

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH



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THE
VIRGIN
MARTIR,
A
TRAGEDIE,
AS IT HATH BIN DIVERS

times publickely Acted with great
Applause,

By the seruants of his Maiesties Reuels.

Written { *Phillip Messenger* and }
by { *Thomas Deker.* }



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THE
Virgin Martir.

Actus primus. Scene 1.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to *Cæsarea* to night ?

Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theophilus. The Emperour in perton ?

Harpax. Do I live ?

Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange the marches of great
Princes,

Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are step by step observ'd ; and loud tongu'd Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment :
And were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near ;
The Governour cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret means, he should have notice
Of *Cæsars* purpose in this ; then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.

Harpax. At your pleasure.

Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never
fail'd me

In things more difficult, but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant
from me,

When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
No nor the power they serve, could keep these
Christians

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open ; I begin again

To be as confident as heretofore.

It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter a Priest with the image of Iupiter, Caliste,
Christeta.*

Harp. Look on these vestals,
The holy pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could say this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild persuasions.
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaim'd them :
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hells furies to me had they undergone it) *aside.*
They are now votaries in great *Iupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the Mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you. *Hayl Ioves Flamen :*

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Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion ?

Priest. And are constant in it :
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgement ;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear daughters.

Caliste. We dare dispute against this new sprung
sect

In private or in publick.

Har. My best Lady,
Persever in it.

Christeta. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

Harp. Brave resolution :
I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph. I young again : to your devotions.

Har. Do ———

My prayers be present with you. *Exeunt Priest and*

Theoph. Oh my *Harpax.* *daughters.*

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steeld'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame :
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torn by dogs :
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unsatisfied think their torments easie.

Har. And in that, just, not cruell.

Theo. Were all scepters
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crowns laid at my feet,
I would condemn them all, thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities might be cal'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,

And rooter out of Christians.

Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour,

Sap. Keep the Ports close, and let the guards be
doubl'd,

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir.

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots ;
And know, when we are mercifull to them,
We to our selves are cruell.

Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.
I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.

Theop. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who, the Emperour ?

Har. To clear your doubts, he does return in
triumph,

Kings lackyng by his triumphant Chariot ;
And in this glorious victory, my Lord,
You have an ample share : for know your son,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleshd his maiden sword, and dy'd
His snowy Plumes so deep in enemies blood,
That besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know

No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head answer the forfeit.

Sap. Of his victory

There was some rumour, but it was asured,
The army pass'd a full dayes journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was so determin'd ;

But for the further honor of your son,
And to observe the government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remifs indulgence
The Christians are pursu'd, he makes his stay here :
For proof, his Trumpets speak his near arrivall.

Trumpets afar off.

Sap. Haste good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrifon speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Semp. I am gone.

Exit Sempronius.

Sapritius. O I am ravish'd

With this great honour! cherish good *Theophilus*
This knowing scholler, send your fair daughters,
I will present them to the Emperour,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.

A lessen of Cornets.

Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax*.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus, and Macrinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Dioclesian with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his son, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, loud shouts.

Diode. So, at all parts I find *Cæsarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious souldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people

Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour ;
 The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
 (Which rais'd Rome to her greatnesse, and proclaim'd
 her

The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world :)
 But above all, the service of the gods
 So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
 In words to thank you for your care and duty,
 Were much unworthy *Diodesians* honour,
 Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.
 But I shall find a time with noble titles
 To recompence your merits.

> *Sap.* Mightiest *Cæsar*,
 Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equal
 To *Joves* in heaven ; whose victorious triumphs
 On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
 Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
 Won in the Gyants war ; whose conquering sword
 Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
 As did his thunder ; all that I have done,
 Or if my strength were centupl'd could do,
 Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
 But if in any thing I have deserv'd
 Great *Cæsars* smile, 'tis in my humble care
 Still to preserve the honour of those gods)
 That make him what he is : my zeal to them
 I ever have express'd in my fell hate
 Against the Christian sect, that with one blow,
 Ascribing all things to an unknown power ;
 Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
 Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Dioc. Thou in this
 Walk'st hand in hand with me, my will and power
 Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
 That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæsar*,
 If your imperial Majesty stand pleas'd
 To showre your favours upon such as are

The Virgin Martir.

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The boldest champions of our religion ;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choise committed ; and for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equall nearnesse to himself, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dioc. What are these ?

Sap. His Daughters.

Art. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair
ones ;

Exceeding fair ones : would 't were in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your service else :
On these (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship ; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority :
And as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them (in the most horrid form)
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy.

Art. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack ?

Theo. I did ; but must
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father ; to help Justice
Religion slept in, under which ods
Compassion fell : yet still I was a Father ;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with stripes, spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they
would

Be cruel to themselves, they would take pittie
 On my gray hairs. Now note a sudden change,
 Which I with joy remember, those whom torture,
 Nor fear of death could terrifie, were overcome
 By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
 Returning to the faith that they were born in,
 I gave them to the gods: and be assur'd,
 I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
 Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
 Will use no favour where the cause commands me,
 To any other; but as rocks be deaf
 To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'st thy place,
 Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
 Touching the gods, tis lawfull to descend
 To human cares, and exercise that power
 Heaven has confer'd upon me; which that you,
 Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*,
 Should not with all extremities undergoe,
 What can you urge to qualifie your crimes,
 Or mitigate my anger?

Epire. We are now
 Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
 And had command ore others; we confesse
 Our Grandfathers paid yours tribute, yet left us,
 As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
 And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
 Not onely to defend what is your own,
 But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
 Denies that happinesse,) who can accuse
 The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed;
 Or such whose settters eat into their freedoms,
 If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand
 The last examples to prove how uncertain
 All humane happinesse is, and are prepar'd
 To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoke which now is highest
 In Fortunes wheel, must, when she turns it next,

Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sefostris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery ; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madness :
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever us'd
Such as she triumph'd over ; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny ; scepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In scorn train'd up in base Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen : in the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usefull ; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off : but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firm to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety, but to whom ? Not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with courtesie can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies : such I found you
Before I made you mine ; and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune ; had you borne your selves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easie for you : but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not *Cæsar*.

Diocle. By the Gods I do not.

Unloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,

Give them their Crowns again.

Pon. We are twice overcome.
By courage and by courtesie.

Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vassals
To *Dioclesian*, and the power of Rome.

Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.

Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar*.

Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe some light disaster
With my so many joyes to season them,
And give them sweeter relish ; I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull subjects here,
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends ;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Artemia*,
My only child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia* ;
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow
A jewel of all things to me most pretious :
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joyes of creation, marriage rites ;
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasure taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine own ;
Amongst these Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Or these remembring not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any ; by *Joues* dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.

Arte. It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldome meet with ;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other politick ends, are forc'd

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To match where they affect not : may my life
Deserve this favour.

Diocle. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fixe min eyes and look no farther.
But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cesar* father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive addition ;
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatnesse with a Prince, that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you ?
That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
Have stood next to you, that have interpos'd
Their breasts, as shields of proof to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with Lawrell.

Macrinus. *Citherea*
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

Har. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her eyes on me,
Fair *Venus* son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that she may hate me, transfix her with it ;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other ;
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

Arte. Sir.

Theoph. How he blushes !

Sap. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a block when such an Angell courts thee.

Artem. I am no object to diuert your eye

To mount up to the hill of Majesty,
 On which, the nearer *Love* the nearer lightening.
 What knew I, but your grace made trial of me ?
 Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
 With an unmannered hand, was death ? The Fox
 When he saw first the Forrests King, the Lion,
 Was almost dead with fear, the second view
 Onely a little danted him, the third
 He durst salute him boldly : pray you apply this,
 And you shall find a little time will teach me
 To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
 Then duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
 Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia I leave you my substitute
 In fair *Cæsarea*.

Sap. And here as your self
 We will obey and serve her.

Diocl. Antoninus
 So you prove hers, I wish no other heir,
 Think on't ; be careful of your charge *Theophilus* ;
Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.
 Your company I wish, confederate Princes,
 In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
 With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
 Our brother and copartner in the Empire,
 At my request won to confirm as much,
 The Kingdomes I took from you wee'l restore,
 And make you greater then you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.
 The anchor of the wretched, hope forsakes me,
 And with one blast of fortune all my light
 Of happinesse is put out.

Macrin. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfeiting in the excesse of blessings,
Call their abundance want : what could you wish,
That is not faine upon you ? honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeesse, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunk in gold, and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food : when I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me ?
What is her love to me, Greatness, or Empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedome ?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea* ;
Is she (though fair) the same day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia* ? In all their courses,
Wife men propose their ends : with sweet *Artemia*
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious :
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferiour to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near ;) the Princefs heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink ; your fathers fury,
Which to resist even piety forbids ;
And but remember, that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect, she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cherisht, and preferr'd before
All joys in *Dorothea* ; therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise,
thou art

Grossly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
 For any man to match above his rank,
 Is but to sell his liberty : with *Artemia*
 I still must live a servant ; but enjoying
 Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,
 Rule as becomes a husband : for the danger,
 Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
 I slight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
 As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
 A Governors place upon thee, be my helper.
Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing,
 Put me unto the test.

Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
 To *Dorothea*, tell her I have worn,
 In all the battels I have fought, her figure ;
 Her figure in my heart, which, like a Deity,
 Hath still protected me : Thou canst speak well,
 And of thy choicest language spare a little,
 To make her understand how much I love her,
 And how I languish for her : Beare her these jewels,
 Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
 As to my goddes. All lets throwne behind me,
 Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
 I mean to visit her by the name of friendship ;
 No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours :
 And if my travel this way be ill spent,
 Judge not my readier will by the event. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primus.

ACTUS II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. **T**URN Christian, wud he that first tempted
 me to have my shoes walk upon Chris-
 tian soles, had turned me into a Capon ; for I am sure

now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, heres a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse; look else.

Her. But thats a kickish jade, fellow *Spungius*: have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my corvetting; a pox of your christian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony, no cony.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brewed wine and fugar, grand patron of rob-pots, uplie-freezie tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all victualing-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses, *Lanzeprezado* to red noses, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion stinker, did I make legges to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a mans years by making these Indures; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worfe then a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drink a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted, but now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing chambers, jumbled together.

Her. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first Schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our fasting.

if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing, but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou knowest are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hir. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Assie fellow, on which I ride to all the alms-women: what thinkest thou I have done with all this good cheer.

Hir. Eat it, and be choakt else.

Spun. Wud my asse, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I sold the victuals, and coyned the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewedst thy self a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve & hang, or die a the pip. Our puling snotty-nose Lady sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to relieve and release prisoners; did I so, think you?

Spun. Wud thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total Pagan I swore they should be hanged first; for, firra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and so I took scurvy common flesh for the mony.

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Spun. And wisely done ; for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lowlie knaves, and thou to save that labour, casts it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-peece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too ; I stole but a durty pudding, last day, out of an alms-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith' teeth with it.

Hir. Wirh the durty pudding ; so he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a pagan too : the smug dandiprat smels us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he ! let him take heed I prove not his back friend : ile make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. Tis my Lady spoils the boy ; for he is ever at her tayle, and she's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book and Taper lighted ; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O ! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches : where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language ?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity ?

Spun. Emptied 'em ! yes, I'de be loth to have my belly so emptie, yet I'm sure I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prifoners ?

Hir. Went ! no, I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way ? The Divels way, the way of fin, The way of hot damnation, way of lust : And you, to wash away the poor mans bread In bowls of drunkenneffe.

Spun. Drunkenneffe ! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk ; our next neighbours man, called *Christopher*, has often feen me drunk, has he not ?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh ? my cheeks *peak* my doings.

Ang. Avant you theeves and hollow hypocrites ; Your hearts to me lie open like black books, And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart ?

Hir. Or in mine ? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint of your braines.

Spun. And lets see what sparks of wit fly out, to kindle your *Carebruns*.

Ang. Your names even brand you : you are *Spungius* call'd, And like a Spunge, you suck up liquorous wines, Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell ! can any drunkards legs carry him so far ?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widdows food,

And staruing them 'tis murder, what's this but hell ?

Hircius your name, and Goatish is your nature :

You snatch the meat out of the prifoners mouth,

To fatten harlots ; is not this hell to ?

No angell, but the divel waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat ?

Hir. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch : but footh, footh him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Hir. And she-ones for mine, we have 'em swim in sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Hir. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was colen'd the poor ; but 'tis a common thing ; many a one that counts himself a better Christian then we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady ; and if you take us creeping into any of these mouseholes of sin any more, let cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity, Who sav'd you from the tree of death and shame ?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows ; yet I hope, she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their fwinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope neither my fellow nor I am theeves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fish.

Doroth. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck
their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunderbolts

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie ;
Were you both faithfull true distributors ?

Spun. Lie Madam, what grief is it to see you turn
Swaggerer, and give your poor minded rascally ser-
vants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not ; if those wretched
people

Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part, I'll cry
whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with so good a Lady ;
For if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians ?

Hir. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I
never

Was ravished with a more celestially sound,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art ; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakefull Moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you :
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company :
Therefore, my most-lov'd Mistresse, do not bid
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nye me still then ;
In golden letters down I'll set that day,

Which gave thee to me ; little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy self,
This little pretty body, when I comming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand ;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Me thought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents,
I would leave Kingdoms, were I Queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee my sweet boy, shew me thy parents,
Be not asham'd.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but by yon Pallace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven ; and, pretty Mistress,
If your illustrious Hour glasse spend his sand
No worse then yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day ;
We all long to be there, but lose the way. *Exeunt.*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus*.

Mac. And thee *Theophilus*.

Theoph. Gladst thou in such scorn ?
I call my wish back.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theo. One word,
Take the least hand of time up : stay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought : I prithee tell me, good *Macrinus*,

How health and our fair Princeſſe lay together
This night ; for you can tell ; Courtiers have flies
That buzze all news unto them.

Mac. She ſlept but ill.

Theo. Double thy courteſie ; how does *Antoninus* ?

Mac. Ill, well, ſtraight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more ;

Thy head is full of Wind-mills : when does the Princeſſe
Fill a bed full of beauty, and beſtow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night ?

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No ! thou art the Manuscript
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his ſecrets.

Honeſt *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well ſir. *Exit.*

Har. Honeſty is ſome Fiend, and frights him
hence ;

A many Courtiers love it not.

Theo. What peece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)

Is broke, it runs ſo jarringly ? The man

Is from himſelf divided ; Oh thou, the eye

By which I wonders ſee, tell me, my *Harpax*,

What gad-flie tickles ſo this *Macrinus*,

That up-flinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.

Har. Oh ſir, his brain-pan is a bed of Snakes,
Whoſe ſtings ſhoot through his eye-bals, whoſe poi-
ſonous ſpawn

Ingenders ſuch a fry of ſpeckled villanies,

That unleſſe charms, more ſtrong then Adamant,

Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings ſhall melt,

And *Cæſars* Diadem be from his head

Spurn'd by baſe feet ; the Lawrel which he wears,

(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabb'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what (i' th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching?

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

Theop. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women do so;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, star of Court,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Theo. I now confter thee.

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
fill'd

With *Love's* artillery, shot down at once,
To pass your Gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antoninus* foul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example _____

The. Eats through *Cæsars* heart like liquid
poyson.

Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
 To see but which, could all that feel hels torments
 Have leave to stand aloof here on earths stage,
 They would be mad till they again descended,
 Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
 May-games to those of mine. Has this my hand
 Set down a Christians execution
 In such dire postures, that the very hangman
 Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
 And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*
 Strangle me in a dance?

Har. No, on, I do hug thee,
 For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
 Of tortures gainst these Christians: On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*,
 Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
 Pil'd upon Kingdomes; there's a villain Page
 Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
 Hold traffique with; I do so hate his sight,
 That should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theo. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
 None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine own as I would wish thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
 Of thine, which ever waits upon my businesse,
 I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
 That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
 To th' good of others; else will you find them flies,
 Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
 Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse.

Exit.

Dor. Now sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study
 A new Arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
 Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,

There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store,
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from
him,

The want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poornesse
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praise,
than you to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the
whitenesse

Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battels in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing;
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Cæsarea*, he never boasts of;
The Sun-beams which the Emperour throws upon
him,

Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride: no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for your friend, you sir are worthy
Of more then I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger,

Enter Antoninus.

But himself
Being come in person, shall I hope hear from you,
Musick more pleasing.

Ant. Has your ear, *Macrinus*,

Heard none then ?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet ?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray fir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetnesse, you now have it, and
shall go :

Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as farewel,
To let me murmure to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

*They whispering below, enter above Sapritius, father to
Antoninus, and Governour of Cesarea, with him
Artemia the Princeffe, Theophilus, Spungius, and
Hercius.*

Spun. So now, do you see ? our work is done ;
the fish you angle for is nibling at the hook, and
therefore untrufs the Cod-piece point of our reward,
no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our
heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your
mouthes, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much
damming neither ; I know women fell them-
selves daily, and are hacknied out for silver,
why may not we then betray a scurvy Mistresse for
gold ?

Spun. She sav'd us from the Gallows, and only

to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, weel hang her.

The. 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.

Exeunt.

Ant. Come, let me tune you ; glaze not thus your eyes

With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glafs, you see our sex
Do never murther propagation,
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O bafe villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage sweet Princeffe.

Ant. Could not my fortunes

(Rear'd higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of gold,

He that I love is richer ; and for worth
You are to him lower then any flave
Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So inſolent, bafe Christian ?

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his ſervant, you ſhall boaſt
Yare equal to a King.

Sap. Confuſion on thee,
For playing thus the lying forcereſſe.

Ant. Your mocks are great ones ; none beneath
the Sun

Will I be ſervant to : on my knees I beg it,
Pity me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curſe thy baſeneſſe.

Theo. Liſten to more.

Dor. Oh kneel not fir to me.

Ant. This knee is Embleme of an humbled heart :

That heart which tortur'd is with your difdain,
Justly for scorning others ; even this heart,
To which for pity fuch a Princeffe fues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Art. Slave thou lieft.

Ant. Yet this

Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog.

Ant. Perhaps

'Tis my Religion makes you knit the brow ;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own :
I nere will screw your conscience from that power
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain : firra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had struck thee in the womb.

Mac. We are betraied.

Art. Is that your Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'ft
to,

Trampling upon my beauty ?

Theo. Sirra, bandog,

Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Iupiter*
For her ? our *Mars* for her ? our *Sol* for her ?
A whore ? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains ?
Where a whole world of tortures for fuch furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,
Thefe nails shall grubbing lie from scull to scull,
To find one horridier, then all, for you,
You three.

Art. Threaten not, but strike ; quick vengeance
flies

Into thy bofome, caitiff : here all love dies. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O I am thunder-struck !

We are both orewhelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a souldier,

And sink beneath the violence of a woman ?

Ant. A woman ! a wrong'd Princeesse : from such a
star

Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,

But tragicall events ? My life is now

The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That feare is base,

Of death, when that death doth but life displace

Out of her house of earth ; you onely dread

The stroke, and not what follows when you are dead,

There's the great fear indeed ; come, let your eyes

Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

*Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, a guard,
Angelo comes and is close by Dorothea.*

Ar. My fathers nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength must use ; because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou strok'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors ; but with one frown
Kill thee. Hence with 'em to execution ;
Seize him, but let even death it self be weary
In torturing her ; I'll change those smiles to shrieks,
Give the fool what she's proud of (Martirdome)
In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence

I owe our gods and you are, in my bosome,
Torrents so strong, that pitty quite lies drown'd
From saving this young man ; yet when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within
me,

Saith 't is my son, I'm forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Art. And I deny.

Ant. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have ;
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgement, since I offer
My blood up to your anger : nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine :
Preserve this Temple (builded fair as yours is)
And *Cæsar* never went in a greater triumph,
Then I shall to the scaffold.

Art. Are you so brave, Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go curving along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
(For my part I) that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face ;
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an Eternal habitation.

Theo. *Cæsars* imperiall daughter, hear me speak ;
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry,
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cæsar*,
Build to her self a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down,
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall (on her belly) creep
To kisse the pavements of our *Panim* gods.

Art. How to be done ?

Theo. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slaue,
And meet no *Romans*, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Sapritius*,

Your son, and that be yours, death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rife her estate ;
Christians to beggery brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Exeunt.

Ang. O my admired mistress ! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you : clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Enter Hircius and Spungius.

Hir. How now *Angelo*, how ist ? how ist ? what
thread spins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheel
now ?

Spun. *Comesta, comesta*, poor knave.

Hir. *Com a porte vou, com a porte vou*, my petite
garfoone.

Spun. Me partha wee comrade, my half inch of
mans flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world,
ha ?

Ang. Too well on your sides ; you are hid in
gold
Ore head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-
boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who wud think, that we comming forth
of the arse, as it were, or fag end of the world,
should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is
stirring.

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an asse, for
lading his own back with money, till his foul cracks
again, onely to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb
behind him ? Will not any foole take me for a wise
man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my trea-
sury, this little god with his belly full of gold ?

Spun. And this full of the same meat out of my
ambrey.

Ang. That gold wilt melt to poyson.

Spun. Poyson ! wud it wud ; whole pintes for healths shal down my throat.

Hir. Gold poyson ! there's never a she-thrasher in *Casaria*, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewitching her to death, who slept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easie matter to save us, she being so well backt.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out, so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine owne,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoate of her estate is unlaced I confesse.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hir. How ! a peece of silver ! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unlesse I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A peece of silver ! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-tokens worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, one word yet ; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any fow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y'are beggars both, you are not
worth

That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the
foles of your jests.

Ang. I 'm glad I tri'd your loue, which (fee) I
want not,

So long as this is full.

Both. And fo long as this . . . fo long as this.

Hir. *Spungius*, y'are a pick-pocket.

Spun. *Hircius*, thou hast nimb'd . . . fo long as,
not so much money is left, as will buy a louse.

Hir. Thou art a thiefe, and thou liest in that gut
through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper then the bottom of mine
enraged pocket, if thou affrontst it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language; all your gold
gone!

Spun. Can the Diuel creep into ones breeches?

Hir. Yes if his horns once get into the cod-
peece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I fo little am in love
With that whose losse kills you, that fee 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall share,
So you will go along with me to prifon,
And in our Mistris sorrows bear a part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows
should part us.

Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if
we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds
past;

Happy are men when their best deeds are last.

Spun. True Master *Angelo*; pray fir lead the way.
exit Ang.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me
this way.

Spun. I live in a Iayle ?

Hir. Away and shift for our selves, she'l do well
enough there ; for prisoners are more hungry after
mutton, then catch-poles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole Iayle will
not fill her belly.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS III. Scene I.

*Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste,
Christeta.*

Sap. S Ick to the death I fear.

The. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A forcereffe, *Theophilus* ; my son
Is charmd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing ; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

The. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any, though the Princeffe were appeas'd,
All title in her love surrenderd up ;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unlesse my son
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'l not vouchsafe

The Virgin Martir.

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To be his lawfull wife.

Priest. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd
The reason of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes shrieks, the Basilisks killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Lesse fatall to her into than my zeal, made hot
With love vnto my gods ; I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,
Which will be greater honour then her death,
Unto her fathers faith ; and to that end
Hath brought my daughters hither.

Caliste. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work, and were I not
To attend the Princeesse, I would see and hear
How you succeed.

The. I am commanded too,
He bear you company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before highnesse. *Exit Sap.*

The. Spare no promises,
Perswasions, or threats, I conjure you ;
If you prevail, tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you ;
Be constant and be carefull. *Exeunt Theo. & Priest.*

Cal. We are sorry

To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at liberty ; so well I loue you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow prisoners ; prithee *Angelo*,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit ?

Cal. We thank you :
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you
therefore

Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life ;
Falshood and he are strangers ; had you, Ladies,
Been blest with such a servant, you had never
Forlook that way (your journey even half ended)
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations ; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleasure here have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.
He must not leave me, without him I fall ;
In this life he is my servant, in the other
A wished companion.

Ang. Tis not in the Diuel,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodnesse.

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it ; and if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we
Even from the cradle, were brought up together.
Our amity encreasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come then as good angels, *Dorothea*,

To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, Lady ?
Leaving those blessings which our gods give freely,
And shew'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to the noblie born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb or stop, (such is our Laws indulgence,)
All happineffe forfook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreat ; and (reconcil'd
To our forsaken gods) we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. by our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy : the Christian yokes to heavy
For such a dainty neck ; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a pillar,
More precious then Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupids* Image ; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet ? are you not
Divels ?

Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger ?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houses rather,

Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
 Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious rites
 O call them rather juggling mysteries,
 The baits and nets of hell, your souls the prey
 For which the Devil angles, your false pleasures
 A steep descent by which you headlong fall
 Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
 Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods,
 Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
 That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you ?
 Most pitted women, will you sacrifice
 To such, or call them gods or goddesses,
 Your Parents would disdain to be the same,
 Or you your selves ? O blinded ignorance,
 Tell me *Caliste*, by the truth I charge you,
 Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
 To have him deifi'd to posterity,
 Desire your Father an Adulterer,
 A Ravisher, almost a Parricide,
 A vile incestuous wretch ?

Caliste. That piety
 And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you *Christeta*,
 To be hereafter registred a goddess,
 Give your chaste body up to the embraces
 Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,
 This is the common whore, the prostitute,
 The mistress in the arts of wantonness,
 Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
 That are immodest.

Christeta. You judge better of me,
 Or my affection is ill placed on you ;
 Shall I turn strumpet ?

Dor. No I think you would not ;
 Yet *Venus*, whom you worship, was a whore ;
Flora the Foundresse of the publick Stews ;
 And has for that her sacrifice : your great god,

Your *Jupiter*, a loose adulterer,
 Incestuous with his sister : read but those
 That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worse
 Then, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
 Are they immortal then, that did partake
 Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
 In mens most base affections ? subject to
 Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are ?
 Here *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull,
 The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*.
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of *Troy*
 As a day-labourer ; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus sheep for bread ; the *Lemnian* smith
 Sweats at the Forge for hire ; *Prometheus* here,
 With his still growing Liver feeds the vulture ;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains ;
 And thousands more, on whom abused error
 Bestows a deitie : will you then dear sisters,
 For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
 To things of lesse power then your selves ?

Caliste. We worship
 Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashion'd ?
 By sinful men ? Ile tell you a short tale,
 Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
 A King of *Aegypt* being to erect
 The Image of *Osiris*, whom they honour,
 Took from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels,
 And purest gold, as the materials
 To finish up his work ; which perfected,
 With all solemnity he set it up,
 To be ador'd, and serv'd himself his idol,
 Desiring it to give him victory
 Against his enemies : but being overthrown,
 Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods,
 Subject to humane fury) he took down
 The senseless thing, and melting it again,
 He made a basin, in which Eunuchs wash'd
 His Concubines feet ; and for this fordid use

Some moneths it serv'd : his Mistresse proving false,
 As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
 Between him and the Priests, of the same bason
 He made his god again : think, think of this,
 And then consider, if all worldly honours,
 Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
 Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
 To put their trust in drosse.

Cal. Oh that I had been born
 Without a Father.

Chr. Piety to him
 Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so ;
 You may repair all yet : the attribute
 That speaks his Godhead most, is, mercifull,
 Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
 Yet cannot strike without his leave. You weep,
 Oh tis a heavenly shower, celestial balm
 To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,
 Fall thick upon it, and when that is spent,
 Ile help it with another of my tears :
 And may your true repentance prove the child
 Of my true sorrow, never mother had
 A birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught our selves,
 That came to take you ; and assur'd of conquest,
 We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
 Your victory had been eternal losse,
 And this your losse immortal gain ; fix here,
 And you shall feel your selves inwardly arm'd
 Gainst tortures, death, and hell, but take heed,
 sisters,
 That or through weaknesse, threats, or mild perswa-
 sions,
 Though of a father, you fall not into
 A second and a worst Apostacie.

Cal. Never, oh never ; steel'd by your example,
 We dare the worst of tyranny.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
You shall along, and witnesse it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then,
And rest assur'd, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. *Sapritius*, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sicknesse, his contempt of us
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to *Cæsar*, that weighs down
Our just displeasure : if his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His libertie can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest Vassals.

Art. Use all means
For his recovery ; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection : if the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.

The. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet perswasion dwels
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will work her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet 'tis no easie task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. *A shout with-*

Art. What means this shout. *in, loud musick.*

Sap. 'Tis seconded with musick, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant musick, ha !

Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian Lady,

The Image of great *Iupiter* borne before them,
Sue for access.

The. My foul divin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light,
Their mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

*Enter Priest with the Image of Iupiter, Incense and
Censers, followed by Caliste, and Christeta, leading
Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind ;
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort ;
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you never had faln off: I am ravish'd
With the exceffe of joy, speak happy daughters
The blest event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.

The. O my dear girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*,
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Most willingly:
Do you refuse it?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

The. My own child still ; here set our god, prepare
The incense quickly : come fair *Dorothea*,
I will my self support you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to *Iupiter*.

Dor. I shall do it

Better by their example.

The. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice ;
Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
Make a joint offering.

Chri. Thus. *They both spit at the Image,*

Cal. And thus. *throw it down, and spurn it.*

Har. Profane

And impious, stand you now like a Statue ?
Are you the Champion of the Gods ? Where is
Your holy zeal, your anger ?

The. I am blasted,

And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion : I would I had no sight too ;
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a sea of tears,
To expiate this madnesse in my daughters ;
For being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other.
For my sake, hold a while thy dreadfull thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

The. Peace damn'd Enchantrefs, peace. I should
look on you

With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much out-strip my
tongue,

And seal my vengeance on your hearts ; but nature
To you that have faln once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Love* ?

Dor. Alack poor *Love*,

He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the ancientst godling ; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the thief that stole away

Two of his golden locks, indeed he could not ;
And still tis the same quiet thing.

The. Blasphemer,
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,
Thou art past hope : but for you yet dear daughters,
Again bewicht, the dew of mild forgivenesse
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition : be your selves again ;
Sue to the offended Diety.

Chr. Not to be
The Mistresse of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much lesse kneel ;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly blessings : we professe our selves
To be like *Dorothea*, Christians,
And owe her for that happinesse.

The. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are these they
You brag'd could convert others ?

Sap. That want strength
To stand themselves ?

Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit of our cause depends upon it,
Something you must do suddenly.

The. And I will.

Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.

The. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already ;
Ætna is in my brest, wildfire burns here,
Which onely blood must quench : incensed power,
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon

The Virgin Martir.

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The sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which I will offer to thee ; and be pleas'd,
(My fierie zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that justice, others may stile murder.
Come you accurfed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Lesse pittifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kills them.*

Dor. O most cruel Butcher.

The. My anger ends not here ; hells dreadfull
Porter

Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned souls, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wafted : and when death
Closes these eies, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their shrieks and howlings ; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of this accurfed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.
Exit with Harpax hugging him.

Enter Artemia laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again,
Call back your hangman, here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.

Art. Not so.

We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee ;
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way :
Be she your charge, *Sapritius*, now, and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistris,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius, and Hircius, ragged, at severall doors.

Hir. *Spungius.*

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it! how goes this totterd world!

Hir. Haft any money!

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivy clings about my money and kils it. Haft thou any money!

Hir. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the tother has peeping holes within dores; the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy house, sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdy house not able to stand. In the tavern, you are coufen'd with paltry wine, in a bawdy house by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue; or keep door rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistrefs.

Hir. Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pils, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowsie breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em, which so pricks the linings of my body, and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailer to the destinies) to take her shears, and cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goose of mortality, and so prefs me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler; a Cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness has gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'st thy shooe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowerly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wetshod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Coblers son, by going through stitch: O *Hircius*, wud thou and I were so happy to be coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers ends.

Spun. I fee the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more then famish'd.

Spun. All the members of my bodie are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of rost-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shank for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, then run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totterdemalions, rag-a-muffins, and lowfy desperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I am-an-o, I am-an-as*; consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lowlie, beggerly, thou whorson *Affa Fetida*.

Spun. Worfe ; all totterings, all out of frame, thou *Fooliamini*.

Hir. As how *arsnuck* : come make the world smart.

Sp. Old Honor goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, souldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox : why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright !

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, look who's yonder.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* ! how does my little man ! well !

Ang. Yes, and would you did so : where are your clothes !

Hir. Clothes ! You see every woman almost go in her loose gowne, and why should not we have our cloathes loose !

Spun. Wud they were loose !

Ang. Why, where are they !

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company ; they are pawnd to a broker.

Ang. Why pawnd, where's all the gold I left with you !

Hir. The gold ? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has coufen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies ! I know which way

Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew ; I will no more,
Be mockd by you : be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour, eat the bread

Got with hard hands : let sorrow be your whip
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want, till then, my pitie dies.

Exit.

Spu. Ist not a shame, that this scurvy *Puerilis*
should give us lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou knowst, a long time in the
Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy ;
but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of
honesty.

Enter Harpax aloof.

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to
the bar of beggery ; the found of score a pottle of
sack, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster
wench, or two cats incorporating.

Har. This must not be, I do not like when con-
science

Thaws ; keep her frozen still : how now my masters !
Dejected, drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torn,
Lean and ill colour'd, sighing ! What's the whirl-wind
Which raiseth all these mischiefs ! I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O ! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Your selves into the service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die : where's now her praying !
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort of rogues,
And lowlie prisoners ?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan stil, I could not have
spit white for want of drink ; but come to any Vintner
now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian,
and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly serv'd ; before that peevish
Lady

Had to do with you, women, wine, and money

Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not ?

Hir. Oh ! those dayes, those dayes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in
madness,

Those dayes shall come again (be rul'd by me)

And better, (mark me) better.

Spun. I have seen you sir, as I take it, an attend-
ant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant : but hark
hither,

Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse stirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd ? how ? drunk ?

Har. Yes my fine boy, Ile drink too, and be
drunk ;

I am a Prince, and any man by me,

(Let him but keep my rules) shall soon grow rich,

Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich ;

He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures

As other poor knaves are ; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged——

Har. You'll say, you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any master under the Zodiack.

Har. For clothes no matter, I have a mind to both.

And one thing I like in you, now that you see

The bonfire of your Ladies state burnt out,

You give it over, do you not ?

Her. Let her be hang'd.

Spun. And pox'd.

Harp. Why now y'are mine.

Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We have bugs sir.

Har. There's mony, fetch your clothes home,
ther's for you.

Hir. Avoid Vermine : give over our mistresse ! a
man cannot prosper worle, if he serve the Devill.

Har. How ? the divel ! Ile tell you what now of
the Divel ;

He's no such horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, faucer-ey'd, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, than man to man
is.

Hir. Is he so! wud we two might come ac-
quainted with him.

Har. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow,
loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything, if you have
mony, its ten to one but Ile bring him to some
Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. Ile bespeak the best room in 'th house for
him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Wee'l give him no such cause.

Har. He hates a Civil Lawyer, as a souldier does
peace.

Spun. How a Commoner!

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter
you with one foolish question: does the Diuel eat any
Mace in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver
takes him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff,
boyled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, does
he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward does a dog. A Catchpole!
he has sworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serieant his
heir, and a Yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate,
will the Porter let him come in, sir?

Har. Oh he loves Porters of great mens gates,
because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for
all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under
him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before

he hurts any man : do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing !

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, she's brought you.

Hir. Oh my elbow itches : will the Divil keep the door ?

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine divel ! some watchman I warrant ; I wonder who's his Constable ?

Har. Will you swear, roar, swagger ! he claps you.

Hir. How ! ath' chops !

Har. No, ath' shoulder, and cries, O my brave boy.

Will any of you kill a man ?

Spun. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word ? hang, hang, tis nothing. Or stab a woman ?

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he gives you, a pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inveigling rascal ! I am ravishd.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turn up your glaſs of youth,

And let the ſands run merrily ; nor do I care
From what a laſh hand your money flies,
So you give none away, feed beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Har. And to the ſcrubbing poor.

Hir. Ile ſee 'em hang'd firſt.

Har. One ſervice you muſt do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your miſtreſs *Dorothea*, ere ſhe ſuffers,
Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts
To tear her into ſhreekes, to fetch her ſoul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppose this ſhe, and that I had no hands,
here's my teeth.

The Virgin Martir.

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Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth,
here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there sir?

Har. No, not for hills of Diamonds; the grand
Master

Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company, should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Plie you this businesse; he her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. *Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible
number of servants. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus IV. Scene I.

*A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physicians
about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.*

Sap. O You that are half Gods, lengthen that
life

Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes

Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* science,

'T encrease the number of this young mans dayes,

And for each minute of his time prolong'd,

Your fee shall be, a piece of Roman gold

With *Cæsars* stamp, such as he sends his Captains

When in the wars they earn well: do but save him

And as he is half my self be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promise, Physicks hand

As apt is to destroy as to preserve,

If heaven make not the medicine: all this while

Our skill hath combat held with his disease;

But tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,

To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sicknesse, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch ore me,
And from that observation, sure I find,
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child ? a midwife !

Mac. Yes, with child,
And will I fear lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed : stand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his arms flie open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form :
Physitians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibbish language ; let him hear
The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princeesse strict command barring that happiness)
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not.
He be no subject to the greatest *Cesar*
Was ever crownd with Lawrel, rather then cease
To be a father.

Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.

Anto. Thou kilst me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.

Anton. Where ? why do you mock me ?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman ; I to buy her beautie,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pitie.

Doct. Let him have some musick.

Ant. Hell on your fiding.

Doff. Take again your bed, fir,
Sleep is a foveraign Phyfick.

Ant. Take an affes head, fir,
Confufion on your fooleries, your charms
Thou flinking glifter-pipe : where's the god of reft,
Thy pills, and bafe Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me ? Out you impoftors,
Quackfalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skill,
Is to make found men fick, and fick men kill.

Mac. O be your felf, dear friend.

Ant. My felf, *Macrinus* ?
How can I be my felf, when I am mangled
Into a thoufand peeces ? here moves my head,
But where's my heart ? Where ever, that lies dead.

*Enter Sapritius, dragging in Dorothea by the hair,
Angelo attending.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd forcerefs, call up
thy fpirits,
And (if they can) now let 'em from my hand
Untwine thefe witching hairs.

Ant. I am that fpirit :
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron fhould hew that hand in peeces,
That fo defaces this fweet monument
Of my loves beauty.

Sap. Art thou fick ?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldft thou recover ?

Ant. Would I live in blifs ?

Sap. And do thine eyes fhoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health ?

Ant. It is not in the world.

Sap. Is't here ?

Anton. O treafure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near ?

Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rifle

The spoils thy lust hunts after : I descend
To a base office and become thy Pandar
In bringing thee this proud Thing ; make her thy
whore.

Thy health lies here ; if she deny to give it,
Force it ; imagine thou assault'st a towne
Weak wall : too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unseen) be witness to this batterie,
How the cov' flumpet veelds.

Doc? Shall the boy stay, sir?

Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to these odd bawdy
Shufflings, and indeed, are those
Little young snakes in a Furies head
Will sting worse than the great ones ;
Let the Pimp flay.

Exeunt aside.

Dor. O guard me Angels,

What Tragedy must begin now?

Ant. When a Tyger

Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger starv'd, what tragedy then begins ?

Dor. Death, I am happy so ; you hitherto
Have still had goodness spar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not Mistresse.

If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpofe fir, your eye
Bears danger in it?

Ant. I must.

Dor. What ?

Sap. Speak it out.

Ans. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. Plague a your trees.

Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think ever) tasted.

Sap. A souldier and stand fumbling fo.

Dor. O kill me,
And heaven will take it as a sacrifice.

But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee.

Ant. Rise ; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour ; pleasures forc'd
Are unripe apples, sowr, not worth the plucking :
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
'The villany of man did ever act.

Sapritius breaks in and Macrinus.

Ang. Die happy for this language.

Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish ideot.

Mac. Dear fir, vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too ; both I think are
geldings :
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, th'art no brat of mine ;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire : a tempting whore
(For whom th'art mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling ! Had a Tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crosse capers,
Had ruffled her by this ; but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Shalt tear thy flesh in peeces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy nicenesse durst not touch. Call out a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.
Ant. What will you do, dear fir ?
Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would
learn
In lesse then half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Macr. A slave is to me, what now ?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour : from what countrie
Wert thou tane prisoner, here to be our slave ?

Slave. From Brittain.

Sap. In the West Ocean ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Island ?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I am fitted ; of all nations

Our Roman swords ever conquer'd, none comes near
The Brittain for true whoring : firrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy Liberty ?

Sl. Do ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! I'de thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I'th face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his carrear backward, to pass
Me with his horns in peeces : to shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die my self : What is for man to do,
He venture on, to be no more a slave.

Sap. Thou shalt then be no slave ; for I will fet
thee

Upon a peece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain : drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her ! is this your manly
service ?

A Divel scorns to doo 't ; tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man : I am as yet
But half a slave ; but when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves ; do't thy self, Roman,
Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too :

Bind him, and with a Bastinado give him
Upon his naked belly, 200. blows.

Sla. Thou art more slave then I. *Exit carried in.*

Dor. That power supernal, on whom waits my soul,

Is Captain ore my chastity.

Ant. Good sir, give ore,

The more you wrong her, your selfe's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I throw

Thy harlot thus by the hair, nail her to earth.

Call in ten slaves, let every one discover

What lust desires, and surfet here his fill:

Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come, sir, at your call.

Sap. Oh oh. *Falls down.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my Lord:

That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman Gods can strike

These fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,

Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

Dor. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou

Hast done this act infernall.

Dor. Heaven pardon you,

And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down

(I can no miracles work) yet from my soul,

Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover.

The. He stirs, help, raise him up; my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheek is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the *Lamia*

That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.

Dor. I'm here, do what you please.

The. Spurne her too 'th barre.

Dor. Come boy being there, more near to heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloody hangman ! thine own gods give thee breath,
Each of thy tortors is my severall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hircius and Spungius.

Har. Do you like my service now, say am not I
A maffer worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance ! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richest sute of any infected Lord, whose rotten life hangs between the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute ! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splay-foot estate of any left-eyed knight above the Antipodes, because they are unlucky to meet.

Har. This day Ile try your loves to me ; 'tis onely
But well to use the agility of your arms.

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.

Spun. Thoul't run into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one thats more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains, hear me, I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels, Yet you must use them ; lay them on but foundly, That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.

Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beat ?

Har. Your mistresse.

Hir. How ! my mistrefs ! I begin to have a Christians heart, made of sweet butter ; I melt, I cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unleffe she scratch ; bum my mistresse !

Har. Y're Coxcombs, silly animals.

Hir. Whats that ?

Har. Drones, Affes, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust

Your arms out to catch fortune ; say you fall off.
It must be done : you are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half fac'd Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-leather.

Hir. I doubt me I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meet,

Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you passe along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold : when you are dead,

Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring——, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I
will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers
itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, Ile take her ore the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where Ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine own ; stand by I must not

To see this done, great businesse calls me hence ;
He's made can make her curse his violence. *Exit.*

Spu. Fear it not fir, her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick thwack thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a guard attending, & hangman with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.

Sap. According to our Roman customes, bind That Christian to a Pillar.

The. Infernal furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me : me ! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods : yet (so it stand
To great *Cæsars*'s Governours high pleasure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear
By *Cæsars* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him : I defie
Your hangmen ; you now shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready ?

Ang. Shrink not dear Mistrisse.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two ! whom I like fostred children fed,
And lengthened out your starved life with bread :
You be my hangman ! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tor-
mentors !

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

Strike at her : Angelo kneeling holds her fast.

The. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaves.

Spun. Faster : I am out of breath I am sure ; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys ! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limb ! tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

The. These dogs are curs, *Come from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not : see my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty then before :
Proud whore, it smiles ; cannot an eye start out
With these !

Hir. No fir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis
full of iron work.

Sap. Lets view the cudgels, are they not counter-
feit.

Ang. There fix thine eye still ; thy glorious crown
must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome.
There fix thine eye still, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses shall bear up thy feet :
There fix thine eye still. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, these bats have power to fell
down gyants, yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these.

The. Cannot these force a shreeke ! *Beats them.*

Spun. O ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now
five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her roare.

Beats f'other, he roares.

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves ! What are they !

Spun. We serve that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd us to this dry beating : oh for one half pot.

Har. My servants ! two base rogues, and sometimes servants

To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us ! Master *Harpax*, what a diuel shall we be thus us'd ?

Har. What bandogs but you two, wud worry a woman ?

Your Mistrisse ! I but clapt you, you flew on :

Say I should get your lives, each rascal begger

Would, when he met you, cry out hell hounds,
traitors

Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman

Ever endure your sight : 'tis your best course

Now (had you secret kniues) to stab your selves,

But since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your best course.

The. Why stay they trifling here !

To gallows drag them by the heels ; away.

Sp. By the heels ! No sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

Har. Dispatch them.

Exeunt.

Spu. The Diuel dispatch thee,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph ; *Theophilus*,
See this witch made away too.

The. My foul thirsts for it ;

Come I my self thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exit.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Ant. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer ?
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,

To make a glad return from whence it came?

Is it *Macrinus*?

A scaffold thrust forth.

Mac. By this preparation

You well may rest assur'd, that *Dorothea*

This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies

The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman ;

Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand

Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once

Take my last leave both of this light, and her :

For she being gone, the glorious sun himself

To me's *Cymerian* darknesse.

Mac. Strange affection !

Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,

And kills instead of giving life.

Ant. Nay weep not,

Though tears of friendship be a soveraign balm,

On me they are cast away: it is decreed

That I must die with her, our clue of life

Was spun together.

Mac. Yet sir, 'tis my wonder,

That you, who hearing onely what she suffers,

Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,

To adde to calamitie, an eye-witnesse

Of her last tragick scene, which must pierce deeper,

And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. O *Macrinus*,

'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,

Which is the end I aim at, being to die too :

What instrument more glorious can I wish for,

Then what is made sharp by my constant love,

And true affection ; it may be, the duty

And loyal service, with which I pursu'd her,

And seald it with my death, will be remembred

Among her blessed actions, and what honour

Can I desire beyond it ?

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headfman before her, followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appears, more like
To heaven itself, then any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my beleef; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be ferv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kind, that to maintain
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of: she ascends,
And every step, raises her neerer heaven.
What god so ere thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundlesse happineffe.

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Ant. Good fir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures, in this happy object
That I shall ere be blest with.

The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increas'd
By violent shipwracks, nor the unsearched mines,
Mammons unknown exchequer, shall redeem thee:
And therefore having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleasures and delights: lastly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elizian* joies thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd Apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants, let despair

Prevent the hangmans sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant. She smiles,
Unmov'd by *Mors*, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

The. Derided too ! Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou fool
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of :
What is this life to me, not worth a thought ;
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better : even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee and on the world ;
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No joint benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there.
Forget for shame your Tempe ; burie in
Oblivion, your fain'd *Hesperian* Orchards :
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require *Hercules* to get it
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elysian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed then you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my steps
And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With mine own hands
He rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.

The. By no means,
Let him go with her ; do seduc'd young man,

And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
 And when you come to that imagin'd place,
 That place of all delights, pray you obserue me,
 And meet those curfed things I once called daughters,
 Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
 If there be any truth in your religion,
 In thankfullnesse to me, that (with care) hasten
 Your journey thither, pray fend me some
 Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of,

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute, dam thy self?

The. The gates to hell are open.

Do. Know thou tyrant

Thou agent for the diuel thy great master,
 Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
 I can and will.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. O ! mountains fall upon me,
 Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
 Where light may never find me.

The. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-
 craft.

The. *Harpax*, my *Harpax*, speak.

Har. I dare not stay :

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
 Some whirlwind snatch me from this curfed place,
 To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
 Hells torments are sweet slumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.

Thy charms upon my servant, curfed witch,
 Gives thee a short reprieve : let her not die
 Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not : what object
 Is her eye fix'd on ?

Mac. I see nothing.

Ant. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,
(For thou art more then mortal) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation † and vouchsafest
(Though glorified) to take my servants habit;
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know I am the same,
And still the servant to your pietie.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tri'd your charity,
When in a beggars shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you beleev'd) my famish'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in such habits often
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joyes eternall,
Your martyrdome once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assur'd,
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it.
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have libertie.
Is there ought else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amaz'd.

Ant. I feel a holy fire.

That yeelds a comfortable heat within me :
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was ;
See I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kisse.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain.

Ant. Sir I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

The. Ile quickly make a separation of 'em :
Hast thou ought else to say ?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest ;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight : strike, O strike quickly ;
And though you are unmov'd to see my death
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies.

Her head struck off.

Ant. O take my soul along to wait on thine.

Mac. Your son sinks too.

Antoninus sinks.

Sap. Already dead !

The. Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect :
I triumph in their ends ; and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcases, to orellook
The *Pyrenian* hills, but Ile root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world

No name of Christian.

*Loud musick: exit Angelo, having first laid
his hand upon their mouths.*

Sap. Ha, heavenly musick.

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

The. Illusions of the Divil,

Wrought by some witch of her Religion

That fain would make her death a miracle :

It frights not me. Because he is your son,

Let him have buriall, but let her body

Be cast forth with contempt in some high-way,

And be to Vultures, a to dogs and prey. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus in his study. Books about him.

The. **I** S't holy-day (O *Cæsar*) that thy servant
(Thy Provost to see execution done
On these base Christians in *Cæsarea*)
Should now want work? sleep these Idolaters,
That none are stirring? As a curious Painter, *Rises.*
When he has made some admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship.—So here *sits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloudy Lantskips
(Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances. *Book.*
My Muster-book of Hell-hounds; were the Christians,
(Whose names stand here) alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried

With violence of zeal, and streams of service
 I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain*, what
 A thousand wives with brats sucking their breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch 'em off, and thrown to swine;
 And then their fleshy back-parts hewed with hatchets,
 Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed starv'd
 Christians.

Ha, ha.

Agen, agen,—*East-Anglas*,—oh; East-Angles
 Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
 1000. British Rascals, stiyed up, fat
 Of purpose stript naked, and disarm'd.
 I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
 To sit at these sweet bul-baitings, so I could
 Thereby but one Christian win to fall
 In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
 Eyes board with Augurs out: oh! eleven thousand
 Torn by wild beasts; two hundred ram'd i'th earth
 To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
 But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rise*,
 Tush, all these tortures are but philliping, *Consort*.
 Flea-bitings; I, before the destinies *Enter Angelo with*
 My bottome did wind up, would flesh my self *a basket*
 Once more upon some one remarkable *filld with fruit*
 Above all these; this Christian slut was well, *and*
 A pretty one: but let such horror follow *flowers*.
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
 Shall heare it, her foundation at the found
 May feel an earth-quake. How now? *Musick*.

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir—so great a Roman
 spirit

And does it tremble!

The. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy busi-
 nesse?

Ang. To you:

I had a mistresse late sent hence by you
 Upon a bloody errand, you entreated
 That when she came into that blessed Garden
 Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)

The Virgin Martir.

79

She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise fav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I see this Garden ?

Ang. Yes if the Master
Will give you entrance. *Angelo vanisheth.*

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright cheek'd child I ever viewd ;
Sweet smelling goodly fruit ; what flowers are these ?
In *Dioclesians* Gardens, the most beautilous,
Compar'd with these, are weeds ; is it not February ?
The second day she died ? Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the beard of Winter ; where's the sun
That guilds this summer ; pretty sweet boy, say, in
what Country
Shall a man find this garden—, my delicate boy, gone !
Vanished !
Within there, *Fulianus* and *Geda*.—

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates shut ?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not—a boy ?

2. Where ?

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000 blessings
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing,
that brought this basket.

1. No sir.

Exeunt.

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
No ! vanish'd, and not seen ! be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essentiall, and how ere it grows,
Will taste it.

Eats.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Harpax within.

The. So good, ile have some more sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickorish fool.

The. What art thou?

Har. A Fisherman.

The. What doest thou catch?

Har. Souls, souls, a fish call'd souls.

Enter a servant.

The. Geta.

1. My Lord.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

The. What insolent slave is this dares laugh
at me? *within-*

Or what ist the dog grins at so?

1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom;
for there is none without, but my fellow *Julianus*, and
he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. *Jupiter*! all within me is not well,
And yet not sick.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

lower.

The. What's thy name slave?

Har. Go look.

At one end.

1. 'Tis *Harpax* voice.

The. *Harpax*? go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.

Har. Fool, thou liest.

At tother end.

1. Hee's yonder now, my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

At the middle.

Theoph. Hee's at Barli-break, and the last couple
are now in hell: *exit servant.*

Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloody,
And pav'd with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape Angelical; mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes they were wings,
And hence he flew; 'tis vanished. *Jupiter*
For all my sacrifices done to him

The Virgin Martir.

81

Never once gave me smile ; how can stone smile,
Musick.

Or wooden image laugh ? ha ! I remember
Such musick gave a welcome to my ear,
When the fair youth came to me : 'tis in the air
Or from some better place ; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*

The. Agen ? what dainty rellish on my tongue
This fruit hath left ! some Angel hath me fed ;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *Eats another.*

*Enter Harpax in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of
the study.*

Har. Hold.

The. Not for *Cæsar*.

Har. But for me thou shalt.

The. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
You powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,
Guard me : what art thou ?

Har. I'm thy master.

The. Mine.

Har. And thou my everlasting slave : that *Harpax*,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

The. Avant.

Har. I will not ; cast thou down
That basket with the things in 't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drink
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gon.

The. My fruit !

Does this offend thee ? see.

Har. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll peece-meal tear thee.

The. Art thou with this affrighted ? see, here's
more. *flowers.*

Har. Fling them away, Ile take thee else and
hang thee

In a contorted chain of Isicles
I'th frigid Zone : down with them.

The. At the bottome.

One thing I found not yet, see *a crosse of flowers.*

Har. Oh, I'me tortur'd.

The. Can this do't! hence, thou Fiend infernal,
hence.

Har. Clasp *Iupiters* Image, and away with that.

The. At thee ile fling that *Iupiter* ; for me thinks
I serve a better Master : he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee ;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the axe nor me,
But sends these presents to me ; and ile travel
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg forgiveness.

Har. No, ile bind thee here.

The. I serve a strength above thine : this small
weapon

Me thinks is armour hard enough.

Har. Keep from me.

sinks a little.

The. Art posting to thy center! down, hel-hound,
down.

Me hast thou lost ; that arm which hurls thee hence,
Save me, and set me up the strong defence
In the fair Christians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there ;

Nor be thou shaken with a *Cæsars* voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it ; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean, and more white then snow ;
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee ; spread this brave wing

And serve then *Cæsar* a far greater King.

The. It is, it is some Angel ; vanish'd again !
Oh come back, ravishing boy, bright messenger ;
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my soul : Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudest, thou blest spirit that leads
me,

Teach me what I must do, and to do well,
That my last act the best may paralell. *Exit.*

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,
meeting Artemia ; *attendants.*

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant *Cæsar*.

Dioc. Let thy wish (fair daughter)
Be equally divided ; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one *Cæsar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love, and Empire, I should say, till now
I nere had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistressse.

Art. Sir, you shew your self
Both Courtier and Souldier ; but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice ; love still is love,
His Bow and Arrows are the same ; great *Julius*,
That to his successors let the name of *Cæsar*,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pharsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carcasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew

No other Lord but him, struck deep in years too,
 (And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
 After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
 A suppliant to the Magick of her eye,
 Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive ;
 Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
 (But by the gods you are most excellent)
 Your gravity and discretion would overcome me,
 And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
 To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
 Wealth, title, Empire, that my sword hath purchas'd.

Dioc. This meets my wishes : welcome it, *Artemia*,

With out-stretch'd arms, and study to forget
 That *Antoninus* ever was ; thy fate
 Reserv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Ep. This happy match brings new nerves to give
 strength
 To our continued league.

Maced. *Hymen* himself
 Will bless this marriage, which we will solemnize
 In the presence of these Kings.

Pon. Who rest most happy,
 To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
 Peace to the Empire.

Dioc. We much thank your loves :
 But where's *Sapritius* our Governour,
 And our most zealous Provost, good *Theophilus* ?
 If ever Prince were blest in a true servant,
 Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
 Both they, and we, stand far engag'd to cherish
 His piety and service.

Art. Sir, the Governour
 Brooks sadly his sons loss, although he turn'd
 Apostata in death ; but bold *Theophilus*,
 Who, for the same cause, in my presence seal'd
 His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
 Having with tortures first tried to convert her,

Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loofe her head.

Dio. He is all worthy,
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.

Art. 'Twill be deliver'd
With fuch contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highneffe laughter,
Then the leaft pitie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Dioc. To that end I would hear it.

Art. He comes, with him the governour.

Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneffe ;
But yet remembring that you are a father,
I will forget it : good *Theophilus*,
I will fpeak with you anone : nearer your ear.
to Sapritius.

The. By *Antoninus* foul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the caufe that moves me,
Receive my fignet, by the power of this,
Go to my prifons, and releafe all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what fhall follow ?

The. Haſte then to the port,
You there ſhall find two tall ſhips ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor diſtreſſed ſouls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny ;
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Diety
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage fuch, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travel : leave me here ;
There is a ſcene that I muſt act alone.

Haſte good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.

Mac. Ile undertak't, there's ſomething prompts me
to it,

'Tis to save innocent blood, a Saint-like act ;

And to be mercifull, has never been

By mortal men themselves esteemed a sin. *Exit Mac*——

Dioc. You know your charge.

Sap. And will with care observe it.

Dioc. For I professe, he is not *Cæsars* friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers : welcome, my best servant,
My carefull zealous Provost, thou hast toild
To satisfie my will, though in extreams,
I love thee for't ; thou art firm rock, no changeling :
Prithce deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excesse of bitternesse, or scoffes,
Before my brother and these Kings, how took
The Christian her death.

The. And such a presence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha ! how's this ?

The. O mark it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embassie from heaven
By a wing'd Legate ; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered :
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise up with reverence ; and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Which lying *Greece* so boasts of ; your own Matrons,
Your *Roman* Dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relicks, in her history
Will find a second Urn : *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death desir'd to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*,
That swallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad ?

Dioc. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly.
This did no more.

The. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life : this had not mutinous fons,
As the rash *Graachi* were ; nor was this Saint
A doting mother, as *Cornelia* was :
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious ; but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his cause
Who onely can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministring Angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven ; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial musick, equall to
The motion of the spheres, she uncompe'l'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*
You were present at her death, did you ere heare
Such ravishing sounds ?

Sap. Yet you said then it was witchcraft,
And divellish illusions.

The. I then heard it
With sinfull ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him,

Dioc. Why dost thou now ? Or dar'st thou in our
hearing ?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage should they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly ;
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dioc. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes
thee)

Thou could'st not else, thy pilgrimage of life
 Being almost passed through in the last moment,
 Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great ;
 Thy youth did promise much, and grown a man,
 Thou made'st it good, and with encrease of years
 Thy actions still better'd : as the Sun
 Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
 In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
 When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
 Wilt thou fall like a Meteor ?

Sap. Yet confess
 That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
 Had no agreement.

Max. Do, no way is left else,
 To save thy life, *Theophilus*.

Dio. But refuse it,
 Destruction as horrid and as suddain
 Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
 And thou wert sinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
 Hear for my service past.

Art. What will he say ?

