in bad parts That no extremes will better, natures finger Hath markt him to me, to take heed of him. What thinks my *Brutus* ?

Bru. Tis your best and safest.

Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare To make our warre the bloodier, whose fit feare Makes me I dare not now (in thoughts maturer Then late enclin'de me) put in vse the Counsaile Your noble father *Cato* (parting) gaue me, Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood, This battaile hazards now, that must cost more.

i Conf. It does, and therefore now no more deferre it.

Pom. Say all men so ?

Omn. We doe.

Pom. I grieue ye doe, Because I rather wish to erre with *Cato* Then with the truth goe of the world besides ; But since it shall abide this other stroke, Ye gods that our great Romane *Genius* Haue made, not giue vs one dayes conquest only, Nor grow in conquests for some little time, As did the *Genius* of the *Macedons* ;

Nor be by land great only, like *Laconians* ;
 Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' *Athenians* ;
 Nor slowly stirr'd vp, like the Persian Angell ;
 Nor rockt asleepe foone, like the Ionian spirit.
 But made our Romane *Genius*, fiery, watchfull,
 And euen from *Romes* prime, ioynd his youth with
 hers,
 Grow as she grew, and firme as earth abide,
 By her encreasing pomp, at sea, and shore,
 In peace, in battaile ; against *Greece* as well
 As our Barbarian foes ; command yet further
 Ye firme and iust gods, our assistfull Angell
 For *Rome*, and *Pompey*, who now fights for *Rome* ;
 That all these royll Lawes, to vs, and iustice
 Of common safety, may the selfe-loue drowne
 Of tyrannous *Cæsar* ; and my care for all
 Your Altars crown'd with endlesse festiuall. *Exeunt.*

*Cæsar, Anthony, a Soothsayer, Crassinius,
 Acius, with others.*

Cæs. Say (sacred Southsayer) and informe the truth,
 What liking hast thou of our sacrifice ?
Sooth. Imperiall *Cæsar*, at your sacred charge,
 I drew a milke white Oxe into the Temple,
 And turning there his face into the east,
 (Fearefully shaking at the shining light)
 Downe fell his horned forehead to his hoofe,
 When I began to greet him with the stroke,
 That should prepare him for the holy rites,
 With hydeous roares he laid out such a throat
 As made the secret lurkings of the god
 To answere ecco-like, in threatening sounds :
 I stroke againe at him, and then he slept,
 His life-blood boyling out at euery wound
 In stremes as cleare as any liquid Ruby,
 And there began to alter my presage,
 The other ill signes, shewing th'other fortune,
 Of your last skirmish, which farre opposite now

Proues, ill beginnings good euent foreshew.
 For now the beast cut vp, and laid on th' Altar,
 His lims were all lickt up with instant flames,
 Not like the Elementall fire that burnes
 In houſhould vſes, lameſly ſtruggling vp,
 This way and that way winding as it rifes,
 But (right and vpright) reaſt his proper ſphere
 Where burnes the fire eternall and ſincere.

Cæſ. And what may that preſage ?

Sooth. That euen the ſpirit
 Of heauens pure flame flew downe and rauifht vp
 Your offerings blaze in that religious instant,
 Which ſhewes th' alacritie and cheerefull virtue
 Of heauens free bounty, doing good in time,
 And with what ſwiftneſſe true deuotions clime.

Omn. The gods be honor'd.

Sooth. O behold with wonder,
 The ſacred blaze is like a torch enlightened,
 Directly burning iuft aboue your campe !

Omn. Miraculous.

Sooth. Beleeue it, with all thanks :
 The Romane *Genius* is altered now,
 And armes for *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Soothſayer be for euer
 Reuerenc't of *Cæſar*. O *Marc Anthony*,
 I thought to raiſe my camp, and all my tents,
 Tooke downe for ſwift remotion to *Scotuffa*.
 Shall now our purpose hold ?

Anth. Against the gods ?
 They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we
 Muſt adde our parts, and be in th' vſe as free.

Craſſ. See Sir, the ſcouts returne.

Enter two ſcouts.

Cæſ. What newes, my friends ?

1 Scou. Arme, arme, my Lord, the voward of the
 foe

Is rang'd already.

2 Scou. Anſwer them, and arme :
 You cannot ſet your reſt of battell vp

In happyer houre ; for I this night beheld
 A strange confusion in your enemies campe,
 The souldiers taking armes in all dismay,
 And hurling them againe as fast to earth.
 Euery way routing ; as th' alarme were then
 Giuen to their army. A most causelesse feare
 Disperst quite through them.

Cæs. Then twas *Ioue* himselfe
 That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

Craff. Other presages of successe (my Lord)
 Haue strangely hapn'd in the adiacent Cities,
 To this your army : for in *Tralleis*,
 Within a Temple, built to Victory,
 There stands a statue of your forme and name,
 Neare whose firme base, euen from the marble pauement,

There sprang a Palme tree vp, in this last night,
 That seemes to crowne your statue with his boughs,
 Spred in wrapt shadowes round about your browes.

Cæs. The signe, *Craffinius*, is most strange and
 gracefull,
 Nor could get issue, but by power diuine ;
 Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides
 (Of neuer such kinde promise of successe)
 Performe it without tough acts of our owne.
 No care, no nerue the lesse to be emploid ;
 No offering to the gods, no vowes, no prayers :
 Secure and idle spirits neuer thrie
 When most the gods for their aduancements strie.
 And therefore tell me what abodes thou buildst on
 In any spirit to act, enflam'd in thee,
 Or in our Souldiers seene resolu'd addresses ?

Craff. Great and firy virtue. And this day
 Be sure (great *Cæsar*) of effects as great
 In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd
 Enforcements resolute, from this arm'd hand,
 Which thou shalt praife me for alive or dead.

Cæs. Alive (ye gods vouchsafe) and my true vowes
 For life in him (great heauen) for all my foes

(Being naturall Romans) so farre ioyntly heare
 As may not hurt our Conquest ; as with feare
 Which thou already strangely haft diffusde
 Through all their army ; which extend to flight
 Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.

Cnfh. Tis time, my Lord, you put in forme your battell.

Cæf. Since we must fight then, and no offerd peace
 Will take with *Pompey* : I rejoice to see
 This long-time lookt for, and most happy day,
 In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,
 With toyles, not sweats of blood through yeares ex-
 tended,
 This one day seruing to decide all iarres
 Twixt me and *Pompey*. Hang out of my tent
 My Crimsine coat of armes, to giue my souldiers
 That euer-sure signe of resolu'd-for fight.

Craff. These hands shall giue that signe to all their
 longings. *Exit Craff.*
Cæf. My Lord, my army, I thinke best to order
 In three full Squadrons: of which let me pray
 Your selfe would take on you the left wings charge ;
 My selfe will lead the right wing, and my place
 Of fight elect in my tenth legion :
 My battell by *Domitius Calvinus*
 Shall take direction.

*The Cote of Armes is hung out, and the
 Souldiers shoute within.*

An. Heark, your souldiers shoute
 For ioy to see your bloody Cote of Armes
 Assure their fight this morning.

Cæf. O blest Euen
 Bring on them worthy comforts. And ye gods
 Performe your good prefages in euent
 Of fit crowne for our discipline, and deeds
 Wrought vp by conquest ; that my vse of it
 May wipe the hatefull and vnworthy slaine

Of Tyrant from my Temples, and exchange it
 For fautor of my Country, ye haue giuen
 That title to thosse poore and fearefull sowles
 That every sound puts vp, in frights and cryes ;
 Euen then, when all *Romes* powers were weake and
 heartles,
 When traiterous fires, and fierce Barbarian swords,
 Rapines, and soule-expiring slaughters fild
 Her houses, Temples, all her ayre, and earth.
 To me then (whom your bounties haue enform'd
 With such a spirit as despifeth feare ;
 Commands in either fortune, knowes, and armes
 Against the worst of fate ; and therefore can
 Dispose blest meanes, encourag'd to the best)
 Much more vouchsafe that honor ; chiefly now,
 When *Rome* wants only this dayes conquest giuen me
 To make her happy, to confirme the brightnesse
 That yet she shines in ouer all the world ;
 In Empire, riches, strife of all the Arts,
 In gifts of Cities, and of kingdomes sent her ;
 In Crownes laid at her feet, in euery grace
 That shores, and seas, floods, Islands, Continents,
 Groues, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce ;
 All which I (victor) will encrease, I vow
 By all my good, acknowledg'd giuen by you.

Act IIII Scene I.

Pompey in haste, Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius following.

THe poysone steep't in euery vaine of Empire,
 In all the world, meet now in onely me,
 Thunder and lighten me to death ; and make
 My senses feed the flame, my soule the crack.

Was euer soueraigne Captaine of so many
 Armies and Nations, so opprest as I,
 With one hosts headstrong outrage ? vrging fight,
 Yet fly about my campe in panick terrors ;
 No reason vnder heauen suggesting cause.
 And what is this but euen the gods deterring
 My iudgement from enforcing fight this morne ?
 The new-fled night made day with Meteors,
 Fir'd ouer *Cæsars* campe, and falne in mine,
 As pointing out the terrible euent
 Yet in suspence ; but where they threat their fall
 Speake not these prodigies with fiery tongues,
 And eloquence that should not moue but rauish
 All found mindes, from thus tempting the iust gods,
 And spitting out their faire premonishing flames
 With brackish rheumes of ruder and brainsick number,
 What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus mad
 For one poore fortune of a beaten few ;
 To halfe so many staid, and dreadfull souldiers ?
 Long train'd, long foughten ? able, nimble, perfect
 To turne and winde aduantage euery way ?
 Encrease with little, and enforce with none ?
 Made bold as Lyons, gaunt as famisht wolues,
 With still-seru'd slaughterers, and continuall toyles.

Bru. You should not, Sir, forsake your owne wife
 Counsell,

Your owne experienc't discipline, owne practise,
 Owne god-inspired insight to all changes,
 Of Protean fortune, and her zany, warre,
 For hosts, and hels of such ; What man will thinke
 The best of them, not mad ; to see them range
 So vp and downe your campe, already suing
 For offices falne, by *Cæsars* built-on fall,
 Before one stroke be struck ? *Domitius, Spinther,*
 Your father *Scipio* now preparing friends
 For *Cæsars* place of vniverfall Bishop ?
 Are you th'obserued rule, and voucht example ;
 Who euer would command Physitians,
 That would not follow the diseaf'd desires

Of their sick patients ? yet incurre your selfe
The faults that you so much abhorre in others.

Pom. I cannot, Sir, abide mens open mouthes,
Nor be ill spoken of ; nor haue my counsels
And circumspections, turnd on me for feares,
With mocks and scandals that would make a man
Of lead, a lightning ; in the desperat'st onset
That euer trampled vnder death, his life.
I beare the touch of feare for all their safeties,
Or for mine owne ? enlarge with twice as many
Selfe-liues, selfe-fortunes ? they shall sinke beneath
Their owne credulities, before I crosse them.
Come, haste, dispose our battaile.

Vib. Good my Lord,
Against your *Genius* warre not for the world.

Pom. By all worlds he that moues me next to beare
Their scoffs and imputations of my feare
For any cause, shall beare this sword to hell.
Away, to battaile ; good my Lord lead you
The whole fix thousand of our yong Patricians,
Plac't in the left wing to enuiron *Cæsar*.
My father *Scipio* shall lead the battaile ;
Domitius the left wing ; I the right
Against *Marc Anthony*. Take now your fils
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills.

Exeunt.

*Alarme, excursions, of al : The fие Kings driuen ouer
the Stage, Craffinius chiefly pursuing : At the
dore enter againe the fие Kings. The
battell continued within.*

Epir. Fly, fly, the day was lost before twas fought.

Theff. The Romans feard their shadowes.

Cil. Were there euer
Such monſtrous confidences, as last night
Their Cups and musique shew'd ? Before the morning
Made ſuch amazes ere one ſtroke was ſtruck ?

Iber. It made great *Pompey* mad, which who could
mend ?

The gods had hand in it.

Tra. It made the Consuls
Run on their swords to see't. The braue Patricians
Fled with their spoyled faces, arrowes sticking
As shot from heauen at them.

Theff. Twas the charge
That *Cæsar* gaue against them.

Epir. Come, away,
Leaue all, and wonder at this fatall day.

Excunt.

*The fight neerer ; and enter, Crassineus, a sword, as
thrust through his face ; he fals. To him Pompey
and Cæsar fighting : Pompey gives way,
Cæsar follows, and enters at
another dore.*

Cæs. Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshew'd their
powers,
Which we gaue issue, and the day is ours.
Crassineus? O looke vp : he does, and shewes
Death in his broken eyes ; which *Cæsars* hands
Shall doe the honor of eternall closure.
Too well thou keptst thy word, that thou this day
Wouldst doe me seruice to our victory,
Which in thy life or death I should behold,
And praise thee for ; I doe, and must admire
Thy matchles valour ; euer euer rest
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tombe
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,
Ile curiosly preferue with balmes, and spices,
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,
Inscrib'd with this true soule of funerall.

Epitaph :

*Crassineus fought for fame, and died for Rome,
Whose publique weale springs from this priuate tombe.*

Enter some taking him off, whom Cæsar helps.

Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their hands, broad hats, &c.

Pom. Thus haue the gods their iustice, men their
wils,

And I, by mens wils rulde ; my selfe renouncing,
Am by my Angell and the gods abhorr'd ;
Who drew me, like a vapour, vp to heauen
To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the earth :
O the deserued terrors that attend
On humane confidence ! had euer men
Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd ? To send to *Rome* before
For houes neare the market place, their tents
Strowd all with flowers, and nosegayes ; tables couer'd
With cups and banquets ; bayes and mirtle garlands,
As ready to doe sacrifice for conquest
Rather then arme them for fit fight t'enforc it ;
Which when I saw, I knew as well th' euent
As now I feele it, and because I rag'd
In that prefage, my *Genius* shewing me clearely
(As in a mirror) all this cursed issue ;
And therefore vrg'd all meanes to put it off
For this day, or from these fields to some other,
Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw
Thei'r spirits sett'd in some grauer knowledge
Of what belong'd to such a deare decision ;
They spotted me with feare, with loue of glory,
To keepe in my command so many Kings,
So great an army ; all the hellish blastings
That could be breath'd on me, to strike me blinde
Of honor, spirit and soule : And should I then
Saue them that would in spight of heauen be ruinde ?
And, in their safeties ruine me and mine
In euerlasting rage of their detraction.

Dem. Your safety and owne honor did deserue
Respect past all their values ; O my Lord
Would you ?

Pom. Vpbraid me not ; goe to, goe on.

Dem. No ; Ile not rub the wound. The misery is, The gods for any error in a man (Which they might rectify, and should ; because That man maintain'd the right) shoulf suffer wrong To be thus insolent, thus grac't, thus bleft ?

Pom. O the strange carriage of their acts, by which Men order theirs ; and their deuotions in them ; Much rather striving to entangle men In pathlesse error, then with regular right Confirme their reasons, and their pieties light. For now Sir, whatsoeuer was foreshowne By heauen, or prodigy ; ten parts more for vs, Forewarning vs, deterring vs, and all Our blinde and brainlesse frenzies, then for *Cæsar* ; All yet will be ascribde to his regard Giuen by the gods for his good parts, preferring Their glosse (being starck impostures) to the iustice, Loue, honor, piety, of our lawes and Countrey. Though I thinke thefe are arguments enow For my acquitall, that for all these fought.

Dem. Y'are cleare, my Lord.

Pom. Gods helpe me, as I am ; What euer my vntoucht command of millions Through all my eight and fifty yeares, hath woonne, This one day (in the worlds esteeme) hath lost. So vile is praike and dispraike by euent. For I am still my felfe in euery worth The world could grace me with, had this dayes Euen In one blaze ioyn'd, with all my other Conquests. And shall my comforts in my well-knownne felfe Faile me for their false fires, *Demetrius* ?

Dem. O no, my Lord.

Pom. Take grieve for them, as if The rotten-hearted world could steepe my soule In filthy putrifraction of their owne ? Since their applauses faile me ? that are hisses To euery sound acceptance ? I confesse, That till th' affaire was past, my passions flam'd, But now tis helpleſſe, and no cause in me,

Rest in these embers my vnmoued soule,
 With any outward change, this dystick minding ;
 No man should more allow his owne lotse, woes,
 (Being past his fault) then any stranger does.
 And for the worlds false loues, and ayry honors,
 What soule that euer lou'd them most in life,
 (Once feuer'd from this breathing sepulchre)
 Againe came and appearde in any kind
 Their kinde admirer still, or did the slate
 Of any best man here, assocrate ?
 And euery true foule should be here so feuer'd
 From loue of such men, as here drowne their soules
 As all the world does ? *Cato* sole accepted,
 To whom Ile fly now, and my wife in way
 (Poore Lady, and poore children, worse then fatherto
 lesse)

Visit, and comfort. Come *Demetrius*, *They disguise
themselues.*
 We now must sute our habites to our fortunes
 And since these changes euer chance to greatest.
 Nor desire to be
 (Doe fortune, to exceed it, what she can)
 A *Pompey*, or a *Cæsar*, but a man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Acilius, with souldiers.

Cæf. O We haue slaine, not conquerd, Roman
 blood

Peruerts th' euent, and desperate blood let out
 With their owne fwords. Did euer men before
 Enuy their owne liues, since another liu'd
 Whom they would willfully conceiue their foe,
 And forge a Tyrant merely in their feares
 To iustifie their slaughterers ? Consuls ? furies.

Ant. Be, Sir, their faults their griefes ! The greater
 number

Were only flaues, that left their bloods to ruth,
 And altogether, but six thousand slaine.

Cæf. How euer many ; gods and men can witnesse
 Themselues enforc't it, much against the most

I could enforce on *Pompey* for our peace.
 Of all flaine, yet, if *Brutus* only liu'd,
 I should be comforted, for his life sau'd
 Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.
 But much I feare his death, because the battell
 Full stricken now, he yet abides vnfound.

Act. I. I saw him fighting neare the battells end,
 But suddainly glie off, as bent to fly.

Enter Brutus.

Anth. He comes here, see Sir.

Bru. I submit to *Cæsar*
 My life and fortunes.

Cæf. A more welcome fortune
 Is *Brutus*, then my conquest.

Bru. Sir, I fought
 Against your conquest, and your selfe ; and merit
 (I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

Cæf. You fought with me, Sir, for I know your
 armes
 Were taken for your Country, not for *Pompey* :
 And for my Country I fought, nothing lesse
 Then he, or both the mighty-stomak't Consuls ;
 Both whom (I heare) haue flaine themselues before
 They would enioy life in the good of *Cæsar*.
 But I am nothing worse, how ill soeuer
 They, and the great authority of *Rome*
 Would faine enforce me by their mere fuspitions.
 Lou'd they their Country better then her *Brutus* ?
 Or knew what fitted noblesse, and a Romane
 With freer souls then *Brutus*. Those that liue
 Shall see in *Cæsars* iustice, and what euer
 Might make me worthy both their liues and loues,
 That I haue lost the one without my merit,
 And they the other with no Roman spirit.
 Are you empair'd to liue, and ioy my loue ?
 Only requite me, *Brutus*, loue but *Cæsar*,
 And be in all the powers of *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*.
 In wch free wish, I ioyne your father *Cato* ;

For whom Ile haste to *Vtica*, and pray
His loue may strengthen my fuccesse to day. *Exeunt.*

Porcius in haſte, Marcillius bare, following. Porcius discouers a bed, and a ſword hanging by it which he takes downe.

Mar. To what vſe take you that (my Lord ?)

Por. Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any feruant,
Befides your ſelfe, of all my fathers neareſt,
Serue any mood he ferues, with any knowledge
Of this or any other. *Cæſar* comes
And giues his army wings to reach this towne.
Not for the townes fake, but to faue my father.
Whom iuſtly he ſuspects to be refolu'd
Of any violence to his life, before
He will preſerue it by a Tyrants fauour.
For Pompey hath miſcarried, and is fled.
Be true to me, and to my fathers life ;
And doe not tell him ; nor his fury ferue
With any other.

Mar. I will dye, my Lord,
Ere I obferue it.

Por. O my Lord and father.

Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius.
Cato with a booke in his hand.

Cat. What feares fly here on all fides ? what wilde
lookes
Are ſquinted at me from mens mere ſuspicions
That I am wilde my ſelfe, and would enforce
What will be taken from me by the Tyrant.

Ath. No : Would you only aske life, he would
thinke

His owne life giuen more ſtrength in giuing yours

Cat. I aske my life of him ?

Stat. Aske what's his owne ?

Of him he scornes should haue the least drop in it
At his disposure.

Cat. No, *Statilius.*

Men that haue forfeit liues by breaking lawes,
Or haue beene ouercome, may beg their liues,
But I haue euer beene in euery iustice
Better then *Cæsar*, and was neuer conquer'd,
Or made to fly for life, as *Cæsar* was.
But haue beene victor euer, to my wish,
Gainst whomsoeuer euer hath opposde ;
Where *Cæsar* now is conquer'd in his Conquest,
In the ambition, he til now denide ;
Taking vpon him to giue life, when death
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous selfe.
No right, no power giuen him to raise an army,
Which in despight of *Rome* he leades about
Slaughtering her loyall subiects, like an outlaw,
Nor is he better. Tongue, shew, falsehood are,
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,
Vaine glory, villany ; and at best you can,
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.
My fame affirme my life receiu'd from him ?
Ile rather make a beast my second father.

Stat. The gods auert from euery Roman minde
The name of slau to any Tyrants power.
Why was man euer iust, but to be free,
'Gainst all iniustice ? and to beare about him
As well all meanes to freedome euery houre,
As every houre he should be arm'd for death,
Which only is his freedome ?

Ath. But *Statilius*

Death is not free for any mans election,
Till nature, or the law, impose it on him.

Cat. Must a man goe to law then, when he may
Enioy his owne in peace ? If I can vse
Mine owne my selfe, must I of force, referue it
To ferue a Tyrant with it ? All iust men
Not only may enlarge their liues, but must,
From all rule tyrannous, or liue vniust.

Ath. By death must they enlarge their liues ?

Cat. By death.

Ath. A man's not bound to that.

Cat. Ile proue he is.

Are not the liues of all men bound to iustice ?

Ath. They are.

Cat. And therefore not to serue iniustice :

Iustice it selfe ought euer to be free,

And therefore euerie iust man being a part

Of that free iustice, should be free as it.

Ath. Then wherefore is there law for death ?

Cat. That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can

Performe the fitting iustice of a man

In kingdomēs common good, may be enforc't.

But is not euerie iust man to him selfe

The perfect'ſt law ?

Ath. Suppose.

Cat. Then to himselfe

Is euerie iust mans life subordinate.

Againe, Sir ; Is not our free foule infus'd

To euerie body in her absolute end

To rule that body ? in which absolute rule

Is she not absolutely Emprefſe of it ?

And being Emprefſe, may ſhe not diſpoſe

It, and the life in it, at her iust pleaſure ?

Ath. Not to deſtroy it.

Cat. No ; ſhe not deſtroyes it

When ſhe diſliues it ; that their freedomes may

Goe firme together, like their powers and organs,

Rather then let it liue a reſſell to her,

Prophaning that diuine coniunction

Twixt her and it ; nay, a diſiunction making

Betwixt them worse then death ; in killing quick

That which in iust death liues : being dead to her

If to her rule dead, and to her aliue,

If dying in her iust rule.

Ath. The body liues not

When death hath reft it.

Cat. Yet tis free, and kept
Fit for reiunction in mans second life ;
Which dying rebell to the soule, is farre
Vnfit to ioyne with her in perfect life.

Ath. It shall not ioyne with her againe.

Cat. It shall.

Ath. In reason shall it ?

Cat. In apparant reason ;
Which Ile proue clearely.

Stat. Heare, and iudge it Sir.

Cat. As nature works in all things to an end,
So in th' appropriate honor of that end,
All things precedent haue their naturall frame ;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes :
For else there could not be in their creation,
Alwayes, or for the most part, that firme forme
In their still like existence ; that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortall with a mortall substance ?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subiect ; rather is a sleepe,
Then bestiall death ; since sleepe and death are call'd
The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestiall sease the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soule being free from death, which otherwise
Retaines diuine proportion. For as sleepe
No disproportion holds with humane soules,
But aptly quickens the proportion
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To giue vp formes to soules, which is their end :
So death (twin-borne of sleepe) resoluing all
Mans bodies heauy parts ; in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soule ;
When in a second life their beings giuen,
Holds this proportion firme, in highest heauen.

Ath. Hold you our bodies shall reuiue, resuming
Our soules againe to heauen ?

Cat. Past doubt, though others
 Thinke heauen a world too high for our low reaches.
 Not knowing the sacred fence of him that sings,
Ioue can let downe a golden chaine from heauen,
 Which tyed to earth, shall fetch vp earth and seas ;
 And what's that golden chaine, but our pure soules,
 A golden beame of him, let downe by him,
 That gouern'd with his grace, and drawne by him,
 Can hoist this earthy body vp to him,
 The sea, and ayre, and all the elements
 Comprest in it : not while tis thus concret,
 But fin'd by death, and then giuen heauenly heat.

Ath. Your happy exposition of that place
 (Whose sacred depth I neuer heard so sounded)
 Euict's glad grant from me you hold a truth.

Stat. Is't not a manly truth, and mere diuine ?
Cat. Tis a good chearefull doctrine for good men.
 But (sonne and seruants) this is only argu'd
 To spend our deare time well, and no life vrgeth
 To any violence further then his owner
 And grauer men hold fit. Lets talke of *Cæsar*,
 He's the great subiect of all talke, and he
 Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

Mar. It is, my Lord.
Cat. Why then let's in and eat ;
 Our coole submision will quench *Cæsars* heat.

Sta. Submision ? here's for him.

Cat. *Statilius*,
 My reasons must not strengthen you in error,
 Nor learn'd *Athenodorus* gentle yeelding.
 Talke with some other deepe Philosophers.
 Or some diuine Priest of the knowing gods,
 And heare their reasons, in meane time come sup.

Exeunt.
Cato going out arme in arme
 betwixt *Athen.* and *Statilius*.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Vshers, with the two Lentuli, and Septimius before Cornelia; Cyris, Telefilla, Lælia, Drusus, with others, following, Cornelia, Septimius and the two Lentuli reading letters.

Cor. So may my comforts for this good newes
thriue

As I am thankfull for them to the Gods.
Ioyes vnexpected, and in desperate plignt,
Are still most sweet, and proue from whence they
come;

When earths still Moonelike confidence, in ioy,
Is at her full. True ioy descending farre
From past her sphere, and from that highest heauen
That moues and is not mou'd : how farre was I
From hope of these euent, when fearefull dreames
Of Harpies tearing out my heart & of armies
Terribly ioyning & Cities, kingdomes falling,
And all on me & prou'd sleepe, not twin to death,
But to me, death it selfe & yet waking then,
These letters ; full of as much chearefull life,
I found cloilde in my hand. O gods how iustly
Ye laugh at all things earthly & at all feares
That rise not from your iudgements & at all ioyes,
Not drawne directly from your selues, and in ye,
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruine.
Why write great learned men & men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe &
Vndanted spirits & inexorable fate
And all feare treading on & tis all but ayre,
If any comfort be, tis in defpaire.

1 Len. You learned Ladies may hold any thing.

2 Lent. Now madam is your walk from coach
come neare

The promontory, where you late commanded
A Sentinel should stand to see from thence
If either with a nauy, brought by sea,
Or traine by land ; great *Pompey* comes to greet you
As in your letters, he neare this time promisde.

Cor. O may this Isle of *Lesbos*, compast in
With the *Ægæan* sea, that doth diuide
Europe from *Asia*. (*The sweet literate world*
From the Barbarian) from my barbarous dreames
Diuide my dearest husband and his fortunes. ||2

2 Len. He's busied now with ordering offices.
By this time, madam, fits your honor'd father He looks
in his letter.
In *Cæsars* chaire of vniersall Bishop.
Domitius Enobarbas, is made Confull,
Spynther his Consort ; and *Phaonius*
Tribune, or Pretor.

Septimius with a letter.

Sep. These were only sought
Before the battaile, not obtaind ; nor mouing
My father but in shadowes.

Corn. Why should men
Tempt fate with such firme confidence ? seeking
places
Before the power that should dispose could grant
them ?
For then the stroke of battaile was not struck.

1 Len. Nay, that was sure enough. *Physitians*
know
When sick mens eyes are broken, they must dye.
Your letters telling you his victory
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath broken
Both the eyes and heart of *Cæsar* : for as men
Healthfull through all their liues to grey-hayr'd age,
When sicknesse takes them once, they seldom scape :
So *Cæsar* victor in his general fights

Till this late skirmish, could no aduerse blow
Sustaine without his vtter ouerthrow.

2 *Lent.* See, madam, now ; your Sentinell : en-
quire.

Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet (Sentinell) nor traine
That may be thought great *Pompeys* ?

Sen. Not yet, madame.

1 *Len.* Seest thou no trauellers addrest this way ?
In any number on this Lesbian shore ?

Sent. I see some not worth note ; a couple comming
This way, on foot, that are not now farre hence.

2 *Lent.* Come they apace ? like messengers with
newes ?

Sent. No, nothing like (my Lord) nor are their
habites

Of any fuch mens fashions ; being long mantles,
And fable hew'd ; their heads all hid in hats
Of parching *Theffaly*, broad brimm'd, high crown'd.

Cor. These ferue not our hopes.

Sent. Now I see a ship,
A kenning hence ; that strikes into the hauen.

Cor. One onely ship ?

Sen. One only, madam, yet.

Cor. That should not be my Lord.

1 *Lent.* Your Lord ? no madam.

Sen. She now lets out arm'd men vpon the land.

2 *Lent.* Arm'd men ? with drum and colours ?

Sen. No, my Lord,

But bright in armes, yet beare halfe pikes, or bead-
hookes.

1 *Lent.* These can be no plumes in the traine of
Pompey.

Cor. Ile fee him in his letter, once againe.

Sen. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

Enter Pompey and Demetrius.

Dem. See your Princesse, Sir, come thus farre
from the City in her coach, to encounter your promist
comming

About this time in your last letters.

Pom. The world is alter'd since *Demetrius* ;
 (offer to goe by.

1 *Lent.* See, madam, two Theffalian Augurs it
 seemes

By their habits. Call, and enquire if either by their
 Skils or trauels, they know no newes of your husband.

Cor. My friends ? a word.

Dem. With vs, madam ?

Cor. Yes. Are you of *Theffaly* ?

Dem. I, madam, and all the world besides.

Cor. Your Country is great.

Dem. And our portions little.

Cor. Are you Augures ?

Dem. Augures madam ? yes a kinde of Augures, alias
 Wizerds, that goe vp and downe the world, teaching
 How to turne ill to good.

Cor. Can you doe that ?

Dem. I, madam, you haue no worke for vs, haue
 you ?

No ill to turne good, I meane ?

Cor. Yes ; the absence of my husband.

Dem. What's he ?

Cor. Pompey the great.

Dem. Wherein is he great ?

Cor. In his command of the world.

Dem. Then he's great in others. Take him with-
 out his

Addition (great) what is he then ?

Cor. Pompey.

Dem. Not your husband then ?

Cor. Nothing the lesse for his greatnessse.

Dem. Not in his right ; but in your comforts he is.

Cor. His right is my comfort.

Dem. What's his wrong ?

Cor. My sorrow.

Dem. And that's ill.

Cor. Yes.

Dem. Y'are come to the vse of our Profession,
madam,

Would you haue that ill turnd good ? that
Sorrow turnd comfort ?

Cor. Why is my Lord wrong'd ?

Cor. We professe not that knowledge, madam :
Supose he were.

Cor. Not I.

Dem. Youle suppose him good.

Cor. He is so.

Dem. Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd ;
for

All goodnesse is wrong'd in this world.

Cor. What call you wrong ?

Dem. Ill fortune, affliction.

Cor. Thinke you my Lord afflicted ?

Dem. If I thinke him good (madam) I must. Vn-
lesse he

Be worldly good, and then, either he is ill, or has ill :
Since, as no sugar is without poyson : so is no worldly
Good without ill. Euen naturally nourisht in it, like a
Houshold thiefe, which is the worst of all theeues.

Cor. Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

Dem. He's too great to be truly good ; for worldly
greatnes

Is the chiefe worldly goodnesse ; and all worldly good-
nesse

(I prou'd before) has ill in it : which true good has not.

Cor. If he rule well with his greatnesse ; wherein
is he ill ?

Dem. But great Rulers are like Carpenters that
weare their

Rules at their backs still : and therefore to make good
your

True good in him, y'ad better suppose him little, or
meane.

For in the meane only is the true good.

Pom. But euery great Lady must haue her husband
Great still, or her loue will be little.

Cor. I am none of those great Ladys.

I Len. She's a Philosophress Augure, and can
turne

Ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then, not honor, but adore her :
could you

Submit your selfe chearefully to your husband,
Supposing him falne ?

Cor. If he submit himselfe chearfully to his fortune.

Pom. Tis the greatest greatness in the world you
vndertake.

Cor. I would be so great, if he were.

Pom. In supposition.

Cor. In fact.

Pom. Be no woman, but a Goddesse then ; & make
good thy greatnesse ;

I am chearfully falne ; be chearfull.

Cor. I am : and welcome, as the world were closde
In these embraces.

Pom. Is it possible ?

A woman, losing greatnesse, still as good,
As at her greatest ? O gods, was I euer
Great till this minute ?

Amb. Len. Pompey ?

Pom. View me better.

Amb. Len. Conquerd by Cæsar ?

Pom. Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me, in it : no conquest of me :
I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.

Must I not hold my selfe, though lose the world ?
Nor lose I lesse ; a world lost at one clap,
Tis more then Ioue euer thundred with.

What glory is it to haue my hand hurle
So vast a volley through the groning ayre ?

And is't not great, to turne grieves thus to ioyes,
That breake the hearts of others ?

Amb. Len. O tis Ioue-like.

Pom. It is to imitate Ioue, that from the wounds
Of softest clouds, beats vp the terriblest sounds.

I now am good, for good men still haue least,
That twixt themfelues and God might rise their rest.

Cor. O Pompey, Pompey : neuer Great till now.

Pom. O my *Cornelia* : let vs still be good,
And we shall still be great : and greater farre
In euery solid grace, then when the tumor
And bile of rotten obseruation fweld vs.
Griefes for wants outward, are without our cure,
Greatnesse, not of it selfe, is neuer sure.
Before, we went vpon heauen, rather treading
The virtues of it vnderfoot, in making
The vicious world our heauen ; then walking there
Euen here, as knowing that our home ; contemning
All forg'd heauens here raisde ; setting hills on hills.
Vulcan from heauen fell, yet on's feet did light,
And stood no leſle a god then at his height ;
At lowest, things lye fast ; we now are like
The two Poles propping heauen, on which heauen
moues ;

And they are fixt, and quiet, being aboue
All motion farre ; we rest aboue the heauens.

