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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

With an Introduction

BY  
CHARLES DARIEN.





THE  
WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY  
GEORGE DARLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

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TO  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.  
*This Edition*  
OF  
THE WORKS  
OF  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER  
IS INSCRIBED  
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THE PUBLISHER.

May, 1848.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**S**HIRLEY the dramatist, when concluding his Preface to the works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, pronounces an interdict by way of an opinion—"he must be a bold man that *dares* undertake to write their lives." Yet Shirley lived at the same time as our authors, was a member of the same literary guild to which they belonged, and moreover stood towards one of them, Fletcher, in the position of friend. What had deserved the name *boldness* under his circumstances, would escape with no such ambiguous epithet under those of a modern biographer. Biography and history differ beyond common idea in this, that a subtle philosophical process will oftentimes, from the multifold, inter-dependent, full-fraught, known facts of the latter, elicit other facts unrecognised before, even by the age itself when they took place; whilst the facts of a particular life, unless it were prominent enough to be historic, are so scanty, exclusive, and meagre, that a similar process, applied to them, would seldom have a similar effect. Man's general nature is sufficiently uniform to admit of our reasoning out consequences which must have occurred at a certain time past, because parallel situations would always produce them; but man, as an individual, being far more variable than any other sentient creature upon earth, to divine from all he ever did aught he would ever do again, baffles the calculus of probabilities in most cases. Hence, without exact and abundant contemporaneous memoirs, it becomes an easier matter to develope, by help of those few and superficial we may have, the united life of Mankind during a given period gone by, than the life of one Man.

Such desirable memoirs of Beaumont and of Fletcher we should now possess, had Shirley not been either too modest or too proud for a biographer, a very circumspect or a very careless friend. He gives us in his preface but a single trait, and that at second-hand, of their private character. His aforesaid preface, less a critique than a panegyrical flourish, little elucidates even the character of their works. I cannot well forgive him the amiable, or the unamiable, motive of his silence, through which my present task seems yet more hopeless than that of a Jew under Pharaoh, as to make my bricks I have only the straw and not the clay. But let me excuse Shirley, if possible, though his costiveness places me in the predicament of a tombstone-poet, expected to draw out a handsome epitaph from a proper name, two calendar dates, and "here lies." An inventive age leaves the business of criticism to a barren one,

just as biography, a sort of criticism upon lives, is left for the most part to those whose own lives are beneath its notice. This explains why Fletcher's friend, himself an original dramatist, left the office of critic and biographer to Tibbalds, to Seward, to Weber, and to me. Another reason yet more honourable for his suppression of evidence may be pleaded. Fireside-treachery was less venial in his time, or was at least made less a marketable article of literature than in ours; rich-minded men were less swarmed upon by brain-suckers to qualify themselves as book-makers; and persons of great note could then admit persons of none to their discourse, without much dread lest it would be sold (adulterated or attenuated), by the retailer, towards his own especial benefit, except in reputation. The example of Drummond had not become contagious, nor can we rank among petty-traitors of this species an eminent poet, whose crime against friendship sprang from a darker source than love of money, while theirs arises from the dirtier. I have no such cause for gratitude to the literary parasites of Beaumont and Fletcher, as future biographers will have to those of our intellectual notables. If Shirley be taciturn, other persons who were acquainted with my authors are dumb. How simple a thing will prove the compilation of Lives belonging to this present tell-tale era! *Aliquid usui est in illo malo.*

Another disposition our earlier poets seem to have cultivated far less than our modern—far less than is convenient to life-compilers—videlicet, *egotism*. Egotism displays a good deal of the owner's character besides his vanity, and records some important facts along with many things which appear such to himself alone. Jonson has, it is true, facilitated not a little his biographer's task by frequent allusions to "Ben" throughout his minor poems, and a genial indulgence in this overflow of the soul everywhere. But even he had not that particular view, as it were, towards the ease of us pitiable gropers after personal details, which a modern poet exhibits, whose works, well furnished with what he might call—*Contributions to the Memoirs of Myself*, will do much to render our office henceforth a sinecure. "He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand," it may be said of each generous author like this; and we shall reap a plentiful, perhaps a superabundant, harvest. As in Beaumont and Fletcher's age, however, it was not the fashion to make poetry subservient to the poet, rather than the poet to poetry, I am denied those aids their egotism might have afforded. Some hints from their prologues and smaller pieces—some casual remarks thrown out by others—some few dates—and some anecdotes, trivial or dubious—must complete these brief memoirs, with which I can have no hope the public will be satisfied, being myself discontent with them altogether.

JOHN FLETCHER was born in the year 1576, of something more than "honest parents," as the phrase is; we may guess even of more than respectable; for his father had pretensions to a bishopric, which he soon after obtained at the hands of a Sovereign Mistress not wont to confer such dignities when unchallenged by particular merit. This circumstance likewise warrants the supposition that our poet's mother, although her name is forgotten, must have been of good repute; more especially since it appears Elizabeth took much greater care about her dependants' moral connexions than her own. Dr. Fletcher, upon his elevation to the see of London, having married again,



had to endure a suspension from his sacred office, for an act so little in accord with the Queen's notions of episcopal decorum, and, I may add, with her celibatarian prejudices. He was, it is said, like most of her favourites, very handsome, eloquent, accomplished, and courtly; attributes to which, perhaps, as well as solid recommendations, he owed the repeal of his suspension after a few months, and all the re-admission a twice-married bishop could expect to that Royal Coquette's good graces. His son inherited the perfections above specified, if his portrait and his friends flatter him no more than is customary; but he did not, I believe, inherit the *weakness*, so called by Elizabeth, as he remained a bachelor till thirty; and research has failed to detect he ever had a wife. Whether he derived his poetic tastes from his father, or, like Alfred, from his gentler parent, or from Heaven alone, may be a question: although the talents of a bishop are seldom left unrecorded, we do not find poetry numbered amongst Dr. Fletcher's. Yet there was, beyond doubt, a rich imaginative vein flowing through his family: Dr. Giles Fletcher, the bishop's younger brother, is entitled by Wood "an excellent poet," terms indeed often applied to a lettered person for the sake of rounding his character, but here it would seem justifiable: his sons, Giles and Phineas, wrote, the one "Christ's Victory and Triumph," a poem of merit enough to attract Milton; the other, what he names with classical indistinctness, "The Purple Island," which poem also deserves praise. These particulars may go some length towards an explanation of certain details and various peculiarities in our author's life and in his works. I do not see what light is thrown upon either by such circumstances as my predecessor, Weber, takes pains to mention—that the Bishop "was extremely dextrous in the management of the *great horse*," or that Camden charges him with having died of *tobacco*\*. But the wanderer through a desert will often stop to pluck trash from the few wild shrubs which adorn it, and to take a mouthful, no less green and bitter, from its brackish springs.

Cambridge had the honour of completing our poet's education, and Bene't College lays more particular claim to it, the bishop having remembered this establishment in his will. A youth from London of his name was admitted to Bene't, October the 15th, 1591, when Fletcher was about fifteen, the usual entrance-age then: this appears to fix both his birth-place and his college. Here we are told he acquired much classical erudition, of which, however, no creditable degree remains as a proof, nor do his works furnish a valid one, although they superabound with antique *dramatis personæ* and localities that might as well be modern. So many of his plots taken from Spanish, French, and Italian dramas then untranslated, seem to attest his knowledge of the living languages, which may have been sought at the expense of the dead. We are not told what verses the mellifluous waters of Cam inspired, or the memory of

\* As others might deem this of some consequence, I give Camden's accusation at length:—"Endeavouring to smother the cares of an unlucky match in the smoke of tobacco, which he took to excess, and falling under the Queen's displeasure, who thought it enough for Bishops to be fathers of the Church [alluding to his marriage], between the experiment and the misfortune, lost his life."—*History of England*, vol. ii. p. 596.

Weber should have furnished the answer when he quoted the accusation. Tobacco, on its first introduction, was imagined by many sagacious persons, besides Camden and King James, most fatal to health, with perhaps the same justice as it is imagined beneficial now.

Spenser, who had chosen its sweetest reed for his Dorique pipe a little before. Fletcher was born that same year the immortal Sizar of Pembroke took a master's degree at Cambridge, where it is probable the "Shepherd's Calendar," which came out soon after, had been meditated or composed, and must have been in high repute when our author entered college. Is it subtilizing (no mark of true discerning power), when I trace the origin of his "Faithful Shepherdess," a pastoral drama, to these pastoral dialogues of his fellow-academic? Various thoughts, descriptions, &c., are taken or imitated from the "Shepherd's Calendar;" some peculiar words, as "*dell*," "*leese*," are common to both productions; and so likewise are some proper names, as *Thenot*, *Perigot*, which do not exist in Fletcher's supposed prototypes, the "*Aminta*" and the "*Pastor Fido*." I will give two specimens of the former coincidences:

"Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns  
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms."

*Faithful Shepherdess*, Act V. Scene 5.

"So loytering live you, little herd-grooms,  
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms."

*Shepherd's Calendar*. February.

Spenser himself imitated in this a passage of Chaucer, from which I quote the last lines, to show how much sweeter the stream of poetry often is at the source:—

"And many a floite and litlyng horne,  
And pipis made of grené corne,  
As have these litel herdë-gromes  
That kepen bestia in the bromes."

*House of Fame*. Boke iii. 133.

Again: Dorus's Song—

"Dorus, be  
That was the soul and god of melody,"

by whom Fletcher is thought to have meant Spenser; Dorus's Song goes thus—

"Daffadillies,  
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,  
Let us fling  
While we sing,  
&c. &c."

*Faithful Shepherdess*, Act V. Scene 5.

"Strowe me the ground with daffadownillies,  
And cowslips and kingcups and loved lilies."

*Shepherd's Calendar*. April.

We are, indeed, without positive evidence that Fletcher wrote anything till he reached the age of thirty; but it is likelier his free-spoken and somewhat loose-tongued Muse was scarce so old ere she came to her speech. From certain manuscripts, preserved at Dulwich College, of Henslowe, a theatrical proprietor, Malone concludes Fletcher to have written for the stage as early as 1596, his twentieth year: these manuscripts, however, may regard a comedian of his name, or some other person,

the surname alone "*Fletcher*," being specified \*. No earlier work than his "*Woman-Hater*," produced in 1606-7, has been ascertained to exist.

His circumstances, it is probable, were such as did not compel him to turn stage-writer, and "coin his *brain*, or drop its sweat for drachmas," during youth's gay season, because his father lived till 1596; and he who could remember a College, could scarcely have forgotten a son, in his will. Some verses which precede the "*Faithful Shepherdess*," published about 1610, assert his independence: he declares that poem not written

"to make it serve to feed  
At my need,"

but to please good judges. I am not sure whether much more reliance can be placed on this alleged motive than on the "request of friends," so proverbially an excuse for a wish to get bread: but the above Henslowe papers are brought forward in confirmation of its truth. From these manuscripts I give a letter written by certain prisoners for debt, which Gifford well observes, "it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men;" I give it also as a warning to every aspirant who thinks his genius can elevate him above such distress, when he finds *Massinger* among them.

"To our most loving Friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, Esquire, These.

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremities, and I do not thinke you so void of christianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is *x<sup>l</sup>* more, at least, to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us *v<sup>l</sup>* of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which wee cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch't. It will lose you *xx<sup>l</sup>* ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witnesse your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgment to be ever,

"Your most thanckfull and loving friends,

"NAT. FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.

"ROB. DABORNE."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in so small a suite, it beinge honest, I hope you will not faile us.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

*Indorsed.*

"Received by mee, Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlowe, for the use of Mr. Daborne, Mr. Field, Mr. Messenger, the sum of *v<sup>l</sup>*.

"ROBERT DAVISON."

\* Lawrence Fletcher was an actor, and likewise joint-principal with Shakspeare of the Lord Chamberlain's company soon after this time.

The "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours," here mentioned, must have been written before Henslowe died (1616). Malone conjectures its date to lie between 1612 and 1615; whence, as Fletcher did not sign this petition, for a fourth of five pounds, he was probably, say the commentators, less indigent than his associates—a conclusion which, even if the premises authorised, would do little towards proving him independent at this time. His joyous social temper might have led him to dissipate whatever funds he had obtained from his father's will long before; and that he did so, the numerous plays written by him during his later years seem to evince. *Eleven* new plays\* flowed from his pen in the last four years of his life—an average of three per annum, as he died some months ere the fourth year ended. This surpasses even the ratio of Shakspeare's rapid effusions, except for one or two of his earlier years, when he was poor, and is calculated to have written three plays per annum. Malone "makes no doubt" that Fletcher wrote "near twenty dramas" between 1615 (the date of Beaumont's death) and 1622; which, added to the above eleven, comprise thirty-one written, with a little occasional help, in eleven years. It is not often that a gentleman of easy circumstances, even now when language has become flexible enough to bend at almost any gentleman's will, without much exertion of power, into verse—it is not often that such a person writes for so long a time as fast as a dun-driven poet. Fletcher's lines "Upon an Honest Man's Fortune," which bear the marks of being composed in life's autumn, particularise *Want* among the various ills our author relies solely on God to aid him against, for he does not disavow it:—

"Nor Want, *the curse of man*, shall make me groan,"

a line that sounds all through like an imprecative groan, expressive of conscious affliction,

"Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

If the plea of necessity during his later years be assignable on the evidence above given, it will explain and excuse much of what would otherwise detract from his credit as a poet: several of his scenes, nay whole acts, must have been written with either an ill-filled stomach or head.

Fletcher's boon and colloquial disposition might be guessed from his works, and is certified by witnesses: Shirley singles it out as the characteristic trait of both our authors:—"Some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy†." The prologue spoken at the revival of "The Chances" has the same image:—

"Nor fear I to be taxed for a vain boast,  
My promise will find credit with the most,

\* Rowley contributed towards one, "The Maid of the Mill," but against this may be placed two left unfinished by Fletcher, "The Night-Walker," and the "Lover's Progress," which were completed by Shirley.

† Let me here note, that this reference to "familiar" acquaintances, does not seem to indicate the very close bond of friendship rivetted by commentators between Fletcher and Shirley. Our author is likewise made a particular friend of Shakspeare; I am unable to discover upon what grounds. Yet that he was an admirer of him, for which opinion there are grounds enough, has been denied!

When they know ingenious *Fletcher* made it, he  
*Being in himself a perfect comedy* ;  
 And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver,  
 Living, he made that house a theatre  
 Which he pleased to frequent."

A preceding editor is solicitous to claim for two playwrights the cardinal virtues; and because they were fine poets to prove them patriot citizens as well as exemplary Christians: his attempt resembles that of the old critic, who would persuade us we have in Homer an encyclopædia of all the Arts and Sciences, besides a triumphant demonstration of the Trinity. I should feel myself ungrateful towards a pioneer who has done so much to smooth my way, if my frequent animadversions upon him had been avoidable; but the last editor of Beaumont and Fletcher was, it may be said, the first—the first meriting such a name—and therefore, if therefore alone, no farther a perfect one than a pioneer is a perfect road-maker. His above-mentioned attempt sprang from the fondness of a foster-father; and prejudice seldom renders our panegyrics consistent or conclusive. Thus, he will not allow us to find fault with Beaumont and Fletcher for having inculcated the slavish doctrine of passive obedience, "as that was the almost universal doctrine of the times;" yet himself lauds Fletcher for having, after Beaumont's death, abjured this "servility." To prove Beaumont held "religious opinions," he has no evidence except "occasional effusions put into the mouths of his characters;"—but then "the poems of his *elder brother* abound with piety!" In like manner the Irishman proved his pretensions to genius for music, because his brother could play the German flute. Again, Fletcher, it seems, has left us a valuable testimony of his religious and moral creed in his verses upon an "Honest Man's Fortune:" these verses beyond doubt breathe an excellent devotional spirit, which may have been entertained when they were written; are we by a parity of reasoning to set him down a profligate from various loose and libertine principles expressed in his dramas? If such logic be at all admissible, it will only prove that Fletcher was dissolute during one portion of his life, religious and moral during another, but decides nought about his permanent tenets. Biographers are driven to these vague and impertinent topics by the dearth of proper materials.

A Prologue spoken at the revival of his "Nice Valour," attributes the noble trait of self-respect, in very strong language, to our author:

"It grows in fashion of late, in these days,  
 To come and beg a sufferance to our plays;  
 'Truth gentlemen, our poet ever writ  
 Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,  
 He made the theatre so sovereign  
 With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein.  
*We stabb'd him with keen daggers*, when we pray'd,  
 Him write a preface to a play well made.  
 He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far  
*To bring a felon t' appear at th' bar*,  
*So much he hated baseness*; which this day,  
 His scenes will best convince you of in's play."

If Beaumont wrote the above drama, as Seward maintains, but does not prove, we need merely transfer the trait and the praise.

I have nothing else personal to communicate or discuss with regard to Fletcher, save his death, the most momentous fact of a man's existence, yet upon which there is seldom much for others to say. Our author died in his forty-ninth year, August 1625; and was buried on the 29th (as the printed parish register declares), at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. His death, it would seem, happened from one of those slight fatalities most humiliating to man's pride—wish for a new suit of clothes delayed him in London; he caught the plague then prevalent there, and became its victim. This has no air of a catastrophe made to character, like Anacreon's being choked by a grape-stone, yet is far bitterer as a satire upon the illustrious of earth. That the purchase of new apparel, or perhaps an unpunctual tailor, should occasion a great poet's death! Aubrey, the literary gossip, who was not, however, the less credulous a gossip because he was a learned one, first related it from the mouth, he says, of the tailor himself. Except for the lesson it teaches, its truth or falsehood were immaterial. Aubrey is speaking of St. Saviour's. "In this Church was interred, without any Memorial, that eminent Dramatic Poet, Mr. *John Fletcher*, son to Bishop *Fletcher* of *London*, who dyed of the Plague the 19th of *August* 1625. When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the Use of Mr. *Anthony à Wood*, the Parish-Clerk aged above 80, told me that he was his Taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a Suit of Cloaths before he retired into the Country, Death stopped his Journey, and laid him low here." If he died of the plague, we may suspect an error either in the date of his death or his burial, as ten days could not well, under such circumstances, have elapsed between them. The "*Beggar's Bush*," written by Fletcher but three years before, contains an odd unintentional prophecy—

"Pray God it do not prove the *Plague*! Yet sure  
It has infected me!"—Act v. Scene 1.

Sir Aston Cokayne, a worthless poetaster in general, wrote some valuable verses as stating curious facts: he lived at the same time, and appears to have been acquainted with Massinger:

"In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here  
Lies the stage-poet, *Philip Massinger*;  
Plays they did write together, were great friends,  
And now one grave includes them in their ends.  
Two whom on earth nothing could part, beneath  
Here in their fame they lie, in spite of death."

The grave, so enriched with poetic earth, cannot be found: pilgrims wishing to pay genius their homage vainly search about for a shrine,—they cannot find even a tombstone!

Of Beaumont's life the authentic particulars are scarce numerous enough to support a fanciful memoir upon them, or important enough to admit of being swelled by decoration. But in truth the written life of a great poet is often far duller than the life of a great blockhead: while this latter, through mere mental unfitness for meditative

pursuits or seclusion, plunges blind amidst life's many vortices, to attain the pleasure, or the profit, or the excitement from without he cannot have from within, and after perhaps a few years has to deliver no unvarnished tale—

“ Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery ; of his redemption thence,  
And portance in his travel's history,”

—the poet, the intellectual Quietist, has perhaps during the same period beheld no object more outlandish than the “Saracen's Head” or the “Mermaid,” met with no peril more romantic than a tumble off his Pegasean hobby, nor encountered anything more like an anthropophagus than a bum-bailiff. An author's deeds are his *works*—his explorements and excursions are those into the world of Reflection and Imagination—his chief adventures are with the ogre Popular Ignorance, the dwarf Distorted Taste, and the blatant beast Detraction : his hair-breadth scapes are i' the imminent deadly Theatre or Review, his insolent foe is the playhouse swaggerer or the pert scribbler-critic. Alas ! how many severer trials of the spirit, the fortitude, the temper, yea the frame (for sickness assails this with its most poisonous tooth within-doors), has the hearthstone been witness to than the battle-field, or the desert, or the ocean ! But *those* evils are not striking because so common, while *these* are interesting because so rare.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was born in 1586, ten years after Fletcher, and died in 1615, ten years before him : besides memory, it may help comparative analysis of what greater and lesser minds did for our literature at its most improving epoch, to remark that Fletcher's death occurred the same year as Lord Bacon's (1625), that Beaumont's preceded Shakspeare's (1616) by but one year, and that Bacon was born three years earlier than Shakspeare. I select Bacon, because he is a well-known biographical landmark ; because he is a poetic imaginater ; because dramatic poets are (or ought to be) philosophers ; and because his influence upon our Humane Literature (manifested at time seven in the present light Works) has been, through the direction he gave to the whole world of Thought, far more considerable than palpable.

Beaumont and Fletcher were both born in the aristocratical “purple ;” both their fathers enjoyed high offices ; the one we have seen held a bishopric, the other became a judge of the Common Pleas. Beaumont's family, however, the older and more honorable, long had its seat at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire \*. Another coincidence

\* See *Vignette* on the Title page.

“ Grace-Dieu, that under Charnwood stand't alone,  
As a grand relic of religion,  
I reverence thine old but fruitful worth,  
That lately brought such noble *Beaumonts* forth,  
Whose brave heroic Muses might aspire  
To match the anthems of the heavenly quire :



between our "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Wit, as if their likeness extended beyond their minds, was that each could boast even his very blood poetic. I have enumerated three cognate Fletcher poets, besides the dramatist; our British Parnassus numbers no less than five relatives of Beaumont, along with himself. These are, his elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, who wrote "Bosworth Field," and much improved our rhyme couplet\*; John, a son of this Sir John, who lives upon his old reputation rather than his present; Francis Beaumont, master of the Charter-House, a cousin of the far-greater Francis; Dr. Joseph Beaumont, from whom Pope thought an author might "steal wisely"—an offset of this stock; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose race and maiden name, Pierrepont, were those of Anne, our author's mother, and who attested her relationship by some "fugitive pieces" creditable enough at a time of mere wit, when England's Hippocrene was a dry well. We know there are *castes* of priests, husbandmen, soldiers, traders, and mechanics of all kinds in the East; but castes of poets are, I believe, rare even in that wonder-breeding land: no such *castes* occur to me as having existed in Great Britain at least since the days of the Druids, save those two just mentioned, the Fletcher and the Beaumont. Let me add another coincidence, though trivial, to complete a parallel which runs so far of itself: both our authors' names are French (*Beau-Mont* and *Fléchier*), indicating a foreign extraction,—an extraction too that accords very well with the general gaiety and levity of their genius.

Our dramatist became a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College), during the Lent term, 1596, when but ten years old; studied, or neglected, law at the Inner Temple for some brief time; turned the fable of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* from Ovid into English rhyme, and published it when but sixteen; became the friend of Ben Jonson before nineteen, and as such addressed a letter to him on his "Fox," produced in 1635. This letter has been said to evince the

---

The mountains crown'd with rocky fortresses,  
And shelt'ring woods secure thy happiness,  
That highly-favor'd art (though lowly placed),  
Of heaven, and with free nature's bounty graced:  
Herein grow happier, and that bliss of thine,  
Nor pride o'erthop, nor envy undermine."

These verses are taken from "Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs, &c.," by Thomas Bancroft, London, 1639. Grace-Dieu is now indeed but a "grand relic;" for though neither "pride o'erthop it nor envy undermined," according to our epigrammatist's prayer, he forgot to ensure it against the elements also.

\* Drayton, in one of his epistles, celebrates him and his brother Francis, as well as William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals."

"Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,  
My dear companions, whom I freely chose  
My bosom friends; and in their several ways,  
Rightly born poets, and in these last days  
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,  
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,  
As I have mine to them."

"soundest criticism," and "a familiar acquaintance with the models of the ancient drama:" it consists of twenty-six lines, a short space to include so much, even were they all given up to critique; but twenty-one are general praise of Jonson or abuse of his audience, and five alone remain for criticism, whose soundness may be estimated by the fact, that it gives the palm of comic style to Jonson above Shakspeare:

"I would have shown  
To all the world, the art, which thou alone  
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,  
And other rites, delivered, with a grace  
Of comic style, which, only, is far more  
Than any English stage hath known before."

Yet for a critic in his teens, and commendatory verses moreover, these exhibit singular judgment. Jonson submitted to him, it is said, the plots of his dramas,—Dryden believes "*all* his plots," which would prove our author indeed a precocious genius, as "*Every Man in his Humour*" was produced in 1596, when Beaumont was but ten years old. But Dryden seems to have been the loosest speaker, not an intentional liar, among all our great literati.

Jonson, insensible neither to services nor laudations, repaid both with the following deep-thoughted lines:

#### TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,  
That unto me dost such religion use!  
How do I fear myself, that am not worth  
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!  
At once thou makest me happy, and unmakest,  
And giving largely to me, more thou takest:  
What fate is mine that so itself bereaves?  
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?  
When even there, where most thou praisest me  
For writing better, I must envy thee!

Beaumont married Ursula, daughter and coheir of Henry Isley, of Sundridge, in Kent, by whom he left two daughters. One of these was living in 1700, at which time she enjoyed one hundred pounds a-year pension from the Duke of Ormond, having been, Weber says, a "domestic" of his family: this was a large pension for a servant; perhaps she had lived as companion to one of the Ormond ladies. Several poems written by her father, we are told, were in her possession, and lost on her passage from Ireland to England. He died at an age as premature as his genius—twenty-nine, and was buried near the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument. Like his friend even in this, neither slab nor epitaph points out his grave. A huge erection to Dryden, raised by Sheffield about 1720, may have encroached on the spot consecrated to him, or altogether usurped it.

I give the ingenious Bishop Corbet's epitaph upon him, as, besides being a high testimonial, it suggests a cause, not improbable, of his early death:

## ON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(THEN NEWLY DEAD.)

" He that hath such acuteness and such wit,  
 As would ask ten good heads to husband it ;  
 He that can write so well, that no man dare  
 Refuse it for the best, let him beware :  
 Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,  
 Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."

*Wit* then expressed *genius*, or mental power—somewhat as the French word *esprit* does now. This cause of our author's death appears to have been more than a poetical conceit, from some verses written by his brother, Sir John Beaumont :

## AN EPITAPH ON MY DEARE BROTHER, FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

\*            \*            \*

" Thou should'st have followed me, but Death, to blame,  
 Miscounted years, and measured age by fame ;  
*So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines—*  
*Their praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines :*  
 Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,  
 All ears, all hearts—but Death's—could please and move."

Of his private character, the single trait before quoted from Shirley remains,—that he talked a comedy : a hyperbolism not so well supported by what we know to be his works as by Fletcher's. He possessed, we have seen, much judgment, which rather belongs to a grave character ; and such a one tradition has always assigned him. His celebrated description of the " wit combats," at the Mermaid tavern, proves only that he, as well as the saturnine Ben Jonson, could be jocund at times and under excitement.

" What things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been  
 So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
 As if that every one from whom they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life ; then when there hath been known  
 Wit able enough to justify the town  
 For three days past ; wit that might warrant be  
 For the whole city to talk foolishly,  
 Till that were cancelled ; and when that was gone,  
 We left an air behind us, which alone  
 Was able to make the two next companies  
 Right witty ; though but downright fools, mere wise."

Beaumont, as has been remarked of English poets generally, seems to have been handsome : a portrait of him exists in Lord Harcourt's collection.

Aubrey relates an anecdote of our two friends, which scandalizes some biographers,

but which contains much that is agreeable to me, as offering a picture of perfect union, whose heartiness excuses its homeliness. "They lived," he says, "together, on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors; had one\* in their house, which they did so admire; the same clothes, cloak, &c. between them." I must own the star implies too florid a spot on this sketch to be a beauty; but when critics would explain away the community of cloak and clothes, by accident or slander, methinks their fastidiousness exceeds their good feeling. Chalmers supplies a nonsensical word, *beach*, for the true one, by which moreover he "tells a lie for God's sake"—no part of the decalogue.

I will subjoin another anecdote, though it comes from a still more turbid source, Winstanley, because certain of the following scenes appear to substantiate it, and reversely it appears to illustrate them. At a tavern, as our poets choose each his share of some future dramatic task, a fierce ejaculation is heard from their chamber—"I'll undertake to kill the king!" One who stood outside, readier to catch up a treasonable than a poetic idea, gives information of this regicide plot; and the poor dramatist, till he can explain, has a prospect of the block, which better befitted the blockhead his betrayer. Critics hold the anecdote apocryphal, or its truth dimly countenanced by the "*Maid's Tragedy*;" yet I observe a close and very remarkable parallel to it in the "*Woman-Hater*." Here *Lazarillo*, an epicure, from his vague talk to a friend about grotesque means to come at the head of an "umbrana-fish," is accused by *Intelligencers* [informers] of a plot to "kill the duke," his sovereign prince; and these wretches are thereupon dragged through three distinct scenes of ridicule for their preposterous mistake in espionage, with a bitterness and vengeful satire that looks very like resentment of a personal wrong:

"Your grace shall have  
The cause hereafter, when you may laugh freely;  
But such are called *informers*; men that live by treason  
As rat-catchers do by poison."

Act V. Scene 2.

In Act I., Scene 3, the character of an Informer is drawn at great length, and with still greater severity:—

"This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in the land, with much labour and great expense, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State, he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards, in tap-houses: he brings me informations, picked out of broken words, in men's common talk, which, with his malicious misapplication, he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth besides bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city, that use ordinaries or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teaches them, without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits," &c.

I shall now arrange, chronologically, the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and appropriate to each his own, as far as this can be done with certitude or likelihood—a very short distance, indeed. There are of the works entitled at hazard

"Beaumont and Fletcher," *fifty-two* plays, besides a Masque, and some Minor Poems. The "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn" was written by Beaumont alone; as were the Minor Poems, it is believed, except one, called "The Honest Man's Fortune," which follows a play of that name, and challenges Fletcher for its sole author. This remains the single undramatic poem extant of Fletcher's, unless we add a few self-commendatory verses prefixed to the "Faithful Shepherdess." Out of the fifty-two plays, Beaumont had no share in the first *nine* here set down, it may be said with little hesitation, and with none in the next *nine*—making in all *eighteen*.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT . . . . .	First represented in 1618.
THE ISLAND PRINCESS . . . . .	1621.
THE PILGRIM . . . . .	"
THE WILDGOOSE CHASE . . . . .	"
THE BEGGAR'S BUSH . . . . .	1622.
THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR, THE TAMER TAMED.	
THE MAD LOVER.	
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.	
THE NIGHT-WALKER.	
THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.	
THE PROPHETESS . . . . .	Produced the 14th May, 1622.
THE SEA-VOYAGE . . . . .	22d June, "
THE SPANISH CURATE . . . . .	24th Oct. "
THE MAID OF THE MILL . . . . .	29th Aug. 1623.
A WIFE FOR A MONTH . . . . .	27th May, 1624.
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE . . . . .	19th Oct. "
THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN . . . . .	22d Jan. 1625.
THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN . . . . .	3d Feb. "

For this latter set of dates we have Sir Henry Herbert, the licenser's manuscript, as authority; which also decides the corresponding dramas to be by Fletcher alone, except the "Maid of the Mill," wherein he had Rowley's assistance. That the "Faithful Shepherdess" was Fletcher's sole production, there is no doubt, and every evidence. Two other plays by him, licensed in 1623, are lost,—*"The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to Use,"* and *"The Wandering Lovers."* For the former set of dates we have authority not so direct, but sufficient; and Fletcher seems to have written without help all the dramas, dated and undated, save the last two, which he left imperfect, and Malone says, were finished by Shirley.—These eighteen plays, therefore, furnish criticism a fair, broad ground, whereupon to judge of Fletcher's individual style. We may perhaps add—"The Woman Hater," produced about 1606-7.

Concerning the other thirty-three dramas (half a dozen excepted), we can ascertain the times of their representation, or at least publication, with various degrees of precision; but it is difficult to apportion their authorship—I might say, impossible—though easy enough to hypothesize, and yet easier to pronounce about it. Strange perversity of man's disposition, strange alternative between its supineness and precipitateness, that when he had some right to pronounce, he would not, and now when he

has none, he will! I have mentioned the provoking reserve of Shirley : but Humphrey Moseley, the stationer, exceeds him as much as *Shallow* does *Silence* : he adds a preamble of his own, and therein has the face to tell us—"It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's works *by themselves*, because single and alone he would make a just volume,"—yet he neglects giving us their name, or even their number, or any one note of distinction between them and their jointly-written companions! Still worse : Sir Aston Cockayne falls foul of Moseley for this said omission—

"In the large book of plays you late did print  
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't  
Did you not justice, give to each his due?  
For Beaumont of those many writ but few :  
And Massinger in other few ; the main  
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain ;  
But how came I, you ask, so much to know ?—  
Fletcher's chief bosom-friend informed me so."

Yet able, by his own evidence here cited, to repair Moseley's fault, what does this addle-pated baronet but reiterate it? These are not things to sweeten a biographer's temper. Hear with how much noble concern for the interest of Fletcher, and of futurity, our indignant doggerelist follows up his philippic against the stationer :—

"What a foul  
And inexcusable fault it is (that whole  
Volumes of plays being, almost every one,  
After the death of Beaumont wrote), that none  
Would certify them for so much?"

I have heard a story of two Bathers, one of whom uttering a contemptuous laugh at the other, who had plunged in with spectacles on, followed himself immediately after in a pair of tight leather breeches. But the two bathers committed ludicrous mistakes, Moseley and Sir Aston lamentable.

Neither my space, time, power, nor disposition, encourages me to undertake a conjectural critique upon these thirty-three plays, for the purpose of ascribing, probably or possibly, as others have done, such a part or whole, such a plot or character, to this or that author. Besides the above-mentioned definite class of Eighteen attributable almost entirely to Fletcher, I shall mark out another of *Nine*, all which may have been partly written by Beaumont, as they were composed or made public before his death, and some of them even claim him for their chief author on good evidence.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE . . .	First represented in 1611.
PHILASTER ; OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING. . . . .	Before 1611.
THE MAID'S TRAGEDY . . . . .	Before 1611.
KING AND NO KING . . . . .	Licensed in 1611.
THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE . . . . .	1613.
THE COXCOMB . . . . .	Acted first in 1613.
CUPID'S REVENGE . . . . .	"
THE CAPTAIN . . . . .	"
THE SCORNFUL LADY . . . . .	Published in 1616.

I add "The Scornful Lady," though not published till after the death of Beaumont, because it was written some years earlier; and I omit the "Woman-Hater," though published before that epoch, because he is understood to have had no share in this work.

Even from the above small class we can select but *three* dramas, verified as joint compositions of our English *Damon* and *Pythias*, to wit, "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "King and No King." The former two, indeed, if they be not equi-valuable with all the other plays together of this collection, are beyond doubt those on which has depended, and ever will depend, its principal charm, and the chief renown of Beaumont and Fletcher. "King and No King" also renders their genius apparent in its brightest phase.

Critics, however, go farther than I can. They affirm, that of the fifty-two plays these under-named—sixteen, or *seventeen* (if we include "The Knight of the Burning Pestle,")—vindicate the time-honoured title of our volume. Beaumont, it is thought, was co-parent to these, but no more than these. I will particularise such of their dates as have been ascertained.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE . . . . .	First represented in 1611.
PHILASTER . . . . .	Written before 1611.
THE MAID'S TRAGEDY . . . . .	"
FOUR PLAYS IN ONE . . . . .	Probably before "
KING AND NO KING . . . . .	Licensed in "
THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE . . . . .	" 1613.
THE COXCOMB . . . . .	Acted first "
CUPID'S REVENGE . . . . .	"
THE SCORNFUL LADY . . . . .	Printed 1616.
WIT WITHOUT MONEY.	
WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.	
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.	
THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.	
BONDUCA.	
THE LAWS OF CANDY.	
THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.	
THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.	

Partnership in but seventeen out of fifty-two plays, gives Beaumont small apparent claim on the total joint-stock reputation acquired. It seems possible, however, that some others, not brought out till after his death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it. "Valentinian," for example, was produced before 1619; "Thierry and Theodoret," before 1621\*; two plays which approach nearer in solid, sustained merit, "Philaster" and "The Maid's Tragedy," than any of Fletcher's known eighteen. We are now, it will be remembered, somewhat beyond the actual bounds of *terra cognita*, so I permit myself a conjecture or two, if merely to keep up with the critics. Another play, "The Bloody Brother," bears traces of Beaumont's deeper, graver enthusiasm. Weber pronounces the Fletcher-like portion far superior to the rest (Acts III., IV., and part of V.); yet

\* Said in the epilogue to be by *one* poet.



*Edith's* noble pleading for her father's life, and *Aubrey's* fine philippic against sycophants, occur in the condemned portion : when it was produced is not known. There are intrinsic qualities of rhythm and general style, to come under discussion hereafter, which would give these conjectures verisimilitude ; still they are but conjectures.

How happens it, the reader may ask, that this collection of plays, although not a third part ascribed to Beaumont, should be called "Beaumont and Fletcher" instead of "Fletcher and Beaumont?" A question of mere curiosity rather than of moment fortunately demands no better answer than I have to give—another conjecture. Beaumont, we find reason to believe, was a very precocious writer, published works, and made acquaintances among the Wits, before Fletcher did, who appears in the light of a late genius comparatively. Thus Fletcher would have joined Beaumont, as it were, not Beaumont Fletcher ; and Beaumont would have been the paramount name, the one most spoken of at the "Mermaid" among choice spirits. Besides, from the very superior excellence of their earlier joint-essays, "*Philaster*," &c., a presumption arises that Beaumont contributed the weightier share of them ; else, why did not Fletcher reach the same perfection in some of those many works we know to be by him alone ? This also might explain wherefore Beaumont's name took precedence of Fletcher's, which it kept afterwards from habit. Or that very simple solution of numberless phenomena, which philosophers puzzle themselves stupid otherwise to account for, may probably resolve the present enigma better than any chain of profound causes we could tie together—videlicet, *accident*.

To complete this brief and imperfect abstract of our authors' lives and deeds, little remains. Beaumont wrote an independent drama, now lost, called "*The History of Mador, King of Great Britain*." Fletcher, besides two such works, specified at page xxii, wrote "*The History of Cardenio*," in conjunction with *Shakspeare* it is said ; on what ground it were bootless now to inquire, as the play is lost. Among the works which form no portion of our volume, but which acknowledge Fletcher's participating hand, must be reckoned "*The Widow*," written by him, Ben Jonson, and Middleton ; another drama, of uncertain appellation, by him, Field, Massinger, and Daborne (see page xiii) ; and "*A Right Woman*," lost, one of those attributed to him and Beaumont. Massinger, we have Sir Aston Cockayne's evidence (page xvi), assisted Fletcher on a few other occasions : Weber conjectures "*The False One*" and "*Love's Pilgrimage*" came from this partnership. *Shakspeare*, according to the Quarto of 1634 and several critics, must divide the honour (small honour for him) of "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*" with Fletcher. If bibliographic details more minute be desired upon the different works of Beaumont and Fletcher, readers may consult Weber's edition in fourteen volumes octavo, with all the advantages derivable therefrom, until a better appears.

We now come to estimate the literary merits of our Authors. Criticism upon works not scientific is much a matter of taste, perhaps still more of prejudice, and some little of reasoning and knowledge. Tastes are luckily by no means the same in all minds, else merit too would be monotonous, and those numberless faculties would be

neglected which did not subserve towards the production of that single merit alone. Yet most persons appear to consider the difference of tastes far from desirable or agreeable, as nothing oftener causes dissatisfaction and ill-humour between opponents : they are at best like travellers under rain, who allow it a general benefit, but grumble nevertheless against every drop that descends upon themselves. For my own part, I shall not quarrel with any reader if he like Beaumont and Fletcher less or more than I do : will he reciprocate the indulgence ? Immortality has sculptured adamantine statues to these twins of Thalia ; Fame has accorded them pedestals in her temple ; but I shall prove neither idolater nor iconoclast before them. It is possible this may please none save Pythagoreans—a small sect. Extremes are ever most attractive, because they require no painful effort of penetration to discern, or circumspection to keep them : the middle path, with deference to Apollo's judgment, is very seldom the safest ; a critic preserving it gratifies those he would illuminate as little as Phaeton did by deserting it ; he allays the flame of enthusiasm he should for his own glory arouse, or puffs it up when he should puff it out. But exaggerated panegyric on secondary merit, no less than frigid acknowledgment of superior, bespeaks want of real enthusiasm. And if there be anything which admits fanatical worship, this is not *genius*, but *Truth*.

Prejudices, again, or let me call them by the gentle name, their modern synonyme—*associations*—are powerful rudders of opinion. Many persons admire old books, because old, just as still more admire new, because new. Others dislike Elizabethan poetry, because it appears semi-barbarous to minds imbued with the classical spirit of Queen Anne's school—or deem this latter style no poetry at all, because its rhythm runs like a dry wheel for ever in one rut, and its subject-matter is compact, not of imagination, but refined sense. Some hold Pastorals in horror, from having seen maudlin compositions so called by Pope, Cunningham, Shenstone, &c., peopled with outlandish shepherds and shepherdesses—*Damons* and *Daphnes*, no more proper to England than oran-otans—and stuffed with affected discourse about gods and goddesses, sacrifices of goats and lambkins, plaintive philomels, purling streams, Tyrian fleeces, &c.—which makes the gorge rise at the very name *Eclogue* ever after. Various such prejudices beset on each side the course a critic has to steer, till he resembles the venturous mariner who attempts to sail through a continued strait of rocks serried so close, that in weathering one he falls foul of its opposite, or has to tack as often and quick as a butterfly, if he would flutter along with as little earnestness of purpose. I cannot expect long-cherished prejudices, handed down, it may be, like precious heir-looms, from generation to generation, will give way before principles, however demonstrable : what then remains for me ? Hannibal's Alpine route is perhaps the best model for most courses—to go straightforward through all obstacles, and rather than turn aside use fire and vinegar. Such accessories would indeed alone become Hannibal critics ; but the main part of the maxim recommends itself strongly for my particular adoption under existing circumstances, still more than for general practice. A Bourbon Queen of Spain's sarcasm against Stuart, Duke of Berwick, her intractable mareschal, has always struck me as rather a compliment—

*"C'est un grand diable d'Anglais sec, qui va toujours droit devant lui!"* Subducing the devilish feature, it were well, perhaps, if all Englishmen, critics or not, resembled this portrait: the most amiable mask Proteus ever put on is, in my mind, far more repulsive. To the subjoined brief critique further preamble would be superfluous.

Beaumont and Fletcher rank, as dramatists, next below Shakspeare: once they ranked above him, two of their plays being performed for one of his, when Dryden wrote his *"Essay on Dramatic Poesy,"* in 1666. New-fangledness, their plays having all a cast, and most of them a date, more modern than Shakspeare's, occasioned much of this preference, a fact scarce credible now, and marvellous indeed, if the vane of popular opinion had ever stood firm to Heaven's sweetest breath rather than veer to its foulest. But a concurrent cause was the revolution and decadence of English manners which took place about that time; an effect of advancing civilisation, hastened by our freer intercourse with foreign kingdoms, especially France and Spain, whose corrupt practical ethics, less primitive pastimes, and less earnest literature, began to find much favour among us under the first Stuarts. It is quite a mistake to imagine Sybaritism did not commence in England till the reign of Charles the Second, when it was rather at its climax: he simply rebuilt its Temple, on a basis indeed almost as broad as the whole land, brought together again the scattered flock of Thammuz, and with them for ministers, himself being well suited for High Priest, made proselytes of almost the whole people, prone enough to conversion. But even under James the First, and his pious son, it was more than a poetical fiction that Comus kept an itinerant court within this isle, had full as many secret partisans of his principles as John Calvin, and found but few Lady Alices and Lord Bracklys among the may-bushes and myrtle-groves to discountenance him either by their precepts or examples.

" Nothing but wandering frailties,  
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,  
Inhabit there."

*Knight of Malta, Act III, Sc. 4.*

Voluptuaries are always numerous enough, and vicious characters more so; but a glance beneath the historical surface of those two reigns will discover how depraved, though softened and civilised (to use the common term), our manners had become since Elizabeth's sterner times. This circumstance illustrates much I shall have to observe regarding Beaumont and Fletcher. It rendered these dramatists, whose works are light, gay, and amorous, greater favourites than Shakspeare, who wrote with a depth, nerve, and intense passion, which made his Comedy itself too sterling for a mere amusement, and his Tragedy far too high-souled for a very gallant age, but not at all a romantic. Exalted imaginations and profound enthusiasm were confined to the Puritans, no play-goers. Time has settled the question between Shakspeare and our two poets, at least apparently, as we cannot well contemplate a period when public caprice will raise it again.

But I doubt whether in strict justice the next place to him on the dramatic scale belongs to them: or let us allow that it does, by reason of their Drama being so bulky, for books as well as mountains take an importance from their magnitude, still,

though much better theatrical writers than Ben Jonson, Webster, Ford, &c., they were, perhaps, less imbued with the genuine dramatic spirit. Comedy is said to be their forte, yet which of their comedies approaches "The Fox," "The Alchemyst," or "Every Man in his Humour?" Where have they developed a plot or group of characters so skilfully, so consistently, so harmoniously, as Ben Jonson has in these three dramas? Compared with them, "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" seems less a comedy than an olla-podrida of comicalities. "The Little French Lawyer," "Wit without Money," "Elder Brother," "Spanish Curate," "Scornful Lady," are all distinguished by the same perpetual attention to, and recollection of, a mixed audience before them, the same solicitude for stage-effect, but by little artistic power, or even purpose, by little care how those ends—popular gratification, present success—may be obtained, so that they shall be obtained: which power, which purpose, which care, as opposed to that solicitude, constitute I submit the very features distinguishing the true dramatist from the mere theatrical playwright. Again: what is *Bessus* to *Bobadil*, or *Michael Perez* to *Volpone*, or *Lazarillo* to *Sir Epicure Mammon*,—where is the single character delineated by our authors with the force, thorough understanding, perfect contexture, and uniform self-sustainment, of any principal portrait by Ben? Among their best-drawn personages some are acknowledged imitations after his models, imitations servile enough to mark their own sense that he was their master. In tragedy, which they seldomer tried, Mr. Hallam thinks they succeeded worse\*; except for this opinion I would say without hesitation, far better. "Valentinian," "Thierry and Theodoret," "King and No King," "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," are tragic dramas, and much surpass their most select comic; those I believe every reader admits to be their *chefs-d'œuvre*: how then can it be contended that they succeeded best in Comedy? Their age's caprice or their own made them desert the tragic walk, their grander, earlier, and perhaps as earlier more native vein,—a circumstance which to me is very regrettable. For another Philaster, I could sacrifice many such whiffling drolleries as "The Chances." But with all the poetic charm of these tragedies, do they excel, do they equal, those of Webster and Ford in the essence itself of drama—impassioned action? Our two authors are not "Forcible Feebles," but they are oftentimes Feeble Forcibles when they attempt to control the demon whom they have unchained upon the scene. They cannot ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm of passion which they have raised themselves. A shock of great events crushes them who brought it about. They are insects on the thigh of a great character, unable to comprehend it wholly. Their *furor poeticus* is apt to become ambitious fustian, their action unfanciful extravagance, both signs of energies over-taxed. A certain gentle and almost feminine pathos was their forte; with it they make our heart-strings thrill, yet in a tone of pleasant mournfulness. We are never made to exclaim like *Lear*, "O how this mother swells up toward my throat!" as in "Vittoria Corrombona" or "The Broken Heart." However, they had a keen theatrical, if not dramatical, spirit: that is, if we limit the term *theatrical* to a talent for composing such plays as will *fill theatres*. Beaumont and Fletcher (especially Fletcher) seldom lose any time, like Shakspeare,

\* Introduction to Literature, vol. iii. chap. 6.

upon grand effusions of abstract poetry fitter for the closet, or upon materials beyond or above their simple stage-object, popular applause. Mr. Hallam alludes to this peculiar talent of our authors; and if his expressions imply no more than it, mine are but an echo of his. If, however, by asserting Fletcher "superior to Shakspeare in his knowledge of the stage," he meant not what fills theatres, but what *ought* to fill them, issue might be joined on the question. Fletcher's liveliness, bustle, his easy-flowing, ear-catching language, felicitous jumble of piquant details, are sure to titillate a mixed audience, though they would often fatigue a reader; while Shakspeare's plays, represented as written, would oppress such an audience under the load of their intellectuality, and put half of it to sleep or to flight. But in skilful and nice conduct of his plot, in harmonious combination of effective circumstances, in poetical (not to speak of moral) decorum, clear development of characters, omnipotent command over the passions, ubiquitous insight into nature,—Shakspeare has almost every pretension, Fletcher almost none. Now these, and not the other, are the supreme theatrical qualities, evince true artistic knowledge of the stage. Shakspeare catered for the popular taste, Fletcher pandered to it, without thought or reck whether it was vicious or not: the one would have raised his audience to him, the other lowered himself to his audience. Shakspeare knew what the stage required, Fletcher what the spectators. Public intellectual taste has perhaps always a tendency to decline, and it is the proper business of writers to counteract this: being left unperformed by Fletcher, if we cannot thence conclude he was ignorant of a stage-author's function, we have no right to infer his knowledge.

Comedy has been defined by some critics the representation of the manners. Such a definition, if accepted, would have the singular luck of excluding our very best comedic dramas from the list of comedies, and admitting our worst into it: Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," &c., are not representations of manners; but Etherege's "Love in a Tub," Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master," Rowe's "Biter," are. The definition is applicable to *superficial* comedy alone—that which represents human nature under the disguise of art, and represents little more than the disguise itself. None of this outside comedy exists in Shakspeare, for in him the man always becomes visible under the manners: even his "Merry Wives of Windsor," and other idealised realities, give us far more than the contemporaneous appearances and behaviour of men and women. Jonson seems to have led the way, or beaten it smooth, as a Manner-Comedist, by his delineations of *humours*, prevalent enough at his time. Beaumont and Fletcher depict humours with less strength, richness, and raciness, but represent the general manners of their age with more pliancy, variety, fidelity. This, although the merit of inferior minds, has a value which Shakspeare's profounder, nature-loving comedy wants. It affords illustrative matter to the historian, curious or useful to the antiquary, agreeable to the idle reader. Our two poets place a mirror of their period before our eyes, which reflects it much better than Shakspeare's mirror of all time does his own particular one: they had not his imagination to throw its splendid discolourment over all realities, or to intermix new features which modified them, or to teach them that the essence of actual things was more positive than the things

themselves, more imperishable. Our poets, nevertheless, are by no means without imagination; nay, in a certain sense, they idealise farther than he; that is, they unnaturalise, often making beautiful chimeras of their virtuous characters, such as *Ordella*, *Juliana*, *Shamont*, and hideous or grotesque monsters of their bad, as *Brus-halt*, *Megra*. But several among their fancy-portraits, as *Bellarion*, *Asparion*, *Acton*, have a sufficient groundwork of truth: these, however, are almost all tragic personages.

We may trace the progressive decline of Great or General Comedy into Superficial Comedy or the Comedy of Manners, through Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar. Fletcher is the Farquhar of our ancient stage. Both are sketchers rather than draughtsmen; keep upon the surface of their objects instead of penetrating them; represent the caprices, oddities, fashions, manias, of artificial life rather than genuine human nature, the world as it was, rather than as it ever will be; fill their scene with motion rather than action; are gay and brilliant, but seldom either without being licentious. Farquhar's kindred genius often led him to plagiarise from his prototype: the "Inconstant," for example, is a plain spoliation of the "Wildgoose-Chace." But our eldern dramatist was a decided poet, which our modern was not, being only a prose *maker*; sprightliness in the former tends to pertness in the latter, buoyancy to flippancy; nature makes some part of the man in Fletcher's dramas, manners the whole man in Farquhar's. Yet Farquhar has this advantage, he never talks "skimble-skamble stuff," for its own pure sake, like Fletcher; he has always, like Swift, "when particularly tedious, some design under it." Our present poet is bytimes a veritable *Gratiano*,—"speaks an infinite deal of nothing," and to no end save exhalation of superfluous animal spirits;

"His glass of life ran wine."

Beaumont and Fletcher seldom may be said to conduct their plots, nor to push them, nor even pursue them as they would naturally unwind themselves. Most imaginative authors, perhaps, commence random-wise, and letting each part beget a successor, save themselves the trouble of a total invention at first. But our dramatists do not often permit their plot to grow of itself thus spontaneously—they cut it short, and graft upon the stump any exotics that lie near, till their play becomes a *plica dramatica*, one intertangled knot of heterogeneous ramification, which, though sometimes beautiful, has almost as little radical connectedness as a nosegay, and but the tie of a name to keep it together. Such also are for the most part their characters—neither developed by the authors, nor suffered to develop themselves, but reared up to a certain bulk, like Nebuchadnezzar's image, with gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay, none of which materials cleave well together—each personage being rather portions of many characters than one character itself. Some few form exceptions, and the best of these, whether fables or characters, in the works betraying a double hand: let Beaumont have been what he may, right hand or left, his co-operation told upon them; albeit even that did not produce plots or portraits by any means impeccable. There are besides these exceptions certain personified Humours, as *Bessus*, *Cacafogo*, *Gondarino*, which

furnish marks of premeditation and a formative process ; such evince better keeping, more individuality. But development of character seems to have been at best an effort with our authors ; even these factitious characters are rather forced out than drawn out, elaborated painfully like Ben Jonson's, yet, unlike his, not skilfully. The grand fault committed by Beaumont and Fletcher, a fault that no retail merits can compensate, was their mistaking *particular* nature for *general* (which alone is true nature), founding their plots and characters on the *possible* instead of the *probable* (which alone is the true natural). Hence they too often come under the class *Lusus Naturæ*, not, as they should, *Opera Naturæ*. Notwithstanding we can hardly pronounce the angelic *Ordella*, or the supersanctified *Juliana*

“ A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,”

she is no less a monster, if the world has seen her too seldom. How strange, that *Caliban*, a creature who could not exist, should be more natural than *Ordella* and *Juliana*, who could ! Because he, impossible as an existence, appears probable as a character, while they appear improbable as characters, though possible as existences.

If we look for the compound perfection of poetry—beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art—we shall find no very large measure of it in Beaumont and Fletcher. Their accumulated works deserve much more than Shakspeare's to be entitled “*un fumier*”—but a *fumier* filled with jewels of the brightest, often of the purest, most celestial lustre, which a little rooting will discover. These make the real value, and form the real attraction, of their “plays,” altogether unplayable now ; even in their own time it made their chief merit, I repeat, maugre their stage-effectiveness. For if stage-effectiveness be the proper test of stage-merit, a sentimental melo-drama that acts like a mere onion on the public eyes, will be superior to “*Macbeth*,” and “*The Tempest*” as an opera—to “*The Tempest*” as Shakspeare wrote it. Let us take that test—the Drama degenerates at once ! A fine stage-drama must be effective ; but convert this proposition and say, an effective stage-drama must be fine, no conclusion is less legitimate. Such conclusion Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have drawn. Had they only reflected that drama, however frivolous, superficial, or tasteless, may yet prove effective, upon an audience more frivolous, superficial, and tasteless still, they would have discovered the unsoundness of their creed and the error of their practice. Were anything else requisite to establish the above truth, it may perhaps be found in this—stage-effectiveness is a most *variable test*, (changing with the knowledge and judgment of the audience,) while the test of stage-merit ought to resemble the test of every other real merit, in being fixed. “*Macbeth*,” “*Lear*,” and “*Hamlet*,” had always the same intrinsic stage-merit, though when public taste was degraded, these dramas were less stage-effective than those of Beaumont and Fletcher : private discriminative taste even then recognised that merit. If not so very immoral, the plays before us might “have a run” at present, like Maturin's “*Bertram*,” or “*Tom and Jerry*,” or those favourite quadrupedal performances of Astley's or Van Amburgh's *corps dramatique*. Would this stage-effectiveness demonstrate their stage-merit ? I thought well to enlarge thus upon a dangerous doctrine held by almost



every one, and of late apparently pronounced orthodox by an influential writer upon our literature.

With only this subordinate stage-merit, with a *morale* which unsuits them even for our Minor Theatres, Beaumont and Fletcher's works are to be considered rather as dramatic poems than plays. They would prove also in my opinion more agreeable if read desultorily than consecutively. We have all remarked how well *extracts* read when tolerable; and how apt the whole original is to destroy our idea of their beauty, A good instance may be given from the present volume: *Jasper's* ghost thus threatens the worldly-minded father of his beloved *Luce*—

“ When thou art at the table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,  
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thyself,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,  
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.”

How are we struck by this awful picture, by its visionary character so well harmonising with the words which sound as if heard in a terrific dream? How are we disappointed when we find the ghost is but *Jasper* who has had “his face mealed,” and the passage itself extracted from a mock-heroic play, “The Knight of the Burning Pestle?” Our volume resembles some once-cultivated wilderness—

“ Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,  
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In the sustaining corn,”—

where, if the corn be scanty, mildewed, and little worth, the flowers are of rare splendour, the herbs often of great virtue, nay, the weeds themselves have betimes a sweetness of scent amidst all their rankness, and colours as fresh if not as heavenly as those of the rainbow. I recommend the reader to rush into this labyrinth and lose himself; if he travel it by regular march like a high-road he will soon be tired. Or rather let me recommend him to peruse straight through the dramas above cited, and open the others at random. Were it possible to postpone the reading Shakspeare till Beaumont and Fletcher (also Ben Jonson, Massinger, &c.) had been read, this would beyond doubt ensure the greatest amount of pleasure; just as the wise boy never begins with the sugared top of his tart, but the plain cake itself; which, although sweet, would seem insipid after what was sweeter. Possibility apart, however, I should scarce venture to advise such a process of study, because towards the formation of taste it does much that our earliest-read books are the best. Mental palates may be spoiled far easier than physical, and beyond all cure, by vitiating aliment in youth.

Almost every one of Beaumont and Fletcher's fifty-two dramas is founded upon Love. This fact might even alone serve for a gauge to mete the genius of our authors. Among all poetic subjects, love is the easiest to succeed with, being the

most popular. To select it over-often is therefore a mark of weakness ; a proof of impotence to handle subjects which interest less universally, enthusiastically. No dramatist who has a heart will eschew love-subjects ; but they will be always chosen by many dramatisers who have nothing else. Now to form the complete poet, neither heart only, nor head only, is sufficient : the complete poet must have a heart in his brain, or a brain in his heart. Such was Shakspeare, complete because he had both, and supreme because he had both to the highest degree. Love, however, must not (as often imagined) pass for the sole emotion which evinces heart. Shakspeare evinces much throughout all his plays, though many are independent of that emotion altogether or almost—"Macbeth," to wit. A supreme poet, by native taste and ambition rather aspires to loftier subjects, as an eagle soars among cliffs and clouds, nor builds like the turtle-dove even on the most beautiful tree of the forest, though he may rock himself there awhile in the topmost branches. Out of Shakspeare's thirty-six dramas there are one-third decided love-plays—a due proportion : but his greater dramas, "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," admit this passion subordinately, or not at all. Love-plays will ever be most popular in a voluptuous age, evidencing its effeminateness. Few of any other kind appeared under the Restoration, England's most dissolute, feeble-minded, contemptible era. Our authors' age was more masculine, but corruption had begun to enervate the higher ranks, to degrade gallant men into gallants, knights into rapiersed fops, barons into powdered beaux. Luckily the Rebellion occurred, to reconvert these minions of Cytherea into Minerva's cavaliers. Beaumont and Fletcher's taste was either debauched by that of their age, or debauched it, or perhaps the debauchment was reciprocal. Love, with these writers, too often degenerates, as it will always degenerate when the sole pleasure and employ, into mere sensuality. Their noblest and purest delineation of the passion has a somewhat morbid character—an approach to the modern sentimental, that exception to the aphorism which says nothing can be at once detestable and despicable. But however platonic and refined, surely this eternal *love-lollyng* is beneath an exalted genius ? Achilles does not always delight to luxuriate on his press-bed, touching his lyre to the charms of his Mistress, touching both with a palm as soft as a hair-dresser's pomatumed fingers ; this is the delight of a Paris. I am persuaded that even Woman herself, whose paramount influence it bespeaks, whose vanities it flatters, whom it enthrones idol-like for never-ceasing worship,—Woman herself would prefer an alternation of manlier subjects. She likes man in the hall, and better in the bower, but admires him more on the steed, or the rostrum : as a soldier, as a legislator, she adores him most ; not as a chamberer, and a carpet-knight. Nor will I believe her so little intellectual, so uncomprehensive of intellectuality, that she would prize "Romeo and Juliet" above "Macbeth," and set *Herrick*, who sings ever of love, before *Milton*, who scarce sings of it at all. Our two dramatists, and love-mongers by profession, do anything rather than exalt Woman by their obsequiousness. When the "tender passion" becomes hacknied, it loses in real tenderness : when made too common a subject, it declines into somewhat worse than common-place, maudlin namby-pamby. Woman is *pawed* rather than caressed by *Etherege*, *Wycherley*, and *Vanbrugh* : set

up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers, and praises. If love-making prevail as an indispensable rule, it soon degenerates into an artificial accomplishment—all that is not factitious about it, is sensuality. Woman, throughout Fletcher's comedies, is treated too much as a fair animal, or little more. The homage paid her is almost heartless, at least soulless; she is degraded into a mere object of voluptuous pursuit—a hare to be coursed, or a trout to be tickled, for supper. When our playwright's lovers are married, it cannot make them happy, so it does not us; when they are separated from each other, it gives them little pain, and us therefore little interest. Love is represented as a nobler passion, and by consequence a deeper one, in the tragedies, especially those of Beaumont's co-fathership. Our authors have not developed it with as much native purity and wholesome intensity as Shakspeare has done; but they bestowed a grace upon it, a soft forlornness, a martyr-like or Magdalene air of pathos, which renders it, I should say, more ideal than his delineations, and others will perhaps think more attractive. He paints it like Raffael or Perugino; they, like Guido.

I am not Cato Major enough to enact the severe censor upon these authors for a certain laxity of morals which pervades their Dramas, nor Aristippus enough to excuse it altogether. Much, very much of it, was, beyond doubt, inspired by their age, when the breath of life could seldom be drawn without drinking that of libertinism. Massinger, though a stern moralist, at least moraliser, is bytimes yet more immodest than Beaumont and Fletcher. We have here the key to that puritanical horror of the drama, which has been represented as so rabid and ridiculous—to Prynne's furibund folio anathematising the Stage—and to the shutting-up of the Theatres during the Commonwealth. Though far from a Puritan myself, I must acknowledge this sect justified in all but its extreme procedures and prejudices against Dramatic Art as then exercised, in its most reasonable *theatro-phobia*, whilst playhouses were so like the devil's preserves, as playwrights then made them. I cannot, of course, exemplify my opinion: suffice it to say, that *cicisbeism* and *serveinteism* were mentioned with no less complacency than if the dramatists themselves had been Italians, and these penchants were familiarised to Englishmen by their intellectual pastors still oftener than *stillettoism* is by our bedlamite and embrutified compatriots now. Let me add a very illustrative, yet not repulsive, trait of the free manners prevalent in our dramatists' time: promiscuous osculation between strangers of opposite sexes, married or unmarried. This sweetest domestic rite, sacred, except among the most shameless, to private affection, is performed with a frequency and a flagrancy which would shock the finer feelings of a modern Bartholomew-Fair audience. *Honora*, an incarnation of female honour, a miracle of Maidenhood, who lectures her royal tempter upon his libertinage till his ears tingle, at the end stifles him with kisses, begs more, makes her Sister (on whom he had had a like intent) follow her delicate example,—and all as a test, she alleges, of that virtue to which she had converted him! *Lucina*, another "moon of Rome," about to slay herself like a second Lucretia, having been kissed *ad nauseam* by *Maximus*, her husband, General *Aecius*, a grave spectator, exclaims, "I must kiss too," in homage of "so ripe a virtue!" Everywhere throughout Beaumont and Fletcher,

shame-capable human creatures are exhibited putting their bills together with almost as little ceremony or cessation as pigeons.

"For ever amorous and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

We do not find in Shakspeare this penultimate favour granted by the sex on such easy terms; even French Catherine, who was neither saint nor prude, tells Harry the Fifth—"les dames et demoiselles pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France." But Massinger witnesses too, that in our poets' age women had made all except public commons of their faces, where any ass or goat might browse at pleasure: the human flower lent herself, like the vegetable, to be rifled of her sweets by each itinerant whisperer who chose to settle on her lips for a moment. From this amusing particular, we may estimate what must have been the moral condition of society at large in serious and more secret matters; how far, therefore, our authors' sympathetic libertinage is explicable and excusable. Fletcher seems to have prostituted his Muse with less reserve than Beaumont: perhaps because he gave himself to the sock rather than the buskin: many dramatists writing as if they supposed it were their function to make hearers of tragedy weep, and of comedy laugh, at the expense of virtue, instead of vice, when possible. But Fletcher's indelicacies and indecorums cannot now contaminate, they are so little seductive: there is much more about them to repel him who reads, than allure him towards the practices or way of life they suggest. I would prepare him for another species of coarseness which, also, distinguishes our authors' times by a "bad eminence," and their works even above Ben Jonson's,—a species still less dangerous than the former, because wholly unconnected with the passions. It is the too frequent use of scavenging words and offal images, ludicrous to clowns, or relishable in Swift-like satire alone. Dryden declares that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of *gentlemen* much better [than Shakspeare did]; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done;" and Weber echoes this eulogium. Doubtless it is a merit, a subordinate merit, to have painted with such truth the manners of the times; but I cannot help suspecting that the beau-ideal these critics formed of "gentlemen" was a very vulgar one, and that they mistook *fashionables* for the nearest approach to it. Our two dramatists certainly painted better than Shakspeare, or any other poet, court *roués* and *rake-hells*, but could no more have delineated such inborn gentlemen as *Hamlet* and *Romeo* than conceived such poetic characters. *Prince Hal*, *Benedick*, *Mark Antony*, never descend into mere *bloods* and *beaux-esprits*, and men of *ton*; our dramatists' gentlemen never rise much above them. Perhaps the self-ennobled Citizen of Stratford-on-Avon was, among all poets, however high in birth, the farthest from a vulgarian: I could tax him with many a gross expression, not one vulgar. Fashionability is a kind of elevated vulgarity. We may have often observed how apt fashionable men are to be fond of *slang* diction, or *flash*, so called\*; but a perfect

\* I once knew a living *Mirabel* boast he had "blackguarded" against a fish-fag, and won the glorious palm, having reduced her to silence and tears. *Hamlet* and *Margaret of Anjou* demonstrate that Shakspeare could "unpack his heart with words;" but peradventure he could not have borne off the brazen honours of Billingsgate like this accomplished *gentleman*.

gentleman has seldom more acquaintance with it than they have with Sanscrit ; and if a few of its terms may have polluted his ear, his lips are never befouled by them. Beaumont and Fletcher were themselves apparently "men of wit and pleasure about town;" and thence, perhaps, their success in delineating like personages, in disem-boguing their favourite "fancy" language. The "Beggars' Bush" shows that Fletcher must have been an adept at Tyburn gibberish, a learned Corinthian, whom modern slang-whangers emulate rather than equal. His era, however, the Court itself, had imbibed a taste for ribald wit and farcical nastiness, so that we must not be surprised if his "gentlemen," yea, his *ladies*, scatter bytimes the rankest flowers of rhetoric over their discourse with great profusion. I have no design to present my readers with a *bouquet* from this heap of garbage, but simply a general contrast between it and Shakspeare's "odious savours sweet;" a contrast exhibited by the different use of the same endurable word. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit Without Money," *Lady Heartwell*, a young and handsome widow, says to *Valentine*, upon whom she wishes to make a favourable impression—

"You may do what you list, we what besecms us,  
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;  
Our names are served in else at ordinaries,  
And belched abroad in taverns."

Act III. Sc. 1.

This last line, how expressive soever, should not have come from a woman's mouth, much less from a gentlewoman's. Mark how supreme genius and refined natural judgment can give that coarse word a charm, by the exquisite propriety of its application, nay, by making it suggest an oceanic image and sound, render it sublime. *Pericles* laments his Wife, whose corse is about to be thrown overboard in a sea-storm—

"A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear,  
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee scarcely confined in the ooze,  
Where, for [instead of] a monument upon thy bones,  
And age-remaining lamps, the *belching whale*  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corse,  
Lying with simple shells."

Act III. Sc. 1.

There are few things more extraordinary in our Old Poets than the violent contrast between what is good and what is bad in their verses: you perpetually find tulips growing out of sandbanks, lilies attached like lichens to the dry rock; you not unfrequently catch the perfume of Sabæa amidst the pestilential reek of Lethe's wharf, pluck Hesperian fruit from crabtrees, and, after being fed upon husks or wash till well nigh famished, fall at length upon a breakfast fit for the cherubim—three grains of ambrosia and a nutshell crowned with nectar. The works of these poetic creators are like worlds produced by a sort of Manichean power, a double principle of Good and Evil, wherein the latter much predominates as to *quantum*, but the former is pre-emi-

ment as to *qualitas*, and each counteracts the other without pause. Or they are Deserts of Ammon, now presenting us immense reaches of dust, with here and there a stunted shrub or tuft of scutch-grass,—now an oasis which enraptures the eye of the mind with verdure the most luxuriant, the most refreshing. It may be hard to decide in some cases, whether this more provokes or pleases the student: certainly an English blonde looks fairer if we happen to see her among the brunettes of Caffraria, as all jewels are set off by foil. But, on the other hand, it is disagreeable to be prepared for a dose of wormwood by a spoonful of honey, to step from velvet turf upon sharp rubble. The flowers of this Antique Wilderness do indeed bloom aloft like “red rose on triumphant briar,”—which precious blossom, if one attempt to gather, he generally has to wade through a mass of bramblewood, nettles, thistles, and robin-run-the-hedge,—perhaps plumps ankle or chin-deep into a hidden pool,—and comes out bearing his rose above his head like Cæsar saving his Commentaries, but unlike him bepierced and bescratched as if he had been rolled down a hill in Regulus’s barrel. We must often admit that the beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher are wheat grains lost amid bushels of chaff; “you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have found them they are not worth the search.” But anon they are a handful of diamonds scattered through a hillock of rubbish, wedges of gold beaming through the sands of a current—which will enrich the speculatist ever after, who digs or dives for them. Those desirable virtues, Patience and Perseverance, are well exercised in the search, if not broken down by it; as what can test them more than to see passages that might otherwise become the lips of angels, disfigured by a revolting word or verse or phrase, like a lovely cheek by a claret-stain or a mouse-skin patch? At best it is Osiris, sublime and mysterious divinity, with a hawk’s head on his august shoulders—Sir Lancelot armed to the throat like a Paladin, but his helmet a barber’s basin: far oftener it is a grotesque body with the head alone godlike, a golden casque laced to harness of “leather and prunello.” Throughout Beaumont and Fletcher’s poetic domain, the Enchantress who appears when half visible a Venus rising from the sea, is a Syren, and ends in a fish’s tail. We must confess that Shakspeare himself scrawls bytimes with a dead-struck hand, though the huge flaccid grasp betrays a Briareus in paralysis: most often his weakness becomes manifest by a wrong choice of object; he writhes with disproportionate lengthiness round some futile conceit, like a boa strangling a squirrel, or gambols unwieldily about a pun, like a whale playing with a cockleshell. Milton seems to have been our first bird of untireable pinion, who could sustain himself for a long flight through the loftiest empyrean without almost one descent from his sublime level—in truth a “mighty Orb of Song,” which power so divine projected, that it could swerve but little out of its course till completed. But our earlier poets are heteroclite beings, half giants, half dwarfs; their genius is at perpetual suicide and self-resurrection; here they crawl as awkwardly as land-crabs, there they swallow the ground with noblest swiftness like warhorses; we might assimilate their works to pantomimes, wherein a Sylph springs out of a wheelbarrow, or *hey presto!*—and a throne sinks, leaving its occupant seated on the bare floor. Perhaps the unsettled and unconventional state of our language at that period may have

rendered all composition very difficult—private letters prove what extreme trouble the richest minds had to lay themselves out on paper, the best educated to use even comprehensible grammar—and this would go some length towards explaining both why our earlier poets produced so much that we consider worthless stuff, when to produce aught whatever like verse was such a miracle; and also, why they often produced poetry far beyond ours, as their prodigious efforts to write concentrated and exalted all their powers, ensuring either signal success or failure. Dryden I think it is who says, that the difficulty of rhyme forced him upon his happiest thoughts; and I cannot but believe, that the great ease with which nowadays language may be wielded, with which we can express ourselves in any form or tone without any particular effort, without summoning or summing up our total energies, or putting them to their utmost for the production of verse, is one reason why modern poetry, while it never sinks so far beneath the medium height as ancient, never rises so far above it. A cultivated language falls of itself into sweetnesses, which satisfy the writer and the reader: wherefore nothing much beyond them will either be attempted or desired. The first remarkable sweetening and softening, united with weakening of our poetic language into its present state, may, I think, be observed in Beaumont and Fletcher: for Spenser, if he did not strengthen it, can hardly be said to have enfeebled what was rather rough than firm before him. Shakspeare had bred up the English courser of the air to the highest wild condition, till his blood became fire and his sinews Nemean; Ben Jonson put a curb in his mouth, subjected him to strict manège, and fed him on astringent food, that hardened his nerves to rigidity; but our two authors took the reins off, let him run loose over a rank soil, relaxing all his fibres again, again to be fortified by Milton, and again to be rendered over-flexible by subsequent pamperers, not judicious trainers or masters. Such undulations the stream of every language must exhibit. Let us consider that one among them appropriate to our subject.

No quality distinguishing the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is more remarkable than their novel style of versification. I venture to call it “novel,” because, although its germ may be detected earlier elsewhere, for example, in Ben Jonson’s *hortus siccus*, it had not been reared as a known seed, but rather let come up casually and spontaneously as a weed: our poets chose to foster it into a consummate flower, which over-ran their garden. This peculiar style of versification (I speak now to the learner, not to the learned), has more than one characteristic, and that one often quoted for all, is perhaps the least efficient among them, viz. a perpetual recurrence to *double, triple, quadruple, &c. endings*. By these, the common blank-verse line of ten syllables obtains, as it were, a tail of supernumerary joints, which does not lengthen the actual body of the line, but gives it a graceful termination:—

<i>Single ending</i>	“ My mouth is much too narrow for my heart.”
<i>Double</i>	“ Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at.”
<i>Triple</i>	“ ’Tis strange my brains should still be beating <i>knavery</i> ,”
<i>Quadruple</i>	“ Have ye to swear that you will see it <i>executed</i> .”
<i>Quintuple</i>	“ No sir, I dare not leave her to that <i>solitariness</i> .”

Lines with double endings are frequent in Shakspeare, with triple less so: but in

him single-ending, or common heroic verses without any supernumerary syllable, abound most. Hence, to a great degree, the firm, dignified, sonorous march of his numbers :

*Timon, (digging.)*—Common Mother, thou,  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp Heaven,  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,  
Let it no more bring out ungrateful man !  
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented !—(O, a root,—dear thanks !)—  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,  
Whereof ingratel man, with liquorish draught,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips !

*Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

Here, out of twenty verses, not one is over-measure, and the tone is a continuous grave hum, like the murmur of a sea-shore heard afar off. But multiple endings give heroic verse a familiar cadence, and, as drama is more or less colloquial by its nature, these were an improvement on its primitive stiffness fitted rather for declamation. "Gorboduc," our first English tragedy, never transgresses the decasyllabic ordonnance :

" For give once sway unto the people's lustes,  
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,  
And as the streame that rolleth downe the hyll,  
So will they headlong runne with raging thoughtes  
From bloud to bloud, from mischief unto woe,  
To ruin of the realme, themselves and all,  
So giddy are the common people's mindes,  
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

This square manner of versification is epic, not dramatic, because too remote from dialogue. Marlowe, our first writer of good tragedy, composed too much likewise in equal bars, lengthening, however, a verse here and there with admirable effect :

" For falling to a devilish exercise,  
And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,  
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy."—*Faustus.*

" Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,  
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows."—*Edward II.*

" Great sums of money lying in the banco."—*Jew of Malta.*



Ben Jonson makes his tragic lines preserve column strict enough, but Beaumont and Fletcher let theirs deploy *ad libitum* :—

“ Why do ye flatter a belief into me  
That I am all that is? The world's my creature,  
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say ‘ summer ;’  
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,  
At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,  
With his proud mountain waters envying heaven,  
When I say ‘ still !’ runs into crystal mirrors ;  
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,  
That with my least breath break, no more remembered.  
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,  
Ye golden cankerworms that eat my honours,  
Living no longer than my spring of favour,  
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing ?  
Is she not dead ?”

*Valentinian.*—Act IV. Sc. 1.

Here, and for as many subsequent verses, all, save two, have double-endings.

A yet more efficient characteristic of our authors' modulation consists in the pauses being very often thrown upon *uneven* syllables instead of *even*, as is most usual :

*Montague* says to *Veramour*, his page—

“ Little world  
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me ?”

*Honest Man's Fortune*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

“ Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion.”

*Philaster*, Act I. Sc. 1.

“ Having myself about me, and my sword.”

*Philaster*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Here the pauses are respectively after the *third*, *fifth*, and *seventh* syllables ; whereas preceding poets seldom break their lines except at the *fourth* and *sixth* and *eighth*—

“ Things won are *done*, joy's soul lies in the doing.”

*Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 3.

“ Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,  
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore.”

MARLOWE'S *Edward II.*

“ Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretched himself  
To seem more *huge*”—

BEN JONSON'S *Catiline*.

A third characteristic is the frequent supplanting of one long syllable in a line by two, three, four, or even more short syllables, which, pronounced rapidly together, take up about the same time as the supplanted syllable, and therefore lengthen such verse to the eye, but not (or little) to the ear :—

“ Let him alone,  
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic!

*Wit without Money*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

These five italicized syllables pass but for *two*—in strictness, the line should go thus :

And feed you on your fortunes. Come, be frolic !

Still a fourth characteristic, and perhaps the most distinctive of all, lies in making the eleventh syllable of an over-running verse *long* and *emphatic*, when, as a supernumerary, it had been by earlier melodists chosen short, that it might be imperceptible :—

“ Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites *now?* ”

*Maid's Tragedy*, Act V. Sc. 4.

“ And merry gossipings go round, go round *still*. ”

*Spanish Curate*, Act III. Sc. 2.

“ The seas and unfrequented deserts where the snow *dwells*. ”

*Bonduca*, Act III. Sc. 2.

The surplus syllable in these lines being long, it cannot be lapt under the tenth like a short one, but stands out as a substantive part of the verse, which is thereby augmented beyond a decasyllabic. Such lines are not oversights of our Authors ; they are pre-meditated.

This very peculiar system of versification gives an air of great originality to Beaumont and Fletcher's style ; and deserves some further notice, as well on that account as because it has been commended for adoption by an eminent critic and poet, Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose “ Legend of Florence ” is modelled upon it. He seems to doubt whether the Shakspearean rhythm be not too strict, and whether its great Master, if the sound of Marlowe's monotonous chime had been less in his ear, would not have himself given his system of numbers a Harmonic Law similar, though superior, to the “ sprightly licence ” of our poets. I believe few readers ever felt their rhythmical desires unsatisfied by Shakspeare's modulation, which, like a mountain-flood, adapts itself to the ground through which it flows, smooth or broken, wild or regular, level or precipitous, of almost endless variety and exquisite beauty. But other poets have not his might of hand to make “ music malleable ; ” moreover, there is, beyond dispute, a particular grace in Beaumont and Fletcher's style which his wants—a certain openness, and *abandon*, and ever-varying elasticity, which sprang from the principles above enumerated. Nevertheless, before we attempt to improve the Shakspearean style, let me likewise dare to suggest a doubt : are the sterner form of it and the more flexuous of the other, compatible ? Are they not respectively a *masculine* and a *feminine* perfection ; and would they not, if used together, make a sort of *hermaphrodite* metre ? Was the muscular style of Phidias compatible with the marrowy of Praxiteles, and did the former gain or lose when it was modified into the latter ? Is the *grazioso* of Correggio an improvement on the *grandioso* of Raffael, or a voluptuous depravement of it ? We may recollect that what a refined language like ours most needs is precisely strength, not elegance ; civilisation has a corruptive, enervating influence, and dissolves the vigour of language into a voluble feebleness soon enough without our special aid, which should rather be given, perhaps, to stay that decadence. Facility will come of its own accord, despite

of us ; peradventure modern versification errs by over-facility. What is the fact with regard to Beaumont and Fletcher ? Of all the great dramatists, their style must be granted the freest and the *feeblest*. I much suspect the tasteful critic above-mentioned merely meant, that Shakspeare would, on certain occasions, and for certain purposes, have admitted something like their opener style, not that he would have preferred it as a general style to his own. In Comedy, or comedic passages, or familiar scenes, it gives an ease and undulance and breadth, which are very colloquial and appropriate. For Tragedy it seems quite unfit ; and perhaps the best proof of this is, that Beaumont and Fletcher themselves, when making their highest tragic efforts, disuse it. In the noblest scenes of "Philaster," &c., it vanishes almost altogether. It lets down the *tone* of tragedy. Its adoption even in modern comedy would be perilous, as nothing short of the nicest judgment could keep it from enfeebling what is feeble enough—modern dramatic versification.

But though a particular grace of Beaumont and Fletcher's style may be commended for a particular object, their general style furnishes anything rather than a good model. We might, perhaps, at once pronounce, that a *mannered* style cannot be a good one, and theirs is mannered to an excess. They push its characteristics into caricature. Thus their supernumerary syllables are often so heaped upon the line, that, like an animal with a clubbed tail, it is both disfigured and disabled by this overgrown appendage :

"Will it please you  
To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants presently,  
That I may testify you have brought the same faith  
Unblemished home, you carried out ? Or, if it like you,  
There be two chambermaids," &c.

*Monsieur Thomas, Act II. Sc. 2.*

Again, the continued repetition of multiple endings becomes monotonous and wearisome, more so too as it is the repetition of a license, not a law : there are long tragic speeches here without one male verse, one line with a single ending, which takes away from them all sonorousness and much seriousness. Besides, even in comedy, the reiteration of those two conventional words, "sir" and "now," degenerates into a palpable *trick* :

"Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, *sir* !"  
"Where's that good gentleman ? O I could laugh *now* !"—  
"Behold thy doctrine ! You love now for reward, *sir*."—  
"My certain fate is fixed ! Were I a knave *now*,  
I could avoid this ; had my actions  
But mere relations to their own ends, I could 'scape *now*."

These and as many more occur within a page or two of the "Bloody Brother," Act V. Jonson had introduced such expletives, but with his usual judgment.

The use of a long supernumerary syllable is still a worse mannerism in our authors : it acts as a dead-weight upon the line, rendering it unwieldable by any pronunciation. Some of these lines may, indeed, be managed, if the reader can gather up several pre-

ceding syllables into one, and so make the last accent fall on this syllable as if it were not a supernumerary, but a tenth one, *e. g.* :

"A powerful prince should be constant to his power still."

Reading this by accents instead of syllables, we may bring it into metre—

A pów'rful prince, should b' cónstant to's pów'r still.

