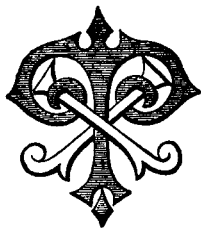


3 1529



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

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

THE
C O N S P I R A C I E,
And
T R A G E D I E
OF
CHARLES Duke of BYRON,
Marshall of France.

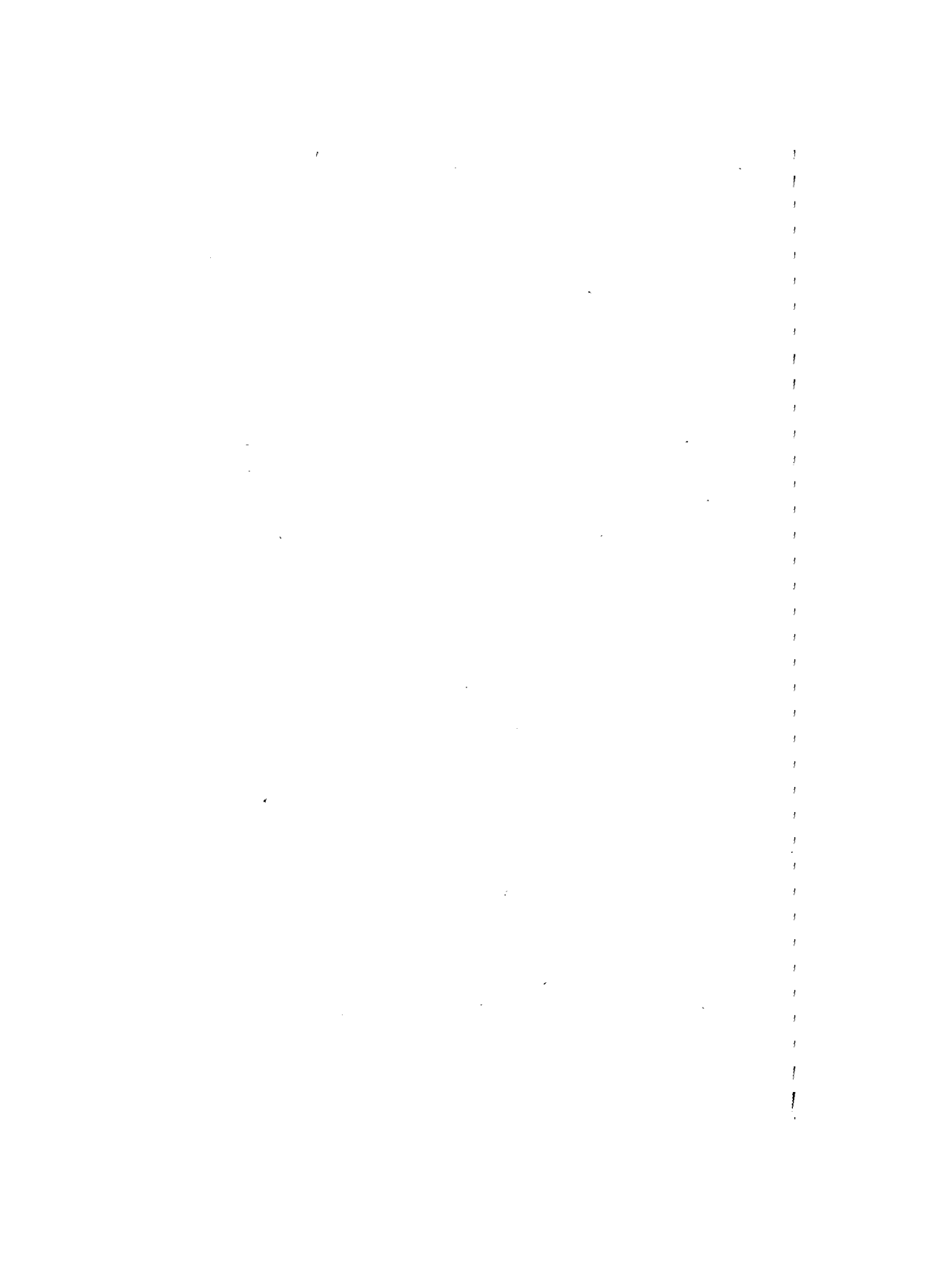
Acted lately in two plays, at the
Black-Friers.

Written by GEORGE CHAPMAN.


Printed by *G. Eld* for *Thomas Thorppe*, and are to be sold at
the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard.

1608.

[A few corrections, chiefly clerical, of the Edition of 1625, have been, for the most part silently, adopted in the following reprint.]



To my Honorable and Constant
friend, Sir *Tho: Walsingham*, Knight: and to my
much *loued from his birth, the right toward and worthy*
Gentleman his sonne *Thomas Walsingham*, Esquire.

IR, though I know, you euer stood
little affected to these vnprofitable
rites of Dedication; (which disposi-
tion in you, hath made me hetherto
dispence with your right in my other
impressions) yet, least the world may
repute it a neglect in me, of so ancient
and worthy a friend; (hauing heard your approbation
of these in their presentment) I could not but prescribe
them with your name; And that my affection may
extend to your Posteritie, I haue entituled to it, herein,
your hope and comfort in your generous sonne; whom
I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd Mother of *Manly*
Sciences; to whose instruction your vertuous care com-
mits him; will so profitably initiate in her learned
labours, that they will make him flourish in his riper life,
ouer the idle liues of our ignorant Gentlemen; and
enable him to supply the Honorable places, of your
name; extending your yeares, and his right noble
Mothers (in the true comforts of his vertues) to the
sight of much, and most happy Progenie; which most
affectionately wishing; and diuiding these poore dis-
membered Poems betwixt you, I desire to liue still in
your gracefull loues; and euer

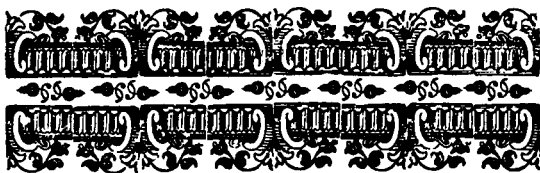
The most assured at your commandements

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



Prologus .

WHen the vnciuill, ciuill warres of France,
Had pour'd upon the countries beaten brest,
Her batterd Citties ; prest her vnder hils
Of slaughterd carcases ; set her in the mouthes
Of murtherous breaches, and made pale Despaire,
Leaue her to Ruine ; through them all, Byron
Stept to her rescue ; tooke her by the hand :
Pluckt her from vnder her vnnatural presse,
And set her shining in the height of peace.
And now new clensd, from dust, from sweat, and bloud,
And dignified with title of a Duke ;
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre
(Washt in the lofty Ocean) thence ariseth ;
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires
Out-shines and darkens : so admir'd Byron,
All France, exempted from comparison.
He toucht heauen with his lance ; nor yet was toucht
With hellish treacherie : his countries loue,
He yet thirsts : not the faire shades of himselfe :
Of which empoisoned Spring ; when pollicie drinks,
He bursts in growing great ; and rising, sinckes :
Which now behold in our Conspirator,
And see in his reuolt, how honors flood
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.



BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sau. I Would not for halfe *Sauoy*, but haue bound
France to some fauour, by my personall
presence

More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)
Could haue obtaind ; for all Ambassadours
(You know) haue chiefly these instructions ;
To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,
To which they are employde ; to penetrate
The heart, and marrow of the Kings designes,
And to obserue the countenances and spirites,
Of such as are impatient of rest ;
And wring beneath, some priuate discontent :
But, past all these, there are a number more
Of these State Criticisimes : That our personall view
May profitably make, which cannot fall
Within the powres of our instruction,
To make you comprehend ; I will doe more
With my meere shadow, than you with your persons.

All you can say against my comming heere,
 Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,
 Breede strange affections in my brother *Spaine* ;
 But when I shall haue time to make my Cannans,
 The long-tong'd Heraulds of my hidden drifts,
 Our reconcilment will be made with triumphs.

Ron. If not, your Highnesse hath small cause to
 care,

Hauing such worthy reason to complaine
 Of *Spaines* colde friendship, and his lingring succours,
 Who onely entertaines your griefes with hope,
 To make your medicine desperate.

Roch. My Lord knowes
 The Spanish glosse too well ; his forme, stufte, lasting,
 And the most dangerous conditions,
 He layes on them with whome he is in league,
 Th'iniustice in the most vnequall dowre,
 Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whome my Lord espoufde,
 Compar'd with that her elder sifter had,
 May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him,
 When of so many Globes and Scepters held
 By the great King, he onely would bestow
 A portion but of six score thousand Crownes
 In yeerely pension, with his highnesse wife,
 When the *Infanta* wedded by the Archduke
 Had the Franch County, and lowe Prouinces.¹

Bret. We should not set these passages of Splene
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*, to the weaker part,
 More good by suffrance growes, than deedes of heart,
 The nearer Princes are, the further off
 In rites of friendship ; my aduice had neuer
 Consented to this voyage of my Lord,
 In which he doth endaunger *Spaines* whole losse,
 For hope of some poore fragment heere in *France*.

Sau. My hope in *France* you know not, though
 my counsel,

¹ The edition of 1625 reads :—

“Had the French Boupty, and low Prouinces.”

And for my losse of *Spain*, it is agreede,
 That I should sleight it, oft-times Princes rules
 Are like the Chymicall Philofophers ;
 Leaue me then to mine owne proiection,²
 In this our thriftie Alchymie of state,
 Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue beene heere
 Our Lord Ambassadour ; and, in short informe mee,
 What Spirites here are fit for our designes.

Ron. The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,
 Were there no other reason for your prefence,
 To make it worthie ; for he is a man
 Of matchlesse valour, and was euer happy
 In all encounters, which were still made good,
 With an vnwearyed fence of any toyle,
 Hauing continued fourteene dayes together
 Vpon his horse : his blood is not voluptuous,
 Nor much inclinde to women ; his desires
 Are higher than his state, and his deserts
 Not much short of the most he can desire,
 If they be weigh'd with what *France* feelles by them :
 He is past measure glorious : And that humour
 Is fit to feede his Spirites, whome it possesseth
 With faith in any errour, chiefly where
 Men blowe it vp, with praise of his perfections,
 The taste whereof in him so soothes his pallate,
 And takes vp all his appetite, that oft times
 He will refuse his meate, and companie
 To feast alone with their most strong conceit ;
 Ambition also, cheeke by cheeke doth march
 With that excesse of glory, both sustain'd
 With an vnlimited fancie, That the King,
 Nor *France* it selfe, without him can subsist.

Sau. He is the man (my Lord) I come to winne ;
 And that supream intention of my prefence
 Saw neuer light till now, which yet I feare,
 The politick King, suspecting, is the cause
 That he hath sent him so farre from my reach,

² The Edition of 1625 reads "protection."

And made him chiefe in the Commiffion,
 Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,
 With whome he is now ; and (as I am tolde)
 So entertaind and fitted in his humour,
 That ere I part, I hope he will returne
 Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the phificke
 That I intend to minister.

Ron. My Lord,
 There is another discontented Spirite
 Now heere in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes
 To any course that may recouer him
 In his declined and litigious state,
 Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,
 In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,
 And that is, *De Laffin*.

Sau. You tell me true,
 And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

Ron. I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will
 prooue,
 Of the yet taintlesse fortresse of *Byron*,
 A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

Sau. Perhappes the battry will be brought before
 him,
 In this ambassage, for I am assur'd
 They set high price of him, and are informde
 Of all the passages, and means for mines
 That may be thought on, to his taking in :

Enter Henry and Laffin.

The King comes, and *Laffin* : the Kings aspect
 Folded in cloudes.

Hen. I will not haue my traine,
 Made a reite for Bankroutes, nor my Court,
 A hye for Droanes : prowde Beggars, and true
 Thieues,
 That with a forced truth they sweare to me,
 Robbe my poore subiects, shall giue vp their Arts,
 And hencefoorth learne to liue by their desarts ;

Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes
Into a greater kingdome, I will spreade
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdome
Her proper, naturall, and woonted fruites,
Nauarre shall be *Nauarre*, and *France* still *France*. :
If one may be the better for the other
By mutuall rites, so, neither shall be worse.
Thou arte in lawe, in quarrells, and in debt,
Which thou wouldst quit with countenance ; Borrow-
ing
With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me
(In my supportance) now our olde warres cease
To wage worse battells, with the armes of Peace.

Laf. Peace must not make men Cowards, nor
keepe calme

Her purse regiment with mens smotherd breaths ;
I must confesse my fortunes are decline,
But neither my deseruings, nor my minde :
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard ; mans right to euerything
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King ;
Yet Iustice should be still indifferent.
The ouerplus of Kings, in all their might,
Is but to peece out the defects of right :
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts
(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still
Licentiary Iustice, punishing good for ill,
Keepe my free throate from knocking at the Skie,
If thunder chid mee for my equitie.

Hen. Thy equity, is to be euer banisht
From Court, and all societie of noblese,
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissention ;
Thou arte at peace with nothing but with warre,
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,
If it but thinke of doing any good :

Thou witchest with thy smiles, suckst bloud with
praises,

Mock'ft al humanitie ; society poisonst,
Coofinft with vertue ; with religion
Betrayst, and massacreft ; so vile thy selfe,
That thou suspectst perfection in others :
A man must thinke of all the villanies
He knowes in all men, to descipher thee,
That art the centre to impietie :
Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me,
To what, thou Sunne to iudge, and make him see.

Exit.

Sau. Now by my dearest Marquisate of *Salusses*,
Your Maiestie hath with the greatest life
Describ'd a wicked man ; or rather thrust
Your arme downe through him to his very feete,
And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,
My eares did witness ; or turnd eares to Eies ;
And those strange Characters, writ in his face,
Which at first sight, were hard for me to reade,
The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,
That I run through them like my naturall language :
Nor do I like that mans Aspect, me thinkes,
Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd
Their powrefull influences ; And (O rare)
What an heroicke, more than royall Spirite
Bewraide you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile droanes, that eat the honny
Sweat from laborious vertue, and denies
To giue those of *Nauarre*, though bred with you,
The benefites and dignities of *France*.
When little Riuers by their greedy currants,
(Farre farre extended from their mother springs)
Drinke vp the forraine brookes still as they runne,
And force their greatnesse, when they come to Sea,
And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,
O how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,
Digesting them so to his proper streames,

That they are no more seene, hee nothing raise
About his vsuall bounds, yet they deuour'd,
That of themselues were pleasant, goodly fouds.

Hen. I would doe best for both, yet shall not be
secure,

Till in some absolute heires my Crowne be fetled,
There is so little now betwixt Aspirers
And their great obiect in my onely selfe,
That all the strength they gather vnder me,
Tempt combat with mine owne : I therefore make
Meanes for some issue by my marriage,
Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,
And she is comming ; I haue trust in heauen
I am not yet so olde, but I may spring,
And then I hope all traytors hopes will fade.

Sau. Else may their whole estates flie, rooted vp
To Ignominie and Obliuion :
And (being your neighbor seruant, and poore kinsman)
I wish your mighty Race might multiply,
Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

Hen. Thanks to my princely cozen, this your
loue
And honour shewne me in your personall prefence,
I wish to welcome to your full content :
The peace I now make with your brother Archduke,
By Duke *Byron* our Lord Ambassadour,
I wish may happily extend to you,
And that at his returne we may conclude it.

Sau. It shall be to my heart the happiest day
Of all my life, and that life all employd,
To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roifeau.

Roif. The wondrous honor done our Duke *Byron*
In his Ambassage heere, in th' Archdukes Court,
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,
I will obserue how they obserue his humour,

And glorifie his valure : and how he
 Accepts and stands attractiue to their ends,
 That so I may not seeme an idle spot
 In traine of this ambassage, but returne
 Able to giue our King some note of all,
 Worth my attendance ; And see, heere's the man,
 Who (though a French man, and in *Orleance* borne
 Seruing the Arch-duke) I doe most suspect,
 Is set to be the tempter of our Duke ;
 Ile goe, where I may see, although not heare.

Enter Picoté, with two other spreading a Carpet.

Pic. Spreade heere this historie of *Cateline*,
 That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spirites,
 Euen to his Geniall feete ; and her darke breast
 Be made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,
 Weele make his feete so tender, they shall gall
 In all paths but to Empire ; and therein
 Ile make the sweete Steppes of his State beginne.

Exit.

Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.

Byr. What place is this ? what ayre ? what region ?
 In which a man may heare the harmony
 Of all things moouing ? *Hymen* marries heere,
 Their ends and vses, and makes me his Temple.
 Hath any man beene blessed, and yet liu'd ?
 The blood turnes in my veines, I stand on change,
 And shall dissolue in changing ; tis so full
 Of pleasure not to be containde in flesh :
 To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnes,
 Tis Immortality to die aspiring,
 As if a man were taken quick to heauen ;
 What will not holde Perfection, let it burst ;
 What force hath any Cannon, not being chargde,
 Or being not dischargde ? To haue stufte and forme,
 And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,
 Nor forme, nor stufte shewes ; happy *Semele*

That dreed comprest with Glorie : Happinesse
Denies comparifon, of lesse, or more,
And not at most, is nothing : like the shaft
Shot at the Sunne, by angry *Hercules*,
And into shiuers by the thunder broken
Will I be if I burst : And in my heart
This shall be written : yet twas high and right.

Musicke againe.

Heere too ? they follow all my steppes with Musique,
As if my feete were numerous, and trode sounds
Out of the Center, with *Apolloes* vertue,
That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,
Strooke musicall accents : wheresoe're I goe,
They hide the earth from me with coverings rich,
To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

Enter Picote in haste.

Pic. This way, your Highnesse.

Byr. Come they ?

Pic. I my Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter the other Commissioners of France, Belieure,
Brulart, Aumall, Orange.*

Bel. My Lord *d' Aumall*, I am exceeding forie,
That your owne obstinacie to hold out,
Your mortall enmitie against the King,
When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,
Should force his wrath to vse the rites of treason,
Vpon the members of your fencelesse Statue,
Your Name and House, when he had lost your person,
Your loue and duety.

Bru. That which men enforce
By their owne wilfulnesse ; they must endure
With willing patience, and without complaint.

D'Aum. I vse not much impatience nor complaint.
Though it offend me much, to haue my name

So blotted with addition of a Traitor.
And my whole memory, (with such despite,
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

Bru. It was despite that held you out so long,
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

Bel. Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our
leaues
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Byron and Pycote.

Byr. Here may we safely breathe?

Py. No doubt (my Lord) no stranger knowes this
way ;

Onely the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,
Perhaps may make their generall scapes to you,
To vtter some part of their priuate loues,
Ere your departure.

Byr. Then, I well perceiue
To what th' intention of his highnesse tends ;
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,
In any office, but disloyaltie ;
But that hath euer showd so fowle a monster
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,
That now to entertaine it ; I must wholly
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,
And striue to growe out of priuation.

Py. My Lord, to weare your loyall habite still,
When it is out of fashion ; and hath done
Service enough ; were rusticke miserie :
The habite of a seruile loyaltie,
Is reckond now amongst priuations,
With blindnesse, dumbnesse, deafnesse, scilence, death,
All which are neither natures by themselues
Nor substances, but mere decayes of forme,
And absolute decessions of nature,
And so, 'tis nothing, what shall you then loose ?
Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,

And in desert of highest dignities,
 Which carue your selfe, and be your owne rewarder ;
 No true powre doth admit priuation,
 Aduerse to him ; or suffers any fellow
 Ioynde in his subiect ; you, superiors ;
 It is the nature of things absolute,
 One to destroy another ; be your Highnesse,
 Like those steepe hils that will admit no cloudes,
 No dews, nor lefſt fumes bound about their brows ;
 Because their tops pierce into pureſt ayre,
 Expert of humor ; or like ayre it ſelfe
 That quickly changeth ; and receiues the funne
 Soone as he riſeth ; euery where diſperſing
 His royall ſplendor ; girds it in his beames,
 And makes it ſelfe the body of the light ;
 Hot, ſhining, ſwift, light, and aſpiring things,
 Are of immortal, and ceſtiall nature ;
 Colde, darke, dull, heauie of infernall fortunes,
 And neuer aime at any happineſſe ;
 Your excellencie knowes ; that ſimple loyaltie,
 Faith, loue, ſinceritie, are but words, no things ;
 Meerely deuifde for forme ; and as the Legate,
 Sent from his Holineſſe, to frame a peace
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy* ; labour'd feruently,
 (For common ends, not for the Dukes perticular)
 To haue him ſigne it ; he againe endeuours
 (Not for the Legates paines, but his owne pleaſure)
 To gratifie him ; and being at laſt encountred ;
 Where the flood *Tefyn* enters into *Po*,
 They made a kinde contention, which of them
 Should enter th' others boate ; one thruſt the other :
 One legge was ouer, and another in :
 And with a fierie courteſie, at laſt
Sauoy leapes out, into the Legates armes,
 And here ends all his loue, and th' others labour ;
 So ſhall theſe termes, and impositions
 Expreſt before, hold nothing in themſelues
 Really good ; but flouriſhes of forme :
 And further then they make to priuate ends

None wife, or free, their propper vse intends.

Byr. O 'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing
 To steale prey from a Lyon ; or to hide
 A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes ;
 To trust our bloud in others veines ; and hang
 Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths :
 To leaue a fure pace on continuat earth,
 And force a gate in iumps, from towre to towre,
 As they doe that aspire, from height to height ;
 The bounds of loyaltie are made of glasse,
 Soone broke, but can in no date be repaired ;
 And as the Duke *D'Aumall*, (now here in Court)
 Flying his countrey ; had his Statue torne
 Peece-meale with horses ; all his goods confiscate,
 His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,
 His goodly house at *Annet* rac'd to th' earth.
 And (for a strange reproche of his foule treason)
 His trees about it, cut off by their wastes ;
 So, when men flie the naturall clime of truth,
 And turne them-selues loose, out of all the bounds
 Of Iustice, and the straight-way to their ends ;
 Forfaking all the sure force in themselues
 To seeke, without them, that which is not theirs,
 The formes of all their comforts are distracted ;
 The riches of their freedomes forfeited ;
 Their humane nobleffe shamd ; the Mansions
 Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares ;
 And all their ornaments of wit, and valure,
 Learning, and iudgement, cut from all their fruites.

Alb. O, here were now the richest prize in *Europe*,
 Were he but taken in affection,
 Would we might growe together, and be twins
 Of eithers fortune ; or that, still embrac't
 I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone :

Byr. Your highnesse honors, and high bountie
 showne me,
 Haue wonne from me my voluntary powre ;
 And I must now mooue by your eminent will ;
 To what particular obiects ; if I know

By this man's intercession, he shall bring :
My vtmost answere, and performe betwixt vs,
Reciprocally, and full intelligence.

Alber. Euen for your owne deserued roiall good,
Tis ioyfully accepted, vse the loues
And worthy admirations of your friends,
That beget vowes of all things you can wish,
And be what I wish : danger saies, no more. *Exit.*

Enter Mansfield at another dore. Exit Picote.

Manf. Your highnesse makes the light of this
Court stoope,
With your so neere departure, I was forc't
To tender to your excellence, in briefe,
This priuate wish, in taking of my leaue ;
That in some army Roiall, old Count *Mansfield*,
Might be commanded by your matchles valor,
To the supreamest point of victorie :
Who vowes for that renoune all praier, and seruice :
No more, leaft I may wrong you. *Exit Manf.*
Byr. Thanke your Lordship.

Enter D'Aumall and Oreng.

D'Au. All maiestie be added to your highnesse,
Of which, I would not wish your brest to beare
More modest apprehension : then may tread,
The high gate of your spirit ; and be knowne
To be a fit Bound for your Boundlesse valor.

Or. So *Oreng* wisheth, and to the desarts
Of your great actions, their most roiall Crowne.

Enter Picoté.

Pic. Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you.

Exit. Bir.