The. As ever I deserv'd your favour, hear
 me,

And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I sue for ;
 Nor is it fit, that I, that nere knew pitie
 To any Christian, being one my self,
 Should look for any : no, I rather beg
 The utmost of your cruelty ; I stand
 Accountable for thousand Christians deaths ;
 And were it possible that I could die
 A day for every one, then live again
 To be again tormented, 'twere to me
 An easie penance, and I should passe through
 A gentle cleansing fire ; but that denied me,
 It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
 My fate is, you would have no pitie on me :
 In mine own house there are a thousand engines

Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his Brazen Bull,
The horridst you can find, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail ; go fetch 'em hither :
Some go for the rack.

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning pinfords torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind : fetch all the Christians
That are in hold and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did ;
They are remov'd out of thy reach ; how ere
I was determin'd for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,
Make every artery and sinew crack,
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
Shall have ten thousand Drachms : wretch I'll force
thee

To curse the power thou worship'st.

The. Never, never,
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him,
They torment him.

But what shall speak his Majesty or mercy :
I am honour'd in my sufferings ; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more : alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorn :
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here are arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me.

The Virgin Martir.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan
To witnesse he has feeling.

Diox. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unlessse that he blaspheme, he's lost for
ever :

If torments ever could bring forth despair,

Let these compell him to it : oh me

My ancient enemies again.

falls down.

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her
Robe, a Crown upon her head, lead in by the Angel,
Antoninus, Caliste, and Christeta, following all in
white, but lesse glorious, the Angel with a Crown
for him.*

The. Most glorious Vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this ! I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make hast
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me ; death, till this blest minute
I never thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keepst me from a glorious wreath,
Which, through this stormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, blessed spirits I come,
And witnesse for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a souldier in the Christian wars. *dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortur'd, but ne're
yet

• A constancy like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.

The Virgin Martir.

91

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, curfed fiend,
In spite of hell this souldier's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.

Exit Angelo, the divell sinks with lightning.

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt,
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and wil go on ;
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.

Flourish. Exeunt.

FINIS.



Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly Shining in feuerall Magnificent
Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of
the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Ho-
nourable Citty of *London*, on Wednesday,
October the 29th. 1628.

At the particular Cost, and Charges of the Right Worship-
full, Worthy, and Ancient Society of *Skinners*.

Mart. lib. 7, Ep. 5. *Rufus Iō, Magnus clamat noua-Troia Triumphos.*

Inuented by THO. DEKKER.



Imprinted at *London* by *Nicholas Okes* and *Iohn Norton*. 1628.



To the Right Hono-

orable *Richard Deane* Lord Maior of the
most Renowned Citty of *London*: And to the
two worthy Sheriffes, Mr. *Rowland Backhouse*,
and Mr. *William Aflon*.

Honorable Prætor :
Noble Confuls.



*You are (this Yeare) the Subiect of my Verse,
In You lye hid the Fires which heate my
Braines,
To you, my Songs Triumphant I rehearse :
From you, a thanks brings in a golden Gaine,
Since You are then the Glory of my Muse,
But You, whom can shee for her Patrons chuse ?*

Whilst I rest,

Deuoted

To your Lordship,

And Worships

In all seruice,

Tho. Dekker.



Brittannia's Honor :

Brightly shining in feuerall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE, at his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honorable City of *London*, on Wenſday the 29. of *October*. 1628.

That *Honor* can bee greater to a *Kingdome*, than to haue a *City* for *beauty*, able to match with the *Faireſt* in the World ! A *City*, renowned Abroad, admired at Home. *London*, and her Royall Daughter (*Weſtminſter*) are the *Representatiue* body of the *general State* ; for, here our *Kings* and *Queenes* keepe their Courts ; heere are our *Princes*, the *Peeres*, *Nobility*, *Gentry*, Lords *Spirituell* and *Temporall*, with the Numerous *Communalty*.

London in *Forraine* Countries is called the *Queene* of Cities, and the *Queene-mother* ouer her owne. She is her Kings *Chamber-royall*, his *Golden-Key* : His *Store-house* : The *Magazine* of *Merchandise* ; the *Miſtris* of *Sciences* ; a *Nurſe* to all the *Shieres* in *England*.

So famous ſhee is for her *Buildings*, that *Troy* has leap'd out of her own *Cinders*, to build Her *Wals*. So remarkable for *Priority* and *Power*, that *hers* is the *Maſter-wheele* of the whole *Kingdome* : As *that* moues, ſo the *maine* Engine works.

London is *Admirall* ouer the *Nauy royall* of Cities : And as the sayles, the whole *Fleete* of them keepe their course.

Fully to write downe all the *Titles, Stiles*, and *Honors* of this our *Metropolis*, would weary a 1000. pennes : *Apollo* shall haue a *New Garland of Bayes*, to vndertake it.

As thus in State, thee her selfe is *Glorious* ; so haue all our Kings held it fit to make her chiefe *Ruler* eminent, and answerable to her *greatnesse*. The *Pratorian* Dignity is therefore come from the ancient *Romans*, to inueft with Robes of Honor, our *Lord Maior* of *London* : Their *Consuls* are our *Sheriefes* ; their *Senators* our *Aldermen*.

The extention of a Lord Maiors power, is euery yeare to bee seene both by Land and Water : Downe as low as *Lee* in *Essex* : Vp, as high as *Stanes* in *Middlesex* : In both which places, he keepe perfonall Courts. His House is a *Chancery* : He the *Chancellor* to mittigate the fury of Law : Hee the *Moderator* betweene the griping *Rich* and the wrangling *Poore*.

All the *City-Orphans* call him *Father* : All the Widdowes call him their *Champion*. His *Table* lyes spread to *Courtiers*, and *Free* to all Gentlemen of fashion.

More to Proclaime his Greatnesse, what *Vice-roy* is install'd with louder popular acclamations ! What *Deputie* to his Soueraigne goes along with such *Triumphes* ! To behold them, *Kings, Queenes, Princes*, and *Embassadors* (from all parts of the World) haue with Admiration, reioyced.

These *Triumphall passages* are full of *Magnificence* for State, *Munificence* for Cost, and *Beneficence* for doing good. For, besides all the twelue *Companies*, (euery one of which is a gayner by this imployment :) it would puzzle a good memory to reckon vp all those *Trades-men* (with other extraordinary Professions which liue not in the City) who get money by this Action.

Then by this meanes, are euery Yeare added to those that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houses, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of *London* (like a Prince) hath likewise his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wraftling, before him, and such like.

Thus hauing (as it were in Lantship) a farre off shewne you the Toppes onely of our *City-Buildings*; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her *AuthORITY*, giuing but a glimpse of her *Prætor* as hee passes by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all those Ceremonies, which this great *Festiual* day hath provided to Attend vpon him, and doe him Honor.

The first Shew, is called a Sea-Consort.

The first Salutation being on the Water, is furnished with Persons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall *Rocke* therefore is quaintly contriued: On whose highest Ascent sits *Amphitrite* Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle frindg'd with siluer crossing her Body: Her hayre long, and disheuelled, on her head, a phantasticke dressing made out of a Fishes writhen shell, interwouen with Pearle, the shell is siluer, on the top of it stands an Artificiall moouing Tortoyse: On each side of her, swimme two *Mermaides*. These two intic'd by the variety of seuerall instruments (ecchoing to one another) haue followed the Sea-Soueraigne, and waite vpon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the *Rocke* are Sea-Nymphes, and in places conuenient for them are bestowed our three famous Riuers, *Humber*, *Trent*, and *Seuerne*, aptly attired according to the quality of such Marine Persons, who play vpon Cornets.

Amphitryte is the Speaker. From whom are
deliuered these lines.

H *Aile worthy Prætor, (Haile Graue Senators)
The Queene of Waues (leaning Gray Neptunes
Bowres)*

*Waites here (Faire Lord) to serue you. Fames Re-
port,*

(So farre as old Oceanus Christall Courts)

What Tryumphes Ceremony forth would Call

To Swell the Ioyes of This Grand Festiuall,

Intic'de me with my Mermaydes and a Traine

*Of Sea-Nymphes hither. Here (this day) shall
Reigne*

Pleasures in State Maiesticke: And to lend

A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend

Three of my Noblest Children, Humber, Trent,

And Seuerne (Glorious made by Punishment.)

The Silver-footed Thames (my eldest sonne)

To Grace your Tryumphes, by your Barge shall runne.

Your Fortunes (led by a white-handed Fate

Vp to this High Fame) I Congratulate:

Glad am I to behol'd you Thus. Set Round

With Glories, Thus with Acclamations Crownd,

So Circled, and Hembd in, on Euery side

With Echoing Musicke, Fishes euen take pride

To Swimme along, and listen, Goe, and Take

The Dignity stayes for you, Whilst I make

Smooth way Before you, on This Glasfy Floore,

Vshering your glad Arriuall to the Shore.

To Honors Temple now you haue not farre,

Hye, and Come backe more Great than yet you Are.

On,

And so the Cornets playing one to Another, they
goe forward. If her *Maiestie* be pleased on the
Water, or Land, to Honor These Tryumphes with her
Prefrence; This following Speech in *French* is then

deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Presentations,
All the Couer, being set thicke with *Floure de Lucas*
in Gold.

MADAME,

V Oicy, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos
Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L'eau est
Couuerte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L'Air :
Et L'Air est Remply de Mille Echos, & Retentit de la
doulce Musique, que leur voix resonance, pour Attirer vos
oreilles fauorables à les Escouter. Puis vous auez sur
La Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudissent pour
Joy & Allegresse quelles ressentent de voir vostre Maiesle
dans la Ville. L'Element du Feu, Bruit & Tonne
vostre Bien Venus. Vos Subjets accourent à grand
Foule, ravis de voir les Graces qui ont choisi leur
Throsne sur vostre Front. Toutes les Delices d'Amour
se louent sur vos paupieres, La Rose d'Angleterre, & les
Fleurs de lis de France Sentrebaissent sur le Vermeil de
vos Iouës. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuse
comme L'Este, Autant Fructueuse que la vigne. Que
Seurte garde, & Enuironne vostre Chariot le Iour :
Et le Sommeil dore Dresse & orne vostre Chambre de
Nuict. Viuez longuement : Viuez Heureuse : Viuez
Aimee, & Cherie. Bonte vous garde ; Vertu vous
Couronne ; Et les Anges vous guident.

Thus Englished.

ROVALL LADY,

BEhold, the foure Elements waite vpon you to do
you Honor: Water hath prouided Floating
Tryumphes to Dance in the Aire: In the Aire are a
Thousand Ecchoes with Musick in their Mouthes, to
Notice you to heare them: On the Shore shall ten
thousand paire of hands giue you Plaudits in the
Citty: The Element of Fire, Thunders aloud your

welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to see the *Graces* Inthroand on your *Forehead*: All the *Delicacies* of *Loue*, playing on your *Eye-lids*, The *Roses* of *England*, and the *Lillies* of *France*, Kissing one Another on your *Cheekes*. Be you healthfull as the *Spring*; Glorious as *Summer*: Fruitfull as the *Vine*: Safety runne along your *Chariot* by Day; *Golden Slumbers* dresse vp your *Chamber* at Night.

<i>Liue long,</i>	<i>Goodnesse</i> Guard you,
<i>Liue happy,</i>	<i>Vertues</i> Crowne you,
<i>Liue beloude;</i>	<i>Angels</i> Guide you.

The second Presentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor.*

A *Person* in a rich *Romane* Antique Habit, with an ornament of Steeples, Towers, and Turrets on her head, Sits in a quaint Arbor, Interwouen with feuerall Branches of Flowers.

In her *Left* hand, she holds a golden Truncheon (leaning on the ground) to shew that shees a *Leader & Conduetrefse* of a *Mighty People*: Her *Right Hand* (thrusting through the *Arbor*) takes hold of a Tree, out of which spread *Twelue* *Maine* and *Goodly* *Branches*.

This *Lady* (thus sitting) Represents *London*: The Tree (guarded, and supported by her) The 12. *Superior Companies*.

Vpon euery particular *Branch*, is bestowed the *Armes* of some One of the *Twelue*, exprest in the True Cullors within a faire shield. The highest *Branch* of all (as ouer-topping the Rest at *This Time*) bearing the *Armes* of the *Skinners* in a more large and glorious *Escuchion*.

Among the *Leaues* in the *Top*, is a *Tablet*, in which is written, in letters of gold, *Viuite Concordes, Liue in Loue*: or *Agree in one*.

Ouer the *Person*, Representing *London*, is likewise Inscribed in golden Capitals, This,

Me cunctis Lauro perducit ad astra Triumphus.

Each Triumph Crown'd with Bayes,
Mee to the Starres does raize.

In places conuenient, and in a Triangular forme, vnder the twelue branches of the Tree, are seated *Minerva*, (Inuentresse and Patroneffe of Artes, Handycrafts, and Trades) in Ornaments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is *Bellona* goddesse of Warre, in a Martiall habit, on her head a Helme and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield, with *Medusæ's* head. Heereby intimating, that both *Artes* and *Armes*, are (in a high degree and fulnesse of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the City: And, that either of them flourish brauely vnder the shaddow and protection of the *twelue Branches*, shooting forth from that. *New Troy's Tree of Honor.*

Vpon a border of Flowers, inclofing this Tree, are fitly bestowed the *Armes* of as many of the inferior Companies in lesse Escutcheons, as for the quantity of roome, can there be handsomely placed.

Within the same Border, (where lesse Trees also grow) are presented *Peace*, *Religion*, *Ciuill Government*, *Iustice*, *Learning*, *Industry*, and clofe to *Industry*, *Honor*. For as all these are golden Columnes, to beare vp the *Glories* of the City, so is the City an indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to their Glories. And as these *twelue Noble Branches* couer these Persons, (as it were with the wings of Angels,) so the Persons watch day and night to defend the *twelue Branches*.

These Persons are adorned fitting their state and condition, and hold such properties in their hands, as of right belong vnto them.

1. *Peace* hath a *Doue* on her fist, and a *Palme-tree* Branch in her hand.

2. *Religion* is in a white glittering roabe, with a Coronet of Starres on her head, holding in one hand,

a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (emblem of prayer, by whose steppes wee climbe to Heauen.)

3. *Ciuill Government* is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expresse her Vigilance: For shee must watch euery houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. *Iustice* holds a Sword.

5. *Learning* a Booke, and a *Jacobs Staffe*.

6. *Industry*, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Compasse, as taking paines to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.

7. *Honor* fits in Scarlet.

The Person, in whom is figured *London*, is the
Speaker, who thus salutes his Lordship.

TEn thousand welcomes Greete you on the shore,
(My long expelled Prætor,) O before
You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on Mee,
On Mee, your second Mother, (London.) Shee
Whom all Great Brittaines Citties, stile their Queene,
For still I am, and haue her Darling beene.

The Christian World, in Me, reads Times best stories,
And Reading, fals blind at my dasling Glories,
But now the Snow of age, couers my head:
As therefore you, by Mee haue vp bin bred,
You (Sir) must Nurse me now: With a quicke eye
View then my Tree of Honor, branching high
For hundreds of past yeares, with 12. large Stems,
Twelue Noble Companies, which like 12. Iems
So shine, they adde new Sun-beames to the Day:

Guard all these 12. maine-Boughes; but you must lay
A soft hand, on the Topping-branch, for there
(Thriue the Roote well) your Selfe grows at this yeare:
The lesser twigges which lowly runne along
My tall Trees-Border, you must shield from wrong,
There the poore Bee, (the sweating Trades-man) flies
From Flower to Flower, and home with Honey hyes.

With me *Minerua*, and *Bellona* come,

*For Artes and Armes, must at your Board haue roome,
Your Gates will spread, the Rich to entertaine,
But whilst the Mighty ones within remaine,
And feast: Remember at the same Gate stands
The Poore, with crying Papers in their hands,
To watch when Iustice vp the Glasse shall turne,
Let those sands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.*

*Place in your eyes two Beacons; to descry
Dangers farre off, which strike ere home they flie;
Kisfe Peace; let Order euer steere the Helme,
Left-handed Rule, a State does ouerwhelme.*

*You are your Soueraignes Gardner for one yeare,
The Plot of Ground, y'are trusted with, lies here,
(A Citty,) and your care must all bee spent,
To prune and dresse the Tree of Gouernment.*

*Lop off Diforders, Façtions, Mutiny,
And Murmurations against those sit high,
May your yeares last day, end as this begins,
Sphaer'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.*

Our third presentation is call'd, *The
Glory of Furres.*

THis is a *Chariot Triumphant*, garnished with
Trophies of Armors. It is drawne by two
Lusernes, The Supporters of the Skinners Armes. On
the two *Lusernes* ride two Antickes, who dance to a
Drum beating before them, there aptly placed. At
the vpper end of this Chariot, in the most eminent
Seate, carrying the proportion of a Throne, are
aduanced a *Russian Prince* and *Princessse*; richly
habited in Furres, to the custome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, sits an old Lord, Furred vp to his
chin in a short cloake.
2. By him, a Lady with Martin skinnes about her
necke, and her hands in a Muffe.
3. Then, a *Judge* in Robes Furred.
4. Then, an Vniuersity *Doçlor*, in his Robes
furred.

5. Then, a *Frow* in a short furred *Cassocke*, girt to her.

6. Then a *Skipper* in a furred Cap.

In all these Persons, is an implication of the necessary, ancient, and general use of *Furres*, from the highest to the lowest.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the foure corners) are erected the *Armes* of the *Citty*, in foure Pendants: On the point of the fore front, a large square Banner plaies with the wind, which *Fame* (who is in this Chariot,) holds in her hand, as she stands vpright, *Being the Speaker*.

Fame's turne is now to *Speake*; for who but *Fame*
Can with her thousand tongues abroad *Proclaime*,
Your this dayes *Progresse* (rising like the *Sunne*,)
Which through the yearly *Zodiacke* on must runne.

Fame hath brought hither from great *Mosco's Court*,
(The *seauen-mouth'd Volga*, spreading the report,) *Two Russian Princes*, who to feast their eies,
With the rich *Wonders* of these rarities,
Ride in this glorious Chariot: How amaze
They looke, to see *streetes throng'd*, and *windowes gladd*
With beauties, from whose eyes such beames are sent,
Here moues a second starry *Firmament*.

Much, on them, startling admiration winnes,
To see these *Braue*, *Graue*, *Noble Citizens*,
So *stream'd* in multitudes, yet flowing in *State*,
For all their *Orders* are *Proportionate*.

Russia, now enuies *London*, seeing (here) spent
Her richest *Furres* in graceful ornament,
More *Braue*, and more *Abounding*, than her owne:
A golden *Pen* he earne, that can make knowne
The use of *Furres*, so *Great*, so *Generall*,
All men, may these, their *Winter Armors* call.

Th'inuention of warme *Furres* the *Sunne* did fret,
For *Russians* lap'd in these, flighted his heate,
Which seene, his fiery *Steedes* he droue from thence,
And so the *Muff* has dwelt in cold ere since.

*What royalties, adde Furies to Emperors, Kings,
Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the distinguishings,
Of all their severall Robes! The Furies worne here,
Aboue th' old Roman State make Ours appeare:
The reuerend Iudge, and all that climbe the trees
Of sacred Artes, ascend to their Degrees,
And by the colours chang'd of Furies are knowne:
What Dignity, each Corporation
Puts on by Furies, witnesse these infinite eyes,
Thanke then the bringers of these Rarities.*

*I wish (Graue Prætor) that as Hand in Hand,
Plenty and Bounty bring you safe to Land,
So, Health may be chiefe Caruer at that Board,
To which you hasten. Bee as Good a Lord
I'th' eyes of Heauen, as this day you are Great
In Fames applause: Hye to your Honor'd Seate.*

*The fourth Presentation is Called Brittannia's
Watch-Tower.*

THis is a Magnificent Structure, Aduancing it selfe from the Platforme, or Ground-worke vpward, with the Bewty of eight Antique Termes, By whose strength is supported a Foure square Building; The Toppe of which is a Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne, with eight Columnnes of siluer: And, on the Highest poynt of this Watch-Tower, is Aduanced a Banner, bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, stand foure Pendants; In which are the Armes of the foure Companies of which his Lordship is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, stands a great *Corynthian Brazen Pillar*, on a *Pedestall of Marble*.

On the *Capitals* of those Pillars, stand two *Angels*, in Postures ready to flye: holding Garlands of Victory in one hand, stucke with White and Red Roses, and Branches of Palme in the other.

The *Capitals* and *Bases* of the Pillars are Gold, and

are Emblemes of the two Houses of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*; once diuided, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support this Royal Kingdom, & Consequently This Citty.

At Night, in place of the *Angels*, are set two Great Lights: and so is the Watch-Tower at that Time, Filled with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the same Square, in foure seuerall Places, are Aduanced foure stately Pyramides, being Figures, of the foure Kingdomes Embellished with Escutcheons.

In the vpper seate of all (fashioned into a *Throne*) is placed *Britannia*, Maiestically attirde, fitting to her Greatnesse.

Beneath Her, and round about her, are these Persons: *viz.* *Magnanimity* with a drawne Sword.

A *Shipwright* with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, in which is drawne a Ship vnder sayle. Then,

A person representing *Victory*, with a Palme Tree.

Prouidence with a Trumpet, ready to Foresee Dangers, and awaken Men to meete them.

All These haue bene, and still are, Watch-Towers, and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to Guard the Kingdome, and in the Kingdome, This Citty.

In other Eminent. places are seated some of those Kinges of *England* (in Robes Ermynd) whose loues and Royall fauors, in former times were Watch-Towers to Grace *London*, stucke full with the Beames and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magistracies and Royalties, which they Bestowed vpon Her.

Edward Confessor, called *Londons* Chiefe Ruler, a Port-reue.

Richard I. appointed two Bayliffes ouer *London*.

King *John* gaue the Citty a Lord Maior and two Sheriffes.

Henry 3. added Aldermen.

These were Tender ouer the Renowne of the Citty, and still heaped on her head, Royalties vpon Royalties.

And albeit most of our *Kinges*, haue in most of all of the twelue Companies, Entred their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhoods : And that many of our *Kinges* likewise, besides Princes and Great Personages, haue bin Free of *This Company*, whose Names I forbear to set downe, because they haue in former yeeres beene fully exprest : yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receiue such Graces from *Kinges*, as *This Antient*, and *Honord Corporation of Skinners*, hath had, and still haue, In regard that All our *Kinges* and Princes, sit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Ermynd, (being the richest Furre) the workmanship of which goes through the *Skinners* fingers, wearing likewise vnder their Crownes, *Royall Caps* of Honor Ermynd.

Three of such Crownes, beeing the rich *Armes* of *This Company*, thereby expresting aswell their Honor, as Antiquity.

Britannia deliuers thus much.

S *Hall the Proud wife of Neptune, or shrill Fame,*
Or Troynouant herselfe, Ring out your Name :
And I be Dumbe, or sparing, to Sound high,
The Glories of This Day ? No, They shall Fly
Like Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine
Whose Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Reyne :
The Great Britannia, Bred you in her Wombe,
Heare then a Mothers Counsell ; You are Come
Aboard a Goodly Ship, where all your State,
Fame, Honor and Renowne (Imbarqu'd) must waite
The voyage of twelue Moones: High Admirall
You are to All That Fleete, which Thus you Call
To sayle in This vast Ocean. Nor must you
Walke Heartlesse on the Hatches, Theres a New
State-Navigation, to be studied Now,
With an High-rear'd, Vndanted, Fixed Brow.

*Be sure to haue Braue Ordnance, and Chargd well
In this your Ship, Trust None, For Officers Sell
Their Captaines Trust; let None but your owne*

Eyes,

Rule Chart and Compasse, There your Safety lyes.

Your Owne Hands steere the Helme, But strong!

Steere,

And spite of stormes, be stout when you stand There.

Embleme of Mercy! Your Keene sword does sleepe,

But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keepe

Vices (like Slaues) in Awe? Fulnesse of Wine

Is a Foule Droppe, That and Lust Entwine:

Pride a Swolne Timpany, Sloth, the Beggars Gout,

(In Tradesmens Hands and Fete, It runnes about,)

No Cure for this! Oathes thicke as Small-shot flye

From Children, No Defence to Put this by!

You May, you Musl. I Counsell not, but Reade

A Lesson of my loue; By which Loue led

Ile on, and Bring you to your Honord Chaire,

Whilst Aues (Round about you) Dance i' th' Aire.

The last Presentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The vpper part of this, is adorned with seuerall Flowers, which interwouen together, dresse vp a comely *Greene Arbor*, in which the *Sunne* sits, with golden Beames about his Face; an Attire glittering like gold; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his haire curled and yellow. About him are plac'd *Spring, Summer, Autumne, and Winter*, in proper Habilliments. Beneath these, is a *Wildernesse*, in which are many forts of such *Beasts*, whose rich Skinnes serue for *Furres*: As the *Beare, Wolfe, Leopard, Luzerne, Cat-A-Mountaine, Foxes, Sables, Connies, Ferrets, Squirrels, &c.* Of these Beasts, some are climbing, some standing, some grinning, with liuely, naturall postures. In a *Scrole*, hanging on a Bough, This is written in Capitall letters.

Deus ecce Furentibus obstat.

See, for all some Beasts are fell,
There's one, that can their curftneffe quell.

Sol is the Speaker.

H *Eaucus bright Orientall Gates I op'd this Morne,
And Hither wheeld my Chariot to adorne
These splendors with my Beames : nere did the Sun,
In his Caeftiall Circle faller runne
Than Now, to fee thefe Sights : O how I ioy
To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy
So flourifhing, fo full, fo faire, fo deare
To th' Gods : they leaue Ioue's Court to reuell here.
All o're the World, I trauell in one Day,
Yet oft am forc'd to leaue my beaten way,
Frighted with Vproares, Battailles, Maffacres,
Famines, and all that Hellifh brood of Warres :
I meete no Peace but here. O bleffed Land !
That feest fires kindling round, and yet canft ftand
Vnburnt for all their flames ; O Nation bleft !
When all thy Neighbours ftrike, none wound thy brest.
To Crowne thefe ioyes, with me are come along,
The foure Lords of the yeare, who by a ftrong
Knit Charme, bring in this goodly Ruffian prize,
As earneft of a more rich Merchandize :
Halfe of our Race, Time, and my Houres haue runne,
Nor fhall they giue o're till the Goale be wonne.*

The Sunne at Night being couered with a vaile of
Darkneffe : The Perfon, representing *London*, thus
takes leaue.

T *HE Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,
And by his hidden Beames, threatens the wracke
Of all thefe Glories : Euery pleasure dyes
When Rauens-winged Night, from her Caue flies ;*

*None but these Artificiall Starres keepe fire
 To Light you Home, these burne with a desire
 To lengthen your braue Triumphes; but their heate
 Must coole, and dye at length, tho ne're so Great.
 Peace therefore guide you on: Rest, charme your eyes,
 And Honors waite to cheere you when you Rise.*

Let it be no Ostentation in *Me* the Inuentor, to speak thus much in praise of the workes, that for many yeares, none haue beene able to Match them for curiosity: They are not Vast, but Neate, and Comprehend as much Arte for Architecture, as can be bestowed vpon such little Bodies. The commendations of which must liue vppon Mr. *Gerard Christmas* the Father, and Mr. *Iohn Christmas* the Sonne.

FINIS.

Londons Tempe,
OR
THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted feuerall Trees of magnificence,
State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the
Right Honorable *James Campebell*, at his
Inauguration into the honorable Office
of Prætorship or Maioralty of
London, on Thurday the
29. of October,
1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of
Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here
fully fet downe. At the sole Cost, and
liberall Charges of the Right
worshipfull Society of
Ironmongers.

Written by Thomas Dekker.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE *JAMES CAMPEBELL*,
LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOWNED
CITY OF LONDON.

HONORABLE PRÆTOR,

The Triumphes which these few leaues of paper
present to your vew (albeit their glories are but short
liued as glittering onely for a day), boldly shew their
faces unto the eye of the world, as seruants attending
on your Lordship onely to do you honor.

With much care, cost, and curiosity, are they brought
forth; and with exceeding greatnesse of love, a free
handed bounty of their purse, a noble and generous
alacrity of spirit, have your worthy fraternity, and
much to be honored brotherhood of *Ironmongers* be-
stowed them vpon you.

It much winnes vpon them to have such a cheife,
and you cannot but be glad to have such a society: by
a free election are you *Londons Prætor*; the suffrages
of commoners call you to your seate. A succeffion
to the place takes you by the hand, your industry hath
met with blessings, those blessings given you ability,
and that ability makes you fit for a magistrate.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne bosome whose
strings being touchd, yeilds as harmonious a sound to

you as all theife, and that is to fee your felfe heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was inuefted. It was an honor to him to weare that robe of fcarlet ; it is a double glory to you, in fo fhort an age to haue his fword borne before you.

You haue the voyce of fenators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding ftate to your ftate. The acclamations of people vfering you along. Whilst I (the leaft part of this triumphant day) fpend fuch fand as I haue, to help to fill up the hour glaffe, my feruice ronning.

Attending on your Lordfhip,

Thomas Dekker.



LONDONS TEMPE.

WERE it possible for a man, in the compasse of a day, to behold (as the funne does) all the citties in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him; that man should neuer see in any part of the yeare, any citty so magnificently adorned with all sorts of tryumphes, variety of musicke, of brauery, of bewty, of feasting, of ciuill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant Lords and Ladies, and thronges of people, as London is enriched with, on the first day that her great Lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompassed with such glories; no such firmaments of starres were to be seene in Cheapside; Thames dranke no such costly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troy-nouant spread in fame, so our English kings shined vpon her with fauours.

In those home-spun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, sword, or cap of maintenance; these came by degrees, as *additamenta honoris*, additions or ensignes of more honour, conferrd by seuerall Princes on this City: for in the time of Edward Confessor, the chiefe Ruler of the Citty was called Reeue,

Greeue, or Portrecue. The next to him in authority ; Prouost.

Then in the first of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the sway : this continued till the ninth of King Iohn, who by letters patents gaue the Citizens power yearly to choose themselues a Lord Maior, and two Sheriffes.

Then King Henry the 3. made the first aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was Alderman of all England, that is to say Chiefe Iustice :) and those Aldermen of London had rule then (as now) ouer the wardes of the cittie, but were euerie year changed, as the shreiffes are in these dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior should, in the kings absence, sit in all places within London as chiefe Iustice ; and that euery Alderman that had bin Lord Maior, should be a Iustice of peace for London and Middlesex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry the 7. Sr. John Shaw, goldsmith, being Lord Maior, caused the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water side, when he went to take his oath at Westminster, (where before they rode by land thither) : and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine ; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him : since which time the feast has there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus small rootes grow in time to cedars, shallow streames to riuers, and a hand of gouernment to be the strongest arme in a kingdome. Thus you see London in her meane attyre, then in robes maiesticall ; and sitting in that pompe, cast your eye upon those alluring obiects, which she her selfe beholds with admiration.

The First.

THE first scæne is a water-worke, presented by Oceanus, king of the sea, (from whose name the vniuersall maine sea is called the Ocean) he, to celebrate

the ceremonies and honors due to this great festiuall, and to shew the world his marine chariot, sits triumphantly in the vast (but quaint) shell of a siluer scollup, reyning in the heads of two wild sea-horfes proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, shining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, carelessly spread, and white, is placed a diadem, whose bottome is a conceited coronet of gold; the middle ouer that, is a coronet of siluer scollops, and on the top a faire spreading branch of corral, interwouen thickly with pearle. In his right hand a golden trident, or three forked scepter.

His habit is antique, the stuffe, watchet and siluer; a mantle crossing his body, with siluer waues, bases and buskins cut likewise at the top into siluer scollups, and in this language he congratulates his Lordship.

Oceanus his Speech.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waues,
Whose voyce charmes roughest billows into slaues,
Whose foote treades downe their necks with as much ease,

As in my shelly coach I reyne up these.

Lowd ecchoes cald me from my glittering throne,

To see the noble *Thamesis*,—a sonne:

To this my queene and me (*Tethys*) whose eare

Ne're jeweld up such musick as sounds here:

For our vnfaddomed world, roares out with none

But horrid sea-fights, nauies ouerthrowne;

Ilands halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,

Turkes slauish tugging oares, the *Dunkerk's* hell,

The *Dutchmans* thunder, and the *Spaniards* lightning,

To whom the sulphures breath giues heate and heightning,

O! these are the dire tunes my comfort sings.

But here! old *Thames* out-shines the beames of kings.

This Citty addes new glories to *Ioue's* court,
 And to all you who to this hall resort,
 This *Laflea Via* (as a path) is giuen,
 Being paued with pearle, as that with starres in
 heauen.

I could (to swell my trayne) beckon the *Rhine*,
 (But the wilde boare has tusked up his vine) ;
 I could swift *Volga* call, whose curld head lies
 On feauen rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
 The *Ruffian* him imployes) : I could to theis
 Call *Ganges*, *Nilus*, long-haird *Euphrates* ;
Tagus, whose golden hands claspe *Lisbone* walles,
 Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calles !
 Were they all here, they would weepe out their eyes,
 Madde that new *Troys* high towers on tiptoe rize
 To hit heauens roofe : madde to see *Thames* this day
 (For all his age) in wanton windinges play
 Before his new grave *Prætor*, and before
 Theis Senators, best fathers of the poore.

That grand Canale, where (Stately) once a yeare
 A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
 To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
 Into the sea) that minion of the world,
Venice, to *Neptune*,—a poor lantcip is
 To these full braueries of *Thamesis*.

Goe therefore vp to *Cæsars* court, and clayme
 What honours there are left to *Campbels* name,
 As by difent ; whilst we tow vp a tyde,
 Which shall ronne sweating by your barges side ;
 That done, *Time* shall *Oceanus'* name inroll,
 For guarding you to *London's* capitoll.

The Second Presentation.

THE inuention is a proud-fwelling sea, on whose
 waues is borne vp a Sea Lyon, as a proper and
 eminent body to marshall in the following triumphes ;
 in regard it is one of the supporters of the East Indian

Company, of which his lordship is free, and a great aduenturer. And these marine creatures, are the more fitly employed, in regard also, that his Lordship is Maior of the Staple, Gouvernour of the French Company, and free of the East-land Company.

On this Lyon (which is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and Queene of the Sea; for why should the king of waues be in such a glorious progresse without his Queene, or she without him? They both therefore twin themselues together to heighten these solemnities.

Her haire is long, and disheuelled; on her head an antique sea-tyre, encompassed with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with siluer crossing her body. Her right hand supporting a large streamer in which are the *Lord Maiors* armes.

On each side of this Lyon, attend a Mermaid and Merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new Shrieues, seuerall fishes swimming as it were about the border. And these two hauing dispatched on the water, hasten to aduance themselves on land.

The Third.

THE third show is an Estridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horse-shoe: on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long Tobacco-pipe, in the other a dart; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the square, where the estridge stands, are plac'd a Turke, and a Persian, a pikeman and a musketeere.

The Fourth.

THE fourth presentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his seruants (the Cyclopes), whose names are

Pyracmon, Brontes and Sceropes, working at the anuile. Their habits are waftcoates and leather aprons: their hair blacke and shaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is feene in the forge, bellowes blowing, some filing, some at other workes; thunder and lightning on occasion. As the smiths are at worke, they sing in praise of iron, the anuile and hammer: by the concordant stroakes and founds of which, Tuballcayne became the first inuentor of musicke.

The Song.

Braue iron! braue hammer! from your found,
The art of Musicke has her ground;
On the anuile thou keep'st time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smiths best chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny sinewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest barres be beaten flat.

We shooe the horses of the funne,
Harnesse the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiuer, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Ioue's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and speare,
And Gorgon shield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (shut) the day out-barres,
Those golden fluddes which naile the starres,

The globes case, and the axle-tree,
Who can hammer these but wee ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead ;
Hob-nailes to serve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrowbills to cloute Pan's shoone,
Whose work but ours ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else she brawles and bannes :
Tonges, shouels, andirons haue their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid sits in one place of this forge, on his head a
Curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in lawne, a bow and
quiuer, his armour : wings at his backe ; his body in
light colours, a changeable silke mantle crossing it ;
golden and siluer arrowes are euer and anone reached
up to him, which he shootes vpward into the aire, and
is still supplied with more from the forge.

On the top sits Ioue, in a rich antique habite, a long
white reuerend hayre on his head, a beard long and
curld : a mace of triple fire in his hand burning ; who
calling to *Vulcan*, this language passes betweene them.

Ioue. Ho, Vulcan.

Vul. Stop your hammers : what ayles Ioue ?
We are making arrowes for my slip-string sonne.
Here, reach him those two dozen ; I must now
A golden handle make for my wifes fann :
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Ioue. First heare : you shall not play,
The Fates would scold should you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then ?

Ioue. Command thy brawny-fisted slaues to sweate
At th' anuile, and to dust their hammers beate,

To stufte with thunder-bolts Ioue's armoryes,
 For *Vices* (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
 My finewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
 Stalkes vpon stilts; Ambition, by her side,
 Climbing to catch starres, breakes her necke i' th'
 fall;

The gallant roares; roarers drinke oathes and gall;
 The beggar curfes: Auarice eates gold,
 Yet ne're is fil'd; Learning's a wrangling scold;
 Warre has a fatall hand; Peace, whorish eyes;
 Shall not Ioue beat downe fuch impieties!

If't not high time! if't not true iustice then,
 Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men
 To beate thy anuile, and blow fires to flames,
 To burne these broodes, who kill euen with their
 names!

Vul. Yes, Ioue, 'tis more then time.

Ioue. And what helps this, but iron! O then,
 how high

Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
 Of you her noble prætor, and all those
 Your worthy brotherhood, through whose care goes
 That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
 Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden sand.

Iron! best of metals! pride of minerals!
 Hart of the earth! hand of the world! which fals
 Heavy when it strikes home. By iron's strong
 charmes

Ryots lye bound. Warre stops her rough allarmes.
 Iron, earthquakes strikes in foes: knits friends in
 loue;

Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth
 moue;

No kingdomes globe can turne, euen, smooth, and
 round,

But that his axletree in iron is found:
 For armies wanting iron are puffed of wind,
 And but for iron, who thrones of peace would mind?
 Were there no gold nor siluer in the land,

Yet navigation (which on iron does stand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's darling to the funne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More then the t'other dare : the merchants gates
By iron barre out theeuish affassinates :
Iron is the shop-keeper's both locke and kay ;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away ?
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-shares all the labour beares
In earth's strange midwifry ! Braue iron ! what
 praise
Deferues it ! more 'tis beate, more it obeyes ;
The more it suffers, more it smoothes offence ;
In drudgery it shines with patience.
 This fellowship, was then, with judging eyes,
Vnited to the twelue great companies :
It being farre more worthy than to fill
A file inferiour. Yon's, the funn's guilt hill,
On too't, Loue guardes you on : Cyclopes, a ring
Make with your hammers, to whome musicke sing.

The Fift.

THe fift presentation is called *Londons Tempe*,
or the *Field of Happinesse* ; thereby reflecting
upon the name of *Campe-bell* or *Le Beau Champe*, a
faire and glorious field. It is an arbor supported by
four great termes : on the four angles, or corners over
the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in
them.

It is round about furnished with trees and flowers :
the vpper part with feuerall fruites, intimating that
as *London* is the best stored garden in the king-
dome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and such-
like ; so, on this day it is the most glorious citty in the
Christian world.

And therefore *Tytan* (one of the names of the sun)
in all his splendor, with *Flora*, *Ceres*, *Pomona*, *Ver*,

and Eftas, are feated in this Tempe; on the top of all ftands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors creft.

Tytan being the fpeaker, does in this language court his lordfhip to attention.

Tytan his Speech.

Welcome, great prætor: now heare Tytan fpeak,
Whofe beames to crowne this day, through clouds thus break.

My coach of beaten gold is fet afide,
My horfes to ambrosiall mangers tied;
Why is this done? why leaue I mine own fphere?
But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
Embrace then Tytan's counfell: now fo guide
The chariot of your fway in a iuft pace,
That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
Say, None like you did noblier quit the place;
Lower than now you are in fame, neuer fall;
Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone careere
Render a fhadow, fhort, or none at all;
And fo, fince Honor's zodiac is your fphere,
A fhrub to you muft be the talleft pine;
On poor and rich you equally muft fhine.

This if you doe, my armes fhall euer fpread
About thofe roomes you feaft in; from her head
Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
To drefs your parlors vp like fummer's bowers.
Ceres lay golden fheaffes on your full boord;
With fruit, you from Pomona fhall be ftoard;
Whilst Ver and Eftas (Spring and Summer), driue,
From this your Tempe, Winter, till he diue,
I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant fhield
Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's faireft field.

The Sixth and Laft Presentation.

THis is called Apollo's pallace, becaufe feuen perfons representing the feuen liberal fciences are

richly inthroned in this city. Those seuen are in loose robes of seuerall cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands escutcheons, with emblems in them proper to euery one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by twelue siluer columnes ; at the four angles of it, four pendants play with the wind ; on the top is erected a square tower supported by four golden columnes, in euery square is presented the embos'd antique head of an emperour, figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them pointing at foure kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe person, on his head a garland of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercriticall censurer perhaps will aske, why hauing Tytan, I should bring in Apollo, sithence they both are names proper to the sunne. But the youngest nouice in poetry can answer for me, that the sunne when he shines in heauen is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo tunes his voyce.

Apolloes Speech.

Apollo neuer stucke in admiration till now, my Delphos is remouen hither, my oracles are spoken here ; here the sages utter their wisdom, here the sybils their diuine verses.

I see senators this day in scarlet riding to the capitol, and tomorrow the same men riding vp and downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and warlike gownmen. The gunne here giues place, and the gowne takes the upper hand ; the gowne and the gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has such people, happy land in such a king ! happy prætor so graced with honours ! happy senators so obeyed by citizens, and happy citizens that can command such triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilst Apollo and these

mistrefles of the learned sciences waft you to that honorable shore whither Time bids you hasten to arriue.

*A Speech at Night, at taking leave of his Lordship
at his gate, by Oceanus.*

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who
does lay

All pompe, all triumphs by, state now descends;
Here our officious trayne their seruice ends,
And yet not all, for see, the golden funne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits vp aboue his houre, and does his best
To keep the starres from lighting you to rest.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely moue,
Shin'd on by angels, blest with goodnefs, loue.

Thus much his owne worke cryes up the workman,
(M. Gerard Christmas) for his inuention, that all the
pieces were exact, and fet forth liuely with much cost.
And this yeare giues one remarkable note to after
times, that all the barges followed one another (euery
company in their degree,) in a stately and maiesticall
order; this being the inuention of a noble citizen, one
of the captaines of the city.

FINIS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY:
Called,
Match mee in LONDON.

As it hath beene often Presented ; First,
at the *Bull* in St. I O H N S-street ; And lately,
at the Priuate-House in D R V R Y-Lane,
called the P H Œ N I X.

Si non, His utere Mecum.

Written by THO: DEKKER.



LONDON.

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yard. 1631.

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Drammatis Personæ.

KING OF SPAINE.

DON IOHN, Prince.

DON VALASCO, Father to the Queene.

GAZETTO, Louer of TORMIELLA.

MALEVENTO, Father to her.

CORDOLENTE, her Husband.

APLHONSO.

IAGO.

MARTINES.

} Courtiers.

LVPO.

DOCTOR

2. CHVRCHMEN.

BILBO.

PACHECO.

LAZARILLO.

QUEENE

TORMIELLA.

DILDOMAN, a Bawd.



TO
THE NOBLE LOVER

(and deseruedly beloued) of the Muses,

L O D O V V I C K C A R L E L L,

Esquire, Gentleman of the BOVVES, and

Groome of the King, and Queenes

Priuy-Chamber.



*That I am thus bold to sing a Dramaticke
Note in your Eare, is no wonder, in regard
you are a Chorister in the Quire of the
Muses. Nor is it any Over-daring in mee,
to put a Play-Booke into your hands, being a Courtier;
Roman Poets did so to their Emperours, the Spanish,
(Now) to their Grandies, the Italians to their Illustriissi-
moes, and our owne Nation, to the Great-ones.*

*I haue bene a Priest in A P O L L O ' S Temple, many
yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours
being deare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee,
if you but listen to my old Tunes. Are they set Ill!
Pardon them; Well! Then receiue them.*

134 *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

Glad will you make mee, if by your Meanes, the King of Spaine, ſpeakes our Language in the Court of England; yet haue you wrought as great a wonder, For the Nine ſacred Siſters, by you, are (There) become Courtiers, and talke with ſweet Tongues, Inſtruſted by your Delian Eloquence. You haue a King to your Maſter, a Queene to your Miſtreſſe, and the Muſes your Play fellowes. I to them a Seruant: And yet, what Duty ſouer I owe them, ſome part will I borrow to waite vpon you, And to Reſt

Ever,

So devoted.

THO: DEKKER.



MATCH MEE IN LONDON.

ACTUS, I.

Enter Malevento.

Malevento.

T *Ormiella* Daughter—nor in this roome—
Peace.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

The dawne of Midnight, and the Drunk-
ards noone,

No honest foules vp now, but Vintners, Midwiues ;
The nodding Watch, and pitious Constable, Ha !
Bilbo

My street doore open ! *Bilbo, Puskeena, Bilbo.*
Bawds, Panders, to a young Whore ;

Enter Bilbo.

Bilb. Theeues, Theeues, Theeues, where are they
Master?

Mal. Where are they *Bilbo*? what Theefe see'st thou?

Bil. That ilfauor'd Theefe in your Candle fir, none else not I.

Mal. Why didst thou cry Theeues then?

Bil. Because you cry'd Whores; I knew a Theefe was alwayes within a stones cast of a Whore.

Mal. What mak'st thou vp at Midnight?

Bilb. I make them which are made euery houre i'th day (patches.)

Mal. Slaue what art doing?

Bil. That which few men can doe, mending Sir.

Mal. VVhat art mending?

Bil. That which few men care to mend, a bad sole.

Mal. Looke here, come hither, dost thou see what's this?

Bil. I see tis our Wicket master.

Mal. Stop there and tell me, is *Tormiella* forth?

Bil. I heard *Puskeena* our Kitchin-maid say, she was going about a murther:

Mal. A murther; of whom?

Bil. Of certaine Skippers; she was fleaing her selfe.

Mal. She dwels not in her Chamber, for my Ghost

Call'd from his rest) from Roome to roome has stalk'd,

Yet met no *Tormiella*.

Was not her sweet heart here to night, *Gazetto*?

Bil. *Gazetto*! no fir, here was no *Gazetto* here.

Mal. Walke round the Orchard, holla for her there.

Bil. So, ho ho, ho ho.

Exit.

Mal. She's certaine with *Gazetto*,

Should he turne Villaine, traine my poore child forth
Though she's contracted to him, and rob her youth
Of that Gemme none can prize (because nere seene)
The Virgins riches (Chastity) and then
(When he has left her ugly to all eyes)
His owne should loath her, vds death I would draw
An old mans nerues all vp into this arme.
And nayle him to the Bed——

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. So, ho, ho, ho, the Conyes vse to feed most
i'th night Sir, yet I cannot see my young mistris in our
Warren.

Mal. No !

Bil. No, nor you neither, tis so darke.

Mal. Where should this foolish girle be ? tis past
twelue,

Who has inuited her forth to her quicke ruine !

Bil. My memory jogs me by the elbow, and tels
me——

Mal. What *Bilbo* out with all.

Bil. A Barber stood with her on Saturday night
very late when he had shau'd all his Customers, and as
I thinke, came to trimme her.

Mal. A Barber ! To trim her ! Sawst thou the
Muskcod ?

Bil. A chequer'd aprone Gentleman I assure you :
he smelt horrible strong of Camphire, Bay leaues and
Rose water : and he stood fidling with *Tormiella*.

Mal. Ha !

Bil. Fidling at least halfe an houre, on a Citterne
with a mans broken head at it, so that I thinke 'twas a
Barber Surgion : and there's one *Cynamono* a Shop-
keeper, comes hither a batfowling euery Moone-shine
night too.

Mal. What's he ! *Cynamono* !

Bil. I take him to be a Comfitmaker with rotten
teeth, for he neuer comes till the Barber's gone.

Mal. A Confitmaker !

Bil. Yes Sir, for he gaue *Tormiella* a Candied roote once, and she swore 'twas the sweetest thing——

Mal. Dwels he here i'th City ?

Bil. He has a house i'th City, but I know not where he liues.

Mal. Sheele follow her kind ; turne Monster, get a light.

Bil. My sponce is ready Sir.

Mal. Call at *Gazettoes* Lodging, aske how he dares

Make a Harlot of my child,—flaue say no more :
Begon, beat boldly.

Bil. Ile beat downe the doore ; and put him in mind of a Shroue-tuesday, the fatall day for doores to be broken open. *Exit.*

Mal. For this night I'm her Porter ; Oh haplesse Creatures !

There is in woman a Diuell from her birth,
Of bad ones we haue sholes, of good a dearth. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente and Tormiella.

Cor. No more my *Tormiella*, night hath borne
Thy voves to heauen, where they are fyl'd by this
Eyther one day to crowne thy constant Soule
Or (if thou spot it with foule periury,)
For euer to condemne thee.

Tor. Come it shall not :
Here am I sphear'd for euer, thy feares (deare Loue)
Strike coldly on thy jealous breast I know
From that my Fathers promise to *Gazetto*
That he should haue me, contract is there none,
For my heart loath'd it, is there left an oath
Fit for a Maid to sweare by.

Cord. Good sweet giue o're,
What need we binding oathes being fast before ?
I dare the crabbed'st Fate, shee cannot spin
A thred thus fine and rotten ; how now ! fad !

Match me in London.

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Tor. Pray Heauen, I bee not mist at home, deare
Cordolente

Thou shalt no farther, Ile venter now my selfe.

Cor. How sweet ! venture alone !

Torm. Yes, yes, good rest.

Cor. By that are Louers parted, feldome blest.

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Who goes there, if you be a woman stand, for
all the men I met to night, lye in the Kennell.

Tor. My Fathers man ! I am betray'd.

Cor. Feare nothing.

Tor. *Bilbo !*

Whether art thou running ?

Bil. Out of my wits and yet no Churles Executor,
'tis no money makes me mad, but want of money.

Tor. Good tell me whether art going ?

Bil. I am going to Hell (that's to say home) for
my Master playes the Diuell, and I come from seeking
out a house of euerlasting Thunder, (that's to say a
Woman) I haue beene bouncing at Signior *Gazetto's*
Chamber for you.

Tor. Ha !

Bil. You'll be haa'd when you come home.

Tor. I am vndone for euer.

Cor. Thou art not, peace.

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* is horne-mad, and leapt out
of his Bed, (as if fleas had bit him) so that I thinke
he comes running starke naked after me.

Tor. Oh me, what helpe my dearest Soule !

Cor. To desperate wounds

Let's apply desperate cure, dar'st thou flye hence ?

Tor. Dare ! try me.

Cor. Then farewell *Cordoua* ;

Horfes wee'l forthwith hire, and quicke to *Siuell*
My birth-place, there thou shalt defie all stormes.

Tor. Talke not, but doe.

Bil. She would haue you doe much but say little.

Tor. *Bilbo*, thou see'st me not.

Bil. No, no, away, mum I.

Cor. To shut thy lips fast, here are lockes of Gold.

Bil. I spy a light comming, trudge this way.

Tor. You dally with fire, haste, haste, *Bilbo* farewell.

Cor. O starre-croft Loue !

To find way to whose Heauen, man wades through
Hell. *Exeunt, manet Bilbo.*

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Wo, ho, ho, ho, — whew.

Bil. Another Fire-drake ! More Salamanders !
Heere Sir.

Gaz. *Bilbo* ! How now ! Is the Dy-dapper about
water yet ?

Bil. Signior *Gazetto* ! Mine Eyes are no bigger
then little pinnes heads with staring, my heeles ake
with trotting, my candle is come to an vntimely end
through a Consumption. Yet my yong Mistris your
sweet hart, like sweet breath amongst Tobacco-
drinkers, is not to be found.

Gaz. On, take my Torch, apace : the neer'st way
home.

Fluttering abroad by Owle-light !

Bil. Here sir, turne downe this Lane ; shall I
knocke your Torch Signior ?

Gaz. Prithee doe what thou wilt, the Diuell !
where is she ?

Bil. Had you knockt your Torch well before *Tor-
miella* (ware the post) and held it well vp when it was
lighted, she had neuer giuen you the slip, and i'faith
Signior when is the day ?

Gaz. The wedding (meanst thou) on Saint *Lukes*
day next,

'Tis mine owne name thou know'st : but now I feare
She's lost, and the day too.

Bil. If she should driue you by foule weather into

Cuckolds Hauen before Saint *Lukes* day comes,
Signior *Luco* how then ?

Gas. If she dares let her, I haue her Fathers promise,
nay oath that I shall haue her.

Bil. Here is my Masters Gate.

Gas. Stay she's at home sure now : Ile slip aside,
Knocke thou, and if she answeres (as 'tis likely)
Weel try if still th' old fencing be in vse,
That faulty women neuer want excuse.

Bil. They are made for the purpose to lye and
cullor,
Ile knocke.

Mal. Who's there ?

Bil. 'Tis I, open the doore.

Mal. What ! to a Common !

Bil. What common ! You doe me wrong sir,
though I goe in breeches, I am not the roaring girle
you take me for.

Mal. Wert thou with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. Yes.

Mal. Was she with *Gazetto* ?

Bil. No.

Mal. Was *Gazetto* alone ?

Bil. No sir, I was with him.

Mal. Foole knew not he she was forth !

Bil. Yes when I told him.

Gas. Signior *Malevente* open the doore pray.

Mal. Oh *Luke Gazetto*.

Gas. Not yet come home !

Mal. No, no.

Gas. Not yet ! vds death
When I shall take the Villaine does this wrong,
Had better stolne away a Starre from Heauen
No *Spaniard* sure dares doe it.

Bil. 'Tis some *English* man has stolne her, I hold
my life, for most Theeues and brauest Cony-catchers
are amongst them.

Gas. All *Cordoua* search ere morning, if not found
Ile ride to *Siuill*, Ile mount my Iennet Sir

And take the way to Madrill.

Mal. Ne're speake of Madrill,
The iourney is for her too dangerous,
If *Cordoua* hold her not, lets all to *Siuill*.
Haste, haste, by breake of day
Signior *Gazeto* let vs meet agen.

Gaz. Agreed :

Mal. We'll hunt her out.

Exit.

Bil. But you know not when, will you take your
Torch.

Exit.

Gaz. Keepe it, lustfull maiden !
Hot *Spanish* vengeance followes thee, which flies
Like three forkt Lightning, whom it fmites, he dyes.
Exit.

Enter Prince Iohn all vnready, and Pacheco his Page.

Ioh. *Pacheco* ?

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Is't so earely ! What a Clocke Is't ?

Pach. About the houre that Souldiers goe to bed,
and Catchpoles rife : Will your Lordship be trufs'd vp
this morning ?

Ioh. How doft meane, goe to hanging !

Pach. Hanging ! does your Lordship take me for
a crack-rope.

Ioh. No, but for a notable Gallowes, too many
Lordships are trufs'd vp euery day (boy) some wud
giue a 1000. Crownes to haue 'em vnty'd, but come
fir tye vp my Lordship.

Pach. As fast as I can, Oh my Lord and a man
could tye friends to him as fast as I doe thefe points,
'twere a braue world.

Ioh. So he does, for thefe are fast now, and loofe
at night.

Pach. Then they are like the loue of a woman.

Ioh. Why boy ! Do you know what the loue of a
woman is !

Pach. No faith my Lord, nor you neither, nor any man else I thinke.

Ioh. Y'are a noble Villaine.

Pach. Would I were, then I should be rich.

Ioh. Well get you gon ————— *Exit.*

Here's a braue fyle of noble *Portugals*

Haue sworne to helpe me, its hard trusting strangers,

Nay more, to giue them footing in a Land
Is easie, hard to remoue them ; say they and I
Should fend my Brother King out of this world,
And inthron me (for that's the Starre I reach at,)
I must haue *Spaine* mine, more then *Portugall*,
Say that the *Dons* and *Grandi'es* were mine owne,
And that I had the Keyes of the Court Gates
Hang at my Girdle ; in my hand the Crowne,
There's yet no lifting it vp to my head
Without the people : I must ride that Beast,
And best sit fast : who walkes not to his Throne
Vpon their heads and hands, goes but alone ;
This Dogfish must I catch then, the Queenes
Father !

(*Pedro Valasco*) what if I got him !

Its but a shallow old fellow, and to build
On the great'st, wisest Statesman, in a desaigne
Of this high daring, is most dangerous ;
We see the tops of tall trees, not their heart ;
To find that sound or rotten, there's the Art.
How now *Iago* ?

Enter Iago.

Iago. Good morrow to your Lordship,
The King lookes for you,
You must come presently.

Ioh. Well Sir : must come ! So : *florish.*
As I must come, so he ere long must goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Valasco, Martines, Alphonso.

Valasc. And broad awake!

King. As is that eye of Heauen.

Val. It spake! not, did it?

King. No; but with broad eyes,
Glasse and fierie stair'd vpon me thus,
As blacke, as is a Soule new dipt in Hell;
The t'other was all white, a beard and haire
Snowie like *Portugall*, and me thought his looke:
But had no armes.

Val. No armes!

King. No: just my height,
Now, and e're this it was shot vp so high,
Me thought I heard the head knocke at a Starre,
Cleane through the Seeling.

Val. Fancy, Fancy.

King. I saw it.

Val. A meere *Deceptio visus*.

King. A vice Assé;
Yare an incredulous Coxcombe, these saw it.

Val. Well; they did, they did.

King. I call'd for helpe; these enter'd, found mee
dead with feare!

Omn. 'Tis right Sir.

King. Did not the Spirits glide by thee?

Mar. Your Grace must pardon me, I saw none.

King. 'Shart doe I lye! doe you braue me! you
base Peasant.

Mart. No my Lord, but I must guard my life
against an Emperour.

King. One of my wiues men, is't not! Ha!
What a Pox fawnes the Curre for here! away.

Exit. Martines.

Her Spye Sir! Are you!

Val. Sooth him vp, y'are fooles,
— If the Lyon fay the Asses eares are hornes

The Affe if he be wise will fweare it, la Sir

Thefe tell me they all faw it.

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Enter Iago.

King. And yet I lye! a whorefon buzzard——
Now fir.

Iago. Prince *Iohn* is comming.

King. When fir!

Iago. Instantly.

King. Father Ile tell you a Tale, vpon a time
The Lyon Foxe and filly Affe did jarre,
Grew friends and what they got, agreed to share:
A prey was tane, the bold Affe did diuide it
Into three equall parts, the Lyon spy'd it,
And fcorning two fuch sharers, moody grew,
And pawing the Affe, shooke him as I shake you.

Valasc. Not too hard good my Lord, alas I am
craz'd.

King. And in rage tore him peece meale, the Affe
thus dead,

The prey was by the Foxe diftributed
Into three parts agen; of which the Lyon
Had two for his share, and the Foxe but one:
The Lyon (fmiling) of the Foxe would know
Where he had this wit, he the dead Affe did show.

Valasc. An excellent Tale.

King. Thou art that Affe.

Valasc. I!

King. Thou: you, and the Foxe my Brother cut
my Kingdome,

Into what steakes you lift, I share no more,

Then what you lift to giue.