But a multitude of elisions would give Beaumont and Fletcher's works the unsightliest aspect, if the lines were printed as they must be pronounced.

Their habitual setting the pauses at an uneven syllable, throws their versification into an agreeable *canter*, very sympathetic with the buoyancy of their lighter scenes and subjects :

"When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,  
Like Anacreon's drunken verses."

*Chances*, Act V. Sc. 2.

But this cantering measure is almost always too familiar and undignified for tragic purposes : it is not much used in the Beaumontesque tragedies, and seldom with good effect in Fletcher's.

The third characteristic aforementioned leads also to difficulties. Crowding half as many again as the right number of syllables into a line occasions a jumble—

"I crawled away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily !"

*Humorous Lieutenant*, Act II. Sc. 2.

This, however, is a true metrical line (read by accents) ; but there are many verses which no power of condensing syllables, or facility of slurring them, will enable us to reduce into pleasant rhythm :

"Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,  
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open."

*Custom of the Country*, Act III. Sc. 3.

The second line seems, like Falstaff's paunch, out of all compass.

I must add here, that Beaumont and Fletcher's versification is also too much distinguished by a *fifth* characteristic—that of ending their lines metrically where they could not end respiratively—

"This brain,  
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeemed from hell's  
Three-headed porter our Eurydice."

*Honest Man's Fortune*, Act III. Sc. 2.

This fault is often aggravated by ending the line with an insignificant word, as well as one indivisible from its successor—

"Your subjects all have fed. by virtue of  
My arm."

*Maid's Tragedy*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

Nothing tends to weaken versification more than this last fault ; we may observe how Byron, who was not deficient in natural energies, by his adoption of it as a smoothener, makes his dramatic verse drag upon the ear, and his less vigorous imitators become intolerable drawlers.

I am persuaded that the text of Beaumont and Fletcher is corrupt to no common degree : few of their works were published during their life-time, and those few with perhaps little care from the prompter's copies. We have seen what an Augean labour it was to cleanse Shakspeare's text, how many commentators it employed and exhausted. The text before us, by reason of its very irregular nature, probably suffered still more disfiguration : an ignorant printer, or incompetent editor, having no rule to guide him, would lop off redundancies as excrescences, and supply words which he thought requisite, where a few extra syllables in a line seemed of little account. Prose was changed into verse, verse into prose, *ad libitum*. However, after making all allowances on this score, I should be disposed to say that Beaumont and Fletcher were rather happy modulators at times, than understanding melodists. Ben Jonson had opened and loosened comedic numbers before them. They mingled together, if we must not say jumbled, different laws of metre, because it is easier to observe by turns, several laws when we like, than any one law in particular, always. Their general style becomes thus for the most part, so to say, *broken-backed*, full of ridges, an incessant joggle from one rut to another. We can, indeed, by dint of slurring, condensing, balancing, misplacing emphases, and other means, eke out a modulation for almost all of their lines ; but their lines ought rather to make modulation for us ; *v. g.*

“ The basest, the most footboy-like, without respect.”

*Scornful Lady*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

This line should have the last word lopped off, to render it strict metre ; but if we accentuate the *twelfth* syllable and slur the *six* syllables preceding it, a kind of modulation is made out, though no music. Not that these works are deficient in passages exquisitely musical ; which, however, are formed rather on the old Shakspearean model than their own : *Philaster's* description of his Page, *Bellarion*, runs with the very sweetness of a rivulet :—

“ I have a boy,

Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,  
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the nymph as much again in tears.  
A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
Of many several flowers bred in the bay,  
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness  
Delighted me ; but ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.  
He told me that his parents gentle died,

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,  
 Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 What every flower, as country people hold,  
 Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,  
 Express'd his grief : and, to my thoughts, did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country art  
 That could be wished : so that methought I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,  
 Who was [as] glad to follow ; and have got  
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy  
 That ever master kept."

*Philaster*, Act I. Sc. 2.

Here none of their metrical characteristics are prominent, except the proneness towards uneven pauses. Their more abstract mental characteristics are perceivable indeed—tender sentiment and pathos.

I could easily imagine a fine system of versification founded by some perfect modulator upon a very different principle from the *square* ; upon a series of *triangles* for example, lengthening and contracting itself in turns like the rhythm of an Eolian lyre, now slowly, now rapidly—a swell now, now a swoon, till every mood of thought found its proper echo in the metre. But such a style of modulation is the last perfection of human language, which none has ever yet reached, perhaps ever will reach. Even to approach it demands much more consummate skill than our two dramatists possessed. Their peculiar rhythm has so little about it Eolian, that it has scarce any music at all except in some petted passages : ease is not music, gracefulness is not music, smoothness—nay suavity, is not music. To ensure music, lines must be full of sound, or *soundingness*, which results from principles in diametrical opposition to those of our authors,—from single endings, even pauses, sonorous terminative words, sustained tone, and regular cadence or tread of the numbers. Reverse principles are useful now and then to give this system variety, and introduce apt discords, the resolution of which back again into concord, pleases beyond unbroken concord itself. There is more virtue in rhythm than it has credit for,—a virtue productive of secret and remote effects, perhaps seldom thought of. Imagination and passion are beyond doubt the prime constituents of poetry, but to complete its distinct nature, rhythm would seem an attribute, however subordinate, little less useful than either. Thus to specialize man's nature, clay unites with the Spirit of God and the breath ; these nobler adjuncts, reason and life, requiring as their presence-room the harmonical system of parts, called human form, ere they can render themselves apparent, like imagination and passion seeking the rhythmical form of language, called *Song*, wherein their divine properties might be rendered more manifest. Without rhythm,—that is, some obvious law of successive sounds, strict or loose,—how should poetry at once distinguish itself from Oratory, Picturesque History, and so forth ? There may be as much imagination and passion in a speech from Demosthenes or Livy, as in one from Homer

or Virgil : what except the degree of rhythm \* observed, assigns at once the former to rhetorical art, and the latter to poetical ? Granted, the *kind* of imagination and passion used is often a sufficient distinguisher, apart from the absence or presence of rhythm : it constitutes, for example, the address of Brutus after Cæsar's death an oration, Antony's, an oratorical-poetic harangue. But neither kind nor measure of these qualities will always furnish a clear test, nor often indeed any : Burke's speeches are not poems, yet imaginative and impassioned in the poetical kind ; Bacon's *Essays* are more imaginative than half the works produced by professed fancy-mongers, yet who calls these *Essays* † poems, except as a compliment or a feat of logic ? Nevertheless, rhythm to poetry is like clay to man—the perishable form, not part of the essence ; strip this form from both, and they will both remain immortal things. Rhythm I should maintain was chiefly valuable as an *inspirer*, and needful to the *poet* rather than the poem. We must all have remarked the inspiring nature of note-music—what numberless ideas, visions, emotions, passions, it suggests ; what *creators* it makes us ! Every true poet has a *song in his mind*, the notes of which, little as they precede his thoughts—so little as to seem simultaneous with them—do precede, suggest, and inspire many of these, modify and beautify them. That poet who has none of this dumb music going on within him, will neither produce any by his versification, nor prove an imaginative or impassioned writer : he will want the harmonizer which attunes heart, and mind, and soul, the mainspring that sets them in movement together. Rhythm, thus, as an enrapturer of the poet, mediately exalts him as a creator, and augments all his powers. A good system of rhythm becomes, therefore, momentous both for its own sake to the reader, and because it is the poet's latent inspirer. If this be allowed, choice or change of rhythm may entail important consequences to our National Poetry. We should not therefore, I submit, adopt Beaumont and Fletcher's style, till its superior merits are demonstrated. Now, a Teutonesque consonantal language like ours, will, however polished, want sufficient melodiousness,—not simply freedom, or ease, or smoothness, but *music* : in particular does our blank verse want this attribute, as will be plain to any one who considers how few of our great poets besides Shakspeare and Milton have written it with strength free from pompous rattle, and sweetness from drawl. Beaumont and Fletcher, to my sense, have not done so ; their style is seldom vigorous except when inflated, nor often melodious without being somewhat mawkish. Besides, their most characteristic verse deserves too much the appellation of *blank doggerel*, and reminds us of Buletta metre :—

“ Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smith's forge ? ”

*Chances*, Act V. Sc. 2.

This is precisely the grotesque metre of “ Midas : ”—

*Pan*. So, Squire ! well met—I flew to know your business.

*Midas*. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his knees.

Act I. Scene 1.

\* Prose has its rhythm, but of that latent description not recognizable, though its charm peradventure is, by common ears. Hence I use the words “ obvious ” and “ degree.” Except in this general way, human powers will, I fear, demarcate the lower from the upper firmament as soon as prose from poetry.

† Bacon himself, it is plain, would not call them so, when he pronounced poetry “ the shadow of a lie,” and quotes with much complacency one of the Fathers who christened it “ *vinum demonum*.”

Butler, who admired our poets, and may have taken a hint for "Hudibras" from their "Knight of the Burning Pestle," scarcely parodies their favourite rhythm: his is the same, in a shorter measure:—

"Quoth he, my love, as adamantine  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain."

Massinger belongs to Beaumont and Fletcher's school, but was a better artist, and modulates with more skill, without almost any music in his verse whatever: just as a scientific pianist can run correctly, nay harmoniously, through all the keys, yet produce no melody. His verse is built up with exquisite colloquial *gusto*, one pitch above prose. His was the *Musa Pedestris*, and he himself for prosaic temper, as well as development of deep feeling and dark passion, an earlier Lillo. Fletcher (to judge from his known plays) had a fine natural ear, but fickle taste, and hits off, by a sort of chance-medley, beautiful modulations at times, when he lays aside his mannerism. If Beaumont by his judgment "checked what Fletcher writ," (as Pope says after Langbaine and Aubrey), if he did indeed check that mannerism, his death, perhaps, deprived us of more works like "Philaster" and the "Maid's Tragedy;" very little of it, and all Fletcher's sweetness concentrated, appears in these dramas.—I submit the foregoing remarks, with much deference, to critical judgment less fallible than mine; but have stated them with frankness, because every man must hold opinions, and they are only blameable, however erroneous, when given with presumption.

It now remains for me to offer a few promiscuous observations upon some of our authors' most remarkable works. Their five master-pieces have been noticed already. I must nevertheless quote from one of them, the celebrated "picture," as illustrating Beaumont and Fletcher's best style of sentiment and versification conjoined: *Aspatia* deserted by her lover, tells her maid thus to delineate in a piece of needlework *Ariadne* forsaken on a desert island:—

"Do it by me;  
Do it again, by me, the lost *Aspatia*,  
And you shall find all true but the wild island.  
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,  
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,  
Wild as that desert; and let all about me  
Be teachers of my story. Do my face  
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
Thus, thus, Antiphila! Strive to make me look  
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,  
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
Groan with continual surges; and behind me  
Make all a desolation."

*Maid's Tragedy*, Act II. Scene 2.

Mr. Campbell remarks of this passage, that *Aspatia's* "fancy takes part with her heart, and gives its sorrow a visionary gracefulness." His just observation might be extended to the whole character, which is the perfect ideal of a love-lorn maiden. Admirable as are these five master-pieces, perhaps the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" exceeds them in one particular—dramatical (distinguished from theatrical) merit.



It is composed with an art almost equal to Ben Jonson's ; with natter and mellow humour, though less caustic. The characters are depicted forcibly and naturally, and consistently, from first to last : none by Shakspeare are better sustained than those of the Citizen and his Wife, who patronise a play in the plenitude of purse-pride, and insist on their shopman *Ralph* being let to perform the chief part, to cut every Gordian knot like an Alexander the Great, and to come forward as a "Dominus-do-all" whenever they please to see him. It combines two different satires—against citizen-ignorance and preposterous chivalry—into one plot, yet keeps them distinct throughout. Butler must have owed as much to the "Knight of the Burning Pestle" as this did to "Don Quixote." It is the first regular Mock-Heroic play in our language.

Amongst the other dramas I can discern none of like solid composition and sound humour to what this piece exhibits, unless it be "The Scornful Lady." Judging from internal evidence, both these comedies appear to be written for the most part by one hand, and that not the hand of Fletcher, if we take our idea of his style from his known productions. I should therefore *guess* these two works by Beaumont chiefly. The latter was once very popular : I suspect it to have been a mine of valuable hints to various plagiarists. Addison, as he himself confessed, took his character of *Vellum* in the "Drummer" from *Savil* in this play. Swift's humorous notion of spendthrifts stretching a Will to suit their desires, (see "Tale of a Tub,") is precisely similar to *Young Loveless's* interpretation for like purposes of his brother's living testament (Act I. Scene 2). *Boniface's* encomium upon *Ale*, in the "Beaux Stratagem," seems, as Farquhar was a notorious imitator of our poets, inspired by *Young Loveless's* upon the same beverage :—

"Widow. But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to this,  
And clothes that they must look for ?  
*Young Loveless.* In this short sentence 'ale' is all included ;  
Meat, drink, and cloth. \* \* \*  
*Ale* is their eating and their drinking solely."

&c. &c.

Act IV. Sc. 2.

Nat. Lee's celebrated interjection—"Then he would talk, good gods! how he would talk!" is almost identical with the Elder Loveless's—

"The wittiest little varlet! It would talk,  
Lord! how it talked!"

Act IV. Sc. 1.

Massinger's still more famous "Kiss close!" occurs in Act II., Sc. 2. So many coincidences suggest the belief of plagiarisms, if they do not establish it. As I am upon this subject, let me cite another coincidence between Pope and Fletcher, not to my knowledge pointed out before. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," has the well-known line—

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Fletcher, in his poem on "An Honest Man's Fortune," gave the same criterion for human perfection—

"Man is his own star; and that soul that can  
Be honest, is the only perfect man."

This poem contains many beautiful expressions and elevated thoughts, among which latter I cannot place the above-said aphorism : if Pope stole, he should have improved it, for it is false, and degrading to man, derogatory to God. An honest man is no more the noblest work of God than an honest *book* is the noblest of a writer : an honest *able* book is nobler than a dull book were it ever so honest, and Aristides nobler with the genius of a Homer or the wisdom of a Solon than Aristides with a clown's ignorance or a blockhead's understanding. Fletcher came nearer the truth elsewhere—

"An honest *wise* man is a prince's mate."

*Triumph of Love*, Sc. 2.

I have before mentioned that Farquhar took his "Inconstant" from Fletcher's "Wildgoose Chase," a production which responds well to its name, being a wild-witted, mercurial comedy, the scenes running away after one another with agreeable swiftness. Various parts of the "Humorous Lieutenant" are well written, but the character that gives name to the play is somewhat fantastic and exaggerated—Lucullus's soldier in masquerade : *Celia* has more natural spirit, and completes herself as a portrait of hot-brained, high-souled Devotedness without caricature.\* "Monsieur Thomas," "The Chances," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," are dramas which will keep a careless temper in a state of perpetual exhilaration, and a fastidious one in a state of as perpetual regret that so much *vis comica* had been frittered away instead of rendered more effective by compactness. This indeed we might pronounce of almost all Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies ; they appear scratched off each with the same unmeddled pen, wonderful for rough draughts, but requiring to be every one re-written—provisional pieces, like Shakspeare's first "Merry Wives of Windsor," not finished plays like his second. *La Writ* in "The Little French Lawyer," seems a character naturally conceived, extravagantly developed : the pettifogger, from hap-hazard success as a combatant setting up as a duellist, has many a real prototype, but to represent him insane is not to show him infatuated. "The Spanish Curate" comprises several characters—*Bartolus* a covetous lawyer, *Lopez* the curate, *Diego* his sexton—of clear outline and skilful contexture ; if less striking than those of "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," they are, I think, less over-strained : it may perhaps on the whole be numbered amongst our author's wittiest comedies. Mr. Hallam observes that Congreve borrowed the under-plot of his "Old Bachelor" from that of *Bartolus* and his Wife, "without by any means equalling it." Most critics have ranked "The Elder Brother" as a first-rate effort, some have found it very elegant and poetical ; I fear to say the reader will find it more than tolerable. Dryden's "Cymon and Iphigenia" resembles it in plot ; Cibber composed his "Love Makes a Man" out of it and "The Custom of the Country," which latter has been also given much applause by classical taste, and therefore can dispense with my scantier tribute. No one vaunts its decorousness,

\* I had no control over the text of this volume, which was printed from Weber's edition, but several passages of "The Humorous Lieutenant," given in italics, were taken from the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of it, under another name, "Demetrius and Enanthe," published by Rodd, 1830.

except Lovelace, who considers it as fit reading for a college of Seraphic Doctors :

“ View here a loose thought said with such a grace,  
Minerva might have spoken in Venus’ face ;  
So well disguised that ’twas conceived by none,  
But Cupid had Diana’s linen on.”

“ Bonduca ” — “ Wit without Money ” — “ The Beggars’ Bush ” — “ The Loyal Subject ” — “ Rollo, or the Bloody Brother ” — “ Women Pleased ” — may be cited as works of particular merit. Amidst much rant and flutter, “ Bonduca ” contains some fine poetry ; amidst a mob of undistinguishable, over-drawn characters, one good one — *Caratach* — whose name the drama should rather assume, as he is the chief personage, and his actions form the chief subject. I cannot resist giving here from this work probably the sublimest effort of poetical imagination in Beaumont and Fletcher : *Suetonius* addresses his soldiers before battle —

“ The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,  
*Pitch’d on the topless Apennine*, and blows  
To all the under-world, all nations,  
The seas and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells ;  
Wakens the ruined monuments, and there  
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,  
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.”

Act III. Scene 2.

We may observe how the music of this passage is marred by that heretical rhythm in two lines (fourth and sixth), against which I ventured a protest. Mr. Campbell commends “ The Double Marriage,” and describes *Juliana*, the heroine, as “ a fine idol of imagination, rather than a probable type of nature.” Her self-sacrifice approaches yet nearer to idiotism, and her humble-mindedness to meanness, than these qualities of our authors’ idols do generally : they seldom make me, so much as I should wish, a worshipper. He quotes, also, the scene from “ Rollo,” of *Edith* pleading for her father’s life ; and Charles Lamb, that of her revenge against the tyrant. If I am frugal in panegyric, these references to abler, as well as more liberal judges, will supply the defect. “ Wit without Money ” has a solid, Beaumontesque air ; “ The Loyal Subject,” a Fletcher-like freedom, with some vigour, and more exaggeration.\* In “ The Beggars’ Bush,” a play of too melodramatic a cast, we find Thieves’ gibberish, or Newgate cant, introduced. *Shakspeare* has been deemed part-author, with Fletcher, of “ The Two Noble Kinsmen,” from a superiority to Fletcher’s usual style, and a resemblance to *Shakspeare*’s. Imitation of the latter poet by the former might account in some degree for both these facts, if such : a lower artist imitating a higher, will often surpass himself ; he makes a greater effort, and has a nobler model, than usual. The other Fine Arts offer frequent examples of this. But it is quite possible, also, that *Shakspeare* may have contributed towards “ The Two Noble Kinsmen : ” not only are several speeches (*vide* Act V. sc. 1, 2, 3)

\* This play contains a singular anticipation : the Scene is at Moscow, and an *Ancient* observes —

“ This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire,  
’Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.

Act I. Sc. 3.

Pope “ stole wisely ” a remarkable idea concerning the transformation of Maids, in his “ Rape of the Lock,” from Act IV. Sc. 2.

after his "enormous" style of conception, but his enormous style of handling or versification, so different from Fletcher's. Palamon supplicates the statue of Mars:—

" Oh great corrector of *enormous* times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world  
O' the plurality of people; I do take  
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my design march boldly. Let us go!"

Act V. Scene 1.

" Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]  
Comets pre-warn; whose havock in vast field  
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down  
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck  
With hand omnipotent from forth blue clouds  
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st  
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,  
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day  
With military skill, that to thy laud  
I may advance my streamer, and by thee  
Be styled the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,  
Some token of thy pleasure!"

Act V. Scene 1.

Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have caught one deep truth of nature,—their women are either far more angelical or diabolical than their men. They have also delineated women much better,—a mark, by the bye, of their feminine genius, if we must not call it effeminate or feeble. Lamb pronounces *Ordella* "the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to *Calantha* in 'The Broken Heart' of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction;" and her self-immolation ("Thierry and Theodoret," Act IV. sc. 1), as "the finest scene in Fletcher." *Aspatia*, in "The Maid's Tragedy," will probably interest the sentimental more, though we almost despise her abject faithfulness to *Amintor*, who has jilted her. *Euphrasia*, disguised as a boy, *Bellarion*, in "Philaster," is our authors' prettiest and happiest exemplification of their favourite passion,—love's devotion. This character resembles closely *Vermour* in "The Honest Man's Fortune," and *Ascanio* in "The Spanish Curate."

Such are the thoughts which struck me on a hurried review of Beaumont and Fletcher, read desultorily long before without any object either critical or editorial.

In "The Wife for a Month," Naples is called an *island*, which parallels the maritime Bohemia of Shakspeare. I have nothing better to say, yet perhaps this is enough, of "The Nice Valour," than that it contains a sentimental *Song* which suggested Milton's *Penseroso*—"Hence, all you vain delights," &c. This song may be taken as an epitome of the valetudinarian interestingness, the delicateness implying want of perfect wholesomeness, which hangs about all Beaumont and Fletcher's more serious productions. Certain of their Lyrics are very good, especially the Anacreontic. "God *Lyæus* ever young" in "Valentinian," breathes a fine spirit of Bacchanalian enthusiasm. But the string our lyrist touched most often, was that which, like the

Teian bard's, "responded love;" and which often did so with exquisite sweetness—

"The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it."

Indeed, throughout their works, "Venus the Victorious" seems to have been the battle-word on which they relied, rather than "Hercules the Invincible," though not always as successfully as Cæsar.

Of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" it is great praise to say that Milton borrowed many of its thoughts and much of its fable for his "Comus." True, those thoughts thus transferred, frequently resemble motes in the sunbeams, themselves futile particles, glittering with a radiance not their own. I must again dissent from the Historian of European Literature when he rates the lyric parts of Fletcher's poem so near those of Milton's, nor can I agree with him when he ranks the entire below "The Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson. Yet the lyric parts do contain some, and the un-lyric numerous beauties.

Fletcher's volubility is against more than his metre: he seems often to throw his words at thoughts in the hope of hitting them off by hazard, but he misses them altogether. His light-headed shafts fall short of their mark. When they do touch, however, it is with the irradiating effect if not the force of thunderbolts: this has an inexpressible charm. After all we have heard of "The Faithful Shepherdess," a fine English Pastoral Drama remains to be written. That such a work has not yet been produced among a people so agricultural, so devoted to rural pleasures, pursuits, and residence, is singular enough. It should little surprise us if the Italians, a town-loving people, had produced no "Pastor Fido" or "Aminta," and if Fletcher's representation of Sylvan life in the above poem had excelled these works more than I believe it does.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

The task which I undertook with reluctance, I have executed with solitude. But it came upon me at so late a period, and found me so unprovided in materials, save those which casual reflection and most superficial research had brought together during my indolent literary hours, that a few weeks' care can have accomplished little deserving acceptance. I will not offer other excuses, because energies are scarce worth the name, if unequal to carry us over fortuitous obstacles as well as the route itself. How it should have fallen upon me to attempt standing in the place of Dr. Southey, though without any idea of filling it, is only conjecturable from the possible dread which abler and better-known writers than I am may have had, lest comparison with him might disserve them. Such a comparison is impossible in the case of a substitute like me, who have no pretensions whatever as a critic, except earnest desire for truth, and determination to speak it. Should disappointment at the change of Prefacers occasion my effort to be received with still greater severity than it merits, I shall yet enjoy the mournful consolation of having done my uttermost under very unfavourable circumstances.

## TO THE READER.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

POETRY is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions ; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer ; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition—nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity ; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages : for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot ; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit, upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes !

And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented ; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, though too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read ; and then stand admiring the

subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion ; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands ; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure ? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself ; and, but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium ; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul,) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence, and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies ; but let the ingenuous reader peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a preface to the rest ; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified ; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time but very many gentlemen may remember these authors ; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives : what I have to say is, we have the precious remains ; and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledged they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more especially concerns these authors and their works, is told thee by another hand, in the epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell : Read, and fear not thine own understanding ; this book will create a clear one in thee : and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself ; and, at the same time, forgive

Thy friend, and these authors' humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

# LIST OF THE PLAYS

## OF

### BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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*Where no Edition is mentioned, the Play was first printed in the Folio Collection of 1647.*

#### UNCERTAIN.

1. **THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.** C. First represented in 1611. Uncertain whether by both or by one. Quartos 1613, 1635.

#### BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

2. **PHILASTER.** T. C. Before 1611, probably in 1608. Quartos 1620, 1622, 1628, 1634, 1651.
3. **THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.** T. Before 1611, probably in 1610. Quartos 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641, 1650, 1661.
4. **FOUR PLAYS IN ONE.** Probably before 1611.
5. **KING AND NO KING.** T. C. Licensed for the stage, 1611. Quartos 1619, 1628, 1639, 1655, 1661.
6. **THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.** T. C. Licensed 1613.
7. **THE COXCOMB.** C. Acted first 1613.
8. **CUPID'S REVENGE.** T. Acted first 1613. Quartos 1625, 1630, 1635.
9. **THE SCORNFUL LADY.** C. Quartos 1616, 1625, 163-, 1639, 1651.
10. **WIT WITHOUT MONEY.** C. Quartos 1639, 1661.
11. **WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.** C.
12. **THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.** C.
13. **THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.** T. C. Principally by Fletcher.
14. **BONDUCA.** T.

15. **THE LAWS OF CANDY.** T. C.
16. **THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.** T.
17. **THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.** T. C. Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660.
18. **A RIGHT WOMAN.** C. Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660. Lost.

#### BY BEAUMONT.

19. **THE MASQUE OF THE INNER TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.** Produced 20th February, 1612. Quarto. N. D.
20. **THE HISTORY OF MADOR, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.** Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29, 1660. Lost.

#### BY FLETCHER.

1. *Before the Death of Beaumont.*
21. **THE WOMAN-HATER.** C. Produced about 1606, or 1607. Quartos 1607, 1647, 1648.
22. **THIERRY AND THEODORET.** T. Quartos 1621, 1648, 1649.
23. **THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.** P. C. Before 1611. Quartos, N. D., 1629, 1633, 1656, 1661.
24. **THE CAPTAIN.** T. C. Acted at Court 20th May, 1613.
2. *After the Death of Beaumont.*
25. **THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.** T. C. About 1616.



26. *THE LOYAL SUBJECT*. T. C. Licensed in 1618.
  27. *THE MAD LOVER*. T. C. Before 1618-9.
  28. *VALENTINIAN*. T. Before 1618-9.
  29. *THE FALSE ONE*. T. Conjectured to have been written by Fletcher and Massinger. Probably after 1618-9.
  30. *LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE*. T. C. Conjectured to have been written by Fletcher and Massinger.
  31. *THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE*. T. Probably after 1618-9.
  32. *THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT*. C. *Ditto*.
  33. *NICE VALOUR, OR THE PASSIONATE MADMAN*. C. *Ditto*.
  34. *WOMEN PLEASED*. T. C. Probably after 1618-9.
  35. *THE WOMAN'S PRIZE, OR THE TAMER TAMED*. C.
  36. *THE CHANCES*. C. Before 1621.
  37. *MONSIEUR THOMAS*. C. Before 1621. Quarto 1639.
  38. *THE ISLAND PRINCESS*. T. C. Acted at Court 1621.
  39. *THE PILGRIM*. C. *Ditto*.
  40. *THE WILDGOOSE-CHASE*. C. Folio 1652. *Ditto*.
  41. *PROPHETESS*. T. C. Licensed May 14, 1622.
  42. *SEA-VOYAGE*. T. C. Licensed June 22, 1622.
  43. *SPANISH CURATE*. C. Licensed October 24, 1622.
  44. *BEGGAR'S BUSH*. T. C. Acted at Court 1622.
  45. *LOVE'S CURE, OR THE MARTIAL MAID*. C. Probably produced in 1622 or 1623.
  46. *THE DEVIL OF DOWGATE; OR USURY PUT TO USE*. Licensed 17th October, 1623. Probably lost, if not the same as the *Night-Walker*.
  47. *THE WANDERING LOVERS*. Licensed 6th December, 1623. Lost.
  48. *A WIFE FOR A MONTH*. T. C. Licensed 27th May, 1624.
  49. *RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE*. C. Licensed 19th October, 1624.
  50. *THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN*. T. C. Licensed 22d January, 1625-6, after the death of Fletcher.
  51. *THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN*. C. Licensed 3d February, 1625-6, after the death of Fletcher.
  52. *THE ELDER BROTHER*. C. Not acted till after the death of Fletcher. Quartos 1637, 1651.
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- BY FLETCHER AND SHAKESPEARE.
53. *THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN*. T. Quarto 1634.
  54. *THE HISTORY OF CARDENIO*. T. C. Entered on the Stationers' Books September 9, 1653, as written by Shakspeare and Fletcher. Lost.
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- BY FLETCHER AND ROWLEY.
55. *THE MAID OF THE MILL*. T. C. Licensed 29th August, 1623.
- 
- BY FLETCHER, JONSON, AND MIDDLETON.
56. *THE WIDOW*. C. Quarto 1652. Probably written soon after 1615.
- 
- BY FLETCHER, FIELD, MASSINGER, AND [PROBABLY] DAUBORNE.
57. *THE JEWELLER OF AMSTERDAM, OR THE HAGUE*. Entered on the Stationers' Books 8th April, 1654. Conjectured to be the play mentioned in Henslowe's Papers, and written between 1612 and 1615.
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- BY FLETCHER AND SHIRLEY.
58. *THE NIGHT-WALKER, OR THE LITTLE THIEF*. C. Quarto 1640.
- 
- BY FLETCHER, ASSISTED BY UNKNOWN AUTHORS.
59. *THE BLOODY BROTHER, OR ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY*. T. Quartos 1639, 1640.
  60. *THE LOVERS' PROGRESS*. T. Left imperfect by Fletcher, and finished by another poet, probably either Massinger or Shirley.

## COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

### BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS WORKS,

*Never before published.*

To flatter living fools is easy sleight,  
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.  
To praise a landed lord is gainful art ;  
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.  
This should have been my task : I had intent  
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,  
To stop some crannies there, but that I found  
No need of least repair ; all firm and sound.  
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance  
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance.  
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,  
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth ;  
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great  
A legacy, a treasure so complete,  
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will :  
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,  
How so vast sums of wit were left behind ;  
And yet nor debts, nor sharers, they can find.  
'Twas the kind providence of Fate to lock  
Some of this treasure up ; and keep a stock  
For a reserve until these sullen days ;  
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays  
That crown the head of merit. But now he,  
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.  
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,  
None should pretend, but those can understand.

HENRY MOODY, BART.

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ON MR. FLETCHER'S WORKS.

Though poets have a license which they use  
As the ancient privilege of their free muse,  
Yet whether this be leave enough for me  
To write, great bard, an eulogy for thee,  
Or whether to commend thy work, will stand  
Both with the laws of verse and of the land,  
Were to put doubts might raise a discontent  
Between the muses and the ————  
I'll none of that : There's desperate wits that be  
(As their immortal laurel) thunder-free ;  
Whose personal virtues, 'bove the laws of fate,  
Supply the room of personal estate ;

And thus enfranchised, safely may rehearse,  
 Rapt in a lofty strain, their own neck-verse.  
 For he that gives the bays to thee, must then  
 First take it from the military men ;  
 He must untriumph conquests, bid 'em stand,  
 Question the strength of their victorious hand ;  
 He must act new things, or go near the sin,  
 Reader, as near as you and I have been ;  
 He must be that which he that tries will swear  
 It is not good being so another year.

And now that thy great name I've brought to this,  
 To do it honour is to do amiss.

What's to be done to those that shall refuse  
 To celebrate, great soul, thy noble muse ?  
 Shall the poor state of all those wandering things  
 Thy stage once raised to emperors and kings ;  
 Shall rigid forfeitures, that reach our heirs,  
 Of things that only fill with cares and fears ;  
 Shall the privation of a friendless life,  
 Made up of contradictions and strife ;  
 Shall he be entity would antedate  
 His own poor name and thine annihilate ?  
 Shall these be judgments great enough for one  
 That dares not write thee an encomion ?

Then where am I ! But now I've thought upon't,  
 I'll praise thee more than all have ventured on't.  
 I'll take thy noble work, and, like the trade  
 Where, for a heap of salt, pure gold is laid,  
 I'll lay thy volume, that huge tome of wit,  
 About in ladies' closets where they sit  
 Enthroned in their own wills, and, if she be  
 A laic sister, she'll strait fly to thee ;  
 But, if a holy habit she have on,  
 Or be some novice, she'll scarce look upon  
 Thy lines at first ; but watch her then a while,  
 And you shall see her steal a gentle smile  
 Upon thy title, put thee nearer yet,  
 Breathe on thy lines a whisper, and then set  
 Her voice up to the measures : then begin  
 To bless the hour and happy state she's in :  
 Now she lays by her characters, and looks  
 With a stern eye on all her pretty books.  
 She's now thy votaress, and the just crown  
 She brings thee with it is worth half the town.  
 I'll send thee to the army ; they that fight  
 Will read thy tragedies with some delight,  
 Be all thy reformadoes, fancy scars,  
 And pay too in thy speculative wars.

I'll send thy comic scenes to some of those  
 That for a great while have play'd fast and loose ;  
 New universalists, by changing shapes,  
 Have made with wit and fortune fair escapes.

Then shall the country, that poor tennis-ball  
 Of angry fate, receive thy pastorall,  
 And from it learn those melancholy strains  
 Fed the afflicted souls of primitive swains.  
 Thus the whole world to reverence will flock  
 Thy tragic buskin and thy comic sock :  
 And winged Fame unto posterity  
 Transmit but only two, this age and thee.

THOMAS PEYTON.  
*Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.*

ON THE WORKS OF THE MOST EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POET, MR. JOHN FLETCHER,

*Never before printed.*

Hail, Fletcher ! welcome to the world's great stage ;  
 For our two hours, we have thee here an age  
 In thy whole works, and may th' impression call  
 The pretor that presents thy plays to all ;  
 Both to the people, and the lords that sway  
 That herd, and ladies whom those lords obey.  
 And what's the loadstone can such guests invite  
 But moves on two poles, profit and delight ?  
 Which will be soon, as on the rack, confest,  
 When every one is tickled with a jest,  
 And that pure Fletcher's able to subdue  
 A melancholy more than Burton knew.  
 And though upon the bye, to his designs,  
 The native may learn English from his lines,  
 And th' alien, if he can but construe it,  
 May here be made free denison of wit.  
 But his main end does drooping Virtue raise,  
 And crowns her beauty with eternal bays ;  
 In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,  
 While Vice (her paint wash'd off) appears so foul,  
 She must this blessed isle and Europe leave,  
 And some new quadrant of the globe deceive ;  
 Or hide her blushes on the Afric shore,  
 Like Marius, but ne'er rise to triumph more ;  
 That honour is resign'd to Fletcher's fame ;  
 Add to his trophies, that a poet's name  
 (Late grown as odious to our modern states,  
 As that of King to Rome) he vindicates  
 From black aspersions, cast upon't by those  
 Which only are inspired to lie in prose.  
 And, by the court of muses be't decreed,  
 What graces spring from poesy's richer seed,  
 When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,  
 As all, that's royal, is when Cæsar's named.

ROBERT STAPYLTON, KNT.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOST HONOURED KINSMAN, MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'll not pronounce how strong and clean thou writes,  
 Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,  
 Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,  
 Before they can make up six words of thine ;  
 But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,  
 At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice, and weep.  
 Great father Jonson bow'd himself, when he  
 (Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd, 'he envied thee.'  
 Were thy Mardonius arm'd, there would be more  
 Strife for his sword than all Achilles wore ;  
 Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,  
 My life on't he had been o' th' better side ;  
 And, where he found false odds, (through gold or sloth)  
 There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.  
 Behold, here's Fletcher too ! the world ne'er knew  
 Two potent wits co-operate, till you ;  
 For still your fancies are so wov'n and knit,  
 'Twas Francis Fletcher, or John Beaumont writ,

Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't  
 To call poor gods and goddesses to do't ;  
 Nor made nine girls your muses (you suppose,  
 Women ne'er write, save love-letters in prose)  
 But are your own inspirers, and have made  
 Such powerful scenes, as, when they please, invade  
 Your plot, sense, language, all's so pure and fit,  
 He's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE, KNT.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms  
 Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,  
 Whom earth to earth, or fire hath changed to fire,  
 We shall behold, more than at first entire,  
 As now we do, to see all thine, thine own  
 In this thy muse's resurrection :  
 Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds  
 Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds ;  
 Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,  
 And from their excrements new poets bred.  
 But now thy muse enraged from her urn,  
 Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return  
 To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,  
 And undeceive the long-abused age ;  
 Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit  
 Gives not more gold than they give dross to it :  
 Who, not content like felons to purloin,  
 Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.  
 But whither am I stray'd ! I need not raise  
 Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise ;  
 Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
 Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
 Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
 Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.  
 Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,  
 When, labouring and sinking with its weight,  
 From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,  
 Like petty princes from the fall of Rome ;  
 When Jonson, Shakspeare, and thyself did sit,  
 And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit.  
 Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,  
 Or what more easy Nature did bestow  
 On Shakspeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown  
 Their graces both appear ; yet so, that none  
 Can say, here Nature ends and Art begins ;  
 But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins ;  
 So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,  
 None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name :  
 'Twas this the ancients meant, Nature and Skill  
 Are the two tops of their Parnassus hill.

J. DENHAM.

## UPON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

Fletcher, to thee, we do not only owe  
 All these good plays, but those of others too :  
 Thy wit repeated, does support the stage,  
 Credits the last, and entertains this age.  
 No worthies form'd by any muse, but thine,  
 Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine :  
 What brave commander is not proud to see  
 Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry !  
 Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn  
 Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn :  
 Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,  
 Sees thy Aspatia weeping in her gown.  
 I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,  
 Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid ;  
 And when I venture at the comic style,  
 Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil :  
 Thus has thy muse, at once, improved and marr'd  
 Our sport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard.  
 So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw  
 The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo  
 So far, but that the best are measuring casts,  
 Their emulation and their pastime lasts ;  
 But if some brawny yeoman of the guard  
 Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,  
 Or more, beyond the farthest mark, the rest  
 Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

EDM. WALLER.

## TO FLETCHER REVIVED.

How have I been religious ! What strange good  
 Has 'scaped me, that I never understood !  
 Have I hell-guarded heresy o'erthrown !  
 Heal'd wounded states ! made kings and kingdoms one !  
 That Fate should be so merciful to me,  
 To let me live to have said, " I have read thee."  
 Fair star, ascend ! the joy, the life, the light  
 Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight !  
 Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame  
 May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name  
 (Like holy flamens to their god of day)  
 We, bowing, sing ; and whilst we praise, we pray.  
 Bright spirit ! whose eternal motion  
 Of wit, like time, still in itself did run ;  
 Binding all others in it, and did give  
 Commission, how far this, or that, shall live :  
 Like Destiny, thy poems ; who, as she  
 Signs death to all, herself can never die.

And now thy purple-robed tragedy,  
 In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye,  
 Where brave Aëtius we see betray'd,  
 To obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd ;  
 Whilst that the mighty fool his sceptre breaks,  
 And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doom speaks ;  
 Weaving thus richly Valentinian,  
 The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.

Soldiers may here to their old glories add,  
 The Lover love, and be with reason Mad :

[VALENTINIAN.]

[MAD LOVER.]

Not as of old Alcides furious,  
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house ;  
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone)  
'Twas thought the monster roar'd the sob'rer tone.

But ah ! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire  
With passions black as is her dark attire,  
Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see  
So white a soul, so red a cruelty ;  
That thou hast grieved, and, with unthought redress,  
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless ;  
Yet, loth to lose thy watery jewel, when  
Joy wiped it off, laughter strait sprung't again.

[TRAGI-COMEDIER.

[ARCAS.

[BELLARIO.

Now ruddy-cheeked Mirth with rosy wings  
Fans ev'ry brow with gladness, whilst she sings  
Delight to all ; and the whole theatre  
A festival in Heaven doth appear.

[COMEDIER.

[SPANISH CURATE.

[HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

Nothing but pleasure, love ; and (like the morn)  
Each face a general smiling doth adorn.

[TAMER TAMED.

[LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Hear, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air  
Of stews and shores, I will inform you where,  
And how to clothe aright your wanton wit,  
Without her nasty bawd attending it.

[CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

\* View here a loose thought said with such a grace,  
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face ;  
So well disguised, that 'twas conceived by none  
But Cupid had Diana's linen on ;  
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express  
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness ;  
That if this reformation which we  
Received, had not been buried with thee,  
The stage, as this work, might have lived and loved ;  
Her lines the austere scarlet had approved ;  
And the actors wisely been from that offence  
As clear, as they are now from audience.

Thus with thy genius did the scene expire,  
Wanting thy active and enlivening fire,  
That now (to spread a darkness over all)  
Nothing remains but poesy to fall.  
And though from these thy embers we receive  
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live ;  
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head  
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e'er read ;  
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,  
And feast each other with rememb'ring it ;  
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite :  
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

RICH. LOVELOCK.

## UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

What ! now the stage is down, dar'st thou appear,  
Bold Fletcher, in this tottering hemisphere ?  
Yes ; poets are like palms, which, the more weight  
You cast upon them, grow more strong and streight.  
'Tis not Jove's thunderbolt, nor Mars his spear,  
Or Neptune's angry trident, poets fear.  
Had now grim Ben been breathing, with what rage  
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd the age ;  
Shakspeare with Chapman had grown mad, and torn  
Their gentle sock, and lofty buskins worn,

To make their muse welter up to the chin  
 In blood ; of feigned scenes no need had been ;  
 England, like Lucian's eagle, with an arrow  
 Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorough,  
 Had been a theatre and subject fit  
 To exercise in real truths their wit :  
 Yet none like high-winged Fletcher had been found  
 This eagle's tragic destiny to sound ;  
 Rare Fletcher's quill had soared up to the sky,  
 And drawn down gods to see the tragedy.  
 Live, famous dramatist, let every spring  
 Make thy bay flourish, and fresh bourgeons bring ;  
 And since we cannot have thee trod o' th' stage,  
 We will applaud thee in this silent page.

JA. HOWELL, P.C.C.

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ON THE EDITION.

Fletcher (whose fame no age can ever waste ;  
 Envy of ours, and glory of the last)  
 Is now alive again ; and with his name  
 His sacred ashes waked into a flame ;  
 Such as before did by a secret charm  
 The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm ;  
 And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,  
 Dispensing thus to either heat and light.

He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,  
 Whom love, or beauty, never could persuade ;  
 And in each moved spectator could beget  
 A real passion by a counterfeit :  
 When first Bellario bled, what lady there  
 Did not for every drop let fall a tear !  
 And when Aspatia wept, not any eye  
 But seem'd to wear the same sad livery ;  
 By him inspired, the feign'd Lucina drew  
 More streams of melting sorrow than the true ;  
 But then the Scornful Lady did beguile  
 Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.

Thus he affections could or raise or lay ;  
 Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey ;  
 He Nature taught her passions to out-do,  
 How to refine the old, and create new ;  
 Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,  
 As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept  
 In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept ;  
 Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,  
 Had not the dying scene expired his name ;  
 Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come ;  
 Thrice welcome by this *post-limnium*.  
 His loss preserv'd him ; they, that silenced Wit,  
 Are now the authors to eternize it ;  
 Thus poets are in spite of Fate revived,  
 And plays by intermission longer-lived.

THO. STANLEY.



## ON THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

Wonder ! who's here ! Fletcher, long buried,  
 Revived ! 'Tis he ! he's risen from the dead ;  
 His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,  
 Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound.  
 And may he not, if rightly understood,  
 Prove plays are lawful ! he hath made them good.  
 Is any *Lover Mad* ? See, here's *Love's Cure* ;  
 Unmarried ! to a *Wife* he may be sure,  
 A rare one, for a *Month* ; if she displease,  
 The *Spanish Curate* gives a writ of ease.  
 Enquire the *Custom of the Country*, then  
 Shall the *French Lawyer* set you free again.  
 If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill,  
 (One of the *Inn*, the other of the *Mill*)  
 That th' *Lovers' Progress* stopt, and they defamed,  
 Here's that makes *Women Pleased*, and *Tamer Tamed*.  
 But who then plays the *Coxcomb* ? or will try  
 His *Wit at several Weapons*, or else die !  
 Nice *Valour*, and he doubts not to engage  
 The *Noble Gentleman in Love's Pilgrimage*,  
 To take revenge on the *False One*, and run  
 The *Honest Man's Fortune*, to be undone  
 Like *Knight of Malta*, or else *Captain* be,  
 Or th' *Humorous Lieutenant* ; go to *Sea*  
 (A *Voyage* for to starve) he's very loth,  
 Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath,  
 That then the *Loyal Subject* may have leave  
 To lie from *Beggar's Bush*, and undeceive  
 The creditor, discharge his debts ; why so,  
 Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe !  
 Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance*,  
 When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,  
 And once more make this kingdom as of late,  
 The *Island Princess*, and we celebrate  
 A *Double Marriage* ; every one to bring  
 To Fletcher's memory his offering,  
 That thus at last unsequesters the stage,  
 Brings back the silver and the golden age !

ROBERT GARDINER.

## TO THE MANES OF THE CELEBRATED POETS AND FELLOW-WRITERS, FRANCIS BEAUMONT

AND JOHN FLETCHER,

## UPON THE PRINTING OF THEIR EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POEMS.

Disdain not, gentle shades, the lowly praise  
 Which here I tender your immortal bays :  
 Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I  
 Strive to eternize you, that cannot die.  
 And though no language rightly can commend  
 What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd,  
 Yet let me wonder at those curious strains  
 (The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)  
 Which drew the gods' attention ; who admired  
 To see our English stage by you inspired :  
 Whose chiming muses never fail'd to sing  
 A soul-affecting music, ravishing  
 Both ear and intellect ; while you do each  
 Contend with other who shall highest reach

In rare invention ; conflicts, that beget  
 New strange delight, to see two fancies met,  
 That could receive no foil ; two wits in growth  
 So just, as had one soul informed both.  
 Thence (learned Fletcher) sung the muse alone,  
 As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.  
 In whom, as thou, had he out-lived, so he  
 (Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.

What though distempers of the present age  
 Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage !  
 You shall be gainers by't ; it shall confer  
 To th' making the vast world your theatre ;  
 The press shall give to every man his part,  
 And we will all be actors ; learn by heart  
 Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,  
 Unimitable both for art and wit ;  
 And at each exit, as your fancies rise,  
 Our hands shall clap deserved plaudities.

JOHN WEBB.

## ON MR. BEAUMONT.

*(Written thirty years since, presently after his death.)*

Beaumont lies here ; and where now shall we have  
 A muse like his to sigh upon his grave !  
 Ah ! none to weep this with a worthy tear,  
 But he that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.  
 Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse  
 As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearer !  
 A monument that will then lasting be,  
 When all her marble is more dust than she.  
 In thee all's lost : A sudden dearth and want  
 Hath seized on Wit, good epitaphs are scant ;  
 We dare not write thy elegy, whilst each fears  
 He ne'er shall match that copy of thy tears.  
 Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he  
 Scarce lives the third part of his age to see ;  
 But quickly taken off, and only known,  
 Is in a minute shut as soon as shewn.  
 Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain  
 In such a piece, to dash it straight again !  
 Why should she take such work beyond her skill,  
 Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill !  
 Alas, what is't to temper slime or mire !  
 But Nature's puzzled, when she works in fire :  
 Great brains, like brightest glass, crack straight, while those  
 Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows :  
 And we their ancient hoary heads can see,  
 Whose wit was never their mortality :  
 Beaumont dies young, so Sidney died before,  
 There was not poetry he could live to more ;  
 He could not grow up higher ; I scarce know  
 If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,  
 Were't not in thee, that hadst arrived the height  
 Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.  
 Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,  
 Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,  
 Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,  
 Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,  
 Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,  
 Such wit untainted with obscenity,

And these so unaffectedly express'd,  
 All in a language purely-flowing drest ;  
 And all so born within thyself, thine own,  
 So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,  
 I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein  
 Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again ;  
 Such in his time was he, of the same piece,  
 The smooth, even, natural wit, and love of Greece.  
 Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,  
 Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth ;  
 And I am sorry we have lost those hours  
 On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,  
 And dwell not more on thee, whose every page  
 May be a pattern for their scene and stage.  
 I will not yield thy works so mean a praise ;  
 More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays,  
 Nor with that dull supineness to be read,  
 To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.  
 How do the muses suffer every where,  
 Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears,  
 That, 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,  
 And with their rheum together spawl a verse !  
 This all a poem's leisure, after play,  
 Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day.  
 Whilst even their very idleness, they think,  
 Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.  
 Pity their dulness ; we that better know,  
 Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.  
 Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,  
 As well as Plautus, Aristophanes !  
 Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,  
 Were scurril wits and buffoons both to thee ;  
 Yet these our learned of severest brow  
 Will deign to look on, and to note them too,  
 That will defy our own ; 'tis English stuff,  
 And th' author is not rotten long enough.  
 Alas ! what phlegm are they, compared to thee,  
 In thy Philaster, and Maid's Tragedy !  
 Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray !  
 Let them put all their Thrasoes in one play,  
 He shall out-bid them ; their conceit was poor,  
 All in a circle of a bawd or whore,  
 A coz'ning Davus, take the fool away,  
 And not a good jest extant in a play.  
 Yet these are wits, because they're old, and now,  
 Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too :  
 But those their own times were content to allow  
 A thriftier fame, and thine is lowest now.  
 But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown  
 Six ages older, shalt be better known ;  
 When thou'rt of Chaucer's standing in the tomb,  
 Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOHN EARLE.

## ON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

*Now at length printed.*

Great pair of authors, whom one equal star  
 Begot so like in genius, that you are  
 In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,  
 That no man knows where to divide your wit,  
 Much less your praise : You, who had equal fire,  
 And did each other mutually inspire ;  
 Whether one did contrive, the other write,  
 Or one framed the plot, the other did indite ;  
 Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,  
 Or th' one disposed what th' other did express :  
 Where'er your parts between yourselves lay, we,  
 In all things which you did, but one thread see ;  
 So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,  
 That art with nature ne'er did smother run.  
 Where shall I fix my praise then ? or what part  
 Of all your numerous labours hath desert,  
 More to be famed than other ? Shall I say  
 I've met a lover so drawn in your play,  
 So passionately written, so inflamed,  
 So jealously enraged, then gently tamed,  
 That I, in reading, have the person seen,  
 And your pen hath part stage and actor been ?  
 Or shall I say that I can scarce forbear  
 To clap, when I a captain do meet there ; [BASSUS.  
 So lively in his own vain humour drest,  
 So braggingly, and like himself exprest,  
 That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,  
 Saw, blush'd, departed, guilty and betray'd ?  
 You wrote all parts right ; whatsoe'er the stage  
 Had from you, was seen there as in the age,  
 And had their equal life : Vices which were  
 Manners abroad, did grow corrected there :  
 They who possess a box, and half-crown spent  
 To learn obscenity, return'd innocent,  
 And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whose chaste scene  
 Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,  
 That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came  
 To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.  
 Be't to your praise too, that your stock and vein  
 Held both to tragic and to comic strain ;  
 Where'er you listed to be high and grave,  
 No buskin shew'd more solemn ; no quill gave  
 Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes ;  
 Spectators sate parts in your tragedies.  
 And where you listed to be low and free,  
 Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy ;  
 So piercing (where you pleased) hitting a fault,  
 That humours from your pen issued all salt.  
 Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,  
 As to be but two halves, and make one wit ;  
 But as some things, we see, have double cause,  
 And yet the effect itself from both whole draws ;  
 So, though you were thus twisted and combined,  
 As [in] two bodies to have but one fair mind,  
 Yet, if we praise you rightly, we must say,  
 Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.  
 For that you could write singly, we may guess  
 By the divided pieces which the press  
 Hath severally sent forth ; nor were join'd so,  
 Like some our modern authors made to go

One merely by the help of th' other, who  
 To purchase fame do come forth one of two ;  
 Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick  
 The other into shape ; nor did one stick  
 The other's cold inventions with such wit,  
 As served, like spice, to make them quick and fit ;  
 Nor, out of mutual want, or emptiness,  
 Did you conspire to go still twins to th' press ;  
 But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth  
 As good from each, and stored with the same worth  
 That thus united them ; You did join sense ;  
 In you 'twas league, in others impotence ;  
 And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,  
 Sends us one poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE.

UPON THE REPORT OF THE PRINTING OF THE DRAMATICAL POEMS OF  
 MASTER JOHN FLETCHER,

*Never collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.*

Though when all Fletcher writ, and the entire  
 Man was indulged unto that sacred fire,  
 His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such  
 That 'twas his happy fault to do too much :  
 Who therefore wisely did submit each birth  
 To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth,  
 Working again until he said, 'twas fit,  
 And made him the sobriety of his wit.  
 Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,  
 And for that aid allow'd him half the name,  
 'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,  
 That both the sponge and pencil were his own ;  
 That himself judged himself, could singly do,  
 And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too :

Else we had lost his Shepherdess, a piece  
 Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece ;  
 Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,  
 Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet.  
 Where, dress'd in white expressions, sit bright loves,  
 Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves ;  
 A piece which Jonson in a rapture bid  
 Come up a glorified work ; and so it did.

Else had his muse set with his friend, the stage  
 Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age ;  
 The world had lost those rich exemplars, where  
 Art, language, wit, sit ruling in one sphere ;  
 Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,  
 As prophets' raptures do above our dreams ;  
 Where, in a worthy scorn, he dares refuse  
 All other gods, and makes the thing his muse ;  
 Where he calls passions up, and lays them so,  
 As spirits, awed by him to come and go ;  
 Where the free author did whate'er he would,  
 And nothing will'd but what a poet should.

No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,  
 The strength's ingenious, and the vigour clean ;  
 None can prevent the fancy, and see through  
 At the first opening ; all stand wond'ring how  
 The thing will be, until it is ; which thence,  
 With fresh delight still cheats, still takes the sense ;

The whole design, the shadows, the lights, such  
 That none can say he shews or hides too much :  
 Business grows up, ripen'd by just encrease,  
 And by as just degrees again doth cease ;  
 The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,  
 And the nice points of time are met, and snatch'd ;  
 Nought later than it should, nought comes before,  
 Chemists and calculators do err more :  
 Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,  
 The inward substance, and the outward face,  
 All kept precisely, all exactly fit ;  
 What he would write, he was before he writ.  
 'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakspeare's lighter sound,  
 His muse so steer'd, that something still was found,  
 Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,  
 That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known ;  
 Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike  
 All palates some way, though not all alike :  
 The god of numbers might his numbers crown,  
 And, listning to them, wish they were his own.  
 Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit  
 Durst yet produce : that is, what Fletcher writ !

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

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ANOTHER.

Fletcher, though some call it thy fault that wit  
 So overflow'd thy scenes, that e'er 'twas fit  
 To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain  
 To bid thee be more dull ; that's, write again,  
 And bate some of thy fire ; which from thee came  
 In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame ;  
 And, after all, (finding thy genius such)  
 That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,  
 Added his sober sponge : and did contract  
 Thy plenty to less wit, to make't exact :  
 Yet we, through his corrections, could see  
 Much treasure in thy superfluity ;  
 Which was so filed away, as, when we do  
 Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewel too ;  
 Or as men use to wash gold, which we know  
 By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.  
 They who do on thy works severely sit,  
 And call thy store the over-births of wit,  
 Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when  
 Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen  
 Had no fault but abundance, which did lay  
 Out in one scene what might well serve a play ;  
 And hence do grant that what they call excess,  
 Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,  
 From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide,  
 Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.  
 For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind  
 In stricter numbers, and run so confined  
 As to observe the rules of art, which away  
 In the contrivance of a true-born play,  
 Those works proclaim which thou didst write retired  
 From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspired.  
 Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,  
 Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit ;

But, like to Durer's pencil, which first knew  
 The laws of faces, and then faces drew,  
 Thou knew'st the air, the colour, and the place,  
 The symmetry, which gives a poem grace.  
 Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do  
 Shew thou hadst wit, and mathematics too :  
 Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,  
 And didst beget just comedies from thence :  
 Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,  
 That they, (their own Blackfriars) unacted, breathe.  
 Jonson hath writ things lasting and divine,  
 Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compared to thine,  
 Are cold and frosty, and express love so,  
 As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow ;  
 Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,  
 Which burn, and reign, in noble lovers' hearts,  
 Hast clothed affections in such native tines,  
 And so described them in their own true fires,  
 Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,  
 Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,  
 Such grants after denials, such pursuits  
 After despair, such amorous recruits,  
 That some, who sat spectators, have confest  
 Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest :  
 And felt such shafts steal through their captived sense,  
 As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.  
 Nor was thy style wholly composed of groves,  
 Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves ;  
 When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,  
 In that kind, came into the world all mirth,  
 All point, all edge, all sharpness ; we did sit  
 Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightly wit,  
 Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt  
 In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.  
 Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies  
 I' th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,  
 Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town  
 In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the clown ;  
 Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,  
 And which made bawdry pass for comical.  
 Nature was all his art ; thy vein was free  
 As his, but without his scurrility ;  
 From whom mirth came unforced, no jest perplex'd,  
 But, without labour, clean, chaste, and unvex'd.  
 Thou wert not like some ; our small poets, who  
 Could not be poets, were not we poets too ;  
 Whose wit is pilf'ring, and whose vein and wealth  
 In poetry lies merely in their stealth ;  
 Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,  
 Their rack in writing, who do write for alms ;  
 Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,  
 But to their benefactors' dole aspires.  
 Nor hadst thou the sly trick thyself to praise  
 Under thy friends' names ; or, to purchase bays,  
 Didst write stale commendations to thy book,  
 Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took :  
 That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he  
 Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

## TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

*(Then living.)*

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,  
 That unto me dost such religion use !  
 How I do fear myself, that am not worth  
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth !  
 At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,  
 And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.  
 What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves !  
 What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives  
 When even there, where most thou praisest me  
 For writing better, I must envy thee.

BEN JONSON.

## UPON MR. FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

Apollo sings, his harp resounds : give room,  
 For now behold the golden pomp is come,  
 Thy pomp of plays which thousands come to see,  
 With admiration both of them and thee.  
 Oh, volume ! worthy, leaf by leaf, and cover,  
 To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over ;  
 Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,  
 To raise an act to full astonishment ;  
 Here melting numbers, words of power to move  
 Young men to swoon, and maids to die for love.  
*Love lies a-bleeding* here ; *Eradne* there  
 Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where :  
 Here's a *Mad Lover*, there that high design  
 Of *King and no King*, and the rare plot thine,  
 So that whene'er we circumsolve our eyes,  
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties  
 Ravish our spirits, that entranced we see  
 None writes love's passions in the world like thee.

ROB. HERRICK.

## ON THE HAPPY COLLECTION OF MR. FLETCHER'S WORKS,

*Never before printed.*

Fletcher, arise ! usurpers share thy bays,  
 They canton thy vast wit to build small plays :  
 He comes ! his volume breaks through clouds and dust ;  
 Down, little wits ! ye must refund, ye must.

Nor comes he private ; here's great Beaumont too :  
 How could one single world encompass two !  
 For these coheirs had equal power to teach  
 All that all wits both can and cannot reach.  
 Shakspeare was early up, and went so drest  
 As for those dawning hours he knew was best ;  
 But, when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit  
 To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.  
 Now, now, 'twas perfect ; none must look for new,  
 Manners and scenes may alter, but not you ;  
 For yours are not mere humours, gilded strains ;  
 The fashion lost, your massy sense remains.

Some think your wits of two complexions framed,  
 That one the sock, th' other the buskin, claim'd ;  
 That, should the stage embattle all its force,  
 Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.



But you were both for both ; not semi-wits,  
 Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits :  
 Ye are not two faculties, and one soul still,  
 He th' understanding, thou the quick free-will ;  
 Not as two voices in one song embrace,  
 Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,  
 Two, full, congenial souls ; still both prevail'd ;  
 His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impaled :  
 Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,  
 Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in't ;  
 Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,  
 Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again ;  
 Stamp't both your names upon't at one bold hit,  
 Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.

Thus twins : But as when Fate one eye deprives,  
 That other strives to double, which survives,  
 So Beaumont died ; yet left in legacy  
 His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee.  
 Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,  
 A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full-moon.  
 Joint love before, now honour, doth provoke ;  
 So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,  
 One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,  
 Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.  
 Imperial Fletcher ! here begins thy reign ;  
 Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain ;  
 Thy swift-dispatching soul no more doth stay,  
 Than he that built two cities in one day ;  
 Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,  
 To feed poor languid wits that wait at door ;  
 Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above-ground stood ;  
 (For creatures have most feet, which have least blood)  
 But thou art still that bird of paradise,  
 Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies ;  
 Rich, lusty sense, such as the poet ought ;  
 For poems, if not excellent, are nought ;  
 Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes ;  
 If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman-prose,  
 That such may spell, as are not readers grown ;  
 To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.

Brave Shakspeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,  
 Often above himself, sometimes below ;  
 Thou always best ; if aught seem'd to decline,  
 'Twas the unjudging route's mistake, not thine ;  
 Thus thy fair Shepherdess, which the bold heap  
 (False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheap,  
 Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd ;  
 At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.

Some blast thy works, lest we should track their walk,  
 Where they steal all those few good things they talk ;  
 Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,  
 For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon ;  
 But (as stolen goods go off at half their worth)  
 Thy strong sense palls, when they purloin it forth.  
 When didst thou borrow ! where's the man e'er read  
 Aught begg'd by thee from those alive or dead !  
 Or from dry goddesses ! as some, who, when  
 They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men ;  
 Thou wast thine own muse, and hadst such vast odds,  
 Thou out-writ'st him whose verse made all those gods :  
 Surpassing those our dwarfish age up rears,  
 As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in years :

Thy ocean fancy knew nor banks nor dams ;  
 We ebb down dry to pebble-anagrams ;  
 Dead and insipid, all despairing sit ;  
 Lost to behold this great relapse of wit :  
 What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)  
 Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.

Such boist'rous trifles thy muse would not brook,  
 Save when she'd shew how scurvily they look ;  
 No savage metaphors (things rudely great)  
 Thou dost display, nor butcher a conceit ;  
 Thy nerves have beauty which invades and charms ;  
 Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.

Nor art thou loud and cloudy ; those, that do  
 Thunder so much, do't without lightning too ;  
 Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain  
 To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean ;  
 Such gloomy sense may pass for high and proud,  
 But true-born wit still flies above the cloud ;  
 Thou knew'st 'twas impotence, what they call height ;  
 Who blusters strong i' th' dark, but creeps i' th' light.

And as thy thoughts were clear, so, innocent ;  
 Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent ;  
 Slander'st not laws, prophan'st no holy page  
 (As if thy father's crosier awed the stage ;)  
 High crimes were still arraign'd ; tho' they made shift  
 To prosper out four acts, were plagued i' th' fift :  
 All's safe and wise ; no stiff affected scene,  
 Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full natural vein ;  
 Thy sense (like well-drest ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,  
 Not all unlaced, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd ;  
 Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,  
 But strength and mirth ; Fletcher's a sanguine wit.

Thus, two great consul-poets all things sway'd,  
 Till all was English born or English made :  
 Mitre and coif here into one piece spun,  
 Beaumont a judge's, this a prelate's son.  
 What strange production is at last display'd,  
 Got by two fathers, without female aid !  
 Behold, two masculines espoused each other ;  
 Wit and the world were born without a mother.

J. BERKENHEAD.

UPON THE EVER-TO-BE-ADMIR'D MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS PLAYS.

What's all this preparation for ! or why  
 Such sudden triumphs ! Fletcher, the people cry !  
 Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run  
 Claret, as here the spouts flow Helicon :  
 See, every sprightly muse, dress'd trim and gay,  
 Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way.

Thus th' outward yard set round with bays we've seen,  
 Which from the garden hath transplanted been ;  
 Thus, at the prætor's feast, with needless costs,  
 Some must be employ'd in painting of the posts ;  
 And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,  
 Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.  
 Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,  
 To have had his cook in *Rollo* serve them in !

Fletcher, the king of poets ! such was he,  
 That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty ;

And may he that denies it, learn to blush  
At's *Loyal Subject*, starve at's *Beggar's Bush* ;  
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,  
Turn o'er to's *Coxcomb*, and the *Wild-Goose Chase*.  
Monarch of wit ! great magazine of wealth !  
From whose rich bank, by a Promethean stealth,  
Our lesser flames do blaze ! His the true fire,  
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.  
'Twas first believed, because he always was  
The *ipse dixit*, and Pythagoras  
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run  
(By the same dreamt-of transmigration)  
Into their rude and indigested brain,  
And so inform their chaos-lump again ;  
For many specious brats of this last age  
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.  
This roused his rage, to be abused thus,  
Made's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.  
Thus ends-of-gold-and-silver-men are made  
(As th' use to say) goldsmiths of his own trade ;  
Thus rag-men from the dung-hill often hop,  
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop.  
But by his own light, now, we have descried  
The dross, from that hath been so purely tried.  
Proteus of wit ! who reads him doth not see  
The manners of each sex, of each degree !  
His full-stored fancy doth all humours fill,  
From th' *Queen of Corinth* to the *Maid o' th' Mill* ;  
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Prophetess*,  
Shew he was all and every one of these ;  
He taught (so subtly were their fancies seized)  
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Pleased*.  
Parnassus is thine own ; claim it as merit,  
Law makes the *Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. HILLS.

UPON THE UNPARALLELED PLAYS WRITTEN BY THOSE RENOWNED TWINS OF POETRY,  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

What's here ! another library of praise,  
Met in a troop to advance contemned plays,  
And bring exploded wit again in fashion !  
I can't but wonder at this reformation.  
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,  
To see my hopes into fruition bud.  
A happy chemistry ! blest viper ! Joy !  
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way !  
Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,  
In spite of ignorance, the architect  
Of occidental poesy ; and turn  
Gods, to recal Wit's ashes from their urn.  
Like huge Colosses, they've together knit  
Their shoulders to support a world of wit.  
The tale of Atlas (though of truth it miss)  
We plainly read mythologized in this !  
Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories  
Made Athens famous, are but allegories.  
'Tis Poetry has power to civilize  
Men, worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.  
I cannot chuse but think (now things so fall)  
That Wit is past its climacterical ;

And though the Muses have been dead and gone,  
I know they'll find a resurrection.

'Tis vain to praise ; they're to themselves a glory,  
And silence is our sweetest oratory.  
For he, that names but Fletcher, must needs be  
Found guilty of a loud hyperbole.  
His fancy so transcendently aspires,  
He shews himself a wit, who but admires.

Here are no volumes stuff'd with chevrel sense,  
The very anagrams of eloquence ;  
Nor long long-winded sentences that be,  
Being rightly spell'd, but wit's stenography ;  
Nor words as void of reason as of rhyme,  
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.  
But here's a magazine of purest sense,  
Cloath'd in the newest garb of eloquence :  
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins  
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet high strains.  
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it  
Does say, 'twas writ by a gemini of wit.

How happy is our age ! how blest our men !  
When such rare souls live themselves o'er again.  
We err, that think a poet dies ; for this  
Shews, that 'tis but a metempsychosis.  
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see  
Above the reach of dull mortality,  
Or power of fate : And thus the proverb hits,  
(That's so much cross'd) These men live by their wits.

ALEXR. BROME.

#### ON THE DEATH AND WORKS OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

My name, so far from great, that 'tis not known,  
Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own ;  
And no rude hand, or feeble wit, should dare  
To vex thy shrine with an unlearned tear.

I'd have a state of wit convoked, which hath  
A power to take up on common faith ;  
That, when the stock of the whole kingdom's spent  
In but preparative to thy monument,  
The prudent council may invent fresh ways  
To get new contribution to thy praise ;  
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit ;  
Which must give life and monument to it.

So when, late, Essex died, the public face  
Wore sorrow in't ; and to add mournful grace  
To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,  
The commonwealth served at his funeral,  
And by a solemn order built his hearse ;  
—But not like thine, built by thyself in verse,  
Where thy advanced image safely stands  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.  
Base hands, how impotently you disclose  
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learned ashes, whose  
Defaced statua and martyr'd book,  
Like an antiquity and fragment look,  
*Nonnulla derunt's* legibly appear,  
So truly now Camden's Remains lie there.  
Vain malice ! how he mocks thy rage, while breath  
Of Fame shall speak his great Elizabeth !  
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath ;  
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.

Thus princes' honours ; but wit only gives  
A name which to succeeding ages lives.

Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,  
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name.  
Hence we thus bold to praise : For as a vine,  
With subtle wreath and close embrace, doth twine  
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots,  
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots ;  
About its arms the thankful clusters cling  
Like bracelets, and with purple ammelling  
The blue-cheek'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,  
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear.  
So grow our praises by thy wit ; we do  
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show.  
And but thy male wit, like the youthful sun,  
Strongly begets upon our passion,  
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,  
Thou yet unwept, and yet unpraised might'st be.  
But they're imperfect births ; and such are all  
Produced by causes not univocal,  
The scapes of Nature, passives being unfit :  
And hence our verse speaks only mother-wit.

Oh, for a fit o' th' father ! for a spirit  
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit ;  
For but a spark of that diviner fire,  
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire ;  
That souls could be divided, thou traduce  
But a small particle of thine to us !  
Of thine ; which we admired when thou didst sit  
But as a joint-commissioner in wit ;  
When it had plummets hung on to suppress  
Its too luxuriant growing mightiness :  
Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,  
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone ;  
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star,  
Thou wert the intelligence did move that sphere.  
Thy fury was composed ; Rapture no fit  
That hung on thee ; nor thou far gone in wit  
As men in a disease ; thy fancy clear,  
Muse chaste, as those flames whence they took their fire ;  
No spurious composures amongst thine,  
Got in adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.

And as the hermetical physicians draw  
From things that curse of the first-broken law,  
That *ens venenum* which extracted thence  
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence :  
So was thy spirit calcined ; no mixtures there  
But perfect, such as next to simples are.  
Not like those meteor-wits which wildly fly  
In storm and thunder through the amazed sky ;  
Speaking but th' ills and villainies in a state,  
Which fools admire, and wise men tremble at,  
Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall  
Oft 'scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall.  
Nature used all her skill, when thee she meant  
A wit at once both great and innocent.

Yet thou hadst tooth ; but 'twas thy judgment, not  
For mending one word a whole sheet to blot.  
Thou couldst anatomise with ready art,  
And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' th' heart.  
Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path  
By which Ambition climb'd to greatness hath ;

Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,  
 How near they were their periods and dates ;  
 Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,  
 And the grown seas of that great storm assuage ;  
 Dethrone usurping tyrants and place there  
 The lawful prince and true inheriter ;  
 Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth  
 Of policy, which who but knows he sinn'th,  
 Save thee, who un-infected didst walk in't,  
 As the great genius of government.  
 And when thou laidst thy tragic buskin by,  
 To court the stage with gentle comedy,  
 How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd  
 In rich variety, how neatly dress'd  
 In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit  
 Shined in the face and every limb of it !  
 The stage grew narrow while thou grew'st to be  
 In thy whole life an excellent comedy.  
 To these a virgin-modesty, which first met  
 Applause with blush and fear, as if he yet  
 Had not deserved ; till bold with constant praise  
 His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.  
 Nor would he ravish Fame ; but left men free  
 To their own vote and ingenuity.  
 When his fair Shepherdess, on the guilty stage,  
 Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage ;  
 At which the impatient virtues of those few  
 Could judge, grew high, cried *murder* ! though he knew  
 The innocence and beauty of his child,  
 He only, as if unconcerned, smiled.  
 Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace,  
 Each line and beauty of that injured face ;  
 And on th' united parts breathed such a fire  
 As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.  
 Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,  
 Till every hand did help to set it on,  
 He came to be sole monarch, and did reign  
 In Wit's great empire, absolute sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED, BUT EVER-LIVING AUTHOR, IN THESE HIS POEMS,  
 MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

On the large train of Fletcher's friends let me  
 (Retaining still my wonted modesty)  
 Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,  
 As follower to the muse's followers.  
 Many here are of noble rank and worth  
 That have, by strength of art, set Fletcher forth  
 In true and lively colours, as they saw him,  
 And had the best abilities to draw him ;  
 Many more are abroad, that write, and look  
 To have their lines set before Fletcher's book ;  
 Some, that have known him too ; some more, some less ;  
 Some only but by hearsay, some by guess ;  
 And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,  
 To try how well their wits would shew in print.  
 You, that are here before me, gentlemen,  
 And princes of Parnassus by the pen,  
 And your just judgments of his worth, that have  
 Preserved this author's memory from the grave,

And made it glorious ; let me, at your gate,  
 Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late,  
 And are unfit to enter. Something I  
 Will deserve here : for, where you versify  
 In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,  
 I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhyme.  
 I am admitted. Now, have at the rout  
 Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out.  
 Bear back, my masters ; pray keep back ; forbear :  
 You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.  
 You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,  
 Find entertainment at the next impression.  
 But let none then attempt it, that not know  
 The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe :  
 All such must be excluded ; and the sort,  
 That only upon trust, or by report,  
 Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim  
 To have their verses planted before him :  
 Let them read first his works, and learn to know him ;  
 And offer, then, the sacrifice they owe him.  
 But far from hence be such as would proclaim  
 Their knowledge of this author, not his fame ;  
 And such, as would pretend, of all the rest,  
 To be the best wits that have known him best.  
 Depart hence, all such writers, and before  
 Inferior ones thrust in, by many a score ;  
 As formerly, before Tom Coryate,  
 Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate  
 To perish : For the witty copies took  
 Of his encomiums made themselves a book.  
 Here's no such subject for you to out-do,  
 Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too  
 In other spheres :) for Fletcher's flourishing bays  
 Must never fade, while Phoebus wears his rays.  
 Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.  
 Why, what are you, (cry some) that prate to us !  
 Do not we know you for a flashy meteor !  
 And styled (at best) the muses' serving-creature !  
 Do you control ! Ye've had your jeer : Sirs, no ;  
 But, in an humble manner, let you know,  
 Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit  
 To inform young masters, as in land, in wit,  
 What they inherit ; and how well their dads  
 Left one, and wish'd the other to their lads.  
 And, from departed poets, I can guess  
 Who has a greater share of wit, who less.  
 'Way, fool ! another says. I let him rail,  
 And, 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,  
 Till, with his swingle, he his noddle break,  
 While this of Fletcher, and his works, I speak ;  
 His works ! (says Momus) nay, his plays, you'd say :  
 Thou hast said right, for that to him was play  
 Which was to others' brains a toil : With ease  
 He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas.  
 His nimble births have longer lived than theirs  
 That have, with strongest labour, divers years  
 Been sending forth the issues of their brains  
 Upon the stage ; and shall, to th' stationers' gains,  
 Life after life take, till some after-age  
 Shall put down printing, as this doth the stage ;  
 Which nothing now presents unto the eye,  
 But in dumb-shows her own sad tragedy.

'Would there had been no sadder works abroad,  
 Since her decay, acted in fields of blood !  
 But to the man again, of whom we write,  
 The writer that made writing his delight,  
 Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,  
 To beget wit, or manage it ; nor trudge  
 To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,  
 Or steal, some jests to foist into a scene :  
 He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know  
 The common talk ; that from his lips did flow,  
 And run at waste, did savour more of wit,  
 Than any of his time, or since, have writ  
 (But few excepted) in the stage's way :  
 His scenes were acts, and every act a play.  
 I knew him in his strength ; even then, when he,  
 That was the master of his art and me,  
 Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him son,)  
 In friendly envy swore he had out-done  
 His very self. I knew him till he died ;  
 And, at his dissolution, what a tide  
 Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage ; which gave  
 VOLLIES of sighs to send him to his grave,  
 And grew distracted in most violent fits,  
 For she had lost the best part of her wits.  
 In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,  
 Of good King Charles, who graced these poems well,  
 Being then in life of action : But they died  
 Since the king's absence ; or were laid aside,  
 As is their poet. Now, at the report  
 Of the king's second coming to his court,  
 The books creep from the press to life, not action ;  
 Crying unto the world, that no protraction  
 May hinder sacred majesty to give  
 Fletcher, in them, leave on the stage to live.  
 Others may more in lofty verses move,  
 I only thus express my truth and love.

RICH. BROME.

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UPON THE PRINTING OF MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

What means this numerous guard ! or, do we come  
 To file our names, or verse, upon the tomb  
 Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known  
 His wit, betray the nothing of our own !  
 For, if we grant him dead, it is as true  
 Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now ;  
 Or if he be return'd from his cool shade  
 To us, this book his resurrection's made :  
 We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive  
 By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.  
 But let him live ! and let me prophesy,  
 As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh :  
 A balm unto the wounded age I sing,  
 And nothing now is wanting but the king.

JA. SHIRLEY.



## TO MY WORTHY AUTHOR, MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

The wise and many-headed bench, that sits  
 Upon the life and death of plays, and wits,  
 (Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,  
 Lady, or *pucelle*, that wears mask or fan,  
 Velvet, or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark  
 With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,  
 That may judge for his sixpence,) had, before  
 They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play ; and, more,  
 Their motives were, since it had not to do  
 With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.  
 I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,  
 And wish that all the muses' blood were spilt  
 In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,  
 Do crown thy murdered poem ; which shall rise  
 A glorified work to time, when fire  
 Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MR. JOHN FLETCHER, CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL BRING  
BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

There are no sureties, good friend, will be taken  
 For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken.  
 A poem and a play too ! Why, 'tis like  
 A scholar that's a poet : their names strike  
 Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,  
 And kill outright ; one cannot both fates bear.  
 But, as a poet that's no scholar makes  
 Vulgarly his whiffler, and so takes  
 Passage with ease and state through both sides preas  
 Of pageant seers : or as scholars please  
 That are no poets, more than poets learn'd,  
 (Since their art solely is by souls discern'd ;  
 The others' falls within the common sense,  
 And sheds, like common light, her influence :)  
 So were your play no poem, but a thing  
 That every cobbler to his patch might sing,  
 A rout of nifies, like the multitude,  
 With no one limb of any art endued ;  
 Like would to like, and praise you. But, because  
 Your poem only hath by us applause,  
 Renews the golden world, and holds through all  
 The holy laws of homely pastoral,  
 Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,  
 And all the graces find their old abodes ;  
 Where forests flourish but in endless verse,  
 And meadows, nothing fit for purchasers :  
 This iron age, that eats itself, will never  
 Bite at your golden world, that others ever  
 Loved as itself. Then, like your book, do you  
 Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

G. CHAPMAN.

# THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.

LYSIPOUS, *Brother to the King.*

AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*

MELANTIVS, } *Brothers to Evadne.*

DIPHILUS, }

CALLANAX, *an old humorous Lord, and Father to Aspasia.*

CLEON, } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO, }

DIAGORAS, *a Servant to Callanax.*

EVADNE, *Sister to Melantivus.*

ASPATIA, *troth-plight Wife to Amintor.*

ANTIPHILA, } *Waiting-Gentlewomen to Aspasia.*

OLYMPIAS, }

DULA, *Waiting-Woman to Evadne.*

Ladies.

NIGHT,

CYNTHIA, }

NEPTUNE, } *Masquers.*

EOLUS,

Sea Gods,

SCENE,—THE CITY OF RHODES.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEON, STRATO, LYSIPOUS, and DIPHILUS.*

Cleon. The rest are making ready, sir.

Lys. So let them;

There's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; We'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry:

What think'st thou of the masque? will it be well?

Strat. As well as masque can be.

Lys. As masque can be?

Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise

Of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom  
In person of some god. They are tied to rules  
Of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

*Enter MELANTIVS.*

Lys. Noble Melantivus! the land, by me,  
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.  
Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!  
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;  
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here.  
He will be too kind, and weary thee  
With often welcomes. But the time doth give thee  
A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd  
limbs of mine

Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,  
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the  
It ever was to you: Where I find worth, [same  
I love the keeper till he let it go,  
And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!

He, that rejoices not at your return  
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art  
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms [faulty;

With me at Patria: Thou camest not, Diphilus;—  
'Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse  
Is my king's strict command; which you, my lord,  
Can witness with me.

Lys. 'Tis true, Melantivus;  
He might not come, till the solemnity—  
Of this great match was past.

Diph. Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes. I have given cause to those that envy  
My deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:  
I have no other business here at Rhodes.

Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must  
A soldier's measure. [tread

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:  
The music must be shrill, and all confused,  
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.  
But is Amintor wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.  
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:  
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;  
And one that never thinks his life his own,  
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,  
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,  
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,  
And view me round, to find in what one limb  
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel  
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand  
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years  
Will see it all perform'd.

*Enter ASPATIA.*

Hail, maid and wife!  
Thou fair Aspasia, may the holy knot  
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand  
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race

Unto Amintor, that may fill the world  
Successively with soldiers!

*Asp.* My hard fortunes

Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud  
When they were good.

*Mel.* How's this?

*Lys.* You are mistaken,  
For she is not married.

*Mel.* You said Amintor was.

*Diph.* 'Tis true; but—

*Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive  
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,  
That he should marry her.

*Diph.* And so it stood

In all opinion long; but your arrival  
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

*Mel.* Who hath he taken then?

*Lys.* A lady, sir,  
That bears the light about her, and strikes dead  
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,  
Your virtuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them!  
But this is strange.

*Lys.* The king my brother did it  
To honour you; and these solemnities  
Are at his charge.

*Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad  
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound  
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage  
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,  
Bent long against me; and he should not think,  
If I could call it back, that I would take  
So base revenges, as to scorn the state  
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still  
His greatness with the king?

*Lys.* Yes. But this lady  
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes  
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods  
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank  
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell  
Her servants what a pretty place it were  
To bury lovers in; and make her maids  
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corpse.  
She carries with her an infectious grief,  
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing  
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,  
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest  
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,  
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room  
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,  
Bring forth a story of the silent death  
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief  
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,  
She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.

*Mel.* She has a brother under my command,  
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;  
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown  
The number of his years.

*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Cl.* My lord, the bridegroom!

*Mel.* I might run fiercely, not more hastily,  
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;  
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;  
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;  
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech  
Cuts off my love.

*Amin.* Thou art Melantius;  
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,  
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd

In safety! Victory sits on his sword,  
As she was wont: May she build there and dwell;  
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,  
Only thy valour and thine innocence!  
What endless treasures would our enemies give,  
That I might hold thee still thus!

*Mel.* I am but poor

In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother  
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee  
After long absence: All the wounds I have  
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,  
And that was war.

*Amin.* Pardon, thou holy god

Of marriage bed, and frown not, I am forced,  
In answer of such noble tears as those,  
To weep upon my wedding-day.

*Mel.* I fear thou'rt grown too fickle; for I hear  
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;  
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.

*Amin.* She had my promise; but the king for-  
bade it,

And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,  
Accompanied with graces far above her;  
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,  
And grow old in her arms.

*Mel.* Be prosperous!

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, the masquers rage for you.

*Lys.* We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—  
[*Exit* CLEON, STRATO, and DIPHILOS.]

*Amin.* We'll all attend you.—We shall trouble  
With our solemnities. [you]

*Mel.* Not so, Amintor:

But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,  
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress  
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,  
I have a mistress, and she has a heart  
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;  
There is no place that I can challenge in't.  
But you stand still, and here my way lies.

[*Exit* severally.]

SCENE II.—A large Hall in the same, with a  
Gallery full of Spectators.