Cor. O, I more ioy, t'brace my Lord thus fixt,
Then he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

i Len. Miraculous standing in a fall so great,
Would *Cæsar* knew Sir, how you conquerd him
In your conuiction.

Pom. Tis enough for me
That *Pompey* knows it. I will stand no more
On others legs : nor build one ioy without me.
If euer I be worth a houſe againe,
Ile build all inward : not a light ſhall ope
The common outway : no expence, no art,
No ornament, no dore will I vſe there,
But raiſe all plaine, and rudely, like a rampier,
Againſt the false ſociety of men
That ſtill batters
All reaſon peecemeale. And for earthy greatneſſe
All heauenly comforts rarifies to ayre,
Ile therefore liue in darke, and all my light,

Like Ancient Temples, let in at my top.
 This were to turne ones back to all the world,
 And only looke at heauen. *Empedocles*
 Recur'd a mortall plague through all his Country,
 With stopping vp the yawning of a hill,
 From whence the hollow and vnwholsome South
 Exhald his venomd vapor. And what else
 Is any King, given ouer to his lusts,
 But euen the poyson'd cleft of that crackt mountaine,
 That all his kingdome plagues with his example ?
 Which I haue stopt now, and so cur'd my Country
 Of such a sensuall pestilence :
 When therefore our diseas'de affections
 Harmefull to humane freedome ; and stormelike
 Inferring darknesse to th' infected minde
 Opprefse our comforts : tis but letting in
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit,
 Take in another way ; like roomes that fight
 With windowes gainst the winde, yet let in light.

Amb. Len. My Lord, we seru'd before, but now
 adore you.

• *Sen.* My Lord, the arm'd men I discou'red lately
 Vnshipt, and landed ; now are trooping neare.

Pom. What arm'd men are they ?

• *Len.* Some, my Lord, that lately
 The Sentinel discouer'd, but not knew.

Sen. Now all the sea (my Lords) is hid with ships,
 Another Promontory flanking this,
 Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,
 That easilly may see hither ; it feemes looking
 What these fo neare intend : Take heed, they come.

Enter Achillas, Septius, Saluius, with souldiers.

Arch. Haile to Romes great Commander ; to whom
Egypt

• (Not long since feated in his kingdome by thee,
 And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
 Sends vs with answere : which withdraw and heare.

Pom. Ile kiffe my children first.

Sep. Blesse me, my Lord.

Pom. I will, and *Cyris*, my poore daughter too.
Euen that high hand that hurld me downe thus low,
Keefe you from rising high : I heare : now tell me.
I thinke (my friend) you once seru'd vnder me :

Septius only nods with his head.

Pom. Nod onely ? not a word daigne ? what are
these ?

Cornelia ? I am now not worth mens words.

Ach. Please you receiue your ayde, Sir ?

Pom. I, I come.

Exit Pom. They draw and follow.

Cor. Why draw they ? See, my Lords ; attend them
vshers.

Sen. O they haue flaine great *Pompey*.

Cor. O my husband.

Sept. Cyr. Mother, take comfort.

Enter Pompey bleeding.

O my Lord and father.

Pom. See heauens your sufferings, is my Countries
loue,
The iustice of an Empire ; pietie ;
Worth this end in their leader : last yet life
And bring the gods off fairer : after this
Who will adore, or serue the deities ?

He hides his face with his robe.

Enter the Murtherers.

Ach. Helpe hale him off : and take his head for
Cæsar.

Sep. Mother ? O sauve us ; *Pompey* ? O my father.

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding,
and kneele about Cornelia.*

Len. Yet fals not heauen ? Madam, O make
good

Your late great spirits ; all the world will say,
 You know not how to beare aduerse euent,
 If now you languish.

Omn. Take her to her coach.

They beare her out.

Cato with a booke in his hand.

O Beastly apprehenders of things manly,
 And merely heauenly : they with all the reasons
 I vsde for iust mens liberties, to beare
 Their liues and deaths vp in their owne free hands ;
 Feare still my resolution though I seeme
 To giue it off like them : and now am woonne
 To thinke my life in lawes rule, not mine owne,
 When once it comes to death ; as if the law
 Made for a sort of outlawes, must bound me
 In their subiection ; as if I could
 Be rackett out of my vaines, to liue in others ;
 As so I must, if others rule my life ;
 And publique power keepe all the right of death,
 As if men needes must serue the place of iustice ;
 The forme, and idoll, and renounce it selfe ?
 Our felues, and all our rights in God and goodnesse ?
 Our whole contents and freedomes to dispose,
 All in the ioyes and wayes of arrant rogues ?
 No stay but their wilde errors, to sustaine vs ?
 No forges but their throats to vent our breaths ?
 To forme our liues in, and repose our deaths ?
 See, they haue got my fword. Who's there ?

Enter Marcillius bare.

Mar. My Lord.

at. Who tooke my fword hence ? Dumb ? I doe
 not aske

For any vse or care of it : but hope
 I may be answered. Goe Sir, let me haue it.

Exit Mar.

Poore flaues, how terrible this death is to them ?
 If men would sleepe, they would be wroth with all
 That interrupt them : Physick take to take
 The golden rest it brings : both pay and pray
 For good, and soundest naps : all friends consenting
 In those kinde inuocations ; praying all
 Good rest, the gods vouchsafe you ; but when death
 (Sleepes naturall brother) comes ; (that's nothing
 worse,
 But better ; being more rich ; and keepes the store ;
 Sleepe euer fickle, wayward still, and poore)
 O how men grudge, and shake, and feare, and fly
 His sterne approaches ? all their comforts taken
 In faith, and knowledge of the blisse and beauties
 That watch their wakings in an endlesse life :
 Dround in the paines and horrors of their sene
 Sustainde but for an houre ; be all the earth
 Rapt with this error, Ile pursue my reason,
 And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
 Th' eternall law of heauen and earth no firmer.
 But while I seeke to conquer conquering *Cæsar*,
 My soft-splen'd seruants ouerrule and curb me.

He knocks, and Brutus enters.

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword
 Where late I left it ? Dumb to ? Come another !

Enter Cleanthes.

Where's my sword hung here ?

Cle. My Lord, I know not. *Ent. Marcilius.*

Cat. The rest, come in there. Where's the sword
 I charg'd you

To giue his place againe ? Ile breake your lips ope,
 Spight of my freedome ; all my seruants, friends ;
 My sonne and all, will needs betray me naked
 To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce
 And Beare-like, mankinde of the blood of virtue.
 O gods, who euer saw me thus contemn'd ?
 Goe call my sonne in ; tell him, that the leſſe
 He shewes himselfe my sonne, the leſſe Ile care
 To liue his father.

Enter Athenodorus, Porcius: Porcius kneeling; Brutus, Cleanthes and Marcilius by him.

Por. I beseech you, Sir,
Rest patient of my duty, and my loue ;
Your other children think on, our poore mother,
Your family, your Country.

Cat. If the gods
Giue ouer all, Ile fly the world with them.
Athenodorus, I admire the changes,
I note in heauenly prouidence. When *Pompey*
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,
He stood inuincible against the world :
Yet, now his cares grew pious, and his powers
Set all vp for his Countrey, he is conquered.

Ath. The gods wills secret are, nor must we mea-
sure
Their chaste-referued deepes by our dry shallowes.
Sufficeth vs, we are entirely such
As twixt them and our consciences we know
Their graces, in our virtues, shall present
Vnspotted with the earth ; to'th high throne
That ouerlookes vs : for this gyant world
Let's not contend with it, when heauen it selfe
Failes to reforme it : why should we affect
The least hand ouer it, in that ambition ?
A heape tis of digested villany ;
Virtue in labor with eternall Chaos
Prest to a liuing death, and racket beneath it.
Her throwes vnpitied ; every worthy man
Limb by limb sawne out of her virgine wombe,
To liue here peecemeall tortur'd, fly life then ;
Your life and death made presidents for men. *Exit.*

Cat. Ye heare (my masters) what a life this is,
And vse much reason to respect it so.
But mine shall serue ye. Yet restore my sword,
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceiue
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's *Statilius* ?

Por. I think Sir, gone with the three hundred
Romans

In *Lucius Cæsars* charge, to serue the victor.

Cat. And would not take his leaue of his poore
friend ?

Then the Philosophers haue stoop't his spirit,
Which I admire, in one so free, and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life,
Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great Conqueror. But I aduisde him
To spare his youth, and liue.

Por. My brother *Brutus*
Is gone to *Cæsar*.

Cat. *Brutus*? Of mine honor
(Although he be my sonne in law) I must say
There went as worthy, and as learned a President
As liues in *Romes* whole rule, for all lifes actions ;
And yet your sister *Porcia* (his wife)
Would scarce haue done this. But (for you my sonne)
Howeuer *Cæsar* deales with me ; be counsfalde
By your experienc't father, not to touch
At any action of the publique weale,
Nor any rule beare neare her politique sterne :
For, to be vpright, and sincere therein
Like *Catos* sonne, the times corruption
Will neuer beare it : and, to sooth the time,
You shall doe basely, and vnworthy your life ;
Which, to the gods I wish, may outweigh mine
In euery virtue ; howfoeuer ill
You thriue in honor.

Por. I, my Lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsell.

Cat. And what needed you
Vrge my kinde care of any charge that nature
Imposes on me ? haue I euer showne
Loues least defect to you ? or any dues
The most indulgent father (being discreet)
Could doe his dearest blood ? doe you me right
In iudgement, and in honor ; and dispence

With passionate nature : goe, neglect me not,
But send my sword in. Goe, tis I that charge you.

Cor. O my Lord, and father, come, aduise me.

Exeunt.

Cat. What haue I now to thinke on in this world ?
No one thought of the world, I goe each minute
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedome.
The next world, and my soule, then let me serue
With her last vtterance ; that my body may
With sweetnesse of the passage drowne the fowre
That death will mix with it : the Consuls soules
That flew themselues so nobly, scorning life
Led vnder Tyrants Scepters, mine would see.
For we shall know each other ; and past death
Retaine those formes of knowledge learn'd in life ;
Since, if what here we learne, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our soules in reason are immortall,
Their naturall and proper obiects proue ;
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that obiect euer is referr'd
The nature of the soule, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employde.
And that true obiect must her powers obtaine
To which they are in natures aime directed.
Since twere absurd to haue her set an obiect
Which possibly she neuer can aspire.

Enter a Page with his sword taken out before.

Pag. Your sword, my Lord.

Cat. O is it found ? lay downe
Vpon the bed (my boy) *Exit Pa.* Poore men ; a
boy

Must be presenter ; manhood at no hand
Must serue so foule a fact ; for so are calde
(In common mouths) mens fairest acts of all.
Vnsheath ; is't sharpe ? tis sweet. Now I am safe,
Come *Cæsar*, quickly now, or lose your vastall.

Now wing thee, deare soule, and receiue her heauen.
 The earth, the ayre, and feas I know, and all
 The ioyes, and horrors of their peace and warres,
 And now will see the gods state, and the starres.

He falleth upon his sword, and enter Statilius at another side of the Stage with his sword drawne, Porcius, Brutus, Cleanthes and Marcilius holding his hands.

Stat. Cato ? my Lord ?

Por. I fweare (Statilius)

He's forth, and gone to seeke you, charging me
 To feeke elsewhere, lest you had slaine your selfe ;
 And by his loue entreated you would liue.

Sta. I fweare by all the gods, Ile run his fortunes.

Por. You may, you may ; but shun the victor now,
 Who neare is, and will make vs all his flaues.

Sta. He shall himselfe be mine first, and my flaues.

Exit.

Por. Looke, looke in to my father, O (I feare)
 He is no fight for me to beare and liue. *Exit.*

Omn. 3. O ruthfull spectacle ?

Cle. He hath ript his entrals.

Bru. Search, search ; they may be found.

Cle. They may, and are.

Giue leauue, my Lord, that I may sew them vp
 Being yet vnperisht.

Ca. Stand off ; now they are *He thruseth him back not.* *& plucks out his entrals.*

Have he my curse that my lifes least part faues.

Iust men are only free, the rest are flaues.

Bru. Myrror of men.

Mar. The gods enuied his goodnesse.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Brutus, Acilius, with Lords and Citizens of Utica.

Cæs. Too late, too late ; with all our haste. O
 Cato,

All my late Conquest, and my lifes whole acts,
 Most crownde, most beautified, are blasted all
 With thy graue lifes expiring in their scorne.
 Thy life was rule to all liues ; and thy death
 (Thus forcibly despising life) the quench
 Of all liues glories.

Ant. Vnreclaimed man ?

How censures *Brutus* his sterne fathers fact ?

Bru. Twas not well done.

Cæf. O censure not his acts ;
 Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

*Enter Achilius, Septimius, Salvius, with
 Pompeys head.*

All kneeling. Your enemies head great *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Cursed monsters,
 Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp
 Let any dare to view it ; farre as noblesse
 The den of barbarisme flies, and blisse
 The bitterest curse of vext and tyrannisde nature,
 Transferre it from me. Borne the plagues of virtue
 How durst ye poyson thus my thoughts ? to torture
 Them with instant rapture.

Omn. 3. Sacred *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Away with them ; I vow by all my comforts,
 Who slack seemes, or not fiery in my charge,
 Shall suffer with them.

All the souldiers. Out base murtherers ;
 Tortures, tortures for them : *hale them out.*

Omn. Cruell *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Too milde with any torture.

Bru. Let me craue

The ease of my hate on their one curst life.

Cæf. Good *Brutus* take it ; O you coole the poyson
 These villaines flaming pou'rd vpon my spleen
 To suffer with my lothlings. If the blood
 Of euery common Roman toucht so neare ;
 Shall I confirme the false brand of my tyranny

With being found a fautor of his murther
 Whom my deare Country chufde to fight for her?

Ant. Your patience Sir, their tortures well will quit
 you:

Bru. Let my slaues vse, Sir, be your president.

Cæf. It shall, I sweare: you doe me infinite honor.

O *Cato*, I enuy thy death, since thou
 Enuiedſt my glory to preferue thy life.

Why fled his sonne and friend *Statilius*?

So farre I fly their hurt, that all my good
 Shall fly to their desires. And (for himselfe)

My Lords and Citizens of *Vtica*,

His much renowne of you, quit with your most.

And by the sea, vpon ſome eminent rock,

Erect his ſumptuous tombe; on which aduance

With all fit ſtate his ſtatue; whose right hand

Let hold his ſword, where, may to all times reſt

His bones as honor'd as his foule is bleſt.

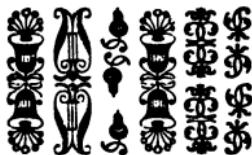
Select 10³

FINIS.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ALPHONSUS
EMPEROUR
OF
GERMANY

As it hath been very often Acted (with
great applause) at the Privat house
in BLACK-FRIERS by his late
MAIESTIES Servants.

By *George Chapman* Gent.



LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be
sold at his Shopp at the Princes-Arms
in St. Pauls Church-yard 1654.

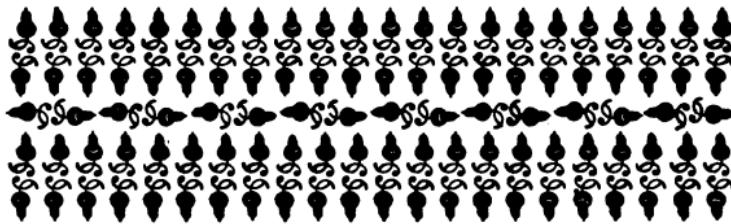


To the Reader

I Shall not need to bespeak thee Courteous, if thou hast seen this Piece presented with all the Elegance of Life and Action on the *Black-Friers Stage*; But if it be a Stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptation, by telling thee, it was receiv'd with general applause, and thy judgement (I doubt not) will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy Expectation further, nor delay thy Entertainment by a tedious Preface. The Design is high, the Contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave Attention in the perusal.

Farewell.



Dramatis Personæ.

Alphonsus Emperour of *Germany*.
King of *Bohemia*.

Bishop of *Mentz*.

Bishop of *Collen*.

Bishop of *Tryer*.

Pallatine of the *Rhein*.

Duke of *Saxon*.

Marquess of *Brandenburgh*.

Prince *Edward* of *England*.

Richard, Duke of *Cornwall*.

Lorenzo de Cipres, Secretary to the Emperour.

Alexander his Son, the Emperours Page.

Isabella the Empress.

Hedewick Daughter to the Duke of *Saxon*.

Captain of the Guard.

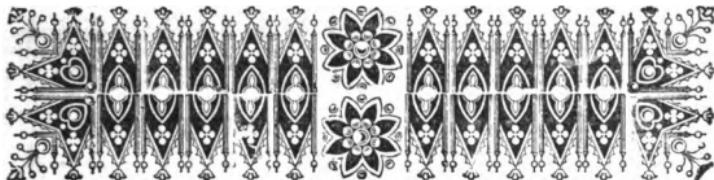
Souldiers.

Jaylor.

Two Boores.

}

The seven Ele-
ctors of the *Ger-
man Empire*.



ALPHONSUS

Emperour of *Germany*.

Enter Alphonsus the Emperour in his night-gown, and his shirt, and a torch in his hand, Alexander de Tripes his Page following him.

Al. **B**OY, give me the Master Key of all the doors.
To Bed again, and leave me to my self.
Exit Alexder.

Is *Richard* come ? have four Electors sworn
To make him Keifar in despite of me ?
Why then *Alphonsus* it is time to wake.
No Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,
Too shallow braind to undermine my throne ;
The Spanish Sun hath purifi'd my wit,
And dry'd up all grosf humours in my head,
That I am sighted as the King of Birds,
And can discern thy deepest Stratagems.
I am the lawful German Emperour,

Chosen, enstall'd, by general consent ;
And they may tearm me Tyrant as they please,
I will be King, and Tyrant if I please ;
For what is Empire but a Tyrannie ?
And none but children use it otherwise.
Of seven Electors, four are fallen away,
The other three I dare not greatly trust ;
My Wife is Sister to mine enemy,
And therefore wisely to be dealt withall ;
But why do I except in special,
When this position must be general,
That no man living must be credited,
Further than tends unto thy proper good.
But to the purpose of my silent walk ;
Within this Chamber lyes my Secretary,
Lorenzo de Cipres, in whose learned brain
Is all the compass of the world containd ;
And as the ignorant and simple age
Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,
Receiv'd dark answers from *Appollo's* shrine,
And honour'd him as Patron of their bliss ;
So I, not muffled in simplicitie,
Zealous indeed of nothing but my good,
Haft to the *Augur* of my happiness,
To lay the ground of my ensuing Wars.
He learns his wisdom, not by flight of Birds,
By prying into sacrificed beasts,
By Hares that cross the way, by howling Wolves,
By gazing on the Starry Element,
Or vain imaginary calculations ;
But from a fetted wisdom in it self
Which teacheth to be void of passion.
To be Religious as the ravenous Wolf,
Who loves the Lamb for hunger, and for prey ;
To threaten our inferiors with our looks ;
To flatter our Superiors at our need ;
To be an outward Saint, an inward Devill ;
These are the lectures that my Master reads.
This Key commands all Chambers in the Court ;

Now on a sudain will I try his wit,
I know my comming is unlook'd for.

He opens the door and finds Lorenzo sleep a loft.

Nay sleep, *Lorenzo*, I will walk a while.
As nature in the framing of the world,
Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum* ;
Even so me thinks his wisdom should contrive,
That all his Study should be full of wit,
And every corner stuft with sentences ?
What's this ? *Plato* ? *Aristotle* ? tush these are ordinary,
It seems this is a note but newly written. [He reads a
note which he finds among his Books.

Una arbusta non alit duos Erithicos ; which being
granted, the Roman Empire will not suffice Alphonfus
King of Castile, and Richard Earl of Cornwall his com-
petitor ; thy wisdom teacheth thee to cleave to the strongest ;
Alphonfus is in posseffion, and therefore the strongest, but
he is in hatred with the Electors, and men rather honour
the Sun rising than the Sun going down. I marry this
is argued like himself, and now me thinks he wakes.

[*Lorenzo* Riseth, and snatches at his fword which
hung by his Bed-side.]

Loren. What are there thieves within the Em-
perour's Court ?

Villain thou dy'st ; what mak'st thou in my Chamber ?

Alphon. How now *Lorenzo*, wilt thou slay thy
Lord ?

Loren. I do beseech your sacred Majesty to pardon
me,

I did not know your grace.

Alphon. Ly down *Lorenzo*, I will sit by thee,
The ayr is sharp and piercing ; tremble not,
Had if been any other but our self,
He must have been a villain and a thief.

Loren. Alas my Lord ! what means your excel-
lence,
To walk by night in these so dangerous times ?

Alphon. Have I not reason now to walk and watch,

When I am compast with so many foes ?

They ward, they watch, they cast, and they conspire,
To win confederate Princes to their aid,

And batter down the Eagle from my creast.

O, my *Lorenzo*, if thou help me not,

Th' Imperial Crown is shaken from my head,
And giv'n from me unto an English Earl.

Thou knowest how all things stand as well as we,
Who are our enemies, and who our friends,
Who must be threatned, and who dallyed with,
Who won by words, and who by force of arms ;
For all the honour I have done to thee.

Now speak, and speak to purpose in the cause ;
Nay rest thy body, labour with thy brain,
And of thy words my self will be the scribe.

Loren. Why then my Lord, take Paper, Pen and Ink,

Write first this maxim, it shall do you good.

1. A Prince must be of the nature of the Lion and the Fox ; but not the one without the other.

Alphon. The Fox is subtil, but he wanteth force ;
The Lion strong, but scorneth policie ;
I'll imitate *Lysander* in this point,
And where the Lion's hide is thin and scant,
I'll firmly patch it with the Foxes fell.

Let it suffice I can be both in one.

Loren. 2. A Prince above all things must seem devout ; but there is nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard his promise or his oath.

Alphon. Tush, fear not me, my promises are found,
But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail.

Loren. Nay my good Lord, but that I know your Majesty,

To be a ready quickwitted Scholar,
I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. Trust not a reconciled friend ; for good turns cannot blot out old grudges.

Alphon. Then must I watch the Palatine of the
Rhein,

I caus'd his Father to be put to death.

Loren. Your Highness hath as little cause to trust
The dangerous mighty Duke of *Saxony* ;
You know, you sought to banish him the Land ;
And as for *Cullen*, was not he the first
That sent for *Richard* into *Germany* ?

Alphon. What's thy opinion of the other four ?

Alphon. That *Bohemie* neither cares for one nor
other,

But hopes this deadly strife between you twain,
Will cast th' Imperial Crown upon his head.

For *Trier* and *Brandenberg*, I think of them
As simple men that wish the common good ;
And as for *Mentz* I need not censure him,
Richard hath chain'd him in a golden bond,
And sau'd his life from ignominious death.

Alphon. Let it suffice, *Lorenzo*, that I know,
When *Churfurst Mentz* was taken Prisoner,
By young victorious *Otho* Duke of *Brunschweige*
That *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall* did disburse
The ransome of a King, a million,
To save his life, and rid him out of bands,
That sum of gold did fill the *Brunschweige* bags ;
But since my self have rain'd a golden shower.
Of bright Hungarian Ducates and Crusadoes,
Into the private Coffers of the Bishop,
The English Angels took their wings and fled ;
My crosses bless his Coffers, and plead for me,
His Voice is mine, bought with ten tun of Gold,
And at the meeting of the seven Electors,
His Princely double-dealing holiness
Will spoyl the English Emperour of hope.
But I refer these matters to the sequel.
Proceed *Lorenzo* forward to the next.

Loren. I'm glad your grace hath dealt so cunningly,
With that victorious fickle minded Prelate ; for in
election his voice is first but to the next.

4. 'Tis more safety for a Prince to be feared than loved.

Alphon. Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves ;
Let me be hated, so I please my self.
Love is an humour mild and changeable ;
But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.

Loren. 5. To keep an usurped Crown, a Prince must fwear, forswear, poyson, murder, and commit all kind of villanies, provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the world.

Alphon. But my *Lorenzo* that's the hardest point,
It is not for a Prince to execute,
Physicians and Apothecaries must know,
And servile fear or Counsel-breaking bribes,
Will from a Peasant in an hour extort
Enough to overthrow a Monarchy.

Loren. Therefore my Lord set down this fixt and last Article.

6. Be alwaiies jealous of him that knows your secrets,
And therefore it behooves you credit few ;
And when you grow into the least suspect,
With silent cunning must you cut them off.
As for example, *Fulio Lentulus*,
A most renowned *Neapolitan*,
Gave me this Box of poyson, t'was not long
But therewithall I sent him to his grave.

Alphon. And what's the special vertue of the same ?

Loren. That it is twenty days before it works.

Alphon. But what is this ?

Loren. This an infection that kils fuddainly ;
This but a toy to cast a man asleep.

Alphon. How ? being drunk ?

Loren. No, being smelt unto.

Alphon. Then smell *Lorenzo*, I did break thy sleep ;
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.

Loren. What have you done my Lord ? y'ave
made me fafe,

For stirring hence these four and twenty hours.

Alphon. I see this charms his senes fudainly.

How now *Lorenzo*, half asleep already ?
Æneas Pilot by the God of dreams,
Was never lull'd into a founder trance ;
And now *Alphonfus* over-read thy notes. [He reads.
These are already at my fingers ends,
And lest the world should find this little Schedule,
Thus will I rend the text, and after this,
On my behaviour set so fair a gloſſ,
That men shall take me for a Convertite ;
But ſome may think, I ſhould forget my part,
And have been over rash in renting it,
To put them out of doubt I ſtudy ſure,
I'le make a backward repetition,
In being jealous of my Counſel keepers,
This is the poyſon that kils fudainly,
So diſt thou unto *Julius Lentulus*,
And blood with blood muſt be requited thus.
Now am I ſafe, and no man knows my Counſels.
Churfurſt of Mentz, if now thou play thy part,
Erning thy gold with cunning workmanship,
Upon the Bemifh Kings ambition,
Richard ſhall shamefully fail of his hope,
And I with triumph keep my Emperie. *Exit.*

*Enter the King of Bohemia, the Bifhops of Mentz,
Collen, Trier, the Pallatine of the Rhein,
The Duke of Saxon, The Marqueſs
of Brandenburg.*

Bohe. Churfurſts and Princes of the Elecſion,
Since by the adverſe fortune of our age,
The ſacred and Imperial Maſteſty
Hath been uſurp'd by open Tyranny,
We the ſeven Pillars of the German Empire,
To whom ſucceſſively it doth belong
To make elecſion of our Emperours,
Are here aſſembled to unite a new
Unto her former ſtrength and glorious type,
Our half declining Roman Monarchy,

And in that hope, I *Henry King of Bohem,*
Churfurst and Sewer to the Emperour,
 Do take my seat next to the sacred throne.

Mentz. Next seat belongs to *Julius Florius*
 Archbishop of *Mentz*, Chancelor of *Germany*,
 By birth the Duke of fruitful *Pomerland*.

Pal. The next place in election longs to me,
George Caffimirus Palsgrave of the Rhein,
 His Highnes Taster, and upon my knee
 I vow a pure sincere innated zeal
 Unto my Country, and no wrested hate,
 Or private love shall blind mine intellect.

Collen. Brave Duke of *Saxon*, Dutchlands greatest
 hope,
 Stir now or never, let the Spanish tyrant,
 That hath dishonoured us, murder'd our Friends,
 And stain'd this seat with blood of innocents,
 At last be chafis'd with the *Saxon* sword,
 And may *Albertus* Archbischop of *Collen*,
 Chancelor of *Gallia* and the fourth Elector ;
 Be thought unworthy of his place and birth,
 But he affist thee to his utmost power.

Sax. Wisdom, not words, must be the sovereign
 salve,
 To search and heal these grievous festred wounds,
 And in that hope *Augustus* Duke of *Saxon*,
 Arch-Marshall to the Emperour, take my place.

Trier. The like doth *Frederick* Arch-Bishop of
Trier,
 Duke of *Lorrain*, Chancelour of *Italie*.

Bran. The seventh and last is *Foachim Carolus*,
 Marques of *Brandenburg*, overworn with age,
 Whose Office is to be the Treasurer :
 But Wars have made the Coffers like the Chair.
 Peace bringeth plenty, Wars bring poverty ;
 Grant Heavens, this meeting may be to effect,
 Establish Peace, and cut off Tyrannie.

Enter the Empress Isabella King John's Daughter.

Empress. Pardon my bold intrusion mighty *Chur-furſts*,

And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.
O ! I beseech you on my bended Knees,
I the poor miserable Empress,
A stranger in this Land, unus'd to broyls,
Wife to the one, and Sister to the other
That are Competitors for Sovereignty ;
All that I pray, is, make a quiet end ;
Make Peace between my Husband and my Brother.
O think how grief doth stand on either side,
If either party chance to be amiss ;
My Husband is my Husband ; but my Brother,
My heart doth melt to think he should miscarry.
My Brother is my Brother ; but my Husband,
O how my joyns do shake fearing his wrong !
If both should dye in these uncertain broyls.
O me, why do I live to think upon't !
Bear with my interrupted speeches Lords,
Tears stop my voice, your widsoms know my meaning.
Alas I know my Brother *Richard*'s heart
Affeſts not Empire, he would rather choose
To make return again to *Paleſtine*,
And be a scourge unto the Infidels ;
As for my Lord, he is impatient,
The more my grief, the lesser is my hope.
Yet Princes thus he sends you word by me,
He will submit himself to your award,
And labour to amend what is amiss.
All I have said, or can device to fay,
Is few words of great worth, Make unity.

Bohe. Madam, that we have suffer'd you to kneel
so long,
Agrees not with your dignity nor ours ;
Thus we excuse it, when we once are fet,
In solemn Councel of Election,
We may not rise till somewhat be concluded.

So much for that : touching your earnest suite,
 Your Majestie doth know how it concerns us,
 Comfort your self, as we do hope the best ;
 But tell us, Madam, wher's your Husband now ?

Empress. I left him at his prayers, good my Lord.

Saxon. At prayers ? Madam that's a miracle.

Pall. Vndoubtedly your Highness did mistake ;
 'Twas sure some Book of Conjuration ;
 I think he never said pray'r in his life.

Empress. Ah me, my fear, I fear, will take effect ;
 Your hate to him, and love unto my Brother,
 Will break my heart, and spoil th' Imperial peace.

Menz. My Lord of *Saxon*, and Prince *Pallatine*,
 This hard opinion yet is more than needs ;
 But, gracious Madam, leave us to our selves.

Empress. I go, and Heav'n that holds the Hearts
 of Kings,
 Direct your Counsels unto unity. *Exit.*

Bohe. Now to the depth of that we have in hand ;
 This is the question, whether the King of *Spain*
 Shall still continue in the Royal throne,
 Or yield it up unto *Plantagenet*,
 Or we proceed unto a third Eelection.

Saxon. E're such a viperous blood-thirsty Spaniard
 Shall fuck the hearts of our Nobility,
 Th' Imperial Sword which *Saxony* doth bear,
 Shall be unsheathe'd to War against the world.

Pall. My hate is more than words can testifie,
 Slave as he is he murdered my Father.

Coll. Prince *Richard* is the Champion of the world,
 Learned, and mild, fit for the Government.

Bohe. And what have we to do with Englishmen ?
 They are divided from our Continent.
 But now that we may orderly proceed
 To our high Office of Election,
 To you my Lord of *Menz* it doth belong,
 Having first voice in this Imperial Synod,
 To name a worthy man for Emperour.

Menz. It may be thought, most grave and reverend Princes,

That in respect of divers sums of gold,
Which *Richard* of meer charitable love,
Not as a bribe, but as a deed of Alms,
Disburs'd for me unto the Duke of *Brunschweige*,
That I dare name no other man but he,
Or should I nominate an other Prince,
Upon the contrary I may be thought
A most ingrateful wretch unto my Friend ;
But private cause must yield to publick good ;
Therefore me thinks it were the fittest course,
To choose the worthiest upon this Bench.

Bohem. We are all Germans, why should we be yoak'd

Either by Englishmen or Spaniards ?

Saxo. The Earl of *Cornwall* by a full consent
Was sent for out of *England*.

Menz. Though he were,
Our later thoughts are purer than our first,
And to conclude, I think this end were best,
Since we have once chosen him Emperour,
That some great Prince of wisdom and of power,
Whose countenance may overbear his pride,
Be joyned in equal Government with *Alphonsus*.

Bohem. Your Holiness hath soundly in few words

Set down a mean to quiet all these broyls.

Trier. So may we hope for peace if he amend ;
But shall Prince *Richard* then be joyned with him ?

Pal. Why should your Highness ask that question ?
As if a Prince of so high Kingly Birth,
Would live in couples with so base a Cur ?

Bohe. Prince *Pallatine*, such words do ill become thee.

Saxon. He said but right, and call'd a Dog a Dog.

Bohe. His Birth is Princely.

Saxo. His manners villainous,
And virtuous *Richard* scorns so base a yoak.

Bohe. My Lord of *Saxon*, give me leave to tell you,
 Ambition blinds your judgement in this case ;
 You hope, if by your means *Richard* be Emperour,
 He, in requital of so great advancement,
 Will make the long-desired Marriage up
 Between the Prince of *England* and your Sister,
 And to that end *Edward* the Prince of *Wales*,
 Hath born his Uncle Company to *Germany*.

Saxo. Why King of *Bohem* i'ft unknown to thee,
 How oft the *Saxons* Sons have marryed Queens,
 And Daughters Kings, yea mightiest Emperours ?
 If *Edward* like her beauty and behaviour,
 He'l make no question of her Princely Birth ;
 But let that pafs, I say, as erft I said,
 That vertuous *Richard* scorns fo base a yoak.

Menz. If *Richard* scorn, some one upon this Bench,
 Whose power may overbear *Alphonfus* pride,
 Is to be named. What think you my Lords ?

Saxon. I think it was a mighty mass of Gold,
 That made your grace of this opinion.

Menz. My Lord of *Saxony*, you wrong me much,
 And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.

Pal. I think you scorn indeed to have it known :
 But to the purpose, if it must be fo,
 Who is the fitteſt man to joyn with him ?

Collen. First with an Oxe to plough will I be
 yok'd.

Menz. The fitteſt is your grace in mine opinion.

Bohem. I am content, to stay these mutinies,
 To take upon me what you do impose.

Saxon. Why here's a tempeſt quickly overblown.
 God give you joy my Lord of half the Empire ;
 For me I will not meddle in the matter,
 But warn your Majestie to have a care,
 And vigilant respect unto your person,
 I'l hie me home to fortifie my Towns,
 Not to offend, but to defend my ſelf.

Pal'. Ha' with you Coſin, and adieu my Lords,

I am afraid this fuddain knitted Peace,
Will turn unto a tedious lasting War ;
Only thus much we do request you all,
Deal honourably with the Earl of *Cornwall*,
And so adieu. *Exeunt. Saxon. and Palf.*

Brand. I like not this strange Farewel of the Dukes.

Bohem. In all elections some are malcontent.