Manet Oreng, D'Aum, Roiseau.

Ore. Would we might winne his valor to our part.

D'Au. Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty here ;
 With all states highest obseruations :
 And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,
 He was presented with two goodly horses,
 One of which two, was the braue Beast *Pastrana* :
 With plate of gold, and a much prized iewell ;
 Girdle and hangers, set with wealthy stones :
 All which were vallew'd, at ten thousand crownes ;
 The other Lords had suites of tapistry,
 And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman
 A paire of Spanish Gloues, and Rapire blades :
 And here ends their entreaty ; which I hope
 Is the beginning of more good to vs,
 Then twenty thousand times their giftes to them.

Enter Alber : Byr : Beli. Mansf. Roifeau : with others.

Alber. My Lord, I grieue that all the setting forth,
 Of our best welcome, made you more retired :
 Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors ;
 And therefore we are glad your time of parting
 Is come to set you in the ayre you loue :
 Commend my seruice to his Maiefty,
 And tell him that this daie of peace with him
 Is held, as holie. All your paines my Lords
 I shal be alwaies glad to gratifie
 With any loue and honour, your owne hearts
 Shall do me grace to wish exprest to you.

Roif. Here hath beene strange demeaneure, which
 shall flie,
 To the great author of this Ambassy.

ACT 2. SCE. 1.

Sauoy, Laffin, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sauoy. Admit no entry, I will speake with none,
Good signior *de Laffin*, your worth shall finde,
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,
Of that the King (in furfet of his store)
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall ;
I told him, hauing threatned you away,
That I did wonder, this small time of peace,
Could make him cast his armor so securely
In such as you, and as twere fet the head
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,
And pitch him from him with such guardlike strength.

Laffi. He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,
The Axeltree that kept him on his wheeles.

Sau. I told him so, I sweare, in other termes
And not with too much note of our close loues
Least so he might haue smokt our practises.

Laffi. To chuse his time, and spit his poison on me,
Through th' eares, and eies of strangers.

Sau. So I told him
And more then that, which now I will not tell you :
It rests now then, Noble and worthy friend,
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,
To whose attraction there is no such chaine,
As you can fordge, and shake out of your braine.

Laffi, I haue deuise the fashion and the weight ;
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates ;

And, to pull shaftes home, (with a good bow-arme)
 We thrust hard from vs ; since he came from Flanders
 He heard how I was threatned with the King,
 And hath beene much inquisitiue to know
 The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me ;
 The meanes he vsde, I answered doubtfully ;
 And with an intimation that I shund him,
 Which will (I know) put more spur to his charge ;
 And if his haughty stomacke be preperde,
 With will to any act : for the aspiring
 Of his ambitious aimes, I make no doubt
 But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

Sau. But vndertake it, and I rest assur'd :
 You are reported to haue skill in Magick,
 And the euent of things, at which they reach
 That are in nature apt to ouerreach :
 Whom the whole circle of the present time,
 In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
 Cannot containe : those men (as broken loofe
 From humane limmits) in all violent ends
 Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends,
 And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,
 Which therefore well will fit such coniurations,
 Attempt him then by flying ; close with him,
 And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedome.

Laf. My best in that, and all things, vowes your
 seruice.

Sau. Thankes to my deare friend ; and the French
Vlisses. *Exit Sauoy.*

Enter Byron.

Byr. Here is the man ; my honord friend, *Laffin* ?
 Alone, and heauy countinanc't ? on what termes
 Stood th' insultation of the King vpon you ?

Laffi. Why do you aske ?

Byr. Since I would know the truth.

Laf. And when you know it ; what ?

Byr. Ile iudge betwixt you,

And (as I may) make euen th' exceffe of either.

Laf. Ahlas my Lord, not all your loyaltie,
Which is in you, more then hereditary,
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)
Can do the seruice you may hope on me
In founding my displeafde integrity ;
Stand for the King, as much in policie
As you haue stird for him in deedes of armes,
And make your selfe his glorie, and your countries
Till you bee fuct as drie, and wrought as leane,
As my fleade carcase : you shall neuer close
With me, as you imagine.

Byr. You much wrong me,
To thinke me an intelligencing instrument.³

Laff. I know not how your so affected zeale,
To be reputed a true harted subiect,
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperate ;
If I offend you, I am in your powre :
I care not how I tempt your conquering furie,
I am predestin'd to too base an end,
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;
And be a worthy obiect for your sword :
I lay my hand, and head too at your feete,
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,
End me directly, doe not goe about.

Byr. How strange is this ? the shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatique.

Laff. Since the King hath wrong'd me
He thinks Ile hurt my selfe ; no, no, my Lord :
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,
(If they should ioyne in my reuenge) would proue
Weake foes to him, still hauing you to friend :
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right my selfe.

Exit.

3 The edition of 1608 reads "an intelligencing Lord."

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it,
His state decai'd, and he disgrac'd ; distracts him.

Redit Laffin.

Laff. Change not my words my Lord, I onely said
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;
And that word (tempted) was conditionall too,
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

Byr. Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,
Farre from these base, and mercenarie reaches,
I am I sweare to you.

Laff. You may be so ;
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin*,
A poore and expuate humor of the Court :
But what good bloud came out with me ; what veines
And sinews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,
And dare assume it ; I haue powre to adde
To all his greatnesse ; and make yet more fixt
His bould securitie ; Tell him this my Lord ;
And this (if all the spirits of earth and aire,
Be able to enforce) I can make good :
If knowledge of the sure euent of things,
Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings :
And falles of Kings to subiects, hold a powre
Of strength to worke it ; I can make it good ;
And tell him this to ; if in midst of winter
To make black Groues grow greene ; to still the thun-
der ;
And cast out able flasbes from mine eies,
To beate the lightning back into the skies,
Proue powre to do it, I can make it good ;
And tell him this too ; if to lift the Sea
Vp to the Starres, when all the Windes are still ;
And keepe it calme, when they are most enrag'd :
To make earths driest palms, sweate humorous springs
To make fixt rocks walke ; and loose shadowes stand,

To make the dead speake : midnight see the Sunne,
 Mid-daie turne mid-night ; to dissolue all lawes
 Of nature, and of order, argue powre
 Able to worke all, I can make all good.
 And all this tell the King.

Byr. Tis more then strange,
 To see you stand thus at the rapiers point
 With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

Last. Who cannot friend himselve, is foe to any,
 And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,
 Makes me so skornd, but make me what you can ;
 Neuer so wicked, and so full of fiends,
 I neuer yet, was traitor to my friends :
 The lawes of friendship I haue euer held,
 As my religion ; and for other lawes ;
 He is a foole that keepes them with more care,
 Then they keepe him, safe, rich, and populare :
 For riches, and for populare respects
 Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,
 You shall not finde the least flaw in my armes,
 To pierce or taint me ; what will great men be,
 To please the King, and beare authoritie. *Exit.*

Byr. How fit a sort were this to hanfell fortune ?
 And I will winne it though I loose my selfe,
 Though he prooue harder then *Egiptian* Marble,
 Ile make him malliable, as th' *Ophyr* gold ;
 I am put off from this dull shore of East,
 Into industrious, and high-going Seas ;
 Where, like *Pelides* in *Scamanders* flood,
 Vp to the eares in farges, I will fight,
 And pluck French *Iliou* vnderneath the waues :
 If to be highest still, be to be best,
 All workes to that end are the worthiest :
 Truth is a golden Ball, cast in our way,
 To make vs stript by falsehood : And as *Spaine*
 When the hote scuffles of *Barbarian* armes,
 Smotherd the life of *Don Sebastian*,
 To guild the leaden rumor of his death
 Gaue for a slaughterd body (held for his)

A hundred thousand crownes ; caus'd all the state
 Of superstitious *Portugall* to mourne
 And celebrate his solemne funerals ;
 The Moores to conquest, thankfull feasts preferre,
 And all made with the carcasse of a *Switzer* :
 So in the Giantlike, and politique warres
 Of barbarous greatnesse, raging still in peace,
 Showes to aspire iust obiects ; are laide on
 With cost, with labour, and with forme enough,
 Which onely makes our best acts brooke the light,
 And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,
 So worst workes are made good, with good successe,
 And so for Kings, pay subiects carcafes. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Roiseau.

Hen. Was he so courted ?

Roif. As a Cittie Dame,

Brought by her iealous husband, to the Court,
 Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,
 While others snatch, a fauour from his wife :
 One starts from this doore ; from that nooke another,
 With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phraze,
 Steale her employment, shifting place by place
 Still as her husband comes : so Duke *Byron*
 Was woode, and worshipt in the Arch-dukes Court,
 And as th' assistants that your Maiestie,
 Ioinde in Commission with him, or my selfe,
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
 He euer vanisht : and as such a dame,
 As we compar'd with him before, being won
 To breake faith to her husband, loose her fame,
 Staine both their progenies, and comming fresh
 From vnderneath the burthen of her shame,
 Visits her husband with as chaste a browe,
 As temperate, and confirm'd behaiour,
 As she came quitted from confession.
 So from his scapes, would he present a presence,
 The practise of his state adulterie,

And guilt that should a gracefull bosome stricke,
Drownde in the fet lake, of a hopelesse cheeke.

Hen. It may be hee dissembled, or suppose,
He be a little tainted : men whom vertue
Formes with the stuffe of fortune, great, and gracious,
Must needs pertake with fortune in her humor
Of instabilitie : and are like to shafts
Growne crookt with standing, which to rectifie,
Must twice as much be bowd another way,
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his worst be borne with : we must fit
Our government to men, as men to it :
In old time, they that hunted sauadge beasts,
Are said to clothe themselues in sauage skinnes,
They that were Fowlers when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling Fowles :
To Buls, we must not shew our selues in red,
Nor to the warlike Elephant in white,
In all things gouern'd, their infirmities
Must not be stir'd, nor wrought on ; Duke *Byron*
Floues with adust, and melancholy choller,
And melancholy spirits are venemous :
Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'de :
I therefore meane to make him change the ayre,
And send him further from those Spanish vapors,
That still beare fighting sulphure in their breasts,
To breath a while in temperate English ayre,
Where lips are spic'd with free and loyall counsailes,
Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing ;
Wisdome is simple, valure righteous,
Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces,
And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffes of *France*,
The empty complements of *Italy*,
The any-way encroaching pride of *Spaine*,
And loue men modest, harty, iust and plaine.

Sauoy, whispering with Lassin.

Sau. Ile found him for *Byron* ; and what I finde,

In the Kings depth ; ile draw vp, and informe,
 In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,
 When next I meete with him.

Laff. It must be done
 With praising of the Duke ; from whom the King
 Will take to giue himselfe ; which tolde the Duke,
 Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

Sau. I know it (politick friend :) and tis my purpose,
Exit Laf.

Your Maiestie hath mist a royall fight,
 The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastrana*,
 Who fits him like a full-saild Argofea,
 Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
 Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt ;
 And being considered in their site together,
 They do the best present the state of man,
 In his first royaltie ruling ; and of beasts
 In their first loyaltie seruing ; one commanding,
 And no way being mou'd ; the other seruing,
 And no way being compeld : of all the fights
 That euer my eyes witnest ; and they make
 A doctrinall and witty Hieroglyphick,
 Of a blest kingdome : to expresse and teach,
 Kings to command as they could serue, and subiects
 To serue as if they had powre to command.

Hen. You are a good old horseman I perceiue,
 And still out all the vse of that good part :
 Your wit is of the true *Piercean* spring,
 That can make any thing, of any thing.

Sau. So braue a subiect as the Duke, no king
 Seated on earth, can vante of but your Highnesse,
 So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice.

Hen. No question he sets valour in his height,
 And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,
 Fortune attending him with fit euent,
 To all his ventrous and well-laid attempts.

Sau. Fortune to him was *Iuno*, to *Alcides*,
 For when, or where did she but open way,
 To any act of his ? what stone tooke he

With her help, or without his owne loft bloud ?
 What fort won he by her ? or was not forc't ?
 What victory but gainst ods ? on what Commander
 Sleepy or negligent, did he euer charge ?
 What Summer euer made she faire to him ?
 What winter, not of one continued storme ?
 Fortune is so farre from his Creditresse,
 That she owes him much : for in him, her looks
 Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,
 Constant, victorious ; and in his Achieuements,
 Her cheekes are drawne out with a vertuous rednesse,
 Out of his eager spirit to victorie,
 And chaste contention to conuince with honor ;
 And (I haue heard) his spirits haue flowd so high,
 In all his conflicts against any odds,
 That (in his charge) his lips haue bled with feruor :
 How seru'd he at your famous siege of *Dreux* ?
 Where the enemy (assur'd of victory)
 Drew out a bodie of foure thousand horse,
 And twice fixe thousand foote, and like a Crescent,
 Stood for the signall, you : (that show'd your selfe
 A sound old fouldier) thinking it not fit
 To giue your enemy the ods, and honour
 Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,
 To let flie all his cannons, that did pierce
 The aduerse thickest squadrons, and had shot
 Nine volleies ere the foe had once giuen fire :
 Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old
 father,
 Met with th' assailants, and their Groue of Reiters
 Repulst so fiercely, made them turne their beards
 And rallie vp themselues behind their troopes ;
 Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,
 From that part first assaulted, gaue it charge,
 Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,
 Beates through and through the enemies greatest
 strength,
 And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock
 And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

Hen. The heart but now came on, in that strong
body,
Of twice two thousand horse, lead by *Du Maine*
Which (if I would be glorious) I could say
I first encountered.

Sau. How did he take in,
Beaune in view of that invincible army
Lead by the Lord great Constable of Castile ?
Autun, and *Nuis* : in Burgundy chaff away,
Vicount *Tauannes* troopes before Dijon,
And puts himselfe in, and there that was won.

Hen. If you would onely giue me leaue my Lord,
I would do right to him, yet must not giue.

Sau. A league from *Fontaine Francois*, when you
sent him,
To make discouerie of the Castile army,
When he discern'd twas it (with wondrous wisdom
Joinde to his spirit) he seem'd to make retreat,
But when they prest him, and the Barron of Lux,
Set on their charge so hotely, that his horse,
Was slaine, and he most dangerously engag'd,
Then turnd your braue duke head, and (with such
ease

As doth an Eccho beate backe violent sounds,
With their owne forces) he, (as if a wall
Start sodainely before them) pasht them all
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field won.

Hen. Y'are all the field wide.

Sau. O, I aske you pardon,
The strength of that field yet laie in his backe,
Vpon the foes part ; and what is to come,
Of this your Marshal, now your worthie Duke
Is much beyond the rest : for now he sees
A sort of horse troopes, issue from the woods,
In number nere twelue hundred : and retyring
To tell you that the entire armie follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forc't
To turne head, and receiue the maine assaulte
Of five horse troopes : onely with twenty horse :

The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,
 And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,
 One on his head, another on his brest,
 The bloud of which, drownd all the field in doubt :
 Your maiesty himselfe was then engag'd,
 Your powre not yet arriu'd, and vp you brought
 The little strength you had : a cloud of foes,
 Ready to burst in stormes about your eares :
 Threë squadrons rusht against you, and the first,
 You tooke so fiercely, that you beate their thoughts
 Out of their bosoms, from the vrged fight :
 The second, all amazed you ouerthrew,
 The third disperst, with fise and twenty horse
 Left of the fourescore that perfude the chase :
 And this braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds
 Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,
 One after other he defeats them both,
 And made them runne, like men whose heeles were
 tript,

And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap :
 And him he sets on, as he had beene shot
 Out of a Cannon : beates him into route,
 And as a little brooke being ouerrunne
 With a black torrent ; that beares all things downe,
 His furie ouertakes, his fomy back,
 Loded with Cattaile, and with stackes of Corne,
 And makes the miserable Plowman mourne ;
 So was *du Maine* furchardgd, and so *Byron*
 Flow'd ouer all his forces ; euey drop
 Of his lost bloud, bought with a worthy man ;
 And, onely with a hundred Gentlemen
 He wonne the place, from fifeene hundred horse.

Heu. He won the place ?

Sau. On my word, so tis sayd' :

Hen. Fie you haue beene extremely misinform'd.

Sau. I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,
 I was not there ; and though I haue beene rude,
 With wonder of his vallor, and presum'd,
 To keepe his merit in his full carire,

Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder ;
 Pardon my fault, since twas t'extoll your seruant ;
 But, is it not most true, that twixt yee both,
 So few achieu'd, the conquest of so many ?

Hen. It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,
 But not performd by him, was not I there ?
 Commanded him, and in the maine assault,
 Made him but second ?

Sau. Hee's the capitall fouldier,
 That liues this day in holy Christendome,
 Except your highnesse, alwaies except *Plato*.

Hen. We must not giue to one, to take from
 many,

For (not to praise our countrimen) here seru'd,
 The Generall *My Lord Norris*, sent from England :
 As great a captaine as the world affords :
 One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome ;
 Of more experience ; and of stronger braine ;
 As valiant for abiding ; In Command,
 On any fodaine ; vpon any ground
 And in the forme of all occasions
 As ready, and as profitably, dauntles ;
 And heere was then another ; *Collonell Williams*,
 A worthy Captaine ; and more like the Duke,
 Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall ;
 And being familiar with the man you praise,
 (Because he knew him haughty and incapable,
 Of all comparifon) would compare with him,
 And hold his swelling valour to the marke,
 Iustice had fet in him, and not his will :
 And as in open vessells filld with water,
 And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene
 cuppes,
 To keepe the wild and slippery element,
 From washing ouer : follow all his Swayes
 And tickle aptnes to exceed his bounds,
 And at the brym containe him : so this Knight,
 Swum in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.

But leaue these hot comparifons, hee's mine owne,
And then what I poffeffe, Ile more be knowne.

Sau. All this fhall to the duke, I fight for this.

Exeunt.

FINIS. Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

Enter La Fin, Byron following vnfeene.

Laff. A fained paffion in his hearing now,
(Which he thinkes I perceauē not) making confcience,
Of the reuolt that he hath vrdgd to me,
(Which now he meanes to profecute) would found,
How deepe he ftands affected with that fcruple.
As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,
And fet the world in filuer of her light,
The Planets, Aftarifms, and whole ftate of Heauen,
In beames of gold defcending ; all the windes,
Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abroad,
Their cloudy heads ; an vniuerfall peace,
Proclaimd in filence of the quiet earth.
Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loofe,
Stormes and cloudes mixing ; fodainely put out
The eyes of all thofe glories : The creation,
Turnd into *Chaos*, and we then defire,
For all our ioye of life, the death of fleepe ;
So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,
Cleere confciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did vs worthy comfort, are eclipfd,
Griefe and difgrace inuade vs ; and for all,
Our night of life beftdes, our Miferie craues,

Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues.

Byr. How strange is this ?

Laff. What ? did your highnesse heare ?

Byr. Both heard and wonderd, that your wit and
spirit,

And proffit in experience of the flaueries,
Impot'd on vs ; in those mere politique termes,
Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,
To such a height of ignorant conscience ;
Of cowerdise, and dissolution,
In all the free-borne powers of royall man.
You that haue made way through all the guards,
Of Jeloufe State ; and seen on both your sides,
The pikes points chardging heauen to let you passe,
Will you, (in flying with a scrupulous wing,
Aboue those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them ?
This is like men, that (spirited with wine,)
Passe dangerous places safe ; and die for feare,
With onely thought of them, being simply sober ;
We must (in passing to our wished ends,
Through things calld good and bad) be like the ayre,
That euenly interposd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed Element of fire ;
At either toucheth, but partakes with neither ;
Is neither hot, nor cold, but with a sleight
And harmeles temper mixt of both th'extremes.

Laff. Tis shrode.

Byr. There is no truth of any good
To be descern'd on earth : and by conuersion,
Nought therefore simply bad : But as the stufte,
Prepar'd for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,
Till it be formd, and man hath cast the beames,
Of his imaginouse fancie through it,
In forming antient Kings and conquerors,
As he conceiues they look't, and were attirde,
Though they were nothing so : so all things here,
Haue all their price fet downe, from men's concepts,
Which make all terms and actions, good, or bad,
And are but pliant, and wel-coloured threads,

Put into fained images of truth :
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Gospell,
Were Superstition to be hift to hell.

Laff. Beleeue it, this is reason.

Byr. T'is the faith,
Of reason and of wifdome.

Laff. You perfwade,
As if you could create : what man can shunne,
The ferches, and compreffiions of your graces.

Byr. We must haue these lures when we hawke for
friends,

And wind about them like a subtle Riuer,
That (seeming onely to runne on his course)
Doth ferch yet, as he runnes ; and still finds out,
The easiest parts of entry on the shore ;
Gliding so flyly by, as scarce it toucht,
Yet still eates some thing in it : so must those,
That haue large fields, and currants to dispose.
Come, let vs ioyne our streames, we must runne far,
And haue but little time : The Duke of Sauoy,
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs,
Make you well knowne to him.

Laff. But hath your highnes,
Some enterprife of value ioynd with him ?

Byr. With him and greater persons.

Laffi. I will creepe
Vpon my bosome in your Princely seruice,
Vouch-safe to make me knowne. I heare there liues
not,
So kind, so bountyfull, and wise a Prince,
But in your owne excepted excellence.

Byr. He shall both know, and loue you : are you
mine ?

Laff. I take the honor of it, on my knee,
And hope to quite it with your Maiesty. *Exit.*

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochet Breton.

Sau. *La Fin*, is in the right ; and will obtaine ;

He draweth with his weight ; and like a plummet
That swaies a dore, with falling off, pulls after.

Ron. Thus will *Laffin* be brought a Stranger to
you,

By him he leads ; he conquers that is conquerd,
Thats fought, as hard to winne, that fues to be wonne.

Sau. But is my Painter warnd to take his picture,
When he shall see me, and present *Laffin* ?

Roch. He is (my Lord) and (as your highnesse
willd)

All we will presse about him, and admire,
The royale promise of his rare aspect,
As if he heard not.

Sau. Twill enflame him,
Such trickes the Arch-duke vfd t'extoll his greatnes,
Which complements though plaine men hold absurd,
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse,
Yet great men vse them ; as their state Potatoes,
High Coollifes, and potions to excite
The lust of their ambition : and this Duke ;
You know is noted in his naturall garb
Extreamely glorious ; who will therefore bring
An appetite expecting such a baite ;
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

Enter Byron, La Fin.

Byr. All honor to your highnesse,

Sau. Tis most true.
All honours flow to me, in you their Ocean ;
As welcome worthyest Duke, as if my marquifate,
Were circl'd with you in these amorous armes.

Byr. I forrow Sir I could not bring it with me,
That I might so supply the fruitlesse complement,
Of onely visiting your excellence,
With which the King now sends me t'entertaine you ;
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,
That it hath giuen me some small time to shew,
My gratitude for the many secreet bounties,

I haue (by this your Lord Ambaffador)
Felt from your heighneffe ; and in short, t' assure you,
That all my moft deferts are at your feruice.

Sau. Had the king fent me by you halfe his king-
dome,

It were not halfe fo welcom ;

Byr. For defect,

Of whatfoeuer in my felfe, (my Lord,)

I here commend to your moft Princely Seruice

This honord friend of mine ;

Sau. Your name I pray you Sir.

Laff. *Laffin*, my Lord.

Sau. *Laffin* ? Is this the man,
That you fo recommended to my loue ?

Ron. The fame my Lord,

Sau. Y'are next my Lord the Duke,
The moft defird of all men. O my Lord,
The King and I, haue had a mighty conflict,
About your conflicts, and your matchles worth,
In military vertues ; which I put
In Ballance with the continent of France,
In all the peace and fafty it enioyes.
And made euen weight with all he could put in
Of all mens elfe ; and of his owne deferts.

Byr. Of all mens elfe ? would he weigh other
mens,

With my deferuings ?