*Enter CALIANAX, with DIAGORAS at the Door.*

*Cal.* Diagoras, look to the doors better for  
shame; you let in all the world, and anon the king  
will rail at me—why, very well said—by Jove, the  
king will have the show i' th' court.

*Diag.* Why do you swear so, my lord? You  
know, he'll have it here.

*Cal.* By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

*Diag.* And if he will not be wise, you are for-  
sworn.

*Cal.* One may wear out his heart with swea-  
ring, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—loo-  
to't who will.

*Diag.* My lord, I shall never keep them out  
Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

*Cal.* My looks terrify them, you coxcombs as  
you! I'll be judged by all the company whether  
thou hast not a worse face than I.

*Diag.* I mean, because they know you and your  
office.

*Cal.* Office! I would I could put it off; I as-  
sure I sweat quite through my office. I might

have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her among them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will. [Exit.]

*Diag.* He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! Codes, codes! [Knock within.] What now?

*Mel. [within.]* Open the door.

*Diag.* Who's there?

*Mel. [within.]* Melantius.

*Diag.* I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

[Opens the door. Persons endeavour to rush in.]

*Enter MELANTIUS and a Lady.*

*Mel.* None but this lady, sir.

*Diag.* The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

*Mel.* I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

[Exit with the Lady into the gallery.]

*Diag.* Stand back there!—Room for my lord Melantius!—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [Shuts the door.]—So, now thrust and bang. [Knocking.] Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

[Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

*Diag.* If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [Knocking.]—Again! who is't?

*Mel. [within.]* Melantius.

*Enter CALIANAX.*

*Cal.* Let him not in.

*Diag.* O, my lord, I must.—Make room there for my lord.

*Enter MELANTIUS.*

Is your lady placed? [To MELANTIUS.]

*Mel.* Yes, sir.

I thank you.—My Lord Calianax, well met.

Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

*Cal.* Yes, I do service for your sister here, That brings my own poor child to timeless death; She loves your friend Amintor; such another False-hearted lord as you.

*Mel.* You do me wrong, A most unmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance! But be well advised.

*Cal.* It may be so.—Who placed the lady there, So near the presence of the king?

*Mel.* I did.

*Cal.* My lord, she must not sit there.

*Mel.* Why?

*Cal.* The place is kept for women of more worth.

*Mel.* More worth than she? It misbecomes your age,

And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear! What you have spoke, I am content to think The palsy shook your tongue to.

*Cal.* Why, 'tis well

If I stand here to place men's wenches.

*Mel.* I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week, Thou hast to live, away from thee.

*Cal.* Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.

*Mel.* Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood, He lies, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen Was black and sinful to her.

*Diag.* Good my lord!

*Mel.* Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,

That I may kill him and not stain mine honour.

It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace

They shall be braved by such ignoble men,

As, if the land were troubled, would with tears

And knees beg succour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,

That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,

Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee

Apt to say less, or able to maintain,

Should'st at thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought

But a place privileged to do men wrong.

*Cal.* Ay, you may say your pleasure.

*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Amin.* What vile injury

Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow

To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

*Mel.* That heap of age, which I should reverence If it were temperate; but testy years Are most contemptible.

*Amin.* Good sir, forbear.

*Cal.* There is just such another as yourself.

*Amin.* He will wrong you, or me, or any man,

And talk as if he had no life to lose,

Since this our match. The king is coming in:

I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,

He should perceive you raging. He did hear

You were at difference now, which hastened him.

*Cal.* Make room there! [Hautboys play within.]

*Enter King, EVADNE, ASPATIA, Lords and Ladies.*

*King.* Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love

Is with thee still: But this is not a place

To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.

*Cal.* He shall not have my hand.

*King.* This is no time

To force you to it. I do love you both:

Calianax, you look well to your office;

And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—

Begin the masque!

*Mel.* Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice.

You look'd with my eyes when you took that man: Be happy in him! [Recorders play.]

*Evad.* O, my dearest brother!

Your presence is more joyful than this day

Can be unto me.

#### THE MASQUE.

NIGHT rises in mists.

*Night.* Our reign is come; for in the raging sea

The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.

Bright Cynthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,

For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.

Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,

But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,

And send a beam upon my swarthy face;

By which I may discover all the place

And persons, and how many longing eyes

Are come to wait on our solemnities.

*Enter CYNTHIA.*

How dull and black am I ! I could not find  
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.  
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern streaks  
That warn us hence, before the morning breaks !  
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how  
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

*Cynth.* Great queen, they be a troop for whom  
alone

One of my clearest moons I have put on ;  
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I  
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid by,  
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear  
Brighter than we.

*Night.* Then let us keep 'em here ;  
And never more our chariots drive away,  
But hold our places and outshine the day.

*Cynth.* Great queen of shadows, you are pleased  
to speak

Of more than may be done : We may not break  
The gods' decrees ; but, when our time is come,  
Must drive away, and give the day our room.  
Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our power  
To give our servants one contented hour,  
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,  
As may for ever after force them hate  
Our brother's glorious beams ; and wish the night  
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light :  
For almost all the world their service bend  
To Phoebus, and in vain my light I lend ;  
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise  
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

*Night.* Then shine at full, fair queen, and by  
thy power

Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,  
Of nymphs and shepherds : Let their songs discover,

Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.  
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,  
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,  
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away,  
And of this long night let him make a day.

*Cynth.* Thou dream'st, dark queen ; that fair  
boy was not mine,

Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine  
Have bred these bold tales : Poets, when they rage,  
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.  
But I will give a greater state and glory,  
And raise to time a noble memory  
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,  
Thou power of deeps ; thy surges laid away,  
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me  
Be proud to be commanded.

*NEPTUNE rises.*

*Nept.* Cynthia, see,  
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither : Let me know  
Why I ascend ?

*Cynth.* Dost this majestic show  
Give thee no knowledge yet ?

*Nept.* Yes, now I see  
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.  
Go on : I'll be a helper.

*Cynth.* Hie thee then,  
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.  
Let loose thy subjects ; only Boreas,  
Too foul for our intention, as he was,  
Still keep him fast chain'd : we must have none  
here  
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear ;

Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bow  
sing

Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring :  
These are our music. Next, thy watery race  
Bring on in couples (we are pleased to grace  
This noble night,) each in their richest things  
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.  
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,  
And shine at full upon you.

*Nept.* Ho ! the wind-  
Commanding Æolus !

*Enter ÆOLUS out of a Rock.*

*Æol.* Great Neptune ?

*Nept.* He.

*Æol.* What is thy will ?

*Nept.* We do command thee free  
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait  
Upon our Cynthia ; but tie Boreas straight ;  
He's too rebellious.

*Æol.* I shall do it.

*Nept.* Do.—

*[Exit ÆOLUS into the rock and re-enters]*

*Æol.* Great master of the flood, and all below  
Thy full command has taken.—Ho ! the Main  
Neptune !

*Nept.* Here.

*Æol.* Boreas has broke his chain,  
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.

*Nept.* Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea ;  
He will not long be thence. Go once again,  
And call out of the bottoms of the main  
Blue Proteus, and the rest ; charge them put on  
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stor  
The beaten rock breeds ; till this night is done  
By me a solemn honour to the moon.  
Fly, like a full sail.

*Æol.* I am gone.

*Cynth.* Dark Night,  
Strike a full silence ; do a thorough right  
To this great chorus ; that our music may  
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east break d  
At mid-night. [Muz]

#### SONG.

Cynthia, to thy power and thee,

We obey.

Joy to this great company !

And no day

Come to steal this night away,

Till the rites of love are ended ;

And the lusty bridegroom say,

Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watery powers below ;

Let your feet,

Like the galleys when they row,

Even beat.

Let your unknown measures, set

To the still winds, tell to all,

That gods are come, immortal, great,

To honour this great nuptial.

*[The Measure by the Sea-gees]*

#### SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done :

The day will come too soon ;

Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,

And leav'st their losses open to the day :

Stay, stay, and hide

The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover  
The kisses of her lover.  
Stay, and comfort her tears, and her shrill cryings,  
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;  
Stay, and hide all:  
But help not, though she call.

*Nept.* Great queen of us and Heaven,  
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,  
If not o'ermeasure.

*Cynth.* Speak, sea's king.

*Nept.* The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,  
When they will dance upon the rising wave,  
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play  
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.

[Measure.]

## SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,  
And lay her by her husband's side;  
Bring in the virgins every one,  
That grieves to lie alone;  
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;  
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.  
Hesperus be long a-shining,  
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

*Eol.* Ho! Neptune!

*Nept.* Æolus!

*Eol.* The sea goes high,  
Boreas hath raised a storm: Go and apply  
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day  
Many a tall ship will be cast away.  
Descend with all the gods, and all their power,  
To strike a calm.

*Cynth.* A thanks to every one, and to gratulate  
So great a service, done at my desire,  
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher  
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare

To let the day see where your dwellings are.  
Now back unto your government in haste,  
Lest your proud charge should swell above the  
waste,  
And win upon the island.

*Nept.* We obey.

[NEPTUNE descends, and the Sea-gods.]

*Cynth.* Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st  
thou not Day?

The east begins to lighten: I must down,  
And give my brother place.

*Night.* Oh, I could frown  
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light  
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!  
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see  
Another wild-fire in his axletree;  
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot; speak, queen.  
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.

*Cynth.* Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see  
A greater light, a greater majesty,  
Between our set and us! Whip up thy team!  
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam  
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou go?

*Night.* I'll vanish into mists.

*Cynth.* I into day.

[Exeunt.]

## THE MASQUE ENDS.

*King.* Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride  
to bed.—

We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amintor;  
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.  
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.  
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,  
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.

*Amin.* All happiness to you.

*King.* Good night, Melantius.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Antechamber to EVADNE'S Bed-  
Room in the Palace.

*Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.*

*Dula.* Madam, shall we undress you for this  
fight?

The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.

*Evad.* You are very merry, Dula.

*Dula.* I should be merrier far, if 'twere  
With me as 'tis with you.

*Evad.* How's that?

*Dula.* That I might go to bed with him  
With the credit that you do.

*Evad.* Why, how now, wench?

*Dula.* Come, ladies, will you help?

*Evad.* I am soon undone.

*Dula.* And as soon done:

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

*Evad.* Art thou drunk, Dula?

*Dula.* Why, here's none but we.

*Evad.* Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty  
When we're alone.

*Dula.* Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts

*Evad.* You prick me, lady. [aright.]

*Dula.* 'Tis against my will.

Anon you must endure more, and lie still;  
You're best to practise.

*Evad.* Sure, this wench is mad.

*Dula.* No, 'faith, this is a trick that I have had  
Since I was fourteen.

*Evad.* 'Tis high time to leave it.

*Dula.* Nay, now I'll keep it, till the trick leave  
A dozen wanton words, put in your head, [me.  
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.

*Evad.* Nay, 'faith, then take it.

*Dula.* Take it, madam? where?

We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.

*Evad.* Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.

*Dula.* So will I make

The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.

*Evad.* Wilt take my place to-night?

*Dula.* I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I

*Evad.* What wilt thou do? [know.]

*Dula.* Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave

*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part. [play too.]

*Dula.* I will refuse it.

She will pluck down a side; she does not use it.

*Evad.* Why, do.

*Dula.* You will find the play

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

*Evad.* I thank thee, Dula. 'Would thou could'st  
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! [instil]

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:  
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

*Dula.* She is in love : Hang me, if I were so,  
But I could run my country. I love, too,  
To do those things that people in love do.

*Asp.* It were a timeless smile should prove my  
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh, [cheek :  
When at the altar the religious priest  
Were pacifying the offended powers  
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been  
My night ; and all your hands have been employed  
In giving me a spotless offering  
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now  
For you. Pardon, Evadne ; 'would my worth  
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,  
Or both, thought so ! Perhaps he found me worth-  
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine, [less :  
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words  
That art or love could frame. If he were false,  
Pardon it, Heaven ! and if I did want  
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too ;  
For I have lost none that I had from you.

*Evad.* Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

*Asp.* Would I could !

Then should I leave the cause.

*Evad.* See, if you have not spoil'd all *Dula's*  
mirth.

*Asp.* Thou think'st thy heart hard ; but if thou  
be'st caught,  
Remember me ; thou shalt perceive a fire  
Shot suddenly into thee.

*Dula.* That's not so good ; let 'em shoot any  
But fire, I fear 'em not. [thinking

*Asp.* Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

*Evad.* Ladies, good-night : I'll do the rest

*Dula.* Nay, let your lord do some. [myself.

*Asp.* [Sings.] Lay a garland on my hearse,  
Of the dismal yew.

*Evad.* That's one of your sad songs, madam.

*Asp.* Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

*Evad.* How is it, madam ?

#### SONG.

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse,  
Of the dismal yew ;  
Maidens, willow branches bear ;  
Say I died true :  
My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth !

*Evad.* Fie on't, madam ! The words are so  
strange, they are able to make one dream of hob-  
goblins. "I could never have the power : " Sing  
that, *Dula*.

#### SONG.

*Dula.* I could never have the power  
To love one above an hour,  
But my heart would prompt mine eye  
On some other man to fly ;  
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,  
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

*Evad.* So, leave me now.

*Dula.* Nay, we must see you laid.

*Asp.* Madam, good-night. May all the mar-  
riage joys

That longing maids imagine in their beds,  
Prove so unto you ! May no discontent  
Grow 'twixt your love and you ! But, if there do,  
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan ;

Teach you an artificial way to grieve,  
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord  
No worse than I : but if you love so well,  
Alas, you may displease him ; so did I.  
This is the last time you shall look on me.—  
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,  
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse ;  
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,  
To offer at it when I go to earth.  
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round ;  
Write on my brow my fortune ; let my bier  
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course.  
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

*Evad.* Alas, I pity thee.

[Exit EVADNE.]

*All.* Madam, good night.

*1 Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

*Dula.* Where's my lord ?

Enter AMINTOR.

*1 Lady.* Here, take this light.

*Dula.* You'll find her in the dark.

*1 Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet ; you  
must help her.

*Asp.* Go, and be happy in your lady's love.  
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,  
Be utterly forgotten in my death !  
I'll trouble you no more ; yet I will take  
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.  
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep  
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself  
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself  
Into this willow garland, and am prouder  
That I was once your love, though now refused,  
Than to have had another true to me.  
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try  
Some yet-unpractised way to grieve and die. [Exit

*Dula.* Come, ladies, will you go ?

*All.* Good-night, my lord.

*Amin.* Much happiness unto you all !—

[Exit Ladies]

I did that lady wrong : Methinks, I feel  
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.  
Mine eyes run : This is strange at such a time.  
It was the king first moved me to't ;—but he  
Has not my will in keeping.—Why do I  
Perplex myself thus ? Something whispers me,  
"Go not to bed." My guilt is not so great  
As mine own conscience, too sensible,  
Would make me think : I only break a promise,  
And 'twas the king that forced me.—Timor  
flesh,

Why shak'st thou so ?—Away, my idle fears !

Enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye  
Can blot away the sad remembrance  
Of all these things.—Oh, my *Evadne*, spare  
That tender body ; let it not take cold.  
The vapours of the night will not fall here :  
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us  
For being slack performers of his rites.  
Cam'st thou to call me ?

*Evad.* No.

*Amin.* Come, come, my love,  
And let us lose ourselves to one another.  
Why art thou up so long ?

*Evad.* I am not well.

*Amin.* To bed, then ; let me wind thee in th  
arms,  
Till I have banish'd sickness.

*Evad.* Good my lord,

I cannot sleep.

*Amin.* Evadne, we will watch ;

I mean no sleeping.

*Evad.* I'll not go to bed.

*Amin.* I pr'ythee do.

*Evad.* I will not for the world.

*Amin.* Why, my dear love ?

*Evad.* Why ? I have sworn I will not.

*Amin.* Sworn !

*Evad.* Ay.

*Amin.* How ! sworn, Evadne ?

*Evad.* Yes, sworn, Amintor ; and will swear

If you will wish to hear me. [again,

*Amin.* To whom have you sworn this ?

*Evad.* If I should name him, the matter were not great.

*Amin.* Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.

*Evad.* The coyness of a bride ?

*Amin.* How prettily that frown becomes thee !

*Evad.* Do you like it so ?

*Amin.* Thou canst not dress thy face in such a But I shall like it. [look,

*Evad.* What look likes you best ?

*Amin.* Why do you ask ?

*Evad.* That I may show you one less pleasing

*Amin.* How's that ? [to you.

*Evad.* That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

*Amin.* I pr'ythee, put thy jests in milder looks ; It shows as thou wert angry.

*Evad.* So, perhaps,

I am indeed.

*Amin.* Why, who has done thee wrong ?

Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,

Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.

*Evad.* Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,

Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me :

Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,

Or in the life to come, are light as air

To a true lover when his lady frowns,

And bids him do this. Will thou kill this man ?

Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin

Off from thy lips.

*Amin.* I will not swear, sweet love,

Till I do know the cause.

*Evad.* I would thou would'st.

Why, it is thou that wrong'st me ; I hate thee ;

Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.

*Amin.* If I should know that, I should quickly The man you hated. [kill

*Evad.* Know it then, and do't.

*Amin.* Oh, no ; what look see'st thou shalt put

To try my faith, I shall not think thee false : [on

I cannot find one blemish in thy face,

Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.

If you have sworn to any of the virgins,

That were your old companions, to preserve

Your maidenhead a night, it may be done

Without this means.

*Evad.* A maidenhead, Amintor,

At my years ?

*Amin.* Sure, she raves !—This cannot be

Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids ?

Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,

Or else some fever rages in thy blood.

*Evad.* Neither, Amintor : Think you I am mad, Because I speak the truth ?

*Amin.* Will you not lie with me to-night ?

*Evad.* To-night ! you talk as if I would hereafter

*Amin.* Hereafter ! yes, I do.

*Evad.* You are deceived.

Put off amazement, and with patience mark

What I shall utter ; for the oracle

Knows nothing truer : 'tis not for a night,

Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

*Amin.* I dream ! Awake, Amintor !

*Evad.* You hear right.

I sooner will find out the beds of snakes, And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh, Letting them curl themselves about my limbs, Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd, Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.

*Amin.* Is flesh so earthly to endure all this ?

Are these the joys of marriage ? Hymen, keep

This story (that will make succeeding youth

Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears ;

Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,

To after-ages : We will scorn thy laws,

If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart

Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world

Shall know, there's not an altar that will smoke

In praise of thee ; we will adopt us sons ;

Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.

If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,

Serving ourselves as other creatures do ;

And never take note of the female more,

Nor of her issue.—I do rage in vain ;

She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love !

So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,

That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear ;

It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,

To be in doubt : Confirm it with an oath,

If this be true.

*Evad.* Do you invent the form :

Let there be in it all the binding words

Devils and conjurers can put together,

And I will take it. I have sworn before,

And here, by all things holy, do again,

Never to be acquainted with thy bed.

Is your doubt over now ?

*Amin.* I know too much. Would I had doubted

Was ever such a marriage night as this ! [still !

Ye powers above, if you did ever mean

Man should be used thus, you have thought away

How he may bear himself, and save his honour.

Instruct me in it ; for to my dull eyes

There is no mean, no moderate course to run :

I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.

Is there a third ? Why is this night so calm ?

Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,

And drown her voice ?

*Evad.* This rage will do no good.

*Amin.* Evadne, hear me : Thou hast ta'en an

But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were [oath,

Worse than to swear it : Call it back to thee ;

Such vows as those never ascend the Heaven ;

A tear or two will wash it quite away.

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,

If thou be pitiful ; for, without boast,

This land was proud of me. What lady was there,

That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,

That would have shunn'd my love ? It is in thee

To make me hold this worth. Oh ! we vain men,

That trust out all our reputation,

To rest upon the weak and yielding hand

Of feeble woman ! But thou art not stone ;

Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell



The spirit of love ; thy heart cannot be hard.  
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,  
To all the joys thou hast ; I know thou wilt ;  
And make me careful, lest the sudden change  
O'ercome my spirits.

*Evad.* When I call back this oath,  
The pains of hell environ me !

*Amin.* I sleep, and am too temperate ! Come  
to bed !

Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul  
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear  
About their arms—

*Evad.* Why, so, perhaps, they are.

*Amin.* I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy  
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh [tongue  
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life !

*Evad.* I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st  
to me !

Every ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,  
Thou show'st to me, will be revenged at full.

*Amin.* It will not, sure, *Evadne* ?

*Evad.* Do not you hazard that.

*Amin.* Have you your champions ?

*Evad.* Alas, *Amintor*, think'st thou I forbear  
To sleep with thee, because I have put on  
A maiden's strictness ? Look upon these cheeks,  
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood  
Unapt for such a vow. No ; in this heart  
There dwells as much desire, and as much will  
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet  
Was known to woman ; and they have been shown,  
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth  
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er  
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.  
I do enjoy the best, and in that height  
Have sworn to stand or die : You guess the man.

*Amin.* No : let me know the man that wrongs  
That I may cut his body into motes, [me so,  
And scatter it before the northern wind.

*Evad.* You dare not strike him.

*Amin.* Do not wrong me so.

Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,  
That it were death to touch, I have a soul  
Will throw me on him.

*Evad.* Why, it is the king.

*Amin.* The king !

*Evad.* What will you do now ?

*Amin.* 'Tis not the king !

*Evad.* What did he make this match for, dull  
*Amintor* ?

*Amin.* Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes  
away

All thoughts revengeful ! In that sacred name,  
"The king," there lies a terror. What frail man  
Dares lift his hand against it ? Let the gods  
Speak to him when they please : till when let us  
Suffer, and wait.

*Evad.* Why should you fill yourself so full of  
And haste so to my bed ? I am no virgin. [heat,

*Amin.* What devil put it in thy fancy, then,  
To marry me ?

*Evad.* Alas, I must have one  
To father children, and to bear the name  
Of husband to me, that my sin may be  
More honourable.

*Amin.* What a strange thing am I !

*Evad.* A miserable one ; one that myself  
Am sorry for.

*Amin.* Why, show it then in this :  
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,

Kill me ; and all true lovers, that shall live  
In after-ages cross'd in their desires,  
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good ;  
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,  
To rid a ling'ring wretch.

*Evad.* I must have one

To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead ;  
Else, by this night, I would : I pity thee.

*Amin.* These strange and sudden injuries have  
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense [fallen  
Of what they are. Methinks I am not wrong'd :  
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world  
I can but hide it. Reputation !

Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast shown  
An impudence so high, that to the world,  
I fear, thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

*Evad.* To cover shame, I took thee ; never fear  
That I would blaze myself.

*Amin.* Nor let the king

Know I conceive he wrongs me ; then mine honour  
Will thrust me into action, though my flesh  
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease  
To me in these extremes, that I knew this  
Before I touch'd thee ; else had all the sins  
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,  
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.  
I have left one desire : 'tis not his crown  
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,  
He has dishonoured thee. Give me thy hand ;  
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close ;  
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor  
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors  
May think we did as married people use.  
And, prythee, smile upon me when they come,  
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased  
With what we did.

*Evad.* Fear not ; I will do this.

*Amin.* Come, let us practise : and as wantonly  
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,  
Let's laugh and enter here.

*Evad.* I am content.

*Amin.* Down all the swellings of my troubled  
heart !

When we walk thus entwined, let all eyes see  
If ever lovers better did agree. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Citadel.

Enter *ASPATIA*, *ANTIPHILA*, and *OLYMPIAS*.

*Asp.* Away, you are not sad ; force it no further.  
Good Gods, how well you look ! Such a full colour  
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new

*Ant.* Yes, madam, to your grief. [married !

*Asp.* Alas, poor wenches !

Go learn to love first ; learn to lose yourselves ;  
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless  
The double tongue that did it. Make a faith  
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,  
Such as speak truth, and died in't ; and, like me,  
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.

Did you ne'er love yet, wenches ? Speak, *Olympias* ;

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

*Olym.* Never.

*Asp.* Nor you, *Antiphila* ?

*Ant.* Nor I.

*Asp.* Then, my good girls, be more than women,  
wise :

At least be more than I was ; and be sure

You credit anything the light gives light to,  
Before a man. Rather believe the sea  
Weeps for the rain'd merchant, when he roars;  
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,  
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun  
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,  
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,  
(Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms  
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:  
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss  
Makes a long peace for all. But man,  
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!  
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,  
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;  
Just such another was the nymph Enone,  
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;  
And then thou art a piece expressing fully  
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,  
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes  
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,  
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,  
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?  
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god  
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench!  
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

*Ant.* Of Ariadne, madam?

*Asp.* Yes, that piece.—  
This should be Theseus; he has a cozening face:  
You meant him for a man?

*Ant.* He was so, madam.

*Asp.* Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look  
back:

You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus!  
Does not the story say, his keel was split,  
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other  
Met with his vessel?

*Ant.* Not as I remember.

*Asp.* It should have been so. Could the gods  
know this,

And not, of all their number, raise a storm?  
But they are all as ill! This false smile  
Was well express'd; just such another caught me!  
You shall not go [on] so, Antiphila:  
In this place work a quicksand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship plunging it; and then a Fear:  
Do that Fear to the life, wench.

*Ant.* 'Twill wrong the story.

*Asp.* 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton  
poets,  
Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady?

*Ant.* There, madam.

*Asp.* Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;

You are much mistaken, wench:  
These colours are not dull and pale enough  
To shew a soul so full of misery  
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;  
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,  
And you shall find all true but the wild island.  
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,  
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the

wind,  
Wild as that desert; and let all about me  
Be teachers of my story. Do my face  
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look  
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,  
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,  
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wench!  
A miserable life of this poor picture!

*Olym.* Dear madam!

*Asp.* I have done. Sit down; and let us  
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.  
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness  
Give us new souls.

*Enter CALIANAX.*

*Cal.* The king may do this, and he may not do  
it:

My child is wrong'd, disgraced.—Well, how now,  
huswives!

What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?

Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

*Olym.* Nay, good my lord.

*Cal.* You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and  
work!

What, are you grown so resty you want heats?  
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you  
shortly.

*Ant.* My lord, we do no more than we are  
charged.

It is the lady's pleasure we be thus  
In grief: she is forsaken.

*Cal.* There's a rogue too!

A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!  
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time  
Now to be valiant; I confess my youth  
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?  
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,  
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!  
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;  
I'll maul that rascal; he has out-braved me twice:  
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—  
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Antechamber to EVADNE'S Bedroom  
in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEON, STRATA, and DIPHILUS.*

*Cle.* Your sister is not up yet.

*Diph.* Oh, brides must take their morning's  
rest; the night is troublesome.

*Strata.* But not tedious.

*Diph.* What odds, he has not my sister's maiden-  
head to-night?

*Strata.* No; it's odds, against any bridegroom  
living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

*Diph.* You're merry with my sister; you'll  
please to allow me the same freedom with your  
mother.

*Strata.* She's at your service.

*Diph.* Then she's merry enough of herself; she  
needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

*Strata.* We shall interrupt them.

*Diph.* No matter; they have the year before

them.—Good-morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Amin.* Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.

Your sister is but now up.

*Diph.* You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:

I think you have not slept.

*Amin.* I'faith I have not.

*Diph.* You have done better, then.

*Amin.* We ventured for a boy: When he is twelve,

He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.  
Shall we be merry?

*Stra.* You cannot; you want sleep.

*Amin.* 'Tis true.—But she, *[Aside.]*  
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made  
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,  
So sweet and sound—

*Diph.* What's that?

*Amin.* Your sister frets

This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,  
As people on their headman. She does chafe,  
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks;  
She's in another world.

*Diph.* Then I had lost: I was about to lay  
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

*Amin.* Ha! he does not mock me? *[Aside.]*—

You had lost, indeed;

I do not use to bungle.

*Cleo.* You do deserve her.

*Amin.* I laid my lips to hers, and that wild  
breath,

That was so rude and rough to me last night,  
Was sweet as April.—I'll be guilty too,  
If these be the effects. *[Aside.]*

*Enter MELANTIUS.*

*Mel.* Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name  
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,  
And that is nearer.

*Amin.* Dear Melantius!

Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this?

*Amin.* 'Tis wond'rous strange!

*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict a view  
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here  
That is not thine.

*Amin.* I wonder, much, Melantius,  
To see those noble looks, that make me think  
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,  
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and  
honour;

Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,  
And every ill. But—

*Mel.* Stay, stay, my friend;  
I fear this sound will not become our loves.  
No more; embrace me.

*Amin.* Oh, mistake me not:  
I know thee to be full of all those deeds  
That we frail men call good; but, by the course  
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed  
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,  
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,  
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,  
And in an hour calls his billows up,  
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all  
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I  
To utter my sick thoughts! *[Aside.]*

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so by  
nature?

*Amin.* I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous  
thoughts

Enough for one whole family; and, 'tis strange  
That you should feel no want.

*Mel.* Believe me, this compliment's too cunning  
for me.

*Diph.* What should I be then, by the course of  
nature,

They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?

*Stra.* Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,  
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes  
down:

'Tis the prettiest sport!

*Amin.* Evadne!

*Evad.* *[within.]* My lord!

*Amin.* Come forth, my love!

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

*Evad.* I am not ready yet.

*Amin.* Enough, enough.

*Evad.* They'll mock me.

*Amin.* 'Faith, thou shalt come in.

*Enter EVADNE.*

*Mel.* Good-morrow, sister! He that understands  
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;  
You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.

*Diph.* Oh, sister, what have you done?

*Evad.* I done! why, what have I done?

*Stra.* My lord Amintor swears you are no maid  
now.

*Evad.* Pish!

*Stra.* I'faith, he does.

*Evad.* I knew I should be mock'd.

*Diph.* With a truth.

*Evad.* If 'twere to do again,  
In faith, I would not marry.

*Amin.* Nor I, by heaven!

*Diph.* Sister, Dula swears  
She heard you cry two rooms off.

*Evad.* Fie, how you talk!

*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth  
You are spoil'd.

*Mel.* Amintor!

*Amin.* Ha?

*Mel.* Thou art sad.

*Amin.* Who, I? I thank you for that.  
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

*Mel.* How!

*Amin.* Pr'ythee, let's.

*Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other way.

*Amin.* I am so lightened with my happiness!  
How dost thou, love? kiss me.

*Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

*Amin.* Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentle  
men,

'Would you had all such wives, and all the world,  
That I might be no wonder! You are all sad:  
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,  
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

*Mel.* 'Tis well you are so.

*Amin.* Well? how can I be other,  
When she looks thus?—Is there no music there?  
Let's dance.

*Mel.* Why, this is strange, Amintor!

*Amin.* I do not know myself; yet I could wish  
My joy were less.

*Diph.* I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

*Evad.* Amintor, hark. *[Aside.]*

*Amin.* What says my love?—I must obey.

*Evad.* You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.  
[*Apart to him.*]

*Cleo.* My lord, the king is here.

*Enter KING and LYRIPPUS.*

*Amin.* Where?

*Str.* And his brother.

*King.* Good morrow, all!—

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!

And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;

I must salute you; you are now another's.

How liked you your night's rest?

*Evad.* Ill, sir.

*Amin.* Ay, 'deed,

She took but little.

*Lys.* You'll let her take more,

And thank her too, shortly.

*King.* Amintor, wert

Thou truly honest till thou wert married.

*Amin.* Yes, sir.

*King.* Tell me, then, how shows the sport unto

*Amin.* Why, well. [thee?]

*King.* What did you do?

*Amin.* No more, nor less, than other couples use;

You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.

*King.* But, pr'ythee, I should think, by her black eye,

And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring  
In this same business; ha?

*Amin.* I cannot tell;

I ne'er try'd other, sir; but I perceive

She is as quick as you delivered.

*King.* Well, you will trust me then, Amintor,

To chase a wife for you again?

*Amin.* No, never, sir.

*King.* Why? like you this so ill?

*Amin.* So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And unto heaven will pay my grateful tribute

Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out

A long contented life together here,

And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:

For which the thanks are yours. But if the powers

That rule us please to call her first away,

Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife

Worthy to take her room.

*King.* I do not like this.—All forbear the room,  
But you, Amintor, and your lady.

[*Exeunt all but the KING, AMINTOR, and EVADNE.*]

I have some speech with you, that may concern

Your after living well.

*Amin.* [*aside.*] He will not tell me that he lies  
with her?

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,

For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine

To acts unlawful!

*King.* You will suffer me to talk with her,

Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?

*Amin.* Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom she

To talk, and not be jealous. [dares]

[*EVADNE and the KING speak apart.*]

*King.* How do you like

Amintor?

*Evad.* As I did, sir.

*King.* How is that?

*Evad.* As one that, to fulfil your will and plea-  
I have given leave to call me wife and love. [sure,

*King.* I see there is no lasting faith in sin;

They, that break word with heaven, will break again

With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

*Evad.* How, sir?

*King.* This subtle woman's ignorance

Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,

So great, methought, they did not well become

A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy

A man but me.

*Evad.* I never did swear so;

You do me wrong.

*King.* Day and night have heard it.

*Evad.* I swore indeed, that I would never love

A man of lower place; but, if your fortune

Should throw you from this height, I bade you  
trust

I would forsake you, and would bend to him

That won your throne: I love with my ambition,

Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet

Touch'd any other, leprosy light here

Upon my face; which for your royalty

I would not stain!

*King.* Why, thou dissemblest, and it is

In me to punish thee.

*Evad.* Why, 'tis in me,

Then, not to love you, which will more afflict

Your body than your punishment can mine.

*King.* But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.

*Evad.* I have not.

*King.* Impudence! he says himself so.

*Evad.* He lies.

*King.* He does not.

*Evad.* By this light he does,

Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so.

I did not shun him for a night; but told him,

I would never close with him.

*King.* Speak lower; 'tis false.

*Evad.* I am no man

To answer with a blow; or, if I were,

You are the king! But urge me not; 'tis most  
true.

*King.* Do not I know the uncontrolled thoughts

That youth brings with him, when his blood is

With expectation, and desire of that [high

He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,

Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain

As this our age hath known? What could he do,

If such a sudden speech had met his blood,

But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?

He could not bear it thus. He is as we,

Or any other wrong'd man.

*Evad.* 'Tis dissembling.

*King.* Take him! farewell! henceforth I am thy

foe;

And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.

*Evad.* Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.

—Amintor!

*Amin.* [*coming forward.*] What, my love?

*Evad.* Amintor, thou hast an ingenious look,

And shouldst be virtuous: It amazeth me,

That thou canst make such base malicious lies!

*Amin.* What, my dear wife!

*Evad.* Dear wife! I do despise thee.

Why, nothing can be baser than to sow

Dissention amongst lovers.

*Amin.* Lovers! who?

*Evad.* The king and me.

*Amin.* O, God!

*Evad.* Who should live long, and love with-  
out distaste,

Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.

Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be punish'd

In hell for this!

*Amin.* The faithless sin I made  
To fair Aspatia, is not yet revenged;  
It follows me.—I will not lose a word  
To this vile woman: But to you, my king,  
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,  
You are a tyrant! And not so much to wrong  
An honest man thus, as to take a pride  
In talking with him of it.

*Evad.* Now, sir, see  
How loud this fellow lied.

*Amin.* You that can know to wrong, should  
know how men

Must right themselves: What punishment is due  
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?  
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,  
Unless I send your limbs through all the land,  
To show how nobly I have freed myself.

*King.* Draw not thy sword: thou know'st I  
cannot fear

A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight  
Of this, if thou dost rage.

*Amin.* The weight of that!

If you have any worth, for Heaven's sake, think  
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,  
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
As you dare think to do it. But there is  
Divinity about you, that strikes dead  
My rising passions: As you are my king,  
I fall before you, and present my sword  
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.  
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude  
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,  
I might before the world take the excuse  
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,  
And they will well appear too sad a weight  
For reason to endure! But, fall I first  
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand  
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what  
I have to say) why did you chuse out me  
To make thus wretched? There were thousand  
Easy to work on, and of state enough, [fools  
Within the island.

*Evad.* I would not have a fool;  
It were no credit for me.

*Amin.* Worse and worse!

Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,  
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,  
Resolve to be so still—It is my fate  
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,  
To keep that little credit with the world!  
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en  
Another.

*King.* No: for I believe thee honest,  
As thou wert valiant.

*Amin.* All the happiness  
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.  
Gods, take your honesty again, for I  
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the king,  
Be private in it.

*King.* Thou may'st live, Amintor,  
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,  
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

*Amin.* A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A  
Seize me, if I forget not all respects [bitter curse  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,  
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call  
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!

*King.* Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;  
And so I leave you. [Exit KING.]

*Evad.* You must needs be prating;  
And see what follows.

*Amin.* Pr'ythee, vex me not!  
Leave me: I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murder on me.

*Evad.* I am gone;  
I love my life well. [Exit EVADNE.]

*Amin.* I hate mine as much.—  
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,  
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [Exit]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter MELANTIUS.

*Mel.* I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,  
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

*Cal.* O Melantius,  
My daughter will die.

*Mel.* Trust me, I am sorry.  
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!

*Cal.* Thou art a slave,  
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!  
*Mel.* Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard  
And lose thine offices. [to rave,

*Cal.* I am valiant grown,  
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!

*Mel.* Leave! Some company will come, and I  
respect

Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish  
To laugh at thee alone.

*Cal.* I'll spoil your mirth:  
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak!  
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.  
Are you prepared?

*Mel.* Why wilt thou dote thyself  
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed!  
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,  
And trouble not me: My head is full of thoughts,  
More weighty than thy life or death can be.

*Cal.* You have a name in war, where you stand  
Amongst a multitude; but I will try [safe  
What you dare do unto a weak old man,  
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.  
Come, draw.

*Mel.* I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy  
death

Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,  
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill  
me.

Tempt me not so far then: The power of earth  
Shall not redeem thee.

*Cal.* [aside.] I must let him alone:  
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,  
However I may set a face, and talk,  
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,  
I kept my credit with a testy trick

I had, 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.

*Mel.* I will not promise to preserve your life,  
If you do stay.

*Cal.* I should give half my land  
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.  
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him  
Till he ask'd me mercy.

*Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?

*Cal.* I dare not stay; but I'll go home, and beat  
My servants all over for this. [Exit CALIANAX.]

*Mel.* This old fellow haunts me!

But the distracted carriage of my Amintor  
Takes deeply on me : I will find the cause.  
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Amin.* Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive  
My inward misery : I bear my grief  
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then ?  
For aught I know, all husbands are like me ;  
And every one I talk with of his wife,  
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,  
As I am. 'Would I knew it ! for the rareness  
Afflicts me now.

*Mel.* Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,

For we were wont to change our souls in talk.

*Amin.* Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest  
Of Strato and a lady the last day.

*Mel.* How was't ?

*Amin.* Why, such an odd one !

*Mel.* I have long'd to speak with you ;  
Not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter  
You are bound to utter to me.

*Amin.* What is that, my friend ?

*Mel.* I have observed your words  
Fall from your tongue wildly ; and all your carriage  
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,  
When he were ill disposed : You were not wont  
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear  
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.  
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would  
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.  
What is it !

*Amin.* A sadness here ! what cause  
Can fate provide for me, to make me so ?  
Am I not loved through all this isle ? The king  
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received  
A lady to my bed, that in her eye  
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks  
Inevitable colour, in her heart  
A prison for all virtue ? Are not you,  
Which is above all joys, my constant friend ?  
What sadness can I have ? No ; I am light,  
And feel the courses of my blood more warm  
And stirring than they were. 'Faith, marry too :  
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy  
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed  
Appear another.

*Mel.* You may shape, Amintor,  
Causes to copen the whole world withal,  
And yourself too : but 'tis not like a friend,  
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature  
To be thus idle : I have seen you stand  
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth ;  
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy  
So coldly !—World, what do I hear ? a friend  
Is nothing. Heaven, I would have told that man  
My secret sins ! I'll search an unknown land,  
And there plant friendship ; all is wither'd here.  
Come with a compliment ! I would have fought,  
Or told my friend "he lied," ere sooth'd him so.  
Out of my bosom !

*Amin.* But there is nothing—

*Mel.* Worse and worse ! farewell !

From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

*Amin.* Melantius, stay : You shall know what  
it is.

*Mel.* See, how you play'd with friendship ! Be  
advised

How you give cause unto yourself to say,  
You have lost a friend.

*Amin.* Forgive what I have done ;  
For I am so o'ergone with injuries  
Unheard-of, that I lose consideration  
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh !

*Mel.* Do not weep.

What is it ? May I once but know the man  
Hath turn'd my friend thus !

*Amin.* I had spoke at first,  
But that—

*Mel.* But what ?

*Amin.* I held it most unfit

For you to know. 'Faith, do not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou see'st my love, that will keep com-  
pany

With thee in tears ! hide nothing, then, from me :

For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,

My resolution, and cut through my foes,

Unto thy quiet ; till I place thy heart

As peaceable as spotless innocence.

What is it ?

*Amin.* Why, 'tis this—It is too big  
To get out—Let my tears make way awhile.

*Mel.* Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he 'scape  
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this !

*Amin.* Your sister—

*Mel.* Well said.

*Amin.* You will wish't unknown,  
When you have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Amin.* Is much to blame,  
And to the king has given her honour up,  
And lives in whoredom with him.

*Mel.* How is this ?

Thou art run mad with injury, indeed ;  
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again ;  
For I forgive it freely ; tell thy griefs.

*Amin.* She's wanton : I am loth to say, " a  
[whore,"

*Mel.* Speak yet again, before mine anger grow  
Up, beyond throwing down : What are thy griefs ?

*Amin.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What, am I tame ?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend  
Blot all our family, and stick the brand  
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged ?  
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,  
With what unwillingness I go to scourge  
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend !—  
I will not take thee basely ; thy sword  
Hangs near thy hand ; draw it, that I may whip  
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword !

*Amin.* Not on thee, did thine anger swell as  
high

As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease  
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand  
Would cut me from my sorrows.

*Mel.* This is base

And fearful. They, that use to utter lies,  
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify  
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.

*Amin.* Thou pleasest me ; for so much more  
like this

Will raise my anger up above my griefs,  
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)  
And I shall then be happy.

*Mel.* Take then more,

To raise thine anger : 'Tis mere cowardice  
Makes thee not draw ; and I will leave thee dead,  
However. But if thou art so much press'd

With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight.  
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal  
Upon thy name for ever.

*Amin.* Then I draw,  
As justly as our magistrates their swords  
To cut offenders off. I knew before,  
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you  
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,  
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,  
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,  
I shall not long out-live you.

*Mel.* Stay awhile.—

The name of friend is more than family,  
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!  
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake  
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,  
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take  
My sleep away! 'Would I had died, ere known  
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend!  
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;  
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand  
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!  
I do believe my sister is a whore,  
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.

*Amin.* How shall I bear it then, she being so?  
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;  
And I shall do a foul act on myself,  
Through these disgraces.

*Mel.* Better half the land  
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;  
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,  
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so?

*Amin.* What is it then to me,  
If it be wrong to you?

*Mel.* Why, not so much:  
The credit of our house is thrown away.  
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,  
And hurl him on this king! My honesty  
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point  
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to look on.

*Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Dry up thy watery eyes,  
And cast a manly look upon my face;  
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,  
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!  
I go thus from thee, and will never cease  
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.

*Amin.* It must not be so. Stay!—Mine eyes  
would tell

How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,  
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded  
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought  
A secret from me, under name of friend,  
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture  
From out my bosom: Give it me again, [wrang  
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,  
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way  
To give it back.

*Mel.* Why would you have it back?  
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Amin.* Therefore I call it back from thee; for  
I know

Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,  
And shame me to posterity.  
Take to thy weapon!

*Mel.* Hear thy friend, that bears  
More years than thou.

*Amin.* I will not hear! but draw,  
Or I—

*Mel.* Amintor!

*Amin.* Draw then; for I am full as resolute  
As fame and honour can enforce me be!  
I cannot linger. Draw!

*Mel.* I do. But is not  
My share of credit equal with thine,  
If I do stir?

*Amin.* No; for it will be call'd  
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,  
If she her birth abuse; and, on the king,  
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd  
With patience in it, it will fix the name  
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

*Mel.* Then join with me.

*Amin.* I dare not do a sin, or else I would.  
Be speedy.

*Mel.* Then dare not fight with me; for that's a  
sin.—

His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,  
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,  
And see what that will work. I will not fight.

*Amin.* You must.

*Mel.* I will be kill'd first. Though my passions  
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth  
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,  
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)  
Almost besides yourself.

*Amin.* Oh, my soft temper!  
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,  
I am afraid, would make me take her  
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,  
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care  
Of me in what thou dost.

*Mel.* Why, thinks my friend  
I will forget his honour? or, to save  
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,  
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

*Amin.* A curse will follow that; but rather live  
And suffer with me.

*Mel.* I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no  
more.

*Amin.* Faith, I am sick, and desperately I hope;  
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

*Mel.* Come, take again your mirth about you.

*Amin.* I shall never do't.

*Mel.* I warrant you; look up; we'll walk toge-  
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again. [ther;

*Amin.* Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love,  
Melantius!

Why, I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry then.

[Exit

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

*Mel.* This worthy young man may do violence  
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him  
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me.  
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;  
My heart will never fail me.

Enter DIPHILOS.

Diphilus! Thou com'st as sent.

*Diph.* Yonder has been such laughing.

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Diph.* Why, our sister and the king;  
I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd  
Out of the room. [us all

*Mel.* They must weep, Diphilus.

*Diph.* Must they?

*Mel.* They must.

Thou art my brother; and if I did believe  
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,  
Lie where it durst.

*Diph.* You should not; I would first  
Mangle myself and find it.

*Mel.* That was spoke  
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands to  
And swear a firmness to what project I [mine,  
Shall lay before thee.

*Diph.* You do wrong us both:  
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd  
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives  
And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said as I would wish.  
Aton I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd.

*Diph.* But I will tell you now, we'll right our-  
selves.

*Mel.* Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;  
And what friends you can draw unto our side,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.  
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!—

[*Exit DIPHILUS.*]

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood  
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.  
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,  
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,  
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)  
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy  
Calimach—But I must have it. See,

[*Enter CALIMACH.*]

Where he comes shaking by me.—Good my lord,  
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,  
But would have peace with every man.

*Cal.* 'Tis well;  
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

*Mel.* You are touchy without all cause.

*Cal.* Do, mock me.

*Mel.* By mine honour I speak truth.

*Cal.* Honour? where is it?

*Mel.* See, what starts  
You make into your hatred, to my love  
And freedom to you. I come with resolution  
To obtain a suit of you.

*Cal.* A suit of me!  
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.

*Mel.* Nay, go not hence:  
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,  
And I would wish you, by the love you ought  
To bear unto me, to deliver it  
Into my hands.

*Cal.* I am in hope thou'rt mad,  
To talk to me thus.

*Mel.* But there is a reason  
To move you to it: I would kill the king,  
That wrong'd you and your daughter.

*Cal.* Out, traitor!

*Mel.* Nay,  
But stay: I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,  
Without I have this fort.

*Cal.* And should I help thee?  
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.

*Mel.* Come, delay me not;  
Give me a sudden answer, or already  
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,  
When it comes clad in secrets.

*Cal.* If I say [Aside.  
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't  
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,  
He'll run and tell the king.—I do not shun  
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause  
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.

*Mel.* Take it.—I know this goes unto the king;  
But I am arm'd. [Exit MELANTIUS.

*Cal.* Methinks I feel myself  
But twenty now again! this fighting fool  
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,  
And make her red again. I pray, my legs  
Will last that pace that I will carry them:  
I shall want breath, before I find the king. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Apartment of EVADNE in the Palace.

[*Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, and Ladies.*]

*Mel.* Save you!

*Evad.* Save you, sweet brother!

*Mel.* In my blunt eye, methinks, you look,  
Evadne—

*Evad.* Come, you will make me blush.

*Mel.* I would, Evadne;  
I shall displease my ends else.

*Evad.* You shall, if you commend me; I am  
Come, sir, how do I look? [bashful.

*Mel.* I would not have your women hear me  
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.

*Evad.* Go, wait me in the gallery.—Now speak. [Exit Ladies.

*Mel.* I'll lock the door first.

*Evad.* Why?

*Mel.* I will not have your gilded things, that  
In visitation with their Milan skins, [dance  
Choke up my business.

*Evad.* You are strangely disposed, sir.

*Mel.* Good madam, not to make you merry.

*Evad.* No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendation I have for you.  
*Evad.* Brother, the court hath made you witty,  
And learn to riddle.

*Mel.* I praise the court for't: Has it learnt you  
*Evad.* Me? [nothing?

*Mel.* Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome.  
A lady of a sweet complexion,  
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot  
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.

*Evad.* Gentle brother!

*Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,  
To make me gentle.

*Evad.* How is this?

*Mel.* 'Tis base;

And I could blush, at these years, thorough all  
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.

*Evad.* I understand you not.

*Mel.* You dare not, fool!

They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

*Evad.* My faults, sir! I would have you know,  
I care not

If they were written here, here in my forehead.

*Mel.* Thy body is too little for the story;  
The lusts of which would fill another woman,  
Though she had twins within her.



*Evad.* This is saucy :

Look you intrude no more ! There lies your way.

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,  
Till I find truth out.

*Evad.* What truth is that you look for ?

*Mel.* Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods  
had set me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts ! Come, tell me quickly,  
Do it without enforcement, and take heed  
You swell me not above my temper.

*Evad.* How, sir !

Where got you this report ?

*Mel.* Where there were people,  
In every place.

*Evad.* They, and the seconds of it are base  
Believe them not, they lied. [people :

*Mel.* Do not play with mine anger, do not,  
wretch ! [Seizes her.

I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee  
From thy fair life : Be wise and lay him open.

*Evad.* Unhand me, and learn manners ! Such  
Forgetfulness forfeits your life. [another

*Mel.* Quench me this mighty humour, and then  
tell me

Whose whore you are ; for you are one, I know it.  
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,  
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood ! Be sudden ;  
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd !  
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler  
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance  
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

*Evad.* Be gone ! you are my brother ; that's  
your safety.

*Mel.* I'll be a wolf first ! 'Tis, to be thy brother,  
An infamy below the sin of coward.

I am as far from being part of thee,  
As thou art from thy virtue : Seek a kindred  
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy bro-  
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet ? [ther ?

*Evad.* If you stay here and rail thus, I shall  
tell you,

I'll have you whipp'd ! Get you to your command,  
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them  
What a brave man you are : I shall laugh at you.

*Mel.* You are grown a glorious whore ! Where  
be your fighters ?

What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,  
And I alive ! By my just sword, he had safer  
Bestride a billow when the angry North  
Plows up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his food !  
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet ?

*Evad.* The fellow's mad : Sleep, and speak sense.

*Mel.* Force my swoll'n heart no further : I  
would save thee.

Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not :  
Would they were all, and arm'd ! I would speak  
loud ;

Here's one should thunder to 'em ! will you tell me ?  
Thou hast no hope to 'scape : He that dares most,  
And damns away his soul to do thee service,  
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion,  
Than come to rescue thee ; thou hast death about  
thee.

Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,  
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker ?

*Evad.* Let me consider.

*Mel.* Do, whose child thou wert,  
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave  
open'd,

And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice  
They must restore him flesh again, and life,  
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.

*Evad.* The gods are not of my mind ; they had  
better [here.

Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth ; they'll stink

*Mel.* Do you raise mirth out of my easiness ? [Draws

Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,  
That make men women ! Speak, you whore, speak  
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father, [truth !  
This sword shall be thy lover ! Tell, or I'll kill thee ;  
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

*Evad.* You will not murder me ?

*Mel.* No : 'tis a justice, and a noble one,  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

*Evad.* Help !

*Mel.* By thy foul self, no human help shall help  
If thou criest ! When I have kill'd thee, as I [there,  
Have vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked,  
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee ;  
That on thy branded flesh the world may read  
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend

*Evad.* Yes. [yet

*Mel.* Up, and begin your story.

*Evad.* Oh, I am miserable !

*Mel.* 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.

*Evad.* I have offended : Noble sir, forgive me.

*Mel.* With what secure slave ?

*Evad.* Do not ask me, sir :

Mine own remembrance is a misery  
Too mighty for me.

*Mel.* Do not fall back again :

My sword's unsheathed yet.

*Evad.* What shall I do ?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault less.

*Evad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.

*Evad.* Will you forgive me then ?

*Mel.* Stay ; I must ask mine honour first.—

I have too much foolish nature in me : Speak.

*Evad.* Is there none else here ?

*Mel.* None but a fearful conscience ; that's to  
Who is't ? [many

*Evad.* Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.

*Mel.* No more. My worthy father's and my  
services

Are liberally rewarded.—King, I thank thee !

For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast  
paid me

In my own metal : These are soldiers' thanks !—  
How long have you lived thus, Evadne ?

*Evad.* Too long.

*Mel.* Too late you find it. Can you be sorry ?

*Evad.* Would I were half as blameless.

*Mel.* Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again !

*Evad.* First to my grave.

*Mel.* 'Would gods thou hadst been so blest.

Dost thou not hate this king now ? pr'ythee ha-  
him.

Couldst thou not curse him ? I command the  
curse him.

Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him

To thy just wishes ! Yet, I fear, Evadne,

You had rather play your game out.

*Evad.* No : I feel

Too many sad confusions here, to let in  
Any loose flame hereafter.

*Mel.* Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, or  
brave anger

That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm  
To kill this base king?

*Evad.* All the gods forbid it!

*Mel.* No; all the gods require it:  
They are dishonour'd in him.

*Evad.* 'Tis too fearful.

*Mel.* You are valiant in his bed, and bold enough  
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name  
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,  
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,  
To be at pension with some needy sir,  
For meat and coarser clothes; Thus far you know  
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.

*Evad.* Good sir!

*Mel.* An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou shouldst  
smother him.

Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know  
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself  
Found out with every finger, made the shame  
Of all successions, and in this great ruin  
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?  
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to  
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all [help me,  
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live  
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!  
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,  
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that  
wealth

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,  
To let his foul soul out.

*Evad.* Here I swear it;  
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,  
Help me in this performance!

*Mel.* Enough. This must be known to none  
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,  
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow  
Dares step as far into a worthy action  
As the most daring: ay, as far as justice.  
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit MELANTIVS.*]

*Evad.* 'Would I could say so to my black dis-  
grace!

Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friendred,  
That I should lose myself thus desperately,  
And none for pity shew me how I wandered?  
There is not in the compass of the light  
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous!  
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,  
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaden soul,  
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up  
The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!

*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Amin.* How now?

*Evad.* My much-abused lord! [*Kneels.*]

*Amin.* This cannot be!

*Evad.* I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;  
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,  
Though I appear with all my faults.

*Amin.* Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow:  
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:  
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,  
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,  
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,  
And do an outrage. Pr'ythee, do not mock me.

*Evad.* My whole life is so leprous, it infects  
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,  
Though at the highest set; even with my life.  
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice  
For what I have committed.

C

*Amin.* Sure I dazle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,  
That knows no god more mighty than her mis-  
chiefs.

Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,  
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe  
There's any seed of virtue in that woman  
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,  
Known, and so known as thine is. Oh, Evadne!  
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,  
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,  
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:  
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,  
To that strange misbelief of all the world,  
And all things that are in it, that I fear  
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,  
Only remembering that I grieve.

*Evad.* My lord,

Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,  
A soul as white as heaven; let not my sins  
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here  
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,  
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,  
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and  
Know to be tougher than the hand of time [you  
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:  
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,  
Drest in the shames I lived in: the same monster!  
But these are names of honour, to what I am:  
I do present myself the foulest creature,  
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,  
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,  
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,  
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,  
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,  
Till I have got your pardon.

*Amin.* Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,  
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:  
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,  
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.  
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare  
Give thee a great example of their justice  
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

*Evad.* I have done nothing good to win belief,  
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,  
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and  
good ones,

All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!  
They reign here like those plagues, those killing  
sores,

Men pray against; and when they die, like tales  
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,  
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,  
Those short days I shall number to my rest  
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,  
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;  
Since I can do no good, because a woman,  
Reach constantly at something that is near it:  
I will redeem one minute of my age,  
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep  
Till I am water.

*Amin.* I am now dissolved:

My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast  
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.  
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,  
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,  
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.  
From this time I will know thee; and, as far

As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.  
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,  
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.  
My charity shall go along with thee,  
Though my embraces must be far from thee.  
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance  
Looks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss  
thee—

The last kiss we must take ! And 'would to Heaven  
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,  
Had given us equal virtues ! Go, Evadne ;  
The Gods thus part our bodies. Have a care  
My honour falls no farther : I am well then.

*Evad.* All the dear joys here, and, above, here—  
after,

Crown thy fair soul ! Thus I take leave, my lord ;  
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,  
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may  
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.*

*Banquet—Enter KING and CALIANAX—Hautboys play within.*

*King.* I cannot tell how I should credit this  
From you, that are his enemy.

*Cal.* I am sure

He said it to me ; and I'll justify it  
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.

*King.* But did he break, without all circumstance,  
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,  
To kill me, and then 'scape ?

*Cal.* If he deny it,  
I'll make him blush.

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Cal.* Ay, so does every thing I say of late.

*King.* Not so, Calianax.

*Cal.* Yes, I should sit

Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your  
throat.

*King.* Well, I will try him ; and, if this be true,  
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false,  
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,  
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,  
Not in the court.

*Cal.* Why, if it be a lie,  
Mine ears are false ; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it.  
Old men are good for nothing : You were best  
Put me to death for hearing, and free him  
For meaning it. You would have trusted me  
Once, but the time is alter'd.

*King.* And will still,  
Where I may do with justice to the world :  
You have no witness ?

*Cal.* Yes, myself.

*King.* No more,  
I mean, there were that heard it.

*Cal.* How ! no more ?

Would you have more ? why, am not I enough  
To hang a thousand rogues ?

*King.* But, so, you may  
Hang honest men too, if you please.

*Cal.* I may !

'Tis like I will do so : There are a hundred  
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it—

*King.* Such witnesses we need not.

*Cal.* And 'tis hard

If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

*King.* Enough.—Where's Strato ?

*Enter STRATO.*

*Strato.* Sir !

*King.* Why, where's all the company ? Call  
Amintor in ;

*Evadne.* Where's my brother, and Melantius ?  
Bid him come too ; and Diphilus. Call all  
That are without there. [*Exit STRATO.*]

If he should desire  
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power  
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless  
We mean to quit 'em.

*Cal.* Why, if you do think  
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor,  
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

*Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS,  
CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS.*

*King.* Come, sirs !—Amintor, thou art yet a  
bridegroom,

And I will use thee so : Thou shalt sit down.—  
Evadne, sit ; and you, Amintor, too :  
This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought  
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter  
Amongst our wine ? Why, Strato, where art thou ?  
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,  
When I desire them not.

*Strato.* 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them then.

*King.* Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius,  
Art sad. [*thou*]

*Mel.* I should be, sir, the merriest here,  
But I have ne'er a story of my own  
Worth telling at this time.

*King.* Give me the wine.

Melantius, I am now considering  
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,  
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

*Mel.* I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.

*Cal.* Such as you are. [*Aside.*]

*King.* I'faith, 'twere easy : It becomes us well  
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves ;  
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee ;  
And to thy fair Evadne.

*Mel.* Have you thought  
Of this, Calianax ? [*Apart to him.*]

*Cal.* Yes, marry, have I.

*Mel.* And what's your resolution ?

*Cal.* You shall have it,—

Soundly, I warrant you.

*King.* Reach to Amintor, Strato.

*Amin.* Here, my love,  
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set  
Blushes upon thy cheeks ; and, till thou dost  
A fault, 'twere pity.

*King.* Yet, I wonder much  
At the strange desperation of these men,  
That dare attempt such acts here in our state :  
He could not 'scape, that did it.

*Mel.* Were he known,  
Impossible.

*King.* It would be known, Melantius.

*Mel.* It ought to be : If he got then away,  
He must wear all our lives upon his sword.  
He need not fly the island ; he must leave  
No one alive.

*King.* No ; I should think no man  
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man

*Cal.* But ! heaven bless me ! I should I, my  
liege ?

*King.* I do not think thou would'st ; but ye  
thou might'st ;

For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,  
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,  
And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From cobwebs, sir,  
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art  
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieged  
Since he commanded it.

*Cal.* I shall be sure  
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe  
From such as you.

*Mel.* Keep your ill temper in:  
I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,  
I should have said as much.

*King.* You are not merry.  
*Brother,* drink wine. Sit you all still:—*Calianax,*  
[*Apart to him.*

I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,  
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the  
cheeks

Of guilty men, and he is never moved:  
He knows no such thing.

*Cal.* Impudence may 'scape,  
When feeble virtue is accused.

*King.* He must,  
If he were guilty, feel an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himself:  
What care I what he does? This he did say.

*King.* Melantius, you can easily conceive  
What I have meant; for men that are in fault  
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim  
At what they do amiss: But I forgive  
Freely, before this man. Heaven do so too!  
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame  
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.

*Cal.* Why, this is very fine.

*Mel.* I cannot tell  
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.  
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought  
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,  
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,  
Much less of you.

*King.* Nay, if you stand so stiff,  
I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothness  
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime  
I never knew.

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but to  
shew you,

My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,  
And get the fort to 'scape.

*Mel.* Pardon me, sir;  
My bluntness may be pardoned: You preserve  
A race of idle people here about you,  
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth  
Of those that do things worthy. The man that  
utter'd this

Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,  
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe.  
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,  
The plainness of my nature would speak more.  
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)  
To kill him that spake this.

*Cal.* Ay, that will be  
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid  
For all my care and service.

*Mel.* That old man,  
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I

(Though I will never match my hate so low)  
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse  
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this. [*me,*

*Cal.* Who—I?  
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak to me  
Of it thyself?

*Mel.* Oh, then it came from him?

*Cal.* From me! who should it come from, but  
from me?

*Mel.* Nay, I believe your malice is enough:  
But I have lost my anger.—Sir, I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* Lysippus, cheer  
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound  
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.

*Amin.* You have done already, sir, for me,  
I thank you. [*Apart.*

*King.* Melantius, I do credit this from him,  
How slight soe'er you make't.

*Mel.* 'Tis strange you should.

*Cal.* 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's  
That never lyed in's life. [*word*

*Mel.* I talk not to thee!—  
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,  
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach  
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong  
To hearken to him; but to credit him,  
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.  
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,  
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd  
My careless blood with you, and should be loth  
To think an action that would make me lose  
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,  
I thrust myself into my country's cause,  
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,  
And styled me man then. And for you, my king,  
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of  
My arm. This sword of mine hath plough'd the  
And reapt the fruit in peace; [*ground,*  
And you yourself have lived at home in ease.  
So terrible I grew, that, without swords,  
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And my  
heart

And limbs are still the same; my will as great  
To do you service. Let me not be paid  
With such a strange distrust.

*King.* Melantius,  
I held it great injustice to believe  
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,  
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck  
With sadness all? More wine!

*Cal.* A few fine words  
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a villain!

*Mel.* Why, thou wert better let me have the  
fort. [*Apart to him.*

Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:  
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.  
Think better, and deliver it.

*Cal.* My liege,  
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;  
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him  
While he is hot; for if he cool again,  
He will forswear it.

*King.* This is lunacy,  
I hope, Melantius.

*Mel.* He hath lost himself  
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness  
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,  
I pity him.

*Cal.* Pity? a pox upon you!

*Mel.* Mark his disordered words! And, at the masque,

Diagoras knows, he raged, and rail'd at me,  
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent  
She understood him not. But it becomes  
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:  
Pardon him, as I do.

*Cal.* I'll not speak for thee,  
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,  
Chop off his head; for there was never known  
So impudent a rascal.

*King.* Some, that love him,  
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let  
Age make itself contemptible; we must be  
All old; have him away.

*Mel.* Calianax, [Apart to him.  
The king believes you; come, you shall go home,  
And rest; you have done well. You'll give it up  
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.

*Cal.* Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me  
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort, [still.  
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,  
Am I not, still?

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!  
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there  
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)  
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,  
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,  
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*King.* 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use  
This once again, I shall entreat some other  
To see your offices be well discharged.  
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.—  
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

*Amin.* Yes, sir.

*King.* And you, Evadne.—Let me take  
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe  
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend  
Still, and for ever.—Good Calianax,  
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.

[*Exeunt all but MELANTIUS and CALIANAX.*

*Cal.* Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;  
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou stay  
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your tongue,  
and that's  
The strongest part you have about you.

*Cal.* I

Do look for some great punishment for this;  
For I begin to forget all my hate,  
And take't unkindly that mine enemy  
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

*Mel.* I shall melt too, if you begin to take  
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt. [rogue.

*Cal.* Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched  
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me, with the king;  
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,  
Is it? I pr'ythee, what dost thou call hurt?

*Mel.* To poison men, because they love me not;  
To call the credit of men's wives in question;  
To murder children betwixt me and land;  
This is all hurt.

*Cal.* All this thou think'st is sport;  
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;  
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.

*Mel.* Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st  
revenge.

*Cal.* Ay, o' the king? I would revenge o' thee.

*Mel.* That you must plot yourself.

*Cal.* I'm a fine plotter.

*Mel.* The short is, I will hold thee with the king  
In this perplexity, till peevishness  
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.  
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,  
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,  
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold  
Thy wonted state.

*Cal.* If I should tell the king,  
Canst thou deny 't again?

*Mel.* Try, and believe.

*Cal.* Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about.  
Thou shalt have the fort.

*Mel.* Why, well;  
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand  
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast  
To compass.

*Cal.* Nay, I do not love thee yet;  
I cannot well endure to look on thee:  
And, if I thought it were a courtesy,  
Thou should'st not have it. But I am disgrac'd;  
My offices are to be ta'en away;  
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,  
I do believe, the king would take it from me,  
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.  
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the king shall know  
There was some such thing in't I told him of;  
And that I was an honest man.

*Mel.* He'll buy  
That knowledge very dearly.—Diphilus,

[*Enter DIPHILOS.*

What news with thee?

*Diph.* This were a night indeed  
To do it in: The king hath sent for her.

*Mel.* She shall perform it then.—Go, Diphilus,  
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,  
The fort; he'll give it thee.

*Diph.* Have you got that?

*Cal.* Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou  
This to the king too? [deny

*Diph.* With a confidence  
As great as his.

*Cal.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Mel.* Away, and use him kindly.

*Cal.* Touch not me;

I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,  
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;  
And hang yourselves.

*Mel.* Be gone.

*Diph.* He's finely wrought.

[*Exeunt CALIANAX and DIPHILOS.*

*Mel.* This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,  
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,  
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

[*Enter AMINTOR.*

*Amin.* Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st  
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost  
All my distempers, and have found a rage  
So pleasing! Help me.

*Mel.* Who can see him thus,  
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter,  
friend?

*Amin.* Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand  
with me,  
Rush to the chamber of this hated king;  
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* 'Twere a rash attempt,

Not to be done with safety. Let your reason  
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

*Amin.* If thou refuseth me in these extremes,  
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;  
By Heaven, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,  
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth  
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;  
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,  
Though I be slain. Farewell.

*Mel.* He'll overthrow

My whole design with madness.—*Amintor*,  
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour;  
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, *Amintor*,  
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,  
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*]

*Amin.* I cannot tell

What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my  
sword

Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,  
Defenceless.

*Mel.* I will take it up for thee.

*Amin.* What a wild beast is uncollected man!

The thing, that we call honour, bears us all  
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.

*Mel.* Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

*Amin.* Just like my fortunes: I was run to that  
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,  
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,  
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;  
There's not the least limb growing to a king,  
But carries thunder in it.

*Mel.* I have none

Against him.

*Amin.* Why, come then; and still remember,  
We may not think revenge.

*Mel.* I will remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter EVADNE and a Gentleman.*

*Evad.* Sir, is the king a-bed?

*Genl.* Madam, an hour ago.

*Evad.* Give me the key then, and let none be  
'Tis the king's pleasure. [*near;*]

*Genl.* I understand you, madam; 'would 'twere  
mine.

I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.

*Evad.* You talk, you talk.

*Genl.* 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king  
Will wake, and then—

*Evad.* Saving your imagination, pray, good  
night, sir.

*Genl.* A good night be it then, and a long one,  
madam.

I am gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—*The Bedchamber. The KING discovered in Bed, sleeping.*

*Enter EVADNE.*

*Evad.* The night grows horrible; and all about  
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience [me  
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?  
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,  
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare  
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,  
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring  
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,  
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,  
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,  
The gods want mercy for! Yet I must through  
I have begun a slaughter on my honour, 'em.  
And I must end it there.—He sleeps. Good  
Heavens!

Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,  
That hath so long transgress'd you; I must kill  
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy [him,  
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not  
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were  
To rock him to another world: My vengeance  
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him  
The number of his wrongs and punishments.  
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken

His evil angel, his sick conscience;  
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave:  
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*]

I dare not trust your strength. Your grace and I  
Must grapple upon even terms no more.

So. If he rail me not from my resolution,

I shall be strong enough.—My lord the king!

My lord!—He sleeps, as if he meant to wake

No more.—My lord!—Is he not dead already?

Sir! My lord!

*King.* Who's that?

*Evad.* Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!

*King.* My dear Evadne,

I have been dreaming of thee. Come to bed.

*Evad.* I am come at length, sir; but how wel-  
come?

*King.* What pretty new device is this, Evadne?

What, do you tie me to you? By my love,

This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;

I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:

Let us be caught together, that the gods

May see, and envy our embraces.

*Evad.* Stay, sir, stay;

You are too hot, and I have brought you physic  
To temper your high veins.

*King.* Pr'ythee, to bed then; let me take it  
warm;

There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

*Evad.* I know you have a surfeited foul body;

And you must bleed.

*King.* Bleed!

*Evad.* Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and, if  
the devil,

Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel

Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,

King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death

Can answer to the world.

*King.* How's this, Evadne?

*Evad.* I am not she; nor bear I in this breast  
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman.

I am a tiger; I am any thing

That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,

I'll take thee unprepared; thy fears upon thee,  
That make thy sins look double; and so send  
thee

(By my revenge, I will) to look those torments  
Prepared for such black souls.

*King.* Thou dost not mean this ; 'tis impossible :  
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

*Evad.* No, I am not.

I am as foul as thou art, and can number  
As many such hells here. I was once fair,  
Once I was lovely ; not a blowing rose  
More chaste sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul  
canker,

(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue.  
Till your curst count and you (Hell bless you for't !)  
With your temptations on temptations,  
Made me give up mine honour ; for which, king,  
I'm come to kill thee.

*King.* No !

*Evad.* I am.

*King.* Thou art not !

I pr'ythee speak not these things : Thou art gentle,  
And wert not meant thus rugged.

*Evad.* Peace, and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy  
To those above us ; by whose lights I vow,  
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,  
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,  
I would kill that too ; which, being past my steel,  
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless vil-  
A thing out of the overcharge of nature ; [lain !  
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague  
Upon weak catching women ! such a tyrant,  
That for his lust would sell away his subjects !  
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter !

*King.* Hear, Evadne,

Thou soul of sweetness, hear ! I am thy king.

*Evad.* Thou art my shame ! Lie still, there's  
none about you,

Within your cries : All promises of safety [man,  
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul  
Thus I begin my vengeance ! [Stabs him.

*King.* Hold, Evadne !

I do command thee, hold.

*Evad.* I do not mean, sir,  
To part so fairly with you ; we must change  
More of these love-tricks yet.

*King.* What bloody villain  
Provoked thee to this murder ?

*Evad.* Thou, thou monster.

*King.* Oh !

*Evad.* Thou kept'st at me brave at court, and  
whor'd'st me, king ;

Then married me to a young noble gentleman,  
And whor'd'st me still.

*King.* Evadne, pity me.

*Evad.* Hell take me then ! This for my lord  
Amintor !

This for my noble brother ! and this stroke  
For the most wrong'd of women ! [Kills him.

*King.* Oh ! I die.

*Evad.* Die all our faults together ! I forgive thee.  
[Exit.

*Enter two Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber.*

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter ; the  
king expects it, and will be angry.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench ; we'll have a snap at  
her one of these nights, as she goes from him.

1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done  
with her ! I see, kings can do no more that way  
than other mortal people.

2 *Gent.* How fast he is ! I cannot hear him  
breathe.

1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,  
Or he looks very pale.

2 *Gent.* And so he does :

Pray Heaven he be well ; let's look.—Alas !

He's stiff, wounded and dead : Treason, treason !

1 *Gent.* Run forth and call.

2 *Gent.* Treason, treason ! [Exit.

1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us :

Who can believe a woman could do this ?

*Enter CLEON and LYSIPPUS.*

*Cleon.* How now ! Where's the traitor ?

1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away ; but there her woful  
act lies still.

*Cleon.* Her act ! a woman !

*Lys.* Where's the body ?

1 *Gent.* There.

*Lys.* Farewell, thou worthy man ! There were  
two bonds

That tied our loves, a brother and a king ;

The least of which might fetch a flood of tears :

But such the misery of greatness is,

They have no time to mourn ; then pardon me !—

*Enter STRATO.*

Sirs, which way went she ?

*Strat.* Never follow her ;

For she, alas ! was but the instrument.

News is now brought in, that Melantius

Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall ;

And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass

At this dead time of night, delivering

The innocence of this act.

*Lys.* Gentlemen,

I am your king.

*Strat.* We do acknowledge it.

*Lys.* I would I were not ! Follow, all ; for this  
Must have a sudden stop. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—Before the CITADEL.

*Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILOS, and CALIANAX, on the  
Walls.*

*Mel.* If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,  
(Be constant, Diphilus !) now we have time,  
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,  
Or create new ones in our ends.

*Diph.* I fear not ;

My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax.

*Cal.* 'Would I had any ! you should quickly  
know it.

*Mel.* Speak to the people : Thou art eloquent.

*Cal.* 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gal-  
lows !

You were born to be my end. The devil take you !  
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,  
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

*Enter below, LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO, and  
Guard.*

*Lys.* See where he stands, as boldly confident  
As if he had his full command about him.

*Strat.* He looks as if he had the better cause, sir ;  
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it !

Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward  
To all great things ; to all things of that danger

Worse men shake at the telling of ; yet, certainly,  
I do believe him noble ; and this action

Rather pull'd on, than sought : his mind was ever  
As worthy as his hand

*Lys.* 'Tis my fear, too.

Heaven forgive all ! Summon him, lord Cleon.

*Cleon.* Ho, from the walls there!

*Mel.* Worthy Cleon, welcome.

We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are honest.

*Cal.* Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so— [Aside.]

*Lys.* Melantius!

*Mel.* Sir?

*Lys.* I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love Never required such distance. Pray Heaven, You have not left yourself, and sought this safety More out of fear than honour! You have lost A noble master; which your faith, Melantius, Some think, might have preserved: Yet you know best.

*Cal.* When time was, I was mad; some, that dares fight,

I hope will pay this rascal.

*Mel.* Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;

Had they been shed for a deserving one, They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother, While he was good, I call'd him king; and served him

With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour, Pall'd people from the farthest sun to seek him, And beg his friendship. I was then his soldier. But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me, And brand my noble actions with his lust (That never-cured dishonour of my sister, Base stain of whore! and, which is worse, The joy to make it still so) like myself, Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance; And stand here mine own justice, to revenge What I have suffered in him; and this old man, Wronged almost to lunacy.

*Cal.* Who—I?

You would draw me in. I have had no wrong, I do disclaim ye all.

*Mel.* The short is this:

'Tis no ambition to lift up myself Urge me thus; I do desire again To be a subject, so I may be free. If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild This goodly town. Be speedy and be wise, In a reply.

*Strs.* Be sudden, sir, to tie All up again: What's done is past recall, And past you to revenge; and there are thousands, That wait for such a troubled hour as this. Throw him the blank.

*Lys.* Melantius, write in that Thy choice: My seal is at it.

[Throws him a paper.]

*Mel.* It was our honours drew us to this act, Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

*Cal.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaim'd us all But now, Calianax.

*Cal.* That is all one:

I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick: I'll have it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall.—

Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king, And give you up the fort.

*Lys.* Away, away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Antechamber to EVADNE'S Apartments in the PALACE.

Enter ASPATIA, in man's apparel.

*Asp.* This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid Grievs on me that will never let me rest; And put a woman's heart into my breast. It is more honour for you, that I die; For she, that can endure the misery That I have on me, and be patient too, May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!

*Ser.* And you, sir. What's your business?

*Asp.* With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office To help me to your lord.

*Ser.* What, would you serve him?

*Asp.* I'll do him any service; but to haste, For my affairs are earnest, I desire To speak with him.

*Ser.* Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth

Delay you any longer: You cannot.

*Asp.* It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

*Ser.* Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular,

I have in charge, about no weighty matters.

*Asp.* This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof? There's for thee; help me to him.

*Ser.* Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best.

[Exit.]

*Asp.* How stubbornly this fellow answered me! There is a vile dishonest trick in man, More than in woman: All the men I meet Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude; And have a subtilty in every thing, Which love could never know. But we fond women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts, And think, all shall go so! It is unjust, That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR and his Man.

*Amin.* Where is he?

*Ser.* There, my lord.

*Amin.* What would you, sir?

*Asp.* Please it your lordship to command your Out of the room, I shall deliver things [man Worthy your hearing.]

*Amin.* Leave us.

[Exit Servant.]

*Asp.* Oh, that that shape Should bury falsehood in it!

[Aside.]

*Amin.* Now your will, sir.

*Asp.* When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess

My business; and I am not hard to know; For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face With these few blemishes, people would call me My sister's picture, and her mine. In short, I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

*Amin.* The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too

Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss That hand of thine, in honour that I bear Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand, That did it. 'Would he could not! Gentle youth Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,



That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,  
Into my mind ; and I have grief enough  
Without thy help.

*Asp.* I would I could with credit.  
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen  
My sister till this hour ; I now arrived :  
She sent for me to see her marriage ;  
A woful one ! But they, that are above,  
Have ends in every thing. She used few words,  
But yet enough to make me understand  
The baseness of the injuries you did her.  
That little training I have had, is war :  
I may behave myself rudely in peace ;  
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,  
I am but young, and would be loth to lose  
Honour, that is not easily gained again.  
Fairly I mean to deal : The age is strict  
For single combats ; and we shall be stopp'd,  
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,  
Use it ; if mine appear a better to you,  
Change : for the ground is this, and this the time,  
To end our difference.

*Amin.* Charitable youth,  
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain  
So strange a wrong : And, for thy sister's sake,  
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing  
I durst not do ; yet, to enjoy this world,  
I would not see her ; for, beholding thee,  
I am I know not what. If I have aught,  
That may content thee, take it, and begone ;  
For death is not so terrible as thou.  
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

*Asp.* Thus, she swore,  
Thou wouldst behave thyself ; and give me words  
That would fetch tears into mine eyes ; and so  
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,  
Lest I were cozen'd ; and be sure to fight  
Ere I return'd.

*Amin.* That must not be with me.  
For her I'll die directly ; but against her  
Will never hazard it.

*Asp.* You must be urged.  
I do not deal uncivilly with those  
That dare to fight ; but such a one as you  
Must be used thus. *[She strikes him.]*

*Amin.* I pr'ythee, youth, take heed.  
Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
Above mine honour, that I can endure  
All this. Good gods ! a blow I can endure !  
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death  
Upon thyself.

*Asp.* Thou art some prating fellow ;  
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,  
And move soft-hearted people ; to be kick'd

Thus, to be kick'd !—Why should he be so slow  
In giving me my death ? *[Aside.]*

*Amin.* A man can bear  
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then !  
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show

The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,  
Thou hast no hour to live.—

*[They fight ; ASPATIA is wounded.]*

What dost thou mean ?

Thou canst not fight : The blows thou mak'st at me  
Are quite besides ; and those I offer at thee,  
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy  
Alas, defenceless ! *[Breast,*

*Asp.* I have got enough,

And my desire. There is no place so fit  
For me to die as here.

*Enter EVADNE, her Hands bloody, with a Knife.*

*Evad.* Amintor, I am loaden with events,  
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,  
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,  
And settle thee in thy free state again.  
It is Evadne still that follows thee,  
But not her mischiefs.

*Amin.* Thou canst not fool me to believe again ;  
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,  
That I am stay'd.

*Evad.* Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,  
Let thine eyes loose, and speak : Am I not fair ?  
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now ?  
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,  
When our hands met before the holy man ?  
I was too foul within to look fair then :  
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

*Amin.* There is presage of some important thing  
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.  
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife !

*Evad.* In this consists thy happiness and mine.  
Joy to Amintor ! for the king is dead.

*Amin.* Those have most power to hurt us, that  
we love ;

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms !  
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,  
And found out one, to out-name thy other faults.  
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,  
But all thy life is a continued ill.  
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.  
Joy to Amintor ! Thou hast touch'd a life,  
The very name of which had power to chain  
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

*Evad.* 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a  
way

To meet thy love so clear as through his life,  
I cannot now repent it.

*Amin.* Couldst thou procure the gods to speak  
To bid me love this woman, and forgive, [to me,  
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,  
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,  
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death  
From my slow hand : And, to augment my woe,  
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,  
Violently shed. This keeps night here,  
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh !

*Amin.* No more ; pursue me not.

*Evad.* Forgive me then,  
And take me to thy bed. We may not part.

*[Kneels]*  
*Amin.* Forbear ! Be wise, and let my rage go  
this way.

*Evad.* 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

*Amin.* Take heed ;  
It will return with me.

*Evad.* If it must be,  
I shall not fear to meet it : take me home.

*Amin.* Thou monster of cruelty, forbear !

*Evad.* For heaven's sake, look more calm : thine  
eyes are sharper

Than thou canst make thy sword.

*Amin.* Away, away !

Thy knees are more to me than violence.  
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me,  
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake  
stand.

*Evad.* Receive me, then.

*Amin.* I dare not stay thy language :  
In midst of all my anger and my grief,  
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,  
And says, "I loved thee once." I dare not stay ;  
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*]

*Evad.* Amintor, thou shalt love me now again :  
Go ; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever !  
*Evadne*, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.

[*Kills herself.*]

*Amin.* I have a little human nature yet,  
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

[*Returns.*]

*Evad.* Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.

Oh, I am lost ! the heavy sleep makes haste.

[*She dies.*]

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh !

*Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood :  
My soul grows weary of her house, and I  
All over am a trouble to myself.  
There is some hidden power in these dead things,  
That calls my flesh unto 'em : I am cold !  
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.  
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.  
There's man enough in me to meet the fears  
That death can bring ; and yet, 'would it were done !  
I can find nothing in the whole discourse  
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way ;  
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,  
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up :  
I have not such another fault to answer.  
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn  
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,  
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.  
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,  
If all that's left in me can answer it.

*Asp.* Was it a dream ? There stands Amintor  
Or I dream still. [*still ;*]

*Amin.* How dost thou ? Speak ! receive my love and help.

Thy blood climbs up to his old place again :  
There's hope of thy recovery.

*Asp.* Did you not name Aspatia ?

*Amin.* I did.

*Asp.* And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her ?

*Amin.* 'Tis true ; and till these happy signs in thee

Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

*Asp.* Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers :

Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge ;

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.  
I am Aspatia yet.

*Amin.* Dare my soul ever look abroad again ?

*Asp.* I shall surely live, Amintor ; I am well :  
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

*Amin.* The world wants lives to excuse thy loss !  
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

*Asp.* Amintor, thou must stay ; I must rest here ;  
My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul ? I would fain live  
Now, if I could : Wouldst thou have loved me then ?

*Amin.* Alas !

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

*Asp.* Give me thy hand ; my hands grope up and down,

And cannot find thee : I am wondrous sick :

Have I thy hand, Amintor ?