It doth concern us now with speed to know,
How the Competitors will like of this,
And therefore you my Lord Archbishop of *Trier*,
Impart this order of arbitrament
Unto the Emperour bid him be content,
To stand content with half or lose the whole,
My Lord of *Menz* go you unto Prince *Richard*,
And tell him flatly here's no Crown, nor Empire
For English Islanders ; tell him, 'twere his best,
To hie him home to help the King his Brother,
Against the Earl of *Leicester* and the Barons.

Collen. My Lord of *Menz*, sweet words will qualifie,
When bitter tearms will adde unto his rage.
'Tis no small hope that hath deceiv'd the Duke ;
Therefore be mild ; I know an Englishman,
Being flattered, is a Lamb, threatned, a Lion ;
Tell him his charges what so e're they are
Shalbe repaid with treble vantages ;
Do this ; we will expect their resolutions.

Menz. Brother of *Collen*, I entreat your grace
To take this charge upon you in my stead ;
For why I shame to look him in the face.

Collen. Your Holines shall pardon me in this,
Had I the profit I would take the pains ;
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message.

Menz. Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

Brand. Then arm your countenance with innocence,

And boldly do the message to the Prinœ ;
For no man else will be the messenger.

Menz. Why then I must, since ther's no remedy.

Exit *Menz.*

Brand. If Heav'n that guides the hearts of mighty men,
Do calm the Winds of these great Potentates,
And make them like of this Arbitrament,
Sweet Peace will tryumph thorough Christendom,
And *Germany* shall blefs this happy day.

Enter Alexander de Toledo the Page.

Alexand. O me most miserable ! O my dear Father !

Bohem. What means this passionate accent ? what art thou

That sounds these acclamations in our ears ?

Alex. Pardon me Princes, I have lost a Father,
O me, the name of Father kils my heart.
O ! I shall never see my Father more,
H'as tane his leaue of me for age and age,

Collen. What was thy Father ?

Alex. Ah me ! whot was a not ?
Noble, Rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,
The glory and the wisdom of his age,
Chief Secretary to the Emperour.

Collen. *Lorenzo de Toledo*, is he dead ?

Alex. Dead, ay me dead, ay me my life is dead,
Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,
And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,
But that the Emperour laments with me,
As I exclame, so he, he rings his hands,
And makes me mad to see his Majesty
Excruciate himself with endlesis sorrow.

Collen. The happiest news that euer I did hear ;
Thy Father was a villain murderer,
Witty, not wise, lov'd like a Scorpion,
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,
The chiefeſt caufe of all these mutinies,
And *Cæſar*'s tutor to all villanie.

Alex. None but an open lyar terms him so.

Col. What Boy, fo malepert ?

Bohem. Good *Collen* bear with him, it was his Father,

Dutch land is bleffed in *Lorenzo's* Death.

Brand. Did never live a viler minded man.

Exeunt. Manet Alex.

Alex. Nor King, nor *Churfürst* should be privi-
leg'd

To call me Boy, and rayl upon my Father,
Were I wehrsaflig ; but in *Germany*,
A man must be a Boy at 40. years,
And dares not draw his weapon at a Dog,
Till being soundly box'd about the ears,
His Lord and Master gird him with a fword ;
The time will come I shall be made a man,
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,
And live in Hell untill I take revenge.

A C T. II.

Enter Alphonfus, Richard *Earl of Cornwall*, Mentz,
Trier, *Prince Edward*, Bohemia, Collen, Bran-
denburge, *Attendants, and Pages with*
a fword.

Bohem. Behold here comes the Princes hand in
hand,

Pleas'd highly with the sentence as it seems.

Alphon. Princes and Pillars of the Monarchy,
We do admire your wiſdoms in this cause,
And do accept the King of *Bohemia*,
As worthy partner in the Government.
Alas my Lords, I flatly now confefs,
I was alone too weak to underprop
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,

And hope to make you all admire the course
That we intend in this conjunction.

Richard. That I was call'd from *England* with
consent

Of all the seven Electors to this place,
Your selves best know, who wrote for me to come.
'Twas no ambition mov'd me to the journey,
But pitty of your half declining State ;
Which being likely now to be repayr'd,
By the united force of these two Kings,
I rest content to see you satisfied.

Menz. Brave Earl, wonder of Princely patience,
I hope your grace will not mis-think of me,
Who for your good, and for the Empires best,
Bethought this means to set the world at Peace.

Edward. No doubt this means might have been
thought upon,
Although your Holiness had dy'd in Prison.

Menz. Peace, peace young Prince, you want ex-
perience ;
Your Uncle knows what cares accompany,
And wait upon the Crowns of mightiest Kings,
And glad he is that he hath shak'd it off.

Edward. Hark in your ear my Lord, hear me
one word,
Although it were more than a million,
Which these two Kings bestow'd upon your grace,
Mine Uncle *Richards* million fav'd your life.

Menz. You were best to say, your Uncle brib'd
me then.

Edward. I do but say mine Uncle fav'd your life,
You know Count *Mansfield* your fellow Prisoner,
Was by the Duke of *Brunschwig* put to death.

Menz. You are a Child my Lord, your words are
wind.

Edward. You are a Fox my Lord, and past a
Child.

Bohem. My Lord of *Cornwall*, your great forward-
ness,

Crossing the Seas with aid of Englishmen,
Is more than we can any way requite ;
But this your admirable patience,
In being pleas'd with our election,
Deserves far more than thanks can satisfie,
In any thing command the Emperours,
Who live to honour *Richard Earl of Cornwall*.

Alpho. Our deeds fhall make our Protestations
good,
Mean while, brave Princes, let us leave this place,
And solace us with joy of this accord.

*Enter Isabella the Empress, Hedewick the Duke of
Saxon's Daughter, apparell'd like Fortune, drawn
on a Globe, with a Cup in her hand, wherein
are Bay leaves, whereupon are written
the lots. A train of Ladies follow-
ing with Musick.*

Empress. To gratulate this unexpected Peace,
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,
Joyful *Isabella* doth present this shew,
Of Fortunes triumph, as the custom is
At Coronation of our Emperours ;
If therefore every party be well pleas'd,
And stand content with this arbitriment,
Then daign to do as your Progenitors,
And draw in sequence Lots for Offices.

Alphon. This is an order here in *Germany*,
For Princes to disport themselves with all,
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoyn'd,
That they will bear all fortunes equally,
And that the world may know I scorn no state,
Or course of life to do the Empire good,
I take my chance : My Fortune is to be the Forrester.

Emp. If we want Venfon either red or fallow,
Wild bore or bear, you must be fin'd my Lord.

Bohem. The Emperour's Taster I.

Emp. Your Majesty hath been tafted to so oft,

That you have need of small instructions.

Richard. I am the bowr, Sister what is my charge ?

Emp. Tyr'd like a Carter, and a Clownish Bowr,
To bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.

Now for my self, Faith I am Chamber Maid,
I know my charge : proceed unto the next.

Alphon. Prince *Edward* standeth melancholy still,
Please it your Grace, my Lord, to draw your lot.

Emp. Nephew you must be solemn with the fad,
And given to myrth in sportful Company,
The German Princes when they will be lusty,
Shake of all cares, and Clowns and they are Fellows.

Edward. Sweet Aunt, I do not know the Country
guise,
Yet would be glad to learn all fashions.
Since I am next, good Fortune be my guide.

Brand. A most ingenuous countenance hath this
Prince,
Worthy to be the King of *England's* Heir.

Edward. Be it no disparagement to you my Lords,
I am your Emperour.

Alphon. Sound trumpets, God save the Emperour.

Collen. The world could never worse have fitted
me,
I am not old enough to be the Cook.

Empress. If you be Cook, there is no remedy
But you must dreis one Mefs of meat your self.

Branden. I am Physician.

Trier. I am Secretary.

Mentz. I am the Jester.

Edward. O excellent ! is your Holiness the Vice ?
Fortune hath fitted you y'faith my Lord,
You'll play the Ambodexter cunningly.

Mentz. Your Highness is to bitter in your Jests.

Alphon. Come hither *Alexander*, to comfort thee,
After the death of thy beloved Father,
Whose life was deer unto his Emperour,
Thou shalt make one in this solemnity,
Yet e're thou draw, my self will honour thee,

And as the custom is make thee a man.

Stand stiffe Sir Boy, now com'ſt thou to thy tryal;

Take this, and that, and therewithall this Sword;

He gives Alexander Box on the ear or two.

If while thou live, thou ever take the like,

Of me, or any man, I here pronounce

Thou art a ſchelm, otherwife a man.

Now draw thy lot, and Fortune be thy ſpeed.

Edward. Vnkle I pray why did he box the fellow?
Foul lubber as he is, to take ſuch blows.

Richard. Thus do the Princes make their Pages
men.

Edward. But that is ſtrange to make a man with
blows.

We ſay in *England* that he is a man,
That like a man dare meet his enemy,
And in my judgement 'tis the founder tryal.

Alex. Fortune hath made me Marshall of the
tryumphs.

Alphon. Now what remains?

Empereſſ. That Fortune draw her lot.

She opens it, and gives it to the Empereſſ to read.

Empereſſ. Sound trumpets, Fortune is your Empereſſ.

Alphon. This happens right; for Fortune will be
Queen.

Now Emperour you muſt unmask her face,
And tell us how you like your Empereſſ,
In my opinion *England* breeds no fairer.

Bohe. Fair *Hedewick* the Duke of *Saxons* daughter,
Young Prince of *England*, you are bravely match'd.

Edward. Tell me ſweet Aunt, is that this *Saxon*
Princeſſ,

Whose beauties fame made *Edward* cross the Seas?

Empereſſ. Nephew, it is; hath fame been prodigal,
Or over ſparing in the Princeſſ praise?

Edward. Fame I accufe thee, thou did'ſt niggardize,
And faintly found my loves perfections.

Great Lady Fortune, and fair Emperefs,
 Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,
 More welcome than the Roman Emperefs. [Edward
 kisses her.

Hede. *See dodh, dass ist hier kein geb-
 ranch,*
*Mein Got ist dass dir Englisch manier,
 dass dich.*

Edward. What meaneth this ? why chafes my
 Emperefs ?

Alphon. Now by my troth, I did expect this jest,
 Prince *Edward* us'd his Country fashion.

Edward. I am an Englishman, why should I not ?
Emp. Fy Nephew *Edward*, here in *Germany*
 To kis a Maid, a fault intollerable.

Edward. Why should not *German* Maids be kis
 aswell as others ?

Richard. Nephew, because you did not know the
 fashion,
 And want the language to excuse your self,
 I'l be your spokes-man to your Emperefs.

Edward. Excuse it thus : I like the first so well,
 That tell her, she shall chide me twice as much
 For such an other ; nay tell her more than so,
 I'l double kis on kis, and give her leave
 To chide and braul, and cry ten thousand *dass dich*,
 And make her weary of her fretting humour,
 E're I be weary of my kissing vein,
Dass dich a Jungfraw angry for a kis.

Empress. Nephew, she thinks you mock her in her
 mirth.

Edward. I think the Princes make a scorn of me.
 If any do, I'l prove it with my Sword,
 That English Courtship leaves it from the world.

Bohem. The pleasant'st accident that I have seen.

Bran. Me thinks the Prince is chaf'd as well as
 she.

Rich. **Gnediges frawlín.**

Hede. **Dass dich, must ich arme kindt zu schanden gemacht werden.**

Edward. **Dass dich** I have kist as good as you,
Pray Uncle tell her ; if she mislike the kiss,
I'l take it off agen with such an other.

Rich. **Op Lírbes frawlín nim es all fur gutti**

Es ist die Englisch manier Und gebrauche.

Hede. **Ewer gnaden weissis woll es ist mir ein grosse schande.**

Edward. Good Aunt teach me so much Dutch to ask her pardon.

Empress. Say so: **Gnediges frawlín vergebet mirs, ich wills nimmermehr thuen,**

Then kiss your hand three times **upsy** Dutch.

Edward, **Ich wills nimmermehr thuen,**
if I understand it, right,
That's as much to say, as I'l do so no more.

Empr. True Nephew.

Edward. Nay Aunt pardon me I pray, I hope to kiss her many thousand times,
And shall I go to her like a great Boy, and say I'l do so no more.

Empress. I pray Cosin say as I tell you.

Edward. **Gnediges frawlín vergebet mirs ich wills nimmermehr thuen.**

Alphon. **Worwahr knw schandt.**

Hedew. **Gnediger hochgeborner Fürst bndt herr**

Wan ich konte so viel englisch sprechen ich
wolt ewer Gnaden.

Für wahr ein filtz geben, ich hoffe aber ich
soll einmahl

So viel lernen dass Die mich verstehen soll.

Edward. What says she?

Alphon. O excellent young Prince look to your
self,

She swears she'l learn some English for your sake,
To make you understand her when she chides.

Edward. I'l teach her English, she shall teach me
Dutch,

Gnediges frawlin, &c.

Bohem. It is great pity that the Duke of *Saxon*,
Is absent at this joyful accident,
I see no reason if his Grace were here,
But that the Marriage might be solemnis'd,
I think the Prince of *Wales* were well content.

Edward. I left sweet *England* to none other end;
And though the Prince her Father be not here,
This Royal presence knows his mind in this.

Emp. Since you do come so roundly to the pur-
pose,
'Tis time for me to speak, the Maid is mine,
Giv'n freely by her Father unto me,
And to the end these broyls may have an end,
I give the Father's interest and mine own,
Unto my Nephew *Edward* Prince of *Wales*.

Edward. A Jewel of incomparable price,
Your Majesty hath here bestowed on me,
How shall I ask her if she be content?

Empr. Say thus, *ist ewer gnaden woll hie-
mit zufrieden.*

Edward. *Ist ewer Gnaden woll hsemitt
zufrieden.*

Hede. *Wass ihr durleichtigkeit dass will
dass will mein batter vndt
Wass mein batter will darmit muss ich
zufrieden sein.*

Alphon. It is enough, she doth confirm the match ;
We will dispatch a Post unto her Father,
On Sunday shall the Revels and the Wedding,
Be both solemnized with mutual joy.
Sound trumpets, each one look unto his charge,
For preparation of the Festivals. *Exeunt.*

Manent Alphonsus and Alexander.

Alphon. Come hither *Alexander*, thy Fathers joy.
If tears and sighs, and deep-fetcht deadly groans,
Could serve t' evert inexorable fate,
Divine *Lorenzo*, whom in life my heart,
In death my soul and better part adores,
Had to thy comfort and his Prince's honour,
Surviv'd, and drawn this day this breath of life.

Alexan. Dread *Cæsar*, prostrate on my bended
Knee,
I thank your Majesty for all favours shewn
To my deceased Father and my self.
I must confess, I spend but bootles tears,
Yet cannot bridle nature, I must weep,
Or heart will break with burden of my thoughts ;
Nor am I yet so young or fond withall,
Causles to spend my gall, and fret my heart,
'Tis not that he is dead, for all must dye ;
But that I live to hear his lives reproach.
O sacred Emperour, these ears have heard,
What no Sons ears can unrevenged hear,
The Princes all of them, but specially,
The Prince Elector Archbishop of *Collen*,
Revil'd him by the names of murderer,
Arch villain, robber of the Empires fame,

And *Cæsars* tutor in all wickedness,
And with a general voice applaus'd his death,
As for a special good to Christendome.

Alphon. Have they not reason to applaud the deed
Which they themselves have plotted ? ah my Boy,
Thou art too young to dive into their drifts.

Alex. Yet old enough I hope to be reveng'd.

Alphon. What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou
run ?

Alex. Headlong to bring them death, then dye my
self.

Alphon. First hear the reason why I do mistrust
them.

Alex. They had no reason for my Father's death,
And I scorn reason till they all be dead.

Alphon. Thou wilt not scorn my Counsel in revenge ?

Alex. My rage admits no Counsel but revenge.

Alphon. First let me tell thee whom I do mistrust.

Alex. Your highness said you did mistrust them
all.

Alphon. Yea *Alexander*, all of them, and more than
all,

My most especiall neerest dearest friends.

Alex. Alls one to me, for know thou Emperour,
Were it thy Father, Brother, or thine Empress,
Yea were't thy self, that did'st conspire his death,
This fatal hand should take away thy life.

Alphon. Spoke like a Son, worthy so dear a Father.
Be still and hearken, I will tell thee all,
The Duke of Saxon—

Alex. O, I thought no less.

Alphon. Suppres thy choler, hearken to the rest.
Saxon I say so wrought with flattering *Mentz*,
Mentz with *Bohemia*, *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,
For *Collen* and the *Palsgrave* of the *Rhein*
Were principals with *Saxon* in the Plot,
That in a general meeting to that purpose,
The seven selected Emperours electors,
Most hainously concluded of the murder ;

The reason why they doom'd him unto death,
Was his deep wisdom and sound policy ;
Knowing while he did live my state was firm,
He being dead my hope must dye with him.
Now *Alexander* will we be reveng'd
Upon this wicked whore of *Babylon*,
This hideous monster with the seven-fold head :
We must with cunning level at the heart,
With pierc'd and perisht all the body dyes :
Or strike we off her heads by one and one,
Behoveth us to use dexterity,
Lest she do trample us under her feet,
And tryumph in our honours overthrow.

Alex. Mad and amaz'd to hear this tragick doom,
I do subscribe unto your found advice.

Alphon. Then hear the rest ; these feven gave but
the sentence

A neerer hand put it in execution,
And but I lov'd *Lorenzo* as my life,
I never would betray my dearest Wife.

Alex. What ! what the Emprefs accessary to ?

Alphon. What cannot kindred do ? her Brother
Richard,

Hoping thereby to be an Emperour,
Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave.

Alex. O my poor Father, wert thou such an eye-
fore,

That 9. the greatest Princes of the earth
Must be confederate in thy tragedy ?
But why do I respect their mightiness,
Who did not once respect my Fathers life ?
Your Majesty may take it as you please,
I'll be reveng'd upon your Emperefs,
On English *Richard*, *Saxon*, and the *Palsgrave*,
On *Bohem*, *Collen*, *Mentz*, *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,
If that the Pope of *Rome* himself were one
In this confederacy, undaunted I,
Amidst the College of his Cardinals,
Would press, and stab him in *St. Peters* chair,

Though clad in all his *Pontificalibus*.

Alphon. Why *Alexander*? do'st thou speak to me
As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness?
No, thou shalt know my love to him was such,
And in my heart I have proscrib'd them all,
That had to do in this conspiracy.
The bands of Wedlock shall not serve her turn,
Her fatal lot is cast among the rest,
And to conclude, my soul doth live in Hell
Till I have set my foot upon their necks,
That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart;
But with advice it must be managed,
Not with a head-long rage as thou intend'st,
Nor in a moment can it be perform'd,
This work requires long time, dissembling looks,
Commixt with undermining actions,
Watching advantages to execute.
Our foes are mighty, and their number great,
It therefore follows that our Stratagems
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

Alexan. What by your Majesty is prescrib'd to me,
That will I execute or dye the death.
I am content to suck my sorrows up,
And with dull patience will attend the time,
Gaping for every opportunity
That may present the least occasion;
Although each minute multiply mine anguish,
And to my view present a thousand forms
Of senseless bodies in my Fathers shape,
Yelling with open throat for just revenge.

Alphon. Content thy self, he shall not cry in vain,
I have already plotted *Richards* death.

Alex. That hath my Fathers sacred Ghost inspir'd,
O tell me, shall I stab him fuddainly?
The time seems long, till I be set a work.

Alphon. Thou knowest in griping at our lots to
day,
It was Prince *Richard's* hap to be the bower;

So that his Office is to drive the Cart,
And bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.

Alex. O excellent, your Grace being Forester,
As in the thicket he doth load the Cart,
May shoot him dead, as if he were a Deer.

Alphon. No *Alexander*, that device were shallow,
Thus it must be, there are two very bours
Appointed for to help him in the Wood,
These must be brib'd or cunningly seduc'd,
Instead of helping him to murder him.

Ale. *Verbum satis sapienti*, it is enough,
Fortune hath made me Marshal of the sports
I hope to Marshal them to th' Devils Feast.
Plot you the rest, this will I execute,
Dutch bours as towfandt schelms and gold to tempt
them.

Alphon. 'Tis right, about it then, but cunningly.

Alex. Else let me lose that good opinion
Which by your Highnes I desire to hold,
By Letters which I'l strew within the Wood,
I'l undermine the bours to murder him,
Nor shall they know who set them so a work,
Like a familiar will I fly about,
And nimblly haunt their Ghosts in every nook.

Exit. Manet Alphonus.

Alphon. This one nayl helps to drive the other out,
I slew the Father, and bewitch the Son,
With power of words to be the instrument
To rid my foes with danger of his life.
How easily can subtil age intice,
Such credulous young novices to their death ?
Huge wonders will *Alphonus* bring to pass,
By the mad mind of this enraged Boy ;
Even they which think themselves my greatest friends,
Shall fall by this deceit, yea my Arch-enemies
Shall turn to be my chief confederates.
My sollicitary walks may breed suspect,
I'le therefore give my self to Companie,
As I intended nothing but these sports,

Yet hope to send most actors in this Pageant,
To Revel it with *Rhadamant* in Hell.

Exit.

Enter Richard Earl of Cornwall like a Clown.

Richard. How far is *Richard* now unlike the man
That crost the Seas to win an Emperie ?
But as I plod it like a plumper Bowr,
To fetch in Fewel for the Kitchin fire,
So every one in his vocation,
Labours to make the pastimes plausible ;
My Nephew *Edward* jets it through the Court,
With Princefs *Hedewick* Emprefs of his Fortune,
The demy *Cæsar* in his hunters suit,
Makes all the Court to Ring with Horns and Hounds,
Collen the Cook bestirs him in the Kitchin ;
But that which joyes me most in all thefe sports,
Is *Menz*, to see how he is made an Aſs ?
The common ſcorn and by-word of the Court ;
And every one to be the fame he seems,
Seems to forget to be the fame he is.
Yet to my roabs I cannot ſuit my mind,
Nor with my habit ſhake diſhonour off.
The feven Electors promis'd me the Empire,
The perjur'd Bishop *Menz* did ſwear no leſs,
Yet I have ſeen it shar'd before my face,
While my beſt friends do hide their heads for shame ;
I bear a ſhew of outward full content,
But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.
Here reſt thee *Richard*, think upon a mean,
To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,
And vow never to ſee fair *Englands* bounds,
Till thou in *Aix* be Crowned Emperour.

Enter two Bowrs.

Holla, me thinks there cometh Company,
The Bowrs I troe that come to hew the Wood,
Which I muſt carry to the Kitchen Fire,
I'le lye a while and listen to their talk.

Enter Hans and Jerick two Dutch Bowrs.

Je. Kom hier hans wore bist dow, warumb bist dow so trawrick? bis s frolick kan wel gelt verdien, wir wil ihn bey potts tawstandt todt schlagen.

Hans. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.

Rich. Me thinks they talk of murdering some body, I'll listen more.

Reads the Letter.

Hans vnd Jerick, mein liebe freinde, ich bitte lasset es bey euch bleiben in geheim, vnd schlaget den Engellander zu todt.

Rich. What's that? Hans vnd Jerick my good friend, I pray be secret and murder the Englishman.

Jerick reads.

Hear weiter, den er ist kein bowre nicht, er ist ein Juncker, vnd hatt viel gelt vnd kleinothen bey sich.

Rich. For he is no Bowre but a Gentleman, and hath store of Gold and Jewels by him.

Jeric. Noch weiter: ihr solt solche gelegenheit nicht versahmen, vnd wan ihr gethan habet, ich will euch sagen, was ich fur ein guter Karl bin, der euch raht gegeben habe.

Rich. Slip not this opportunity, and when you have done, I will discover who gave you the Counsel.

Jerick. **Wat** sagst dow, wilst dow es thun ?

Hans. **Wat** will ich nich fur gelt thun ? see potts tausendt, dar ist er.

Jerick. **Ja**, bey potts tausends slapperment, er ists, holla guter morgen, gluck zu Juncker.

Hans. Juncker, der dibell he is ein bowre !

Rich. **Dow** bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

Jerick. **Holla**, holla, bist dow so hoffer tick ? Juncker bowre, kompt hier, oder dieser vnd jenner selleuch holen.

Rich. Ich bien ein Furst, bried mich nicht ihr schelms, ihr verrahters.

Bath. **Sla to, sla to**, wir will yow furtlick tractieren.

Richard having nothing in his hand but his whip, defends himself a while and then fall's down as if he were dead :

Rich. **O Got**, nimb meine seele in deine hande.

Jerick. **O excellent**, hurtick he is todt, he is todt.

Lat bns see, wat he hat for gelt bey sich, holla hier is all enough, all satt, dor is

for dich, and dor is for mich, vnd ditt
will ich darto haben :

Jerick puts the chain about his neck.

Hans. Now so Hans Narhals, geue mir
die kette hier.

Jerick. Ja ein drerk, dit kett stehet
hupsch vmb mein hals, ditt will ich tra-
gen.

Hans. Dat dich potts welten leiden dat
soltu nimmermehr thun dow schelm.

Jerick. Wat solt dow mich schelm heiten,
nimb dat.

Hans. Dat dich hundert tonnen dibells,
harr ich will dich lernen.

Jerick. Wiltud hawen oder stechen ?

Hans. Ich will redlich hawen ;

Jerick. Nun wollan, dar ist mein ruck,
sla to.

They must have axes made for the nonst to fight
withall, and while one strikes, the other holds
his back without defence.

Hans. Nimb dow das, vnd dar hast mein
ruck.

Jerick. Noch amahl : O excellent, ligst
dow dar, nun will ich alles haben, gelt vnd
kett, vnd alle mit einander, O hurtig,

frisch-~~wp~~ lustig, nun bin ich ein hurtig Juncker.

Richard rises up again and snatcheth up the fellows hatchet that was slain.

Rich. *Nè Hercules contra duos, yet pollicy hath gone beyond them both.*

Du hudler schelm, morder, kehre dich, seestu mich? gebe mir die kett vnd gelt wieder;

Jerick. **Wat** bilstu wieder labendig worden, so mus ich meren, **wat** wilstu stechen oder hawen?

Richard. **So** will ich machen du schelm.

Jerick. **Harr, harr,** bilstu ein redlich karle, so fight redlich, **Ø** ich sterb, ich sterb, lat mich leben!

Richard. **Sagt** mir dan wer hatt die brieffe geschrieben? **Lie** nicht sondern sagt die warheit:

Jerick. **Ø** mein fromer, guter, edler, ges-trenger Juncker, dar ist dat gelt vnd kett wieder, yow soll alles haben, aber wer hatt die brieffe geschrieben, dat wet ich bep meiner seele nicht.

Rich. **Lig** dor still, still ich sag.

The villain sswears, and deeply doth protest
He knows not who incited them to this,
And as it seems the scrawl imports no less.

So sterb du mir schelm.

Jerick. O ich sterb, awe, awe, awe dat
dich der dibell hole !

*As Richard kils the Bowr. Enter Saxon and the
Palsgrave.*

Saxon. Fy dich an loser schelm, hastu
dein gesellen todt geschlagen ?

Palsgr. Last vs den schelmen angreissen.

Richard. Call you me shelme how dare you then
Being Princes offer to lay hands on me ?
That is the Hangmans Office here in Dutch-land.

Saxon. But this is strange, our Bours can speak no
English,

What bistum more than a damn'd murderer ?
That thou art so much we are witnessses.

Rich. Can then this habit alter me so much,
That I am call'd a villain by my friends ?
Or shall I dare once to suspect your graces,
That for you could not make me Emperour,
Pitying my sorrow through mine honour lost,
You set these slaves to rid me of my life,
Yet far be such a thought from *Richard's* heart.

Pals. How now ? what do I hear Prince *Richard*
speak ?

Rich. The same : but wonder that he lives to
speak.

And had not policy helpt above strength,
These sturdy fwains had rid me of my life.

Sax. Far be it from your Grace for to suspect us.

Rich. Alas, I know not whom I should suspect ;
But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your Graces ?

Saxon. How came your Highness into this appar-
rel ?

Rich. We as the manner is drew lots for Offices,
My hap was hardest to be made a Carter,
And by this letter which some villain wrote,

I was betray'd, here to be murdered ;
 But Heav'n which doth defend the Innocent,
 Arm'd me with strength and policy together,
 That I escap'd out of their treacherous snare.

Pal. Were it well founded, I dare lay my life,
 The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracie ;
 Therefore the better to dive into the depth
 Of this most devillish murderous complot,
 As also secretly to be beholders,
 Of the long-wisht for wedding of your daughter,
 We will disrobe these bowrs of their apparrel,
 Clapping their rustick cases on our backs,
 And help your Highnesf for to drive the Cart.
 T' may be the traytor that did write these lines,
 Mistaking us for them will shew himself.

Richard. Prince *Palatine* this plot doth please me
 well,

I make no doubt if we deal cunningly,
 But we shall find the writer of this scroul.

Saxon. And in that hope I will disrobe this slave.
 Come Princes in the neighbouring thicket here,
 We may disguise our selves, and talk at pleasure ;
 Fye on him heavy lubber how he weighs.

Richard. The sin of murder hangs upon his soul,
 It is no mervail then if he be heavy.

Exeunt.

A C T . III.

Enter to the Revels.

Edward with an Imperial Crown. Hedewig the Empress. Bohemia the Taster. Alphonfus the Forrester. Mentz the Jester. Empress the Chambermaid. Brandenburg Physician. Tryer Secretarie. Alexander the Marshal, with his Marshals staff, and all the rest in their proper apparel, and Attendants and Pages.

Alex. Princes and Princes Superiors, Lords and Lords fellows, Gentlemen and Gentlemens Masters, and all the rest of the States here assembled, as well Masculine as Feminine, be it known unto you by these presence, that I *Alexander de Toledo*, Fortunes chief Marshal, do will and command you, by the authority of my faid Office, to take your places in manner and form following, First the Emperour and the Empress, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forrester, the Physician, as for the Chambermaid and my self, we will take our places at the neither end, the Jester is to wait up, and live by the crums that fall from the Emperours trencher, But now I have Marshal'd you to the table, what remains?

Menz. Every fool can tell that, when men are set to dinner they commonly expect meat.

Edward. That's the best Jest the fool made since he came into his Office. Marshal walk into the Kitchin, and see now the *Churfurst of Collen* bestirs himself.

Exit. Alex.

Menz. Shall I go with him too ? I love to be imploy'd in the Kitchin.

Edward. I prethee go, that we may be rid of thy wicked Jests.

Menz. Have with thee Marshal, the fool rides thee.

Exit. on Alex. back.

Alphon. Now by mine honour, my Lord of *Menz* plays the fool the worst that ever I saw.

Edward. He do's all by contraries ; for I am sure he playd the wiseman like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely.

Alphon. Princes and *Churfurſts* let us frolick now,

This is a joyful day to Christendome,
When Christian Princes joyn in amity,
Schinck bowls of Reinfal and the purest Wine,
We'l spend this evening lustie upsie Dutch,
In honour of this unexpected league.

Empref. Nay gentle Forrester, there you range amifs,

His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,
His glorious Emprefs makes his heart tryumph,
And hearts tryumphing makes his countenance stai'd,
In contemplation of his lives delight.

Edward. Good Aunt let me excuse my self in this,

I am an Emperour but for a day,
She Empress of my heart while life doth last ;
Then give me leave to use Imperial looks,
Nay if I be an Emperour I'l take leave,
And here I do pronounce it openly,
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,
I love mine Empress more than Empery,
I love her looks above my fortunes hope.

Alphon. Saving your looks dread Emperour ~~es~~ *gelt* a bowl,

Unto the health of your fair Bride and Empress.

Edward. ~~Sam~~ *Got es soll mir en liebe*

drunk sein, so much Dutch have I learnt since I came into *Germany*.

Bran. When you have drunk a dozen of these bowls,
So can your Majesty with a full mouth,
Trowl out high Dutch, till then it sounds not right,

Drauff es gelt noch eins ihr Majestat.

Edward. Sam Got lass lauffen.

Bohem. My Lord of *Brandenburg* spoken like a good Dutch Brother ;
But most unlike a good Physician,
You should consider what he has to do,
His Bride will give you little thanks to night.

Alphon. Ha, ha my Lord, now give me leave to laugh,

He need not therefore shun one Beaker full.

In *Saxon* Land you know it is the use,
That the first night the Bridegroom spares the Bride.

Bohem. 'Tis true indeed, that had I quite forgotten.

Edward. How understand I that ?

Alphon. That the first night,
The Bride and Bridegroom never sleep together.

Edward. That may well be, perchance they wake together.

Bohem. Nay without fallace they have several Beds.

Edward. I in one Chamber, that is most Princely.

Alphon. Not onely several Beds, but several Chambers,

Lockt soundly too, with Iron Bolts and Bars.

Empr. Beleeve me Nephew, that's the custom here.

Edward. O my good Aunt, the world is now grown new,

Old customs are but superstitions.

I 'm sure this day, this presence all can witness,
The high and mighty Prince th' Archbishop of *Collen*,
Who now is busie in the skullery,
Joyn'd us together in St. *Peters* Church,

And he that would disjoyn us two to night,
'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly spoken,
Shall eat a piece of ill-digesting Iron.

Bride **wilt dow dis nicht ben mee schlappen.**

Hede. **Da behute mich Gott fur, Ich hosse**
Eure maiestat wills von mir milt, bege-
ran.

Edward. What says she **behute mich Got fur?**

Alphon. She says God bless her from such a deed.

Edward. Tush Empress, clap thy hands upon thy head,

And God will bless thee, I have a *Jacobs* staff,
Shall take the Elevation of the Pole ;
For I have heard it sayd, the Dutch North star,
Is a degree or two higher than ours.

Bohem. Nay though we talk lets drink, and Emperour,

I'll tell you plainly what you must trust unto,
Can they deceive you of your Bride to night,
They'll surely do't, therefore look to your self.

Edward. If she deceive me not, let all do their worst.

Alphon. Assure you Emperour she'l do her best.

Edward. I think the Maids in *Germany* are mad,
E're they be marryed they will not kifs,
And being marryed will not go to Bed.
We drink about, let's talk no more of this,

Well warn'd half arm'd our English proverb say

Alphon. Holla Marshal, what says the Cook ?

Enter Alexander.

Belike he thinks we have fed so well already,
That we disdain his simple Cookery.

Alex. Faith the Cook says so, that his Office was
to dress a mess of meat with that Wood which the
English Prince should bring in, but he hath neither

seen Dutch Wood nor English Prince, therefore he desires you hold him excus'd.

Alphon. I wonder where Prince *Richard* stays so long.

Alex. An't, please your Majesty, he's come at length,

And with him has he brought a crew of Bowsrs,
A hipse bowr maikins fresh as Flow'rs in *May*,
With whom they mean to dance a *Saxon* round,
In honour of the Bridegroom and his Bride.

Edward. So has he made amends for his long tarrying.

I prethee Marshall them into the presence.