You two broach Warre or Peace; you plot, contriue,

You flea off the Lyons skinne, you fell him aliue,

But hauing torne the Affe firft limbe from limbe

His death shall tell the Foxe Ile fo ferue him.

Valasc. I doe all this ! 'tis false : in Prince *Iohns*
face

Ile spit if he dares speake it, you might ride me
For a right Assfe indeed if I should kick
At you, vndermine you, or blow you vp ?
In whom the hope of my posterity
(By marriage of my child your wife) doth grow
None but an Assfe would doe it.

King. If I know, your little finger was but in't,
neither age ;
Your place in Court, and Councell, respect of
honour,
Nor of my wife (your Daughter) shall keepe this
head
Vpon these shoulders—

Enter Prince Iohn.

Valasc. Take it ; now here's Prince *Iohn.*

King. How now Brother ! Sick !

Ioh. Not very well.

King. Our Court is some Inchantd Tower you
come not neare it.

Are you not troubled with some paine i'th head ?
Your Night-cap shewes you are ?

Ioh. Yes wonderoufly——a kind of Megrim Sir.

King. I thinke to bind
Your Temples with the Crowne of *Spaine* would ease
you.

Ioh. The Crowne of *Spaine* ! my Temples !

King. Nay, I but iest,
A Kingdome would make any Sicke man well,
And *Iohn* I would thou hadst one.

Ioh. It shall goe hard else.

Valasc. The King I thanke him says that you and
I—

King. What ?

Valasc. Cut you out fir in steakes : Ile not be
silent,

And that I am an Affe, and a Foxe you ;
Haue I any dealings with you ?

Ioh. When I am to deale fir,
A wiser man than you shall hold the Cards.

Valasc. Now I'm call'd foole too.

King. Sir if you remember
Before he came, you buzz'd into mine eare,
Tunes that did found but scurpily.

Val. I buz ! What buz !

King. That he should sell me to the *Portugall*.

Val. Wer't thou as big as all the Kings i'th
world,

Tis falfe and I defie thee.

King. Nay Sir, and more,—

Val. Out with't ; no whispering.

King. I shall blush to speake it,
Harke you, a Poxe vpon't, cannot you sooth
His fullen Lordship vp, you see I doe
Flatter him, confesse any thing.

Val. A good Iest !

I should confesse to him I know not what,
And haue my throat cut, but I know not why.

Ioh. W'ud your Grace
Would licence me a while to leaue the Court
To attend my health.

King. Doe.

Ioh. I take my leaue—as for you Sir. *Exit.*

King. My Lord doe you see this Change i'th Moone,
sharpe hornes

Doe threaten windy weather, shall I rule you
Send to him dead words, write to him your mind
And if your hearts be vnfound purge both, all
humors

That are corrupt within you.

Val. Ile neuer write, but to him in person.

Enter old Lady.

King. Pray Madam rise.

Iag. Doe you know this old furie ?

Alph. No : what is she ?

Iag. She's the Kings nuthooke (if report has not a blister on her tongue) that when any Filberd-tree is ripe ; puls downe the brauest bowes to his hand : a Lady Pandresse, and (as this yeares Almanacke says) has a priuate hot-houfe for his Grace onely to sweat in : her name the Lady *Dildoman* : the poore Knight her Husband is troubled with the City Gowt, lyes i'th Counter.

K. Ile hang him that stirres in't, the proudest Fawlcen that's peacht vp nearest the Eagle, if he dare, make this his prey, how many yeares !

Lad. Fifteene and vpwards if it please your Grace.

Kin. Some two footed Diuell in our Court, Would thrust you out of all, Inclos'd ! or Common !

Lad. 'Tis yet inclos'd if it like your Grace.

King. Entayl'd !

Lad. Newly Entayl'd, as there 'tis to be seene in blacke and white.

King. This case my selfe will handle ; fee no Lawyer

Ile stand for you, ha ! Servants of mine turn'd grinders !

To oppresse the weake ! What slaue is't ! from my fight,

Leaft my heau'd hand fwerue awry, and Innocence smite.

Alph. This Bawd belike has her house pull'd downe.

Exeunt.

King. So : come hither, nearer, where shines this starre !

Lad. I'th City, brightly, sprightly, brauely, oh 'tis a Creature—

King. Young !

Lad. Delicate, piercing eye, enchanting voyce, lip red and moyst, skin soft and white ; she's amorous, delicious, inciferous, tender, neate.

King. Thou madst me, newly married !

Lad. New married, that's all the hole you can find in her coate, but so newly, the poesie of her wedding Ring is scarce warme with the heate of her finger ; therefore my Lord, fasten this wagtayle, as soone as you can lime your bush, for women are Venice-glasses, one knocke spoyles em.

King. Crackt things ! pox on 'em.

Lad. And then they'l hold no more then a Lawyers Conscience.

King. How shall I get a sight of this rich Diamond.

Lad. I would haue you first disguis'd goe along with mee, and buy some toy in her shop, and then if you like *Danae* fall into her lap like *Ioue*, a net of Goldsmiths worke will plucke vp more women at one draught, then a Fisherman does Salmons at fiteene.

King. What's her Husband ?

Lad. A flatcap, pish ; if he storme, giue him a Court-Loafe stop's mouth with a Monopoly.

King. Thast fir'd me.

La. You know where to quench you.

King. Ile steale from Court in some disguise presently.

Lad. Stand on no ground good your Highnesse.

King. Away, Ile follow thee, speake not of hast, Thou tyest but wings to a swift gray Hounds heele, And add'st to a running Charrjot a fift wheele. Thou now dost hinder me, away, away.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTVS, II.

*A shop opened, Enter Bilbo and Lazarillo.**Bil.* *Lazarillo* art bound yet ?*Las.* No, but my Indentures are made.*Bil.* Make as much haste to seale, as younge Brothers doe at taking vp of Commodities : for *Lazarillo*, there's not any *Deigo* that treads vpon *Spanishe* leather, goes more vp-right vpon the soles of his Conscience, then our Master does.*Las.* Troth so I thinke, now I like my little smirking Mistris as well.*Bil.* Like her, did not I like her simply, to runne away from her father (where I had both men Seruants and maid Seruants vnder me) to weare a flat cap here and cry what doe you lacke.*Enter Gallants.**Las.* What is't you lacke Gentlemen, rich garters, spangled roses, silke stockins, embrodered gloues or girdles.*Bil.* *Don* sweet *Don*, see here rich *Tuscan* hatbands, *Venetian* ventoyes, or *Barbarian* shoo-strings—no poynt——*Exeunt Gallants.**Las.* Their powder is dankish and will not take fire.*Bilb.* Reach that paper of gloues what marke is't ?*Las.* *P.* and *Q.**Enter Malevento.**Bil.* *P.* and *Q.* chafe these, chafe, chafe, here's a world to make Shopkeepers chafe.

Laz. What is't you buy Sir, gloues, garters, girdles.

Bil. *Lazarillo, Lazarillo*, my' old master *Andrada Malevento*; do you heare fir, the best hangers in *Spain* for your worship.

Mal. Vmh! I haue knowne that voyce, what! Run away! Why how now *Bilbo*! growne a Shop-keeper!

Bil. Logging on Sir, in the old path to be call'd vpon to beare all offices, I hope one day.

Mal. 'Tis well: good fortunes bleffe you.

Bil. Turn'd Citizen fir, a Counter you see still before me, to put me in mind of my end, and what I must goe to, if I trust too many with my ware, it's newes to see your worship in *Siuill*.

Mal. 'Tis true: but *Bilbo*, no newes yet of my Daughter?

Bil. None.

Mal. Not any!

Bil. What will your worship giue me, if I melt away all that sow of lead that lyes heauy at your heart, by telling you where shee is.

Mal. Prithee step forth, speake softly, thou warm'st my blood. Ile giue thee the best suite Prentize e're wore.

Bil. And I can tell you Prentizes are as gallant now, as some that walke with my cozen *Bilbo* at their sides, you can scarce know 'em for Prentizes of *Siuill*.

Mal. Fly to the marke I prithee?

Bil. Now I draw home, doe you see this shop, this shop is my Masters.

Mal. So, so, what of all this?

Bil. That master lies with my yong mistris, and that mistris is your Daughter.

Mal. Ha!

Bil. Mum: she's gone forth, this morning to a Wedding, he's aboue, but (as great men haue done) he's comming downe.

Enter Cordelente.

Mal. Is this he ?

Bil. This is he.

Cord. Looke to the shop.

Mal. Pray fir a word ?

Cov. You shall.

Mal. You doe not know me ?

Cord. Trust me not well.

Mal. Too well, thou hast vndone me,
Thou art a Ciuill Theefe with lookes demure
As is thy habit, but a Villaines heart.

Cov. Sir——

Mal. Heare me fir—to rob me of that fire
That fed my life with heate (my onely Child)
Turne her into——

Cov. What fir ! She's my wife.

Mal. Thy Strumpet, she's a disobedient Child,
To crosse my purposes ; I promis'd her
To a man whom I had chosen to be her Husband.

Cord. She lou'd him not ; was she contracted
him ?

Can he lay claime to her by Law ?

Mal. Ile sweare,
She told me I should rule her, that she was
Affy'd to no other man, and that to please me
She would onely take *Gazetto*.

Cord. I will forbear Sir
To vex you ; what she spake so, was for feare,
But I ha' done, no Begger has your child
I craue no Dowrie with her, but your Loue,
For hers I know I haue it,

Mal. Must I not see her !

Cord. You shall but now she's forth fir.

Mal. She has crackt my heart-strings quite in
funder.

Cord. Her loue and duty shall I hope knit all
more strongly
Sir I beseech your patience, when my bosome

Is layd all open to you, you shall find
An honest heart there, and you will be glad
You h'a met the Theefe that rob'd you, and forgiue
him,

I am ingag'd to businesse craues some speed,
Pleafe you be witnesse to it.

Mal. Well I shall,
Parents with milke feed Children, they them with gall.

Exeunt.

Bil. As kind an old man *Lazarillo*, as euer drunk
mull'd Sack.

Las. So it seemes, for I saw him weepe like a Cut
Vine.

Bil. Weepe; I warrant that was because hee
could not find in's heart to haue my Master by
th'cares.

Enter Tormiella.

Las. My Mistris.

Bil. Chafe chafe.

Tor. Where's your master.

Bil. Newly gone foth forfooth.

Tor. Whether, with whom?

Bil. With my old Master your Father.

Tor. Ha! my Father! when came he! who was
with him?

What said he, how did my Husband vse him?

Bil. As Officers at Court vse Citizens that come
without their Wiues, scarce made him drinke, but they
are gone very louingly together.

Torm. That's well, my heart has so ak't since I
went forth, I am glad I was out of the peales of
Thunder, askt hee not for mee, was *Gazetto* with him,
Luke was not hee with him ha?

Bil. No onely the old man.

Tor. That's well, reach my workebasket, is the
imbrodered Muffe perfum'd for the Lady?

Bilbo. Yes forsooth, she neuer put her hand into a sweeter thing.

Torm. Are you sure *Gazetto* was not with my Father?

Bil. Vnlesse he wore the invisible cloake.

Tor. Blesse me from that disease and I care not, one fit of him would soone send me to my graue; my hart so throbs!

Enter Gazetto and Officers.

Laz. What is't you lacke.

Bil. Fine Garters, Gloues, Glasses, Girdles what is't you buy.

Gas. I haue a warrant you see from the King to search all Siuell for the woman that did this murther, the act of which has made me mad, misse no shop, let me haue that, which I can buy in some Country for feuen groates Iustice!

Off. Your searching house by house this is so spread abroad that 'tis as bad as a scarcrow to fright away the bird you seeke to Catch, me thinks if you walke soberly alone, from shop to shop your bat fowling would catch more wagtailes.

Gaz. Well shot *Sagitaris*, Ile nock as thou bidst mee.

Offi. What thinke you of yonder parrot i'th Cage.

Gaz. A rope—ha—puffe—is the wind with mee.

Tor. What stares the man at so.

Offi. His wits are reeld a little out of the road way nothing else.

Bil. Alas mistris, this world is able to make any man mad.

Gas. Ha ha ha ha.

Offi. What doe you laugh at, is this shee.

Gaz. No, but I saw a doue fly by that had eaten Carrion it shewd like a corrupted Churchman farewell.

Match me in London.

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Off. Doe you discharge vs then. *Exeunt Officers.*

Gas. As haile shot at a dunghill where Crowes are.
Th'art mine; thanks vengeance; thou at last art
come,

(Tho with wolly feet) be quick now and strike home.

Exit.

Enter King and Lady.

Las. What is't you lacke.

Bil. What is't you buy.

Lady. That's shée.

King. Peace; Madam lets try here.

Bil. What is't you lack sir!

King. A gloue with an excellent perfume.

Bil. For your selfe sir!

King. I would fit my selfe sir, but I am now for a
woman: a pritty little hand, the richest you haue.

Lad. About the bignesse of this gentlewomans will
serue.

King. Yes faith Madam, at all adventures Ile make
this my measure, shall I mistrisse!

Tor. As you please sir.

Kin. It pleases mee well.

Bil. Then sir go no farder, heer's the fairest in all
Spaine, fellow it and take mine for a dogskin.

La. Pray forsooth draw it on, if it fit you it fits the
party surely.

Bil. Nay Madam, the gloue is most genuine for any
young Ladies hand vnder the Coape, I assure you.

King. I but the Leather.

Bil. Nay, the Leather is affable and apt to bee
drawn to any generous disposition.

Kin. Pray (faire Lady) does it not come on too
stiffe!

Tor. No sir very gently.

Bil. Stiffe; as prolixious as you please: nay sir
the sent is *Aromaticall* and most odorous, the muske
vpon my word Sir is perfect *Cathayne*, a *Tumbasine*

odor vpon my credit, not a graine either of your *Salmindy* Caram or Cubit musk.

King. Adulterated I doubt.

Bil. No adultery in the world in't, no sophistication but pure as it comes from the cod.

Tor. Open more, you shall haue what choyce you please.

Bil. You shall haue all the ware open'd i'th shop to please your worship, but you shall bee fitted.

King. No no, it needs not : that which is open'd already shall serue my turne.

Lady. Will you goe farther sonne and see better.

King. And perhaps speed worfe : no : your price ?

Bil. Foure double Pistolets.

King. How !

Bil. Good ware cannot be too deare : looke vpon the cost, Relish the sent, note the workmanship.

King. Your man is too hard, Ile rather deale with you : three Ile giue you.

Lad. Com pray take it, will three fetch 'em ?

Tor. Indeed we cannot, it stands my Husband in more.

King. Well lay these by, a Cordouant for my selfe.

Bil. The best in *Siuell* ; Lacke you no rich *Tuskan* Garters, *Venetian* ventoyes Madam, I haue maskes most methodicall, and facetious : assay this gloue fir ?

King. The Leather is too rough.

Bil. You shall haue a fine smooth skin please your feeling better, but all our *Spanish Dons* choose that which is most rough, for it holds out, sweat you neuer so hard.

King. The price ?

Bil. The price !

Foure Crownes, I haue excellent *Hungarian* shag bands Madam for Ladies, cut out of the same peece that the great Turkes Tolibant was made of.

King. The Great Turke be damn'd.

Bil. Doe you want any *French* Codpeece points Sir?

King. Poxe on 'em, they'l not last, th'are burnt i'th dying.

Bil. If they be blacke they are rotten indeed, sir doe you want no rich spangled *Morisco* shoo-strings.

King. I like this beard-brush, but that the haire's too stiffe.

Bil. Flexable as you can wish, the very bristles of the same swine that are fatten'd in *Virginia*.

Lad. What comes all to, before vs?

Bil. It comes to 4. 5. 6. in all, fixe double Pistols, and a *Spanish* Ducket ouer.

King. Too deare, let's goe.

Bil. Madam, worshipfull *Don*, pray sir offer, if any shop shew you the like ware.

Lad. Prithee peace fellow, how d'ee like her?

King. Rarely, what lure canst thou cast to fetch her off?

Lad. Leaue that to me, giue me your purse.

Bil. Doe you heare Madam!

King. The fatall Ball is cast, and though it fires All *Spaine*, burne let it, hot as my desires :
Haue you dispatch'd?

La. Yes.

Bil. I assure your worship, my master will be a looser by you.

King. It may be so, but your Mistris will not say so.

Lad. Sonne I tell her of the rich imbrodered stusse at home for the tops of gloues, and to make mee muffes, if it please the Gentlewoman to take her man along, shee shall not onely see them, but certaine stones, which I will haue set onely in one paire, I can tell you, you may so deale with me, you shall gaine more then you thinke of.

Bil. Mistris strike in with her.

Tor. My Husband is from home, and I want skill

To trade in such Commodities, but my man
Shall wait vpon your Ladiship.

Lad. Nay, nay, come you,
Your man shall goe along to note my House,
To fetch your Husband, you shall dine with vs.

King. Faith doe forfooth, you'l not repent your
match.

Lad. Come, come you shall.

Tor. Ile wait vpon you Madam, Sirrah your
cloake.

Bil. Make vp that ware, looke to th' shop.

Torm. If your Master come in, request him to
stay till your fellow come for him.

Lad. Come Mistris, on Sonne, nay, nay, indeed
you shall not,

My Gloue, one of my gloues lost in your shop.

Torm. Runne backe sirrah.

King. Doe wee'll softly afore.

Tor. Make hafte.

Exeunt.

Laz. A Gloue ! I saw none.

Bil. Nor I, it drop'd from her somewhere else
then.

Laz. I am call'd vp to Dinner *Bilbo.*

Bil. Are you, then make fast the shop doore, and
play out our set at Maw, for the Mistris of my Masters
alley is trundled before, and my bowles must rub
after.

Laz. Flye then and a great one.

Exit.

Bil. She's out a'th Alley, i'th Cranck belike, run,
run, rum.

Ex.

Enter Lady, Tormiella, and King.

Lad. Low stooles, pray sit, my man shall fetch the
stufes

And after Dinner you shall haue those stones :

A cup of wine ; what drinke you ! Loue you bastard !
Ile giue you the best in *Spaine.*

Tor. No wines at all.

Lad. Haue you beene married long ?

Torm. Not long.

Lad. I thinke your wedding shooes haue not beene oft vnty'd.

Torm. Some three times.

Lad. Pretty Soule ; No more ! indeed
You are the youngest Vine I e're saw planted,
So full of hope for bearing ; methinks 'tis pittie
A Citizen should haue so faire a Tree
Grow in his Garden.

Torm. I thinke him best worthy,
To plucke the fruit, that sets it.

Lad. Oh you'd h'a shon
At Court like a full Constellation,
Your Eyes are orbes of Starres.

Tor. Muse my man stayes.

La. Your man is come, and sent to fetch your
Husband,
Trust me you shall not hence, till you haue fill'd
This banqueting roome with some sweet thing or
other :

Your Husband's wonderous kind to you.

Tor. As the Sunne
To the new married Spring, the Spring to th' Earth.

Lad. Some children looke most sweetly at their
birth,

That after proue hard fauor'd ; and so doe Hus-
bands :

Your honey Moones soonest waine and shew sharpe
hornes.

Tor. Mine shall shew none.

Lad. I doe not wish it should,
Yet be not too much kept vnder, for when you would
You shall not rife.

Tor. Vmh !

Lad. I was once as you are,
Young (and perhaps as faire) it was my Fate
Whilst Summer lasted and that beauty rear'd

Her cullors in my cheekes, to serue at Court :
 The King of *Spaine* that then was, ey'd me oft :
 Lik't me, and lou'd me, woo'd me, at last won me.

Tor. 'Twas well you were no City.

Lad. Why ?

Tor. It seemes,
 You yeilded e're you needed.

Lad. Nay, you must thinke,
 He ply'd me with fierce batteries and assaults :
 You are coy now, but (alas) how could you fight
 With a Kings frownes ? your womanish appetite
 Wer't ne're so dead and cold would soone take fire
 At honors, (all women would be lifted higher)
 Would you not stoope to take it, and thrust your
 hand

Deepe as a King's in Treasure, to haue Lords
 Feare you, t'haue life or death fly from your words.
 The first night that I lay in's Princely armes,
 I seem'd transform'd, me thought *Ioues* owne right
 hand.

Had snatcht mee vp and in his starry spheare.
 Plac'd me (with others of his Lemmans there)
 Yet was he but the shaddow I the funne.
 In a proud zodiake, I my Course did runne.
 Mine eye beames the dyals stile ; and had power
 To rule his thoughts, as that Commands the hower.
 Oh you shall find vpon a Princes pillow
 Such golden dreames.

Tor. I find 'em.

Lad. Cry you mercy.

Tor. My husband comes not, I dare not stay.

Lad. You must.

King. You shall.

Lad. Before you lyes your way
 Beaten out by mee, if you can follow doe.

Tor. What meanes this, are there bawds Ladies
 too ?

King. Why shake you, feare not, none here threats
 your life.

Tor. Shall not a lambe tremble at the butchers
knife.

Let goe your hold, keepe off, what violent hands
Soeuer force mee, ne're shall touch woman more,
Ile kill ten Monarches ere Ile bee ones whore.

King. Heare mee.

Tor. Avoyd thou diuell,

Lad. Thou puritan foole.

Tor. Oh thou base Otter hound, help, help.

King. In vaine.

Tor. The best in *Spaine* shall know this.

Lad. The best now knowes it.

Tor. Good pitch let mee not touch thee, *Spaine*
has a King :

If from his royall throne Iustice bee driuen,
I shall find right, at the Kings hands of Heauen.

Lad. This is the King.

Tor. The King, alas poore slaue.

A Rauens sticke with Swannes feathers, scarcrow drest
braue.

King. Doe you not know me ?

Torm. Yes, for a whore-master.

Lad. No matter for her scoulding, a womans
tongue Is like the myraculous Bell in *Aragon*, which
rings out without the helpe of man.

King. Heare me, thou striu'st with Thunder, yet
this hand

That can shake Kingdomes downe, thrusts into thine,
The Scepters, if proud fall, thou let'st them fall
Thou beat'st thy selfe in peeces on a rocke
That shall for euer ruine thee and thine
Thy Husband, and all opposites that dare
With vs to cope, it shall not ferue your turne
With your dim eyes to iudge our beames, the light
Of Common fires, We can before thy fight
Shine in full splendor, though it suites vs now
To suffer this base cloud to maske our brow
Be wise, and when thou mayst (for lifting vp

Thine arme) plucke Starres, refuse them not, I
sweare

By heauen I will not force thee 'gainst thy blood,
When I send, come : if not, withstand thy good ;
Goe, get you home now, this is all, farewell.

Tor. Oh me ! what way to heauen can be through
hell. *Exit.*

King. Why diue you so ?

Lad. I hope your Maiesty,
Dare sweare I ha play'd the Pylot cunningly.
Fetching the wind about to make this Pinnace
Strike Sayle as you desir'd.

King. Th'art a damn'd Bawd :
A foaking, foddren, splay-foot, ill-fac'd Bawd ;
Not all the wits of Kingdomes can enact
To saue what by such Gulphes as thou art wrack'd,
Thou horie wickednesse, Diuels dam, do'st thou
thinke

Thy poysons rotten breath shall blast our fame.
Or those furr'd gummes of thine gnaw a King's
name !

If thou wouldst downe before thy time, to thy crew,
Prate of this—yes ; doe, for gold, any flauie
May gorge himfelfe on sweetes, Kings cannot haue
By helpe of such a hag as thou, I would not
Dishonour her for an Empire, from my sight.

La. Well fir.

King. Giue o're your Trade.

Lad. Ile change my Coppy.

King. See you doe.

Lad. I will turne ouer a new leafe.

King. We search for Serpents, but being found de-
stroy them,
Men drinke not poysons, though they oft imploy
them. *Exit.*

Lad. Giue o're ! how liue then ! no, Ile keepe that
still

If Courtiers will not, I'me sure Citizens will. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella and Gazetto,

Gaz. Speake with you.

Torm. Ha ! good fellow keepe thy way.

Gaz. Yare a whore.

Torm. Th'art a bafe Knaue, not the streets free !

Exit.

Gaz. Though dead, from vengeance earth thee
shall not faue,

Hyena like, Ile eate into thy Graue. *Exit.*

Enter Cordolente, and Malevento.

Cord. I dare now bestow on you a free,
And hearty welcome to my poore house :

Mal. Thankes Sonne :

Good Ayre, very good Ayre, and Sonne I thinke.
You stand well too for trading.

Cord. Very well fir.

Mal. I am glad on't.

Enter Lazarillo.

Cord. Sirrah where's your Miftris ?

Mal. I, I, good youth call her,
She playes the Tortoyes now, you shall 'twixt her and
me,

See a rare Combat ; tell her here's her Father,
No, an old swaggering Fencer, dares her at the
weapon,

Which women put downe men at, Scoulding ! boy
I will so chide her Sonne.

Cord. Pray doe Sir, goe call her !

Laz. She's forth Sir with my fellow, a Lady tooke
her along.

Mal. Taken vp already, it's well, yet I commend
her

She flyes with birds that are of better wing

Then thofe ſhe ſpreads her ſelfe.

Cord. Right Sir.

Mal. Nay ſhe's wife
A ſubtil Ape, but louing as the Moone, is to the
Sea.

Cord. I hope ſhe'l proue more conſtant :

Mal. Then is the needle to the Adamant,
The God of gold powre downe on both your heads
His comfortable ſhowers.

Cord. Thanks to your wiſhes.

Mal. May neuer gall be fill'd into your Cup,
Nor wormewood ſtrew your Pillow ; ſo liue, ſo loue,
That none may ſay, a Rauen does kiſſe a Doue,
I am forry that I curſt you, but the ſtring
Sounds as 'tis play'd on, as 'tis ſet we ſing.

Enter Bilbo.

Cord. Where's thy Miſtreſſe ?

Mal. Oh-pray Sonne, vie *Bilbo* *Caucaſe* well.

Where's thy Miſtreſſe ?

Bil. She's departed Sir.

Cord. Departed ! whether pritheſe !

Bil. It may to a Lord, for a Lady had her away,
I came backe to fetch a Gloue which dropt from the
Lady, but before I could ouertake them, they were all
dropt from me ; my Miſtris is to me Sir, the needle in
the bottle you wot where.

Mal. Of hay thou mean'ſt, ſhe'l not be loſt I war-
rant.

Enter Tormiella, and paſſes ouer the Stage.

Cord. Here ſhe comes now ſir,
Tormiella, call her.

Bil. What ſhall I call her ?

Exit.

Mal. Nothing by no meanes
No let her flutter, now ſhe's faſt i'th net,
On diſobedience, a gracefull ſhame is ſet.

Match me in London. 165

Cord. A strange dead pallie, when a womans
tongue
Has not the power to stirre, dumb ! call her I say !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. Strange newes Sir !

Cord. What is't ?

Bil. Yonders a Coach full of good faces.

Cord. That so strange ?

Bil. Yes to alight at our Gate ; They are all com-
ming vp as boldly, as if they were Landlords and came
for Rent, fee else.

Enter Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

1. *Gent.* The woman of the House sir pray !

Cor. She's in her Chamber, sirrah shew the way.

Exeunt manet Gentlemen and walke.

Mal. Doe you know these !

Cord. Troth not I sir, I'me amaz'd
At this their strange ariuall.

Mal. By their starcht faces,
Small shancks, and blifted shoo-knobs, they should be
Courtiers.

Cord. Our *Spanish* Mercers say, th'are the brauest
fellowes.

Mal. For braue men, th'are no lesse i'th Taylors
bookes,
Courtiers in Citizens Houses, are Summer fires,
May well be spar'd, and being cleane out are best
They doe the house no good, but helpe consume
They burne the wood vp, and o're-heat the roome,
Sweetening onely th'ayre a little, that's all,
Play the right Citizen then, .whil't you gaine by
them,
Hug 'em, if they plucke your feathers, come not nigh
them.

Cord. Ile clofe with them.

Mal. Doe.

Cord. Welcome Gentlemen.

Omn. Thanks.

Cord. Pray sir what Ladies may these be with my Wife ?

1. *Gent.* Faith sir if they would cast themselves away vpon Knights, they may be Knights Ladies, but are onely Gentlewomen of an exceeding sweet carriage and fashion, and 'tis so Sir, that your wiues doings being bruited and spread abroad to be rare for her handling the *Spanish* needle, these beauties are come onely to haue your wife pricke out a thing, which must be done out of hand, that's the whole bufinesse Sir.

Cord. In good time Sir.

Mal. Of Court I pray Sir are you ?

2. *Gent.* Yes Sir, we follow the Court now and then, as others follow vs.

Cord. He meanes those they owe money too.

Mal. Pray Sir what newes at Court ?

1. *Gent.* Faith Sir the old stale newes, black Iackes are fill'd and standing Cups emptied.

Mal. I see then Iacks are sawcie in euery corner, I haue giuen it him vnder the lift of the eare.

Cord. 'Twas soundly, you see he's stricke dead.

Mal. Dauncing Baboone !

Enter Tormiella mask'd, and in other Garments, the Gentlewomen with her, and Gentlemen leading her away.

Torm. Farewell.

Omn. To Coach, away.

1. *Gent.* The *Welch* Embassador, has a Message to you sir.

2. *Gent.* Hee will bee with you shortly, when the Moones Hornes are i'th full. *Exeunt.*

Mal. What's that they talke !

Cord. Nothing but this, they haue giuen it me
foundly, I feele it vnder the lifts of both eares, where's
my wife !

Enter Bilbo.

Bil. She's falne sicke sir.

Cord. The Night-mare rides her.

Mal. Ha ! sicke ! how sicke !

Bil. Of the falling sicknesse ; you and my Master
haue vs'd her to runne away, that she has shew'd you
another light paire of heeles, she's gon Sir.

Cord. Thou lyest.

Bil. It may be she lyes by this time, but I stand
to my words, I say agen She's gon sir ; cast your Cap
at her, but she's gon hurried into a Coach drawne with
foure Horfes.

Cord. These her oathes, vowe, protestations,
damnations, a Serpent kist the first woman ; and euer
since the whole sexe haue giuen sucke to Adders.

Mal. Run into th' Street, and if thou seest the
priuileg'd Bawdy house she went into,

Bil. That runs on four wheeles, the Caroch sir.

Cor. Cry to the whole City to stop her.

Bil. I will sir, 'tis euery mans case i'th City, to
haue his wife stop'd. — *Exit.*

Mal. Well ; what wilt thou say, if this be a plot,
Of merriment betwixt thy wife and them,
For them to come thus, and disguise her thus,
Thus whorry her away to some by-Towne,
But foure or fve miles distance from the City,
Then must we hunt on Horsebacke, find our game
See and not know her in this strange disguise,
But the jest smelt out, showts, and plandities
Must ring about the Table where she sits,
Then you kissing her, I must applaud their wits.

Cor. Well, I will once be gull'd in this your
Comedy,
A while Ile play the Wittall, I will winck Sir.

One Bird you see is flowne out of the nest,

Mal. What Bird !

Cord. A wagtaile, after, flye all the rest.

Mal. Come then.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS, III.

Enter Iohn, a Doctor, and Pacheco.

Ioh. *Pacheco.*

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. It shall be so, to the King presently
See my Caroach be ready, furnish me
To goe to Court fir.

Pach. Well Sir.

Exit.

Do. Why my Lord ?

Ioh. What sayst thou ?

Do. You will ouerthrow the state
Of that deare health which so much cost and time
Haue beene a building vp, your pores lying open
Colds, Agues, and all enemies to pure bloods
Wil enter and destroy life.

Enter Pacheco, with Cloake and Rapier.

Ioh. I will to Court.

Do. Pray my Lord stirre not forth.

Ioh. Lay downe, begon.

Exit Pacheco.

Do. The Ayre will pierce you

Iohn. I ha tooke cold already.

Do. When fir ?

Ioh. When you counsell'd me to ride my horse.

Do. Nay that was well, how slept you the next night?

Ioh. Not a winck.

Doct. All the better.

Ioh. But i'th next morning,
I could not in a Russian shoue sweat more
Then I did in my Bed.

Doct. Marry I'me glad on't.

Ioh. And had no clothes vpon me.

Doct. Still the better.

Ioh. My bones Sir pay'd for all this, and yet you
cry, still the better : when you ha' purg'd your pockets
full of gold out of a Patient, and then nay'd him in's
Coffin, you cry then still the better too, a man were
better to lye vnder the hands of a Hangman, than one
of your rubarbatiue faces ; firrha Doctör, I doe not
thinke but I haue beene well, all this time I haue
beene Sicke ?

Doctör. Oh my good Lord.

Ioh. Oh good Master Doctör, come no more of
this, I haue another Diaphragma for you to tickle,
you minister poyson in some Medicines, doe you not ?

Doct. Yes my good Lord, in Purgatiue and Ex-
pulsive.

Ioh. So, so, breake not my head with your hard
words, you can for a need poyson a Great man ?

Doct. Your Lordship's merry.

Ioh. Right Sir, but I must haue it done in sad-
nesse, 'tis your Trade Master Doctör to send men
packing : harke you, 'tis no lesse Bug-beare then *Don*
Valasco !

Do. The Admirall of *Castile* !

Ioh. Him you must sincke.

Do. 'Tis my certaine death to doe it.

Ioh. And thy certaine death to deny it, if you will
not shew him a cast of your Office, Ile be so bold, as
bestow this vpon you of mine, I am sharpe set, will
you doe it ?

Do. I will by these two hands.

Ioh. When ?

Do. When you please.

Ioh. This day ?

Do. This hower.

Ioh. And make him fast.

Do. Fast.

Ioh. For speaking.

Do. For speaking.

Ioh. Why then good Doctor rise
To honour by it, be secret and be wise.

Enter Pacheco.

Pa. The Admirall is come my Lord.

Ioh. Away with these, show him the way in,
Doctor.

Do. Oh my Lord !

Enter Valasco.

Ioh. If you faile.

Val. All health to your good Lordship, I wish
that,

Which most I thinke you want.

Ioh. Thankes my good Lord,
Doctor dispatch, take heed your Compositions,
Hit as I told you.

Do. Oh my Lord, I am beaten to these things.

Exit.

Ioh. Goe then, this visitation of your Lordship,
I take most kindly.

Val. Two maine wheeles my Lord,
Haue hither brought mee, on the Kings Command,
To'ther my loue, with a desire to know
Why I mong'ſt all the trees that spread it'h Court
Should still be smote with lightening from your eye ;
Yours onely dangerous Arrowes shootes at mee :
You haue the Courtiers dialect right, your tongue

Walkes ten miles from your heart, when last you
saw me,
Doe you remember how you threaten'd ; as for you
Sir —

Ioh. These notes are strange.

Val. Oh my good Lord, be my good Lord, I
read

Harsh Lectures in your face, but meet no Comment
That can dissolue the riddle, vnlesse it be
Out of that noble fashon that great men
Must trip some heeles vp, tho they stand as low
As Vintners when they coniure, onely to shew
Their skill in wrastling, 'tis not well to strike
A man whose hands are bound, like should chuse
like.

Ioh. I strike you not, nor striue to giue you falls,
Tis your owne guilt afflicts you, if to the King
The song I set of you, did to your eare
Vnmusically found, 'twas not in hate
To you, but in desire to giue the state
True knowledge of my innocence, be sure a bird,
Chanted that tune to mee, that onely you
Incens'd the King that I should sell him.

Val. Vmh !

Ioh. Doe you thinke I lye ?

Val. I doe beleeeue your Lordship.

Ioh. 'Twas a man most neare you.

Val. A bosome villaine !

Ioh. For you must think that all that bow, stand
bare

And giue Court Cakebread to you, loue you not.

Val. True loue my Lord at Court, is hardly got.

Ioh. If I can friend you, vse me.

Val. Humble thanks.

Ioh. Oh my good Lord, times siluer foretop stands
On end before you, but you put it by.

Catch it, 'tis yours, scap'd neuer yours, your shoulders
Beare the Weale-publique vp, but they should beare,
Like Pillars to be strong themselues : would I

Want fish at Sea, or golden showers at Court
I'de goe awry sometimes, wer't but for sport.

Val. Say you so !

Io. Sell Iustice and she'l by you Lordships,
cloath her

(As Citizens doe their wiues) beyond their worth
She'll make you sell your Lordships and your plate.
No wise man will for nothing serue a state,
Remember this, your Daughter is the Queene
Braue phraze to say my Sonne in Law the King,
Whil't sweet showers fall, and Sunne-shine, make your
Spring.

Val. You looke not out I see, nor heare the
stormes

Which late haue shooke the Court.

Ioh. Not I ! what stormes !

Val. You in your Cabbin know nothing there's a
Pinnace

(Was mann'd out first by th' City,) is come to th'
Court,

New rigg'd, a very painted Gally foist,
And yet our *Spanish* Caruils, the Armada
Of our great vessels dare not stirre for her.

Ioh. What Pinnace meane you ?

Val. From his lawfull pillow,
The King has tane a Citizens wife.

Ioh. For what ?

Val. What should men doe with Citizens wiues at
Court ?

All will be naught, poore Queene 'tis she smarts for't.

Ioh. Now 'tis your time to strike.

Val. He does her wrong,
And I shall tell him soundly.

Ioh. Tell him !

Val. Ile pay it home.

Ioh. Were you some Father in Law now.

Val. What lyes heere,
Lyes here, and none shall know it.

Ioh. How easie were it,

For you to fet this warping Kingdome straight !

Val. The peoples hearts are full,

Ioh. And weed the State.

Val. Too full of weeds already.

Ioh. And to take all,

Into your owne hands.

Val. I could foone doo't.

Ioh. Then doo't.

Val. Doe what ! misprize me not, pray good my Lord,

Nor let thefe foolish words we shoot i'th Ayre,

Fall on our heads and wound vs : to take all

Into mine owne hands, this I meane.

Ioh. Come on.

Val. Boldly and honeſtly to chide the King.

Ioh. Vmhm.

Val. Take his minx vp ſhort.

Ioh. Take her vp !

Val. Roundly, to rate, her Wittall husband : to ſtirre vp——

Ioh. The people, ſince mens wiues are common Cafes.

Val. You heare not me ſay ſo.

Ioh. To force this Tyrant to mend or end.

Val. Good day to your Lordſhip.

Ioh. Shoot off the Peece you haue charg'd.

Val. No, it recoyles.

Ioh. You and I ſhall fall to cutting throates.

Val. Why !

Ioh. If euer you ſpeake of this.

Val. If we cut one another throates, I ſhall neuer

Speake of this : fare your Lordſhip well.

Alphonſo de Gramada.

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Good health to both your Lordſhips.

Ioh. Thankes good *Alphonſo*, nay pray ſtay.

Val. Where haſt thou beene *Alphonſo* !

Alph. In the Marquesse of *Villa Noua del Rios*,
Garden

Where I gathered these Grapes.

Val. And th'are the fairest Grapes I euer toucht.

Ioh. Troth so they are; plump *Bacchus* cheekes
were neuer

So round and red, the very God of Wine.

Swels in this bunch, *Lyæus* set this Vine.

Val. I haue not seene a louelier.

Alph. 'Tis your Lordships, if you vouchsafe to
take it.

Val. Oh I shall rob you, of too much sweetnesse.

Alph. No my Lord.

Val. I thanke you.

Alph. Make bold to see your honour.

Ioh. Good *Alphonso*.

Alph. And (loath to be too troublesome) take my
leauue :

Ioh. My duty to the King.

Val. Farewell good *Alphonso*.

Exit.

Ioh. How doe you like your Grapes ?

Val. Most delicate, taste 'em :

Is it not strange, that on a branch so faire,
Should grow so foule a fruit, as Drunkards are ?

Ioh. These are the bullets that make Cities reele,
More then the Cannon can.

Val. This Iuice infus'd

In man, makes him a beast, good things abus'd,
Conuert to poyson thus ; how now !

Ioh. I'me dizzie

Oh ! does not all the house run round on wheeles !
Doe not the Posts goe round ! my Lord this fellow,
Loues you I hope ?

Val. Ile pawne my life he does.

Io. Would all we both are worth, were laid to
pawne

To a Broaker that's vndamn'd for halfe a dram
For halfe a scruple,—oh we are poyson'd.

Val. Ha !

Joh. What doe you feele ?

Val. A giddynesse too me thinkes.

Joh. Without there, call the Doctōr (flaue)

Enter Pacheco.

Pach. He's here Sir.

Enter Doctōr.

Joh. Oh Doctōr now or neuer—giue him his
last,

We are poyfon'd both. *Exit Doctōr.*

Val. I thinke our banes are ask'd.

Joh. Hee'l bring that shall forbid it, call him (vil-
laine.)

Pa. Well Sir I will call him villaine. *Exit.*

Val. All thriues not well within me : On my
foule

T's but Concept, I'me hurt with feare, *Don Iohn,*

Is n my Close mortall enemy, and perhaps

Vnd der the Cullor I am poyfon'd, sends

To pay me foundly ! to preuent the worst,

Pre seruatiue or poyfon, he drinks first.

Enter Doctōr.

Joh. Giue it him.

Val. No begin.

Joh. What is't ?

Do. Cordiall.

Joh. The Doctōr shall begin, quickly, so heere,
Hal lfe this to both our deathes if't come too late.

Val. I pledge them both, death is a common
fate.

Joh. Shift hands, is't mortall !

Do. It strikes sure.

Joh. Let it runne.

Va. 'Tis downe.

Ioh. I'me glad, thy life's not a span long.

How is't!

Va. Worfe.

Ioh. Better, I doe feare this physick

Like pardons for men hang'd is brought too late.

Do. Hee's gone.

Ioh. Who's without!

Do. Some of his men attending with his Caroach.

Ioh. Take helpe; bestow the body in't, convey it,
To his owne house and there sir, see you sweare,
You saw him in your presence fall dead heere.

Do. This I can safely sweare.

Ioh. Helpe then, away,
Thou art next, for none must liue that can betray!

Exeunt.

Flourish. *Enter King, Queene, Tormiella, Ladies, Iago, Martines, Fuentes, and Alphonso.*

King. So sweetnesse, Ile now walke no longer with you.

Qu. Are you weary of my Company!

King. Neuer shall:

Prithee keepe thy Chamber a while, the Ayre bites.

Qu. 'Tis becaufe the Sunne shines not so hot as 't had wont.

King. There's some Cloud betweene then.

Qu. Yes, and a horrible foule one.

King. I see none but faire ones.

Qu. No! Looke yonder, it comes from the City.

King. Let it come, by these Roses I am angry that you let me not go.

Qu. Nay look you, your Grace takes all from me too; pray Sir giue me my roses, your Highnesse is too couetous.

King. I must of necessitie haue one.

Qu. You shall, so you take it of my choosing.

King. I will, so you choose that which I like.

Qu. Which will you haue, the bud, or that which is blown?

King. The bud sure, I loue no blowne ware.

Qu. Take your bud then.

Offers to go, and throwes it downe.

King. Doe you heare? are you angry?

Qu. No, you are jealous, you are so loath to haue me out of your sight, you need not, for I keepe the fashion of the Kings of *China*, who neuer walke abroad, but besides their Attendants, haue fise or sixe as richly attired as themselues, to cut off treason.

King. So.

Q. Here be others in the Troupe will bee taken for Queenes sooner then I.

King. You are vext, I haue prefer'd a creature to you.

Qu. Who dares checke the Sunne, if he make a stinking weed grow close to a bed of Violets? vext! not I, and yet me thinkes you might giue me leaue to chuse mine owne women, as well as you doe your men, I commend no man to you, for listeing joyne-stooles to be one of your guard.

King. Your Muffe.

Qu. Take it good wife.

King. You will make me angry: good wife! so, take it.

Qu. Now I hope you'll take it, you need not scorne a Queenes leauings, for a Queene has had yours.

King. What!

Qu. You see; does your Maiestie frowne because I take it from her

Come hither, put your hand here? so, well met,
All friends now, yet tho'ty'd neuer so fast,
Being a bow knot, it slips it selfe at last.

Exeunt Queene, Tormiel. Ladies and Mart.

K. Is't so! wer't thou a Diamond worth the world,

And ne're so hard, yet thine owne Dust shall cut the ~~_____~~
Goe call that Lady backe.

Alph. Which ?

King. *Tormiella,*

o No doe not ! 'Tis a Cocke the Lyon can fright,
The Hen do'st now, the Case is alter'd quite.

Enter Doctor.

Do. Your gracious pardon to call backe a life
That's halfe lost with despaire.

King. What hast thou done ?

Do. Poyson'd a man.

King. Whom hast thou poyson'd ?

Do. The Queenes Father in Law.

King. Would it had beene the Daughter, ~~thou~~
thalt feele :

A double death, one heere, and one in Hell.

Do. I must haue company with me then : *Don*
John

Your Highnesse Brother, set against my throat——

Kin. Back.

Do. His arm'd sword ; I had dy'd, had I ~~not~~
done't.

King. Our Guard : goe fetch *Don John* our ~~bro~~
ther to Court,

Do. A word in your Highnesse eare :

King. Search him.

Omn. He has nothing.

Do. I in stead of poyson,

Gaue him a sleepey Potion, he's preferu'd

Don John thinks not : the noble Admirall

Feares plots against his life, forbeares the Court

But sends me to your Grace, to bid you set

Your footing stiffe and strongly, for *Don John*

Trips at your life and Kingdome, to his throat

Valasco this will iustifie.

King. He shall

Goe you and fetch him secretly to Court

Alphonso take the Doctor and returne. *Exeunt.*

Death ! when ! *Iago* with your smootheſt face

Go greet *Don Iohn* from vs,

Say we haue worke of State, both preſently

And cloſely bid him come.

Iago. I ſhall.

Exit.

Enter Gasetto.

King. How now what's he, giue vs leaue, come
hither :

We haue perus'd your paper Sir, and thinke
Your promiſes Spring-tides, but we feare you'll ebbe
In your performancé.

Gaz. My deeds and ſpeeches Sir,
Are lines drawne from one Center, what I promiſe
To doe, Ile doe, or looſe this.

King. You giue me phyſicke after I'm dead, the
Portugals and we
Haue hung our drummes vp, and you offer heere
Models of Fortification, as if a man
Should when Warre's done, ſet vp an Armorors
ſhop.

Gaz. I bid you ſet up none Sir, you may chuſe.

King. This fellow Ile fitly caſt i'th Villaines
mold,

I find him crafty, enuious, poore, and bold :
Into a Saw Ile turne thee, to cut downe
All Trees which ſtand in my way ; what's thy name ?

Gaz. You may reade in my paper.

King. *Lupo Vindicado's* ; Vm ! nay we ſhall im-
ploy you

Merrit went neuer from vs with a forehead,
Wrinkled or fullen, what place would you ſerue in ?

Gaz. Any, but one of your turne broaches ; I
would not be one of your blacke Guard, there's too
much fire in me already.

King. You ſay, you haue the Languages.

Gaz. Yes.

King. What thinke you of an Intelligencer, w~~h~~^o send you—

Gas. To th' Gallowes, I loue not to be hang'd i
State.

King. You hauing trauel'd as you said so farre,
And knowing so much, I muse thou art so poore.

Gas. Had the confution of all tongues began
In building me, could I sing sweet in all,
I might goe beg and hang, I ha' seene *Turkes*
And *Jewes*, and *Christians*, but of all, the *Christian*~~s~~
Haue driefst hands, they'l see a Brother starue,
But giue Duckes to a water-Spaniell.

King. Well obseru'd
Come sir, faith let's crow together, in what stamp
Dost thou coyne all thy Languages.

Gas. I doe speake *English*
When I'de moue pittie, when dissemble, *Irish*,
Dutch when I reele, and tho I feed on scallions,
If I should brag Gentility, I'de gabble *Welsh*,
If I betray, I'me *French*, if full of braues,
They swell in loftie *Spanish*, in neat *Italian*
I court my Wench, my messe is all seru'd vp.

King. Of what Religion art thou?

Gas. Of yours.

King. When you were in *France*?

Gas. *French*.

King. Without there.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Sir!

King. Giue this Gentleman fise hundred Pistolet~~s~~
Be neere vs.

Gas. In thy bosome, for thy Pistolets
Ile giue thee Pistols, in a peece might ha bee~~n~~^e
mine,
Thou shoot'st or mean'st to shoot, but Ile char~~ge~~^e
thine,
Thy heart off goes it in thunder.

Match me in London.

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King. Through the Gallerie,
Vnfeene conuay him hither, give vs leaue fir.

Gas. Leaue haue you ?

Exeunt.

Enter DoFlor, Valasco, and Alphonso.

Val. I'm glad to see your Maiesty.

King. You haue reason.

Val. I was going to cry all hid.

King. Come hither
Dead man you'l iustifie this treason ?

Val. To his teeth,
Throate, mouth to mouth, bodie to bodie.

King. So.

Enter Iago.

Iag. *Don Iohn of Castile* 's come.

King. A Chaire, stand you
Full here and stirre not, front him, bring him in
How, now, did a Hare crosse your way ?

Enter Don Iohn.

Ioh. The Diuell
Doctör Ile giue you a purge for this, Ile make
Your Highnesse laugh.

King. You must tickle me soundly then.

Ioh. In this retreat of mine from Court, my
bodie

(Which was before a cleane streame) growing foule
By my minds trouble, through your high displeasure
Which went to th' bottome of my heart ; I call'd
That sound Card to me, gaue him fees and bid him
(By all the fairest props that Art could reare)
To keepe my health from falling, which I felt
Tottering and shaken, but my Vrnalift
(As if he sate in Barber-Surgions Hall
Reading Anatomy Lectures) left no Artery
Vnstretcht vpon the Tenters.

King. So he vext you to the guts.

Ioh. My bowels were his coniuring roomes, to quit him

I tempted him to poyson a great man,
I knowing this my honourable friend——

Val. Keepe backe, hee'l poyson my gloue else.

Ioh. Comming to visit me,
This was the man must die.

King. Why did you this?

Ioh. Onely to hatch a jest on my pill'd Doddy,
I knew he durst not doo't.

King. But say he had?

Val. Then he had beene hang'd.

Ioh. That had made me more glad.

Doff. I am bound to your Lordship.

Ioh. Being a Doct'or you may loofe your selfe.

King. Mens liues then are your Balls, difarme him.

Ioh. How! not all thy Kingdome can. *Drawes.*

King. Hew him in peeces,
Our Guard, s'death kill him.

Ioh. Are you in earnest?

King. Looke.

Ioh. See then, I put my selfe into your Den:
What does the Lyon now with me?

King. Th'art a traytor.

Ioh. I am none.

King. No!

Val. Yes, an arrant traytor.

Ioh. You fir; spit all thy poyson forth.

Val. No, I dranke none fir.

King. Come to your proofes, and see you put 'em home.

Val. You and I one day, being in conference,
You nam'd this noble King (my Sovereigne)
A tyrant, bid me strike, 'twas now my time,
Spake of a Peece charg'd, and of shooting off
Of stirring vp the Rascals to rebell,
And to be short, to kill thee.

Ioh. I speake this !

Val. Yes Traytor, thou.

Ioh. Where !

Val. In your Chamber.

Ioh. Chamber !

Was it not when you told me, that the King

Had got a strumpet.

King. Ha.

Val. How !

Ioh. A Citizens wife ;

'Twas when you fwoore to pay him soundly.

Val. See, see !

Ioh. The peoples hearts were full.

Val. Poxe, a'my heart then.

Ioh. Or was't not when you threaten'd to take all,

Into your owne hands :

Val. There's my gloue, thou lyest.

Kin. Good stuffe, I shall find traitors of you both,

If you are, be so ; with my finger, thus

I fanne away the dust flying in mine eyes

Rais'd by a little wind ; I laugh at these now,

***Tis smoake, and yet because you shall not thinke**

We'll dance in Earth quakes, or throw squibs at

Thunder,

I charge both keepe your Chambers for a day

Or so.——

Val. Your will.

Exit.

Ioh. Chambers !

King. We bid it.

Ioh. You may.

Exit.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Omn. The Queene.

Qu. I thanke your highnesse for the bird you gaue
me.

King. What bird ?

Qu. Your Tassell gentle, shee's lur'd off and gone.

King. How gon ! what's gone !

Qu. Your woman's fled
Whom you prefer'd to me, she's stolne from Court.

King. You iest.

Qu. Bee it so.—

Goes away.

King. I haue hotter newes for you,
Your Fathers head lies here, art thou still shooting
Thy stings into my sides ! Now doe you looke
I should turne wild, and send through all the winds
Horsemen in quest of her, because you weare
A kind of yellow stocking ; let her flie
If *Ioue* forsooth would fixe a starre in Heauen,
Iuno runnes mad, thou better mightst haue spurn'd
The gates of hell ope ; then to looke into
Our bosome.

Qu. Where your Trull lyes.

King. Y'are a Toad.

Qu. Womans reuenge awake thee, thou hast stir'd
A blood as hot and high as is thine owne
Raife no more stormes ; your treasure is not gon,
I fear'd the Sea was dangerous, and did found it
Mischiefe but halfe vp, is with ease confounded. *Exit.*

King. In thine owne ruine, me canst thou hit
But with one finger which can doe no harme
But when a King strikes, 'tis with his whole arme.

Exit.

Enter Queene and Tormiella.

Qu. Make fast the Clofet—so—giue me the key
I meane to kill thee.

Tor. Kill me, for what cause ?

Qu. Guesse.

Tor. I know none, vnlesse the Lambe should aske
The Butcher why he comes to cut his throat.

Qu. I could through loope holes hit thee, or hire
flaues

And send death to thee, twenty secret wayes.

Tor. Why would you doe all this ?

Qu. Or (as the Hart

Drawes Serpents from their Den) with subtil breath
 could allure thee to sit downe, and banquet
 With me as with the King thou hast.

Tor. Oh neuer—

Qu. Yet poyson you most sweetly.

Tor. Now you doe it.

Qu. And I could make thee a Queenes bedfellow

As thou hast beene a Kings.

Tor. Neuer by —

Qu. Swear,

Yet stifle you in a pillow, but I scorne

To strike thee blindfold, onely thou shalt know

An Eagles nest, disdaines to hatch a Crow :

Why are all mouthes in *Spaine* fill'd to the brim,

Flowing o're with Court newes, onely of you and him

The King I meane, where lies the Court !

Tor. Sure here.

Qu. It remou'd last, to th' shop of a *Millaner*

The gests are so set downe, because you ride

Like vs, and steale our fashions and our tyers,

You'l haue our Courtiers to turne shopkeepers,

And fall to trading with you, ha !

Tor. Alas the Court to me is an enchanted tower

Wherein I'me lockt by force, and bound by spels

To Heauen to some, to me ten thousand Hels

I drinke but poyson in gold, sticke on the top

Of a high Pinnacle, like an idle vaine

(As the wind turnes) by euery breath being tost

And once blowne downe ; not mis'd, but for euer
 lost.

Qu. Out Crocadile,—

Spurne her.

Tor. You will not murther me !

Qu. Ile cure you of the Kings euill.—

Draw 2. knives.

Tor. To one woman

Another should be pittifull, heare me speake !

Qu. How dares so base a flower follow my Sunne

At's rising to his setting.

Torm. I follow none.

Qu. How dar'st thou Serpent wind about a tree
That's mine.

Torm. I doe not.

Qu. Or to shake the leaues.

Tor. By Heauen, not any.

Qu. Or once to taste the fruit

Tho throwne into thy lap, if from a Harlot
Prayers euer came; pray, for thou dy'st.

Torm. Then kill me.

Qu. How did my Husband win thee?

Torm. By meere force; a Bawd betray'd me to
him.

Qu. Worfe and worfe.

Torm. If euer I haue wrong'd your royall bed
In act, in thought, nayle me for euer fast,
To scape this Tyger of the Kings fierce lust
I will doe any thing, I will speake treason
Or Drinke a Cup of poyson, which may blast
My inticing face, and make it leprous soule:
Ruine you all this, so you keepe vp my Soule;
That's all the wealth I care for.

Qu. I haue now no hart left to kill thee, rise, thou
and I

Will like two quarrelling Gallants faster tye
A knot of Loue, we both i'th Field being wounded
Since we must needs be sharers, vse me kindly
And play not the right Citizen, to vndoe
Your partner, who i'th stocke has more than you.

A noyse within. Enter the King.

King. Must you be closetted?

Qu. Yes.

King. What are you doing?

Qu. Not getting Children.

King. Naked kniues; for what,
Speake, s'death speake you.

Tor. They both fell from her side.

King. You lie, away.

Qu. Must you be closetted ?

King. Yes.

Qu. When hart break'st thou, thou dost too much
swell,

This Aspis biting, is incurable. *Exit.*

King. Be true to me I charge you ; did the Queene
Offer no violence to you.

Tor. None at all.

King. Why were these drawne.

Tor. I know not.

King. Know not ; what's heere,
Why is this rose demi'd with a pearled teare.
When the sunne shines so warme, you know not that
too,

The lambe has am'd the *Lyon*, the vulture tyers
Vpon the Eagles hart, these subtil wyers
Chaine *Ioue*, these balls, from whose flames *Cupid*
drew,

His wild fire burnes heere, this you know not too.
I loue you, that you know not neither, y'are coy,
And proud, and faire, you know this.

Tor. I beseech you

Let me shake off the golden fetters you tye
About my body, you inioy a body
Without a soule, for I am now not heere.

King. Where then.

Tor. At home in my poore husbands armes,
This is your Court, that mine.

King. Your husbands armes,
Thou art his whore, he plai'd the theefe and rob'd
Another of thee, and to spoyle the spoyler,
Is Kingly iustice, 'tis a lawfull prize
That's ta'ne from Pirates ; there's are fellow wiues.

Tor. Which of your subiects (which abroad adore
Your state, your greatnesse, presence and your throne
Of sunne beames) thinke you now are with a wanton,
Or working a chaste wife to become one.

King. I worke thee not to be so, for when time
Shall iog his glasse and make those sands lye low

Which now are at the top, thy selfe shalt grow
In selfe same place my Queene does.

Tor. What tree euer stood

Long and deepe rooted, that was fet in blood;
I will not be your whore to weare your Crowne,
Nor call any King my Husband, but mine owne.

King. No!

Tor. No 'twere shame 'mongst all our City Dames
If one could not scape free, their blasted fames.

King. The found of Bels and Timbrels make you
mad.

As it does a Tyger, the softer that I stroke you
The worfe you bite, your father and your Husband
Are at my sending come to Court, Ile lay
Honours on both their backs, here they shall stay;
Because Ile keepe you here, if you doe frowne
The engine which reares vp, shall plucke all downe.
Ile fetch 'em to you my selfe. *Exit.*

Tor. Oh who can stifling scape in baser throngs,
When Princes Courts threaten the selfe-same wrongs!
Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS, IIII.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcuento, Cordolente, Iago,
Alphonso, Gazetto, and Tormiella.

King. Y'ae the best welcome which the Court can
yeeld,
For the King gives it you.

Mal. Your Grace is gracious.

King. Is this your Father?

Mal. My proper flesh and blood Sir.

King. And that your Husband?

Cor. Not I sir; I married an honest wench that went in a cap, no whim whams; I did but shuffle the first dealing, you cut last, and dealt last, by the same token you turn'd vp a Court Card.

King. Is the man iealous?

Cor. No, but a little troubled with the yellow laundize, and you know if it get to the Crowne of the head, a man's gon.

King. We send not for you hither to be brau'd, Sirrah cast your darts elsewhere.

Cor. Among the wild *Irish* Sir hereafter.