*Amin.* Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

*Asp.* I do believe thee better than my sense.  
Oh ! I must go. Farewell ! [*Dies.*]

*Amin.* She swoons ! Aspatia !—Help ! for Heaven's sake, water !

Such as may chain life ever to this frame.—  
Aspatia, speak !—What, no help yet ? I fool !  
I'll chafe her temples : Yet there's nothing stirs :  
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,  
And let her answer me !—Aspatia, speak !—  
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow  
The body thus, and it will shew itself.  
Oh, she is gone ! I will not leave her yet.  
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,  
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,  
Ye heavenly powers ! and lend, for some few years,  
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.  
No comfort comes ; the gods deny me too !  
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia !—  
The soul is fled for ever ; and I wrong  
Myself, so long to lose her company.  
Must I talk now ? Here's to be with thee, love !

[*Slabs himself.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* This is a great grace to my lord, to have  
the new king come to him : I must tell him he is  
entering.—Oh, God ! Help, help !

*Enter LYRPPIUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS,  
and STRATO.*

*Lys.* Where's Amintor ?

*Serv.* Oh, there, there.

*Lys.* How strange is this !

*Cal.* What should we do here ?

*Mel.* These deaths are such acquainted things  
with me,

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand  
Stiff here for ever ! Eyes, call up your tears !  
This is Amintor : Heart ! he was my friend ;  
Melt ; now it flows.—Amintor, give a word  
To call me to thee.

*Amin.* Oh !

*Mel.* Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh !  
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue !  
Speak, speak !

*Amin.* What ?

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the sounds  
That ever I shall hear again.

*Diph.* Oh, brother !

Here lies your sister slain ; you lose yourself  
In sorrow there.

*Mel.* Why, Diphilus, it is  
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this :  
Here was my sister, father, brother, son ;  
All that I had !—Speak once again : What youth  
Lies slain there by thee ?

*Amin.* 'Tis Aspatia.

My last is said. Let me give up my soul  
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*]

*Cal.* What's that ? what's that ? Aspatia !

*Mel.* I never did

Repent the greatness of my heart till now ;  
It will not burst at need.

*Cal.* My daughter dead here too ! And you  
have all fine new tricks to grieve ; but I ne'er knew  
any but direct crying.

*Mel.* I am a prattler ; but no more.

*[Offers to kill himself.]*

*Diph.* Hold, brother.

*Lys.* Stop him.

*Diph.* Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you ;  
Does this become our strain?

*Cal.* I know not what the matter is, but I am  
grown very kind, and am friends with you. You  
have given me that among you will kill me quickly ;  
but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

*Mel.* His spirit is but poor, that can be kept

From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough

To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,

I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,

Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that

That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

*Lys.* Look to him though, and bear those bodies  
May this a fair example be to me, *[in.]*

To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,

Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from heaven are sent;

But curst is he that is their instrument. *[Exeunt.]*

# PHILASTER:

OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.

PHILASTER, *Heir to the Crown.*

PRAMOND, *Prince of Spain.*

DION, *a Lord.*

CLERMONT, } *Noble Gentlemen, his Associates.*

THRASILINE, } *An old Captain.*

*Five Citizens.*

*A Country Fellow.*

*Two Woodmen.*

*The King's Guard and Train.*

ARSTHURA, *the King's Daughter.*

GALATEA, *a wise modest Lady, attending the Princess.*

MEORA, *a lascivious Lady.*

*An old wanton Lady or Crone.*

*Another Lady attending the Princess.*

EUPHRASIA, *Daughter of DION, but disguised like a Page, and called BELLARIO.*

SCENE,—MESSINA, AND A NEIGHBOURING FOREST.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—MESSINA. *The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter DION, CLERMONT, and THRASILINE.*

*Cle.* Here's nor lords nor ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

*Cle.* Can you guess the cause?

*Dion.* Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

*Thra.* Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

*Dion.* Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know say thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

*Dion.* Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the rightful heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who? Philaster?

*Dion.* Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

*Dion.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant

than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

*Enter GALATEA, MEORA, and an old Lady.*

*Thra.* See, the ladies. What's the first?

*Dion.* A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Dion.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her measure; simpler when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Dion.* Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.—

*La.* Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

*Gal.* What if they should?

*Meg.* What if they should?

*La.* Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad.

What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

*Meg.* What if they be?

*La.* Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say "excuse me."

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*La.* Do you laugh, madam?

*Dion.* Your desires upon you, ladies.

*La.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Dion.* I shall sit near you then, lady.

*La.* Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the king!

*Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, and Train.*

*King.* To give a stronger testimony of love Than sickly promises (which commonly In princes find both birth and burial In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir, To make your fair endearments to our daughter, And worthy services known to our subjects, Now loved and wonder'd at: next, our intent, To plant you deeply, our immediate heir, Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady, (The best part of your life, as you confirm me, And I believe) though her few years and sex Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes, Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge Only of what herself is to herself, Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps, In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams. Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts, That must mould up a virgin, are put on To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments, To speak her perfect love to you, or add An artificial shadow to her nature: No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet No woman. But woo her still, and think her mo- A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language [desty Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants. Last, noble son (for so I now must call you) What I have done thus public, is not only To add a comfort in particular To you or me, but all; and to confirm The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms, By oath to your succession, which shall be Within this month at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Dion.* When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off. [whilst

*Thra.* I fear.

*Cle.* Who does not?

*Dion.* I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too. Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take To thank your royal father; and thus far, [leave To be my own free trumpet. Understand, Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must (For so deserving you have spoke me, sir, [be, And so deserving I dare speak myself) To what a person, of what eminence, Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country! By more than all my hopes I hold it happy; Happy, in their dear memories that have been Kings great and good; happy in yours that is; And from you (as a chronicle to keep Your noble name from eating age) do I Opine myself, most happy. Gentlemen, Believe me in a word, a prince's word, There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd, Equal to be commanded and obey'd, But through the travels of my life I'll find it, And tie it to this country. And I vow My reign shall be so easy to the subject, That every man shall be his prince himself, And his own law (yet I his prince and law). And, dearest lady, to your dearest self (Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lust Must make you more and mightier) let me say, You are the blessed't at living; for, sweet prince You shall enjoy a man of men, to be Your servant; you shall make him yours, Great queens must die. [who

*Thra.* Miraculous!

*Cle.* This speech calls him Spaniard, being a thing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

*Dion.* I wonder what's his price? For certain He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

But here comes one more worthy than the large speaker of them. [speech Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find, In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues, One sinew sound enough to promise for him, He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne- make king Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

*Phi.* Right noble sir, as low as my obedience And with a heart as loyal as my knee, I beg your favour.

*King.* Rise; you have it, sir. [with fes

*Dion.* Mark but the king, how pale he looks! Oh! this same whoreson conscience, how it jars!

*King.* Speak your intents, sir. [I

*Phi.* Shall I speak 'em freely?

Be still my royal sovereign.

*King.* As a subject, We give you freedom.

*Dion.* Now it heats.

*Phi.* Then thus I turn My language to you, prince; you, foreign man! Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must [up Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tro (A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess) By my dead father (oh, I had a father, Whose memory I bow to!) was not left To your inheritance, and I up and living; Having myself about me, and my sword, The souls of all my name, and memories, These arms, and some few friends beside the go To part so calmly with it, and sit still, [not And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pha When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten. And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth, My father's friends made fertile with their faith

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow  
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,  
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;  
By Nemesis, it shall!

*Phi.* He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

*Dion.* Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:  
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

*Phi.* Sir, prince of poppinjays, I'll make it well  
Appear to you I'm not mad.

*King.* You displease us:  
You are too bold.

*Phi.* No, sir, I am too tame,  
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,  
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud  
Sails over and makes nothing.

*King.* I do not fancy this.

Call our physicians: Sure he's somewhat tainted.

*Thra.* I do not think 'twill prove so.

*Dion.* He has given him a general purge already,  
For all the right he has; and now he means  
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:  
By these hilts, I'll run his hazard,  
Although I run my name out of the kingdom.

*Cle.* Peace, we are all one soul.

*Phi.* What you have seen in me, to stir offence,  
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,  
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;  
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury  
To mutiny within you; without disputing  
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;  
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him  
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun  
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond  
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,  
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends  
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,  
Or back such bellied commendations)  
And from this presence, 'spite of all these bugs,  
You should hear further from me.

*King.* Sir, you wrong the prince: I gave you  
not this freedom

To brave our best friends. You deserve our frown.  
Go to; be better temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

*Gal.* Ladies,

This would have been a pattern of succession,  
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man  
This day within my knowledge. [knowledge;

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your  
But the other is the man set in my eye.  
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

*Gal.* A dog it is.

*King.* Philaster, tell me  
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,  
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,  
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and  
fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.  
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

*Phi.* Take them,  
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

[They walk apart.]

*Cle.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Dion.* I cannot blame him: there's danger in't.  
Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for

all men to read their actions through: Men's  
hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold  
no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well,  
and you shall see a fever through all his bravery,  
and feel him shake like a true recreant. If he give  
not back his crown again, upon the report of an  
elder-gun, I have no angury.

*King.* Go to!

Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;  
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,  
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure,  
What fashion we will put upon you. Smooth  
Your brow, or by the gods—

*Phi.* I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was  
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me [not I  
My weak stars lead me to, to all my weak fortunes.  
Who dares in all this presence, speak, (that is  
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,  
I do not most entirely love this prince,  
And honour his full virtues!

*King.* Sure, he's possess'd.

*Phi.* Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O  
king!

A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,  
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;  
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.  
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives  
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel, and do me service, cry me "king:"  
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me.—Noble sir, your hand:  
I am your servant.

*King.* Away, I do not like this:  
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
Both of life and spirit: For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

[Exit KING, PHARAMOND, and ARETHUSA.]

*Dion.* I thank you, sir; you dare not for the  
people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this brave  
fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But  
eye you stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentle-  
man? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them  
strangely: They do the rarest home things, and  
please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the  
nation over and over for his sake.

*Gal.* Pride comfort your poor head-piece, lady!  
'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

*Dion.* See, how his fancy labours! Has he not  
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train  
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,  
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood  
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,

You have no suit to me? I am no minion:  
You stand, methinks, like men that would be  
If I could well be flatter'd at a price, [courtiers,  
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:  
Go, get you home again, and make your country  
A virtuous court; to which your great ones may,  
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you, worthy sir?

*Phi.* Well, very well;  
And so well, that, if the king please, I find  
I may live many years.

*Dion.* The king must please,  
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,

Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,  
But add your father to you : In whose name,  
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people ;  
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,  
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,  
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg  
For mercy at your sword's point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more ;  
Our ears may be corrupted : 'Tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me ?

*Thra.* Do we love heaven and honour ?  
*Phi.* My lord Dion, you had  
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father ;  
Is she yet alive ?

*Dion.* Most honour'd sir, she is :  
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,  
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Phi.* Is it to me,  
Or any of these gentlemen, you come ?  
*Lady.* To you, brave lord : The princess would  
Your present company. *[entreat]*

*Phi.* The princess send for me ! You are mis-  
taken.

*Lady.* If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.

*Phi.* Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.  
*[Exit Lady.]*

*Dion.* Do you know what you do ?

*Phi.* Yes ; go to see a woman.

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you are in ?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face !

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the princess sent ?  
It may be some foul train to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it, gentlemen ; she's noble ;  
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face may steal my soul  
out :

There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,  
Her single name hath armed me.

*[Exit PHILASTER.]*

*Dion.* Go on :  
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.  
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,  
Lest the king prove false. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the same.

*Enter ANTHUSA and a Lady.*

*Are.* Comes he not ?

*Lady.* Madam ?

*Are.* Will Philaster come ?

*Lady.* Dear madam, you were wont to credit me  
At first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so ?  
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength  
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow  
About my marriage, that these under things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look'd he, when he told thee he would come ?

*Lady.* Why, well.

*Are.* And not a little fearful ? *[it is.]*

*Lady.* Fear, madam ! sure, he knows not what

*Are.* You all are of his faction ; the whole court  
Is bold in praise of him : whilst I  
May live neglected, and do noble things,  
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,  
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.

*Lady.* Fear ? Madam, methought, his looks bid  
Of love than fear. *[more]*

*Are.* Of love ? to whom ? to you ?—  
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,  
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,  
That you have caught him ?

*Lady.* Madam, I mean to you.

*Are.* Of love to me ? alas ! thy ignorance  
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.  
Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
And knows she does well, never gave the world  
Two things so opposite, so contrary,  
As he and I am : If a bowl of blood,  
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee.  
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me ?

*Lady.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in.—

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms with-  
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is, *[stood.]*  
To make the passion of a feeble maid  
The way unto your justice, I obey.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Lady.* Here is my lord Philaster.

*Are.* Oh ! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself. *[Exit Lady.]*

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger  
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true, Philaster ; but the words are such  
I have to say, and do so ill beseeem  
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,  
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,  
That I have aught detracted from your worth ?  
Have I in person wrong'd you ? Or have set  
My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
Upon your virtues ?

*Phi.* Never, madam, you.

*Are.* Why, then, should you, in such a public  
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay *[place.]*  
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great ;  
Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak,  
will be

Foolish : But, for your fair and virtuous self,  
I could afford myself to have no right  
To anything you wish'd.

*Are.* Philaster, know,  
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam ! Both ?

*Are.* Both, or I die : By fate, I die, Philaster,  
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that noble life :  
Yet would be loth to have posterity  
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave  
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,  
To save a lady's longing.

*Are.* Nay then, hear !

I must and will have them, and more—

*Phi.* What more ?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods prepared.  
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

*Phi.* Madam, what more ?

*Are.* Turn, then, away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I cannot endure it. Turn away my face ?  
I never yet saw enemy that look'd  
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself  
As great a basilisk as he ; or spake  
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;  
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then  
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,  
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;  
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me  
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask  
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:  
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

*Are.* Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

*Phi.* I do.

*Are.* Then know, I must have them, and thee.

*Phi.* And me?

*Are.* Thy love; without which all the land  
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,  
But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Is't possible?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me  
dead,

(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,  
To lay a train for this contemned life,  
Which you may have for asking: To suspect  
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,  
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:  
But bow this passion should proceed from you  
So violently, would amaze a man  
That would be jealous.

*Are.* Another soul, into my body shot,  
Could not have filled me with more strength and  
spirit,

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,  
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,  
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love  
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,  
In that the secret justice of the gods  
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;  
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,  
And we should part without it.

*Phi.* 'Twill be ill  
I should abide here long.

*Are.* 'Tis true; and worse  
You should come often. How shall we devise  
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,  
On any new occasion, may agree  
What path is best to tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy,  
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,  
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.  
A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
Stack in that mystic order, that the rareness  
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd  
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.  
He told me, that his parents gentle died,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,  
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,  
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.  
Then took he up his garland, and did shew  
What every flower, as country people hold,  
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,  
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read  
The prettiest lecture of his country art

That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could  
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
Who was [as] glad to follow; and have got  
The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,  
That ever master kept. Him will I send  
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

*Enter Lady.*

*Are.* 'Tis well; no more.

*Lady.* Madam, the prince is come to do his  
service.

*Are.* What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have pointed

*Are.* Dear, hide thyself.— [out for me.

Bring in the prince.

*Phi.* Hide me from Pharamond!

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,  
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;  
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag  
Unto a foreign nation, that he made  
Philaster hide himself?

*Are.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to the  
It is a simple sin to hide myself, [world,  
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then, good Philaster, give him scope and  
In what he says; for he is apt to speak [way  
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

*Phi.* I will.

*Enter PHARAMOND.*

*Pha.* My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,  
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,  
In outward ceremonies, the dear love  
Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier,  
I am gone.

*Pha.* To what would he have answer?

*Are.* To his claim unto the kingdom.

*Pha.* Sirrah, I forbore you before the king.

*Phi.* Good sir, do so still: I would not talk  
with you.

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter: Do but offer  
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,  
Though it be scarce habitable—

*Phi.* Good sir, let me go.

*Pha.* And by my sword—

*Phi.* Peace, Pharamond! If thou—

*Are.* Leave us, Philaster.

*Phi.* I have done.

*Pha.* You are gone? By heaven, I'll fetch you

*Phi.* You shall not need. [back.

*Pha.* What now?

*Phi.* Know, Pharamond,  
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if  
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say  
"Thou wert," and not lament it.

*Pha.* Do you slight  
My greatness so, and in the chamber of  
The princess?

*Phi.* It is a place, to which, I must confess,  
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,  
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,  
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.  
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp  
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.  
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.

[Exit PHILASTER.

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop  
his mouth with some office when we are married.



*Are.* You were best make him your controller.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow  
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long  
Before our hands be so. If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait

For dreaming form, but take a little stolen  
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour. [Exit.]

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will never  
hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the PALACE.

*Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO:*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,  
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,  
Ay, or deserve.

*Bel.* Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;  
And only yet am something, by being yours.

You trusted me unknown; and that which you  
To construe a simple innocence in me, [were apt  
Perhaps might have been craft; the cunning of a  
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you [boy  
To part my miseries and me; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art  
And bear'st a childish overflowing love [young,  
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.  
But when thy judgment comes to rule those pas-  
sions,

Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,  
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.  
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

*Bel.* In that small time that I have seen the  
I never knew a man hasty to part [world,  
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,  
My father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he; but did it not  
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

*Phi.* Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all  
In thy behaviour.

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:  
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge: And if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,  
For once. What master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,  
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.  
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st  
It is my business that doth call thee hence;  
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.  
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,  
Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.  
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time  
Thou did'st attend the princess.

*Bel.* I am gone.

But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do

More service for you, take this little prayer:  
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your  
designs!

May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;  
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. [Exit.]

*Phi.* The love of boys unto their lords is strange:  
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,  
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks  
And speech) would out-do story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[Exit PHILASTER.]

### SCENE II.—A Gallery in the PALACE.

*Enter PHARAMOND.*

*Pha.* Why should these ladies stay so long?  
They must come this way: I know the queen em-  
ploys 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me  
word, they would all be for the garden. If they  
should prove honest now, I were in a fair taking.  
I was never so long without sport in my life; and  
in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our  
country ladies!—Here's one bolted; I'll hound at  
her.

*Enter GALATEA.*

*Gal.* Your grace!

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me, sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this  
sweet hand—

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old  
glove. If you will talk at a distance, I am for you:  
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag:  
these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have  
sense enough to answer all the weighty apophthegms  
your royal blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Dear lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you  
a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of  
a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the  
sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair  
covers; and this face has been so far from being  
dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting:  
And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as  
you see; it leaves no handle behind it, to make  
the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me, lady.

*Gal.* Lord, I do so: 'Would you or I could  
help it!

*Pha.* Do ladies of this country use to give no  
more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being? I understand you not, unless  
your grace means growing to fatness; and then  
your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince)  
is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brewed  
with carduus; then fast till supper: about eight  
you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-

hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

*Pha.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true, sir, I talk of you.

*Pha.* This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danie, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here: All these, and more than—

*Gal.* What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

*Pha.* Lady, lady!

*Gal.* She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match you. [*Apart.*]

[*Exit behind the hangings.*]

*Pha.* If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

*Enter MEORA.*

Here's another: If she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many days, fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—

If your more serious business do not call you, let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as yourself.

I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;

There's theme enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,

Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my glass wrongs me.

*Pha.* Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dyed in blushes,

Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings, And taste and live.

*Meg.* Oh, delicate sweet prince!

She that hath snow enough about her heart,

To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,

May be a nun without probation.—Sir,

You have, in such neat poetry, rather'd a kiss,

That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend

Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life, you shall not.

[*Kisses her.*]

I'll prompt first: Can you do it now?

*Meg.* Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' done't before; But yet I should stick at it.

*Pha.* Stick till to-morrow; I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time. Can you love me?

*Meg.* Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time, and your good help, will wear it out, sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

*Meg.* Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

*Pha.* Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

*Meg.* And how do you hold her wit, sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnobler wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not, prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

[*Gives her a ring.*]

*Meg.* My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when—

*Pha.* Till when, this, and my heart, go with thee!

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter GALATEA from behind the Hangings.*

*Gal.* Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit*]

### SCENE III.—ARETHUSA'S Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady.*

*Are.* Where's the boy?

*Lady.* Within, madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy clothes?

*Lady.* I did.

*Are.* And has he done't?

*Lady.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?  
Ask'd you his name?

*Lady.* No, madam.

*Enter GALATRA.*

*Are.* Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your grace,  
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.

*Are.* Hast thou discover'd?

*Gal.* I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

*Are.* I pr'ythee, how?

*Gal.* In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady  
live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a  
lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince,  
brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell  
the time and place.

*Are.* Oh, when, and where?

*Gal.* To-night, his lodging.

*Are.* Run thyself into the presence; mingle there  
With other ladies; leave the rest to me. [again  
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,  
"Why did'st thou this?") have not decreed it so,  
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters  
Were never altered) yet, this match shall break.  
Where's the boy?

*Lady.* Here, madam.

*Enter BELLARIO.*

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service;  
is't not so?

*Bel.* Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,  
To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

*Bel.* Bellario.

*Are.* Thou can'st sing, and play?

*Bel.* If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?  
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to  
Thou art not capable of other grief, [school?  
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,  
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

*Bel.* Love, madam? I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know grief, and never yet  
knew'st love?

Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,  
As if he wish'd me well?

*Bel.* If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends,  
In thinking of your face; if it be love,  
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;  
If it be love to weep himself away,  
When he but hears of any lady dead,  
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;  
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)  
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,  
As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,  
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie,  
For your lord's credit: but thou know'st a lie,  
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me  
Than any truth that says he loves me not.  
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—  
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

# SCENE IV.—*Before Prince PHARAMOND'S Lodgings in the Palace.*

*Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, and  
GALATRA.*

*Dion.* Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As  
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour [men  
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

*Gal.* 'Tis late.

*Meg.* 'Tis all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

*Gal.* I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find  
the way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

*Enter PHARAMOND.*

*Thra.* The prince!

*Pha.* Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters-up.  
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last  
Till morning?

*Meg.* I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake  
before it.

*Enter ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.*

*Are.* 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these  
Is't not late, gentlemen? [ladies.—

*Cle.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* Wait you there. [*Exit*

*Meg.* She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my  
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis. [lord.

*Pha.* His form is angel-like.

*Meg.* Why, this is he must, when you are wad,  
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with  
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep:  
The princess does provide him for you, and for  
*Pha.* I find no music in these boys. [*herself*

*Meg.* Nor I:

They can do little, and that small they do,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Dion.* Serves he the princess?

*Thra.* Yes.

*Dion.* 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she keeps  
him!

*Pha.* Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck  
To-morrow morning, ere you have done your dreams. [*Exit*

*Meg.* All happiness attend your grace! Gentle-  
men, good rest.—

Come, shall we to bed?

*Gal.* Yes; all good night.

[*Exeunt GALATRA and MEGRA.*

*Dion.* May your dreams be true to you!—  
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king  
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along  
With him.

*Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and Guard.*

*King.* Look your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,  
Your highness will not tie me to a man,  
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,  
And takes another.

*Dion.* What should this mean?

*King.* If it be true,

That lady had much better have embraced  
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.

[*Exeunt ARETHUSA and BELLARIO.*

You shall be righted.—Gentlemen, draw near;  
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond  
Come to his lodging?

*Dion.* I saw him enter there.

*King.* Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover  
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit DION.*

*Cle.* Sir,  
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need to make  
A vain discovery of our suspicion.—  
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously [*Aride.*  
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst  
In that which meaner men are blest withall.  
Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit; and his name shall be  
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,  
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves  
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.  
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin  
I have committed; let it not fall  
Upon this under-standing child of mine;  
She has not broke your laws. But how can I  
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,  
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

*Enter DION.*

*Dion.* Sir, I have asked, and her women swear  
she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told  
'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and  
said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business  
was important; they said, their lady was about it:  
I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter  
that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so  
was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged  
again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw  
her; they smiled again, and seem'd to instruct me,  
that sleeping was nothing but lying down and  
winking. Answers more direct I could not get:  
In short, sir, I think she is not there.

*King.* 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the  
guard,

Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,  
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—  
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!  
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?  
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!  
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this  
Laram by him. Once more.—Pharamond! prince!

*PHARAMOND appears at a Window.*

*Pha.* What saucy groom knocks at this dead of  
night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,  
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.

*King.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are  
Come down. [*your friends.*

*Pha.* The king?

*King.* The same, sir; come down.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

*Pha.* If your grace please to use me, I'll attend  
To your chamber. [*you*

*King.* No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold  
with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to myself,  
Make me unmannerly, and say, "you cannot."—  
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must  
Come through my life, that comes here.

*Enter PHARAMOND below.*

*King.* Sir, be resolved,  
I must and will come.

*Pha.* I'll not be dishonour'd.

He that enters, enters upon his death.

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,  
At these unseason'd hours.

*King.* Why do you

Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall

Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To ourself known: Enter, I say.

*Pha.* I say, no.

[*MEGARA appears above.*

*Meg.* Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;

I am up, and ready; I know their business:

'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,

They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—

You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—

Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you  
To make public the weakness of a woman.

*King.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your  
clamours,

Your private whispers, and your broad flierings,  
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.  
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,  
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,  
Be joy and nourishment.

*King.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst: But I shall  
If my skill fail me not. [*wring you,*

*King.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for this loose-  
ness.

You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.—  
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him  
to-bed indeed.

*Dion.* 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage or  
two, to breathe himself, without a warrant. If this  
geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, pray  
heaven, we may lie with our own wives in safety,  
that they be not by some trick of state mistaken.

*Enter MEGARA.*

*King.* Now, lady of honour, where's your honour  
No man can fit your palate, but the prince. [now?  
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness; thou piece  
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;  
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,  
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud  
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;  
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,  
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,  
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?  
By all the gods! all these, and all the pages,  
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;  
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,  
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.  
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

*Meg.* 'Faith, sir, you must pardon me;

I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.  
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,  
By all those gods you swore by, and as many  
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and such  
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.  
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me  
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,  
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;  
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy  
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;  
Know what she does with him, where, and when.  
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,  
The glory of a fury; and if I do not  
Do't to the height—

*King.* What boy is this she raves at?

*Meg.* Alas! good-minded prince, you know not  
these things;

I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,  
As you would keep your health, from the hot air  
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,

I will not fall alone. What I have known,  
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues  
Shall speak it, as they do the language they  
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,  
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;  
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms, far  
and foreign,

Shall read it there, nay, travel with't till they find  
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;  
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

*King.* Has she a boy?

*Cle.* So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait  
On her; a fair boy.

*King.* Go, get you to your quarter:  
For this time I will study to forget you.

*Meg.* Do you study to forget me, and I'll study  
to forget you. [*Exeunt KING, MEGRA, and Guard.*]

*Cle.* Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules. If  
ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench  
shall ride astride and be their captain.

*Dion.* Sure she has a garrison of devils in her  
tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire. She  
has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the  
country will scarce cure him. That boy was a  
strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection:  
That boy, that princess's boy, that brave, chaste,  
virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken  
boy! All these considered, can make nothing else  
—But there I leave you, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter CLEREMONT, DION, and THRASILINE.*

*Cle.* Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

*Dion.* Ay; and 'tis the gods  
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king  
With his own issue. Is it not a shame  
For us, that should write noble in the land,  
For us, that should be freemen, to behold  
A man, that is the bravery of his age,  
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right.  
By this regardless king? and only look  
And see the sceptre ready to be cast  
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,  
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be  
married

To yon strange prince, who, but that people please  
To let him be a prince, is born a slave  
In that which should be his most noble part,  
His mind?

*Thra.* That man, that would not stir with you,  
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget  
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

*Cle.* Philaster is too backward in't himself.  
The gentry do await it, and the people,  
Against their nature, are all bent for him,  
And like a field of standing corn, that's move  
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

*Dion.* The only cause, that draws Philaster back  
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,  
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

*Thra.* Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

*Dion.* Why, gentlemen,  
'Tis without question so.

*Cle.* Ay, 'tis past speech,  
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,  
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

*Thra.* We all are satisfied within ourselves.

*Dion.* Since it is true, and tends to his own  
good,

I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:  
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Thra.* 'Twill move him.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Dion.* Here he comes.—

Good morrow to your honour! We have spent  
Some time in seeking you.

*Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keep your memories to know

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown  
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day  
Attend you all! What service may I do,  
Worthy your acceptance?

*Dion.* My good lord,  
We come to urge that virtue, which we know  
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head.  
The nobles and the people are all dull'd  
With this usurping king; and not a man,  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing  
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honourable is this love in you  
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my  
friends,

(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster  
With too much courtesy,) I could afford  
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs  
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long  
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time  
Is short of what I would.

*Dion.* The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:  
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd  
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,  
You know the people have long hated him;

But now the princess, whom they loved—

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Dion.* Is loath'd as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange means?

*Dion.* She's known a whore.

*Phi.* Thou liest.

*Dion.* My lord—

*Phi.* Thou liest, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*]  
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind  
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,  
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,  
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase  
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone  
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,  
Like thunder from a cloud.

*Dion.* This is most strange:  
Sure he does love her.

*Phi.* I do love fair truth:  
She is my mistress, and who injures her,  
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

*Thra.* Nay, good my lord, be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,  
That comes to do his service, and will shew  
You why he utter'd this.

*Phi.* I ask you pardon, sir;  
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:  
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your back, untruly, I had been  
As much distemper'd and enraged as now.

*Dion.* But this, my lord, is truth.

*Phi.* Oh, say not so!  
Good sir, forbear to say so! 'Tis then truth,  
That all womankind is false! Urge it no more;  
It is impossible. Why should you think  
The princess light?

*Dion.* Why, she was taken at it. [not be!]

*Phi.* 'Tis false! Oh, Heaven! 'tis false! it cannot  
Can it! Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!  
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

*Dion.* Why, no, my lord.

*Phi.* Why, then, it cannot be.

*Dion.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy?

*Dion.* A page, a boy that serves her.

*Phi.* Oh, good gods!

A little boy?

*Dion.* Ay; know you him, my lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are  
I'll reason it a little coldly with you: [deceived;  
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,  
That knows not yet desire? She would have one  
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,  
Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abused, and so is she, and I.

*Dion.* How you, my lord?

*Phi.* Why, all the world's abused  
In an unjust report.

*Dion.* Oh, noble sir, your virtues  
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.  
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

*Phi.* Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from  
my rage!

'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,  
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my  
eyes!

'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,  
When thou didst take them; or been strucken  
dumb

For ever; that this foul deed might have slept  
In silence!

*Thra.* Have you known him so ill-temper'd?

*Cle.* Never before.

*Phi.* The winds, that are let loose  
From the four several corners of the earth,  
And spread themselves all over sea and land,  
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword  
To run me through?

*Dion.* Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?

*Phi.* When any fall from virtue, I am distract;  
I have an interest in't.

*Dion.* But, good my lord, recall yourself, and  
What's best to be done. [think]

*Phi.* I thank you: I will do it.

Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.  
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,  
And give you answer.

*Dion.* All the gods direct you  
The readiest way!—

*Thra.* He was extreme impatient.

*Cle.* It was his virtue, and his noble mind.

[Exit DION, CLEMMONT, and THIRABLINE.]

*Phi.* I had forgot to ask him where he took them.  
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea  
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!  
More circumstances will but fan this fire.  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:  
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,  
As far from lies as she is far from truth.  
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,  
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight  
To keep their females, standing in their sight;  
But take 'em from them, and you take at once  
Their spleens away; and they will fall again  
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet  
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.  
But miserable man—

Enter BELLARIO with a Letter.

See, see, you gods,

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear  
When he was innocent, is still the same,  
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean  
To intrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now  
Think he is guilty.

*Bel.* Health to you, my lord!

The princess doth commend her love, her life,  
And this, unto you.

*Phi.* Oh, Bellario!

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it  
In loving thee, my boy: She has made thee brave.

*Bel.* My lord, she has attired me past my wish,  
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,  
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

*Phi.* Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all  
women,

That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,  
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,  
As if her heart were mines of adamant  
To all the world besides; but, unto me,  
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—  
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?  
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

*Bel.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I were  
Something allied to her; or had preserved  
Her life three times by my fidelity.

As mothers fond do use their only sons;  
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,  
So she does use me.

*Phi.* Why, this is wond'rous well:

But what kind language does she feed thee with?

*Bel.* Why, she does tell me, she will trust my  
youth

With all her loving secrets; and does call me  
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more  
For leaving you; she'll see my services  
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,  
That I am nearer weeping when she ends  
Than ere she spake.

*Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bel.* Are you not ill, my lord?

*Phi.* Ill? No, Bellario.

*Bel.* Methinks, your words  
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,  
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,  
That I was wont to see.

*Phi.* Thou art deceived, boy:  
And she strokes thy head?

*Bel.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheeks ?

*Bel.* She does, my lord.

*Phi.* And she does kiss thee, boy ? ha !

*Bel.* How, my lord ?

*Phi.* She kisses thee ?

*Bel.* Not so, my lord.

*Phi.* Come, come, I know she does.

*Bel.* No, by my life.

*Phi.* Why then she does not love me. Come, she does.

I bade her do it ; I charged her, by all charms

Of love between us, by the hope of peace

We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights

Naked, as to her bed : I took her oath

Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,

Is she not paralleless ? Is not her breath

Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe ?

Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls ?

Is she not all a lasting mine of joy ?

*Bel.* Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts

Were so perplex'd : When first I went to her,

My heart held augury. You are abused ;

Some villain has abused you ! I do see

Whereto you tend : Fall rocks upon his head

That put this to you ! 'Tis some subtle train,

To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

*Phi.* Thou think'st I will be angry with thee.

Come,

Thou shalt know all my drift ; I hate her more

Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,

To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.

Hast thou discover'd ? Is she fall'n to lust,

As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

*Bel.* My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :

Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats ;

Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,

Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid

Her base desires ; but what I came to know

As servant to her, I would not reveal,

To make my life last ages.

*Phi.* Oh, my heart !

This is a salve worse than the main disease.

Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least

[*Draws.*

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart

To know it : I will see thy thoughts as plain

As I do now thy face.

*Bel.* Why, so you do.

[*Kneels.*

She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,

As chaste as ice : But were she foul as hell,

And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,

The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,

Should draw it from me.

*Phi.* Then it is no time

To dally with thee ; I will take thy life,

For I do hate thee : I could curse thee now.

*Bel.* If you do hate, you could not curse me worse :

The gods have not a punishment in store

Greater for me, than is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie,

So young and so dissembling ! Tell me when

And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues

Fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

*Bel.* Heaven knows I never did ; and when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.

Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,

I'll love those pieces you have cut away,

Better than those that grow ; and kiss those limbs

Because you made 'em so.

*Phi.* Fear'st thou not death ?

Can boys condemn that ?

*Bel.* Oh, what boy is he

Can be content to live to be a man,

That sees the best of men thus passionate,

Thus without reason ?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou dost not know

What 'tis to die.

*Bel.* Yes, I do know, my lord :

'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,

A quiet resting from all jealousy ;

A thing we all pursue. I know besides,

It is but giving over of a game

That must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are pains, false boy,

For perjured souls : Think but on these, and then

Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

*Bel.* May they fall all upon me whilst I live,

If I be perjured, or have ever thought

Of that you charge me with ! If I be false,

Send me to suffer in those punishments

You speak of ; kill me.

*Phi.* Oh, what should I do ?

Why, who can but believe him ? He does swear

So earnestly, that if it were not true,

The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario !

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou

Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,

That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes.

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert

To blame to injure me, for I must love

Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon

Thy tender youth : A love from me to thee

Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me

That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so well become thee. But, good boy,

Let me not see thee more : Something is done,

That will distract me, that will make me mad,

If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,

Let me not see thee.

*Bel.* I will fly as far

As there is morning, ere I give distaste

To that most honour'd mind. But through thee

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see [tear

A world of treason practised upon you,

And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore !

If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,

And after find me loyal, let there be

A tear shed from you in my memory,

And I shall rest at peace. [Ex

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,

Whatever thou deserv'st !—Oh, where shall I

Go bathe this body ? Nature, too unkind.

That made no medicine for a troubled mind ! [Ex

## SCENE II.—ARETHUSA'S Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARETHUSA.

*Are.* I marvel my boy comes not back again

But that I know my love will question him

Over and over, how I slept, waked, talk'd ;

How I remembered him when his dear name

Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, su

And ten thousand such ; I should be angry at

stay.

Enter KING.

*King.* What, at your meditations ? Who atte-  
you ?

*Are.* None but my single self. I need no guard ;  
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

*King.* Tell me, have you not a boy ?

*Are.* Yes, sir.

*King.* What kind of boy ?

*Are.* A page, a waiting-boy.

*King.* A handsome boy ?

*Are.* I think he be not ugly :

Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him ;

I took him not for beauty.

*King.* He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

*Are.* Yes, sir.

*King.* About eighteen ?

*Are.* I never ask'd his age.

*King.* Is he full of service ?

*Are.* By your pardon, why do you ask ?

*King.* Put him away.

*Are.* Sir !

*King.* Put him away ! he has done you that  
good service,

Shames me to speak of.

*Are.* Good sir, let me understand you.

*King.* If you fear me,

Shew it in duty : Put away that boy.

*Are.* Let me have reason for it, sir, and then  
Your will is my command.

*King.* Do not you blush to ask it ? Cast him off,  
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one  
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,  
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,  
What you, myself, have done.

*Are.* What have I done, my lord ?

*King.* 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn :  
The common people speak it well already ;  
They need no grammar. Understand me well ;  
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,  
And suddenly : Do it ! Farewell. [*Exit KING.*]

*Are.* Where may a maiden live securely free,  
Keeping her honour safe ? Not with the living ;  
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,  
And make 'em truths ; they draw a nourishment  
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces ;  
And, when they see a virtue fortified  
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,  
Oh, how they cast to sink it ; and, defeated,  
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping ; till they sweat,  
And the cold marble melt.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest  
mistress.

*Are.* Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war with-  
in me.

*Phi.* He must be more than man, that makes  
these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause ?  
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,  
Your creature, made again, from what I was,  
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

*Are.* Oh, my best love, that boy !

*Phi.* What boy ?

*Are.* The pretty boy you gave me —

*Phi.* What of him ?

*Are.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why ?

*Are.* They are jealous of him.

*Phi.* Jealous ! who ?

*Are.* The king.

*Phi.* Oh, my fortune

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*] — Let him go.

*Are.* Oh, cruel !

Are you hard-hearted too ? who shall now tell you,  
How much I loved you ? who shall swear it to you ?  
And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring  
you

Letters, rings, bracelets ? lose his health in service ?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?

Who shall sing your crying elegies ?

And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,

And make them mourn ? who shall take up his lute,

And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep

Upon my eye-lid, making me dream, and cry,

" Oh, my dear, dear Philaster ! "

*Phi.* Oh, my heart !

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This lady was not loyal. — Mistress, forget

The boy : I'll get thee a far better.

*Are.* Oh, never, never such a boy again,  
As my Bellario !

*Phi.* 'Tis but your fond affection.

*Are.* With thee, my boy, farewell for ever

All secrecy in servants ! Farewell faith !

And all desire to do well for itself !

Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,

Sell and betray chaste love !

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy ?

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to me,  
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* Oh, thou forgetful woman !

*Are.* How, my lord ?

*Phi.* False Arethusa !

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I have lost 'em ? If not, leave to talk,  
And do thus.

*Are.* Do what, sir ? Would you sleep ?

*Phi.* For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,  
Give me a worthy patience ! Have I stood  
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes ?  
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,  
Grow like a sea upon me ? Have I taken  
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,  
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,  
And flung it by ? Do I live now like him,  
Under this tyrant king, that languishing  
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners ? Do I  
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length  
Under a woman's falsehood ? Oh, that boy,  
That cursed boy ! None but a villain boy  
To ease your lust ?

*Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd :  
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.

Oh, I am wretched !

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I have  
To this poor kingdom : Give it to your joy ;  
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,  
Where never womankind durst set her foot,  
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,  
And live to curse you :  
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts,  
What woman is, and help to save them from you :  
How Heaven is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,  
More hell than hell has : How your tongues, like  
scorpions,  
Both heal and poison : How your thoughts are  
woven

With thousand changes in one subtle web,  
And worn so by you : How that foolish man  
That reads the story of a woman's face,  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever :  
How all the good you have is but a shadow,



I th' morning with you, and at night behind you,  
Past and forgotten : How your vows are frosts,  
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone :  
How you are, being taken all together,  
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,  
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,  
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.  
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!

[Exit PHILASTER.]

*Are.* Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead !  
What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast  
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her  
eyes,

To find out constancy ?

*Enter BELLARIO.*

Save me, how black  
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now !  
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,  
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,  
And betray innocents ! Thy lord and thou  
May glory in the ashes of a maid  
Fool'd by her passion ; but the conquest is  
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away !  
Let my command force thee to that, which shame  
Would do without it. If thou understood'st  
The loathed office thou hast undergone,  
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,  
Lest men should dig and find thee.

*Bel.* Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
Into the noblest minds ? Madam, this grief  
You add unto me is no more than drops  
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell :  
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,  
And let out all the hope of future joys.  
You need not bid me fly ; I came to part,  
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever !  
I durst not run away, in honesty,  
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,  
Or made some grievous fault. The power of god  
Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time  
Reveal the truth to your abused lord  
And mine, that he may know your worth ; whilst  
Go seek out some forgotten place to die !

[Exit BELLARIO]

*Are.* Peace guide thee ! Thou hast overthrow  
me once ;  
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,  
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,  
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,  
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, the king would hunt, and call  
With earnestness. [for ye]

*Are.* I am in tune to hunt !  
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid  
As with a man, let me discover thee  
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,  
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,  
And have my story written in my wounds. [Exit]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Forest.

*Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, DION,  
CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, and Attendants.*

*King.* What, are the hounds before, and all the  
Our horses ready, and our bows bent ? [woodmen ;  
*Dion.* All, sir.

*King.* You are cloudy, sir : Come, we have for-  
gotten

Your venial trespass ; let not that sit heavy  
Upon your spirit : here's none dare utter it.—

*Dion.* He looks like an old surfeited stallion  
after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he  
sinks ! The wench has shot him between wind and  
water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

*Thra.* He needs no teaching, he strikes sure  
enough ; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in  
the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching !

*Dion.* And for his horn, he has left it at the  
lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious lime-  
hound ! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady,  
and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip. When  
my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow  
him.—

*King.* Is your boy turn'd away ?

*Are.* You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.

*King.* 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

[They talk apart]

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should repent ?  
methinks, that were not noble in him ; and yet he  
looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick  
man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done  
this fault now, some physical justice or other  
would presently (without the help of an almanack)

have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let  
him blood with a dog-whip.

*Dion.* See, see, how modestly yon lady looks  
as if she came from churching with her neighbour  
Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but  
that she's honest !

*Thra.* 'Troth, no great matter to speak of ;  
foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coal  
but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

*Dion.* See how they muster one another ! Oh  
there's a rank regiment where the devil carries all  
colours, and his dam drum-major ! Now the war  
and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

*Cle.* Sure, this lady has a good turn done  
against her will : Before, she was common talk  
now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her  
face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding  
all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up as  
bolted when this lady means to let herself loose  
As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, as  
a gracious ; and may use her body discreetly, for  
her health's sake, once a week, excepting Le  
and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for  
money, what a great sum would come out of this  
city for these licences !

*King.* To horse, to horse ! we lose the mor-  
ning, gentlemen. [Exit]

### SCENE II.—Another part of the Forest.

*Enter two WOODMEN.*

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer ?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The Princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me.

I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have had the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting-saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [Exit.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Phi.* Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods,

With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known  
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains  
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,  
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,  
Might have been shut together in one shed;  
And then had taken me some mountain girl,  
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks  
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed

With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,  
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts  
My large coarse issue! This had been a life  
Free from vexation.

*Enter BELARIO.*

*Bel.* Oh, wicked men!

An innocent may walk safe among beasts;  
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord  
Sits as his soul were searching out a way  
To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must  
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.  
You, that are grieved, can pity: Hear, my lord!

*Phi.* Is there a creature yet so miserable,  
That I can pity?

*Bel.* Oh, my noble lord!

View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,  
According to your bounty (if my service  
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve  
To keep that little piece I hold of life  
From cold and hunger.

*Phi.* Is it thou? Begone!

Go, sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,  
And feed thyself with them.

*Bel.* Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them!

The silly country people think 'tis treason  
To touch such gay things.

*Phi.* Now, by my life, this is  
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.  
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:  
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?  
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?  
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,  
I took thee up: [when first  
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears  
Can work on any other, use thy art;  
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,  
That I may shun thee? For thine eyes are poison  
To mine; and I am loth to grow in rage.  
This way, or that way?

*Bel.* Any will serve. But I will chuse to have  
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[Exit PHILASTER and BELARIO severally.

*Enter DION and the Woodmen.*

*Dion.* This is the strangest sudden chance! You,  
Woodman!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

*Dion.* Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable  
horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Dion.* Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* 'Faith my lord, we saw none.

[Exit Woodmen.

*Enter CLEREMONT.*

*Dion.* Pox of your questions then!—What, is  
she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be, I think.

*Dion.* Let him seek his daughter himself. She  
cannot stray about a little necessary natural busi-  
ness, but the whole court must be in arms: When  
she has done, we shall have peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherless tales  
amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with  
her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a  
plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in  
the wood: But, questionless, she rode away will-  
ingly.

*Enter KING and THRASILINE.*

*King.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*King.* How is that?

Answer me so again!

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lye?

*King.* Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me  
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—[that.  
Sir, speak you; where is she?

*Dion.* Sir, I do not know.

*King.* Speak that again so boldly, and, by Hea-  
It is thy last.—You, fellows, answer me; [ven,  
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king;  
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;  
I do command you all, as you are subjects,  
To show her me! What! am I not your king?  
If "ay," then am I not to be obey'd?

*Dion.* Yea, if you command things possible and  
honest.

*King.* Things possible and honest! Hear me,  
thou,

Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things  
Possible and honest; show her me,  
Or, let me perish, if I cover not  
All Sicily with blood!

*Dion.* Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where  
she is.

*King.* You have betray'd me; you have let me  
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me, [Jesse  
And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king  
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,  
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,  
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?

*Dion.* No.

*King.* No! cannot the breath of kings do this?

*Dion.* No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the  
lungs be but corrupted.

*King.* Is it so? Take heed!

*Dion.* Sir, take you heed, how you dare the  
powers that must be just.

*King.* Alas! what are we kings?

Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,  
To be served, flatter'd, and adored, till we  
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;  
And, when we come to try the power we have,  
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings.  
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be  
punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse  
My way, and lay it on.

*Dion.* Hearticles with the gods. 'Would some-  
body would draw bonds, for the performance of  
covenants betwixt them! [Aside.]

*Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, and MEORA.*

*King.* What, is she found?

*Pha.* No; we have ta'en her horse:  
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.  
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:  
Why left you her?

*Gal.* She did command me.

*King.* Command! You should not.

*Gal.* 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my  
To disobey the daughter of my king. [birth

*King.* You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;  
But I will have her.

*Pha.* If I have her not,  
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

*Dion.* What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

*Pha.* I will not leave one man alive, but the king,  
A cook, and a tailor.

*Dion.* Yet you may do well to spare your lady-  
bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.

*King.* I see the injuries I have done must be  
revenged.

*Dion.* Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

*King.* Run all; disperse yourselves! The man  
that finds her,

Or (if she be kill'd), the traitor, I'll make him great.

*Dion.* I know some would give five thousand  
pounds to find her.

*Pha.* Come, let us seek.

*King.* Each man a several way;  
Here I myself.

*Dion.* Come, gentlemen, we here.

*Cle.* Lady, you must go search too.

*Meg.* I had rather be search'd myself.

[Exit severally.]

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

*Enter ARETHUSA.*

*Are.* Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,  
Without the counsel of my troubled head:  
I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,  
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.  
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

[Sits down.]

*Enter BELLARIO.*

*Bel.* Yonder's my lady: Heaven knows I w  
Because I do not wish to live; yet I [nothi  
Will try her charity.—

Oh, hear, you that have plenty! from that flow  
store,

Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red  
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints.—

Madam, look up!—She breathes not. Open ou  
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord [ma  
Your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:—How is it,  
Madam? Speak comfort.

*Are.* Tis not gently done,  
To put me in a miserable life,  
And hold me there: I pr'ythee, let me go;  
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Phi.* I am to blame to be so much in rage:  
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—

Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! goo  
gods,

Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a hear  
But he must ease it here!

*Bel.* My lord, help the princess.

*Are.* I am well: Forbear.

*Phi.* Let me love lightning, let me be embrace  
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes  
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues  
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down  
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a sto  
Lasting to ages, in the memory

Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked ones!  
You have put hills of fire into this breast,  
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guil  
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,  
Despair await you! What, before my face?  
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases  
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,  
And throw it on you!

*Are.* Dear Philaster, leave  
To be enraged, and hear me.

*Phi.* I have done;  
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,  
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,  
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.  
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,  
And search how temperate a heart I have;  
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign  
In lust, without controul. Wilt thou, Bellario?  
I pr'ythee kill me: thou art poor, and may'st  
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:  
This way were freer. Am I raging now?  
If I were mad, I should desire to live.

Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you know  
A man in a more equal tune to die?

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman  
So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me, then?

*Are.* Kill you?

*Bel.* Not for a world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,

Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods  
Would have transform'd themselves to do.  
Leave me without reply; this is the last [gor  
Of all our meeting.—[Exit BELLARIO.] Kill  
with this sword;

Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two

Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,  
Or suffer.

*Are.* If my fortune be so good to let me fall  
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,  
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Shew me, then, the way.

*Phi.* Then guide my feeble hand, [Draws.

You that have power to do it, for I must  
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth  
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers  
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

*Are.* I am prepared.

*Enter a Country Fellow.*

*Coun.* I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I  
have hunted him these two hours; if I should come  
home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at  
me. I can see nothing but people better horsed  
than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing  
but shouting. These kings had need of good brains;  
this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his  
wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn;  
by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Are.* With heaven and earth.

*Phi.* May they divide thy soul and body!

[Wounds her.

*Coun.* Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art  
a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth  
to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a  
good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leave us, good friend.

*Are.* What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy-  
Upon our private sports, our recreations? [self

*Coun.* God uds me, I understand you not; but,  
I know, the rogue has hurt you.

*Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill  
To multiply blood upon my head;

Which thou wilt force me to.

*Coun.* I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay  
it on, if you touch the woman. [They fight.

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deservest.

*Are.* Heavens guard my lord!

*Coun.* Oh, do you breathe?

*Phi.* I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:  
The gods take part against me: Could this boor  
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,  
Though I do loath it. I would find a course  
To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[Exit PHILASTER.

*Coun.* I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee,  
wench, come and kiss me now.

*Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEERMONT, THRASILINE, and  
Woodmen.*

*Phi.* What art thou?

*Coun.* Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman;  
a knife has hurt her.

*Phi.* The princess, gentlemen! Where's the  
Is it dangerous? [wound, madam?

*Are.* He has not hurt me.

*Coun.* I' faith she lyes; he has hurt her in the  
breast; look else.

*Phi.* Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

*Dion.* 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

*Are.* I felt it not.

*Phi.* Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

*Coun.* Is it the princess?

*Dion.* Ay.

*Coun.* Then I have seen something yet.

*Phi.* But who has hurt her?

*Coun.* I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him be-  
fore, I.

*Phi.* Madam, who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

*Coun.* He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made  
my father's old fox fly about his ears.

*Phi.* How will you have me kill him?

*Are.* Not at all;

'Tis some distracted fellow.

*Phi.* By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of  
him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat.

*Are.* Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment

Great as his fault.

*Phi.* I will.

*Are.* But swear.

*Phi.* By all my love, I will.—Woodmen, con-  
duct the princess to the king, and bear that wound-  
ed fellow to dressing.—Come, gentlemen, we'll  
follow the chase close.

[Exit all but second Woodman and Countryman.

*Coun.* I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

*Coun.* If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no  
more gay sights. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—Another part of the same.

*Enter BELLARIO, and lies down.*

*Bel.* A heaviness near death sits on my brow,  
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,  
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,  
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,  
I rather were a coarse strew'd o'er with you,  
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,  
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take  
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

[Falls asleep.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*Phi.* I have done ill; my conscience calls me  
To strike at her, that would not strike at me. [false,  
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray  
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,  
And I a loathed villain: If she be,  
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,  
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.—  
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st  
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep  
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast  
wrong'd,

[Cry within.

So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,  
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:  
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,  
If she be true; if false, let mischief light  
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds  
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,  
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[Wounds BELLARIO.

*Bel.* Oh! Death, I hope, is come: Blest be that  
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake! [hand!

*Phi.* I have caught myself:

[Falls.

The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,  
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;  
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:  
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand  
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,

Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,  
And I will second thee: Get a reward.

*Bel.* Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

*Phi.* How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

*Bel.* Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have,  
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;  
I'll help to cover you.

*Phi.* Art thou true to me?

*Bel.* Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,

Creep in amongst those bushes: Who does know  
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

*Phi.* Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,  
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

*Bel.* Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.

[*PHILASTER creeps into a bush.*]

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.

*Bel.* With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows  
That I can stand no longer.

*Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.*

*Phi.* To this place we have track'd him by his  
*Cle.* Yonder, my lord, creeps one away. [blood.

*Dion.* Stay, sir! what are you?

*Bel.* A wretched creature wounded in these wounds

By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,  
Or I shall perish.

*Dion.* This is he, my lord,

Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,  
That wicked boy, that served her.

*Phi.* Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation! What  
cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?

*Bel.* Then I am betray'd.

*Dion.* Betray'd! no, apprehended.

*Bel.* I confess,

Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,  
I set upon her, and did take my aim,  
Her death. For charity, let fall at once  
The punishment you mean, and do not load  
This weary flesh with tortures.

*Phi.* I will know

Who hired thee to this deed.

*Bel.* Mine own revenge.

*Phi.* Revenge! for what?

*Bel.* It pleased her to receive

Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,  
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower  
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,  
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when as swift  
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes  
To burning suns upon me, and did dry  
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse  
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,  
Because I had been great. In short, I knew  
I could not live, and therefore did desire  
To die revenged.

*Phi.* If tortures can be found,  
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel  
The utmost rigour. [*PHILASTER creeps out of a bush.*]

*Cle.* Help to lead him hence.

*Phi.* Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!  
Know ye the price of that you bear away  
So rudely?

*Phi.* Who's that?

*Dion.* 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

*Phi.* 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,  
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl  
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down  
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.

Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,  
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence  
I may discourse to all the under-world  
The worth that dwells in him!

*Phi.* How's this?

*Bel.* My lord, some man  
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

*Phi.* Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario!

*Bel.* Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead  
on?

*Phi.* By all the oaths that men ought most  
keep,

And gods do punish most when men do break,  
He touch'd her not.—Take heed, Bellario,  
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown  
With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!  
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

*Phi.* Thy own tongue be thy judge.

*Cle.* It was Philaster.

*Dion.* Is't not a brave boy?

Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.

*Phi.* Have I no friend here?

*Dion.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then shew it:

Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.  
Would you have tears shed for you when y  
die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there  
I may weep floods, and breathe forth my spirit.

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold  
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arm-full from me: This had been a ransom  
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,  
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,  
More stony than these mountains, can you see  
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut y  
flesh

To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,  
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with th  
tears

Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wea  
Of poor Philaster!

*Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and a Guard.*

*King.* Is the villain ta'en?

*Phi.* Sir, here be two confess the deed; but  
it was Philaster?

*Phi.* Question it no more; it was.

*King.* The fellow, that did fight with him, v  
tell us that.

*Are.* Ah me! I know he will.

*King.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he,  
He was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so.—Oh, my stars!  
That I should live still.

*King.* Thou ambitious fool!

Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!—  
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.  
Bear him to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together to take hence  
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,  
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,

(By all the love a father bears his child)  
Their custodies, and that I may appoint  
Their tortures, and their death.

*Dion.* Death? Soft! our law will not reach that  
for this fault.

*King.* 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a  
guard.—

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,  
We may with more security go on  
To your intended match.

*Cle.* I pray, that this action lose not Philaster  
the hearts of the people.

*Dion.* Fear it not; their over-wise heads will  
think it but a trick. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—MESSINA. *The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.*

*Thra.* Has the king sent for him to death?

*Dion.* Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in  
his power to war with Heaven.

*Cle.* We linger time; the king sent for Philas-  
ter and the headsman an hour ago.

*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Dion.* All; they were but scratches; but the  
loss of blood made him faint.

*Cle.* We dally, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Away!

*Dion.* We'll scuffle hard, before he perish. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Prison.*

*Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO.*

*Are.* Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are  
well.

*Bel.* Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are won-  
drous well.

*Phi.* Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario!

Leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so. I am a man,

Faile to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me! But the king hath sent

To call me to my death; Oh, shew it me,

And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;

'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I out-live you, I should then outlive

Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing!

*Are.* And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do, by the honour of a virgin swear,

To tell no hours beyond it.

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Are.* Come from this prison, all joyful to our  
deaths.

*Phi.* People will tear me, when they find ye true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults!

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

*Are.* My, dear lord, say not so.

*Bel.* A piece of you?

He was not born of woman that can cut  
it and look on.

*Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you,  
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

*Are.* Why, 'tis well.

*Bel.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

Your life no price, compared to mine? For love,

Deal with me truly. [sirs,

*Bel.* 'Twas mistaken, sir.

*Phi.* Why, if it were?

*Bel.* Then, sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.

*Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it?

*Are.* Enjoy it? ay.

*Phi.* Would you, indeed? Be plain.

*Bel.* We would, my lord.

*Phi.* Forgive me, then.

*Are.* So, so.

*Bel.* 'Tis as it should be now.

*Phi.* Lead to my death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

*Enter King, DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.*

*King.* Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

*Cle.* So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,  
And the new platform, with some gentlemen  
Attending on him.

*King.* Is the princess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

*Thra.* She waits your grace.

*King.* Tell her we stay.

*Dion.* King, you may be deceived yet: [Aside.]

The head you aim at, cost more setting on

Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,

Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him

A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages

Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,

Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,

And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,

Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,

That must beled with thee like a sacrifice,

In thy red ruins.

*Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, and BELLARIO in a robe and  
garland.*

*King.* How now! what masque is this?

*Bel.* Right royal sir, I should

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,

But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,

And wanting a celestial harp to strike

This blessed union on, thus in glad story

I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,

The noblest of the mountain, where they grew

Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades

The worthier beasts have made their layers, and  
slept

Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,  
 Free from the clouds,  
 When they were big with humour, and deliver'd,  
 In thousand spouts, their issues to the earth :  
 Oh, there was none but silent quiet there !  
 Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,  
 Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches ;  
 And for a while they did so ; and did reign  
 Over the mountain, and cloak up his beauty  
 With brakes, rude thorns, and thistles, till the sun  
 Scorch'd them, even to the roots, and dried them  
 And now a gentle gale hath blown again, [there :  
 That made these branches meet, and twine together,  
 Never to be divided. The god, that sings  
 His holy numbers over marriage-beds,  
 Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand  
 Your children, mighty king ; and I have done.

*King.* How, how ?

*Arc.* Sir, if you love it in plain truth,  
 (For now there is no masquing in't) this gentleman,  
 The prisoner that you gave me, is become  
 My keeper, and through all the bitter throes  
 Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,  
 Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length  
 Arrived here my dear husband.

*King.* Your dear husband !  
 Call in the captain of the citadel ;  
 There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide  
 A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron  
 Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems  
 To your departing souls : Blood shall put out  
 Your torches ; and, instead of gaudy flowers  
 About your wanton necks, an axe shall hang  
 Like a prodigious meteor,  
 Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods !  
 From this time do I shake all title off  
 Of father to this woman, this base woman ;  
 And what there is of vengeance, in a lion  
 Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,  
 The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,  
 Expect from me !

*Arc.* Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,  
 There's nothing that can stir me from myself.  
 What I have done, I have done without repentance ;  
 For death can be no bugbear unto me,  
 So long as Pharamond is not my headsmen. [maid,

*Dion.* Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy  
 Whene'er thou diest ! For this time I'll excuse thee,  
 Or be thy prologue.

*Phi.* Sir, let me speak next ;  
 And let my dying words be better with you  
 Than my dull living actions. If you aim  
 At the dear life of this sweet innocent,  
 You are a tyrant and a savage monster ;  
 Your memory shall be as foul behind you,  
 As you are, living ; all your better deeds  
 Shall be in water writ, but this in marble ;  
 No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,  
 But for the shame of men. No monument  
 (Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able  
 To cover this base murder : Make it rich  
 With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,  
 Like the Pyramids ; lay on epitaphs,  
 Such as make great men gods ; my little marble  
 (That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)  
 Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,  
 Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,  
 That they will give you more for your mad rage  
 To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something  
 Yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you. [like

Remember my father, king ! There was a fault,  
 But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you  
 To love this lady : If you have a soul,  
 Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,  
 I have so long expected this glad hour,  
 So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,  
 That Heaven knows, it is a joy to die ;  
 I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is the king ?

*King.* Here.

*Mes.* Get you to your strength,  
 And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger :  
 He's taken prisoner by the citizens,  
 Fearing the lord Philaster.

*Dion.* Oh, brave followers !

Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny !  
 Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons  
 In honour of your mistresses.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Arm, arm, arm !

*King.* A thousand devils take 'em !

*Dion.* A thousand blessings on 'em !

*Mes.* Arm, oh, king ! The city is in mutiny,  
 Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on  
 In rescue of the lord Philaster. [Exit

*King.* Away to th' citadel : I'll see them safe,  
 And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard  
 And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[Exit with ARTHURUS, PHILASTER, BELLARIO, guarded

*Cle.* The city up ! this was above our wishes.

*Dion.* Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,  
 This noble lady has deceived us all.  
 A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,  
 For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear  
 honour !

Oh, I could beat myself ! or, do you beat me,  
 And I'll beat you ; for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, 'twill but lose time.

*Dion.* You say true. Are your swords sharp ?  
 Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lack, if you  
 continue, and fall not back upon the first broken  
 shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and  
 cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised  
 sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all  
 tongues shall trouble you in *secula seculorum*, my  
 kind can-carriers.

*Thra.* What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels now,  
 and they run all away, and cry, " the devil take the  
 hindmost ? "

*Dion.* Then the same devil take the foremost  
 too, and souse him for his breakfast ! If they all  
 prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be  
 speeding ! May they have murrains rain to keep the  
 gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze ! May  
 the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only  
 be worn before sore eyes ! May their false lights  
 undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and  
 oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid !  
 May they keep whores and horses, and break ; and  
 live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips !  
 May they have many children, and none like the  
 father ! May they know no language but that  
 gibberish they prattle to their parcels ; unless it be  
 the Gothic Latin they write in their bonds : and  
 may they write that false, and lose their debts !

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Now the vengeance of all the gods con-  
 found them, how they swarm together ! What a

hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokerage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster; Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits!

[Exit CLERMONT.]

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLERMONT with PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, And be what you were born to: Take your love, And with her my repentance, and my wishes, And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks And if the least fall from me not perform'd, [this; May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir, I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth. Free the princess, And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn, Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand, And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly, And be not moved, sir: I shall bring your peace, Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter an old Captain and Citizens, with PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on! Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues

Forget your mother-gibberish, of what do you lack, And set your mouths up, children, till your palates Fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure Of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, Than your cold water camblets, or your paintings Spotted with copper. Let not your hasty silks, Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard, Your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections

In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;

And let your uncut choler make the king feel The measure of your mightiness. Philaster! Cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things That will not strike their top-sails to a foist; And let a man of war, an argosy, Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; And give your greatness warning, that you talk No more such bug-words, or that soldered crown Shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippin,

Down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, And let us see what this trim man dares do.

Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie, And with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,

Like a hare at a poultier's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir: We have not seen one for a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;

Branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin, And between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; The man begins to fear, and know himself; He shall for this time only be seel'd up, With a feather through his nose, that he may only See Heaven, and think whither he's going. Nay, My beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king!

Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale, Thou slight prince of single sarcenet; Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing But poor men's poultry, and have every boy Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

2 Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels;

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish: The curses of a longing woman kill As speedily as a plague, boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 Cit. I'll have an arm.

3 Cit. I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge A college, and clap it upon the gate. [build

4 Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; For, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past My pain once!

5 Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.



*Pha.* Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimmings of your two-hand sword,

And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, sir, has he?

*Cap.* No, sir, he's a pollard. What wouldst With horns? [thou do

1 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made Rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones, If they be sound, shall serve me.

*Enter PHILASTER.*

*All.* Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!

*Phi.* I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands Uncivil trades?

*Cap.* My royal Rosiclear, We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarsers! And when thy noble body is in durance, Thus do we clap our musty murrions on, And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace, Thou Mars of men? is the king sociable, And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen, And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand Of royal blood shall be abroad, a-tilt, And run even to the lees of honour.

*Phi.* Hold, and be satisfied; I am myself; Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the king? Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules? Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry, "we are your servants?"

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle, And this man sleeps.

*Phi.* I am what I do desire to be, your friend; I am what I was born to be, your prince.

*Pha.* Sir, there is some humanity in you; You have a noble soul; forget my name, And know my misery: Set me safe aboard From these wild cannibals, and, as I live, I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing, Perpetual 'prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together, The worst company of the worst men, madness, age, To be as many creatures as a woman, And do as all they do; nay, to despair; But I would rather make it a new nature, And live with all those, than endure one hour Amongst these wild dogs.

*Phi.* I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you, [fears; I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you: He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

*Cap.* Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle, And mail you like a hawk. [*He stirs.*]

*Phi.* Away, away: there is no danger in him: Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off. Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,

He's tame enough, he needs no further watching. Good my friends, go to your houses, And by me have your pardons, and my love; And know, there shall be nothing in my power You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes. To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.

Continue still your love; and, for an earnest, Drink this.

*All.* Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave prince! brave prince!

[*Exeunt PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.*]

*Cap.* Go thy ways! Thou art the king of courtesy! —Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, And every man trace to his house again, And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music And the red grape shall make us dance, and rise boys. [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE V.—*The Palace.*

*Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, and Attendants.*

*King.* Is it appears'd?

*Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night, As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster Brings on the prince himself.

*King.* Kind gentleman!

I will not break the least word I have given In promise to him: I have heap'd a world Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope To wash away.

*Enter PHILASTER and PHARAMOND.*

*Cle.* My lord is come.

*King.* My son!

Blest be the time, that I have leave to call Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms, Methinks I have a salve unto my breast, For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of gri That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy That I repent it, issue from mine eyes: Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take he She is thy right too; and forget to urge My vexed soul with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir, it is blotted from my memory, Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain, Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave To make an honourable voyage home. And if you would go furnish'd to your realm With fair provision, I do see a lady, Methinks, would gladly bear you company: How like you this piece?

*Meg.* Sir, he likes it well; For he hath tried it, and found it worth His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed; I know your meaning. I am not the first That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth: Can shame remain perpetually in me, And not in others? or, have princes salves To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What mean you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship, To bear the princess and her boy together.

*Dion.* How now!

*Meg.* Others took me, and I took her and I At that all women may be ta'en some time. Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure Weather and wind alike.

*King.* Clear thou thyself, or know not me father.

*Are.* This earth, how false it is! What is left for me To clear myself? It lies in your belief. My lords, believe me; and let all things else Struggle together to dishonour me.

*Bel.* Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak

As freedom would; then I will call this lady  
As base as are her actions! Hear me, sir:  
Believe your heated blood when it rebels  
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

*Meg.* By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

*Phi.* This lady? I will sooner trust the wind  
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,  
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!  
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,  
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take  
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known  
But death?

*King.* Forget her, sir, since all is knit  
Between us. But I must request of you  
One favour, and will sally be denied.

*Phi.* Command, whate'er it be.

*King.* Swear to be true

To what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers above,  
Let it not be the death of her or him,  
And it is granted.

*King.* Bear away that boy  
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

*Phi.* Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!  
Ask something else! Bury my life and right  
In one poor grave; but do not take away  
My life and fame at once.

*King.* Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

*Phi.* Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a  
The falsest and the basest of this world. [man,  
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,  
For I have lived till I am pitied!  
My former deeds were hateful, but this last  
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,  
Have given the dear preserver of my life  
Unto his torture! Is it in the power  
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[Offers to kill himself.

*Are.* Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that

*King.* Sir, strip that boy. [hand.

*Dion.* Come, sir; your tender flesh

Will try your constancy.

*Bel.* Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

*Dion.* No!—Help, sir.

*Bel.* Will you torture me?

*King.* Haste there!

Why stay you?

*Bel.* Then I shall not break my vow,  
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

*King.* How's that? will he confess?

*Dion.* Sir, so he says.

*King.* Speak then.

*Bel.* Great king, if you command  
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,  
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts  
My youth hath known; and stranger things than  
You hear not often. [these

*King.* Walk aside with him.—

*Dion.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bel.* Know you this face, my lord?

*Dion.* No.

*Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

*Dion.* Yes, I have seen the like, but readily  
I know not where.

*Bel.* I have been often told  
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,  
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear

There was such strange resemblance, that we two  
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

*Dion.* By heaven, and so there is.

*Bel.* For her fair sake,  
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life  
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,  
That I may 'scape this torture.

*Dion.* But thou speak'st  
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.  
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives  
In pilgrimage?

*Bel.* I know it not, my lord;  
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.

*Dion.* Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw  
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she, [near,  
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

*Bel.* In Siracusa.

*Dion.* What's thy name?

*Bel.* Euphrasia.

*Dion.* Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!  
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,  
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!  
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine  
E'er call thee daughter more?

*Bel.* 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:  
And so I must have done by vow, ere published  
What I have told, but that there was no means  
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,  
The princess is all clear.

*King.* What have you done?

*Dion.* All is discover'd.

*Phi.* Why then hold you me?

[He offers to stab himself.

All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.

*King.* Stay him.

*Are.* What is discover'd?

*Dion.* Why, my shame!  
It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.

*Phi.* How? that again!

*Dion.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!

*King.* Lay hold upon that lady. [MORON is seized.

*Phi.* It is a woman, sir! Hark, gentlemen!

It is a woman! Arethusa, take  
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone  
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,  
And virtuous still to ages, in despite  
Of malice.

*King.* Speak you, where lies his shame?

*Bel.* I am his daughter.

*Phi.* The gods are just.

*Dion.* I dare accuse none; but, before you two,  
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee  
For mercy.

*Phi.* Take it freely; for, I know,  
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,  
'Twas meant well.

*Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sins, as oft  
As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy!

*Phi.* But, Bellario,  
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why  
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;  
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds  
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies  
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd  
What now we know.

*Bel.* My father oft would speak

Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so praised; but yet all this  
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost  
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,  
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in  
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man,  
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised  
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing! After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd  
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;  
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself  
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you: and understanding well,  
That when I made discovery of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,  
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever  
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match  
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,  
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself  
Wilt well deserve him.

*Bel.* Never, sir, will I  
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:  
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,  
To see the virtues of her lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live.

*Arc.* I, Philaster,  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I  
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;  
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,  
Must be the wife that hates her!

*Phi.* I grieve such virtues should be laid in earth  
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:  
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,  
To think to take revenge of that base woman;  
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free  
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

*King.* Set her at liberty; but leave the court;  
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,  
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
Worthy so great a prince.—When you come there  
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,  
And not my purposed will.

*Phi.* I do confess,  
Renowned sir.

*King.* Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy  
Philaster,  
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me  
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!  
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,  
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,  
And live to see your plenteous branches spring  
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn  
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,  
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# A KING AND NO KING.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARRACES, *King of Iberia.*  
 TIRANES, *King of Armenia.*  
 GORIAS, *Lord-Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*  
 BACTRUS, a Lord,  
 MARDONIUS, } *two Captains.*  
 BESSUS, }  
 LYONES, *Father of Spaconia.*  
*Three Gentlemen.*  
*Two Swordmen.*  
*Three Men.*

PHILIP, a *Servant.*  
 A *Messenger.*  
 A *Servant to Bacurius.*  
 A *Boy.*

ARANE, the *Queen-Mother.*  
 PANTHEA, her *Daughter.*  
 SPAONIA, a *Lady, Daughter of Lyones.*  
 MANDANE, a *Waiting-woman; and other Attendants.*  
*Two Citizens' Wives, and another Woman.*

SCENE.—DURING THE FIRST ACT, ON THE FRONTIERS OF ARMENIA;  
 AFTERWARDS IN THE METROPOLIS OF IBERIA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of Arbaces, on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter MARDONIUS and BESSUS.

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We, that are commanders, shall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue* for a pudding i' th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou would'st kill any man that stopp'd thee, an thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they strake.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think it is a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. I famed? Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I am very heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Pr'ythee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption,

Mar. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Pr'ythee who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st

*Ys.* fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

*Bes.* You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

*Mar.* No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

*Bes.* Come, our king's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou com'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend, for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

*Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, two Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Arb.* Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away From my full victory: Am I become Of so small fame, that any man should grieve When I o'ercome him? They that placed me here, Intended it an honour, large enough For the most valiant living, but to dare Oppose me single, though he lost the day. What should afflict you? You are as free as I. To be my prisoner, is to be more free Than you were formerly. And never think, The man, I held worthy to combat me, Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is, To take my only sister to thy wife: A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is A lady, that the neighbour princes send Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old, I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth, The way to victory. She was a pretty child; Then, I was little better; but now fame Cries loudly on her, and my messengers Make me believe she is a miracle. She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke But of her eye, Tigranes.

*Tigr.* Is it the course of Iberia to use her prisoners thus? Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces', I should not thus have talk'd; for in Armenia, We hold it base. You should have kept your temper

Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion, Perhaps, to brag.

*Arb.* Be you my witness, earth, Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts That I have wrought upon his suffering land? Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,

Within his whole realm, that I have not past, Fighting and conquering: Far then from me Be ostentation. I could tell the world, How I have laid his kingdom desolate, By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity; Stript him out of his glories; and have sent The pride of all his youth to people graves;

And made his virgins languish for their loves; If I would brag. Should I, that have the power To teach the neighbour world humility, Mix with vain-glory?

*Mar.* Indeed, this is none! [*Arb.*]

*Arb.* Tigranes, no; did I but take delight To stretch my deeds as others do, on words, I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you do. [*Arb.*]

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty, That thinks me apt to boast: After an act Fit for a god to do upon his foe, A little glory in a soldier's mouth Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity, that valour should be thus drunk! [*Arb.*]

*Arb.* I offer you my sister, and you answer, I do insult: A lady that no suit, Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase the But that thou fought'st with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse Than that you spoke before, it strikes not me; But, that you think to over-grace me with The marriage of your sister, troubles me. I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine Rather than have her.

*Arb.* See, if I insult, That am the conqueror, and for a ransom Offer rich treasure to the conquered, Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn! It cannot be self-flattery to say, The daughters of your country, set by her, Would see their shame, run home, and blush At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair, [*Arb.* Nor beautiful; those words express her not: They say, her looks have something excellent, That wants a name yet. Were she odious, Her birth deserves the empire of the world: Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth Carries her bound, and should he let her loose. She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong To print continual conquest on her cheeks, And make no man worthy for her to take, But me, that am too near her; and as strangely She did for me: But you will think I brag.

*Mar.* I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and passions severed, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Arb.*]

*Tigr.* Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth? Were she as virtuous as she would be thought: So perfect, that no one of her own sex Could find a want she had; so tempting fair, That she could wish it off, for damning souls; I would pay any ransom, twenty lives, Rather than meet her married in my bed. Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me; I am not fickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause?

Think you, you can so knit yourself in love To any other, that her searching sight Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried, You thought yourself a match for me in fight. Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too. You shall see, if you have the power to stand The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,

I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom

Some other way ; but if she be your choice, She frees you. To Iberia you must.

*Tigr.* Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance, And will obey. But give me leave to talk in private with some friends before I go.

*Arb.* Some do await him forth, and see him safe ; But let him freely send for whom he please, And none dare to disturb his conference ; I will not have him know what bondage is, Till he be free from me.

[*Exit TIGRANES with Attendants.*]

This prince, Mardonius, Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

*Arb.* And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done, Hadst thou joined with him, though thy name in arms

Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous, Think suddenly to match themselves with me ? I conquer'd him, and bravely ; did I not ?

*Bes.* An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—

*Mar.* When wert thou other ?

*Arb.* Of what ?

*Bes.* That you would not have spied your best advantages ; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high ; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

*Mar.* Like a tailor at a wake.

*Bes.* And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at one time—by my troth, I wish'd myself w' you.

*Mar.* By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' lists.

*Arb.* What to do ?

*Bes.* To put your majesty in mind of an occasion : you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided ; but, if you had whipped up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.

*Mar.* What country fence-school didst thou learn that at ?

*Arb.* Puff ! did not I take him nobly ?

*Mar.* Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough

*Arb.* Talk enough ! [on't.]

Will you confine my words ? By Heav'n and earth, I were much better be a king of beasts

Than such a people ! If I had not patience Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant, Throughout the world ! They will offend to death Each minute : Let me hear thee speak again, And thou art earth again. Why, this is like Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.—*Bessus*, he said, I bragg'd.

*Bes.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh ?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous

To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair, And jest at me ! But I shall make a start, And punish some, that others may take heed How they are naughty. Who will answer me ?

He said I boasted : speak, Mardonius, Did I ?—He will not answer. Oh, my temper !

I give you thanks above, that taught my heart Patience ; I can endure his silence ? What, will none Vouchsafe to give me audience ? Am I grown

To such a poor respect ? or do you mean To break my wind ? Speak, speak, some one of you, Or else, by Heaven—

1 *Gent.* So please your—

*Arb.* Monstrous !

I cannot be heard out ; they cut me off, As if I were too saucy. I will live In woods, and talk to trees ; they will allow me To end what I begin. The meanest subject Can find a freedom to discharge his soul, And not I. Now it is a time to speak ; I hearken.

1 *Gent.* May it please—

*Arb.* I mean not you ; Did not I stop you once ? But I am grown To talk ! But I desire let another speak.

2 *Gent.* I hope your majesty—

*Arb.* Thou draw'st thy words, That I must wait an hour, where other men Can hear in instants : Throw your words away Quick, and to purpose ; I have told you this.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty—

*Arb.* Wilt thou devour me ? This is such a rudeness

As yet you never shew'd me : And I want Power to command ye ; else, Mardonius Would speak at my request. Were you my king, I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.

I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast ?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me, When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told Tigranes, you had won his land With that sole arm, propp'd by divinity : Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us That daily ventured lives ?

*Arb.* O, that thy name

Were great as mine ! 'would I had paid my wealth It were as great, as I might combat thee ! I would, through all the regions habitable, Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met Some place that yet man's curiosity Hath miss'd of : There, there would I strike thee Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites [dead : As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

*Bes.* The king rages extremely : shall we slink He'll strike us. [away ?]

2 *Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.

I grant, you were my instruments, and did As I commanded you ; but 'twas this arm Moved you like wheels ; it moved you as it pleased. Whither slip you now ? What, are you too good To wait on me ? I had need have temper, That rule such people : I have nothing left At my own choice ! I would I might be private : Mean men enjoy themselves ; but 'tis our curse To have a tumult, that, out of their loves, Will wait on us, whether we will or no. Go, get you gone ! Why, here they stand like death : My words move nothing.

1 *Gent.* Must we go ?

*Bes.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of That you will be entreated from my sight. [this.]

[*Exit all but ARRACES and MARDONIUS.*]

Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius !

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks, Civility should teach you more than this, If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speak?

*Arb.* Why, you would now think much To be denied; but I can scarce intreat What I would have. Do, speak.

*Mar.* But will you hear me out?

*Arb.* With me you article, to talk thus: Well, I will hear you out.

*Mar.* [*Kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men I should have chose you out, to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I should have doted, because I would have loved the most deserving man; for so you are.

*Arb.* Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel: We all are soldiers, and all venture lives; And where there is no difference in men's worths, Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee? Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong; Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe It shall be better. More than friend in arms, My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!

*Mar.* Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

*Arb.* And so I will: Speak freely, for from thee Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.

*Arb.* Eclipse my virtues?

*Mar.* Yes; your passions; which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the bearing: But—

*Arb.* When you commend me? Oh, that I should live

To need such commendations! If my deeds Blew not my praise themselves about the earth, I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise: If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter Words in my praise, that thou thought'st impudence,

My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,

I hug you? 'Tis so false, that, wert thou worthy, Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death, From me! But thou shalt understand thy lyes; For shouldst thou praise me into Heaven, and there

Leave me intronned, I would despise thee though As much as now, which is as much as dust, Because I see thy envy.

*Mar.* However you will use me after, yet, for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

*Arb.* I will, and after call unto the winds; For they shall lend as large an ear as I To what you utter. Speak!

*Mar.* Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worths, but darken 'em, then you will shine indeed.

*Arb.* Well.

*Mar.* Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

*Arb.* Why, now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood the word. Were you

no king, and free from these wild moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not material? more than ten such lives As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly said; Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth As might offend another. I have been Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see A swift amendment. But I want those parts You praise me for: I fight for all the world! Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years; I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me That I should use so rough a phrase to thee: Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I Should differ thus!

*Mar.* Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

*Arb.* 'Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever take All things I do thus patiently; for which I never can requite thee, but with love; And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I Have not been merry lately: Pr'ythee tell me, Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

*Mar.* Why, at the taking of a town.

*Arb.* A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius, Gave thee that jewel. [*ries.*]

*Mar.* Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

*Arb.* Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

*Mar.* Ay, by this light, do they.

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

*Mar.* Yes, 'faith.

*Arb.* And do they improve themselves?

*Mar.* Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst live on't?

*Mar.* Why, I think, I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

*Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.*

*Mar.* Your price?

*Arb.* Ay, at the king's price.

*Mar.* That may be more than I'm worth.

*2 Gent.* Is he not merry now?

*1 Gent.* I think not.

*Bes.* He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.

*Arb.* Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

*Arb.* Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

*Bes.* I am to carry a lady with me.

*Arb.* Then thou hast two suits.

*Bes.* And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

*Bes.* I know not that; but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* 'Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*]

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your majesty! [*Delivers a letter.*]

*Arb.* From Gobrias?

*Mes.* Yes, Sir.

*Arb.* How does he? is he well?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good news.

[*Gives money.*]

A truster servant to his prince there lives not,  
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*]

1 *Gent.* The king starts back.

*Mer.* His blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

*Mer.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it far from me to struggle! If my secret sins  
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears  
Ea'w to wash me white, that I may feel  
A child-like innocence within my breast!  
Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand  
As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes  
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,  
Though thousand miseries encompass me!

*Mer.* This is strange!—Sir, how do you?

*Arb.* Mardonius! my mother—

*Mer.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know  
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,  
To take by treason hence this loath'd life,  
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,  
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit  
To practise new sins, not repent the old.  
She now had hired a slave to come from thence,  
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,  
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.  
The careful'st servant! Heaven, let me but live  
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,  
That will not let me have as many deaths  
As are the times that he hath saved my life,  
That I might die 'em over all for him.

*Mer.* Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;  
Ver not yourself.

*Arb.* What will the world  
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins  
Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?  
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,  
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;  
In all the innocent virtues that become  
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks  
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;  
And mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,  
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—  
If I have lost the duty of a son;  
If any pomp or vanity of state  
Made me forget my natural offices;

Nay, further, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,  
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,  
And call'd 'em back; do you direct her arm  
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.  
But if I have been just to her, send out  
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe  
From searching treason; I will use no means  
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see  
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
Than wash my dangers off with mother's blood.