Alphon. Lives *Richard* then? I had thought th' had'st made him sure.

Alex. O, I could tear my flesh to think upon 't,
He lives and secretly hath brought with him,
The *Palgrave* and the Duke of *Saxonie*,
Clad like two Bowsrs, even in the same apparrel.
That *Hans* and *Jerick* wore when they went out to
murder him,
It now behooves us to be circumspect.

Alphon. It likes me not; Away Marshal bring them.

Exit. Alexander.

I long to see this sports conclusion.

Bohem. I'ft not a lovely sight to see this couple
Sit sweetly billing like two Turtle Doves.

Alphon. I promise you it sets my Teeth an Edge,
That I must take mine Empress in mine arms.
Come hither *Isabel*, though thy roabs be homely,
Thy face and countenance holds colour still.

Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard, Saxony, Palsgrave, Collen Cook, with a gamon of raw bacon, and links or puddings in a platter, Richard, Palsgrave, Saxon, Mentz, like Clowns with each of them a Miter with Corances on their heads.

Collen. Dread Emperour and Emperess for to day, I Your appointed Cook untill to morrow, Have by the Marshal sent my iust excuse, And hope your Highnes is therewith content, Our Carter here for whom I now do speak, Says that his Axletree broke by the way, That is his answser, and for you shall not famish, He and his fellow bowrs of the next dorp, Haue brought a schinkel of good raw Bacon, And that's a common meat with us, unsod, Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare ; 'Twil make a cup of Wine taste nippitate.

Edward. Welcome good fellows, we thank you for your present.

Richard. So spell fresh up, and let us rommer daunsen.

Alex. Please it your Highnes to dance with your Bride?

Edward. Alas I cannot dance your *German* dances.

Bohem. I do beseech your Highnes mock us not, We *Germans* have no changes in our dances, An Almain and an upspring that is all, So dance the Princes, Burgers, and the Bowrs.

Brand. So daunc'd our Aunceftors for thoufand years.

Edw. It is a sign the Dutch are not new fangled. I'le follow in the measure ; Marshal lead.

Alexander and Mentz have the fore dance with each of them a glas of Wine in their hands, then Edward and Hedewick, Palsgrave and Empress, and two other couple, after Drum and Trumpet.

The Palsgrave whispers with the Empress.

Alphon. I think the Bowr is amorous of my Empress ;
Fort bowr and leffel morgen, when thou com'st to house.

Collen. Now is your Graces time to steal away, Look to't or else you'l lie alone to night.

Edward steals away the Bride.

Alex. (Drinketh to the Palsgrave.) **Skelt bowre.**

Palsgrave. **San Gott.**

The Palsgrave requests the Empress.

Ey Jungfrau helpe mich doch ein Jungfrau drunck

Es gelt guler freundt ein frolocken drink.

Alphon. **San Gott mein frundt ich will gern bescheidt thun**

(Alphonsus takes the Cup of the Palsgrave, and drinks to the King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poison into the Beaker.)

Half this I drinke unto your Highnes health, It is the first since we were joyned in Office.

Bohem. I thank your Maiesy, I'le pledge you half. (As Bohem is a drinking, e're he hath drunk it all out, Alphonsus pulls the Beaker from his mouth).

Alphon. Hold, hold, your Maiesy, drink not too much.

Bohem. What means your Highnes.

Alphon. Methinks that something grates between
my teeth,

Pray God there be not poyson in the bowl.

Bohem. Marry God forbid.

Alex. So were I pepper'd.

Alphon. I highly do mistrust this schelmish bowr,
Lay hands on him, I'le make him drink the rest.

**Whas ist whas ist wat will you mit mee
machēn**

Alphon. Drink out, drink out oder der
diwell soll dich holen.

Palf. Ey geb you to frieden ich will
gern drink.

Saxon. Drink not Prince *Pallatine*, throw it on the
ground,

It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.

Bohem. *Saxon* and *Palgrave*, this cannot be good.

Alphon. 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave
me so;

This hath Prince *Richard* done t'entrap our lives.

Richard. No *Alphonsus*, I disdain to be a traytor.

Empreys. O sheath your fwords, forbear these need-
less broyls.

Alphon. Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest.

Bohem. Lord's hear me speak, to pacify these
broyls;

For my part I feel no distemperature,

How do you feel your self?

Alphon. I can not tell, not ill, and yet methinks
I am not well.

Bohem. Were it a poyson 'twould begin to work.

Alphon. Not so, all poysons do not work alike.

Palf. If there were poyson in, which God forbid,
The Empress and my self and *Alexander*,
Have cause to fear as well as any other.

Alphon. Why didst thou throw the Wine upon the
earth ?

Hadst thou but drunk, thou hadst satisfied our minds.

Palf. I will not be enforc't by Spanish hands.

Alphon. If all be well with us, that schuce shall serve

If not, the Spaniards blood will be reveng'd.

Rich. Your Maiesfy is more afraid than hurt.

Bohem. For me I do not fear my self a whit,
Let all be friends, and forward with our mirth.

Enter Edward in his night-gown and his shirt.

Richard. Nephew, how now ? is all well with you ?

Bohem. I lay my life the Prince has lost his bride.

Edward. I hope not so, she is but stray'd a little.

Alphon. Your Grace must not be angry though we laugh.

Edward. If it had hapned by default of mine,
You might have worthily laught me to scorn ;
But to be so deceiv'd, so over reach'd,
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine arms,
The grief is intollerable, not to be guest,
Or comprehended by the thought of any,
But by a man that hath been so deceiv'd,
And that's by no man living but my self.

Saxon. My Princely Son-in-Law God give you joy.

Edward. Of what my Princely Father ?

Saxon. O' my Daughter.
Your new betroathed Wife and Bed-fellow.

Edward. I thank you Father, indeed I must confes

She is my Wife, but not my Bed-fellow.

Saxon. How fo young Prince ? I saw you steal her hence,

And as me thought she went full willingly.

Edward. 'Tis true, I stole her finely from amongst you,

And by the Arch-Bishop of *Collens* help,
Got her alone in to the Bride-Chamber,
Where having lockt the Door, thought all was well.

I could not speak but pointed to the Bed,
 She answered *Ja* and gan for to unlace her ;
 I feeing that suspected no deceit,
 But straight untrust my points, uncas'd my self,
 And in a moment slipt between the Sheets ;
 There lying in deep contemplation,
 The Princess of her self drew neer to me,
 Gave me her hand, spake prettily in Dutch
 I know not what, and kist me lovingly,
 And as I shrank out of my luke warm place
 To make her room, she clapt thrice with her feet,
 And through a trap-door funck out of my sight ;
 Knew I but her Confederates in the deed——
 I say no more.

Empress. Tush Cosin, be content ;
 So many Lands, so many fashions,
 It is the *German* use, be not impatient,
 She will be so much welcomer to morrow.

Rich. Come Nephew, we'l be Bed-fellows to-night.
Edward. Nay if I find her not, I'le lye alone,
 I have good hope to ferret out her Bed,
 And so good night sweet Princess all at once.

Alphon. Godnight to all ; Marshal discharge the
 train.

Alex. To Bed, to Bed the Marshal crys 'tis time.

Exeunt.

Flourish *Cornets*, *Manent* Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave,
 Collen, Empress.

Saxon. Now Princes it is time that we advise,
 Now we are all fast in the Fowlers gin,
 Not to escape his subtle snares alive,
 Unless by force we break the Nets asunder.
 When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,
 I will not trust him in the least degree.

Empress. It may beseem me evill to mistrust
 My Lord and Emperour of so foul a fact ;
 But love unto his honour and your lives,

Makes me with tears intreat your Excellencies
To fly with speed out of his dangerous reach,
His cloudy brow foretells a fudden storm
Of blood not natural but prodigious.

Rich. The Castle gates are shut, how should we fly ;
But were they open, I would lose my life,
E're I would leave my Nephew to the slaughter ;
He and his Bride were sure to bear the brunt.

Saxon. Could I get out of doors, I'd venture that,
And yet I hold their persons dear enough,
I would not doubt, but e're the morning Sun,
Should half way run his course into the South,
To compass and begirt him in his Fort,
With *Saxon* lansknights and brunt-bearing *Switzers*,
Who lye in Ambuscado not far hence,
That he should come to Composition,
And with safe conduct bring into our tents,
Both Bride and Bridegroom, and all other friends.

Empress. My Chamber Window stands upon the
Wall,
And thence with ease you may escape away.

Saxon. Prince *Richard*, will you bear me Com-
pany ?

Richard. I will my Lord.

Saxon. And you Prince *Pallatine* ?

Palf. The Spanish Tyrant hath me in suspect
Of poysoning him, I'l therefore stay it out,
To fly upon't were to accuse my self.

Empress. If need require, I'le hide the *Pallatine*.
Untill to morrow, if you stay no longer.

Saxon. If God be with us, e're to morrow noon
We'll be with Ensigns spread before the Walls ;
We leave dear pledges of our quick return.

Emp. May the Heavens prosper your iust intents.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonfus.

Alphon. This dangerous plot was happily over-
heard,

Here didst thou listen in a blessed howr.
Alexander, where do'st thou hide thy self ?
 I've sought thee in each Corner of the Court,
 And now or never must thou play the man.

Alex. And now or never must your Highness stir.
 Treason hath round encompassed your life.

Alphon. I have no leasure now to hear thy talk.
 Seest thou this Key ?

Alex. Intends your Majesty, that I should steal into
 the Princes Chambers,
 And sleeping stab them in their Beds to night ?
 That cannot be.

Alphon. Wilt thou not hear me speak ?

Alex. The Prince of *England*, *Saxon*, and of *Collen*,
 Are in the Empress chamber privily.

Alphon. All this is nothing, they would mur-
 der me,

I come not there to night ; seest thou this Key ?

Alex. They mean to fly out at the Chamber Window,
 And raise an Army to besiege your Grace ;
 Now may your Highness take them with the deed.

Alphon. The Prince of *Wales* I hope is none of
 them.

Alex. Him and his Bride by force they will recover.

Alphon. What makes the cursed *Palsgrave* of the
Rhein ?

Alex. Him hath the Empress taken to her charge,
 And in her Closet means to hide him safe.

Alphon. To hide him in her Closet ? of bold deeds,
 The dearest charge that e're she undertook,
 Well let them bring their Complots to an end,
 I'le undermine to meet them in their works,

Alex. Will not your Grace surprize them e're they
 fly ?

Alphon. No, let them bring their purpose to effect,
 I'le fall upon them at my best advantage,
 Seest thou this Key ? there take it *Alexander* ;
 Yet take it not unless thou be resolv'd ;
 Tush I am fond to make a doubt of thee ;

Take it I say, it doth command all Doors,
And will make open way to dire revenge.

Alex. I know not what your Majesty doth mean.

Alphon. Hie thee with speed into the inner Chamber,

Next to the Chappel, and there shalt thou find
The danty trembling Bride coutcht in her Bed,
Having beguil'd her Bridegroom of his hopes,
Taking her farewell of Virginity,
Which she to morrow night expects to lose,
By night all Cats are gray, and in the dark,
She will imbrace thee for the Prince of *Wales*,
Thinking that he hath found her Chamber out,
Fall to thy busines and make few words,
And having pleas'd thy sences with delight,
And fild thy beating vains with stealing joy,
Make thence agen before the break of day,
What strange events will follow this device,
We need not study on, our foes shall find.

How now ? how standst thou ? hast thou not the heart ?

Alex. Should I not have the heart to do this deed,
I were a Bastard villain and no man ;
Her sweetnes, and the sweetnes of revenge,
Tickles my sences in a double sense,
And so I wish your Majesty good night.

Alphon. God night, sweet *Venus* prosper thy attempt.

Alex. Sweet *Venus* and grim *Ate* I implore,
Stand both of you to me auspicious. *Exit.* Alexander.

Alphon. It had been pitty of his Fathers life,
Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.
What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity,
Twixt dearest friends that are my strongest foes,
Will follow fuddainly upon this rape,
I hope to live to see, and laugh thereat,
And yet this peece of practise is not all.
The King of *Bohem* though he little feel it,
Because in twenty hours it will not work,
Hath from my Knives point fuck'd his deadly bane,
Whereof I will be least of all suspected ;

For I will feign my self as sick as he,
 And blind mine enemies eyes with deadly groans ;
 Upon the *Palsgrave* and mine Empress,
 Heavy suspect shall light to bruze their bones ;
 Though *Saxon* would not suffer him to taste,
 The deadly potion provided for him,
 He cannot save him from the Sword of Justice,
 When all the world shall think that like a villain,
 He hath poysон'd two great Emperours with one
 draught ;

That deed is done, and by this time I hope,
 The other is a doing, *Alexander*
 I doubt it not will do it thorowly.

While these things are a brewing I'll not sleep,
 But sudainly break ope the Chamber doors,
 And rush upon my Empress and the *Palsgrave*,
 Holla wher's the Captain of the Guard ?

Enter Captain, and Souldiers.

Cap. What would you Majesty ?

Alphon. Take six travants well arm'd and followe.
They break with violence into the Chamber, and Alphon-
fus trayles the Empress by the hair.

Enter Alphonfus, Empress, Souldiers, &c.

Alphon. Come forth thou damned Witch, adulterous
 Whiore,

Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood.

Emp. O Emperour, gentle Husband, pitty me.

Alphon. Canst thou deny thou wert confederate,
 With my arch enemies that fought my blood ?
 And like a Strumpet through thy Chamber Window,
 Hast with thine own hands helpt to let them down,
 With an intent that they should gather arms,
 Besiege my Court, and take away my life !

Emp. Ah my *Alphonfus*.

Alphon. Thy *Alphonfus* Whore ?

Emp. O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair

What I have done, I did it for the best.

Alphon. So for the best advantage of thy lust,
Hast thou in secret *Clytemnestra* like,
Hid thy *Ægestus* thy adulterous love.

Emp. Heav'n be the record 'twixt my Lord and
me,

How pure and sacred I do hold thy Bed.

Alphon. Art thou so impudent to bely the deed,
Is not the *Palsgrave* hidden in thy Chamber ?

Empe. That I have hid the *Palsgrave* I confess ;
But to no ill intent your conscience knows.

Alphon. Thy treasons, murders, incests, sorceries,
Are all committed to a good intent ;
Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.

Emp. By this device I hop'd to make your friends :

Alphon. Then bring him forth, we'l reconcile our
selves.

Emp. Should I betray so great a Prince's life ?

Alphon. Thou holdst his life far dearer than thy
Lords,

This very night hast thou betrayd my blood,
But thus, and thus, will I revenge my self,
And but thou speedily deliver him,
I'le trail thee through the Kennels of the Street,
And cut the Nose from thy bewitching face,
And into *England* send thee like a Strumpet.

Emp. Pull every hair from off my head,
Drag me at Horses tayls, cut off my nose
My Princely tongue shall not betray a Prince.

Alph. That will I try.

Emp. O Heav'n revenge my shame.

Enter *Palsgrave*.

Pal. Is *Cæsar* now become a torturer,
A Hangman of his Wife, turn'd murderer ?
Here is the *Pallatine*, what wouldest thou more ?

Alphon. Upon him Souldiers, strike him to the
ground.

Emp. Ah Souldiers, spare the Princely *Pallatine*.

Alphon. Down with the damn'd adulterous murderer.

Kill him I say, his blood be on my head.

They kill the Pallatine.

Run to the Tow'r, and Ring the Larum Bell,
That fore the world I may excuse my self,
And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

Enter Edward in his night gown and shirt.

Edw. How now ? what means this sudain strange
Allarm ?

What wretched dame is this with blubbered cheeks,
And rent dishevel'd hair ?

Emp. O my dear Nephew,
Fly, fly the Shambles, for thy turn is next.

Edward. What, my Imperial Aunt ? then break my
heart.

Alphon. Brave Prince be still ; as I am nobly born,
There is no ill intended to thy person.

Enter Mentz, Tryer, Branden. Bohem.

Menz. Where is my Page ? bring me my two hand
Sword.

Tryer. What is the matter ? is the Court a fire

Bran. Whose that ? the Emperour with his
weapon drawn ?

Bohem. Though deadly sick yet am I forc'd to rife,
To know the reason of this hurley burley.

Alphon. Princes be silent, I will tell the cause,
Though sudainly a griping at my heart
Forbids my tongue his wonted course of speech.
See you this Harlot, traytress to my life,
See you this murderer, stain to mine honour,
These twain I found together in my Bed,
Shamefully committing lewd Adultery,
And hainously conspiring all your deaths,

I mean your deaths, that are not dead already ;
As for the King of *Bohene* and my self,
We are not of this world, we have our transports
Giv'n in the bowl by this adulterous Prince,
And least the poyson work too strong with me,
Before that I have warnd you of your harms,
I will be brief in the relation.

That he hath staind my Bed, these eyes have seen,
That he hath murder'd two Imperial Kings,
Our speedy deaths will be too sudain proof ;
That he and she have bought and sold your lives,
To *Saxon*, *Collen*, and the English Prince,
Their Ensigns spread before the Walls to morrow
Will all too sudainly bid you defiance.

Now tell me Princes have I not just cause,
To slay the murderer of so many souls ?
And have not all cause to applaud the deed ?
More would I utter, but the poysons force
Forbids my speech, you can conceive the rest.

Bohem. Your Majesty reach me your dying hand,
With thousand thanks for this so just revenge.
O, how the poysons force begins to work !

Menz. The world may pitty and applaud the deed.

Brand. Did never age bring forth such hainous
a&ts.

Edward. My senfes are confounded and amaz'd.

Emp. The God of Heav'n knows my unguiltines\$.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. Arm, arm my Lords, we have descry'd a far,
An Army of ten thousand men at arms.

Alphon. Some run unto the Walls, some draw up
the Sluce,
Some speedily let the Purculles\$ down.

Menz. Now may we see the Emperours words are
true.

To prison with the wicked murderous Whore. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Saxon and Richard with Souldiers.

Saxon. My Lord of *Cornwall*, let us march before,
To speedy rescue of our dearest friends,
The rereward with the armed Legions,
Committed to the Prince of *Collen's* charge,
Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops.

Richard. Let's summon sudainly unto a Parly,
I do not doubt but e're we need their helps,
Collen with all his forces will be here.

Enter Collen with Drums and an Army.

Richard. Your Holines hath made good hast
to day,
And like a beaten Souldier lead your troops.
Collen. In time of peace I am an Arch-Bishop,
And like a Church-man can both sing and say ;
But when the innocent do suffer wrong,
I cast my rocket off upon the Altar,
And like a Prince betake my self to arms.

Enter above Mentz, Tryer, and Brandenburg.

Menz. Great Prince of *Saxonie*, what mean these
arms ?
Richard of Cornwall, what may this intend ?
Brother of *Collen* no more Churchman now,
Instead of Miter, and a Crossier Staff,
Have you betane you to your Helme and Targe ?
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,

Cloaking your treason in your Clowns attire ?

Saxon. Mentsz, we return the traytor in thy face.
To save our lives, and to release our friends,
Out of the Spaniards deadly trapping Snares,
Without intent of ill, this power is rais'd ;
Therefore grave Prince Marques of *Brandenburg*,
My loving Cosin, as indifferent Judge,
To you an aged Peace-maker we speak,
Deliver with safe conduct in our tents,
Prince *Edward* and his Bride, the *Pallatine*,
With every one of high or low degree,
That are suspiciois of the King of *Spain*,
So shall you see that in the self same howr
We marched to the Walls with colours spread,
We will cashier our troupes, and part good friends.

Brand. Alas my Lord, crave you the *Pallatine* ?

Rich. If craving will not serve, we will command.

Brand. Ah me, since your departure, good my
Lords,

Strange accidents of bloud and death are hapned.

Saxon. My mind misgave a massacre this night.

Rich. How do's Prince *Edward* then ?

Sax. How do's my Daughter ?

Collen. How goes it with the *Palsgrave* of the
Rhein ?

Brand. Prince *Edward* and his Bride do live in
health,

And shall be brought unto you when you please.

Saxon. Let them be presently deliver'd ?

Coll. Lives not the *Palsgrave* too ?

Mentsz. In Heaven or Hell he lives, and reaps the
merrit of his deeds.

Coll. What damned hand hath butchered the
Prince ?

Saxon. O that demand is needless, who but he,
That seeks to be the Butcher of us all ;
But vengeance and revenge shall light on him.

Bran. Be patient noble Princes, hear the rest.
The two great Kings of *Bohem* and *Castile*,

God comfort them, lie now at point of death,
Both poyson'd by the *Palsgrave* yesterday.

Rich. How is that possible ? so must my Sister,
The *Pallatine* himself, and *Alexander*,
Who drunk out of the bowl, be poysoned too.

Menz. Nor is that hainous deed alone the cause,
Though cause enough to ruin Monarchies ;
He hath defil'd with lust th' Imperial Bed,
And by the Emperour in the fact was slain.

Collen. O worthy guiltless Prince ; O had he fled.

Rich. But say where is the Empress, where's my
Sister.

Menz. Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be shortly.

Rich. I hope her Majesty will live to see
A hundred thousand flattering turncoat slaves,
Such as your Holiness, dye a shameful death.

Brand. She is in prison, and attends her tryal.

Sax. O strange heart-breaking mischievous intents,
Give me my children if you love your lives,
No safety is in this enchanted Fort.
O see in happy hour there comes my Daughter,
And loving son, scapt from the Massacre.

Enter Edward and Hedewick.

Edward. My body lives, although my heart be
slain,
O Princes this hath been the dismall'ſt night,
That ever eye of sorrow did behold,
Here lay the *Palsgrave* weltring in his bloud,
Dying *Alphonſus* standing over him,
Upon the other hand the King of *Bohem*,
Still looking when his poyson'd bulk would break ;
But that which pierc'd my foul with natures touch
Was my tormented Aunt with blubberd cheeks,
Torn bloody Garments, and disheveld' hair,
Waiting for death ; deservedly or no,
That knows the searcher of all humane thoughts ;
For these devices are beyond my reach.

Saxon. *S*ast doch liebes doister who
wart dow dieselbienau.

Hede. *A*ls who who solt ich sein ich
war in bette.

Saxon. *W*ert dow allein so wart dow
gar vorschrocken.

Hede. *I*ch ha mist audes gemeint dam
das ich wolt allein geschlaffne haben, abur
vmb mitternaist kam meiner bridegroom
bundt schlaffet bey mir, bis wir mit dem
getummel erwacht waren.

*E*dward. What says she ? came her Bridegroom to
to her at midnight ?

*R*ich. Nephew, I see you were not over-reach'd ;
Although she slipt out of your arms at first,
You ceiz'd her surely, e're you left the chace.

*S*axon. But left your Grace your Bride alone in
Bed ?

Or did she run together in the Larum ?

*E*dward. Alas my Lords, this is no time to jest ;
I lay full sadly in my Bed alone,
Not able for my life to sleep a wink,
Till that the Larum Bell began to Ring,
And then I started from my weary couch.

*S*axon. How now ? this rimes not with my
daughters speech,
She says you found her Bed, and lay with her.

*E*dward. Not I, your Highness did mistake her
words.

*C*ollen. Deny it not Prince *Edward*, 'tis an honour.

*E*dward. My Lords I know no reason to deny it ;
T'have found her Bed, I would have given a million.

*S*axon. *H*edewick der Furst sagt er
hatt nicht be dir schlafin.

Hede. **E**s gefelt ihm also zum sagun
aber ich habes woll grefület.

Rich. She say's you are dispos'd to jest with her ;
But yesternight she felt it in good earnest.

Edward. Uncle these jests are too unsavorie,
Ill suited to these times, and please me not,

Lab ich bin you geshlapen yesternight.

Hede. **I** leff, warum sult ihrs fragen.

Saxon. *Edward,* I tell thee 'tis no jesting matter,
Say plainly, wa'st thou by her I or no ?

Edward. As I am Prince, true heir to *Englands*
Crown,
I never toucht her body in a Bed.

Hede. **D**as haste gethan order holle
mich der dibell.

Rich. Nephew, take heed, you hear the Princess
words.

Edward. It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,
Shall make me say I did anothers deed.

Saxon. Anothers deed ? what, think'st thou her a
whore ?

Saxon *strikes* Edward.

Edward. She may be Whore, and thou a villain
too.

Strook me the Emperor I will strike again.

Collen. Content you Princes, buffet not like boys.

Richard. Hold you the one, and I will hold the
other.

Hede. **O** her got, help, help, oich
arms kindt.

Saxon. Souldiers lay hands upon the Prince of
Wales,
Convey him speedily unto a prison,
And load his Legs with grievous bolts of Iron ;

Some bring the Whore my Daughter from my sight ;
And thou smooth Englishman to thee I speak,
My hate extends to all thy Nation,
Pack thee out of my sight, and that with speed
Your English practises have all to long,
Muffled our *German* eyes, pack, pack I say.

Richard. Although your Grace have reason for
your rage,
Yet be not like a madman to your friends.

Saxon. My friends ? I scorn the friendship of such
mates,
That seek my Daughters spoil, and my dishonour ;
But I will teach the Boy another lesson,
His head shall pay the ransom of his fault.

Richard. His head ?

Saxon. And thy head too, O how my heart doth
fwell !
Was there no other Prince to mock but me ?
First woo, then marry her, then lye with her,
And having had the pleasure of her Bed,
Call her a Whore in open audieuce,
None but a villain and a slave would do it,
My Lords of *Mentz*, of *Tryer*, and *Brandenburg*,
Make ope the Gates, receive me as a friend,
I'le be a scourge unto the English Nation.

Mentz. Your Grace shall be the welcom'ſt guest
alive,

Collen. None but a madman would do such a deed.

Saxon. Then *Collen* count me mad, for I will do
it.

I'le set my life and Land upon the hazard,
But I will thoroughly found this deceit.

What will your Grace leave me or follow me ?

Collen. No *Saxon* know I will not follow thee.

And leave Prince *Richard* in so great extreams.

Saxon. Then I defy you both, and so farewell.

Rich. Yet *Saxon* hear me speak before thou go,
Look to the Princes life as to thine own,
Each perisht hair that falleth from his head

By thy default, shall cost a *Saxon* City,
Henry of *England* will not lose his heir,
 And so farwel and think upon my words.

Saxon. Away, I do disdain to answere thee.
 Pack thee with shame again into thy Countrie,
 I'le have a Cock-boat at my proper charge,
 And fend th' Imperial Crown which thou haft won,
 To *England* by Prince *Edward* after thee. *Exeunt.*

Man. Rich. and Coll.

Collen. Answer him not Prince *Richard*, he is
 mad,
 Choler and grief have rob'd him of his senses.
 Like accident to this was never heard.

Rich. Break heart and dye, flie hence my troubled
 spirit,
 I am not able for to underbear
 The weight of sorrow which doth bruze my soul,
 O *Edward*, O sweet *Edward*, O my life.
 O noble *Collen* last of all my hopes,
 The only friend in my extremities,
 If thou doest love me, as I know thou doest,
 Unsheathe thy sword, and rid me of this sorrow.

Collen. Away with abject thoughts, fie Princely
Richard,
 Rouze up thy self, and call thy senses home,
 Shake of this base pusillanimitie,
 And cast about to remedie these wrongs,

Richard. Alas I see no means of temedie.
Collen. Then hearken to my Counsel and advice,
 We will Intrench our selves not far from hence,
 With those small pow'rs we have, and fend for more,
 If they do make assault, we will defend ;
 If violence be offer'd to the Prince,
 We'l rescue him with venture of our lives ;
 Let us with patience attend advantage,
 Time may reveal the author of these treasons,
 For why undoubtedly the sweet young Princes,
 Fowly beguild by night with cunning shew,
 Hath to some villain lost her Maiden-head.

Rich. O that I knew the foul incestuous wretch,
Thus would I tear him with my teeth and nails.
Had *Saxon* fense he would conceave so much,
And not revenge on guiltless *Edwards* life.

Collen. Perswade your self he will be twice advis'd,
Before he offer wrong unto the Prince.

Rich. In that good hope I will have patience.
Come gentle Prince whose pitty to a stranger
Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken.
England cannot requite this gentlenes.

Collen. Tush talk not of requital, let us go,
To fortifie our selves within our trench. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alphonso (carried in the Couch) Saxony, Mentz,
Tryer, Brandenburg, Alexander.*

Alphon. O most excessive pain, O raging Fire !
Is burning *Cancer* or the *Scorpion*,
Descended from the Heavenly Zodiack,
To parch mine Entrals with a quenchles flame ?
Drink, drink I say, give drink or I shall dye.
Fill a thousand bowls of Wine, Water I say
Water from forth the cold *Tartarian* hils.
I feel th' ascending flame lick up my blood,
Mine Entrals shrink together like a scrowl
Of burning parchment, and my Marrow fries,
Bring hugie Cakes of Ice, and Flakes of Snow.
That I may drink of them being dissolved.

Saxon. We do beseech your Majestie have
patience,

Alphon. Had I but drunk an ordinary poyson,
The sight of thee great Duke of *Saxony*,
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,
Might both allay the venom and the torment ;
But that adulterous *Palgrave* and my Wife,
Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,
Gave me a mineral not to be digested,
Which burning eats, and eating burns my heart.
My Lord of *Tryer*, run to the King of *Bohem*,

Commend me to him, ask him how he fares;
 None but my self can rightly pity him ;
 For none but we have sympathie of pains.
 Tell him when he is dead, my time's not long,
 And when I dye bid him prepare to follow.

Exit Tryer.

Now, now it works a fresh ; are you my friends ?
 Then throw me on the cold swift running *Rhyn*,
 And let me bath there for an hour or two,
 I cannot bear this pain.

Menz. O would th' unpartial fates afflict on me,
 These deadly pains, and ease my Emperour,
 How willing would I bear them for his sake.

Alphon. O *Menz*, I would not wish unto a Dog,
 The least of thousand torments that afflict me,
 Much leis unto your Princely holines.
 See, see my Lord of *Menz*, he points at you.

Menz. It is your fantasie and nothing else ;
 But were death here, I would dispute with him,
 And tell him to his teeth he doth unjustice,
 To take your Majesty in the prime of youth ;
 Such wither'd rotten branches as my self,
 Should first be lopt, had he not partial hands ;
 And here I do protest upon my Knee,
 I would as willingly now leave my life,
 To save my King and Emperour alive,
 As erst my mother brought me to the world.

Brand. My Lord of *Menz*, this flattery is too
 grofs,
 A Prince of your experience and calling,
 Should not so fondly call the Heavens to witness.

Menz. Think you my Lord, I would not hold my
 word ?

Brand. You know my Lord, death is a bitter
 guest.

Menz. To ease his pain and save my Emperour,
 I sweetly would embrace that bitternes.

Alex. If I were death, I knew what I would do.

Menz. But see, his Majesty is falm a sleep,

Ah me, I fear it is a dying slumber.

Alphon. My Lord of *Saxonie* do you hear this jest.

Saxon. What should I hear my Lord?

Alphon. Do you not hear

How loudly death proclaims it in mine ears,
Swearing by trophies, Tombs and deadmens Graves,
If I have any friend so dear to me,
That to excuse my life will lose his own,
I shall be presently restor'd to health.

Enter Tryer.

Menz. I would he durst make good his promises.

Alphon. My Lord of *Tryer*, how fares my fellow Emperour?

Tryer. His Majesty is eas'd of all his pains.

Alphon. O happy news, now I have hope of health.

Menz. My joyful heart doth spring within my bodie,

To hear those words,

Comfort your Majestie I will excuse you,

Or at the least will bear you Company.

Alphon. My hope is vain, now, now my heart will break,

My Lord of *Tryer* you did but flatter me,

Tell me the truth, how fares his Majestie.

Tryer. I told your Highness, eas'd of all his pain.

Alphon. I understand thee now, he's eas'd by death,

And now I feel an alteration;

Farewel sweet Lords, farewel my Lord of *Menz*,

The truest friend that ever earth did bear,

Live long in happiness to revenge my death,

Upon my Wife and all the English brood.

My Lord of *Saxonie* your Grace hath cause.

Menz. I dare thee death to take away my life.

Some charitable hand that loves his Prince.

And hath the heart, draw forth his Sword and rid me of my life.

Alex. I love my Prince, and have the heart to do it.

Mentz. O stay a while.

Alex. Nay now it is to late.

Bran. Villain what hast thou done ? th'ast slain a Prince.

Alex. I did no more than he intreated me,

Alphon. How now, what make I in my Couch so late ?

Princes why stand you so gazing about me ?

Or who is that lies slain before my face ?

O I have wrong, my soul was half in Heaven,

His holiness did know the joys above,

And therefore is ascended in my stead.

Come Princes let us bear the body hence ;

I'le spend a Million to embalm the same.

Let all the Bels within the Empire Ring,

Let Mass be said in every Church and Chappel,

And that I may perform my latest vow,

I will procure so much by Gold or friends,

That my sweet *Mentz* shall be Canonized,

And numbred in the Bed-role of the Saints,

I hope the Pope will not deny it me,

I'le build a Church in honour of thy name,

Within the antient famous Citie *Mentz*,

Fairer than any one in *Germany*,

There shalt thou be interrd with Kingly Pomp,

Over thy Tomb shall hang a sacred Lamp,

Which till the day of doom shall ever burn,

Yea after ages shall speak of thy renown,

And go a Pilgrimage to thy sacred Tomb.

Grief stops my voice, who loves his Emperour,

Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,

Sweet Father and redeemer of my life.

Exeunt.

Manet *Alexander*.

Alex. Now is my Lord sole Emperour of *Rome*,
And three Conspirators of my Fathers death,

Are cunningly sent unto Heaven or Hell ;
Like subtily to this was never seen.
Alas poor *Menz* I pittyng thy prayers,
Could do no less than lend a helping hand,
Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life,
And now haft reapt the fruits thereof in death ;
But thou shalt be rewarded like a Saint,
With Masses, Bels, dirges and burning Lamps,
'Tis good, I envie not thy happiness :
But ah the sweet remembrance of that night,
That night I mean of sweetnes and of stealth,
When for a Prince, a Princeſ did imbrace me,
Paying the first fruits of her Marriage Bed,
Makes me forget all other accidents.
O Saxon I would willingly forgive,
The deadly trespass of my Fathers death,
So I might have thy Daughter to my Wife,
And to be plain, I have best right unto her,
And love her best, and have deserv'd her best ;
But thou art fond to think on such a match ;
Thou must imagin nothing but revenge,
And if my computation fail me not.
Ere long I shall be thorowly reveng'd. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Saxon, and Hedewick with the Child.

Saxon. Come forth thou perfect map of miserie,
Defolate Daughter and distresled Mother,
In whom the Father and the Son are curst ;
Thus once again we will assay the Prince.
'T may be the fight of his own flesh and blood
Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart.
Jailor how fares it with thy prisoner ?
Let him appear upon the battlements.

Hede. *O mein deere vatter, ich habe in dis lang lang 30. weeken, welche mich duncket sein 40. jahr gewesen, ein litte*

Englisch gelernet, vnd ich hope, he will
me verstohn, vnd shew me a litte pittie.