King. 'Tis our Queenes pleasure that your wife be call'd

Her woman, and because she will not loose her, She hath importun'd vs to raise you both; Your name fir?

Mal. Mine, *Andrada Maleuento.*

King. *Andrada Maleuento* we make you Vice-Admirall of our Nauy.

Cor. Oh spitefull Comedy, he's not a Courtier of halfe an houres standing, and he's made a Vice already.

King. We make thy Husband——

Cor. A Cuckold doe you not.

Mal. Sonne you forget your selfe.

Cor. Meddle with your owne office; there's one will looke that none meddles with mine.

Mal. Is not a change good?

Cor. Yes, of a louzie shirt.

King. Take hence that fellow, he's mad.

Cor. I am indeed horne-mad, oh me, in the holiest place of the Kingdome haue I caught my vndoing, the Church gaue mee my bane.

Tor. What the Church gaue thee, thou hast still.

Cor. Halfe parts, I thought one had tane thee vp.

Tor. Take me home with thee, Ile not stay here.

Kin. Ha !

Tor. Let me not come to Court.

Mal. The King is vext, let me periwade thee ~~=====~~
Sonne

To wincke at small faults.

Cor. What fir *Pandarus* !

Tor. Sends the King you to blush in's roome.

Mal. Y'are a baggage.

King. Goe tell the lunatique so ; *Andrada* harke,

Iag. The King fir bids me sing into your eare,
Sweet notes of place and office which shall fall——

Cor. Into my mouth, I gape for 'em,

Iag. He bids me aske what will content you.

Cor. Nothing, nothing, why Sir the powers about
cannot please vs, and can Kings thinke you, when we
are brought forth to the world, we cry and bawle as if
we were vnwilling to bee borne ; and when we are a-
dying we are mad at that.

King. Take hence that Wolfe that barkes thus.

Cor. I am muzzel'd, but one word with your
Maiestie, I am fober fir.

King. So fir.

Cor. You oft call Parliaments, and there enact
Lawes good and wholefome, such as who so breake
Are hung by th' purse or necke, but as the weake
And smaller flyes i'th Spiders web are tane
When great ones teare the web, and free remaine.
So may that morall tale of you be told,
Which once the Wolfe related : in the Fold
The Shepheards kill'd a sheepe and eate him there
The Wolfe lookt in, and seeing them at such cheere,
Alas (quoth he) should I touch the least part
Of what you teare, you would plucke out my hart,
Great men make Lawes, that whofoe're drawes blood
Shall dye, but if they murder flocks 'tis good :
He goe eate my Lambe at home fir.

King. Part, and thus reckon neuer to see her
more.

Cor. Neuer !

Tor. Neuer thus, but thus a Princes whore.

Exeunt.

Cor. Thou dar'st not, if thou do'st, my heart is great,
Thus wrong'd, thou canst doe little if not threat.

Gas. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cor. At what dost laugh ?

Gas. At a thing of nothing, at thee ; why shouldst thou be afraid to fall into the Cuckolds disease.

Cor. Because it makes a Doctor an Ass, nothing can cure it, are you answer'd Sir ?

Gas. Come th'art a foole, to grieve that thy wife is taken away by the King to his priuate bed chamber. Now like a booke call'd in, shee'l sell better then euer she did.

Cor. Right sir, but could he chuse no stocke to graft vpon, but that which was planted in my nurserie.

Gas. Ile shew thee a reason for that.

Cor. Why ?

Gas. Leachers comming to women, are like Mice amongst many Cheeses, they taste euery one, but feed vpon the best : hornes rightly weigh'd are nothing.

Cor. How nothing ! oh sir, the smallest Letters hurt your eyes most, and the least head-ach which comes by a womans knocking hurts more then a cut to the scull by a mans knocking.

Gas. Yet I warrant thou dar'st sweare the party's honest ?

Cor. Ha ; sweare ; not I, no man durst euer sweare for his wife but *Adam*, nor any woman for her husband but *Eue*, fare you well sir.

Gas. Whether art flying ?

Cor. In peices dost not see I'me shot out of a Cannon.

Exit.

Gas. Downwards Ile shoote thee, but as Diuels vse

Ile tickle at thy tortures, dance at thy stumbling,
Play with thee, and then paw thee, 'thalt make me merry

The Crowne of blacke deeds that are hatcht in Hell
Is to out-lieue and laugh, and all's play'd well. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne, and Coxcombe.

Cl. I haue not pafs'd by a *Don*, to touch whose hand mine owne was neuer more troubled with a more terrible itch.

Cox. I haue not met a Signior, at whom mine owne eyes (as if roasted enough) did euer burne more in desire to flye out: so that whether to recoyle or aduance on, I am betweene Hawke and Buzzard.

Bil. The honey of sweet Complement so turne vp your Tuskes or Mochatoes, that they be not too stiffe, to bristle against my acquaintance.

Cox. Your acquaintance is a Limbeck, out of which runneth a perfum'd water, bathing my nostrils in a strong scent of your embracings: are you of Court Signior?

Bil. No Signior of the City: are you a Don of the Citie!

Cox. No Signior of the Court City, I smile.

Bil. Why.

Cox. I assure you Signior, you are to vs of the Court but *Animals*

You are held but as shooing hornes to wait on great Lords heeles.

Bil. Let em pay vs what they owe then, and pull on their shoes, and wee'll wait no more.

Cox. You are our Apes.

Bil. But you are fuller of Apish trickes.

Cox. No fooner leape our Ladies into a fashion, but your Wiues are ready to creepe into the same.

Bil. Why not; for tho some of your Ladies inuent the fashion, some of our wiues husbands are neuer pay'd for the stufte or making.

Cox. Giue way with your poore scull to our oares: for I tell thee Signior you of the city, are the flatten milke of the kingdome, and wee of the Court, the Creame.

Bil. I tell thee Signior I wee of the City eate none of your Court butter, but some of you munch vp our flatten milk cheefe.

Cox. Be not too loud ; tho you are good ringers in the City, for most of you haue bells at your doores.

Bil. Be not you too loud : for you might be good fingers at Court but that most of you are spoyled in learning your pricksong.

Cox. Bee temperate : I will shew you your 'City Cinquipace, you beare, sweare, teare, reare, and weare ; you beare the Tanckerd, sweare shop-oathes, teare money out of debtors throates, reare rich estates, weare good clothes, but carry your Conscience in torne pockets.

Bil. Bee attentive, I will shew you your Court Coranto pace, it consisteth of 5. bees and 3. cees ; you borrow of any man, are braue on any termes, brag at any hand to pay, bellow at any that demands it, bite any Catchpole that fangs you, but carry neither Conscience nor coyne in your whole pockets.

Cox. Tell me Signior, tell mee why in the City does a harmlesse signe hang at the doore of a subtile *Nicodemus* sitting a shop ?

Bil. And tell me Signior, tell me, why when you eate of good cheare i'th City, haue you handsome wide chops, but meeting vs at Court, none ; your gumme's glew'd vp, your lips coap'd like a Ferret, not so much as the corner of a Custard ; in a cold cup, and a dry cheate loafe 'tis well.

Cox. Come, come, You are Acornes, and your Sonnes the Prodigals that eate you vp.

Bil. Goe, goe, you are Prodigals, and glad of the yellow Acornes we leaue our Sonnes.

Cox. I will crosse my selfe when I owe money to a Citizen, and passe by his doore.

Bil. I will blesse my selfe, when a Courtier owing me no money, comes neare my doore.

Cor. You are discended from the tanckerd generation.

Bil. You are ascended vp to what you are, from the blacke Iacke and bumbard distillation.

Cox. Deere Signior.

Bil. Delicious *Don.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Don Iohn.

Ioh. Boy.

Pach. My Lord.

Ioh. Art sure thou saw'st the Admirall at Court ?

Pach. Am I sure I see your Lordship in your gowne.

Ioh. And talking with the King ?

Pach. Most familiarly.

Ioh. And what say the people about my committing to mine owne house ?

Pach. The beast grinneth at it, there's a Libell already of you my Lord.

Ioh. A Libell, away.

Pa. Yes faith my Lord, and a Song to the tune of Lament Ladies, Lament.

Ioh. I'me glad the stinkards are so merry, a halter on 'em, it is musick to them to have euery man thrown off, you haue seen the Kings Mistris, boy haue you not, what manner of peice is't ?

Pach. Troth my Lord I know not, I neuer saw her shot off a pretty little pocket dag.

Ioh. What report giues she ?

Pach. A very good report of her Husband, but he giues an ill report of her.

Ioh. How does the Ladies take it ; now the King keeps a Wench vnder the Queenes nose ?

Pach. They take it passing heauily, it goes to the heart of some of them, that he keeps not them too.

Ioh. I heard say they were all once leauing the Court ?

Pach. True sir, but there was a deuise which stopp'd 'em.

Ioh. Who are you !

Knocking within.

Val. My Lord, we must speake with you.

Ioh. What are you? fetch me a weapon.

Omn. Your friends.

King. 'Sdeath breake it open.

Enter King, Valasco, and others.

Ioh. The King; I did not vnderstand your Ma-
iesty.

King. You shall, for Ile speake plaine to you,
know you these?

Ioh. Not I.

King. You doe not, a Kings arme thou seeest
Has a long reach, as farre as *Portugall*
Can We fetch treason backe hatcht here by you.

Ioh. Me!

King. Thee and the trayterous *Portugals* to de-
priue me
Of life and Crowne, but I shall strike their King
And them, and thee beneath into the earth.

Ioh. And lower then earth you cannot.

King. Halfe your body is in the graue, it only
lackes our hand
To cast the dust vpon you, yet you stand
On slippery Ice your selfe, and trip at vs
Whose foot is fixt on Rocks, but since th'ast, throwne
Thy selfe downe neuer looke to rise.

Ioh. I care not, I will be little so in debt to you,
that I will not owe you so much as God a mercy for
my life.

King. You shall not then, stand not to ayme at
markes.

Now roue not but make choyse of one faire white
Th'ast but one arrow to shoote, and that's thy flight
The Admirall knowes our pleasure. *Exit.*

Ioh. And Heauen knowes mine
Left in mine enemies hand, are you my Iaylor?

Val. No my Lord, I thinke I'me rather left

To be your Confessor.

Ioh. I need not any,
That you and I should both meet at one Ball,
I being the stronger, yet you giue the fall.

Val. A kind of foot-ball flight, my Lord, men
vie

Exceeding much at Court, your selfe has heard
Little shrimps haue thrown men higher then the
Guard;

But barring this rough play, let's now confider,
For what I stay, and what you are to doe.

Ioh. Doe what?

Val. To die.

Ioh. And must you play the Hangman.

Val. Breake in fellowes. *Guard.*

Ioh. 'Sdeath what are these?

Val. Your Executioners appointed by the King.

Ioh. These my Executioners,

And you my ouer-feer, wherefore kneele they?

Val. To beg your pardon, for they feare their
worke

Will neuer please you.

Ioh. What booke's that they hold

This is no time for Dedications.

Val. That booke is sent in Loue to you from the
King

It contains pictures of strange fundry deaths

He bids you choose the easiest.

Ioh. Then I chuse this. *Snatches a Halbert.*

Val. Your choyce is ill made.

Ioh. I'me more sorry Sir,

I had rather haue my body hackt with wounds,

Then t'haue a Hangman fillip me.

Val. My Lord pray pardon me

I'me forct to what I doe, 'tis the Kings pleasure

To haue you die in priuate.

Ioh. Any where

Since I must downe, the King might let me fall
From lofty Pinacles, to make my way

Through an arm'd Feild, yet for all that, euen then
Vnlesse I flew a kingdome full of men
I should at last be pay'd home : blackest fate
Thy worst, I heere defie thee, what the State
Appoints 'tis welcome.

Val. That's to haue your head.

Ioh. 'Tis ready.

Val. Hee'l be quiet when you are dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, and Alphonso.

Alph. Madam there's a fellow staves without to
speake with you.

Tor. With me !

Enter Cordolente.

Alph. Your shoo-maker I thinke.

Tor. Ha'ft brought my shooes ?

Cor. Yes Madam.

Tor. You drew them not on last.

Cor. No Madam, my Master that feru'd you last
has very good custome, and deales with other Ladies
as well as you, but I haue fitted you before now, I
should know the length of your foote.

Tor. I doe not remember thee.

Cor. I'me sorry you haue forgotten me.

Tor. What shooe was the last you drew on ?

Cor. A yellow.

Tor. A yellow ! I neuer wore that cullor.

Cor. Yes Madam by that token when I fitted you
first, you wore not your shoes so high i'th instep, but
me thinks you now go cleane awry.

Tor. A fault I cannot helpe, manie Ladies besides
me go so, I hope 'twill grow to a fashion.

Mal. Has not that fellow done there ?

Cor. Yes sir, I haue now done, I haue a suit to you
Madam, that none may be your shoo-maker but I.

Tor. Thy Master thou sayst serues me, I should wrong him then.

Cor. Yet doe you me more wrong, oh my *Tor-miella* !

Is the leafe torne out where our Loue was writ,
That I am quite forgot !

Tor. Softly good sweet.

Cor. Oh miserie, I make my selfe a theefe,
To steale mine owne, another at my fire
Sits whiles I shake with cold, I fatten a stranger,
And starue my selfe.

Tor. Danger throwes eyes vpon thee,
Thus visit me, watch time for my escape
To any Country, by thy dearest side
Ile lackey all the world or'e, Ile not change
Thee for a thousand Kings ; there's gold.

Mal. Not yet done ?

Cor. Yes sir, I'me onely taking instructions to
make her a lower Choepene, she finds fault that she's
lifted too high.

Mal. The more foole shee.

Enter Iago.

Iag. The King comes Madam, he enquires for you.

Enter King, Valasco, Gazetto, and others.

King. My brother *John* is gone then ?

Val. I ha bestow'd him as you commanded, in's
graue.

King. Hee's best there,
Except the Gods, Kings loue none whom they
feare.

How now !

Tor. My Shoo-maker.

King. Oh hast thou fitted her, so, hence fir.

Cor. As a worme on my belly, what should the
Ant,
On his poore Mole-hill braue the Elephant,
No, Signior no,
No braines to stay, but saues a head to goe. *Exit.*
King. Let me haue no more of this; haue not we
eyes
Pointed like Sun-beames, goe to, get you in.
Tor. Angell from Heauen, falne a Kings Concu-
bine. *Exit.*

Enter Martines.

Mar. May it please your Grace.
King. Ha!
Mar. Her Highnesse drown'd in sorrow, that your
brow
Has beene so long contracted into frownes,
Wishing to die vnlesse she see it smooth'd,
Commends her best loue to you in this Iewell
The Image of her heart.
King. My Lord Admirall, my wife's growne kind,
see!
Val. One of the happiest houres,
Mine age e're numbred; would your Highnesse now
Would fetch vp the red blood her cheeks hath lost
By fending her, some simbole of your loue.
King. Pray step your selfe vnto her, say I locke
My heart vp in your bosome to her vse, and giue it
her.
Val. Ile lend it in your name.
King. Doe.
Val. She shall pay her heart for it in interest. *Exit.*
King. Ile see her anon.
Leaue vs, stay you, and set that Table here. *Exeunt.*
A chaire, none trouble vs, doe you serue the Queene?
Mar. Yes sir.
King. We know you now, y'are in our eye.

Are the doores fast ?

Mar. They are Sir.

King. Nearer yet,

Doe not you know of a conspiracie,
To take away my life vpon Saint——tush,
No matter for the day, you know the plot Sir !

Mar. By Heauen I know of none !

King. Blushing doe you staine ?

Mar. It is not guilt but anger.

King. Y'au'e all fixt

Your hands and Seales to an Indenture drawne
By fuch a day to kill me.

Mar. For my part

My Loyaltie like a rough Diamond shines
The more 'tis cut, I haue no hand in that
Or any basenefse else against your Life
Or Kingdome.

King. No !

Mar. None.

King. Fetch me Inke and Paper

I soone shall try that, come Sir write your name :
Stay, your owne words shall choake you, 'twas a letter
Wrap'd vp in hidden Characters, and sent
Inclos'd in a Pomgranet, to a great *Don*
And thus subscrib'd : *At your pleasure your obsequious*
vassaille.

Write this, and then your name, here.

Mar. *At your pleasure.*

King. Thy hand shakes.

Mar. No sir, *Your obsequious Vassaille.*

King. Here sir, your name now there so low it
stood.

Mar. *Martines Cazalla de Barameda.*

King. There's in thy face no Traytor I cannot tell
Good mouthes haue giuen thee to mee, on your life
Be not you like a Wolfes-skin Drum to fright
The whole Heard by your sound, I will compare
Your hand with this, that's all, but sir beware
You prate to none of what 'twixt vs is past.

Match me in London.

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Mar. Were I i'th world aboue, I would desire
To come from thence, to giue that man the lye,
That once should dare to blot my Loyalty.

King. Here take this Key, meet mee some halfe
houre hence i'th priuy Gallery with two naked Po-
niards.

Mar. Two ponyards.

Exit.

Enter Gazetto.

King. Yes, goe fend some body in, stay, *Lupo*
Can you write ?

Gaz. Yes.

King. Indite a Letter——'sdeath fir——heere begin

Gaz. After my heartie Commendations, so fir.

King. How ! write——*My most admired Mistris.*

Gaz. *Mired Mistris,*

King. *With the fire you first kindled in me, still I
am burnt.*

Gaz. *Still I am burnt :*

King. *So that Thunder shall not hinder mee from
climbing the highest step of the Ladder.*

Gaz. *Climbing the highest step of the Ladder.*

King. *Of your perfections, though I bee confounded
for euer.*

Gaz. *Be confounded for euer.*

King. *Your high pleasures are mine, mine yours.*

Gaz. *Mine yours.*

King. *And I dye euerlastingly untill I bee in your
bosome.*

Gaz. *And I dye——untill I be in your bosome.*

King. So.

Gaz. So.

King. Hold.

Gaz. Here fir.

King. Where are the Gentlemen of our Chamber ?

Gaz. Without Sir.

King. Bid them attend vs close.

Gaz. I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Martines with two Poniards.

Mar. Would this dayes worke were done, I do
not like
To see a Bull to a wild Fig-tree ty'd
To make him tame, beasts licking 'gainst the hayre
Fore-shew some storme, and I fore-see some fnare :
His sword is dipt in oyle, yet does it wound
Deadly, yet stand it, innocence wrong'd is crown'd.

*Enter the King, Alphonso, and Gazetto.**Omn.* Treason !*King.* Where ?*Omn.* Kill the Villaine.*All draw.**King.* Stay, none touch him

On your liues; on Kings shoulders stand
The heads of the Colossie of the Goddes
(Aboue the reach of Traitors) were the beds
Of twenty thousand Snakes layd in this bosome,
There's thunder in our lookes to breake them all,
Leaue vs.

Omn. You are too venturous.*Exeunt.**King.* *Ioue* cannot fall,

Both person place and businesse were quite lost
Out of our memorie, lay aside these poniards
We haue alter'd now our businesse, you shall beare fir
Our salutation to the Queene —— not sear'd !
'Sfoot, nor indors'd ! some Inke, come let the fore-
head

Haue no more wrinces in't—but this, to the Queene,
Write it.

Mar. To the Queene, no more !*King.* No, no, 'tis well,

Hast thou no Seale about thee ? if my wife
Exceptions take missing our royall signet
Say that not hauing that, I borrowed yours.

Mar. I shall Sir.*Exit.*

Enter All.

King. Hide it, goe—without there.

Omn. Sir.

King. You met him did you not, how lookt the
flaue ?

Omn. Most strangely.

King. Vnparalel'd Villaine ! Diuels could not fet
To hatch fuch spitefull mischief, guard me closely,
When you see him at the stake then worry him,
Are all weapon'd ?

Omn. All, all.

King. When Darts inuisible doe flye,
A flaue may kill a Lyon in the eye.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene, and Tormiella.

Qu. Who gaue you this ?

Tor. A Gentleman of your Chamber.

Enter Martines.

Qu. Call in the Villaine,
Thou audacious Serpent !
How dar'st thou wind in knotted curles thy lust
About our honour ; where hadst thou this Letter ?

Mar. I had it from the King.

Qu. Out impudent Traytor.

Enter King, Iago, Gazetto, Alphonso.

King. How now at Barle-brake, who are in Hell ?
What's that ? to the Queene, what Queene !

Qu. Me, 'tis to me
Your mistris, there the Messenger, her Secretary
Hee heere.

King. Vds death.

Qu. Your Trull and hee haue laid
Traines to blow vp mine honour, I am betray'd.

King. Lupo, Fasten her.

Qu. Fasten mee !

King. Iago see.

Looke all, bind fast this Diuell, is there no Circle
To be damn'd in but mine.

Qu. Slaue let me goe.

King. Oh thou lustfull harlot.

Qu. Guard me Heauen.

Mar. I'me fold.

Qu. Thou Villaine speake truth.

King. Keepe her off.

Mar. Most basely

Betray'd and baffled, is that Letter the same
Sent in to the Queene.

Tor. The very same.

King. Is this thy hand ?

Mar. 'Tis sir, but heare me.

King. And this thy name, thy hand ?

Mar. My name, my hand.

Qu. Saue him and let him spit
His blackest poyson forth !

King. Spare him, vnhand her.

Qu. Let me haue Iustice as thou art a King !

King. To prison with them both.

Qu. As I am thy wife

Make not thy selfe a strompit of me.

King. Hence, guard her.

Qu. I come Heauen, guarded with innocence.

Exit.

King. Follow your Mistris, you.

Tor. Yes, to her graue.

Oh that I now were swallowed in some Waue. *Exit.*

King. Oh that I

Should in a womans lap my Kingdome lay,
Honour and life, and she should all betray
To a Groome, a slaue.

Iag. Let not her poyson run
Too neare your heart.

King. Iago I haue done,

Pray let my greife want company, this wracke
So great, shall make th' whole Kingdome mourn in
black.

Exeunt.

Lupo!

Gaz. Did your Highnesse call!

King. Yes, harke thee *Lupo*:

It may bee th'art a Serpent dull of sight,
Be quicke of hearing, may be th'art a Hare,
And canst see side-wayes, let me locke vp here,
What euer's layd in there.

Gaz. I am strongly charm'd.

King. Wilt venter for me?

Gaz. To the threshold of hell

King. May I trust thee?

Gaz. Elfe imploy me not.

King. Didst euer kill a Scorpion?

Gaz. Neuer, I ha beene stung by one.

King. Didst neuer bait a wild Bull?

Gaz. That's the pastime I most loue and follow.

King. A strange diseafe

Hangs on me, and our Doctors say the bloud
Onely of these two beasts must doe me good,
Dar'st thou attempt to kill them?

Gaz. Were they Diuels

With heads of Iron, and Clawes ioynted with brasse,
Encounter them I shall, in what Parke run they?

King. The Queene that Scorpion is, *Tormiellas*
husband

The mad Oxe broken loose; in a small volume
What mischief may be writ, in a maze!

Gaz. No, in a muse,

I'm plotting how to doe't, and to come off.

King. This does it, by this key burst vp all doores
That can betray thee, done be sure to rise,
Let a Kings royall breath, send the hence flying.

Gaz. As Powder does the Bullet.

King. Heap'd vp honours

Are scedules to thine enterprife annex,
Doe it and mount—

Gas. To th' Gallowes.

King. Thy selfe goes next.

Exit. 

Gas. I scorn to be thy bloud hound.

Why should I vexe a Soule did neuer greeue me ?
The Queene an honest Lady : should I kill her,
It were as if I pull'd a Temple downe,
And from the ruines of that built vp a stewes,
She liues, but Butcher like the Oxe Ile vse.

Exit. 

ACTVS, V.

Enter King, Valasco, Malevento, Alphonso.

Mal. Oh royall Sir, my Daughter *Tormiella*
Has lost her vse of reason and runne mad.

King. When !

Mal. Not halfe an houre since.

King. Mad now ! now frantique !

When all my hopes are at the highest pitch
Tiniou her beauties ! talke no more : thou ly'st.

Enter Gazette.

Gas. May it please your Maiestie—

King. Curfes confume thee——oh——

Strikes.

Gas. It is dispatch'd, the Queene is lost, neuer to
be found.

King. Waue vpon Waue,

Hard hearted Furies, when will you dig my Graue :
You doe not heare him, thunder shakes Heauen first
Before dull Earth can feele it :

My deere, dearest Queene is dead.

Val. Ha !

Omn. The Queene dead !

King. What said she last !

Gaz. Commend me to the King

And tell him this, mine honour is not wrack'd,
Though his Loue bee.

King. And so her heart-strings crackt !

Val. Some tricke vpon my life, State-coniuring
To raise vp Duels in Prisons, and i'th darke :
If she be dead, Ile see her.

King. Villanous man,
Thou see what we haue inioy'd, thou impudent foole
Away, *Iago* giue this tumbling Whale
Empty barrels to play with till this troublous Seas
(Which he more raging makes) good Heauen appease.

Val. Well I say nothing, Birds in Cages mourne
At first, but at last sing ; I will take my turne. *Exit.*

King. My Queene dead, I shall now haue riming
flaues

Libell vpon vs, giuing her innocent wings
But say we murdered her, scandall dare strike Kings :
Then here's another Moone of *Spaine* Eclips'd,
One whom our best lou'd Queene put in her bosome,
For sweetnesse of pure life, integritie,
And (in Court beauties wondrous) honesty,
Shee's mad too, *Lupo*, *Tormiella's* mad !

Gaz. Mad !

Iag. As a March whore.

Gaz. Mad, shall I worke vpon her ?

King. Use thy skill. *Exit Gazetto.*

Iag. I would to Heauen your highnesse—

King. Ha ! the Queene ! was she not at my elbow ?

Omn. Here was nothing.

King. I must not liue thus, *Iago* if I lye
After the kingly fashion without a woman
I shall run mad at midnight ; I will marry

The Lunaticke Lady, she shall be my Queene,
Proclaime her so.

Iag. Your highnesse does but iest !

King. All the world's franticke, mad with mad are
best. *Exit.*

Iag. Wretched state of Kings, that standing hye,
Their faults are markes shot at by euery eye. *Exit.*

Enter Tormiella, Malevento, Gazetto.

Gaz. Giue me the key, make all fast, leaue us, Ile
skrew her wits to the right place.

Mal. *Apollo* bleste thee. *Exit.*

Tor. Are not you a woollen Draper ?

Gaz. Yes.

Tor. Whether is a womans life measured by the
Ell or the Yard.

Gaz. All women by the Yard sure, it's no life else.

Tor. I'me now neare feunteene yeares old, if I
should dye at these yeares, am not I a foole.

Gaz. Yes, marry are you, for the Law allowes
none to be of discretion, till they come to twenty
one.

Tor. Out vpon you, you are a Lawyer, pray get
you hence, for you'l not leaue me clothes to my backe
if I keepe you company, I'me mad enough now, and
you'l make me starke mad.

Gaz. I am not what I seeme, no Doctor I
But by your Husband sent in this disguise
To found your bosome.

Tor. You bob for Eeles, doe you not ?

Gaz. Here has he lockt his mind vp, but for mee
To put a burning linstocke in a hand
That may giue fire, and send my Soule in powder
I know not, pardon me, fare you well Lady ?

Tor. Hift doe you heare ?

Gaz. The eyes of mercy guard thee

Were't knowne for what I venter'd thus, 'twere death,
Ile to your husband.

Tor. Stay, I am not mad
Yet I haue cause to raue, my wits like Bels
Are backward rung, onely to fright the Tyrant
That whilst his wild lust wanders, I may flye
To my sweet husbands armes, here I haue hid
The traines I meane to lay for mine escape.

Gas. Excellent he shall second you.

Tor. Should any watch vs !

Gas. All's fast, run mad agen then, the King
thinks

Me some rare fellow, you shall leaue the Court
Now if you'l taste my Counsell.

Torm. Ile drinke gall to cure mee of this sick-
nesse.

Gas. Sit then downe here.
Ile bind you fast because it shall appeare,
That you grow worfe and worfe, then will I tell
The King, the onely course to leaue you well,
Is to remoue you home to mine owne Lodging,
Ile bind you.

Tor. For euer to thee.

Gas. Once hence, you may flye,
To th' *Straights*, and then crosse o're to *Barbary* :
So, th'art a Strumpet.

Tor. What's that you speake !

Gas. A damn'd one,
Dost thou not know me ! I am *Gasetto*.

Tor. Mercy.

Gas. Who like a ball of wild-fire haue beene tost
To make others sport, but here I burst and kill :
A periured Strumpet.

Tor. I am none,
My Father swore that I should marry thee,
And then a Tyger and a Lambe had met,
I ne're was thine, nor euer will be.

Gas. Swear thou art not mine,
That when I see thy heart drumke with hot oathes,

This Feind may pitch thee reeling into Hell,
Swear that thou art not mine.

Tor. By heauen I am not,
To proue I sweare right to thee, change that weapo~~n~~,
See at my Girdle hang my wedding kniues,
With those dispatch mee.

Gas. To th'heart?

Tor. Ayme right I beseech thee.

Gas. Ile not kill thee now for spight
Because thou begst it.

Tor. Then good villaine spare me!

Gas. Neither, heere's that shall sinke thee; to t~~h~~
King

Thy iugling and these Letters shall be showne.

Tor. Vpon thy head be my confusion

The King! I shall both feed his rage and lust,
First doome me to any Tortures!

Gas. Thou shalt then sweare— *Vnbinds her.*

Because I know he'll force the tye a knot,
The Church must see and sigh at, if he marries thee
Swear when he comes to touch thy naked side,
To bury him in those sheets, thou art his Bride.

Tor. By Heauen that night's his last, my iust ha~~u~~
keepe

This vow grauen there.

Gas. Till then my vengeance sleepe,
Where is the King?

Enter King, Iago, Alphonso, Malevento.

Gas. I haue refin'd

That Chaos which confounded her faire mind.

Kin. Moue in thy voice the Spheares, when ne~~e~~ t
thou speakest *Tormiella.*

Tor. I am well my fearefull dreame

Is vanisht, thanks to Heauen and that good man.

King. Thou giu'st me another Crowne, oh *Vind*
cados,

The axletree on which my Kingdome moues,

Leanes on thy shoulders, I am all thine ; *Tormiella* !
Bright *Cynthia* looke not pale, *Endimions* heere,
Hymen shall fetch a leape from Heauen t'alight
Full in thine armes, backe thou blacke ominous night.
Exeunt.

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Signior *Lupo*; why *Don*, not know me, I am
the poore Shopkeeper, whose ware is taken vp by the
King.

Gas. You lye.

Cor. True, as Iudges doe with their wiues, very
feldome, I am *Cordolente* a poore Gudgin diuing thus
vnder water, to see how *Neptune* and his Mermaides
swim together, but dare not come neare him, for feare
he sets Dogfish to deuoure me.

Gas. An excellent maske against the marriage,
now get a priuate coat, the King meanes to haue you
stab'd.

Cor. He does that already, with the bodkin that
sticks in my wifes hayre.

Gas. He has not the patience to stay the dressing
of his meat of thy prouiding, he will haue it taken vp,
and eate the flesh raw he will be married incontin-
ently.

Cor. Will she set her hands to my hornes ?

Gas. Yes, and set them to your head, she followes
the steps of her old grandam, all euils take their
names from her, the ills of *Eue*, thy wife for the hoope
ring thou marriedst her withall, hath sworne to send
thee a Deathes head.

Cor. Sworne !

Gas. Sworne, were thy case my case ; I would set
a Diuell at her elbow in the very Church, I would kill
her as she gaue away her hand.

Cor. Wilt helpe me to a fit Circle to play the
Diuell in ?

Gas. Ile place thee, Ile put thy foot into the
stirrup.

Cor. And I will rid the world of one of his diseases, a loose woman.

Gaz. Farewell, eate her very hart. *Exit.*

Cor. As we feed one vpon another, hungerly—
Excunt.

Hoboyes: Enter two Fryers setting out an Altar, Enter Iago, Alphonso, Gazetto, Malevento, two Churchmen, Tormiella next and the King, Ladies attending, Cordolente steales in, and stands in some by place the King staves or sits in a chayre, Tormiella is brought to him, as she is comming the King meets her; as the ring is putting on, Cordolente steps in rudely, breakes them off, Tormiella flies to his bosome, the King offers to stab him, is held: she kneeles, sues, weepes, Cordolente is thrust out, Gazetto laughs at all, they are preparing to it againe, it Thunders and Lightens: all affrightedly.—*Excunt.*

Enter Cordolente.

Cor. Dost thou tell me of thy Proclamations that I am banisht from the Court, that Court where I came to thee was none of thine, it belongs to a King that keepes open Court, one that neuer wrong'd a poore Begger, neuer tooke away any mans wife, vnlesse he sent his Purseuant death for her: oh thou daring Sacrilegious royall Theefe; wilt thou rob the Church too as thou hast me! thrust me out of that house too in the Sanctuary turn'd Diuell in a crowd of Angels!

Enter Gazetto.

Gaz. Why didst not kill her?

Cor. I had no power to kill her
Charmes of Diuinity pull'd backe mine Arme,
She had Armor of prooffe on, (reuerence of the place)
She is not married, is she, shorten my paines;

Match me in London.

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Gas. Heauen came it selfe downe, and forbade
the Banes.

Enter Iago.

Iag. You must both to th' King.

Gas. Must ! we are for him.

Cor. Now doe I looke for a fig.

Gas. Chew none, feare nothing. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Tormiella, Valasco, Malevento,
Alphonso.*

King. Has heauen left chiding yet ! there's in thy
voyce

A thunder that worfe frights mee, didst thou sweare
In bed to kill me, had I married thee ?

Tor. It was my vow to doe so.

King. And did that Villaine,
That *Lupo Vindicado's*, thrust this vengeance
Into thy desperate hand ?

Tor. That Villaine swore me
To speed you, I had dy'd else ; me had he murdered,
When in a Doctors shape he came to cure
The madnesse which in me was counterfeit,
Onely to shun your touches.

King. Strange preferuation !

Enter Iago, Gazetto, and Cordolente.

Val. Here comes the traytor !

King. Diuell, didst thou tempt this woman 'gainst
my life ?

Gas. Has she betray'd me, yes, hence Anticke
vizors

He now appear my selfe.

Mal. *Gazetto !*

Gas. The same.

Cor. I ha warm'd a Snake in my bosome.

Mal. This is he,
To whom by promise of my mouth, (not hers)

Tormiella should ha' beene married, but flying him
To runne away with this, he in disguise
Has followed Both thus long to be reueng'd.

Gaz. And were not my hands ty'd by your pre-
uention

It should goe forward yet, my plot lay there
(*King*) to haue her kill thee, this Cuckold her,
Then had I made him Hawkes-meat.

Val. Bloudy Varlet.

King. Rare Prouidence, I thanke thee, what a
heape

Of mischiefes haue I brought vpon my Kingdome,
By one bafe Act of lust, and my greatest horror
Is that for her I made away my Queene
By this destroyers hand, this crimson Hell-hound
That laughes at nothing but fresh Villanies.

Gaz. The laughing dayes I wisht for, are now
come fir

I am glad that leaping into such a Gulph,
I am not drown'd, your Queene liues.

King. Ha !

Gaz. She liues, I had no reason to kill her.

Val. A better Spirit

Stood at his elbow, then you planted there,
My poore Girle your sad Queene, breathes yet.

King. Long may she,

Fetch her, commend me to her, cheere her (*Father.*)

Val. With the best hart I haue.

Exit.

King. Let that flye Bawd

Engine of Hell, who wrought vpon thy Chastity
Be whipt though *Siuill*, foure such tempting witches
May vndoe a City: come, you wronged paire
By a King that parted you, you new married are.
Inioy each other and prosper.

Cor. I doe already,

Feeling more ioyes then on my Wedding day,
I nere till now was married.

Tor. Nor I euer happy vntill this houre.

Mal. Nor I, as I am true Lord.

King. No, fir, yare no true Lord, you haue a title,
A face of honour, as in Courts many haue,
For bafe and feruile prostitutions,
And you are fuch a one, your Daughters fall
Was firft ftep to your rifing, and her rifing
Againe to that sweet goodneffe ſhe neuer went from,
Muſt be your fall, and ſtrip you of all honours
Your Lordſhip is departed.

Mal. Does the Bell ring out ! I care not
Your Kingdome was a departing too, I had a place
in Court for nothing, and if it be gon, I can looſe
nothing ; I ha' beene like a Lord in a play, and that
done, my part ends.

King. Yes fir, I purge my Court of fuch Infection.

Mal. I ſhall find company i'th City I warrant ; I
am not the firſt hath giuen vp my Cloake of honour.

Exit.

Enter Valaſco, Iohn, and Queene.

King. Oh my abuſed heart, thy pardon, ſee
I haue ſent home my ſtolne goods :

Qu. Honeltly !

King. As ſhe was euer ; now with full cleere eyes
I ſee thy beauty, and ſtrange Cheekes deſpiſe.

Qu. You call me from a graue of ſhame and
forrow.

In which I lay deepe buried.

Ioh. From a graue likewise
Your Maieſtie calls me ! I haue lookt backe
On all my poore Ambitions, and am forry,
That I fell euer from ſo bright a Spheare,
As is the Loue of fuch a royall brother.

King. Be as you ſpeake, we are friends, it was
our will

To let you know, we can, or ſaue, or kill.

Ioh. Your mercy new transformes me.

King. Sirrah your ſauing
My Queene, when I confeſſe (luſt me ſo blinded)
I would haue gladly loſt her ; giues thee life.

Qu. First I thanke Heauen, then him, and at
last you.

Gas. I had not the heart to hurt a woman, if I
had, your little face had beene mall'd ere this, but my
Angers out, forgiue me.

Tor. With all my heart.

King. Pray noble brother loue this man, he's
honest,

I ha' made of him good prooffe, we should haue had
A wedding, but Heauen frown'd at it, and I
Am glad 'tis crost, yet we'll both Feast and dance,
Our Fame hath all this while laine in a Trance :
Come *Tormiella*, well were that City blest,
That with but, Two such women should excell,
But there's so few good, th'ast no Paralell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Quod non Dant proceres, Dabit Histrion.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



L O N D O N :

Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *Nicholas Vauxfour* ; and are
to bee sold at his Shop in the Inner *Temple*, neere the
Church-doore. 1636.



The Prologue.

THus from the Poet, am I bid to say ;
Hee knows what Iudges sit to Doome each Play,
(The Over-curious Critick, or the Wise)
The one with squint ; 'Tother with Sunn-like eyes,
Shootes through each Jaane ; The one cries all things
down
Tother, hides strangers Faults, close as his Owne.
Las ! Those that out of custome come to jeere,
(Sung the full quire of the Nine Muses heere)
So Carping, Not from Wit, but Apish spite,
And Fether'd Ignorance, Thus ! our Poet does flight.
'Tis not a gay fute, or Distorted Face,
Can beate his Merit off, Which has won Grace
In the full Theater ; Nor can now feare
The Teeth of any Snaky whisperer ;
But to the white, and sweete unclouded Brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet do's bow :
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all Tempests) from the Rage
Of envious Whirlwindes, O, doe you but secere
His Muse, This day ; And bring her toth' wished
shore,
You are those Delphick Powers whom shee'd adore.



Dramatis Personæ.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Duke of Florence.</i> | <i>Piero the Dukes Sonne.</i> |
| <i>Prince of Pisa.</i> | <i>Gasparo his Friend.</i> |
| <i>Lord Vanni.</i> | <i>Tibaldo Neri, Lover of</i> |
| <i>Trebatio his Sonne.</i> | <i>Dariene L. Vanni's wife.</i> |
| <i>Mutio.</i> | <i>Angelo Lotti, Lover of</i> |
| <i>Philippo.</i> | <i>Fiametta.</i> |
| <i>Tornelli.</i> | <i>Baptista, his friend.</i> |

Iacomo Gentili, The Noble House-keeper.
Signior Torrenti, The Riotous Lord.
Fiametta, the Dukes Daughter,
Dariene, Old Lord Vannies Wife.
Alisandra, her Daughter.
Alphonfina, sister to Tibaldo Neri.
Cargo, Lord Vanni's man.
Two Curtizans.
A Nurfe.





THE
W O N D E R
OF
A Kingdome.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Duke of Florence, Prince of Pisa, Nicoletto Vanni, Trebatio his sonne, Mutio, Philippo, Tonnelli, Gallants, Tibaldo Neri, Alphonsina his sister, Dariene Old Vannies wife, Cargo a serving-man.*

THe furfit heere on Pleasures: Seas nor Land
Cannot invite us to a Feast more glorious,
Then this day we have sat at: my Lord
Vanni,

You have an excellent seate heere; Tis a building
May entertaine a *Cæsar*: but you and I
Should rather talke of Tombs, then Pallaces,
Let's leave all to our heires, for we are old.

Nico. Old! hem! all heart of brasse, found as a
bell,

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Old? why, Ile tell your Graces; I have gone
But halfe the bridge ore yet; there lies before me
As much as I have pass'd, and I'le goe it all.

Flo. Mad *Vanni* still.

Nic. Old Oakes doe not easily fall:
Decembers cold hand combes my head and beard,
But *May* swimmes in my blood, and he that walkes
Without his wooden third legge, is never old.

Pisa. What is your age my Lord?

Nic. Age, what call you age?
I have liv'd some halfe a day, some halfe an houre.

Flo. A tree of threecore-yeares growth, nothing!

Tib. A meere slip, you have kept good diet my
lord.

Nic. Let whores keepe diet,
Tibaldo ne're; never did Rivers runn
In wilder, madder streames, then I have done,
I'le drinke as hard yet as an Englishman.

Flo. And they are now best Drinkers.

Pisa. They put downe the Dutch-men cleane.

Nic. Ile yet upon a wager hit any fencers button.

Car. Some of 'em ha' no buttons to their doublets
Sir.

Nic. Then knave, Ile hit his flesh, and hit your
cockscombe,
If you crosse mine once more.

Flo. Nay be not angry.

Nic. I have my Passees Sir: and my Passadoes,
My Longes, my Stockadoes, Imbrocadoes,
And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtillioes,
Here at my fingers end.

Flo. By my faith 'tis well.

Nic. Old? why I ne're tooke Phisicke, nor ever
will,
I'le trust none that have Art, and leave to kill:
Now for that chopping herbe of hell Tobacco;
The idle-mans-Deuill, and the Drunkards-whore,
I never medled with her; my smoake goes,
Out at my kitchin chimney, not my nose.

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Flo. And some Lords have no chimnies but their
noſes.

Nic. Tobacco-shopps ſhew like priſons in hell ;
Hote, ſmoaky, ſtinking, and I hate the ſmell.

Piſ. Who'd thinke that in a coale ſo Aſhy white,
Such fire were glowing ?

Flo. May not a ſnuffe give light ?

Tib. You ſee it doe's in him.

Alph. A withered-tree, doth oft beare branches.

Nic. What thinke you then of me—ſweete Lady ?

Alph. Troth my Lord as of a horſe, vilely, if he
can

Neither wiſhy, nor wagge-Taile.

Flo. The Lady *Alphonſina Neri*, has given it you
my Lord.

Nic. The time may come I may give it her too.

Flo. I doubt Lord *Vanni*, ſhe will cracke no Nutts,
With ſuch a tough ſhell, as is yours and mine.
But leaving this, lets ſee you pray at Court.

Nico. I thanke your grace.

Flo. Your wife, and your faire daughter,
One of the ſtars of *Florence*, with your ſonne,
Heire to your worth and Honours, *Trebatio Vanni*.

Treb. I ſhall attend your grace.

Flo. The holy knot,
Hymen ſhall ſhortly tie, and in faire bands,
Vnite *Florence* and *Piſa* by the hands,
Of *Fyametta* and this *Piſan* Duke
(Our Noble-ſon in law) and at this daie,
Pray be not abſent.

Nic. We ſhall your will obey.

Flo. We heare there is a gallant that out-vies
Vs, and our court for bravery, of expence,
For royall feaſts, triumphs, and revellings.

Nic. He's my neere kinfman, mine owne brothers
ſon,

Who deſperately a prodigall race doth runne,
And for this riotous humour, he has the by-name,
Signior Torrenti, a ſwift Head-long ſtreame.

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Flo. But ther's another layes on more then he.

Nic. Old *Iacomo* ? open-handed charitie,
 Sit's ever at his gates to welcome guefts.
 He makes no bone-fires, as my riotous kinsman,
 And yet his chimneis cast out braver smoake.
 The Bellows which he blowes with, are good deeds,
 The rich he smiles upon, the poore he feeds.
Flo. These gallants we'll be feasted by, and Feast;
 Fames praises of 'em, shall make us their gueft,
 Meane time we'll hence. *Exit Florence, Pisa, &c.*

Enter Cargo.

Car. I have News to tell your Lordship, *Signior Angelo* (of the *Lotti Family*) is banished.

Dari. How banish't ? alas poore *Angelo Lotti*.

Treb. Why must he goe from *Florence* ?

Cargo. Because he can stay there no longer.

Nic. To what end is he driven from the Citie ?

Cargo. To the end he should goe into some other my Lord.

Nic. Hoida.

Car. I hope this is newes Sir.

Nic. What speake the people of him ?

Car. As bells ring ; some out, some in, all jangle,
 they say he has dealt with the *Genoway* against the
 state : but whether with the men, or the women ; tis
 to be stood upon.

Nic. Away Sir knave and foole.

Car. Sir knave, a new word : fooles, and knaves
 Sir ! *Exit.*

Nic. This muttering long agoe flew to mine care,
 The *Genoway* is but a line throwne out,
 But *Fiametta's* love, the net that choakes him.

Tre. He's worthy of her equall.

Nic. Peace foolish boy,
 At these state bone-fires (whose flames reach so high)
 To stand aloofe, is safer then too nigh. *Exit.*

Enter Tibaldo Neri, and Alphonsina.

Alp. Why brother, what's the matter?

Tib. I'me ill, exceeding ill.

Alp. That's not well.

Tib. Sure I did surfet at Lord *Vannies*.

Alp. Surfet! you eate some Meate against your
stomack.

Tib. No, but I had a stomack to one dish, and the
not tasting it, makes me sick at heart.

Alp. Was it fish or flesh?

Tib. Flesh sure, if I hit the marke right.

Alp. I'ft not the misfing of a marke (which you
long to hit)

Makes you draw fighes in stead of arrowes?

Tib. Would I had beene a thousand leagues from
thence,

When I sat downe at's table, or bin partner

With *Angelo Lotti* in his banishment;

Oh! sister *Alphonsina*, there I dranke

My bane, the strongest poison that e're man

Drew from a Ladies eye, now swelling in me.

Alp. By casting of thy water then, I guesse thou
would'st

Have a medicine for the greene-sicknes.

Tib. 'Tis a greene wound indeed.

Alp. Tent it, tent it, and keepe it from ranckling,
you are

Over head and eares in love.

Tib. I am, and with such mortall Arrowes pierc't
I shall fall downe——

Alp. There's no hurt in that.

Tib. And dye unlesse her pittie

Send me a quicke and sweete recovery.

Alp. And faith what doctresse is she must call you
patient?

Tib. Faire *Dariene*, the Lord *Vannies* wife——

Alp. How! *Dariene*? can no feather fit you but
the broach in an

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Old mans hatt ? were there so many dainty dishes
To fill your belly, and must you needs long for that
dish

The master of the house setts up for his owne tooth.

Tib. Could love be like a subject, tied to lawes,
Then might you speake this language.

Alp. Love ? a disease as common with young gallants
as

Swaggering and drinking Tobacco, there's not one
Of 'um all but will to day ly drawing on for a
Woman, as if they were puffing and blowing at a
streight boot,

And to morrow be ready to knock at deathes doore,
But I wo'd faine see one of you enter and set in
His staffe.

Tib. You shall see me then do so.

Alp. I shall looke so old first, I shall be taken for
thy grandame ; come, come 'tis but a worme betweene
the skinne

And the flesh, and to be taken out with the point
of a

Waiting-womans needle, as well as a great
Countesses.

Tib. If this be all the comfort you will lend me,
Would you might leave me——

Alp. Leave thee in sicknes ? I had more need give
thee a Caudle ; and thrust thy adle-head into a
night-Capp,

for looke you brother——

Tib. Even what you will must out.

Alp. If what you will might so too, then would
you be in

Tune : I warrant, if the sucket stood here before
Thee, thy stomack would goe against.

Tib. Yes sure my stomack would goe against it :
'Tis onely that which breeds in me despaire.

Alp. Despaire for a woman ? they hang about
mens

Neckes in some places thicker then hops upon poles.

Tib. Her walls of chastitie cannot be beaten
downe.

Alp. Walls of chastitie ! walls of wafer-cakes, I
have

Knowne a woman carry a fether-bed, and a man in't
In her minde, when in the streete she cast up the
white of

Her eye like a Puritane.

Tib. Sister you do but stretch me on the racke
And with a laughing cheeke increafe my paine,
Be rather pitifull and ease my torments
By teaching me how in this dreadfull storme,
I may escape ship-wrack and attaine that shore
Where I may live, heere else I'me sure to die.

Alp. Well brother, since you will needs faile by
such a

Starre as I shall point out, looke you heere it is ; if
she were

Your Fether-makers, Taylors or Barbers wife,
Baite a hooke with gold, and with it——

Tib. I do conjure you by that noble blood
Which makes me call you sister, cease to powre
Poison into a wound, so neere my heart,
And if to cure Loves-paines there be an Art.
Woman me thinkes should know it cause she breeds it.

Alp. That cunning woman you take me to be, and
because

I see you dissemble not, heer's my medicine.

Tib. I shall for ever thanke you.

Alp. First send for your Barber.

Tib. For heavens sake.

Alp. Your Barber shall not come to rob you of
your beard ;

I'll deale in no concealements——

Tib. Oh ! fie, fie, fie.——

Alp. But let him by rubbing of you quicken

Your spirits.

Tib. So fo.

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Alp. Then whistle your gold-finches (your gallants)
to your fist.

Tib. Y'ar mad, y'ar mad.

Alp. Into a Tauerne, Drinke stiffe, fweare stiffe,
have your musicke, and your brace, dance, and whiffe
Tobacco,

Till all smoake Agen, and split Sir.

Tib. You split my very heart in pieces.

Alp. And doe thus, but till the Moone cutts off her
hornes; Laugh in the day, and sleepe in the night:
and this wenching fier will be burnt out of you.

Tib. Away, away, cruell you are to kill,
When to give life, you have both power and skill.

Exit.

Alp. Alas: poore brother now I pittie thee, and
wo'd doe

Any thing to helpe thee to thy longing, but that a
Gap must be broken, in another mans hedge to rob
His orchard, within there *Luca Angelo*, give him
Musick:

Musicke has helpt some mad-men, let it then
Charme him, Love makes fooles of the wifest men.

Exit.

*Enter at one doore, Angelo Lotti, and Baptista, at
the other, Piero, and Iaspero.*

Pier. Yonders that villaine, keepe off *Iaspero*:
This prey I'll cease. *All draw.*

Iasp. Be more advifed Sir.

Bap. At whose life shoote you?

Pier. At that slaves there.

Ang. Slave! I know you for the Dukes sonne, but
I know no cause of quarrell, or this base reproach.

Pier. Thou art a villaine.

Ang. Wherein?

Pier. And by witch-craft,
Had stole my sister *Fiamettas* heart,
Forcing her leave a Prince his bed for thine.

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Ang. If for her love you come to kill me ; heere
Ile point you to a doore where you may enter and
fetch out a loath'd life.

Pier. Iaspero.

Iasp. Oh my Lord.

Ang. Let him come, I ow her all ;
And that debt will I pay her gladly.

Iasp. Deare Sir heare him——

Ang. But if on any other fier of rage ;
You thirst to drinke my blood, heere I defie
You, and your malice, and returne the villaine
Into your throate.

Pier. So brave fir ! *Change a thrust or two.*

Enter *Nicolletto*, and *Cargo*.

Nico. I charge you in the Dukes name, keepe the
peace ;
Beate downe their weapons, knock 'em downe
Cargo.

Car. I have a Iustices warrant to apprehend your
weapons ;
Therefore I charge you deliver.

Nico. Oh my Lord : make a fray in an open
streete ! tis to
Make a bon-fire to draw children and fooles
Together ; Signior *Angelo*, pray be wife, and be gon.

Ang. I doe but guard my life (my Lord) from
danger.

Bapt. Sir, you doe exercise your violence
Vpon a man, stab'd to the heart with wounds ;
You see him sinking, and you fet your foote
Vpon his head, to kill him with two deathes ;
Trample not thus on a poore banish'd man.

Nico. If hee be banish'd, why dwells hee i'th
house, whose
Tiles are pull'd downe over his head ? You must
hunt

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No more in this Parke of *Florence* ; why then
Doe you lie sneaking heere, to steale venifon ?

Ang. My Lords, I take my last leave of you all ;
Of love, and fortunes——

Bapt. Lower thou canst not fall. *Exit.*

Iasp. Trust mee, my Lord, This *Lotti* is a man,
(Setting aside his rivall-ship in love,
For which you hate him) so abundant rich
In all the Vertues of a Gentle-man,
That had you read their file, as I haue done,
You would not onely fall in love with him,
And hold him worthy of a Princeesse bed,
But grieve, that for a woman, such a man
Should so much suffer ; in being so put downe,
Never to rise againe.

Nicol. A terrible case, i'de not be in't for all *Florence*.

Pic. Troth deare friend,
The praises which have crown'd him with thy Iudge-
ment,

Make mee to cast on him an open eye,
Which was before shut, and I pittie him.

Iasp. I never heard 'mongst all your *Romane* spirits.
That any held so bravely up his head,
In such a sea of troubles (that come rowling
One on anothers necke) as *Lotti* doth,
Hee puts the spite of Fortune to disgrace,
And makes her, when shee frownes worst, turne her face.

Pier. No more : I love him, and for all the Duke-
dome,

Would not have cut so Noble a spreading Vine,
To draw from it one drop of blood ; Lord *Vanni*,
I thanke you that you cur'd our wounded peace,
So fare you well. *Exit.*

Nico. A good health to you both.

Iasp. You play the Constable wisely.

Carg. And I his Beadle, I hope as wisely.

Nico. The Constable wisely ; *Cargo* he calls me
foole by craft,
But let 'em passe.

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Carg. As Gentle-men doe by Creditors (muffled).

Nico. I haue another case to handle : thou know'st
the *Donna Alphonfina*, of the *Neri* Familie.

Carg. The little Paraquinto that was heere when
the Duke

Was feasted, shee had quick-silver in her mouth, for
Her tongue, like a Bride the first night, never lay
still.

Nico. The same Aspen-leave, the same ; is't not a
Galley for

The Great *Turke* to be row'd in ?

Carg. I thinke my Lord, in calme weather, shee
may set upon

A Gally-aff bigge as your Lordship.

Nico. Commend me to this *Angelica*.

Carg. *Angelica*-water is good for a cold stomach.

Nico. I am all fire.

Carg. Shee's a cooler.

Nico. Would 'twere come to that.

Carg. A small thing does it my Lord ; in the
time a

Flemming drinkes a Flap-dragon.

Nico. Give her this paper, and this ; in the one
she may know my minde, in the other, seele me : this
a Letter, this a Jewell :

Tell her, I kisse the little white naile of her little
white

Finger, of her more little white hand, of her most
Little white bodie.

Carg. Her tell-tale, for all this will I bee.

Nico. Thou hast beene myweavers shuttle to runne
betwixt me and my stufes of *Procreandi causa*.

Carg. A fuite of Stand-farther-off, had bin better
sometimes.

Nico. No *Cargo*, I have still the *Lapis mirabilis*,
be thou close—

Carg. As my Ladies Chamber-maide.

Nico. Away then, nay quick knave, thou rack'st
mee. *Exit.*

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Carg. I goe to stretch you to your full length.
Exit.

Enter Iocomo Gentili, in a suite of gray, Velvet-gowne, Cap, Chain, Steward, and Serving-men, Mutio, Philipppo, Tornelli, Montinello.

Gent. Happy be your arivall, Noble friends ;
You are the first, that like to Doves repaire
To my new building : you are my first-borne guests,
My eldest sonnes of hospitalitie ;
Here's to my hearty wellcomes.

Mutio. Worthy Lord,
In one word, and the word of one, for all,
Our thanks are as your welcomes, Infinite.

Phil. Rome in her Auncient pride, never rais'd up
A worke of greater wonder, then this building.

Gent. 'Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no
score,

None can for want of payment, at my doore,
Curse my foundation, praying the roose may fall
On the proud builders head, seeing the smoake goe
Out of those Chimneys, for whose bricks I owe.

Tor. To erect a frame so glorious, large, and hie,
Would draw a very sea of silver drie.

Mont. My Lord *Iocomo Gentili*, pray tell us,
How much money have you buried under this kingly
building ?

Gent. Pray call it not so :
The humble shrub, no Cedar heere shall grow ;
You see Three hundred Dorick pillars stand
About one square, Three hundred Noble friends
Lay'd (in their loves) at raising of those Columnes,
A piece of gold under each Pedestall,
With his name grav'd upon the bottome stone,
Except that cost, all other was mine owne ;
See heere, each dayes expences are so great,
They make a volume, for in this appeares,
It was no taske of weekes, or moneths, but yeares :

I trust my steward onely with the key,
Which keepes that secret; heere's Arithmetick
For churles to cast up, there's the roote of all;
If you have skill in numbers, number that.

Mont. Good Mr. Steward read it.

Stew. All the charge

In the grosse summe, amounteth to——

Gent. To what?

Thou vaine vaine-glorious foole, goe burne that
Booke,

No Herald needs to blazon Charities Armes;

Goe burne it presently.

Stew. Burne it?

Exit.

Gent. Away,

I lanch not forth a ship, with drums and gunnes,
And Trumpets, to proclaime my gallantry;
He that will reade the wasting of my gold,
Shall find it writ in ashes, which the winde
Will scatter ere he spends it; Another day,
The wheele may turne, and I that built thus high,
May by the stormes of want, be driven to dwell
In a thatch't Cottage; Rancor shall not then
Spit poyson at me, pinning on my backe
This card; He that spent thus much, now does lack.

Mont. Why to your house adde you so many
gates?

Gent. My gates fill up the number of seven dayes,
At which, of guests, seven severall sorts Ile welcome:
On Munday, Knights whose fortunes are funke low;
On Tuesday, those that all their life-long read
The huge voluminous wonders of the deepe,
Sea-men (I meane) and so on other dayes,
Others shall take their turnes.

Phi. Why have you then built twelue such vaste
roomes.

Gent. For the yeares twelve moones;
In each of which, twelue Tables shall be spread;
At them, such whom the world scornes, shall be fed,
The windowes of my building, which each morne,

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Are Porters, to let in mans comfort (light)
Are numbred juſt three hundred ſixtie five,
And in ſo many daies the funne does drive
His chariot ſtuck with beames of Barniſh't gold,
My Almes ſhall ſuch diurnall progrefſe make
As doe's the funne in his bright *Zodiack*.

Tor. You differ from the guiſe of other lands,
Where Lords lay all their livings on the racke,
Not ſpending it in bread, but on the backe.