Sau. I vpon my life,
The English Generall. the Mylor' *Norris*,
That feru'd amongst you here, he paralleld
With you, at all parts, and in some preferd him,
And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonell)
He made a man, that at your moft containd you :
Which the Welch Herralde of their praife, the Cucko,
Would scarce haue put, in his monology,
In iest, and said with reuerence to his merits,

Byr. With reuerence ? Reuerence skornes him : by
the spoyle,
Of all her Merits in me, he shall rue it ;

Did euer *Curtian* Gulffe play such a part ?
 Had *Curtius* beene so vsed, if he had brook't,
 That rauenous whirlepoole, poud his solide spirits,
 Through earth dissolued finews, stept her veines,
 And rose with saued Rome, vpon his backe,
 As I swum pooles of fire, and Gullfs of brasse,
 To saue my country ? thrust this venturous arme,
 Beneath her ruines ; tooke her on my necke,
 And set her safe on her appeased shore ?
 And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,
 In his so rotten bosome, to deuoure
 Him that deuourd, what else had swallowed him
 In a detraction, so with spight embrewed,
 And drowne such good in such ingratitude ?
 My spirrit as yet, but stooping to his rest,
 Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in clowds,
 Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euen :
 But when I throughly set to him ; his cheekes,
 Will (like those clouds) forgoe their collour quite,
 And his whole blaze, smoke into endles night,

San, Nay nay, we must haue no such gall my
 Lord,

O'reflow our friendly liuers : my relation,
 Onely deliuers my inflamed zeale
 To your religious merits ; which me thinkes,
 Should make your highnes canoniz'd, a Saint.

Byr. What had his armes beene, without my
 arme,

That with his motion, made the whole field moue ?
 And this held vp, we still had victory.
 When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends,
 Retir'd amazed, I set them on affurd,
 And what rude ruine feaf'd on I confirmed ;
 When I left leading, all his army reeld,
 One fell on other foule, and as the *Cyclop*
 That hauing lost his eye, strooke euery way,
 His blowes directed to no certaine scope ;
 Or as the soule departed from the body,
 The body wants coherence in his parts,

Can not consist, but feuer, and dissolue ;
So I remou'd once, all his armies shooke,
Panted, and fainted, and were euer flying,
Like wandring pulses sperst through bodies dying.

Sau. It cannot be denied, tis all so true,
That what seemes arrogance, is desert in you.

Byr. What monstrous humors feed a Princes
blood,

Being bad to good men, and to bad men good ?

Sau. Well let these contradictions passe (my lord,)
Till they be reconcil'd, or put in forme,
By power giuen to your will, and you present,
The fashion of a perfect gouernment ;
In meane space but a word, we haue small time,
To spend in priuate, which I wish may be
With all aduantage taken ; Lord *Laffin.*

Ron. Ist not a face of excellent presentment,
Though not so amoureuse with pure white, and red,
Yet is the whole proportion singular.

Roch. That euer I beheld.

Bret. It hath good lines,
And traçts drawne through it : the purple, rare,

Ron. I heard the famous and right learned Earle,
And Archbishop of *Lyons, Pierce Pinac,*
Who was reported to haue wondrous Iudgment
In mens euent, and natures, by their lookes :
(Npon his death bed, visited by this duke)
He told his sifter, when his grace was gon,
That he had neuer yet obserud a face,
Of worse presage then this ; and I will sweare,
That (something seene in Phisiognomy)
I do not find in all the rules it giues
One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,
But (on the opposite part) as we may see,
On trees late blossomd, when all frosts are past,
How they are taken, and what will be fruit :
So on this tree of Scepters, I discern
How it is loaden with apparances,

Rules answering Rules; and glances, crownd with
glances;

He snatches away the picture.

Byr. What, does he take my picture?

Sau. I my Lord.

Byr. Your Highnesse will excuse me; I will giue
you

My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture;
And by a Statuary of mine owne,
That can in Braffe expresse the witte of man,
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues:
Others that with much strictnesse imitate,
The some-thing stooping carriage of my neck,
The voluble, and milde radiance of mine eyes,
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,
And Lyon-like instinct, it shaddoweth:
Which Enuie cannot say, is flatterie:
And I will haue my Image promise you,
Cut in such matter, as shall euer last;
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,
And with a most unmooued grauitie;
For I will haue the famous mountaine *Oros*,
That looks out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,
(Into your highnesse Dukedome) first made yours,
And then with such inimitable art
Expressed and handled; chieflie from the place
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face,
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill
In all his longitudes, and latitudes,
His height, his distances, and full proportion,
Yet shall it cleerely beare my counterfaite,
Both in my face and all my lineaments:
And euery man shall say, this is *Byron*.
Within my left hand, I will hold a Cittie,
Which is the Cittie *Amiens*; at whose sledge
I seru'd so memorably: from my right,
He powre an endlesse flood, into a Sea
Raging beneath me; which shall intimate
My ceaselesse service, drunke vp by the King

As th' Ocean drinks vp riuers, and makes all
Beare his proude title ; *Iuory, Brasfe, and Goulde,*
That theeues may purchafe ; and be bought and
fould,

Shall not be vfe about me ; laſting worth
Shall onely fet the Duke of *Byron* forth.

Sau. O that your ſtatuary could expreſſe you,
With any nereneſſe to your owne inſtructions ;
That ſtatue would I priſe paſt all the iewells
Within my cabinet of *Beatrice,*
The memorie of my Grandame Portugall ;
Moſt roiall Duke : we can not longe endure
To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,
With this great reſolution : that your wiſedome,
Will not forget to caſt a pleaſing vaile,
Ouer your anger ; that may hide each glance,
Of any notice taken of your wrong,
And ſhew your ſelf the more obſequious.
Tis but the virtue of a little patience,
There are ſo oft attempts made gainſt his perſon,
That ſometimes they may ſpeede, for they are plants
That ſpring the more for cutting, and at laſt
Will caſt their wiſhed ſhadow : marke ere long,

Enter Nemours Soiffon.

See who comes here my Lord, as now no more,
Now muſt we turne ouer ſtreame another way ;
My Lord, I hembly thanke his maieſty,
That he would grace my idle time ſpent here
With entertainment of your princely perſon ;
Which, worthely, he keepes for his owne boſome.
My Lord, the duke *Nemours* ? and Count *Soiffon* ?
Your honours haue beene bountifully done me
In often viſitation : let me pray you,
To ſee ſome iewells now, and helpe my choice :
In making vp a preſent for the King.

Nem. Your highneſſe ſhall much grace vs.

Sau. I am doubtfull
That I haue much incenst the Duke *Byron*,
With praising the Kings worthinesse in armes
So much past all men.

Soif. He deserues it, highly.

Exit. manet Byr : Laffin.

Byr. What wrongs are these, laid on me by the
King,
To equall others worths in warre, with mine ;
Endure this, and be turnd into his Moile
To beare his sumptures ; honord friend be true,
And we will turne these torrents, hence.

En. the King. Exit Laffi.

Enter Henry, Espe, Vitry, Fanin.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,
To breede so neere your bosome ? bee assurde,
His hants are omenous, not the throtes of Rauens,
Spent on infected houfes, howles of dogs,
When no found stirres, at midnight ; apparitions,
And strokes of spirits, clad in black mens shapes :
Or ougly womens : the aduerse decrees
Of constellations, nor securitie,
In vicious peace, are surer fatall vsers
Of semall mischiefes, and mortalities,
Then this prodigious feend is, where he fawnes :
Lafind, and not *Laffin*, he should be cald.

Byr. Be what he will, men in themselues entire,
March safe with naked feete, on coles of fire :
I build not outward, nor depend on proppes,
Nor chuse my comfort by the common eare :
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings :
So rare are true deseruers, lou'd or knowne,
That men lou'd vulgarely, are euer none :
Nor men grac't seruilely, for being spots
In Princes traines, though borne euen with their
crownes ;
The Stalion powre hath such a beefome taile,

That it sweepes all from iustice, and such filth
 He beares out in it, that men mere exempt
 Are merely cleereft : men will shortly buie
 Friends from the prifon or the pillorie,
 Rather then honors markets. I feare none,
 But foule Ingratitude. and Detraction,
 In all the brood of villanie.

Hen. No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye,
 He comes inuisible, vail'd with flatterie,
 And flaterers looke like friends, as Woolues, like
 Dogges.

And as a glorious Poeme fronted well
 With many a goodly Herralde of his praise,
 So farre from hate of praifes to his face,
 That he praies men to praise him, and they ride
 Before, with trumpets in their mouthes, proclayming
 Life to the holie furie of his lines :

All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,
 On his lou'd hand, and led it by a rule ;
 That his plumes onely Imp the Muses wings,
 He sleepe with them, his head is napt with baies,
 His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde feete
 Are of the great last, the perpetuall motion,
 And he putt wirth their empty breath beleeeues
 Full merit, eas'd, those passions of winde,
 Which yet serue, but to praise, and cannot merit,
 And so his furie in their ayre expires :
 So *de Laffin*, and such corrupted Heralds,
 Hirde to encourage, and to glorifie
 May force what breath they will into their cheekes
 Fitter to blow vp bladders, then full men :
 Yet may puff men to, with perswasions
 That they are Gods in worth ; and may rise Kings
 With treading on their noises ; yet the worthiest,
 From onely his owne worth receiues his spirit
 And right is worthy bound to any merit ;
 Which right, shall you haue euer ; leaue him then,
 He followes none but markt, and wretched men ;

And now for England you shall goe my lord,
 Our Lord Ambassador to that matchlesse Queene ;
 You neuer had a voiage of such pleasure
 Honor, and worthy obiects : Ther's a Queene
 Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,
*Wisdom*e her studie, *Conntinence* her fort,
 Where *Magnanimity*, *Humanitie* :
 Firmnesse in counsaile and integritie :
 Grace to her porest subiects : Maieftie
 To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,
 And in her each part, all the vertues shine.

Exit Hen. & Sau. manet Byron.

Byr. Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine.
 VVherefore (before I part to this ambassage)
 Ile be resolu'd by a Magician
 That dwells hereby, to whome ile goe disguifde,
 And shew him my births figure, set before
 By one of his profession, of the which
 Ile craue his iudgement, sayning I am sent
 From some great personage, whose natiuitie,
 He wisheth should be censurd by his skill.
 But on go my plots, be it good or ill.

Exit.

Enter La Brosse.

This houre by all rules of Astrologie,
 Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.
 How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel
 And not be able to preuent a mischiefe,
 O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars :
 They worke with inclynations stronge and fatall
 And nothing know ; and we know all their working
 And nought can do, or nothing can preuent ?
 Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched,
 The heauenly powers enuy what they *Enioyne* :
 VVe are commanded t'imitate there natures,
 In making all our ends eternitie :
 And in that imitation we are plagued,
 And worse then they esteemd, that haue no soules,

But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire ;
As they do that are ignorant of arts,
By drowning their eternall parts in fence;
And sensuall affectations : while wee liue
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

Byron solus disguised like a Carrier of letters.

Byr. The forts that fauorites hold in Princes
hearts,
In common subiects loues ; and their owne strengths
Are not so sure, and vnexpugnable,
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,
The more they faile ; dayly and hourelly prooffe,
Tels vs prosperitie is at highest degree
The fount and handle of calamitie :
Like dust before a whirle-winde those men flie,
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lye :
And being great (like trees that broadest sproote)
Their owne top-heavy state grubs vp their roote.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arme them with suspition gainst them-selues,
In my late proiects ; I haue cast my selfe
Into the armes of others ; and will see
If they will let me fall : or tosse me vp
Into th' affected compasse of a throne.
God saue you sir.

Labross. Y' are welcome friend ; what would you ?

Byr. I would entreate you, for some crownes I
bring,

To giue your iudgement of this figure cast,
To know by his natiuitie there seene ;
What fort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

Labross. Ile herein do my best, in your desire ;
The man is raisd out of a good descent,
And nothing oulder then your selfe I thinke ;
Is it not you ?

Byr. I will not tell you that :

But tell me on what end he shall arriue.

Labroff. My sonne, I see, that he whose end is
cast

In this set figure, is of noble parts,
And by his militarie valure raisde,
To princely honours ; and may be a king,
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,
That hinders it I feare.

Byr. A *Caput Algol* ?

What's that I pray ?

Labroff. Forbear to aske me, sonne,
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

Byr. You haue no cause to feare, and therefore
speake.

Labroff. Youle rather wish you had beene ignorant,
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill,
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,
What I would freely know ; for by the skill
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine
Here scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,
What safely thou must vtter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

Labroff. Will you not allow me
To hold my peace ? what lesse can I desire ?
If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was euer man yet punish't for expressing
What he was charg'd ? be free, and speake the worst.

Labroff. Then briefly this ; the man hath lately
done

An action that will make him loose his head.

Byr. Curst be thy throte & foule, Rauen, Schriech-
owle, hag.

Labroff. O hold, for heauens sake hold.

Byr. Hold on, I will,

Vault, and contractor of all horrid sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,
Of my confusions ; of the shamefull end
Of all my seruices ; witch, fiend, accurst

For euer be the poison of thy tongue,
And let the black fume of thy venom'd breath,
Infect the ayre, shrinke heauen, put out the starres,
And raine so fell and blew a plague on earth,
That all the world may falter with my fall.

Labroff. Pitty my age, my Lord.

Byr. Out prodigie,
Remedy of pittie, mine of flint,
Whence with my nailes and feete, ile digge enough,
Horror, and sauage cruelty, to build
Temples to Massacre: dam of deuils take thee,
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.
The Buls of *Colchos*, nor his triple neck,
That howles out Earthquakes: the most mortall
vapors,
That euer stifled and strooke dead the fowles,
That flew at neuer such a fightly pitch,
Could not haue burnt my bloud so.

Labroff. I told truth,
And could haue flatterd you.

Byr. O that thou hadst ;
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes
That thou hadst flatterd me : there's no ioy on earth,
Neuer so rationall, so pure, and holy,
But is a Iester, Parasite, a Whore,
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,
A drunkenesse of soule, and a disease.

Labroff. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace,
Thou knewst my end to come, not me here present :
Pox of your halting humane knowledges ;
O death ! how farre off hast thou kild ? how soone
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing ?
Spight of the Starres, and all Astrologie,
I will not loose my head : or if I do,
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.
I am a nobler substance then the Starres,
And shall the baser ouer-rule the better ?
Or are they better, since they are the bigger ?

I haue a will, and faculties of choise,
 To do, or not to do : and reason why,
 I doe, or not doe this : the starres haue none,
 They know not why they shine, more then this Taper,
 Nor how they worke, nor what : ile change my course,
 Ile peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,
 And cast my will into another mould :
 And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
 Your Plannets all, being vnderneath the earth,
 At my natiuitie : what can they doe ?
 Malignant in aspects ? in bloody houfes ?
 Wilde fire consume them ; one poore cup of wine,
 More then I vse, that my weake braine will beare,
 Shall make them drunke and reele out of their spheres,
 For any certaine act they can enforce.
 O that mine armes were wings, that I might flie,
 And pluck out of their hearts, my destinie !
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,
 And kick at fate ; be free all worthy spirits,
 And stretch your selues, for greatnesse and for height :
 Vntrusse your flaueries, you haue height enough,
 Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you.
 Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,
 Loues t'haue his sailes fild with a lustie winde,
 Euen till his sayle-yerds tremble ; his Masts crack,
 And, his rapt ship runne on her side so lowe
 That she drinks water, and her keele plowes ayre :
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes
 What life and death is : there's not any law,
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawfull
 That he should stoope to any other law.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to him-selfe is a law rationall.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCÆNA. 1.

Enter D Aumont, with Crequi.

The Duke of *Byron* is return'd from *England*,
And (as they say) was Princely entertainde,
Schoold by the matchlesse Queene there, who I heare
Spake most diuinely ; and would gladly heare,
Her speech reported.

Cre. I can ferue your turne,
As one that speakes from others, not from her,
And thus it is reported at his parting :

THVS *Monsieur Du Byron* you haue beheld,
Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdome,
In euery entertainment ; yet our minde,
To do you all the rites of your repaire,
Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.
What idle paines haue you bestowd to see
A poore old woman ? who in nothing liues
More, then in true affections, borne your king ;
And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,
Of his good knights, and seruants of your fort.
We thanke him that he keepes the memory
Of vs and all our kindnesse ; but must say,
That it is onely kept ; and not laid out
To such affectionate profit as we wish ;
Being so much set on fire with his deserts,
That they consume vs ; not to be restorde
By your presentment of him ; but his person :

And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye
 So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,
 Should check at eight houres saile, and his high spirit
 That stoopes to feare, lesse then the Poles of heauen ;
 Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,
 And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames :
 And I must blame all you that may aduise him ;
 That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)
 You let him flick, at the kinde rites of peace,
 Considering all the forces I haue sent,
 To fet his martiall seas vp in firme walls,
 On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure ;
 Did plainly open him a guarded way
 And led in Nature to this friendly shore,
 But here is nothing worth his personall fight,
 Here are no walled Citties ; for that Christall
 Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his height
 About our thankfull person, and our Realme ;
 Whose onely ayde, we euër yet desire ;
 And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,
 Which should haue swum to him in our owne blood,
 Had it beene needfull ; (our affections
 Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe)
 Ends in the actuall right it did his state,
 And ours is sleighted ; all our worth is made,
 The common-stock, and banck ; from whence are
 feru'd

All mens occasions ; yet (thanks to heauen)
 Their graticudes are drawne drye ; not our bounties.
 And you shall tell your King, that he neglects
 Ould friends for new ; and sets his soothed Ease
 About his honor ; Marshals policie
 In ranck before his iustice ; and his profit
 Before his royalty : his humanitie gone,
 To make me no repaiment of mine owne.

D'Au. What answered the Duke ?

Cre. In this sort.

Your highnesse sweete speech hath no sharper end,
 Then he would wish his life ; if he neglected,

The least grace you haue nam'd ; but to his wish,
Much powre is wanting : the greene rootes of warre,
Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash
Against their relickes to his vtter ruine,
Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,
Then those that looke out of his countries soyle,
And this may well excuse his personall presence,
Which yet he oft hath long'd to fet by yours :
That he might imitate the Maiestie,
Which so long peace hath practisde, and made full,
In your admir'd apparance ; to illustrate
And rectifie his habite in rude warre.
And his will to be here, must needs be great,
Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royaltie here,
That he thinkes no king absolutely crownde,
Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,
And whose height is not hardned with these starres,
Whose influences for this altitude,
Distild, and wrought in with this temperate ayre,
And this diuision of the Element
Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy
spirits,
For counsaile, valour, height of wit, and art,
Then any other region of the earth :
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,
And as a cunning Orator, referues
His fairest families, best-adorning figures,
Chiefe matter, and most mouing arguments
For his conclusion ; and doth then supply
His ground-streames layd before, glides ouer them,
Makes his full depth seene through ; and so takes vp,
His audience in applauses past the cloudes.
So in your gouernment, conclusiue nature,
(Willing to end her Excellence in earth
When your foote shall be fet vpon the starres)
Shows all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,
Vertues, and Raptures ; ouertakes her workes
In former Empires, makes them but your foyles,
Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne

The world, in admiration of your crowne.

D'Au. He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

Cre. She tooke it yet, but as a part of Court-ship,
And sayd, he was the subtile Orator,
To whom he did too gloriously resemble,
Nature in her, and in her gouernment,
He said, he was no Orator, but a Souldier,
More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made
me,

My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,
And simple truth, which is most eloquent,
Your Empire is so amply absolute,
That euen your Theaters show more comely rule,
True nobleffe, royaltie, and happinesse
Then others courts: you make all state before
Vtterly obsolete; all to come, twice sod.
And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne wish
Your yeers may proue, as vitall, as your virtues,
That (standing on his Turrets this way turn'd,
Ording and fixing his affaires by yours)
He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,
And see that Maiden-sea of Maiestie,
In whose chaste armes, so many kingdomes lye.

D'Au. When came she to her touch of his ambition?

Cre. In this speech following, which I thus remember.

If I hold any merit worth his prefence,
Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,
My subiects haue bestowed it; some in counsaile,
In action some, and in obedience all;
For none knowes, with such prooffe as you my Lord,
How much a subiect may renoune his Prince,
And how much Princes of their subiects hold;
In all the seruices that euer subiect
Did for his Soueraigne; he that best deseru'd
Must (in comparifon) except, *Byron*;
And to winne this prize cleere; without the maimes
Commonly giuen men by ambition,

When all their parts lye open to his view,
 Showes continence, past their other excellence :
 But for a subiect to affect a kingdome,
 Is like the Cammell, that of *Ioue* begd hornes,
 And such mad-hungrie men, as well may eate,
 Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate ;
 For, to aspire to competence with your King
 What subiect is so grosse, and Gyantly ?
 He hauing now a *Daulphine* borne to him,
 Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully
 Vsher'd with Earth-quakes, in most parts of *Europe*,
 And that giues all men, cause enough to feare
 All thought of competition with him.
 Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother
 How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,
 And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen,
 That in more terror to his foes, and wonder
 He may drinke Earthquakes, and deuoure the thun-
 der :

So we admire your valure, and your vertues,
 And euer will contend, to winne their honor.
 Then spake she to *Crequie*, and Prince *D'Auergne*,
 And gaue all gracious farewels ; when *Byron*
 Was thus encountred by a Councillor
 Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit :
 I thinke (my Lord) your princely *Daulphin* beares
Arion on his Cradle, through your kingdome,
 In the sweete Musique ioy strikes from his birth.
 He answerd ; and good right ; the cause commands it.
 But (said the other) had we a sif *Henry*,
 To claime his ould right : and one man to friend,
 Whom you well know my Lord, that for his friendship
 Were promist the Vice-royaltie of *France*,
 We would not doubt of conquest, in despight
 Of all those windy Earth-quakes. He replyed ;
 Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,
 And therefore that doubt shall not fright our *Daul-*
phine ;
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe,

For all the royalties in Christendome.
 Fix there your foote (sayd he) I onely giue
 Falso fire, and would be lothe to shoote you off :
 He that winnes Empire with the losse of faith,
 Out-buies it ; and will banck-route ; you haue layde
 A braue foundation, by the hand of virtue :
 Put not the rooffe to fortune : foolish statuaries,
 That vnder little Saints suppose, great bases
 Make lesse, to fence, the Saints ; and so where fortune,
 Advanceth uile mindes, to states great and noble,
 She much the more expofeth them to shame,
 Not able to make good, and fill their bases,
 With a conformed structure ; I haue found,
 (Thankes to the bleffer of my searche) that counsailes,
 Held to the lyne of Iustice ; still produce,
 The surest states, and greatest, being sure,
 Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontorie
 More digd and vnder-eaten, then may warrant,
 A safe supportance, to his hanging browes,
 All passengers auoide him, shunne all ground
 That lyes within his shadow, and beare still
 A flying eye vpon him, so great men
 Corrupted in their grounds and building out
 Too swelling fronts for their foundations ;
 When most they should be propt, are most forsaken,
 And men will rather thrust into the stormes
 Of better grounded States, then take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight ;
 Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bases,
 That they remaine securer in concept :
 And that securitie, doth worse presage
 Their nere distructions, then their eaten grounds ;
 And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs
 A perfect Hieroglyphick to expresse,
 The Idlenesse of such securitie,
 And the graue labour, of a wife distrust,
 In both forts of the all-enclinyng starres ;
 Where all men note this difference in their shyning,

As plaine as they distinguish either hand ;
The fixt starres wauer, and the erring, stand.

D'Aum. How took hee this so worthy admonition ?

Cre. Grauely applied (said he) and like the man,
Whome all the world faies, ouerrules the starres ;
Which are diuine bookes to vs ; and are read
By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,
And chief companions of the truest men ;
And (though I need it not) I thanke your counsaile,
That neuer yet was idle, But spherelike,
Still mooues about, and is the continent
To this blest Ile.

ACT 5. SCEN. 1.

Enter Byron, D'Auergne, Laffin.