*Mar.* I ne'er saw such sudden extremities. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Another part of the same.

*Enter TIGRANES and SPAONIA.*

*Tigr.* Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia?  
What should I do?

*Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone;  
And when you see Armenia again,  
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.  
Some friend, that ever loves me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women; many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those maids  
That placed their loves unfortunately too high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach.  
But why should you go to Iberia?

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man  
That rages in a fever, why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?  
Can I resist it? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd me?

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee,  
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,  
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free  
As his: His will did never combat thine,  
And take it prisoner.

*Tigr.* But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,  
Or thee, to be unwilling?

*Spa.* O, Tigranes!  
I know you are to see a lady there;  
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope  
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.  
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!

*Tigr.* Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.  
In short, destruction meet me that I may  
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave  
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me  
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;  
And I have given gold unto a captain,  
That goes unto Iberia from the king,  
That he would place a lady of our land  
With the king's sister that is offered me;  
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,  
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,  
To be as backward in her love as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid,  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away  
With words from loving you?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather lose you: Can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?  
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!

*Tigr.* Yet, do thy best.



*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* What, is your majesty ready?

*Tigr.* There is the lady, captain.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship for your fair sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

*Bes.* Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more haste than

I expected; he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

*Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir: You shall call me what you please.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHRA, and MANDANE, Waiting-women and Attendants.*

*Gob.* My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard Unto the queen; she is your prisoner; 'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.

*Bac.* My Lord, I know't; she is my prisoner, From you committed: Yet she is a woman; And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me To keep her close. I shall not shame to say, I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So do I, my lord: I sorrow for her, that so little grace Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm Against her king; so little womanhood And natural goodness, as to think the death Of her own son.

*Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why, Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

*Gob.* There is a lady takes not after you; Her father is within her; that good man, Whose tears paid down his sins. Mark, how she How well it does become her! And if you [weeps; Can find no disposition in yourself To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her, Find out the way, and by your reason weep. All this she does for you, and more she needs, When for yourself you will not lose a tear. Think, how this want of grief discredits you; And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

*Ara.* You talk to me, as having got a time Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know You speak not what you think.

*Pan.* I would my heart Were stone, before my softness should be urged Against my mother! A more troubled thought No virgin bears about her! Should I excuse My mother's fault, I should set light a life, In losing which a brother and a king Were taken from me: If I seek to save That life so loved, I lose another life, That gave me being; I should lose a mother; A word of such a sound in a child's ear, That it strikes reverence through it. May the will Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall, Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!

*Ara.* But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this Is not in me as in another woman. *[fault*

*[They walk apart.]*

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why, is not all that's past beyond your *[help?*

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay, should you publish it Before the world, think you 'twould be believed?

*Ara.* I know, it would not.

*Gob.* Nay, should I join with you, Should we not both be torn, and yet both die Uncredited?

*Ara.* I think we should.

*Gob.* Why, then, Take you such violent courses? As for me, I do but right in saving of the king From all your plots.

*Ara.* The king!

*Gob.* I bade you rest With patience, and a time would come for me To reconcile all to your own content: But, by this way, you take away my power. And what was done, unknown, was not by me, But you; your urging. Being done, I must preserve mine own; but time may bring All this to light, and happily for all.

*Ara.* Accursed be this over-curious brain, That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb, That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

*Bac.* My lord-protector, they say, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Received you any to that effect?

*Gob.* Yes; 'tis most certain.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

*Enter Bessus and SPACONIA.*

*Bes.* Health to my lord-protector? From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

*Gob.* How does his majesty?

*Bes.* As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine, till I do know My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that? is he hurt?

*Bes.* He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

*Pan.* I do not ask how strange that soldier is That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.* And is he well again?

*Bes.* Well again, an't please your grace? Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.

*Pan.* I do not care how thou do'st: is he well?

*Bes.* Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus

he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care : I'm glad that thou art I pr'ythee, is he so ?

*Gob.* The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

*Pan.* My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. *[Reads.]*

*Gob.* Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—Madam, the wonted mercy of the king, That overtakes your faults, has met with this, And struck it out ; he has forgiven you freely. Your own will is your law ; be where you please.

*Ara.* I thank him.

*Gob.* You will be ready To wait upon his majesty to-morrow ?

*Ara.* I will.

*Bac.* Madam, be wise, hereafter. I am glad I have lost this office. *[Exit ARAUS.]*

*Gob.* Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse Betwix Tigranes and our king, and how We got the victory.

*Pan.* I pr'ythee do ;

And if my brother were in any danger, Let not thy tale make him abide there long, Before thou bring him off ; for all that while My heart will beat.

*Bes.* Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth, and thus it was : They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before ; else, perhaps, we had been two to two ; I cannot tell, some thought we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this ; the enemy had made trenches—

*Gob.* Captain, without the manner of your hurt Be much material to this business, We'll hear't some other time.

*Pan.* I pr'ythee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

*Bes.* I will ; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gambulet was their fight.

*Pan.* Alas !

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I : And 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus ; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome ? I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him : I—

*Pan.* All this is of thyself : I pr'ythee, Bessus, Tell something of my brother ; did he nothing ?

*Bes.* Why, yes ; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given ; which for my own part, by my troth, I was not to give.

*Pan.* See, for his own part !

*Bac.* I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

*Bes.* Ay, but I—

*Pan.* Still of himself !

*Bes.* Cried, " Give the word ;" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping ; but the word was not given then : yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as

much with us martialists, as, " I will fight with you : " I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat ; but that once done—

*Pan.* He slips over all the fight.

*Bes.* I call'd him to me ; " Cosroes," said I—

*Pan.* I will hear no more.

*Bess.* No, no, I lye.

*Bac.* I dare be sworn thou dost.

*Bess.* " Captain," said I ; so 'twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee, I will hear no further.

*Bess.* No ? Your grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it. What, is this the lady My brother writes to me to take ?

*Bess.* An't please your grace this is she.—Charge, will you come near the princess ?

*Pan.* You are welcome from your country ; and Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses [this land That I can make it. What's your name ?

*Spa.* Thalestris.

*Pan.* You're very welcome : You have got a To put you to me, that has power enough [letter To place mine enemy here ; then much more you, That are so far from being so to me, That you ne'er saw me.

*Bes.* Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

*Spa.* My truth ?

*Pan.* Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal ?

*Bes.* I cannot tell ; servants are slippery ; but I dare give my word for her, and for honesty : she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way ; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

*Pan.* Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

*Bes.* Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure ; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

*Spa.* Above my knee ?

*Bes.* No, you know I did not ; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

*Spa.* I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

*Bes.* Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

*Bac.* Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

*Bes.* When you please, I will attend your lordship. *[Exit Bessus.]*

*Bac.* Madam, I'll take my leave too.

*Pan.* Good Bacurius ! *[Exit BACURIUS.]*

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his majesty to you ?

*Pan.* Oh, my lord, The kindest words ! I'll keep 'em while I live, Here in my bosom ; there's no art in 'em ; They lie disorder'd in this paper, just As hearty nature speaks 'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear How you were grown in every virtuous way ;

And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care  
Which I was bound to have in training you.  
There is no princess living that enjoys  
A brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My lord, no maid  
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat  
And cold within her breast, than I do now,  
In hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much  
At this : He writes, he brings along with him  
A husband for you, that same captive prince ;  
And if he love you, as he makes a shew,  
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

*Pan.* And so he will, my lord, I warrant you ;  
He will but offer, and give me the power  
To take or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a lady,  
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,  
Before I chose him.

*Pan.* But I am not built  
On such wild humours ; if I find him worthy,  
He is not less because he's offered.

*Spa.* 'Tis true he is not ; 'would, he would  
seem less ! *[Apart.]*

*Gob.* I think there is no lady can affect  
Another prince, your brother standing by ;  
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a lady may, and, more I fear,  
Another lady will. *[Apart.]*

*Pan.* 'Would I might see him !

*Gob.* Why so you shall. My businesses are great :  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure  
To see you, madam.

*Pan.* I thank you, good my lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready, madam ?

*Pan.* Yes. *[Exit GORRIAN.]*

*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away  
Your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,  
May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. *[Exit Women.]*

*Spa.* I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing  
*[Kneels.]*

Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.  
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,  
As if a beggar should entreat a king  
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,  
And take his rage to wander o'er the world,  
Hungry and cold.

*Pan.* That were a strange request.

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then do not utter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die !  
I am ashamed to speak it ; but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,  
That will not talk something unreasonably  
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem  
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught ;  
Yet so I must : I would you were not fair,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good :  
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer ;  
If foul, you had not power to hinder me ;  
He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it ?

*Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the bounds  
Of reason yet : for 'tis not in the power  
Of you to do, what I would have you grant. *[out.]*

*Pan.* Why, then, 'tis idle. Pr'ythee speak it

*Spa.* Your brother brings a prince into this land  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withal, that every maid  
That looks upon him gives away herself  
To him for ever ; and for you to have  
He brings him : And so mad is my demand,  
That I desire you not to have this man,  
This excellent man ; for whom you needs must die  
If you should miss him. I do now expect  
You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weep  
Rather ; for I have found in all thy words  
A strange disjointed sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me  
His own desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His own desire ! Why, credit me, Thalestr  
I am no common wooer : If he shall woo me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear  
I will not love him ; but if he will stay  
To have me woo him, I will promise thee  
He may keep all his graces to himself,  
And fear no ravishing from me.

*Spa.* 'Tis yet  
His own desire ; but when he sees your face,  
I fear, it will not be : therefore I charge you,  
As you have pity, stop those tender ears  
From his enchanting voice ; close up those eyes  
That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope  
To live in quiet ; for when I am dead,  
For certain I shall walk to visit him,  
If he break promise with me : For as fast  
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,  
Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearless ;  
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,  
I could gaze on him, (if I knew it sin  
To love him,) without passion. Dry your eyes  
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me ;  
I will not hinder you. But I perceive,  
You are not what you seem : Rise, rise, Thalestr  
If your right name be so.

*Spa.* Indeed, it is not :  
Spaconia is my name ; but I desire  
Not to be known to others.

*Pan.* Why, by me  
You shall not ; I will never do you wrong ;  
What good I can, I will : Think not my birth  
Or education such, that I should injure  
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.  
In company you wish to be commanded :  
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready  
To be your servant. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.—An open Place before the C A great Crowd.

*Enter three Men and a Woman.*

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We shall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than  
women out fiddling to these shows.

*Wom.* Is the king hard by ?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said  
thought we should come too late. What ab  
ance of people here is !

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles ?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, Goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do ?

1 *Man*. Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

*Wom*. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man*. The man told us, he would walk o'foot through the people.

3 *Man*. Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man*. Our shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man*. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man*. No, 'tis not he.

*Enter PHILIP with two Citizens' Wives.*

1 *Cit. W.* Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit. W.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit. W.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit. W.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit. W.* Wilt thou go with me down this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit. W.* Alas, 'tis no place for us.

1 *Cit. W.* Why, pr'ythee?

2 *Cit. W.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit. W.* No?

2 *Cit. W.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit. W.* Nor milk, how do they?

2 *Cit. W.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit. W.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit. W.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

*Phil*. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit. W.* By your leave, good people, a little.

1 *Man*. What's the matter?

*Phil*. I pray you, my friends, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man*. Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man*. How now, Goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

*Phil*. Because I will.

3 *Man*. Will you, Sir Sauce-box? [*Strikes him.*]

1 *Cit. W.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip.—Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

*Phil*. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit. W.* Why didst thou lean on him?

*Phil*. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit. W.* As God save me, la, thou art as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou art at one end or other o'n't.

3 *Man*. It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit. W.* Well, stripling, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man*. When you will.

1 *Cit. W.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man*. At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit. W.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

*Flourish. Enter one running.*

4 *Man*. The king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

*Flourish. Enter ARBACES, TYRANES, MARDONIUS, and Soldiers.*

*All*. God preserve your majesty!

*Arb*. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full, When I behold you safe, my loving subjects. By you I grow; 'tis your united love That lifts me to this height.

All the account that I can render you For all the love you have bestow'd on me, All your expences to maintain my war, Is but a little word: You will imagine

'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word As is not to be bought without our bloods: 'Tis peace!

*All*. God preserve your majesty!

*Arb*. Now you may live securely in your towns, Your children round about you; you may sit Under your vines, and make the miseries Of other kingdoms a discourse for you, And lend them sorrows. For yourselves, you may Safely forget there are such things as tears; And you may all, whose good thoughts I have Hold me unworthy, when I think my life [gain'd, A sacrifice too great to keep you thus In such a calm estate!

*All*. God bless your majesty!

*Arb*. See, all good people, I have brought the man,

Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home. Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1 *Cit. W.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit. W.* How he looks!

3 *Wom*. Hang him, hang him!

*Mar*. These are sweet people.

*Tigr*. Sir, you do me wrong, To render me a scorned spectacle To common people.

*Arb*. It was far from me

To mean it so. If I have aught deserved, My loving subjects, let me beg of you Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells All worth, of which the nature of a man Is capable; valour beyond compare: The terror of his name has stretch'd itself Wherever there is sun: And yet for you I fought with him single, and won him too. I made his valour stoop, and brought that name, Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall Beneath mine. This, inspired with all your loves, I did perform; and will, for your content, Be ever ready for a greater work.

*All*. The Lord bless your majesty!

*Tig*. So, he has made me

Amends now with a speech in commendation Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious.

*Arb*. If there be anything in which I may Do good to any creature here, speak out; For I must leave you: And it troubles me, That my occasions, for the good of you, Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy Would be to spend my days amongst you all. You shew your loves in these large multitudes That come to meet me. I will pray for you.

Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,  
And live to see your children's children  
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is  
A want of anything, let it be known  
To me, and I will be a father to you.  
God keep you all!

[*Flourish. Exit Kings and their Train.*]

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

*Wom.* Ay, for God's sake: I have not made a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack, you!

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

*Phil.* Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

[*Exit the three Men and Women.*]

1 *Cit. W.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did be.

1 *Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses.

[*Exit*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—IBERIA. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ARABES and GOBRIAS.*

*Arb.* My sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill:

Something unkindly she does take it, sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,

My will, and not her own, must govern her.

What, will she marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;  
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like  
Where you will have her. But, when you behold  
You will be loth to part with such a jewel. [her,

*Arb.* To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou  
She is my sister. [mad?

*Gob.* Sir, I know she is:

But it were pity to make poor our land,  
With such a beauty to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish! Will she have him?

*Gob.* I do hope she will not. — [Aside.  
I think she will, sir.

*Arb.* Were she my father, and my mother too,  
And all the names for which we think folks friends,  
She should be forced to have him, when I know  
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.

*Gob.* Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass!

[Aside.]

You know 'tis just.—She will not need constraint,  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me? Speak.

*Gob.* She loves you more than people love their health,

That live by labour; more than I could love  
A man that died for me, if he could live  
Again.

*Arb.* She is not like her mother, then.

*Gob.* Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:  
For at the first, on every little scratch,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,  
Till you were well; and many times the news  
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,  
She was as near her death, as you your health.

*Arb.* Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be ruled.  
I know not how I shall requite her well.

I long to see her: Have you sent for her,

To tell her I am ready?

*Gob.* Sir, I have.

*Enter 1 Gentleman and TYGRANES.*

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.

*Arb.* He's welcome.

1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princes  
Without. [wait

*Arb.* Good Gobrias, bring 'em in. — [wait

[*Exit GOBRIAS*]

Tigranes, you will think you are arrived  
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison  
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?  
*Tig.* Too safe I am, sir.

*Enter GOBRIAS, ARABE, PANTHERA, SPACONIA, BACTRUS,  
MARDONIOUS, BESSUS, and two Gentlemen.*

*Ara.* [Kneels.] As low as this I bow to you  
and would

As low as is my grave, to show a mind  
Thankful for all your mercies.

*Arb.* Oh, stand up,

And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed  
To see observance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my king.

*Arb.* You are my mother. Rise!

As far be all your faults from your own soul,  
As from my memory; then you shall be  
As white as Innocence herself.

*Ara.* I came

Only to shew my duty and acknowledge  
My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively  
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe  
From me, preserve you still!

*Arb.* Your own desires

Shall be your guide.

[*Exit ARABE*]

*Pan.* Now let me die!

Since I have seen my lord the king return  
In safety, I have seen all good that life  
Can show me. I have ne'er another wish  
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;  
For I am bound to spend my age to come,  
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your majesty speak?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the princess.

*Pan.* Alas, sir, I am fearful! You do look  
On me, as if I were some loathed thing.  
That you were finding out a way to shun.

*Gob.* Sir, you should speak to her,

*Arb.* Ha?

*Pan.* I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:

Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel  
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain  
Some words and kindness from you. *[Kneels.]*

*Tigr.* Will you speak, sir?

*Arb.* Speak! am I what I was?

What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,  
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.  
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd  
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there!  
Up, and begone; if you be 'st love, be gone!  
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,  
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,  
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,  
Write to thy laughing mother in thy blood,  
That you are powers belied, and all your darts  
Are to be blown away, by men resolved,  
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away!

*Tigr.* Oh, misery; why should he be so slow?

*[Apart.]*

There can no falsehood come of loving her.  
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing  
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.  
I would, he would present me to her quickly.

*Pas.* Will you not speak at all? Are you so far  
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,  
That must talk till you answer, do not stand  
As you were dumb; say something, though it be  
Poison'd with anger that it may strike me dead.

*Mar.* Have you no life at all? For manhood  
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus. *[sake,*  
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,  
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

*Arb.* You mean this lady. Lift her from the  
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas! *[earth:*  
Madam, your beauty uses to command,  
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?  
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,  
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?  
I bade, she should be brought.

*Mer.* What, is he mad?

*Arb.* Gobrias, where is she?

*Gob.* Sir!

*Arb.* Where is she, man?

*Gob.* Who, sir?

*Arb.* Who? hast thou forgot my sister?

*Gob.* Your sister, sir?

*Arb.* Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,  
Answer, where is she?

*Gob.* Do you not see here there?

*Arb.* Where?

*Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There? where?

*Mer.* 'Slight, there! are you blind?

*Arb.* Which do you mean? That little one?

*Gob.* No, sir.

*Arb.* No, sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see  
No other here, but that petitioning lady.

*Gob.* That's she.

*Arb.* Away!

*Gob.* Sir, it is she.

*Arb.* 'Tis false.

*Gob.* Is it?

*Arb.* As hell! By heaven, as false as hell!  
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,  
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,  
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;  
And do not think to cozen me with this.  
I see, you all are mute and stand amazed,  
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;  
A decreed instant cuts off every life,

For which to mourn is to repine. She died  
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,  
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness  
Eternal waits upon her where she is.  
I know she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear  
My crosses like a man. We all must die,  
And she hath taught us how.

*Gob.* Do not mistake,

And vex yourself for nothing; for her death  
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;  
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which, good Gobrias?

That lady, dost thou mean?

*Gob.* That lady, sir:

She is your sister; and she is your sister  
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,  
To see you use her thus.

*Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tigr.* Fish! this is tedious: *[Apart.]*

I cannot hold; I must present myself.  
And yet the sight of my Spaconia  
Touches me, as a sudden thunder clap  
Does one that is about to sin.

*Arb.* Away!

No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,  
The direct plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, invented  
To mad your king. He that will say so next,  
Let him draw out his sword and sheathe it here;  
It is a sin fully as pardonable.

She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:

If she were ever, I create her none.

And which of you can question this? My power  
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,  
And not disputed with. I have decreed her  
As far from having part of blood with me,  
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,  
He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?

*Mar.* Oh, this is fine! *[majesty,*

*Bes.* No, marry, she is not, an't please your  
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No; 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou shouldst be hang'd. *[To Bessus.]*

*Pan.* Sir, I will speak but once: By the same  
power

You make my blood a stranger unto yours,  
You may command me dead; and so much love  
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.  
If this request appear too much to grant,  
Adopt me of some other family,  
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live  
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets  
By their regardless mothers, and no name  
Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will hear no more.—

Why should there be such music in a voice,  
And sin for me to hear it? All the world  
May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation  
For me to do so.—You are fair, and wise,  
And virtuous, I think; and he is blessed  
That is so near you as a brother is;  
But you are nought to me but a disease;  
Continual torment without hope of ease.  
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,  
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first  
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,

And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts ;  
 Allowing 'em to do all actions,  
 As freely as they drink when they desire.  
 Let me not hear you speak again ; yet so  
 I shall but languish for the want of that,  
 The having which would kill me.—No man here  
 Offer to speak for her ; for I consider  
 As much as you can say ; I will not toil  
 My body and my mind too ; rest thou there ;  
 Here's one within will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Fear not, madam ;

The king will alter : 'Tis some sudden rage,  
 And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray Heaven it do !

*Tigr.* [*Aside.*] Though she to whom I swore  
 be here, I cannot

Stife my passion longer ; if my father  
 Should rise again, disquieted with this,  
 And charge me to forbear, yet it would out—

[*Comes forward.*]

Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner begs  
 To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, sir.

I think ; but if you be not, 'tis past me  
 To make you so ; for I am here a stranger  
 Greater than you : We know from whence you come ;  
 But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
 Is yet uncertain ; found here i' the court,  
 And only suffer'd to walk up and down,  
 As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* Oh, I fear

Tigranes will be caught ; he looks, methinks,  
 As he would change his eyes with her. Some help  
 There is above for me, I hope !

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away, and weep so  
 fast,

And utter things that misbecome your looks ?  
 Can you want owning ?

*Spa.* Oh, 'tis certain so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge yourself mine.

*Arb.* How now ?

*Tigr.* And then

See if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking !

*Tigr.* Nations shall own you for their queen.

*Arb.* Tigranes ! art not thou my prisoner ?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Arb.* And who is this ?

*Tigr.* She is your sister.

*Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so again ? that's well.

*Arb.* And how, then, dare you offer to change  
 words with her ?

*Tigr.* Dare do it ? Why, you brought me hither,  
 To that intent. [sir,

*Arb.* Perhaps, I told you so :

If I had sworn it, had you so much folly  
 To credit it ? The least word that she speaks  
 Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,  
 Or I will temper it !

*Spa.* Blest be that breath !

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue ! Such incivilities  
 As these no barbarous people ever knew :  
 You break the laws of nature, and of nations ;  
 You talk to me as if I were a prisoner  
 For theft. My tongue be temper'd ! I must speak,  
 If thunder check me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will ?

*Spa.* Alas, my fortune !

*Tigr.* Do not fear his frown.

Dear madam, hear me.

*Arb.* Fear not my frown ? But that 'twere  
 base in me

To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,  
 Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.

*Mar.* He has one ransom with him already ;  
 methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison !—Now, sir, see  
 If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you ?  
 Seize him, Bacurius !—You shall know my word  
 Sweeps like a wind ; and all it grapples with  
 Are as the chaff before it.

*Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Arb.* Help there !

*Tigr.* Away !

1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forced.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us ;

We must obey.

*Arb.* Why do you dally there ?

Drag him away by any thing.

*Bac.* Come, sir.

*Tigr.* Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength  
 To shake all these off.—This is tyranny, [enough  
 Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,  
 Or that famed tyrant's bed. Thou might'st as well  
 Search i' the deep of winter through the snow  
 For half-starved people, to bring home with thee  
 To show 'em fire and send 'em back again,  
 As use me thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close, Bacurius.

[*Exit TIGRANES, led off by BACURIUS and Gentlemen.*]

*Spa.* I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him,  
 But this imprisonment : What shall become  
 Of me forsaken ?

*Gob.* You will not let your sister  
 Depart thus discontented from you, sir ?

*Arb.* By no means, Gobrias : I have done bet  
 And made myself believe much of myself, [wrong  
 That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,  
 Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,  
 And, like a god incensed, gave no ear  
 To all your prayers. [*Kneels.*] Behold, I kneel to  
 Show a contempt as large as was my own, [you  
 And I will suffer it ; yet, at the last,  
 Forgive me.

*Pan.* Oh, you wrong me more in this  
 Than in your rage you did : You mock me now.

*Arb.* Never forgive me, then ; which is the worst  
 Can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
 Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,  
 And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.

*Arb.* Rise you then too : Here I acknowledge  
 My hope, the only jewel of my life, [the  
 The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,  
 A happiness as high as I could think ;  
 And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
 Perdition light upon me !

*Pan.* This is better

Than if you had not frowned ; it comes to me  
 Like mercy at the block : And when I leave  
 To serve you with my life, your curse be with me

*Arb.* Then thus I do salute thee ; and again,  
 To make this knot the stronger. Paradise  
 Is there ! It may be, you are yet in doubt ;  
 This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin, [*And*  
 And foolishly entice myself along !—  
 Take her away ; see her a prisoner

In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!

*Pan.* Alas, sir, why?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer. Do it.

*Gob.* Good sir!

*Arb.* No more! Do it, I say!

*Mar.* This is better and better.

*Pan.* Yet, hear me speak.

*Arb.* I will not hear you speak.—  
Away with her! Let no man think to speak  
For such a creature; for she is a witch,  
A poisoner, and a traitor!

*Gob.* Madam, this office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well;

The king is pleased with it.

*Arb.* Bessus, go you along too with her. I will  
All this that I have said, if I may live [prove  
So long. But I am desperately sick;  
For she has given me poison in a kiss:  
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes  
She witches people. Go, without a word!

[*Exeunt GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, and SPACONIA.*]

Why should You, that have made me stand in war  
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,  
Deceit such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? What am I, alas,  
That you oppose me! If my secret thoughts  
Have ever harboured swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you; and it is in you  
To give me sorrow, that will render me  
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,  
Let it be rather so, than punish me  
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me  
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,  
That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius!

*Mar.* Here, sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.

Am I not grown a strange weight?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier?

*Mar.* No, sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs

Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st  
I could have gone, though I could never run.

*Mar.* And so I shall again.

*Arb.* Oh, no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you, go rest yourself.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,  
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never see  
Me so again. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of BESSUS.

*Enter BESSUS.*

*Bes.* They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the  
war, and will afford any man a reasonable penny-  
worth. Some will say, they could be content to  
have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger;  
but my opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand  
still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me,  
I would refuse it. My reputation came principally  
by thinking to run away, which nobody knows  
but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to  
anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to  
the town a young fellow, without means or parts  
to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded  
me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I

did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two  
days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still!"  
Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to  
abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I con-  
tinued, till they hung me up by the heels, and  
beat me with hasle-sticks, as if they would have  
baked me, and have cozen'd somebody with me  
for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly:  
For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a  
baffled whipp'd fellow, and what I said was re-  
membered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I  
was glad. I would it were at that pass again!  
After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that  
left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for  
me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit,  
raised a company for me with the money, and sent  
me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have  
run from them, but that I could get no company:  
and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle  
but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius  
cudgell'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so  
afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do;  
but fled with my whole company amongst mine  
enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of  
my valour is come over before me, and they say  
I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved:  
A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many  
a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if  
he would; for now they think to get honour on  
me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly  
to account, (worthily as they call it) by the way of  
challenge.

*Enter the third Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Good-morrow, sir.

*3 Gent.* I come to speak with you—

*Bes.* You're very welcome.

*3 Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by  
you some three years since. Your worth, he says,  
is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will  
do him right, as becomes a soldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em, so they cry all!

*3 Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for  
you, for the delivery of which you must excuse  
me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me  
to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire  
but right on both sides. [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Bes.* 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

*3 Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bes.* An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a  
compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agree-  
ably to my nature, present me poison with such a  
speech. [*Reads.*] Um, um, um,—*Reputation*—  
um, um, um,—*call you to account*—um, um, um  
—*forced to this*—um, um, um,—*with my sword*—  
um, um, um,—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um,—*dear*  
*to me*—um, um, um,—*satisfaction*.—'Tis very  
well, sir; I do accept it; but he must wait an  
answer this thirteen weeks.

*3 Gent.* Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off  
this stain as soon as he could.

*Bes.* Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged  
to two hundred and twelve; all which must have  
their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before  
him.

*3 Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one,  
he shall stay a competent time.

*Bes.* Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and  
twelve: And I have a spent body, too much  
bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must



be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Bes.* Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."—Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

*Enter BACURIUS.*

*Bac.* Now, Captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wrong'd me.

*Bes.* True, my lord.

*Bac.* But now, people will call you valiant; deservingly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight me.

*Bes.* Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

*Bac.* Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bes.* My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

*Bac.* Who then, pray?

*Bes.* Bessus the coward wrong'd you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

*Bac.* I pr'ythee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

*Bes.* Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg! why, what ail's your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

*Bes.* My lord, this is not noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

[*Kicks him.*]

*Bes.* My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

*Bes.* Why, I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

*Bes.* My lord?

*Bac.* Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as live, thy head will ache extremely.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

[*Gives him his sword, with a knife in the scabbard.*]

*Bac.* I thank you very heartily, sweet captain Farewell.

*Bes.* One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

*Bac.* Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives him back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and e hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether you shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit BACURIUS.*]

*Bes.* I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biter eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence. Therefore I will outwear him and all his followers: that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit Bessus.*]

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter MARDONIUS.*

*Mar.* I'll move the king; he is most strangely alter'd: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scorn no question, justly laid upon him. He has followed me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stop to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

*Enter ABBACES.*

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: very enemies, I think, whose wounds have brought his fame, if they should see him now, would shed tears in their eyes.

*Abb.* I cannot utter it! Why should I keep a breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak? Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light! How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done, Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

*Mar.* How do you, sir?

*Abb.* Why, very well, Mardonius: How dost thou do?

*Mar.* Better than you, I fear.

*Abb.* I hope thou art; for, to be plain with thee, Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames, That far transcend earthly material fires, Are crept into me, and there is no cure: Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure!

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

*Abb.* So there is: but yet I cannot do it.

*Mar.* Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I

not shrink to do you service : I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours ; and I were better lose it in my king's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief ; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

*Arb.* It will not out ! Were you with Gobrias, And bade him give my sister all content The place affords, and give her leave to send And speak to whom she please ?

*Mar.* Yes, sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to Bacurius say as much About Tigranes ?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* Oh, say not so ; you had an answer of this before : Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech By all the love thou hast profess'd to me, [thee, To see my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well ; and what ?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange ! Shall I say nothing to her ?

*Arb.* Not a word :

But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way

To make her understand by signs.

*Mar.* But what shall I make her understand ?

*Arb.* Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

*Mar.* You may ; but I can only see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true ! [Gives him a ring.]

Bear her this ring, then ; and, on more advice, Thou shalt speak to her : Tell her I do love My kindred all ; wilt thou ?

*Mar.* Is there no more ?

*Arb.* Oh, yes ! And her the best ; Better than any brother loves his sister : That is all.

*Mar.* Methinks, this need not have been deliver'd with such a caution. I'll do it.

*Arb.* There is more yet : Wilt thou be faithful to me ?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

*Arb.* I love her better than a brother ought.

Doest thou conceive me ?

*Mar.* I hope you do not, sir.

*Arb.* No ! thou art dull. Kneel down before And never rise again, till she will love me. [her,

*Mar.* Why, I think she does.

*Arb.* But, better than she does ; another way ; As wives love husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me ! Is it fit This should be utter'd plainly ? Take it, then, Naked as 'tis ; I would desire her love Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously, To do a sin that needs must damn us both ; And thee too. Doest thou understand me now ?

*Mar.* Yes ; there's your ring again. What have I done

Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it, That you should put so base a business to me ?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do it ?

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertook it : But if all My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged In such a cause to save my last life.

*Arb.* Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou !

This man, that is my servant, whom my breath Might blow about the world, might beat me here Having this cause ; whilst I, press'd down with sin, Could not resist him.—Hear, Mardonius ! It was a motion mis-beseeming man, And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Heaven grant you may be so ! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince : but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more : For you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws ; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender, for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big ; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour ; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve you, and mend—

*Arb.* Mardonius ! Stay, Mardonius ! for, though My present state requires nothing but knaves To be about me, such as are prepared For every wicked act, yet who does know, But that my loathed fate may turn about, And I have use for honest men again ? I hope, I may ; I pr'ythee leave me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where is the king ?

*Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife ?

*Bes.* The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away, you fool ! the king is serious, And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities ! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie ?

*Arb.* No, no ; 'tis well, Bessus ; tis very well. I'm glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

*Bes.* Why, may not valour approach him ?

*Mar.* Yes ; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you !

*Arb.* No ; let him stay, Mardonius ; let him I have occasion with him very weighty, [stay ; And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir ?

*Arb.* Why, I can spare you now.

*Bes.* Mardonius, give way to the state affairs.

*Mar.* Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [Exit MARDONIUS.]

*Arb.* Bessus, I should employ thee : Wilt thou do't ?

*Bes.* Do't for you ? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Do not swear.

*Bes.* By this light, but I will ; any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name the thing Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

*Bes.* I would fain hear that thing. [me,—

*Arb.* Why, I would have thee get my sister for Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner.

*Bes.* Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

*Bes.* More? No. Why, is there any thing else? If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin? Thou art too wicked for my company, Though I have hell within me, and may'st yet Corrupt me further! Pr'ythee answer me, How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bes.* Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant, The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing, That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth Enough to take me in, where there do stand Four rows of iron teeth.

*Bes.* I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard. [this!]

*Arb.* My mother?—Heaven forgive me, to hear I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee

Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by, Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise In any breast again. Know, I will die Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall, Ere I will deal by such an instrument: Thou art too sinful to employ in this. Out of the world, away!

*Bes.* What do you mean, sir?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight

Into the desarts; where, 'mongst all the monsters If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself, Thou shalt be held as innocent!

*Bes.* Good sir—

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as thou We kings could never act such wicked deeds! Seek out a man that mocks divinity, That breaks each precept both of God and man, And nature too, and does it without lust, Merely because it is a law, and good, And live with him; for him thou can'st not spoil Away, I say!—

I will not do this sin.

I'll press it here, till it do break my breast: It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin, And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [Exit

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Apartment of the Princess in the Palace.*

*Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, and SPACONIA.*

*Gob.* Have you written, madam?

*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias.

*Gob.* And with a kindness and such winning As may provoke him, at one instant, feel His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him

From his displeasure; and such words, I hope, As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias. Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's, A poor belief may follow, I have woven As many truths within 'em to speak for me, That if he be but gracious and receive 'em—

*Gob.* Good lady, be not fearful: Though he should not

Give you your present end in this, believe it, You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you To labour out this tempest (which, I know, Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience) All those contents, your spirit will arrive at, Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother, When he shall once collect himself, and see How far he has been asunder from himself, What a mere stranger to his golden temper, Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying, Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice, Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly, I know it, and, I hope, I need not further Win you to understand it.

*Pan.* I believe it;

But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly; So dearly, that if any thing I write

For my enlarging should beget his anger, Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith, I had rather live entombed here. [grie]

*Gob.* You shall not feel a worse stroke than you I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand, And this night will deliver this true story, With this hand to your brother.

*Pan.* Peace go with you!

You are a good man.— [Exit Gobrias]

My Spaconia,

Why are you ever sad thus?

*Spa.* Oh, dear lady!

*Pan.* Pr'ythee discover not a way to sadness. Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get higher How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear, Is easier known than cured.

*Spa.* Heaven comfort both, And give yours happy ends, however I Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

*Pan.* This but teaches

How to be more familiar with our sorrows, That are too much our masters. Good Spacia How shall I do you service?

*Spa.* Noblest lady,

You make me more a slave still to your goodness And only live to purchase thanks to pay you; For that is all the business of my life now.

I will be bold, since you will have it so, To ask a noble favour of you.

*Pan.* Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet No ill demand has issue. [viri]

*Spa.* Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your In helping me to see the prince Tigranes; With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia Bacurius cannot want so much good manners As to deny your gentle visitation, Though you came only with your own command

*Spa.* I know they will deny me, gracious madam,  
Being a stranger, and so little famed,  
So utter empty of those excellencies  
That tame authority : But in you, sweet lady,  
All these are natural ; beside, a power  
Derived immediate from your royal brother,  
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.

*Pa.* More than my word, Spaconia, you shall  
For fear it fail you. [carry,

*Spa.* Dare you trust a token ?  
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

*Pa.* You are a pretty one ; and, trust me, lady,  
It joys me I shall do a good to you,  
Though to myself I never shall be happy.  
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it : I think they will not stay you.  
So, all your own desires go with you, lady !

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your grace !

*Pa.* Pray Heaven, I find it ! [Exit.

## SCENE II.—A Prison.

*TIGRANES is discovered.*

*Tigr.* Fool that I am ! I have undone myself,  
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,  
That was a fair one. I have childishly  
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,  
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia !  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.  
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires ? But, wretched fool,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,  
To make me freeze thus ! why did I prefer her  
To the fair princess ? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,  
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still !  
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment ;  
Thou hast deserved it. Couldst thou find no lady,  
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,  
And hazard all thy peace ? none to abuse,  
But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia ?  
And so much loved thee, that, in honesty  
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues !  
She that forgot the greatness of her grief  
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,  
Endless and wild in women ! she, that for thee,  
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,  
And country ! You have paid me equal, heavens,  
And sent my own rod to correct me with,  
A woman ! For inconstancy I'll suffer ;  
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,  
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,  
Upon a new face ; after all my oaths,  
Many, and strange ones.  
I feel my old fire flame again and burn  
So strong and violent, that, should I see her  
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

*Enter BACURIUS and SPAONIA.*

*Bac. Lady,*  
Your token I acknowledge ; you may pass ;  
There is the king.

*Spa.* I thank your lordship for it.

[Exit BACURIUS.

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes ! Shame hide me  
ever from her !

'Would I were buried, or so far removed  
Light might not find me out ! I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay, never hide yourself ! Or, were you hid  
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,

My wrongs, without more day, would light me to  
you :

I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness  
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,  
And only mighty in your wickedness  
Of wronging women ! Thou art false, false, prince !  
I live to see it : poor Spaconia lives

To tell thee thou art false ; and then no more !  
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant  
Than all ill women ever were together.

Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,  
That no bank can command ; as lasting  
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and broken.

The wind is fix'd to thee ; and sooner shall  
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,  
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,

And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall  
To have peace in love with any : Thou art all  
That all good men must hate ; and if thy story

Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
Oh, let it spare me in it, least true lovers,  
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,

And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes !  
*Tigr.* Oh ! oh !

*Spa.* The destinies, I hope, have pointed out  
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,

Though not for me ; for, this assure thyself,  
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,

Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,  
I fear, too deep ; beshrew me for it !—Sir,

This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,  
Into the same piece with it.—He's ashamed !  
Alas, I have been too rugged.—Dear my lord,

I am sorry I have spoken any thing,  
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased

To think it was a fault of love, not malice ;  
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.

I do and can forgive the greatest sins  
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.

*Tig.* Oh, my Spaconia ! Oh, thou virtuous  
*Spa.* No more ; the king, sir. [woman !

*Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, and MARDONIUS.*

*Arb.* Have you been careful of our noble pri-  
soner,

That he want nothing fitting for his greatness ?

*Bar.* I hope his grace will quit me for my care,  
*Arb.* 'Tis well.—Royal Tigranes, health ! [sir.

*Tigr.* More than the strictness of this place can  
I offer back again to great Arbaces. [give, sir,

*Arb.* We thank you, worthy prince ; and pray  
excuse us,

We have not seen you since your being here.

I hope your noble usage has been equal

With your own person : Your imprisonment,

If it be any, I dare say, is easy ;

And shall not out-last two days.

*Tigr.* I thank you.

My usage here has been the same it was,  
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,  
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for ;  
But I must bear it.

*Arb.* What lady's that, Bacurius ?

*Bac.* One of the princess' women, sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it.

Why comes she hither ?

*Bac.* To speak with the prince Tigranes.

*Arb.* From whom, Bacurius ?

*Bac.* From the princess, sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now again.

'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cured of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't. [ence,

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, nor obedient for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your own command to bar none from him:

Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my war-

*Arb.* A token to Tigranes, did she not? [rant. Sir, tell truth.

*Bac.* I do not use to lie, sir.

'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think This is no token, sir.

*Mar.* This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have a horseman's staff yoked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am trifled with.

*Bac.* Sir?

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;

And, durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my soul.

*Arb.* Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say, sir, once again—

*Bac.* You may say what you please, sir:

'Would I might do so.

*Arb.* I will, sir; and say openly, This woman carries letters: By my life, I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

*Mar.* 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Do what, sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turn, prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turn, sir?

*Arb.* Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tigr.* Be plainer, good sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heaven she shall not; I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.

*Tigr.* This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

*Arb.* Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subject to you, And must endure these passions.

*Spa.* This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for And the dear place I would choose. [always,

[*Exeunt TIGRANES, SPAONIA, BACURINIUS.*

*Mar.* Sir, have you done well now?

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters, sir, to anger you, But a dry sonnet of my corporal's, To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir. 'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

*Arb.* How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life! Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies, when I am dead? who shall put to his power to draw those virtues out of a flood of humour when they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again? No, cut my head off: Then you may talk, and I believed, and grow worse, and have your too self-glorious temper rock'd into a dead sleep, and d kingdom with you; till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter be every where about you like your flatterers. Do, kill me!

*Arb.* Prythee, be tamer, good Mardonius. Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee; Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine: But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me! Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

*Enter GOBRIAS.*

*Mar.* There comes a good man; love him to he's temperate; you may live to have need of such a virtue: Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome, good Gobrias.

*Gob.* My service, and this letter, to your grace.

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich mine of virtue and beauty Your mournful sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?

*Gob.* [Kneels.] She is, sir, till your pleasure enlarge her,

Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit, That all the sweetness of the world in one, The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers And wilder people, that have known no manner! Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake! If there be any in that noble heart To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn; Or for her love to you, which is as much As Nature and Obedience ever gave, Have pity on her beauties.

*Arb.* Praythee, stand up: 'Tis true, she is And all these commendations but her own: [I] 'Would thou hadst never so commended her, Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias! If thou but knew'st at the wrong her beauty does! Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.

Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man, Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell. Oh, I think she loves me, but I fear another [I] Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, Gobrias? *Gob.* I do beseech your grace, believe it not For, let me perish, if it be not false!

Good sir, read her letter. [ARRACES

*Mar.* This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than within the air on't. He, that had seen this fellow charge through a grove of pikes but this day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe

eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty ;  
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,  
Thousands, that will deny it ;  
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it,  
And me, though she were closer : She would, Go-  
Good man, indeed, she would. [*Arb.* ;

*Gob.* Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her, and, with reason, make her know  
Why she must live thus for you.

*Arb.* I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Bessus.*

*Enter Bessus, two Sword-men, and a Boy.*

*Bes.* You're very welcome, both ! Some stools  
there, boy ;

And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,  
Pray sit, without more compliment. Begone, child !  
I have been curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

*1 Sw.* We understand ourselves, sir.

*Bes.* Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o'the  
No compliment, I pray ; but to the cause [*sword,*  
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

*2 Sw.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your  
But to your cause. [*honour.*

*Bes.* Be wise, and speak truth.

My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

*1 Sw.* Say there a little, sir ; Do you doubt a  
beating ?

Or, have you had a beating by your prince ?

*Bes.* Gentlemen o'th' sword, my prince has beaten  
me.

*2 Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case ?

*1 Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

*2 Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.

But how ? we cannot be too subtle in this business.

I say, but how ?

*Bes.* Even with his royal hand.

*1 Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation ?

*Bes.* 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentle-  
Besides two blows o' th' face. [*men ;*

*2 Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new  
cause on't ;

The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

*2 Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a  
worse man,

I must confess, as the sword-men say, had turn'd  
The business : Mark me, brother, by a worse man :  
But, being by his prince, had they been ten,  
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard  
Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favours.  
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

*2 Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it ;  
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a  
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, [*bottle,*  
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,  
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

*Bes.* I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.

But how far may he strike me ?

*1 Sw.* There's another ;

A new cause rising from the time and distance,  
In which I will deliver my opinion.

He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten ;

For these are natural to man :

Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth  
As his dominion reaches ; that's for the distance ;  
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

*2 Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day ;  
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

*Bes.* 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—

*1 Sw.* Be subject to it : You are wise and vir-  
tuous.

*Bes.* Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten body.

I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o'  
th' sword.

*2 Sw.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding : We are bound,  
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion  
Shortly, and discretely.

*Bes.* My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

*2 Sw.* How far, sir ?

*Bes.* Not to flatter myself in it, all over :  
My sword lost, but not forced ; for discretely  
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

*1 Sw.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of va-  
lour.

*2 Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty cause ; pray pon-  
Our friend here has been kick'd. [*der on't :*

*1 Sw.* He has so, brother.

*2 Sw.* Soresly, he says. Now, had he set down  
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly. [*here,*

*1 Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

*2 Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in deliver-  
His sword without compulsion ; and that man [*ing*  
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,  
And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivering,  
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

*1 Sw.* Brother, I take it you mistake the ques-  
For, say, that I were kick'd. [*tion ;*

*2 Sw.* I must not say so ;

Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of man.  
You kick'd, dear brother ! You are merry.

*1 Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

*2 Sw.* Let them put it,

That are things weary of their lives, and know  
Not honour ! Put the case, you were kick'd !

*1 Sw.* I do not say I was kick'd.

*2 Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head  
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.

You kick'd, dear brother !

*Bes.* Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,  
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

*1 Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy  
kick'd, captain.

*2 Sw.* The boy, may be supposed, is liable.

But, kick my brother !

*1 Sw.* A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my friend.  
But to the boy : Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

*Bes.* I do suppose it.

*1 Sw.* Has your boy a sword ?

*Bes.* Surely, no ; I pray, suppose a sword too.

*1 Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy  
was kick'd then.

*2 Sw.* By no means, captain ; let it be supposed  
The word "grant" makes not for us. [*still ;*

*1 Sw.* I say, this must be granted.

*2 Sw.* This *must* be granted, brother ?

*1 Sw.* Ay, this *must* be granted.

*2 Sw.* Still, this *must* ?

*1 Sw.* I say, this *must* be granted.

*2 Sw.* Ay ! give me the *must* again ! Brother,  
you palter.

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.  
 2 *Sw.* Brother,  
 I say you palter; the *must* three times together!  
 I wear as sharp steel as another man,  
 And my fox bites as deep. *Musted, my dear bro-*  
*But to the cause again.* [ther!]

*Bes.* Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.

1 *Sw.* A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity.

Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Forward.

1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at

2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed. [the kicker.]

1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,  
 Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

*Bes.* It lies i' the beating, sir: I found it four days since.

2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,  
 Lies in the thing kicking.

*Bes.* I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.

2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch: Whose was

*Bes.* A lord's. [the foot?]

1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; \*but, had it been two lords,

And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

*Bes.* I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?

2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

*Bes.* As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

1 *Sw.* My reason now: The valiant man is known  
 By suffering and contemning; you have  
 Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:  
 For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,  
 Consists not in a beating and away,  
 But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen  
 To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked  
 With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves:  
 This shews a valiant man.

*Bes.* Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proud.  
 For these are all familiar things to me; [est;  
 Familiar as my sleep, or want of money;  
 All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.  
 I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,  
 And almost all religions.

2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;  
 I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,  
 To bide upon, a very valiant man.

*Bes.* My equal friends o' th' sword, I must re-  
 Your hands to this. [quest

2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be.

*Bes.* Boy,

Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—  
 Am I clear, gentlemen?

1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what  
 we have done,

Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,  
 Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

*Bes.* I must request you go along, and testify  
 To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,  
 How you find my cause.

2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he must be  
 ruled;

Or there be those abroad, will rule his lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

# SCENE IV.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter ARRACES at one door, and GOMRIAS with PANTHEA at another.*

*Gom.* Sir, here's the princess.

*Arr.* Leave us, then, alone;

For the main cause of her imprisonment  
 Must not be heard by any but herself.—

[*Exit GOMRIAS.*

You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven  
 I could so bid you by another name.—  
 If you above love not such sins as these,  
 Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,  
 To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you I shall speak?

*Arr.* Please me?

Ay, more than all the art of music can,  
 Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds  
 As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:  
 And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;  
 I pray thee, think so.

*Pan.* Be it so; I will.

Am I the first that ever had a wrong  
 So far from being fit to have redress,  
 That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back  
 To prison, rather than disquiet you,  
 And wait till it be fit.

*Arr.* No, do not go;

For I will hear thee with a serious thought:  
 I have collected all that's man about me  
 Together strongly, and I am resolved  
 To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,  
 Do not come nearer to me; for there is  
 Something in that, that will undo us both.

*Pan.* Alas, sir, am I venom?

*Arr.* Yes, to me;

Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in  
 As equal a degree of heat or cold,  
 As Nature can make: Yet, as unsound men  
 Convert the sweetest and the nourishingst meats  
 Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,  
 Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
 Shut from the world, and why it should be thus  
 Is all I wish to know.

*Arr.* Why, credit me,

Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,  
 Thy loving brother, that there is a cause  
 Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
 That might undo thee everlastingly,  
 Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?

By Heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst.  
*Pan.* Children and fools are very credulous,  
 And I am both, I think, for I believe,  
 If you dissemble, be it on your head!

I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,  
 I might be kept in some place where you are:  
 For in myself I find, I know not what  
 To call it, but it is a great desire  
 To see you often.

*Arr.* Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean!  
 Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,  
 Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause  
 You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
 Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must endure it, sir.

Heaven keep you!

*Arr.* Nay, you shall hear the cause in short.  
 Panthea;

And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me.  
 And hang thy head down like a violet

Full of the morning's dew. There is a way  
To gain thy freedom; but 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know  
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof  
Whether the gods have care of innocence,  
Rather than follow it: Know, that I have lost,  
The only difference betwixt man and beast,  
My reason.

*Pan.* Heaven forbid!

*Arb.* Nay, it is gone;

And I am left as far without a bound  
As the wild ocean that obeys the winds;  
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,  
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.  
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;  
My heart is set on wickedness, to act  
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain  
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,  
Where I may never see thee: For Heaven knows,  
That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness  
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou can'st devise together, and at once  
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Far be it from me to revile the king!  
But it is true, that I shall rather choose  
To search out death, than else would search out me,  
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,  
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;  
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes  
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,  
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

*Arb.* Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,  
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,  
However soon, before my passions grow,  
That they forget what I desire is sin;  
For thither they are tending: If that happen,  
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin  
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap  
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you! yet you shall know

It is a sullen fate that governs us:  
For I could wish, as heartily as you,  
I were no sister to you; I should then  
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then?

*Pan.* So perfectly,  
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my birth!  
Must this be added to my miseries,  
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop  
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,  
Brother and sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else:

But these, alas! will separate us more  
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.* I have lived

To conquer men, and now am overthrown  
Only by words, brother and sister. Where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,  
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the power of any force,  
Or policy, to conquer them.

*Arb.* Panthea,

What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,  
And gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* 'Would I could do so!

But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accursed man,

Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when every beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,  
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull  
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,  
Because they had one dam?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb you  
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was;  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together; so shall we.  
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* 'Faith, there is none at all:  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me?

*Pan.* No, by Heaven.

*Arb.* Why, yet

You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

*Pan.* True,

But for another: For the truth——

*Arb.* No more,

I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie.  
Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else,  
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,  
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

*Arb.* And so they may, Panthea; so will we;  
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go  
To prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,  
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.

*Arb.* That is impossible; what should we do?

*Pan.* Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.

*Arb.* So we must; away!

Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.**Enter MARDONIUS and LYCONES.*

*Mar.* Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.

*Lyg.* I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

*Mar.* But is the main of all your business ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse; I am ashamed! It is a business—

*Mar.* You serve a worthy person; and a stranger, I am sure you are: You may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your nobleness.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this If it be any, is not ill bestow'd. [courtesy, But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,

And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away By a mean captain of your king's.

*Mar.* Stay there, sir:

If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain, He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman, Though she were yours, and noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: But this wretched Reaches no further than the empty name, [fellow That serves to feed him. Were he valiant, Or had but in him any noble nature, That might hereafter promise him a good man, My cares were so much lighter, and my grave A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confess, such fellows Be in all royal camps, and have and must be, To make the sin of coward more detested In the mean soldier, that with such a foil Sets off much valour. By description, I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus, I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus; And, now I think, 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captain do you call him? Believe me, sir, you have a misery Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him! For that must be an end of all his service. Your daughter was not mad, sir?

*Lyg.* No; 'would she had been! The fault had had more credit. I would do some thing.

*Mar.* I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not.

He's so below a beating, that the women Find him not worthy of their distaves, and To hang him were to cast away a rope. He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward, That no revenge can catch him. I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth; this rascal Fears neither God nor man; has been so beaten, Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had, Since he was first a slave, At least three hundred daggers set in's head, As little boys do new knives in hot meat. There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,

That has not been thrice broken with dry beating; And now his sides look like two wicker targets, Every way bended; Children will shortly take him for a wall, And set their stone-bows in his forehead. He is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week imagine what Shall be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure, I have committed some great sin, That this base fellow should be made my rod. I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you have not: If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it: We use him i' th' wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him; do as you shall find your temper; I must leave you: But if you do not break him like a biscuit, you're much to blame, sir. [Exit MARDONIUS.

*Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name Bessus?

*Bes.* Men call me Captain Bessus.

*Lyg.* Then, Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen slave! and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be a gentleman.

*Lyg.* [Beats him.] Thus, Captain Bessus, thus! Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

*Bes.* I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed, I should have told you that first.

*Bes.* I take it so.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:

You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward, And such a one— [Beats him.

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir;

I never yet stole any living thing That had a tooth about it.

*Lyg.* I know you dare lye.

*Bes.* With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:

My means and manners never could attempt Above a hedge or haycock.

*Lyg.* Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is this Do that you do not use to do, tell truth, [lady? Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out. Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

*Bes.* There was a lady, sir, I must confess, Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes gave her To my guard, for her safety. How I used her She may herself report; she's with the prince now. I did but wait upon her like a groom, Which she will testify, I am sure: If not, My brains are at your service, when you please, sir, And glad I have 'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

*Bas.* Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now, to have me beat you at first sight.

*Lgg.* Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodness can forget twenty beatings: You must forgive me.

*Bas.* Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

*Lgg.* My daughter is a whore. *[Aside.]* I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her; Discharge myself from being father to her, And then back to my country, and there die.— Farewell, captain.

*Bas.* Farewell, sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. *[Exit LYGGONES.]*

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

*Bas.* Gentlemen o' th' sword, your hands once more; I have been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent, has ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that; or the foolish fellow had better have kick'd his grandsire.

*Bas.* Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let him come, and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

*Bas.* Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; these courses will undo him. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—The Prison.

*Enter LYGGONES and BACURIUS.*

*Bas.* My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

*Enter TITIANUS and SPACONIA.*

*Lgg.* There he is, Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.

*Tig.* I do perceive my fault so much, that yet, Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lgg.* Health to your majesty!

*Tig.* What, good Lygones! welcome! What business brought thee hither?

*Lgg.* Several businesses: *[Gives a paper.]*

My public business will appear by this;

I have a message to deliver, which,

If it pleases you so to authorize, is

An embassy from the Armenian state,

Unto Arbaces for your liberty.

The offer's there set down; please you to read it.

*Tig.* There is no alteration happen'd since I came thence?

*Lgg.* None, sir; all is as it was.

*Tig.* And all our friends are well? *[Reads.]*

*Lgg.* All very well.

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was I dare not see my father: It was fault *[good,* Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lgg.* Madam, I should have seen you.

*Spa.* Oh, good sir, forgive me.

*Lgg.* Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measured by my mean deserts, Indeed you are not.

*Lgg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily, Ere thou couldst go; would thou couldst do as And how does your custom hold out here? *[well!]*

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lgg.* Are you in private still, or how?

*Spa.* What do you mean?

*Lgg.* Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted When thou wert first resolved to be a whore? I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied More privately; I would have kept a dancer, And a whole consort of musicians, In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never whore.

*Lgg.* If thou couldst not say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

*Tig.* Lygones, I have read it, and I like it; You shall deliver it.

*Lgg.* Well, sir, I will:

But I have private business with you.

*Tig.* Speak; what is't?

*Lgg.* How has my age deserved so ill of you, That you can pick no strumpets i' the land, But out of my breed?

*Tig.* Strumpets, good Lygones?

*Lgg.* Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn To get a whore for any price alive: *[daughter]* And yet scorn will not help! Methinks, my Might have been spared; there were enow besides.

*Tig.* May I not prosper but she's innocent As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear, For all the world.

*Lgg.* Why is she with you, then?

Can she wait on you better than your man? Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings? Can she make candles well, or cut your corns? Why do you keep her with you? For a queen, I know, you do condemn her; so should I; And every subject else think much at it.

*Tig.* Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm Thou seest thy queen there. *[than earth,*

*Lgg.* Then have I made a fair hand: I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen: But if I should speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

*Tig.* Get you about your business to Arbaces; Now you talk idly.

*Lgg.* Yes, sir, I will go.

And shall she be a queen? She had more wit Than her old father, when she ran away. Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine! I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding: Shall I not, sir?

*Tig.* Yes, marry, shalt thou.

*Lgg.* I'll make these wither'd kexes bear my Two hours together above ground. *[body]*

*Tig.* Nay, go;

My business requires haste.

*Lgg.* Good Heav'n preserve you!

You are an excellent king.

*Spa.* Farewell, good father.

*Lgg.* Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter. I never was so joyful in my life, That I remember! Shall she be a queen? Now I perceive a man may weep for joy; I had thought they had lyed that said so.

*[Exit LYGGONES.]*

*Tigr.* Come, my dear love.

*Spa.* But you may see another,  
May alter that again.

*Tigr.* Urge it no more:

I have made up a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have  
The passions of a man; but if I meet  
With any subject that should hold my eyes  
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,  
And run away from it: Let that suffice. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—*The House of BACURIUS.*

*Enter BACURIUS and a Servant.*

*Bac.* Three gentlemen without, to speak with  
*Serv.* Yes, sir. *[me?]*

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter BESSUS, with the two Sword-men.*

*Serv.* They are enter'd, sir, already.

*Bac.* Now, fellows, your business? Are these  
the gentlemen?

*Bes.* My lord, I have made bold to bring these  
gentlemen,

My friends o' th' sword, along with me.

*Bac.* I am

Afraid you'll fight, then.

*Bes.* My good lord, I will not;

Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

*Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,  
You hear my lord is sorry.

*Bac.* Not that I have beaten you,  
But beaten one that will be beaten;  
One whose dull body will require a lamming,  
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.

Now, to your sword-men:

What come they for, good captain Stockfish?

*Bes.* It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither; though they  
Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing *[are]*  
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:  
What shall these billets do? be piled up in my  
wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your lordship holds your mirth still, heaven  
continue it!

But, for these gentlemen, they come—

*Bac.* To swear you are a coward? Spare your  
I do believe it. *[book;]*

*Bes.* Your lordship still draws wide;  
They come to vouch, under their valiant hands,  
I am no coward.

*Bac.* That would be a show, indeed, worth  
seeing. Sirs,

Be wise and take money for this motion, travel  
with't;

And where the name of Bessus has been known,  
Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than  
A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,  
If you be thrifty, than your captainship,  
And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,  
Is this true?

*2 Sw.* It is so, most renowned.

*Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange.

*1 Sw.* Lord, it is strange, yet true.

We have examined, from your lordship's foot there  
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;  
And we do find his honour is come off  
Clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall  
help us.

*Bac.* You are much bound to your *bills-men*;  
I am glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere  
good

You would think some way how to gratify them;  
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,  
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valor.

*2 Sw.* Your lordship must understand we are  
no men

Of the law, that take pay for our opinions;

It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which I, as  
touch'd

In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay  
This rent for you.

*Bes.* Spare yourself, my good lord;

My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the  
*2 Sw.* Oh, lord! my good lord! *[pains.]*

*Bac.* Be not so modest; I will give you some-  
thing.

*Bes.* They shall dine with your lordship; that's  
sufficient.

*Bac.* Something in hand the while. You rogues,  
you apple-squires,

Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,

Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

*[Kicks them.]*

*1 Sw.* I do beseech your lordship.

*2 Sw.* Oh, good lord!

*Bac.* 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are  
here!—

Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*2 Sw.* More of your foot, I do beseech your  
lordship.

*Bac.* You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow

*1 Sw.* O' this side, good my lord. *[beagle.]*

*Bac.* Off with your swords;

For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead,  
You rascals.

*1 Sw.* Mine's off, my lord.

*[They take off their swords.]*

*2 Sw.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my  
strap's

Tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you  
please.

*Bac.* Captain, these are your valiant friends;

You long for a little too?

*Bes.* I am very well, I humbly thank your  
lordship.

*Bac.* What's that in your pocket hurts my toe,  
you mungrel?

Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't quickly.

*2 Sw.* *[Takes out a pistol.]* Here 'tis, sir; a  
small piece of artillery,

That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,  
Sent me with, to get it mended, sir; for, if you  
The nose is somewhat loose. *[mark.]*

*Bac.* A friend of mine, you rascal?

I was never wearier of doing nothing,  
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's a good cudgel, sir.

*Bac.* It comes too late; I am weary; pr'ythee,  
Do thou beat them.

*2 Sw.* My lord, this is foul play,

I'faith, to put a fresh man upon us:

Men are but men, sir.

*Bac.* That jest shall save your bones.—Captain,  
rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—!

had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cried, "ho!" Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.— Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. *[Exit.]*

2 Sw. He has a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.

1 Sw. Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.

2 Sw. If he kick thus 'i' the dog-days, he will be dry-foundred.

What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

Res. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?

2 Sw. Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a Sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone. *[shrewd ache;]*

1 Sw. I ha' lost a haunch.

Res. A little butter, friend, a little butter;

Butter and paraley is a sovereign matter:

*Probatum est.*

2 Sw. Captain, we must request Your hand now to our honours.

Res. Yes, marry, shall ye;

And then let all the world come, we are valiant To ourselves, and there's an end.

1 Sw. Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

2 Sw. Oh, my small guts!

A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ABBACUS with his sword drawn.*

Abb. It is resolved: I bore it whilst I could; I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates, And I will thorough them: If they be shut, I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end, Amongst them all they shall not have a sin, But I may call it mine; I must begin With murder of my friend, and so go on To that incestuous ravishing, and end My life and sins with a forbidden blow Upon myself!

*Enter MARDONIUS.*

Mar. What tragedy is near?

That hand was never wont to draw a sword, But it cried "dead" to something.

Abb. Mardonius,

Have you bid Gobrias come?

Mar. How do you, sir?

Abb. Well. Is he coming?

Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?

Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war Against yourself?

Abb. Thou answer'st me one question with Is Gobrias coming? *[another:]*

Mar. Sir, he is.

Abb. 'Tis well:

I can forbear your questions then. Begone!

Mar. Sir I have mark'd—

Abb. Mark less! it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable than you were.

Abb. It may be so.

Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler Than you were to us all.

Abb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your As you would look us all out of the land. *[eyes,*

Abb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?

I pr'ythee, get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speak.

Abb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty.

I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject, And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause, And I may speak.

Abb. Thou art not train'd in sin, It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by Heaven, I will not do it yet; and, when I will, I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature That thou wilt give me leave without a word.

There is a method in man's wickedness; It grows up by degrees: I am not come So high as killing of myself; there are A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, Which I must do; and I shall come to't at last, But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied, And get thee hence.

Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.

Abb. Be sorry, then:

True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.

Mar. I pray you let me see your sword put up Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Abb. *[Puts up.]* Why, so.

What folly is this in thee? is it not As apt to mischief as it was before? Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys For children to be pleased with, and not men. Now I am safe, you think: I would the book Of Fate were here: my sword is not so sure But I would get it out, and mangle that, That all the destinies should quite forget Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new, For other fortunes; mine could not be worse. Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!

I'll leave you, though I fear. *[Exit MARDONIUS.]*

Abb. Go; thou art honest.

Why should the hasty errors of my youth Be so unpardonable to draw a sin, Helpless, upon me?

*Enter GOBRIAS.*

Gob. There is the king; Now it is ripe.

Abb. Draw near, thou guilty man, That art the author of the loathed crime Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak Curses incurable, and all the evils Man's body or his spirit can receive, Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?

Abb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest, His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.

Gob. How, sir! Have I preserved you, from a From all the arrows malice or ambition *[child,* Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

Abb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in Wert crueller than hardened murderers *[that* Of infants and their mothers! Thou didst save me, Only till thou hadst studied out a way How to destroy me cunningly thyself: This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Abb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!

Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,  
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,  
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I  
To do with that? what could her beauty be  
To me? And thou didst write how well she loved  
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted [me!  
Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true.

*Arb.* Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou  
know'st,

Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in  
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,  
As good men cannot think on.

*Gob.* This I grant;

I think, I was the cause.

*Arb.* Wert thou? Nay, more.

I think, thou meant'st it.

*Gob.* Sir, I hate a lye:

As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;  
It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine own sad judge;  
A further condemnation will not need:  
Prepare thyself to die.

*Gob.* Why, sir, to die?

*Arb.* Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet  
offender

So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,  
After confession of a crime like this?  
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;  
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness  
Left for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time.—Hear me but speak.

*Arb.* No! Yet I will be far more merciful  
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,  
And never gavest me warning: So much time  
As I give thee now, had prevented me  
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,  
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer  
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins, before you  
If you kill me— [do 'em:

*Arb.* I will not stay then.

*Gob.* Know—

You kill your father.

*Arb.* How?

*Gob.* You kill your father.

*Arb.* My father? Though I know it for a lye,  
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,  
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,  
And ties mine arm down.

*Gob.* I will tell you that  
Shall heighten you again; I am thy father;  
I charge thee hear me.

*Arb.* If it should be so,  
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despised fruit  
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions! But another truth  
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by  
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,  
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes  
Than he that teaches thee.

*Enter ARABE.*

*Ara.* Turn thee about;  
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!  
Hear me, thou tyrant!

*Arb.* I will turn to thee;  
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out  
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

*Ara.* My shame! Thou hast less shame than  
thing!

Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?  
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?

*Arb.* Cease, thou strange impudence, and  
answer quickly! [Draws]

If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,  
And have it.

*Ara.* Help me, gentle Gobrias.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt! though thou  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment [grow together  
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.  
Think not of help; answer!

*Ara.* I will; to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,  
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,  
That didst not shame to do what I must blush  
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,  
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,  
If thou refusest.

*Ara.* Why, you are his son.

*Arb.* His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than  
woman damn'd!

*Ara.* By all that's good, you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That ever was known bad! Now is the cause  
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.  
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,  
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,  
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch!  
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me  
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!  
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,  
Shew me the way to the inheritance  
I have by thee, which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such disease  
As use to pay lust, recompense thy deed!

*Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

You are a pair of vipers; and behold  
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,  
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree  
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;  
And I am every way as beastly got,  
As far without the compass of a law,  
As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vain,  
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away  
My breath, and die.

*Gob.* Why, but you are no bastard.

*Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you go on  
In wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you, be more patient;  
I may bring comfort to you.

*Arb.* I will kneel, [Kneels]  
And hear with the obedience of a child.  
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last king, your suppo-  
Was old and feeble when he married her, [fath  
And almost all the land, as she, past hope  
Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she took leave  
To play the whore, because the king was old:  
Is this the comfort?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
To give me satisfaction, when you find  
How you have injured me? Let fire consume me  
If ever I were whore!

*Gob.* Forbear these starts,  
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
As you are now: If you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,  
That cools and blasts not.

*Arb.* Bring it out, good father. [*Lies down.*]

I'll lie, and listen here as reverently  
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,  
Tell me; for I would be as still as night. [*Queen*

*Gob.* Our king, I say, was old, and this our  
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband,  
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,  
I think, she would not: If she would have been,  
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,  
And had so slender opportunities,  
She hardly could have been: But yet her cunning  
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child,  
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,  
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,  
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers were  
For her safe going and delivery. [*made*

She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceived  
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
A far more large respect from every man,  
And saw her power increase, and was resolved,  
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,  
At least she would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make  
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,  
Quick as you can!

*Gob.* Now when the time was full  
She should be brought to bed, I had a son  
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of,  
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons  
She shewed me, as she knew well would tie  
My secrecy: She swore you should be king;  
And, to be short, I did deliver you  
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
And in mine own house kept a funeral,  
And had an empty coffin put in earth.

That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,  
And by a pair of women of her own,  
Which she had charm'd, she made the world be-  
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up, [*lieve*  
As the king's son, till you were six years old;  
Then did the king die, and did leave to me  
Protection of the realm; and, contrary  
To his own expectation, left this queen  
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess  
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,  
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak

In public, for she knew she should be found  
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought  
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.

This was the only cause why she did seek  
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;  
And this the reason why I sought to kindle  
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,  
That she might get part of her right again.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now? Is this  
If not, I will be still till I be aged, [*all?*  
Till all my hairs be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true, say you too, madam?

*Ara.* Yes,  
Heaven knows, it is most true.

*Arb.* Panthea, then, is not my sister?

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prove this?

*Gob.* If you will give consent,  
Else who dares go about it?

*Arb.* Give consent?

Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd  
To get this from 'em.—All that wait without,  
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be  
Partakers of my joy!—Oh, you are welcome!

*Enter BESSUS, Gentlemen, MARDONIUS, and other  
Attendants.*

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;  
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.

*Mar.* Is that so good news?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest news  
That e'er was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed, 'twere well for you  
If you might be a little less obey'd.

*Arb.* One call the queen.

*Mar.* Why she is there.

*Arb.* The queen,

Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,  
And I am plain Arbaces.—Go some one.  
She is in Gobrias' house.— [*Exit a Gentleman.*

Since I saw you,  
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,  
You little dream of.

*Mar.* So it should seem.—My lord,  
What fury's this?

*Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no fury;

All that he says is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off, gentle-  
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be; [*men?*  
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!  
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,  
For the respect you bare me when you took  
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat  
At my desire.

*Mar.* We will. You are not found  
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd  
As well as we; may you not?

*Arb.* Oh, not here!

You may, but not I, for here is my father  
In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why, there. Oh, the whole story  
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself  
For ever.—Oh, pardon me, dear father,  
For all the idle and unreverend words  
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!—  
I am Arbaces; we all fellow subjects;  
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember, fellow-subject  
Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister:  
Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.

*Arb.* I think you did, good captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now  
amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him  
to account for beating me, now he is proved No  
King.

*Enter LYGONES.*

*Mar.* Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the  
Armenian state.

*Arb.* Where is he?—I know your business, good  
Lygones.

*Lyg.* We must have our king again, and will.

*Arb.* I knew that was your business: You shall  
Your king again; and have him so again, [*have*

As never king was had.—Go, one of you,  
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;  
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,  
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning  
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*]

*Lyy.* 'Tis Spaconia.

*Arb.* Ay, ay, Spaconia.

*Lyy.* She is my daughter.

*Arb.* She is so. I could now tell anything  
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,  
As never man went.

*Mar.* Shall he go on's head?

*Arb.* He shall have chariots easier than air,  
That I will have invented; and ne'er think  
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,  
That art the messenger, shall ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,  
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,  
I know not how yet.

*Lyy.* Why, I shall be made  
For ever! They belied this king with us,  
And said he was unkind.

*Arb.* And then thy daughter;  
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have the  
Sold utterly and put into a toy, [kingdom]  
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,  
Somewhere or other.—See, the virtuous queen!—

[*Enter PANTHEA and 1 Gentleman.*]

Behold the humblest subject that you have,  
Kneel here before you. [Kneels.]

*Pan.* Why kneel you to me,  
That am your vassal?

*Arb.* Grant me one request.

*Pan.* Alas! what can I grant you? what  
I will.

*Arb.* That you will please to marry me,  
If I can prove it lawful.

*Pan.* Is that all?

More willingly than I would draw this air.

*Arb.* I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

*2 Gent.* Sir, Tigranes

Is coming; though he made it strange, at first  
To see the princess any more.

[*Enter TIGRANES and SPACONIA.*]

*Arb.* The queen,  
Thou mean'st.—Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me  
Tread on my neck: I freely offer it;  
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,  
For I have injured thee.

*Tigr.* No; I forgive,  
And rejoice more that you have found repent  
Than I my liberty.

*Arb.* May'st thou be happy  
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!  
You owe no ransom to the state! Know, that  
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,  
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay  
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go  
With me, and help me? pray you, do.

*Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Take then your fair one with you:—  
you, queen

Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave  
To take your arm in mine!—Come, every one  
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing  
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved No King  
[*Exeunt*]

# THE SCORNFUL LADY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDER LOVELESS, a *Suitor to the Lady*.  
 YOUNG LOVELESS, a *Prodigal*.  
 SAVIL, *Steward to Elder Loveless*.  
 WELFORD, a *Suitor to the Lady*.  
 Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady*.  
 A Captain,  
 A Traveller,  
 A Poet,  
 A Tobacco-Man,

} *Hangers-on to Young Loveless.*

MORECRAFT, an *Usurer*.

LADY, } *Two Sisters*.  
 MARTHA, }  
 MRS. YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, a *Waiting Gentlewoman*.  
 A *rich Widow*.

*Wenches, Fiddlers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—LONDON.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Lady's House.*

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS, YOUNG LOVELESS, SAVIL, and a Page.*

*El. Lo.* Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

*Yo. Lo.* Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.

*El. Lo.* I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

*El. Lo.* And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.—Savil, make the boat stay.—I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

*Savil.* Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel, and die without issue.

*El. Lo.* Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

*Yo. Lo.* Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress's toes.

*Enter YOUNGLOVE or ABIGAIL.*

*El. Lo.* Mistress Younglove—

*Abig.* Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist; my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

*El. Lo.* Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

*Abig.* By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

*El. Lo.* What critical minute was that?

*Abig.* When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

*El. Lo.* I pry'three deliver my service, and say I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France.

*Abig.* I'll do't. Hark hither: is that your brother?

*El. Lo.* Yes: have you lost your memory?

*Abig.* As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*]

*Yo. Lo.* Oh, this is a sweet brache!

*El. Lo.* Why, she knows not you.

*Yo. Lo.* No, but she offered me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-ryals, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angrily, that the farmer's eldest son, (or her mistress's husband's clerk that shall be,) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men—

*El. Lo.* Enough: I know her. Brother, I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave: we'll part at the stairs.

*Enter LADY and YOUNGLOVE.*

*Lady.* Now, sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: What's the rest?

*El. Lo.* First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

*Lady.* I shall take it as a favour done to me. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.



*Yo. Lo.* Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

*Lady.* Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions. [*Exit YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.*]

*El. Lo.* 'Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see—

*Lady.* It's a cold room this, servant.

*El. Lo.* Mistress—

*Lady.* What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

*El. Lo.* Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd : But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience—

*Lady.* Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

*El. Lo.* I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

*Lady.* 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

*El. Lo.* Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man—

*Lady.* A smile, servant ! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors ? If you have aught to say, break into it : My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

*El. Lo.* Mistress, I came to see you.

*Lady.* That's happily dispatch'd : the next ?

*El. Lo.* To take leave of you.

*Lady.* To be gone ?

*El. Lo.* Yes.

*Lady.* You need not have despair'd of that, nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third ?

*El. Lo.* Yes ; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

*Lady.* I ? Never apter. Fast, good servant, fast !

*El. Lo.* 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

*Lady.* Most willingly : have you brought one can speak it ?

*El. Lo.* Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

*Lady.* You would stay at home ?

*El. Lo.* Yes, lady.

*Lady.* Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress ; a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions : But the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff, passing in a poor water-house ; the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours sail, with three poor weeks victuals.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me.

*Lady.* Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*Lady.* And all these (almost invincible) labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter ; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the

hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and has tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*Lady.* Louder yet.

*El. Lo.* You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers ; move me not with toys. But in this banishment, I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss forced from you in public by me so unpardonable ? Why, the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

*Lady.* 'Tis true, and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

*El. Lo.* Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

*Lady.* And so you told 'em.

*El. Lo.* I did ; yet no sign of disgrace need have stained your cheek : You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

*Lady.* I did : But if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

*El. Lo.* But where lay this disgrace ? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well : A could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage to one I never kissed ? or could I, in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chide me for her husband ?

*Lady.* Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on ;

Were the gloves bought and given, the laces come ;

Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all the hippocras and cakes eat and drank of :

Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands of batchelors, to lead me to the church ;

Were my feet in the door ; were " I John " said : If John should boast a favour done by me,

I would not wed that year. And you, I hope, when you have spent this year commodiously,

In achieving languages, will, at your return, Acknowledge me more coy of parting with my eyes,

Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now : If you dare go—

*El. Lo.* I dare, you know. First, let me kiss

*Lady.* Farewell, sweet servant. Your task : On a new ground, as a beginning suitor, [for] I shall be apt to hear you.

*El. Lo.* Farewell, cruel mistress. [*Exit*]

*Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.*

*Yo. Lo.* Brother, you'll hazard the losing tide to Gravesend : you have a long half-mile land to Greenwich.

*El. Lo.* I go. But, brother, what yet-unhe of course to live doth your imagination flatter with ? Your ordinary means are devoured.

*Yo. Lo.* Course ? Why, horse-coursing, I think. Consume no time in this : I have no estate commended by meditation : He that busies his about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

*El. Lo.* Yet some course you must take, will for my satisfaction, resolve and open. If you shape none, I must inform you, that that man persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, live upon others, as others live upon me.

*El. Lo.* I apprehend not that : You have fed others, and consequently disposed of 'em ; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

*Ya. Lo.* Why, I'll purse ; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores : I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhanged, and after the thought's taken.

*El. Lo.* I see you are tied to no particular employment then ?

*Ya. Lo.* Faith, I may choose my course : They say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them : I'll try her liberality.

*El. Lo.* Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house. It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

*Ya. Lo.* If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i' th' sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again.

*Sav.* A comelier wear, I wus, it is than those dangling slops.

*El. Lo.* To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which, at your best leisure, together open and read.

*Enter ANGEAL to them, with a Jewel.*

*Abig.* Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words : It is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be performed ; which, once expired, she will hastily expect your happy return.

*El. Lo.* Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-overjoyed man would willingly utter : And you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond ; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence, and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her, as we see many men much swayed by the grooms of their chambers ; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them than on others, but for they know their secrets.

*Abig.* O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

*El. Lo.* I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning. You know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

*Abig.* I know, I know ; and do not you fear the suitors.

*El. Lo.* Farewell ; be mindful, and be happy ; the night calls me.

*[Exeunt EL. and YA. LOVELESS and SAVIL.]*

*Abig.* The gods of the winds befriend you, sir ! A constant and a liberal lover thou art ; more such God send us !

*Enter WELFORD.*

*Wel. (Entering.)* Let 'em not stand still, we have rid [hard].

*Abig.* A suitor, I know, by his riding hard : I'll not be seen.

*[Aside.]*

*Wel.* A pretty hall this : No servant in't ? I would look freshly.

*Abig.* You have deliver'd your errand to me then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow. I'll shew myself.

*[Aside.]*

*Wel.* Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation ? Are you the lady of this house ?

*Abig.* Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

*Abig.* Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

*Wel.* For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home ?

*Abig.* She is no straggler, sir.

*Wel.* May her occasions admit me to speak with her ?

*Abi.* If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

*Wel.* I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her that a gentleman, benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

*Abig.* I will commend this message to her ; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. Other women of the household, of good carriage and government, upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. *[Exit ANGEAL.]*

*Wel.* What a skiful of lust is this ! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion : men, women, and all woo ; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here ?

*Enter SIR ROGER.*

*Rog.* God save you, sir ! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

*Wel.* Sir, my name calls me Welford.

*Rog.* Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name.—I'll try his wit.

*[Aside.]*

*Wel.* I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

*Rog.* I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham : Call you him cousin ?

*Wel.* I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

*Rog.* It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

*Wel.* What's that ? a cross ? There's a tester.

*[Gives money.]*

*Rog.* I mean, the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

*Wel.* 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism ; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name ?

*Rog.* Roger.

*Wel.* What room fill you in this house ?

*Rog.* More rooms than one.

*Wel.* The more the merrier : But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name ?

*Rog.* Her own words were these : To know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message : for I can assure you she delights

not in *Thalambé* : Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. [Exit Rooma.]

*Wel.* And much speed, sir, I hope. Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities ; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to needless charge then. Here's the walking nightcap again.

*Enter Sir Rooma.*

*Rog.* Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you ; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

*Wel.* I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

*Rog.* I am but a batchelor of arts, sir ; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the pease-straw.

*Wel.* A cobler, sir ?

*Rog.* No, sir : I inculcate divine service within these walls.

*Wel.* But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

*Rog.* Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs : But why move you that ?

*Wel.* To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

*Rog.* Most properly, sir.

*Wel.* I pray you do so then, and whilst, I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way.

*Rog.* I do, sir.

*Wel.* And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady ?

*Rog.* Your understanding is ingenious.

[Exit severally.]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of the ELDER LOVELESS.

*Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL, with a writing.*

*Sav.* By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall beat your favour, sir ! Cross me no more ! I say, they shall come in.

*Sav.* Sir, you forget then who I am ?

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I do not : thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

*Sav.* Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me ?

*Yo. Lo.* I make thee not so little as thou art ; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable item infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

*Sav.* Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I must tell you—

*Yo. Lo.* What wouldst thou tell me ? how hops go ? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls ? Pr'ythee, fare well, and entertain my friends ; be drunk, and burn thy table-books ; and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I,—

*Sav.* Good sir, remember.

*Yo. Lo.* I do remember thee a foolish fellow ; one that did put his trust in almanacks and horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-batter. Shall they come in yet ?

*Sav.* Nay, then I must unfold your brother's pleasure : These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

*Yo. Lo.* Pr'ythee, expound the first.

*Sav.* "I leave, to keep my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it"—

*Yo. Lo.* Mark that, my wicked steward ; and I dispose of it !

*Sav.* "Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him." Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it : while my legs will carry me I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

*Sav.* "Next, it is my will that he be furnish'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people."—

*Yo. Lo.* Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not ? Be mollified, or—You understand me, sir. Proceed.

*Sav.* "Next, that my steward keep his place and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care."

*Yo. Lo.* I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha : bind it by itself, steward.

*Sav.* This is your brother's will ; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you : Captains of gally-foists ; such as in a clear day have seen Calais ; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to ; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oiled end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnants of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three ; together with a forlorn hope of poets ; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen : Are these fit company for my master's brother ?

*Yo. Lo.* I will either convert thee, (oh, thou pagan steward ! ) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings.—Who's there ? Call in the gentlemen.

*Sav.* Good sir !

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

*Sav.* Are you my master's brother ?

*Yo. Lo.* Are you the sage master steward, with a face like an old Ephemerides ?

*Enter Captain, Traveller, Poet, and Tobacco-pipe.*

*Sav.* Then God help all, I say !

*Yo. Lo.* Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France.—Welcome, gentlemen ! welcome, gentlemen ! mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.

*Capt.* Sir, I will take your love—

*Sav.* Sir, you will take my purse. [Aside.]

*Capt.* And study to continue it.

*Sav.* I do believe you.

*Trav.* Your honourable friend and master's brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

*Sav.* He has given himself into the hands of varlets, to be carv'd out. [*Aside.*] Sir, are these the pieces?

*Yo. Lo.* They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold.

*Sav.* Of your gold, you mean, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* This is a man of war, and cries, "Go on," and wears his colours—

*Sav.* In's nose. [*Aside.*]

*Yo. Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners, and has ploughed up the sea so far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

*Sav.* 'Tis much.

*Trav.* I have seen more, sir.

*Sav.* 'Tis even enough, o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you: you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie out of; he has a notable gift in't!

*Yo. Lo.* This ministers the smoke, and this the muses.

*Sav.* And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and to say truth, he has too much land: hang it, dirt!

*Yo. Lo.* Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad.—Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a year! We will be freely merry; shall we not?