Gent. Such Lords eat men, but men ſhall eat up
me,

My uncle the Lord *Abbot* had a ſoule
Subtile and quick, and ſearching as the fier,
By Magicke-ſtayers he went as deepe as hell,
And if in devills poſſeſſion gold be kept,
He brought ſome ſure from thence, 'tis hid in caves
Knowne (ſave to me) to none, and like a ſpring
The more 'tis drawne, the more it ſtill doth riſe,
The more my heape waſtes, more it multiplies.
Now whither (as moſt rich-men doe) he pawn'd
His ſoule for that deare purchaſe none can tell,
But by his bed-fide when he ſaw death ſtand
Fetching a deepe groane, me he catch't by th' hand
Cal'd me his heire, and charg'd me well to ſpend
What he had got ill, deale (quoth he) a doale
Which round (with good mens prayers) may guard my
ſoule

Now at her ſetting forth : let none feele want
That knock but at thy gates : do wrong to none,
And what requeſt to thee ſo ear is made,
If honeſt, ſee it never be denay'd.

Mont. And yow'le performe all this ?

Gent. Faire & upright,
As are the ſtrict vowes of an Anchorite :
A benefit given by a Niggards hand
Is ſtale and gravily bread, the hunger-ſterv'd
Takes it, but cannot eate it ; Ile give none ſuch.
Who with free heart ſhakes out but crums, gives much.

Mont. In ſuch a ſhip of worldly cares my Lord

As you ~~must~~ ~~faile~~ now in, yow^e need more Pilots
Then your owne selfe to sit and steare the Helme.
You might doe therefore well to take a wife ;

Gent. A wife ? when I shall have one hand in
heaven,

To write my happinesse in leaves of starres ;
A wife wo'd plucke me by the other downe :
This³ Barke hath thus long fail'd about the world,
My soule the Pilot, and yet never listen'd
To such a Mare-maids song : a wife, oh fetters,
To mans blest liberty ! All this world's a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jalous,
But the iron-shackles waying down our heeles,
Are onely women, those light Angells turne us,
To fleshly devills, I that Sex admire,
But never will sit neere their wanton fier.

Mut. Who then shall reape the golden come you
sowe ?

Phi. 'Tis halfe a curse to them, that build, and
spare,
And hoard up wealth, yet cannot name an heire.

Gent. My heires shall be poore children fed on
almes,
Souldiers that want limbes, schollers poore and
scorn'd.

And these will be a sure inheritance ;
Not to decay : Mannors and Townes will fall,
Lord-ships and Parkes, Pastures and woods be sold,
But this Land still continues to the Lord :
No subtile trickes of law, can me beguile of this.
But of the beggers-dishe, I shall drinke healthes
To last for ever ; whil'st I live, my roofe
Shall cover naked wretches ; when I die,
'Tis dedicated to St. Charitie.

Mut. The Duke inform'd, what trees of goodnesse
grow

Here of your planting, in true loue to your virtues ;
Sent us to give you thanks, for crowning *Florence*
With fame of such a subject, and entreats you

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(Vntill he come himselfe) to accept this token,
Of his faire wishes towards you.

Gent. Pray returne
My duty to the Duke, tell him I value his love
Beyond all jewells in the world.

Phi. H'as vow'd ere long to be your visitant.

Gent. He shall be welcome when he comes, that's
all ;

Not to a Pallace, but my hospitall.

Omnes. Wee'le leave your Lordship.

Gent. My best thoughts goe with you :
My Steward ?

Enter Steward, and a foolish Gentle-man.

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Gent. Is the Booke fired ?

Stew. As you commanded Sir, I saw it burn'd.

Gent. Keep safe that Iewell, and leave me ; letters !
from whome ?

Bus. Signior Ieronimo *Guydanes*.

Gent. Oh sir, I know the bufinesse : yes, yes, 'tis
the fame ;

Guidanes lives amongst my bosome friends :
He writes to have me entertaine you sir.

Bus. That's the bough, my bolt flies at, my Lord.

Gent. What Qualities are you furnish't with ?

Bnz. My Education has bin like a Gentle-man.

Gent. Have you any skill in song, or Instrument ?

Bus. As a Gentleman shoo'd have, I know all, but
play on none : I am no Barber.

Gent. Barber ! no sir, I thinke it ; Are you a Lin-
guist ?

Buz. As a Gentleman ought to be, one tongue
serues one head ; I am no Pedler, to travell Coun-
tries.

Gent. What skill ha' you in horfeman-ship ?

Buz. As other Gentlemen have, I ha' rid some
beasts in my Time.

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Gent. Can you write and reade then ?

Bus. As most of your Gentle-men doe ; my hand
has bin

Taken with my marke at it.

Gent. I see you are a dealer, give me thy hand,
Ile entertaine thee howfoeuer, becaufe in thee I keepe
halfe a score Gentlemen ; thy name.

Bus. Afinius Buzardo——

Gent. I entertaine thee, good *Buzardo*.

Bus. Thankes sir.

Gent. This fellow's a starke foole, or too wise,
The triall will be with what wing he flies. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Tibaldo sick in his chaire, Alphonsina, Mutio,*
Philippo, Tornelli, Montivello.

Mut. I N Lawes of courtesie, wee are bound sweete
Lady,

(Being thus nigh) to see you and your brother,
Our noble friend, tho' the Duke had not sent.

Alp. Thankes worthy sir.

Phil. Signior *Tibaldo* hath desire to sleepe.

Tor. Then leave him, Companie offends the sick.

Alp. Our humblest dutie to my Lord the Duke ;
If in my Brothers name, and mine, you tender
For this his noble love, wee both shall rest
Highly indebted to you all.

Mut. Sweete Madam,
You shall command our lives to worke your good.

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Alp. Signior, your love.

Omnes. All at your service Madam.

Mut. A quick, and good health to your noble Brother.

Alp. And all faire fortunes doubled on your selfe.

Exit.

So: me thinkes a Lady had more need have a new paire of lips, then a new paire of gloves, for tho' they were both of one skinne, yet one would weare out sooner then the other; I thinke these Courtiers have al offices in the Spicerie. And taking my lips for sweet-meates, are as sawcie with 'em as if they were Fees; I wonder *Tibaldo* thou can'st sit still, and not come in for a share; If old *Vann's* wife had beene heere, all the parts about you had mov'd.

Tib. Thou think'st I lie in, heere's such a gossiping, as if 'twere a Child-bed Chamber.

Alp. So 'tis, for Ile fweare, all this stirre is about having a woman brought to bed; marry I doubt it must be a mans lying in.

Tib. I would thy tongue were a man then, to lie.

Alp. I had rather it were a woman, to tell trueth.

Tib. Good sifter *Alphonsina*, you still play
The bad Phisicion, I am all on fire,
And you to quench mee, powre on scoopes of oyle;
I feele ten thousand plummets at my heart,
Yet you cry, Lay on more, and are more cruell
Then all my tortures.

Alp. Sadnesse, I pittie thee,
And will to doe thee service venture life,
Mine honour being kept spotlesse.

Tib. Gentle sifter,
The easiest thing ith' world to begge, I crave,
And the poorest Almes to give.

Alp. But aske and have.

Tib. A friendly counsell, loe that's all.

Alp. 'Tis yours.

Be rul'd by me then; in an ashie sheete,
Cover these glowing embers of desire.

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Tib. Embers ! I wo'd you felt em, 'tis a fire——

Alp. Come, and set hand to paper, Ile indite.

Tib. And shee'le condemne me ; no, I will not write.

Alp. Then prethee take this Phisick ; be not the sea, to drinke strange Rivers up, yet still be drie ; Be like a noble streame, covet to runne betwixt faire bankes, which thou may'st call thine owne, and let those bankes be some faire Ladies armes, fit for thy youth, and birth.

Tib. Against your charmes,
Witch, thus I stop mine cares.

Alp. Ile hollow them ; this Deere runnes in my Lords Parke,
And if you steale it, looke to have Blood-hounds scent you.

Tib. Are you mad ?

Alp. Yes, you shall finde venison-sawce deerer then other flesh.

Tib. No, no, none else must, none shall, none can,
My hunger feede but this ; downe will I dive,
And fetch this Pearle, or nere come up alive——

Alp. Are all my warme cawdles come to this ?
now I see th'art too farre gone, this Lady hath over-
spent thee ; therefore settle thine estate, plucke up a
good heart, and Ile pen thy will.

Tib. Oh fie, fie.

Alp. Bequeath thy kisses to some Taylor, that
hunts out weddings every funday ; *Item*, Thy sighes to
a noyse of fiddlers ill paid, thy paleneffe to a Fencer
fighting at sharpe, thy want of stomach to one of the
Dukes guard.

Tib. I begge it at thy hands, that being a woman,
thoul't make a wonder.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. What's that ?

Tib. Hold thy tongue.

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Alp. It's an Instrument ever plaid on, cause well
strung,
Who's that come into the Chamber there? Oh, Mr.
Cargo.

Carg. My Lord hath sent you a Jewell lock't up
in this paper, and the moisture of a goose quill, that's
to say, words in that —

Alp. Oh sir, I thanke your Lord, and this your
paines; have him into the Buttery—let me see,
Lady, that I love you, I dare sweare like a Lord (I
shall have oathes enough then) I send you all that is
mine, in hopes all shall bee mine that is yours, for it
stands to reason, that mine being yours, yours should
bee mine, and yours being mine, mine should be
yours. Love me, or I die, If I die, you kill me, If
you kill me, I will say nothing, but take the blow
patiently. I hold my life this Lord has bin bastina-
do'd, out upon him rammish foxe, he flunks hither;
Prethee good Brother reade.

Tib. I will.

Reades.

Alp. Is't Gander moneth with him? How the
devill is my maydenhead blasted? that among such
shoales of Gallants, that swim up and downe the Court,
no fish bites at the baite of my poore beautie, but this
tough Cods-head?

Tib. Oh sister, peace for heavens sake; heere lies
health

Even in this bitter pill (for me) so you
Would play but my Phisician, and say, take it;
You are offered heere, to sojourne at his house:
Companion with his Lady.

Alp. Sir, I have you. And I goeing vpon so
weightie a businesse, as getting of children, you would
ha' me pin you to my sleeve.

Tib. Most true.

Alp. You care not so I turne whore to pleasure
you.

Tib. Oh Sister, your high worth is knowne full
well

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Gainst bafe assault, a Fort Impregnable ;
And therefore, as you love my life, ith' sprindge,
Catch this old Wood-cocke.

Alp. In the flame I'll finde
My wings, unlesse I put the candle out,
That you i'th' darke may bring your hopes about.
You have wonne me.

Tib. You revive me.

Alp. Have a care you cast not your selfe downe
too soone now.

Tib. I warrant you.

Alp. As for my old Huck-sters artillery, I have
walls of
Chastity strong enough shoote he never so hard, to
keepe him

From making any breach.

Tib. 'Twill be a noble-battaile on each side ;
Yet now my spirits are rouzed, a stratageme
Lies hatching heere, pray helpe me noble sister,
To give it forme and life.

Alp. My best.

Tib. What thinke you ?

(The marke of man not yet fet in my face)
If as your sister, or your kinf-woman,
I goe in womans habit, for thereby,
Speech, free accessse, faire opportunity ;
Are had without suspition.

Alp. Mine be your will ;
Oh me ! what paines we take to bring forth ill ?
Such a disguise is safe too, since you never but once
Were seene there.

Tib. My wise sister ever.

Enter Cargo.

Alp. Send in the fellow there that brought the
letter ;
Why how now ? doe his leggs faile him already ?
A staffe for his declining age.

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Carg. I have a pike-staffe of mine owne already,
but I could not
Keep out your scurvy desperate hoggf-head from
coming

In upon me, I'me cut i'th' cockscombe.

Alp. Nothing I see is so like an old-man, as a young-
man drunke.

Carg. Or when he comes from a wench.

Alp. Before he beare your answer let him sleep.

Tib. Whil'st you laugh at what I could almost
weepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Angelo, like a Doctor, Baptista,
his man.*

Ang. Deare friend, I should both wrong my faith
& fortunes,
To make 'em thus dance Antickes ; I shall never
play the dissembler.

Bapt. Then neuer play the Louer ;
Death ! for a woman, I'de be fleade alive,
Could I but finde one constant : i't such a matter
For you then to put on a Doctours-gowne,
And his flat velvet-Cap, and speake the gibbering
Of an Apothecary.

Ang. If thus disguil'd
I'me taken, all the phisicke in the world
Cannot prolong my life.

Bapt. And dying for her,
You venture bravely, all women o're your grave
Will pray that they so kinde a man may have,
As to die for 'em ; say your banishment
Had borne you hence, what hells of discontent,
Had rack'd your soule for her, as hers for you ?
Should you but faint, well might you seeme untrue,
Where this attempt your loyalty shall approve,
Who ventures farthest winns a Ladies-love.

Ang. How are my beard and haire ?

Bapt. Friend I protest,

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So rarely counterfeit, as if a painter
Should draw a Doctour : were I sicke my selfe,
And met you with an urinall in my hand,
I de cast it at your head, unlesse you cast
The water for me, come, all's pasing well ;
Love which makes pale the cheeks, gives you complexion,
Fit for a fallow French-man.

Ang. I will on then,
In France I long haue liv'd, And know the Garbe
Of the French-Mounte-bankes, whose apish gesture,
Although in them I hold ridiculous,
My selfe shall practise.

Bapt. For a Doctours-man,
You see I'me fitted, foote by foote I'le walke,
and meete all dangers sent against your breast.

Ang. I thanke thee noble friend ; let's then to court.

The pangs a lover suffers are but short. *Exit.*

*Enter Florence, Pifa, Nicolletto. Philippo, Tonello,
Piero, met by an old Nurse.*

Flo. How now *Nurse*, how does my *Fiametta* ?

Nurf. Oh my sweete Lord, shees at it agen, at it agen !

Flo. Who are with her ? call for more helpe.

Nurf. More helpe ! alas there's my Lady *Vanni* with her, and Ladies upon Ladies, and Doctours upon Doctours, but all cannot doe.

Pifa. How does it take her *Nurse* ?

Nurf. Oh sweete Princessc, it takes her all over with a pricking ; first about her stomack, and then she heaves, and heaves, that no one man with all his weight, can keepe her downe.

Pier. At this I wonder, that her sicknesse makes her Doctours fooles.

Nic. He that she findes most ease in, is Dr. *Jordan.*

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Flo. I will give halfe my Duke-dome for her health.

Nic. Well, well, If death do take her, he shall have the sweetest bed-fellow that ever lay by leane mans-side.

Flo. I entreate thee *Nurse* be tender over her.

Nurf. Tender quoth a! I'me sure my heeles are growne as hard as hoofes, with trotting for her, I'll put you in one comfort.

Flo. What's that *Nurse*?

Nurf. In her greatest conflict sh'as had a worthy feeling of her selfe. *Exit.*

Flo. So, so, I'me glad of it my Lord of *Pisa*.
Vnder this common blow, which might have strooke the strongest heart, here pray doe not you shrinke.

Pisa. Sicknes is lifes retainer, Sir, and I
(What is not to be shun'd) beare patiently;
But had she health as found as hath the spring,
She wo'd to me prove sickly Autumne still.

Flo. Oh say not so.

Pif. I finde it, for being loyall,
As the touch-needle to one starre still turning,
I loose that starre, my faith is paid with scorning.
Who then with eagles wings of faith and truth,
W'nd in her sun-beames plaie away his youth,
And kisse those flames, which burne but out mine
eyes,

With scalding rivers of her cruelties?

Flo. 'Tis but her way-ward sicknes casts this eye
of slightnes on you.

Pis. 'Tis my Lord her hate;
For when death sits even almost on her browes,
She spreads her armes abroad, to welcome him,
When in my bridall-bed I finde a grave.

Flo. Now *Mutio*?

Enter Mutio.

Mut. There's a French-man come to court,

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A profest Doctour, that has seen the Princeſſe,
And will on her recovery pawne his life.

Flo. Comfort from heaven, I hope, let's ſee this
Doctour.

Enter Angelo like a Doctour, Baptiſta his man.

Flo. Welcome good Doctour: have you ſeen my
daughter?

Reſtore her health, and nothing in my Duke-dome,
Shall be too deare for thee, how doe you Iudge her?

Ang. Be me trat me Lord, I finde her a very bad
lady, & no well.

Flo. *Piero* take the Duke of *Piſa* pray and be your
ſiſters viſitants.

Piero. Sir we ſhall, if the Duke pleaſe——

Piſa. The poyſoned may drinke gall. *Exit.*

Flo. Attend the Duke.

Enter Cargo, with a letter.

Cargo. The party Sir.

Nico. Thou ſhalt have *Cafars* pay—my Coach.

Car. Old Ianuary goes to lie with May. *Exit.*

Flo. Doctour I thus have ſingled you, to ſound
The depth of my girles ſicknes, that if no ſkill
Of man can ſave her, I againſt heavens will,
May arme my breſt with patience, therefore be
free.

Ang. By my tra' and fa' my Lor', me no point can
play
The hound, and ſawne upon *de moſt puiſſant Roy in*
de world;

A French-man beare the brave minde for dat.

Flo. So, ſo, I like him better.

Ang. Me gra tanke you, now for *de inaladie* of *de*
Princeſſe,
Me one two, tre time, feele her pulſe, and ron up and
downe all

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De oder parts of her body, and finde noting
but dat

She be trobla with le gran desire of de man.

Flo. A great desire of a man?

Ang. A my trat 'tis verament, she longa to do
some ting in Love upon le gentle home.

Flo. Doctor thou hit'st her heart, 'tis there shee's
wounded,

By a poyson'd Arrow, shot from a villaines hand ;

One *Angelo* of the *Lotti* Familie,

And till that head be pluckt out, shee will pine,

Vnlesse controul'd by some deepe Art of thine.

Ang. All tings possibela me fall undergoe, mee ha
read *Gallen*, *Hipocratus*, *Avicen*, but no point can
peeke out le remedie for de Madam in de bryars of
love.

Flo. No medicine you say in any of them for
Love.

Ang. Ay me, trat not worth a lowse, onely in my
perigrination about le grand gloabe of de world, me
find out a fine trick for make a de man, and Voman
doe, dat is tickla in love.

Flo. The man and the woman doe? how doe,
how doe?

Ang. To be cura, and all whole, Admirable
vell.

Flo. As how pray?

Ang. Me have had under my fingera, many brave
vench, and most Noble gentle Dames, dat have bee
much troubla, upon de wilde vorme in de taile for
de man.

Flo. Very good.

Ang. And bee my tra my Lord, by experement
me finde dat de heart of de man ; you understanda
me.

Flo. Yes, yes, the heart of the man.

Ang. Wee wee, de heart of de man being all dry
as peppera.

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Flo. So so.

Ang. And rub upon de ting (vat you call it) fall
make it moulder all to crumble and dust.

Flo. Oh, oh, a Grater.

Ang. Ee by my tra you say vell, rub a de mans
dry Art upon de Grater, and drinke de powder in de
pot le Vine, by de Gentle-voman, and by gars-blör,
she presentamently kick up de heele at de man she
lova.

Flo. Excellent.

Ang. No point more remembra, but cry out le
French poo upon le varlet.

Flo. So shee will hate her lover.

Ang. Be-gar, as my selfe hate le puz-cat, cry mew
at my shin; and vill have de rombling a de gut, for
de other gentle home.

Flo. Thou com'st up close to me now, my brave
Doctor.

Ang. Be-gar me hope so, and derfore my Lord
apply le desperate Medicine, to le perilous maladie,
and have dis *Angelo* be cut in de troate, and be man-
slaughtered.

Flo. You then advise me to have *Angelo* slaine.

Ang. Wee.

Flo. And then to have my daughter drinke his
heart.

Ang. Wee, wee.

Flo. Grated and dried, and so——

Ang. Wee, wee, wee.

Flo. I wo'd I grip'd it fast now in this hand,
And eat it panting hot, to teach a peasant
To climbe above his being, Doctor, hee dies.

Ang. Knocka de pate downe be-gar.

Flo. But slay, slay, hee's fled *Florence*; It will
bee

A worke to find him first out, and being found,
A taske to kill him: for our Gallants speake
Much of his worth; The varlet is valiant.

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Ang. No matera for dat : for two tree foure
crowne, dar be

Rascalls fall run him in on debacke-shide.

Flor. He shall be fought for, and being found, he
dies.

Ang. Pray my lor' suffera le Princeffe and me for
be in private,

Le Doctor uses for toucha doe Ooman—

Flo. Doe, so, whil'st I for *Angeloes* death use
speede,

For till I have his heart, mine owne must bleed.

Exit.

Enter Baptista.

Ang. Oh my *Baptista*.

Bapt. I have heard the thunder aym'd at your life.

Ang. And it will strike me dead,

With a most foddaine and Invisible blowe.

Bapt. Now that you see his vengeance apt to fall,
Flie from it.

Ang. How !

Bapt. By sayre, and free access,

Open your dangers to your Mistris eyes,

Where shee starke mad, so she be mad for love,

You'll bring her to her witts, if wisely now

You put her into th' way ; Gold bar'd with locks,

Is best being stolne ; steale her then.

Ang. 'Tis but a wracke at most,

Oh on what boisterous Seas is True love tost ! *Exeunt.*

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Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter an Vsher bare, perfuming a roome, Signior Torrenti gorgeously attyred, a company of Gallants.

Tor. **T**His Roome smells.

1. Gal. It has bin new perfum'd.

Tor. Then 'tis your breeches, stand off—and shines there (say you) a Sun in our horizon full as glorious, as we our selfe ?

2. Gal. So cry the common people.

Tor. The common people are Rascalls, lying devills,

Dung-hills, whose favor poisons brave mens fames,
That Ape of greatnesse (imitating mee)

I meane that slavish Lord *Iacomo*

Shall die a beggar, If at the yeares end,

His totall of expence dares equall mine ;

How is his house built ?

1. Gal. Admirable faire.

Tor. Faire ? Ile guild mine (like *Pompey's Theater*)

All ore to out-shine his ; the richest hangings

Persian, or *Turke*, or *Indian* slaves can weave,

Shall from my purse be bought at any rates ;

Ile pave my great hall with a floare of Clowdes,

Wherein shall move an artificiall Sunne,

Reflecting round about me, golden beames,

Whose flames shall make the roome seeme all on fire,

And when 'tis night, just as that Sun goes downe,

A silver Moone shall rise, drawne up by starres,

And as that moves, I standing in her Orbe,

Will move with her, and be that man ith' moone,

So mock't in old wives tales ; then over head,

A rooffe of Woods, and Forests full of Deere,

Trees growing downwards, full of singing quiers,

And this 'ile doe that men with prayse, may crowne

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My fame, for turning the world upside downe :
And what brave gallants are *Gentiles* guesfes ?

1. *Gal.* The Lord *Iacomo Gentili* feeds
All Beggars at his Table.

Torr. Hang *Iacomo*,
My boarde shalbe no manger for poore jades
To lick up provinder in.

2. *Gal.* He welcomes souldiers.

Tor. Let souldiors beg and starue, or steale and
hange.

Wo'd I had heere ten thousand Souldiors heads,
Their sculs set all in silver, to drinck healthes
To his confusion, first invented warre,
And the health drunck to drowne the bowles i'th Sea,
That very name of Souldior, makes me shrugg,
And thinck I crawle with vermin ; give me Lutes,
Mischiefe on drumms, for souldiors ; fetch me whores,
These are mens blisse ; those every Kingdomes foares,
Wee gave in charge to search through all the world
For the best Cooke, rarest musitians,
And fairest girles, that will sell sinne for gold.

1. *Gal.* Some of all forts you have.

Tor. Let me have more

Then the grand Signior, And my change as rare,
Tall, low, and middle size, the browne, and faire ;
Ide give a Princes ransome now to kisse
Blacke *Cleopatra's* cheeke ; Onely to drinke
A richer perle, then that of *Anthonyes*,
That Fame (where his name stands) might put downe
mine.

Oh that my mother had bin *Paris* Whore,
And I had liv'd to see a *Troy* on fire,
So that by that brave light, I might have danc'd
But one *Lavalto* with my *Curtezan*.

Enter fourth Gallant.

4. *Gal.* Patterne of all perfection breath'd in man,
There's one without, before your Excellence

Desires acceſſe.

Tor. What creature ?

4. *Gal.* Your owne brother,

At leaſt hee termes himſelfe ſo.

Tor. Is he brave ?

4. *Gal.* Hee's new come from Sea.

Tor. 'Tis true, that *Iaſon*

Rig'd out a Fleete to fetch the Golden-Fleece ;

'Tis a brave boy, all Elementall fire,

His ſhipps are great with Child of *Turkiſh* Treafure,

And heere ſhall be delivered ; marſhall him in

Like the ſeas proud commander give our charge——

Omnes. Sound drums, and trumpets, for my Lord away.

Vher him in Bare and ragged. At which Torrenti ſtarts, his hat falls off, offer it him.

Torr. Thou whorſon peſant, know me, burne that wind-fall,

It comes not to my head that drops ſo low,——
Another.

1. *Gall.* Hatts for my Lord,——

Hatt's brought in 3. or 4.

Torr. It ſmells of earth, ſtood it againe ſo high,

My head would on a dung-hill ſeeme to lie.

How now ? what ſcar-crow's this ?

Broth. Scar-crow ? thy brother,

His bloud cleare as thine owne, but that it ſmoakes not,

With perſum'd fiers as thine doth.

Torr. Has the poore ſnake, a ſling ; can he hiſſe ?

What begs the rogue for ?

Broth. Vengeance

From the juſt thunderer to throw *Lucifer* downe ;

How high ſo ever thou reareſt thy *Babell*-browes,

To thy confuſion I this language ſpeake :

I am thy fathers ſonne.

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Torr. Ha, ha, the Skipper raves.

Broth. The aw'd Venetian on St. *Markes* proud-day,

Never went forth to marry the rich-sea,
With casting in her lapp a ring of gold ;
In greater bravery then my selfe did freight,
A fleete of gallant youthfull *Florentines*,
All vow'd to rescue *Rhodes*, from Turkish-slavery :
We went and waded up in our owne bloods,
Till most of us were drown'd.

Torr. Faire riddance on you.

Broth. Where such a Peacock durst not spread his
plumes ;

We fought, and those that fell left Monuments
Of unmatch't valour to the whole race of man,
They that were ta'ne, (mongst whom my selfe was
chiefe)

Were three yeeres chain'd up to the tugging o're,
See here the reliëts of that misery, *Chaines.*
If thou wu'd'st know more, reade it on my backe,
Printed with the Bulls-peezele.

Torr. Hang the dogge.

What tellest thou mee of Peezeles ?

Broth. 'Tis thy brother tells thee so, note me.

Torr. I know thee not ;

Set mastives on him, worry him from my gates.

Broth. The first unhappy breath I drew, mov'd
heere,

And here I'll spend my last, e're brav'd from hence,
Heere I'll have meate and cloaths.

Torr. Kick the curre out.

Bro. Who dares ?

Take from that sumpter-horles backe of thine,
Some of those gaudie trappings to cloathe mine,
And keepe it from the keene aire, fetch me food,
You fawning spaniells.

1. *Gall.* Some spirit of the buttery.

2. *Gall.* It should be by his hunger.

Broth. I am starv'd,

Thirsty, and pinde to th' bare bones, heere, I'll eate
at thine.

Owne scorneful board, on thine owne meate, or teare
it from

Thy throate as 'tis chewing downe.

Torr. I'll try that ; if my dinner be prepared

Serue me in my great state along'st this way,

And as you passe, two there with pistols stand

To kill that ravenous Vulture ; if he dare thrust his
tallents

Forth to make one dish his prey. *Exeunt all.*

Broth. Now view my face, and tho' perhaps you
sham'd

To owne so poore a brother, let not my heart-strings,

In sunder cracke, if we now being lone,

You still disdaine me.

Torr. Wretch I know thee not,

And loath thy fight.

Broth. Slave, thou shalt know me them ;

I'll beate thy braines out with my Gally-chaine.

Torr. Wilt murder thine owne brother ?

Broth. Pride doth it selfe confound,

What with both hands the Devill strove to have
bound,

Heaven with one little finger hath untied,

This proves that thou maiest fall, because one blast

Shakes thee already, feare not, I'll not take

The whip out of your hand and tho' thou break'st

Lawes of humanitie, and brother-hood ;

I'll not doe soe, but as a begger should

(Not as a brother) knock I at the gate

Of thy hard heart for pitty to come forth,

And looke upon my wretchednes, A shot *Kneeles.*

Toore to the keele that gally where I row'd ;

Sunke her, the men slaine, I by dyving scaped,

And sat three leagues upon a broken mast,

Wash't with the salt teares of the Sea, which wept,

In pitty, to behold my misery.

Torr. Pox on your, tarry misery.

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Broth. And when heavens blest-hand hal'de me 10
a shoore

To dry my wet-limbes, was I forc'd to fire.
A dead man's straw-bed throwne into the streete.

Torr. Foh, th'art infectious.

Broth. Oh remember this !
He that does good deeds, here waits at a Table.
Where Angells are his fellow servitours.

Torr. I am no Robbin-red-breast to bring strawes
To cover such a coarfe.

Broth. Thou art turn'd devill, *Rises.*

*Trumpets found. Enter an arm'd sewer, after him a
company with covered dishes : Coronets on their
heads. Two with pistolls to guard it.*

Tor. Where's thy great stomack, eat, stand, let
him choose

What dish he likes.—snatches a pistoll : all flye off.

Broth. This then which Ile carve up
On thy bafe, bosome, see thou Tryviall foole,
Thou art a Tyrant (o're me) of short reigne,
This cock out crow's thee, and thy petty kings,
Th'art a proud bird, but fliest with rotten wings ;
To shew how little for thy scorne I care,
See my revenge turn's all to idle-aire, *Shootes up.*
It upward flies and will from thence I feare
Shoote darts of lightning to confound thee heere.
Farewell thou huge *Leviathan*, when th'ast drunk dry,
That Sea thou rowl'st in, on some bafe shore dye.

Enter Gallants all drawne.

Omnes. Where is the Traitor ?

Tor. Now the houle is fiered,
You come to cast on waters ; barre up my doores,
But one such tattered ensigne here being spread,
Drawes numbers hither, here must no rogues be fed ;
Command my carpenters invent od engines.

To manacle bafe beggers, hands and feete,
And by my name call 'em my whipping pofts ;
If you fpye any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, like to a furies,
(Able to fright) to fuch I'll give large pay,
To watch and ward for poore fnakes night and day,
And whip 'em foundly if they approach my gates ;
The poore are but the earths-dung fit to lie
Cover'd on muck-heapes not to offend the eye.

Enter 1. Gal.

1. *Gal.* Two Gentlemen fent from the *Florence*
Duke,

Require fpeech with your Lord-ſhip——
Torr. Give'm entrance.

Enter Mutio, Philippo.

What are you ? and whence come you ?

Mut. From the Duke.

Tor. Your buſineſſe ?

Mut. This, fame founding forth your worth

For hoſpitable princely houſe-keeping ;

Our Duke drawne by the wonder of report,

Invites himſelfe (by us) to be your gueſt.

Tor. The honour of Embaſſadors be yours ;

Say to the Duke that *Cæſar* never came,

More welcome to the Capitoll of *Rome*,

Then he to us —— healthes to him —— fill rich
wines.

Mut. You have this wonder wrought, now rare to
men ;

By you they have found the golden age agen.

Tor. Which I'll uphold, ſo long as there's a funne,

To play the *Alchymiſt*.

Phil. This proud fellow talkes

As if he grasped the Indies in each hand.

Torr. Health to your Duke.

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Amb. We pledge it on our knees.

Tor. I'll stand to what I do, but kneele to none.

*Musicke, drinck, breake the glasse, they pledge it in plate,
Which offering, both servitours refuse to take.*

Tor. Breake. not our custome (pray ye) with one
beame,

The god of mettailes makes both gold and wine
To Imitate whose greatnesse; If on you
I can bestow Wine, I can give gold too,
Take them as free as *Bacchus* spends his blood;
And in them drinke our health.

Mat. Your bounty farre
Exceeds that of our *Cæsars*.

Tor. *Cæsar* ero, vel nihil ero:
What are Gold heapes? but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe by winde?
Let him then that hath gold, beare a Kings minde,
And give till his arme akes, who bravely powres
But into a wenches lap his golden showres,
May be *Ioues* equall, oh but hee that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debter,
And such a Noble spender is *Ioues* better;
That man Ile be, I'me *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten Worlds, yet not to conquer, but to sell
For Alpine hills of silver, And that I
Might at one feast, spend all that treasure drie;
Who hoards up wealth, is base; who spends it, brave,
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave;
Beare backe our gratulations to your Duke. *Exit.*

Amb. Wee shall great sir.

Mut. *Torrenti* call you him; 'tis a prowd rough
streame.

Phil. Hee's of the *Romane* Family indeede.

Mut. Lord *Vanni*? rather my Lord *Vanitie*.

Phil. And heapes of money sure haue strucke him
mad.

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Mus. Hee'le soone pick up his witts, let him but bleede

Thus many ownces at one time ; All day
Could I drinke these deare healthes, yet nere be
drunke.

Phil. And carry it away most cleanly.

Mut. Not a pin the worfe ;
What might his father leave him ?

Phil. A great estate,
Of some 300000 Crownes a yeare.

Mut. Strange hee's not begg'd, for fooles are now
growne deare ;

An admirable Cocks-combe !

Phi. Let wonder passe,
Hee's both a brave Lord, and a golden Asse. *Exit.*

*A Bed discovered, Fyammitta upon it. Enter two Dukes,
Piero, Gallants, Nurse, Ladies, Angelo, Baptista, ut
antea Fyammitta.*

Ang. I pray you hush all, a little hush, le faire
Lady by her owne volunter disposition, has take a ting
dat is of such a grand operation, it shall make a de
stone for slepe.

Flo. What, Noble Doctor, is the name of it ?

Ang. 'Tis not your scurvie English *Poppy*, nor
Mandragon, nor a ting so danger as *Oppium*, but
tis de brave ting a de world, for knock a de braine
asleepe.

Pisa. I am glad shee takes this rest.

Ang. Peace, be gor it is snore and snore, two mile
long ; now if your grace vill please for procure Musick,
be restore as brave as de fish.

Flo. Call for the Musicke.

Ang. Makea no noife, but bring in de Fidlers, and
play sweet—

Nico. Oh out upon this Doctor ; hang him, does
he thinke to cure dejected Ladies with Fidlers——

Ang. De grand French poo slopa de troate, pray
void le Shamberra.

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Flo. All, all part softly; peace Nurse, let her sleepe.

Nurf. I, I, go out of her prospect, for shee's not to bee cur'd with a song. *Exit.*

Ang. *Baptista*, see the doore fast, watch that narrowly.

Bapt. For one friend to keepe doore for another, is the office now amongst gallants, common as the Law; Ile bee your porter Sir.

Ang. Shee does but slumber, *Fiametta*, Love.

Fia. The *Pisan*-Prince comes: daggers at my heart.

Ang. Looke up, I am not hee, but *Angelo*!

Fia. Ha! who names *Angelo*?

Ang. *Angelo* himselfe,

Who with one foote treads on the throat of death,
Whilst t'other steps to embrace thee, thus i'th shape
Of a French Doctor.

Fia. Oh my life, my soule.

Ang. Heare me.

Fia. Ime, now not sicke, Ile have no Phisicke,
But what thy selfe shall give mee.

Ang. Let not Ioy confound our happinesse, I am
but dead,

If it be knowne I am heere.

Fia. Thou shalt not hence.

Ang. Be wise deare heart; see here the best of
men,

Faithfull *Baptista* ———

Fia. Oh, I love *Baptista*,

Cause he loves thee; But my *Angelo* I love above
kings.

Bapt. Madam you'll spoile,
Vnlesse you joyne with us in the safe plot
Of our escape.

Ang. Sweete *Fiametta* heare me,
For you shall hence with us.

Fia. Over ten worlds,
But Ile not hence; my *Angelo* shall not hence,

True love, like gold, is best being tried in fire ;
 Ile defie Father, and a thousand deaths—for thee——
Knock within.

Ang. Vndone, vndone.

Bapt. At the Court gate,

I see a Iebbit already to hang's both ;

Death ! the Duke beates at the doore.

Fya. He shall come in ; *Enter Omnes.*

One frowne at thee, my Tragedie shall begin ;

See Father——

Flo. I told you that I heard—her tongue—

Fya. See Father.

Flo. What sweete girle ?

Fya. That's *Angelo*, and you shall pardon him.

Flo. With all my heart.

Fya. Hee says hee pardons thee with all his heart.

Ang. Mee Lor, be all mad, le braine crowe, and
 n whirabout like de windmill saile, pardona moy,
 or quoy my sweete Madam, pardon your povera
 Doctor.

Fya. Because thou art my banish't *Angelo*.

Flo. Starke mad.

Fya. This her recoverie ?

Fya. Hee is no Doctor,

No Or that his man, but his deare friend *Baptista* ;

Ha as black't his beard like a Comœdian

To play the Mountibanke ; away, Ile marry

No one but that Doctor, and leave *Angelo*.

Ang. I doe pray Artely, Madam.

Fya. Leave off thy gibberishe, and I prethee
 speake

Thy Native language.

Ang. Par-ma-foy all French be-gor shee be mad as
 the moone.

Flo. Sweet girle, with gentle hands fir, take her
 hence.

Fya. Stand from mee, I must follow *Angelo*.

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Pifa. Thine eyes drinke sleepe from the sweet god
of rest.

Fya. Oh, you shoote poyson'd arrowes thorow my
breast.

Manent Florence, Angelo, Baptista.

Flo. What strange new furie now possesseth her?

Ang. Begar her Imaginashon be out a de vitts,
and so dazell de two nyes, and come downe so into
de bellie, and possibla for make her tink mee or you
to be le shentle-man shee lovea, and so shee takea my
man for a Iack-a-nape, mee know not who.

Bapt. For one *Baptista*.

Ang. Povera garhon a ma trat.

Flo. I doe beleeve you both; but honest Doctor,
Straine all thy Art, and so thou leave her well,
I care not if you call up feinds from hell.

Ang. Dar be too much devill in de body all
ready be my trat my Lor, mee no stay heere for
ten hundred hundred Coronaes, she cry upon mee 'tis
Master *Angelo*, you tink so not one and two time, but
a tyrd time, you smella me out; And so cutta my
troate; adue my Lor.

Flo. Still your opinion holds to kill that villaine,
And give her his heart dried.

Ang. In de pot a vine, wee, very fine.

Flo. This gold take for thy paines to make her
fownde,
There needs a desperate cure to a desperate wounde.

Exit.

Ang. How blowes it now?

Bapt. Faire, with a prosperous gale.

Ang. Poorè love, thou still art strucke with thine
owne fate;

My life hangs at a thred, friend I must flie.

Bapt. How, to be safe?

Ang. I will take sanctuary,
I know a reverend Fryar, in whose cell

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Ile lurke till stormes blow ore ; If women knéw
What men feele for them, None their scornes should
rue.

Enter Tibaldo in Womans attire, Alphonsina.

Alph. Is't come to this, have the walls of the
Castle beene besieged thus long, lien open for a
breach ; and dare you not
Give fier to once piece ? oh y'ar a proper foldyor, good
Sister, brother follow your game more close, or i'll
leave you.

Tib. What wu'd you have me doe ?

Alp. Why I would ha'you (tho' you be in womans
apparrell) to be your selfe a man, and do what you
come for.

Tib. I have bin giving her a thousand on setts,
And still a blushing cheeke makes me retire ;
I speake not three words, but my tongue is ready
To aske forgiveness of her.

Alp. Must thou needs at thy first encounter tell
her thou art a man, why when you walke together,
cannot you begin a tale to her, with once upon a
time, there was a loving couple that having tyred
themselves with walking, sat downe upon a banck,
and kist, and embraced, and plaid, and so by degrees
bring the tale about to your owne purpose. Can you
not ? fie, you are the worst at these things Sir.

Tib. I am sifter indeed.

Alp. And the more foole you indeed : you see
how the old stinking fox her husband is stil rubbing
me as if I had the palsy, Ile not have his wither'd
hands (which are as moist as the side of stock-fish) lye
pidling in my bosome, therefore determine some thing,
or farewell.

Tib. I have deare sifter, if you will but heare me.

Alp. Come on, out with't then.

Tib. Give you the old man promise of your love,
And the next night appoint him for your bed ;

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Rap'd with joy, he'le feigne bufineffe of ftate,
To leave his lady, and to lie alone.

Alp. Very good.

Tib. Then my request fhall be, that for that
night

She would accept me for her bed-fellow,
And there's no queftion fifter of the grant,
Which being Injoy'd I doubt not but to manage
And carry all fo even on levill ground,
That my offence fhall in my love feeme drown'de.

Alp. The clocke for your bufineffe thus far goes
true, but now for me, what fhall I do with the old cock
in my Roofe ?

Tib. Sifter, you have fome tricke (no doubt) to
keepe

Him within compaffe.

Alp. No not I, beleeve me, I know not what to
doe with him, unleffe I fhould give him a little *Nux*
vomica, to make him fleep away the night, but brother,
to pleafure you, Ile venter a joynte, and yet it troubles
me too, that I fhould prove a Traytor to my fex,
I doe betray an Innocent Lady, to what ill I know
not.

But Love the author of it wil I hope
Turne it quite otherwife, and perhaps it may be
So welcome to her as a courtefie.

Tib. I doubt not but it fhall

Alp. We nothing can,
Vnleffe man woman helpe, and woman man. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Trumpets sounding. Enter Torrenti very brave, betweene the two Dukes, attended by all the Courtiers, wondring at his costly habit. Enter a mask, women in strang habitts. Dance. Exit. He gives jewells, and ropes of pearle to the Duke; and a chaine of gold to every Courtier. Exit. Nicholletti and he stay.

Nic. **T**Hou art my noble kinsman, and but thy
mother
(Vpon my soule) was chafte I should beleeeve
Some Emperor begot thee.

Tor. Why pray Vncle?

Nico. Suppose all kingdomes on the earth were
balls,

And that thou held'st a racket in thy hand,
To tosse 'em as thou wu'd'st, how wo'dst thou play?

Tor. Why? as with balls, bandy 'em quite away.

Nico. A tennes-court of kings could do no more;
But faith what doest thou thinke, that I now think,
Of thy this days expence?

Torr. That it was brave.

Nico. I thinke thee a proud vaine-glorious brag-
ging knaue,

That golden wombe thy father left so full,
Thou vulture-like eat'st thorough: oh heeres trim stufte;
A good-mans state, in Gartyres, strings and ruffe;
Hast not a saffron-shirt on too? I feare th'art
Troubled with the greene-sicknes, thou look'st wan.

Tor. With anger at thy snarling must my hoase
Match your old greasy cod-piece?

Nico. No, but I'de have thee live in compasse.

Tor. Foole, I'll be

As the sun in the Zodiack; I am he
That wood take Phaetons fall, tho' I fet fire

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On the whole world to be heavens charioteire,
(As he was) but one day.

Nico. Vaine riotous cockscombe,
Tha'ft fier'd to much already, Parkes, Forrests, chafe
Have no part left of them, but names and places;
'Tis voic'd abrad thy lands are all at pawne.

Tor. They are, what then?

Nico. And that the mony went to
Entertaine the Popes great Nuntio,
On whom you spent the ranfome of a king.

Tor. You lye.

Nico. I thanke you Sir.

Tor. Say all this true

That I spent millions, what's that to you.
Were there for every day i'th'yeare a Pope,
For every houre i'th' yeare a Cardinall;
I'd melt both Indies, but I'de feast 'em all.

Nico. And leave your Curtezans bare, that leaving
bare,

Will one day leave thee naked, one nights waking,
With a fresh-whore, cost thee 4000. duckets,
Else the bawd lies.

Tor. Wert thou not mine uncle
I'de send thee with thy frozen-beard where furies
Should finde it off with fire-brands, touching
Wenching, that art thy selfe an old rotten whore-
master.

Nico. I a whore-master?
To shew how much I hate it, harke, when next thy
tomblers

Come to dance upon the ropes,
Play this jigg to 'em.

Tor. Goe, goe, idle droane,
Thou enviest bees with stings, because thine is gone,
Plate, jewells, revenues all shall flie.

Nico. They shall.

Tor. And then Sir I'lle turne pickled theefe, a
Pirate,
For as I to feed Ryot, a world did crave,

— So nothing but the sea shall be my grave,
Meane time that circle few began I've runne, tho' the
Devill stand i'th' Center.

Nico. What's that circle ?

Torr. The vanitie of all man-kinde be mine,
In me all prodigalls loosenes fresh shall flowe,
Wine, harlots, surfetts, rich embroidered cloaths,
Fashions, all sensuall sins, all new coin'd oathes,
Shall feed me, fill me ; Ile feast every sence,
Nought shall become me ill, but innocence. *Exit.*

Nico. I hope a wallet hanging at thy backe,
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all will lacke.
Exit.

*Enter an Apothecary give a serving-man gold, Iacomo,
Servants in blew-coats : Stew. Broker, Goldsmith,
Torrenti's Brother, a Trumpet.*

Gent. What founds this trumpet for ?

Omnes. Dinner my Lord.

Gent. To feast whome this day are my tables
spread ?

St. For sea-men, wrack't, aged, or sicke, or lame,
And the late ransom'd captives from the Turke.

Gent. Cheere them with hartly welcomes in my
name,

Attend them as great Lords, let no man dare,
To send 'em sad hence, bounty shall be plac'd
At the boards upper end ; For Marriners
Are clocks of danger that do ne're stand still,
Their dialls-hand ere points to'th stroake of death,
And (albeit seldome windlesse) loofe their breath ;
I love 'em, for they eat the dearest bread,
That life can buy, when the elements make warrs ;
Water and aire, they are sav'd by their good starrs.
And for the gally-slaves, make much of those, love
that man
Who suffers onely for being christian ; What suiters
waite ?

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St. Come neere, one at once, keep back pray.

Bro. A forry man, a very forry man.

Gent. What makes thee forry ?

Brok. All I had is burnt, and that which touches me to the quick, a boxe of my sweete evidence my Lord.

Gent. Show me some prooffe of this.

Brok. Alas too good prooffe, all burnt, nor stick, nor stone, left.

Gent. What wo'dst have me doe ?

Brok. Bestow but a bare roo.l. on me, to set me up.

Gent. Steward deliver him a roo.l.

Brok. Now all the——

Gent. Nay kneele not Sir, but heare me,

Brok. Oh my hony Lord !

Gent. Faces are speaking pictures, thine's a booke, Which if the leafe be truly printed shews A page of close dissembling.

Brok. Oh my Lord !

Gent. But say thou art such, yet the monie's thine, Which I to Charitie give, not to her shrine ; If thou cheat'st me, thou art cheated ! how ! th' hast got

(Being licorish) ratt-bane from a gally-pot, Taking it for fugar ; thou art now my debtor, I am not hurt, nor thou I feare, much better ; Farewell.

Enter lame legg'd Souldier.

Soul. Cannons defend me, Gun-powder of hell, Whom dost thou blow up heere ?

Broak. Some honest scullar, row this lame dog to hanging.

Gent. What noise is that ?

Stew. My Lord calls to you.

Soul. Was there ever call'd

A devill by name from hell ? then this is one.

Gent. My friend, what is hee ?

Soul. A Citie pestilence,

A moath that eates up gownes, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, leades smocks and shirts together
To linnen clofe adultery, and upon them
Strowes lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after ; hee's a broaker.

Gent. Suppose all this, what hurt hath hee done thee ?

Soul. More then my limbs losse ; in one weeke he eate

My wife up, and three children, this christian Iew did ;

Ha's a long lane of hellish Tenements,
Built all with pawnes.

Gent. All that he had is burnt.

Soul. He keepes a whore indeede, this is the Raven,

Cryed knocke before you call, he may be fir'd,
His lowlie wardropes are not ; to this hell-hound
I pawn'd my weapons to buy browne bread
To feede my brats and me ; (they forfited)
Twice so much as his money him I gave,
To have my Armes redeem'd, the griping slave
Swore (not to fave my foule) vnlesse that I
Laid downe my stumpe heere, for the Interest,
And so hop home.

Gent. Vnheard of villaine !

Broker, is this true ?

Brok. 'Twere finne my Lord, to lie.

Gent. Souldier, what is't thou now crau'st at my hands ?

Soul. This my Pitition was, which now I teare,
My suite here was, When the next place did fall,
To be a Beadef-man in your Hospitall :
But now I come most pitiously complaining
Against this three-pile rascall, widowes decayer,
The Orphans beggerer, and the poores betrayer ;
Give him the *Russian* law for all these finnes.

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Gent. How ?

Soul. But one hundred blowes on his bare shins.

Br. Come home and take thine Arms.

So. Ile have those leggs.

Gent. Broaker, my foule foresaw goods thus ill-
got,

Would as ill thrive, you ask'd a hundred pound,
'Tis yours ; but crafty Broaker, you plaid the knave
To begg, not needing. This man now must have
His request too, 'tis honest, faire, and just,
Take hence that varlet therefore, and on his shinnes,
In ready payment, give him an hundred blowes.

Broak. My Lord, my pitifull Lord.

Soul. I must bestirre my stumps too. Iustice, my
Lord.

Gent. I will not ravill out time ; Broaker, I offer
you

A hundred for a hundred.

Soul. That's his owne usury.

Gent. A hundred pound, or else a hundred blowes,
Give him that money, he shall release you those.

Brok. Take it, and may'st thou rot with't. *Exit.*

Soul. Follow thee thy curse,

Wo'd blowes might make all Broakers still disburse.

Gent. What next ?

Serv. The Party sir.

Gent. What party sir ?

If honest, speake, I love no whisperer.

Serv. This Gentleman is a great shuter.

Gent. In a Long-bow ? how farre shootes hee ?

Serv. To your Lordship, to be your Apothecary.

Gent. Vmh ; what spie you in my face, that I
sho'd buy

Your druggs and drenches ? beares not my cheeke a
colour

As fresh as any old mans ? doe my bones

Ake with youth's ryotts ? or my blood boile hot

With feavers ? or is't num'd with dropies, cold

Coughes, Rhumes, Catarrhes, Gowts, Apoplexie fits ?

The common soares of age, on me never ran,
Nor Galenist nor Paracelsian,
Shall ere reade Phisicall Lecture upon me.

Apo. Two excellent fellowes my Lord.

Gent. I honour their profession,

What the Creator does, they in part doe,
For a Phisician's a man-maker too,—but honest
friend,

My kitchen is my Doctor, and my Garden,
Trustie Apothecare ; when they give me pills,
So gently worke they, I'me not choak'd with bills,
Which are a stronger purge then the disease.

Apo. Alas my Lord, and 'twere not for bills, our
shops wo'd downe.

Gent. Sir, I beleeve you, bills nor pills Ile
take ;

I stand on sicknes shoare, and see men tost
From one disease to another, at last lost ;
But to such seas of surfetts, where they're drown'd,
I never venturing am ever found.

Apo. Ever found my Lord ! if all our Gallants
sho'd bee so, Doctors, Potheccaries, and Barber-
furgeons, might feed upon Onyons and Butter-milke ;
ever found ! a brave world then.

Gent. 'Tis their owne fault, if they feare springs or
falls,

Wine-glasses fill'd too fast, make uryballs ;
Man was at first borne sound, and hee growes ill
Seldome by course of nature, but by will——
Distempers are not ours, there should be then
(Were wee our selues) no Phisicke, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease,
I'me free from (thankes good, fate) either of these.

Apo. My 50. Crownes.

Ser. Not I.

Apo. No, must I give you a Glisten ?

Ser. Hift, hift.

Apo. If your Lordship will not allow me minister
to your selfe, pray let me give your man a purgation.

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Ser. Me a Purgation ? my Lord, I'me passing well.

Gent. Him a Purge, why ?

Apo. Or rather a vomit, that hee may cast up 50 Crownes——

Which he swallowed as a Bribe to preferre me.

Gent. My health is bought and sold fir then by you,

A Doctōr baits you next, whose mess of potions

Striking me full of vlcers, a gibberish Surgion,

For 50. Crownes more, comes to drawe my will,

For mony, slaves their Soveraignes thus kill ;

Nay, nay, so got, so keepe it ; for his Fifty,

Give him a 100. Crownes, because his will

Aym'd at my health I know, and not at ill :

Fare you well fir.

Apo. Who payes mee fir ?

Sir. Follow me, I fir. *Exit Ser. & Apothe.*

Enter Gold smith.

Gold. The fellow, my Lord, is fast.

Gent. What fellow fir ?

Gold. The thiefe that stole this Iewell from your honour,

Hee came unto my stall my Lord.

Gent. So.

Gold. And ask'd mee

Not the fourth part in money it was worth,

And so smelling him out.

Gent. You did.

Goldf. I did fir,

Smell him out presently, and under hand

Sent for a Constable, examined him,

And finding that he is your Stewards man,

Committed him toth' Iale.

Gent. What money had hee upon this Iewell of you ?

Goldf. None my good Lord, after I heard it yours.

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Gent. Elfe you had bought it,
And beene the thiefes receiver, y'ar a varlet,
Go to, a fawcie knave ; if I want money,
And fend my servants servant (caufe the world
Shall not take notice of it) to pawne, or fell
Iewells, or Plate, tho' I loofe halfe in halfe,
Muft you fir, play the Marshall, and commit him,
As if he were a rogue ; goe and releafe him,
Send him home prefently, and pay his fees, doe you
fee fir.

Gold. My Lord, I do fee.

Gent. Leaft by the Innocent fellow,
I lay you faft byth' heeles, doe this y'are beft ;
You may be gone.

Gold. Heere's a moft excellent jeaft. *Exit.*

Enter Steward.

Gent. Harke you, the Duke of *Florence* fent me
once

A Iewell, have ye it ? For you laid it up.

Ste. My Lord, I have it.

Gent. Are you fure you have it ?

Why change you colour ? Know you this ? doe you
know

Your man, you fent to fell it ? You belike
Thought in my memory it had beene dead,
And fo your honefty too came buried,
'Tis well, out of mine eye ; what wo'd you with mee ?

Enter Brother, to Torrenti.

Broth. Your pittie on a wretch late wrackt at fea,
Beaten a shore by pemury, 3. yeares a Turkish
Gally-flave.

Gent. Your birth ?

Broth. Such Sir,

As I dare write my felfe a gentleman,
In *Florence* flood my cradle, my houle great,

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In mony, not in mercy ; I am poore,
And dare not with the begger passe their doore.

Gent. Name them, they shalbe forc't to thy reliefe.

Broth. To steale compafsion from them like a
thiefe,

Good my Lord pardon me, under your noble wing,
I had rather sit, then on the highest tree sing,
That shadowes their gay buildings.

Gent. Young man I doe commend thee, where's
my steward ?

Give me thy hand, I entertaine thee mine,
Make perfect your accounts, and see the books de-
liver'd

To this Gentleman.

St. This poore rogue Sir ?

Gent. Thou art a villaine, so to tearme the man,
Whom I to liking take ; Sir I discharge you ;
I regard no mans out-side, 'tis the lineings
Which I take care for.

St. Not if you knew how louzie they were.

Gent. Cast not thy scorne upon him, prove thou
but just,

Ile raise the Cedars spring out first from dust. *Exit.*

*Enter Nicolleto, Dariene, Alphonf. Alifandra, Tibaldo,
Cargo.*

Nic. Madam this night I have received from
court,

A booke of deepe import, which I must reade,
And for that purpose will I lie alone.

Dar. Be Mr. of your owne content my Lord,
Ile charge you for some femall bed-fellow.

Nic. With all my heart.

Tib. Pray madam then take me.

Nic. Doe prethee wife.

Dar. And Sir, she is most welcome.

Nic. Wo'd I were at it for it is a booke,
My fingers itch till I be turning o're ;
Good rest faire *Alphonfina* you'le not faile.

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Alp. No, feare me not.

Nic. All all to bed, to bed.

Alp. Mine eyes are full of sleepe ; Ile follow you.

Exit.

Dar. I to my clofet, and then bed-fellow
Expect your company.

Tibal. I will be for your Lady.

Aleff. Madam so please you forfeit to my mother,
And let your selfe and I be bed-fellowes.

Tib. Deare heart I humbly thanke you, but I must
not.

Aleff. Lady I rather wish your company,
Because I know one maiden best conceales,
What's bosom'd in another : but Ile waite
With patience a time fitting.

Tib. Worthy Lady,
This time is yours and mine.

Aleff. Thus I begin then,
And if I cannot woe reliefe from you,
Let me at least win pittie, I have fixt
Mine eye upon your brother ; whom I never
But once beheld here in this house, yet wish
That he beheld me now and heard me ;
You are so like your brother, that me thinkes I speake
to him,

And that provokes a blush to assaile my cheeke ;
He smiles like you, his eyes like you ; pray Lady
Where is the gentleman ? 'twas for his sake
I would have lien with you, wo'd it were as lawfull to
fellow nights with him.

Tib. Troth I do wish it.

Aleff. And if in this you enrich me with your
counsell,

Ile be a gratefull taker.

Tib. Sure my brother
Is blest in your affection, and shall have
Good time to understand so.

Dar. *Alefandra.*

within.

Aleff. Madam.

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Dar. A word, come quickly.

Exit.

Tib. O ye heavens! how strangely one houre
works upon an other. It was but now heart-sick, and
long'd for meat,
Which being set before me I abhorre.

Alp. Brother.

Enter Alphonsina.

Tib. What frights you thus from your chamber?

Alp. Such a fury as thou.

Tib. How now! hast lost thy witts?

Alp. Ile sweare thou hast, for thou hast candied
Thy sweete but poysonous language to dishonour
Me thy most wretched sister, who no better then a v
Instrument to thy desires, deserves to be stil'd,
Baud, worfe then the bauds.

Who every day i'th' weeke shake hands with hell.

Tib. Ha' patience dearest sister; I protest,
By all the graces that become a man,
I have not wrong'd *Dariene* nor her Lord.

Alp. Thou shalt not then by heaven.

Tib. By all goodnes, not
With a well blush discourfe faire *Aliffandra*,
Supposing me your sister hath discover'd
The true pangs of her fancy towards *Tibaldo*,
And in it crav'd my aide, which heard, Even then,
My Brutish purpose broke its neck, and I
Will proue the daughters husband, that came hither,
A traytour to the Mother.

Alp. My noble brother,
Our doings are alike, for by *Trebatio*
(Whome I with honour name) his fathers foulenes sha
be

Cut off and croft.

Tib. Get to your chamber;
No longer will I play the womans part,
This night shall change my habit with my heart. *Exit*—

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Enter Nicoletti with a light.

Nichol. In this chamber she lies, and that's her window; wo'd I were in: the aire bites, but the bit that I shall bite anon, sharpens my stomach, the watch-word is a cornet, (*Cornet within*) it speakes, she bids me come without a light, and reason, shes light enough herselfe; wincke thou one-eyed baud, be thou an embleme of thy Mr. and burne in secret.

Enter Alphonsina, above.

Alp. My Lord.

Nic. What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

Alp. Who is there with you?

Nico. No christian creature, I enter *solus*.

Alp. I feare I must entreate you to stay a little.

Nic. As long as thou desir'st, but-wilt come downe?

Alp. I would be loth to loose all upon rest.

Nic. Shall I mount then?

Alp. For mine honour being once crack't.

Nic. Crack a pudding: Ile not meddle with thine honour.

Alp. Say you should get me with childe.

Nic. I hope I am not the first Lord has got a lady with childe.