Byr. The Circle of this ambassie is closde,
For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends ;
To see my faithfull. and leaue courtly friends,
To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,
As you haue seene, a lusty courser showe,
That hath beene longe time at his manger tied ;
High fed, alone, and when (his headstall broken)
Hee runnes his prison, like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts ayre, in high curuets, and shakes his head :
(With wanton stopings, twixt his forelegs) mocking
The heauy center ; spreds his flying crest,
Like to an Ensigne hedge, and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meate, at his naturall foode
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free :
And now (good friend) I would be fain inform'd,

What our right Princely Lord, the Duke of *Sauoy*
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

Laf. To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,
How hot he trailes on our conspiracie :
He first would haue you, begge the gouernment,
Of the important Citadell of Bourg :
Or to place in it, any you shall name :
VVhich wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,
His other purposes ; and is a fort
Hee rates, in loue, aboue his patrimonie ;
To make which fortresse worthie of your suite :
He vowes (if you obtaine it) to bestowe
His third faire daughter, on your excellence,
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

Byr. Denie it me ? deny me such a suite ?
Who will he grant, if he deny it me.

Laf. He'lle find some politique shift to do't, I
feare.

Bir. What shift ? or what euasion can he finde,
What one patch is there in all policies shop,
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend
The brack betwixt vs, any way denying.

D'Au. Thats at your peril :

Byr. Come, he dares not do't.

D'Au. Dares not ? presume not so ; you know
(good duke)

That all things hee thinkes fit to do, he dares.

Byr. By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,
As sternely, and secure of all repulfe
As th' antient Persians did when they implorde,
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone ;
With which they would descend into a flood,
And threaten there to quench it, if they faild,
Of that they ask't it :

Laffi. Said like pour Kings King ;
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suites wrought
(Of any high price) that are coldly fought :
Ile haue, and with your courage, comfort *Sauoy*.

Exit Laffin.

D'Au. I am your friend (my Lord) and will de-
ferue

That name, with following any course you take ;
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,
Or, on my life you will at last repent it :

Byr. What can he doe ?

D'Aum. All that you can not feare.

Byr. You feare too much, be by, when next I see
him,

And see how I will vrge him in this suite,
He comes, marke you, that thinke
He will not grant it.

Enter Henry, Espe. Soiff. Ianin.

I am become a suiter to your highnesse.

Hen. For what, my Lord, tis like you shall ob-
taine.

Bya. I do not much doubt that ; my seruices,
I hope haue more strength in your good conceit
Then to receiue repulse, in such requests.

Hen. What is it ?

Byr. That you would bestow on one whom I shall
name,

The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg,

Hen. Excuse me sir, I must not grant you that.

Byr. Not grant me that ?

Hen. It is not fit I should ;

You are my gouernor in Burgundy,
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,
Ought not to haue the charge of fortresses ;
Besides, it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,
That opens towards Italie, and must therefore,
Be giuen to one that hath imediatly
Dependance on vs.

Byr. These are wondrous reasons,
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to haue the charge of such a key

As one that meereley hangs vppon your humors ?

Hen : Do not enforce your merits fo your self ;
It takes away their luster, and reward.

Byr : But you will grant my suite ?

Hen : I sweare I cannot,
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

Byr . Will you deny me then ?

Hen : I am inforcst ;
I haue no power, more then your selfe in things
That are beyond my reason.

Byr . Then my selfe ?

That's a strange sleight in your comparison ;
Am I become th' example of such men
As haue left power ? Such a diminitiuē ?
I was comparatiue in the better sort ;
And such a King as you, would say I cannot,
Do such ; or such a thing ; were I as great
In power as he ; euen that indefinite he,
Exprest me full : This Moone is strangely chang'd.

Hen . How can I helpe it ? would you haue a King
That hath a white beard ; haue so greene a braine ?

Byr : A plague of braine ; what doth this touch
your braine ?

You must giue me more reason or I sweare

Hen : Swear ; what doe you sweare ?

Byr : I Sweare you wrong mē,
And deale not like a King, to iest, and sleight,
A man that you should curiously reward ;
Tell me of your gray beard ? it is not gray
With care to recompence me, who eaf'd your care.

Hen : You haue beene recompenc't, from head to
foote.

Byr : With a distrustd dukedome ? Take your
dukedome

Bestow'd on me againe ; It was not giuen
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame.

Hen : Yet twas your honor ; which if you respect
not,

Why seeke you this Addition ?

Byron : Since this honour,
 Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,
 Without which loue, and trust ; honor is shame ;
 A very Pageant, and a proprietie :
 Honor, with all his Adiuncts, I deserue,
 And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

Hen : Since you exostulate the matter so ;
 I tell you plaine ; Another reason is
 Why I am mou'd to make you this deniall
 That I suspect you to haue had intelligence
 With my vowd enimies.

Byr : Miserie of vertue,
 Ill is made good, with worse ? This reason poures
 Poyson, for Balne, into the wound you made ;
 You make me madde, and rob me of my soule,
 To take away my try'd loue, and my Truth ;
 Which of my labors, which of all my woundes,
 Which ouerthrow, which Battayle wonne for you,
 Breedes this suspition ? Can the blood of faith,
 (Loft in all these to finde it prooffe, and strength)
 Beget disloyalty ? all my raine is falne,
 Into the horse-fayre ; springing pooles and myre ;
 And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite ;
 Fall then before vs, O thou flaming Christall,
 That art the vncorrupted Register
 Of all mens merits : And remonstrate heere,
 The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,
 Whence I haue rescu'd this vnthankfull King :
 And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories
 Of his state then : Then his kind thoughts of me :
 Then my deseruings : Now my infamie :
 But I will be mine owne King, I will see,
 That all your Chronicles be filld with me,
 That none but I, and my renowned Syre
 Be said to winne the memorable fieldes
 Of *Arques* and *Deepe* : and none but we of all
 Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall ;
 None but my selfe, that wonne the day at *Dreux* :
 A day of holy name, and needs, no night :

Nor none but I at *Fontaine Francois* burst,
 The heart strings of the leaguers ; I alone,
 Tooke *Amiens* in these armes, and held her fast,
 In spite of all the Pitchy fires she cast,
 And clouds of bullets poud vpon my brest,
 Till she showd yours ; and tooke her naturall forme,
 Onely my selfe (married to victorie)
 Did people *Artois, Douay, Picardie,*
Bethune, and *Saint Paule, Bapaume,* and *Courcelles,*
 With her triumphant issue ;

Hen. Ha ha ha, *Exit,*

Byron drawing and is held by D'Au.

D'Au. O hold my Lord ; for my sake, mighty
 Spirit. *Exit.*

Enter Byron Dau following vnseene.

Byr. Respeçt, Reuenge, slaughter, repaie for
 laughter,

What's graue in Earth, what awfull ? what abhord ?
 If my rage be ridiculouse ? I will make it,
 The law and rule of all things serious.
 So long as idle and ridiculous King⁴
 Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to fasty
 So long is mischief gathering massacres,
 For their curst kingdomes ; which I will preuent,
 Laughter ? Ile fright it from him, farre as he,
 Hath cast irreuocable shame ; which euer,
 Being found is lost and lost returneth neuer ;
 Should Kings cast of their bounties, with their dan-
 gers ?

He that can warme at fires, where vertue burnes,
 Hunt pleasure through her torments ; nothing feele,
 Of all his subiects suffer ; but (long hid)
 In wants, and miseries, and hauing past
 Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,
 (For all *Heroique* fashions to be learned,
 By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,
 Who would not wish him rather hewd to nothing,

Then left so monstrous? slight my seruices?
 Drowne the dead noifes of my sword, in laughter?
 My blowes, as but the passages of shadows,
 Ouer the highest and most barraine hills,
 And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me
 Into a defart, gasht with all my wounds,
 Sustained for him, and buried me in flies;
 Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him
 Shall let in Spaine, and Sauoy.

Offers to draw and D'Au: againe holds him.

D'Au. O my Lord,
 This is to large a licence giuen your furie;
 Giue time to it, what reason, sodainely,
 Can not extend, respite doth oft supplie.

Byr. While respite holds reuenge, the wrong re-
 doubles,
 And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,
 To thinke what I endure, at his shrunke hands,
 That scornes the guift, of one pore fort to me:
 That haue subdu'd for him; O iniurie,
 Forts, Citties, Countries, I, and yet my furie. *Exeunt.*

Hen. *Byron?*

D'Au. My Lord? the King calls.

Hen. Turne I pray,

How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?
 From what attempt returne they? as disclayming,
 Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistoll?
 Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathfull?

Byr. Mirth? twas mockerie, a contempt; a scan-
 dall

To my renowne for euer: a repulse
 As miserably cold, as Stygian water,
 That from sincere earth issues, and doth breake
 The strongest vessells, not to be containde,
 But in the tough hoofe of a pacient Ass.

Hen. My Lord, your iudgement is not competent,
 In this diffention, I may say of you;
 As Fame saies of the antient Eleans,
 That, in th' Olimpian contentions,

They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,
 If none of them contended, nor were parties ;
 Those that will moderate disputations well,
 Must not themselues affect the coronet ;
 For as the ayre, containd within our eares :
 If it be not in quiet ; nor refrains,
 Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds ;
 But our affected instrument of hearing,
 Repleat with noise, and sifings in it selfe,
 It faithfully receiues no other voices ;
 So, of all iudgements, if within themselues
 They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous ;
 They can not equall differences without them ;
 And this winde, that doth sing so in your eares,
 I know, is no disease bred in your selfe,
 But whisپرد in by others ; who in swelling
 Your vaines with emptie hope of much, yet able,
 To performe nothing ; are like shallow streames,
 That make themselues so many heauens ; to fight ;
 Since you may see in them, the moone, and Starres,
 The blew space of the ayre ; as farre from vs,
 (To our weake fences) in those shallow streames
 As if they were as deepe, as heauen is high ;
 Yet with your middle finger onely, found them,
 And you shall pierce them to the very earth ;
 And therefore leaue them, and be true to me
 Or yow'le be left by all ; or be like one
 That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,
 And there is held by others, and embrac't
 Onely to burne him : your fire wil be inward,
 Which not another deluge can put out :

Byron kneeles while the King goes on.

O innocence the sacred amulet,
 Gainst all the poisons of infirmitie :
 Of all misfortune, iniurie, and death,
 That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe ;
 Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,
 Euer in quiet, endles ioy enjoying ;
 No strife, nor no sedition in his powres :

No motion in his will, against his reason,
No thought gainst thought, nor (as twere in the
confines

Of wishing and repenting) doth possesse
Onely a wayward, and tumultuose peace,
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,
Fruitefull of all best thinges in all worst seasons)
He can with euerie wish, be in their plenty,
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

Byr. Tis all acknowlegd, and, (though all to late)
Heere the short madnesse of my anger ends :
If euer I did good I lockt it safe
In you, th' impregnable defence of goodnesse :
If ill, I presse it with my penitent knees
To that vnfounded depth, whence naught returneth.

Hen. Tis musique to mine eares : rise then for
euer,
Quit of what guilt soeuer, till this houre,
And nothing toucht in honnor or in spirit,
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit.

Enter Esp : to the King, Byron : &c.

Enter Sauoy with three Ladies.

Esp. Sir if it please you to bee taught any Court-
ship take you to your stand : *Sauoy* is at it with three
Mistresses at once, he loues each of them best, yet all
differently.

Hen. For the time he hath beene heere, he hath
talkt a Volume greater than the Turkes Alcaron ;
stand vp close ; his lips go still.

Sau. Excuse me, excuse me ; The King has ye all.

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound, by our loyallty.

Sau. Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for
affection : you are all bearers of his fauours ; and
deny him not your opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that ; for therein we oppose vs to his command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the benediction of our peace.

Sau. You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purposes ; for it were something scandalous for vs to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet drie weather in haruest does no harme.

Hen. They will talke him into *Sauoy* ; he begins to hunt downe.

Sau. As the King is, and hath beene, a most admired, and most vnmatchable souldier, so hath he beene, and is, a sole excellent, and vnparalleld Courtier.

Hen. *Pouvre Amy Mercie.*

1. Your highnes does the King but right fir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice, With plentiful store of want in Ladies affections.

Sau. You are cruell, und will not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Befeech your grace conclude, that we may present our curtsies to you, and giue you the adiew.

Sau. It is faide, the King will bring an army into *Sauoy*.

2. Truely we are not of his counsaile of warre.

Sau. Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there is no play in't.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

Sau. Let the King bring an army into *Sauoy*, and Ile finde him sport for fortie yeares.

Hen. Would I were sure of that, I should then haue a long age, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace woulde play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.
3. It is next to impious courting.

Sau. I am not hee that can fet my Squadrons ouer-night, by midnight leape my horse, curry seauen miles, and by three, leape my mistress; returne to mine armie againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no such tough souldier.

1. Your disparitie is beleeu'd fir.
2. And tis a peece of virtue to tell true.
3. Gods me, the King,

Sau. Well, I haue said nothing that may offend.

1. Tis'hop't fo.
2. If there be any mercie in laughter.

Sau. Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious stay my loue hath made,
 (Most worthy to command our earthly zeale).
 I come for pardon, and to take my leaue;
 Affirming though I reape no other good,
 By this my voiage; but t'haue seene a Prince
 Of greatnes, in all grace so past report;
 I nothing should repent me, and to shew
 Some token of my gratitude, I haue sent,
 Into your treasury, the greatest Iewells,
 In all my Cabinet of Beatrice,
 And of my late deceased wife, th'Infanta,
 Which are two Basons, and their Ewrs of chriftall,
 Neuer yet valued for their workmanship,
 Nor the exceding riches of their matter.
 And to your stable (worthy Duke of *Byron*)
 I haue sent in two of my fayrest horses.

Byr. Sent me your horses? vpon what desert?
 I entertaine no presents, but for merits;
 Which I am farre from at your highnes hands;
 As being of all men to you the most stranger,
 There is as ample bounty in refusing;
 As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

Sau. Then haue I lost nought but my poore good will.

Hen. Well cosine, I with all thanks, welcome that ;

And the rich arguments with which you proue it,
 Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you ;
 Draw, for your marquifate, the articles ;
 Agreed on in our composition,
 And it is yours ; but where you haue propos'd,
 (In your aduices) my designe for Millane,
 I will haue no warre with the King of Spaine,
 Vnlesse his hopes proue weary of our peace ;
 And (Princely cosine) it is farre from me,
 To thinke your wisedome, needeful of my counsaile,
 Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnneedeful ;
 And therefore I would counsaile you to hold
 All good termes, with his Maiestie of *Spaine* :
 If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt you,
 I would not stirre therein, but to appease them ;
 I haue too much care of my royal word,
 To breake a Peace so iust and consequent,
 Without force of precedent iniurie :
 Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,
 And onely proper to the fwinge of tyrants.

Sau. At al partes spoke like the most christian king,

I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes,
 To holde me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,
 Who wisheth no supreamer happines
 Than to be yours : To you (right worthy Princes)
 I wish for all your fauours powr'd on me
 The loue of al these Ladies mutually,
 And (so they please their Lordes) that they may please
 Themselues by all meanes. And be you assurde
 (Most louely Princeffes) as of your liues,
 You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

Hen. Is this he *Espernon*, that you would needes
 Perfwade vs courted so absurdly.

Esp. This is euen he sir, howfoeuer he hath studied
 his Parting Courtship.

Hen. In what one point seemde hee so ridiculous as you would present him ?

Esp. Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to you as the great Duke of *Sauoy* with these three Ladies.

Hen. Well sir, we graunt your resemblance.

Esp. He stole a carriage sir, from Count *d' Auuergne* heere.

D' Auer. From me sir ?

Esp. Excuse me sir, from you I assure you : heere sir, he lies at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the worlde, in the true posture of Count *d' Auuergne*.

D' Auer. Y'are exceeding delightfome.

Hen. Why is not that wel ? it came in with the organ hose.

Esp. Organ hose ? a pox ant ; let it pipe it selfe into contempt ; hee hath stolne it most feloniously, and it graces him like a disease.

Hen. I thinke he stole it from *D' Auuergne* indeed.

Esp. Well, would he had robd him of all his other diseases,

He were then the foundest lord in *France*.

D' Au. As I am sir, I shall stand all weathers with you.

Esp. But sir, he hath praifd you aboute th' inuention of Rimers.

Hen. Wherein ? or how ?

Esp. He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre, and where he should haue sayd, you were the most absolute souldier in Christendome, (no Assé could haue mist it) hee deliuerd you for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

Hen. Marry God dild him.

Esp. A pox on him.

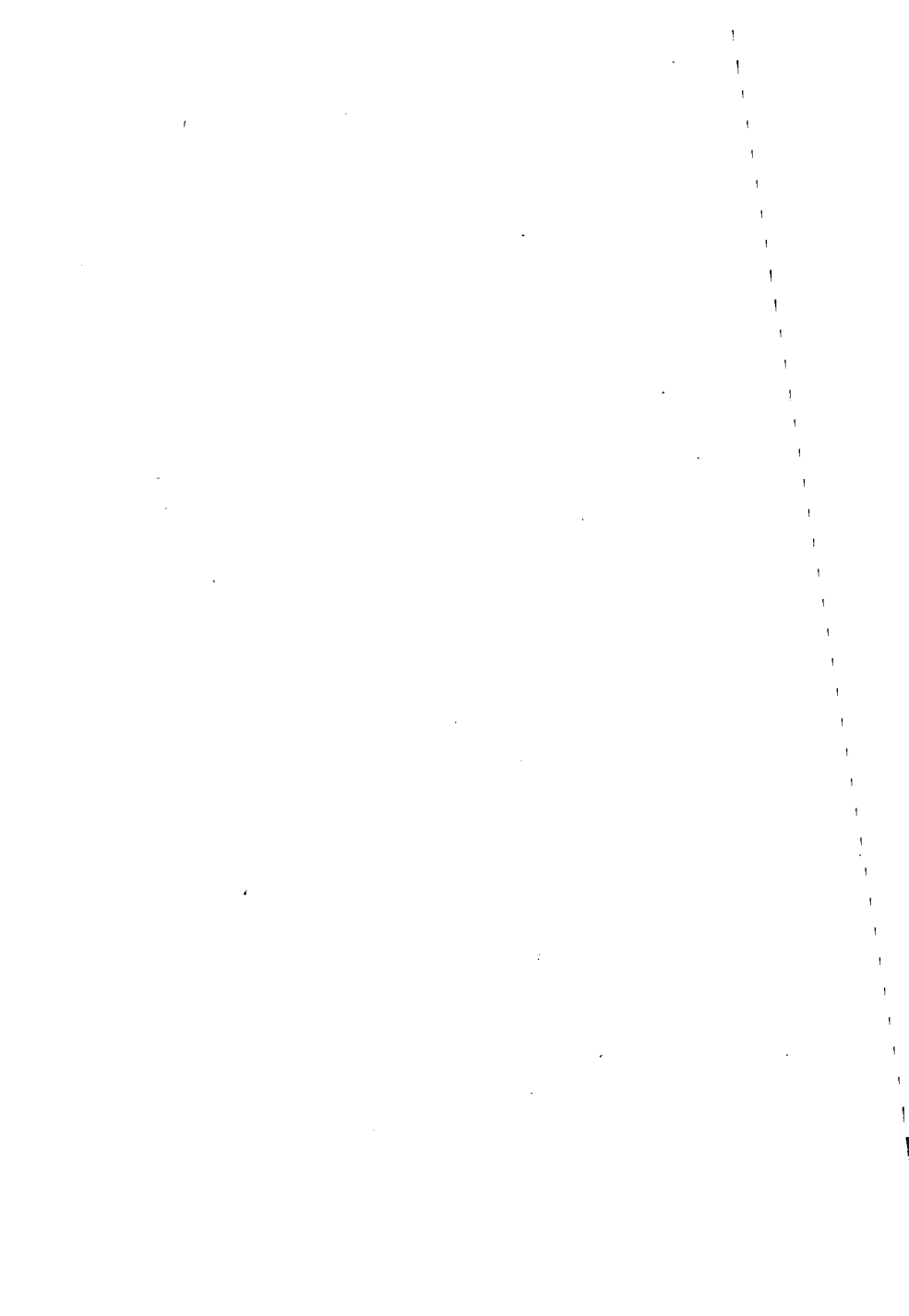
Hen. Well, (to be serious) you know him well
To be a gallant Courtier : his great wit
Can turne him into any forme he lists,
More fit to be auoyded, then deluded.

For my Lord Duke of *Byron* here, well knowes,
 That it infecteth, where it doth affect :
 And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires.
 With him go all our faults, and from vs flie,
 (With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

What an immense mixture of
 splendour, grandiloquent poetry,
 tragedy, yet impressive moralizing
 and theoretical psychology.
 Something grand in it all certainly
 June 98

Finis Aetus Quinti,

& ultimi.



THE
TRAGEDIE
OF CHARLES

Duke of BYRON.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

Charles Duke of Byron.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Ianin.

Hen. **B**Yron fallne in so tratrous a relaps,
Aleadged for our ingratitude : what offices,
Titles of honor, and what admiration,
Could *France* afford him that it poured not
on ?

When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of *France*.
At fourteene yeares of age he was made Colonell
To all the Suiffes seruing then in Flanders ;
Soone after he was marshall of the campe,
And shortly after, marshall Generall :
He was receiued high Admirall of *France*
In that our Parliament we held at *Tours* ;
Marshall of *France* in that we held at *Paris*.

And at the Siege of *Amiens* he acknowledged,
 None his Superiour but our selfe, the King ;
 Though I had there, the Princes of the blood
 I made him my Lieutenant Generall,
 Declard him Ioyntly the prime Peere of *France*,
 And raisd his Barony into a Duchy,

Iani. And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay
 The fatall thirst of his ambition,
 For some haue heard him say he would not die,
 Till on the wings of valour he had reacht
 One degree higher ; and had seene his head,
 Set on the royal Quarter of a crowne ;
 Yea at so vnbeleeu'd a pitch he aynd,
 That he hath said his heart would still complaine,
 Till he aspid the style of Soueraigne,
 And from what ground my Lord rise all the leuyes
 Now made in *Italy* ? from whence should spring
 The warlike humor of the Count *Fuentes* ?
 The restless stirrings of the Duke of *Sauoye* ?
 The discontent the Spaniard entertaind,
 With such a threatning fury, when he heard
 The preiudiciall conditions,
 Propof'd him, in the treaty held at *Veruins* ?
 And many other braueries, this way ayming,
 But from some hope of inward ayd from hence ?
 And that, all this deryctly aymes at you,
 Your highnes hath by one intelligence,
 Good cause to thinke ; which is your late aduice,
 That the Sea army, now prepard at *Naples*,
 Hath an intended Enterprife on *Prouence* ?
 Although the cunning Spaniard giues it out,
 That all is for *Algier*.

Hen. I must beleeuie,
 That without treason bred in our owne breasts,
 Spaines affayres are not in so good estate,
 To ayme at any action against *France* :
 And if *Byron* should be their instrument,
 His alred disposition could not growe,
 So far wide in an instant ; nor resigne,

His valure to these lawles resolutions
Vpon the fodaine ; nor without some charms,
Of forreigne hopes and flatteries fung to him :
But far it flyes my thoughts, that such a spirrit,
So actiue, valiant, and vigilant ;
Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.
And like a dreame it shewes to my conceipts,
That he who by himselfe hath wonne such honor :
And he to whome his father left so much,
He that still dayly reapes so much from me,
And knowes he may encrease it to more prooffe
From me, then any other forreigne King ;
Should quite against the streame of all religion
Honor, and reason, take a course so foule,
And neither keepe his Oth, nor saue his Soule.
Can the poore keeping of a Citadell
Which I denied, to be at his disposure,
Make him forgoe the whole strength of his honours ?
It is impossible, though the violence,
Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
Vpon our person for denying him ;
Yet well I found his loyall iudgement seru'd,
To keepe it from effect : besides being offer'd,
Two hundred thousand crownes in yearely pention.
And to be Generall of all the forces
The *Spaniards* had in *France* ; they found him still,
As an vnmatcht *Achilles* in the warres,
So a most wise *Vlisses* to their words,
Stopping his eares at their enchanted founds ;
And plaine he tould them that although his blood
(Being mou'd) by Nature, were a very fire
And boyl'd in apprehension of a wrong ;
Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,
As would containe it from all act and thought
Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.
Yet do I long, me thinks, to see *La Fin*,
Who hath his heart in keeping ; since his state,
(Growne to decay and he to discontent)
Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke *Byron*.