*Capt.* Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

*Poet.* A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

*Trav.* We will have nobody talk wisely neither.

*Yo. Lo.* What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

*Capt.* I am all for drink.

*Trav.* I am dry 'till it be so.

*Poet.* He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one: We'll keep no powder'd flesh. All these we have by warrant, under the title of "things necessary:" Here, upon this place I ground it: "the obedience of my people, and all necessities." Your opinions, gentlemen?

*Capt.* 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

*Sav.* Good sir, let me expound it.

*Capt.* Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

*Poet.* This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps to man: woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

*Yo. Lo.* Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

*Capt.* He is, he is.

*Yo. Lo.* Steward, attend us for instructions.

*Sav.* But will you keep no house, sir?

*Yo. Lo.* Nothing but drink, sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

*Sav.* Oh, miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

*Yo. Lo.* Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll board you in an ale-house: you shall have cheese and onions.

*Sav.* What shall become of me? No chimney smoking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.*]

*Yo. Lo.* Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink!

*All.* Oh, brave Loveless! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Bed-Room in the LADY'S House.

*Enter LADY, WELFORD, and SIR ROGER.*

*Lady.* Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

*Wel.* Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

*Lady.* A little sleep will ease that compliment. Once more, good night.

*Wel.* Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights.

*Lady.* Dear sir, be short and sweet then.

*Wel.* Shall the morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my suit happier by this night's rest?

*Lady.* Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest, then, till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome; but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

*Wel.* So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. [*Exit LADY.*] Nay, sir, you shall stay with me: I'll press your zeal so far.

*Rog.* O, Lord, sir!

*Wel.* Do you love tobacco?

*Rog.* Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.

*Wel.* Pray light it, sir. How do you like it?

[*They smoke tobacco.*]

*Rog.* I promise you it is notable stinging gear indeed. It is wet, sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!

*Wel.* Handle it again, sir; you have a warm text of it.

*Rog.* Thanks ever premis'd for it. I promise you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

*Wel.* Ay, it does so, sir; and me, especially, to ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap?

*Rog.* Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you. You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? Even by that visible beast, the butler.

*Wel.* The butler! Certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave cassock! The offence, sir?



*Rog.* Reproving him at tra-trip, sir, for swearing. You have the total, surely.

*Wel.* You reprov'd him when his rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your canons : I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night ?

*Rog.* Have patience, sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, asleep ; for so the word is taken : " To sleep, to die ; to die, to sleep ; " a very figure, sir.

*Wel.* Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen ?

*Rog.* Not till the man be in his bed, his grave ; his grave, his bed : The very same again, sir. Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly : *Plenus rimarum est* ; he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our patroness.

*Wel.* Your comment, sir, hath made me understand you.

*Enter MARTHA and ABIGAIL to them, with a posset.*

*Rog.* Sir, be address'd ; the graces do salute you with a full bowl of plenty.—Is our old enemy entomb'd ?

*Abig.* He's safe.

*Rog.* And does he snore out supinely with the poet ?

*Mar.* No, he out-snores the poet.

*Wel.* Gentlewoman, this courtesy shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

*Mar.* Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger and a gentleman.

*Abig.* In sooth, sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman so well endued with parts should not be lost.

*Wel.* I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—See how this foul familiar chews the cud ! From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me ! *[Aside.]*

*Mar.* Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon ?

*Wel.* I take it kindly, lady.

*Mar.* It is our best banquet, sir.

*Rog.* Shall we give thanks ?

*Wel.* I have to the gentlewoman already, sir.

*Mar.* Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' posset : you may chance have a scalding zeal else : an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourself.—'Would you could like this, sir !

*Wel.* I would your sister would like me as well, lady !

*Mar.* Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination : she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself ; and for another husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, sir : she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

*Abig.* God pardon her : she'll do worse ! 'Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha.

*Wel.* Now I must over-hear her. *[Aside.]*

*Mar.* 'Faith, 'would thou hadst them all, with all my heart : I do not think they would make thee a day older.

*Abig.* Sir, will you put in deeper ? 'tis the sweeter.

*Mar.* Well said, Old-sayings.

*Wel.* She looks like one, indeed. Gentlewoman, you keep your word : your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter.

*Abig.* Sir, I begin a frolic : Dare you chide me ?

*Wel.* Myself for you, so please you.—That has turned my stomach : This is right the ob-blem of the moyle cropping of thistles. Lord, 't is a hunting head she carries ! Sure she has been with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me !

*Rog.* Do I dream, or do I wake ? Surely I do not. Am I rubb'd off ? Is this the way of morning prayers ? Oh, Roger, thou art but a woman and a flower ! Did I for this come to my quarters in meditation, vows, and woo' in Heroical Epistles ? Did I expound the and undertook, with labour and expence, the collection of those thousand pieces, consumcellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honest Englishman, Nicholas Breton ? Have I done and am I done thus to ? I will end with the man, and say, " He that holds a woman like a tail by the tail."

*Mar.* Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold from your rest. Let what the house has been a command, sir.

*Wel.* Sweet rest be with you, lady.—And what you desire too.

*Abig.* It should be some such good thing to yourself then. *[Exit MAR.]*

*Wel.* Heaven keep me from that curse, my issue ! Good night, Antiquity.

*Rog.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But I alone—

*Wel.* Learned sir, will you bid my man come me ? and, requesting a greater measure of learning, good night, good Master Roger.

*Rog.* Good sir, peace be with you ! *[Exit.]*

*Wel.* Adieu, dear *Domine* ! Half a dozen in a kingdom would make a man forswear a vision : For who, that had but half his wits, would commit the counsel of a serious such a crewel night-cap ?—Why, how now we have an antic ?

*Enter Servant, drunk.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulder that you joll it so against the post ? Is it for ease, or have you seen the cellar ? Where are your slippers, sir ?

*Serv.* Here, sir.

*Wel.* Where, sir ? Have you got the pinto ? Have you seen the horses, sir ?

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

*Wel.* Have they any meat ?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, they have a kind of whores' rushes ; hay I cannot call it.

*Wel.* And no provender ?

*Serv.* Sir, so I take it.

*Wel.* You are merry, sir : And why so ?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, here are no oats to be had unless you'll have 'em in porridge ; the people so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the stable-cattle—

*Wel.* Why ?

*Serv.* Why, they are transparent, sir ; you see through them : And such a house !

*Wel.* Come, sir, the truth of your discourse.

*Serv.* Sir, they are in-tribes, like Jews.

kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge: But this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir—

*Wel.* What of that, sir?

*Serv.* 'Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julep, of which three spoonfuls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy—

*Wel.* Sir, you belie the house.

*Serv.* I would I did, sir. But as I am a true man, if 't were but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.

*Wel.* I am glad on't, sir; for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tied of these commendations. Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of ELDER LOVELESS.*

*Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and his Comrades, with Wenches, and two Fiddlers.*

*Yo. Lo.* Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;

And you, my learned council, set and turn, boys; Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves.

My modern poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

*Enter Servant, with wine.*

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peep— This is no pay for fiddlers. [*ing;*]

*Capt.* Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy cap— Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace. [*tain,*] Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty Clap him in shamois! Let there be deducted, Out of our main potation, five marks, In hatchments, to adorn this thigh, Cramp'd with this rest of peace, and I will fight Thy battles.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather. Lead on a march, you michers. [*ther.*]

*Enter SAvIN.*

*Sav.* Oh, my head, oh, my heart; what a noise and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have lived to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wreck'd; and in the middle of this deluge appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks, like churches drown'd i' th' marshes.

*Yo. Lo.* What, art thou come, my sweet Sir Amias?

Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen, And court her in a dance.

*Sav.* Good sir, consider.

*Yo. Lo.* Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

*Capt.* Consider! That were a simple toy, i' faith. Consider! Whose moral's that? The man that cries "Consider," is our foe: Let my steel know him.

*Yo. Lo.* Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet.

*Pr'ythee*, be calm, my Hector.

*Capt.* Peasant slave!

Thou groom, composed of grudgings, live, and thank This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else!

The next "consider" kills thee.

*Trav.* Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

*Poet.* 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

*Sav.* Nay, rather kill me: there's but a layman lost. Good captain, do your office.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward.

Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers! Take thy stiver, And pace her till she stew.

*Sav.* Sure, sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen: they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

*Capt.* He shall dance, he shall dance.

*Yo. Lo.* He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

*Poet.* And three quarters.

*Yo. Lo.* And three quarters be it.

*Capt.* Who knocks there? Let him in.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS, disguised.*

*Sav.* Some to deliver me, I hope.

*El. Lo.* Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one Master Loveless.

*Capt.* This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory; he's a right one.

*El. Lo.* He promises no less, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, your business?

*El. Lo.* Sir, I should let you know,—yet I am loth,

Yet I am sworn to't! 'Would some other tongue Would speak it for me!

*Yo. Lo.* Out with it, i' God's name.

*El. Lo.* All I desire, sir, is the patience And suffrance of a man; and, good sir, be not moved more—

*Yo. Lo.* Than a pottle of sack will do. Here is my hand. Pr'ythee, thy business?

*El. Lo.* Good sir, excuse me; and whatsoever You hear, think must have been known unto you; And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.

*Yo. Lo.* Pr'ythee, dispatch me.

*El. Lo.* Your brother's dead, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou dost not mean—dead drunk?

*El. Lo.* No, no; dead, and drown'd at sea, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Art sure he's dead?

*El. Lo.* Too sure, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of *El. Lo.* As sure, sir, as I tell it. [*it?*]

*Yo. Lo.* But art thou sure he came not up again?

*El. Lo.* He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

*Yo. Lo.* But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

*El. Lo.* Sure, sir, he wanted none.

*Yo. Lo.* I would not have him want: I loved him better.

Here I forgive thee; and, i' faith, be plain: How do I bear it?

*El. Lo.* Very wisely, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Fill him some wine.—Thou dost not see me moved;

These transitory toys ne'er trouble me;  
He's in a better place, my friend; I know't.  
Some fellows would have cried now, and have  
    curs'd thee,  
And fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother;  
But all this helps not: He was too good for us,  
And let God keep him!  
There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy  
    drink:

Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry:  
Fill him another.—Savil, your master's dead;  
And who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear't well.  
Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away.  
We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?

*Sav.* Yes, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* And drink innumerable?

*Sav.* Yes, forsooth.

*Yo. Lo.* And you'll strain court'sy, and be  
    drunk a little?

*Sav.* I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.

*Yo. Lo.* You may be brought in time to love a  
    wench too.

*Sav.* In time the sturdy oak, sir——

*Yo. Lo.* Some more wine

For my friend there.

*El. Lo.* I shall be drunk anon

For my good news: but I've a loving brother,  
That is my comfort. *[Aside.]*

*Yo. Lo.* Here's to you, sir;

This is the worst I wish you for your news:  
And if I had another elder brother,  
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes,  
I should be still the same you see me now,  
A poor contented gentleman.—More wine  
For my friend there; he's dry again.

*El. Lo.* I shall be, if I follow this beginning.  
Well, my dear brother, if I 'scape this drowning,  
'Tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice  
Before I help you. *[Aside.]*—Sir, I cannot drink  
Pray let me have your pardon. *[more;]*

*Yo. Lo.* Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty!—  
    More wine:

Give him a bigger glass.—Hug him, my captain!  
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

*Capt.* And this my pennon.—Sir, a full carouse  
To you, and to my lord of land here.

*El. Lo.* I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God  
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them  
So far again. Here's to you, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* To my dear steward.

Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan!  
Be drunk, and penitent.

*Sav.* Forgive me, sir,  
And I'll be any thing.

*Yo. Lo.* Then be a bawd;  
I'll have thee a brave bawd.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I must take  
My leave of you, my business is so urgent.  
*Yo. Lo.* Let's have a bridling cast before you go.  
Fill's a new stoop.

*El. Lo.* I dare not, sir, by no means.

*Yo. Lo.* Have you any mind to a wench? I  
would fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.

*El. Lo.* As little as to the other.

*Yo. Lo.* If you find any stirring, do but say so.

*El. Lo.* Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel  
    that itching,  
You shall assuage it, sir, before another.  
This only, and farewell, sir:

Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,  
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close  
Behind a chimney in the matted chamber.  
And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able,  
I take my leave.

*Yo. Lo.* Let us embrace him all!

If you grow dry before you end your business,  
Pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hoghead for  
    you.

*Sav.* *[Drunk.]* You shall neither will nor  
choose, sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentle-  
man: has a fine state, a very fine state, sir: I am  
his steward, sir, and his man.

*El. Lo.* 'Would you were your own, sir, as I  
    left you.

Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

*Sav.* Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentle-  
    man!

*El. Lo.* What would you with me, sir?

*Sav.* Farewell, gentleman!

*El. Lo.* Oh, sleep, sir, sleep.

*[Exit El. Lovelace.]*

*Yo. Lo.* Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's  
    in and drink,  
And give thanks for it.

*Sav.* Let's give thanks for it.

*Yo. Lo.* Drunk, as I live.

*Sav.* Drunk, as I live, boys.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, now thou art able to discharge  
    thine office,

And cast up a reckoning of some weight.

I will be knighted, for my state will bear it:

'Tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your haaks;  
I'll skin you all in sattin.

*Capt.* Oh, sweet Loveless!

*Sav.* All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

*Yo. Lo.* March in, my noble compeers! And  
this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so  
proceed we to the will. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Room in MORCRAFT'S House.

*Enter MORCRAFT and WIDOW.*

*Mor.* And, widow, as I say, be your own friend.  
Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; con-  
tinue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of  
young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are  
worms that will eat through your bags; they are  
very lightning, that, with a flash or two, will melt  
your money, and never singe your purse-strings:  
they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous.  
'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds.  
Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter  
of moment, girl; matter of moment: You may  
meet with a worse back; I'll not commend it.

*Wid.* Nor I neither, sir.

*Mor.* Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis  
tough.

*Wid.* And therefore not for my diet; for I love  
a tender one.

*Mor.* Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be  
edified. You know my state; I sell no perspec-  
tives, scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust  
in shoe-ties; and where your husband in an age  
was rising by burnt figs, dredged with meal and  
powdered sugar, saunders and grains, worm-seed  
and rotten raisins, and such vile tobacco that made  
the footmen mangy: I, in a year, have put up  
hundreds; inclosed, my widow, those pleasant  
meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; for which the

poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess. Nay, more—

*Wid.* Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off, sir.

*Mor.* Not with the head, sweet widow.

*Wid.* No, sweet sir, but with your shoulders. I must have you dubb'd; for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow loved to toil, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse, and, sir, so little—But let that pass: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

*Enter BAVIL.*

*Mor.* Now, sir, from whom come you? Whose man are you, sir?

*Sav.* Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

*Mor.* Be silent, sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's sunk; your master's sunk; a perish'd man, sir.

*Sav.* Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir; God be with him! A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.

*Mor.* How saidst thou, good my friend? His brother drown'd?

*Sav.* Untimely, sir, at sea.

*Mor.* And thy young master left sole heir?

*Sav.* Yes, sir.

*Mor.* And he wants money?

*Sav.* Yes; and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

*Mor.* Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, widow; be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow.

*Wid.* Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, sir.

*Sav.* What says your worship to this money?

*Mor.* I say, he may have money, if he please.

*Sav.* A thousand, sir?

*Mor.* A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwise—

*Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and Comrades.*

*Sav.* He's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.

*Mor.* My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

*Yo. Lo.* Thanks to my dear incloser, Master Morecraft. Pr'ythee, old angel-gold, salute my family; I'll do as much for yours.—This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.

*Wid.* And yours, sir, if you mean well.—'Tis a handsome gentleman.

*Yo. Lo.* Sirrah, my brother's dead.

*Mor.* Dead?

*Yo. Lo.* Dead; and by this time soused for Ember-week.

*Mor.* Dead?

*Yo. Lo.* Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man. By the next fresh conger that comes, we shall hear more.

*Mor.* Now, by the faith of my body, it moves me much.

*Yo. Lo.* What, wilt thou be an ass, and weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing but a

general inundation would have moved thee. Pr'ythee be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

*Mor.* Oh, has he so?

*Yo. Lo.* Yes, 'faith, I thank him for't: I've all, boy. Hast any ready money?

*Mor.* Will you sell, sir?

*Yo. Lo.* No; not outright, good Gripe. Marry a mortgage, or such a slight security.

*Mor.* I have no money, sir, for mortgage: If you'll sell, and all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

*Sav.* Good sir, look afore you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, sir: And where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you 'scape with life, and take a fag-got-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames Street, stinking of pitch and poor-john. I cannot tell, sir; I would be loth to see it.

*Capt.* Steward, you are an ass, a meazle'd mungrel; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn.—Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well; take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe; thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful; sell and be wise: We are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child; mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternal.

*Post.* Do what you will, it is the noblest course; Then you may live without the charge of people; Only we four will make a family; Ay, and an age that will beget new annals. In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure, Equal with Nero and Caligula.

*Yo. Lo.* What men were they, captain?

*Capt.* Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, sir, what dare you give?

*Sav.* You will not sell, sir?

*Yo. Lo.* Who told you so, sir?

*Sav.* Good sir, have a care.

*Yo. Lo.* Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof.—What money? speak.

*Mor.* Six thousand pounds, sir.

*Capt.* Take it; he has overbidden, by the sun! bind him to his bargain quickly.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

*Mor.* There's a god's penny for thee.

*Sav.* Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted: If I become his tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what. Consider me, dear sir.

*Mor.* I'll have all or none.

*Yo. Lo.* All in, all in. Dispatch the writings.

*[Exit with Comrades.]*

*Wid.* Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! 'Would thou wert wiser.

*Sav.* Now do I sensibly begin to feel myself a rascal! 'Would I could teach a school, or beg, or



lie well: I am utterly undone. Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his mercy! So be it. [Exit.]

*Mor.* Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper honour, and not proof enough for a serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee—

*Wid.* To answer in short, 'tis this, sir. No knight, no widow: If you make me anything, it must be a lady; and so I take my leave.

*Mor.* Farewell, sweet widow, and think of it.

*Wid.* Sir, I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, sir. [Exit Widow.]

*Mor.* She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: And say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too, and be a knight, and she refuse me then! Then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb: I'll have care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: There's some refreshing yet. [Exit.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Lady's House.

*Enter ABIGAIL, and drops her Glove.*

*Abig.* If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and, I know, I shall draw him.

*Enter WELFORD.*

*Wel.* This is the strangest pamp'rd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal. What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me! These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson-doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh: Here's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: What to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of *teer*, to show the mightiness of her palm, I know not. There she is: I must enter into dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

*Abig.* Not, sir, if you have found it.

*Wel.* It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

*Abig.* 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back a favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir. Pray, wear it for me.

*Wel.* [*Aside.*] I had rather wear a bell. But, hark you, mistress, What hidden virtue is there in this glove, That would have me wear it? Is it good Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ache? Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,

Will't kill the itch? or has it so conceal'd A providence to keep my hand from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair, 'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always. Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure.

*Abig.* [*Aside.*] The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company; I must grow nearer to him.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS, disguised.*

*El. Lo.* God save you both!

*Abig.* And pardon you, sir! This is somewhat How came you hither? [Rude:]

*El. Lo.* Why, through the doors; they are open.

*Wel.* What are you? and what business have you here?

*El. Lo.* More, I believe, than you have.

*Abig.* Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

*El. Lo.* Yes; I come not here to sleep.

*Wel.* Pr'ythee, what art thou?

*El. Lo.* As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

*Wel.* Art thou no more?

*El. Lo.* Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a soldier.

*Abig.* Thou dost not come to quarrel?

*El. Lo.* No, not with women. I come here to speak with a gentlewoman.

*Abig.* Why, I am one.

*El. Lo.* But not with one so gentle.

*Wel.* This is a fine fellow.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but now come over;

Direct me with your ticket to your tailor, And then I shall be fine, sir.—Lady, if there be A better of your sex within this house, Say I would see her.

*Abig.* Why, am not I good enough for you, sir?

*El. Lo.* Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my business.—

This is another suitor: Oh, frail woman! [*Exit.*]

*Wel.* This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes to More than the long suits of a thousand could; Though he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.—

Sir, this lady is not to speak with you; she's more serious. You smell as if you were a cask'd; go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with the serving-men.

*El. Lo.* What are you, sir?

*Wel.* Guess by my outside.

*El. Lo.* Then I take you, sir, for some a silken thing, weaned from the country, that sh (when you come to keep good company) be beat into better manners.—Pray, good proud gentle woman, help me to your mistress.

*Abig.* How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?

*El. Lo.* But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.

*Wel.* And will that one life, sir, maintain ever in such bold sauciness?

*El. Lo.* Yes, 'mongst a nation of such men as you are,

And be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak With this lady?

*Abig.* No, by my troth, shall you not.

*El. Lo.* I must stay here then.

*Wel.* That you shall not, neither.

*El. Lo.* Good fine thing, tell me why?

*Wel.* Good angry thing, I'll tell you: This is no place for such companions; Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business Better i' th' suburbs; there your strong perfume,

Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion :  
This is no Thames Street, sir.

*Abig.* This gentleman informs you truly.  
Pr'ythee be satisfied, and seek the suburbs,  
Good captain, or whatever title else  
The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee.  
Go and reform thyself; pr'ythee be sweeter;  
And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.

*El. Lo.* You cannot talk me out with your tradition  
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found  
ye.—

And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood  
Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all  
But three-piled people, I do let you know,  
He that begot your worship's sattin suit,  
Can make no men, sir. I will see this lady,  
And, with the reverence of your silkenap,  
In these old ornaments.

*Wel.* You will not, sure?

*El. Lo.* Sure, sir, I shall.

*Abig.* You would be beaten out?

*El. Lo.* Indeed I would not; or if I would be  
beaten,

Pray, who shall beat me? This good gentleman  
Looks as he were o' th' peace.

*Wel.* Sir, you shall see that. Will you get you  
out?

*El. Lo.* Yes; that, that shall correct your boy's  
tongue.

Dare you fight? I will stay here still. [*They draw.*]

*Abig.* Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for  
God's sake! Madam! Jesus! they foine at one  
another. Madam! Why, who is within there?

*Enter LADY.*

*Lady.* Who breeds this rudeness?

*Wel.* This uncivil fellow.

He says he comes from sea; where, I believe,  
He has purged away his manners.

*Lady.* Why, what of him?

*Wel.* Why, he will rudely, without once "God  
Press to your privacies, and no denial [bless you,"  
Must stand betwixt your person and his business.  
I let go his ill language.

*Lady.* Sir, have you  
Business with me?

*El. Lo.* Madam, some I have;  
But not so serious to pawn my life for 't.  
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you  
Such knights o' th' sun as this is, to defy  
Men of employment to you, you may live;  
But in what fame?

*Lady.* Pray stay, sir; who has wrong'd you?

*El. Lo.* Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly  
He fang his wild words at me: But to you,  
I think he did no honour, to deny  
The haste I come withal a passage to you,  
Though I seem coarse.

*Lady.* Excuse me, gentle sir; 'twas from my  
knowledge,

And shall have no protection.—And to you, sir,  
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from  
yourself

Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here,  
To do these vile unmanly things. My house  
Is so blind street to swagger in; and my favours  
Not dotting yet on your unknown deserts  
So far, that I should make you master of my busi-  
My credit yet stands fairer with the people [ness.

Than to be tried with swords; and they that come  
To do me service, must not think to win me  
With hazard of a murder. If your love  
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp;  
And there, in honour of some common mistress,  
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd;  
And give me leave awhile, sir.

*Wel.* You must have it.

[*Exit WELFORD.*]

*Lady.* Now, sir, your business?

*El. Lo.* First, I thank you for schooling this  
young fellow,

Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough  
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,  
Shall level him a way to his repentance.  
Next, I should rail at you; but you're a woman,  
And anger's lost upon you.

*Lady.* Why at me, sir?

I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,  
This is the first sight of you.

*El. Lo.* You have done that,

I must confess, I have the least curse in,  
Because the least acquaintance: But there be  
(If there be honour in the minds of men)  
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,  
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame  
Blast your black memory.

*Lady.* How is this, good sir?

*El. Lo.* 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will  
You've kill'd a gentleman. [choke it:]

*Lady.* I kill'd a gentleman!

*El. Lo.* You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him,  
And such a man (let me be angry in't) [woman!]  
Whose least worth weigh'd above all women's vir-  
tues

That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him

*Lady.* I am so innocent, I cannot, sir. [now.]

*El. Lo.* Repent, you mean. You are a perfect  
woman,

And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.

*Lady.* Sir, you have miss'd your way; I am not  
she.

*El. Lo.* 'Would he had miss'd his way too,  
though he had wander'd  
Farther than women are ill spoken of,  
So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady——

*Lady.* How do you do, sir?

*El. Lo.* Well enough, I hope,

While I can keep myself from such temptations.

*Lady.* Pray, leap into this matter; whither  
would you?

*El. Lo.* You had a servant, that your peevish-  
Enjoin'd to travel. [ness]

*Lady.* Such a one I have still,  
And should be grieved it were otherwise.

*El. Lo.* Then have your asking, and be griev'd;  
he's dead!

How you will answer for his worth I know not;  
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,  
Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd to've  
A stronger testimony to the world, [given]  
Of what he might have been. He was a man  
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,  
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark  
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow  
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,  
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all  
Sought to preserve their souls, he despairately  
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,  
"If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me  
To this untimely end, and make her happy."

His name was Loveless ; and I 'scap'd the storm ;  
And now you have my business.

*Lady.* 'Tis too much.

'Would I had been that storm ! he had not periah'd.  
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir :  
Or if you'll call in more, if any more  
Come from his ruin, I shall justly suffer  
What they can say : I do confess myself  
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,  
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.

*El. Lo.* I like this well : These women are  
strange things.—— [*Aside.*]

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep ;  
You should have wept when he was going from you,  
And chain'd him with those tears at home.

*Lady.* 'Would you had told me then so ; these  
two arms  
Had been his sea.

*El. Lo.* Trust me, you move me much :

But, say he liv'd ; these were forgotten things again.

*Lady.* [*Aside.*] Ay, say you so ?

Sure, I should know that voice : This is knavery.  
I'll fit you for it.—Were he living, sir,  
I would persuade you to be charitable,  
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill  
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,  
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,  
Upon my most unworthy self for this ?

*El. Lo.* Leave to love others ; 'twas some jea-  
that turn'd him desperate. [*lousy*]

*Lady.* I'll be with you straight ;  
Are you wrong there ? [*Aside.*]

*El. Lo.* This works amain upon her.

*Lady.* I do confess there is a gentleman,  
Has borne me long good will.

*El. Lo.* I do not like that. [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* And vow'd a thousand services to me ;  
To me, regardless of him : But since Fate,  
That no power can withstand, has taken from me  
My first and best love, and to weep away  
My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you  
What I determine, sir ; you shall know all.—  
Call Master Welford, there. [*To a Serv.*]—That  
gentleman

I mean to make the model of my fortunes,  
And, in his chaste embraces, keep alive  
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless.  
He is somewhat like him too.

*El. Lo.* Then you can love ?

*Lady.* Yes, certainly, sir :

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,  
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.

*El. Lo.* I have made myself a fine fool.

*Enter WELFORD.*

*Wel.* Would you have spoken with me, madam ?

*Lady.* Yes, Master Welford ; and I ask your  
pardon,

Before this gentleman, for being froward :  
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.

*El. Lo.* [*Aside.*] So ; it is better I were drown'd  
indeed.

*Wel.* This is a sudden passion ; God hold it !  
This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has persuaded  
her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

*Lady.* A parting kiss ; and, good sir, let me pray  
To wait me in the gallery. [*you*]

*Wel.* I'm in another world ! Madam, where you  
please. [*Exit WELFORD.*]

*El. Lo.* [*Aside.*] I will to sea,  
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed.

*Lady.* Now, sir, you see I'm no such hard crea-  
But time may win me. [*ture,*]

*El. Lo.* You have forgot your lost love.

*Lady.* Alas, sir, what would you have me do ?  
I cannot call him back again with sorrow : I'll  
love this man as dearly ; and, beshrew me, I'll  
keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told  
me, now I remember me, by an old wise woman,  
that my first love should be drowned ; and see,  
'tis come about.

*El. Lo.* [*Aside.*] I would she had told you your  
second should be hang'd too, and let that come  
about.—But this is very strange.

*Lady.* 'Faith, sir, consider all,  
And then I know you'll be of my mind :  
If weeping would redeem him, I would weep still.

*El. Lo.* But, say, that I were Loveless,  
And 'scap'd the storm ; how would you answer  
this ?

*Lady.* Why, for that gentleman I would leave

*El. Lo.* This young thing too ? [*all the world.*]

*Lady.* This young thing too,  
Or any young thing else. Why, I would lose my  
state.

*El. Lo.* Why, then, he lives still : I am he, your  
Loveless ! [*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Lady.* Alas ! I knew it, sir, and for that pur-  
pose

Prepared this pageant. Get you to your task,  
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave  
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not. [*you :*]

*El. Lo.* Will you then marry ?

*Lady.* I will not promise ; take your choice.—  
Farewell.

*El. Lo.* There is no other purgatory but a woman's  
I must do something. [*Exit LOVELESS.*]

*Enter WELFORD.*

*Wel.* Mistress, I am hold.

*Lady.* You are, indeed.

*Wel.* You have so o'erjoy'd me, lady.

*Lady.* Take heed, you surfeit not ; pray, fast  
and welcome.

*Wel.* By this light, you love me extremely.

*Lady.* By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not  
for you.

*Wel.* Come, come, you cannot hide it.

*Lady.* Indeed I can, where you shall never find

*Wel.* I like this mirth well, lady. [*it*]

*Lady.* You shall have more on't.

*Wel.* I must kiss you.

*Lady.* No, sir.

*Wel.* Indeed, I must.

*Lady.* What must be, must be. I will take my  
leave :

You have your parting blow. I pray commend me  
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,  
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit  
You brought less brav'ry with you, and more wit ;  
You'll never get a wife else.

*Wel.* Are you in earnest ?

*Lady.* Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir ? Your  
horses will be ready straight : you shall have a  
napkin laid in the buttery for you.

*Wel.* Do not you love me, then ?

*Lady.* Yes, for that face.

*Wel.* It is a good one, lady.

*Lady.* Yes, if 'twere not warp ;  
The fire in time may mend it.

*Wel.* Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.

*Lady.* No, by my troth, sir: yet, o' my con-  
You would make shift with it. [science,

*Wel.* Come, pray, no more of this.

*Lady.* I will not: Fare you well.—Ho! who's  
within there?

Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in haste;  
And set some cold meat on the table.

*Wel.* I have too much of that, I thank you, lady:  
Take to your chamber when you please, there goes  
A black one with you, lady.

*Lady.* Farewell, young man! [Exit *Lady.*

*Wel.* You have made me one. Farewell; and  
may the curse of a great house fall upon thee; I  
mean, the butler! The devil and all his works  
are in these women. 'Would all of my sex were  
of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and  
a long one, that flesh might be in more rev'rence  
with them.

Enter *ABIGAIL*.

*Abig.* I am sorry, Mr. Welford—

*Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

*Abig.* How does my lady use you?

*Wel.* As I would use you, scurvily.

*Abig.* I should have been more kind, sir.

*Wel.* I should have been undone then. Pray  
leave me,

And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady  
calls.

*Abig.* Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without  
offending.

*Wel.* You're nothing but offence; for God's  
love, leave me.

*Abig.* 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a  
tyrant.

*Wel.* To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch,  
You are more trouble to me than a term. [good, do!

*Abig.* I do not know how my good will, if I said  
love I lied not, should any ways deserve this.

*Wel.* A thousand ways, a thousand ways! sweet  
creature, let me depart in peace.

*Abig.* What creature, sir? I hope I am a woman.

*Wel.* A hundred, I think, by your noise.

*Abig.* Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell  
you that I am a woman, and a rib.

*Wel.* Of a roasted horse.

*Abig.* Construe me that.

*Wel.* A dog can do it better. Farewell, Coun-  
tess; and commend me to your lady! tell her she's  
proud, and scurvily. And so I commit you both to  
your tempter.

*Abig.* Sweet master Welford!

*Wel.* Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins,  
your face looks fouler than a storm: The footman  
stays you in the lobby, lady.

*Abig.* If you were a gentleman, I should know  
it by your gentle conditions. Are these fit words  
to give a gentlewoman?

*Wel.* As fit as they were made for you.—Sirrah,  
my horses!—Farewell, old adage! Keep your  
nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else.

[Exit *Wel.*

*Abig.* The blessings of a prodigal young heir  
be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up,  
my gentleman, are your gums grown so tender they  
can't bite? A skittish filly will be your fortune,  
Welford, and fair enough for such a pack-saddle.  
And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made  
to amble to your hand. [Exit *Amo.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of the ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter *YOUNG LOVELESS*, and *Comrades*, *MORECRAFT*,  
*WIDOW*, *SAVIL*, and the rest.

*Capt.* Save thy brave shoulder, my young puis-  
sant knight!

And may thy back-sword bite them to the bone  
That love thee not: Thou art an errant man;  
Go on: The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.  
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;  
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed!  
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,  
And thy dear name fill up his monument.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall, captain; I mean to be a  
worthy.

*Capt.* One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all.

*Mor.* Captain, I shall deserve some of your  
love, too.

*Capt.* Thou shalt have heart and hand too,  
If thou wilt lend me money. [noble Morecraft.  
I am a man of garrison; be rul'd,  
And open to me those infernal gates,  
Whence none of thy evil angels pass again,  
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego;  
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight  
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

*Mor.* Pardon me, captain, you're beside my  
meaning.

*Yo. Lo.* No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Cap-  
I should prepare her for ye. [tain's meaning,

*Capt.* Or provoke her.

Speak, my modern man; I say "provoke her."

*Poet.* Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it:  
So say the critics.

*Yo. Lo.* But whosoever you expound it, sir,  
She's very welcome; and this shall serve for  
witness.—

And, widow, since you're come so happily,  
You shall deliver up the keys, and free  
Possession of this house, while I stand by  
To ratify. [me;

*Wid.* I had rather give it back again, believe  
It is a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down.  
Some wine there!

There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.

Master Morecraft, all this fair house is yours, sir.—

*Sav.* Yes, sir. [Savil!

*Yo. Lo.* Are your keys ready? I must ease your  
burden.

*Sav.* I'm ready, sir, to be undone, when you  
Shall call me to't.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, come, thou shalt live better.

*Sav.* I shall have less to do, that's all:  
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' th' fields,  
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech  
Among 'em; I shall be with them shortly.

The care and continual vexation  
Of being rich, eat up this rascal!

What shall become of my poor family?

They are no sheep, yet they must keep themselves.

*Yo. Lo.* Drink, Master Morecraft! Pray be  
merry all.

Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.  
Captain, speak loud, and drink!—Widow, a word.

[They speak aside

*Capt.* Expound her thoroughly, knight.—  
Here, god o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!  
Be a baron, and a bold one.



Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,  
And let thy chimneys smoke. Feed men of war,  
Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.

*Mor.* I thank you, worthy captain, for your counsel.

You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils:

And, when you can, you feed a man of war:

This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;

And how or when you shall be saved, let

The clerk o' th' company, you have commanded,  
Have a just care of.

*Poet.* The man is much mov'd. Be not angry, sir.

But, as the poet sings, let your displeasure

Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,

And bitterly to him, sir.—Captain, take truce;

The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson!

*Capt.* Poet, you feign, perdie! the wit of this

Lies in his fingers' ends; he must tell all. [man

His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue,

And only serves to lick his hungry chaps

After a purchase: His brains and brimstone are

The devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.—

To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow  
Where's the brave steward? [her.

*Sav.* Here's your poor friend and Savil, sir.

*Capt.* Away, thou'rt rich in ornaments of nature;

First, in thy face, thou hast a serious face,

A betting, bargaining, and saving face,

A rich face; pawn it to the usurer;

A face to kindle the compassion

Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.

*Sav.* 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly, sir.

*Capt.* Be blithe and bonny, steward.—Master  
Drink to this man of reckoning. [Morecraft,

*Mor.* [Drinks.] Here's e'en to him.

*Sav.* The devil guide it downward! 'Would  
there were in't

An acre of the great broom-field he bought,

To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you!

'Tis all one to me, usurer.

*Yo. Lo.* (To the Widow.) Consider what I told  
you; you are young,

Unapt for worldly business: Is it fit

One of such tenderness, so delicate,

So contrary to things of care, should stir

And break her better meditations,

In the bare brokerage of a brace of angels?

Or a new kirtle, though it be of sattin?

Eat by the hope of forfeits, and lie down

Only in expectation of a morrow,

That may undo some easy-hearted fool,

Or reach a widow's curses? let out money,

Whose use returns the principal? and get,

Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;

For such a one must follow necessarily?

You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;

And that possess'd wealth, that you got with

Live to see tumbled to another's hands, [pining,

That is no more a-kin to you than you

To his coz'nage!

*Wid.* Sir, you speak well: 'Would God,  
That charity had first begun here.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis yet time.—Be merry!

Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th'  
Captain, where rests the health? [house.

*Capt.* It shall go round, boy!

*Yo. Lo.* (To the Widow.) Say, can you suffer  
this, because the end

Points at much profit? Can you so far bow

Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,

To be a partner of this fellow's bed,

And lie with his diseases? If you can,

I will not press you further. Yet look upon him

There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,

That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches,

For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,

His dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth,

And so far I dare speak it. He has yet,

Past cure of physic, Spa, or any diet,

A primitive pox in his bones; and o' my know-  
ledge,

He has been ten times rowell'd: You may see

He had a bastard, his own toward issue, [his

Whipp'd, and then cropp'd,

For washing out the roses in three farthings,

To make 'em pence.

*Wid.* I do not like these morals.

*Yo. Lo.* You must not like him then.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS.*

*El. Lo.* By your leave, gentlemen.

*Yo. Lo.* By my troth, sir, you're welcome: we

come, faith. Lord, what a stranger you are grown

Pray, know this gentlewoman; and, if you please

these friends here. We are merry; you see, I

worst on's; your house has been kept warm, sir.

*El. Lo.* I am glad

To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too.

*Yo. Lo.* Pray, Master Morecraft, know

elder brother;

And, Captain, do your compliment. Savil,

I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.

Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,

And see how luckily things come about!

*Mor.* This money must be paid back again, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* No, sir;

Pray keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' money.

I am well, I thank you. [surrender]

*Wid.* By my troth, the gentleman

Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him  
for't.

*Sav.* I know not where I am, I am so glad.

Your worship is the welcom'st man alive:

Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.

Here has been such a hurry, such a din,

Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,

'T has almost made me mad:

We've liv'd in a continual Turnbal Street.

Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again!

Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

*El. Lo.* Brother, dismiss these people.

*Yo. Lo.* Captain, begone a while; meet me

my old rendezvous in the evening; take your

small poet with you. [Exit CAPTAIN, POET, &c.]

Master Morecraft, you were best go pray

with your learned counsel; I shall preserve your

money: I was cozen'd when time was; was  
quit, sir.

*Wid.* Better and better still.

*El. Lo.* What is this fellow, brother?

*Yo. Lo.* The thirsty usurer that supp'd my

*El. Lo.* What does he tarry for?

*Yo. Lo.* To be landlord of your house and

I was bold to make a little sale, sir.

*Mor.* Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law,

hamper ye. [thou]

*El. Lo.* Pr'ythee, be gone, and rave at him

So have a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.  
Sirrah, this comes of cox'ning! home, and spare;  
Eat raddish 'till you raise your sums again.  
If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,  
Your ears nail'd for intelligencing, o' th' pillory,  
And your goods forfeit! You are a stale cozener?  
Leave my house. No more!

*Mor.* A pox upon your house!—Come, widow,  
I shall yet hamper this young gamester.

*Wid.* Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your  
way; I am not for your diet: Marry in your own  
tribe, Jew, and get a broker.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis well said, widow.—Will you jog on,  
sir?

*Mor.* Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:  
But when I trust a wild fool and a woman,  
May I lead gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*]

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, good sir, make all even: Here's  
a widow wants your good word for me; she's rich,  
and may renew me and my fortunes.

*El. Lo.* I'm glad you look before you.—Gentle-  
woman,

Here is a poor distressed younger brother.

*Wid.* You do him wrong, sir; he's a knight.

*El. Lo.* I ask you mercy: Yet, 'tis no matter;  
His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it.  
Whatsoever he is, he is your servant,  
Or would be, lady.

'Faith, be not merciless, but make a man;  
He's young and handsome, though he be my bro-  
and his observance may deserve your love: [ther,  
He shall not fail for means.

*Wid.* Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:  
And so much do I credit your fair language.  
That I shall love your brother; and so love him—  
But I shall blush to say more.

*El. Lo.* Stop her mouth—  
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,  
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I  
should chide;

But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.  
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:  
You have been wild and ignorant; pray mend it.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, every day, now spring comes on.

*El. Lo.* To you, good Master Savil, and your  
office,  
Thus much I have to say: You're, from my stew-  
ard,

Become, first, your own drunkard, then, his bawd:  
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and per-  
Give me your keys, Sir Savil. [*fect.*]

*Sav.* Good sir, consider whom you left me to.  
*El. Lo.* I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,  
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now?  
Come, tell me, Savil; where's the soundest whores?  
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion!  
Must you be leading in my house your whores,  
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear  
Either of king or constable, within my walls?  
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold yet?  
I hope my plate is current; I have too much on't.  
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink  
now?

*Sav.* Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me  
speak.

*El. Lo.* Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still,  
'Tis the more pardonable. [and not speak;

*Sav.* I will, sir, if you will have it so.

*El. Lo.* I thank you. Yes, e'en pursue it, sir.  
Do you hear?

Get you a whore soon for your recreation;  
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,  
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver  
These keys to one shall have more honesty,  
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk  
And gather cresses, sir, to cool your liver;  
There's something for you to begin a diet,

[*Gives him money.*]

You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil!  
You may eat at my house to preserve life;  
But keep no fornication in the stables.

[*Exeunt El. and Yo. LOVELL and the Widow.*]

*Sav.* Now must I hang myself; my friends will  
look for't.

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:  
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,  
I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty.

[*Exit SAVIL.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the LADY'S House.

*Enter ANGEAL.*

*Abig.* Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery  
hath age brought thee, to what a scurvy fortune!  
Thou, that hast been companion for noblemen,  
and, at the worst of those times, for gentlemen;  
now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for fa-  
vour to those, that would have crawl'd like pilgrims  
to my chamber, but for an apparition of me! You  
that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so  
till five-and-twenty: Use your time with reverence,  
that your profits may arise: It will not tarry with  
you; *ecce signum*. Here was a face: But Time,  
that, like a surfeit, eats our youth (plague of his  
iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!) has been a little  
bolder here than welcome; and now, to say the  
truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i' th' house,  
of fifty, call me grannam; and when they are  
drunk, e'en then, when Joan and my lady are all  
one, not one will do me reason. My little Levite

hath forsaken me; his silver sound of cithern quite  
abolish'd; his doleful hymns under my chamber  
window, digested into tedious learning. Well, fool,  
you leapt a haddock when you left him: He's a  
clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles  
is his state *de claro*, besides his pigs in *posse*. To  
this good homilist I have been ever stubborn,  
which God forgive me for, and mend my manners:  
And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty, of  
such a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r, and  
fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults, in this re-  
new'd impression of my love, may shew corrected  
to our gentle reader.

*Enter ROGER.*

See how negligently he passes by me! With what  
an equipage canonical, as though he had broken  
the heart of Bellarmine, or added something to  
the singing brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and  
deserve it.—Master Roger!

*Rog.* Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.



*Abig.* Then, gentle Roger—

*Rog.* Ungentle Abigail!

*Abig.* Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit to a weak woman's?

*Rog.* You are weak, indeed: For so the poet sings.

*Abig.* I do confess my weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

*Rog.* Good my lady's gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman, (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating. You have a season of your first mother in you: And, surely, had the devil been in love, he had been abused too. Go, Dalilah; you make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

*Abig.* Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: These are fit texts: But once there was a time——'Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those orient eyes!

*Rog.* Ay, they were pearls once with you.

*Abig.* Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.

*Rog.* Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your coggling! What they are, they are: They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

*Abig.* Oh, will you kill me?

*Rog.* I do not think I can; you're like a copyhold, with nine lives in't.

*Abig.* You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own worship's sake——

*Rog.* I was a Christian fool then! Do you remember what a dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce? Could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: And then, at prayers once, out of the stinking stir you put me in, I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do remember all this?

*Abig.* Oh, be as then you were!

*Rog.* I thank you for it: Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail; and, as the Ethnick poet sings, I will not lose my oil and labour too. You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail?

*Abig.* Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!

*Rog.* I like these tears well, and this humbling also; they are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith. If I should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian, coxcomb? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging comfits in 'em? I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me than a long chapter with a pedigree.

*Abig.* Oh, curate, cure me! I will love thee better, dearer, longer: I will do any thing; betray the secrets of the main household to thy reformation. My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall point thee for a parson, I will convert thy eggs to penny custards, and thy tithes shall graze and multiply.

*Rog.* I am mollified, as well shall testify this faithful kiss. And have a great care, Mistress Abigail, how you depress the spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks; for certainly, the edge of such a folly cuts itself.

*Abig.* Oh, sir, you have pierced me thorough. Here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning; never more pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock; never again reproach your reverend night-cap, and call it by the mangy name of murrain; never, your reverend person,

more, and say, you look like one of Baal's priest in a hanging; never again, when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; ne'er cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride, get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger, these faults shall be corrected or amended, as by the tenor of my tears appears.

*Rog.* Now cannot I hold, if I should be hanged I must cry too.—Come to thine own beloved, and do e'en what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail! I am thine own for ever: Here's my hand. When Roger proves a recreant, hang him! bell-ropes!

*Enter LADY, and MARTHA.*

*Lady.* Why, how now, Master Roger; no pray down with you to-night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting; your flock shall fat for it.

*Rog.* I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll clap my prayers, (but stay a little,) and be with you again.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS.*

*Lady.* How dare you, being so unworthy a presumptuous fellow, to come to move me any more?

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady.* What ails the fellow?

*El. Lo.* The fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land, be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

*Lady.* I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare jest in an elder brother: Pray, be wiser yet.

*El. Lo.* Methinks I'm very wise: I do not court a-wooing.

Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyship.

*Lady.* What makes you here, then?

*El. Lo.* Only to see you, and be merry, lady. That's all my business. 'Faith, let's be very merry. Where's little Roger? He is a good fellow. An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth is worth a thousand of these puling passions. 'Tis an ill world for lovers.

*Lady.* They were never fewer.

*El. Lo.* I thank God, there is one less for you.

*Lady.* You were never any, sir.

*El. Lo.* Till now, and now

I am the prettiest fellow!

*Lady.* You talk like a tailor, sir.

*El. Lo.* Methinks, your faces are no such things now.

*Lady.* Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord, what a lying cure is this! Where will you mend these faces?

*El. Lo.* A hog's face, sous'd, is worth a hundred of 'em.

*Lady.* Sure, you had some sow to your mother.

*El. Lo.* She brought such fine white pigs as fit for none but parsons, lady.

*Lady.* 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy.

*El. Lo.* That will not save you. Oh, that I

in love again with a wish!

*Lady.* By this light, you are a scurvy fellow. Pray, be gone.

*El. Lo.* You know, I am a clean-skinn'd man.

*Lady.* Do I know it?

*El. Lo.* Come, come, you would know it; it is as good: But not a snap, never long for't, a

snap, dear lady.

*Lady.* Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs;

There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir?

*El. Lo.* Lord, how I loved this woman! how I worshipp'd

This pretty calf with the white face here! As I You were the prettiest fool to play withal, [live, The wittiest little varlet! It would talk; Lord, how it talk'd! And when I anger'd it, It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat, And it would say, "Go hang!"

*Lady.* It will say so still, if you anger it.

*El. Lo.* And when I ask'd it, if it would be married sent me of an errand into France, [ried, And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

*Lady.* Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone.

*El. Lo.* And swear (even when it twitter'd to be I was unhandsome. [at me)

*Lady.* Have you no manners in you?

*El. Lo.* And say my back was melted, when the gods know,

I kept it at a charge!—four Flanders mares Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.

*Lady.* You think all this is true now? [for you.

*El. Lo.* 'Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good But, so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest.

*Lady.* There is enough, sir; I desire no more.

*El. Lo.* Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; and then the devil take the worst!

*Lady.* Pray, sir, no more; I am not much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner; I know they stay you at the ordinary.

*El. Lo.* E'en a short grace, and then I am gone:

You are

A woman! and the proudest that ever loved a coach: The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman!

The greediest to be praised, and never moved, Though it be gross and open; the most envious, That, at the poor fame of another's face,

Would eat your own, and more than is your own, The paint belonging to it: Of such a self-opinion, That you think no one can deserve your glove:

And, for your malices, you're so excellent, You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay, Never cry.

*Lady.* Your own heart knows you wrong me: I cry for you!

*El. Lo.* You shall, before I leave you.

*Lady.* Is all this spoke in earnest?

*El. Lo.* Yes, and more,

As soon as I can get it out.

*Lady.* Well, out with't.

*El. Lo.* You are—let me see—

*Lady.* One that has used you with too much respect.

*El. Lo.* One that hath used me, since you will have it so,

The basest, the most foot-boy like, without respect Of what I was, or what you might be by me.

You have used me as I would use a jade, [mons; Ride him off's legs, then turn him into the com-

You have used me with discretion, and I thank you; If you have many more such pretty servants,

Pray keep an hospital, and, when they are old, Pray build 'em, for shame.

*Lady.* I cannot think yet this is serious.

*El. Lo.* Will you have more on't?

*Lady.* No, faith, there's enough, If it be true: Too much, by all my part.

You are no lover, then?

*El. Lo.* No, I had rather be a carrier.

*Lady.* Why, the gods amend all!

*El. Lo.* Neither do I think

There can be such a fellow found i' the world, To be in love with such a froward woman:

If there be such, they're mad: Jove comfort 'em! Now have you all, and I as new a man,

As light, and spirited, that I feel myself Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave

To be one's own man! I can see you now

As I would see a picture; sit all day

By you, and never kiss your hand; hear you sing, And never fall backward; but, with as set a temper

As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you.

I can now keep my money in my purse, That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats;

And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins I can eat mutton now, and feast myself [finely.

With my two shillings, and can see a play

For eighteen-pence again; I can, my lady.

*Lady.* The carriage of this fellow vexes me.— Pray let me speak a little private with you. [Sir,

I must not suffer this.

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?

You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.

*Lady.* Thou perjured man!

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine *exordium*.

And why, I pray you, perjured?

*Lady.* Did you not swear,

A thousand thousand times, you loved me best

Of all things?

*El. Lo.* I do confess it: Make your best of that.

*Lady.* Why do you say you do not, then?

*El. Lo.* Nay; I'll swear it,

And give sufficient reason; your own usage.

*Lady.* Do you not love me now, then?

*El. Lo.* No, faith.

*Lady.* Did you ever think I loved you dearly?

*El. Lo.* Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.

*Lady.* Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it, And take my last farewell:—Now let me die,

So you be happy!

*El. Lo.* I am too foolish:—*Lady!* speak, dear lady!

*Enter MARTHA.*

*Lady.* No, let me die.

[*She swoons.*

*Mar.* Oh, my sister!

*Abig.* Oh, my lady! Help, help!

*Mar.* Run for some *rosa solis*!

*El. Lo.* I have play'd the fine ass! Bend her body.—*Lady!*

Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant.

I am not as I shew'd!—Oh, wretched fool,

To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!—

Give her more air. See, she begins to stir:—

Sweet mistress, hear me!

*Lady.* Is my servant well?

*El. Lo.* In being yours, I am so.

*Lady.* Then I care not.

*El. Lo.* How do you?—Reach a chair there.— I confess

My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,

Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:

But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,

Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it.

And let not, my best lady, any word,

Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;

For sooner shall you know a general ruin,

Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;



For, by my life, I cannot live without you.  
Come, come, you shall not grieve; rather be angry,  
And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.  
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me.  
Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,  
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely,  
That you would never shew it, though my means  
Was all humility.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*El. Lo.* How now?

*Lady.* I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine  
This was a subtle one, a stiff device [plot!  
To have caught dottrels with. Good senseless sir,  
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,  
And know yourself to be an arrant ass;  
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir.  
Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! [again.

*Abig.* Step to her, sir; see how she changes  
colour.

*El. Lo.* I'll go to hell first, and be better wel-  
I am fool'd, I do confess it; finely fool'd. [come,  
Lady; fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!

*Lady.* Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir:  
But if I knew when you come next a-birding,  
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*El. Lo.* I am glad to see you merry: Pray  
laugh on.

*Mar.* He had a hard heart, that could not laugh  
at you, sir.

Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady.* Pray, sister, do not laugh: you'll anger  
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger, [him,  
That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,  
As loud and senseless.

*El. Lo.* I will not rail.

*Mar.* Faith, then let's hear him, sister.

*El. Lo.* Yes, you shall hear me.

*Lady.* Shall we be the better for it, then?

*El. Lo.* No; he that makes a woman better by  
his words, I'll have him sainted: Blows will not  
do it.

*Lady.* By this light he'll beat us.

*El. Lo.* You do deserve it richly, and may live  
To have a beadle do it.

*Lady.* Now he rails.

*El. Lo.* Come, scornful Folly.

If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.

*Lady.* Pray put it in good words, then.

*El. Lo.* The worst are good enough for such a  
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn. [trifle,

*Lady.* You bite, sir.

*El. Lo.* I would till the bones crack'd, an I had  
my will.

*Mar.* We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.

*El. Lo.* I would 'twere lawful, in the next great  
sickness,

To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,  
And knock i' th' head those hot continual plagues,  
Women, that are more infectious.

I hope the state will think on't.

*Lady.* Are you well, sir?

*Mar.* He looks

As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholick.

*El. Lo.* Green ginger will cure me.

*Abig.* I'll heat a trencher for him.

*El. Lo.* Dirty December, do;

Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;

Such a prognosticating nose: Thou thing,  
That ten years since has left to be a woman,  
Out-wora the expectation of a bawd;  
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now.  
But gords or nine-pins, pray go fetch a tree

*Lady.* Let him alone; he's crack'd.

*Abig.* I'll see him hang'd first; he's a b  
To use a woman of my breeding thus; [f  
Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,  
I'd make him eat his knave's words!

*El. Lo.* Tie your she-otter up, good Lady!  
She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.

*Lady.* Why will you be angry now?

*El. Lo.* Go paint, and purge;

Call in your kennel with you. You a lady?

*Abig.* Sirrah, look to't against the quartet  
If there be good behaviour in the world, [t  
I'll have thee bound to it.

*El. Lo.* You must not seek it in your  
house, then.

Pray send this ferret home; and spin, good  
And, madam, that your ladyship may know [t  
In what base manner you have used my serv  
I do from this hour hate you heartily;

And, though your folly should whip you to n  
And waken you at length to see my wrongs,  
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win  
Not all the friends you have in intercession,  
Nor your submissive letters, though they sp  
As many tears as words: not your knees gr  
To th' ground in penitence, nor all your sta  
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor will  
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus  
So, farewell.—

When I am married and made sure, I'll con  
And visit you again, and vex you, lady.

By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,  
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you.

Recant and sue to me; but save that labour  
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,  
Rather contract my youth to drink, and sad  
Dote upon quarrels,

Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,  
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten  
Than to be drawn to love you.

*Lady.* Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but tak  
though.

*El. Lo.* From thee, false dice, jades, co  
and plaguy summers,

Good Lord deliver me!

*Lady.* But hark you, servant, hark ye!  
Call him again.

*Abig.* Hang him, paddock!

*Lady.* Art thou here still? Fly, fly,  
And call my servant; fly, or never see me!

*Abig.* I had rather knit again, than s  
rascal,

But I must do it.

[Exit

*Lady.* I would be loth to anger him too  
What fine foolery is this in a woman,  
To use those men most forwardly they love  
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly se  
I hope he's not so much himself, to take it  
To th' heart.—How now! Will he come ba

Enter ABIGAIL.

*Abig.* Never, he swears, while he can be  
say there's any woman living: He swore he  
have me first.

*Lady.* Didst thou entreat him, wench?

*Abig.* As well as I could, madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There is another way, if you could hit on't.

*Lady.* Thou say'st true: get me paper, pen, and ink; I'll write to him: I'd be loth he should sleep in's anger. Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Street.

*Music.*—Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and WIDOW, with his Comrades.

*Wid.* Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your company. Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are, Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out A civil house? You're to be married now; And men, that love you, must expect a course Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em, Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms: And yet, now I consider it, such beggars Once set o'horseback, you have heard, will ride—How far, you had best to look to.

*Capt.* Hear you, You that must be lady; pray content yourself, And think upon your carriage soon at night, What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat, What cordial will do well i' th' morning for him. What triers have you?

*Wid.* What do you mean, sir? [start well,

*Capt.* Those that must-switch him up: If he Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard.

When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting, Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, And stands sound.

*Wid.* Sir, you hear these fellows? [panions.

*Yo. Lo.* Merry companions, wench, merry com-

*Wid.* To one another let 'em be companions, Bat, good sir, not to you: You shall be civil, And slip off these base trappings.

*Capt.* He shall not need, my most sweet Lady If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar, [Grocer! Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil, And eat i' th' Arches, and see what will come on't.

*Poet.* Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way!

I will not take, if he be civil once, Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him. Be civil! There's a trim persuasion.

*Capt.* If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend it!)

Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd Off by the angry boys for thy conversion. The children thou shalt get on this civilian Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks, And all thy sport mere mortal lechery. When they are grown, having but little in 'em, They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers, Like their dear dam there! Pr'ythee be civil, knight; In time thou may'st at read to thy household, And be drunk once a-year: This would shew finely.

*Yo. Lo.* I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this; You do not understand these gentlemen. I will be short and pithy; I had rather

Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,

That nothing goes to the maintenance of But corn and water. I will keep these fellows Just in the competency of two hens.

*Wid.* If you can cast it so, sir, you've my liking: If they eat less, I should not be offended.

But how these, sir, can live upon so little As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, pr'ythee, sweetheart, what's your ale? Is not

That corn and water, my sweet widow?

*Wid.* Ay;

But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to this, And cloaths, that they must look for?

*Yo. Lo.* In this short sentence "ale," is all included;

Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no rav'ning footmen,

No fellows, that at ordinaries dare eat Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,

And yet go hungry to a play, and crack

More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels;

Besides the din, which is most damnable:

I had rather rail, and be confined to a boat-maker, Than live among such rascals. These are people

Of such a clean discretion in their diet,

Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat

If they but smell hot meat. Porridge is poison;

They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,

And shew them but a feather-bed, they swoon.

Ale is their eating and their drinking solely;

Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.

Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,

Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,

Which is more airy, and of subtler nature.

The rest they take is little, and that little

As little easy; for, like strict men of order,

They do correct their bodies with a bench,

Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney

Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,

They are in down. When they are sick, that's drunk,

They may have fresh straw; else, they do despise

These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,

'Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;

And if a man should offer, they are angry,

Scarce to be reconciled again with him:

You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast doublet

Once in a year, which is a modesty

Befitting my poor friends: You see their wardrobe,

Though slender, competent. For shirts, I take it,

They are things worn out of their remembrance.

Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,

Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,

A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge:

Two dogs, and these too, may be cured for three-pence.

*Wid.* You have half persuaded me; pray, use your pleasure:—

And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,

I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;

You shall have ale.

*Capt.* We ask no more; let it be mighty, lady,

And, if we perish, then our own sins on us.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, forward, gentlemen; to church, my boys!

When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls.

[Exit.



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Room in the House of the ELDER LOVELESS.**Enter ELDER LOVELESS.*

*El. Lo.* This senseless woman vexes me to the heart;

She will not from my memory! 'Would she were A man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous, 'T had been an even lay she might have scorn'd me; But to be young, and, by this light I think, As proper as the proudest; made as clean, As straight, and strong-back'd; means and manners equal

With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' th' kingdom— But these are things, at some time of the moon, Below the cut of canvas. Sure, she has Some meeching rascal in her house, some hind, That she hath seen bear, like another Milo, Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't; Thresh all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings, Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours, And ne'er a whit the worse man. These are they, These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all. 'Would I had been a carter, or a coachman; I had done the deed ere this time.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you,

*El. Lo.* Bid him come in.

*Enter WELFORD.*

*Wel.* By your leave, sir,

*El. Lo.* You are welcome. What's your will,

*Wel.* Have you forgotten me? [sir?]

*El. Lo.* I do not much remember you.

*Wel.* You must, sir.

I am that gentleman you pleased to wrong In your disguise; I have enquired you out.

*El. Lo.* I was disguised indeed, sir, if I wrong'd Pray where and when? [you.]

*Wel.* In such a lady's house, I need not name her.

*El. Lo.* I do remember you:

You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.

*Wel.* If you remember this, do not forget

How scurvily you used me: That was

No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:

If you be honest, you dare fight with me,

Without more urging; else I must provoke you.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;

I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,

And so is not my anger. If you have brought

A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;

In this I would be loth to prick my finger.

And where you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far

From my profession, that, amongst my fears,

To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,

We have been both abused, not by ourselves

(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,

And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)

But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,

That much-forgetful lady: For whose sake,

If we should leave our reason, and run on

Upon our sense, like rams, the little world

Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,

Fixing upon our desperate memories

The never worn-out names of fools and fencers. Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you. In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you. And you shall find it, though you throw yourself Into as many dangers as she offers, Though you redeem her lost name every day, And find her out new honours with your sword, You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

*Wel.* I ask you mercy, sir; you have ta'en an edge off;

Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

*El. Lo.* In which I'll be your helper. We

And they are two; two sisters, rich alike, [tw]

Only the elder has the prouder dowry.

In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,

Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but

Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,

We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this—

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman will nee speak with you:

I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, sir.

*El. Lo.* It is the waiting-woman: Pray, be a seen.—

Sirrah, hold her in discourse awhile.—Hark your ear. [Whispers.]

Go and dispatch it quickly. When I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

*Wel.* I care not which I have.

*El. Lo.* Away; 'tis done; she must not see you. [Exit W.]

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

Now, Lady Guinever, what news with you?

*Abig.* Pray, leave these frumps, sir, and reced

*El. Lo.* From whom, good Vanity? [this lett

*Abig.* 'Tis from my lady, sir: Alas, good so

She cries and takes on!

*El. Lo.* Does she so, good soul?

Would she not have a caudle? Does she send?

With your fine oratory, goody Tully,

To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-house!

I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with a tiller

Bring down your gibship; and then have you caud And hung up in the warren.

*Abig.* I am no beast, sir; 'would you knew

*El. Lo.* 'Would I did, for I am yet very doubtful. What will you say now?

*Abig.* Nothing, not I.

*El. Lo.* Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

*Abig.* Unless you'll hear me with more moderation. I can speak wise enough.

*El. Lo.* And loud enough? Will your lady hear me?

*Abig.* It seems so by her letter, and her lamentations; but you are such another man!

*El. Lo.* Not such another as I was, mumps; I will not be. I'll read her fine epistle. [Reads]

Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy mistress mad?

*Abig.* For you she will be; 'tis a shame; I should use a poor gentlewoman so untoward!

She loves the ground you tread on; and you, to her heart, because she jested with you, mean to hurt her. 'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [Exit W.]

*El. Lo.* Hast thou so much moisture in thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would

have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five years since. Nay, let it rain; thy face chops for a shower, like a dry dunghill.

*Abig.* I'll not endure this ribaldry. Farewell, i' th' devil's name! If my lady die, I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

*El. Lo.* Do, mankin, do. Deliver to your lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business; which before I will want, to come to her, I mean to go seek bird's nests. Yet I may come, too:

But if I come,  
From this door till I see her, will I think  
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,  
And make her cry so much, that the physician,  
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine  
To find the cause by, and she remediless  
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!  
I hope to see the boys make potguns of thee.

*Abig.* Thou'rt a vile man. God bless my issue from thee!

*El. Lo.* Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper,  
That makes thee hobble so. You must be ground  
I' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er spin well else.  
Farewell, fytchock! *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE II.—A Room in the LADY'S House.

*Enter LADY, alone.*

*Lady.* Is it not strange that every woman's will  
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?  
If I should call my reason to account,  
It cannot answer why I keep myself  
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love  
From his; and every hour repent again,  
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man  
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,  
Would gladly give the remnant of his life  
For two hours rest; yet, through his frowardness,  
Will rather chuse to watch another man,  
Drowy as he, than take his own repose.  
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness  
And anger, not to have the power to do  
Things unexpected, carries me away  
To mine own ruin! I had rather die,  
Sometimes, than not disgrace, in public, him  
Whom people think I love, and do't with oaths,  
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we?  
Moa, you must answer this, that dare obey  
Such things as we command.—How now? what  
news?

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Abig.* 'Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

*Lady.* Is he not come?

*Abig.* No, truly.

*Lady.* Nor has he writ?

*Abig.* Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.

*Lady.* Why, but what says he?

*Abig.* 'Faith, he talks strangely.

*Lady.* How strangely?

*Abig.* First, at your letter he laugh'd extremely.

*Lady.* What, in contempt?

*Abig.* He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, "Alas for her!" and violently laugh'd again.

*Lady.* Did he?

*Abig.* Yes; till I was angry.

*Lady.* Angry, why?

Why wert thou angry? He did do but well; I did deserve it; he had been a fool, An unfit man for any one to love, Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry! That shew'd your folly; I shall love him more For that, than all that e'er he did before. But said he nothing else?

*Abig.* Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mock'd him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: Yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

*Lady.* What one was that?

*Abig.* I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: And as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress's jointure.

*Lady.* 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so; For he does think, and reasonably think, That I should keep him, with my idle tricks, For ever ere he be married.

*Abig.* At last, he said it should go hard but he would see you, for your satisfaction.

*Lady.* All we, that are call'd women, know as As men, it were a far more noble thing [well To grace where we are graced, and give respect There, where we are respected: yet we practise A wilder course, and never bend our eyes On men with pleasure, till they find the way To give us a neglect; then we, too late, Perceive the loss of what we might have had, And dote to death.

*Enter MARTHA.*

*Mar.* Sister, yonder's your servant, with a

*Lady.* Where? [gentlewoman with him.]

*Mar.* Close at the door.

*Lady.* Alas, I am undone! I fear he is betroth'd. What kind of woman is she?

*Mar.* A most ill-favoured one, with her mask on; And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

*Lady.* But yet her mind was of a milder stuff Than mine was.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS, and WELFORD in Woman's apparel.*

—Now I see him, if my heart Swell not again—(away, thou woman's pride!)— So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, Let me not live.

*El. Lo.* By your leave here.

*Lady.* How now! what new trick invites you Have you a fine device again? [hither]

*El. Lo.* 'Faith, this is the finest device I have now.—How dost thou, sweetheart?

*Wel.* Why, very well, so long as I may please you, my dear lover. I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

*El. Lo.* Oh, thy sweet temper! What would have given, That lady had been like thee! See'st thou her? That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind, Had made a wench indeed!

*Wel.* Alas, my love,  
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!

I use no paint, nor any drugs of art;  
My hands and face will shew it.

*Lady.* Why, what thing have you brought to  
Do you take money for it? [shew us there;

*El. Lo.* A godlike thing,  
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,  
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;  
What I will is for law. Pray you, salute her.

*Lady.* Salute her? by this good light, I would  
For half my wealth. [not kiss her

*El. Lo.* Why, why, pray you?  
You shall see me do't afore you: Look you.

[Kisses WELFORD.

*Lady.* Now lie upon thee! a beast would not  
have don't.—

I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain  
A kingdom.

*El. Lo.* Marry, you shall not be troubled.

*Lady.* Why, was there ever such a Meg as this?  
Sure thou art mad.

*El. Lo.* I was mad once, when I loved pictures;  
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?  
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass  
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones  
want it.

*Lady.* And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

*El. Lo.* Yes, indeed, is't.

*Lady.* God give you joy!

*El. Lo.* Amen.

*Wel.* I thank you, as unknown, for your good  
The like to you, whenever you shall wed. [wish.

*El. Lo.* Oh, gentle spirit!

*Lady.* You thank me? I pray,  
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.

*Wel.* I would not willingly offend at all;

Much less a lady of your worthy parts.

*El. Lo.* Sweet, sweet!

*Lady.* I do not think this woman can by nature  
Be thus, thus ugly: Sure, she's some common  
Deform'd with exercise of sin. [strumpet,

*Wel.* [Kneeling.] Oh, sir,  
Believe not this; for Heaven so comfort me,  
As I am free from foul pollution  
With any man; my honour ta'en away,  
I am no woman.

*El. Lo.* Arise, my dearest soul;  
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear

Her tender heart will break with this reproach!—  
Fie, that you know no more civility

To a weak virgin!—'Tis no matter, sweet;

Let her say what she will, thou art not worse  
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.

*Wel.* For all things else I would; but for mine  
Methinks— [honour,

*El. Lo.* Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.—

Is this the business that you sent for me  
About?

*Mar.* 'Faith, sister, you are much to blame,  
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be,  
Thus. I'll salute her:—You are welcome hither.

*Wel.* I humbly thank you.

*El. Lo.* Mild still as the dove,  
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?

I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,

A jesting-stock.—Adieu, to the world's end!

*Lady.* Why, whither now?

*El. Lo.* Nay, you shall never know,  
Because you shall not find me.

*Lady.* I pray, let me speak with you.

*El. Lo.* 'Tis very well.—Come.

*Lady.* I pray you, let me speak with you.

*El. Lo.* Yes, for another mock.

*Lady.* By Hear'n I have no mocks. Good sir,  
a word.

*El. Lo.* Though you deserve not so much at my  
hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a  
word with you: but, I beseech you, be brief; for,  
in good faith, there's a parson and a licence stay  
for as i' th' church all this while; and, you know,  
'tis night.

*Lady.* Sir, give me hearing patiently, and  
whatsoe'er

I've heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:

For, as I hope for mercy any where,

What I shall utter now is from my heart,

And as I mean.

*El. Lo.* Well, well, what do you mean?

*Lady.* Was not I once your mistress, and you  
my servant?

*El. Lo.* Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [Going.

*Lady.* Nay, good sir, stay me out: I would but  
hear you excuse yourself, why you should take this  
woman, and leave me.

*El. Lo.* Pr'ythee, why not? deserves she not as  
much as you?

*Lady.* I think not, if you will look with an  
indifferency upon us both.

*El. Lo.* Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if judi-  
cially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you  
are a thousand women off her in worth. She  
cannot swoon in jest, nor set her lover tasks,  
to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross  
what he says, though it be canonical. She's a  
good plain wench, that will do as I will have her,  
and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge,  
and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, she's far be-  
yond you: What can you do in a household to  
provide for your issue, but lie in bed and get 'em?  
Your business is to dress you, and at idle boars  
to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things:  
She can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows  
how pullen should be cramm'd; she cuts cambric  
at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls.  
And what are you good for?

*Lady.* Admit it true, that she were far beyond  
me in all respects, does that give you a licence to  
forswear yourself?

*El. Lo.* Forswear myself! how?

*Lady.* Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable  
oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives  
but me? I'll not remember you. God give you  
joy!

*El. Lo.* Nay, but conceive me; the intent of  
oaths is ever understood. Admit I should pro-  
test to such a friend, to see him at his lodgings  
to-morrow, divines would never hold me perjurd  
if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my  
diligent search could not find him; so there were  
no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd  
I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you  
whether you will or no?

*Lady.* Alas, you need not: I make already  
tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

*El. Lo.* Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessa-  
rily fall upon me; as whosoever deals with women  
shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose  
the least ill, which is to forsake you, that have  
done me all the abuses of a malignant woman,

contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been past getting of children, rather than her, that hath forsook her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

*Lady.* Which of us swore you first to?

*El. Lo.* Why, to you.

*Lady.* Which oath is to be kept then?

*El. Lo.* I pr'ythee do not urge my sins unto me, Without I could amend 'em.

*Lady.* Why, you may, By wedding me.

*El. Lo.* How will that satisfy My word to her?

*Lady.* It is not to be kept, And needs no satisfaction: 'tis an error, Fit for repentance only.

*El. Lo.* Shall I live

To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so? It may not be.

*Lady.* Why may it not be?

*El. Lo.* I swear I had rather marry thee than But yet mine honesty — [her;

*Lady.* What honesty?

'Tis more preserved this way. Come, by this Servant, thou shalt! I'll kiss thee on't. [light,

*El. Lo.* This kiss,

Indeed, is sweet: Pray God, no sin lie under it!

*Lady.* There is no sin at all; try but another.

*Wel.* Oh, my heart!

*Mar.* Help, sister; this lady swoons!

*El. Lo.* How do you?

*Wel.* Why, very well, if you be so.

*El. Lo.* Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more, which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your own minister, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to bed.

*Lady.* A match, dear servant.

*El. Lo.* For if you should forsake me now, I care not:

She would not though, for all her injuries;

Such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed

To kiss her now I part, may I not live!

*Wel.* I see you go, as slyly as you think

To steal away; yet I will pray for you:

All blessings of the world light on you two,

That you may live to be an aged pair!

All curses on me, if I do not speak

What I do wish, indeed!

*El. Lo.* If I can speak

To purpose to her, I'm a villain.

*Lady.* Servant, away! [man?

*Mar.* Sister, will you marry that inconstant Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow?

To wrong a lady thus! Look'd she like dirt,

'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with

*Wel.* Now God forbid! [him!

Alas! I was unworthy; so I told him.

*Mar.* That was your modesty: Too good for I would not see your wedding for a world. [him! —

*Lady.* Choose, choose! — Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt LADY, EL. LOVELESS AND AMIO.*

*Mar.* Dry up your tears, forsooth; you shall not think

We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.

'Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

*Wel.* So would not I: No, let me suffer truly: That I desire.

*Mar.* Pray walk in with me;

'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:

Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish I could but do you right.

*Wel.* My humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your love!

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The House of the ELDER LOVELESS.*

*Enter YOUNG LOVELESS and SAVIL.*

*Yo. Lo.* Did your master send for me, Savil?

*Sav.* Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Do you know the business?

*Sav.* Alas, sir, I know nothing;

Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.

My dancing days are done, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* What art thou now, then!

*Sav.* If you consider me in little, I am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal: One that, upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a scone by the highway, and sell switches. My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle.

*Yo. Lo.* What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?

*Sav.* My eldest boy is half a rogue already: He was born bursten; and, your worship knows, That is a pretty step to men's compassions.

My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him, That he may shew us mercy in his function.

*Yo. Lo.* Your family is quarter'd with discretion. You are resolved to cant, then? Where, Savil, Shall your scene lie?

*Sav.* Beggars must be no choosers: In every place, I take it, but the stocks.

*Yo. Lo.* This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:

I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.

*Sav.* 'Tis true, you were the first that told me I do remember yet in tears, you told me, [of it: You would have whores; and in that passion, sir, You broke out thus: "Thou miserable man, Repent, and brew three strikes more in a bogs— 'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time [head: Can tarry for no man."

*Yo. Lo.* You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see, Misery can clear your head better than mustard. I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.

*Sav.* Will you but be so gracious to me, sir?

I shall be bound—

*Yo. Lo.* You shall, sir,

To your bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

*Enter MORECRAFT.*

*Mor.* Save you, gentleman, save you!

*Yo. Lo.* Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?

*Mor.* Come, pr'ythee, be familiar, knight.

*Yo. Lo.* Away, fox! I'll send for terriers for you.

*Mor.* Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee company.

*Yo. Lo.* I am about some business, Indentures! If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed! As I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.

*Mor.* Thou art cozen'd now; I am no usurer. What poor fellow's this?

*Sav.* I am poor indeed, sir.



*Mor.* Give him money, knight.

*Yo. Lo.* Do you begin the offering.

*Mor.* There, poor fellow; here's an angel for thee.

*Yo. Lo.* Art thou in earnest, Morecraft?

*Mor.* Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example: Thou hadst land and thousands, thou spent'st, and flungst away, and yet it flows in double. I purchased, wrung, and wire-draw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a vow, to try all ways above ground, but I'll find a constant means to riches without curses.

*Yo. Lo.* I am glad of your conversion, Master Morecraft: You're in a fair course; pray pursue it still.

*Mor.* Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company.—Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake, there's two angels more for thee.

*Sav.* God quit you, sir, and keep you long in this mind!

*Yo. Lo.* Wilt thou persevere?

*Mor.* 'Till I have a penny. I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses: Canst thou not help me to a match, knight? I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Foot, this is stranger than an African monster! There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars while this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

*Sav.* 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, sir; the whilst, I'll pray for both your worships.

*Yo. Lo.* He shall, sir.

*Mor.* Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.

*Yo. Lo.* I'll be your servant, sir. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the House of the Lady.

*Enter ELDER LOVELESS and LADY.*

*El. Lo.* 'Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,

Maugre your subtilties, and fine devices. Be coy again now.

*Lady.* Pr'ythee, sweetheart, tell true.

*El. Lo.* By this light,

By all the pleasures I have had this night, By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely; I have cast beyond your wit: That gentlewoman is your retainer, Welford.

*Lady.* It cannot be so.

*El. Lo.* Your sister has found it so, or I mistake. Mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now. Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady.* Pr'ythee, sweetheart,

Be quiet; thou hast angered me at heart.

*El. Lo.* I'll please you soon again.

*Lady.* Welford?

*El. Lo.* Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your sister can instruct you in his good parts better than I, by this time.

*Lady.* Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

*El. Lo.* Yes, i'faith; and over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

*Lady.* I must be patient, though it torture me! You have got the sun, sir.

*El. Lo.* And the moon too; in which I'll be t' man.

*Lady.* But had I known this, had I but smised it, you should have hunted three trains more before you had come to the course; you should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i'faith.

*El. Lo.* I knew it, and mined with you, and blew you up.—Now you may see the gentle woman: Stand close. [They retire.]

*Enter WELFORD in his own Apparel, and MARTHA.*

*Mar.* For God's sake, sir, be private in t' business;

You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have done?

*Wel.* No harm, I warrant thee.

*Mar.* How shall I look upon my friends again? With what face?

*Wel.* Why, e'en with that; 'tis a good one, though thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smother'd still, fair still, sweet still, and, to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress; and yet they keep stir.

*Mar.* Good sir, go in, and put your woman clothes on:

If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

*Wel.* I'll watch you for that, mistress: I am fool. Here will I tarry till the house be up, witness with me.

*Mar.* Good dear friend, go in!

*Wel.* To bed again, if you please, else I am here till there be notice taken what I am, what I have done. If you could juggle me my womanhood again, and so cog me out of my company, all this would be forsworn, and I am an asinego, as your sister left me. No; I'll not be known and publish'd: Then, if you'll be a wit forsake me, and be shamed: and, when you hold out no longer, marry some cast Cleve cap and sell bottle-ale.

*Mar.* I dare not stay, sir; use me modestly. I am your wife.

*Wel.* Go in; I'll make up all.

*El. Lo.* I'll be a witness of your nakedness. This is the gentlewoman; pr'ythee, look on him: This is he that made me break my faith sweet; but thank your sister, she hath sold her.

*Lady.* What a dull ass was I, I could not see this wench from a wench! Twenty to one, had been but tender, like my sister, he had sold me such a slippery trick too.

*Wel.* Twenty to one I had.

*El. Lo.* I would have watch'd you, sir, by good patience, for ferreting in my ground.

*Lady.* You have been with my sister?

*Wel.* Yes; to bring—

*El. Lo.* An heir into the world, he means.

*Lady.* There is no chafing now.

*Wel.* I have had my part on't: I have chaff'd this three hours, that's the least; I am sonable cool now.

*Lady.* Cannot you fare well, but you must roast meat?

*Wel.* He that fares well, and will not be founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught. For mine own part, I have found so sweet a I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

*El. Lo.* How like you this dish, Welford?

made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

*Lady.* By this light, had I but scented out your train, you had slept with a bare pillow in your arms, and kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have ver'd you more than a tired post-horse, and been longer bearing than ever after-game at Irish was. Lord, that I were unmarried again!

*El. Lo.* Lady, I must undertake you, were you again a haggard, for the best cast of ladies i' th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truss round.

*Wel.* Is she fast?

*El. Lo.* She was all night lock'd here, boy.

*Wel.* Then you may lure her, without fear of losing: Take off her creyance.—You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister: Lord, what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceived I was a man! But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple, without the parson o' th' town.

*El. Lo.* What did ye?

*Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

*El. Lo.* She has a shrewd guess at it; I see it by her—

*Lady.* Well, you may mock us: But, my large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambrée, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your itch.

*Wel.* I thank you, lady; methought it was well. You are so curious.

*Enter YOUR LOVELINESS, HIS LADY, MORECRAFT, SAVIL, and Serving-men.*

*El. Lo.* Get on your doublet; here comes my brother.

*Yo. Lo.* Good-morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!

*Mor.* God save you, and good morrow to you all.

*El. Lo.* Good morrow.—Here's a poor brother of yours.

*Fie,* how this shames me!

*Mor.* Pr'ythee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.

*Serv.* I will, sir. [Exit.]

*Yo. Lo.* Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do? Will she? Is she not nettled still?

*El. Lo.* No, I have cured her.—Master Wellford, pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall long to love him.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall not be your debtor, sir.—But how is't with you?

*El. Lo.* As well as may be, man: I am married. Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well.

*Yo. Lo.* I am glad on't.—Now, my pretty lady sister, how do you find my brother?

*Lady.* Almost as wild as you are.

*Yo. Lo.* He'll make the better husband: You have tried him?

*Lady.* Against my will, sir.

*Yo. Lo.* He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it. But, sir, I must entreat you to be better known to this converted Jew here.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's beer for you, sir.

*Mor.* And here's for you an angel. Pray buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.

*El. Lo.* How's this?

*Yo. Lo.* Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.

*El. Lo.* Gallant?

*Yo. Lo.* Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting Morecraft. The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

*Wel.* Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.

*Yo. Lo.* You shall hug one another.

*Mor.* Sir, I must keep you company.

*El. Lo.* And reason.

*Yo. Lo.* Cutting Morecraft, faces about; I must present another.

*Mor.* As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall do you service.

*Mor.* I shall look for't, in good faith, sir.

*El. Lo.* Pr'ythee, good sweetheart, kiss him.

*Lady.* Who? that fellow?

*Sav.* Sir, will it please you to remember me? My keys, good sir!

*Yo. Lo.* I'll do it presently.

*El. Lo.* Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport sake.

*Lady.* Let him come on then; and, do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.

*El. Lo.* That at my peril.—Lusty master Morecraft, here is a lady would salute you.

*Mor.* She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is she?

*El. Lo.* My wife, sir.

*Mor.* She must be, then, my mistress. [Kisses her.]

*Lady.* Must I, sir?

*El. Lo.* Oh, yes, you must.

*Mor.* And you must take this ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.

*El. Lo.* Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.

*Lady.* Sir, I shall call you servant.

*Mor.* I shall be proud on't.—What fellow's that?

*Yo. Lo.* My lady's coachman.

*Mor.* There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips; and for you, sir; and you, sir.

[Gives money to the Servants.]

*El. Lo.* Under a miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of.

*Mor.* What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do? Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

*Wel.* Stranger and stranger! Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I have a suit unto you, concerning your old servant Savil.

*El. Lo.* Oh, for his keys; I know it.

*Sav.* Now, sir, strike in.

*Mor.* Sir, I must have you grant me.

*El. Lo.* 'Tis done, sir.—Take your keys again: But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again: I'll try you once more.

*Sav.* If ever I be taken drunk or whoring, take off the biggest key i' th' bunch, and open my head with it, sir.—I humbly thank your worships.