Alp. Is the night hush't?

Nic. Ther's nothing stirring, the very mice are a sleepe, as I am noble, Ile deale with thee like a gentleman.

Alp. Ile doe that then, which some Citizens will not doe, to some Lord.

Nico. What's that?

Alp. Take your word, I come.

Nico. Vd's my life!

Alp. What's the matter sir? *Musicke within.*

Nico. I heare a lute, and fure it comes this way.

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Alp. My most lov'd Lord, step you aside, I would not have you seene for the saving of my right hand, preserve mine honour, as I preserve your love.

Enter Trebatio with Musicke.

Nico. Pox on your Catts guts.

Alp. To an unworthy window, who is thus kind

Treb. Looke out of it, and 'tis the richest casement That ever let in Ayre.

Alp. Trebatio.

Treb. I, my most faire Mistris.

Alp. Neither of both good sir ;
Pray play upon some other, you abuse mee,
And that which seemes worfe, in your fathers house.

Nico. Brave girle.

Alp. But you are young enough to be forgiven,
If you will mend hereafter, the night has in it
Vnwholfome foggs, and blasts ; to bed my Lord,
Least they attach your beautie : nothing more,
Ile pay you for your song.

Treb. Are you gone so ?

Well, you hard-hearted one, you shall not ever
Be Lady of your selfe—away.

Enter Cargo running.

Car. Oh my Lord, I have stood Centinell as you bad me, but I am frighted.

Nico. With what ?

Carg. The Night-mare rides you, my Lady is conjured up.

Nic. Now the devill lay her down, prevented in the very Act.

Carg. She workes by magick, and knowes all.

Enter Daricne.

Dari. Doe you shrinke backe my Lord ? you may with shame ; Have I tane you napping my Lord ?

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Nico. But not with the manner my Lady.

Dar. Have you no bird to flie at, but what sits on
your owne sonnes fiste ?

Nicho. How ! my sonnes fiste !

Darie. Yes, the Lady whom you wrought to have
bin your Harlot

Your sonne has long since wonne to be his bride,
Both they and I have this night exercis'd
Our witts to mocke your dotage.

Nico. Am I then gull'd ?

Dare. Yes my Lord, and bull'd too, yonders
Tibaldo Neri come this morning.

Dare. So early, Is his sister with him ?

Car. Not that I saw, but I saw him kisse my yong
Mistris, three or foure times, I thinke 'twere good to
aske the banes of Matrimony.

Nico. Wo't twere no worle, let's in, and give 'em
the mornings Salutation.

Dare. Ile tell him all.

Nicho. Sweete Lady, seal my pardon with a
kisse,

He ne're was borne, that never did amisse. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Florence, Piero, Pifa, Mutio, Tornelli, Philippo.

Pier. Sir, I have found *Angelo* with long and busie
search.

Flo. And will he come ?

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Pier. Your honour (as you charg'd me) I im-
pawnd
For his safe passage.

Flo. By my life hee shall; when will hee come?

Pie. My friend brings him along.

Flo. *Philippo Mutio*, goe and perswade
daughter

To walke, and take the ayre.

Pisa. Ile play that Orator.

Ex.

Flo. Attend the Duke of *Pisa*; prethee *Piero*
Discover where this *Angelo* lay lurking.

Pie. The world he has shut up, and now th
booke

He reades, is onely heere, see where he comes.

Enter Angelo as a Fryar, Fyametia.

Flo. Way for my daughter; looke you, there'
Angelo.

Fya. Ha! yes, 'tis the starre I saile by; hold me
not,

Why doe you sticke like rocks, to barre my way,
And utterly to wracke mee?

Flo. Art thou mad?

Fya. Yes, I am mad, oh my best life, my foule!

Runs to him.

Ang. Whom seeke you Lady?

Fya. Doe you not know me sir?

Ang. Yes.

Fia. Doeft thou not love mee?

Ang. Yes.

Fya. At very heart?

Ang. Yes, at the very foule.

Fya. Burnes not your love,
With that most holy fire, the god of marriage
Kindles in man and woman?

Ang. Noe.

Fia. Ha, no?

Flo. Hee sayes no.

Fia. Then so, *quod dedi perdidit*.

Ang. How can I love you Lady ?

I have clim'd too many of such fruitlesse trees.

Fia. Have you indeede ?

Ang. Yes, and have pull'd the apples.

Fia. Now I beshrew your fingers.

Ang. And when I touch'd 'em, found 'em turn'd to dust.

Why should you love me ? I have chang'd my pleasure

In beautilous dames, more then I have my dreames,
Foure in one night.

Flo. Hee'le prove a lustie Larrence ;

This is the starre you sayle by tho.

Ang. Why should you love me ? I am but a Tombe,

Gay out-side, but within, rotten and foule.

Flo. Ile sweare th'art most diseas'd, even in thy soule ;

Oh thou, thou most perfidious man alive,
So prosper, as my poore sicke heart doth thrive ;
Give me thy hand, I hate thee, fare-thee-well.

Come, I make thee my heaven, wer't once my Hell.

To Pifa.

Pifa. I'me rap't above the spheares, Ioy strikes me dumbe.

Flo. Th'ast lent unto mine age a score of yeares,
More then ere nature promis'd, by thy loving
This Noble Prince ; th'art his then ?

Fya. His—to prove it ; hence

Thou from mee ; ne're more behold mine eyes.

Ang. Now finde I, that a Lovers heart last dies.

Exit.

Flo. I, I, so, so ; If it die, it shall be buried.

Fya. Good reverend Sir, stay you, and as you witness

This my divorce, so shall you seale my contract.

Fryar. I will, your pleasure.

280 *The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

Flo. Fyametia,
Make choice thy selfe of thine owne wedding day.

Fya. To morrow be it, Loves poyson is delay,
Gallants, pray stirre betimes, and rowle your Mistresses ;
Let some invite Lord *Vanni* and his Lady ;
Wee dine to day with Lord *Iacomo*,
Thither let's hasten : Sir, this holy man,
Shall be this night my confessor ; about mid-night,
Expect my sending for you.

Fryer. Your devotion
Commands my service. W'are least i'th fryers stead-
The Prince be your confessor ; girle prepare
To play the bride to morrow, and then being laid,
One night past o're, thinke nere to rise a maide. *Exit-*

Trumpets founding services carried over the stage, Poore
attending Torrenti one, then enter Iacomo bare
betwixt the two Dukes, Piero, Philippo, Tornello
Mutio.

Flo. No more of complement, my Lord *Gentili* ;
Such noble welcomes have we had this day,
We must take blushing leaves, cause we can pay
Nothing but thanks.

Gent. That's more then the whole debt comes to,
Ne're saw I tables crown'd with braver store ;
I know no man that spends, nay nor gives more,
And yet a full sea still : why yonder fellow,
The brave mock-prodigall has spent all indeed,
He that made beggers proud, begs now himselfe for
need.

Flo. But who releeves him now ?

Gent. None, for I know
He that in riotous feasting, wastes his store,
Is like a faire tree which in sommer bore
Boughes laden till they crackt, with leaves and fruite-
Whose plenty lasting, all men came unto't ;
And pluckt and filld their lapps and carry away ;
But when the boughes grow bare, and leaves decay :

And the great tree stands saplesse, wither'd dry,
Then each one casts on it a scornfull eye,
And grieves to see it stand, nay do not greeve,
Albeit the Axe downe to the roote it cleave ;
The fall of such a tree, will I beware,
I know both when to spend, and when to spare.

Flo. 'Tis nobly spoke.

Pisa. Nay good my Lord make hast.

Pier. Here's a childe lost i'th staying.

Flo. Get 2. at night for't.

What is the bride yet drest ?

Pier. She's rigging Sir.

Flo. 'Tis well, musicke ! from whence !

What chambers that ?

Mut. It loynes close to the

Lodgings of the bride.

Flo. Inquire

If she be ready, *Mutio*, say her bride-groome

Attends on her below.

Mut. I shall my Lord.

Fiametta above.

Pier. Tarry, she looks her selfe out.

Flo. Come, come loiterer.

Fia. Faire welcome to your grace, and to that
Prince,

That should have bin my bridegroome.

Flo. Should ha beene ?

Pier. Is the Moone chang'd already ?

Fia. In her changes

The Moone is constant, man is onely varying,

And never in one Circle long is tarying,

But one man in the moone at once appeares,

Such praise (being true to one) a woman beares.

Flo. Take thou that praise and to this Prince be
true,

Come downe and marry him.

Fia. What would the world say,

282 *The Wonder of a Kingdom.*

If I should marry two men in one day !

Flo. That villaine has bewitch't her.

Pier. Sir what villaine ?

Flo. That slave, the banish't runnagate.

Pier. Cast not on him

Such foule aspersions, till you know his guilt ;

Even now you said he was a worthy spirit,

Crown'd him with praise, and do you now condemne

An absent man unheard ?

Flo. Ile hang thee traitor.

Pisa. Locke all the gates of Florence, leaſt he
escape.

Flo. Our pardon, whoſoever takes and kill him.

Pier. Oh ! who would truſt in Princes, the vaine
breath,

Who in a minute gives one man life and death ?

Fia. Come forth thou threatned man, here kill
him all,

Lower then what you ſtand on, none can fall.

Angelo above.

Ang. I now muſt ſtand your arrowes, but you
ſhoote

Againſt a breaſt as innocent —

Flo. As a traytors.

Ang. Your patience Sir,

Pisa. Talk'ſt thou of patience ! that by thy moſt
perfidious——

Enter frier above.

Ang. Heare me pray.

Of if not me, heare then this reverend man.

Pisa. VVhat makes that Fryer there ?

Pier. Father ſpeake your minde.

Fryer. I was enjoyned to be her confeſſor,
And came, but then ſhe wonn me to a vow,
By oath of all my orders, face to face,

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To heare her speak unto *Angelo*, 'twas done,
He came, when falling downe on both her knees,
Her eyes drown'd all in teares, she opes a booke,
Chardging him read his oaths and promises,
The contract of their hands, hearts, yea and soules,
And askd if *Angelo* would marry her.

Flo. Very good.

Fry. He looking pale as death, said faintly no.

Pifa. Faintly, he then was willing ?

Pier. Pray heare him out.

Fry. Thrice tried: he thrice cried no ; At which
this Ladie

Desperately snatching from her side two knives,
Had stab'd her selfe to th' heart, but that we knit
Our force against it, what should I doe in this !
Not marry her, or rob her of heavens blisse !
Which glory had bin greater to have tane,
A husband from her, or to have seene her slaine ?

Flo. Then you have married her ?

Fry. I have.

Pier. Brave girle.

Pifa. Ile cut that knot asunder with my sword.

Fry. The hands which heaven hath joyn'd, no
man can part.

Fia. The hands they may, but never shall the
heart.

Flo. Why, didst thou make to him thy promise
then ?

Fia. Women are borne, but to make fooles of
men.

She that's made sure to him, she loves not well,
Her banes are ask'd here, but she wedds in hell ;
Parents that match their children gainst their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

Flo. Parrot, Parrot,

Ile stop your prating, breake into her chamber,
And lay the villaine bleeding at her feete. *Draw.*

Fia. Villaine ? it is my husband.

Flo. Enter and kill him.

284 *The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

Pier. Enter, but kill him he that dares, I blush
To see two Princes so degenerate.

Fia. Oh noble brother !

Pier. What would you have him doe ?
He well deserves to have her to his wife ;
Who gives to you a daughter, her a life,
In fight of angels she to him was given,
So that in striking him, you fight with heaven.

Flo. You see there is no remedie.

Pifa. Troth none ;
I threw at all (and gamesters lucke) all's gone ;
Farewell brave spirited girle, he that gainst winde,
Fier and the sea, law and a womans minde,
Strives, is a foole, that's I, Ile now be wise,
And neuer more put trust in woman's eyes.

Fia. I love thee for that word with-all my heart.

Flo. Will you come downe pray ?

Fia. Sweare as you are a Duke.

Flo. Yet more adoe.

Pifa. Will you not trust your father ?

Fia. Why should I ? you see there is no trust i'th
daughter ;

Sweare by your hopes of good you will not touch
His naile to hurt him.

Flo. By my hopes I sweare.

Fia. And you too ?

Pifa. Yes, what's falling none can reare.

Fia. Wee come then noble friend, flagg not thy
wings,

In this warr I defie a campe of Kings.

Exit.

*Enter Niccolotto, Tibaldo, Alphonfin. Dariene,
Aliffand, Trebatio.*

Flo. See, see, more shoales of friends, most
beauteous Ladies,
Faire welcomes to you all.

Nic. My Lord those tides,
Are turn'd, these Ladies are transform'd to brides.

The Wonder of a Kingdome. 285

Flo. We heard the happy newes, and therefore
sent,

To marry joyes with joyes, yours, with our owne,
Yours (I see) prosper, ours are overthrowne.

Nic. How meane you overthrowne?

Enter Angel. Fiametta.

Flo. Your owne eyes shall be witnesse how : nay,
nay, pray rise,
I know your heart is up, tho' your knees downe.

Ang. All that we stand in feare of is your
frowne.

Fia. And all deare father which I begge of you,
Is that you love this man but as I doe.

Flo. What begg you of this Prince ?

Fia. That he would take
One favour from me, which my selfe shall make.

Pisa. Pray let it be of willow.

Fia. Well then it shall.

Alph. Why willow ? is the noble Prince forsaken ?

Pier. All womens faults, one for another taken.

Alp. Now in good sooth my Lord, shee has but
vs'd you

As watermen use their fares, for shee look'd one way
And row'd another, you but wore her glove,
The hand was *Angeloes*, and she dealt wisely.
Let woman ne're love man, or if she doe,
Let him nere know it, make him write, waite, woe,
Court, cogge, and curfe, and sweare, and lie, and pine,
Till Love bring him to death's doore, else hee's not
mine ;

That flesh eates sweetest that's pick'd close toth'
bone,

Water drinckes best, that's hew'd euen from the stone ;
Men must be put to 't home.

Nic. He that loves ducking, let him come learne
of thee.

Flo. Shee has good skill ;

286 *The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

At table will wee heare a full discourfe
Of all these changes, and these Marriages,
Both how they shuffled, cut, and dealt about,
What cards are best, after the trumps were out,
Who plaid false play, who true, who sought to save
An Ace ith' bottome, and turn'd up a knave ;
For Love is but a Card-play, and all's lost,
Vnlesse you cogg, hee that pack's best, wins most.
Alp. Since such good gamsters are together met,
As you like this, wee'le play another fett. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
Sun's-Darling:

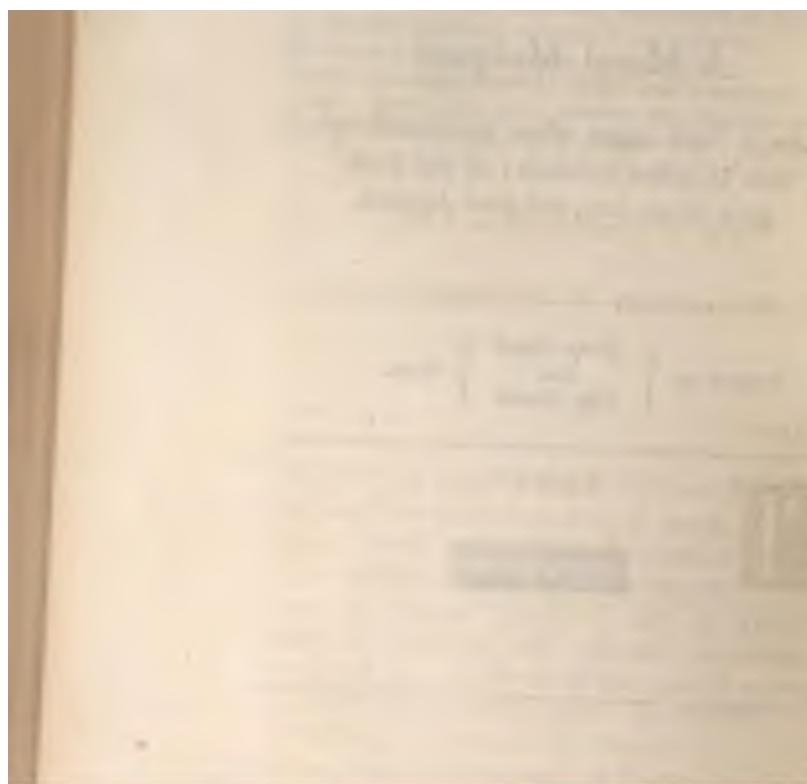
A Moral Masque :

As it hath been often presented by
their Majesties Servants ; at the Cock-
pit in *Drury Lane*, with great Applause.

Written by { *John Foard*
 and
 Tho. Decker } Gent.



LONDON,
Printed by *J. Bell*, for *Andrew Penneycuicke*,
Anno Dom. 1656.





To the Right Honorable

THOMAS WRIATHESLEY,

Earle of *Southampton*, Lord

WRIATHSLEY, of *Tichfield*, &c.

MY LORD!

HERODOTUS Reports that the *Ægyptians* by Wrapping their Dead in Glasse, presents them lively to all Posterity; But your Lordship will do more, by the Vivifying beames of your Acceptation, Revive the parents of this Orphan Poem, and make them live to Eternity. While the Stage florisht, the POEM liv'd by the breath of Generall Applauses, and the Virtuall Fervor of the Court; But since hath languisht for want of heate, and now neere shrunk up with Cold, creepes (with a shivering feare) to Extend it selfe at the

Flames of your Benignity. My Lord, though it seems Rough and Forlorn, It is the issue of Worthy parents, and we doubt not, but you will find it accomplisht with their Vertue. Be pleased then (my Lord) to give it entertainment, the more Destitute and needy it is, the Greater Reward may be Challenged by your Charity; and so being shelter'd under your Wings, and Comforted by the Sun-shine of your Favoure, it will become Proofs against the Injustice of Time, and like one of Demetrius statues appeare fresher and fresher to all Ages. My Lord, were we not Confident of the Excellence of the Peece, we should not dare to Assume an impudence to preferr it to a Person of your HONOR, and KNOWN JUDGMENT; whose HEARTS are ready SACRIFICES to your NAME and HONOR, Being my Lord

Your Lordships most humble, and most

Obligedly, Submissive Servants,

Theophilus Bird.

*Andrew Penneycuicke.**

* In some copies of this play (1656) the same Epistle Dedicatory is addressed "To the Right Honorable My very good Lady, the Lady *Newton*, Wife to the worshipfull Sir *Henry Newton*, Knight," and the name of Andrew Penneycuicke is alone subscribed. Other copies bearing the date of 1657 have the names as above.



Vpon the SUN'S DARLING.

IS he then found? *Phæbus* make holliday:
Tye up thy Steeds; And let the
Cyclops Play;
Mulceber leave thy Anvile, and be trim;
Combe thy black Muzle, be no longer Grim;
Mercury be quick, with mirth furnish the
heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at six and seavens;
And *Ganimede* be nimble, to the Brim
Fill Boules of *Nectar*, that the Gods may
fwim,
To solemnize their healths that did dif-
cover
The obscure being of the *Suns* fon'd lover.
That from the Example of their liberall
mirth
We may enjoy like freedome on Earth.

John Tatham.



READER.

I T is not here intended to present thee with the perfect Analogy betwixt the World and man, which was made for Man ; Nor their Co-existence, the World determining with Man : this I presume hath bin by others Treated on, But drawing the Curtain of this Morall, you shall finde him in his progression as followeth.

The first Season.

*P*resents him in the Twy-light of his age
Not Pot-gun-proofe, and, yet hee'l have his
page :

This smale Knight-Errant will encounter things
Above his pearch, and like the partridge Springs.

The second Season.

Folly, his Squire, the Lady Humor brings,
Who in his eare farr sweeter Novells sings.
He follows them ; forfakes the Aprill Queene,
And now the Noone-tide of his age is seene.

The third Season.

AS soone as *Nerv'd* with strength, he becoms
Weake,
Folly and *Humor*, doth his reason breake ;
Hurries him from his Noon-tide to his even :
From *Summer* to his *Autumne* he is driven.

The fourth Season.

ANd now the *Winter*, or his nonage takes him ;
The sad remembrance of his errours wakes him ;
Folly and *Humor*, Faine hee'd cast away,
But they will never leave him, till hee's *Clay*.
Thus Man as *Clay Descends, Ascends* in spirit ;
Dust, goes to dust, The soule unto It's Merit.



The Names of the Persons.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Pinus the Sun.</i> | <i>Winter.</i> |
| <i>Leaving the Sun Dar-</i> | <i>Concist.</i> |
| <i>ling Spring.</i> (sing) | <i>Detraction.</i> |
| <i>Yuck.</i> | <i>Time.</i> |
| <i>Daigrit.</i> | <i>Priest of the Sun.</i> |
| <i>Heath.</i> | <i>Filly.</i> |
| <i>Summer.</i> | <i>A Soldier.</i> |
| <i>Pleury.</i> | <i>A Spanyard.</i> |
| <i>Pommes.</i> | <i>An Italian Dancer.</i> |
| <i>Copai.</i> | <i>A French Taylor.</i> |
| <i>Fortune.</i> | <i>A Forrester.</i> |
| <i>Autumn.</i> | <i>Estus.</i> |
| <i>Exhibition.</i> | <i>Maskers.</i> |
| <i>Beauty.</i> | <i>3 Clowns.</i> |




THE
Sun's-Darling.

ACT. I.

AN ALTAR.

Enter the Priest of the Sun.

Raybright discovered sleeping.

Pr.  Et your tunes, you sweet-voic'd spears,
overtake him :
Charm his fancies, ope his ears,
now awake him. begin.

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
of vain pleasure :*

The Sun's-Darling.

*They who by their dreams
true joys measure ;
Feasting, starve ; laughing, weep ;
playing smart, whilst in sleep
fools with shadows smiling,
wake and finde
hopes like winde,
Idle hopes beguiling.
Thoughts flie away, Time hath past 'em
Wake now, awake, see and taste 'em.*

Ray. That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happie as the soul's best wishes
Can fancie or imagine, 'tis a crueltie
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I late inthron'd in, who was't pluck'd mee from it.

Pr. Young man look hither.

Ray. Good ; I envie not
The pomp of your high office : all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness ;
The times are better to me ; there's no taste
Left on the pallate of my discontent
To catch at emptie hopes, whose onely blessedness
Depends on beeing miserable.

Pr. *Raybright :*

Thou drawst thy great descent from my grand patron
the Sun ; whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage ;
Hee who is high-born never mounts yon battlement
Of sparkling stars, unless I bee in spirit
As humble as the childe of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Pr. Hast thou not flow'd in honors ?

Ray. Honors, I'de not bee baited with my fears
Of loosing em, to bee their monstrous creature
An age together, 'tis beside as comfortable
To die upon the embrodrie of the grafs,

Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And breake my neck, to bee talk'd of, and wonder'd
at.

Pr. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine Afs-trappings.

A Pedler's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion.
Can by a crofs-legg'd Tailor be transform'd
Into a Jack a napes of passing bravery :
'Tis a stout happinefs to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool——mew.

Pr. You have had choice

Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkyes and Parakeetoes are as prettie
To play withall, tho not indeed so gentle.
Honestie's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to bee discovered, troath fir
I care for no long travels with lost labor.

Pr. Pleasures of every sence have been your ser-
vants,

When as y've commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruine,

Corrupt the puritie of knowledg, wrest
Desires of better life, to those of these
This scurvie one, this life scarce worth the keeping.

Pr. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections : sway your judgment,
You could not else bee thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of yee.

Ray. The care, the scorn hee throws on mee.

Pr. Fie, fie ;

Have you been sent out into strange lands,
Seen Courts of forreign Kings, by them been grac'd,
To bring home such neglect.

Ray. I have reason for't.

Pr. Pray shew it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Then in my lives whole pilgrimage.

Pr. Your fantasie
Misleads your judgment vainly, fir in brief
I am to tell you, how I have receiv'd
From your Progenitor, my Lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orbe to gratifie
all your wilde longings.

Ray. Very likely, when pray :
The world the whiles shall be beholding to him
For a long night, new married men will curse,
Tho their brides tickle for't, oh ! candle and lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i'th Citie.

Pr. These are but flashes of a brain disordered.
Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds,
Your eies shall bee your witness.

Ray. Hee may come.

*Enter Time with a whip, whipping Follie
before him.*

Tim. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, man-
kindes foil :
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world, why whip ? am I
a dog, a cur, a mungrel : baw waw. Do thy worst, I
desie thee.

Sings. *I will rore and squander,
Cosen, and bee drunk too ;
I will maintein my Pander,
Keep my Hors and Punck too ;
brawl and scuffle,
shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my Potmeals :
Dammes rank with,
do mad pranck with
Roaring boies and oatmeals.*

*Pox a time, I care not,
being pass 'tis nothing :*

*I'll be free and spare not,
sorrows are lives loathing :
melancholy
is but folly,
Mirth and youth are plotters.
Time go hang thee,
I will bang thee,
Though I die in cotters.*

And what think you of this, you old doting moth-eaten bearded rascal ; as I am Follie by the mothers side, and a true-bred Gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex mee : Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on now and then his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a Beadles rod of Correction ; goe mend thy selfe Caniball, 'tis not without need, I am sure the Times were never more beggerly and proud, waiting-women flant it in Cast-suits, and their Ladies fall for em ; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fooles : Pitifull Time ! pitifull Time !

Ty. Out foul, prodigious, and abortive birth ;
Behold the sand glasse of thy dayes is broke.

Fol. Bring me another, I'll shatter that too.

Ty. No ; th'ast mispent thy hours, lavish fool,
like

The circuit of thy life, in ceaselesse riots
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a Court as the Sunnes Majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beames.

Fol. In any Court, father bald-pate, where my granam the Moon shews her hornes, except the Con-fistory Court, and there she need not appeare ; Cuck-olds Carry such sharp Stelettoes in their fore-heads, I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, mauger thy scurvie and abhominable beard.

Ty. Priest of the Sunne 'tis neere about the minute,
thy Patron will descend, scourge hence this trifle ;

Time is ne're lost, till in the common Schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilfull fooles. *Exit.*

Fol. Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand, but the others long enough a Conscience to be honest Condition'd, pox on him; it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time whipper.

Pre. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. I, I, a may give a charge, a has been a petty Court-holder ever since he was a minute old, he took you for a fore-man of a Jurie.

Ray. Pray sir, what are you?

Fol. Noe matter what, what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates,
I am grand child to the Sun.

Fol. And I am Cofen german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir of what quality?

Fol. Quality; any quality in fashion: Drinkeing, Whoring, Singing, Dancing, Dicing, Swearing, Roring, Foisting, Lying, Cogging, Canting, & cetera, will you have any more.

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guid it.

Fol. Yes faith; so, so, I laugh not at those whome I feare, I fear not those whom I love, and I love not any whom I laugh not at, pretty strange humor, is't not?

Ray. To any one who knowes you not, it is.

Pre. You must a void.

Enter Recorders.

Fol. Away away, I have no such meaning indeed—
la.

Pre. Hark the faire hour is com, draw to the
Alter,

And with amazement, reverence, and comfort
Behold the broad ey'd lamp of heaven descending,—

Stand——

The Sunne above.

Fol. Oh brave !

Pre. Stand.

SONG.

*Glorious and bright, loe here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures, be pleased then
To shower thy comforts downe, that men
May freely taste in lifes extreame
The influence of thy powerfull dreams.*

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly runne,
Till thou acknowledge me thy funne.
Oh theres no joy even from the wombe,
Of frailty : till we be called home.

Fol. Now am I an arrant rascall, and cannot speak
one word for my selfe, if I were hang'd.

Sun. Ray-bright.

Pre. It calles yee, answer.

Ray. Lord and Father.

Sun. We know thy cares, appear to give release,
Boldly make thy demands, for we wil please
To grant what ere thou faist for.

Ray. Fair beam'd sir ;
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternitie of earths delights,
Before that dutie which invites
My filial pietie, in this
Your love shall perfect my hearts blifs ;
If I, but for one onely year,
Enjoy the severall pleasures here,
With every season in his kinde,
Can blefs a mortal with.

Sun. I finde
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou master'st thy desire, and shall not want it ;
To the spring garden let him bee convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid :

All the varieties the Spring can shew,
Be subject to his will.

Pro. Lights Lord, wee go.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love wi~~th~~
such fopperies. *Ex*~~it~~.

Sun. We must descend, and leav a while ou~~r~~
sphere

To greet the world——ha, there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beames that shine,
As if their friendly lights would darken mine :
No let em shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favors, when our warmth decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in Summer flourish
By their fair quickning dews of noble loves :
Oh may you all like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fixt in firmaments of blest contents :
Mean while recreations wee present,
Shall strive to please ; I have the foremost tract ;
Each season else begins and ends an Act. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, and Delight.*

Spr. **W**Elcom the mother of the year, the
Spring ;
That mother on whose back age ne're can sit.
For age still waits upon her that Spring the Nurse ;

Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton.
Phyfitian to the sick, strength to the found ;
By whom all things above, and under-ground
Are quickned with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigor,
That Spring on thy fair cheeks, in kisses laies
Ten thousand welcoms, free as are those raies
From vvhich thy name thou borrowest : glorious
name !

Raybright, as bright in person as in fame.

Ray. Your eies amaz'd mee first, but now mine
ears

Feel your tongues charms, in you move all the
sphears.

Oh Ladie ! would the Sun, which gave mee life,
Had never sent me to you.

Spr. Why ! all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were com back,
And with his frozen beard have numm'd my lips
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about mee
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I in your sphear seem a star more divine
Than in my Fathers Chariot ; should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Sp. Oh that sweet breath revives mee ! if thou
never
Part'st hence (as part thou shalt not) bee happie ever.

Ray. I know I shall.

Spr. Thou to buy, whose state !
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

You. Madam I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather then, and when
Their colours fade, brave shall spring agen.

Spr. Thou (without whom they that have hills of
gold
Are slaves and wretches) Health that canst nor be
fold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Springs paramour.

Hea. One of my hands is writing still in heaven,
(For that's Healths librarie) t'other on the earth
Is Physicks treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortalitie sure falls from me.

Spr. Thou to whose tunes

The five nice Sences dance; thou that dost spin
Those golden threds all women love to winde,
And but for whom, man would cut off man-
kinde.

Delight not base, but noble, touch thy Lire,
And fill my Court with brightest Delphick fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd Musicians, in the air;
Clouds leav your dancing, no windes stir but fair.

Hea. Leav blustering March —

SONG.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail,
'Tis Philomel the Nightingale;
Fugg, Fugg, Fugg, Terue she cries,
And hating earth, to heauen she flies——Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.
Brave prick-song; who is't now we hear!
'Tis the larks silver leer a leer:
Chirrup the Sparrow flies away;
For hee fell too't ere break of day.
Ha, ha, hark, hark, the Cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcom in the Spring.*

Spr. How does my sun-born sweet-heart like his
queen;
Her court, her train.

Ray. Wondrous, such ne're were seen.

Hea. Fresher and fresher pastimes, one delight
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

The Sun's-Darling. 305

Del. Mufick take Ecchoes voice, and dance quick rounds

To thine owne times in repercussive founds. *Exit.*

Eccho of Cornets.

Spr. Enough! I will not weary thee, pleasures change.

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiack range.—

Enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd
Like lovers of your Laws, beg to bee grac'd
Before your Highness, to present their sport.

Spr. What is't?

Del. A Morris.

Spr. Give them our Court :

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear,
Take thou my lightning, none but Laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting; whom thou wilt confound
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice fit crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on sweets.
Sound sleeps do not still lie in Princes sheets.

Spr. Becken the Rurals in, the Country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason, shouldst thou be stoin away.
By great ones, thats my fear.

Ray. Fear it not Lady;
Should all the worlds black forceries bee laid
To blow mee hence, I move not.

Spr. I am made *Morris*
In that word the earths Emprefs——
Are not these sports too rustick?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spr. My youngest girle, the violet-breathing *May*,
Being told by *Flora* that my love dwelt here,
Is com to do you service, will you please
To honor her arrivall.

Ray. I shall attend.

Spr. On then, and bid my rose-finger'd *May*
Morris

Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strow his way.

Exit.

Ray. An Emprefs, saist thou, safn in love with me.

Fol. Shee's a great woman, and all great women wish to be Empresses ; her name, the Ladie *Humor*.

Ray. Strange name, I never saw her, knew her not :

What kinde of creature is shee ?

Fol. Creature ! of a skin soft as Pomatum, sleek as Jellie, white as blanch'd Almonds ; no Mercers wife ever handled yard with a prettier breath ; sweet as a Monkies ; lips of cherries, teeth of pearle, eies of diamond, foot and leg as —

Ray. And what's thy name ?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it, my name is Folly.

Ray. Humor and Folly ; to my listning ear
Thy Ladies praises often have been sung,
The trumpet sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. Shee's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This Ladie, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green sickness thing, I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter of Attorney, sent by my Ladie as a spie to you : *Spring* a hot Ladie, a few fields and gardens las, can you feed upon fallets and tanzies, eat like an Ass upon grasse every day at my Ladies, coms to you now a Goose, now a Woodcock, nothing but fowl ; fowl pies, platters all cover'd with foul, and is not fowl very good fare ?

Ray. Yea marry is't fir, the fowl being kept clean.

My admiration wastes it self in longings

To see this rare piece, I'll see her ; what are Kings,
were not their

Pleasures varied ; shall not mine then ? should day
Last ever, 'twould bee loath'd as night.

Change is the sawce that sharpens appetite ;
The way, I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windie and narrow ; for look you,
I do but winde this Cornet, and if another anſwer it,
ſhe coms.

Ray. Be quick then——

Cornets.

*Enter Humor, a Souldier, a Spaniard, an Italian
Dance, a French Tailor.*

Hum. Is this that flower the *Spring* ſo dotes
upon ?

Fol. This is that hony-fuckle, ſhe ſticks in her
ruffe.

Hum. A bedfellow for a Fairie.

Ray. Admir'd perfection !

You ſet my praifes to ſo high a tune,
My merits cannot reach em.

Hum. My heart-ſtrings ſhall then,
As mine eie gives that ſentence on thy perſon ;
And never was mine eie a corrupt Judg,
That Judg to ſave thee would condemn a world,
And loſe mankind to gain thee ; 'tis not the *Spring*,
With all her gawdy arbors, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incenſe to the Sun,
For ſhooting glames at her, and for ſending
Whole quires of fingers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiſſe.

Ray. The roſe-lipp'd dawning
Is not ſo melting, ſo delicious.
Turne mee into a bird that I may ſit
Still ſinging in ſuch boughs.

Fol. What bird ?

Sol. A Ring-tayl.

Hu. Thou ſhalt be turn'd to nothing but to
mine,

My Mine of pleaſures which no hand ſhall riſe
But this, which in warm Neſtar bathes the palm :
Invent ſom other tyres ; muſick ; ſlay ; none

Fol. Hoy-day.

Hu. New gowns, fresh fashions, I am not brave enough

To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the Moon

Riding at midnight in her cristal Chariot,
With all her Courtiers in their robes of stars
Is half so glorious.

Hu. This feather was a bird of Paradise,
Shall it bee yours.

Ray. No Kingdome buies it from mee.

Fol. Being in fools paradise he must not lose his
bawble.

Ray. I am wrapt.

Fol. In your mothers smock.

Ra. I am wrapt above mans being, in being
spher'd

In fuch a globe of rarities, but say Ladie
What these are that attend you.

Hu. All my attendants

Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Follie is sworn to him already, never to leave
him.

Ray. Hee.

Fol. A French Gentleman that trays a Spanish
pike. A Tailor.

Tay. Wee Mounseieur, hey nimble upon de crosse
caper, me take a de measure of de body from de top
a de noddle to de heel and great toe, oh stife de fine:
dis collar is cut out in anger scurve, oh dis beeshes
pincha de bum, me put one French yard into de toder
hose.

Fol. No French yards, they want a yard at least.

Ray. Shall I bee brave then?

Hu. Golden as the sun.

Ra. What's hee that looks so smickly?

Fol. A Flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping, one
that loves mutton so well, he alwaies carries capers
about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve
him to no other use then to do tricks, as if he had

bought em of a Jugler, hee's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signior Lavolta (Messer mio) me tefha all de bella Corantoes, galliardaes, piamettaes, capeorettaes, amorettaes dolche dolche to declamante do bona robaes de Tufcana.

Ray. I ne're shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you powr quick-silver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now ?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Spa. A Confecianador, which in your tongue is, a Comfit-maker, of *Toledo*, I can teach fugar to slip down your throat a million of waies.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all, oh *Toledo* !

Spa. In Confervs, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, Bergamotu, aranxues muria, Iymons, berengenas of *Toledo*, oriones, potataes of *Malaga*, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions, a Spaniard can multiply.

Spa. I am your fervidor.

Ray. My pallate pleas'd to, what's this last ?

Sol. I am a Gun that can rore, two fletettoes in one sheath, I can fight and bounce too, my Ladie by mee, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable Mistresse.

Hu. Put them on.

Sol. I'll drill you how to giue the lie, and stab in the punto, if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How: dare not fight ! there's in me the Suns fire.

Hu. No more of this, dances awake the musick.

○ yes ! Musick !

Ray. No more of this, this sword arms me for battel.

Hu. Com then, let thou and I rise up in arms,

The field embraces, kisses our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a Tailor, yet stand still : strike
up. *Dance.*

Enter *Spring, Health, Youth, Delight.*

Spr. Oh ! thou enticing strumpet, how durst thou
Throw thy voluptuous spells about a Temple
That's consecrate to me.

Hu. Poor *Spring*, goodie herb-wife ;
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel
I ha bought for mine own wearing.

Spr. Bought ! art thou fold then ?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts, she buyes me with her
graces.

Heal. Graces ! A Witch.

Spr. What can she give thee.

Ray. All things.

Spr. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea too.

Fol. And shew him a hobbie-horse in my likeness.

Spr. My *Raybright*, hear me ; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowrie can you bring me ?

Spr. Dowrie ! ha ! is't com to this ? am I held
poor and base ?

A girdle make, whose buckles stretch'd toth' length
Shall reach from th'artick to th'antartick pole :
What ground soever thou canst with that inclose
I'll give thee freely, not a Lark that calls
The morning up, shall build on any turf
But shee shall be thy tenant, call thee Lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song ?

Hu. Live with mee still, and all the measures
Plaid to by the spheres, I'll teach thee ;
Let's but thus dallie, all the pleasures
The Moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest !

Fol. Here's a Lady.

Spr. Is't come to who gives most ?
The self same Bay tree into which was turn'd :
Pencian Daphne, I have still kept green ;
That tree shall now be thine, about it sit
All the old poets with fresh Lawrel Crownd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity ;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet Cantoes of thy love, and mine to sing :
And invoke none but thee as *Delian King*.

Ray. Live by singing ballets !

Fol. Oh ! base, turn poet, I would not be one
my self.

Hu. Dwell in mine armes, aloft wee'l hover,
And see fields of armies fighting :
Oh ! part not from mee, I will discover
There, all but books of fances writing ;

Del. Not far off stands the *Hipocrenian* well,
Whither i'll leade thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear :
And with full bowles of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drowne your muse.

Fol. I, I, or they'l drown themselves in Sack &
Claret.

Hu. Do not regard their toys,
Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a dying ;
Call me their Empreffe ; time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh ! my all excellence.

Sp. Speake thou for me ; I am fainting.

Heal. Leave her, take this and travel, tell the
world

I'll bring thee in to all the Courts of Kings ;
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;
Kisse Ladies, revell out the nights in dancing :
The day in manly pastimes ; snatch from time
His glasse, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg them, riot it, go brave ;
Spend halfe a world, my Queen shall beare thee out :

Yet all this while, tho' thou climb hills of yeares,
 Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
 Nor any sickness strike thee ; Youth and Health,
 As slaves, shall lacke by thy Chariot wheels ;
 And who, for two such Jewelles, would not sell
 The *East*, and *West Indies* ; both are thine, to
 that——

Ray. What !

Fol. All lies gallap o're the world, and not grow
 old, nor be sick ; a lie ; one gallant went but into
France last day, & was never his own man since,
 another slept but into the low Countries, and was
 drunk dead under the table, another did but peep
 into *England*, and it cost him more in good morrows
 blowne up to him under his window, by Drums and
 Trumpets, then his whole voiage, besides he run mad
 upon't.

Hu. Here's my last farewel, ride along with me ;
 I'll raise by art, out of base earth, a pallace ;
 Whither thy selfe, waving a Chrystal stream,
 Shall call together the most glorious spirits
 Of all the Kings that have been in the world ;
 And they shall come onely to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare !

Hu. At one end of this pallace shall be heard
 That Musique which gives motion to the Heaven ;
 And in the midle *Orpheus* shall sit and weep,
 For sorrow that his Lute had not the charmes
 To bring his faire *Euredice* from hell ;
 Then at an other end——

Ray. I'll hear no more ;
 This ends your strife, you onely I adore.

Sp. Oh ! I am sick at heart ; unthankfull man
 'Tis thou hast wounded mee, farewel. *She is led in.*

Ray. Farewell ?

Fol. Health, recover her ; firrah Youth, look to
 her.

Hea. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the
 spring

The Sun's-Darling.

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May fly in Summer, but with sickly wing. *Exit.*

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, Doctor.

Hu. The Spring will Dye sure.

Ray. Let her?

Hu. If she does, Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,

And he shall write her Epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning

See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need, this is your Folly.

Hu. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly,

Hee's one of our fellows.

Hu. In triumph now I lead thee; no, be thou *Cesar,*

And lead me.

Ray. Neither; wee'll ride with equall state

Both in one Chariot, since we have equall fate.

Hu. Each do his office to this man your Lord;

For tho Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him,

This Ivory gated pallace shall receive him. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Raybright Melancholy.*

Ray. O H my deer love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee;
Thou hadst a body the four elements

Dwelt never in a fairer ; a minde princely :
 Thy language like thy fingers, Musical.
 How coole wert thou in anger, in thy dyet
 How temperate, and yet sumptuous ; thou wouldst not
 waste
 The waight of a sad violet in exceffe ;
 yet still thy board had dishes numberlesse.
 Dumbe beasts even lov'd thee ; once a young Lark
 Sate on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
 Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies——

Enter *Follie*.

Fol. I ha don my Lord : my Muse has pump'
 hard for an Epitaph upon the late departed *Spring*
 and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read ; so I will, please you to reach mee your
 high ears.

*Here li'd's the blith Spring,
 Who first taught birds to sing ;
 Yet in April herself fell a crying :
 Then May growing hot
 A sweating sicknefs shee got,
 And the first of June lay a dying.
 Yet no month can say
 But her merry daughter May
 Stuck her Coffin with flowers great plenty,
 The Cuckow sung in verse
 An Epitaph o're her herse,
 But assure you the lines were not dainty.*

Ray. No more are thine, thou Ideot ; hast thou
 none
 To poison with thy nastie iggs but mine,
 My matchles frame of nature, Creations wonder,
 Out of my sight.

Fol. I am not in't, if I were, you'd see but scurvily

you finde fault as Patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes ball'd one, beastly base one, blockish away ;

Vex me not fool, turn out a doors your rorer,
French Tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper ; then fir, your self.

Fol. My self ! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strapado me, hang me, I'll not stir ; poor Follie, honest Follie, jocundary Follie forsake your Lordship ; no true Gentleman hates me, and how many women are given daily to me (if I would take em) some not far off know ; Tailor gon, Spanish figg gon, all gon but I——

Enter Humor.

Hu. My waiters coited off by you, you flea them ;
Whence com these thunder-bolts, what furies haunt you ?

Ray. You.

Fol. Shee !

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, and melancholy ;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that delight my Spring bestow'd upon me :
But for you two, I should be wondrous good ;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn !
From the embracements of the noblest creature.

Hu. Your *Spring*.

Ray. Yes she, even she, onely the *Spring* :
One morning spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world :
She was unhappie never, but in two fons,

March a rude roring fool.

Fol. And *April* a whining puppie.

Hu. But *May* was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed *May* was a sweet creature, and yet a great raifer of May-poles.

Hu. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises, that art a common creature.

Hu. Common!

Ray. Yes, common: I cannot passe through any Princes Court,

Through any Countrie, Camp, Town, Citie, Village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humor.

Fol. A Vintner spoke those very words last night, to a company of roring boies, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hu. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie, bee judg by this your squire else.

Fol. Squire! worshipful M^r Follie.

Ray. The Courtier has his Humor, has he not Follie?

Fol. Yes marry has he, follie; the Courtier's humor is to bee braue, and not pay for't; to bee proud, and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave Ladies have their humors.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave Lords.

Ray. Your Citizens have brave humors.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humors.

Hu. Yet don.

Fol. Humor Madam, if all are your bastards that are given to humor you, you have a companie of as arrant rascals to your children, as ever went toth, gallows; a Collier being drunk jossell'd a Knight into the kennel, and cry'd 'twas his humor; the Knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humor.

Ray. And yet you are not common.

Hu. No matter what I am:

Raile, curse, be frantick, get you to the tomb
Of your rare Mistresse; dig up your dead *Spring*
And lie with her, kisse her; me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay : must I lose all comfort, dearest stay ;
There's such a deal of magick in those eies,
I'me charm'd to kisse these onely.

Fol. Are you so ? kisse on, I'll be kifs'd som
where I warrant.

Ray. I will not leav my Follie for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee my love, for worlds pil'd upon
worlds.

Hu. If ever for the Spring you do but figh, I take
my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horse,—Will you be merry
than, and jawfand.

Ray. As merry as the Cuckows of the spring.

Fol. Again.

Ray. How Ladie, lies the way ?

Hu. I'll be your convoy,
And bring you to the Court of the Suns queen,
(Summer a glorious and majestick creature)
Her face out-shining the poor Springs, as far
As a sun-beam doe's a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'de move in, attend us
Follie.

Ext.

Enter Raybright and Humor.

Ray. I muse, my nimble Follie staies so long.

Hu. Hee's quick enough of foot, and counts, (I
swear)

That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His companie is musick, next to yours ;
Both of you are a Confort ; and I, your tunes
Lull me asleep, and when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams :
But how far must we travel, is it our motion
Puts us in this heat ; or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth.

Hu. This shews, her Court

Is not far off, you covet so to see :
 Her subjects seldom kindle needleffe fires,
 The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings.

Hu. Magnificent and curious ; every noon
 The horses of the day bait there ; whilst he
 (Who in a golden Chariot makes them gallop
 In twelve hours o're the world) alights a while,
 To give a love-kisse to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine fights there ?

Hu. Oh !

Ray. And hear more ravishing musick ?

Hu. All the quiristers
 That learn't to sing i'th Temple of the Spring ;
 But her attain such cunning, that when the windes
 Rore and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
 Dance o're our head, their voices have such charms,
 They'l all stand still to listen——

Ray. Excellent.

Enter Follie.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of *Asia*, and
 drop like a Cob-nut out of *Africa*——

Enter a Forrester.

For. Back : whither go you ?
 Oyes ! this way.

For. None must passe :
 Here's kept no open Court ; our Queen this day
 Rides forth a hunting, and the air being hot,
 She will not have rude throngs to stifle her——back.
Exit.

Enter Summer and Delight.

Sum. And did break her heart then.

Del. Yes with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my deer mother nurse the
Spring,

I'll breake his heart for't : had she not a face,
Too tempting for a *Fove*.

Del. The graces fate,
On her faire eye-lids ever, but his youth
Lusting for change, so doted on a Lady,
Phantaſtick, and yet fair ; a peece of wonder :
They call her *Humor* ; and her parasite *Folly*,
He caſt the ſweet *Spring* off, and turn'd us from him ;
Yet his ceſtial kinsman, for young *Raybright*
Is the *Suns* darling : knowing his journeying hither
To ſee thy glorious Court, ſends mee before
To attend on you, and ſpend all my hours
In care for him——

Enter *Sun.* *Recorders.*

Sum. Obay your charge—oh thou builder,
Of me thy hand maid ! Landlord of my life,
Life of my love, throne where my glories ſit ;
I ride in tryumph on a ſilver clowd ;
Now I but ſee thee.

Sun. Riſe ; is *Raybright* come yet.

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And laſh thou thy treaſure——

Enter *Plenty.*

Plen. Our princely Coſen *Raybright*,
Your darling, and the worlds delight, is come.

Sun. Who with them.

Plc. A goddeſſe in a woman, attended
By a prating ſawcie fellow, called *Follie*.

Sun. They'l confound him, but he ſhall run,
Go and receive him.

Sum. Your ſparkling eyes, and his arivall, drawes
Heapes of admirers earth it ſelf will ſweat

To bear our weights; vouchsafe, bright power, to
borrow

Winds not too rough from *Æolus*, to fan
Our glowing faces.

Sun. I will: ho *Æolus*;
Unlock the jayle, and lend a winde or two,
To fan my girle the Summer.

Æo. I will.

Sun. No rorers.

Æo. No.

Sun. Quickly.

Hoboyes.

Æo. Fly you slaves, *Summer* sweats; cool her.
The Sun takes his feat above.

Enter *Summer, Raybright, Humor, Plenty, Folly,*
Country-fellows and Wenches.

SONG.

Hay-makers, Rakers, Reapers and Mowers,
Waite on your Summer-Queen,
Dresse up with Musk-rose her Egline bowers,
Daffadills strew the greene,
Sing dance and play
'Tis Holy day.

the Sun does bravely shine
on our ears of corn.

Rich as a pearle
coms every girle,
this is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be born.

Bow to the Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
com to behold our sports,
Each bonny lasse here is counted a rare one,
as those in Princes Courts.

these and wee
with Countrie glee
will teach the woods to resound,
and the hills with echo's hollow:

*skipping lambs
their bleating dams
'mongst kids shall trip it round,
for joy thus our wenches we follow.*

*Winde, jollie Hunts-men, your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.*

*Horses, amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chase;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies,
how the proud bird flies,
and fowcing kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.—*

The Sun by degrees is cloudwed.

Sum. Leav off, the Sun is angry, & has drawn
A cloud before his face.

Hu. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and dy'd; think what I told you,
His coyne will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot—fair Prince!
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear:
Till now I never saw you, nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha Ladie!

Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
raies

You boast your great name, for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.

Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother, Plenty will never
Hold you byth' hand again.

Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasure
As deep as I my self: *Plenty* shall wait
•Still at your elbow, all my sports are yours,

Attendants yours, my state and glorie's yours ;
 But these shall be as sun-beams from a glasse
 Reflected on you, not to give you heat
 To dote on a smooth face, my spirit's too great. *Exit.*

Ray. Divinest ! *Florish.*

Hu. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll goe after, for I must and will have a
 fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne're was scorn'd till now.

Hu. This is that *Alteza*,
 That Rhodian wonder, gaz'd at by the Sun :
 I fear'd thine eies should have beheld a face,
 The Moon has not a clearer, this ! a dowdie.

Fol. An Ouzle, this a queen-apple ; or a crab she
 gave you.

Hu. She bid's you share her treasure, but who
 keeps it.

Fol. She point's to trees great with childe with
 fruit, but when delivered grapes hang in ropes, but no
 drawing, not a drop of wine : whole ears of corn lay
 their ears together for bread, but the divel a bit I can
 touch.

Hu. Be rul'd by me once more, leave her.

Ray. In scorn, as he doe's me.

Fol. Scorn ! If I be not deceived, I ha seen
 Summer go up and down with hot Codlings ; and that
 little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying fix bunches
 of Raddish for a peny.

Hu. Thou shalt have nobler welcoms, for I'll
 bring thee
 To a brave and bounteous house-keeper, free
 Autumne.

Fol. Oh ! there's a lad—— let's go then.

Plen. Where's this Prince, my mother ; for the
 Indies

Must not have you part——

Ra. Must not ?

Sum. No ; must not.

I did but chide thee like a whistling winde

Playing with leavie dancers : when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied ; I doat upon thee.
Unlock my garden of th' Hesperides,
By draggons kept (the Apples beeing pure gold)
Take all that fruit, 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother, I'll give thee corn
enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn ;
What land soe're, the worlds surveyor, the Sun
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine :
All kingdoms I have right to, I am free
Of every Countrie ; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an Emperor :
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serv me,
All birds to sing to me, and can you catch me
With a tempting golden Apple.

Plen. Shee's too good for thee ;
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, onely to kisse those eies,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of light, she shone more bright then e're before :
At which he vow'd, when ever shee did die,
Hee'd snatch them up, and in his sisters sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up away.

Hu. Away, and leav this Gipsie.

Sum. Oh ! I am lost.

Ray. Love scorn'd, of no triumph more then love
can boast.

Exit.

Plen. This strump will confound him. *Recorders.*

Sum. Shee has me deluded——

Enter Sun.

Sun. Is Raybright gon.

Sum. Yes, and his spightful eies
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I, thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy daies, his followers gon.

Cupid and *Fortune* take you charge of him.
 Here thou, my brightest Queen, must end thy reign,
 Som nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter *Pomona*, *Raybright*, *Cupid* and *Fortune*.

Ray. YOur entertainment, Autumns bounteous
 queen,
 Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
 As the full growth of an abundant year
 Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
 Of gratitude to our dread Lord the Sun,
 From whom thou draw'st thy name; the feast of
 fruits

Our gardens yield, are much too coarse for thee;
 Could we contract the choice of natures plenty
 Into one form, and that form to contain
 All delicacies, which the wanton sense
 Would relish: or desire to invent to please it,
 The present were unworthy far to purchase
 A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
 In surfeits of the ear, with various musick
 Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
 And every flower with which the fresh-trim'd earth

Is mantled in : the Spring could mock my fences
 With these fine barren lullabies, the Summer
 Invited my then ranging eies to look on
 Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
 Of waterish pettie dainties, but my taste
 Is onely here pleas'd, 't'other objects claim
 The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes, whom the
 creatures

Of every age and qualitie posits, madding
 From land to land, and sea to sea to meet,
 Shall wait upon thy nod, *Fortune* and *Cupid*,
 Love yield thy quiver, and thine arrows up
 To this great Prince of Time, before him *Fortune*,
 Powr out thy mint of treasures, crown him fove-
 reign

Of what his thoughts can glorie to command :
 He shall give payment of a roial prize
 To *Fortune*, Judgment, and to Cupids eies.

Fort. Be a Merchant, I will freight thee
 With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. Bee a lover, I will wait thee
 With successe in life most sought for.

For. Be enamored on bright honor,
 And thy greatnesse shall shine glorious.

Cup. Chastitie, if thou smile on her,
 Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

Fort. Be a warrior, conquest ever
 Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. Be a Courtier, beauty never
 Shall but with her duty crown thee.

Fort. Fortunes wheel is thine, depose me,
 I'me thy slave, thy power hath bound me.

Cup. Cupids shafts are thine, dispose me,
 Love loves love, thy graces wound me.

Fort. Cup. Live, reign, pitie is fames jewel ;
 We obey, oh ! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay

A bountie of more soveraigntie and amazement,
Then the Atlas of mortalitie can support——

Enter *Humor* and *Follie*.

Hu. Whats here.

Fol. Nay pray observe.

Ray. Be my hearts Empresse, build your kingdom there.

Hu. With what an earnestnesse he complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn *Coftermonger*, and is projecting how to forestall the market ; I shall crie Pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now, my longings were ne're satisfied,
And the desires my sensuall appetite
Were onely fed with barren expectations,
To what I now am fill'd with.

Fol. Yes we are fill'd and must be emptied, these wind fruits have distended my guts into a Lenten pudding, theres no fat in them, my belly swells, but my sides fall away, a month of such diet would make me a living Anatomie.

Po. These are too little, more are due to him,
That is the patterne of his fathers glorie ;
Dwell but amongst us, industrie shall strive,
To make another artificiall nature ;
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hu. Shall my heart breake, I can containe no longer.

Ray. How fares my lov'd *Humor* ?

Hu. A little stirr'd, no matter, i'll be merry :
Call for some Musick, do not ; i'll be melancholly.

Fol. A fullen humor, and common, in a dicer that has lost all his money.

Po. Lady ! I hope 'tis no neglect of Courtesie
In us, that so disturbs you, if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause,
It shall be soone removed.

Hu. Oh ! my heart, helpe to unlace my gowne.

Fol. And unlace your peticoate.

Hu. Sawcie, how now ! 'tis well you have some sweet heart, some new fresh sweet heart ; i'me a goodly foole to be thus plaied on, stall'd, and foyl'd.

Po. Why Madam ?

We can be courteous without flaine of honor ;

'Tis not the raging of a lustfull blood

That we desire to tame with satisfaction :

Nor hath his masculine graces in our brest

Kindled a wanton fire, our bounty gives him

A welcome free, but chaste and honorable.

Hu. Nay 'tis all one, I have a tender heart,
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humor in fashion with gallants, and brought
out of the low Countries.

Hu. Fie ! there's no musick in thee, let us sing.

Fol. Here's humor in the right trim, a few more
such toies would make the little world of man runne
mad, as the *Puritan* that sold his conscience for a
May pole——

Florisht : showte.

Ray. The meaning of this mirth.

Po. My Lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend, to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours——

Enter Autumne & Bacchanalian, Humor & Follie.

Pom. My dearest Lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have with all observance,
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Au. The Sun-born *Raybright*, minion of my love,
Let us be twins in heart, thy grandfires beames
Shine graciously upon our fruits, and vines :
I am his vassail-servant, tributarie :
And for his sake, the kingdomes I possesse,
I will divide with thee, thou shalt command
The *Lidian Tmolus*, and *Campanian* mounts,
To nodd their grape-crownd heads into thy bowles,

Expressing their rich juice : a hundred graines
 Both from the *Beltick* and *Sicilian fields*,
 Shall be Congested for thy sacrifice
 In *Ceres* fane, *Tiber* shall pay thee Apples,
 And *Sicyon Olives*, all the Choicest fruits,
 Thy Fathers heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
 Of your respected favours, and that honor
 Shall equall my ambition.

Au. My *Pomona*,
 Speed to prepare a banquet of novelties ;
 This is a day of rest, and we the whiles,
 Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
 With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey :
 Will't please you Madam, a retirement
 From these extreames in men, more tollerable,
 Will better fit our modesties.

Hu. I'll drink, and be a *Bacchanalian* ; no, I will
 not ;
 Enter, i'll follow ; stay, i'll go before.

Po. Ee'ne what humor pleaseth. *Exit. Florishes.*

Au. *Raybright*, a health to *Phæbus*——*Drinks.*
 These are the Peans which we sing to him,
 And ye wear no baies, our cups are onely
 Crowned with *Lycus* blood, to him a health——
Drinks.

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Au. Now one other health
 To our grand *Patron*, called, good fellowship ;
 Whose livery, all our people hereabout
 Are call'd in.——
Drinks.

Ray. I am for that too.

Au. 'Tis well, let it go round, and as our custome
 is
 Of recreations of this nature, joyne,
 Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes ;
 Sing *Fos* unto *Baccus*.

Fol. Hey hoes, a god of windes, there's at

least four and twenty of them imprisoned in my belly ; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back door ; and how sweet the Musick of their roing will be, let an *Irishman* judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one ; my Musiques naturall, and came by inheritance ; my father was a *French* Nightingall, and my mother an English wagtaile ; I was born a Cuckow in the *Spring*, and lost my voice in *Summer*, with laying my egges in a sparrowes nest ; but i'll venture for one, fill my dish ; every one take his own, and when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Au. Begin.