My Lord *Vidame*, when does your Lordship thinke,
Your vnckle of *La Fin* will be arriu'd.

Vid. I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere ariuing
For his particular iourny and deuotion,
Voud to the holy Lady of *Loretto*,
Was long since past and he vpon returne.

Hen. In him, as in a christall that is charm'd,
I shall descerne by whome and what designes,
My rule is threatened : and that sacred power
That hath enabled this defensue arme,
(When I enioyd but an vnequall Nooke,
Of that I now possesse) to front a King
Farre my Superiour : And from twelue set battailes,
March home a victor : ten of them obtaind,
VVithout my personall seruice ; will not see
A traitrous subiect foile me, and so end
VVhat his hand hath with such successe begunne.

Enter a Ladie, and a Nurse bringing the Daulphine.

Esp. See the young Daulphin brought to cheere
your highnes.

Hen. My royall blessing, and the King of heauen,
Make thee an aged and a happie King :
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand ;
Hold Boy, by this ; and with it may thy arme
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traitrous branches,
That striue to shadow and eclips thy glories ;
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy brest ;
VVho when this State ranne like a turbulent sea,
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,
Their wrathes and enuies, like so many windes,
Setled and burst : and like the Halcions birth,
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,
As ouermacht with former massacres,
When guilty, made Nobleffe, feed on Nobleffe ;
All the sweete plentie of the realme exhausted ;

When the nak't merchant, was pursude for spoile,
When the pore Pezants, frighted neediest theeues
With their pale leanenesse ; nothing left on them
But meager carcafes sustaind with ayre,
Wandering like Ghosts affrighted from their graues,
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home :
From which vnchristian broiles and homicides,
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.
O heauen ! or if th' vnsettled bloud of France,
VVith ease, and welth, renew her ciuill furies :
Let all my powers be emptied in my Sonne
To curb, and end them all, as I haue done.
Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,
Her fetherd shoulders, and her winged shooes,
And thrust from her light seete, her turning stone ;
That she may euer tarry by his throne.
And of his worth, let after ages say,
(He fighting for the land ; and bringing home
Iust conquests, loden with his enimies spoiles)
His father past all France in martiall deeds,
But he, his father twenty times exceedes.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auuergne
and Laffin.*

Byr. My deare friends *D' Auuergne*, and *Laffin*,
We neede no coniurations to conceale :
Our close intendments, to aduance our states
Euen with our merits ; which are now neglected ;
Since Britaine is reduc't, and breathlesse warre
Hath sheath'd his sword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp ;
The King hath now no more vse of my valure,
And therefore I shall now no more enioy
The credite that my seruice held with him ;
My seruice that hath driuen through all extreames,

Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest
floods ;

Winters of shot : and ouer rockes so high

That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy toppes ;

The world is quite inuerted : vertue throwne

At Vices feete : and sensuall peace confounds,

Valure and cowardise : Fame, and Infamy ;

The rude and terrible age is turnd againe :

When the thicke ayre hid heauen, and all the
starres,

Were drown'd in humor, tough, and hard to peirse,

When the red Sunne held not his fixed place ;

Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set

Nor yet distinguisht with his definite boundes ;

Nor in his firme conuersions, were discern'd

The fruitfull distances of time and place,

In the well varied seasons of the yeare ;

When th' incompos'd incurfions of floods

Wasted and eat the earth ; and all things shewed

Wilde and disordred : nought was worse then now ;

Wee must reforme and haue a new creation

Of State and gouernment ; and on our *Chaos*

Will I fit brooding vp another world.

I who through all the dangers that can siege

The life of man, haue forc't my glorious way

To the repaying of my countries ruines,

Will ruine it againe, to re-aduance it ;

Romaine *Camyllus*, faste the State of Rome

With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France ;

And how short of this is my recompence.

The King shall know, I will haue better price

Set on my seruices ; in spite of whome

I will proclaime and ring my discontents

Into the farthest eare of all the world.

Laff. How great a spirit he breaths ? how learnd ?
how wise ?

But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate ayre,

To your vnmatcht, and more then humane winde ;

Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

D'Au: Betwixt our felues we may giue liberall
vent

To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions ;
Which nature could not entertaine with life,
Without some exhalation ; A wrongd thought
Will breake a rib of steele.

Byr. My Princely friend,
Enough of these eruptions ; our graue Councillor
Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd
But vpon Anuills that are linde with wooll ;
We must ascend to our intentions top,
Like Clouds that be not seene till they be vp.

Laff. O, you do too much rauish ; and my soule
Offer to Musique in your numerous breath ;
Sententious, and so high, it wakens death ;
It is for these parts, that the Spanish King
Hath sworne to winne them to his side
At any price or perrill ; That great *Sauoy*,
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,
Amounting to fise hundred thousand crownes ;
With full transport of all the Soueraigne rights
Belonging to the State of Burgundy ;
Which marriage will be made the onely Cymment
T'effect and strengthen all our secret Treaties ;
Instruēt me therefore (my assured Prince)
Now I am going to resolue the King
Of his suspitions, how I shall behaue me.

Byr. Go my most trusted friend, with happy feete :
Make me a sound man with him ; Go to Court
But with a little traine : and be prepar'd
To heere, at first, tearmes of contempt and choller,
Which you may easily calme, and turne to grace.
If you beseech his highnesse to beleue
That your whole drift and course for Italy,
(Where he hath heard you were) was onely made
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,
As you haue told some of your friends in Court ;
And that in passing Mylan and Thurin,

They charg'd you to propound my marriage
 With the third daughter of the Duke of Sauoy ;
 Which you haue done, and I reiected it,
 Resolu'd to build vpon his royall care
 For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

Laff. O, you direct, as if the God of light
 Sat in each nooke of you ; and pointed out
 The path of Empire ; Charming all the dangers
 On both sides arm'd, with his harmonious finger.

Byr. Besides let me intreat you to dismisse,
 All that haue made the voyage with your Lordship,
 But specially the Curate : And to locke
 Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety ;
 Or sacrifize them to the God of fire ;
 Considering worthily that in your handes
 I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

Laff. Therein the bounty that your Grace hath
 showne me,

I prize past life, and all things that are mine ;
 And will vndoubtedly preferue, and tender
 The merit of it, as my hope of heauen.

Byr. I make no question ; farewell worthy friend.
Exit.

Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Ianin,

Henry hauing many papers in his hand.

Hen. Are these proofes of that purely Catholike
 zeale
 That made him wish no other glorious title,
 Then to be calld the scourge of *Huguenots* ?

Chan. No question sir, he was of no religion ;
 But (vpon false groundes, by some Courtiers laid)
 Hath oft bene heard to mocke and iest at all.

Hen. Are not his treasons haynous ?

All. Most abhord.

Chan. All is confirmd that you haue heard before,
 And amplified with many horrors more.

Hen. Good *De'Laffin*; you were our golden plummet,
 To found this gulphe of all ingratitude;
 In which you haue with excellent desert
 Of loyalty and pollicie, exprest
 Your name in action; and with such apparence
 Haue prou'd the parts of his ingratefull treafons,
 That I must credit, more then I desir'd.

Laff. I must confesse my Lord, my voyages
 Made to the Duke of Sauoy and to Mylan;
 Were with indeauour, that the warres returnd,
 Might breed some trouble to your Maiestie;
 And profit those by whome they were procur'd;
 But since, in their designs, your sacred person
 Was not excepted (which I since haue seene)
 It so abhord me, that I was resolu'd
 To giue you full intelligence thereof;
 And rather chuf'd to fayle in promises,
 Made to the seruant, then infringe my fealty
 Sworne to my royall Soueraigne and Maister.

Hen. I am extremely discontent to see,
 This most vnnaturall conspiracie;
 And would not haue the marshall of *Byron*,
 The first example of my forced Iustice;
 Nor that his death should be the worthy cause,
 That my calme raigne, (which hetherto hath held
 A cleare and cheerefull skie aboue the heads
 Of my deare subiects) should so sodainely
 Be ouercast with clowdes of fire, and thunder;
 Yet on submission, I vow stil his pardon.

Ian. And still our humble counsayles, (for his
 seruice)
 Would so resolue you, if he will employ
 His honourd valure as effectually,
 To fortifie the State, against your foes;
 As he hath practis'd bad interdments with them.

Hen. That vow shall stand; and we will now ad-
 dresse,
 Some messengers to call him home to Court:

Without the slenderest intimation,
 Of any ill we know ; we will reſtraine
 (Withall forgiuenes, if he will confeſſe)
 His headlong courſe to ruine ; and his taſte,
 From the ſweete poyſon of his friendlike foes :
Treaſon hath bliſſerd heeles, diſhoneſt Things
Haue bitter Riuers, though delicious Springs ;
Deſcures haſte you vnto him, and informe,
 That hauing heard by ſure intelligence,
 Of the great leuies made in Italie,
 Of Arms and foldiers ; I am reſolute,
 Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army ;
 The charge whereof I will impoſe on him ;
 And to that end, expreſly haue commanded,
De Vic, our Lord Ambaſſador in Suiſſe,
 To demand leuie of fix thouſand men :
 Appointing them to march where Duke *Byron*
 Shall haue directions ; wherein I haue follow'd
 The counſaile of my Conſtable his Goſſip ;
 Whoſe lik't aduice, I made him know by letters,
 Wiſhing to heare his owne ; from his owne mouth,
 And by all meanes coniure, his ſpeedieſt preſence ;
 Do this with vtmoſt haſt.

Deſc. I will my Lord. *Exit Deſc.*

Hen. My good Lord Chancellor, of many Peeces,
 More then is here, of his conſpiracies
 Preſented to vs, by our friend, *Laſſin* ;
 You onely, ſhall referue theſe ſeauen and twenty,
 Which are not thoſe that muſt conclude againſt him ;
 But mention only him : ſince I am loth,
 To haue the reſt of the conſpirators knowne

Chan. My Lord, my purpoſe is to guard all theſe
 So ſafely from the ſight of any other :
 That in my doublet I will haue them ſow'd ;
 Without diſcouering them to mine owne eies,
 Till neede, or opportunitie requires.

Hen. You ſhall do well my Lord, they are of
 weight,
 But I am doubtfull that his conſcience

Will make him so suspicious of the worst,
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

Ian. I much should doubt that to, but that I hope
The strength of his conspiracie, as yet
Is not so readie, that he dare presume,
By his refusall to make knowne so much
Of his disloyalty.

Hen. I yet conceiue ;
His practices are turnd to no bad end,
And good *Laffin*, I pray you write to him,
To hasten his repaire : and make him sure,
That you haue satisfied me to the full
For all his actions, and haue vtterd nought,
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

Laf. I will not faile my Lord.

Hen. Conuaie your Letters ;
By some choice friend of his : or by his brother :
And for a third excitement to his presence :

Ianin, your selfe shall goe, and with the powre
That both the rest employ to make him come,
Use you the strength of your persuasions.

Ian. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him.

Exit Ian.

Enter Esper, Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, &c.

Esp. Wilt please your Maiestie to take your place,
The Maske is comming.

Hen. Roome my Lords, stand close.

*Musique and a Song aboute, and Cupid enters with a
Table written, hung about his neck ; after him two
Torch-bearers ; after them Mary D'Entragues, and
foure Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.
Cupid speakes.*

Cup. My Lord, these Nymphs, part of the scatterd
traine,
Of friendlesse vertue (liuing in the woods

Of shady Arden : and of late not hearing
 The dreadfull founds of Warre ; but that sweete Peace,
 Was by your valure lifted from her graue,
 Set on your royall right hand : and all vertues
 Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,
 To be her hand-maides) : These I say, the vertues,
 Haue put their heads out of their Cauces and Couerts,
 To be her true attendants in your Court :
 In which desire, I must relate a tale,
 Of kinde and worthy emulation,
 Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine.
 This on the right hand is *Sophrosyne*,
 Or *Chastitie* : this other *Daphyle*
 Or *Liberalitie* : their Emulation
 Begat a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.
 I, (hauing left my Goddesse mothers lap,
 To hawk and shoote at Birds in *Arden* groues,)
 Beheld this Princely Nymph with much affection,
 Left killing Birds, and turn'd into a Birde,
 Like which I flew betwixt her Iuory brests,
 As if I had beene driuen by some Hawke,
 To sue to her for safety of my life ;
 She smilde at first, and sweetly shadowed me,
 With soft protection of her siluer hand ;
 Some-times she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,
 And made me (past my nature, libertie)
 Proud of my fetters : As I pertly sat,
 On the white pillowes of her naked brests,
 I sung for ioy ; she answered note for note,
 Relish for relish, with such ease and Arte,
 In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,
 Showd like the God of Shepheards to the Sunnes,
 Comparde with hers : ashamed of which disgrace,
 I tooke my true shape, bow, and all my shafts,
 And lighted all my torches at her eyes,
 Which (set about her, in a golden ring)
 I followd Birds againe, from Tree to Tree,
 Kild, and presented, and she kindly tooke.
 But when she handled my triumphant bow,

And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
She begd them of me ; I, poore boy replied,
I had no other Riches ; yet was pleasde
To hazard all, and stake them gainst a kisse,
At an old game I vſde, call'd Penny-prick.
She priuie to her owne ſkill in the play,
Anſwerd my challenge, ſo I loſt my armes :
And now my shafts are headed with her lookes,
One of which shafts ſhe put into my bow,
And ſhot at this faire Nymph, with whom before,
I told your Maieſtie, ſhe had ſome iarre.
The Nymph did inſtantly repent all parts
She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,
Lou'd and ſubmitted ; which ſubmiſſion
This tooke ſo well, that now they both are one :
And as for your deare loue, their diſcords grew,
So for your loue, they did their loues renew.
And now to prooue them capable of your Court,
In ſkill of ſuch conceipts, and qualities
As here are practiſde ; they will firſt ſubmit
Their grace in dancing to your highneſſe doome,
And play the preaſe to giue their meaſures roome :

Muſique, Dance, &c., which done Cupid ſpeakes.

If this ſuffice, for one Court complement,
To make them gracious and entertain'd ;
Behold another parcell of their Courtſhip,
Which is a rare dexteritie in riddles,
Showne in one inſtance, which is here inſcrib'd.
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight
At firſt ſight can reſolue ; he ſhall enioy
This Iewell here annex ; which though it ſhow
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Peble ;
And that no Lapydarie, nor great man
Will giue a Soulz for it ; 'tis worth a Kingdome :
For 'tis an artificiall ſtone compoſde,
By their great Miſtreſſe, Vertue : and will make
Him that ſhall weare it, liue with any little,

Suffizde, and more content then any King.
 If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it ;
 And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here ;
 (It being considered, that so many vertues
 Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue
 To leaue the Court, and liue with them in *Arden*.

Esp. Pronounce the riddle : I will vndertake it.

Cup. 'Tis this fir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,
 Yet euer makes shew, she least of all seekes ?
 That's euer embrac'd and affected by her,
 Yet neuer is seene to please or come nigh her :
 Most seru'd in her night-weeds : does her good in a corner,
 But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly adorne her :
 Most cheape, and most deare, aboue all worldly pelfe,
 That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

Esp. Let me peruse it, *Cupid*.

Cup. Here it is.

Esp. Your Riddle is good *Fame*.

Cup. Good fame ? how make you that good ?

Esp. Good fame is that a good Lady most likes,
 I am sure ;

Cup. That's granted.

Esp. Yet euer makes shoue she least of all seekes :
 for she likes it onely for vertue, which is not glo-
 rious.

Hen. That holds well.

Esp. 'Tis euer embrac't and affected by her : for she
 must, perseuer in vertue or fame vanishes. Yet neuer
 seene to please or come nigh her, for fame is invisibile.

Cup. Exceeding right.

Esp. Most serued in her night-weeds : for Ladies
 that most wear their Nightweeds come lest abroad, and
 they that come lest abroad, serue fame most ; accord-
 ing to this ; *Non forma sed fama in publicum exire debet.*

Hen. 'Tis very substantiall.

Esp. Does her good in a corner : that is in her
 most retreat from the world, comforts her ; but a

poore mans thing : for euery poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

Cup. That all must grant.

Esp. Most cheape for it costs nothing, and most deare, for gold cannot buy it ; aboue all worldly pelffe ; for thats transitory, and fame eternall. It is hard to get in ; that is hard to get : But comes out of it selfe ; for when it is vertuoufly deserued with the most inward retreat from the world, it comes out in spight of it, and so *Cupid* your ieuell is mine.

Cup. It is : and be the vertue of it, yours.

Wee'l now turne to our daunce, and then attend,
Your heighnes will, as touching our resort,
If vertue may be entertaind in Court.

Hen. This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures

The reconcilment of my Queene and Mistresse :

Come let vs in and thanke them, and prepare,

To entertaine our trusty friend *Byron*. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auergne.

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to
Kings,

Then Kings are to their subiects, there are schooles,

Now broken ope in all parts of the world,

First founded in ingenious Italy,

Where some conclusions of estate are held,

That for a day preferue a Prince, and euer,
 Destroy him after : from thence men are taught,
 To glyde into degrees of height by crafte,
 And then lock in them-felues by villanie :
 But God, who knowes Kings are not made by art,
 But right of Nature, nor by treachery propt,
 But fimple vertue, once let fall from heauen,
 A branch of that greene tree, whose root is yet,
 Fast fixt about the ftarrs : which facred branch,
 Wee well may liken to that Lawrell fpray,
 That from the heauenly Eagles golden feres,
 Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife :
 Which fpray once fet, grew vp into a tree,
 Where of were Garlands made, and Emperors
 Had their eftates and forheads crowned with them :
 And as the armes of that tree did decay
 The race of great *Augustus* wore away,
Nero being laft of that imperiall line,
 The tree and Emperor together died.
 Religion is a branch, firft fet and bleft
 By heauens high finger in the hearts of kings,
 Which whilelome grew into a goodly tree,
 Bright Angels fat and fung vpon the twigs,
 And royall branches for the heads of Kings,
 Were twifted of them but fince fquint ey'd enuye :
 And pale fufpicion, dasht the heads of kingdomes,
 One gainft another : two abhorred twins,
 With two foule tayles : fterne Warre and Libertie,
 Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen.
 Is ouerrunne with moffe ; the cheerfull mufique,
 That heretofore hath founded out of it,
 Beginnes to ceafe ; and as ſhe cafts her leaues,
 (By fmall degrees) the kingdomes of the earth
 Decline and wither : and looke whenſoever
 That the pure ſap in her, is dried vp quite ;
 The lamp of all authoritie goes out,
 And all the blaze of Princes is extinckt,
 Thus as the Poet ſends a meſſenger
 Out to the ſtage, to ſhew the ſumme of all,

That followes after : so are Kings reuolts,
 And playing both wayes with religion,
 Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
 Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament :

D'Au. My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses,

To settle my course to your fortunes ; mine
 Are freely and inseperably linckt :
 And to your loue my life.

Byr. Thankes Princely friend,
 And whatfoeuer good shall come of me,
 Persu'd by al the Catholike Princes aydes
 With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states proposde,
 To winne my valor, promise me a throne :
 All shall be equall with my selfe ; thine owne.

La Brun. My Lord here is *D'escuris* sent from
 the King,
 Desires accessse to you.

Enter D'escures.

Byr. Attend him in.

Desc. Health to my Lord the Duke :

Byr. Welcome *D'escuris*,

In what health rests our royall Soueraigne.

Desc. In good health of his body, but his minde
 Is somthing troubled with the gathering stormes,
 Of forreigne powres ; that as he is inform'd
 Adresse themselues into his frontier townes ;
 And therefore his intent is to maintaine :
 The body of an army on those parts ;
 And yeeld their worthy conduct to your valor.

Byr. From whence heares he that any stormes are
 rising ?

Desc. From Italy ; and his intelligence,
 No doubt is certaine, that in all those partes
 Leuies are hotly made ; for which respect,
 He sent to his Ambassador *De Vic*,
 To make demand in Switzerland, for the raising,

With vtmost dilligence of fixe thousand men ;
 All which shall be commanded to attend,
 On your direction ; as the Constable
 Your honord Gossip gaue him in aduice ;
 And he sent you by writing : of which letters,
 He would haue answere, and aduice from you
 By your most speedie pefrence.

Byr. This is strange,
 That when the enemie is t'attempt his frontiers,
 He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,
 It is an action worthy of my valor
 To turne my back, to an approaching foe ?

Defc. The foe is not so nere, but you may come,
 And take more strickt directions from his highnesse,
 Then he thinks fit his letters should containe ;
 Without the least attainture of your valour ;
 And therefore good my Lord, forbear excuse
 And beare your selfe on his direction ;
 Who well you know hath neuer made designe
 For your most worthy seruice, where he saw
 That any thing but honour could succede :

Byr. I will not come I sweare :

Def. I know your Grace,
 Will send no such vnfauorie replie.

Byr. Tell him that I beseech his Maieesty,
 To pardon my repaire till th' end be knowne
 Of all these leuies now in Italie.

Def. My Lord I know that tale will neuer please
 him ;
 And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure
 To satisfie his summons speedily :
 And speedily I know he will returne you.

Byr. By heauen it is not fit : if all my seruice
 Makes me know any thing : beseech him therefore,
 To trust my iudgement in these doubtfull charges,
 Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

Def. I would your Lordship now, would trust his
 iudgment,

Byr. Gods precious, y'are importunate past measure,
 And (I know) further, then your charge extends,
 Ile satisfie his highnesse, let that serue ;
 For by this flesh and blood, you shall not beare,
 Any replie to him, but this from me.

Def. Tis nought to me my Lord, I wish your good,
 And for that cause haue beene importunate.

Exit Defc.

Brunel. By no meanes goe my Lord ; but with distrust,
 Of all that hath beene said or can be fent ;
 Collect your friends, and stand vpon your gard,
 The Kings faire letters, and his messages
 Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend
 Horrible purgatiues.

Byr. I will not goe,
 For now I see the instructions lately fent me,
 That something is discouerd, are too true,
 And my head rules none of those neighbor Nobles,
 That eury Pursuant bring beneath the axe :
 If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch
 Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,
 Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,
 But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts,
 Blowes, batteries, breaches, showers of steele and
 blood,

Must be his down-right messengers for me,
 And not the misling breath of policie :
 He, he himselfe, made passage to his Crowne
 Through no more armies, battailes, massacres,
 Then I will aske him to arriue at me ;
 He takes on him, my executions,
 And on the demolitions, that this arme,
 Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,
 Hath he aduanc't the Tropheys of his valor ;
 Where I, in those assumptions may scorne,
 And speake contemptuously of all the world,
 For any equal yet, I euer found ;

And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre
 That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,
 And makes his braue ascension with the Sunne,
 Was of th' Egyptians, with more zeale beheld,
 And made a rule to know the circuite
 And compasse of the yeare ; then I was held
 When I appeared from battaile ; the whole sphere,
 And full sustainer of the state we beare ;
 I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th' earth
 And on these shoulders borne the weight of France :
 And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)
 My father (all know) fet him in his throne,
 And if he vrge me, I may pluck him out.

Enter Mess.

Mess. Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord ;
 Sent from the King, and vrgeth quick accesse.

Byr. Another Pursuant ? and one so quick ?
 He takes next course with me, to make him stay :
 But, let him in, let's heare what he importunes.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin. Honor, and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.