Enter Edward on the Walls and Jailor.

Saxon. Good morrow to your grace *Edward of Wales*,
Son and immediate Heir to *Henry the third*,
King of *England* and Lord of *Ireland*,
Thy Fathers comfort, and the peoples hope ;
'Tis not in mockage nor at unawares,
That I am ceremonious to repeat
Thy high descent joyned with thy Kingly might ;
But therewithall to intimate unto thee
What God expecteth from the higher powers,
Justice, and mercie, truth, sobrietie,
Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood.
Princes are Gods chief substitutes on earth,
And should be Lamps unto the common fort.
But you will say I am become a Preacher,
No, Prince, I am an humble suppliant,
And to prepare thine ears make this exordium,
To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this spectacle,
Three Generations of the *Saxon* blood,
Descended lineallie from forth my Loyns,
Kneeling and crying to thy mightiness ;
First look on me, and think what I have been,
For now I think my self of no account,
Next *Cæsar*, greatest man in *Germanie*,
Neerly a lyed, and ever friend to *England* ;
But Womens fighs move more in manly hearts,
O see the hands she elevates to Heaven,
Behold those eyes that whilome were thy joyes,
Uttering dumb eloquence in Christal tears ;
If these exclames and fighs be ordinarie,
Then look with pittie on thy other self,
This is thy flesh, and blood, bone of thy bone,
A goodly Boy the Image of his fire.

Turn'st thou away ? O were thy Father here,
 He would, as I do, take him in his arms,
 And sweetly kiss his Grand-child in the face.
 O *Edward* too young in experience,
 That canst not look into the grievous wrack,
 Ensuing this thy obstinate deniall ;
 O *Edward* too young in experience,
 That canst not see into the future good,
 Ensuing thy most just acknowledgement ;
 Hear me thy truest friend, I will repeat them ;
 For good thou hast an Heir indubitate,
 Whose eyes already sparcle Majesty,
 Born in true Wedlock of a Princely Mother,
 And all the *German* Princes to thy friends ;
 Where on the contrary thine eyes shall see,
 The speedy Tragedie of thee and thine ;
 Like *Athamas* first will I ceize upon
 Thy young unchristened and despised Son,
 And with his guiltless brains bepaint the Stones ;
 Then like *Virginius* will I kill my Child,
 Unto thine eyes a pleasing spectacle ;
 Yet shall it be a momentarie pleasure,
Henry of England shall mourn with me ;
 For thou thy self *Edward* shall make the third,
 And be an actor in this bloody Scean.

Hede. Ah myne seete Edouart, mein
 herzkin, myne scherzkin, mein herziges,
 einiges herz, mein allerleibest husband,
 I preedee mein leese see me friendlich one,
 good seete harte tell de trut: and at lest
 to me, and dyne allerleefest schild shew
 pitty ! dan ich bin dyne, vnd dow bist
 myne, dow hast me geben ein kindelein ;
 O Edouart, seete, Edouart erbarmet sein !

Edw. O Hedewick peace, thy speeches pierce my soul.

Hede. Hedewick doe yow excellencie hight me Hedewick leete Edouart yow sweete ich bin yowr allerlieueste wife.

Edward. The Priest I must confess made thee my Wife,
Curst be the damned villanous adulterer,
That with so fowl a blot divorc'd our love.

Hede. O mein allerliebesser, hieborne Furst vnd Herr, dinck dat unser Herr Gott sitts in himmells trone, and sees dat hart vnd will my cause woll recken :

Saxon. Edward hold me not up with long delays ;
But quickly say, wilt thou confess the truth ?

Edward. As true as I am born of Kingly Linage,
And am the best *Plantagenet* next my Father,
I never carnallie did touch her body.

Saxon. Edward this answer had we long ago,
Seest thou this brat ? speak quickly or he dyes.

Edward. His death will be more piercing to thine eyes,
Than unto mine, he is not of my kin.

Hede. O Father, O myne Watter spare myne kindt
O Edouart O Prince Edouart spreake now oder nimmermehr die kindt ist mein,
it soll nicht sterben :

Saxon. Have I dishonoured my self so much,
To bow my Knee to thee, which never bow'd
But to my God, and am I thus rewarded ?
Is he not thine ? speak murderous-minded Prince.

Edward. O Saxon, Saxon mitigate thy rage.

First thy exceeding great humilitie,
When to thy captive prisoner thou didst kneel,
Had almost made my lying tongue confes,
The deed which I protest I never did ;
But thy not causeleſs furious madding humour,
Together with thy Daughters pitious cryes,
Whom as my life and foul I dearly love,
Had thorowly almost perswaded me,
To fave her honour and belie my self,
And were I not a Prince of so high blood,
And Bastards have no scepter-bearing hands,
I would in silence smother up this blot,
And in compassion of thy Daughters wrong,
Be counted Father to an others Child ;
For why my soul knows her unguiltineſs.

Saxon. Smooth words in bitter ſense ; is thine
anſwer ?

Hede. **Ep batter geue mir mein kindt,**
die kindt ist mein.

Saxon. **Das weis ich woll;** er ſagt es
iſt nicht ſein ; therefore it dyes.

He dashes out the Childs brains.

Hede. **Ω Got in ſeinem trone,** **Ω mein**
kindt mein kindt.

Saxon. There murderer take his head, and breath-
leſs lymps,
Ther's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,
Eat that, or dye for hunger, I protest,
Thou getſt no other food till that be ſpent.
And now to thee lewd Whore, dishonour'd ſtrumpet,
Thy turn is next, therefore prepare to dye.

Edward. O mighty Duke of *Saxon*, ſpare thy
Child.

Sax. She is thy Wife *Edward*, and thou ſhouldſt
ſpare her.
One Gracious word of thine will fave her life.

Edward. I do confess *Saxon* she is mine own,
As I have marryed her, I will live with her,
Comfort thy self sweet *Hedewick* and sweet Wife.

Hede. Ach, ach vnd wehe, warumb sagt
your Excellence nicht so before, now ist
to late, vnser arme kindt ist kilt.

Edward. Though thou be mine, and I do pittie thee,
I would not Nurse a Bastard for a Son.

Hede. O Edouard now ich mark your
mening ich sholdt be your whore, mein
Vatter ich begehr upon meine knee, last
mich lieber sterben, ade falce Edouart,
falce Prince, ich begehrds nicht.

Saxon. Unprincely thoughts do hammer in thy
head,
I' st not enough that thou hast sham'd her once,
And seen the Bastard torn before thy face ;
But thou wouldst get more brats for Butcherie ?
No *Hedewick* thou shalt not live the day.

Hede. O Herr Gott, nimb meine seele
in deiner henden:

Saxon. It is thy hand that gives this deadly
stroak.

Hede. O Herr Sabote, das mein vn-
schuldt an tag kommen mocht.

Edward. Her blood be on that wretched villains
head,
That is the cause of all this misery.

Saxon. Now murderous-minded Prince, hast thou
beheld
Vpon my Child and Childs Child, thy desire,
Swear to thy self, that here I firmly swear,
That thou shall surely follow her to morrow,
In Company of thy adulterous Aunt,

Jaylor convey him to his Dungeon,
If he be hungrie, I have thrown him meat,
If thirstie let him suck the newly born lymps.

Edward. O Heavens and Heavenly powers, if you
be just,
Reward the author of this wickednes.

Exit Edw. & Faoler.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. To arms great Duke of *Saxonie*, to arms,
My Lord of *Collen*, and the Earl of *Cornwall*,
In rescue of Prince *Edward* and the Empress,
Have levy'd fresh supplies, and presently
Will bid you battail in the open Field.

Sax. They never could have come in fitter time ;
Thirst they for blood ? and they shall quench their
thirst.

Alex. O piteous spectacle ! poor Princefs *Hedewick*.

Sax. Stand not to pittie, lend a helping hand.

Alex. What slave hath murdered this guiltless
Child ?

Sax. What ? dar'st thou call me slave unto my
face ?

I tell thee villain, I have done this deed.
And seeing the Father and the Grand fires heart,
Can give consent and execute their own,
Wherefore should such a rascal as thy self
Presume to pittie them, whom we have slain ?

Alex. Pardon me, if it be presumption
To pittie them, I will presume no more.

Sax. Then help, I long to be amidst my foes.

Exeunt.

*Alarum and Retreat. . . A C T. V.**Enter Richard and Collen with Drums and Souldiers.**Richard.* What means your Excellence to sound retreat?

This is the day of doom unto our Friends ;
 Before Sun set, my Sister, and my Nephew,
 Vnless we rescue them must lose their lives :
 The cause admits no dalliance nor delay.
 He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,
 Will take no pittie on a strangers blood.

Collen. At my entreaty e're we strike the battail,
 Let's summon out our enemies to a parle.
 Words spoken in time, have vertue, power, and price,
 And mildnes may prevail and take effect,
 When dynt of Sword perhaps will aggravate.

Rich. Then found a Parly to fulfill your mind,
 Although I know no good can follow it. *A Parley.*

*Enter Alphonso, Empress, Saxon, Edward prisoner,
 Tryer, Brandenburg, Alexander and Souldiers.*

Alphon. Why now now Emperour that should have
 been,
 Are these the English Generals bravado's ?
 Make you assault so hotly at the first,
 And in the self same moment found retreat ?
 To let you know, that neither War nor words,
 Hove power for to divert their fatall doom,
 Thus are we both refolv'd ; if we tryumph,
 And by the right and justice of our cause
 Obtain the victorie, as I doubt it not,
 Then both of you shall bear them Company,
 And e're Sun set we will perform our oaths,
 With just effusion of their guilty bloods ;

If you be Conquerours, and we overcome,
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,
My self will be the Executioner,
And with these Poynards frustrate all your hopes,
Making you tryumph in a bloodie Field.

Saxon. To put you out of doubt that we intend it,
Please it your Majesty to take your Seate,
And make a demonstration of your meaning.

Alphon. First on my right hand bind the English
Whore,
That venomous Serpent nurst within my breast
To fuck the vitall bloud out of my veins,
My Empres must have some preheminence,
Especially at such a bloodie Banquet,
Her State, and love to me deserves no less.

Saxon. That to Prince *Edward* I may shew my love,
And do the latest honour to his State,
These hands of mine that never chained any,
Shall fasten him in fetters to the Chair.
Now Princes are you ready for the battail ?

Collen. Now art thou right the picture of thy self,
Seated in height of all thy Tyrannie ;
But tell us what intends this spectacle.

Alphon. To make the certaintie of their deaths
more plain,
And Cancel all your hopes to save their lives,
While *Saxon* leads the troupes into the Field,
Thus will I vex their souls, with sight of death,
Loudly exclaiming in their half dead ears ;
That if we win they shall have companie,
Viz. The English Emperour,
And you my Lord Archbishop of *Collen*,
If we be vanquisht, then they must expect
Speedy dispatch from these two Daggers points.

Collen. What canst thou tyrant then expect but
death ?

Alphon. Tush hear me out, that hand which shed
their blood,
Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.

Rich. But that's a damned resolution.

Alphon. So must this desperate disease be cur'd.

Rich. O *Saxon* I'le yield my self and all my power,
To save my Nephew, though my Sister dye.

Sax. Thy Brothers Kingdom shall not save his life.

Edward. Uncle, you see these savage minded men.
Will have no other ransome but my blood,
England hath Heirs, though I be never King,
And hearts and hands to scourge this tyrannie,
And so farewell.

Emp. A thousand times farewell,
Sweet Brother *Richard* and brave Prince of *Collem*.

Sax. What *Richard*, hath this object pierc'd thy
heart?

By this imagine how it went with me,
When yesterday I flew my Children.

Rich. O *Saxon* I entreat thee on my Knees.

Sax. Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneel-
ing,
As lately I obtained at *Edward's* hands.

Rich. Pitty the tears I powr before thy feet.

Sax. Pitty those tears? why I shed bloudie tears.

Rich. I'le do the like to save Prince *Edwards* life.

Sax. Then like a Warrior spill it in the Field,
My grieffull anger cannot be appeaz'd,
By sacrifice of any but himself.
Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt dye;
Therefore alarum, alarum to the fight,
That thoufands more may bear thee company.

Rich. Nephew and Sister now farewell for ever.

Ed. Heaven and the Right prevail, and let me die;
Uncle farewell.

Emp. Brother farewell untill wee meet in Heaven.

Exeunt. Manent Alphon. Edw. Emp. Alex.

Alphon. Here's farewell Brother, Nephew, Uncle,
Aunt,
As if in thousand years you should not meet;
Good Nephew, and good Aunt content your selves,
The Sword of *Saxon* and these Daggers-points,

Before the Evening-Star doth shew it self,
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.
But *Alexander*, my trustie *Alexander*,
Run to the Watch-Tow'r as I pointed thee,
And by thy life I charge thee look unto it
Thou be the first to bring me certain word
If we be Conquerors, or Conquered.

Alex. With carefull speed I will perform this charge.

Exit.

Alphon. Now have I leasure yet to talk with you.
Fair Isabel. the *Palgrave's* Paramour,
Wherein was he a better man than I ?
Or wherfore should thy love to him, effect
Such deadly hate unto thy Emperour ?
Yet welfare wenches that can love Good fellows,
And not mix Murder with Adulterie.

Emp. Great Emperor, I dare not call you Hus-
band,
Your Conscience knows my hearts unguiltines.
Alpho. Didst thou not poifon or consent to poi-
fon us ?

Emp. Should any but your Highness tell me so,
I should forget my patience at my death,
And call him Villain, Liar, Murderer.

Alphon. She that doth fo miscall me at her end,
Edward I prethee speak thy Conscience,
Thinkſt thou not that in her prosperitie
Sh'hath vexed my Soul with bitter Words and Deeds ?
O Prince of *England* I do count thee wife
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,
When thou hadſt stoln her daintie rose Corance,
And pluck'd the flow'r of her virginitie.

Edw. Tyrant of *Spain* thou lieſt in thy throat.

Alpho. Good words, thou feſt thy life is in our
hands.

Edw. I ſee thou art become a common Hangman,
An Office farre more fitting to thy mind
Than princelie to the Imperiall dignitie.

Alphon. I do not exercife on common persons,

Your Highness is a Prince, and she an Empress,
I therefore count not of a dignitie.

Hark *Edward* how they labour all in vain,
With loss of many a valiant Soldiers life,
To rescue them whom Heaven and we have doom'd
Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't?

Edw. Let guiltie minds tremble at fight of Death,
My heart is of the nature of the Palm,
Not to be broken, till the highest Bud
Be bent and ti'd unto the lowest Root ;
I rather wonder that thy Tyrants heart
Can give consent that those thy Butcherous hands
Should offer violence to thy Flesh and Blood.
See how her guiltless innocence doth plead
In silent Oratorie of her chaste tears.

Alphon. Those tears proceed from Fury and curst
heart.

I know the stomach of your English Dames.

Emp. No Emperour, these tears proceed from
grief.

Alphon. Grief that thou canst not be reveng'd
of *Vs.*

Emp. Grief that your Highness is so ill advis'd,
To offer violence to my Nephew *Edward* ;
Since then there must be sacrifice of Blood,
Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,
For of his death, thy Heart must pay the guilt.

Edw. No Aunt, I will not buy my life so dear :
Therefore *Alphonso* if thou beest a man
Shed manly blood, and let me end this strife.

Alphon. Here's straining curt'sie at a bitter Feast,
Content thee Empress for thou art my Wife,
Thou shalt obtain thy Boon and die the death,
And for it were unprincely to deny
So flight request unto so great a Lord,
Edward shall bear thee company in Death. *A Retreat.*
But hark the heat of battail hath an end ;
One side or other hath the victory, *Enter Alxeander.*
And see where *Alexander* sweating comes ;

Speak man what newes speak, shall I die or live ?
Shall I stab sure, or els prolong their lives
To grievous Torments ? speak, am I Conquerour ?
What, hath thy hast bereft thee of thy speech ?
Hast thou not breath to speak one fillable ?
O speak, thy dalliance kills me, wonn or lost ? *Amaz'd*
Alex. Lost. *lets fall the*
Alphon. Ah me my Senses fail ! my sight *Daggers.*
is gon.

Alex. Will not your Grace dispatch the Strumpet
Queen ?

Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death ?
Is your Heart faint, or is your Hand too weak ?
Shall servill fear break your so sacred Oaths ?
Me thinks an Emperour should hold his word ;
Give me the Weapons I will soон dispatch them,
My Fathers yelling Ghost cries for revenge,
His Blood within my Veins boyls for revenge ;
O give me leave *Cæsar* to take revenge.

Alphon. Vpon condition that thou wilt protest
To take revenge upon the Murtherers,
Without respect of dignity, or State,
Afflicted, speedy, pittiles Revenge,
I will commit this Dagger to thy trust,
And give thee leave to execute thy Will.

Alex. What need I here reiterate the Deeds
Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate ?
How neer did I entrap Prince *Richard's* life ?
How sure set I the Knife to *Menz* his heart ?
How cunninglie was *Palgrave* doom'd to death ?
How fubtilly was *Bohem* poisoned ?
How slyly did I satisfie my lust
Commixing dulcet Love with deadly Hate,
When Princesse *Hedwick* lost her Maidenhead,
Sweetly embracing me for *Englands* Heir ?

Edw. O execrable deeds !

Emp. O salvage mind !

Alex. *Edward*, I give thee leave to hear of this,
But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.

Now gratiouſ Lord and ſacred Emperour,
 Your highneſs knowing theſe and many more,
 Which fearles pregnancie hath wrought in me,
 You do me wrong to doubt that I will dive
 Into their hearts that have not ſpar'd their betters,
 Be therefore ſuddain leſt we die our ſelves.
 I know the Conquerour haſts to reſcue them.

Alphon. Thy Reaſons are effectuall, take this
 Dagger; Yet pawſe a while.

Emp. Sweet Nephew now farewel.

Alphon. They are moſt dear to me whom thou muſt
 kill.

Edward. Hark Aunt he now begins to pittie you.

Alex. But they conſented to my Fathers death.

Alphon. More then conſented, they did execute.

Emp. I will not make his Majestie a Lyar,
 I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,
 But ſave the life of this unguilty Prince.

Edward. I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,
 But ſave the life of this unguiltie Emprefs.

Alphon. Hark thou to me, and think their words as
 wind.
 I kill'd thy Father, therfore let me die,
 And ſave the lives of theſe two guiltleſs Princes.
 Art thou amaz'd to hear what I have ſaid ?
 There, take the weapon, now revenge at full
 Thy Fathers death, and thoſe my dire deceits
 That made thee murtherer of ſo many Souls.

Alex. O Emperour, how cunningly wouldſt thou
 entrap
 My ſimple youth to credit Fictions ?
 Thou kill my Father, no, no Emperour,
Cesar did love *Lorenzo* all to dearly :
 Seeing thy Forces now are vanquished,
 Fruſtrate thy hopes, thy Highneſs like to fall
 Into the cruel and revengefull hands
 Of mercileſs incenſed Enemies,
 Like *Caius Caiſſius* wearie of thy life,

Now wouldest thou make thy Page an instrument
By suddain stroak to rid thee of thy bonds.

Alphon. Hast thou forgotten how that very night
Thy Father dy'd, I took the Master-Key,
And with a lighted Torch walk'd through the Courts.

Alex. I must remember that, for to my death
I never shall forget the slightest deed,
Which on that dismal Night or Day I did.

Alphon. Thou wast no sooner in thy restfull Bed,
But I disturb'd thy Father of his rest,
And to be short, not that I hated him,
But for he knew my deepest Secrets,
With cunning Poisou I did end his life :
Art thou his Son ? express it with a Stabb,
And make account if I had prospered,
Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd,
Thou knewst too much of me to live with me.

Alex. What wonders do I hear great Emperour ?
Not that I do stedfastlie believe
That thou didst murder my beloved Father ;
But in meer pittie of thy vanquish'd state
I undertake this execution :
Yet, for I fear the sparkling Majestie
Which issues from thy most Imperial eyes
May strike relenting Passion to my heart,
And after wound receiv'd from fainting hand,
Thou fall halfe dead among thine Enemies,
I crave thy Highness leave to bind thee first.

Alphon. Then bind me quickly, use me as thou
please

Emp. O Villain, wilt thou kill thy Sovereign ?

Alex. Your Highness fees that I am forc'd unto it.

Alphon. Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,
Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand waies.

Emp. Dread Lord and Husband, leave these def-
perat thoughts,
Doubt not the Princes may be reconcil'd.

Alex. 'T may be the Princes will be reconcil'd,
But what is that to me ? all Potentates on Earth

Can neuer reconcile my grieved Soul.
 Thou flew'st my Father, thou didst make this hand
 Mad with Revenge to murther Innocents,
 Now hear, how in the height of all thy pride
 The rightfull Gods have powr'd their justfull wrath
 Upon thy Tyrants head, Devill as thou art.
 And fav'd by miracle these Princes lives ;
 For know, thy side hath got the Victory ;
Saxon triumphs over his dearest friends ;
Richard and *Collen*, both are Prisoners,
 And every thing hath sorted to thy wish ;
 Only hath Heaven put it in my mind
 (for he alone directed then my thoughts
 Although my meaning was most mischievous)
 To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope
 That fuddainly thou wouldest have slain them both,
 For if the Princes came to talk about it,
 I greatly feard their lives might be prolong'd.
 Art thou not mad to think on this deceit ?
 Ile make the madder, with tormenting thee.
 I tell thee Arch-Thief, Villain, Murtherer,
 Thy Forces have obtaind the Victory,
 Victory leads thy Foes in captive bands ;
 This Victory hath crown'd thee Emperour,
 Only my self have vanquisht Victory,
 And triumph in the Victors overthrow.

Alphon. O *Alexander* spare thy Princes life.

Alex. Even now thou didst entreat the contrary.

Alphon. Think what I am that begg my life of
 thee.

Alex. Think what he was whom thou hast doom'd
 to death.

But least the Princes do surprize us here
 Before I have perform'd my strange revenge,
 I will be fuddain in the execution.

Alphon. I will accept any condition.

Alex. Then in the presence of the Emperess,
 The captive Prince of *England*, and my self,
 Forswear the joyes of Heaven, the sight of God,

Thy Souls salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,
Damning thy Soul to endless pains of Hell.
Do this or die upon my Rapiers point.

Emp. Sweet Lord and Husband, spit in's face.
Die like a man, and live not like a Devill.

Alex. What ? wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy Soul ?

Alph. O hold thy hand, *Alphonfus* doth renounce.

Edward. Aunt stop your ears, hear not this Blasphemy.

Empr. Sweet Husband think that Christ did dy for thee.

Alphon. *Alphonfus* doth renounce the joyes of Heaven,
The fight of Angells and his Saviours blood,
And gives his Soul unto the Devills power.

Alex. Thus will I make delivery of the Deed,
Die and be damn'd, now am I satisfied.

Edward. O damned Miscreant, what hast thou done ?

Alex. When I have leasure I will answer thee :
Mean while I'le take my heels and save my self.
If I be ever call'd in question,
I hope your Majesties will save my life,
You have so happily preserved yours ;
Did I not think it, both of you should die.

Exit Alex.

Enter Saxon, Branden. Tryer, (Richard and Collen as prisoners) and Soldiers.

Saxon. Bring forth these daring Champions to the Block,
Comfort your selves you shall have company.
Great Emperor, where is his Majestie ?
What bloody spectacle do I behold ?

Emp. Revenge, revenge, O Saxon, Brandenburg,
My Lord is slain, *Cæsar* is doom'd to death.

Edward. Princes make haste, follow the murtherer.

Saxon. Is *Cæsar* slain ?

Edward. Follow the Murtherer.

Emp. Why stand you gasing on an other thus ?
Follow the Murtherer..

Saxon. What Murtherer ?

Edward. The villain *Alexander* hath slain his Lord,
Make after him with speed, so shall you hear
Such villanie as you have never heard.'

Brand. My Lord of *Tryer*, we both with our light
Horse

Will scour the Coasts and quickly bring him in.

Saxon. That can your Excellence alone perform,
Stay you my Lord, and guard the Prisoners,
While I, alas, unhappiest Prince alive,
Over his Trunk confume my self in Tears.

Hath *Alexander* done this damned deed ?
That cannot be, why should he slay his Lord ?
O cruel Fate, O miserable me !

Me thinks I now present *Mark Antony*,
Folding dead *Julius Cæsar* in mine arms.
No, no, I rather will present *Achilles*,
And on *Patroclus* Tomb do sacrifice.
Let me be spurn'd and hated as a Dogg,
But I perform more direfull bloody Rites
Than *Thetis* Son for *Menetiades*.

Edward. Leave mourning for thy Foes, pitty thy
Friends.

Sax. Friends have I none, and that which grieves
my Soul,
Is want of Foes to work my wreak upon ;
But were you Traitors 4, four hundred thousand,
Then might I satisfie my self with Blood.

Enter Brandenb. Alexand. and Soldiers.

Saxon. See *Alexander* where *Cæsar* lieth slain,
The guilt whereof the Traitors cast on thee ;

Speak, canst thou tell who flew thy Soveraign ?

Alexan. Why who but I ? how should I curse my self

If any but my self had done this deed ?

This happy hand, blest be my hand therefore,

Reveng'd my Fathers death upon his Soul :

And *Saxon* thou hast cause to curse and bann

That he is dead, before thou didst inflict

Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.

Saxon. What Mysteries are these ?

Bran. Princes, can you inform us of the Truth ?

Edward. The Deed's so heinous that my faltering tongue

Abhorrers the utterance. Yet I must tell it.

Alex. Your Highness shall not need to take the pains,

What you abhorr to tell, I joy to tell,

Therefore be silent and give audience.

You mighty men, and Rulers of the Earth,

Prepare your Ears to hear of Stratagems

Whose dire effects have gaul'd your princely hearts,

Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes :

First to begin this villainous Fiend of Hell

Murther'd my Father, sleeping in his Chair,

The reason why, because he only knew

All Plotts, and complots of his villanie ;

His death was made the Basis and the Ground

Of every mischief that hath troubled you.

Saxon. If thou, thy Father and thy Progenie
Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the Wheel,
How could their deaths heap mischief on our heads ?

Alex. And if you will not hear the Reason
chuse.

I tell thee I have slain an Emperour,

And thereby think my self as good a man

As thou, or any man in Christendom,

Thou shalt entreat me ere I tell thee more.

Brand. Proceed.

Alex. Not I.

Saxon. I prethe now proceed.

Alex. Since you intreat you then, I will proceed.

This murtherous Devill having slain my Father,
Buz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,
That by a General Councell of the States,
And as it were by A&t of Parlement,
The seven Electors had set down his death,
And made the Empress Executioner,
Transferring all the guilt from him to you.
This I believ'd, and first did set upon
The life of Princely *Richard*, by the Boors,
But how my purpose faild in that, his Grace best
knows;

Next, by a double intricate deceit,
Midst all his Mirth was *Bohem* poysoned,
And good old *Menz* to fave *Alphonso*'s life,
(Who at that instant was in perfect health)
Twixt jest and earnest was made a Sacrifice ;
As for the *Palatine*, your Graces knew
His Highness and the Queens unguiltines ;
But now my Lord of *Saxon* hark to me,
Father of *Saxon* should I rather call you,
Twas I that madè your Grace a Grandfather :
Prince *Edward* plow'd the ground, I sow'd the
Seed,

Poor *Hedewick* bore the most unhappy fruit,
Created in a most unluckie hour,
To a most violent and untimely death.

Sax. O loathsome Villain, O detested deeds,
O guiltless Prince, O me most miserable.

Brand. But tell us who reveal'd to thee at
last

This shamefull guilt, and our unguiltiness ?

Alex. Why that's the wonder Lords, and thus it
was :

When like a tyrant he had tane his seat,
And that the furie of the Fight began,

Upon the highest Watch-Tow'r of the Fort,
It was my office to behold alofft
The Warres event, and having seen the end,
I saw how Victory with equal wings
Hang hovering 'twixt the Battails here and there,
Till at the last, the English Lyons fled,
And Saxon's side obtain'd the Victory ;
Which seen, I post'd from the turrets top,
More furiously than ere *Laocoön* ran,
When Trojan hands drew in *Troy*'s overthrow,
But yet as fatally as he or any.
The tyrant seeing me, star'd in my face,
And fuddainly demanded whats the newes,
I, as the Fates would have it, hoping that he
Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,
For so he swore before the Fight began,
Cri'd bitterly that he had lost the day,
The found whereof did kill his dastard heart,
And made the Villain desperatly confess
The murther of my Father, praying me,
With dire revenge, to ridd him of his life ;
Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly,
Told him of the deceit, triumphing over him,
And lastly with my Rapier flew him dead.

Sax. O Heavens ! justly have you tane revenge.

But thou, thou murtherous adulterous slave,
What Bull of *Phalaris*, what strange device,
Shall we invent to take away thy life ?

Alex. If *Edward* and the Empress, whom I
fav'd,

Will not requite it now, and save my life,
Then let me die, contentedly I die,
Having at last reveng'd my Fathers death.

Sax. Villain, not all the world shall save thy
life.

Edu. Hadst thou not been Author of my *Hede-
wicks* death,

I would have certainly sav'd thee from death ;
 But if my Sentence now may take effect,
 I would adjudge the Villain to be hang'd
 As here the Jewes are hang'd in *Germany*.

Sax. Young Prince it shall be so ; go dragg the Slave

Unto the place of execution :

There let the *Judas*, on a Jewish Gallowes,
 Hang by the heels between two English Mastives,
 There feed on Doggs, let Doggs there feed on
 thee,

And by all means prolong his miserie.

Alex. O might thy self and all these English Currs,
 Instead of Mastive-Doggs hang by my side,
 How sweetly would I tugg upon your Flesh.

Exit Alex.

Sax. Away with him, suffer him not to speak.
 And now my lords, *Collen*, *Tryer*, and *Brandenburg*,
 Whose Hearts are bruz'd to think upon these woes,
 Though no man hath such reason as my self,
 We of the seven Electors that remain,
 After so many bloody Massacres,
 Kneeling upon our Knees, humbly intreat
 Your Excellence to be our Emperour.
 The Royalties of the Coronation
 Shall be, at *Aix*, shortly solemnized.

Cullen. Brave Princely *Richard* now refuse it not,
 Though the Election be made in Tears,
 Joy shall attend thy Coronation.

Richard. It stands not with mine Honour to deny it,
 Yet by mine Honour, fain I would refuse it.
Edward. Uncle, the weight of all these Miferies
 Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,
 But an Imperial Crown would lighten it,
 Let this one reason make you take the Crown.

Richard. What's that sweet nephew?

Edward. Sweet Uncle, this it is,

Was never Englishman yet Emperour,

Therefore to honour *England* and your self,

Let private sorrow yield to publike Fame,

That once an Englishman bare *Cæsar's* name.

Richard. Nephew, thou hast prevail'd; Princes stand up,

We humbly do accept your sacred offer.

Cullen. Then found the Trumpets, and cry *Vivat Cæsar.*

All. *Vivat Cæsar.*

Cullen. *Richardus Dei gratia Romanorum Imperator, semper Augustus, Comes Cornubie.*

Richard. Sweet Sister now let *Cæsar* comfort you,

And all the rest that yet are comfortless;

Let them expect from English *Cæsar's* hands

Peace, and abundance of all earthly Joy.

FINIS

REVENGE

FOR

HONOUR.

A

TRAGEDIE,

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Marriot*, in *S. Dunstan's*
Church-yard, Fleetstreet. 1654.



The Persons Acting.

Almanzor Caliph of Arabia.

Abilqualit his eldest Son.

Abrahen his Son by a second Wife.

Brother to *Abilqualit*.

Tarifa an old General, Conqueror of
Spain, Tutor to *Abilqualit*.

Mura a rough Lord, a Souldier, Kins-
man by his Mother, to *Abrahen*.

Simanthes a Court Lord, allyed to
Abrahen.

Selinthus an honest, merrie Court
Lord.

Mesithes a Court Eunuch, Attendant
on *Abilqualit*.

Osman a Captain to *Tarifa*.

Gafelles another Captain.

Caropia Wife to *Mura*, first beloved of
Abrahen, then of *Abilqualit*.

Perilinda her Woman.

Souldiers, Guard.
Muts. Attendants.



PROLOGUE.

*Our Author thinks 'tis not i' th power of Wit,
Invention, Art, nor Industrie, to fit
The several phantasies which in this age
With a predominant humour rule the Stage.
Some men cry out for Satyr, others chuse
Meerly to stroy to confine each Muse ;
Most like no Play, but such as gives large birth
To that which they judiciously term mirth.
Nor wil the best works with their liking crown,
Except 't be grac'd with part of foole or clown.
Hard and severe the task is then to write,
So as may please each various appetite.
Our Author hopes wel though, that in this Play,
He has endeavour'd so, he justly may
Gain liking from you all, unlesse those few
Who wil dislike, be't ne're so good, so new ;
Whe rather Gentlemen, he hopes, cause I
Am a mean Actor in this Tragedie :
You've grac'd me sometimes in another Sphear,
And I do hope you'l not dislike me here.*



REVENGE FOR HONOUR.

Actus PRIMUS. Scena I.

Enter Selinthus, Gafelles, and Ofman.

Sel. **N**O murmuring, Noble Captains.

Gaf. Murmuring, Cosen ?

this Peace is worse to men of war and action
then fasting in the face o'th' fo, or lodging
on the cold earth. Give me the Camp, say I,
where in the Sutlers palace on pay-day
we may the precious liquor quaff, and kisse
his buxome wife ; who though she be not clad
in Persian Silks, or costly Tyrian Purples,
has a clean skin, soft thighes, and wholsome corps,
fit for the trayler of the puissant Pike,
to follace in delight with.

Of. Here in your lewd Citie,

T

the Harlots do avoid us fons o'th' Sword
worse then a severe Officer. Besides,
here men o'th' Shop can gorge their mustie maws
with the delicious Capon, and fat limbs
of Mutton large enough to be held shoulders
o' th' Ram ancouge the 12 Signes, while for pure
want

Your souldier oft dines at the charge o' th' dead,
'mong tombs in the great Mosque.

Sel. 'Tis beleev'd Coz,
and by the wisest few too, that i' th' Camp
you do not feed on pleafant poults ; a fallad,
and without oyl or vinegar, appeasest
sometimes your guts, although they keep more noife
then a large pool ful of ingendring frogs.
Then for accoutrements, you wear the Buff,
as you believ'd it heresie to change
for linnen : Surely most of yours is spent
in lint, to make long tents for your green wounds
after an onslaught.

Gaf. Coz. thefe are sad truths,
incident to fraile mortals !

Sel. You yet crie
out with more eagernesst stil for new wars,
then women for new fashions.

Cf. 'Tis confes'd,
Peace is more opposite to my nature, then
the running ach in the rich Usurers feet,
when he roars out, as if he were in hel
before his time. Why, I love mischief, Coz,
when one may do't securely ; to cut throats
with a licencious pleasure ; when good men
and true o' th' Jurie, with their frostie beards
shall not have power to give the noble wefand,
which has the steele defied, to th' hanging mercy
of the ungracious cord.