Fol. *Cast away care, hee that Loves sorrow,
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to morrow :
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
let him drink merrily, Fortune will send
it.*

Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Oh ho.

*Play it off stiffly, we may not part so : mer-
rily &c.*

*Wine is a Charme, it heates the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too ;
quickens the wit, and makes the back able ;
scornes to submit to the watch or Constable.
Merrily, &c.*

*Pots fly about, give us more Liquor ;
Brothers of a rowl, our braines will flow
quicker ;
emptie the Cask, score up, wee care not,
fill all the Pots again, drink on, and
spare not,
Merrily, &c.*

Now have I more air then ten Musicians, besides there is a whirlwinde in my braines, I could both caper and turn round.

Au. Oh ! a Dance by all meanes,
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir yee nimble, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too, 'twill jogge down the
lees of these rowfes into a freer passage ; but take
heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season ; many
men fall by rising, and many women are raised by
falling——

Dance.

Au. How likes our friend this pastime ?

Ray. Above utterance,
Oh ! how have I in ignorance and dullnesse,
Run through the progresse of so many minutes ;
Accusing him, who was my lifes first author,
Of slacknesse and neglect, whilst I have dream't
The *folly* of my daies in vaine expence,
Of uselesse taste and pleasure ; pray my Lord
Let one health passe about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denison
In your unlimited courtesies.

Au. Devise a roud,
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to *Autumnus* selfe.
And here let time hold still his restless glasse,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth.

Au. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favorite to thy faire progenitor ;
And be mine heire.

Ray. I want words to expresse
my thankfullnesse.

Au. What ere the wanton *Spring*,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to *Autumne*, *Summers* sweats
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The cropp of bread, ripening the fruits for food.
Autumnes garners house them, *Autumnes* jollities
Feeds on them ; I alone in every land
Traffique my usefull merchandize, gold and jewells,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities

Morgag'd and loft, I fit Cheefe moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd *Summer*, and th' extreames
Of *Winters* tedious frost ; nay, in my felfe
I do containe another teaming *Spring* :
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to *Autumne*, if thou then canst hope
T' inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the yeers great emperor.

Au. On now, to new variety of feasts ;
Princely contents are fit for princely guefts. *Exit.*

Ray. My Lord I'll follow ; fure I am not well.

Flourish.

Fol. Surely I am halfe drunk, or monstrolously
mistaken, you mean to stay here belike.

Ray. Whither should I go else ?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill your felfe in your own
defence, I'll not be of your Jurie——

Enter *Humor.*

Hu. You have had precious pleasures, choice of
drunkennesse ; will you be gon ?

Ray. I feele a warr within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater in the years revolution ;
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty (*Summers* daughter) empties daily
Her *cornucopia*, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenties home is alwaies full in the City.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes ;
When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equall measure.

Hu. Ha ! in contemplation.

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-gutts ; this
belly-aking *Autumne* ; this Apple *John Kent*, and
warden of Fruiterers hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distill~~at~~
beames
gilds ripen'd fruit.

Hu. And what fine meditation transports you thus~~==~~
You study some *Encomium*
Upon the beauty of the gardens Queene,
You'd make the palenesse to supply the vacancie
Of *Cynthia's* dark defect.

Fol. Madam! let but a green sicknesse chamber—
maid be throughly steel'd, if she get not a better color—
in one month, I'll bee forfeited to *Autumne* for ever,
and fruite-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hu. Come *Raybright*, whatsoer'e suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakenesse, leave these empty
And hollow founding pleasures, that include
Onely a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into ayre :
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hu. You shall not,
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies; I'll
bring thee
Into the Court of
Winter, there thy food :
Shall not be sicklie fruits, but healthfull broathes,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Porke, Beefe, Mutton, (very sweet Mutton,
veale Venson, Capon, fine fat Capon, partridge, Snite,
plover, larkes, Teale, admirable Teale, my Lord.

Hu. Mistry there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits,
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of forme and colour, 'twill deceive the eye :
Untill the taste be ravished.

Fol. Comfits and Carawaies, Marchpaines and
Marmalades

Suger-plums and Pippin-pies, gingerbread and Walnuts

Hu. Nor is his bounty limited, hee'll not spare
T'exhaust the treasure of a thousand *Indies*.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned, besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell mee wonders !
Be my conductresse, I'll flie this place in secret ;
Three quarters of my time is almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now if I fail, let man's experience read me ;
'Twas Humor, join'd with Follie, did mislead me.

Hu. Leav this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair fall's off, I have heard a
Poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound bodie.

Ray. Com let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumne, and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring ;
An embleme of four Provinces we sway,
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While wee enjoy the blessings of our fate :
And since wee've notice that fom barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'l not desist, wee'l force our way with swords.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter three Clowns.

1. **H** Ear you the news neighbor?
2. Yes, to my grief neighbor; they say our Prince *Raybright* is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of Courtiers; wee'r like to have a fine time on't neighbors.

3. Our Wives and Daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain, tho our barn be emptied, they will be sure to bee with barn for't: Oh! these Courtiers, neighbors, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a Crow with som of em.

1. Faith neighbor let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather then live like beasts.

2. I, like horn-beasts, neighbor; they may talk and call us Rebels, but a figg for that, 'tis not a sart matter; let's be true amongst our felvs, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter Winter.

Wint. What such murmurings does your gall bring forth,
Will you prov't true, no good coms from the North;
Bold sawcie mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire:
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience:

How durst you else with force think to withstand
 Your Princes entrie into this his land ;
 A Prince who is so excellently good,
 His virtue is his honor, more then blood ;
 In whose clear nature, as two Suns, do rise
 The attributes of Merciful, and Wise :
 Whose laws are so impartial, they must
 Be counted heavenly, cause th'are truly just :
 Who does with princely moderation give
 His subjects an example how to live ;
 Teaching their erring natures to direct
 Their wills, to what it ought most to affect :
 That as the Sun does unto all dispence
 Heat, light, nay life from his full influence,
 Yet you wilde fools, possesse with gyant rage,
 Dare, in your lawlesse furie, think to wage,
 War against heaven, and from his shining throne
 Pull *Jove* himself, for you to tread upon ;
 Were your heads circled with his own green Oak,
 Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroak ;
 And he can sink such wretches as rebell,
 From heaven's sublime height, into the depth of hell.

1. The diel a can as soon, we fear no colors, let
 him do his worst ; there's many a tall fellow besides
 us, will die rather then see his living taken from them,
 nay even eat up ; all things are grown so dear, there's
 no enduring more mouths then our own, neighbor.

2. Thou 'rt a wise fellow, neighbor, prate is but
 prate ; they say this Prince too would bring new laws
 upon us, new rights into the Temples of our gods, and
 that's abominable, wee'l all bee hang'd first——

Wint. A most fair pretence,
 To found rebellion upon conscience ;
 Dull stubborn fools, whose perverse judgments still
 Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
 Not by indifferent reason, which to you
 Coms, as in droughs the elemental dew
 Does on the parch'd earth, 'twets, but does not give
 Moisture enough to make the plants to live :

Things void of foul, can you conceive that he,
 Whose every thought's an act of pietie,
 Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
 That ever was compris'd in flesh and blood,
 Cannot direct you in the fittest way
 To serv those powers, to which himself does pay
 True zealous worship, nay's so near ally'd
 To them, himself must needs be deified——

Enter *Follie*.

Fol. Save you Gentlemen ! 'tis very cold, you live
 in frost, y'ave Winter still about you.

2. What are you sir ?

Fol. A Courtier sir ; but you may guesse, a very
 foolish one, to leav the bright beams of my Lord, the
 Prince, to travel hither ; I have an Ague on me, do
 you not see me shake : Well, if our Courtiers, when
 they com hither, have not warm young wenches, good
 wines, and fires to heat their bloods, 'twill freez into
 an Apoplexie ; farewell frost, I'll go seek a fire to
 thaw me, I'me all ice I fear already. *Exit.*

1. Farewel and be hang'd, ere such as these shall
 eat what we have sweat or, wee'l spend our bloods ;
 com neighbors, let's go call our company together, and
 go meet this Prince he talks so of.

3. Som shall have but a sower welcom of it, if my
 Crab-tree cudgel hold here.

Wint. 'Tis, I see,

Not in my power to alter destinie :
 You'r mad in your rebellious mindes, but hear
 What I preface, with understanding clear :
 As your black thoughts are mistie, take from me
 This as a true and certain augurie,
 This Prince shall com, and by his glorious side
 Lawrel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
 Arm'd with the justice that attend's his cause,
 You shall with penitence embrace his laws :
 Hee to the frozen northern clime shall bring

A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his Ray
Night shall bee chang'd into perpetual day.
Plentie and happinesse shall still increase,
As does his light, and Turtle-footed Peace
Dance like a Fairie through his realms, while all
That envie him shall like swift Comets fall,
By their own fire consum'd, and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destinie,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then flie to heaven, and give a new star birth.

Florisht.

*Enter Raybright, Humor, Bountie, Winter and
Delight.*

But see, our star appear's, and from his eie
Flie thousand beams of sparkling majestie.
Bright son of *Phœbus* ! welcom, I begin
To feel the ice fal from my crisled skin ;
For at your beams the Waggoner might thow
His Chariot, axell'd with *Riphean* snow ;
Nay, the slow moving North-star having felt
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious Catives dare disturb
The happie progresse of our glorious peace.
Contemne the Justice of our equall lawes,
Prophane those sacred rights, which stil must bee
Attendant on monarchall dignitie.
I came to frolick with you, and to chear
Your drouping foules by vigor of my beams ;
And have I this strange welcom ! reverend Winter !
I'me come to be your guest ; your bounteous free
Condition does assure, I shall have
A welcom entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir ! I am ignorant
How much expreffion my true zeale will want
To entertain you fitlie, yet my love,
And hartie dutie, shall be farr above
My outward welcome, to that glorious light

Of heaven, the Sunne which chaces hence the night;
 I am so much a vassaile, that I'll strive,
 By honoring you, to keep my faith alive
 To him, brave Prince, tho you, who do inherit
 Your fathers cheerefull heat, and quickning spirit;
 Therefore as I am Winter, worne and spent
 So farre with age, I am Tymes monument;
 Antiquities example, in my zeale,
 I, from my youth, a span of Tyme will steale
 To open the free treasures of my Court,
 And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
 Did admiration beget in me truly
 The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure;
 So royall, so abundant in earth's blessings,
 Should not partake the comfort of those beames,
 With which the Sun beyond extent doth cheere
 The other seasons, yet my pleasures with you,
 From their false charmes, doth get the start as farr
 As heaven's great lamp from every minor flarr.

Boun. Sir! you can speak wel, if your tongue
 deliver
 The message of your heart, without some cuning
 Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
 The lasting riches of your prefence hence,
 Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winters sweet bride,
 All Conquering Bounty, queen of harts, life's glory,
 Natures perfection; whom all love, all serve;
 To whom Fortune, even in extreame's a slave,
 When I fall from my dutie to thy goodnesse,
 Then let me be ranck'd as nothing.

Boun. Come, you flatter mee.
Ray. I flatter you! Why Madam! you are Bounty;
 Sole daughter to the royall throne of peace.

Hu. He minds not mee now.
Ray. Bounties self!
 For you he is no souldier dares not fight,
 No Scholar he, that dares not plead your merites,

Or study your best Sweetneſs, ſhould the Sun,
Eclips'd for many yeares, forbear to ſhine
Upon the boſome of our naked paſtures,
Yet where you are, the glories of your ſmiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm hartleſs miſery,
And cheriſh deſolation. Deed I honor you,
And as all others ought to do, I ſerve you.

Hu. Are theſe the rare fights, theſe the promis'd
Complements.

Win. Attendance on our revells, let delight
Conjoyn the day with ſable-footed night ;
Both ſhall forſake their orbes, and in one ſphere
Meet in ſoft mirth, and harmleſſe pleaſures here ;
While plump *Lycus* ſhall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-Ivie, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and ſhall dame Ceres call
To waite on you, at Winters feſtival :
While gawdy Summer, Autumne, and the Springe,
Shall to my Lord their Choyceſt viands bring.
Wee'l robb the ſea, and from the ſubtill ayre,
Fetch her inhabitant, to ſupply our fare.
That were *Apicius* here, he in one night
Should ſate with dainties his ſtrong appetite.
Begin our revells then, and let all pleaſure
Flow like the Ocean, in a boundleſſe meaſure——

Floriſh.

Enter *Conceit*, and *Detraction*.

Con. Wit and pleaſure ſoft attention,
Grace the ſports of our invention.

De. Conceit peace, for *Detraction*
Hath already drawn a faction,
Shall deride thee.

Con. Antick leave me ;
For in laboring to bereave me
Of a ſcholars praife, thy dotage
Shall be hiſt at.

De. Here's a hot age ;

When such pettie penmen covet
 Fame by folly, on, I'll prove it
 Scurvie by thy part, and trie thee
 By thine owne wit.

Con. I defie thee,
 Here are nobler Judges, wit
 Cannot suffer where they fit.

De. Pri'thee foolish Conceit, leave off thy set-
 speeches, and come to the conceit it selfe in plain lan-
 guages; what goodly thing is't, in the name of
 laughter?

Con. Detraction doe thy worst, Conceit appears,
 In honour of the Sunne, their fellow-friend,
 Before thy censure; know then that the spheres,
 Have for a while resigned their orbes, and lend
 Their seats to the Four Elements, who joyn'd
 With the Four known Complexions, have atton'd
 A noble league, and severally put on
 Materiall bodies; here amongst em none
 Observes a difference; Earth and Ayre alike
 Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
 No glory of preheminance; Phlegm and Blood,
 Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
 In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
 To entertain Time in a courtly measure.

De. Impossible and improper; first to personate
 insensible Creatures, and next to compound quite op-
 posite humors; fie, fie, fie, it's abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly
 scan

Impossibility; what reignes in man
 Without disorder; wisely mixt by nature, *Maskers.*
 To fashion and preserve so high a creature.

De. Sweete sir! when shall our mortall eyes be-
 hold this new peece of wonder;
 We must gaze on the starres for it doubtlesse.

Con. See, thus the clouds flie off, and run in chase,
 When the Sun's bountie lends peculiar grace.

The Maskers discover'd.

De. Fine ifaith ; pretty, and in good earnest ; but firrah scholar ; will they come down too ?

Con. Behold em well, the foremost represents Ayr, the most sportive of the Elements.

De. A nimble rascall, I warrant him some Aldermans son ; wonderous giddy and light-headed ; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and Tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Det. A cholerick gentleman, I should know him, a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him ; he was begot when the sign was in *Taurus*, for he rores like a Bull, But is indeed a Bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Det. A phlegmatick cold piece of stuff, his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table, and one that never drunk strong beer in's life but at festival times, and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a Term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Det. A shrewd plodding-pated fellow, and a great lover of news ; I guesse at the rest, Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire, Phlegme and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholie.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmonie, be it thy task To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.—

SONG. *See the Elements conspire,
Nimble Air doe's court the Earth,
Water doe's commix with Fire,
To give our Princes pleasure birth ;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet,
In one composition meet.
All the seasons of the year,
Winter doe's invoke the Spring,
Summer doe's in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this Holy-day ;*

*In which the Darling of the Sun is com,
To make this place a new Elifium.*

Wint. How do these pleasures please ?

Hu. Pleasures !

Boun. Live here,
And be my Lord's friend, and thy sports shall vary
A thousand waies, invention shall beget
Conceits as curious as the thoughts of change
Can aim at.

Hu. Trifles : progresse o're the year
Again my *Raybright*, therein like the Sun,
As he in heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine, for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulnesse and contempt ;
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely Virgin.

Wint. My roial Lord !
Without offence, be pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure, do not scorn
My age, nor think, cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use, 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge grosse exhalations from the earth ;
My frosts and snows do purifie the air
From choking foggs, makes the skie clear and
fair :

And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charitie ;
And can, my Lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you toth' happie shades of Paradise.

Ray. That wonder ; Oh ! can you bring me
thither ?

Wint. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hu. But where's the guide ?
Quicken thy spirits, *Raybright*, I'll not leav thee,
Wee'l run the self same race again, that happinesse
These lazie, sleeping, tedious winters nights
Becom not noble action.

Ray. To the *Spring*

Recorders.

I am resolv'd——Oh ! what strange light appears ;
The *Sun* is up sure. *The Sun above.*

Sun. Wanton Darling look, and worship with
amazement.

Ray. Yes ! gracious Lord.

Sun. Thy sands are numbred, and thy glasse of
frailtie

Here runs out to the last : here in this mirror
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes ;
The season of the *Spring* dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing *Childhood* with unrelish'd beauties
Of gawdie sights ; the *Summer*, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of *Youth*, and ripens strength
To *Autumns Manhood*, here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicitie in follie ;
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age ;
Yet still a humor of som novel fancie
Untasted, or untry'd, puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of wearinesse and sorrows.
The powers from whom man do's derive his pedigree
Of his creation, with a roial bountie
Give him health, youth, delight for free attendants
To rectifie his carriage : to be thankful
Again to them, Man should casheer his riots,
His bosom whorish sweet-heart, idle Humor ;
His Reasons dangerous seducer, Follie ;
Then shall like four streight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortalitie ;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his bodie,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew.
No sicknesse of contagion, no grim death
Of deprivation of healths real blessings
Shall then affright the creature built by heaven,
Reserv'd to immortalitie, henceforth
In peace go to our Altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatnesse,
But given us leav to govern as wee please

Nature, and her dominion, who from us,
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preservation ; no replies but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him ;
Heavens power above him, his own peace within him.

FINIS

The Witch of Edmonton :

A known true STORY.

Composed into

A TRAGI-COMEDY

By divers well-esteemed Poets ;

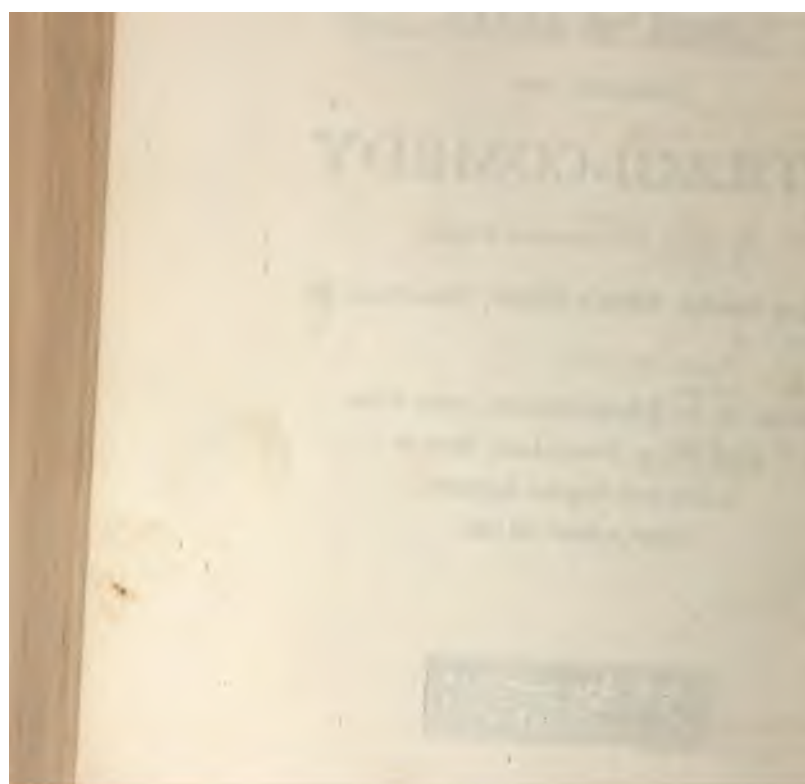
William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the
Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*, once at
Court, with singular Applause.

Never printed till now.



London, *Printed by J. Cottrel, for Edward Blackmore,*
at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard. 1658.



Actors Names.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorney, a Gentleman.
Old Carter, a rich Yeoman.
Old Banks, a Country-man.
W. Mago. } *two Country-men.*
W. Hamtuc. }
Three other Country-men.
Warbeck. } *Suitors to Carter's Daughters.*
Somerton. }
Frank, Thorney's Son.
Young Cuddy Banks, the Clown.
Four Morrice-Dancers.
Old Ratcliffe.
Sawgut, an old Fidler.
Poldavis, a Barbers boy.
Justice.
Constable.
Officers.
Servingmen.
Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Women.

Mother Sawyer, the Witch.
Anne, Ratcliff's Wife.
Susan. } *Carters Daughters.*
Katharine. }
Winnifride, Sir Arthur's Maid.

The whole Argument is this Dyſtick.

F^{re}orc'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood
quires :
Reproach, Revenge ; Revenge, Hells help deſires—



PROLOGUE.

*The Town of Edmonton hath lent the Stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparifons it were uncivil,
Between ſo even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the firſt, and reaſon
Preſumes ſhe may partake the other ſeaſon :
In Aſts deſerving name, the Proverb ſays,
Once good, and euer: Why not ſo in Plays ?
Why not in this ? ſince (Gentlemen) we flatter
No Expectation : here is Mirth and Matter.*

Mr. Bird.



The Witch of Edmonton.

ACT. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Frank Thorney, Winnifride with-child.

Frank. C Ome Wench ; why here's a business
soon dispatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease : thou needst not
Fear what the tattling Gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame : thy childe shall know
Who to call *Dad* now.

Win. You have discharg'd the true part of an
honest man ;

I cannot request a fuller satisfaction
Then you have freely granted : yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever fundred ; now the longest
Of our forbearing eithers company,
Is onely but to gain a little time

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For our continuing thrift, that so hereafter
The Heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggery and want ;
Two Devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters,
Or wronged friends are ; and besides, I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born Heir, shall be assur'd :
That done, why let him know it ; if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You who had
The conquest of my Maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried ?

Frank. Prithee do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy Husband : thou shalt live
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, with thy Uncle *Selman* :
I have acquainted him with all at large :
He'll use thee kindly : thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month !
Is this to have a Husband ?

Frank. Perhaps oftner :

That's as occasion serves.

Win. I, I, in case
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And see you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so : 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the childe I go with, that's your own.
And, 'less you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how.

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought ; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our Marriage,
Shall cause me falsifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, *Winnifride*, whenever
The wanton heat of youth by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what womans Art can practice,
Draw me from onely loving thee ; let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruine.
I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoofeful for us.

Frank. Thus then ; make thyself ready : at the
furthest house
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Uncle
Expects you. For a little time farewell.

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly !

Frank. We shall. One kiss. Away.

Ent. Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney.

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Frank. Here Sir.

Sir Art. Alone! then must I tell thee in plain terms, thou hast wrong'd thy Master's house base and lewdly.

Frank. Your house, Sir?

Sir Art. Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty. You might, Sir, Have found out some more fitting place then here, To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a Maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet? Make her amends and marry her!

Frank. So, Sir,
I might bring both my self and her to beggery;
And that would be a shame worfe then the other.

Sir Art. You should have thought on this before,
and then

Your reason would have overway'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
A Gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the Maid a portion.

Frank. So you promis'd me
Before, in case I married her. I know
Sir *Arthur Clarington* deserves the credit
Report hath lent him; and presume you are
A Debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me
For being somewhat rude.

Sir Art. 'Tis but reason.
Well *Frank*, what thinkest thou of sool.
And a continual friend?

Fra. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right

A wronged Maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Art. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
employ

The use of what you please to give.

Sir Art. Thou shalt have't.

Fran. Then I claim your promise.

We are man and wife.

Sir Art. Already?

Frank. And more then so, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her Uncle's house,
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking.

Sir Art. Honest *Frank*.

Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep
her

Without a daily charge.

Sir Art. As for the money,

'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make
thee

A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions.

Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occasions,
trust my bounty: it shall not sleep. Hast married her,
yfaith *Frank*?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well: then *Winnifride*,
Once more thou art an honest woman. *Frank*,
Thou hast a Jewel. Love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to *Waltham*?

Frank. She is making ready.
Her Uncle stays for her.

Sir Art. Most provident speed.

Frank. I will be a friend, and such a friend.
Thou'lt bring her thither?

Fran. Sir, I cannot: newly

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My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Art. Marry, and do : I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a fuit t'ye.

Sir Art. What is't ?

Any thing, *Frank*, command it.

Frank. That you'll please,
By Letters to assure my Father, that
I am not married.

Sir Art. How ?

Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry *Winnifride* ; on which he threatned
To disinherit me, to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your Letters, which he seeing
Will credit ; and I hope ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be assur'd.

Sir Art. But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage ?

Frank. Why you were not
A witness to it.

Sir Art. I conceive : and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Art. Provided,
I never was made privy to it.

Frank. Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker ?

Sir Art. Draw thy self the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty *Frank* ; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Dispatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually. *Exit.*

Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow ; have I caught the
young man ?

One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At others cost, must be a bold-fac'd guest.

Enter Win. in a riding-suit.

Win. I have heard the news, all now is safe.
The worst is past.

Sir Art. Thy lip, wench : I must bid
Farewel, for fashions fake ; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried :
Ha ! was't not *Win* ?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me ;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laun-
drefs

Given way to your immoderate waste of Vertue,
You had not with such eagerness purfu'd
The error of your goodness.

Sir Art. Dear, dear *Win.*
I hug this Art of thine, it shews how cleanly
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve,
To practice. It becomes thee, now we share
Free scope enough, without controule or fear,
To interchange our pleasures ; we will surfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting ?

Win. What to do ?

Sir Art. Good, good, to con the lesson of our
loves,
Our secret game.

Win. O blush to speak it further !
As y'are a noble Gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous : 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you speak
For trial ; troth you need not.

Sir Art. I for trial ?
Not I, by this good Sun-shine.

Win. Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble,
 To think to what a foul and black intent,
 You use it for an Oath ! Let me resolve you,
 If you appear in any Visitation
 That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
 Done to abused *Thorney*, my kinde husband ;
 If you infect mine ear with any breath
 That is not thoroughly perfum'd with sighs
 For former deeds of lust : May I be curs'd
 Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
 To see or hear you. I will change my life,
 From a loose whore, to a repentant wife.

Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monster now ! art not
 asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last !
 Away, away, fie on't.

Win. My resolution
 Is built upon a Rock. This very day
 Young *Thorney* vow'd with Oaths not to be
 doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel
 The bonds in which we are to either bound,
 Of lasting truth. And shall I then for my part
 Unfile the sacred Oath set on Record
 In Heaven's Book ? *Sir Arthur*, do not study
 To add to your lascivious lust, the sin
 Of Sacrilege : for if you but endeavour
 By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
 You strive as much as in you lies to ruine
 A Temple hallowed to the purity
 Of holy Marriage. I have said enough :
 You may believe me.

Sir Ant. Get you to your Nunnery,
 There freeze in your old Cloyster. This is fine.

Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'l give me
 leave

To weep and pray for your conversion.

Sir Art. Yes, away to *Waltham*. Pox on your
 honesty.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want money yet.

Win. None that I'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint :
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint ! *Exit Win.*

Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honest ! marry hang her. *Thorney* is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too : but fools have fortune. *Exit S. A.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, and Old Carter.

O. Thor. You offer Mr. *Carter*, like a Gentleman,
I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis so fair.

O. Cart. No Gentleman, I, Mr. *Thorney*, spare
the Mastership, call me by my name, *John Carter* ;
Master is a title my Father, nor his before him, were
acquainted with. Honest *Hertfordshire* Yeomen, such
an one am I ; my word and my deed shall be proved
one at all times. I mean to give you no security for
the Marriage-money.

O. Thor. How ! no security ! although it need
not, so long as you live ; yet who is he has surety of
his life one hour ! *Men*, the Proverb says, *are mortal* :
else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum
double.

O. Cart. Double, trebble, more or less ; I tell you,
Mr. *Thorney*, I'll give no security. Bonds and Bills
are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves
bushy ; my security shall be present payment. And we
here, about *Edmonton*, hold present payment as sure
as an Alderman's Bond in *London*, Mr. *Thorney*.

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O. *Thor.* I cry you mercy, Sir, I understood you not.

O. *Cart.* I like young *Frank* well, so does my *Susan* too. The Girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my Purse. There be other Suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If *Frank* love *Sue*, *Sue* shall have none but *Frank*. 'Tis a mannerly Girl, Mr. *Thorney*, though but an homely man's Daughter. There have worse Faces look'd out of black Bags, Man.

O. *Thor.* You speak your minde freely and honestly. I marvel my Son comes not: I am sure he will be here sometime to day.

O. *Cart.* To day or to morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to Bread, Beer and Beef, Yoeman's fare; we have no Kickshaws: full Dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender City-Suppers, you might fend me to Barber-Surgeons Hall the fourth day, to hang up for an Anatomy——Here come they that——
How now Girls? every day play-day with you?

Enter Warbeck with Susan, Somerton with Katherine.

Valentine's day too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our Graves, Mr. *Thorney*. Here's all the care they take. And how do you finde the Wenches, Gentlemen? have they any minde to a loose Gown and a strait Shooe? Win 'em, and wear 'em. They shall chuse for themselves by my consent.

Warb. You speak like a kinde Father. *Sue*, thou hearest the liberty that's granted thee. What sayest thou? wilt thou be mine?

Suf. Your what, Sir? I dare swear, never your wife.

Warb. Canst thou be so unkinde? considering how dearly I affect thee; nay, dote on thy perfections.

Suf. You are studied too Scholar-like in words : I understand not. I am too coarse for such a Gallants love as you are. ✓

Warb. By the honour of Gentility.

Suf. Good Sir, no swearing : yea and nay with us Prevails above all oaths you can invent.

Warb. By this white hand of thine.

Suf. Take a false oath ! Fie, fie, flatter the wife : fools not regard it ; and one of these am I.

Warb. Dost thou despise me !

O. Cart. Let 'em talk on, Mr. *Thorney*. I know *Sue's* minde. The Flye may buz about the Candle, he shall but singe his Wings when all's done. *Frank*, *Frank* is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, *Kate* ?

Kat. Better so, then be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou thinkst it is thy Portion
I level at : wert thou as poor in Fortunes,
As thou art rich in Goodness ; I would rather
Be Suitor for the Dower of thy Vertues,
Then twice thy Father's whole Estate ; and prithee
Be thou resolved so.

Kat. Mr. *Somerton*, it is an easie labour to deceive
A Maid that will believe Mens subtil promises :
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I presume you do deserve.

Som. Which is
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,
As thou art worthy to be so belov'd.

Kat. I shall finde time to try you.

Som. Do, *Kate*, do :
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me.

O. Cart. *Warbeck* and *Sue* are at it still. I laugh
to my self, Mr. *Thorney*, to see how earnestly he
beats the Bush, while the Bird is flown into anothers
bosom. A very unthrift, Mr. *Thorney* ; one of the
Country roaring Lads : we have such as well as the
City, and as arrant Rake-hells as they are, though not
so nimble at their prizes of wit. *Sue* knows the

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Raskal to an hairs breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. *Thor.* What is the other Gentleman ?

O. *Cart.* One *Somerton*, the honestest man of the two, by 5*l.* in every stone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Estate of land in *Westham* by *Essex*. *M. Ranges* that dwells by *Enfield*, sent him hither. He likes *Kate* well. I may tell you, I think she likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that *Warbeck* is such another ——. I use him kindly for *Mr. Somerton's* sake: for he came hither first as a Companion of his. Honest men, *Mr. Thorney*, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a yeer Ioynture, *Sue*.

Suf. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land ? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain ?

Suf. Not a whit, Sir.

Should all that use the Seas be reckon'd Captains,
There's not a Ship should have a Scullion in her
To keep her clean.

Warb. Do you scorn me, Mrs. *Susan* ?

Am I a subject to be jeer'd at ?

Suf. Neither

Am I a property for you to use
As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse.
Pray Sir be civil.

Warb. Wilt be angry, Wasp ?

O. *Cart.* God-a-mercy, *Sue*. Shee'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter Frank.

Mr. Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed.
Your Father expected your coming. How does the
right worshipful Knight, Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your
Master ?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

O. *Thor.* Now
You come as I could wish.
Warb. Frank *Thorney*, ha !
Suf. You must excuse me.
Frank. Vertuous Mrs. *Susan*.
Kinde Mrs. *Katherine*. Gentlemen, to both
Salutes them.
Good time o'th' day.
Som. The like to you.
Warb. 'Tis he.
A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man
Stands fair in crossing *Susan's* love to me.
Som. I think no less. Be wise, and take no notice
on't.
He that can win her, best deserves her.
Warb. Marry
A Servingman ? mew.
Som. Prethee Friend no more.
O. *Cart.* Gentlemen all, there's within a flight
Dinner ready, if you please to taste of it : Mr.
Thorney, Mr. *Francis*, Mr. *Somerton*. Why Girls !
what, Hufwives, will you spend all your forenoon in
tittle-tattles ? away : It's well yfaith. Will you go in,
Gentlemen !
O. *Thor.* We'll follow presently : my Son and I
Have a few words of business.
O. *Cart.* At your pleasure. *Ex. the rest.*
O. *Thor.* I think you guess the reason, *Frank*, for
which
I sent for you.
Frank. Yes, Sir.
O. *Thor.* I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers dayly
The best part of my whole Estate's encumbred :
Nor have I any Clew to winde it out,
But what occasion proffers me. Wherein
If you should fault, I shall have the shame,
And you the loss. On these two points relie

Our happiness or ruine. If you marry
 With wealthy *Carter's* Daughter, there's a Portion
 Will free my Land : all which I will instate
 Upon the marriage to you. Otherwise,
 I must be of necessity enforc'd
 To make a present sale of all : and yet,
 For ought I know, live in as poor distress,
 Or worse, then now I do. You hear the sum :
 I told you thus before. Have you considered on't ?

Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could wish
 To enjoy the benefit of single Freedom,
 For that I finde no disposition in me
 To undergo the burthen of that care
 That Marriage brings with it ; Yet to secure
 And settle the continuance of your Credit,
 I humbly yield to be directed by you
 In all commands.

O. Thor. You have already us'd
 Such thriving protestations to the Maid,
 That she is wholly yours. And speak the truth,
 You love her, do you not ?

Frank. 'Twere pity, Sir,
 I should deceive her.

O. Thor. Better y'had been unborn.
 But is your love so steady that you mean,
 Nay, more, desire to make her your Wife ?

Frank. Else, Sir,
 It were a wrong not to be righted.

O. Thor. True,
 It were : and you will marry her ?

Frank. Heaven prosper it :
 I do intend it.

O. Thor. O thou art a Villain !
 A Devil like a Man. Wherein have I
 Offended all the Powers so much, to be
 Father to such a graceless godless Son ?

Frank. To me, Sir, this ? O my cleft heart !

O. Thor. To thee,

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Son of my curse. Speak truth, and blush, thou monster,

Hast thou not married *Winnifride*? a Maid
Was fellow-servant with thee.

Fra. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad. I must out face it.

O. Thor. D'you study for excuse? why all the
country
Is full on't.

Fra. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I am sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'resway'd with credulous conceit
Of meer impossibilities. But Fathers
Are priviledg'd to think and talk at pleasure.

O. Thor. Why canst thou yet deny thou hast no
wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an Atheist?
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the Marriage-bed an Inne,
Which Travellers day and night,
After a toylsome lodging leave at pleasure?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of Creations work? My soul!
O I have liv'd too long.

O. Thor. Thou hast, dissembler;
Darest thou persevere yet? and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the Grave of horror? I believe thee not.
Get from my sight.

Fran. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witness then the cleanness
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that
I was enform'd, how mainly you had been
Possess'd of this untruth, To quit all scruple
Please you peruse this Letter: 'tis to you.

O. Thr. From whom?

Fran. Sir *Arthur Clarington* my Master.

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O. Thor. Well, Sir.

Fran. On every side I am distracted ; Am waded deeper into mischief, then vertue can avoid. But on I must : Fate leads me : I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.

O. Thor. Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me, *Frank.* Credulity abus'd me. My tears expresse my joy : and I am sorry I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas ! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me : so I conceiv'd it.

O. Thor. My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Enter Old Carter.

O. Cart. Why Mr. *Thorney*, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner ! the Company attends your coming. What must it be, Mr. *Frank*, or Son *Frank* ? I am plain Dunstable,

O. Thor. Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she's not alter'd From what I left her at our parting last : Are you, fair Maid ?

Suf. You took too sure possession Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

O. Cart. Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, *Frank.* The nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and spare not. When's the day ?

O. Thor. To morrow, if you please. To use ceremony Of charge and custome, were to little purpose : Their loves are married fast enough already.

O. *Cart.* A good motion. We'll e'en have an household Dinner ; and let the Fiddlers go scrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together : no matter for the Guests. To morrow, *Sue*, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now ?

O. *Thor.* We are on all sides pleas'd, I hope.

Suf. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me.

Now my heart is settled.

Frank. So is mine.

O. *Cart.* Your Marriage-money shall be receiv'd before your Wedding-shoes can be pull'd on. Blessing on you both.

Frank. No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him.

In vain he flees, whose destiny pursues him.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT II. SCÆN. I.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, gathering sticks.

Saw. AND why on me ? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than my self ?
Must I for that be made a common sink,
For all the filth and rubbish of Men's tongues
To fall and run into ? Some call me Witch ;
And being ignorant of my self, they go
About to teach me how to be one : urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made fo)
Forespeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,

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Themselves, their Servants, and their Babes at
nurse.

This they enforce upon me : and in part

Enter O. Banks.

Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adversaries.

O. Bank. Out, out upon thee, Witch.

Saw. Dost call me Witch ?

O. Bank. I do, Witch, I do : and worfe I would,
knew I name a more hateful. What makest thou upon
my ground ?

Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

O. Bank. Down with them when I bid thee,
quickly ; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin elfe.

Saw. You won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miser : there
they be. Would they stuck crofs thy throat, thy
bowels, thy maw, thy midriff

O. Bank. Sayst thou me so ? Hag, out of my
ground.

Saw. Dost strike me, slave ! curmudgeon, now
thy bones aches, thy joynts cramps, and convulsions
stretch and crack thy sinews.

O. Bank. Curfing, thou Hag ! take that, and that.

Exit.

Saw. Strike, do, and wither'd may that hand and
arm

Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten
Trunk.

Abuse me ! beat me ! call me Hag and Witch !

What is the name ? where and by what Art learn'd ?

What spells, what charms, or invocations ?

✓ May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd ?

Enter Young Banks, and three or four more.

Y. Bank. A new head for the Tabor, and filve

tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five lesh of new Bells.

1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye shall have 'em straight in. *Crooked Lane*: double Bells all, if it be possible.

Y. Bank. Double Bells! double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpose is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles! not a Mean!

Y. Bank. Not one: The Morrice is so cast, we'll have neither Mean nor Base in our company, Fellow *Rowland*.

3. What! nor a Counter!

Y. Bank. By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Envile Chase* Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the disposing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our house, for a Fore-horfe, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurnish'd.

3. So much for the Fore-horfe: but how for a good Hobby-horfe!

Y. Bank. For a Hobby-horfe! Let me see an Almanack. *Midsummer*-Moon, let me see ye. When the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane. No more. Use your best skill. Your Morrice will suffer an Eclipse.

1. An Eclipse!

Y. Bank. A strange one.

2. Strange!

Y. Bank. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horfe. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horfe.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot since he pac'd it from *Envile Chase* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honest *Cuddy*, cast thy stuff.

Y. Bank. Suffer may ye all. It shall be known, I

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can take mine ease as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horse where you can get him.

1. *Caddy*, honest *Caddy*, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2. The old Horse shall have a new Bridle.

3. The Caparisons new painted.

4. The Tail repair'd.

1. The Saddle and the Boddies new fassron'd o're.

1. Kinde :

2. Honest :

3. Loving, ingenious :

4. Affable *Caddy*.

Y. *Bark*. To shew I am not flint ; but affable, as you say, very well stust, a kinde of warm Dove or Puff-paite, I relent, I connive, most affable *Jack* : let the Hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother *Sawyer*.

1. The old Witch of *Edmonton*. If our mirth be not cross'd.

2. Bless us, *Caddy*, and let her curse her tother eye out. What dost thou ?

Y. *Bark*. *I'girt, unblest'd*, says the Proverb. But my Girdle shall serve a riding knit : and a fig for all the Witches in Christendom. What wouldst thou ?

1. The Diuel cannot abide to be cross'd.

2. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3. Away.

4. With the Witch.

Om. Away with the Witch of *Edmonton*.

Ex. in strange posur.

Sawyer. Still vex'd ! still tortur'd ! That Curmudgeon *Banks*

Is ground of all my scandal. I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness : made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old Bel-dames

✓ Talk of Familiars in the shape of Mice,
Rats, Ferrets, Weasels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and fuck'd, some say, their
blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with
them,
I'm now ignorant : would some power good or bad
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my self,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age :
Abjure all goodness : be at hate with prayer ;
And study Curfes, Imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, Oaths, detested Oaths,
Or anything that's ill ; so I might work
Revenge upon this Miser, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and fucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a Witch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, shame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho ! have I found thee curfing ! now thou
art mine own.

Sawvy. Thine ! what art thou !

Dog. He thou hast so often importun'd to appear
to thee, the Devil.

Sawvy. Bless me ! the Devil !

Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too
well

To hurt or fright thee. If I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd : have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Sawvy. May I believe thee !

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto Man or Beast,

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✓ And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me.

Sawvy. Out, alas!
My Soul and Body!

Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Sawvy. I know not where to seek relief: But
shall I

After such Covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me!

Dog. Ha, ha, silly woman!
The Devil is no lyer to such as he loves.
Didst ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To such as he affects?

Sawvy. When I am thine, at least so much of me,
As I can call mine own.

Dog. Equivocations!
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear.

Sawvy. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.
See, now I dare call thee mine; [*Sucks her arm,*
thunder and lightning.

For proof, command me, instantly I'll run,
To any mischief, goodness can I none.

Sawvy. And I desire as little. There's an old
Churl, one *Banks*—

Dog. That -wrong'd thee: he lam'd thee, call'd
thee Witch.

Sawvy. The same: first upon him I'd be re-
veng'd.

Dog. Thou shalt: Do but name how.

Sawvy. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Sawvy. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave.

Dog. I wonnot.

Sawvy. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha !

Sawy. Dost laugh ?

Why wilt not kill him ?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscrib'd,
And t' d in limits : though he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himself he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now Men
That, as he, love goodness, though in smallest
measure,

Live without compass of our reach. His Cattle
And Corn, I'll kill and mildew : but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The Witch of *Edmonton* shall see his fall.
If she at least put credit in my power,
And in mine onely ; make Orisons to me,
And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner ?

Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wishest ill ;
Corn, Man or Beast, would spoyl or kill,
Turn thy back against the Sun,
And mumble this short Orison :

If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Sawy. *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,*

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our first-made promises
We'll put in execution against *Banks.* *Exit.*

Sawy. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert
Scholar ;

Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,
As well as the best of 'em. But who comes here ?

Enter Y. Ba.

The Son of my worst Foe. *To death pursue 'em,*
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.

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Y. Bank. What's that she mumbles? the Devils
Pater noster?

Would it were else. Mother *Sawyer*, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that
flout a poor old woman. *To death pursue 'em,*
and sanctabaccetur nomen tuum.

Y. Bank. Nay, good Gammer *Sawyer*, what e're
it pleases my Father to call you, I know you are
Sawy. A Witch.

Y. Bank. A Witch? would you were else yfaith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. Bank. I would he did.

Sawy. And so in time may you.

Y. Bank. I would I might else. But Witch or
no Witch, you are a motherly woman: and though
my Father be a kinde of God blefs us, as they say, I
have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kinde
to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous as to
kob you another.

Sawy. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call
me Witch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. Bank. My Father? I am asham'd to own him.
If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money
to buy thee a Playster: and a small courtesie I would
require at thy hands.

Sawy. You seem a good young Man, and I must
dissemble, the better to accomplish my revenge. But
for this silver, what wouldst have me do? bewitch
thee?

Y. Bank. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd
already. I would have thee so good as to unwitch
me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I understand thee not. Be plain, my
Son.

Y. Bank. As a Pike-staff, Mother: you know
Kate Carter.

✓ *Sawy.* The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What
of her?

Y. Bank. That same Party has bewitch'd me.

Sawvy. Bewitch'd thee ?

Y. Bank. Bewitch'd me, *Hifce auribus.* I faw a little Devil flie out of her eye like a Burbolt, which flicks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my request is, to fend one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawvy. We shall have sport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. Bank. Up to the very hilts, Mother.

Sawvy. And thou'dst have me make her love thee too.

Y. Bank. I think she'll prove a Witch in earnest. Yes, I could finde in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawvy. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone ?

Y. Bank. Truly, Mother Witch, I do verily believe so : and when I see it done, I shall be half perswaded so too.

Sawvy. It's enough. What Art can do, be sure of : turn to the West, and whatfoe'er thou hearest or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid. *She stamps.*

Enter the Dog ; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. Bank. Afraid, Mother Witch ? turn my face to the West ! I said I should always have a back-friend of her ; and now it's out. And her little Devil should be hungry, come sneaking behinde me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. Tis woundy cold fure. I dudder and shake like an Aspen-leaf every joynt of me.

Sawvy. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctificetur nomen tuum.*

How now, my Son, how is't ? *Exit Dog.*

Y. Bank. Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobbler and you spout Latine together ?

Sawvy. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didst thou hear me ?

Y. Bank. I heard I know not the Devil what

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mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a Drum that had taken cold in the head the last Muster. Very comfortable words : what were they ? and who taught them you ?

Sawy. A great learned Man.

Y. Bank. Learned Man ! learned Devil it was as soon ! But what ! what comfortable news about the Party ?

Sawy. Who ! *Kate Carter* ! I'll tell thee, thou knowst the Style at the West-end of thy Father's Pease-Field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-set ;
✓ and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. Bank. In the Pease-field ! Has she a minde to Codlings already ! The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her.

Sawy. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee : but follow her close, and boldly : do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Y. Bank. At the Style, at the West-end of my Father's Pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine. Nay, and I come to embracing once, she shall be mine ; I'll go neer to make at Eaglet else. *Exit.*

Sawy. A ball well bandied : now the set's half won :
The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son. *Exit.*

SCÆN 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Care. How now Gentlemen, cloudy ! I know Mr. *Warbeck*, you are in a fog about my Daughters marriage.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir ?

Cart. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb ; and Destiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are referred to a richer fortune than my poor Daughter.

Warb. However, your promise.

Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confesse it.

Warb. Which honest men should pay.

Cart. Yet some Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.

Som. I confesse thou hast had a little wrong in the Wench : but patience is the onely salve to cure it. Since *Thorney* has won the Wench, he has most reason to wear her.

Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reason to wear her.

Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wife man will take exception ?

Som. Come, frolick *Ned*, were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

Warb. You hold yours in a string though. 'Tis well : but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage e're long.

Som. In my love to her Sister *Katherine* ? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and should flie at an even length, if she do run after her Sister.

Warb. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a furer compass. I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man ashore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you : I wish yours more prosperous though.

Cart. Whate're you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

Warb. Yes, as you did to me.

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Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the Marriage : and that once seal'd,

Enter Young Thorney and Susan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the rest to my care. But see, the Bridegroom and Bride comes ; the new pair of *Sheffield*-Knives fitted both to one sheath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if some body had their due. But—

Cart. No harsh language, if thou lovest me. *Frank Thorney* has done—

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridegroom.

Warb. Come, give thee joy. Mayst thou live long and happy in thy fair choice.

Y. Thor. I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. *Warbeck*, I find you loving.

Warb. *Thorney*, that creature, (much good do thee with her)

Vertue and beauty hold faire mixture in her.

She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were she fairer,

Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, *Thorney*,

'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.

The match is fair and equal : the success

I leave to censure. Farewell, Mrs. Bride : •

Till now elected, thy old scorn deride. *Exit.*

Som. Good Mr. *Thorney*.

Cart. Nay, you shall not part till you see the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Su. Why change you your face, sweet-Heart ?

Y. Thor. Who ? I ? For nothing.

Suf. Dear, say not so : a Spirit of your constancy cannot endure this change for nothing. I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Y. Thor. In me ?

Suf. In you, Sir. Awake : you seem to dream,

and in your sleep you utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully : you may trust my breast as safely as your own.

Y. Thor. With what ? you half amaze me, prithee.

Suf. Come, you shall not ; indeed, you shall not shut me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. Thor. And I all thine.

Suf. You are not, if you keep the least grief from me : but I find the cause ; it grew from me.

Y. Thor. From you ?

Suf. From some distaste in me or my behaviour : you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, silly, and plain ; more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.

Y. Thor. Come, in nothing.

Suf. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be fullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak't in a frown : if peevishly too nice, shew't in a smile. Thy liking is the glass by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. Thor. Wherefore dost weep now ?

Suf. You, Sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an *April*-day :
Now smile, then weep ; now pale, then crimson red.
You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Y. Thor. Change thy conceit, I prithee :
Thou art all perfection : *Diana* herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous *Cupid* sits
Feathering Love-shafts, whose golden heads he dip'd
—— In thy chaste breast. In the other lies
Blushing *Adonis* scarf'd in modesties.
And still as wanton *Cupid* blows Love-fires,

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Adonis quenches out unchaste desires.

And from these two I briefly do imply

A perfect Embleme of thy modesty.

Then, prithee Dear, maintain no more dispute ;

For where thou speakest, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suf. Come, come, those golden strings of flattery

Shall not tie up my speech, Sir ; I must know

The ground of your disturbance.

Y. Thor. Then look here ;

For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra

Of discontent grows rank.

Suf. Heaven sheild it : where ?

Y. Thor. In mine own bosom : here the cause has
root ;

The poysoned Leeches twist about my heart,

And will, I hope, confound me.

Suf. You speak Riddles.

Y. Tho. Take't plainly then : 'twas told me by a
woman

Known and approv'd in Palmestry,

I should have two wives.

Suf. Two wives ! Sir, I take it exceeding likely.

But let not conceit hurt you : you are afraid to bury
me !

Y. Thor. No, no, my *Winnifride*.

Suf. How say you ! *Winnifride* ! you forget me.

Y. Thor. No, I forget my self, *Susan*.

Suf. In what !

Y. Thor. Talking of wives, I pretend *Winnifride*,

A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me

Before thy self.

Suf. I hope, Sir, she may live to take my place.

But why should all this move you !

Y. Thor. The poor Girl, she has't before thee, and
that's the Fiend torments me.

Suf. Yet why should this raise mutiny within you ?
such presages prove often false : or say it should be
true !

Y. Thor. That I should have another wife !

Suf. Yes, many ; if they be good, the better.

Y. Thor. Never any equal to thee in goodness.

Suf. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you ;

Yet if I knew your fate

Ordain'd you for another, I could wish

(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleasure)

Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added

To my successor.

Y. Thor. Prithee, prithee, talk not of death or graves ; thou art so rare a goodness, as Death would rather put itself to death, then murder thee. But we, as all things else, are mutable and changing.

Suf. Yet you still move in your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Y. Thor. At my return I will.

Suf. Return ! ah me ! will you then leave me ?

Y. Thor. For a time I must ; but how ! as Birds their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Suf. Leave me ! Now has my fear met its effect.

You shall not, cost it my life, you shall not.

Y. Thor. Why ? your reason ?

Suf. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while with your false love deluded me ? pretending counterfeit senses for your discontent, and now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Y. Thor. What ? what by chance ?

Suf. Your pre-appointed meeting of single combat with young *Warbeck*.

Y. Thor. Hah !

Suf. Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent. Then in his look I read it : deny it not ; I see't apparent : cost it my undoing, and unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Y. Thor. Not until when !

Suf. Till he and you be Friends.

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Was this your cunning ? and then flam me off
With an old Witch, two Wives, and *Winnifride* ?
Y'are not so kinde indeed as I imagin'd.

Y. *Thor.* And you more fond by far then I expected.

It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
But of our bufiness within : and by this kifs,
I'll anger thee no more ; troth Chuck I will not.

Suf. You shall have no just cause.

Y. *Thor.* Dear *Sue*, I shall not. *Exeunt.*

A C T. III. Scaen. I.

Enter Cuddy Banks, and Morice-dancers.

1. N Ay, *Cuddy*, prithee do not leave us now :
if we part all this might, we shall not
meet before day.

1. I prithee *Banks*, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wise, a word would serve : but
as you are, I must be forc'd to tell you again, I have
a little private bufiness, an hours work ; it may prove
but an half hours, as luck may serve ; and then I take
horfe and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in
the Morice ?

1. No, no ; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and
the Hobby-horfe.

Clow. I'll have a Witch ; I love a Witch.

✓ 1. Faith, Witches themselves are so common now
adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They

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fay we have three or four in *Edmonton*, besides Mother *Sawyer*.

2. I would she would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I; for if she comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. Well, I'll have a Witch: I have lov'd a Witch ever since I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse drefs'd: give him Oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

2. To Sir *Arthur Clarington's* first, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. Well, I am content: but we must up to *Carter's*, the rich Yeoman. I must be seen on Hobby-horse there.

1. O, I smell him now: I'll lay my ears *Banks* is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Clow. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to: no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say: believe that.

1. Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it: I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to *Carter's* of *Cheffum*. *Banks*, were you not there last Shrovetide?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but seven dayes in the week?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon *stila nova*, as a Traveller: thou understandest as a fresh-water Farmer, that never sawest a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in high *Germany*, *Italy*, and those remoter places?

3. I, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

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Clow. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee, look but in the Lover's Almanack, when he has been but three days absent ; Oh, says he, I have not seen my Love these seven yeers : there's a long cut. When he comes to her again, and embraces her, O, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven ; and that's a pretty step : he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey. You may ride a hundred days in a Caroch, and be further off then when you set forth. But I pray you, good Morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

Omn. But remember, *Banks.*

Clow. The Hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you : get *Poldavis*, the Barber's Boy for the Witch ; because he can shew his Art better then another.

Exeunt.

Well, now to my walk. I am neer the place where I should meet I know not what : say I meet a Thief, I must follow him, if to the Gallows : say I meet a Horse, or Hare, or Hound, still I must follow ; some slow-pac'd Beast, I hope : yet Love is full of lightness in the heaviest Lovers. Ha ! my Guide is come. A Water-Dog. I am thy first man, Sculler : I go with thee : ply no other but my self : away with the Boat : land me but at *Katherine's* Dock, my sweet *Katherine's* Dock, and I'll be a Fare to thee. That way ? nay, which way thou wilt, thou know'st the way better then I. Fine gentle Cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a ducking, Spaniel ; thou shalt fetch me the Ducks, pretty kinde Rascal.

Enter Spirit in shape of Katherine, vizarded, and takes it off.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,
And take the shape of a sweet lovely Maid

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Whom this Fool doats on. We can meet his folly,
But from his Vertues must be Run-aways.
We'll sport with him : but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive : th' Witch pays for all.

(*Dog barks.*)

Clow. I † is that the watch-word † She's come.
Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at *Barking-*
Church, in memory of thee. Now, come behinde,
kinde Cur.

And have I met thee, sweet *Kate* †

I will teach thee to walk so late.

O see, we meet in Metre. What † dost thou trip from
me † Oh that I were upon my Hobby-horse, I would
mount after thee so nimble. Stay, Nymph, stay,
Nymph, sing'd *Apollo* : tarry and kifs me ; sweet
Nymph stay : tarry and kifs me, Sweet. We will to
Cheffum-street, and then to the house stands in the
high-way. Nay by your leave, I must embrace you.
Oh help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd.

Ex. Spir. and Banks.

Enter wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. This was an ill night to go a wooing in ; I
finde it now in *Pond's Almanack* : thinking to land at
Katherine's Dock, I was almost at *Gravefend*. I'll
never go to a Wench in the Dog-days again ; yet 'tis
cool enough. Had you never a paw in this Dog-
trick † a mangie take that black hide of yours : I'll
throw you in at *Limehouse* in some Tanner's Pit or
other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. How now † who's that laughs at me † Hift
to him [*Dog barks.*] Peace, peace ; thou didst but
thy kinde neither. 'Twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the Devil
another time.

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Clow. How now ? who's that speaks ? I hope you have not your reading Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read *Esop's* Fables then ; I have play'd one of your parts then ; the Dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little : What might one call your name, *Dog* ?

Dog. My Dame calls me *Tom*.

Clow. 'Tis well ; and she may call me *Afs* : so there's an whole one betwixt us, *Tom-Afs*. She said, I should follow you, indeed. Well, *Tom*, give me thy fist ; we are Friends : you shall be mine Ingle : I love you ; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. Well, you shall have Jowls and Livers : I have Butchers to my Friends that shall bestow 'em : and I will keep Crufts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, *Tom*.

Dog. Any thing : I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou ? That promise shall cost me a brown Loaf, though I steal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat stolen Goods, *Tom*, will you not ?

Dog. Oh best of all. The sweetest bits, those.

Clow. You shall not starve, *Ningle Tom* ; believe that, if you love Fish, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles ? Oh, sweet bits ! Banqueting stuff, those.

Clow. One thing I would request you, *Ningle*, as you have play'd the Knavish Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance ?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing : I'll be there, but unseen

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to any but thy self. Get thee gone before : feare not my prefence. I have work to night. I ferve more Mafters, more Dames then one.

Clow. He can ferve *Mammon* and the Devil too.

Dog. It fhall concern thee, and thy Loves purchafe :

There's a gallant Rival loves the Maïd ;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief
Before the Morrice ends, fhall light on him.

Clow. Oh sweet *Ningle*, thy neufe once again.
Friends muft part for a time : farewel, with this remembrance ; fhalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honeft Devil, 'twill be the Devil of *Edmonton*, I fee. Farewell *Tom*. I prithee dog me as foon as thou canft. *Ex. Banks.*

Dog. I'll not mifs thee, and be merry with thee.
Thofe that are joys denied, muft take delight
In fins and mischiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. *Ex. Dog.*

Enter Young Thorney, Winnifride as a Boy.

Frank. Prithee no more : thofe tears give nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which fhortly will
O'regrow and top my head : my shame will fit
And cover all that can be feen of me.

Win. I have not fhewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now : thus singled with your felf,
It calls a thoufand sorrows round about.
Some going before, and fome on either fide ;
But infinite behinde : all chain'd together.
Your fecond adulterous Marriage leads ;
That's the fad Eclipse, the effects muft follow.
As, plagues of shame, fpight, fcorn, and obloquy.

Y. Tho. Why ? haft thou not left one hours patience

To add to all the reft ? One hour bears us

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Beyond the reach of all these Enemies:
Are we not now set forward in the flight,
Provided with the Dowry of my sin,
To keep us in some other Nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
Far worse then Ufury or Extortion.

Y. Thor. Let my Father then make the restitution,
Who forc'd me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.
He would not blefs, nor look a Father on me,
Until I satisfied his angry will.
When I was sold, I sold my self again
(Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no
more,

'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
For only but to take her leave of me,
My Wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your Wife?

Y. Tho. No, no, thou art here: the woman; I
knew

Not how to call her now: but after this day
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, see, she's come.

Enter Susan.

Go lead the horses to the hills top, there I'll meet
thee.

Suf. Nay, with your favour, let him stay a little.
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole Companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Y. Thor. I, with all my heart.

Suf. You may hear, if it please you, Sir.

Y. Thor. No, 'tis not fit.

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings. And so.