Byr. No other touch me : say how fares the King ?

Ian. Farely my Lord ; the cloud is yet farre off
 That aimes at his obscuring, and his will,
 Would gladly giue the motion to your powers
 That should disperse it ; but the meanes, himselfe,
 Would personally relate in your direction.

Byr. Still on that haunt ?

Ian. Vpon my life, my Lord,
 He much desires to see you, and your sight
 Is now growne necessarie to suppressse
 (As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)
 The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,
 Endeauouring to blast your loyalty.

Byr. Sir, if my loyalty, stick in him no faster
 But that the light breath of report may loose it,
 (So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

Ian. But these aloofe abodes, my Lord bewray,
 That there is rather firmneffe in your breath
 Then in your heart; Truth is not made of glaffe,
 That with a small touch, it should feare to breake,
 And therefore should not shunne it; beleue me
 His arme is long, and strong; and it can fetch
 Any within his will, that will not come:
 Not he that fursets in his mines of gold,
 And for the pride thereof, compares with God,
 Calling (with almost nothing different)
 His powers invincible, for omnipotent,
 Can back your boldest Fort gainst his assaults:
 It is his pride, and vaine ambition,
 That hath but two staires in his high designes;
 (The lowest enuie, and the highest bloud)
 That doth abuse you; and giues mindes too high,
 Rather a will by giddinesse to fall,
 Then to descend by iudgement.

Byr. I relye

On no mans back nor belly; but the King
 Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,
 Requires a firmer sementing then words.
 And he shall find it a much harder worke
 To foder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasse.

Ian. My Lord, 'tis better hold a Soueraignes loue
 By bearing iniuries; then by laying out
 Stirre his displeasure; Princes discontents
 (Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Aetna*,
 Not to be quencht, nor lessend: and be sure,
 A subiects confidence in any merit,
 Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume
 To flie too high; approoues him like a cloude,
 That makes a shew as it did haulke at kingdoms,
 And could command, all raifd beneath his vapor:
 When sodainly, the Fowle that hawlkt so faire,
 Stooopes in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

Byr. I flie with no such ayme, nor am opposde
 Against my Soueraigne; but the worthy height
 I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which if I come away, I cannot do ;
 For if the enemy should inuade the Frontier,
 Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoile,
 (Although the King in placing of another
 Might well excuse me) Yet all forraine Kinges
 That can take note of no such secret quittance,
 Will lay the weakenesse here, vpon my wants ;
 And therefore my abode is resolute.

Ian : I sorrow for your resolution,
 And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

Byr. I must indure it ;

Ian : Fare you well my Lord.

Exit. Ian.

Byr : Farewell to you ;

Enter Brun.

Captaine what other newes ?

Bru : *La Fin* salutes you.

Byr : Welcome good friend ; I hope your wisht
 arriuall,

Will giue some certaine end to our disleignes ;

Bru : I know not that, my Lord ; reports are
 rais'd so doubtfull and so different, that the truth of
 any one can hardly be assur'd.

Byr. Good newes, *D'Auuergne* ; our trusty friend
La Fin,

Hath clear'd all scruple with his Maiestie,
 And vtterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare
 All bad Suggestions.

Bru : So he sayes, my Lord

But others say, *La Fins* assurances

Are meere deceipts ; and wish you to beleeeue ;

That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *La Fin*,

Met you at *Autune*, to assure your doubts,

His vncke had said nothing to the King

That might offend you ; all the iournies charge,

The King defraid ; besides, your truest friendes

Willd me to make you certaine that your place

Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd ;

And all aduise you, for your latest hope,

To make retreat into the *Franch County*.

Byr. I thanke them all, but they touch not the
depth,
Of the affaires, betwixt *La Fin* and me.
Who is returnd contented to his house,
Quite freed, of all displeasure or distrust ;
And therefore, worthy friends wele now to Court.

D'Au. My Lord, I like your other friends aduices,
Much better then *Laffins* ; and on my life
You can not come to Court with any fastie.

Byr. Who shall infringe it ? I know, all the Court,
Haue better apprehension of my valure ;
Then that they dare lay violent hands on mee ;
If I haue onely meanes to drawe this sword,
I shall haue powre enough to fet me free,
From feature, by my proudest enemie. *Exit.*

Enter Esper. Vyt, Pra.

Esp. He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

Vyt. He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

Pra. Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his
honor,

In giuing these suspicions of reuolt
From his allegiance : that which he hath wonne,
With fundry wounds, and perrill of his life ;
With wonder of his wisdome, and his valure,
He loofeth with a most enchanted glorie :
And admiration of his pride and folly.

Vit. Why did you neuer see a fortunate man
Sodainely raif'd to heapes of welth and honor ?
Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature,
As valure, wit, and smooth vse of the tongue,
Set strangely to the pitch of populare likings ?
But with as sodaine falls the rich and honord,
Were ouerwhelmd by pouertie, and shame
Or had no vse of both aboue the wretched.

Esp. Men neuer are fatisf'd with that they haue ;
But as a man, matcht with a louely wife,
When his most heauenly Theorie of her beauties,

5 Is duld and quite exhausted with his practise :
 He brings her forth to feasts, where he ahlas,
 Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
 That thinke him blest in her, and they (poore men)
 Court, and make faces, offer seruice, sweate,
 With their desires contention, breake their braines
 For iests, and tales : fit mute, and loose their lookes,
 (Far out of wit, and out of countenance)
 So all men else, do what they haue transplant,
 And place their welth in thirst of what they want.

Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vyd: Desc: Ianin.

Hen. He will not come ; I must both grieue and
 wonder,

That all my care to winne my subiects loue
 And in one cup of friendship to commixe,
 Our liues and fortunes : should leaue out so many
 As giue a man (contemptuous of my loue,
 And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes peace)
 Hope, in a continuance so vngratefull,
 To beare out his designes in spight of me ;
 How should I better please all, then I do ?
 When they suppos'd, I would haue giuen some,
 Insolent garifons ; others Citadells,
 And to all forts, encrease of miseries ;
 Prouince by Prouince, I did visit all ?
 Whom those iniurious rumors had diswaide ;
 And shew'd them how, I neuer fought to build,
 More forts for me, then were within their hearts ;
 Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wills,
 To succor the necessities of my crowne,
 That I desired to ad to their contents
 By all occasions, rather then substract ;
 Nor wist I, that my treasury should flow,
 With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares ;
 And then I found no man, that did not blesse,
 My few yeares raigne ; and their triumphant peace,
 And do they now so soone, complaine of ease ?
 He will not come ?

Enter Byron, D'Avuergne, brother, with others.

Esp. O madnesse ? he is come.

Chan. The duke is come my Lord :

Hen. Oh Sir, y'are welcome,
And fitly, to conduct me to my house ;

Byr. I must beseech your Maiesties excuse,
That (Ielouse of mine honor) I haue vsd,
Some of mine owne commandment in my stay,
And came not with your highnesse soonest summons.

Hen : The faithfull seruant right in holy writ ;
That said he would not come and yet he came :
But come you hether ; I must tell you now,
Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,
But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,
Makes you arriue at no port, but repentance,
Despayre and ruine ;

Byr. Be what port it will,
At which your will, will make me be arriued,
I am not come to iustifie my selfe,
To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends,

Hen. If you conceale my enemies you are one,
And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,
Or else your head be worth my cutting of.

Byr. Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,
I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,
Since he can no way worthely maintaine
His Princes honor that neglects his owne :
And if your will haue beene to my true reason,
(Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)
A checke to my free nature and mine honor,
And that on your free iustice I presum'd
To crosse your will a little, I conceiue,
You will not thinke this forsaite worth my head ;

Hen. Haue you maintaind your truth of loyalty ?
When since I pardoned foule ententions,
Resolving to forget eternally,
What they apperd in, and had welcomd you
As the kind father doth his riotous son.

I can approue facts fowler then th' intents,
Of deepe difloyalty and highest treason;

Byr. May this right hand be thunder to my brest,
If I stand guilty of the flendrest fact,
Wherein the left of those two can be prooued,
For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,
At any such vnnaturall relaps;
I would not with this confidence haue runne,
Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath,
Blowne, and thrice kindled: hauing way enough,
In my election both to thunne and sleight it.

Hen. Y'are grosely and vain gloriously abus'd,
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,
And had you not (euen when you did) arriued,
(With horror to the proudest hope you had)
I would haue fetcht you.

Byr. You must then haue vs'd
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will
Beyond your iustice. For a little stay
More then I vsd would hardly haue beene worthy,
Of such an open expedition;
In which to all the censures of the world,
My faith and Innocence had beene fouly foyld;
Which (I protest) by heauens bright witnesses
That shine farr, farr, from mixture with our feares,
Retaine as perfect roundnes as their spheares;

Hen. Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue
frighted

Your firmeft confidence: some other time,
We will (as now in priuate) sift your actions.
And poure more then you thinke into the siue,
Alwaies reseruing clemency and pardon
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

Byr. I my Lord if I may make the match.
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,
With you and Count *Soissons*;

Esp. I know my Lord.

You play well but you make your matches ill.

Hen. Come tis a match.

Exit.

Byr. How like you my ariuall ?

Esp. Ile tell you as a friend in your eare.

You haue giuen more preferment to your courage,
Then to the prouident counsailes of your friends.

D'Au. I told him so my Lord, and much was
grieu'd

To see his bold approach, so full of will.

Byr. Well I must beare it now, though but with
th' head,

The shoulders bearing nothing.

Esp. By Saint *Kohn*,

Tis a good headlesse resolution.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 4.

SCÆNA I.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Avuergne.

Byr. O the most base fruites of a fetled peace!
In men, I meane ; worse then their durty fields,
Which they manure much better then them-selues :
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,
Weedie, and choakt with thornes, they grub and
proyne,
And make them better, then when cruell warre,
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer :
But men them-selues, instead of bearing fruites,
Growe rude, and foggie, ouer-growne with weedes,
Their spirits, and freedomes smotherd in their ease ;
And as their tyrants and their ministers,

Growe wilde in profecution of their lusts,
 So they grow prostitute, and lye (like whores)
 Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors :
 The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest ;
 The guiltlesse led to slaughter, the deseruer
 Giuen to the begger ; right be wholly wrongd,
 And wrong be onely houor'd ; till the strings
 Of eury mans heart, crack ; and who will stirre,
 To tell authority, that it doth erre.
 All men cling to it, though they see their blouds
 In their most deare associates and Allyes,
 Pour'd into kennels by it : and who dares
 But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres ?
 How all the Court now lookes askew on me ?
 Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
 Which (like a March Sunne) agues breeds in them,
 From whence of late, 'twas health to haue a beame.

D'Au. Now none will speake to vs, we thrust our-
 selues

Into mens companies, and offer speech,
 As if not made, for their diuerted eares,
 Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others.
 And we must like obsequious Parasites,
 Follow their faces, winde about their persons,
 For lookes and answers : or be cast behinde,
 No more viewd than the wallet of their faults.

Enter Soiffon.

Byr. Yet here's one views me ; and I thinke will
 speake.

Soiff. My Lord, if you respect your name and race,
 The preferuation of your former honors,
 Merites and vertues ; humbly cast them all,
 At the kings mercy ; for beyond all doubt,
 Your acts haue thether driuen them : he hath proofes
 So pregnant, and so horride, that to heare them,
 Would make your valure in your very lookes,
 Giue vp your forces, miserably guilty :

But he is most loth (for his ancient loue
To your rare vertues ;) and in their empaire,
The full discouragement of all that liue,
To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature,
T' expose them to the light ; when darknesse may
Couer her owne broode, and keepe still in day,
Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse :
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,
Raifd in the arme of an incensed King.

Byr. My Lord, be sure the King cannot complaine
Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,
Which in so many dangers of my death,
May so approoue my spotlesse loyaltie ;
That those quite opposite horrors you assure,
Must looke out of his owne ingratitude ;
Or the malignant enuies of my foes,
Who powre me out in such a Stygian flood,
To drowne me in my selfe, since their deserts
Are farre from such a deluge ; and in me
Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.

Soiff. You thinke I come to found you ; fare you
wel, *Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Fanin, Vidame, Vitry,
Pralin, whispering by couples, &c.*

D' Au : See see, not one of them will cast a glance
At our eclipsed faces ;

Byr. They keepe all to cast in admiration on the
King :

For from his face are all their faces moulded.

D' Au : But when a change comes ; we shall see
them all

Chang'd into water, that will instantly
Giue looke for looke, as if it watcht to greet vs ;
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses ;

Byr. Is't not an easie losse to lose theyr lookes,
Whose hearts so soone are melted ?

D'Au: But me thinks,
(Being Courtiers) they should cast best looks on men,
When they thought worst of them.

Byr. O no my Lord,
They n'ere dissemble but for some aduantage ;
They sell their looks, and shadowes ; which they rate
After their markets, kept beneath the State ;
Lord what foule weather they aspects do threaten ?
See in how graue a Brake he fets his vizard :
Passion of nothing ; See, an excellent Iecture :
Now Courtship goes a ditching in their fore-heads ;
And we are false into those dismall ditches :
Why euen thus dreadfully would they be wrapt,
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Lord Chancellor ;

Cha: I my Lord ;

Hen: And lord *Vidame* :

Exit.

Byr: And not *Byron* ? here's a prodigious change ;

D'Au. He cast no Beame on you ;

Byr: Why now you see

From whence their countenances were copied.

Enter the captain of Byrons guard with a letter.

D'Au. See, here comes some newes, I beleue my
Lord.

Byr. What saies the honest captaine of my guard ?

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. Tis welcome then :

D'Au. Haue we yet any friends ?

Cap. More then yee would I thinke : I neuer
faw,

Men in their right mindes so vnrighteous
In their owne causes.

Byr. See what thou hast brought,
Hee will vs to retire our selues my Lord,
And makes as if it were almost too late,
What saies my captaine ; shall we goe or no ?

Cap. I would your daggers point had kist my heart,

When you resolu'd to come.

Byr. I pray thee why ?

Cap. Yet doth that fencelesse Apopelxy dull you ?
The diuell or your wicked angell blinds you,
Bereauing all your reason of a man
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,
In your brute nostrills : onely powre to dare.

Byr. Why, dost thou think, my comming here hath brought me

To such an vnrecouerable danger ?

Cap. Iudge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,

Since your arriuall : the kinde fowle, the wilde duck,
That came into your cabinet, so beyond
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe :
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat
And which you had so fed, and so attended ;
For that dum loue she shew'd you ; iust as soone,
As you were parted, on the sodaine died.
And to make this no lesse then an Ostent ;
Another that hath fortun'd since, confirms it :
Your goodly horse *Pastrana*, which the Archduke,
Gauē you at Bruxells ; in the very houre,
You left your strength, fel-mad, and kild himselfe ;
The like chanc't to the horse the great duke sent you :
And, with both these, the horse the duke of Lorraine,
Sent you at *Vimie* made a third presage,
Of some Ineuitable fate that toucht you,
Who like the other pin'd away and died.

Byr. All these together are indeed ostentfull,
Which by another like, I can confirme :
The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,
(In their most sure diuinings of my death)
A parallell with me in life and fortune,
Had one horse like-wise that the very howre,
He sufferd death, (being well the night before)
Died in his pasture. Noble happy beasts,

d That he, not hauing to their wills to liue :
 They vse no deprecations, nor complaints.
 Nor sute for mercy : amongst them the Lion ;
 Serues not the Lion ; nor the horse the horse,
 As man serues man : when men shew most their
 spirits
 In valure and their vtmost dares to do ;
 They are compar'd to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,
 But by conuersion ; None will say a Lyon,
 Fights as he had the Spirit of a man.
 Let me then in my danger now giue cause,
 For all men to begin that *Simile*.
 For all my huge engagement, I prouide me,
 This short sword onely ; which if I haue time,
 To show my apprehendor, he shall vse
 Power of tenne Lions if I get not loofe.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Ianin, Vitry,
 Pralin.*

Hen. What shall we doe with this vnthankfull
 man ?

Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,
 Which I haue prooffe of, underneath his hand,
 He should not tast my Iustice. I would giue,
 Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld,
 But such meanes for my pardon, as he should ;
 I neuer lou'd man like him : would haue trusted,
 My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme :
 He hath deseru'd my loue with worthy seruice,
 Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,
 Sau'd him from death : I drew him off the foe
 At *Fontaine Francoise* where he was engag'd,
 So wounded and so much amaz'd with blowes,
 That (as I playd the souldier in his rescue,)
 I was enforc't to play the Marshall,
 To order the retreat : because he said,
 He was not fit to do it nor to serue me.

Cha. Your maiesty hath vsd your vtmost meanes,

Both by your owne perswasions, and his friends,
 To bring him to submission, and confesse
 (With some signe of repentance) his foule fault :
 Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.
 You haue in loue and care of his recouery
 Beene halfe in labour to produce a course,
 And resolution, what were fit for him.
 And since so amply it concernes your crowne,
 You must by law cut of, what by your grace,
 You cannot bring into the state of safety.

Ian. Begin at th' end my Lord and execute,
 Like *Alexander* with *Parmenio*.

Princes (you knowe) are Maisters of their lawes,
 And may resolue them to what forms they please,
 So all conclude in iustice ; in whose stroke,
 There is one fort of manadge for the Great ;
 Another for inferiour : The great Mother,
 Of all productions (graue Necessity)
 Commands the variation : And the profit,
 So certainly fore-seene, commends the example.

Hen. I like not executions so informall,
 For which my predecessors haue beene blam'd :
 My Subiects and the world shall knowe my powre,
 And my authority by lawes vsuall course
 Dares punish ; not the deuilish heads of treason,
 But there confederates be they nere so dreadfull.
 The decent ceremonies of my lawes,
 And their solemunities shall be obserued,
 With all their Sternenes and Seueritie.

Vit. Where will your highnes haue him apprehended ?

Hen. Not in the Castle (as some haue aduif'd)
 But in his chamber ;

Pral. Rather in your owne,
 Or comming out of it ; for tis assur'd
 That any other place of apprehension,
 Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

Vit. To shun this likely-hood, my Lord tis best
 To make the apprehension neere your chamber ;

For all respect and reuerence giuen the place,
More then is needfull, to chaſtice the perſon,
And ſaue the opening of too many veines ;
Is vain and dangerous.

Hen : Gather you your guard,
And I will finde fit time to giue the word,
When you ſhall ſeaze on him and on *D'Avuergne* ;

Vit : We will be readie to the death ; (my Lord)

Exeunt.

Hen : O thou that gouernſt the keene ſwords of
Kings,

Direct my arme in this important ſtroke,
Or hold it being aduanc't ; the weight of blood,
Euen in the baſeſt ſubieſt, doth exact
Deepe conſultation, in the higheſt King ;
For in one ſubieſt, deaths vniuſt affrights,
Paſſions, and paines, (though he be n'ere ſo poore)
Aſke more remorse, then the voluptuous ſpleenes
Of all Kings in the world, deſerue reſpect ;
Hee ſhould be borne grey-headed that will beare
The ſword of Empire ; Iudgement of the life,
Free ſtate, and reputation of a man,
(If it be iuſt and worthy) dwells ſo darke
That it denies acceſſe to Sunne and Moone ;
The ſoules eye ſharped with that ſacred light,
Of whome the Sunne it ſelfe is but a beame,
Muſt onely giue that iudgement ; O how much
Erre thoſe Kings then, that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their ferious States,
But humor and their luſts ! For which alone
Men long for Kingdomes ; whoſe huge counterpoife
In cares and dangers, could a foole comprife,
He would not be a King but would be wiſe ;

*Enter Byron talking with the Queene: Eſp: D'En-
tragues, D'Auer: with another Lady, others
attending.*

Hen : Heere comes the man, with whoſe ambitious
head

(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme ;
This houre shall take vpon her shady winge
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

D'Au. We are vndone ?

Queene : Whats that ?

Byr : I heard him not ;

Hen : Madam, y'are honord much, that Duke

Byron

Is so obseruant ; Some, to cardes with him,
You foure, as now you come, fit to *Primero* ;
And I will fight a battayle at the *Chesse*.

Byr. A good safe fight belecue me ; Other warre
Thirfts blood, and wounds, and his thirft quencht, is
thankles ;

Esp. Lift, and then cut ;

Byr. Tis right the end of lifting,
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

Qu : Apply you all these sports so seriously ?

Byr : They first were from our serious acts deuif'd, | 5
The best of which are to the best but sports ;
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends,
In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

Qu : So, in those best mens seruices, their ends
Are their owne pleasures ; passe.

Byr : I vy't ;

Hen : I fee't ;

And wonder at his frontles impudence ; *Exit Hen* :

Chan : How speedes your Maiesty ?

Que. Well ; the Duke instructs me
With such graue lessons of mortallitie
Forc't out of our light sport ; that if I loose,
I cannot but speed well.

Byr. Some idle talke,
For Courtship sake, you know does not amisse.

Chan. Would we might heare some of it.

Byr. That you shall,
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,
Of the deceased worthy King of Spaine.

Chan. What card was that ?

Byr. The king of hearts (my Lord)
Whose name yeelds well the memorie of that King,
Who was indeed the worthy King of hearts,
And had, both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

Chan. He wun them with his gold.

Byr. He wun them chiefly,
With his so generall Pietie and Justice :
And as the little, yet great Macedon,
Was sayd with his humane philosophy,
To teach the rapefull *Hyrkans*, mariage ;
And bring the barbarous *Sogdians*, to nourish,
Not kill their aged Parents ; as before,
Th' incestuous *Persians* to reuerence
Their mothers, not to vse them as their wiues ;
The *Indians* to adore the *Grecian* Gods,
The *Scythians* to inter, not eat their Parents ;
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vsd it)
In *Turky*, *India*, and through all the world,
Expell'd prophane idolatry ; and from earth,
Raisd temples to the highest : whom with the word,
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword.

Chan. He fought for gold, and Empire.

Byr. Twas Religion,
And her full propagation that he fought ;
If gold had beene his end, it had beene hoorded,
When he had fetcht it in so many fleetes :
Which he spent not on *Median* Luxurie,
Banquets and women ; *Calidonian* wine,
Nor deare *Hyrceanian* fishes, but employd it,
To propagate his Empire ; and his Empire
Desird t' extend so, that he might withall,
Extend Religion through it, and all nations,
Reduce to one firme constitution,
Of Pietie, Iustice, and one publique weale ;
To which end he made all his matchles subiects
Make tents their castles, and their garifons ;

True Catholikes contrimen ; and their allies,
Heretikes, strangers, and their enemies.
There was in him the magnanimity.

Montig. To temper your extreame applause (my
Lord)

Shorten, and answere all things in a word,
The greatest commendation we can giue
To the remembrance of that King deceast ;
Is, that he spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,
But put him iustly to a violent death,
Because, hee fought to trouble his estates.

Byr. Ist so ?

Chan. That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,
Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King sodainely enters hauing
determined what
to doe.*

Hen. It is resolud,
A worke shall now be done,
Which, (while learned *Atlas* shall with starres be
crownd,)

While th'Ocean walkes in stormes his way round,
While Moones at full, repaire their broken rings :
While *Lucifer* fore-shewes *Auroras* springs,
And *Arctos* stickes about the Earth vnmou'd,
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued ;
Call in the count *D'Auergne.* *Enter D'Au.*

A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend ?
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads,
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike ?
If you would vtter what I knowe you knowe,
Of his inhumaine treason ; on Stronge Barre,
Betwixt his will, and duty were dissolud.
For then I know he would submit himselfe ;
Thinke you it not as strong a point of faith,
To rectifie your loyalties to me,

As to be trusty in each others wrong?
Trust that deceiues our selues in treachery,
And Truth that truth conceales an open lie;

D'Au. My Lord if I could vtter any thought,
Instruſted with diſloyalty to you,
And might light any fafty to my friend;
Though mine owne heart came after it ſhould out.