*El. Lo.* Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday.

*Enter ROGER and ABIGAIL.*

Here's the last couple in hell.

*Rog.* Joy be amongst you all!

*Lady.* Why, how now, sir, what's the meaning of this emblem?

*Rog.* Marriage, an't like your worship.

*Lady.* Are you married?

*Rog.* As well as the next priest could do it, madam.



*El. Lo.* I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.

*Wel.* Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?

*Rog.* Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, sir!

*Wel.* A whoreson, how he swells!

*Yo. Lo.* How many times to-night, Sir Roger?

*Rog.* Sir, you grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your help.

*Yo. Lo.* For horse-flesh, Roger.

*El. Lo.* Come, pr'ythee, be not angry; 'tis a day given wholly to our mirth.

*Lady.* It shall be so, sir. Sir Roger and I, bride, we shall intreat to be at our charge.

*El. Lo.* Welford, get you to the church: By the light, you shall not lie with her again, till you are married.

*Wel.* I am gone.

*Mor.* To every bride I dedicate, this day, healths a-piece; and, it shall go hard, but every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!

*El. Lo.* Thou'rt in a good beginning. Come, who leads?

Sir Roger, you shall have the van, and lead the way. 'Would every dogged wench had such a day!

[*Exeunt omnes*]

# THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT CLUDIO, *Governor, and a dishonourable pur-  
suer of ZENOCIA.*

MANUEL DU SOBA, *Governor of Lisbon, and Brother  
to GUIDMAR.*

ARNOLDO, *a Gentleman contracted to ZENOCIA.*

RUTILIO, *a merry Gentleman, Brother to ARNOLDO.*

CHARINO, *Father to Zenocia.*

DUARTE, *Son to GUIDMAR, a Gentleman well qualified,  
but vain-glorious.*

ALOISO, *a young Portuguese Gentleman, enemy to  
DUARTE.*

LEOPOLD, *a Sea Captain, enamoured of HIPPOLYTA.*

ZARULON, *a Jew, Servant to HIPPOLYTA.*

JAQUES, *Servant to SULPITIA.*

ZENOCIA, *Mistress to ARNOLDO, and a chaste Wife.*

GUIDOMAR, *a virtuous Lady, Mother to DUARTE.*

HIPPOLYTA, *a rich Lady, wantonly in love with AR-  
NOLDO.*

SULPITIA, *a Bawd, Mistress of the Male-Stews.*

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo,  
Knaves of the Male-Stews, Servants.

SCENE,—DURING THE FIRST ACT, A TOWN IN ITALY; FOR THE REMAINDER, LISBON.

## PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence  
That, we are confident, it needs no defence  
From us, or from the poets. We dare look  
On any man, that brings his table-book  
To write down what again he may repeat  
At some great table, to deserve his meat.  
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply  
What is mirth here, there for an injury.  
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,  
Nor any private person; their poor hate

Will be starved here; for Envy shall not find  
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.  
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play  
Is quick and witty; so the poets say,  
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;  
Fashion'd like those that are approved by you:  
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,  
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.  
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;  
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

## ANOTHER PROLOGUE,

### AT A REVIVAL.

We wish, if it were possible, you knew  
What we would give for this night's luck, if new;  
It being our ambition to delight  
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.  
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made  
By such as were held workmen in their trade;  
At a time too, when they, as I divine,  
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine.  
The sector of the muses. Some are here,  
I dare presume, to whom it did appear

A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth  
To passionate scenes, mixed with no vulgar mirth.  
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame  
From others, perhaps, only by the name,  
I am a suitor, that they would prepare  
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.  
It were injustice to decry this now,  
For being liked before: You may allow  
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools,  
"All such as lived before you were not fools."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Town in Italy. The Street.*

*Enter RUTILIO and ARNOLDO.*

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?

Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,  
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.

Rut. What fortune? I have lived this thirty  
years,

And run through all these follies you call fortunes,

Yet never fixed on any good and constant,  
But what I made myself: Why should I grieve,  
At that I may mould any way? [then,

Arn. You are wide still.

Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young hand-  
some woman;

I have loved a thousand, not so few.

Arn. You are disposed.

Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,

And prettily esteem'd of ; but take heed then,  
Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune  
Than e'er you felt yet : *Fortune my foe's a friend*  
to it.

*Arn.* 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,  
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid ;  
And am beloved again.

*Rut.* That's too much, o' conscience !  
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.

*Arn.* Pr'ythee, give ear. I am to marry her.

*Rut.* Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.

*Arn.* But, oh, the wicked Custom of this Country !

The barbarous, most inhuman, damned Custom !

*Rut.* 'Tis true, to marry is [the most inhuman,  
Damn'd] custom in the world ; for, look you,  
brother,

Would any man stand plucking for the ace of  
hearts,

With one pack of cards, all days on's life ?

*Arn.* You do not,

Or else you purpose not to, understand me.

*Rut.* Proceed ; I will give ear.

*Arn.* They have a Custom

In this most beastly country—out upon't !

*Rut.* Let's hear it first.

*Arn.* That when a maid's contracted,  
And ready for the tie o' the church, the governor,  
He that commands in chief, must have her maiden-  
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure. [head,

*Rut.* How might a man achieve that place ?—  
A rare custom !

An admirable rare custom !—And none excepted ?

*Arn.* None, none.

*Rut.* The rarer still ! How could I lay about me,  
In this rare office !—Are they born to it, or chosen ?

*Arn.* Both equal damnable.

*Rut.* Methinks both excellent :

'Would I were the next heir !

*Arn.* To this mad fortune

Am I now come ; my marriage is proclaim'd,  
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.

*Rut.* She's very young ?

*Arn.* Yes.

*Rut.* And fair, I dare proclaim her,  
Else mine eyes fail.

*Arn.* Fair as the bud unblasted.

*Rut.* I cannot blame him then : If 'twere mine  
own case,

I would not go an ace less.

*Arn.* Fie, Rutilio,

Why do you make your brother's misery  
Your sport and game ?

*Rut.* There is no pastime like it.

*Arn.* I look'd for your advice, your timely  
counsel,

How to avoid this blow ; not to be mock'd at,  
And my afflictions jeer'd.

*Rut.* I tell thee, Arnoldo,

An thou wert my father, as thou art but my bro-  
My younger brother too, I must be merry. [ther,  
And when there is a wench i' th' case, a young  
wench,

A handsome wench, and so near a good turn too,  
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.

But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit

To do you any service ; advise what you please,

And see with what devotion I'll attend it.

But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Custom,  
And could pretend to th' place.

*Enter CHARINO and ZENUCHA.*

*Arn.* Draw off a little ;

Here come my mistress and her father.

[They exit]

*Rut.* A dainty wench !

'Would I might farm this Custom !

*Char.* My dear daughter,

Now to bethink yourself of new advice,

Will be too late ; later, this timeless sorrow ;

No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate

Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenuch

Be ruled by me ; a father's care directs you :

Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.

What though he have the power to possess you

To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight y

By Custom irresistible to enjoy you ;

Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth's

goodness,

The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty

Have won upon his wild mind, so much char

him,

That, all power laid aside, what law allows him

Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes

He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly ;

For ever to be tied your faithful husband.

Consider, my best child.

*Zen.* I have consider'd.

*Char.* The blessedness that this breeds  
consider :

Besides your father's honour, your own peace,

The banishment for ever of this Custom,

This base and barbarous use : For, after once

He has found the happiness of holy marriage,

And what it is to grow up with one beauty,

How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage

Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors !

All virgins too shall bless your name, shall sail

And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,

When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,

Fill'd with your pious memory.

*Zen.* Good father,

Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,

In such sweet words.

*Char.* The count's a handsome gentleman ;

And, having him, you're certain of a fortune.

A high and noble fortune to attend you :

Where, if you fling your love upon this strange

This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what

Or honourable strain of blood he's sprung,

venture

All your own sweets, and my long cares to noth

Nor are you certain of his faith : Why may not

Wander, as he does, every where ?

*Zen.* No more, sir ;

I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd

Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.

'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,

To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too

A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter

To his intemperate, rude, and wild embraces,

She hates as Heav'n hates falsehood.

*Rut.* A good wench !

She sticks close to you, sir. [Aside to Arn

*Zen.* His faith uncertain ?

The nobleness his virtue springs from doubt

D'ye doubt 'tis day now ? or, when your b

perfect,

Your stomach's well disposed, your pulses to

rate,

D'ye doubt you are in health ? I tell you, fat

One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,

Put in the scale against the count's whole being,  
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)  
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.  
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;  
His common and indifferent actions,  
Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my first  
To him in sacred vow I have given this body; [love;  
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench still!

Zen. And, 'till he fling me off, as undeserving,  
Which I confess I am of such a blessing,  
But would be loth to find it so—

Arn. Oh, never, [Coming forward.

Never, my happy mistress, never, never!  
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,  
One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.  
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,  
What danger of more dreadful look than death,  
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,  
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?  
A love so nobly great no power can ruin!  
Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,  
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,  
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,  
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,  
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall  
then,  
Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.

Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,  
Though I think well of your Custom, and could  
wish myself

For this night in your place, heartily wish it;  
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,  
I have a foolish gin here—[Laying his hand upon  
his sword.]—I say no more:

I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts are not  
enchanted—

Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining  
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd  
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly [me,  
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,  
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that af-  
fection

That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give  
it—

Rut. To a wild fellow that would worry her;  
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,  
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.  
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle  
To the rude claws of such a cat o' mountain?

You'd better tear her between two oaks! A town-  
bull

Is a meer stoick to this fellow, a grave philosopher;  
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.

Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir?

Rut. Though I confess [means,  
Any man would desire to have her, and by any  
At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,  
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids  
already,

That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my  
stomach!

This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the sad-  
And teaches them to stumble ever after. [die,  
That he should have her! For my brother now,  
That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought  
And will deal tenderly in the business; [on,

Or for myself, that have a reputation,  
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,  
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old sir,  
(If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you)  
This thing you study to betray your child to,  
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,  
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,  
Who do you think you have tied her to? A surgeon!  
I must confess, an excellent dissector;  
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies—

Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere com-  
pulsion,

No father's free-will; nor did I touch your person  
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves  
With any base or hired persuasions.

Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your for-  
tunes! [Exit.

Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You are  
To marry this count, lady? [determined

Zen. Marry him, Rutilio?

Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

Zen. You cannot mean that;

If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;  
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.  
I'll marry the devil first.

Rut. A better choice;

And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow;  
A cooler, o' my conscience.

Arn. Pray let me ask you;

And my dear mistress, be not angry with me  
For what I shall propound. I am confident  
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,  
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;  
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you:  
But, for this Custom, which this wretched country  
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;  
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,  
And modesty regarded as a May-game;  
What shall be here considered? Power we have none  
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:  
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.

Zen. I'll die an atheist then.

Arn. My noblest mistress,  
(Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)  
Say you did render up part of your honour,  
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish)  
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;  
Should I esteem you worse, forced to this render?  
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous:  
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,  
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?

Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,  
And fain would fling that burden on another?  
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?  
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?  
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;  
And therefore, rather wish that fall before-hand,  
Coloured with Custom not to be resisted?  
D'ye love as painters do, only some pieces,  
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,  
And let the mind pass by you, unexamined?  
Be not abused. With what the maiden vessel  
Is season'd first—You understand the proverb.

Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me vir-  
tuous.

Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love  
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have  
given me,

To entertain another, nay, a fairer,



And,—make the case thus desp'rate,—she must die else;

D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest? Be not deceived; these eyes should never see you more,

This tongue forget to name you, and this heart Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy. Empire, and more imperious love, alone Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs, When they are courted by lascivious land-floods, Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish; And though they purge again to their first beauty, The sweetness of their taste is clean departed: I must have all or none; and am not worthy Longer the noble name of wife, Arnaldo, Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.

*Arn.* I never shall deserve you; not to thank you!

You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach you. I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try you.

*Rut.* You might have tried a thousand women so, And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should Have followed your counsel.

Take heed o'clapping spurs to such free cattle.

*Arn.* We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,

And wisely too; we expect no common danger.

*Zen.* Be most assured I'll die first.

*Rut.* An't come to that once, The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!

*Enter CLUDIO and Guard.*

I'll jog along with you.—Here comes the stallion: How smug he looks upon the imagination Of what he hopes to act! Fox on your kidneys! How they begin to melt! How big he bears! Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company

Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness!— Plague of your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits

Than a hundred honest men, and more deserving the dog leers! *(ing.)*

*Clod.* [To ARNALDO.] You need not now be jealous;

I speak at distance to your wife; but, when the priest has done,

We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.

*Rut.* [Aside.] I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you.

The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he If I do come to the basting of you— [broils!]

*Arn.* Your lordship

May happily speak this to fright a stranger;

But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.

The Custom of this place, if such there be,

At best most damnable, may urge you to it;

But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.

However, I will presently prepare

To make her mine; and most undoubtedly

Believe you are abused; this Custom feign'd too;

And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.

*Clod.* Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir.—

And you sir, clear the place; but leave her here.

*Arn.* Your lordship's pleasure?

*Clod.* That anon, Arnaldo;

This is but talk.

*Rut.* Shall we go off?

*Arn.* By any means:

I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her; Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie be Nor dare he offer. [done,

*Rut.* Now do I long to worry him!— Pray have a care to the main chance.

[To ZENOCIA.

*Zen.* Pray, sir, fear not.

[Exit ARN. and RUT.

*Clod.* Now, what say you to me?

*Zen.* Sir, it becomes The modesty that maids are ever born with, To use few words.

*Clod.* Do you see nothing in me? Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder, The common mould of men come short, and want in?

Do you read no future fortune for yourself here? And what a happiness it may be to you, To have him honour you, all women aim at? To have him love you, lady, that man love you, The best, and the mostauteous, have run mad for?

Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd you I do not every day propound to women.

You are a pretty one; and, though each hour

I am glutt with the sacrifice of beauty,

I may be brought, as you may handle it,

To cast so good a grace and liking on you—

You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joyful: I give you leave.

*Zen.* 'Faith, sir, 'twill not shew handsome; Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too In these alarms.

*Clod.* Learn then, and be perfect.

*Zen.* I do beseech your honour pardon me, And take some skilful one can hold you play; I am a fool.

*Clod.* I tell thee, maid, I love thee;

Let that word make thee happy; so far love thee,

That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,

I will descend so low to marry thee.

Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from us!

Some, princes; some, great soldiers.

*Zen.* I am afraid

Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;

For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

*Clod.* Why?

*Zen.* Because I must not think to marry you.

I dare not, sir: The step betwixt your honour

And my poor humble state—

*Clod.* I will descend to thee,

And buoy thee up.

*Zen.* I'll sink to th' centre first.

Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure

You ever have had freely cast upon you?

Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:

Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,

And quieter a quartane fever find you.

If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:

Your eyes must be call'd home; your thoughts in cages,

To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;

The Custom, that your youth was ever nursed in, Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else,

And how that will appear—

*Clod.* We'll talk of that more.

*Zen.* Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,

As all young women are, that shew like handsome,  
Exceeding proud; being commended, monstrous;  
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleased;  
Unless it be with infinite observance;  
Which you were never bred to. Once well angered,  
As every cross in us provokes that passion,  
And, like a sea, I roll, toss, and chafe a week after:  
And then, all mischief I can think upon;  
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest—  
(I tell you what you'll find:) And in these fits,  
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,  
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,  
To such a vizard—Ten to one I die too;  
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.

*Clod.* Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these,

To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in another?

*Zen.* Him I have chosen I can rule and master,  
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,  
Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.  
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well counsel'd;

Take money for my ransom, and forget me;  
'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:  
And wheresoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,  
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,  
So virtuous and so fair—

*Clod.* You will not marry me?

*Zen.* I do beseech your honour be not angry  
At what I say,—I cannot love ye, dare not;  
But set a ransom for the flower you covet.

[*Kneels.*

*Clod.* No money, nor no prayers, shall redeem  
Not all the art you have.

[*that,*

*Zen.* Set your own price, sir.

*Clod.* Go to your wedding; never kneel to me!  
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you.  
Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my Custom,  
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

*Zen.* My mind shall not pay this Custom, cruel man!

*Clod.* Your body will content me: I'll look for you.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Bed-room in CHARINO'S House, covered with black.*

*Enter CHARINO, a Boy, and Servants, in black.*

*Char.* Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,

By the hot sun ravish'd of bud and beauty,  
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those blacks there,

The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,  
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,

Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bless her,

And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from her:

No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,  
Nor fall cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:

This is no mask of mirth, but murder'd honour!—  
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion  
I gave thee now; and pr'ythee, let thy lute weep.

*Song by the Boy, and Dance. Enter RUTLIO.*

*Rut.* How now? what lively's this? do you call this a wedding?

This is more like a funeral.

*Char.* It is one,  
And my poor daughter going to her grave;  
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her.—  
Make the earl's bed ready.—Is the marriage done,  
sir?

*Rut.* Yes, they are knit. But must this slub-  
Have her maidenhead now? [*berdegullion*

*Char.* There's no avoiding it.

*Rut.* And there's the scaffold where she must  
*Char.* The bed, sir. [*lose it?*

*Rut.* No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

*Char.* That we know.

*Rut.* To any honest well-deserving fellow,  
An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still  
now.

I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,  
This universal rutter—Fare ye well, sir;  
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,  
There may be yet a remedy.

*Char.* I wish it;

And all my best devotions offer to it. [*Exit Rut.*

*Enter CLODIO and Guard.*

*Clod.* Now, is this tie dispatch'd?

*Char.* I think it be, sir.

*Clod.* And my bed ready?

*Char.* There you may quickly find, sir,  
Such a loath'd preparation.

*Clod.* Never grumble,  
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:  
It must and shall be done.—Give me some wine,  
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!—

[*A Servant brings a cup of wine.*

Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,  
The toy I must take pains for! [*Drinks.*

*Char.* I beseech your lordship,  
Load not a father's love.

*Clod.* Pledge it, Charino;  
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:  
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,  
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)

Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,  
And my blood beats alarums through my body,  
And fancy high.—You of my guard retire,  
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,  
But music and sweet airs.—Now fetch your daughter;

And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,  
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,  
And dim the breaking East with her bright crys-  
I'm all on fire; away! [*tals.*

*Char.* And I am frozen. [*Exit with the Guard.*

*Enter ZENOCIA, with bow and quiver, an arrow bent;  
ARNOLDO and RUTLIO after her, armed.*

*Zen.* Come fearless on.

*Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,  
Beat me with dirty sticks.

*Clod.* What masque is this?  
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?  
The beautiful huntress, fairer far and sweeter!  
Diana, shews an Ethiop to this beauty,  
Protected by two virgin knights.

*Rut.* That's a lie,  
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.—  
The guard's dispersed.

*Arn.* Fortune, I hope, invites us.

*Clod.* I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart  
from me.

*Zen.* Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot,  
nor speak not;

For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death sits.  
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher!  
Thou scum of noble blood! repent, and speedily;  
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virgins.  
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!

*Arn.* The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,

In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;  
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,  
In nourishing this black and barbarous Custom.

*Clod.* My guard!

*Arn.* One word more, and thou diest.

*Rut.* One syllable

That tends to any thing, but "I beseech you,"

And, "as you're gentlemen, tender my case,"

And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat.

Thou dog-whelp! thou—

Pox upon thee, what should I call thee?—pompion!

Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot.

Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,

You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to

Lose no time, lady. [you.—

*Arn.* Pray take your pleasure, sir;

And so we'll take our leaves.

*Zen.* We are determined,

Die, before yield.

*Arn.* Honour and a fair grave—

*Zen.* Before a lustful bed! So for our fortunes.

*Rut.* *Du cat a whee*, good count! Cry, pr'ythee, cry.

Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you great booby. [Exit.

*Enter CHARINO.*

*Clod.* And is she gone then? Am I dishonour'd thus,

Cozen'd and baffled?—My guard there!—No man answer?

My guard, I say!—Sirrah, you knew of this plot. Where are my guard?—I'll have your life, you politic old thief! [villains

*Char.* Heaven send her far enough, And let me pay the ransom!

*Enter Guard.*

*Guard.* Did your honour call us?

*Clod.* Post every way, and presently recover The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.

*Guard.* This day was married, sir?

*Clod.* The same.

*Guard.* We saw 'em.

Making with all main speed to the port.

*Clod.* Away, villains!

Recover her, or I shall die.—[Exit Guard] I Didst not thou know?

*Char.* By all that's good, I did not.

If your honour mean their flight, to say I go for that,

Will be to lie: You may handle me as you please

*Clod.* Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all rigor;

For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure.

*Enter Guard.*

How now?

*Guard.* They're all aboard; a bark rode on for 'em.

And now are under sail, and past recovery.

*Clod.* Rig me a ship with all the speed that be;

I will not lose her!—Thou her most false father Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me, A whole day will I study to destroy thee.

*Char.* I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll be. [Exit

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Lisbon.*—*A Room in the House of* DONNA GUIOMAR.

*Enter MANUEL DU SOZA and GUIOMAR.*

*Man.* I hear and see too much of him, and that Compels me, madam, though unwillingly, To wish I had no uncle's part in him; And, much I fear, the comfort of a son You will not long enjoy.

*Gui.* 'Tis not my fault, And therefore from his guilt my innocence Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death, (Peace to his soul!) a mother's prayers and care Were never wanting in his education. His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study, I overcame the tenderness and joy I had to look upon him, and provided The choicest masters, and of greatest name, Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts.

*Man.* To train his youth up:—I must witness that.

*Gui.* How there he prosper'd, to the admiration Of all that knew him, for a general scholar, Being one of note before he was a man, Is still remembered in that academy. From thence I sent him to the emperor's court, Attended like his father's son; and there

Maintain'd him in such bravery and height, As did become a courtier.

*Man.* 'Twas that spoil'd him; My nephew had been happy, [but for that.] The court's a school, indeed, in which some Learn virtuous principles; but most forget Whatever they brought thither good and honest. Trifling is there in practice; serious actions Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known What's there in grace and fashion.

*Gui.* I have heard, yet That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor Took notice of his carriage and good parts; The grandesdes did not scorn his company; And of the greatest ladies he was held A complete gentleman.

*Man.* He indeed, danc'd well; A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two, To argue nimbleness and a strong back, Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true, That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows An exact courtier, and he knows that too; He has fought thrice, and come off still Which he forgets not.

*Gui.* Nor have I much reason To grieve his fortune that way.

*Man.* You are mistaken.

Prosperity does not search a gentleman's temper,  
More than his adverse fortune. I have known  
Many, and of rare parts, from their success  
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,  
And so transform'd from what they were, that all  
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in them.  
I need not write examples; in your son  
'Tis too apparent; for ere Don Duarte  
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was  
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now  
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance  
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,  
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,  
Ever to be in quarrels; and this makes him  
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

*Gui.* 'Would it were  
In my weak power to help it! I will use,  
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,  
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it  
With your command, as being a governor  
To the great king in Lisbon.

*Enter DUARTE and his Page.*

*Man.* Here he comes:  
We are unseen; observe him. [*They retire.*]

*Dua.* Boy.

*Page.* My lord.

*Dua.* What saith the Spanish captain that I  
To my bold challenge? [*struck,*]

*Page.* He refus'd to read it.

*Dua.* Why didst not leave it there?

*Page.* I did, my lord;

But to no purpose; for he seems more willing  
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair  
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,  
That from your lordship nothing can be got  
But more blows and disgraces.

*Dua.* He's a wretch,  
A miserable wretch, and all my fury  
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed  
I th' honour of Hippolyta?

*Page.* 'Tis broke off.

*Dua.* The reason?

*Page.* This was one; they heard your lordship  
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;  
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far  
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said  
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

*Dua.* They at their best are such, and ever shall  
Where I appear. [*be,*]

*Man.* Do you note his modesty?

[*Apart to GUIMAR.*]

*Dua.* But was there nothing else pretended?

*Page.* Yes;

Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,  
Stood on comparisons.

*Dua.* With whom?

*Page.* With you;

And openly profess'd that all precedence,  
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;  
Nor were your lordship to contend with one  
So far above you.

*Dua.* I look down upon him

With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;  
He's a name only, and all good in him  
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes:  
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,  
"This is a lord," he had liv'd unobserv'd  
By any man of mark, and died as one

Amongst the common rout. Compare with me?  
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,  
And know myself: that man is truly noble,  
And he may justly call that worth his own,  
Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could wish  
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kins-  
Of lesser power, or that my provident father [men  
Had been like to that riotous emperor  
That chose his belly for his only heir;  
For, being of no family then, and poor,  
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make  
That kingdom my inheritance.

*Gui.* Strange self-love!

[*Apart.*]

*Dua.* For if I studied the country's laws,  
I should so easily sound all their depth.  
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,  
That now are in most practice and esteem,  
Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,  
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,  
I would return in act more knowing, than  
Homer could fancy him: if a physician,  
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,  
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;  
And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs  
Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.  
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win  
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower  
Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms,  
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added  
To the Turk's present powers, I could direct,  
Command, and marshal them.

*Man.* And yet you know not [*Coming forward.*]  
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,  
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

*Dua.* All I speak,  
In act I can make good.

*Gui.* Why then, being master  
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them  
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,  
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting  
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?  
They are to you but like enchanted viands,  
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;  
And those so rare perfections in my son,  
Which would make others happy, render me  
A wretched mother.

*Man.* You are too insolent;  
And those too many excellencies, that feed  
Your pride, turn to a pluriy, and kill  
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,  
All blessings are conferred on you alone?  
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you  
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so  
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?  
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but spend it  
I th' wars, in service of your king and country.

*Dua.* Yes, so I might be general: No man lives  
That's worthy to command me.

*Man.* Sir, in Lisbon,  
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour  
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour  
From men of all conditions, and all sexes.  
And my authority, which you presume  
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,  
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,  
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish  
The next fault with as much severity  
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

*Gui.* And by that love you should bear, or that  
duty



You owe a mother, once more I command you  
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,  
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect  
My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,  
But never means nor favour.

[*Exeunt MAX. and GUY.*]

*Dua.* I am tutor'd  
As if I were a child still! The base peasants  
That fear and envy my great worth, have done  
But I will find them out: I will abroad.— [this:  
Get my disguise.—I have too long been idle;  
Nor will I curb my spirit: I was born free,  
And will pursue the course best liketh me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Same.—The Harbour.*

*Enter LEOPOLD, Sailors, and ZENOCIA.*

*Leop.* Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair  
I only challenge for myself. [captive]

*Sail.* You have won her,  
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd  
A burgess of the sea, and have been present  
At many a desperate fight, but never saw  
So small a bark with such incredible valour  
So long defended, and against such odds;  
And by two men scarce arm'd too.

*Leop.* 'Twas a wonder.  
And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,  
And their contempt of death, won more upon me  
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks  
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,  
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;  
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn  
Never to taste the bread of servitude,  
Both snatching up their swords, and from this  
Taking a farewell only with their eyes, [virgin]  
They leap'd into the sea.

*Sail.* Indeed, 'twas rare.

*Leop.* It wrought so much on me, that, but I  
fear'd

The great ship that pursued us, our own safety  
Hind'ring my charitable purpose to 'em,  
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives  
They should have had their liberties.

*Zen.* Oh, too late;  
For they are lost, for ever lost!

*Leop.* Take comfort;  
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;  
For, when they left the ships, they were within  
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and  
cunning  
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows.  
With one hand making way, and with the other  
Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the sea-  
gods

With war, unless they brought them safely off,  
That I am almost confident they live,  
And you again may see them.

*Zen.* In that hope  
I brook a wretched being, till I am  
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,  
Death hath so many doors to let out life,  
I will not long survive them.

*Leop.* Hope the best;  
And let the courteous usage you have found,  
Not usual in men of war, persuade you  
To tell me your condition.

*Zen.* You know it;  
A captive my fate and your power have made me:

Such I am now; but what I was, it skills not;  
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,  
I dare not challenge family, or country;  
And therefore, sir, inquire not: Let it suffice,  
I am your servant, and a thankful servant,—  
If you will call that so, which is but duty,—  
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,  
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)  
No slavery can appear in such a form,  
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not  
Boldly look on and suffer.

*Leop.* You mistake me:  
That you are made my prisoner, may prove  
The birth of your good fortune. I do find  
A winning language in your tongue and looks,  
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be denied;  
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be  
The victor's advocate.

*Zen.* To whom?

*Leop.* A lady;  
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,  
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;  
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps  
I might have sought to you.

*Zen.* This I hear gladly.

*Leop.* To this incomparable lady I will give you;  
(Yet being mine, you are already hers;)  
And to serve her is more than to be free,  
At least, I think so. And when you live with her,  
If you will please to think on him that brought you  
To such a happiness, (for so her bounty  
Will make you think her service,) you shall ever  
Make me at your devotion.

*Zen.* All I can do,  
Rest you assur'd of.

*Leop.* At night I'll present you;  
Till when, I am your guard.

*Zen.* Ever your servant!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—*The Street.*

*Enter ARNOLDO and RUTILIO.*

*Arn.* To what are we reserv'd?

*Rut.* 'Troth, 'tis uncertain.

Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and  
Stand fair, for ought I know, for hanging: Mooney  
We've none, nor e'er are like to have, 'tis to be  
doubted.

Besides we're strangers, wond'rous hungry stran-  
gers;

And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,  
Without a conjuror's help, I cannot find  
When we shall eat again.

*Arn.* These are no wants,  
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:  
In that alone all miseries are spoken!  
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,  
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,  
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers  
That send me from the fury of the ocean.

*Rut.* You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and  
chaste one;

Two blessings not found often in one woman.  
But she may be recover'd: Questionless,  
The ship that took us was of Portugal;  
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,  
We may hear of her.

*Arn.* In that hope I live.

*Rut.* And so do I: But hope is a poor sallad

To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.  
Have you no money left?

*Arn.* Not a denier.

*Rut.* Not anything to pawn? 'tis now in fashion.  
Having a mistress, sure you should not be  
Without a neat historical shirt.

*Arn.* For shame,  
Talk not so poorly.

*Rut.* I must talk of that,  
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;  
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,  
To fitch to feed me. Something must be done,  
And suddenly; resolve on't.

*Enter ZAMBON and a Servant.*

*Arn.* What are these?

*Rut.* One, by his habit, is a Jew.

*Zab.* No more:

Thou'rt sure that's he?

*Serv.* Most certain.

*Zab.* How long is it  
Since first she saw him?

*Serv.* Some two hours.

*Zab.* Be gone;

*[Exit Servant.]*

Let me alone to work him.

*Rut.* How he eyes you!

Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,  
What would he with us?

*Arn.* Innocence is bold;  
Nor can I fear.

*Zab.* That you are poor, and strangers,  
I easily perceive.

*Rut.* But that you'll help us,

Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir.

*Zab.* Why think you so?

*Rut.* Because you are a Jew, sir;  
And courtesies come sooner from the devil  
Than any of your nation.

*Zab.* We are men,

And have, like you, compassion, when we find  
Fit subjects for our bounty: and, for proof  
That we dare give, and freely—(not to you, sir;  
*[To RUTILIO.]*

Pray spare your pains)—there's gold: Stand not  
'Tis current, I assure you. *[amazed;]*

*Rut.* Take it, man!

Sure thy good angel is a Jew, and comes  
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,  
Mine would appear too, like a Turk.

*Arn.* I thank you;

But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue  
To any bad act you would have me practise,  
I must not take it.

*Zab.* This is but the earnest  
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,  
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement.  
Fortune, with all that's in her power to give,  
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her:  
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,  
Presents itself to you.

*Arn.* 'Tis above wonder.

*Zab.* But far beneath the truth, in my relation  
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.  
There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;  
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,  
You are invited to your good) is yours.  
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter  
Expect not the like offer. *[Exit.]*

*Arn.* 'Tis no vision.

*Rut.* 'Tis gold, I'm sure.

*Arn.* We must, like brothers, share;  
There's for you.

*Rut.* By this light, I'm glad I have it:  
There are few gallants (for men may be such,  
And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)  
But would receive such favours from the devil,  
Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded  
Sixty i' th' hundred.

*Arn.* Wherefore should I fear  
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me  
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.  
Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall meet  
Again, I doubt not.

*Rut.* Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,  
Nor Christian, for his sake.—Plague o' my stars!  
*[Exit ARNOLDO.]*

How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,  
Before I should have met with such a fortune!  
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,  
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard; that spoils  
us; *[now?]*  
The smooth chin carries all.—What's here to do

*Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, and a Page.*

*Dua.* I'll take you as I find you.

*Alon.* That were base;  
You see I am unarm'd.

*Dua.* Out with your bodkin;  
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,  
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are  
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,  
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:  
You carry poniards to murder men,  
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.

*Rut.* That's true, indeed. Upon my life this  
Is bribed to repeal banish'd swords. *[gallant]*

*Dua.* I'll shew you  
The difference now between a Spanish rapier  
And your pure Pisa.

*Alon.* Let me fetch a sword;  
Upon mine honour I'll return.

*Dua.* Not so, sir.

*Alon.* Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.  
*[To RUTILIO.]*

*Rut.* To be disgraced as you are? no, I thank  
'Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am *[you:]*  
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis  
For you, that are a man, to put yourself  
Into your enemy's mercy!

*Dua.* Yield it quickly,  
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you!  
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this, *[Kicks him.]*

You may again prefer complaints against me  
To my uncle and my mother, and then think  
To make it good with a poniard.

*Alon.* I am paid  
For being of the fashion.

*Dua.* Get a sword;  
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation,  
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,  
To put you in mind. *[Kicks him.]*

*Rut.* You are too insolent,  
And do insult too much on the advantage  
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,  
More than your valour.

*Dua.* This to me, you peasant?  
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;  
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:  
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you  
stare?

*Rut.* I have a sword, sir, you shall find; a good  
This is no stabbing guard. [one;

*Dua.* Wert thou thrice arm'd,  
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [Strikes him.

*Rut.* Then have at you; [They fight.  
I scorn to take blows.

*Dua.* Oh! I'm slain. [Falls.

*Page.* Help! murder! murder!

*Alon.* Shift for yourself; you are dead else;  
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.

*Page.* Raise the streets there.

*Alon.* If once you are beset, you cannot 'scape.  
Will you betray yourself?

*Rut.* Undone for ever!

[Exit RUTILIO and ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

*1st Off.* Who makes this outcry?

*Page.* Oh, my lord is murder'd!  
This way he took; make after him. Help, help  
there! [Exit Page.

*2d Off.* 'Tis Don Duarte.

*1st Off.* Pride has got a fall!

He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,  
And all our bill-authority; now he has paid for't;  
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off  
his body,

And bear it to the governor. Some pursue  
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;  
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:  
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;  
There's few will pity him: But for his mother  
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—A Bed-Chamber in DONNA GUIOMAR'S House.

Enter GUIOMAR and Servants.

*Gui.* He's not i' th' house?

*Serv.* No, madam.

*Gui.* Haste and seek him;  
Go all, and every where; I'll not to bed,  
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too;  
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;  
And those devotions I am to pay,  
Are written in my heart, not in this book;  
And I shall read them there, without a taper.

[She kneels. Exit Servants.

Enter RUTILIO.

*Rut.* I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;  
Not any hope to escape: behind, before me,  
On either side, I am beset. Cursed fortune!  
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;  
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!  
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,  
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,  
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears  
brought me?

I am got into a house; the doors all open;  
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,  
And other rich adornments, glist'ring through  
The sable mask of night, says it belongs  
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?  
Murmur, nor whisper?

*Gui.* Who's that?

*Rut.* By the voice,  
This is a woman.

*Gui.* Stephano, Jasper, Julia!  
Who waits there?

*Rut.* 'Tis the lady of the house;  
I'll fly to her protection.

*Gui.* Speak, what are you?

*Rut.* Of all that ever breath'd, a man most  
wretched.

*Gui.* I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners;  
You could not with so little reverence else  
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?  
Or what do you seek for?

*Rut.* Gracious woman, hear me!  
I am a stranger, and in that I answer  
All your demands; a most unfortunate stranger,  
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,  
Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice pursues  
And, for that life I took unwillingly. [me.  
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,  
Unless you, in your charity, protect me.  
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar  
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.  
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,  
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveness,  
Take pity on me!

*Gui.* Are you a Castilian?

*Rut.* No, madam; Italy claims my birth.

*Gui.* I ask not

With purpose to betray you; if you were  
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation  
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,  
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings;  
Behind my bed's-head there's a hollow place,  
Into which enter. [RUTILIO retires behind the bed.

—So; but from this stir not,  
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:  
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,  
That they will easily give credit to me,  
And search no further.

*Rut.* The blessed saints pay for me  
The infinite debt I owe you!

*Gui.* How he quakes!

Thus far I feel his heart beat.—Be of comfort;  
Once more I give my promise for your safety.  
All men are subject to such accidents,  
Especially the valiant;—and who knows not,  
But that the charity I afford this stranger,  
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, and Servants, with DUARTE on a  
Bier.

*1 Serv.* Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could  
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,  
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of  
Your great discretion.

*2 Serv.* Your only son,  
My lord Duarte's slain.

*1 Off.* His murderer,  
Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered  
Ent'ring your house, and that induced us  
To press into it for his apprehension.

*Gui.* Oh!

*1 Serv.* Sure her heart is broke.

*Off.* Madam!

*Gui.* Stand off!

My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,  
That you must not partake it; suffer it,  
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dispatch me!  
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this  
Thy pride long since did prophecy; thou art dead,  
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother  
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,  
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;  
And piety to a son, and true performance

Of hospitable duties to my guest,  
That are to others angels, are my furies.  
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given  
Denies the entrance : Is no medium left,  
But that I must protect the murderer,  
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar ?  
Motherly love, give place ; the fault made this way,  
To keep a vow, to which high Heaven is witness,  
Heav'n may be pleased to pardon !

*Enter MANUEL, Doctors and Surgeons.*

*Mam.* 'Tis too late ;  
He's gone, past all recovery : Now reproof  
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort !  
And yet remember, sister—

*Gui.* Oh, forbear !  
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,  
And, as you think fit, give it burial.  
Wretch that I am, incapable of all comfort !  
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,  
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear  
Your courteous visitations.

*Mam.* We obey you.

*[Exeunt, all but GUOTMAN, with the body.]*

*Rut.* My spirits come back, and now Despair  
resigns  
Her place again to Hope. *[Comes forth.]*

*Gui.* Whate'er thou art,  
To whom I have given means of life, to witness  
With what religion I have kept my promise,  
Come fearless forth ! but let thy face be cover'd,  
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee ;  
For motherly affection may return,  
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast ta'en  
from me

The respiration of my heart, the light  
Of my swollen eyes, in his life that sustain'd me.  
Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,  
Because what you did was not done with malice.  
You are not known ; there is no mark about you  
That can discover you ; let not fear betray you.  
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,  
That I may never see you ; and that want  
Of means may be no let unto your journey,  
There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door  
now,

And so farewell for ever.

*Rut.* Let me first fall *[Kneels.]*  
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty  
I owe your goodness : Next, all blessings on you,  
And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft you,  
With full increase hereafter ! Living, be  
The goddess styl'd of hospitality. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in the House of HIPPOLYTA.

*Enter LEOPOLD and ZENOCIA.*

*Leop.* Fling off these sullen clouds ; you are  
Into a house of joy and happiness ; *[enter'd now]*  
I have prepar'd a blessing for you.

*Zen.* Thank you :

My state would rather ask a curse !

*Leop.* You're peevish,  
And know not when you are friended. I've used  
those means,

The lady of this house, the noble lady,  
Will take you as her own, and use you graciously,  
Make much of what you're mistress of, that beauty ;  
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows :  
When you are old, and all those sweets hang  
Then sit and sigh. *[wither'd.]*

*Zen.* My autumn's not far off.

*Enter Servant.*

*Leop.* Have you told your lady ?

*Serv.* Yes, sir ; I have told her  
Both of your noble service, and your present,  
Which she accepts.

*Leop.* I should be blest to see her.

*Serv.* That now you cannot do : She keeps her  
chamber,

Not well dispos'd, and has denied all visits.  
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,  
So please you render her.

*Leop.* With all my service.

But fain I would have seen—

*Serv.* 'Tis but your patience :

No doubt she cannot but remember nobly.

*Leop.* These three years I have lov'd this scorn-  
ful lady,

And follow'd her with all the truth of service ;  
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me  
With sight of her blest beauty.—When you please,  
sir,

You may receive your charge ; and tell your lady,  
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated  
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.—  
And, fair one, now your help : You may remember  
The honest courtesies, since you were mine,  
I ever did your modesty. You shall be near her ;  
And if sometimes you name my service to her,  
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,  
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

*Zen.* What in my power lies, so it be honest—

*Leop.* I ask no more.

*Serv.* You must along with me, fair.

*Leop.* And so I leave you two ; but to a fortune  
Too happy for my fate : You shall enjoy her. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE II.—A Room in the same, splendidly furnished.

*Enter ZABULON and Servants.*

*Zab.* Be quick, be quick ; out with the banquet  
there !

These scents are dull ; cast richer on, and fuller ;  
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the

*Serv.* Here they stand ready, sir. *[music ?]*

*Zab.* 'Tis well. Be sure

The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,  
And amber'd all.

*Serv.* They are.

*Zab.* Give fair attendance.

In the best trim and state make ready all.  
I shall come presently again. *[A banquet set forth.]*

*2 Serv.* We shall, sir.— *[Exit ZAB.]*

What preparation's this ? Some new device  
My lady has in hand.

*1 Serv.* Oh, prosper it,

As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,  
And good meat with it ! Where are all the rest ?

*2 Serv.* They are ready to attend. *[Music.]*

1 *Serv.* Sure, some great person ;  
They would not make this hurry else.

2 *Serv.* Hark, the music.

*Enter ZABULON and ARNOLDO.*

It will appear now, certain ; here it comes.  
Now to our places.

*Arn.* Whither will he lead me ?  
What invitation's this ? to what new end  
Are these fair preparations ? a rich banquet,  
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,  
Fit for a prince's welcome ! What new game  
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,  
And then again to sink me ? 'Tis no illusion ;  
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.  
What wealth and state !

*Zab.* Will you sit down and eat, sir ?  
These carry little wonder, they are usual ;  
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,  
That, that will strike indeed, strike with amazement :  
Then if you be a man !—This fair health to you.

*[Drinks.]*

*Arn.* What shall I see ? I pledge you, sir. I  
was never

So buried in amazement !

*[Drinks.]*

*Zab.* You are so still :  
Drink freely.

*Arn.* The very wines are admirable !  
Good sir, give me but leave to ask this question,  
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd ?  
And why do you bring me hither ?

*Zab.* They are for you, sir ;  
And undervalue not the worth you carry,  
You are that worthy man : Think well of these,  
They shall be more, and greater.

*Arn.* Well, blind Fortune,  
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt pleas'd  
To play thy game out wantonly—

*Zab.* Come, be lusty,  
And awake your spirits.

*Arn.* Good sir, do not wake me,  
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray  
Are all these that attend here ? *[whose servants]*

*Zab.* They are yours ;

They wait on you.

*Arn.* I never yet remember  
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able  
To maintain so many.

*Zab.* Now you are, and shall be.

*Arn.* You'll say this house is mine too ?

*Zab.* Say it ? swear it.

*Arn.* And all this wealth ?

*Zab.* This is the least you see, sir.

*Arn.* Why, where has this been hid these thirty  
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy [years ?]  
Till this hour ; never dream'd of house and servants :  
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor  
I may eat boldly then ? *[gentleman.]*

*Zab.* 'Tis prepar'd for you.

*[ARNOLDO sits down and eats.]*

*Arn.* The taste is perfect, and most delicate :  
But why for me ? Give me some wine :—I do drink,  
I feel it sensibly, and I am here,  
Here in this glorious place : I am bravely us'd  
too.—

Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little ;  
For either I am much abus'd—

*Zab.* Strike, music ;

And sing that lusty song. *[Music, and a song.]*

*Arn.* Bewitching harmony !

Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

*Enter HIPPOLYTA.*

Happy and blest ; Arnolde *was* unfortunate.—  
Ha, bless mine eyes ! what precious piece of nature  
To poze the world ?

*Zab.* I told you, you would see that,  
Would darken these poor preparations.

What think you now ? Nay, rise not ; 'tis no vision.

*Arn.* 'Tis more ; 'tis miracle.

*Hip.* You are welcome, sir.

*Arn.* It speaks, and entertains me ; still more  
glorious !

She is warm, and this is flesh here : How she stirs  
Bless me, what stars are there ! *[me.]*

*Hip.* May I sit near you ?

*Arn.* No, you're too pure an object to behold,  
Too excellent to look upon and live ;  
I must remove.

*Zab.* She is a woman, sir.

Fie, what faint heart is this !

*Arn.* The house of wonder !

*[happy.]*

*Zab.* Do not you think yourself now truly

You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,  
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.

Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty ;

Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her

His best, his noblest, and most happy sister ;

Fortune has made her mistress of herself,

Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her ;

Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.

*Arn.* And all this is—

*Zab.* Hippolyta, the beautiful.

*Hip.* You are a poor relater of my fortunes,

Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,

And leave out that essential part of story

I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,—

The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship

Of this fair gentleman.—Pray ye, do not wonder,

Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady

Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and  
I will sit by you. *[courtesy,]*

*Arn.* I know not what to answer,  
Nor where I am ; nor to what end consider  
Why you do use me thus.

*Hip.* Are you angry, sir,

Because you're entertain'd with all humanity ?  
Freely and nobly used ?

*Arn.* No, gentle lady,

That were uncivil ; but it much amazes me,

A stranger, and a man of no desert,

Should find such floods of courtesy.

*Hip.* I love you,

I honour you, the first and best of all men ;

And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual

These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.

I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,

Because I say I love you, though I swear it ;

Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.

Though you be handsome, and the only man,

I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,

And bring along all promises that please us,

Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn  
you ;

And with as much contempt pursue your person.

As now I do with love. But you are wiser,

At least, I think, more master of your fortune ;

And so I drink your health.

*Arn.* Hold fast, good honesty ;

I am a lost man else !

*Hip.* Now you may kiss me ;

'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.

*Arn.* That I dare do, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*]

*Hip.* You do it well too;

You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.

*Arn.* 'Would you would send your people off.

*Hip.* Well thought on.—

Wait all without.

*Zab.* I hope she is pleased thoroughly.

[*Exeunt Zab. and Servants.*]

*Hip.* Why stand you still? here's no man to detect you;

My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;

The spirit you would raise is here already;

Look boldly on me.

*Arn.* What would you have me do?

*Hip.* Oh, most unmanly question! have you do?

Is't possible your years should want a tutor?

I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.

*Arn.* Fie, stand off;

And give me leave, more now than e'er to wonder,

A building of so goodly a proportion,

Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,

Should hide within so base inhabitants.

You are as fair as if the morning bare you;

Imagination never made a sweeter;

Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,

And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?

Be excellent in all, as you are outward,

The worthy mistress of those many blessings

Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,

Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.

Would you have me love you?

*Hip.* Yes.

*Arn.* Not for your beauty;

Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;

Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.

Nor for your wealth; although the world kneel to it,

And make it all addition to a woman;

Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest.

Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;

At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,

Strow over 'em a little modesty;

'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

*Hip.* Could any one that lov'd this wholesome counsel,

But love the giver more? You make me fonder.

You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.

Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you?

If you imagine I'm too free a lover,

And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:

Mine eyes shall speak my blushes, parley with you;

I will not touch your hand but with a tremble

Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,

But gently as the air, and undiscover'd too,

I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,

So still and silent, that it shall be equal

To put me off as that; and when I covet

To give such toys as these— [*Giving jewels.*]

*Arn.* A new temptation!

*Hip.* Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop Which past once are forgotten. [*'em,*]

*Arn.* Excellent vice!

*Hip.* Will you be won? Look steadfastly upon me,

Look manly, take a man's affections to you;

Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,

To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,  
To talk themselves into young men's affections.  
How cold and dull you are!

*Arn.* How I stagger!

She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;

I'll choke before I yield.

*Hip.* Who waits within there?

Make ready the green chamber.

*Zab.* [*Within.*] It shall be, madam.

*Arn.* I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.

*Hip.* What music do you love?

*Arn.* A modest tongue.

*Hip.* We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how

In a young lady's arms thus dull? [*lumpish!*]

*Arn.* For Heav'n's sake,

Profess a little goodness.

*Hip.* Of what country?

*Arn.* I am of Rome.

*Hip.* Nay, then, I know you mock me;

The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears.

Pr'ythee, go in.

*Arn.* I am not well.

*Hip.* I'll make thee;

I'll kiss thee well.

*Arn.* I am not sick of that sore.

*Hip.* Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;

I shall be famous for the first example:

With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, sir.

*Arn.* My strength? Away, base woman, I abhor thee!

I am not caught with stales. Disease dwell with thee! [*Exit.*]

*Hip.* Are you so quick? and have I lost my Ho, Zabulon! my servants! [*wishes?*]

*Enter ZABULON and Servants.*

*Zab.* Called you, madam?

*Hip.* Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many sued So many princes? By a stranger too? [*for?*] Must I endure this?

*Zab.* Where's the gentleman?

*Hip.* Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;

He has broke from me. Jewels I have given him: Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my love, my freedom:

Draw him before the governor, imprison him!

Why dost thou stay?

*Zab.* I'll teach him a new dance,

For playing fast and loose with such a lady.—

Come, fellows, come!—I'll execute your anger, And to the full.

*Hip.* His scorn shall feel my vengeance! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

*Sul.* Shall I never see a lusty man again?

*Ja.* 'Faith, mistress, You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em, And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.

*Sul.* Where's the Frenchman?

*Ja.* Alas! he's all to fitters;

And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe.

He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a *Sul.* What is become o' th' Dane? [*mourner.*]

*Ja.* Who, goldy-locks?

He's foul i' th' touch-hole, and recoils again ;  
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his  
cock ;

He lies at the sign o' th' Sun, to be new-breech'd.

*Sul.* The rutter, too, is gone.

*Ja.* Oh, that was a brave rascal ;  
He would labour like a threshers. But alas !

What thing can ever last ? He has been ill mew'd,  
And drawn too soon ; I have seen him in the

*Sul.* There was an Englishman. [hospital.

*Ja.* Ay, there was an Englishman ;

You'll scant find any now, to make that name good.  
There were those English, that were men indeed,  
And would perform like men ; but now they are  
vanish'd :

They are so taken up in their own country,  
And so beaten off their speed by their own women,  
When they come here, they draw their legs like  
hackneys.

Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.

*Sul.* I must have one that's strong,—no life in  
Lisbon else,—

Perfect and young : My custom with young ladies,  
And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break else.

I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.

They are all sunk I maintain'd.—Now, what's this  
What goodly fellow's that ? [business ?

*Enter RUTILIO and Officers.*

*Rut.* Why do you drag me ?

Pox o' your justice ! let me loose.

*1 Off.* Not so, sir.

*Rut.* Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken  
cellars,

And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-  
But he must be us'd thus rascally ? [doors open,

*1 Off.* What made you wand'ring  
So late i' th' night ? You know, that is imprison-

*Rut.* May be, I walk in my sleep. [ment.

*1 Off.* May be, we'll wake you.

What made you wand'ring, sir, into that vault,  
Where all the city store, and the munition lay ?

*Rut.* I fell into't by chance ; I broke my shins  
for't :

Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my head  
Against a hundred posts ; 'would you had had it !  
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence ?

*2 Off.* This will not serve you ; you cannot put  
it off so :

Your coming thither was to play the villain,  
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' th' city.

*Rut.* Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-  
doors open ?

Might you not fall, or you, had you gone that way ?  
I thought your city had sunk.

*1 Off.* You did your best, sir,

We must presume, to help it into the air,  
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's  
the law ;

He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,  
And have command in that place, presently,  
If there be nothing found apparent near him  
Worthy his torture, or his present death,  
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,  
(Which is six hundred ducats) or for six years  
Tug at an oar i' th' galleys. Will you walk, sir ?  
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.

*Rut.* Row in the galleys, after all this mischief ?

*2 Off.* May be, you were drunk : they'll keep  
you sober there.

*Rut.* Tug at an oar ? You are not arrant rascals,  
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me ?

*Sul.* A lusty-minded man.

*Ja.* A wondrous able.

*Sul.* Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty  
To speak a few words with your prisoner,  
And I shall thank you.

*1 Off.* Take your pleasure, lady.

*Sul.* What would you give that woman, should  
Redeem you from this slavery ? [redeem you,

*Rut.* Besides my service,

I'd give her my whole self ; I'd be her vassal.

*Sul.* She has reason to expect as much, consi-  
dering

The great sum she pays for it ; yet take comfort :  
What you shall do to merit this is easy,  
And I will be the woman shall befriend you ;  
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,  
And young fair gentlewomen : You guess the way :  
But giving of your mind—

*Rut.* I am excellent at it ;

You cannot pick out such another living.

I understand you : Is't not thus ? [Whispers.

*Sul.* You have it.

*Rut.* Bring me a hundred of 'em ; I'll dispatch  
I will be none but yours : Should another offer [em.

Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.

What women you shall please : I am monstrous  
lusty ;

Not to be taken down : Would you have children ?

I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.

*Sul.* I admire him, wonder at him !

*Rut.* Hark you, lady ;

You may require sometimes—

*Sul.* Ay, by my faith.

*Rut.* And you shall have it, by my faith, and  
handsomely.—

This old cat will suck shrewdly !—You have no  
daughters ?

I fly at all.—Now am I in my kingdom !

Tug at an oar ? No ; tug in a feather-bed,

With good warm caudles ; hang your bread and  
water !—

I'll make you young again, believe that, lady ;

I will so furnish you !

*Sul.* Come, follow, officers ;

This gentleman is free : I'll pay the ducats.

*Rut.* And when you catch me in your city  
Again, boil me with cabbage. [powdering-tub

*1 Off.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in HIPPOLYTA's House.

*Enter HIPPOLYTA and ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD behind.*

*Zen.* Will your ladyship wear this dressing ?

*Hip.* Leave thy prating ;

I care not what I wear.

*Zen.* Yet 'tis my duty

To know your pleasure, and my worst affection  
To see you discontented.

*Hip.* Weeping too ?

Pr'ythee, forgive me ; I am much distemper'd,  
And speak I know not what. To make thee  
amends,

The gown that I wore yesterday is thine ;  
Let it alone a while.

*Leop.* Now you perceive,

And taste her bounty.

*Zen.* Much above my merit.

*Leop.* But have you not yet found a happy time  
To move for me?

*Zen.* I have watch'd all occasions;  
But hitherto without success: Yet, doubt not  
But I'll embrace the first means.

*Leop.* Do and prosper.—  
Excellent creature, whose perfections make  
*[Coming forward.]*

Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,  
What would your smiles do?

*Hip.* Pox o' this stale courtship!

If I have any power—

*Leop.* I am commanded;  
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,  
Which I pay gladly. *[He retires.]*

*Hip.* To be forc'd to woo,  
Being a woman, could not but torment me:  
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,  
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,  
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me  
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,  
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,  
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage happy.  
I am, like others of a coarser feature,  
As weak t' allure, but in my dotage stronger.  
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,  
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours;  
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,  
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.  
But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,  
I am a woman; one, that never pardons  
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.

*Enter ZARULON.*

*Zab.* Madam, 'tis done.

*Hip.* What's done?

*Zab.* Th' uncivil stranger  
Is at your suit arrested—

*Hip.* 'Tis well handled.

*Zab.* And under guard sent to the governor;  
With whom my testimony, and the favour  
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,  
That he is sentenc'd—

*Hip.* How?

*Zab.* To lose his head. *[beat]*

*Hip.* Is that the means to quench the scorching  
Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,  
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,  
That of necessity it must destroy  
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,  
To think that injuries could make way for love,  
When courtesies were despised! that by his death  
Thou shouldst gain that, which only thou canst  
hope for

While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,  
And cannot be preserved, unless he perish.  
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever  
Have prized above my fame: Why doubt I now  
One only way is left me to redeem all.— [then?]   
Make ready my caroch!

*Leop.* What will you, madam?

*Hip.* And yet I am impatient of such stay—  
Bind up my hair!—Fie, fie, while that is doing,  
The law may cease his life! Thus as I am then,  
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal.

My frantic love transports me. *[Exit.]*

*Leop.* Sure she's distracted.

*Zab.* Pray you follow her; I will along with you:  
I more than guess the cause. Women, that love,  
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,  
What in another they refuse to have. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.—The Street.

*Enter CLODIO and CHARINO, disguised.*

*Clod.* Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd  
From what I was: The tempests we have met with  
In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,  
Compared to those the memory of my lusts  
Raised in my conscience: And if e'er again  
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue  
And seek to her as a lover, and a servant;  
And not command affection, like a tyrant.

*Char.* In hearing this, you make me young again;  
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change  
In setting of a period to our dangers, [in you,  
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,  
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.  
I have received assured intelligence,  
Such strangers have been seen here; and though yet  
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place  
Of their abode, I have a soul presages  
A fortunate event here.

*Clod.* There have pass'd  
A mutual interchange of courtesies  
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly  
We may presume of him, and of his power,  
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,  
I would not be known here; and these disguises  
Will keep us from discovery.

*Enter MANUEL, DOCTOR, ARNALDO, and Guard.*

*Char.* What are these?

*Clod.* The governor; with him my rival, bound.

*Char.* For certain, 'tis Arnaldo.

*Clod.* Let's attend  
What the success will be.

*Man.* Is't possible

There should be hope of his recovery,  
His wounds so many and so deadly?

*Doct.* So they appear'd at first; but, the blood  
stopp'd,

His trance forsook him, and, on better search,  
We found they were not mortal.

*Man.* Use all care

To perfect this unhop'd for cure; that done,  
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall  
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,  
Conceal it from his mother.

*Doct.* We'll not fail, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Man.* You still stand confident on your inno-  
cence?

*Arn.* It is my best and last guard, which I will  
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy. *[not]*

*Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZARULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, and  
two SERVANTS.*

*Hip.* Who bade you follow me? Go home!—  
As you respect me, go with her! [and you, sir,  
*Arn.* Zenocia!

And in her house a servant!

*Char.* 'Tis my daughter.

*[Zen. passes over the stage and exit.]*

*Clod.* My love!—[To CHARINO.] Contain your  
joy; observe the sequel.

*Man.* Fie, madam, how indecent 'tis for you,  
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus  
In th' open streets! Why do you kneel? pray you,  
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss [rise.  
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now  
Stands ready for his punishment.

*Hip.* Let it fall, sir,  
On the offender: He is innocent,



And most unworthy of these bonds he wears ;  
But I made up of guilt.

*Man.* What strange turn's this ?

*Leop.* This was my prisoner once.

*Hip.* If chastity

In a young man, and tempted to the height too,  
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,  
He justly may claim both. Love to his person  
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)  
Compell'd me first to train him to my house ;  
All engines I raised there to shake his virtue,  
Which in th' assault were useless ; he, unmoved  
As if he had no part of human frailty, [still,  
Against the nature of my sex, almost  
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,  
In our contention, young Apollo fly,  
And love-sick Daphne follow : All arts failing,  
By fight he won the victory, breaking from  
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women  
Unsuferable) invited me to practise  
A means to be revenged ; and from this grew  
His accusation, and the abuse  
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,  
(Thank Heaven) though wanton, I found not my-  
So far engaged to hell, to prosecute [self  
To the death what I had plotted ; for that love,  
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,  
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,  
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

*Man.* [To ARNOLDO.] What'e'r you are, so  
much I love your virtue,

That I desire your friendship.—Do you unloose him  
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repent-  
Makes part of satisfaction ; yet I must [ance  
Severely reprehend you.

*Leop.* [Aside.] I am made  
A stale on all parts ! But this fellow shall  
Pay dearly for her favour.

*Arn.* [Aside.] My life's so full  
Of various changes, that I now despair  
Of any certain port ; one trouble ending,  
A new, and worse, succeeds it : What should Zeno-  
Do in this woman's house ? Can chastity [cia  
And hot lust dwell together, without infection ?  
I would not be, or jealous, or secure ;  
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth  
on't.

That she lives is my bliss ; but living there,  
A hell of torments ! There's no way to her  
In whom I live, but by this door, through which  
To me 'tis death to enter ; yet I must  
And will make trial.

*Man.* Let me hear no more  
Of these devices, lady : This I pardon,  
And, at your intercession, I forgive  
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.  
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,  
Towards the setting forth of the last navy  
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which  
I balance with your ill now.

*Char.* Now, sir, to him ;  
You know my daughter needs it.

*Hip.* Let me take  
A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip  
Be barr'd the ceremony, courtesy,  
And custom too, allows of.

*Arn.* Gentle madam,  
I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,  
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded ;  
And let me tell you, that I am ashamed  
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,  
If you please to accept my ready service,  
Wait on you to your house.

*Hip.* Above my hope !—  
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,  
He should not be more welcome.

[Exit all ANN. and HIP.]

*Clod.* Now you know me.

*Man.* Yes, sir, and honour you ; ever remember-  
Your many bounties, being ambitious only [ing  
To give you cause to say, by some one service,  
That I am not ungrateful.

*Clod.* 'Tis now offer'd :  
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,  
Which ere long you shall know.

*Man.* When you think fit, sir ;  
And then as a command I will receive it ;  
Till when, most welcome.—[To CHARINO.] You  
are welcome too, sir ;

'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not  
Much protestation.—At your better leisure,  
I will inquire the cause that brought you hither ;  
I' th' mean time serve you.

*Clod.* You out-do me, sir.

[Exit all.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Doctor's House.

Enter DUARTE and Doctor.

*Dua.* You have bestow'd on me a second life,  
For which I live your creature ; and have better'd  
What Nature framed imperfect : My first being,  
Insolent pride made monstrous ; but this latter,  
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me  
Not to wrong others.

*Doct.* Then we live indeed,  
When we can go to rest without alarm  
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,  
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning  
Secure in being innocent : But when,  
In the remembrance of our worse actions,  
We ever bear about us whips and furies,  
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,  
Even life's a burden.

*Dua.* I have found and felt it ;  
But will endeavour, having first made peace  
With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,  
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,  
Pray, if you can, resolve me,—was the gentleman,  
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial ?

*Doct.* Nor known, nor apprehended.

*Dua.* That's my grief.

*Doct.* Why, do you wish he had been punish'd ?

*Dua.* No ;

The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that  
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n [way :  
It shall be my first care to seek him out,  
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,  
In opening my veins, which proud blood poison'd,  
Gave the first symptoms of true health.

*Doct.* 'Tis in you  
A Christian resolution. That you live

Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge  
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never  
Was solemnized with more tears of true sorrow,  
Than have been paid by your unequall'd mother  
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted  
With your recovery.

*Dua.* For some few days,  
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguised,  
I may abroad unknown.

*Doct.* Without suspicion  
Of being discover'd.

*Dua.* I am confident,  
No moisture sooner dies than women's tears;  
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,  
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose,  
Her further trial.

*Doct.* That as you think fit;  
I'll not betray you.

*Dua.* To find out this stranger,  
This true physician of my mind and manners,  
Were such a blessing—He seem'd poor, and may,  
Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could find him!  
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:  
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not  
Precians that way, but hot libertines;  
And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travail.  
I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, master Doctor,  
Can you supply me?

*Doct.* With what sum you please.

*Dua.* I will not be long absent.

*Doct.* That I wish too;

For, till you have more strength, I would not have  
To be too bold. [you

*Dua.* Fear not; I will be careful. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Street.

*Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, and a Bravo.*

*Zab.* I have brought him, sir; a fellow that will  
do it,

Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,  
You pay him for't.

*Leop.* He has a strange aspect,  
And looks much like the figure of a hangman  
In a table of the Passion.

*Zab.* He transcends  
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian,  
That hath so often taken the strappado,  
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick  
Is to a tumbler. He hath perused too  
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice seven years  
Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders;  
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,  
And 'scaped unpunish'd.

*Leop.* He is much in debt to you,  
You set him off so well.—What will you take, sir,  
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?

*Bra.* To beat him, say you?

*Leop.* Yes, beat him to lameness;  
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing,  
That may disgrace him.

*Bra.* Let me consider:  
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,  
I think, were no dear pennyworth.

*Zab.* Five hundred!

Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,  
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

*Bra.* Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man  
For half the money.

*Leop.* And will you ask more  
For a sound beating than a murder?

*Bra.* Ay, sir,  
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,  
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:  
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may  
Recover, and kill me.

*Leop.* A good conclusion.  
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:  
I'll run some other course. There's your reward,  
Without the employment.

*Bra.* For that, as you please, sir.  
When you have need to kill a man, pray use me:  
But I am out at beating. [Exit.

*Zab.* What's to be done then?

*Leop.* I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy  
To my most near designs. This stranger, which  
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner  
When the last virgin I bestowed upon her  
Was made my prize; how he escaped, hereafter  
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love  
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.

*Zab.* 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw  
her,

His looks expressed so much; and, for more proof,  
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet  
He never knew her, he hath practised with me  
To help him to a conference, without  
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promised.

*Leop.* And by all means perform it, for their  
meeting;

But work it so, that my disdainful mistress  
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,  
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.

*Zab.* To what end, sir?

*Leop.* This, Zabulon: When she sees  
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness  
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,  
The sight will make her scorn what now she dotes on.  
I'll double thy reward.

*Zab.* You are like to speed then:  
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,  
We serve them best that are most apt to give.  
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,  
And yet be unobserved.

*Leop.* That I desire too. [Exit.

## SCENE III.—A Room in HIPPOLYTA'S House, with a Gallery.

*Enter ARNOLDO.*

*Arn.* I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,  
The poison of this place should mix itself  
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was com-  
manded,

Or my eyes failed me grossly; that youth, that  
face,  
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,  
And yet be honest still?

*Enter ZERNOCIA, apart.*

*Zen.* It is Arnolde,  
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless thee!  
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!  
But why in this place? what business hath he  
here?

He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.  
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now,  
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me!

*Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA and ZABULON; and below, LEOPOLD, concealing himself.*

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so, Without compare admired. She has bewitch'd him, And he forgot—

*Arn.* 'Tis she again; the same, The same Zenocia.

*Zab.* There are they together; Now you may mark.

*Hip.* Peace; let 'em parley.

*Arn.* That you are well, Zenocia, and once more Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence, I thank the gods! But that I meet you here—

*Hip.* They are acquainted.

*Zab.* I found that secret, madam, When you commanded her to go home. Pray hear 'em.

*Zen.* That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnaldo.

Your cunning comes too late: I am a woman; And one woman with another may be trusted. Do you fear the house?

*Arn.* More than a fear, I know it; Know it not good, not honest.

*Zen.* What do you here then?

I th' name of virtue, why do you approach it? Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it? Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnaldo? What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie, Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another? I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous, And able to betray a strong man's liberty; But you, that have a love, a wife—You do well To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnaldo, Since you are pleased to study a new beauty, And think this old and ill, beaten with misery, Study a nobler way, for shame, to love her: Wrong not her honesty—

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes, And love your loves, though they be my destructions. No man shall know me, nor the share I have in No eye suspect I am able to prevent you: [thee; For since I am a slave to this great lady, Whom I perceive you follow—

*Arn.* Be not blinded.

*Zen.* Fortune shall make me useful to your service. I will speak for you. [vice:

*Arn.* Speak for me? You wrong me.

*Zen.* I will endeavour, all the ways I am able, To make her think well of you;—will that please?—To make her dote upon you, dote to madness. So far, against myself, I will obey you: But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty, This great obedience (few will buy it at my price) Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well, But never see you more, nor receive comfort From any thing, Arnaldo.

*Arn.* You are too tender;

I neither doubt you, nor desire longer To be a man, and live, than I am honest, And only yours; Our infinite affections Abused us both.—

*Zab.* Where are your favours now?

The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?

*Hip.* Have I now found the cause?

*Zab.* Attend it further.—

*Zen.* Did she invite you, do you say?

*Arn.* Most cunningly;

And with a preparation of that state, I was brought in and welcomed—

*Zen.* Seem'd to love you?

*Arn.* Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.

*Zen.* She is a goodly lady.

*Arn.* Wond'rous handsome.

At first view, being taken unprepared, Your memory then to assist me, She seemed so glorious, sweet, and so far stirr'd Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done. [me—

*Zen.* Pr'ythee,

Didst thou not kiss, Arnaldo?

*Arn.* Yes, 'faith, did I.

*Zen.* And then—

*Arn.* I durst not, did not.

*Zen.* I forgive you:

Come, tell the truth.

*Arn.* May be, I lay with her.

*Hip.* He mocks me too, most basely.

*Zen.* Did you, 'faith?

Did you forget so far? [Weep.

*Arn.* Come, come, no weeping;

I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that. Why will you ask those things you would not hear? She's too intemperate to betray my virtues, Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt But with that seeming modesty she might, And flung a little art upon her ardour— But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her, And glad I was deceived. No, my Zenocia, My first love, here begun, rests here unrecap'd yet, And here for ever.

*Zen.* You have made me happy;

Even in the midst of bondage blest.—

*Zab.* You see now,

What rubs are in your way.

*Hip.* And quickly, Zabulon, I'll root 'em out.—[Whispers.] Be sure you do this presently.

*Zab.* Do not you alter then.

*Hip.* I'm resolute. [Exit ZABULON.

*Arn.* To see you only I came hither last, Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements; For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.

*Leop.* I am glad of that; you have saved me so much vengeance, And so much fear. From this hour, fair befall you! [Apert.

*Arn.* Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;

'Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper, Only her lust condemn.

*Zen.* When shall I see you?

*Arn.* I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair 'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you. [still

*Hip.* [Aloud.] Shut all the doors.

*Arn.* Who's that?

*Zen.* We are betray'd;

The lady of the house has heard our parley, Seen us, and seen our loves.

*Hip.* You courteous gallant, You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you, That slight and jeer my love, condemn the fortune My favours can fling on you, have I caught you? Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes? Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that, That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more, Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish man,

And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on  
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted;  
Redeem her then, and steal her hence.—Ho, Za-  
Now to your work. [Hulon!]

*Enter ZANULON and Servants, some seize ARNOLDO, others  
Zenocia, offering to strangle her with a cord.*

*Arn.* Lady! But, hear me speak first,  
As you have pity.

*Hip.* I have none. You taught me:  
When I have hung about your neck, you scorn'd  
*Zab.* Shall we pluck yet? [me.]

*Hip.* No, hold a little, Zabulon;  
I'll pluck his heart-strings first.—Now am I wor-  
A little of your love? [thy]

*Arn.* I'll be your servant;  
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,  
Let it be death!

*Hip.* Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.

*Arn.* But spare this virgin!

*Hip.* I would spare that villain first,  
Had cut my father's throat.

*Arn.* Bounteous lady, [Kneels.]

If in your sex there be that noble softness,  
That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for—

*Zen.* Kneel not, Arnolde; do her not that  
She is not worthy such submission: [honour;

I scorn a life depends upon her pity.—

Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger  
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!  
I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,  
An innocence, shall outlook thee, and death too.

*Arn.* Make me your slave; I give my freedom  
For ever to be fetter'd to your service! [to you,

'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,  
To strike the innocent. This gentle maid

Never intended fear and doubt against you:  
She is your servant: pay not her observance

With cruel looks, her dutious faith with death.

*Hip.* Am I fair now? now am I worth your  
liking?

*Zen.* Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious  
devil!

Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted fury!

*Arn.* Speak gently, sweet! speak gently.

*Zen.* I'll speak nobly;

'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.—

Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,

And then consider, how I weigh thy angers!

Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,

Than useful to his honour I preserve it.

If thou hadst studied all the courtesies

Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,

Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,

Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,

As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.

'Tis such a grace—

*Hip.* You shall not want that favour:

Let your bones work miracles!

*Arn.* Dear lady,

By those fair eyes—

*Hip.* There is but this way left you

To save her life—

*Arn.* Speak it, and I embrace it.

*Hip.* Come to my private chamber presently,

And there, what love and I command—

*Arn.* I'll do it.—

*Be comforted, Zenocia.*

*Zen.* Do not do this!

To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!

charge you by your love, that love you bear me,

That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,  
By all your promises (take heed you keep 'em)—  
Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,  
Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,

My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!

Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?

Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?

Go, and intwine thyself about that body!

Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,

Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most

basely,

Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,

To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,

Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband!

*Arn.* What shall I do to save her?

*Hip.* How now? what haste there?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The governor, attended with some gentle-  
men,

Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.

*Hip.* Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for

I shall have other time. [this hour;

*Arn.* Now, Fortune, help us!

*Hip.* I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all.

[*Exit Hip. and Servant.*]

*Zab.* You rise to-day upon your right side,  
lady.—

You know the danger too, and may prevent it;

And if you suffer her to perish thus,

(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,

Unless you stand her friend,—you know the way

on't.—)

I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.

Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;

There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.

You understand—

*Arn.* I understand you bawd, sir.

And such a counsellor I never cared for.

*Enter DON MANUEL the Governor, CLODIO, LEOPOLD,*

*CHARINO and Attendants, at one door, HIPPOLYTA at*

*the other.*

*Hip.* Your lordship does me honour.

*Man.* Fair Hippolyta,

I'm come to ease you of a charge.

*Hip.* I keep none

I count a burden, sir.—And yet I lie too. [*Aside.*

*Man.* Which is the maid? Is she here?

*Clod.* Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;

The very same I sued to your lordship for.

*Zen.* Clodio again? More misery? more ruin?

Under what angry star is my life govern'd!

*Man.* Come hither, maid: You are once more

Here I discharge your bonds. [a free woman;

*Arn.* Another smile,

Another trick of Fortune to betray us!

*Hip.* Why does your lordship use me so un-

nobly;

Against my will, to take away my bond-woman?

*Man.* She was no lawful prize, therefore no

bond-woman:

She's of that country we hold friendship with,

And ever did; and, therefore, to be used

With entertainment fair and courteous.

The breach of league in us gives foul example;

Therefore, you must be pleased to think this

honest.—

Did you know what she was? [*To LEOPOLD.*

*Leop.* Not 'till this instant;

For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

*Man.* There, take the maid ; she's at her own dispose now :  
And if there be aught else to do your honour  
Any poor service in—

*Clod.* I am vow'd your servant.

*Arn.* Your father's here too, that's our only comfort ;

And in a country now we stand, free people,  
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.

*Zen.* I fear some trick yet.

*Arn.* Be not so dejected.

*Man.* [ *To Hip.* ] You must not be displeased ;  
so, farewell, lady.—

Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me  
I have a little business. [ *too :*

*Leop.* I attend your lordship.—

Now my way's free, and my hopes lords again.  
[ *Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*

*Hip.* D'ye jeer me now ye are going ?

I may live yet—to make you howl both. [ *then ;*

*Zab.* You might have done ; you had power  
But now the chains are off, the command lost ;  
And such a story they will make of this,  
To laugh out lazy time—

*Hip.* No means yet left me ?

For now I burst with anger ! None to satisfy me ?  
No comfort ? no revenge ?

*Zab.* You speak too late ;  
You might have had all these your useful servants,  
Had you been wise and sudden. What power or  
Over her beauty have you now, by violence [ *will,*  
To constrain his love ? She is as free as you are,  
And no law can impeach her liberty ;  
And, while she's so, Arnol'do will despise you.

*Hip.* Either my love or anger must be satisfied,  
Or I must die !

*Zab.* I have a way would do it,  
Would do it yet ; protect me from the law.

*Hip.* From anything ! Thou know'st what power  
What money, and what friends. [ *I have,*

*Zab.* It is a devilish one :  
But such must now be used. Walk in, I'll tell you ;  
And if you like it, if the devil can do anything—

*Hip.* Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.

[ *Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of SULPITIA, the Bawd.*

*Enter SULPITIA and JAQUES.*

*Sul.* This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,  
And so bestirs himself—

*Ja.* Give him breath, mistress ;  
You'll melt him else.

*Sul.* He does perform such wonders—  
The women are mad on him.

*Ja.* Give him breath, I say ;  
The man is but a man ; he must have breath.

*Sul.* How many had he yesterday ?

*Ja.* About fourteen ; and they paid bravely too.  
But still I cry, give breath ; spare him, and have him.

*Sul.* Five dames to-day : This was a small stage :  
He may endure five more.

*Ja.* Breathe, breathe, I cry still ;  
Body o' me, give breath ; the man's a lost man else.  
Feed him, and give him breath.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*Sul.* Welcome, gentlewomen ;  
You're very welcome.

*1st Gent.* We hear you have a lusty and well-  
complexion'd fellow,  
That does rare tricks. My sister and myself here  
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.

*Sul.* Jaques, conduct 'em in.

*Both.* There's for your courtesy. [ *Give money.*  
[ *Exeunt Ja. and Gent.*

*Sul.* Good pay still, good round pay. This  
happy fellow

Will set me up again ; he brings in gold

Faster than I have leisure to receive it.

Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading !

But I'll so pap him up—Nothing too dear for him.

What a sweet scent he has ! [ *Re-enter JAQUES.* ]  
Now, what news, Jaques ?

*Ja.* He cannot last ; I pity the poor man,  
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-  
dames,

And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,  
Are ready now to enter : And behind these,  
An old dead-palsied lady in a litter ;  
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's  
lost !

You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-  
But, for his flesh— [ *pins ;*

*Sul.* These are but easy labours ;  
Yet, for I know he must have rest—

*Ja.* He must ;

You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

*Sul.* Go in, and bid him please himself ; I'm  
pleased too,

To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,  
I would have him take pity o' th' old lady :  
Alas, 'tis charity !

*Ja.* I'll tell him all this ;

And, if he be not too fool-hardy— [ *Exit.*

*Enter ZABULON.*

*Sul.* How now ?

What news with you ?

*Zab.* You must presently  
Show all the art you have, and for my lady.

*Sul.* She may command.

*Zab.* You must not dream, nor trifle.

*Sul.* Which way ?

*Zab.* A spell you must prepare, a powerful one ;  
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all ;  
There is the picture too : Be quick and faithful,  
And do it with that strength—When 'tis per-  
form'd,

Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.

*Sul.* I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark  
Will you never lie at home again ? [ *ye,*

*Zab.* Excuse me ;

I have too much business yet.

*Sul.* I am right glad on't.

*Zab.* Think on your business ; so, farewell.

*Sul.* I'll do it.

*Zab.* Within this hour I'll visit you again,  
And give you greater lights.

*Sul.* I shall observe you.

This brings a brave reward ; bravely I'll do it,  
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.

[ *Exeunt severally.*

*Enter RUTILIO, with a Night-cap.*

*Rut.* Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden !  
Fie, how my hams shrink under me ! Oh me,  
I am broken-winded too ! Is this a life ?  
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at ?

I had a body once, a handsome body,  
And wholesome too : Now, I appear like a rascal,  
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.  
Fie, how I faint ! — Women ! keep me from women !  
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure ;  
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation ;  
But women ! women ! oh, the devil ! women !  
Curtius' gulf was never half so dangerous.  
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,  
And fall into the cellar, and be taken ?  
No lucky fortune to direct me that way ?  
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows ?  
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,  
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women !  
How devilishly my bones ache ! Oh, the old lady !  
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my back  
too ;  
Oh, how she stings ! No treason to deliver me ? —  
Now, what are you ? do you mock me ?

*Enter three Men, with Night-caps, very faintly.*

*1st Man.* No, sir, no ;  
We were your predecessors in this place.  
*2d Man.* And come to see how you bear up.  
*Rut.* Good gentlemen !  
You seem to have a snuffing in your head, sir,  
A parlous snuffing ; but this same dampish air—  
*2d Man.* A dampish air, indeed.  
*Rut.* Blow your face tenderly,  
Your nose will ne'er endure it.—Mercy o' me,  
What are men changed to here ! Is my nose fast  
yet ?  
Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts.—Pray tell me, gen-  
How long is't since you flourish'd here ? [*tlemen,*  
*3d Man.* Not long since.  
*Rut.* Move yourself easily ; I see you are ten-  
Nor long endured ? [*der.*—  
*2d Man.* The labour was so much, sir,  
And so few to perform it—  
*Rut.* Must I come to this,  
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog ?  
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.—  
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen ?  
*1st Man.* No truly, sir,  
The place has been too warm for our complexions.  
*2d Man.* We have enough on't : Rest you merry,  
We came but to congratulate your fortune ; [*sir !*  
You have abundance.  
*3d Man.* Bear your fortune soberly ;  
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.

[*Exeunt.*

*Rut.* Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gen-  
tlemen,  
At the next hospital.—There's no living thus,  
Nor am I able to endure it longer :  
With all the help and heats that can be given me,  
I am at my trot already. They are fair and young,  
Most of the women that repair unto me ;  
But they stick on like burs, shake me like fea-  
thers.—

*Enter SULPITIA.*

More women yet ? 'Would I were honestly mar-  
To any thing that had but half a face, [*ried*  
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock,  
That I might be civilly merry when I pleased,  
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills !

*Sul.* By this, the spell begins to work.—You  
I see ; you bear up bravely yet. [*are lusty,*

*Rut.* Do you hear, lady ?  
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,

And fling on all your whelps ; it will not hold :  
Play me with some discretion ; to-day, one course,  
And, two days hence, another.

*Sul.* If you be so angry,  
Pay back the money I redeemed you at,  
And take your course ; I can have men enough.  
You have cost me a hundred crowns since you  
came hither,

In broths and strength'ning caudles ; till you do  
pay me,  
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour ;  
I'll chain you to't else.

*Rut.* Make me a dog-kennel,  
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare  
bones,  
And be whipp'd out o' doors ! Do you mark me,  
lady ? whipp'd !  
I'll eat old shoes.

*Enter DUARTE.*

*Dua.* In this house, I am told,  
There is a stranger, of a goodly person ;  
And such a one there was—If I could see him,  
I yet remember him.

*Sul.* Your business, sir ?  
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd ;  
I keep none here. [*Exit.*

*Dua.* Certain, this is the gentleman ;  
The very same.  
*Rut.* 'Death ! if I had but money,  
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,  
I'd thresh, set up a cobbler's shop, keep hogs,  
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes  
And knights of ginger-bread ;  
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it  
lordly,

From this base stallion-trade.—Why does he eye  
Eye me so narrowly ? [*me,*

*Dua.* It seems, you are troubled, sir ;  
I heard you speak of want.

*Rut.* 'Tis better hearing  
Far, than relieving, sir.

*Dua.* I do not think so ;  
You know me not.

*Rut.* Not yet, that I remember.

*Dua.* You shall, and for your friend ; I am be-  
holden to you,

Greatly beholden, sir. If you remember,  
You fought with such a man, they call'd Duarte,  
A proud distemper'd man : He was my enemy,  
My mortal foe ; you slew him fairly, nobly.

*Rut.* Speak softly, sir ; you do not mean to be-  
tray me ?—

I wish'd the gallows ; now they're coming fairly.

*Dua.* Be confident ; for, as I live, I love you ;  
And now you shall perceive it : For that service,  
Me and my purse command ; there, take it to you ;  
'Tis gold, and no small sum ; a thousand ducats :  
Supply your want.

*Rut.* But do you do this faithfully ?

*Dua.* If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.  
In what else may I serve you, sir ?

*Rut.* I thank you !

This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.  
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,  
And now I'll tempt my fortune.

*Dua.* Trust me with it.

*Rut.* You are so good and honest, I must trust  
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady, [*you.*  
That saved my life once.

*Dua.* That will be most thankful ;  
I will do't with all care.

*Rut.* Where are you, White-broth ?

*Enter SCULPTIA.*

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money ;  
'Tis ready here :—No threats, nor no orations,  
Nor prayers now !

*Sul.* You do not mean to leave me ?