Sel. Gentlemen both,
and Cozens mine, I do believe't much pity,
to strive to reconvert you from the faith

you have been bred in : though your large discourse
and praife, wherein you magnifie your Mistris,
Warr, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets,
to sleep upon a turfe. But pray fay, Cozens,
How do you like your General, Prince,
is he a right Mars ?

Gaf. As if his Nurse had lapt him
in swadling clouts of steele ; a very *Hector*
and *Alcibiades*.

Sel. It seems he does not relish
theſe boasted sweets of warre : for all his triumphs,
he is reported melencholy.

Oſ. Want of exercise
renders all men of actions, dul as dormife ;
your Souldier only can dance to the Drum,
and ſing a Hyman of joy to the ſweet Trumpet :
there's no muſick like it.

Enter Abrahen, Mura, and Simanthes.

Ab. I'll know the caufe,
he ſhall deny me hardly elſe.

Mu. His melancholy
known whence it rifes once, 't may much conduce
to help our purpoſe.

Gaf. Pray Coz. what Lords are theſe ?
they feem as ful of plot, as Generals
are in Siege, they're very ſerious.

Sel. That young Stripling
is our great Emperors ſon, by his laſt wife :
that in the rich Imbroideiry's, the Count *Hermes* ;
one that has hatcht more projects, then the ovens
in Egypt chickens ; the other, though they cal
friends, his meer opposite Planet *Mars*,
one that does put on a referv'd gravitie,
which ſome call wiſdom, the rough Souldier *Mura*,
Governour i' th' *Moroccos*.

Oſ. Him we've heard of
before : but Cozen, ſhal that man of truſt,

thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements ?
hast thou tane order for them ?

Sel. Yes, yes, you shal
flourish in fresh habiliments ; but you must
promise me not to ingage your corporal oathes
you wil fee't satisfied at the next preses,
out of the profits that arise from ransome
of those rich yeomans heires, that dare not look
the fierce foe in the face.

Gaf. Doubt not our truths,
though we be given much to contradictions,
we wil not pawn oaths of that nature.

Sel. Well then, this note does fetch the garments :
meet me Cozens anon at Supper. *Exeunt. Gaf. Of.*

Of. Honourable Coz. we wil come give our
thanks. *Enter Abilqualit.*

Ab. My gracious brother,
make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,
to consume all your honors in close retirements ;
perhaps since you from *Spain* return'd a victor,
with (the worlds conqueror) *Alexander*, you greive
Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish ;
if't be so, Princely brother, we'le bear part
in your heroique melancholy.

Abil. Gentle youth,
pref me no farther, I stil hold my temper
free and unshaken, only some fond thoughts
of trivial moment, cal my faculties
to private meditations

Sim. Howso'e're your Highnesse
does please to term them, 'tis meer melancholy,
which next to sin, is the greatest maladie
than can oppress mans foul.

Sel. They say right :
and that your Grace may see what a meer madnesse,
a very mid-summer frenzy, 'tis to be
melancholy, for any man that wants no monie,
I (with your pardon) wil discusse unto you.
All sorts, all sizes, persons and conditions,

that are infected with it ; and the reasons why it in each arisest.

Ab. Learned *Selinthus*,
Let's tast of thy Philosophie.

Mu. Fish, 'Tis unwelcome
to any of judgment, this fond prate :
I marvel that our Emperor dos permit
fools to abound ith' Court !

Sel. What makes your grave Lordship
in it, I do beseech you ? But Sir, mark me,
the Kernel of the text enucleated,
I shall confute, refute, repel, refel,
explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish
like a rush candle, this same heresie,
that is shot up like a pernicious Mushroom,
to poison true humanitie.

Ab. You shall stay and hear a lecture read
on your disease ; you shal, as I love virtue.

Sel. First the cause then
from whence this *flatus Hypocondriacus*
this glimmering of the gizard (for in wild fowl,
'tis term'd so by *Hippocrates*) arisest,
is as *Averroes* and *Avicen*,
with *Abenbucar*, *Baruch* and *Aboslii*,
and all the Arabick writers have affirm'd,
a meer defect, that is as we interpret, a want of —

Abil. Of what, *Selinthus* ?

Sel. Of wit, and please your Highnesse,
That is the cause in gen'ral, for particular
and special causes, they are all deriv'd
from severall wants ; yet they must be considerd,
pondred, perpended, or premeditated.

Sim. My Lord, y'ad best be brief,
your Patient will be wearie else.

Sel. I cannot play the fool rightly, I mean, the
Physician
without I have licence to expalcat
on the disease. But (my good Lord) more briefly,
I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom

and no Physician, who deal all in simples,
why men are melancholy. First, for your Courtier.

Sim. It concerns us all to be attentive, Sir.

Sel. Your sage and serious Courtier, who does
walk

with a State face, as he had dreft himself
ith' Emperors glasse, and had his beard turn'd up
by the' irons Roial, he will be as pentive
as Stallion after Catum, when he wants suits,
begging suits, I mean. Me thinks, (my Lord)
you are grown something solemn on the sudden ;
since your Monopolies and Patents, which
made your purse fwell like a wet spunge, have been
reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better
to confess here, then in a worser place.
Is it not so indeed ?

Abil. What ere he does
by mine, I'me sure h'as hit the caufe from whence
your grief springs, Lord *Simanthes*.

Sel. No *Egyptian Soothsayer*
has truer inspirations, then your small Courtiers
from causes and wants manifold ; as when
the Emperors count'nance with propitious noise
does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is
with Mercer, nor with Tailor ; nay sometimes too
the humor's pregnant in him, when repulfe
is given him by a Beautie : I can speak this
though from no Memphian Priest, or sage Caldean,
from the best Mistris (Gentlemen) an Experience.
Last night I had a mind t'a comly Semstres,
who did refuse me, and behold, ere since
how like an Afs I look.

Enter Tarifa.

Tar. What, at your Counsels, Lords ? the great
Almanzor
requires your prefence, *Mura* ; has decree'd
the Warr for *Perſia*. You (my gracious Lord)

Prince *Abilqualet*, are appointed Chief :
And you, brave spirited *Abrahen*, an Assistant
to your victorious Brother : You, Lord *Mura*,
destin'd Lieutenant General.

Abil. And must I march against the foe, without
thy company ? I relish not th' imployment.

Tar. Alas, my Lord,
Tarifa's head's grown white beneath his helmet ;
and your good Father thought it charity
to spare mine age from travel : though this ease
will be more irksome to me then the toil
of war in a sharp winter.

Abr. It arrives just to our wish. My gracious
brother, I
anon shall wait on you : mean time, valiant *Mura*,
let us attend my Father.

Exeunt Ab. Mura, Sim.

Abil. Good *Selinthus*,
vouchsafe a while your absence, I shall have
imployment shortly for your trust.

Sel. Your Grace shall have as much power to com-
mand
Selinthus, as his best fanci'd Mistress. I am your crea-
ture.

Exit.

Tar. Now, my Lord,
I hope y're cloath'd with all those resolutions
that usher glorious minds to brave atchievements.
The happy genius on your youth attendant
declares it built for Victories and Triumphs ;
and the proud *Persian* Monarchie, the sole
emulous opposer of the Arabique Greatnesse,
courts (like a fair Bride) your Imperial Arms,
waiting t'invest You Soveraigne of her beauties.
Why are you dull (my Lord ?) Your cheerful looks
should with a prosp'rous augury preface
a certain Victory : when you droop already,
as if the foe had ravish'd from your Crest
the noble Palm. For shame (Sir) be more sprightly ;

your sad appearance, should they thus behold you,
would half unsoul your Army.

Abil. 'Tis no matter,
Such looks best fute my fortune. Know (*Tarifa*)
I'm undispos'd to manage this great Voiage,
and must not undertake it.

Tar. Must not, Sir !
Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes
are fixt on marriage, on his bridal night
should in soft slumbers languish ? that your Arms
should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge,
and see before you the triumphant Prize
destin'd t'adorn your Valour ? You should rather
be furnish'd with a power above these passions ;
and being invok'd by the mighty charm of Honour,
fie to atchieve this war, not undertake it.
I'd rather you had said, *Tarifa* ly'd,
then utter'd such a sound, harsh and unwelcome.

Abil. I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I
to any born of woman, speak my intentions,
the fatal cause which does withdraw my courage
from this imployment, which like health I covet,
thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But (*Tarifa*)
the said discov'ry of it is not fit
for me to utter, much lesse for thy vertue
to be acquainted with.

Tar. Why (my Lord ?)
my loyaltie can merit no suspicione
from you of falsehood : whatfoere the cause be
or good, or wicked, 't meets a trustie silenee,
and my best care and honest counsel shall
indeavour to reclaim, or to assist you
if it be good, if ill, from your bad purpose.

Abil. Why, that I know *Tarifa*. 'Tis the love
thou bear'st to honour, renders thee unapt
to be partaker of those resolutions
that by compulsion keep me from this Voiage :
For they with such inevitable sweetnesse
invade my fense, that though in their performance

my Fame and Vertue even to death do languish,
I must attempt, and bring them unto act,
or perish i' th' pursuance.

Tar. Heaven avert
a mischief so prodigious. Though I would not
with over-fawcie boldnesse presse your counsels ;
yet pardon (Sir) my Loialtie, which timorous
of your lov'd welfare, must intreat, beseech you
with ardent love and reverence, to disclose
the hidden cause that can estrange your courage
from its own *Mars*, with-hold you from this Action
so much ally'd to honour : Pray reveal it :
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious,
I do implore it ; for my faith in breeding
your youth in warrs great rudiments, relieve
Tarifa's fears, that wander into strange
unwelcome doubts, lest some ambitious frenzy
'gainst your imperial fathers dignitie
has late seduc'd your goodnes.

Abr. No, *Tarifa*,
I ne're durst aim at that unholy height
in viperous wickednesse ; a sinleſſe, harmleſſe
(if can be truly term'd one) 'tis my foul
labours even to dispaire with : 't faine would out,
did not my blushes interdict my language :
'tis unchaſt love, *Tarifa* ; nay, tak't all,
and when thou haſt it, pity my misfortunes,
to fair *Caropia*, the chaſt, vertuous wife
to furly *Mura*.

Tar. What a fool Desire is !
with Giant strengths it makes us court the knowledg
of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,
far more inconstant then the air, it fleets
into new wishes, that the covet'd secret
had slept still in oblivion.

Abil. I was certaine
'twould fright thy innocence, and look to be
besieged with strong disſuasions from my purpose :
but be affur'd, that I have tir'd my thoughts

with all the rules that teach men moral goodness, so to reclaime them from this love-sick looseness ; but they (like wholesome medicines misapplied) fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitlesse.

Though I as wel may hope to kis the Sun-beams 'cause they shine on me, as from her to gaine one glance of comfort ; yet my mind, that pities it self with constant tendernesse, must needs revolve the caufe of its calamity, and melt i' th' pleasure of so sweet a sadness.

Tar. Then y'are undone for ever ; Sir, undon beyond the help of councel or repentance.

'Tis most ignoble, that a mind unshaken by fear, should by a vain desire be broken ; or that those powers no labour e're could vanquish, should be o'recome and thral'd by sordid pleasure. Pray (Sir) consider, that in glorious war, which makes Ambition (by base men termed sin) a big and gallant Virtue, y'ave been nurs'd, lull'd (as it were) into your infant sleeps by th' surly noise o' th' trumpet, which now summons you to victorious use of your indowments : and shall a Mistrisse stay you ! such a one too, as to attempt, then war it self's more dangerous !

Abil. All these perswasions are to as much purpose, as you should strive to reinvest with peace, and all the ioyes of health and life, a foul condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.

No (my *Tarifa*) though through all disgraces, losse of my honour, fame, nay hope for Empire, I should be forc'd to wade to obtain her love ; those feas of mischief would be pleasing streams, which I would hast to bath in, and passe through them with that delight thou would'st to victory, or slaves long chain'd to th' oare, to sudden freedome.

Tar. Were you not *Abilqualit*, from this time then our friendships (like two rivers from one head rising) should wander a disfever'd course, and never meet againe, unleſſe to quarrel.

Nay, old and stiffe, now as my iron garments,
were you my son, my fword should teach your wildnes
a swift way to repentance. Y'are my Prince,
on whom all hopes depend ; think on your Father,
that lively Image of majestick goodnes,
who never yet wrong'd Matron in his lust,
or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture
your Father, Countrie, Army, by my mouth
beseech your pietie to an early pittie
of your yet unslain Innocence. No attention !
Farwel : my praiers shall wait you, though my Counsels
be thus despis'd. Farwel Prince ! *Exit.*

Abil. 'Las good man, he weeps.

Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes
once when ye lost a battel. Why should I
put off my Reason, Valor, Honour, Virtue,
in hopes to gain a Beautie, whose possession
renders me more uncapable of peace,
then I am now I want it ? Like a sweet,
much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted,
but it's delicious luxury's forgotten.
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,
there is no law, but what's prescribed by Love,
Natures first moving Organ ; nor can ought
what Nature dictates to us be held vicious.
On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,
like an adventrous Mariner, that knows
storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,
strive to obtain this happy Port. *Mesithes*
(Loves cunning Advocate) does for me besiege
(with gifts and vows) her Chastitie. She is
compais'd with flesh, that's not invulnerable,
and may by Love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand
firm, whom no art can bring to Love's command.

Enter Abrahen.

Abr. My gracious brother !

Abil. Dearest *Abrahen*, welcome.

Tis certainly decreed by our dread Father,
we must both march against th' insulting foe.

How does thy youth, yet uninur'd to travel,
relish the Imploiment ?

Abr. War is sweet to those
that neuer have experienc'd it. My youth
cannot desire in that big Art a nobler
Tutor then you (my Brother :) Like an Eglet
following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps
trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow
a branch, when your head's coverd ore with Lawrel,
to deck my humbler temples.

Abil. I do know thee
of valiant active soul ; and though a youth,
thy forward spirit merits the Command
of Chief, rather then Second in an Armie.
Would heaven our Roial Father had bestow'd
On thee the Charge of General.

Abr. On me, Sir !
Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those Arts
that do distinguis Valour from wild rashnes.
A Gen'ral (Brother) must have abler nerves
of Judgment, then in my youth can be hop'd for.
Your self already like a flourishing Spring
teeming with early Victories, the Souldier
expects should iead them to new Triumphs, as
if you had vanquisht fortune.

Abil. I am not so
ambitious (*Abrahen*) of particular glories,
but I would have those whom I love partake them.
This *Perſian* war, the laſt of the whole East
left to be managed; if I can perſwade
the great *Almanzor*, ſhall be the trophee
of thy yet maiden Valour. I have done
enough already to inform Succession,
that *Abilqualit* durſt on fiercest foes
run to fetch Conquest home, and would have thy
name
as great as mine in Arms, that Historie
might register, our Familie abounded
with Heroes, born for Victorie.

Abr. Tis an honour,
which, though it be above my powers, committed
to my direction, I would seek to manage
with care above my years, and courage equal
to his, that dares the horrid'ft face of danger :
But 'tis your noble courtesie would thrust
this mascline honor (far above his merits)
on your regardless Brother ; for my Father,
he has no thought tending to your intentions ;
nor though your goodness should desire, would hardly
be won to yeild consent to them.

Abil. Why, my *Abrahen*,
w'are both his sons, and should be both alike
dear to's affections ; and though birth hath given me
the larger hopes and Titles, 'twere unnatural,
should he not strive t' indow thee with a portion
apted to the magnificence of his Off-spring.
But thou perhaps art timorous, lest thy first
effayes of valour should meet fate disastrous.
The bold are Fortunes darlings. If thou hast
courage to venture on this great imploiment,
doubt not, I shall prevail upon our Father
t' ordain thee Chief in this brave hopefull Voiage.

Abr. You imagine me
beyond all thought of gratitude ; and doubt not
that I'll deceive your truſt. The glorious Enſignes
waving i' th' air once, like ſo many Comets,
ſhall ſpeak the Persians funerals, on whose ruines
we'll build to Fame and Vi&ctorie new temples,
which ſhall like Pyramids preſerve our memories,
when we are chang'd to aſhes.

Abil. Be ſure, continue
in this brave minde ; I'll instantly ſolicite
our Father to conſirm thee in the Charge
of General. I'll about it.

Exit.

Abr. Farewell gracious Brother.
This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool,
I ſee through thy intents, clear, as thy ſoul
were as transparent as thin air or Criftal.

He would have me remov'd, march with the Armie,
that he mean time might make a fure defeat
on our aged fathers life and Empire : 'tmust
be certain as the light. Why should not his
with equall heat, be like my thoughts, ambitious ?
Be they as harmles as the prair's of Virgins,
I'll work his ruine out of his intentions.

He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and Greatnesie :
Greatnesse, the wise mans true felicity,
Honour's direct inheritance. My youth
wil quit suspicion of my subtil practice :
then have I surly *Mura* and *Simanthes*,
my allyes by my dead Mothers bloud, my assistants,
his Eunuch too *Mesithes* at my service.

Simanthes shall inform the King, the people
desire Prince *Abilqualit*'s stay ; and *Mura*
whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,
make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my half
Brother,
th' other's my Father ; names, meer airie titles !
Soveraigntie's onely sacred, Greatnesse goodnessse,
true self-affection Justice, every thing
righteous that's helpfull to create a King.

Enter Mura, Simanthes.

Abr. My trustie friends, y'are welcome :
our fate's above our wishes ; *Abilqualit*
by whatso'ere pow'r mov'd to his own ruine,
would fain inforce his charge of General on me,
and stay at home.

Sim. Why, how can this conduce
t' advance our purpose ?

Abr. Tis the mainest engine
could ever move to ruine him. *Simanthes*,
you shall inform our Father, tis the people
out of their tender love desires his stay.
You (*Mura*) shall infer my Brothers greatnessse
with people ; out of it, how nice it is and dangerous.

The air is open here ; come, wee'll discourse
with more secure privacie our purpose.
Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to advance
us to a Kingdom ; that's the height of chance.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. Scena 1.

Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes.

Al. **H**ow ! not go, *Simanthes* ?
Sim. My dread Sovereign,
I speak but what the well affected people
out of their loyal care and pious duty
injoyn'd me utter : they do look upon him
as on your eldest Son, and next Successor,
and would be loth the *Persian* War should rob
their eies of light, their souls of joy and comfort,
this flourishing Empire leave as it were widow'd
of its lov'd Spouse : They humbly do befeech
your Maiesy would therefore destine some
more fitting General, whose losf (as heaven
avert such a misfortune) should it happen,
might leffe concern the State.

Al. 'Tis not the least
among the blessings Heaven has showr'd upon us,
that we are happie in such loving Subjects,
to govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,
we leave them a Successor whom they truly reverence :
A loving people and a loving Sovereign
makes Kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing.
But I beleeve (*Simanthes*) their intents,
though we confirm them, will scarce take effect :

My *Abilqualit* (like a Princely Lion, in view of's prey (wil scarcely be o'recom to leave the honour of the *Persian War*, in's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour, and rest in lazy quiet, while that Triumph is ravish'd by another.

Sim. With the pardon of your most sacred Majestie, 'tis fit then your great commands forbid the Princes Voyage : boldnesse inforces youth to hard atchievements before their time, makes them run forth like Lapwings from their warm nest, part of the shel yet sticking unto their downie heads. Sir, good successe is oft more fatal far then bad ; one winning cast from a flatt'ring Die tempting a Gamester to hazard his whole fortunes.

Mur. This is dull, fruitless Philosophy, he that falls nobly winns as much honour by his losf, as conquest.

Sim. This rule may hold wel among common men, but not 'mong Princes. Such a prince as ours is, who knows as wel to conquer mens affections as he does enemies, should not be expos'd to every new cause, honourable danger. Prince *Abilqualit's* fair and winning carriage has stolne poffession of the peoples hearts, they doate on him since his late Spanish conquest, as new made brides on their much coveted husbands ; and they would pine like melancholy turtles, should they foone lose the invaluable object both of their love and reverence : Howsoe're, what ere your awful wil (Sir) shall determine, as heaven, is by their strict obedience, held sacred and religious.

Al. Good *Simanthes*, let them receive our thanks for their true care of our dear *Abilqualit*. We'e'l confider of their request, say.

Sim. Your highnesse humblest creature.

Exit.

Mu. I do not like this.

Al. Like what ? Valiant *Mura*,
we know thy counsels so supremely wise,
and thy true heart so excellently faithful,
that whatsoere displeases thy sage Judgment,
Almanzor's wisdome must account distastful.
What is't dislikes thee ?

Mu. Your Majestie knows me
a downright Souldier, I affect not words ;
but to be brief, I relish not your son
should (as if you were in your tomb already)
ingross so much the giddie peoples favours.
'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you
to suffer it.

Al. Why, how can they, *Mura*,
Give a more serious testimony of reverence
to me, then by conferring their affections,
their pious wishes, zealous contemplations
on him that fits the nearest to my heart,
my *Abilqualit*, in whose hopeful virtues
my age more glories then in all my conquests ?

Mu. May you prove fortunate in your pious care
of the Prince *Abilqualit*. But (my Lord)
Mura is not so prone to idle language
(the Parasits best ornament) to utter
ought, but what (if you'll please to give him audience
hee'l show you a blunt reason for.

Al. Come, I see
into thy thoughts, good *Mura* ; too much care
of us, informs thy loyal soul with fears
the Princes too much popularity
may breed our danger : banish those suspicions ;
neither dare they who under my long raign
have been triumphant in so many blessings,
have the least thought may tend to disobedience :
or if they had, my *Abilqualit's* goodnesse
would ne're consent with them to become impious.

Mu. 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays
minds valiant to irreparable dangers.
Not that I dare invade with a foule thought

the noble Princes loyalty ; but (my Lord) when this same many headed beast (the people) violent, and so not constant in affections, subject to love of novelty, the sicknesse proper t'all humane specially light natures, do magnifie with too immoderate praifes the Princes actions, doate upon his presence, nay chaine their souls to th' shadow of his foot-steps, as all excesses ought to be held dangerous, especially when they do aim at Scepters, their too much dotage speaks, you in their wishes are dead alreadie, that their darling hope the Prince might have the Throne once.

Al. 'Tis confes'd, all this a serious truth.

Mu. Their mad applauses
oth' noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous, may force ambition into him, a mischief Seasing the soul with too much craft and sweetnes, as pride or lust do's minds unstay'd and wanton : 'tmakes men like poyson'd rats, which when they've swallow'd the pleasing bane, rest not until they drink, and can rest then much lesse, until they burst with't.

Al. Thy words are stil oraculous.

Mu. Pray then think
with what an easie toil the haughty Prince, a demy God by th' popular acclamations, nay, the world's Sovereign in the vulgar wishes, had he a resolution to be wicked, might snatch this diadem from your aged temples ? What law so holy, tye of blood so mightie, which for a Crown, minds sanctified and religious have not presum'd to violate ? How much more then may the soul dazzling glories of a Scepter work in his youth, whose constitution's fierie, as overheated air, and has to fan it into a flame, the breath of love and praifes blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.

Al. No more of this, good *Mura.*

Mu. They dare already limit your intentions, demand (as 'twere) with cunning zeal (which rightly interpreted, is insolence) the Princes abode at home. I wil not say it is, but I guesf, 'tmay be their subtle purpose while we abroad fight for new kingdomes purchasf depriv'd by that means of our faithful succors, they may deprive you of this crown, inforce upon the prince this Diadem ; which however he may be loth t'accept, being once possessed of't and tasted the delights of supreme greatness, hee'l be more loath to part with. To prevent this, not that I think it wil, but that may happen, 'tis fit the Prince march. I'ave obserued in him too of late a fullen Melancholly, whence rising i'le not conjecture : only I should grieve, Sir, beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practise should take that from you which with loyal blood ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd. and now I have discharg'd my honest conscience censure on't as you please ; henceforth I'me silent.

Al. Would thou hadst been so now, thy loyal fears have made me see how miserable a King is, whose rule depends on the vain people suffrage. Black now and horrid as the face of storms appears al *Abilqualits* lovely vertues, because to me they only make him dangerous, and with great terror shall behold those actions which with delight before we view'd, and dotage ; like Mariners that bless the peaceful seas, which when suspected to grow up tempestuous, they tremble at. Though he may stil be virtuous, 'tis wisdome in us, to him no injustice, to keep a vigilant eie o're his proceedings and the wild peoples purposes.

Enter Abil.

Al. Abilqualit !
come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

Abil. Rather, Sir, to beg

your gracious licence, I may stil at home attend your dread commands, and that you'd please to nominate my hopeful brother *Abrahen* (in lieu of me) chief of your now raised Forces for th' *Persian* expedition,

Al. Dare you (Sir) presume to make this suit to us?

Abil. Why? (my roial Lord)

I hope this cannot pull your anger on your most obedient Son: a true affection to the young Prince my brother, did beget this my request; I willingly would have his youth adorn'd with glorie of this conquest. No tree bears fruit in Autumn, 'lesst it bloslome first in the Spring: 'tis fit he were acquainted in these soft years with military action, that when grown perfect man, he may grow up too perfect in warlike discipline.

Al. Hereafter

we shall by your appointment guide our Counsels. Why do you not intreat me to resigne my Crown, that you the peoples much lov'd minion may with't impale your glorious brow? Sir, henceforth or know your duty better, or your pride shall meet our just wak'd anger. To your Charge, and march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis to disobey our pleasure. When y'are King, learn to command your Subjects; I will mine (Sir.) You know your Charge, perform it.

Exit Alm. and Mura.

Abil. I have done.

Our hopes (I see) resemble much the Sun, that rising and declining cast large shadows; but when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightnesse, yeelds none at all: when they are farthest from succeſſe, their guilt reflection does display the largest show of events fair and proſp'rous. With what a fetled confidence did I promise my ſelf, my ſtay here, *Mura*'s wiſh'd departure? when ſtead of theſe, I finde my fathers wrath

destroying mine intentions. Such a fool
is self-compassion, soothing us to faith
of what we wish should hap, while vain desire
of things we have not, makes us quite forget
those w're posses'd of.

Enter Abrahen.

Abr. Alone the engine works
beyond or hope or credit. How I hug
with vast delight, beyond that of stoln pleasures
forbidden Lovers taste, my darling Mistris,
my active Brain ! If I can be thus subtle
while a young Serpent, when grown up a Dragon
how glorious shall I be in cunning practise ?
My gracious brother !

Abil. Gentle *Abrahen*, I
am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise :
my Father's so averse from granting my
request concerning thee, that with angrie frowns
he did expres rather a passionate rage
then a refusall civil, or accustom'd
to his indulgent disposition.

Abr. Hee's our Father,
and so the tyrant Custome doth inforce us
to yeeld him that which fools call natural,
when wise men know 'tis more then servile duty,
a flavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,
be it nor just, nor honourable.

Abil. O my *Abrahen*,
these founds are unharmonious, as unlookt for
from thy unblemish'd innocence : though he could
put off paternal pietie, 't gives no priviledg
for us to wander from our filial dutie :
though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcom
be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not
presume to question them.

Abr. Not, if they concern
our lives and fortunes ? 'Tis not for my self
I urge these doubts ; but 'tis for you, who are
my Brother, and I hope, must be my Soveraigne,

my fears grow on me almost to distraction :
Our Father's age betrayes him to a dotage,
which may be dang'rous to your future safetie ;
he does suspect your loyaltie.

Abil. How, *Abrahen* ?

Ab. I knew 'twould start your innocence ; but 'tis
truth,
a sad and serious truth ; nay his suspicion
almost arriv'd unto a settled faith
that y'are ambitious.

Abil. 'Tis impossible.

Ab. The glorious shine of your illustrious vertues
are grown too bright and dazzling for his eyes
to look on as he ought, with admiration ;
and he with fear beholds them, as it were,
through a perspective, where each brave action
of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,
appears far greater then it is. In brief,
that love which you have purcha'd from the people
that sing glad Hymns to your victorious fortunes,
betraies you to his hate ; and in this Voiage
which he inforces you to undertake,
he has fet spies upon you.

Abil. 'Tis so : afflictions
do fal like hailstones, one no sooner drops,
but a whole Showre does follow. I observ'd
indeed, my *Abrahen*, that his looks and language
was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not
imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.
Ye gods, why do you give us gifts and graces,
share your own attributes with men, your *virtues*,
when they betray them to worse hate then vices ?
But *Abrahen*, prithee reconfirm my feares
by testimonial how this can be truth ;
for yet my innocence with too credulous trust
sooths up my soul, our father should not thus
put that off which does make him so, his sweetnesse,
to feed the irregular flames of false suspicions
and foul tormenting jealousies.

Ab. Why, to me,
to me (my Lord) he did with strong Injunctions
give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions.
My *Abrahen* (quoth he) I'me not so unhappy,
that like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,
who does affect, 'fore thy ag'd Fathers ashes,
with greedie lust my Empire. Have a strict
and cautious diligence to observe his carriage,
'twil be a pious care. Mov'd with the base
indignity, that he on 'me should force
the office of a spy ; your spy, my noble
and much lov'd brother : my best manhood scarce
could keep my angry tears in ; I resolv'd
I was in duty bound to give you early
intelligence of his unjust intentions,
that you in wisedome might prevent all dangers
might fall upon you from them, like swift lightning,
killing 'cause they invade with sudden fiercenesse.

Abil. In afflicting me, misery is grown witty.

Ab. Nay besides (Sir)
the fullen *Mura* has the self same charge too
consign'd and setled on him ; which his blind
duty will execute. O brother, your
soft passive nature, do's like jet on fire
when oyls cast on't, extinguish : otherwise,
this base suspicione would inflame your sufferance,
nay make the purest loyalty rebellious.
However, though your too religious piety
forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience,
look to your safety, brother, that dear safety
which is not only yours, but your whole Empires :
for my part, if a faithfull brothers service
may aught avail you, tho against our father,
since he can be so unnaturally suspicous,
as your own thoughts, command it.

Enter *Selinthus* and *Mefithes*.

Sel. Come, I know,
although th' ast lost some implements of manhood

may make thee gracious in the sight of woman,
yet th' ast a little engine, cal'd a tongue,
by which thou canst o'recome the niceſt female,
in the behalf of friend. Infooth, you Eunuchs
may well be ſtil'd Pimps-royal, for the ſkill
you have in quaint procurement.

Mef. Your Lordship's merry,
and would inforce on me what has been your
office far oftner than the cunningſt Squire belonging
to the smock transitory. Mayt please your Highneſſe.

Abil. Ha ! *Mefithes.*

Ab. His countenance varies ſtrangely, ſome affaire
the Eunuch gives him notice of, 't ſhould ſeem,
begets much pleaſure in him.

Abil. Is this truth ?

Mef. Else let me taste your anger.

Abil. My dear *Abrahen*,
wee'l march to night, prethee give ſpeedie Notice
to our Lieutenant *Mura*, to collect
the forces from their ſeveral quarters, and
draw them into Battalia on the plain
behind the Citie, lay a ſtrict command
he ſtir not from the Enſigns til our ſelf
arrive in perſon there. Be ſpeedie, brother,
a little haſtie buſineſſ craves our preſence.
We wil anon be wiſh you, my *Mefithes.*

Exeunt Abil. and Mef.

Sel. Can your grace imagine
whether his highneſſe goes now ?

Ab. No, *Selinthus* ;
canſt thou conjecture at the Eunuchs buſineſſ ?
what ere it was, his countenance ſeem'd much altred :
Il'd give a talent to have certain knowledg
what was *Mefithes* meſſage.

Sel. I'll inform you
at a far eaſier rate. *Mefithes* buſineſſe
certes concern'd a limber petticoate,
and the smock ſoft and ſlipperie ; on my honour,
has been providing for the Prince, ſome female

that he takes his leave of Ladies flesh
ere his departure.

Ab. Not improbable, it may be so.

Sel. Nay, certain (Sir) it is so :
and I believe, your little bodie earnes
after the famie sport. You were once reported
a wag would have had busines of ingendring
with furly *Mura's* Lady : and men may
conjecture y're no chaster then a vot'rie :
yet though she would not solace your desires,
there are as handsome Ladies wil be proud
to have your Grace inoculate their stoks
with your graft-royal.

Ab. Thou art *Selinthus* stil,
and wilt not change thy humor. I must go
and find out *Mura* ; so farwel *Selinthus*,
thou art not for these warrs, I know.

Exit.

Sel. No truly,
nor yet for any other, 'leſs 't be on
a naked yeilding enemie ; though there may
be as hot service upon ſuch a foe
as on thoſe clad in ſteel : the little ſquadron,
we civill men assault body to body,
oft carry wild-fire, about them privately,
that findges us ith' ſervice from the crown
even to the ſole, nay ſometimes hair and all off.
But theſe are tranſitory perills.

Enter Gasilles, Ofman.

Couzens,
I thought you had been dancing to the drum.
Your General has given order for a march
this night, I can affiur you.

Gaf. It is Couzen,
ſomething of the ſoonest ; but we are prepar'd
at all times for the journey.

Sel. To morrow morning
may ſerve the turn though. Hark you, Couzens mine ;
if in this *Persian* War you chance to take a
handsome the Captive, pray you be not unmindfull

of us your friends at home ; I will disburse her ransome, Couzens, for I've a months mind to try if strange flesh, or that of our own Countrey has the compleater relish.

Of. We will accomplish thy pleasure, noble Couzen.

Sel. But pray do not take the first fay of her your selves. I do not love to walk after any of my kindred ith' path of copulation.

Gaf. The first fruits shall be thy own, dear Couz. But shall we part (never perhaps to meet agen) with dry lips, my right honoured Coz ?

Sel. By no means, though by the *Alcharon* wine be forbidden, you Souldiers in that case make't not your faith. Drink water in the Camp, when you can purchase no other liquor ; here you shall have plenty of wine, old and delicious. I'le be your leader, and bring you on, let who will bring you off. To the encounter, come let us marel, Couzens.

Exeunt Omnes.

Song.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, and Mesithes, Perilinda.

Car. No more, my gracious Lord, where real love is needlesse are all expressions ceremonious : the amorous Turtles, that at first acquaintance strive to expresse in murmuring notes their loves, do when agreed on their affections change their chirps to billing.

Abil. And in feather'd arms incompaſſe mutually their gawdy necks.

Mef. How do you like

these love tricks, *Perilinda* ?

Per. Very well ;
but one may sooner hope from a dead man
to receive kindness, than from thee, an Eunuch.
You are the coldest creatures in the bodies,
no snow-balls like you.

Mef. We must needs, who have not
that which like fire should warm our constitutions,
the instruments of copulation, gire,
our toyes to please the Ladies.