Hen. I knowe^t you may, and that your faith's
affected

To one another, are ſo vaine and faulce,
That your owne Strengths will ruine you: ye contend,
To caſt vp rampiers to you in the ſea,
And ſtriuē to ſtop the waues that runne before you.

D'Au. All this my Lord to me is miſery.

Hen. It is; Ile make it plaine enough. Beleeue
me.

Come my Lord Chancellor let vs end our mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.

Var. You are vndone my Lord;

Byr: Is it poſſible?

Que. Play good my Lord: whom looke you for?

Eſp. Your mind,
Is not vpon your Game.

Byr. Play, pray you play,

Hen. Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,
On all hands; all forbear the roome, my Lord?

Stay you with me; yet is your will reſolued,

To duty, and the maine bond of your life?

I ſweare (of all th' Intruſions I haue made,
Vpon your owne good, and continu'd fortunes)

This is the laſt; informe me yet the truth,

And here I vow to you, (by all my loue;

By all meanes ſhowne you, euen to this extreame,

When all men elſe forſake you) you are ſafe.

What paſſages haue ſlipt twixt Count *Fuentes*,

You, and the Duke of *Sauoy*?

Byr. Good my Lord,

This nayle is driuen already past the head,
 You much haue ouercharged, an honest man :
 And I beseech you yeeld my Innocence iustice,
 (But with my single valure) gainst them all
 That thus haue poisoned your opinion of me,
 And let me take my vengeance by my sword :
 For I protest, I neuer thought an Action,
 More then my tongue hath vtterd.

Hen. Would twere true ;
 And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.
 But you disdain submission, not remembring,
 That (in intentes vrgd for the common good)
 He that shall hold his peace being chardgd to speake :
 Doth all the peace and nerues of Empire breake
 Which on your conscience lie, adieu, good night.

Exit.

Byr. Kings hate to heare what they command
 men speake,
 Aske life, and to desert of death ye yeeld.
 Where Medicins loath, it yrcks men to be heald.

*Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard, Esper,
 Vidame, following. Vytry layes hand on Byrons
 sword.*

Vyt. Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King com-
 mands it.

Byr. Me to resigne my sword ? what King is he,
 Hath vsd it better for the realme then I ?
 My sword, that all the warres within the length,
 Breadth and the whole dimensions of great *France*,
 Hath sheathd betwixt his hilt aud horrid point ?
 And fixt ye all in such a flourishing Peace ?
 My sword that neuer enimie could inforce,
 Bereft me by my friendes ? Now, good my Lord,
 Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,
 To his hand onely.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin. You must do your office,
The King commands you.

Vit: Tis in vaine to striue,
For I must force it.

Byron: Haue I n'ere a friend,
That beares another for me? All the Guard?
What will you kill me? will you smother here
His life that can command, and saue in field,
A hundred thousand liues? For man-hood sake;
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;
For all my seruice, let me haue the honor
To dye defending of my innocent selfe,
And haue some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a
Traytor,
Both foule and damnable; Thy innocent selfe?
No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers
As thy corrupted soule: Thou end the war?
And settle peace in France? what war hath rag'd,
Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,
My person, which is as free a spirit as thine?
Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combine,
And arm'd in all the merits or your valors;
(Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fights)
Neuer were bristled with so many battayles,
Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of Launces
As grew vpon my thigh; and I haue Marshald;
I am asham'd to bragge thus; where enuy
And arrogance, their opposit Bulwarke raise;
Men are allowd to vse their proper praise;
Away with him: *Exit Henry:*

Byr. Away with him? liue I?
And here my life thus fleighted? curfed man,
That euer the intelligenfing lights

Betraid me to mens whorish fellowships ;
 To Princes Moorish flaueries : To be made
 The Anuille, on which onely blowes, and woundes
 Were made the feed, and wombs of other honors ;
 A property for a Tyrant, to set vp,
 And puffed downe, with the vapour of his breath ;
 Will you not kill me ?

Vit : No, we will not hurt you,
 We are commanded onely to conduct you
 Into your lodging ;

Byr : To my lodging ? where ?

Vit : Within the Cabynet of Armes my Lord :

Byr : What to a prifon ? Death ; I will not go ;

Vit : Weele force you then ;

Byr : And take away my fword ;

A proper point of force ; ye had as good,
 Haue rob'd me of my soule ; Slaues of my Starrs,
 Partiall and bloody ; O that in mine Eyes
 Were all the Sorcerous poyfon of my woes,
 That I might witch ye headlong from your height,
 So, trample out your execrable light.

Vit : Come will you go my Lord ? this rage is
 vaine ;

Byr. And fo is all your graue authority ;
 And that all France shall feele before I die ;
 Ye see all how they vse good Catholiques ;

Efp. Farewell for euer ; fo haue I defern'd
 An exhalation that would be a Starre
 Fall when the Sunne forfooke it, in a fincke.
 Shooes euer ouerthrow that are too large,
 And hugest canons, burst with ouercharge.

Enter D'Avuergne, Pralin, following with a Guard.

Pra. My Lord I haue commandment from the
 King,

To charge you go with me, and aske your fword ;

D'Au : My fword, who feares it ? it was nere the
 death

| 9

Of any but wilde Bores ; I prithee take it ;
 Hadst thou aduertif'd this when last we met,
 I had bene in my bed, and fast asleepe
 Two houres a goe ; lead ; ile go where thou wilt :

Exit.

Vid : See how he beares his croffe, with his small
 strenght,

On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

Esp : Strength to aspire, is still accompanied

With weakenes to indure ; All popular gifts,

Are coullors, it will beare no vineger ;

And rather to aduerse affaires, betray ;

Thine arme against them ; his State still is best

That^s hath most inward worth ; and that's best tryed,

That^s neither glories, nor is glorified. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5.

SCÆNA 1.

Henry, Soissons, Ianin, Descures, cum aliis.

Hen : What shall we thinke (my Lords) of these
 new forces

That (from the King of Spaine) hath past the Alps ?

For which (I thinke) his Lord Ambassador,

Is come to Court, to get their passe for Flanders ?

Ian. I thinke (my Lord) they haue no end for
 Flanders ;

Count *Maurice* being allready entred Brabant

To passe to Flanders, to relieue Ostend,

And th' Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him ;

For fure it is that they must measure forces,

Which (ere this new force could haue past the Alps)

Of force must be incountred.

5 In both these places the word *As* is substituted for "that," in the edition of 1625.

Soiff. Tis vnlikely,
That their march hath so largé an ayme as Flanders ;
Desc. As these times fort, they may haue shorter
reaches ;

That would pierce further ;

Hen. I haue bene aduertit'd,
How Count *Fuentes* (by whose meanes this army
Was lately leuied ; And whose hand was strong,
In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracie)
Hath cauf'd these cunning forces to aduance,
With coullor onely to set downe in Flanders ;
But hath intentionall respect to fauor
And countnance his false Partizans in Bresse,
And friendes in Burgondie ; to giue them heart
For the full taking of their hearts from me ;
Be as it will ; we shall preuent their worst ;
And therefore call in Spaines Ambassador,

Enter Ambassador with others.

What would the Lord Ambassador of Spaine ?

Amba. First (in my maisters name) I would beseech
Your highnes hearty thought ; That his true hand,
(Held in your vowd amities) hath not toucht,
At any least point in *Byrons* offence ;
Nor once had notice of a crime so foule ;
Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,
He prays your Leagues continuance in this favor ;
That the army he hath rais'd to march for Flanders,
May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,
And finde the Riuier free, that runs by Rhofne.

Hen. My Lord my frontiers shall not be disarm'd,
Till, by araignment of the Duke of *Byron*,
My scruples are resolu'd ; and I may know
In what account to hold your Maisters faith,
For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs ;
You wish me to beleeeue that he is cleare
From all the proiects cauf'd by Count *Fuentes*,
His speciall Agent ; But where, deedes pull downe,

Words, may repaire, no faith ; I scarce can thinke
 That his gold was so bouuteourly employd,
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command :
 These faint proceedings in our Royall faiths,
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse : If because,
 We sit aboute the danger of the lawes,
 We likewise lift our Armes aboute their iustice ;
 And that our heauenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs,
 In those religious confines ; out of which
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd ;
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne ? And this breach
 Made in the Forts of all Society ;
 Of all celestially, and humane respects,
 Makes no strengths of our bounties, counsaile,s armes,
 Hold out against their treasons ; and the rapes
 Made of humanitie and religion,
 In all mens more then *Pagan* liberties,
 Atheismes, and slaueries will deriue their springs
 From their base Presidents, copied out of kings.
 But all this shall not make me breake the commerce,
 Authorisde by our treaties ; let your Armie
 Haue the directest passe,⁶ it shall goe safe.

Amb. So rest your highnesse euer ; and assurde
 That my true Soueraigne, hates all opposite thoughts.⁷

Hen. Are our dispatches made to all the kings,
 Princes, and Potentates of Christendome ?
 Ambassadors and Prouince gouernors,
 T'enforme the truth of this conspiracie ?

Ian. They all are made my Lord, and some giue
 out,
 That 'tis a blow giuen to religion,
 To weaken it, in ruining of him,
 That said, he neuer wisht more glorious title,
 Then to be call'd the scourge of *Hugenots*.

6. Take the directest passe. 1608.
 7. lothes all opposite thoughts. 1608.

Soiff. Others that are like fauourers of the fault,
Said 'tis a politique aduise from *England*,
To breake the sacred Iauelins,⁸ both together.

Hen. Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set
His lights before them, and his trumpet found
Close to their eares; their partiall wilfulnesse,
In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,
What their most certaine fences apprehend,
Shall naught discomfort our imperiall Iustice,⁹
Nor cleere the desperat fault that doth enforce it.

Enter Vyt.

Vyt. The Peeres of *France* (my Lord) refuse
t'appeare,
At the arraignment of the Duke of *Byron*.

Hen. The Court may yet proceed; and so command it,

'Tis not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,
To let my will t'appeare in any fact,
Wherein the boudest of them tempts my iustice.
I am resolu'd, and will no more endure,
To haue my subiects make what I command,
The subiect of their oppositions,
Who euer-more make slack their allegiance,
As kings forbear their pennance; how sustaine
Your prisoners their strange durance?

Vit. One of them,
(Which is the Count *D'Avuergne*) hath merry spirits,
Eates well, and sleepest: and neuer can imagine,
That any place where he is, is a prison;
Where on the other part, the Duke *Byron*,
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,
Reiects all food, sleepest not, nor once lyes downe:
Furie hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,
That rest can haue no entry: he disdaines
To grace the prison with the slenderest show
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,

8. feared Iauelins. 1608.

9. impartiall Iustice. 1608.

He thought his sufferance in the best fort fit ;
 And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,
 That he empaires it, to vouchsafe to them,
 The best part of the peace, that freedom owes it :
 That patience therein, is a willing flauerie,
 And (like the Cammell) sloopes to take the load :
 So still he walkes : or rather as a Byrde,
 Enterd a Clofet, which vnawares is made,
 His desperate prifon (being purfude) amazd,
 And wrathfull beates his brest from wall to wall,
 Assaults the light, strikes downe himfelfe, not out,
 And being taken, struggles, gaspes, and bites,
 Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,
 Abhorreth food, and with a fauadge will,
 Frets, pines, and dyes, for former libertie.
 So fares the wrathfull Duke ; and when the
 strength

Of these dumbe rages, breake out into sounds,
 He breaths defiance, to the world, and bids vs,
 Make our selues drunke, with the remaining bloud
 Of fiue and thirty wounds receiud in fight,
 For vs and ours ; for we shall neuer brag,
 That we haue made his spirits check at death :
 This rage in walkes and words ; but in his looks
 He coments all, and prints a world of bookes.

Hen. Let others learne by him to curb their
 spleenes,

Before they be curbd ; and to cease their grudges :
 Now I am fetled in my Sunne of height,
 The circulare splendor, and full Sphere of State
 Take all place vp from enuy : as the funne,
 At height, and passiu ore the crownes of men,
 His beames diffusd, and downe-right pourd on
 them,

Cast but a little or no shade at all,
 So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,
 Of all his Emulators, with high light,
 Preuents their enuies, and depriues them quite.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers; Fleury,
in scarlet gownes, Laffin, Descures, with
other officers of state.*

Cha. I wonder at the prisoners so long stay,

Har : I thinke it may be made a question,
If his impacience will let him come.

Pot. Yes, he is now well stayd : Time and his
Iudgment,

Haue cast his passion and his feuer off.

Fleu. His feuer may be past, but for his passions,
I feare me we shall find it spic'd to hotly,
With his ould poulder.

Def. He is sure come forth ;
The Carosse of the Marquis of *Rhofny*
Conducted him along to th' Arcenall,
Close to the Riuer-side : and there I saw him,
Enter a barge couered with Tapistry,
In which the kings gards waited and receiued him.
Stand by there cleere the place,

Cha. The prisoner comes.

My Lord *Laffin* forbear your sight a while,
It may incense the prisoner : who will know,
By your attendance nere vs, that your hand,
Was chiefe in his discouery ; which as yet,
I thinke he doth not doubt.

Laf. I will forbear,
Till your good pleasures call me, *Exit Laf.*

Har. When he knowes
And sees *Laffin*, accuse him to his face,
The Court I thinke will shake with his distemper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a garde.

Vit. You see my Lord, 'tis in the golden chamber.

Byr. The golden chamber ? where the greatest
Kings

Haue thought them honor'd to receiue a place :
And I haue had it ; am I come to stand

In ranke and habit here of men arraigned,
 Where I haue sat assistant, and benee honord,
 With glorious title of the chiefeft vertuous,
 Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,
 There was in *France*, no man that euer liu'd,
 Whose parts were worth my imitation ;
 That, but mine owne worth ; I could imitate none :
 And that I made my selfe inimitable,
 To all that could come after ; whom this Court
 Hath seene to sit vpon the Flower de Luice
 In recompence of my renowned seruice.
 Must I be sat on now, by petty Iudges ?
 These Scarlet robes, that come to fit and fight
 Against my life ; dismay my valure more,
 Then all the bloody Caffocks *Spaine* hath brought
 To field against it.

Vit. To the barre my Lord.

He salutes and

Har. Read the inditement.

stands to the barre.

Chan. Stay, I will inuert

(For shortnesse sake) the forme of our proceedings,
 And out of all the points, the processe holds,
 Collecte siue principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferd with one, cald *Picote*,
 At *Orleanse* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,
 To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,
 And for two voyages to that effect,
 Bestowd on him, siue hundred, fiftie crownes.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
 Without the Kings permission ; offering him
 All seruice and assistance gainst all men,
 In hope to haue in marriage, his third daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,
 At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts ;
 Aduising him, with all your preiudice,
 Gainst the Kings armie, and his royall person.

4. The fourth is ; that you would haue brought
 the King,
 Before Saint *Katherines Fort*, to be there flaine :
 And to that end writ to the Gouvernor,

In which you gaue him notes to know his highnesse.

5. Fiftly, you fent *Laffin* to treat with *Sauoy*,
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,
Touching the ruine of the King and realme.

Byr. All this (my Lord) I answer, and deny :
And firft for *Picoté* ; he was my prifoner,
And therefore I might well conferre with him :
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,
Is nothing fo ; I onely did employ him
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction
Of *Seuerre*, to the feruice of the King,
Who vsd fuch speedy dilligence therein,
That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maieftie.

2. Next, for my treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
Roncas his Secretarie, hauing made
A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,
I tolde it to the King ; who hauing fince,
Giuen me the vnderftanding by *La Force*
Of his diflike ; I neuer dreamd of it.

3. Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,
Aduifing him againft his Highnesse armie :
Had this beene true, I had not vndertaken
Th' affault of *Bourg*, againft the Kings opinion,
Hauing affiftance but by them about me :
And (hauing wunne it for him) had not beene
Put out of fuch a gouernment fo eafily.

4. Fourthly, for my aduice to kill the King ;
I would befeech his Highnesse memory,
Not to let flip, that I alone difwaded
His viewing of that Fort ; informing him,
It had good marke-men ; and he could not goe,
But in exceeding danger, which aduice
Diuerted him : the rather, fince I faid,
That if he had defire to fee the place
He fhould receiue from me a Plot of it ;
Offering to take it with foue hundred men,
And I my felfe would go to the affault.

5. And laftly, for intelligences held,
With *Sauoy* and *Fuentes* : I confefse,

That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,
Which with incredible perill I had got,
And seeing another honor'd with my spoiles,
I grew so desparate that I found my spirit,
Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,
Couer'd with blood.

Chan. With whose blood?

Byr. With mine owne ;
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,
With such suspition of me, and set will,
To rack my furious humor into blood.
And for two moneths space, I did speake, and wright,
More then I ought ; but haue done euer well,
And therefore your enformers haue beene false.
And (with intent to tyranize) subornd.

Flew. What if our witnesses come face to face,
And iustifie much more then we alledge ?

Byr. They must be hyrelings then, and men corrupted.

Pot. What thinke you of *La Fin* ?

Byr. I hold *La Fin*,
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

Har. If he then aggrauate, what we affirme,
With greater accusations to your face,
What will you say ?

Byr. I know it cannot be.

Chan. Call in my Lord *La Fin*.

Byr. Is he so neere ?

And kept so close from me ? can all the world,
Make him a treacher. *Enter La Fin.*

Chan. I suppose my Lord,
You haue not stood within ; without the eare
Of what hath heere beene vrgd against the Duke ;
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge
Can witness all is true, vpon your soule :
Vtter your knowledge.

Laffi. I haue heard my Lord,
All that hath past here ; and vpon my soule,
(Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court)

Vpon my Knowledge I affirme all true ;
 And fo much more : as had the prifoner liues
 As many as his yeeres, would make all forfaite.

Byr. O all yee vertuous powers, in earth and
 heauen,

That haue not put on hellifh flefh and blood,
 From whence thefe monftrous iffues are produc'd,
 That cannot beare in execrable concord,
 And one prodigious fubieft ; contraries ;
 Nor (as the Ile that of the world admirde)
 Is feuerd from the world) can cut your felues
 From the confent and facred harmony
 Of life, yet liue ; of honor, yet be honor'd ;
 As this extrauagant, and errant rogue,
 From all your faire *Decorums*, and iuft lawes,
 Findes powre to doe : and like a lothefome wen,
 Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court ;
 Thicken this ayre, and turne your plaugie rage,
 Into a fhape as difmall as his finne.
 And with fome equall horror teare him off
 From fight and memory : let not fuch a court,
 To whofe fame all the Kings of Chriftendome,
 Now laid their eares ; fo crack her royall Trumpe,
 As to found through it, that here wanted iuftice
 Was got in fuch an inceft : is it iuftice
 To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,
 And by that witch condemne him ? let me draw
 Poifon into me with this curfed ayre,
 If he betwitcht me, and tranformd me not ;
 He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke
 Enchanted waters ; let me fee an Image
 That vtterd thefe diftinct words ; *Thou fhalt dye,*
O wicked King ; and if the diuill gaue him
 Such powre vpon an Image ; vpon me
 How might he tyrannize ? that by his voves
 And othes fo Stygian, had my Nerues and will,
 In more awe then his owne : what man is he
 That is fo high, but he would higher be ?
 So roundly fighted, but he may be found,

To haue a blinde side, which by craft, perfude,
Confederacie, and simply trusted treason,
May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason ?

Chan. Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.

Harl. True gold, will any trial stand, vntoucht.

Pot. For coulours that will staine when they are
tryed,

The cloth it felse is euer cast aside.

Byr. Some times, the very Glosse in any thing,
Will seeme a staine ; the fault not in the light,
Nor in the guilty obiect, but our sight.
My glosse, raifd from the richnesse of my stufte,
Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,
Of politique and thancklesse royaltie :
I did deserue too much : a plurisie
Of that blood in me is the cause I dye.
Vertue in great men must be small and sleight :
For poore starres rule, where she is exquisite,
Tis tyrannous, and impious policie,
To put to death by fraude and trecherie ;
Sleight is then royall, when it makes men liue,
And if it vrge faults, vrgeth to forgiue.
He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guiltie,
Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them :
Mindes must be found, that iudge affaires of weight,
And seeing hands, cut corosiuues from your sight.
A Lord intelligencer ? hangman-like,
Thrust him from humane fellowship, to the desert
Blowe him with curses ; shall your iustice call
Treacherie her Father ? would you wish her weigh
My valor with the hisle of such a viper ?
What haue I done to shunne the mortall shame
Of so uniuust an opposition ;
My enuious starres cannot deny me this,
That I may make my Iudges witnesse ;
And that my wretched fortunes haue reseru'd
For my last comfort ; yee all know (my Lords)
This body gasht with fiew and thirty wounds,
Whose life and death you haue in your award,

Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,
 And which I would not open yet againe,
 For you and yours; this hand that writ the lines
 Alledgd against me, hath enacted still,
 More good then there it onely talkt of ill.
 I must confesse my choller hath transferd
 My tender spleene to all intemperate speech:
 But reason euer did my deeds attend.
 In worth of praise, and imitation,
 Had I borne any will to let them loose,
 I could haue flesht them with bad seruices,
 In *England* lately, and in *Switzerland*:
 There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,
 Can witnesse my demeanure in the first;
 And in the last Ambassage I adiure
 No other testimonies then the Seigneurs
De Vic, and *Sillerie*; who amply know,
 In what fort, and with what fidelitie
 I bore my selfe; to reconcile and knit,
 In one desire so many wills disioynde,
 And from the Kings allegiance quite withdrawne.
 My acts askt many men, though done by one.
 And I were but one, I stood for thousands,
 And still I hold my worth, though not my place:
 Nor sleight me, Iudges, though I be but one,
 One man, in one sole expedition,
 Reduc'd into th' imperiall powre of *Rome*,
Armenia, *Pontus*, and *Arabia*,
Syria, *Albania*, and *Iberia*,
 Conquer'd th' *Hyrceanians*; and to *Caucasus*,
 His arme extended; the *Numidians*
 And *Affrick* to the shores Meridionall,
 His powre subiected; and that part of *Spaine*
 Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rulde,
 Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he conquered.
 Th' *Albanian* kings, he from the kingdoms chac'd,
 And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd:
 Of all the Earths globe, by powre and his aduice,
 The round-eyd Ocean saw him victor thrice:

And what fhall let me (but your cruell doome,)
 To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*,
 And to leaue Iuftice neither Sword nor word,
 To vse againft my life ; this Senate knowes,
 That what with one victorious hand I tooke,
 I gaue to all your vfes, with another :
 With this I tooke, and propt the falling Kingdome,
 And gaue it to the King : I haue kept
 Your lawes of ftate from fire, and you your felues,
 Fixt in this high Tribunall ; from whose height
 The vengefull Saturnals of the League
 Had hurld yee head-long ; doe yee then returne
 This retribution ? can the cruell King
 The kingdome, lawes, and you, (all fau'd by me)
 Destroy their fauer ? what (aye me) I did
 Aduerfe to this ; this damnd Enchanter did,
 That tooke into his will, my motion ;
 And being banck-route both of wealth and worth,
 Purfued with quarrels, and with fuites in law ;
 Feard by the Kingdome ; threatned by the King ;
 Would raife the loathed dung-hill of his ruines,
 Vpon the monumentall heape of mine :
 Torne with poffeffed whirle-winds may he dye,
 And dogs barke at his murtherous memory.

Chan. My Lord, our liberall fufferance of your
 fpeech,
 Hath made it late ; and for this Seffion,
 We will difmiffe you ; take him back my Lord.

Exit Vit. & Byron.

Har. You likewise may depart.

Exit Laffin.