Suf. No, indeed, Sir.

Y. Thor. Tush, I know it must be so, and 'tis
necessary.

On, but be brief.

Win. What charge so'ere you lay upon me,
Mistress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)
To my best strength.

Suf. Believe't shall be no other. I know you
were

Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.

Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!

Suf. How now? what ailst thou, Lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water
still,

Even as you said, *Commended to my Husband.*

Some door I think it was. I was, forsooth,

Commended to him by Sir *Arthur Clarington.*

Suf. Whose servant once my *Thorney* was him-
self.

That title methinks should make you almost Fellows,

Or at the least much more than a Servant;

And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,

And what for my sake you will ever do;

'Tis fit it should be bought with something more

Then fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,

A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;

And I would have it hang there, still to whisper

These words to thee, *Thou hast my Jewel with thee.*

It is but earnest of a larger bounty,

When thou returnst, with praises of thy service,

Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.

Why, thou art many now, besides thy self:

Thou maist be Servant, Friend, and Wife to him.

A good Wife is then all. A Friend can play

The Wife and Servants part, and shift enough.

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No less the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
 'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
 Enterchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping.

Y. Thor. Not done yet?

Suf. Even now, Sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vow, your severe eye
 Were it present to command; your bounteous
 hand,

Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
 Shall not make me more dear or neerer unto him,
 Then I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
 Servant, Friend, Wife to him.

Suf. Wilt thou?

Now blessings go with thee forth: courtesies
 Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly, Mistress,
 Are you jealous of him? if you be,
 I'll look to him that way too.

Suf. Sayst thou so?

I would thou hadst a womans bosom now.
 We have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
 There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion:
 But I dare not, nay, I will not think
 So hardly of my *Thorney*.

Win. Believe it, Mistress,
 I'll be no Pander to him; and if I finde
 Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
 And at my return, protest I'll shew you all.
 He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Suf. Thine own diligence is that I prefs,
 And not the curious eye over his faults.
 Farewel: if I should never see thee more,
 Take it for ever.

Y. Thor. Prithree take that along with thee,
Gives his sword.
 And haste thee to the hills top; I'll be there instantly.

Ex. Win.

Suf. No haste I prithee, slowly as thou canst.
 Pray let him obey me now: 'tis happily his last

Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of
fight.

Y. *Thor.* Why would you delay! we have no
other

Business now but to part.

Suf. And will not that, sweet heart, ask a long
time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work

That e're I took in hand.

Y. *Thor.* Fie, fie, why look,

I'll make it plain and easie to you : Farewel. *Kisses.*

Suf. Ah, 'las ! I am not half perfect in it yet.

I must have it read over an hundred times.

Pray you take some pains, I confesse my dulness.

Y. *Thor.* What a Thorne this Rose grows on?
parting were sweet,

But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!

Come, again and again, farewell. Yet wilt return!

Kisses.

All questions of my journey, my stay, imployment,

And revivitation, fully I have answered all.

There's nothing now behinde, but nothing.

Suf. And that nothing is more hard then any
thing,

Then all the every things. This Request.

Y. *Thor.* What is it?

Suf. That I may bring you through one pasture
more

Up to yon knot of trees : amongst those shadows

I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Y. *Thor.* Why, 'tis granted : come, walk then.

Suf. Nay, not too fast.

They say slow things have best perfection :

The gentle showre wets to fertility.

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beasts take strength, even from the
womb :

But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden :
The minde's about it now. One touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorney, Sufan.

Y. Thor. Your request is out : yet will you leave
me ?

Suf. What ? so churlishly ? you'll make me stay
for ever,
Rather then part with such a sound from you.

Y. Thor. Why you almost anger me. Pray you be
gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early ;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Suf. Tush, I fear none.

To leave you, is the greatest hurt I can suffer :
Besides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to stir when I came after you :
I know they'll not be long.

Y. Thor. So, I shall have more trouble.

Dog rubs him.

Thank you for that. Then I'll ease all at once.

'Tis done now ; what I ne'er thought on. You shall
not go back.

Suf. Why ? shall I go along with thee ? sweet
mufick !

Y. Thor. No, to a better place.

Suf. Any place, I :

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

Y. Thor. At home ? I'll leave you in your last
lodging.

I must kill you.

Suf. Oh fine ! you'd fright me from you.

Y. Thor. You see I had no purpose : I'm unarm'd.

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'Tis this minutes decree, and it must be. Look, this will serve your turn.

Suf. I'll not turn from it, if you be earst, Sir.

Yet you may tell me wherefore you'll kill me.

Y. Thor. Because you are a whore.

Suf. There's one deep wound already : a whore ?
'Twas even further from me then the thought
Of this black hour : a whore ?

Y. Thor. Yes, I'll prove it,
And you shall confes it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine. The word admits no second.
I was before wedded to another, have her still.
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.
For I espous'd your dowry, and I have it :
I did not purpose to have added murder ;
The Devil did not prompt me : till this minute
You might have safe returned ; now you cannot :
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

Suf. And I deserve it.
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent.
'Twas some good Spirits motion. Die ! Oh, 'twas
time !

How many years might I have slept in sin ?
Sin of my most hatred too, Adultery ?

Y. Thor. Nay, sure 'twas likely that the most was
past ;

For I meant never to return to you
After this parting.

Suf. Why then I thank you more,
You have done lovingly, leaving your self,
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin : and then I come
A Chrystal Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity
Shall with bold Wings ascend the Doors of Mercy ;
For Innocence is ever her Companion.

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Y. Thor. Not yet mortal ? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.

Suf. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worfe for
me.

I did not think that death had been so fweet ;
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I staid forty yeers for preparation :
For I'm in charity with all the World.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven ;
Do to this man as I him free forgive.
And may he better die, and better live. *Moritur.*

Y. Tho. 'Tis done ; and I am in : once past our
height,

We scorn the deepest Abyfs. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the Weapon :
Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not fail,

[Wounds himself.]
Light scratches giving such deep ones. The best
I can

To binde my self to this Tree. Now's the storm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow.

[Dog ties him.]
So, so, I'm fast ; I did not think I could
Have done so well behinde me. How prosperous
And effectual mischief sometimes is ! Help, help ;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, and Old Thorney.

Cart. Ha ! Whom tolls the Bell for ?

Y. Thor. Oh, oh !

O. Thor. Ah me ! the cause appears too soon :
my Child, my Son.

Cart. Sufan, Girl, Child. Not speak to thy
Father ! Hah !

Y. Tho. O lend me some assistance to o'rtake
this haples woman.

O. Thor. Let's o'rtake the murtherers. Speak
whilst thou canst ; anon may be too late. I fear
thou hast deaths mark upon thee too.

Y. Thor. I know them both ; yet such an Oath is
pafs'd,

As pulls damnation up if it be broke ;
I dare not name 'em : think what forc'd men do.

O. Thor. Keep oath with murtherers ? that were
a conscience to hold the Devil in.

Y. Thor. Nay, Sir, I can describe 'em ;
Shall shew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimson lin'd ;
Hose of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.

O. Thor. *Warbeck, Warbeck, Warbeck* : Do you
lift to this, Sir ?

Cart. Yes, yes, I listen you : here's nothing to be
heard.

Y. Thor. Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black,
Velvet lin'd his Suit.

O. Thor. I have 'em already : *Somerton, Somerton.*
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the first work
Is to pursue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
These mangled bodies hence.

Cart. Sir, take that Carcase there, and give me
this.

I'll not own her now ; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb shew ! No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine ; take you halfe that silence for't.
When I speak, I look to be spoken to : forgetful
Slut !

O. Thor. Alas ! what grief may do now ?
Look, Sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you,
Sir ?

Y. Thor. O, very ill, Sir.

Cart. Yes, I think so ; but 'tis well you can speak
yet.

There's no musick but in sound, sound it must be.
I have not wept these twenty yeers before,

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And that I gueſs was e're that Girl was born :
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's ſo full, I could weep night and day.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we muſt all help to
grace

The nimble-footed youth of *Edmonton*,

That are ſo kinde to call us up to day

With an high Morrice.

Warb. I could wiſh it for the beſt, it were the
worſt now.

Abſurditie's in my opinion ever the beſt Dancer in a
Morrice.

Som. I could rather ſleep then ſee 'em.

Sir Art. Not well, Sir ?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden ; yet I know no
cauſe for't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition
highly diſpos'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may yet have a Morrice to
help both ;

To ſtrike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice ; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you ſet your ſelves in Morrice-
ray ? the fore-Bell, ſecond Bell, Tenor and Great Bell ;
Maid-marion for the ſame Bell. But where's the
Weather-cock now ? the Hobby-horſe ?

1. Is not *Banks* come yet ? What a ſpight 'tis !

Sir Art. When ſet you forward, Gentlemen ?

1. We ſtay but for the Hobby-horſe, Sir : all our
Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horſe ſhould be behinde
your Foot.

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2. Yes, Sir : he goes further about : we can come in at the Wicket, but the broad Gate must be opened for him.

Enter Banks, Hobby-horse and Dog.

Sir Art. Oh, we staid for you, Sir.

Clow. Onely my Horfe wanted a Shooe, Sir : but we shall make you amends e're we part.

Sir Art. I? well said, make 'em drink e're they begin.

Ent. serv. with beer.

Clow. A bowl, I prithce, and a litle for my Horfe, he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [*Holds him the bowl.*] I pray you : No? not drink? You see, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horfe to the Water; he may chuse whether he'll drink or no.

Som. A good Moral made plain by History.

1. Strike up, Father *Sawgut*, strike up.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the best foot forward. How now? not a word in thy Guts? I think, Children, my Instrument has caught cold on the fudden.

Clow. My *Ningle's* knavery : black *Tom's* doing.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father *Sawgut*?

Clow. Why what would you have him do? You hear his Fiddle is speechless.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Instrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd *The Flowers in May*, e'en now, as sweet as a Violet; now 'twill not go against the hair : you see I can make no more Mufick then a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me see, Father *Sawgut*, say, once you had a brave Hobby-horfe, that you were beholding

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to. I'll play and dance too. *Ningle*, away with it.

[*Dog plays the Morrice ; which ended,
enter a Constable and Officers.*

Omn. I marry, Sir !

Const. Away with jollity, 'tis too fad an hour.
Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance,
In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehension
Of these two Murderers, *Warbeck* and *Somerton*.

Sir Art. Ha ! flat Murtherers ?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And struck my mirth down flat. Murtherers ?

Const. The accusation is flat against you, Gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. I hope
You'll quietly obey my power ;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Ambo. Oh ! with all our hearts, Sir.

Clow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's meat. *Tom* told me he was about a piece of Villany. Mates and Morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has slain the Morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well : I am for a Gallop. Come, *Ningle*.

Exe.

Fidl. [*Strikes his Fiddle.*] I ! Nay and my Fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongst us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can. *Exe.*

Sir Art. These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger ; yet howsoever, Sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

Warb. Oh most willingly, Sir.
'Tis a most sweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir ; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conscience.
Sem. Mine stands so upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. Scæn. I.

Enter Old Banks, and two or three Country-men.

O. Bank. MY Horfe this morning runs most
pitiously of the Glaunders, whose
nose yesternight was as clean as any Man's here now
coming from the Barbers ; and this I'll take my
death upon't is long of this Jadish Witch, Mother
Sawyer.

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town
of *Edmonton*, thrashing in my Barn together, such
Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market ; and exa-
mining my Polecat why she did so, she swore in her
conscience she was bewitch'd : and what Witch have
we about us, but Mother *Sawyer* !

2. Rid the Town of her, else all our Wives will
do nothing else but dance about other Country May-
poles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters

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fall, and Maid-servants fall; and we our selves shall not be able to stand, if this Beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. Hamlac, with Thatch and a Link.

Haml. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What hast got there?

Homl. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers: and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a Witch, she'll come running in.

O. Bank. Fire it, fire it: I'll stand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Sawy. Diseases, Plagues; the curse of an old Woman follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot?

O. Bank. You hot Whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove she is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch; beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Sawy. Shall I be murdered by a bed of Serpents? help, help!

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, and a Justice.

Omn. Hang her, beat her, kill her.

Just. How now? Forbear this violence.

Sawy. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hangmen set to torment me I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour *Banks*, are you a Ring-leader in mischief? Fie, to abuse an aged woman!

O. Bank. Woman? a She-hell-cat, a Witch: to prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the Thatch of her Houfe, but in she came running, as if the Devil

had sent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder ; which trick as surely proves her a Witch, as the Pox in a snuffling nose, is a sign a Man is a Whore-master.

Fust. Come, come ; firing her Thatch ? ridiculous : take heed Sirs what you do : unless your proofs come better arm'd, instead of turning her into a Witch, you'll prove your selves starke Fools.

Omn. Fools !

Fust. Arrant Fools.

O. Bank. Pray, Mr. Justice what do you call 'em, hear me but in one thing : This grumbling Devil owes me I know no good will ever since I fell out with her.

Sawy. And brakedst my back with beating me.

O. Bank. I'll break it worfe.

Sawy. Wilt thou ?

Fust. You must not threaten her : 'tis against Law. Go on.

O. Bank. So, Sir, ever since, having a Dun-Cow tied up in my Back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd I cannot chuse, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kifs (saving your Worship's Reverence) my Cow behinde ; That the whole Town of *Edmonton* has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.

Fust. And this is long of her ?

O. Bank. Who the Devil else ? for is any man such an Ass, to be such a Baby, if he were not bewitch'd ?

Sir Art. Nay, if she be a Witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.

Fust. Go, go ; pray vex her not : she is a Subject, and you must not be Judges of the Law to strike her as you please.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to strike her.

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O. Bank. I, no lips to kifs but my Cows —!

Exeunt.

Sawy. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

✓ *Fust.* Here's none now, Mother Sawyer, but this Gentleman, my self and you; let us to some milde Questions, have you milde Answers? Tell us honestly, and with a free confession, (we'll do our best to wean you from it) are you a Witch, or no?

Sawy. I am none.

Fust. Be not so furious.

Sawy. I am none. None but base Curs so bark at me. I am none. Or would I were: if every poor old Woman be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten, as I am daily, she to be reveng'd had need turn Witch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng'd have sold your Soul to th' Devil.

Sawy. Keep thine own from him.

Fust. You are too sawcie, and too bitter.

Sawy. Sawcie? by what commiffion can he send my Soul on the Divil's Errand, more then I can his? is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thrust it when he list out of door?

Fust. Know whom you speak to.

Sawy. A Man: perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whose Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am; and if I be a Witch, more Witch-like.

Sir Art. Y'are a base Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer thee's bruted for a woman that maintains a Spirit that sucks her.

Sawy. I defie thee.

Sir Art. Go, go, I can, if need be, bring an hundred voyces e'en here in *Edmonton*, that shall lowd proclaim thee for a secret and pernicious Witch.

Sawy. Ha, ha!

Fust. Do you laugh ! why laugh you ?

Sawy. At my name : the brave name this Knight ✓
gives me, Witch.

Fust. Is the Name of Witch so pleasing to thine
Ear !

Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue
gallop on.

Sawy. A Witch ? who is not !
Hold not that universal Name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts !
Upon whose Eye-lids Lust sits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in sensual hot desires :
Upon whose naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler shapes then can be wrought.

Fust. But those work not as you do.

Sawy. No, but far worse :
These, by Inchantments, can whole Lordships change
To Trunks of rich Attire : turn Ploughs and
Teams

To *Flanders* Mares and Coaches ; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a *French* Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole standing shops of
wares,

To sumptuous Tables, Gardens of stoln sin !
In one yeer wasting, what scarce twenty win.
Are not these Witches !

Fust. Yes, yes, but the Law
Casts not an eye on these.

Sawy. Why then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame ? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill-favour'd grown with yeers, if she be poor,
Must be call'd Bawd or Witch. Such so abus'd
Are the course Witches ; t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And so is thine.

Sawy. She on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

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A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that Scold a Witch ? The Man of Law
Whose honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
(As Bees by tinkling Basons) to swarm to him,
From his own Hive, to work the Wax in his ;
He is no Witch, not he.

Sir Art. But these Men-Witches
Are not in trading with Hells Merchandize,
Like such as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do so :
Am I accus'd for such an one ?

Sir Art. Yes, 'twill be sworn.

Sawy. Dare any swear I ever tempted Maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour ? and being lost,
To pay not a Denier for't ? Some slaves have done it.
Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
pieces

Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a Witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the Fury.

Fust. Let's then away :
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

Exeunt.

Sawy. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy welcome.
I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
Clap'd all upon me, and for want of thee :
Comfort me : thou shalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough : I'll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri'd up

With curling and with madnes ; and have yet
No blood to moysten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kifs me, my *Tommy*,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done ? Let's
tickle,

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee ?

Dog. Yes, and nip'd the sucking-childe.

Sawey. Ho, ho, my dainty.

My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The Maid has been churning Butter nine
hours ; but it shall not come.

Sawey. Let 'em eat Cheefe and choak.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice.

Sawey. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, *Nan Ratcliff*,
Who for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almost had lam'd it ; Did not I charge
thee,

To pinch that Quean to th' heart ?

Dog. Bough, wough, wough : Look here else.

Enter Anne Ratcliff mad.

Ratc. See, fee, fee ; the Man i'th' Moon has
built a new Windmill, and what running there's from
all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding !

Sawey. Ho, ho, ho ! I thank thee, my sweet Mun-
grel.

Ratc. Hoyda ! a-pox of the Devil's false Hopper !
all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purses,
and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry
down ! Are not you Mother *Sawyer* ?

Sawey. No, I am a Lawyer.

Ratc. Art thou ? I prithee let me scratch thy

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Face ; for thy Pen has flea'd off a great many mens skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation ; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll sue Mother *Sawyer*, and her own Sow shall give in evidence against her.

Sawv. Touch her.

Ratc. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hoſe, and they break. There's a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe in my throat : hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. Welcome Serjeants : welcome Devil. Hands, hands ; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, his Son the Clown, Old Ratcliff, Country-fellows.

O. *Ratc.* She's here ; alas, my poor wife is here.

O. *Bank.* Catch her fast, and have her into some close Chamber do, for she's as many Wives are, stark mad.

Clow. The witch, Mother *Sawyer*, the witch, the devil. [*Car. her off.*

O. *Ratc.* O my dear Wife ! help, Sirs !

O. *Bank.* You see your work, Mother *Bumby*.

Sawv. My work ! should she & all you here run mad, is the work mine ?

Clow. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a Devil of two yeers old.

Enter Old Ratcliff, and the rest.

How now ! what's become of her ?

O. *Ratc.* Nothing : she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempest : spight of our strengths, away she brake ; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the Witch, the Witch, the Devil ; she beat out her own brains, and so died.

Clow. It's any Man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. Banks. Masters, be rul'd by me ; let's all to a Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Saww. *Banks*, I defie thee.

O. Bank. Get a Warrant first to examine her, then ship her to *Newgate*: here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a Witch. You have a Spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a Dog ; we shall see your Cur at one time or other : if we do, unless it be the Devil himself, he shall go howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in another.

Saww. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst.

Clow. How, Father? you send the poor dumb thing howling to th' Goal? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

O. Bank. Why, foolish Boy, dost thou know him?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He's baylable I am sure by Law. But if the Dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

O. Bank. Thou Bayl for a Dog?

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend. I'll lie by the heels my self, before Puppies shall : his Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. Bank. What manner of Dog is it? didst ever see him?

Clow. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court soysting Hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tayl ; neither is it a Citizens Water-Spaniel, enticing his Master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his Wife makes Ducks and Drakes at home : this is no *Paris-Garden* Bandog neither, that keeps a Bough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring their Curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they

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run away like Sheep : neither is this the black Dog of *New-gate*.

O. Bank. No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of *Hell-gate*.

Clow. I say, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A grofs lye as big as my self. The Devil in *St. Dunstan's* will as foon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple Bar-Laundress, that washes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. Bank. It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother? so am I a Dog : bough, wough, wough : it was I that bark'd so, Father, to make Cocks-combs of these Clowns.

O. Bank. However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer : away therefore to th' Justice for a Warrant ; and then, Gammer *Gurton*, have at your Needle of Witch-craft.

Sawy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish Fools. *Ex.*

Clow. *Ningle*, you had like to have spoyl'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a sudden, I am bewitch'd, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee—a Pox, that Morrice makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not stay. Farewel, *Ningle* ; you whorson Dogs-nose. Farewel Witch. *Exit.*

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worrying : run at a fairer Game : that fowl-mouth'd Knight, scurvy Sir *Arthur*, flie at him, my *Tommy* ; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting's conscience.

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Sawy. That's a fure Blood-hound. Come, let's
home and play.
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 2.

*Enter Katherine : a Bed thrust forth, on it Frank
in a slumber.*

Kat. Brother, Brother ! So sound asleep ! that's
well.

Frank. No, not I, Sister : he that's wounded here,
As I am ; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kat. My good sweet Brother,
(For now my Sister must grow up in you)
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good Love, sit up :
And if you can give Physick to your self,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for ?

Frank. Nothing, nothing ; but I was thinking,
Sister.

Kat. Dear heart, what ?

Fran. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
a bed,
Having this Room to walk in ?

Kat. Why do you talk so ? would you were fast
asleep.

Frank. No, no, I'm not idle :
But here's my meaning : being rob'd as I am,
Why should my Soul, which married was to hers,

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Live in divorce, and not flie after her !
Why should not I walk hand in hand with death
To finde my Love out ?

Kat. That were well, indeed.
Your time being come, when death is sent to call
you,
No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I go without calling ?

Kat. Yes, Brother, so you might, were there no
place

To go to when y'are gone, but onely this.

Frank. Troth, Sister, thou sayst true :

For when a man has been an hundred yeers,
Hard travelling o're the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thousand part upon his way.
All life is but a wandring to finde home :
When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
Could here his Voyage end ; he should not then
Answer how well or ill he steer'd his Soul,
By Heaven's or by Hell's Compafs ; how he put in
(Loofing blefs'd Goodness shore) at such a fin ;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent :
Nor how far he in's Navigation went
Beyond Commission. This were a fine Raign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again.
Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beast :
For, Sister our dead pay is sure the best.

Kat. 'Tis so ; the best or worst. And I wish
Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that Traytor,
That Devil *Somerton* (who stood in mine eye
Once as an Angel) home to his deservings.
What Villain but himself, once loving me,
With *Warbeck's* Soul would pawn his own to Hell,
To be reveng'd on my poor Sister !

Frank. Slaves ! a pair of mercilefs Slaves !
Speak no more of them.

Kate. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure,

I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.

Eat, if you cannot sleep : you have these two days
Not tasted any food. *Fane*, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kat. I have made ready a roasted Chicken for
you.

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden—yes—
There's one in the house can play upon a Lute :
Good Girl, let's hear him too.

Kat. You shall, dear Brother. *Lute plays.*

Would I were a Musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear.

Stay, mend your Pillow, and raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high : am I not, Sister, now :

Kat. No, no ; 'tis well : fall to, fall to. A Knife :
here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O Sister, I am ill upon a sudden ;
and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you shall. The want of Food
makes you so faint. Ha ! here's none in your pocket.
I'll go fetch a Knife. *Exit.*

Frank. Will you ? 'Tis well, all's well.

[*She gone, he searches first one, then the other Pocket.
Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one side :
the Spirit of Susan his second Wife comes to the
Beds-side. He stares at it ; and turning to the
other side, it's there too. In the mean time, Winni-
tride as a Page comes in, stands at his Beds-feet
sadly : he frighted, sits upright. The Spirit
vanishes.*

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost Creature.

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Frank. So am I too. *Win?* Ah, my She-Page!

Win. For your sake I put on a shape that's false;
yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.

Frank. Would mine and thine were Fellows in
one house. Kneel by me here: on this side now!
How dar'st thou come to mock me on both sides of
my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now: out-face me, stare upon me
with strange postures: turn my Soul wilde by a face
in which were drawn a thousand Ghosts leap'd newly
from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-
Sheet.

Win. Believe it, I came no neerer to you then
yon place, at your beds-feet; and of the house had
leave, calling my self your Horse-boy, in to come, and
visit my sick Master.

Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill
in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest.

But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddainly: why should you
Dance at the wedding of a second wife?
When scarce the Musick which you heard at mine
Had tane a farewell of you. O this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best Limbs.

Frank. Winnifride, the Chamber door fast!

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when th'ast heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In stead of Ink, dip'd my sad Pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad.
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter,
What Gold soere I got, to make it thine.
To please a Father, I have Heaven displeas'd.

Striving to cast two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none.
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead: but you have me
still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and so I
lose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

*As they whisper, enter at one end of the Stage Old
Carter and Katharine, Dog at the other, pawing
softly at Frank.*

Kat. I have run madding up and down to find
you, being laden with the heaviest News that ever
poor Daughter carried.

Cart. Why? is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you
are told the Murtherer sings in Prison, and he laughs
here.

This Villaine kil'd my Sister: see else, see,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Cart. Bless me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. What Knife? *Exit Dog.*

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be
you my Carver, Father.

Cart. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil steels our brows after doing
ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from
me; all is not well within me.

Cart. I believe thee, Boy: I that have seen so
many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Fore-
heads to strike them sick, yet mine to scape, and be
well! I that never cast away a Fee upon Urinals, but
am as sound as an honest mans Conscience when hee's

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dying, I should cry out as thou doſt, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy impoſthumes. Ah poor Villaine ! Ah my wounded Rascal ! all my grief is, I have now ſmall hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons ſay, My wounds are dangerous then ?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. Ile go to fetch him : Ile make an holiday to ſee thee as I wiſh. *Exit to fetch Officers.*

Frank. A wondrous kinde old man.

Win. Your fins the blacker, ſo to abuſe his goodneſs.

Maſter, how do you ?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy : I have ſuch odd qualms come croſs my ſtomack ! Ile fall too : boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm ſure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no : a Wing ? would I had Wings but to ſoar up yon Tower : but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that ?

[*Father with her in a Coffin.*]

Cart. That ? what ? O now I ſee her ; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, ſick to the death : and hearing thee to be an excellent Rascal for letting blood, ſhe looks out at a Caſement, and crys, Help, help, ſlay that man ; him I muſt have, or none.

Frank. For pities ſake, remove her : ſee, ſhe ſtares with one broad open eye ſtill in my face.

Cart. Thou putteſt both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art ; yet ſee, ſhe is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy ſelf.

Frank. Old man, thou lieſt.

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Cart. So shalt thou i'th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou merciless Slave ! she was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou hast torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers.

Exit. Katherine.

Frank. For whom ?

Cart. For thee, firrah, firrah : some knives have foolish Posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one ; look, Oh ! it is enammeld with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What saist thou to this evidence ? is't not sharp ? does't not strike home ? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, Sir, strike him no more ; you see he's dead already.

Caut. O, Sir ! you held his Horfes, you are as arrant a Rogue as he : up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for she's innocent.

Cart. How ! how ! a woman ? is't grown to a fashion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches ?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, Sir, his Page ; but his first onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How ! how ! more fire i'th' Bed-straw !

Win. The wrongs which singly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplied : she lost a life, but I, an Husband and my selfe must lose, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then ?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me ?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart ! I am mad to lose thee, and know not what I speak : but if thou didst, I must arraigne this Father for two sins, Adultery and Murther.

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Enter Katherine.

Kat. Sir, they are come.

Carl. Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all *Middlesex* knows me better for an honest man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honest woman: rise, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your self for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your Trull shall to th' Goal go with you; there be as fine New-gate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCÆN. I.

Enter Mother Sawyer alone.

Saw. STill wrong'd by every Slave † and not
a Dog
Bark in his Dames defence † I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my self bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my self to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd † not see me in three days?
I'm lost without my *Tomalin*: prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far then life;
Thou art my Raven, on whose cole-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: O my best love!
I am on fire, (even in the midst of Ice)

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Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. . Come then, my
Darling,

If in the Aire thou hover'ft, fall upon me
In some dark Cloud ; and as I oft have feen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now fo to me. Art thou i'th' Sea ?
Muster up all the Monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them : fo that my bulch
Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not : could I run
Like a swift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !
I must then fall to my old Prayer :

Sanctificet nomen tuum.

Not yet come ! worrying of Wolves, biting of mad
Dogs, the Manges and the——

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now ! whom art thou curling ?

Sawy. Thee. Ha ! No, 'tis my black Cur I am
curling, for not attending on me.

Dog. I am that Cur.

Sawy. Thou liest : hence, come not nigh me.

Dog. Baugh, waugh.

Sawy. Why dost thou appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the Ghost of my dear love ?

Dog. I am dogged, list not to tell thee, yet to
torment thee : my whiteness puts thee in minde of
thy winding Sheet.

Sawy. Am I near death ?

Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee.
When the Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at
thy Throat.

Sawy. Off, Cur.

Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly
of an Otter : 'devours by Sea and Land. Why am I
in white ? didst thou not pray to me ?

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Sawy. Yes, thou dissembling Hell-hound: why now in white more then at other times ?

Dog. Be blasted with the News; whiteness is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shews thy old rivel'd face: Villaines are strip't naked, the Witch must be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Sawy. Must she? she shall not; thou art a lying Spirit:

Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce ?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleness: glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame out-right.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite such as I shall
set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Sawy. I'll sell my self to twenty thousand Fiends, to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not: thou art so ripe to fall into Hell, that no more of my Kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Sawy. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come, to curse, and rave and die.

The Glasse of thy sins is full, and it must run out at Gallows.

Sawy. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confess nothing; And not confessing, who dare come and swear I have bewitched them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

Dog. Chuse, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sawy. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Sawy. Yes, when?

Dog. And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's Claws, thou'lt confess all.

Sawy. Out Dog!

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Dog. Out Witch ! Thy tryal is at hand :
Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing stand.

*The Dog stands aloof. Enter Old Banks, Ratcliff,
and Countrymen.*

O. Bank. She's here ; attach her : Witch, you must
go with us.

Sawy. Whither ? to Hell !

O. Bank. No, no, no, old Crone ; your Mitimus
shall be made thither, but your own Jaylors shall re-
ceive you. Away with her.

Sawy. My *Tommie* ! my sweet *Tom*-boy ! O thou
Dog ! dost thou now fly to thy Kennel and forsake me ?
Plagues and Consumptions—— *Exeunt.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Let not the World, Witches or Devils condemn ;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Young Banks to the Dog.*

Clown. I would fain meet with mine Ingle once
more ; he has had a Claw amongst 'em : my Rival
that lov'd my Wench, is like to be hang'd like an
innocent ; a kinde Cur, where he takes ; but where
he takes not, a dogged Rascall. I know the Villaine
loves me : no. . [*Barks.*] Art thou there ? that's
Toms voice, but 'tis not he ; this is a Dog of another
hair : this ! bark and not speak to me ? not *Tom* then :
there's as much difference betwixt *Tom* and this, as
betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me ?

Clown. That's *Tom* again : prithee Ningle speak,
is thy name *Tom* ?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old Dame *Sawyer*, 'twas :
I'm gone from her now.

Clown. Gone ! away with the Witch then too :
shee'll never thrive if thou leav'st her ; she knows no
more how to kill a Cow, or a Horfe, or a Sow, with-
out thee, then she does to kill a Goofe.

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Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be kill'd for what she has done: she's shortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the Gallows, *Tom*.

Dog. Right: I serv'd her to that purpose, 'twas part of my Wages.

Clown. This was no honest Servants part, by your leave *Tom*: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and so I us'd thee doggedly, not divellishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.
The Wench thou seek'st after, thou never spakest with,
But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeness. Ha,
ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of Women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Loufe or Flea?

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It seems you Devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow your selves in such small bodies: but pray you *Tom*, one question at parting, I think I shall never see you more; where do you borrow those Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-shape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. Why wouldst thou know that? fool, it avails thee not.

Clown. Onely for my mindes sake, *Tom*, and to tell some of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art so distant

From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths,
Curfes and Blasphemies pull him to thine Elbow:

Thou never telst a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue slaunders, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee : thou play'st, he bets upon thy
part ;

Although thou lose, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clow. I † then he comes in the shape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of some selfe-strangled
wretch

Will sometimes borrow, and appear humane
The Carcase of some diseafe-slain strumpet,
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first Beauty.
Didst never hear † if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clow. Yes, I am partly a witness to this, but I
never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, *Tom* ;
well, againe I thank thee, *Tom*, for all this counsell,
without a Fee too ; there's few Lawyers of thy minde
now : certainly *Tom*, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me † for what †

Clow. Were it not possible for thee to become an
honest Dog yet † 'tis a base life that you lead, *Tom*, to
serve Witches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harm-
less Cattle, to stroy Corn and Fruit, &c., 'twere better
yet to be a Butcher ; and kill for your self.

Dog. Why † these are all my delights, my pleasures,
fool.

Clow. Or *Tom*, if you could give your minde to
ducking, I know you can swim, fetch and carry, some
Shop-keeper in *London* would take great delight in
you, and be a tender master over you : or if you have
a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I
could prefer you to *Mal-Cutpurse*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! I should kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, *Tom*, but you must play fair, you should be stav'd off else : or if your stomach did better like to serve in some Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit, your labour could not be much ; when they have Roast-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most, here you might lick your own Toes very well : Or if you could translate your self into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty Offices ; but to creep under an old Witches Coats, and suck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't ! I have heard beastly things of you, *Tom*.

Dog. Ha, ha ! The worfe thou heardst of me, the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, Fool, at the self-same rate !

Clow. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first ; I know thy qualities too well, Ile give no suck to such Whelps ; therefore henceforth I despise thee ; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a silly Soul.
I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness ;
There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance :
Serve some Briarean Footcloth-strider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, shall pull down hundreds

To drop and sink with him : I'll stretch my self,
And draw this Bulk small as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the least pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for : hence silly fool,
I scorn to prey on such an Atomè foul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur ; I will beat thee out of the bounds of *Edmonton*, and to morrow we go in Procession, and after thou shalt never come in againe : if thou goest to *London*, I'll make thee go

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about by Tiburn, stealing in by Theeving Lane : if thou canst rub thy Shoulder against a Lawyers Gown, as thou passest by *Westminster-Hall*, do ; if not, to the Stayers amongst the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee.

Exeunt Y. Banks, Dog barking.

Enter Justice, Sir Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Just. Sir *Arthur*, though the Bench hath mildly censur'd your Errours, yet you have indeed been the Instrument that wrought all their misfortunes : I would wish you pay'd down your Fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you should, 'twere a shame to you ; for if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered ; and now make what you can of it : but I am glad these Gentlemen are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you safe.

Noise within.

Just. How now ! what noyse is that ?

Cart. Young *Frank* is going the wrong way : Alas, poor youth ! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Y. Thorney and Holberts. Enter as to see the Execution, O. Carter, O. Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride weeping.

O. Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him : to press neerer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be joyn'd

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But in eternity. I share too much of him that's going thither.

Cart. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault : I grieve to see

Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was shame ;

Yet I am happy that my foul is free

Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.

Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

O. *Thor.* Daughter, grieve not for what necessity
forceth ; rather resolve to conquer it with patience.

Alas, she faints !

Win. My griefes are strong upon me : my weakness scarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her ! hang her, Witch !

Enter Sawyer to Execution, Officers with Holberts, country-people.

Cart. The Witch, that instrument of mischief ! did not she witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor Daughter ! do you hear, Mother Sawyer ?

Sawy. What would you have ! cannot a poor old woman have your leave to die without vexation !

Cart. Did not you bewitch *Frank* to kill his wife ! he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawy. Who doubts it ! but is every Devil mine ! Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces : *Tom* would have don't before he left me.

Cart. Thou did'st bewitch *Anne Ratcliff* to kill her self.

Sawy. Churl, thou ly'st ; I never did her hurt : would you were all as neer your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it.

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Countr. I'll be sworn, *Mr. Carter*, she bewitched Gammer *Washboulds* Sow, to cast her Pigs a day before she would have farried ; yet they were sent up to *London*, and sold for as good *Westminster* Dog-Pigs, at *Bartholomew Fair*, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife longed for.

Sawv. These Dogs will mad me : I was well resolv'd

To die in my repentance ; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might : yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not ; my conscience
Is settled as it shall be : all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at last hee'l cheat
you.

Carl. Th'adst best confesse all truly.

Sawv. Yet again ?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my Prayers ?
And would you force me to spend that in bawling ?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil ;
There is no damned Conjurer like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away !

*Enter Frank to Execution, Officers, Justice, Sir Arthur,
Warbeck, Somerton.*

O. Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must
meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then misfortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good Sirs, turn from me ;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

O. Thor. O *Frank, Frank* !
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted.

Frank. To look upon your sorrows, executes me
before my Execution.

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Win. Let me pray you, Sir.

Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh
for thee,

As he that's onely loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended ; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope ; nor to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it : but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above ; it will not fail thee, *Winnifride* ;
Be that thy comfort.

O. *Thor.* Let it be thine too.
Untimely lost young man.

Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him : had I spun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murthers of Reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approv'd ; then though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remediless :
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fact,
Then I my self have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my Child hood :
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty ; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monstrous to be nam'd ; yet they are mon-
strous.

O. *Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks
How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my last breath : now this Repentance makes
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow,
Is clearly cancell'd : might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happiness :
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preserve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy ashes
A Widows duty, calling that end best,
Which though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman ; do not weep :

Farewel. Thou dost forgive me ?

Win. 'Tis my part
To use that Language.

Frank. Oh that my Example
Might teach the World hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather chuse to marry ✓
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues !
Are you there, Gentlemen ? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd : you most ;
I rob'd you of a Daughter ; but she is
In Heaven ; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, she's in Heaven, and I am glad to see
Thee so well prepared to follow her :

I forgive thee with all my heart ; if thou
Had'st not had ill counsel, thou would'st not have
Done as thou didst ; the more shame for them.

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak : I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am forry for you.

Warb. And so am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her sake, who, I am
sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too : I am ashamed
of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and send me to my
Grave in peace. *Sir Arthur,* Heavens fend you a

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new heart. Lastly to you, Sir; and though I have deserv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave upon my knees, to beg a blessing.

O. Thor. Take it: let me wet thy Cheeks with the last

Tears my griefs have left me. *O Frank, Frank, Frank!*

Frank. Let me beseech you, Gentlemen, to Comfort my old Father; keep him with yee; Love this distressed Widow; and as often As you remember what a graceless man I was, remember likewise that these are Both free, both worthy of a better Fate, Then such a Son or Husband as I have been. All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis just That Law should purge the guilt of blood and lust. *Exit.*

Cart. Go thy ways: I did not think to have shed one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my plants spight of my heart. *M. Thorney,* cheer up, man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not want help to keep you from falling. We have lost our Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot help it: better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. Thor. I thank you, Sir; you are more kinde then I have cause to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. *Somerton*, is *Kate* yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kat. And, but my Faith is pass'd, I should fear to be married, Husbands are so cruelly unkind: excuse me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

Cart. Take comfort *Mistress Winnifride.* Sir *Arthur,*

For his abuse to you, and to your Husband, Is by the Bench enjoyn'd to pay you down A thousand Marks.

Sir Art. Which I will soon discharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be imploy'd upon my Funeral.

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Cart. Come, come, if luck had serv'd, *Sir Arthur*, and every man had his due, somebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines : like it as you list. Come to me *Winnifride*, shalt be welcome : make much of her, *Kate*, I charge you : I do not think but she's a good Wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to *Edmonton* with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Fust. Joyn Friends in sorrow ; make of all the best :

Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. *Exeunt.*



EPILOGUE.

*Win. I Am a Widow still, and must not sort
A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some Widows finde, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kinde word for me.*

P H E N.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Virgin Martir.

Of this tragedy there are four editions in quarto (1622, 1631, 1651, and 1661); the last of which is infinitely the worst. The plot is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being everywhere, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

PAGE 8.

So well hath fleshed his maiden sword.

A curious coincidence of expression with Shakespeare (Hen. IV.):

"Come, brother John, full bravely haft thou flest'd
Thy maiden sword."

PAGE 9.

Send your fair daughters.

Gifford suggests that we should read "send for your fair daughters."

PAGE 13.

In all growing Empires Ev'n cruelty is usefull;

There is an allusion to Virgil in the opening of this Speech:—

Res data, et novitas regni me talia cogunt
Moliri, &c.

PAGE 13.

*And rais him of his victory, as went Perſeus
Did grant Æmilius.*

It is ſaid that Perſeus ſent to deſire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a ſpectacle to the Romans, and to ſpare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly: "The favour he asks of me is in his own power: he can procure it for himſelf."

PAGE 15.

Fair Venus ſon, draw forth a leaden dart.

The idea of this double effect is from Ovid:—

Filius huic Veneris; Figit tunc omnia, Phoebe,
Te meus arcus ait:—Parnaffi conſtitit arce,
Equæ ſagittifera promiſit duo tela pharetra
Diverſorum operum: ſugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum eſt, et cuſpide fulget acuta;
Quod ſugat, obtuſum eſt, et habet ſub arundine plumbum.

Mét. lib. I. 470.

PAGE 18.

Was almoſt dead with fear.

The reading of the firſt quarto is *drad*, which may perhaps be genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an alluſion to the proverb, *Procul a Jove, ſed procul a fulmine*.

PAGE 20.

*and wilt not take
A Governors place upon thee.*

From the Latin: *ne ſis mihi tutor*.

PAGE 27.

Gladſt thou in ſuch ſcorn?

Theophilus, who is repreſented as a furious zealot for paganiſm, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happineſs he had wiſhed him by his god. Mr. Monck Maſon

reads, "*Gaddest thou in such scorn?*" He may be right; for Macrinus is evidently anxious to pass on: the reading of the text, however, is that of all the old copies.

PAGE 29.

This Macrinus

The time is, upon which love errands run

Mr. Monck Mason reads "line" instead of *time*. The allusion is to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. Gifford had altered the word to "twine" before he saw Monck Mason's emendation.

Ib.

To pass your Gods in peace.

This word is used again in the fourth act. It is now obsolete, which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. Perhaps the latest instance of its use in a proper sense is in the following passage of Dryden:—

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raised
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and *pass* thee."

PAGE 31.

And arm, owing Casarea.

Gifford reads "awing."

PAGE 34.

Sirra, bandog,

Will thou in pieces tear our Jupiter, &c.

A *bandog*, as the name imports, was a dog so fierce as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this play), and always with a reference to their savage nature. If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears; and with the decline of bear-baiting, probably, the animal fell into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic purpose. (See also *The Wick of Edmonton*, pp. 405, 421.)

PAGE 49.

It is the ancientst godling; do not fear him.

So all the old copies: but Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "patient'st."

PAGE 55.

And to bear money to a sort of rogues.

i. e. set, parcel, lot. The word occurs so frequently in this sense in our old writers that it is unnecessary to give any examples of it.

Ib.

before that peevish Lady

Had to do with you.

"Peevish" is *foolish*. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant: "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way." Malone was mistaken in supposing this to be one of Dame Quickly's blunders, and that she meant to say precise. Again, in *God's Revenge against Adultery*: "Albemarle kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally *peevish* as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

PAGE 61.

O treasure, &c.

Monck Mason, and after him Gifford, read "To treasure," and remove the note of interrogation at the end of the second line.

PAGE 62.

you hitherto

Have still had goodness spar'd within your eyes

Let not that orb be broken.

Sparred is *shut up, enclosed*. But the word *orb* in the last line suggests "sphered" as the more appropriate and probably the correct reading. This emendation was suggested by Monck Mason and adopted by Gifford.

PAGE 65.

ANG. *They are come, sir, at your call.*

Gifford assigns this speech to Macrinus.

PAGE 69.

if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

To buck is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth plank or stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the sides.

PAGE 71.

*Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills instead of giving life.*

This is a beautiful allusion to a little poem among the Elegies of Secundus (lib. ii. Eleg. 6). Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the shafts of the other.

PAGE 73.

*your fain'd Hesperian Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it.*

See Maffinger's *Emperor of the East* (1632), act iv. sc. 2 :—

*"Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards
So strongly guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them."*

PAGE 77.

*As a curious Painter
When he has made some admirable piece.*

Instead of *admirable*, the later quartos have "honourable," and even Gifford has overlooked the true reading of the first edition in this passage.

PAGE 80.

He's at Barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell.

To the amusement of *barley-break* allusions occur repeatedly in our old writers. (See Dekker's *Honest Whore*, vol. ii. p. 85, 374.) This celebrated pastime was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the

out of timber to the life," are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures used in the pageants; but Gerard Christmas, who was employed in the construction of this year's pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that these figures frequently re-appeared in other years.

PAGE 122.

thunder and lightning.

These words show that some attention to theatrical effects was occasionally indulged in.

PAGE 123.

sparrowbills to clone Pan's floome.

The modern way of spelling the name still given to these nails is *sparables*. Dekker has here given us the true etymology: the name appears to have been derived from their resemblance to the sharp bill of the sparrow.

Ib.

a golden handle make for my wives fan.

The ladies' feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the most costly kind, as those who have visited the Exhibition of Fans at South Kensington will remember. In the notes to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this subject, and some few engravings of costly fan handles. Steevens says, "mention is made in the *Sydney Papers* of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds."

PAGE 124.

found, in the last line but three, should most probably be *bound*.

PAGE 127.

Go on in your full glories.

In the original it is "*Good* in your full glories," but this is evidently wrong.

Gerard Chrifmas.

In Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (Dallaway's edition), the best account of this artist occurs. Speaking of Bernard Janfen, who built the greater part of Northumberland Houfe, he fays :— "Before the portal of that palace was altered by the prefent Earl, there was, in a frieze near the top, in large capitals, C. Æ., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries. Vertue found that at the period when the houfe was built lived Chrifmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Alderfgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the Firft on horfeback, and thence concluded that thofe letters fignified *Chrifmas Ædificavit*. Janfen probably built the houfe, which was of brick, and the frontifpiece, which was of ftone, was finifhed by Chrifmas." In a note is added :—"It may be prefumed that Gerard Chrifmas was as much fculptor as architect, and, like Nicholas Stone, was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton Houfe (as it was called when firft built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profufely ornamented with rich fcrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices."

Brayley (*Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 277) fays :—"The entrance gateway ftill exhibits the original work of Gerard Chrifmas, and is a curious example of his time."

He was very frequently employed by the city in the construction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their fhow, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His fons fucceeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honour. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet defcribing the great fhip built at Woolwich.

LODOWICK CARLELL.

Lodowick Carlell was himfelf a dramatift of no inconfiderable merit. A lift of his plays and fome account of his life may be found in Langbaine, Gildon, Cibber, and the other dramatic biographers.

PAGE 222.

And all my Pimtoes, and Pimtilloes.

i.e. probably "puntos and puntillios." Such a mistake was very easy in printing from a manuscript. The Hostess in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* both use *punto* as a term in fencing.

Ib.

my smoake goes,

Out at my kitchen chimney, not my nose.

So in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

"You keep your chimnies smoking there, *your nostrils*."

PAGE 224.

Genoway.

i.e. Genoese.

PAGE 225.

By casting of thy water.

This was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine : it occurs again in Act 2. See *Macbeth* :

"If thou couldst, Doctor, *cast*

The water of my land, find her disease."

And *The Puritan*, Act iv. sc. 1. "There's physicians enough there to *cast his water*."

PAGE 230.

In such a sea of troubles.

In all probability borrowed from *Hamlet's* famous soliloquy.

PAGE 231.

Commend me to this Angelica.

The Angelica here alluded to, is the renowned princess of Cathay, whose beauty is celebrated in the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto. She is called by Milton "the fairest of her sex;" and the enamoured Vanni compares Alphonso to her on this account.

PAGE 236.

I know all, but play on none : I am no Barber.

Barbers, in our author's time, were supposed to be universally able to play on the lute or cittern.

PAGE 242.

I'm cut i' th' cockscombe.

"Cut i' the coxcomb," and "cut i' the back" were common phrases when speaking of one drunk.

PAGE 255.

any man that has a looke,
Stigmatically drawne, *like to a furies.*

i.e. misshapen, deformed. In the third part of King Henry VI. the Queen calls Richard

"A foul misshapen *stigmatic*,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided."

And in the *Comedy of Errors*, Adriana says :

"He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worfe body'd, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worfe in mind."

PAGE 267.

A moath that eats up gowns, doublets and hose,
One that with Bills, trades smocks and shirts together
To linnen close adultery, and upon them
Stroues lavender, so strongly, that the owners
Dare never smell them after ; he's a broker.

This affords an explanation of a passage in Massinger's play,
A New Way to pay Old Debts :—

"Over. I lent you

A thousand pounds : put me in good security
And suddenly by mortgage, or by statute
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your *lavender robes* to the gaol."

The term denotes that his robes were redeemed from a paw broker's.

*Ib.**he may be fir'd.*

i.e. afflicted with the venereal disease, which was then called the *brenning*, or burning disease.

PAGE 275.

What sayes my most moist-handed sweete Lady.

A moist hand in a woman is supposed to indicate a luxurious temperament. So in *Othello* :

“This hand is *moist*, my lady ;

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.”

And in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“If an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication,” &c.

PAGE 277.

But not with the manner my Lady.

A thief who is taken with the stolen goods about his person is in law, said to be “taken with the manner,” and is not bailable : Vanni’s intention was evident, but the fact was not committed.

PAGE 279.

He’le prove a lustie Larrence.

This would appear to have been a well-known denomination on these occasions. It is found in *The Captain and Tamer Tamed* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

PAGE 285.

I know your heart is up, tho’ your knees downe.

So Shakespeare in *Richard II.* :—

“Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know

Thus high at least although your knee be low.”

PAGE 289.

To the Right Honorable Thomas Wriathesley, Earle of Southampton.

Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, succeeded his father

Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. He was eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachel Russell. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.

PAGE 290.

Theophilus Bird.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit before the wars." He probably played in *The Lady's Trial* by Ford, to which, as also to Dekker and Ford's *Witch of Edmonton*, he wrote a Prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the Puritans had enabled them to close the theatres and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.

It.

Andrew Penneycuicke.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of *The City Madam* from what he calls "the teeth of time."

PAGE 299.

Though I die in totters,

i.e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our old dramatists.

PAGE 300.

Farewell 1538, I might have said five thousand.

See *Notes and Queries* (3rd S. xi., June 15, 1867, p. 478).

PAGE 301.

The influence of thy powerfull dreams.

Gifford considered this an evident misprint for "beams," which word, he, and Mr. Dyce after him, have substituted in the text.

PAGE 301.

To grant what ere thou saist for.

Gifford and Dyce read "fuest."

PAGE 302.

We must descend and leav a while our sphere, &c.

"The 'sphere,' says Gifford, "in which the 'lord of light' appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, *flammas imitante pyrope*, his solar majesty was distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet; but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his *shape* might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Dekker."

PAGE 304.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail, &c

This is a variation of the beautiful song of Trico in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, which runs as follows:—

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jug, Teren,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-long! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring."

PAGE 307.

For shooting glances at her.

Mr. Dyce reads "glances," which is in all probability correct.

It.

FOL. *What bird?*

SOL. *A Ring-tail.*

So in the quarto; but doubtless Humour asks the question and Folly makes the reply.

PAGE 308.

a Spanish pike.

i.e., a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissors, *needles*, &c., were in the poet's days imported from Spain. Thus Greene: "He [the tailor] had no other weapon but a plain Spanish needle," &c.

It.

What's hee that looks so smickly?

i.e., so finically, so effeminately. Ford has the word in *Fame's Memorial*:

"he forfook
The *smicker* ufe of court humanity."

PAGE 310.

not a Lark that calls

The morning up, shall build on any turf, &c.

"I attribute," says Gifford, "without any scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Dekker. Ford, rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets."

PAGE 311.

take this and travel, tell the world.

Gifford and Dyce read, "travel through the world."

PAGE 312.

And in the midle Orpheus shall sit and weep.

Qy? *midst*. The previous Speech of *Humour* is hopelessly corrupt.

PAGE 317.

*If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.*

- i.e. fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.

Ib.

Will you be merry then, and jawfand.

Gifford reads "jocund;" and suggests "joyfome" as an alternative reading nearer the sound of the word in the old text.

PAGE 318.

I sweate like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and drop like a Cob-nut out of Africa—

This bombast is from Marlowe, and has run the gauntlet through every dramatic writer from Shakespeare to Dekker. The *cobnut* of Africa is less familiar to us; literally it means a large nut; but we know of no fruit with that specific name.

PAGE 321.

HU. *He is vex'd to see*

That proud star shine near you, as whose rising, &c.

Gifford assigns this Speech to Delight. The quantity of the second line may be set right by the insertion of "so" after the verb.

PAGE 323.

he stole from them such store

Of light, she shone more bright then e're before.

Gifford reads "of lights, he shone:" the mistake, he considers,

was occasioned by transferring the *s* from the preceding word to that which immediately follows it.

PAGE 326.

With what an earnestness he complies

Mr. Dyce reads "compliments."

PAGE 328.

*These are the Peans which we sing to him,
And ye wear no bays, &c.*

Weber reads "And yet we wear no bays." "I think," says Gifford, "this belongs to Raybright, who, on hearing Autumn express his devotion to the Sun, observes that he does not wear the *insignia* of that deity, 'And yet ye wear,' &c.; to which the other replies with a boast of his attachment to Bacchus, 'our cups are only,' &c. I have, however, made no change in the former arrangement of the text." Nor did Mr. Dyce deem it advisable to do so.

Id.

*Whose livery, all our people hereabout
Are call'd in.*

There is very little doubt we should read "clad" here instead of *call'd*.

PAGE 333.

While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:

"Here," says Gifford, "the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of *The Sun's Darling*; and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus* than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no rela-

tion whatever to the previous language and conduct of Ray-bright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed."

PAGE 334.

What such murmurings does your gall bring forth.

Gifford, following Weber, reads "fullen murmurings," and adds "What the genuine word was, it is not easy to say: the former edition reads '*fullen*,' to which I have no other objection than that the dissatisfaction of the clowns is loud and violent. With a different pointing, the old text might stand."

PAGE 337.

and Turtle-footed Peace

Dance like a Fairie through his realms.

This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant "augury" is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*;

"The throat of War be stopp'd within her land,
And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy-rings
About her court," &c.

Id.

To feel the ice fall from my crissled skin;

"This word," says Gifford, "is familiar to me, though I can give no example of it. In Devonshire, where Ford must have often heard it, it means that roughening, shrivelling effect of severe cold upon the skin known in other counties by the name of *goose-flesh*."

PAGE 338.

The rare match'd twins at once, pittie and pleasure.

Between this line and that which follows in the text something is evidently lost.

PAGE 341.

his father me thinks should be one of the Dunce-table.

An inferior table provided in some inns of court, it is said, for the poorer or duller students.—GIFFORD. Probably also a play on the word *Dunstable* (*vide infra*, p. 448).

PAGE 345.

The Witch of Edmonton: a known true Story Composed into a Tragi-Comedy By divers well-esteemed Poets; William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

This tragi-comedy, though not published till 1658, appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623. There is a rude wooden cut on the original title, with a portrait of the witch, Mother Sawyer,—her familiar, a black dog—and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

In the title-page of this drama the name of Dekker is placed between those of his coadjutors, Rowley and Ford. It seems to have been a trick of the trade, in their distress, to accumulate a number of names in the title-page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add an "&c." With these we need not meddle, and we may venture to dismiss Rowley with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked.

PAGE 347.

W. Mago }
W. Hamluc } *two Country-men.*

W. Mago and W. Hamluc (or Hamlec) were probably the names of two inferior actors.

PAGE 353.

Frank, I will be a friend, and such a friend.

In the original quarto, the first *a* is wanting. Gifford and Dyce insert "thy" in brackets.

PAGE 354.

But what is that to quit.

Gifford and Dyce read "But what is there to quit."

PAGE 355.

Had not my Landreſs

Given way to your immoderate waſte of Vertue.

For *Landreſs* Mr. Dyce ſuggeſts we ſhould read "lewdneſs;" as in the fifth act (p. 422) Winnifrede ſpeaks of her "luſt." "The 'laundreſs' and the 'immoderate waſte of virtue' of Sir Arthur," ſays Gifford, "are either fragments of loſt lines, or ridiculous corruptions of the original." Landreſſes may have ſometimes had their office to perform in ſuch caſes, but the "waſte" they had to deal with was of a different deſcription. It is curious that the word is uſed correctly in a later paſſage of the ſame play (page 406): "any Temple Bar *Landreſs*, that waſhes and wrings Lawyers."

PAGE 356.

There freeze in your old Cloyſter.

Gifford would read "cold."

PAGE 364.

I am plain Dumſtable.

i. e. blunt and honeſt.

PAGE 365.

In ruin he ſtays, whoſe deſtiny purſues him.

"Thus far," ſays Gifford, "the hand of Ford is viſible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be ſet down without heſitation to the credit of Dekker."

Ik.

Foreſpeaks their Cattle.

A very common term for *bewitch*. Thus Burton:—"They are ſurely *forſpoken*, or bewitched."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*. And Jonſon, in the *ſtaple of News*:—"Pray God ſome on us be not a *witch*, goſſip, to *forſpeak* the matter thus."

PAGE 367.

Crooked Lane

led from Eastcheap to Fifth-street-hill, opposite the Monument.

PAGE 374.

I'll go near to make at Eaglet else.

Gifford and Dyce read "to make a taglet."

PAGE 375.

She'll keep a surer compass.

The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise—that is, with a certain elevation—were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.

PAGE 377.

— *In thy chaste breast.*

The break in the line probably indicates that the compositor could not make out the word in the manuscript. "The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language," says Gifford, "which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan. If this part of the act be given to Dekker (as I believe it must be), it reflects great credit on his taste and judgment; for rarely shall we find a scene more tenderly and skilfully wrought."

PAGE 383.

if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-Church.

Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething-lane. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

PAGE 387.

Some door I think it was.

i. e. dor, a cockchafer or beetle.

PAGE 391.

I'll not turn from it, if you be earnest, Sir.

Qy.—"earnest?"

PAGE 404.

Oh my Ribb are made of a paynd Hole, and they break.

Paynd hofe were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured cloth or stuff, occasionally intermixed with strips of silk or velvet stitched together, and therefore liable to *break*, or be *seam-rent*.

It.

You set your work, Mother Bumbie.

Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bumbie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.

PAGE 405.

this is no Paris-Garden Bandog neither.

A fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. *Paris-garden*, where these brutal sports were regularly exhibited, was situated on the Bankside in Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, so that there was a delectable communion of amusements. Ben Jonson adverts to this with great bitterness. The *garden* is said to have had its name from one *De Paris*, who built a house there in the reign of Richard II.

PAGE 406.

neither is this the black Dog of Newgate.

There is a tract, in prose and verse, attributed to Luke Hatton, entitled *The Black Dog of Newgate*; and we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that there was a play by Hathway, Day, Smith, &c., with the same title.

PAGE 415.

*so that my bulch
shew but his swarth cheek to me.*

Literally, a calf; sometimes used, as here, for an expression of kindness; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.

PAGE 420.

Serve some Briarean Footcloth-frider.

Footcloths were the ornamental housings or trappings flung over the pads of state-horses. On these the great lawyers then rode to Westminster-hall, and, as our authors intimate, the great courtiers to St. James's. The allusion to "the Dragons Tyl," in the seventh line of the speech, is to Revelation, xii. 4.

THE END.