Abil. Caropia, in your well becoming pity
of my extream afflictions and stern sufferings,
you've shown that excellent mercy as must render
what ever action you can fix on, virtuous.
But Lady, I till now have been your tempter,
one that desired hearing, the brave resistance
you made my brother, when he woo'd your love,
only to boast the glory of a conquest
which seem'd impossible, now I have gain'd it
by being vanquisher, I my self am vanquish'd
your everlasting Captive.

Car. Then the thralldome
will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage
of palms, that flourish most when bow'd down fastest ;
Constraint makes sweet and easie things laborious,
when love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures.
Yet 'twas ambition (Sir) join'd with affection
that gave me up a spoil to your temptations.
I was resolv'd, if ever I did make
a breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be
with him that was the darling of kind fortune
as well as liberall nature ; who posseſſ'd
the height of greatness to adorn his beauty ;
which since they both conspire to make you happy,
I thought 't would be a greater sin to suffer
your hopeful person, born to sway this Empire,
in loves hot flames to languish, by refusal
to a consuming feaver, then t' infringe
a vow which ne're proceeded from my heart

when I unwillingly made it.

Abil. And may break it with confidence, secure from the least guilt, as if 't had only in an idle dream been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there can be no greater misery in love, than separation from the object which we affect ; and such is our misfortune we must ith' infancy of our desires breath at unwelcome distance ; ith' mean time, lets make good use of the most precious minutus we have to spend together.

Car. Else we were unworthy to be titled lovers ; but I fear loath'd *Mura* may with swift approach disturb our happiness.

Abil. By my command hee's mustring up our forces. Yet *Mesithes*, go you to *Abrahen*, and with intimations from us, strengthen our charge. Come my *Caropia*, love's wars are harmlesse, for who ere do's yeild, gains as much honor as who wins the field.

ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA I.

Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising from bed, Abrahen without, Perilinda.

A Br. Open the door, I must and will have entrance unto the Prince my brother, as you love your life and safety and that Ladies honor,

whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not deny me entrance to you, I am *Abrahen*, your loyal brother *Abrahen*.

Abil. 'Tis his voice, and there can be no danger in't, *Caropia*, be not difmaid, though w'are to him discover'd. Your fame shall taste no blemish by't. Now brother, 'tis something rude in you, thus violently to presse upon our privacies.

Abr. My affection shall be my Advocate, and plead my care of your lov'd welfare, as you love your honour, haste from this place, or you'l betray the Lady to ruin most inevitable. Her husband has notice of your being here, and's comming on wings of jealousie and desperate rage to intercept you in your close delights. In breif, I over heard a trusty Servant of his ith' Camp come and declare your highnesse was private with *Caropia*: at which tidings the sea with greater haste when vext with tempests, so sudden and boystrous, flies not towards the shore, then he intended homewards. He by this needs must have gain'd the City; for with all my power I hasted hitherward, that by your absence you might prevent his veiw of you.

Abil. Why? the slave dare not invade my perfon, had he found me in fair *Caropias* armes: 'twould be ignoble, now I have cauf'd her danger, should I not defend her from his violence. I'le stay though he come arm'd with thunder.

Abr. That will be a certain means to ruin her: To me count that cure, I'le stand between the Lady, and *Mura*'s fury, when your very sight, giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him 'gainst her beyond all patience.

Car. Nay, besides
his violent wrath breaking through his allegiance
may riot on your person. Dear my Lord
withdraw your self, there may be some excuse
when you are absent thought on, to take off
Mura's suspition : by our loves, depart
I do beseech you. Hapless I was born
to be most miserable.

Abil. You shall over-rule me.
Better it is for him with unhallowed hands
to act a sacriledg on our Prophets tombe
then to profane this purity with the least
offer of injurie ; be careful *Abrahen*,
to thee I leave my heart. Farewell *Caropia*,
your tears inforce my absence. *Exit Abil.*

Abr. Pray hast my Lord
lest you should meet the inrag'd *Mura* : now Madam
where are the boasted glories of that virtue,
which like a faithful Fort withstood my batt'ries ?
demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear ;
like a fair building totter'd from its base
by an unruly whirlewind, and are now
instead of love the objects of my pitie.

Car. I'me bound to thank you Sir, yet credit me ;
my sin's so pleasing 't' cannot meet repentance.
Were *Mura* here, and arm'd with all the horrors
rage could invest his powers with ; not forgiven
Hermits with greater peace shal hast to death,
then I to be the Martyr of this cause,
which I so love and reverence.

Abr. 'Tis a noble
and wel becoming constancie, and merits
a lover of those Supreme eminent graces,
that do like ful winds fwel the glorious Sails
of *Abilqualit's* dignitie and beautie !
yet Madam, let me tell you, though I could not
envie my brothers happinesse, if he
could have enjoy'd your priceleſs love with safetie,
free from discouverie, I am afflicted

beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth
which with as true a zeal, courted your love,
should appear so contemptible to receive
a killing scorn from you : yet I forgive you,
and do so much respect your peace, I wish
you had not sin'd so carelefly to be
betray'd ith' first fruitions of your wishes
to your suspiciois husband.

Car. 'Tis a fate Sir,
which I must stand, though it come dress'd in flames,
killing as circular fire, and as prodigious
as death presaging Comets : there's that strength
in love, can change the pitchie face of dangers
to pleasing formes, make ghastly fears seeme beau-
teous ;
and I'me resolv'd, since the sweet Prince is free
from *Mura*'s anger, which might have been fatal
if he should here have found him, unresistless
I dare his utmost fury.

Abr. 'Twil bring death with't
sure as stifling dampe ; and 'twere much pitie
so sweet a beautie should unpitied fall,
betrai'd to endleffe infamie ; your husband
knowes only that my brother in your chamber
was entertained ; the servant that betrayed you,
curse on his diligence, could not affirm
he saw you twin'd together : yet it is
death by the law, you know, for any Ladie
at such an hour, and in her husbands absence ;
to entertain a stranger.

Car. 'Tis considered Sir,
and since I cannot live to enjoy his love,
I'le meet my death as willingly as I
met *Abiqualit*'s dear embraces.

Abr. That were too severe a crueltie. Live *Caropia*,
til the kind destinies take the loath'd *Mura*
to their eternal Mansions, til he fal
either in war a sacrifice to fortune,
or else by stratagem take his destruction

from angry *Abilqualit*, whose faire Empresse you were created for : there is a mean yet to save th' opinion of your honour spotlesse, as that of Virgin innocence, nay to preserve, (though he doth know (as certainly he must do) my Brother have injoy'd thee) thee stil precious in his deluding fancie.

Car. Let me adore you
if you can give effect to your good purpose.
But tis impossible.

Abr. With as secure an ease
't shal be accomplish'd as the blest desires
of uncross'd lovers : you shal with one breath
dissolve these mists that with contagious darknesse
threaten the lights both of your life and honour.
Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

Car. How my Lord ?

Abr. Obtained by violence entry into your chamber
where his big lust secondeed by force,
despight of yours and your Maids weak resistance
surpris'd your honor : when't shall come to question,
my brother cannot so put off the truth,
he owes his own affection and your whiteness,
but to acknowledg it a rape.

Car. And so by saving mine, betray his fame and
safety,
to the lawes danger, and your fathers justice,
which with impartial doome will most severely
sentence the Prince, although his son.

Abr. Your fears
and too affectionate tendernesse wil ruine
all that my care has builded. Sure, *Mesithes*
has (as my charge injoin'd him) made relation

Enter Mura.
to him of *Abilqualit's* action. See your Husband,
reslove on't, or y're miserable.

Mu. Furies,
where is this lustful Prince, and this lascivious
Strumpet ? ha *Abrahen*, here ?

Abr. Good Cozen *Mura*,
be not so passionate, it is your Prince
has wrought your injury ; resolve to bear
your crosseſ like a man : the greatſt afflictions
ſhould have the greatest fortitude in their ſuffrings
from minds resolv'd and noble. 'Las poor Ladie,
'twas not her fault ; his too unruly luſt
'tis, has destroi'd her puritie.

Mu. Ha, in tears !
Are theſe the liverie of your fears and penitence,
or of your forrows (minion) for being rob'd
ſo ſoon of your Adulterer ?

Abr. Fie, your paſſion
is too unmannerly ; you look upon her
with eyes of rage, when you with grief and pitie
ought to ſurveigh her innocence. My Brother,
degenerate as he is from worth, and meerly
the beast of luſt, (what fiends would fear to violate)
has with rude inſolence destroyed her honor,
by him inhumane ravished.

Car. Good Sir be
ſo merciful as to ſet free a wretch
from loath'd mortalitie, whose lifes ſo great
and hateful burden now ſh'as lost her honor :
'Twil be a friendly charitie to deliver
her from the torment of it.

Mu. That I could
contraſt the foul of universal rage
into this ſwelling heart, that it might be
as ful of poifonous anger as a dragons
when in a toile infnar'd. *Caropia* ravished !
Methinks the horror of the ſound ſhould fright
to everlasting ruine, the whole world,
ſtart natures Genius.

Abr. Gentle Madam, pray
withdraw your ſelf, your fight, til I have wrought
a cure upon his temper, wil but adde
to his affliction.

Car. You're as my good Angel,

I'll follow your directions.

Exit.

Abr. Cozen *Mura*,

I thought a person of your masculine temper,
in dangers fostred, where perpetual terrors
have been your play-fellowes, would not have resented
with such effeminate passion a disgrace,
though ne're so huge and hideous.

Mu. I am tame,
collected now in all my facultieſ, which are ſo much opprefſ'd with injuries,
they've lost the anguifh of them: can you think, Sir,
when all the winds fight, the inrag'd billows
that uſe to imprint on the black lips of clouds
a thouſand brinie kisses, can lie ſtil,
as in a lethargie? that when baths of oyl
are pour'd upon the wild irregular flames
in populous Cities, that they'll then extinguifh?
Your mitigation adde but feas to feas,
give matter to my fires to increase their burning,
and I ere long enlightened by my anger
ſhall be my owne pile, and conſume to aſhes.

Abr. Why, then I ſee indeed your injuries
have ravifhed hence your reaſon and diſcourse,
and left you the meere prostitute of paſſion.
Can you repaire the ruins you lament ſo
with these exclaiſes? was ever dead man call'd
to life again by fruitful ſighs? or can
your rage reedifie *Caropias* honour,
ſlain and betraïd by his foul luſt? Your manhood,
that heretofore has thrown you on all dangers,
me thinks ſhould prompt you to a noble vengance,
which you may ſafely prosecute with Juſtice,
to which this crime, although he be a Prince,
Renders him liable.

Mu. Yes, I'le have juſtice
or I'le awake the ſleepy Deities,
or like ambitious Gyants wage new wars
with heaven it ſelf, my wrongs shall ſteel my courage,
and on this vicious Prince like a fierce ſea-breach

my just wak'd rage shall riot till it sink
in the remorcelesse eddie, sink where time
shall never find his name but with disgrace
to taint his hatefull memory.

Abr. This wildnesse neither befit your wisdom nor
your courage,
which should with setled and collected thoughts
walk on to noble vengeance. He before
was by our plots proscrib'd to death and ruine
to advance me to the Empire ; now with ease
we may accomplish our designes

Mu. Would heaven
I nere had given consent, o'recome by love
to you to have made a forfeit on my allegiance,
'tis a just punishment, I by him am wrong'd,
whom for your sake I fearlesse fought to ruin.

Abr. Are you repentant grown, *Mura* ? this soft-
neſe !
ill suits a person of your great resolues,
on whom my fortunes have ſuch firm dependance.
Come, let *Caropia*'s fate invoke thy vengeance
to gain full maſtry o're all other paſſions,
leave not a corner in thy ſpacious heart
unſunniſh'd of a noble rage, which now
will be an attribute of glorious justice :
the law you know with loſs of fight doth puniſh
all rapes, though on mean perſons ; and our father
is ſo ſevere a Juſticer, not blood
can make a breach upon his faith to juſtice.
Besides, we have already made him dangerous
in great *Almanzors* thoughts, and being delinquent
he needs muſt ſuffer what the meanest offender
merits for ſuch a trespass.

Mu. I'me awake now,
the lethargy of horror and amaze
that did obſcure my reaſon, like thoſe dul
and lazy vapors that o'reſhade the Sun,
vanish, and it resumes its native brightneſs.
And now I would not but this devil Prince

had done this act upon *Caropia's* whiteness,
since't yeilds you free access unto the Empire,
The deprivall of's sight do's render him incapable
of future soveraignty.

Abr. Thou'rt in the right,
and haft put on manly considerations :
Caropia (since shee's in her will untainted)
ha's not forgon her honor : he dispatc'd once,
as we will have him shortly, 't shall go hard else,
a tenant to his marble, thou agen
wedded in peace maist be to her pure vertues,
and live their happy owner.

Mu. I'le repair
to great *Almanzor* instantly, and if
his partial piety do descend to pitty,
I will awake the Executioner
of justice, death, although in sleep more heavy
than he can borrow from his natural coldnes ;
on this good sword I'le wear my causes justice
till he do fall its sacrifice.

Abr. But be sure
you do't with cunning secrefie, perhaps,
should he have notice of your just intentions,
he would repair to th' Army, from which safegard
our best force could not pluck him without danger
to the whole Empire.

Mu. Doubt not but I'le manage
with a discreet severity my vengeance,
invoke *Almanzors* equity with sudden
and private haste.

Abr. Mean time
I will go put a new design in practice
that may be much conducing to our purpose.
Like clocks, one wheele another on must drive,
affairs by diligent labor only thrive.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Selinthus, Gafelles, Ofman, and Souldiers.

Sel. No quarrelling good Couzens, lest it be

Of. Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace ?
ere he shal lose an eie for such a trifle,
or have a haire diminish'd, we wil
lose our heads; what, hoodwink men like fullen hawks
for doing deeds of nature ! I'me ashamed
the law is such an Afs.

Sel. Some Eunuch Judg,
that could not be acquainted with the sweets
due to concupiscential parts, invented
this law, I'll be hang'd else. 's Life, a Prince,
and such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,
for satisfying the hunger of the stomack
beneath the waft, is crueltie prodigious,
not to be suffer'd in a common-wealth
of ought but geldings.

Abr. 'Tis vain to sooth
our hopes with these delusions, he wil suffer
les he be reskued. I would have you therfore
if you ow any service to the Prince,
my much lamented brother, to attend
without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if
there be necessity of your ayd, I'le give you
notice when to employ it.

Sel. Sweet Prince, wee'l swim
in blood to do thee or thy brother service.
Each man provide their weapons.

Abr. You will win
my brothers love for ever, nay my father,
though hee'l seem angry to behold his justice
deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,
will thank you for your loyalties : Pray be there
with all speed possible, by this my brothers
commanded 'fore my father, I'le go learn
the truth, and give you notice : pray be secret
and firm to your resolues.

Exit.

Sel. For him that flinches
in such a cause, I'le have no more mercy
on him. Heres *Tarifa* *Enter Tarifa and Mura.*
the Princes sometimes Tutor, *Mura* with him

a bat-fowling all night after those Birds,
those Ladie-birds term'd wagtails ; what strange busi-
ness

can he have here, tro ?

Abr. 'Twas wel done, *Mesithes* !
and trust me, I shal find an apt reward,
both for thy care and cunning. Prethee hast
to Lord *Simanthes*, and deliver this
note to him with best diligence, my dear Eunuch ;
thou'rt halfe the soul of *Abrahen* :

Mes. I was borne
to be intituled your most humble vassal ;
I'll hast to the Lord *Simanthes*.

Exit.

Sel. How he cringes !
These youths that want the instruments of Manhood,
are very supple in the hams.

Abr. Good Morrow
to noble Lord *Selinthus* : what companions
have you got here thus early ?

Sel. Blades of metal,
tall men of war, and't please your Grace, of my
own blood and family, men who gather'd
a fallad on the enemies ground, and eaten it
in bold defiance of him ;
and not a Souldier here but's an *Achylles*,
valiant as stoutest *Mirmidon*.

Abr. And they
never had juster cause to show their valor ;
the Prince my dearest brother, their Lord General's
became a forfeit to the stern laws rigour ;
and 'tis imagin'd, our impartial father,
will sentence him to lose his eyes.

Gaf. Marry heaven
defend, for what, and 't like your Grace !

Abr. For a fact
which the severe law punishes with losf
of natures precious lights ; my tears wil scarce
permit me utter't : for a rape committed
on the fair wife of *Mura*.

with the glas, 'cause 'tis not of size sufficient
to give you a magnificent draught. You will
have fighting work enough when you're i'th' wars,
do not fall out among your selves.

Of. Not pledg
my peerlesse Mistresse health ? Souldier, thou'rt mor-
tall,
if thou refuse it.

Gaf. Come, come, he shall pledg it,
and 'twere a Tun. Why, w'are all as dull
as dormise in our liquor : Here's a health
to the Prince *Abilqualit.*

Soul. Let go round :
I'd drink't, were it an Ocean of warm bloud
flowing from th' enemie. Pray, good my Lord
what news is stirring ?

Sel. It should seem, Souldier,
thou canst not read ; otherwise the learn'd Pamphlets
that flie about the streets, would satisfie
thy curiositie with news ; they'r true ones,
full of discreet intelligence.

Of. Cofens, shal's have a Song ? here is a Souldier
in's time hath fung a dirge unto the foe
oft in the field.

Soul. Captain, I have a new one,
the Souldiers Joy 'tis call'd.

Sel. That is an harlot.
Preethee be musicall, and let us taste
the sweetnesse of thy voice.

A Song.

Gaf. Whist, give attention.

Soul. How does your Lordship like it ?

Sel. Very well.
And so here's to thee. There's no drum beats yet,
and 'tis clear day ; some hour hence 'twill be
Enter Abr. Mef.
time to break up the Watch. Ha ! young Lord *Abra-*
hen,
and trim *Mefithes* with him ! what the divel
does he make up so early ? He has been

a walking towards the Court, let's take no notice of them, lest they discover our intentions by our grim looks. March fair and softly Couzens, wee'l be at Court before them.

Tar. You will not do this, *Mura*!

Mu. How *Tarifa*?

will you defend him in an act so impious? Is't fit the drum should cease his surly language, when the bold Souldiers marches, or that I should passe o're this affront in quiet silence, which Gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance? which I will have, or manhood shall be tame as Cowardice.

Tar. It was a deed so barbarous, that truth it self blushes as well as justice to hear it mention'd: but consider *Mura*, he is our Prince, the Empires hope, and pillar of great *Almanzors* age. How far a publick regard should be prefer'd before your private desire of vengeance! which if you do purchace from our impartial Emperors equity, his loss of sight, and so of the succession, will not restore *Caropia* to the honor he ravish't from her. But so foule the cause is, I rather should lament the Princes folly than plead in his behalf.

Mur. 'Tis but vain, there is your warrant, as you are high Marshal, to summon him to make his speedy appearance 'fore the Tribunall of *Almanzor*; so pray you execute your office.

Exit.

Tar. How one vice can like a small cloud when 't breaks forth in showers, black the whole heaven of virtues! O my Lord,

Enter Abilqualit, Muts, whispring, seem to make protestations. Exeunt.

that face of yours which once with Angell brightness cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition frights it with ghastly terror: you have done

a deed that startles vertue till it shakes
as it got a palfie. I'me commanded
to summon you before your father, and
hope you'l obey his mandate.

Abil. Willingly,
what's my offence, *Tarifa* ?

Tar. Would you knew not,
I did presage your too unruly passions
would hurry you to some disast'rous act,
but ne're imagin'd you'd have been so lost
to masculine honor, to commit a rape
on that unhappy object of your love,
whom now y'ave made the spoil of your foul lust,
the much wrong'd wife of *Mura*.

Abil. Why, do's *Mura* charge me with his *Caropia's*
rape ?

Tar. This warrant sent by your angry father, testi-
fies

he means to impeach you of it.

Abil. 'Tis my fortune, all natural motions when they
approach their end, hast to draw to't with accustom'd
swiftnesse. Rivers with greedier speed run neere
their out-falls, than at their springs. But I'me resolv'd,
let what happen that will, I'le stand it, and defend
Caropia's honor, though mine own I ruin ;
Who dares not dye to justifie his love,
deserves not to enjoy her. Come, *Tarifa*,
what e're befall, I'me resolute. He dies
glorious, that falls loves innocent sacrifice. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. Scena I.

Enter Almanzor, Abilqualit, Tarifa and Mura.

Al. No more *Tarifa*, you'l provoke our anger,
if you appear in this cause so solicitous,
the act is too apparent : nor shal you

need (injur'd *Mura*) to implore our justice,
which with impartial doome shall fal on him
more rigorously, then on a strange offender.

O *Abilqualit*, (for the name of Son,
when thou forsookst thy native virtue, left thee;) Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortunes glories
of no more value, then to be expos'd
to ruine for one vice; at whose name only
the furies start, and bashful fronted justice
hides her amaz'd head? But it is now bootles
to shew a fathers pitie, in my grief
for thy amifs. As I'me to be thy Judg,
be resolute, I'll take as little notice,
thou art my off-spring, as the wandring clouds
do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripe-
nessse,
they straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.

Abil. I'me forrie Sir, that my unhappy chance
should draw your anger on me; my long silence
declares I have on that excelling sweetnesse,
that unexampled pattern of chaste goodnesse;
Caropia acted violence. I confess,
I lov'd the Ladie, and when no perfwasions
serv'd to prevail on her, too stubborn, incens'd,
by force I fought my purpose and obtain'd it;
nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetnesse
of that unvalued purchase) find repentance
in any abject thought; what ere fals on me
from your sterne rigor in a cause so precious,
wil be a pleasing punishment.

Al. You are grown
a glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus
the awful rod of justice! Lost young man,
for thou'rt no child of mine; dost not consider
to what a state of desperate destruction
thy wild lust has betraïd thee! What rich blessings
(that I may make thee sensible of thy sins
by shewing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost
by thy irregular folly! First my love,

which never more must meet thee, scarce in pitie ;
the glorie flowing from thy former actions
stopt up for ever ; and those lustful eies,
by whose deprival (thou'rt depriv'd of being
capable of this Empire) to the law,
which wil exact them, forfeited. Cal in there
a Surgeon, and our Mutts to execute this act

Enter Surg. Muts.

of justice on the unworthie traitor, upon whom
my just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion,
then the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches
that wilfully leap into them.

Tar. O my Lord,
that which on others would be fitting justice,
on him your hopeful though offending son,
wil be exemplar crueltie ; his youth Sir,
that hath abounded with so many vertues,
is an excuse sufficient for one vice :
he is not yours only, hee's your Empires,
destin'd by nature and successions priviledg,
when you in peace are shrowded in your marble,
to weild this Scepter after you. O do not,
by putting out his eies, deprive your Subjects
of light, and leave them to dul mournful darknesse.

Al. 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.
If those on which his eyes hang, were my heart strings,
I'de cut them out rather then wound my Justice ;
nor dos't befit thy vertue intercede
for him in this cause horrid and prodigious ;
the crime 'gainst me was acted ; 'twas a rape
upon my honour, more then on her whitenesse ;
his was from mine derivative, as each stream
is from its spring ; so that he has polluted
by his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodnesse,
strucken through my dignitie by his violence :
nay, started in their peaceful urnes, the ashes
of all my glorious Ancestors ; defil'd
the memorie of their stil descendent vertues ;
nay, with a killing frost, nipt the fair blossomes,

that did presage such goodly fruit arising
from his own hopeful youth.

Mur. I ask but justice ;
those eyes that led him to unlawful objects,
tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindnesse ;
the Sun himself, when he darts rayes lascivious,
such as engender by too piercing fervence
intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears
obscuritie from the clouds his own beams raiseth.
I have been your Souldier Sir, and fought your
battails ;

for all my services, I beg but justice,
which is the Subjects best prerogative,
the Princes greatest attribute ; and for a fact,
then which, none can be held more black and hideous,
which has betrai'd to an eclipse the brightest
star in th' heaven of vertues : the just law
does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope
you the laws righteous guider, wil accordiug
to equitie see executed.

Tar. Why ! that law
was only made for common malefactors,
but has no force to extend unto the Prince,
to whom the law it self must become subiect.
This hopeful Prince, look on him, great *Almanzor* ;
and in his eyes, those volumes of all graces,
which you like erring Meteors would extinguish :
read your own lively figure, the best storie
of your youths noblest vigor ; let not wrath (Sir)
o'recome your pietie, nay your humane pity.
'Tis in your brest, my Lord, yet to shew mercie ;
that precious attribute of heavens true goodnesse,
even to your self, your son ! me thinks that name
should have a power to interdict your Justice
in its too rigorous progress.

Abil. Dear *Tarifa*,
I'me more afflicted at the intercessions,
then at the view of my approaching torments,
which I wil meet with fortitude and boldnesse,

too base to shake now at one personal danger,
when I've incountred thousand perils fearless ;
Nor do I blame my gracious fathers Justice,
though it precede his nature. I'd not have him
(for my sake) forfeit that for which hee's famous,
his incorrupted equitie, nor repine
I at my destinie ; my eies have had
delights sufficient in *Caropia's* beauties,
to serve my thoughts for after contemplations ;
nor can I ever covet a new object,
since they can ne're hope to incounter any
of equal worth and sweetnes.

Yet hark *Tarifa*, to thy secrerie
I wil impart my dearest, inmost counsels ;
if I should perish, as 'tis probable
I may, under the hands of these tormentors ;
thou maist unto succession shew my innocence ;
Caropia yeilded without least constraint,
and I injoy'd her freely.

Tar. How my Lord !

Abil. No words on't,
as you respect my honour ! I'd not lose
the glorie I shall gain by these my sufferings ;
come grim fures, and execute your office. I wil stand
you,
unmov'd as hills at whirlwinds, and amidst
the torments you inflict, retain my courage.

Al. Be speedie villaines.

Tar. O stay your cruel hands,
you dumb ministers of injur'd Justice,
and let me speak his innocence ere you further
afflict his precious eye-sight.

Al. What does this mean, *Tarifa* !

Tar. O my Lord,
the too much braverie of the Princes spirit
'tis has undone his fame, and pul'd upon him
this fatal punishment ; 'twas but to save
the Ladies honour, that he has assum'd
her rape upon him, when with her consent

the deed of shame was acted.

Mur. Tis his fears
makes him traduce her innocence : he who did not
stick to commit a riot on her person,
can make no conscience to destroy her fame
by his untrue suggestions.

Al. 'Tis a basenesse
beyond thy other villanie (had shee yeilded)
thus to betraie for transitorie torture,
her honour, which thou wert ingag'd to safeguard
even with thy life. A son of mine could never
show this ignoble cowardize : Proceed
to execution, I'll not hear him speak,
he his made up of treacheries and falsehoods.

Tar. Wil you then
be to the Prince so tyrannous ? Why, to me
just now he did confess his only motive
to undergoe this torment, was to save
Caropia's honour blameless.

Abil. I am more troubled
Sir, with his untimely frenzie,
then with my punishment ; his too much love
to me, has spoild his temperate reasoun. I
confess *Caropia* yeilded ! Not the light
is half so innocent as her spotlesse virtue.
'Twas not wel done, *Tarifa*, to betray
the secret of your friend thus, though Shee yeilded,
the terror of ten thousand deaths shall never
force me to confess it.

Tar. Agen, my Lord, even now
he does confess, shee yeilded, and protests
that death shall never make him fay shee's guiltie :
the breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

Abil. Haplesse man,
to run into this lunacie !

Fie *Tarifa*,
so treacherous to your Friend !

Tar. Agen, agen.
Wil no man give me credit ?

Enter Abrahen.

Abr. Where is our roial father ? where our brother ?
As you respect your life and Empires safetie,
dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death
and crueltie unexemplified. O Brother,
that I should ever live to enjoy my eie-sight,
and see one halfe of your dear lights indanger'd.
My Lord, you've done an act, which my just fears
tels me, wil shake your Scepter ! O for heavens sake,
look to your future safetie ; the rough Souldier
hearing their much lov'd General, My good Brother
was by the law betrai'd to some sad danger,
have in their pietie beset the pallace ;
think on some means to appease them, ere their furie
grow to its ful unbridled height ; they threaten
your life, dear Sir : pray send my brother to them,
his fight can only pacifie them.

Al. Have you your Champions !
We wil prevent their insolence, you shal not
boast, you have got the Empire by our ruine.
Muts, Strangle him immedately.

Abr. Avert
such a prodigious mischief, heaven, Hark, hark

Enter, Enter.

they're entred into th' Court ; desist you monsters,
my life shal stand betwixt his and this violence,
or I with him wil perish. Faithful Souldiers,
hast to defend your Prince, curse on your flownesse.
Hee's dead ; my fathers turn is next. O horror,
would I might sink into forgetfulness !
What has your furie urg'd you to ?

Al. To that
which whoſo murmurs at, is a faithleſſe traitor

Enter Simanthes.

to our tranquilitie. Now Sir, your busines ?

Sim. My Lord, the Citie
is up in arms, in rescue of the Prince ;
the whole Court throngs with Souldiers.

Al. 'Twas high time.

to cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage through our very bowels to our Empire.

Nay, we wil stand their furies, and with terror of Majestie strike dead these insurrections.

Enter Souldiers.

Traitors, what means this violence ?

Abr. O dear Souldiers, your honest love's in vain ; my Brother's dead, strangled by great *Almanzor*'s dire command, ere your arrival. I do hope they'l kill him in their hot zeal.

Al. Why do you stare so, traitors ? 'twas I your Emp'rор that have done this act, which who repines at, treads the self same steps of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us, wee'l be alone. No motion ! Are you statues ? Stay you, *Tarifa* here. For your part, *Mura*, you cannot now complain but you have justice ; so quit our presence.

Of. Faces about, Gentleman.

Exeunt.

Abr. It has happ'ned above our wishes, we shall have no need now to employ your handkercher. Yet give it me. You'r sure 'tis right, *Simanthes*.

Al. *Tarifa*, I know the love thou bearst Prince *Abilqualit* makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the some of angry Dragons. Speak thy free intentions, Deserv'd he not this fate ?

Tar. No : You're a Tyrant, one that delights to feed on your own bowels, and were not worthie of a Son so vertuous. Now you have tane his, add to your injustice, and take *Tarifa*'s life, who in his death, should it come flying on the wings of torments, would speak it out as an apparent truth : the Prince to me declar'd his innocence, and that *Caropia* yeelded.

Al. Rise *Tarifa* ;

we do command thee, rise : a sudden chilnesse,
such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
thrils our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee ingross
sorrow alone for *Abilqualit's* death :

I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition
and popularitie did make him dangerous,
I do repent my furie, and will vie
with thee in sorrow. How he makes death lovely !
Shall we fix here, and weep till we be statues ?

Tar. Til we grow stiff as the cold Alabasters
must be erected over us. Your rashnesse
has rob'd the Empire of the greatest hope
it ere shall boast agen. Would I were ashes.

Al. He breathes (me thinks :) the over-hastie
foul

was too discourteous to forsake so fair
a lodging, without taking solemn leave
first of the owner. Ha, his handkercher !
Thou'rt lib'ral to thy Father even in death,
leav'ft him a legacie to drie his tears,
which are too flow ; they should create a deluge.
O my dear *Abilqualit* !

Tar. You exceed now
as much in grief as you did then in rage,
One drop of this pious paternal softnesse
had ransom'd him from ruine. Dear Sir, rise :
my grief's divided, and I know not whether
I should lament you living, or him dead.
Good Sir, erect your looks. Not stir ! His sorrow
makes him insensible. Ha, there's no motion
left in his vital spirits : The excessse
of grief has stifled up his pow'rs, and crack'd
(I fear) his ag'd hearts cordage. Help, the Emperor,
the Emperor's dead ; Help, help.

Abrahen, Simanthes, Mefithes, Muts.

Abr. What dismal outcrie's this ?
our royal father dead ! The handkercher has wrought
I see.

Tar. Yes ; his big heart
vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent rage,
he doom'd his much lov'd son to timeless death,
could not endure longer on its weak strings,
but crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their two spirits,
by this, are met in their delightful passage
to the blest shades ; we in our tears are bound
to cal you our dread Soveraign.

Omnes. Long live *Abrahen*
Great *Caliph of Arabia.*

Abr. 'Tis a title
we cannot covet, Lords, it comes attended
with so great cares and troubles, that our youth!
start at the thought of them, even in our sorrows
which are fo mightie on us ; our weak spirits
are readie to relinquish the possession
they've of mortalitie, and take swift flight
after our roial friends. *Simanthes*, be it
your charge to see all fitting preparation
provided for the funerals.

Enter Selinthus.

Sel. Where's great *Almanzor* ?

Abr. O *Selinthus*, this
day is the hour of funerals grief ; for his
crueltie to my brother, has translated
him to immortalitie.

Sel. Hee'll have attendants
to wait on him to our great prophets paradise,
ere he be readie for his grave. The Souldiers
all mad with rage for the Princes slaughter,
have vow'd by all oaths Souldiers can invent,
(and that's no smal store) with death and destruc-
tion

to pursue fullen *Mura.*

Abr. *Tarifa*,
use your authoritie to keep their violence
in due obedience. We're so fraught with grief,
we have no room for any other passion
in our distract'd bosome. Take these roial bodies
and place them on that couch ; here where they fell,

they shal be imbalm'd. Yet put them out of our
fight,

their veiws draw fresh drops from our heart.

Anon we'l shew our selves to chear the afflicted

Subiect.

a Shout.

Omnes. Long live Abrahen, great Caliph of Arabia.

Exeunt.

Abr. And who can say now, *Abrahen* is a villain ?

I am saluted King with acclamations

that deaf the Heavens to hear, with as much joy

as if I had atchiev'd this Scepter by

means fair and vertuous. 'Twas this handkercher

that did to death *Almanzor*; so infected

its least insensible vapour has full power;

apply'd to th' eye, or any other Organ,

can drink its poyson in to vanquish Nature,

though nere so strong and youthful. 'Twas *Simanthes*

devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning

transferr'd it to *Almanzor*; 'tis no matter,

my worst impiety is held now religious.

'Twixt Kings and their inferiors there's this ods,

These are meer men, we men, yet earthly gods.

Exit.

Abil. 'Twas well the Muts prov'd faithful, other-
wife

I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence

as those who do expire in dreams, their health

seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely

consider'd of me, to prepare those sure

instruments of destruction: The suspicion

I had by *Abrahen* of my fathers fears

of my unthought ambition, did instruct me

by making them mine, to secure my safety.

Would the inhumane Surgeon had tane

these blessed lights from me; that I had liv'd for
ever

doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather then

Tarifa's fears had so impeach'd her honour.

Well, villain Brother, I have found that by
 my seeming death, which by my lives best arts
 I ne're should have had knowledg of. Dear Father,
 though thou to me wert pitileffe, my heart
 weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like
 a lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin
 from its own Stock descending : He has agents
 in his ungracious wickednesse : *Simanthes*
 he has discover'd : Were they multitudes
 as numerous as collected sands, and mighty
 in force as mischief, they should from my Justice
 meet their due punishment. *Abrahen* by this
 is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right,
 when't shall appear I'me living, wil reduce
 the people to my part ; the armie's mine,
 whither I must withdraw unfeen : the night
 wil best secure me. What a strange *Chimera*
 of thought possesses my dul brain ! *Caropia*,
 thou haft a share in them : Fate, to thy mercie
 I do commit my self ; who scapes the snare
 once, has a certain caution to beware.