Chan. What refteth now
 To be decreed gainft this great prifoner ?
 A mighty merit, aud a monftrous crime,
 Are here concurrent ; what by witneffes ;
 His letters and instructions we haue prou'd
 Himfelfe confeffeth, and excufeth all
 With witch-craft, and the onely act of thought.
 For witch-craft I esteeme it a meere ftrength
 Of rage in him conceiu'd gainft his accufer ;

Who being examinde hath denied it all ;
 Suppose it true, it made him false ; But wills
 And worthy mindes, witch-craft can neuer force.
 And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds ;
 Time was the cause, not will ; the mindes free act
 In treason still is Iudgd as th' outward fact.
 If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,
 In fauing of our land from ciuill furies :
Manlius had so that fast the Capitoll ;
 Yet for his after traiterous factions,
 They threw him head-long from the place he sau'd.
 My definite sentence then, doth this import :
 That we must quench the wilde-fire with his blood,
 In which it was so traiterously inflam'd ;
 Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incence the land,
 The King can haue no refuge for his life,
 If his be quitted : this was it that made
Lewis th'eleuenth renounce his countrymen,
 And call the valiant *Scots* out of their kingdome,
 To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,
 Then his owne subiects, in his royall garde :
 What then conclude your censures ?

Omnes. He must dye.

Chan. Draw then his sentence, formally, and send
 him ;

And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Fanin, Vidame,
 Descures.*

Vit. I ioy you had so good a day my Lord.

Byr. I won it from them all : the Chancellor
 I answerd to his vttermoſt improuements :
 I mou'd my other Iudges to lament
 My insolent misfortunes ; and to lothe
 The pockie soule, and state-bawde, my accuser,
 I made reple to all that could be said,
 So eloquently, and with such a charme,
 Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,

Like *Orpheus* casting reignes on sauage beafts ;
 At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre
 And fet it farre aboute the high tribunall,
 Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,
 I grew, and made my iudges show like Box-trees ;
 And Boxtrees right, their wishes would haue made
 them,

Whence boxes should haue growne, till they had
 strooke

My head into the budget : but ahlas,
 I held their bloody armes, with such strong reasons ;
 And (by your leaue) with such a iyrck of wit :
 That I fetcht bloud vpon the Chancelors cheekes,
 Me thinkes I see his countenance as he fat ;
 And the most lawierly deliuey *Enter Soiffon, Esp:*
 Of his fet speeches : shall I play his part ?

Esp : For heauens sake, good my Lord.

Byr. I will ifaith,

Behold a wicked man : A man debauched,
 A man, contesting with his King ; A man :
 On whom (my Lord) we are not to conuie,
 Though we may condole : A man
 That *Læsa Maiestate* sought a lease,
 Of *Plus quam jatis*. A man that *vi et armis*
 Affaild the King ; and would *per fas et nefas*,
 Aspire the kingdome : here was lawiers learning.

Esp : He said not this my Lord, that I haue
 heard.

Byr. This or the like, I sweare. I pen no speeches.

Soiff. Then there is good hope of your wisht
 acquitall.

Byr. Acquitall ? they haue reason ; were I dead
 I know they can not all supply my place ;
 Ift possible the King should be so vaine,
 To thinke he can shake me with feare of death ?
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it ?
 Thinkes he to make his firmeft men, his cloudes ?

The cloudes (obseruing their Æriall natures)
 Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,
 Fall to the earth; where being made thick, and cold,
 They loofe both al their heate, and leuitie;
 Yet then againe recouering heate and lightnesse,
 Againe they are aduanc't: and by the Sunne
 Made fresh and glorious; and since cloudes are rapt
 With these vncertainties: now vp, now downe,
 Am I to flit so with his smile, or frowne?

Esp. I wish your comforts, and incouragments,
 May spring out of your fastie; but I heare
 The King hath reafond so against your life,
 And made your most friends yeeld so to his reafons,
 That your estate is fearefull.

Byr. Yeeld t'his reafons?
 O how friends reafons, and their freedoms stretch,
 When powre sets his wide tenters to their sides!
 How like a cure, by mere opinion,
 It workes vpon our bloud? like th'antient Gods
 Are *Moderne* Kings, that liu'd past bounds themselues,
 Yet set a meafure downe to wretched men:
 By many Sophismes, they made good, deceit;
 And, since they past in powre, surpast, in right:
 When Kings wills passe; the starres winck, and the
 Sunne,

Suffers eclips: rude thunder yeelds to them
 His horrid wings: sits smoothe as glasse engazd,
 And lightning sticks twixt heauen and earth amazd:
 Mens faiths are shaken: and the pit of truth
 O'reflowes with darkenesse, in which Iustice sits,
 And keepes her vengeance tied to make it fierce;
 And when it comes, th'encreas'd horrors shoue,
 Heauens plague is sure, though full of state, and flowe.

Sift. O my deare Lord and brother, *Within.*
 O the Duke.

Byr. What sounds are these my Lord? hark, hark,
 methinks

I heare the cries of people.

Esp. Tis for one,
Wounded in fight here at Saint *Antonies* Gate :

Byr. Sfoote, one cried the Duke : I pray harken,
Againe, or burst your felues with silence, no :
What contriman's the common headfman here ?

Soiff. He's a Bourgonian.

Byr. The great deuill he is,
The bitter wizard told me, a Burgonian,
Should be my headfman ; strange concurrences :
S'death whose here ? *Enter 4 Vshers bare Chanc : Har :*
O then I am but dead, *Pot : Fleur : Vit : Pralin, with*
others.

Now, now ye come all to pronounce my sentence.
I am condemn'd vniustly : tell my kinsfolkes,
I die an innocent :
If any friend pittie the ruine of the States sustainer
Proclaime my innocence ; ah Lord Chancelor,
Is there no pardon ? will there come no mercie ?
I, put your hat on, aud let me stand bare,
Showe yourfelfe a right Lawier.

Chan. I am bare,
What would you haue me do ?

Byr. You haue not done,
Like a good Iustice ; and one that knew
He sat vpon the precious bloud of vertue ;
Y'auē pleafd the cruell King, and haue not borne,
As great regard to faue as to condemne ;
You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancelor,
But God acquites me ; he will open lay
All your clofe treafons against him, to collour
Treasfons layd to his trueft images ;
And you my Lord shall answere this iniustice,
Before his iudgement feat : to which I summon
In one yeare and a daie your hot apparenfe ;
I goe before, by mens corrupted domes ;
But they that cauf'd my death, shall after come
By the immaculate iustice of the highest.

Chan. Well, good my Lord, commend your soule
to him,

And to his mercie, thinke of that, I pray.

Byr. Sir, I haue thought of it, and euey howre,
 Since my affliction, askt on naked knees
 Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice :
 But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,
 uꝛ my euiction : y'are come to your benches,
 With plotted iudgements ; your linckt eares so lowd,
 Sing with preiudicate windes, that nought is heard,
 Of all, pore prifoners vrge gainst your award.

Har. Passion, my Lord, transports your bitternes,
 Beyond all collour ; and your propper iudgement :
 No man hath knowne your merits more then I ;
 And would to God your great misdeeds had beene,
 As much vndone, as they haue beene concealde ;
 The cries of them for iustice (in desert)
 Haue beene so lowd and pierfing ; that they deafned
 The eares of mercie ; and haue labord more,
 Your Iudges to compresse then to enforce them.

Pot. We bring you here your sentence, will you
 reade it.

Byr. For heauens sake, shame to vse me with such
 rigor ;

I know what it imports, and will not haue,
 Mine eare blowne into flames with hearing it ;
 Haue you beene one of them that haue condemn'd
 me ?

Flen. My Lord I am your Orator : God comfort
 you.

Byr. Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,
 That if you haue beene one, my soule forgiues you ;
 It is the King (most childish that he is
 That takes what he hath giuen) that iniures me :
 He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,
 And now restraines it : grace againe I aske ;
 Let him againe vouchsafe it : fend to him,
 A post will soone returne : the Queene of England,
 Told me that if the wilfull Earle of Essex,
 Had vsd submission, and but askt her mercie,
 She would haue giuen it, past resumption ;

She (like a gracious Princeſſe) did deſire
 To pardon him : euen as ſhe praid to God,
 He would let doune a pardon vnto her ;
 He yet was guiltie, I am innocent :
 He ſtill refus'd grace, I importune it.

Chan. This aſkt in time (my Lord) while he be-
 fought it,

And ere he had made his ſeuerity knowne,
 Had (with much ioye to him) I know beene granted.

Byr. No, no, his bountie, then was miſery,
 To offer when he knew twould be refus'd ;
 He treads the vulgar pathe of all aduantage,
 And loues men, for their vices, not for their vertues ;
 My ſeruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,
 In his owne death, had he beene truely royall ;
 It would haue ſtirr'd the image of a King,
 Into perpetual motion ; to haue flood
 Neare the conſpiracie reſtrain'd at Mantes ;
 And in a danger, that had then the Woolfe,
 To flie vpon his boſome, had I onely held
 Intelligence with the conſpirators ;
 Who ſtuck at no check but my loyaltie,
 Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death ;
 The ſeege of Amiens, would haue ſoftned rocks,
 Where couer'd all in ſhowers of ſhot and fire,
 I ſeem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame
 With bullets cut, in faſhion of a man ;
 A ſacrifice to valour (impious King)
 Which he will needes extinguiſh with my blood ;
 Let him beware, iuſtice will fall from heauen,
 In the ſame forme I ſerued in that ſeege,
 And by the light of that, he ſhall decerne,
 What good my ill hath brought him ; it will nothing,
 Aſſure his State: the ſame quench he hath caſt
 Vpon my life, ſhall quite put out his fame ;
 This day he looſeth, what he ſhall not finde,
 By all daies he ſeruiues ; ſo good a ſeruant,
 Nor Spaine ſo great a foe ; with whom, ahlas,
 Becauſe I treated am I put to death ?

Tis but a politique glose : my courage rais'd me,
 For the deare price of five and thirtie 1karres,
 And that hath ruin'd me, I thanke my Starres :
 Come ile goe where yee will, yee shall not lead me.

Chan. I feare his frenzie,
 Neuer saw I man of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

Har. He alters euery minute : what a vapor ?
 The strongest mind is to a storme of crosses. *Exeunt.*

Manet Esper : Soisson : Ianin : Vidame, D'escures.

Esp. Oh of what contraries consists a man !
 Of what impossible mixtures ? vice and vertue,
 Corruption, and eternnesse, at one time,
 And in one subiect, let together, loosse ?
 We haue not any strength but weakens vs,
 No greatnes but doth crush vs into ayre.
 Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,
 Our Ornaments are Burthens : Our delights
 Are our tormentors ; fiendes that (rais'd in feares)
 At parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

Soi. O vertue, thou art now farre worfe then For-
 tune :
 Her gifts stucke by the Duke, when thine are vanisht,
 Thou brau'ft thy friend in Neede : Necessity,
 That vs'd to keepe thy welth, contempt, thy loue,
 Haue both abandond thee in his extreames,
 Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames.

Vid. O reall goodnesse if thou be a power !
 And not a word alone, in humaine vses,
 Appere out of this angry conflagration,
 Where this great Captaine (thy late Temple) burns,
 And turne his vicious fury to thy flame,
 From all earths hopes mere guilded with thy fame :
 Let pietie enter with her willing crosse,
 And take him on it ; ope his brest and armes,
 To all the Storms, Necessity can breath,
 And burst them all with his embraced death.

Ian. Yet are the ciuille tumults of his spirits,

Hot and outragious : not resolu'd, *Ahlas*,
 (Being but one man) render the kingdome dome ;
 He doubts, stormes, threatens, rues, complains, im-
 plores,

Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,
 And nought is left to strengthen him within,
 Nor lasts one habite of those greu'd aspects :
 Blood expells paleness, palenes Blood doth chase,
 And sorrow errs through all forms in his face.

Def. So furious is he, that the Politique law,
 Is much to seeke, how to enact her sentence :
 Authority backt with arms, (though he vnarm'd)
 Abhors his furie, and with doubtfull eyes,
 Views on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,
 And as a *Sauadge* Bore that (hunted longe,
 Assayld and fet vp) with his onely eyes,
 Swimming in fire keepes off the baying hounds,
 Though suncke himselfe, yet holds his anger vp,
 And snowes it forth in foame ; holds firme his stand,
 Of Battaloue *Bristles* : feedes his hate to die,
 And whets his tuskes with wrathfull maiesty.
 So fares the furious Duke, and with his lookes,
 Doth teach death horrors ; makes the hangman learne
 New habites for his bloody impudence ;
 Which now habituall horror from him driues,
 Who for his life shunnes death, by which he liues.

Enter Chauncellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.

Vit. Will not your Lordshippe haue the Duke dis-
 tinguisht
 From other prifoners ? where the order is,
 To giue vp men condemd into the hands
 Of th'executioner ; he would be the death,
 Of him that he should die by, ere he sufferd,
 Such an abiection.

Cha. But to bind his hands,
 I hold it passing needfull.

Har. Tis my Lord,

And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Pra : You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,
If you but offer it.

Pot. My Lord by this,
The prifoners Spirit is some-thing pacified,
And tis a feare that th' offer of those bands,
Would breed fresh furies in him, and disturbe,
The entry of his foule into her peace.

Cha. I would not that, for any possible danger,
That can he wrought, by his vnarmed hands,
And therefore in his owne forme bring him in.

*Enter Byron, a Bishop or two ; with all the guards,
Jouldiers with muskets.*

Byr. Where shall this weight fall? on what re-
gion,
Must this declining prominent poure his lode?
Ile breake my bloods high billows gainst my starrs,
Before this hill be shooke into a flat,
All France shall feele an earthquake; with what
murmur,
This world shrinks into Chaos?

Arch. Good my Lord,
Forgoe it willingly; and now resigne,
Your sensuall powers entirely to your foule.

Byr. Horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leaue my foule to me, whome it concernes;
You haue no charge of it; I feele her free,
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch
Her siluer wings; as threatening death, with death;
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off:
I know this bodie but a finck of folly,
The ground-work, and raif'd frame of woe and frailtie:
The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, onely sensible of grieve,
A walking sepulcher, or household thiefe:
A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,
A flauie bound face to face, to death, till death:

And what sayd all you more ? I know, besides
 That life is but a darke and stormy night,
 Of fencelesse dreames, terrors, and broken sleepes ;
 A Tyranie, deuifing paines to plague
 And make man long in dying, racks his death ;
 And death is nothing, what can you say more ?
 I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,
 Am seated like earth betwixt both the heauens :
 That if I rise ; to heauen I rise ; if fall
 I likewise fall to heauen ; what stronger faith,
 Hath any of your foules ? what say you more ?
 Why lose I time in these things ? talke of knowledge,
 It serues for inward vse. I will not die
 Like to a Clergie man ; but like the Captaine,
 That prayd on horse-back and with sword in hand,
 Threatend the Sunne, commanding it to stand ;
 These are but ropes of sand.

Chan. Desire you then
 To speake with any man ?

Byr. I would speake with *La Force* and *Saint
 Blancart.*

Do they flie me ?

Where is *Preuost*, controwler of my house ?

Pra. Gone to his house ith cuntry three daies
 since.

Byr. He should haue stayd here, he keeps all my
 blanks ;

Oh all the world forfakes me ! wretched world,
 Consisting most of parts, that flie each other :

A firmnesse, breeding all inconstancy,

A bond of all disunction ; like a man

Long buried, is a man that long hath liu'd ;

Touch him, he falls to ashes ; for one fault,

I forfeit all the fashion of a man ;

Why should I keepe my foule in this dark light ?

Whose black beames lighted me to loose my selfe.

When I haue lost my armes, my fame, my winde,

Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euen my furie ?

O happie were the man, could liue alone,

To know no man, nor be of any knowne !

Har. My Lord, it is the manner once againe
To read the sentence.

Byr. Yet more sentences ?
How often will you make me suffer death ?
As yee were proud to heare your powrefull domes ?
I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,
And die most cruellie to heare so often
My crimes and bitter condemnation vrg'd :
Suffice it, I am brought here ; and obey,
And that all here are priuie to the crimes.

Chan. It must be read my Lord, no remedie.

Byr. Reade, if it must be, then, and I must talke.

Harl. The proceffe being extraordinarily made and
examin'd by the Court, and chambers assembled——

Byr. Condemn'd for depositions of a witch ?
The common deposition, and her whoore
To all whorish periuries and treacheries.
Sure he cal'd vp the diuill in my spirits,
And made him to vsurpe my faculties :
Shall I be cast away now he's cast out ?
What Iustice is in this ? deare countrey-men,
Take this true euidence, betwixt heauen and you,
And quit me in your hearts.

Cha. Goe on.

Har. Against *Charles Gontalt of Byron*: knight
of both the orders ; Duke of *Byron*, peere and marshall
of *France* ; Gouvernor of *Burgundy*, accus'd of treason
in a sentence was giuen the 22. of this month, con-
demning the said Duke of *Byron* of high treason, for
his direct conspiracies against the kings person ; en-
terprises against his state——

Byr. That is most false : let me for euer be,
Deprived of heauen, as I shall be of earth,
If it be true : knowe worthy country-men,
These two and twenty moneths I haue bene clere,
Of all attempts against the king and state.

Har. Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies ;
being marshall of the Kings army, for reparation of

which crimes they depriued him of all his estates, honors, and dignities, and condemned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greauē.

Byr. The Greauē? had that place stood for my dispatch.

I had not yeelded ; all your forces should not, Stire me one foote, wild horses should haue drawne, My body peece-meale, ere you all had brought me.

Har. Declaring all his goods moueable and im-moueable, whatfoeuer to be confiscate to the King: the Signeyry of *Byron* to loose the title of Duchy and Peere for euer.

Byr. Now is your forme contented ?

Chan. I my Lord,

And I must now entreat you to deliuer, Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

Byr. And I restore it, with my vow of fasty, In that world, where both he and I are one, I neuer brake the oath I tooke to take it.

Cha. Wel now my Lord wee'l take our latest leaues,

Beseeching heauen to take as clere from you, All sence of torment in your willing death : All loue and thought of what you must leaue here, As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere.

Byr. Thankes to your Lordship and let me pray to,

That you will hold good censure of my life, By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death, That I haue neuer past act gainst the King, Which if my faith had let me vndertake, They had bene three yeares since, amongst the dead.

Har. Your soule shall finde his safety in her owne, Call the executioner.

Byr : Good sir I pray,
Go after and beseech the Chancellor
That he will let my body be interr'd,
Amongst my predecessors at *Byron*.

Desc. I go my Lord.

Exit.

Byr. Go, go ? can all go thus ?
 And no man come with comfort ? farewell world :
 He is at no end of his actions blest,
 Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best ;
 They tread no ground, but ride in ayre on stormes ;
 That follow state, and hunt their empty formes ;
 Who see not that the Valleys of the world,
 Make euen right with Mountains, that they grow
 Greene, and lye warmer ; and euer peacefull are,
 When Clowdes spit fire at Hilles, and burne them
 bare

Not Valleys part, but we should imitate Streames,
 That run below the Valleys, and do yeeld
 To euery Mole-hill ; euery Banke imbrace
 That checks their Currants; and when Torrents come,
 That swell and raise them past their naturall height,
 How madde they are, and trubld ? like low straines
 With Torrents crownd, are men with Diademes ;

Vit: My Lord tis late ; wilt please you to go vp ?

Byr: Vp ? tis a faire preferment, ha ha ha,
 There should go showtes to vp-shots ; not a breath
 Of any mercy, yet ? come, since we must ;
 Whose this ?

Pral: The executioner, my Lord ;

Byr: Death flaue, downe, or by the blood that
 moues me

Ile plucke thy throat out ; goe, Ile call you straight,
 Hold boy ; and this,

Hang: Soft boy, ile barre you that

Byr: Take this then, yet I pray thee, that againe
 I do not ioy in fight of such a Pageant
 As presents death ; Though this life haue a curse ;
 Tis better then another that is worse.

Arch: My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds
 fight,

Looke vpward to a world of endles light.

Byr: I, I, you talke of vpward still to others,
 And downwards looke, with headlong eyes your felues.
 Now come you vp fir ; but not touch me yet ;

Where shall I be now ?

Hang : Heere my Lord ;

Byr : Wheres that ?

Hang : There, there, my Lord ;

Byr : And where, flauie, is that there ?

Thou seeft I fee not ? yet I fpeake as I faw ;

Well, now ift fit ?

Hang : Kneele, I befeech your Grace,
That I may do mine office with moft order ;

Byr. Do it, and if at one blow thou art fhort,
Giue one and thirty, Ile indure them all.

Hold ; ftay a little ; comes there yet no mercy ?

High Heaucn curfe thefe exemplarie proceedings,

When Iuftice failes, they facrifize our example ;

Hang, Let me befeech you, I may cut your haire ;

Byr : Out vgly Image of my cruell Iuftice ;

Yet wilt thou be before me, ftay my will,

Or by the will of Heauen Ile ftangle thee ;

Vit : My Lord you make to much of this your
body,

Which is no more your owne :

Byr : Nor is it yours ;

Ile take my death, with all the horride rites

And representments, of the dread it merits ;

Let tame Nobilitie, and nummed fooles

That apprehend not what they vndergo,

Be fuch exemplarie, and formall fheepe ;

I will not haue him touch me, till I will ;

If you will needs racke me beyond my reafon,

Hell take me, but Ile ftangle halfe thats here,

And force the reft to kill me. Ile leape downe

If but once more they tempt me to difpaire ;

You wifh my quiet, yet giue caufe of fury :

Thinke you to fet rude windes vpon the Sea,

Yet keepe it calme ? or caft me in a fleepe,

With fhaking of my chaines about mine eares ?

O honeft Soldiers, you haue feene me free,

From any care, of many thousand deaths !

Yet, of this one, the manner doth amaze me.

View, view, this wounded bosome, how much bound
Should that man make me, that would shoote it
through;

Is it not pittie I should lose my life,
By such a bloody and infamous stroke ?

Soldi: Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angell,
If thou wert cleere, the Continent of France,
Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death,
Ere it would beare it ;

Vit: Whose that ?

Soldi: I say well :

And cleere your Iustice, here is no ground shrinks,
If he were cleere it would : And I say more,
Clere, or not cleere, If he with all his fouleneffe,
Stood here in one Scale, and the Kings chiefe Minion,
Stood in another, here : Put here a pardon,
Here lay a royall gift, this, this, in merit,
Should hoyse the other Mynion into ayre :

Vit: Hence with that franticke :

Byr: This is some poore witnes

That my desert, might haue out-weighed my forfeyt :
But danger, hauntes desert, when he is greatest ;
His hearty ills, are prou'd out of his glaunces,
And Kings suspicions, needes no Ballances ;
So heer's a most decreetall end of me :
Which I desire, in me, may end my wrongs ;
Commend my loue, I charge you, to my brothers,
And by my loue, and misery command them,
To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King,
And proue no stomakers of my misfortunes ;
Nor come to Court, till time hath eaten out,
The blots, and skarres of my opprobrious death ;
Aud tell the Earle, my deare friend of *D'Auvergne*,
That my death vtterly were free from grieffe,
But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship;
And if I had beene made for longer life,
I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,
Beseeching him to know I haue not vsde
One word in my arraignment ; that might touch him,

Had I no other want then fo ill meaning :
 And fo farewell for euer : neuer more
 Shall any hope of my reuiuall see me ;
 Such is the endlesse exile of dead men.
 Summer fucceeds the fpring ; *Autumne* the Summer
 The Frofts of Winter, the falne leaues of *Autumne* :
 2 All thefe, and all fruites in them yearely fade,
 And euery yeare returne : but curfed man,
 Shall neuer more renew, his vanifht face ; *
 Fall on your knees, then Statifts ere yee fall,
 That you may rife againe : knees bent too late,
 Stick you in earth like ftatues : fee in me
 How you are powr'd downe from your cleereft
 heauens ;
 Fall lower yet : mixt with th'vn moued center,
 That your own fhadowes may no longer mocke yee.
 Strike, ftrike, O ftrike ;
 Flie, flie commanding foule,
 And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,
 Beare the eternall victory of death.

* *Castellus et alt.*

Dec: 02

F I N I S.