Exit.

Scen. 2. *Enter Caropia and Perilinda.*

Car. Your Lord is not returned yet !

Per. No, good Madam :
 pray do not thus torment your self, the Prince
 (I warrant you) wil have no injurie
 by faving of your honour ; do you think
 his father wil be so extreme outragious
 for fuch a trifle, as to force a woman
 with her good liking ?

Car. My ill boding soul
 beats with presages ominous. Would heaven
 I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd Lords furie,
 rather then he had run this imminent danger.
 Could you ne're learn, which of the slaves it was
 betray'd our close loves to loath'd *Mura*'s notice ?

Per. No indeed could I not ; but here's my Lord,
pray Madam do not grieve so ! *Enter Mura.*

Mu. My *Caropia*,
dres's up thy looks in their accustom'd beauties,
cal back the constant spring into thy cheeks,
that droope like lovely Violets, o're charg'd
with too much mornings dew ; shoot from thy eies
a thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,
that like a foul thief, rob'd thee of thy honour
by his ungracious violence, has met
his roial fathers Justice.

Car. Now my fears
carry too sure an augury ! you would fain
ooth me, my Lord, out of my floud of sorrows ;
what reparation can that make my honour,
though he have tasted punishment ?

Mu. His life
is falm the off-spring of thy chastitie,
which his hot lust polluted : nay, *Caropia*,
to save himself, when he but felt the torment
applied to his lascivious eies ; although
at first he did with impudence acknowledg
thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue,
protested, only 'twas to save thy honor,
he took on him thy rape, when with consent
and not constrain'd, thou yeildedst to the looseness
of his wild vicious flames.

Car. Could he be so unjust, my Lord ?

Mu. He was, and he has paid for't ;
the malicious Souldier, while he was a losing
his eies, made violent head to bring him reskue,
which

pul'd his ruine on him. But no more
of such a prodigie ; may his black memorie
perish even with his ashes. My *Caropia*,
the flourishing trees widow'd by winters violence
of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once,
put forth again with new and virgin freshnes,
their bushie beauties ; it should be thy emblem.

Display agen those chaste immaculate glories,
which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd ;
and I'll agen be wedded to thy vertues,
with as much joy, as when thou frst inrich'd me
with their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dul,
and dost not gratulate with happie welcoms,
the triumphs of thy vengeance.

Car. Are you sure, my Lord, the Prince is dead ?

Mu. Pish, I beheld him breathlesse.

Take comfort best *Caropia*, thy disgrace
did with his loath'd breath vanish.

Car. I could wish though,
that he had falne by your particular vengeance,
rather then by th' laws rigor ; you're a Souldier
of glorie, great in war for brave performance :
me thinks 't had been far nobler, had you call'd him
to personal satisfaction : had I been
your husband, you my wife, and ravished by him ;
my resolution would have arm'd my courage
to 've stroke him thus : The dead Prince fends you
that.

Stab him.

Mu. O, I am slain !

Car. Would it were possible
to kil even thy eternitie. Sweet Prince,
how shal I satisfie thy unhappy ruins !
Ha, not yet breathlesse ! To increase thy anguish
even to despair, know, *Abilqua'it* was
more dear to me, then thy foul selfe was odious,
and did enjoy me freely.

Au. That I had
but breath enough to blast thee.

Car. 'Twas his brother
(curse on his art) seduc'd me to accuse
him of my rape. Do you groane, prodigie !
take this as my last bountie.

Stab again.

Enter Perilinda.

Per. O Madam, Madam,

what shal we do ? the house is round beset
with Souldiers ; Madam, they do sweare they'l tear
my Lord, for the sweet Princes death, in pieces.

Car. This hand has sav'd
their furie that just labour : yet I'le make
use of their malice, help to convey
him into's Chamber.

Enter Ofman, Gaffelles, Souldiers.

Gaf. Where is this villain, this traitor *Mura* ?

Car. Heaven knowes what violence
their furie may assault me with ; be't death,
't shall be as welcome, as sound healthful sleepes
to men oppress'd with sicknesse. What's the matter ?
what means this outrage ?

Of. Marry, Ladie gay,
We're come to cut your little throat ; pox on you,
and all your sex ; you've caus'd the noble Princes
death, wild-fire take you fort, weel talk with you
at better leisure : you must needs be ravished !
and could not like an honest woman, take
the curtesie in friendly fort !

Gaf. We trifle :
her husband may escape us. Say, where is he ?
or you shall die, ere you can pray.

Sold. Here, here I have found the vallain ! what, do
you
sleep so soundly ? ne're wake more, this for the
Prince, you rogue : let's tear him piecemeale.
Do you take your death in silence, dog !

Car. You appear indow'd with some humanitie,
you have tane his life ; let not your hate last
after death ; let me embalm his bodie with
my tears, or kil me with him.

Of. Now you've said the word,
we care not if we do.

Enter Tarifa.

Tar. Slaves, unhand
the Ladie, who dares offer her least violence,

from this hand meets his punishment. *Gafelles, Ofman*, I thought you had been better temper'd, then thus to raise up mutinies. In the name of *Abrahen* our now Caliph, I command you, desist from these rebellious practises, and quietly retire into the Camp, and there expect his pleasure.

Gaf. *Abrahen* Caliph !

There is some hopes then, we shall gaine our pardons :

Long live great *Abrahen*. Souldiers, flink away, our vow is consummate.

Car. O my deare Lord !

Tar. Be gone.

Of. Yes, as quietly as if we were in flight before the foe ; the general pardon at the coronation, wil bring us off, I'me sure.

Tar. Alas, good Madam !

I'me sorrie that these miseries have falm with so much rigor on you ; pray take comfort : your husband prosecuted with too much violence Prince *Abilqualit*'s ruine.

Car. It appeared so ! what worlds of woes have hapless I given life to, and yet survive them !

Tar. Do not with such furie torment your innocent self. I'me sure the Emperor *Abrahen*, wil number 't 'mongst his greatest forrows, that he has lost your husband. I must give him notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you, and settle your distractions.

Car. not until I'me setled in my peaceful urne. This is yet some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes, that do overwhelm me for the Princes death, that I reveng'd it safely ; though I prize my life at no more value then a foolish ignorant Indian does a Diamond,

which for a bead of Jet or glass, he changes :
Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,
more noble braverie, to take revenge
for my Lord *Abilqualit's* timelesse slaughter.
I must use craft and mysterie. Dissembling
is held the natural qualitie of our Sex,
nor wil't be hard to practice. This same *Abrahen*,
that by his brothers ruine weilds the Scepter,
whether out of his innocence or malice,
'twas that perswaded me to accuse him of
my rape. The die is cast, I am resolv'd
to thee my *Abilqualit* I wil come.
A death for love, 's no death but Martyrdom. *Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. Scena I.

*Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gaffelles, Ofman,
Souldiers, and Muts.*

Abil. **N**O more, good faithful Souldiers ; thank
the powers
divine, has brought me back to you in safety ;
the traitorous practises against our life,
and our deare fathers, poison'd by our brother ;
we have discoverd, and shall take just vengance
on the unnatural paricide : Retire
into your tents, and peacefully expect
the event of things, you *Ofman* and *Gaffelles*
shall into th' Citie with me.

Of. We wil march
through the world with thee, dear Soveraign,
great *Abilqualit*.

Abil. *Selinthus*,
give you our dear *Tarifa* speedie notice
we are again among the living : pray him
to let our loyal Subiects in the Citie,
have sure intelligence of our escape ;

and dearest friends and fellowes, let not your too loud expressions of your joy, for our unlook'd for welfare, subject to discoverie our unexpected safety.

Sel. Never fear : they'r trustie Mirmidons, and wil stick close to you their dear *Achilles* ; but my Lord, the wifest may imagine it were safer for you to rest here 'mong your armed legions, then to intrust your person in the City, whereas it seems by the pass'd storie, you'l not know friends from enemies.

Abil. Selinthus,
Thy honest care declares the zealous duty thou ow'st thy Soveraign : but what danger can assault us there, where there is none suspects we are alive ? we'l go surveigh the state of things, i' th' morning we will seize the Palace, and then proclaim our Right. Come, valiant Captains, you shall be our companions.

Gaf. And we'l guard you safe, as you were encompas'd with an Army.

Sel. You guard your own fools heads : I'st fit his safety, on which our lives and fortunes have dependance, should be expos'd unto your singlē valour ? Pray once let your friends rule you, that you may rule them hereaster. Your good brother *Abrahen* has a strong faction, it should seem i' th' Court : and those these Blood-hounds follow'd the sent hotly till they had worried *Mura*. He has other allies of no mean consequence ; your Eunuch *Mesithes* his chief Favourite, and *Simanthes*.

Abil. It was that Villain that betray'd my Love to him and slaught'red *Mura*.

Sel. Wery likely, An arranter, falser Parasite, never was cut like a Colt. Pray Sir, be wise this once, at my intreaties ; and for ever after

use your discretion as you please : these night works
I do not like ; yet e're the morning I will bring
Tarifa to you.

Abil. You shall o're rule us. Poor *Caropia*, these
thoughts are thy vot'ries ; love thy active fire,
flames out when present, absent in desire. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 2. *Enter Abrahen, Simanthes and Mesithes.*

Abr. What State and Dignitie's like that of
Scepters ?

With what an awful Majesty resembles it
the Powers above ! the inhabitants of that
Superior world are not more subject
to them, then these to us ; they can but tremble
when they do speak in thunder ; at our frowns
these shake like Lambs at lightning. Can it be
impiety by any means to purchase
this earthly Deity, Sovereignty. I did sleep
this night with as secure and calme a peace,
as in my former innocence. Conscience,
thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears
of Cowardise, a sad and fond remembrance,
which men should shun, as Elephants clear springs,
lest they beheld their own deformities,

Enter Mesithes.

and start at their grim shadowes. Ha, *Mesithes* !

Mes. My Royal Lord !

Abr. Call me thy Friend, *Mesithes*,
thou equally dost share our heart, best Eunuch ;
there is not in the flock of earthly blessings
another I could wish to make my state
completely fortunate, but one ; and to
atcheive possession of that bliss, thy diligence
must be the fortunate Instrument.

Mes. Be it dangerous
as the affrights Sea men do fain in Tempests,
I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign,
and perish, but effect it.

Abr. No, 'there is
not the least shew of peril in't ; 'tis the want
of fair *Caropia*'s long coveted beauties
that doth afflict thy *Abrahen*. Love, *Mesithes*,
is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd
with that felicity, that are other passions,
and creeps upon us by those ambushes,
that we perceive our selves sooner in love,
then we can think upon the way of loving.
The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes
where they have long layn hid, like the young Phenix
that from her spicie pile revives more glorious.
Nor can I now extinguish't ; it has pass'd
the limits of my reason, and intend
my wil, where like a fixt Star 't settles,
never to be removed thence.

Mef. Cease your fears ;
I that could win her for your brother, who
could not boast half your masculine Perfections,
for you will vanquish her. *Enter Simanthes.*

Sim. My Lord, the widow
of slaughtered *Mura*, fair *Caropia* does
humbly intreat acces to your dread presence ;
Shall we permit her entrance ?

Abr. With all freedom
and best regard. *Mesithes*, this arrives
beyond our wish. I'll trie my eloquence
in my own cause ; and if I fail, thou then
shalt be my Advocate.

Mef. Your humblest vassal.

Abr. With-draw and leave us, and give strict order
none approach our presence
till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows *Enter Car.*
should be survey'd by common eie. *Caropia*, welcom ;
and would we could as easily give thee comfort
as we allow thee more then mod'rate pitie.
In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre,
then sparkling rocks of Diamonds inclos'd
in swelling feas of Pearl.

Car. Your Majestie
is pleas'd to wanton with my miseries,
which truly you, if you have nature in you,
ought to bear equall part in your deer brothers
untimely losse, occasion'd by my falsehood,
and your improvident counsel : 'Tis that calls
these hearty sorrows up, I am his Murdresse.

Abr. 'Twas his own destinie, not our bad intentions
took him away from earth ; he was too heavenly,
fit only for th' societie of Angels,
'mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,
celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties,
that those immortal essences forget
to love each other by intelligence,
and doat on the Idea of thy Sweetnesse.

Car. These gentle blandishments, and his innocent
carriage
had I as much of malice as a Tigresse
rob'd of her young, would melt me into meeknesse.
But I'll not be a woman.

Abr. Sing out, Angel,
and charm the world (were it at mortal diff'rence)
to peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs
are those that steal through those pure rosie organs,
like aromatick west-winds, when they flie
through fruitful mists of fragrant mornings dew,
to get the Spring with child of flowers and spices ?
Disperse these clouds, that like the vail of night,
with unbecoming darknesse shade thy beauties,
and strike a new day from those orient eies,
to gild the world with brightnesse.

Car. Sir, these flatteries
neither befit the ears of my true sorrows,
nor yet the utt'rance of that reall sadnesse
should dwel in you. Are these the fun'ral rites
you pay the memorie of your roiall Father,
and much lamented Brother ?

Abr. They were mortall,
and to lament them, were to shew I envi'd

th' immortal joyes of that true happinesse
their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)
posses to perpetuitie and fulnesse.

Besides, (*Caropia*) I have other griefs
more neer my heart, that circle't with a sicknesse
will shortly number me among their fellowship,
if speedier remedie be not apply'd
to my most desp'rate maladie.

Car. I shall
(if my hand fail not my determin'd courage)
send you to their societie far sooner
then you expect or covet. Why, great Sir,
what grief, unlesse your sorrow for their losse,
is't can afflict you, that command all blessings
men wittie in ambition of exceſſe
can wish, to please their fancies ?

Abr. The want only
of that which I've so long desird ; thy love,
thy love, *Caropia*, without which my Empire,
and all the pleasures flowing from its greatnesse,
will be but burdens, foul-tormenting troubles.
There's not a beam shot from those grief drown'd

Comets
but (like the Sun's, when they break forth of showers)
dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never
doated before on thy divine perfections,
viewing thy beautie thus adorn'd by fadnesse,
my heart, though marble, actuated to softnesse,
would burn like sacred incense, it self being
the Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice.

Car. This is
as unexpected, as unwelcome, Sir.
Howere you're pleas'd to mock me and my griefs
with these impertinent, unmeant discourses,
I cannot have so prodigal a faith,
to give them the least credit ; and it is
unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.
the virgin Turtles hate to joyn their purenes
with widow'd mates ; my Lord, you are a Prince,

and such as much detest to utter falsehoods,
as Saints do perjuries : why should you strive then
to lay a bait to captivate my affections, when your
greatnesse conjoin'd with your youths masculine beau-
ties,

are to a womans frailtie, strong temptations ?
You know the storie too of my misfortunes,
that your dead brother, did with vicious loosenesse,
corrupt the chaste streams of my spotlesse vertues,
and left me foiled like a long pluck'd rose,
whose leaves disfever'd, have forgon their sweetnesse.

Abr. Thou hast not (my *Caropia*;) thou to me
art for thy sent fil fragrant, and as precious
as the prime virgins of the Spring, the violets,
when they do first display their early beauties,
til all the winds in love, do grow contentious,
which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.

Caropia, thinkst thou I should fear the Nuptials
of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brothers ?
As I succeeded him in all his glories,
'tis fit I do succeed him in his love.

'Tis true, I know thy fame fel by his practise,
which had he liv'd, hee'd have restored by marriage,
by it repair'd thy injur'd honors ruines.
I'me bound to do it in religious conscience ;
It is a debt his incenf'd ghost would quarrel
me living for, should I not pay't with fulnesse.

Car. Of what frail temper is a womans weak-
ness !
words writ in waters, have more lasting Essence,
then our determinations.

Abr. Come, I know,
thou must be gentle, I perceive a combat
in thy soft heart, by th' intervening blushes
that strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,
and drive the lovelie liverie of thy forrows,
the Ivorie palenesse, out of them. Think, *Caropia*,
with what a fetled unrevolting truth
I have affected thee ; with what heat, what purenesse ;

and when upon mature considerations,
 I found I was unworthie to enjoy
 a treasure of such excellent grace and goodnesse,
 I did desist, smothering my love in anguish ;
 anguish ! to which the soul of humane torments,
 compar'd, were pains not easie, but delicious ;
 yet stil the secret flames of my affections,
 like hidden virtues in some bashful man,
 grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.
 Thou wert created only for an Emprefle ;
 despise not then thy destinie, now greatnesse,
 love, Empire, and what ere may be held glorious,
 courts thy acceptance like obedient Vassals.

Car. I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts
 tel me, tis folly to refuse these profers :
 to put off my mortalitie, the pleasures
 of life, which like ful streams, do flow from great-
 nefie,
 to wander i' th' unpeopled air, to keep
 societie with ghastly apparitions,
 where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors
 breaths to delight our ears, and all this for
 the fame of a fell murdrefs. I have blood
 enough alreadie on my soul, more then
 my tears can e're wash off. My roial Lord,
 if you can be so merciful and gracious,
 to take a woman laden with afflictions,
 big with true sorrow, and religious penitence
 for her amifs, her life and after actions,
 shal studie to deserve your love. But surely
 this is not serious.

Abra. Not the vowes which votries
 make to the powers above, can be more fraught
 with binding sanctifie.
 This holy kiss
 confirms our mutual vows : never til now
 was I true Caliph of *Arabia*.

Enter, Enter, Enter.

Abr. Ha, what tumult 's that !
Be you all furies, and thou the great'ſt of divels,
Abrahen wil stand you all, unmov'd as mountauns.
This good ſword
if you be air, ſhal diſinchant you from
your borrow'd figures.

Abil. No, ill-natur'd monster,
we're all corporeal, and ſurvice to take
revenge on thy inhumane acts, at name
of which, the baſhful elements do ſhake
as if they teem'd with prodigies. Doft not tremble
at thy inhumane villaines ? Dear *Caropia*,
quit the infectious viper, leſt his touch
poison thee paſt recoverie.

Abr. No, ſhe ſhall not ;
nor you, until this body be one wound
Lay a rude hand upon me ! *Abilqualit*,
how ere thou ſcapſt my practiſes with life,
I am not now to question ; we were both
ſons to one father, whom, for love of Empire,
when I beleev'd thee ſtrangled by thoſe Muts,
I ſent to his eternal reſt ; nor do I
repent the fact yet, I have been titled *Caliph*
a day, which is to my ambitious thoughts,
honor enough to eternize my big name
to all posteritie. I know thou art
of valiant noble foul ; let not thy brother
fal by ignoble hands, oppreſſ'd by number ;
draw thy bright weapon ; as thou art in Empire,
thou art my rival in this Ladies love,
whom I eſteem above all joyes of life :
for her and for this Monarchie, let's trie
our strengths and fates : the impartial fates
to him, who has the better cauſe, in justice
muſt needs deſign the victorie.

Abil. In this offer,
though it proceed from desperatenesse, not valor ;

thou shovst a masculine courage, and we wil not render our cause so abject as to doubt, but our just arme has strength to punish thy most unheard of treacheries.

Tar. But you shall not be so unjust to us and to your right, to try your causes most undoubted Justice, 'gaints the dispairing ruffian ; Souldiers, pul the Lady from him, and disarm him.

Abil. Stay ! though he doth merit multitudes of death, we would not murder his eternitie by sudden execution ; yeild your self, and we'l allow you libertie of life, til by repentance you have purg'd your sin ; and so if possible, redeem your foul from future punishment.

Abr. Pish, tel fools of souls, and those effeminate cowards that do dreame of those fantastick other worlds : there is not such a thing in nature, all the soul of men is resolution, which expires never from valiant men, till their last breath, and then with it like to a flame extinguisht'd for want of matter, 't dos not dy, but rather ceafes to live. Injoy in peace your Empire, and as a legacy of *Abrahens* love, take this fair Lady to your Bride.

stab her.

Abil. Inhumane Butcher ! has slain the Lady. Look up, best *Caropia*, run for our surgeons : I'le give half my Empire to save her precious life.

Abr. She has enough, or mine aym fail'd me, to procure her passage to the eternal dwellings : nor is this cruelty in me ; I alone was worthy to have injoy'd her beauties. Make good haste *Caropia*, or my soul, if I have any, will hover for thee in the clouds. This was

the fatal engine which betray'd our father
to his untimely death, made by *Simanthes*
for your use, *Abilqualit*: and who has this
about him and would be a slave to your base mercy,
deserved death more than by dayly tortures;
and thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all. *dies.*

Tar. Damn'd desperate villain.

Abil. O my dear *Caropia*,
my Empire now will be unpleasing to me
since I must lose thy company. This surgeon,
where's this surgeon?

Sel. Drunk perhaps.

Car. 'Tis but needleſſe,
no humane help can ſave me: yet me thinks
I feel a kind of pleaſing eaſe in your
imbraces. I ſhould utter ſomething,
and I have ſtrength enough, I hope, left yet
to eſteſt my purpoſe. In revenge for your
ſuppoſ'd death, my lov'd Lord, I ſlew my husband,

Abil. I'me ſorry thou haſt that ſin to charge thy
ſoul with,
'twas rumour'd by the ſouldiers.

Sel. Couzens mine, your necks are ſafe agen now.

Car. And came hither
with an intent to have for your fake ſlain your
brother

Abrahen, had not his curteſie and winning carriage
alter'd my resolution, with this poniard
I'd ſtruck him here about the heart. *Stabs Abil.*

Abil. O I am ſlain, *Caropia*,
and by thy hand. Heavens, you are just, this is
revenge for thy dear honor which I murdereſt,
though thou wer't conſenting to it.

Car. True, I was ſo,
and not repenteſt it yet, my ſole ambition
was to have liv'd an Emprefſe, which ſince fate
would not allow, I was refolv'd no woman
after my ſelfe ſhould ere injoy that glory,
you dear *Abilqualit*: which ſince my

weak strength has serv'd me to performe, I dye willingly as an infant. O now I faint, life's death to those that keep it by constraint. *dye.*

Tar. My dear Lord, is there no hopes of life ? must we be wretched ?

Abil. Happier, my *Tarifa*, by my death : but yesterday I playd the part in jest which I now act in earnest. My *Tarifa*, the Empire's thine, I'me sure thou'l rul't with justice, and make the subiect happy. Thou hast a Son

of hopefull growing vertues to succeed thee, commend me to him, and from me intreat him to shun the temptings of lascivious glances.

Sel. 'Las good Prince ! heele dy indeed. I fear, he is so full of serious thoughts and Counsels.

Abil. For this slaughtred body, let it have decent burial with slain *Muras*, but let not *Abrahens* corps have so much honor to come ith' royal monument : lay mine by my dear fathers : for that trecherous Eunuch, and Lord *Simanthes*, use them as thy justice tells thee they have merited ; for Lord *Selinthus*, advance him (my *Tarifa*) hee's of faithfull and well deserving vertues.

Sel. So I am, I thought 'twould come to me anon : poor Prince, I e'ne could dy with him.

Abil. And for those souldiers, and those our most faithfull

Muts, that my life once fav'd, let them be well rewarded ; death and I are almost now at unitie. Farewell. *dyes.*

Tar. Sure I shall not survive these sorrows long. *Muts*, take those Traitors to prison ; we will shortly passe their sentence, which shall be death inevitable. Take up that fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,

and see it burn'd, *Gafelles*. Gentlemen,
Fate has made us your King against our wishes.

Sel. Long live *Tarifa*, Caliph of *Arabia*.

Tar. We have no time now for your acclamations ;
these are black sorrows Festival. Bear off
in state that royal Bodie ; for the other,
since twas his will, let them have burial,
but in obscuritie. By this it may,
as by an ev'dent rule be understood,
they're onely truly great, wh' are truly good.

Recorders

Exeunt omnes.

Flourish.

FINIS.

E P I L O G U E.

I 'M much displeas'd the Poet has made me
The Epilogue to his sad Tragedie.
Would I had dy'd honestlie amonst the rest,
Rather then live to th' last, now to be prest
To death by your hard Censures. Pray you say,
What is it you dislike so in this Play,
That none applauds ? Beleeve it, I should faint,
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint
From the sad qualm. What pow'r is in your breath,
That you can save alive, and doom to death,
Even whom you please ? thus are your judgments free,
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.
But if death be the word, I pray beflow it
Where it best fits. Hang up the Poet.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Widdowes Teares.

Although it cannot be said that there were two editions of *The Widdowes Teares* in 1612, the copies with that date have some variations, probably introduced at the instance of the author, who seems to have been rather more anxious about the correctness of his productions than most of his contemporaries.

“ The plot of Lysander and Cynthia is borrowed from Petronius Arbiter’s Satyricon, being the story of the Matron of Ephesus related by Eumolpus: a story since handled by several other pens, as Janus Dousa, the father, in his notes on this story, and Gabbema, in the last edition of Petronius, who observe that it was translated into Latin verse by Romulus, an antique grammarian: and into French rhyme by Hebertus. We have it not only in the Seven Wise Masters, but also I have read the same story in the Cento Novelle Antiche di Carlo Gualteruzzi, Nov. 51.”—*Langbaine.*

PAGE 17.

O the Gods? spurn'd out by Groomes like a base Bisogno?

This is a term of contempt frequently used in our old plays. It is probably derived from the Ital. *bisogno*, or the Fr. *besoin* (want, need), and is generally applied to people in want or of the lower rank. See Churchyard’s *Challenge*, 1593, p. 85, and *Love’s Cure*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act 2, sc. 1.

PAGE 18.

No yong Adonis to front you there?

Some of the copies read “mystical” instead of *yong*.

PAGE 18.

Your not-headed Countrie Gentleman.

So in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeman is thus described :—

“ A *nott-head* had he with a brown visage.”

A person was said to be *nott-pated* when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word was, in his time, still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*.

PAGE 20.

So there's venie for venie.

i.e. touch for touch, bout for bout ; a technical term at fencing and cudgel-playing, from the French *venue*. The word occurs in act iii. sc. 2, of *The Old Law* ; but appears to have been out of fashion with the fantastic gallants of the times very early. Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 5, says, in answer to Master Matthew's request for one *venue*, “ *Venue!* fie ; “ most gross denomination as ever I heard : O, the stoccata, “ while you live, sir, note that.”

PAGE 23.

by the next Ripier that rides that way with Mackerell.

“ *Ripiers (riparii)*,” says Minshieu, “ be those that use to bring fish from the sea-coast to the inner parts of the land. It is a word made of the Latin *ripa*, the bank or shore.”

PAGE 23.

a Bone to tire on.

i.e. to peck at : a term of falconry.

PAGE 29.

Admitted? I, into her heart, Ile able it.

An old phrase, signifying to undertake, or answer for. So in *King Lear* (act iv. sc. 7) :—

“ None does offend, none, I fay, none *I'll able 'em.*”

PAGE 34.

who penn'd the Pegmas.

i.e., the bills fixed up at pageants to give some account of their contents.

PAGE 71.

*There sticks an Achelons horne of all, Copie enough,
As much as Alison of sterames receiuies.*

Or lofty Ilea shoues of shadie leaues.

The first line of this passage seems hopelessly corrupt. I once thought the words, "Copie enough," were attributable rather to the printer's devil than to Lysander, and had got interpolated into the text through the stupidity of the compositor and the negligence of the "reader." But I find that a former Editor of this play explains "Copie" as *Copia*, and supposes the passage to refer to the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty.

PAGE 116.

Twinnos of which Hippocrates speaks.

See also *The Gentleman Vsher* (Vol. I., p. 309).

PAGE 142.

*Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee
Me truly, and sayes that I Ophioneus—
Deuiliſh Serpent, by interpretation; was generall
Captaine of that rebellious hoſt of ſpirits that
Wag'd warre with heauen.*

See the Fragments of Pherecides, the stoic, a rather recondite author.

PAGE 155.

*thoſe dreadfull bolts
The Cyclops Ram in Ioues Artillery.*

This energetic expression, thoroughly characteristic of Chapman, occurs also in *Buffy d'Ambois* (Vol. II., p. 70.)

PAGE 201.

Una arbuſta non alit duos Erithicos :—

Οὐ τρέφει μία λόχηη δύο ἐριδάκους. *Schol. Aristoph. Vesp.*
922. *Stephani Thesaur.* f. 'Εριδακος. *Plin. Hift. Nat.* X,
29, 44.

PAGE 202.

I'll imitate Lysander] See *Plutarch. Lysand.* VII.

PAGE 203.

That Bohemie neither cares.

'Bohemia' in this verse, which in the original edition is erroneously given to Alphonfus, is to be read as a dissyllable, as if it was written 'Bemia.' The same contraction occurs on page 213, where, however, the word is used as a trisyllable :

And do accept the king of Bohemia.

PAGE 207.

When we once are set.

I am unable to say, whether or not the custom alluded to in the text was really observed in the elective council; thus much, however, is certain, that it admirably harmonizes with the directions contained in the Golden Bull: 'They (viz. the Electors) shall proceed to the Election and shall not in any manner depart out of the said Citie of Franckford, before that the greater part of them shall have chosen a temporall head or governour of the world or of Christendome, a King of Romans, to be Emperour, which if they shall prolong or deferre the space of thirty dayes from the day of taking their oathes, then the said thirty dayes being expired, they shall eate nothing but bread and water, nor by any meanes goe away from the said Citie, untill or before they or the greater number of them shall have chosen the ruler or temporall head of Christendome, as aforesaid.'

PAGE 214.

Count Mansfield.

This name was familiar to the poet's contemporaries, the famous Count Ernest Mansfield having paid a visit to London in 1621 or 1622.

See also *Byron's Conspiracie* (Vol. II, p. 199).

PAGE 220.

Ein filt geben.

i. e. I should chide you. This expression frequently occurs in the plays of Ayrer, of Duke Heinrich Julius, in *Simplicissimus*, and other writers of the time.

PAGE 234.

Bowls of Reinfal.

'Reinfal (Rainfal), vinum Rifulium, Wein von Rivoglio in Istrien' says Schmeller in his *Bayerisches Wörterbuch*, III. 95; and O. Schade in his *Altdeutsches Wörterbuch* s. h. v. has adopted this explanation. Karajan, *Fontes Rer. Austriac.* (Vienn. 1855), I. 1, 17, however, has shown that there is no place of that name in Istria. J. Grimm, in his Preface to F. F. Rößler's *Deutsche Rechtsdenkmäler aus Böhmen und Mähren* (Prag, 1845), I. VII, thinks the 'Reinfal' to have come from Rivoli near Verona or from Botzen in the Tyrol. Compare also

Zedler's *Universal-Lexikon* (Leipzig und Halle, 1742), XXXI. 282 sq. ; Brandl's *Narrenschiff* ed. by Zarncke, 63, 87 ; and Keller *Fasfnachtsspiele* (*Mittheil. des. Liter. Vereins* XLVI), 362.

PAGE 234.

Nay, gentle Forrester.

Before this verse a line or two seem to have dropped out, in which the Emperor may have spoken of Prince Edward's not joining in the universal merriment.

PAGE 235—9.

Sam Got.

'Sam Got' either means 'with God,' or it may be an abbreviation of 'sam mir Got,' i. e. *so mir Gott helfe*. See Schade's *Althochdeutsches Wörterbuch* f. *Sam*, and Lauremberg's *Scherzgedichte* ed. by Lappenberg, 256.

PAGE 238.

With Corances on their heads.

The much discussed 'crants' in Hamlet V. i, receives a new light from this passage. Messrs. Halliwell and Wright in their new edition of Nares' Glossary have repeated the remark of Nares', that 'no other example of the word has been found,' whilst it occurs twice in this tragedy. They are further of opinion, that Shakespeare probably found this word in some legend of Hamlet, which we cannot but think most improbable, as the word could only be found in a German (or Danish) legend, and Shakespeare therefore must be supposed to have read German or Danish. Besides no German legend of Hamlet is known to exist. Shakespeare, in our opinion, made the acquaintance of this German importation at the Steelyard, or he witnessed some German funeral in London, where the coffin of a young girl, according to the German custom, was decked with 'crances'; nay, both may have been the case, and we imagine the word thus to have found its way into Shakespeare and Chapman. At all events it was not an entire stranger to their contemporaries. Mr. Lettsom has very justly observed, that 'crants' is not the plural, but the singular number (see Shakespeare's Works ed. by Dyce, 2nd Ed. VII. 239). From the present passage it would appear that we ought to write 'crance'; this is confirmed by the Anglicised form of the German Christian

name 'Hans,' which in Mr. W. Durrant Cooper's 'List of Foreign Protestants and Aliens' is usually spelt 'Hance,' or 'Haunce.'

PAGE 238.

An upspring.

'Upspring,' neither means an 'upstart,' as most Shakesperian editors (as well as Nares, though he cites the present line from Alphonfus) have imagined, nor the German 'Walzer,' as Schlegel has translated it in Hamlet I, 4, but it is the 'Höpfaufl,' the last and consequently wildest dance at the old German merrymakings. See *Ayrer's Dramen* ed. by Keller, IV. 2840 and 2846 :

Ey, jtzt geht erst der hupffauff an.

Ey, Herr, jtzt kummt erst der hupffauff.

No epithet could therefore be more appropriate to this drunken dance, than Shakespeare's 'swaggering.'

PAGE 262.

And should be lamps.

Compare the Golden Bull (1619) Chap. I : '— the seaven Electors of the Empire, by whom (as by seven Candlestickes, shining in the unitie of a sevenfold spirit) the holy Empire should be illuminated.' The Latin text has '*velut septem candelabra lucentia.*'

PAGE 263.

Mein allerlieuest husband.

According to Dr. Wm. Bell (Shakespeare's Puck, III. 207 sq.) this 'decidedly Teutonic word occurs only once in the English language,' viz. in 2 Henry VI, I. 1 : 'mine alderliest sovereign.'

PAGE 271.

Her dainty rose-Corance.

See Note on p. 238. In Germany a 'Rosenkranz' served as a symbol of virginity, and therefore in old popular songs often denotes maidenhead itself. Uhland's *Volklieder*, I. No. 2 and 3 (with Note in Vol. II. 997); I. No. 114 and 173 (p. 456). Shakespeare and his contemporaries also symbolize maidenhead as a rose. *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV.

2 : "But when you have our roses." *Othello*, V. 2 : "When I have plucked thy rose." Chapman, *Buffy d'Ambois* (Vol. II. p. 30).

Honour, what's that? your second maidenhead :
And what is that? a word; the word is gone,
The thing remaines; the rose is pluckt, the stalke
Abides.

PAGE 281.

Than ere Laocoön ran.

For the fact alluded to compare *Virg. Aen.*, II. 40 sqq.

PAGE 285.

Revenge for Honour. 1654.

"This play," says Langbaine, "I have seen acted many years ago at the *Nursery* in *Barbican*."



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