*Rut.* I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.  
Come quickly, come, dispatch ! this air's un-  
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't ! [wholesome.

*Sul.* Well, since it must be,  
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.

*Rut.* And pick his bones, as you've done mine ;  
pox take you !

*Dua.* At my lodging, for a while, you shall be  
quarter'd,

And there take physic for your health.

*Rut.* I thank you.—

I have found my angel now too, if I can keep  
him !

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter RUTILIO AND DUARTE.*

*Rut.* You like the letter ?

*Dua.* Yes ; but I must tell you,  
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit  
The mother (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumour'd)  
Of him you slew so lately.

*Rut.* I have told you  
Some proofs of her affection ; and I know not  
A nearer way to make her satisfaction  
For a lost son, than speedily to help her  
To a good husband ; one that will beget  
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.  
I have had a breathing now, and have recovered  
What I lost in my late service : 'twas a hot one ;  
It fired and fired me ; but, all thanks to you, sir,  
You have both freed and cool'd me.

*Dua.* What is done, sir,  
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded ;  
And therefore spare your thanks.

*Rut.* I'll no more whoring ;  
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one  
Than all the exercise in the world besides.  
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,  
Or like gourd-water to it ; twenty surfeits  
Come short of one night's work there. If I get  
this lady,

(As ten to one I shall ; I was ne'er denied yet)  
I will live wondrous honestly ; walk before her  
Gravely and demurely,  
And then instruct my family.—You are sad ;  
What do you muse on, sir ?

*Dua.* 'Truth, I was thinking  
What course to take for the delivery of your letter ;  
And now I have it. But, 'faith, did this lady  
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know  
You kill'd her son ?

*Rut.* Give me a book, I'll swear 't :  
Denied me to the officers that pursued me,  
Brought me herself to th' door, then gave me gold  
To bear my charges ; and shall I make doubt then  
But that she loved me ? I am confident,  
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be  
Most welcome to her : For then to have woo'd her,  
Had been unseasonable.

*Dua.* Well, sir, there's more money.  
To make you handsome. I'll about your business—  
You know where you must stay ?

*Rut.* There you shall find me.—

'Would I could meet my brother now, to know  
Whether the Jew, his genius, or my Christian,  
Has proved the better friend. [*Exit.*

*Dua.* Oh, who would trust

Deceiving woman ? or believe that one  
The best, and most canonized, ever was  
More than a seeming goodness ? I could rail now  
Against the sex, and curse it ; but the theme  
And way's too common. Yet that Guionar,  
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be  
The wonder of our nation,) she that was  
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,  
Both wife and widow ; she that in my breeding  
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,  
And tenderness to a son : she that yet feigns  
Such sorrow for me ; good God, that this mother,  
After all this, should give up to a stranger  
The wreck she owed her son ! I fear her honour.  
That he was saved, much joys me ; I grieve only,  
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,  
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,  
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,  
Or used to cloke her base hypocrisy. [*Exit.*

### SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

*Enter HIPPOLYTA AND SCULPTIA, in the dress of a Magician.*

*Hip.* Or you assured the charm prevails ?

*Sul.* Do I live ?

Or you speak to me ? Now, this very instant,  
Health takes its last leave of her ; meagre paleness,  
Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies.  
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face  
To force affection is beyond our art ; [with.  
For I have proved all means that hell has taught  
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it, [me,  
To change Arnol'do's love ; but to no purpose.  
But, for your bond-woman—

*Hip.* Let her pine and die !  
She removed, which, like a brighter sun,  
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again.  
And, as I have been, be admired and sought to.  
How long has she to live ?

*Sul.* Lady, before  
The sun twice rise and set, be confident  
She is but dead ; I know my charm hath found her,  
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,  
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,  
Defend her from it.

*Enter ZABULON.*

*Zab.* All things have succeeded  
As you could wish ; I saw her brought sick home,  
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.  
Let me adore this second Hecate,  
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,  
That, as she pleases, can cut short, or lengthen  
The thread of life !

*Hip.* Where was she when th' enchantment  
First seized upon her?

*Zab.* Taking the fresh air,  
I' th' company of the governor and Count Clodio;  
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;  
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)  
As she was giving thanks to the governor  
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,  
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,  
To their amazement.

*Hip.* 'Tis thy master-piece,  
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;  
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more  
Make trial of thy powerful art; which, known,  
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,  
And be thyself. [They retire.]

*Enter DON MANUEL the Governor, CLODIO, and CHARINO.*

*Sul.* Stand close; you shall hear more.

*Man.* You must have patience; all rage is  
vain now,

And piety forbids that we should question  
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,  
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.

*Clod.* Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of  
hell!

Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions  
So free from the suspicion of crime,  
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,  
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.

*Char.* Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia  
suffers.

The sin I made, when I sought to raze down  
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,  
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,  
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow  
He now expresses for her, does deserve her  
Above all names, though such had been his rivals.

*Clod.* All ancient stories, of the love of hus-  
bands

To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!

*Char.* The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,  
Or, for his sake, believed!

*Man.* I have heard there has been  
Between some married pairs such sympathy,  
That the husband has felt really the throes  
His wife, then teeming, suffers: This true grief  
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

*Clod.* We shall find  
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now  
All possible means to help her.

*Man.* Care, nor cost,  
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting.  
Make use of any means or men.

*Char.* You are noble.

[Exeunt MAN, CLOD. and CHAR.]

*Sul.* Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.  
Her fate is in your hand.

*Hip.* Can I restore her?

*Sul.* If you command my art.

*Hip.* I'll die myself first!

And yet I will go visit her, and see  
This miracle of sorrow, in Arnoldo:  
An 'twere for me, I should change places with her,  
And die most happy! Such a lover's tears  
Were a rich monument; but too good for her  
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,  
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,  
Be not far off.

*Zab.* I will attend you, madam.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in GUIOMAR'S House.

*Enter DUANTE and a Servant.*

*GUIOMAR seated in the back ground.*

*Serv.* I have served you from my youth, and  
ever you  
Have found me faithful. That you live is a trea-  
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth [sure  
But when you give me warrant.

*Dua.* I rely  
Upon thy faith.—Nay, no more protestations;  
Too many of them will call that in question,  
Which now I doubt not. She is there?

*Serv.* Alone too;  
But take it on my life, your entertainment,  
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.  
For the displeasure I shall undergo,  
I am prepared.

*Dua.* Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.—

[Exit Servant.]

The silence that's observed, her close retirements,  
No visitants admitted, not the day,  
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,  
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;  
Manners, give leave!—She sits upon the ground;  
By Heaven, she weeps; my picture in her hand  
She kisses it, and weeps again. [too;

*GUIOMAR comes forward.*

*Gui.* Who's there?

*Dua.* There is no starting back now.—[*Aside.*]

*Gui.* Ha! [Madam.]

Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,  
Though I have no more sons.

*Dua.* Your pardon, lady;  
There's no such foul fact taints me.

*Gui.* What mak'st thou here then?

Where are my servants? Do none but my sorrows  
Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee?

*Dua.* A will to give you comfort. [hither:]

*Gui.* Thou'rt but a man,  
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.  
If thou couldst raise the dead out of their graves,  
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,  
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!  
But that's impossible.

*Dua.* Please you but to read this;  
You shall know better there why I am sent,  
Than if I should deliver it.

*Gui.* From whom comes it?

*Dua.* That will instruct you.—I suspect this  
stranger; [Aside.]

Yet she spake something that holds such alliance  
With his reports, I know not what to think on't.—  
What a frown was there! She looks me through  
and through,

Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;  
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.  
These are strange changes!—Oh, I understand it!  
She's full of serious thoughts.

*Gui.* You are just, you Heav'n's, [Aside.]  
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,  
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd ven-  
geance,

For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,  
Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet  
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;  
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.  
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!—



Come hither, friend ; I am sure you know the  
That sent these charms. [gentleman]

*Dua.* Charms, lady ?

*Gui.* These charms ;

I well may call them so ; they've won upon me  
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,  
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)  
And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee :  
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,  
Was most desired of all men ! Let me blush,  
And then I'll say I love him.

*Dua.* All men see,

In this, a woman's virtue !

[*Aside.*]

*Gui.* I expected,

For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen  
him ;

And though I then forbid it, you men know,  
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large  
But I'll excuse him ; may be, hitherto [distance].  
He has forborne it, in respect my son  
Fell by his hand.

*Dua.* And reason, lady.

*Gui.* No ;

He did me a pleasure in't ; a riotous fellow,  
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning !  
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,  
For my friends' sake partly ; but especially  
For his long absence.

*Dua.* Oh, the devil !

[*Aside.*]

*Gui.* Therefore,

Bid him be speedy ; a priest shall be ready  
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him ;  
Deliver that, and bring him.

*Dua.* I am dumb :

[*Aside.*]

A good cause I have now, and a good sword,  
And something I shall do !—I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace of MANUEL  
DE SOUSA, the Governor.*

*Enter MANUEL, CLODIO, CHARINO, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA,  
brought in in a chair, two Doctors.*

*Doct.* Give her more air ; she dies else.

*Arn.* Oh, thou dread Power,

That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship  
This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down on  
her !

Let her mind's virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,  
That worthily deserves a better name  
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her !  
Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,  
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,  
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,  
And mediate for her ! Or, if this age of sin  
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun  
In his diurnal progress never saw  
So sweet a subject to employ it on !

*Man.* Wonders are ceas'd, sir ; we must work  
by means.

*Arn.* 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians  
are :

To you thus low I fall then ! So may you ever

[*Kneels before the Doctors.*]

Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's restorers ;  
Get wealth and honours ; and by your success,  
In all your undertakings, propagate  
Your great opinion in the world, as now  
You use your saving art ! For know, good gentle-  
Besides the fame, and all that I possess, [men,

For a reward, posterity shall stand  
Indebted to you ; for (as Heav'n forbid it)  
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age  
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,  
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,  
Will suffer in the want of her example.

*1 Doct.* Were all the world to perish with her, we  
Can do no more than what art and experience  
Give us assurance of. We have used all means  
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot :  
How should we, then, promise the cure ?

*Arn.* Away !

[*Rises.*]

I did belie you, when I charg'd you with  
The power of doing : Ye are mere names only,  
And even your best perfection accidental.—  
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,  
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us)  
As love already makes me sensible  
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,  
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,  
And I will swear thou'rt merciful !

*2 Doct.* Your hand, lady.—

What a strange heat is here !—Bring some warm  
water.

*Arn.* She shall use nothing that is yours ; my  
Provides her of a better bath ; my tears [sorrow]  
Shall do that office.

*Zen.* Oh, my best Arnolde !

The truest of all lovers ! I would live,  
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow  
With my true service ; but since that's denied me,  
May you live long and happy ! Do not suffer—  
By your affection to me, I conjure you !—  
My sickness to infect you ; though much love  
Makes you too subject to it.

*Arn.* In this only

Zenocia wrongs her servant : Can the body  
Subsist, the soul departed ? 'Tis as easy  
As I to live without you ! I am your husband,  
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,  
Banding us from one hazard to another,  
Would never grant me so much happiness  
As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune,  
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own ;  
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me !

*Clod.* So true a sorrow, and so feelingly  
Express'd, I never read of.

*Man.* I am struck

With wonder to behold it, as with pity.

*Char.* If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,  
Being tied no further than humanity  
Leads you to soft compassion ; think, great sir,  
What of necessity I must endure,  
That am a father !

*Enter HIEPOLYTA, speaking to ZABULON and SCULPTIA at  
the door.*

*Hip.* Wait me there ; I hold it  
Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause,  
You shall proceed.

*Man.* You're welcome, lady.

*Hip.* Sir,

I come to do a charitable office.  
How does the patient ?

*Clod.* You may inquire

Of more than one ; for two are sick and deadly :  
He languishes in her ; her health's despaired of,  
And in hers, his.

*Hip.* 'Tis a strange spectacle :  
With what a patience they sit unmov'd !  
Are they not dead already ?

*Doct.* By her pulse,  
She cannot last a day.

*Arn.* Oh, by that summons,  
I know my time too!

*Hip.* Look to the man!

*Clod.* Apply

Your art to save the lady; preserve her,  
A town is your reward!

*Hip.* I'll treble it

In ready gold, if you restore Arnolde;  
For in his death I die too.

*Clod.* Without her

I am no more.

*Arn.* Are you there, madam? Now  
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness  
In answering your affections, or hardness,  
(Give it what name you please,) you are revenged  
For now you may perceive our thread of life [of;  
Was spun together, and the poor Arnolde  
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,  
And not to serve the use of any other;  
And, in that, she may equal; my lord Clodio  
Had long since enjoy'd her: Nor could I  
Have been so blind as not to see your great  
And many excellencies, far, far beyond  
Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now  
Going our latest journey, and together:  
Our only comfort we desire—pray give it!—  
Your charity to our ashes—such we must be—  
And not to curse our memories.

*Hip.* I'm much mov'd.

*Clod.* I'm wholly overcome. All love to women  
Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon;  
And yours, sir! Had she many years to live,  
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,  
But as a lover never. And since all  
Your sad misfortunes had original  
From the barbarous Custom practis'd in my  
country,

Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it!  
So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins  
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you:  
And wish she were so now, as when my lust  
Forc'd you to quit the country.

*Hip.* It is in vain

To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends!  
Look up, Zenocia! Health in me speaks to you;  
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,  
So long has kept him from you! And repent not  
That you were once my servant; for which, health,  
[And] in recompence of what I made you suffer,  
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,  
Shall be your dower.

*Man.* 'Tis a magnificent gift,  
Had it been timely given.

*Hip.* It is, believe it.—  
Sulpitia!

*Enter SULPITIA and a Servant, who whispers MANUEL.*

*Sul.* Madam.

*Hip.* Quick, undo the charm!  
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice  
It is my will.

*Sul.* Which I obey, and gladly. [Exit.

*Man.* Is to be married, say'st thou?

*Serv.* So she says, sir,  
And does desire your presence.

*Man.* Tell her I'll come.

*Hip.* Pray carry them to their rest; for tho'  
already

They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,  
If they recover not.

[ZENOCIA and ARNOLDO are borne off in chairs.]

*Man.* What you have warranted,  
Assure yourself, will be expected from you;  
Look to them carefully; and till the trial—

*Hip.* Which shall not be above four hours.

*Man.* Let me

Entreat your companies: There now is something  
Of weight invites me hence.

*All.* We'll wait upon you.

[Exit.

# SCENE V.—A Room in the House of GUIOMAR.

*Enter GUIOMAR and Servants.*

*Gui.* You understand what my directions are,  
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise  
You've made me all.

*All.* We do, and will perform it.

*Gui.* The governor will not fail to be here pre-  
sently.

Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;  
And bring me word when they arrive.

*All.* We shall, madam.

*Gui.* Only stay you to entertain.

*1 Serv.* I am ready. [Exit Servants.]

*Gui.* I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice  
Men ever have o' foot against our honours;  
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,  
No shape put on so pious (no, not think  
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,  
Never so laden with admir'd example)  
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,  
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!  
Why should this stranger else, this wretched  
stranger,

Whose life I sav'd—at what dear price sticks here  
yet—

Why should he hope? He was not here an hour;  
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,  
I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!  
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,  
The killing of my son a kindness to me,—  
Why should he send to me, or with what safety,  
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)  
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,  
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly trou-  
bled.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The gentlemen are come.

*Gui.* Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire. [Exit.]

*Enter RUTILIO, and DUARTE disguised.*

*Serv.* You are welcome, gentlemen.

*Rut.* I thank you, friend; I would speak with  
*Serv.* I'll let her understand. [your lady.

*Rut.* It shall best you.— [Exit Servant.]

How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?  
Methinks I am wondrous brave.

*Dua.* You're very decent.

*Rut.* These by themselves, without more helps  
of nature,

Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,  
And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head  
on't,

I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;  
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!  
I have her in a nooze, she cannot scape me;  
I have their several lasts.

*Dua.* You are thoroughly studied.  
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her,  
As you confess you are——

*Rut.* That's not an hour's work;  
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.

*Dua.* She being set in years, next; none of those lustrous

Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;  
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins——

*Rut.* I love old stories: Those live believ'd,  
authentic,

When twenty of your modern faces are called in,  
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;  
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she saved  
me,

She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love her?  
She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one;  
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient,  
All your young fillies: I think, this back has try'd  
'em,

And smarted for it too. They run away with me,  
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;  
A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,  
Where I may sit and crack no girths.

*Dua.* How miserable, *[Aside.*  
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,  
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!  
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.—  
Here comes the lady, sir.

*Enter GUOTMAR.*

*Rut.* Excellent lady,  
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,  
And only yours——

*Gui.* Keep at that distance, sir;  
For if you stir——

*Rut.* I am obedient.—  
She has found already I am for her turn:  
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me!  
Mark, how she musters all my parts.

*[Aside to DUARTE.*

*Gui.* A goodly gentleman,  
Of a more manly set I never look'd on. *[Aside.*

*Rut.* Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the  
carriage of 'em!

*Gui.* *[Aside.]* How happy am I now, since my  
He fell not by a base un noble hand! *[son fell,*  
As that still troubled me. How far more happy  
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice  
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy  
A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow!

*Rut.* Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own:  
I told you what a spell I carried with me.  
All this time does she spend in contemplation  
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful to  
you;

And if you please to know my house, to use it,  
To take it for your own——

*Gui.* Who waits without there?

*Enter Guard and Servants; they seize upon RUTILIO, and bind him.*

*Rut.* How now? what means this, lady?

*Gui.* Bind him fast.

*Rut.* Are these the bride-laces you prepare for  
The colours that you give? *[me?]*

*Dua.* Fie, gentle lady;  
This is not noble dealing.

*Gui.* Be you satisfied;  
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;  
You shall not be so long.

*Rut.* Do you call this wooing?—  
Is there no end of women's persecutions?  
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?  
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?  
Still pick the devil's teeth?—You are not mad,  
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman, *[lady?]*  
To offer you that honour——

*Gui.* You are deceiv'd, sir;  
You come, besotted, to your own destruction;  
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me,  
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?  
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?  
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,  
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!  
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs  
o'er thee,

Thou desperate fool! Who bade thee seek this ruin?  
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover  
Thy cursed face to me again? Was't not enough  
To have the fair protection of my house,  
When misery and justice close pursu'd thee?  
When thine own bloody sword cried out against  
thee,

Hatch'd in the life of him? Yet I forgave thee;  
My hospitable word, even when I saw  
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd from  
Did I not seal still to thee? *[me,*

*Rut.* I am gone.  
*Gui.* And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery.  
Did I not give thee means? But hark, ungrateful!  
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?  
To keep thy name for ever from my memory,  
Thy cursed blood and kindred? Did I not swear  
then,

If ever, in this wretched life thou hast left me,  
Short and unfortunate, I saw thee again,  
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wand-  
redst

To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,  
With all the miseries a mother suffers?

*Rut.* I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoid-  
ing it.

*Gui.* And dar'st thou with this impudence ap-  
pear here,

Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,  
Stained with those wounds?

*Dua.* I am happy now again. *[Apart.*  
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother  
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The governor's come in.  
*Gui.* Oh, let him enter.

*Rut.* I have fool'd myself a fair thread! Of all  
my fortunes,  
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,  
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me  
to it.

*Enter MANUEL, CLODDIO, and CHARINO.*

*Man.* Are these fit preparations for a wedding,  
I came prepar'd a guest. *[lady?]*

*Gui.* Oh, give me justice!  
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,  
Do justice, justice, sir!

*Man.* You need not ask it;  
I am bound to it.

*Gui.* Justice upon this man,  
That kill'd my son!

*Man.* Do you confess the act?

*Rut.* Yes, sir.

*Clod.* Rutilio?

*Cha.* 'Tis the same.

*Clod.* How fell he thus?

Here will be sorrow for the good Arnol'do!

*Man.* Take heed, sir, what you say.

*Rut.* I have weigh'd it well;

I am the man! Nor is it life I start at;

Only I am unhappy I am poor,

Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,

That I've not two lives lent me for this sacrifice;

One for her son, another for her sorrow!—

Excellent lady, now rejoice again;

For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,

Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance;

(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that)

Yet let the world believe you lov'd Duarte!

The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my mi-

series,

Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me

To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.

*Gui.* Shall I have justice?

*Man.* Yes.

*Rut.* I'll ask it for you;

I'll follow it myself, against myself.—

Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:

The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with.

Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me!

Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,

Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue.

*Gui.* Be not too cruel, sir—and yet his bold sword—

But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too

Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—

If I have justice, must it kill him?

*Man.* Yes.

*Gui.* If I have not, it kills me.—Strong and goodly:

Why should he perish too?

*Man.* It lies in your power;

You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

*Clod.* Be there no other witnesses?

*Gui.* Not any.

And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,

I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?

And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.

*Clod.* Pity, so brave a gentleman should perish!

She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

*Gui.* Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a little.

*Rut.* Rid yourself, lady, of this misery, [sir.

And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,

With which you are already too much shaken.

*Gui.* Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.

*Dua.* You shall not! [Discovering himself.

Yet turn and see, good madam.

*Man.* Do not wonder:

'Tis he restor'd again, thank the good doctor.

Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,

He's well, is safe again.

*Gui.* Oh, my sweet son!

I will not press my wonder now with questions.—

Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty

I urg'd against you.

*Rut.* Madam, it was but justice.

*Dua.* 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again;

But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect:

The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,  
Sav'd me: for which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,  
Honour and love this man.

*Gui.* You sent this letter?

*Rut.* My boldness makes me blush now.

*Gui.* I'll wipe off that;

And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.

Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,

And that's the wealth I look for now.

*Rut.* You have it.

*Dua.* You have ended my desire to all my wishes.

*Man.* Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta

Make good, what with the hazard of her life

She undertook, the evening will set clear,

After a stormy day.

*Enter HIPPOLYTA and LEOPOLD, leading ARNOLDO, and ZENOCIA, with ZABULON and SULPITIA.*

*Char.* Here comes the lady.

*Clod.* With fair Zenocia, health with life again Restored unto her.

*Zen.* The gift of her goodness.

*Rut.* Let us embrace; I am of your order too, And though I once despair'd of women, now

I find they relish much of scorpions;

For both have stings, and both can hurt and cure But what have been your fortunes? [too.

*Arn.* We'll defer

Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.

Now all that reverence virtue, and in that

Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,

Or for her sake Arnol'do's, join with us

In th' honour of this lady.

*Char.* She deserves it.

*Hip.* Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter:

Nor will I alone better myself, but others;

For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions

Not altogether innocent, shall from me

Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them

To any course of life but what the law

Shall give allowance to.

*Zab.* and *Sul.* Your ladyship's creatures.

*Rut.* Be so, and no more, you man-huckster—

*Hip.* And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour

So long have sought me, and in that deserved me,

Shall now find full reward for all your travels,

Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance.

And though my violent dotage did transport me

Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,

Though my desires were loose, from unchaste art, Heav'n knows, I am free.

*Leop.* The thought of that's dead to me;

I gladly take your offer.

*Rut.* Do so, sir;

A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down

Silver that's whole.

*Man.* You shall be all my guests;

I must not be deny'd.

*Arn.* Come, my Zenocia,

Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;

And the unspotted progress of our loves

Ends not alone in safety, but reward;

To instruct others, by our fair example,

That, though good purposes are long withstood,

The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## THE EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,  
I know no cause. The old and usual way,  
For which they were made, was t'entreat the grace  
Of such as were spectators : In this place,  
And time, 'tis to no purpose ; for, I know,

What you resolve already to bestow  
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say  
In the behalf of us, and of the play ;  
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,  
You may or cry it up or silence it.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

## AT A REVIVAL.

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,  
To its desert, I hope ; yet you might say,  
Should I change now from that, which then was  
meant,  
Or in a syllable grow less confident,  
I were weak-hearted : I am still the same

In my opinion, and forbear to frame  
Qualification, or excuse. If you  
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,  
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,  
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

# THE ELDER BROTHER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEWIS, a Lord.

MIRAMONT, a Gentleman.

BRISAC, a Justice, Brother to MIRAMONT.

CHARLES, a Scholar, } Sons to BRISAC.

EUSTACE, a Courtier, }

EGREMONT, } Two Courtiers, Friends to EUSTACE.

COWBY,

ANDREW, Servant to CHARLES.

GILBERT, the Cook, } Servants to BRISAC.

RALPH, the Butler, }

Priest.

Notary.

Servants.

Officers.

ANGELLINA, Daughter to LEWIS.

SYLVIA, her Woman.

LILLY, Wife to ANDREW.

Ladies.

## SCENE,—FRANCE.

### LECTORI.

WOULDEST thou all wit, all comic art survey,  
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

### PROLOGUE.

BUT that it would take from our modesty,  
To praise the writer, or the comedy,  
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,  
You're all most welcome to no vulgar play;  
And so far we are confident. And if he  
That made it still lives in your memory,  
You will expect what we present to-night  
Should be judged worthy of your ears and sight:

You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,  
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain  
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends  
This orphan to the care of noble friends:  
And may it raise in you content and mirth,  
And be received for a legitimate birth!  
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,  
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Country.—A Grove near the House of LEWIS.*

*Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, and SYLVIA.*

*Lew.* Nay, I must walk you further.

*Ang.* I am tired, sir,

And ne'er shall foot it home.

*Lew.* 'Tis for your health;

The want of exercise takes from your beauties,  
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are  
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;  
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge  
You ever find me an indulgent father,  
And open-handed.

*Ang.* Nor can you tax me, sir,  
I hope, for want of duty to deserve  
These favours from you.

*Lew.* No, my Angellina,  
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,  
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.  
All that I aim at is, to win thee from  
The practice of an idle foolish state,

Used by great women, who think any labour  
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish  
To their fair fortunes.

*Ang.* Make me understand, sir,  
What 'tis you point at.

*Lew.* At the custom, how  
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:  
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman  
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,  
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,  
You are led to dinner, and that ended, either  
To cards or to your couch (as if you were  
Born without motion,) after this to supper,  
And then to bed: And so your life runs round  
Without variety, or action, daughter.

*Syl.* Here's a learn'd lecture!

*Lew.* From this idleness,  
Diseases; both in body and in mind,  
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,  
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.  
I'd have thee rise with the sun, walk, dance, or  
hunt,

Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues  
Of plants and simples : Do this moderately,  
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,  
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,  
Fall into the green-sickness.

*Syl.* With your pardon,  
(Were you but pleased to minister it) I could  
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,  
And her delight too, far transcending those  
Your lordship but now mention'd.

*Lew.* What is't, Sylvia ?

*Syl.* What is't? a noble husband : In that word,  
"A noble husband," all content of women  
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,  
As you say, with the sun ; and so pipe to her  
As she will dance, ne'er doubt it ; and hunt with  
Upon occasion, until both be weary ; [her,  
And then the knowledge of your plants and sim-  
As I take it, were superfluous. A loving, [ples  
And but add to it, a gamesome bedfellow,  
Being the sure physician !

*Lew.* Well said, wench.

*Ang.* And who gave you commission to deliver  
Your verdict, minion ?

*Syl.* I deserve a fee,  
And not a frown, dear madam.—I but speak  
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty  
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy  
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't.  
Let her lose no time, sir : Fathers that deny [them,  
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for  
In some kind's edge their appetites to taste of  
The fruit that is forbidden.

*Lew.* 'Tis well urged,  
And I approve it.—No more blushing, girl ;  
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented  
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near  
A gentleman of blood, Monsieur Brisac, [us  
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,  
The happy father of two hopeful sons,  
Of different breeding ; the elder, a mere scholar,  
The younger, a quaint courtier.

*Ang.* Sir, I know them  
By public fame, though yet I never saw them ;  
And that opposed antipathy between  
Their various dispositions, renders them  
The general discourse and argument ;  
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,  
The other side preferring Eustace, as  
A man complete in courtship.

*Lew.* And which way  
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)  
Doth your affection sway you ?

*Ang.* To be plain, sir,  
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,  
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier  
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with  
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,  
If he depend on others, and stand not  
On his own bottoms, though he have the means  
To bring his mistresses to a masque, or, by  
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste  
Such favour from the king's ; or, grant he purchase  
Precedency in the country, to be sworn  
A servant-extraordinary to the queen ;  
Nay, though he live in expectation of  
Some huge preferment in reversion ; if  
He want a present fortune, at the best  
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him  
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*,

Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer ; nor  
Discharge a tailor's bill, nor in full plenty,  
Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,  
Maintain a family.

*Lew.* Aptly consider'd,  
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of  
The scholar ?

*Ang.* 'Troth, if he be nothing else,  
As of the courtier : All his songs and sonnets,  
His anagrams, acrosticks, epigrams,  
His deep and philosophical discourse  
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up  
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow  
The stars of the celestial crown to make me  
A tire for my head ; nor Charles' wane for a coach,  
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown  
From Juno's wardrobe ; nor would I lye-in,  
For I despair not once to be a mother,  
Under Heaven's spangled canopy, or banquet  
My guests and gossips with imagined nectar ;  
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,  
Though I could be well pleased to have my husband  
A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,  
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not  
Something to make a substance.

*Lew.* And what is that ?

*Ang.* A full estate ; and, that said, I've said all :  
And get me such a one, with these additions,  
Farewell, virginity ! and welcome, wedlock !

*Lew.* But where is such one to be met with,  
daughter ?

A black swan is more common ; you may wear  
Grey tresses ere we find him.

*Ang.* I am not  
So punctual in all ceremonies : I will bate  
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell  
Too long upon the choice.

*Syl.* Only, my lord, remember  
That he be rich and active ; for, without these,  
The others yield no relish : But, these, perfect,  
You must bear with small faults, madam.

*Lew.* Merry wench ;  
And it becomes you well ! I'll to Brisac,  
And try what may be done. I' the mean time, home,  
And feast thy thoughts with the pleasures of a bride.

*Syl.* Thoughts are but airy food, sir ; let her  
taste them. [Exeunt severally.

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of BRISAC.

Enter ANDREW, Cook, and Butler, with books.

*And.* Unload part of the library, and make room  
For th' other dozen of carts ; I'll strait be with you.

*Cook.* Why, hath he more books ?

*And.* More than ten marts send over.

*But.* And can he tell their names ?

*And.* Their names ! he has 'em  
As perfect as his *Pater Noster* ; but that's nothing ;  
He has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand  
times.

But here's the wonder ; though their weight would  
A Spanish carrack, without other ballast, [sink  
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet  
He walks upright.

*But.* Surely he has a strong brain.

*And.* If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,  
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ  
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar  
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,

He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,  
Than there would be larks (though the sky should  
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not, [fall]  
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! though his learned  
stomach

Cannot be appeased, he'll seldom trouble you;  
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks,  
butler,

And your flagons; and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast,  
Cook. How liveth he? [thy baked!]

And. Not as other men do;  
Few princes fare like him: He breaks his fast  
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes  
His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,  
Then walks a turn or two in *Viâ Lactéâ*,  
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,  
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my  
old master,  
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

*Enter BRISAC and LEWIS.*

Bri. What, Andrew, welcome! where's my  
Charles? speak, Andrew;  
Where didst thou leave thy master?

And. Contemplating  
The number of the sands in the highway;  
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment  
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, sir,  
In serious study, and will lose no minute,  
Nor out of's pace to knowledge.

Lew. This is strange.

And. Yet he hath sent his duty, sir, before him  
In this fair manuscript.

Bri. What have we here?  
Pot-hooks and andirons!

And. I much pity you!  
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.  
Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar  
As master Charles is, should ask blessing  
In any Christian language? Were it Greek,  
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,  
I am gone no further.

Bri. And in Greek you can  
Lie with your smug wife Lilly?

And. If I keep her  
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall, sir,  
How'er she is your laundress) she shall put you  
To the charge of no more soap than usual  
For the washing of your sheets.

Bri. Take in the knave,  
And let him eat.

And. And drink too, sir?

Bri. And drink too, sir:  
And see your master's chamber ready for him.

But. Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation,  
Thou shalt commence i' th' cellar.

And. I had rather  
Commence on cold baked meat.

Cook. Thou shalt ha't, boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bri. Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself  
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join  
Our ancient families, and make them one;  
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live  
And see what you have purposed put in act,  
Of which your visit at this present is  
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting  
The arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd  
Their birth for want of means and education,

To shape them to that course each was addicted;  
And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,  
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,  
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,  
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter  
May fashion her affection.

Lew. Monsieur Brisac,

You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you  
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,  
Being bless'd with but one daughter, I shall not  
Appear impertinently curious,  
Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,  
I labour to bestow her to her worth.  
Let others speak her form, and future fortune  
From me descending to her; I in that  
Sit down with silence.

Bri. You may, my lord, securely;  
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,  
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her praises.  
Should I say more, you well might censure me  
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.—  
What tramping's that without of horses?

*Enter Butler.*

But. Sir, my young masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

*Enter CHARLES.*

Char. Bid my subsiser carry my hackney to  
The buttery, and give him his bever; it is a civil  
And sober beast, and will drink moderately;  
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his universality tone.

*Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, and COWSY.*

Eust. Lackey, take care our coursers be well  
rubb'd

And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind in speed.

Lew. Ay, marry, sir, there's metal in this young  
fellow!

What a sheep's look his elder brother has!

Char. Your blessing, sir! [*Kneels.*]

Bri. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court,  
(Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee,  
And do expect what follows. [*Kneels.*]

Bri. Courtyly begg'd.

My blessing! take it.

Eust. [*To Lew.*] Your lordship's vow'd adorer.  
What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him  
The new Italian shrug. [*Bows.*] How clownishly  
The book-worm does return it!

Char. I am glad you're well.

[*Takes up a book and reads.*]

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of  
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs:  
They are gallants that have seen both tropics.

Bri. I embrace their love.

Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the court.

Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on't first.—  
Eustace, give entertainment to your friends;  
What's in my house is theirs.

Eust. Which we'll make use of:  
Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,  
And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak fire-  
works. [*Exeunt.*]

Lew. What, at his book already?

Bri. Fy, fy, Charles,  
No hour of interruption?

Char. Plato differs  
From Socrates in this.



*Bri.* Come, lay them by ;  
Let them agree at leisure.

*Char.* Man's life, sir, being  
So short, and then the way that leads unto  
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,  
Each minute should be precious.

*Bri.* In our care  
To manage worldly business, you must part with  
This bookish contemplation, and prepare  
Yourself for action ; to thrive in this age,  
Is held the palm of learning. You must study  
To know what part of my land's good for the plough,  
And what for pasture ; how to buy and sell  
To the best advantage ; how to cure my oxen  
When they're o'erdone with labour.

*Char.* I may do this  
From what I've read, sir. For what concerns til-  
Who better can deliver it than Virgil [luge  
In his Georgicks ? and to cure your herds,  
His Bucolicks is a master-piece. But when  
He does describe the commonwealth of bees,  
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs  
From which they gather honey, with their care  
To place it with decorum in the hive,  
Their government among themselves, their order  
In going forth and coming loaden home,  
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards  
To such as labour, with his punishments  
Only inflicted on the slothful drone ;  
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,  
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,  
And there find wax and honey.

*Bri.* And grow rich  
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday !  
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees ! Art mad ?

*Char.* No, sir, the knowledge of these guards  
me from it.

*Bri.* But can you find among your bundle of  
books,

And put in all your dictionaries that speak all  
tongues,

What pleasure they enjoy that do embrace  
A well-shaped wealthy bride ? Answer me that.

*Char.* 'Tis frequent, sir, in story : There I read of  
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,  
The antient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,  
Their beauties and deformities. And when  
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,  
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and  
goodness,

With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,  
As if I then had lived, and freely tasted  
Their ravishing sweetness ; at the present, loving  
The whole sex for their goodness and example.  
But, on the contrary, when I look on  
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia,  
The first bath'd in her husband's blood ; the latter,  
Without a touch of piety, driving on  
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,  
Horror invades my faculties ; and, comparing  
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few  
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,  
As ignorance or atheism.

*Bri.* You resolve then,  
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me ?

*Char.* What debt, good sir ?

*Bri.* A debt I paid my father  
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire ;  
Which I expect from you.

*Char.* The children, sir,

Which I will leave to all posterity,  
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,  
Shall be my living issue.

*Bri.* Very well ;  
And I shall have a general collection  
Of all the quiddits from Adam to this time  
To be my grandchild.

*Char.* And such a one, I hope, sir,  
As shall not shame the family.

*Bri.* Nor will you  
Take care of my estate ?

*Char.* But in my wishes ;  
For know, sir, that the wings on which my soul  
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high  
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.  
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,  
In that gross element fix all their happiness ;  
But purer spirits, purged and refined, shake off  
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave  
To enjoy myself ; that place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers ;  
And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their coun-  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got, [sels ;  
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities ? No, be it your care  
To augment your heap of wealth ; it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge.—Lights there, for my  
study ! [Exit.

*Bri.* Was ever man, that had reason, thus trans-  
ported

From all sense and feeling of his proper good ?  
It vexes me ; and if I found not comfort  
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude  
My name were at a period !

*Lew.* He's indeed, sir,  
The surer base to build on.

*Bri.* Eustace !

*Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWBY, and ANDREW.*

*Eust.* Sir.

*Bri.* Your ear in private.

*And.* I suspect my master [Apart.  
Has found harsh welcome ; he's gone supperless  
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,  
It may be borrowing of his books, or so,  
I shall be satisfied.—

*Eust.* My duty shall, sir.

Take any form you please ; and, in your motion  
To have me married, you cut off all dangers  
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.

*Lew.* It is well answer'd.

*Eust.* Nor shall you, my lord,  
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause  
To mourn your choice of me. The name of hus-  
Nor the authority it carries in it, [band,  
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,  
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's ;  
And, but that modesty forbids that I  
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,  
I could say, my choice manners have been such,  
As render me loved and remarkable  
To the princes of the blood.

*Cow.* Nay, to the king.

*Egre.* Nay, to the king and council.

*And.* These are court-admirers,

And ever echo him that bears the bag :  
Though I be dull-eyed, I see through this juggling.

*Eust.* Then for my hopes——

*Cow.* Nay, certainties.

*Eust.* They stand

As fair as any man's. What can there fall  
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not  
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?  
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,  
I am what she would have me.

*Bri.* He speaks well,  
And I believe him.

*Lew.* I could wish I did so.

Pray you a word, sir. He's a proper gentleman,  
And promises nothing but what is possible ;  
So far I would go with you : Nay, I add,  
He hath won much upon me ; and, were he  
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain  
Were soon struck up.

*Bri.* What's that, my lord?

*Lew.* The heir.

*And.* Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be.

*Bri.* Come, that shall breed no difference. You  
see,

Charles has given o'er the world ; I'll undertake,  
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him  
For a dry-fat of new books ; nor shall my state  
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's ;  
Who, being issueless, to advance our name,  
I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?

*Lew.* I'll first acquaint my daughter with the  
proceedings :

On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be,  
Make you no scruple ; get the writings ready,

She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold  
A second conference. Farewell, noble Eustace,  
And you, brave gallants.

*Eust.* Full encrease of honour  
Wait ever on your lordship !

*And.* The gout, rather,  
And a perpetual megrim !

*Bri.* You see, Eustace,  
How I travail to possess you of a fortune  
You were not born to. Be you worthy of it :  
I'll furnish you for a suitor ; visit her,  
And prosper in't.

*Eust.* She's mine, sir, fear it not :  
In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin  
That could resist my courtship.—If it take now,  
We are made for ever, and will revel it !

[*Exeunt all but ANDREW.*]

*And.* In tough Welch parly, which, in our vul-  
gar tongue, is

Strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,  
And I a looker-on ! If we have studied  
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,  
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,  
We have made a fair hand on't ! I'm glad I have found  
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.  
This shall to old Monsieur Miramont ; one that,  
He cannot read a proclamation, [though  
Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master Charles  
For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither ;  
I shall meet him ; and if he be that old  
Rough testy blade he always used to be,  
He'll ring 'em such a peal as shall go near  
To shake their bell-room ; peradventure, beat 'em,  
For he is fire and flax ; and so have at him. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter MIRAMONT and BRIAC.*

*Mir.* Nay, brother, brother !

*Bri.* Pray, sir, be not moved ;

I meddle with no business but mine own ;

*And.* in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.

*Mir.* But know to govern then, and understand,  
sir,

And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you be  
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must  
Heartily and home too—— [tell you,

*Bri.* What, sir ?

*Mir.* What I grieve to find ;  
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

*Bri.* We'll part 'em, if you please.

*Mir.* No, they're entail'd to you.

Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,  
Your eldest son, sir, and your very image,  
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't,)  
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,  
And only studies how to know things excellent,  
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,  
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther  
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,  
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty  
*Bri.* You go too fast. [harvests !]

*Mir.* I'm not come to my pace yet.  
Because he has made his study all his pleasure,  
And is retired into his contemplation,

Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,  
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,  
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance ?  
Must he be dispossessed, and Monsieur Gingleboy,  
His younger brother——

*Bri.* You forget yourself.

*Mir.* Because he has been at court, and learn'd  
new tongues,

And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,  
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,  
To worship images of gold and silver,  
And fall before the she-calves of the season,  
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land ?

*Bri.* Have you done yet, and have you spake  
enough

In praise of learning, sir ?

*Mir.* Never enough.

*Bri.* But, brother, do you know what learning is ?

*Mir.* 'Tis not to be a justice of peace, as you are,  
And palter out your time i' th' penal statutes ;  
To hear the curious tenets controverted  
Between a protestant constable and jesuit cobbler ;  
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry,  
When your worship's pleased to correctify a lady ;  
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,  
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's  
tenants

Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,  
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig ;  
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands

Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.  
These are your quodlibets, but no learning, brother.

*Bri.* You are so pariously in love with learning,  
That I'd be glad to know what you understand,  
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle. [brother:

*Mir.* Faith, no:  
But I believe; I have a learned faith, sir,  
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.  
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound  
on't;

It goes so thundering as it conjured devils:  
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,  
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,  
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run  
mad,

And hang thyself for joy thou hadst such a gentleman

To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things  
To me!

*Bri.* And you do understand 'em, brother?

*Mir.* I tell thee, no; that's not material; the  
Sufficient to confirm an honest man. [sound's  
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,  
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent  
gentleman,

The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,  
Understand any other power than his tailor?  
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-day?  
What the moon means, but to light him home  
from taverns?

Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd  
clothes in?

And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,  
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, "Sweet  
lady"?

Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,  
Drunk your Verdea wine, and rid at Naples,  
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,  
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:  
Must this thing therefore—

*Bri.* Yes, sir, this thing must!  
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,  
So grown like a disease unto his study.  
He that will fling off all occasions  
And cares, to make him understand what state is,  
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,  
Be flung himself aside from managing:  
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*Mir.* He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,  
Gilt over to please foolish girls [and] puppets.

*Bri.* You are my elder brother.

*Mir.* So I had need,  
And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us all else,  
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.

*Bri.* I say no;  
Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.  
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year  
Out of the metaphysics? or can all  
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?  
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?  
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent  
humanists

Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage?  
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?  
And can geometry vent it in the market?  
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff,  
I wonder you will magnify this madman; [now?  
You that are old and should understand.

*Mir.* Should, say'st thou,  
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!

Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk  
infuses,

Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,  
And he no more than custom of his office;  
Thou unreprieveable dunce! (that thy formal band  
strings,

Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)  
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship  
In thine own library, an almanack;  
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out  
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,  
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint me,  
That have run over story, poetry,  
Humanity?

*Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow  
Does over ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.  
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.

*Mir.* Thou shalt not do.

*Bri.* I will.

*Mir.* Thou art an ass then,  
A dull old tedious ass; thou art ten times worse,  
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead,  
The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.

*Enter Lewis.*

*Bri.* Well, take your pleasure; he's one that I  
must talk with.

*Lew.* Good day, sir.

*Bri.* Fair to you, sir.

*Lew.* May I speak wi' you?

*Bri.* With all my heart. I was waiting on your  
goodness.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, Monsieur Miramont.

*Mir.* Oh, sweet sir,  
Keep your good morrow to cool your worship's pot-  
tage.

A couple of the world's fools met together  
To raise up dirt and dungbills!

*Lew.* Are they drawn?

*Bri.* They shall be ready, sir, within these two  
And Charles set his hand. [hours,

*Lew.* 'Tis necessary; .  
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state  
Was got by your own industry, unless  
He seal to the conveyance, it can be  
Of no validity.

*Bri.* He shall be ready,  
And do it willingly.

*Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

*Bri.* I hope your daughter likes.

*Lew.* She loves him well, sir:  
Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman;  
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolved then,  
That all shall pass from Charles?

*Bri.* All, all; he's nothing;  
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,  
And more than he can manage too.

*Lew.* Will your brother  
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace?  
You know he has no heir.

*Mir.* He will be flead first,  
And horse-collars made of 's skin!

*Bri.* Let him alone;  
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn, sir.  
And how does your daughter?

*Lew.* Ready for the hour;  
And, like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.

*Bri.* To-morrow then's the day.

*Lew.* Why then to-morrow,  
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.

*Mir.* But hark you, monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience  
To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,  
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?  
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,  
And had his land; 'would you had had his wit too,  
Or his discretion, to consider nobly  
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!  
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son;  
And he will say, he is no son to inherit  
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?  
Why was he brought up to write and read, and  
know things?  
Why was he not, like his father, a dumb justice?  
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shaped like a man?  
A reverend idol in a piece of arras!  
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,  
Or any capital crime to his charge?

*Lew.* I do not,  
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me,  
This man must answer. [sir;

*Bri.* I have done't already,  
And given sufficient reason to secure me.  
And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.  
[*Exeunt BRISAC and LEWIS.*

*Mir.* Good night-caps  
Keep [your] brains warm, or maggots will breed  
in 'em!—  
Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy thee  
The fairest in thy study are my gift, [books yet;  
And the University Lovaine for thy sake  
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex  
Th' old dotting fool thy father, and thy brother,  
They shall not share a solz of mine between them;  
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a  
year,  
In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Exit.*

### SCENE II.—Before the same House.

*Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, and COWSEY.*

*Eust.* How do I look now to my Elder Brother?  
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit.

*Cow.* All courtly, courtly.

*Eust.* I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my tailor has  
travell'd;  
And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.  
The cover of an old book would not shew thus.  
Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,  
These book-worms, how they look!

*Egre.* They are mere images,  
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'em;  
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,  
And tell a story of the state of heaven,  
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,  
And what wonders they do when they meet to-  
gether,  
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like a jug-  
gler,  
And make a noise, when they're drunk, which we  
call thunder.

*Cow.* They are the sneaking'st things, and the  
contemptiblest;  
Such small-beer brains! But ask 'em any thing  
Out of the element of their understanding,  
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.  
Do they know what a court is, or a council,  
Or how the affairs of Christendom are managed?

Do they know anything but a tired hackney?  
And then they cry "Absurd," as the horse under-  
stood 'em.

They have made a fair youth of your Elder Brother;  
A pretty piece of flesh!

*Eust.* I thank 'em for it;  
Long may he study, to give me his state!  
Saw you my mistress?

*Egre.* Yes, she's a sweet young woman;  
But, be sure, you keep her from learning.

*Eust.* Songs she  
May have, and read a little unbaked poetry,  
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,  
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,  
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;  
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;  
Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.  
I will not have a scholar in mine house,  
Above a gentle reader: they corrupt  
The foolish women with their subtle problems:  
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright  
Prating philosophers from entertainment.

*Cow.* It will do well: Love those that love good  
fashions,  
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire  
'em;

That speak the lisp of court: oh! 'tis great learning  
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle  
courtly,

They are rare endowments; they that have seen  
far countries,

And can speak strange things, though they speak  
no truths,

For then they make things common. When are  
you married?

*Eust.* To-morrow, I think; we must have a  
And of our own making. [masque, boys,

*Egre.* 'Tis not half an hour's work;  
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.

But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or nymphs?  
*Eust.* What, nymphs with beards?

*Cow.* That's true; we will be knights then,  
Some wand'ring knights, that light here on a sudden.

*Eust.* Let's go, let's go; I must go visit, gentle-  
men,

And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-morrow.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Servants' Hall in BRISAC'S House.

*Enter Cook, ANDREW, and Butler.*

*Cook.* And how does my master?

*And.* Is at 's book. Peace, coxcomb!  
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for  
*Cook.* Does he not study conjuring too? [him

*And.* Have you  
Lost any plate, butler?

*But.* No, but I know  
I shall to-morrow at dinner.

*And.* Then to-morrow  
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we  
meddle

With no spirits o' th' buttery; they taste too small  
Keep me a pye in folio, I beseech thee, [for us.  
And thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him.  
Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?

*Cook.* Excellent good cheer, Andrew.

*And.* The spite on't is, that much about that  
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather, [time,

Which are the males and females of red herrings,  
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only ;  
A question found out by Copernicus,  
The learned motion-maker.

*Cook.* Ay, marry, butler,  
Here are rare things ! A man that look'd upon him,  
Would swear he understood no more than we do.

*But.* Certain, a learned Andrew.

*And.* I've so much on't,  
And am so loaden with strong understanding,  
I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new instrument,

A mathematical glistler, to purge the moon with,  
When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours ;  
And here's another to remove the stars,  
When they grow too thick in the firmament.

*Cook.* Oh, Heavens ! Why do I labour out my  
In a beef-pot ? and only search the secrets [life  
Of a sallad, and know no farther ?

*And.* They are not  
Reveal'd to all heads ; these are far above  
Your element of fire, cook ! I could tell you  
Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with ;  
And of the philosophers' turf, that ne'er goes out.  
And Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,  
With two rare inventions.

*But.* What are they, Andrew ?

*And.* The one to blanch your bread from chip-  
pings base,

And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond ;  
The sect of the Epicureans invented that :  
The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,  
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,  
And no noise heard ; which is the wonder, Gilbert !  
And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.

*But.* Why, what a learned master dost thou  
serve, Andrew !

*And.* These are but the scrapings of his under-  
standing, Gilbert.

With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,  
He deals, and treats within so plain a fashion,  
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,  
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.

*Cook.* But why should he not be familiar, and  
talk sometimes,  
As other Christians do, of hearty matters ?  
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his  
breakfast ?

*But.* And then retire to the buttery, and there  
eat it,

And drink a lusty bowl ? My younger master,  
That must be now the heir, will do all these.  
Ay, and be drunk too ; these are mortal things.

*And.* My master studies immortality.

*Cook.* Now thou talk'st of immortality,  
How does thy wife, Andrew ? My old master  
Did you no small pleasure when he procured her,  
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love her  
now,

As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your  
learning

And your strange instruments to that, my Andrew ?  
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it ?  
Can you put by his mathematical engine ?

*And.* Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st  
me ;

And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll  
watch for him ! [A bell.

My master rings ; I must go make him a fire,  
And conjure o'er his books.

*Cook.* Adieu, good Andrew ;  
And send thee manly patience with thy learning !  
[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—CHARLES'S Study in the same.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Char.* I have forgot to eat and sleep with read-  
And all my faculties turn into study : [ing,  
'Tis meat and sleep ! What need I outward gar-  
ments,

When I can clothe myself with understanding ?  
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,  
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers :  
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,  
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,  
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers,  
And silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging,  
And has no aid nor partner in her labours !  
Why should we care for anything but knowledge ?  
Or look upon the world, but to condemn it ?

*Enter ANDREW.*

*And.* Would you have anything ?

*Char.* Andrew, I find  
There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull,  
Which will go near to blind the constellation.

*And.* Put a gold ring in's nose, and that will  
cure him.

*Char.* Ariadne's crown's awry too ; two main  
That held it fast, are slipped out. [stars,

*And.* Send it presently

To Gallileo, the Italian star-wright ;  
He'll set it right again, with little labour.

*Char.* Thou art a pretty scholar.

*And.* I hope I shall be :

Have I swept your books so often to know nothing ?  
*Char.* I hear thou art married.

*And.* It hath pleased your father

To match me to a maid of his own choosing :  
(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants  
nailing)

And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off, sir.

*Char.* Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew :  
These women are *errata* in all authors !  
They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,  
Smooth, white, and clear ; but their contents are  
monstrous ;

They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.  
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is  
On those shelves, Andrew.

*And.* I think I have not, sir.

*Char.* No, if thou hadst,  
Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom :  
They're cataplasms, made o' the deadly sins.  
I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,  
Or, if I did, I did regard them but  
As shadows that pass by of under creatures.

*And.* Shall I bring you one ? I'll trust you with  
my own wife.

I would not have your brother go beyond you.  
They are the prettiest natural philosophers to play  
with !

*Char.* No, no ; they are optics to delude men's  
eyes with.

Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet,  
Andrew ?

*And.* No, but he speaks High Dutch ; and that  
goes as daintily.

*Char.* Reach me the books down I read yester-  
And make a little fire, and get a manchet; [day,  
Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd  
you,  
And set the great sphere by; then take the fox-  
tail,  
And purge the books from dust; last, take your  
Lilly,  
And get your part ready.  
*And.* Shall I go home, sir?

My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part lies,  
sir.  
*Char.* I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunder-  
head!  
Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntax?  
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me;  
I am to find a secret.  
*And.* So am I too;  
Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the House of LEWIS.

*Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, and Notary.*

*Lew.* This is the day, my daughter Angellina,  
The happy day, that must make you a fortune,  
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,  
And yours must be as great to entertain it.  
Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,  
And his behaviour affable and courtly,  
His person excellent; I know you find that,  
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.  
Young handsome people should be match'd to-  
gether,  
Then follow handsome children, handsome for-  
tunes.

The most part of his father's state, my wench,  
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;  
And, when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,  
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,  
That you may rule and turn him as you please.—  
What, are the writings drawn on our side, sir?

*Not.* They are; and here I have so fetter'd him,  
That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,  
Not all the power of law shall e'er release him.

*Lew.* These notaries are notable confident knaves,  
And able to do more mischief than an army.—  
Are all your clauses sure?

*Not.* Sure as proportion;  
They may turn rivers sooner than these writings.  
Why did you not put all the lands in, sir?

*Lew.* 'Twas not condition'd.  
*Not.* If it had been found,  
It had been but a fault made in the writing;  
If not found, all the land.

*Lew.* These are small devils,  
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;  
They live upon the mere scent of dissention.—  
'Tis well, 'tis well.—Are you contented, girl?  
For your will must be known.

*Ang.* A husband's welcome,  
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:  
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, sir;  
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.  
The gentleman I have seen, and well observed him,  
Yet find not that graced excellence you promise;  
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;  
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,  
But not to admiration, as to others;  
He's young and may be good, yet he must make  
it;

And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him also.  
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,  
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.

*Lew.* Why then let's go, and I shall love your  
modesty.—

To horse, and bring the coach out.—Angellina,  
To-morrow you will look more womanly.

*Ang.* So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, sir.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in BRISAC's House.

*Enter BRISAC, ANDREW, Cook, Butler, LILLY, and  
Servants.*

*Bri.* Wait on your master; he shall have that  
befits him.

*And.* No inheritance, sir?

*Bri.* You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!  
He shall have annual means to buy him books,  
And find him clothes and meat; what would he  
more?

Trouble him with land! 'tis flat against his nature.  
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

*And.* Shall master Eustace have all?

*Bri.* All, all; he knows how  
To use it; he's a man bred in the world,  
'T' other i' th' heavens.—My masters, pray be wary  
And serviceable; and, cook, see all your sauces  
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may  
commend you;

Look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,  
And what new kickshaws and delicate made things—  
Is the music come?

*But.* Yes, sir, they are here at breakfast.

*Bri.* There will be a masque too. You must  
see this room clean,

And, butler, your door open to all good fellows:  
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies—  
My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;  
Sort it, and set it ready for the table;  
And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be  
Not cut asunder by the gallants too;  
There be such knacks abroad.—Hark hither, Lilly!  
To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup wi' ye:  
Your husband shall be safe; I'll send you meat too.  
Before, I cannot well slip from my company.

*And.* Will you so, will you so, sir? I'll make one  
to eat it; [Apart.  
I may chance make you stagger too.

*Bri.* No answer, Lilly?

*Lil.* One word about the linen.—I'll be ready,  
And rest your worship's still.

*And.* And I'll rest wi' ye; [Aside.  
You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are you so  
nimble?

A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.  
*Bri.* Wait on your master, for I know he wants  
you;

And keep him in his study, that the noise

Do not molest him.—I will not fail, my Lilly !—  
Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties.

[*Exeunt all but ANDREW.*]

*And.* Are you kissing-ripe, sir ? Double but my farm,

And kiss her till thy heart ache. These smock-vermin !

How eagerly they leap at old men's kisses !  
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure.  
And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of cuckold,  
He should lie with her. I know, she'll labour at length

With a good lordship. If he had a wife now !  
But that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up  
Unto my master : he'll be mad with study. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Char.* What a noise is in this house ? My head is broken !

In every corner, as if the earth were shaken  
With some strange cholic, there are stirs and motions.

What planet rules this house ? Who's there ?

*Enter ANDREW.*

*And.* 'Tis I, sir, faithful Andrew.

*Char.* Come near,  
And lay thine ear down ; hear'st no noise ?

*And.* The cooks  
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,  
And breaking marrow-bones.

*Char.* Can they set them again ?

*And.* Yes, yes, in broths and puddings ; and they grow stronger,  
For the use of any man.

*Char.* What squeaking's that ?  
Sure there is a massacre.

*And.* Of pigs and geese, sir,  
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry, sir,  
And that makes up the medley.

*Char.* Do they thus  
At every dinner ? I ne'er mark'd them yet,  
Nor know who is a cook.

*And.* They are sometimes sober,  
And then they beat as gently as a tabor.

*Char.* What loads are these ?

*And.* Meat, meat, sir, for the kitchen ;  
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in :  
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.  
And there's fat venison, sir.

*Char.* What's that ?

*And.* Why, deer ;  
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,  
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.

*Char.* I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.  
*And.* There's a fishmonger's boy with caviare,  
Anchovies, and potargo, to make you drink. [sir,

*Char.* Sure, these are modern, very modern  
For I understand 'em not. [*meats,*]

*And.* No more does any man  
From *caca merda*, or a substance worse,  
Till they be greased with oil, and rubb'd with onions,  
And then flung out of doors, they are rare sallads.

*Char.* And why is all this ? pr'ythee, tell me,  
Are there any princes to dine here to-day ? [*Andrew?*]  
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.  
I've read of entertainment for the gods,

At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve 'em ?  
I never had but one, and that a small one.

*And.* Your brother's married this day ; he is  
Your younger brother, Eustace ! [*married ;*

*Char.* What of that ?

*And.* And all the friends about are bidden hither ;  
There's not a dog that knows the house but comes  
*Char.* Married ? to whom ? [*too.*]

*And.* Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,  
Young, sweet, and modest.

*Char.* Are there modest women ?  
How do they look ?

*And.* Ob, you'd bless yourself to see them.—  
He parts with's book ! He ne'er did so before yet ! [*Aside.*]

*Char.* What does my father for 'em ?

*And.* Gives all his land,  
And makes your brother heir.

*Char.* Must I have nothing ?

*And.* Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.

*Char.* I am his Elder Brother.

*And.* True, you were so ;  
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, sir.

*Char.* 'Tis well ;  
He'll not inherit my understanding too ?

*And.* I think not ; he'll scarce find tenants to let it out to.

*Char.* Hark, hark !

*And.* The coach that brings the fair lady.

*Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, Ladies, Notary, &c.*

Now you may see her.

*Char.* Sure, this should be modest ;  
But I do not truly know what women make of it,  
Andrew ! She has a face looks like a story ;  
The story of the heavens looks very like her.

*And.* She has a wide face then.

*Char.* She has a cherubin's,  
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes.—  
Eustace, be happy, whilst poor Charles is patient !—  
Get me my book again, and come in with me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter BERNAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSE, MIRAMONT,  
and Notary.*

*Bri.* Welcome, sweet daughter ; welcome, noble brother ;

And you are welcome, sir, with all your writings !  
Ladies, most welcome ! What, my angry brother ;  
You must be welcome too ; the feast is flat else.

*Mir.* I am not for your welcome, I expect none ;  
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal ;  
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.  
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,  
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

*Bri.* You'll stay and dine though ?

*Mir.* All your meat smells musty ;  
Your table will shew nothing to content me.

*Bri.* I'll assure, here's good meat.

*Mir.* But your sauce is scurvy ;  
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

*Eust.* It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle.

*Mir.* Thou art not worth my anger : thou'rt a boy ;

A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing  
But antic clothes and cringes ! Look in thy head,  
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes  
And rotten smoke !—Lady, I pity you ;  
You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,  
And ought to have a handsome man yoked to ye,

An understanding too ; this is a gincrack,  
That can get nothing but new fashions on you ;  
For say, he have a thing shaped like a child,  
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.

*Eust.* These are but harsh words, uncle.

*Mir.* So I mean 'em.

Sir, you play harsher play wi' your elder brother.

*Eust.* I would be loth to give you —

*Mir.* Do not venture ;

I'll make your wedding clothes sit closer to you  
I but disturb you ; I'll go see my nephew. [Then.

*Lew.* Pray take a piece of rosemary.

*Mir.* I'll wear it ;

But for the lady's sake, and none of yours !

May be, I'll see your table too.

*Bri.* Pray do, sir.

[Exit MIRAMONT.]

*Ang.* A mad old gentleman.

*Bri.* Yes, 'faith, sweet daughter,  
He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.  
He has made Charles his heir, I know that cer-  
tainly ;

Then why should he grudge Eustace any thing ?

*Ang.* I would not have a light head, nor one  
laden [Apart.

With too much learning, as, they say, this Charles is,  
That makes his book his mistress. Sure there's  
something

Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him  
Not a mere sot.

*Bri.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother ?

All things are ready, and the priest is here.

When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,  
As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,  
And so to dinner.

*Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first,

For my daughter's jointure.

*Bri.* Let's be private in't, sir.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—CHARLES'S Study in the same.

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, and ANDREW.

*Mir.* Nay, you're undone !

*Char.* Hum !

*Mir.* Ha' ye no greater feeling ?

*And.* You were sensible of the great book, sir,  
When it fell on your head ; and, now the house  
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing ?

*Char.* Will

He have my books too ?

*Mir.* No ; he has a book,

A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.

I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,  
An 'twere but to new-string her.

*Char.* Yes, I saw her ;

And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of learning ;  
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

*And.* He flung away his book.

*Mir.* I like that in him :

'Would he had flung away his dulness too,  
And spake to her.

*Char.* And must my brother have all ?

*Mir.* All that your father has.

*Char.* And that fair woman too ?

*Mir.* That woman also.

*Char.* He has enough then.

May I not see her sometimes, and call her sister ?  
I will do him no wrong.

*Mir.* This makes me mad ;

I could now cry for anger ! These old fools

Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st cox-  
combs !—

Farewell, and fall to your book ; forget your  
brother ;

You are my heir, and I'll provide you a wife.

I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it.

[Exit.]

Enter BRISAC.

*Bri.* Where is my son ?

*And.* There, sir ; casting a figure

What chopping children his brother shall have.

*Bri.* He does well.—How do'st Charles ? still  
at thy book ?

*And.* He's studying now, sir, who shall be his  
father.

*Bri.* Peace, you rude knave !—Come hither,  
Charles ; be merry.

*Char.* I thank you ; I am busy at my book, sir.

*Bri.* You must put your hand, my Charles, as  
I would have you,

Unto a little piece of parchment here ;

Only your name. You write a reasonable hand.

*Char.* But I may do unreasonably to write it.  
What is it, sir ?

*Bri.* To pass the land I have, sir,  
Unto your younger brother.

*Char.* Is't no more ?

*Bri.* No, no, 'tis nothing : You shall be pro-  
vided for ;

And new books you shall have still, and new  
studies ;

And have your means brought in without thy care,  
And one still to attend you. [boy ;

*Char.* This shows your love, father.

*Bri.* I'm tender to you.

*And.* Like a stone, I take it.

*Char.* Why, father, I'll go down, an't please  
you let me,

Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentlewoman*.

I see no women, but through contemplation,

And there I'll do't before the company,

And wish my brother fortune.

*Bri.* Do, I pr'ythee.

*Char.* I must not stay ; for I have things above  
Require my study.

*Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay ;

Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

*And.* Now has he

O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down  
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger !

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in the same.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, Priest, Ladies,  
COWBY, Notary, and MIRAMONT.

*Not.* Come, let him bring his son's hand, and  
Is yours ready ?— [all's done.

*Priest.* Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,  
Immediately ; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.

*Eust.* Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly.—  
Do not we stay long, mistress ?

*Ang.* I find no fault ;

Better things well done, than want time to do  
Uncle, why are you sad ? [them.—

*Mir.* Sweet-smelling blossom !

'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content ;  
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,  
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man



(But that he is addicted to his study,  
And knows no other mistress than his mind)  
Would weigh down bundles of these empty xes.

*Ang.* Can he speak, sir?

*Mir.* 'Faith, yes; but not to women:  
His language is to Heaven and heavenly wonder,  
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

*Ang.* And does he speak well there?

*Mir.* Oh, admirably!

But he's too bashful to behold a woman;  
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

*Ang.* He is a man.

*Mir.* 'Faith, yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

*Ang.* Then conversation, methinks—

*Mir.* So think I;

But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

*Ang.* I like thy nobleness.

*Eust.* See, my mad uncle

Is courting my fair mistress.

*Lew.* Let him alone;

There's nothing that allays an angry mind  
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

*Enter BRISAC and CHARLES.*

*Eust.* My father's here, my brother too! that's  
a wonder;

Broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Bri.* Come hither,

Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your desire to see  
My noble daughter, and the company,  
And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.  
You do like a good brother.

*Lew.* Marry, does he,

And he shall have my love for ever for't.

Put to your hand now.

*Not.* Here's the deed, sir, ready.

*Char.* No, you must pardon me awhile: I tell  
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me. [you,

*Bri.* Come, leave thy study, Charles.

*Char.* I'll leave my life first:

I study now to be a man; I've found it.

Before, what man was, was but my argument.

*Mir.* I like this best of all; he has taken fire;  
His dull mist flies away.

*Eust.* Will you write, brother?

*Char.* No, brother, no; I have no time for poor  
things;

I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.

*Bri.* I say you trifle time, son.

*Char.* I will not seal, sir:

I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;  
For, Heaven forbid I should become example.  
Had you only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,  
And been a proud man to have parted with it;  
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?

*Mir.* Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!

*Char.* I'll forward.

But you have open'd to me such a treasure,—

(I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune!)  
*Mir.* Can he speak now? Is this a son to  
sacrifice?

*Char.* Such an inimitable piece of beauty,  
That I have studied long, and now found only,  
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,  
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,  
And only make the number of things up,  
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't!

*Lew.* He speaks unhappily.

*Ang.* And, methinks, bravely.  
This the mere scholar?

*Eust.* You but vex yourself, brother,  
And vex your study too.

*Char.* Go you and study;

For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and  
manners;

I have studied both, although I made no show on't.  
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,  
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee:  
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,  
And sooner loose the day than leave a doubt:  
Distil the sweetness from the poet's spring,  
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:  
Traverse the stories of the great heroes,  
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through:  
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,  
And brought home nothing but their empty words!  
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,  
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,

Where the air

Rather like a perfume dwells;

Where the violet and the rose

Their blue veins in blush disclose,

And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,

And planted there,

Is to live, and still live new;

Where to gain a favour is

More than light, perpetual bliss,

Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall

To this light,

A stranger to himself and all;

Both the wonder and the story

Shall be yours, and eke the glory:

I am your servant, and your thrall.

*Mir.* Speak such another ode, and take all yet!  
What say you to the scholar now?

*Ang.* I wonder!—

Is he your brother, sir?

*Eust.* Yes.—'Would he were buried!

I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker.

*Ang.* Speak not so softly, sir; 'tis very likely.

*Bri.* Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dis-

*Char.* Dispatch, what? [patch, Charles.

*Bri.* Why, the land.

*Char.* You are deceived, sir:

Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a woman,  
And what maintains her when she's woo'd, I'll  
stop here.

A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,  
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.

Though land and monies be no happiness,

Yet they are counted good additions.

That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing,

Though he want present knowledge how to use it,  
Neglects himself.—May be, I have done you wrong,  
lady,

Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;  
May be, my brother, that has long expected  
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance—

Pray, give me leave, sir, I shall clear all doubts—

Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that.

*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy  
knavery.

*Char.* You, happy you! why did you break  
unto me?

The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.

I am a man, and have desires within me,

Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile,

And lay dead, till the spring of beauty raised them :  
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,  
A chaos of confusèdness dwelt in me ;  
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he destin-  
And into form he drew my faculties ; [guished  
And now I know my land, and now I love too.

*Bri.* We had best remove the maid.

*Char.* It is too late, sir ;  
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,  
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers :  
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,  
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.  
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,  
For, like the light, we make no separation.  
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,  
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,  
Than blot out my remembrance ; sooner shut  
Old time into a den, and stay his motion ;  
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,  
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,  
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.  
Room for an Elder Brother ! Pray give place, sir !

*Mir.* He has studied duel too : take heed, he'll  
beat thee !

He has frighted the old justice into a fever !  
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass ;  
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great  
*Char.* Do not you think me mad ? [baby.

*Ang.* No, certain, sir :

I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

*Char.* You look upon my clothes, and laugh at  
My scurvy clothes ! [me ;

*Ang.* They have rich linings, sir.

I would your brother—

*Char.* His are gold, and gaudy.

*Ang.* But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of  
copper.

*Char.* Can you love me ? I am an heir, sweet  
However I appear a poor dependant. [lady,

Love you with honour ? I shall love so ever.

Is your eye ambitious ? I may be a great man.

Is't wealth or lands you covet ? my father must die.

*Mir.* That was well put in ; I hope he'll take it  
deeply.

*Char.* Old men are not immortal, as I take it.  
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness ?

I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman ;

But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.

Can you love for love, and make that the reward ?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold

With a more doting superstition,

Than I'll love you ; the young man, his delights ;

The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,

And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,

As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,

Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.

We'll live together like two wanton vines,

Circling our souls and loves in one another ;

We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit ;

One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,

One age go with us, and one hour of death

Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

*Ang.* And one hand seal the match : I am yours

*Lew.* Nay, stay, stay, stay ! [for ever !

*Ang.* Nay, certainly, 'tis done, sir.

*Bri.* There was a contract.

*Ang.* Only conditional,

That if he had the land, he had my love too :

This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain it—

Pray be not angry, sir, at what I say ; [To Eust.  
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.

You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,

But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.

'Tis not a face I only am in love with ;

Nor will I say, your face is excellent ;

A reasonable hunting-face, to court the wind with ;

Nor they're not words, unless they be well-placed  
too,

Nor your sweet *damn-me's*, nor your hired verses,

Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,

No, nor your visits each day in new suits,

Nor your black patches you wear variously,

Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some  
lozenges ;

All which but show you still a younger brother !

*Mir.* Gra'mercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul  
too.

*Ang.* Nor your long travels, nor your little  
knowledge,

Can make me dote upon you. 'Faith, go study,

And glean some goodness, that you may show  
manly ;

(Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach you.)

Or only study how to get a wife, sir.

You're cast far behind ; 'tis good you should be  
melancholy,

It shows like a gamester that had lost his money ;

And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf,  
sir,

For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

*Lew.* But are you in earnest ?

*Ang.* Yes, believe me, father ;

You shall ne'er chuse for me ; you're old and dim,  
sir,

And the shadow of the earth eclipsed your judg-  
ment.

You have had your time without controul, dear  
father,

And you must give me leave to take mine now, sir.

*Bri.* This is the last time of asking ; will you set  
your hand to ?

*Char.* This is the last time of answering ; I will  
never !

*Bri.* Out of my doors !

*Char.* Most willingly.

*Mir.* He shall, Jew ;

Thou of the tribe of *many-asses* ! coxcomb !

And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold,  
fool.

*Ang.* Must I be gone too ?

*Lew.* I will never know thee.

*Ang.* Then this man will : What fortune he shall  
run, father,

Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

*Enter FOREMONT.*

*Egre.* When shall the masque begin ?

*Eust.* 'Tis done already :

All, all, is broken off ; I am undone, friend !

My brother's wise again, and has spoiled all,

Will not release the land ; has won the wench too.

*Egre.* Could he not stay till the masque was  
past ? We are ready.

What a scurvy trick is this ?

*Mir.* Oh, you may vanish !

Perform it at some hall, where the citizens' wives  
May see't for sumpence a-piece, and a cold supper.

—Come, let's go, Charles !—And now, my noble  
daughter,

I'll sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want, wench.—

Rate up your dinner, sir, and sell it cheap.  
Some younger brother will take't up in commodi-  
ties.—

Send you joy, nephew Eustace, if you study the law!  
Keep your great pippin-pyes; they'll go far with you.

Char. I'd have your blessing.

Bri. No, no; meet me no more!  
Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

Char. I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for gowns!

Ang. I'll wear coarse flannel first.

Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.

Lew. 'Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex 'em. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the same House.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EOREMONT, and COWBY.

Bri. Ne'er talk to me! You are no men, but masquers;  
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-  
bubbles,

That every breath or breaks or blows away!  
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,  
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!  
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers!  
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants?  
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?  
You have no more spirit than three sleepy sots!

Eust. What would you have me do, sir!

Bri. Follow your brother,

And get you out of doors, and seek your fortune!  
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,  
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,  
That never knew a blade above a penknife,  
And how to cut his meat in characters,  
Cross my design, and take thy own wench from thee!

In mine own house too? Thou despised, poor fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, sir.  
Then to my uncle, with whom't had been but sauciness

To have been so rough—

Egre. And we not seeing him  
Strive in his own cause that was principal,  
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners  
To begin a quarrel here.

Bri. You dare do nothing.  
Do ye make your care the excuse of your coward-  
liness?

Three boys on hobby horses, with three penny  
Would beat you all. [halferts,

Cow. You must not say so.

Bri. Yes,  
And sing it too.

Cow. You are a man of peace,  
Therefore we must give way.

Bri. I'll make my way;  
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;  
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers,  
I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you  
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my gates.  
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,  
Yet have no heat within you!

Cow. Oh, blessed travel!

How much we owe thee for our power to suffer!

Egre. Some splenitive youths now, that had  
never seen

More than their country smoke, would grow in  
It would show fine in us! [choler:

Eust. Yes, marry, would it,  
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers;  
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose  
To hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door,  
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the way, sir,  
With your perfumed retinue, and recover  
The now-lost Angellina; or, build on it,  
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,  
Before thou shalt inherit.

Eust. We'll to counsel;  
And what may be done by man's wit or valour  
We'll put in execution.

Bri. Do, or never

Hope I shall know thee.

[Exeunt.]

Enter LEWIS.

Lew. Oh, sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury,  
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,  
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;  
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,  
Untainted in her reputation too,  
The best of France shall know how I am juggled  
She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd [with.  
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!  
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and  
tax him

Whose innocence understands not what fear is.  
If your inconstant daughter will not dwell  
On certainties, must you henceforth conclude  
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,  
To make good my integrity and truth?  
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,  
Cast an aspersion on me.

Lew. I am wounded  
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;  
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,  
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,  
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind  
As you will blush to answer! [Exit Lewis.]

Bri. All the world,  
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not  
Torment myself; some sprightly mirth must banish  
The rage and melancholy which hath almost  
choak'd me:

To a knowing man 'tis physic, and 'tis thought one.  
One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,  
To cheer my heart, and this is that appointed:  
This night I'll hug my Lilly in mine arms;  
Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;  
We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear  
For our stolen pleasures, so it be done securely,

The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em  
Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm, [relish.  
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning  
To my other tenants when the foe approaches ;  
And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,  
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead ;  
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come ! poor Andrew ! [Exit.

## SCENE II.—A Grove.

Enter MIRAMONT and ANDREW.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly ?

And. As they were rubb'd with soap, sir.  
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,  
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still  
And then they sit in council what to do, [alters ;  
And then they jar again, what shall be done.  
They talk of warrants from the parliament,  
Complaints to the king, and forces from the pro-  
vince ;

They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,  
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we  
laugh at 'em,

A couple of pure puppies yoked together !  
But what says the young courtier, master Eustace,  
And his two warlike friends ?

And. They say but little ;  
How much they think, I know not. They look  
ruefully,

As if they had newly come from a vaulting-house,  
And had been quite shot through 'tween wind and  
water

By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir.  
Certain, my master was to blame.

Mir. Why, Andrew ?

And. To take away the wench o' th' sudden  
from him,

And give him no lawful warning ; he is tender,  
And of a young girl's constitution, sir,  
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.  
Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,  
Or bought an elegy of his condolement,  
That the world might have ta'en notice he had been  
An ass, 't had been some savour.

Mir. Thou say'st true,  
Wise Andrew ; but these scholars are such things  
When they can prattle !

And. Very parlous things, sir.

Mir. And when they gain the liberty to distin-  
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool, [guish  
To look below and spy a younger brother,  
Pruning and dressing up his expectations  
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him !  
Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants, Andrew,  
And shew no mercy.

And. The more's the pity, sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my  
And anger him a little further, Andrew. [brother,  
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,  
And a little shame.

And. And I can fit you, sir.  
Hark in your your ear.

[Whispers.

Mir. Thy wife ?

And. So, I assure you :  
This night at twelve o'clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome ;  
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.  
I have time to visit Charles, and see what lecture

He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not fail  
To be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my master. [Exit.

## SCENE III.—A Chamber in the House of MIRAMONT.

Enter ANGELINA, and SYLVIA with a Taper.

Ang. I am worse than e'er I was, for now I fear  
That that I love, that that I only dote on.  
He follows me through every room I pass,  
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,  
As if a spark of innocence were blown  
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me !  
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night ;  
And what these opportunities may teach him  
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest !  
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief !  
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly !

Syl. You need not fear that ; will you be a child  
He follows you, but still to look upon you. [still ?  
Or, if he did desire to lie with you,  
'Tis but your own desire ; you love for that end.  
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed wi' you,  
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that ?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at you.  
I fear him not ; he knows not what a woman is,  
Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.  
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam ?

Enter CHARLES.

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face.  
'Would I might know the worst, and then I were  
satisfied !

Syl. You may both, let him but go with you.

Char. Why do you fly me ? What have I so ill  
About me, or within me, to deserve it ?

Ang. I am going to-bed, sir.

Char. And I am come to light you ;  
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.  
You may have me to-bed without a scruple ;  
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.  
Two innocents should not fear one another.

Syl. The gentleman says true. Pluck up your  
heart, madam.

Char. The glorious sun, both rising and declining,  
We boldly look upon ; even then, sweet lady,  
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's cur-  
tains !

Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I fear he will persuade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind

Ang. Pray you, to your bed. [to't

Char. Why not to yours, dear mistress ?

One heart and one bed.

Ang. True, sir, when 'tis lawful :

But yet, you know—

Char. I would not know ; forget it.  
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony  
Nursed up with doubts and fears ; ours high and  
healthful,

Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.

Love should seal first, then hands confirm th  
bargain.

Ang. I shall be an heretic, if this continue.

What would you do a-bed ? You make me blush, sir  
Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleep  
are excellent :

You, that are waking such a noted wonder,  
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.  
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible ;  
Those were rich shows.

*Ang.* I am becoming traitor.

*Char.* Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an island,

Where all the perfumes and the precious things  
That wait upon great nature are laid up,  
I'd clip you in mine arms, and chastely kiss you ;  
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,  
And sigh and weep.

*Ang.* I've too much woman in me.

*Char.* And those true tears, falling on your pure crystals,

Should turn to armlets for great queens to adore.

*Ang.* I must be gone.

*Char.* Do not ; I will not hurt you.

This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,  
You have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too.

Fear not my manners ; though I never knew,  
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,  
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it,  
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,  
And studied it among my other secrets ;  
And sooner would I force a separation  
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,  
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastity.

*Ang.* Then we may walk.

*Char.* And talk of any thing,  
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.  
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.  
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,  
And not desire ; 'twill prove a wise man's task ;  
Yet those desires I have so mingled still,  
And temper'd with the quality of honour,  
That, if you should yield, I should hate you for't.  
I am no courtier, of a light condition,  
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,  
That only serves his will and wantonness ;  
And lets the serious part of life run by,  
As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,  
You must be mine ! why should I rob myself  
Of that, that lawfully must make me happy ?  
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,  
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you ?  
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,  
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,  
And sing of love and youth ; each wind that blows,  
And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed delights ;  
The wanton spring shall call us to their banks,  
And on the perfumed flow'rs we'll feast our senses ;  
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,  
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.

*Ang.* To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end

Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,  
Or of such parents that might give you thanks !  
But I am poor in all but your affections.  
Once more, good night !

*Char.* A good night to you, and may  
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,  
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers !  
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy !  
And break betimes, sweet morn ! I have lost my light else.

*Ang.* Let it be ever night, when I lose you.

*Syl.* This scholar never went to a free-school,  
he's so simple.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Your brother, with two gallants, is at door, sir ;

And they are so violent, they'll take no denial.

*Ang.* This is no time of night—

*Char.* Let 'em in, mistress.

*Ser.* They stay no leave. Shall I raise the house on 'em ?

*Char.* Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I charge you.

*Enter EUSTACE, FOREMONT, and COWEY.*

*Eust.* They are here ; my uncle absent ; stand close to me.—

How do you, brother, with your curious story ?

Have you not read her yet sufficiently ?

*Char.* No, brother, no ; I stay yet in the preface ;  
The style's too hard for you.

*Eust.* I must entreat her ;

She's parcel of my goods. [*Seizes ANGELLINA.*]

*Char.* She's all, when you have her.

*Ang.* Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude sir ;  
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

*Char.* Do, let her alone ; she gives good counsel. Do not

Trouble yourself with ladies ; they are too light ;  
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.

*Ang.* I cannot love you, let that satisfy you !

Such vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.

*Eust.* Nay, then, you must go, I must claim mine

Both. Away, away with her ! [*OWN.*]

[*She strikes off EUSTACE'S hat.*]

*Char.* Let her alone,

Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.

Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother :

It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.

*Eust.* Oh, is your heart come down ? What are  
Put up, put up. [*Your terms, sir ?*]

*Char.* This is the first and chiefest.

Let's walk a turn.—[*Snatches away his sword.*] Now  
stand off, fools, I advise ye.

Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.

This is the first sword yet I ever handled,

And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,

And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence !

'Tis sharp, I'm sure ; and, if I put it home,

'Tis ten to one I shall new-pink your sattins.

I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,

And will enough to make ye all examples !

Let me toss it round ; I have the full command

Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him ! [*on't :*]

I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.

Do you watch me when my uncle is absent ?

This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards !

Teach me to fight ; I willing am to learn.

Are ye all gilded flies ? nothing but show in ye ?

Why stand ye gaping ? Who now touches her ?

Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,

But name her, as his own ? who dares look on her ?

That shall be mortal too ; but think, 'tis dangerous !

Art thou a fit man to inherit land,

And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it ?

Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy  
friends ;

Pray heartily ; good prayers may restore ye.

*Ang.* But do not kill 'em, sir.

*Char.* You speak too late, dear :

It is my first fight, and I must do bravely ;

I must not look with partial eyes on any ;

I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen :

Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,  
I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em.—  
Who waits within?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir!

*Char.* View all these! view 'em well;  
Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.  
Round about yet; see how death waits upon 'em;  
For thou shalt never view 'em more.

*Eust.* Pray hold, sir.

*Char.* I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me;  
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.—  
Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,  
And get my pardon instantly; I have need on't.

*Eust.* Are you so unnatural?

*Char.* You shall die last, sir.

I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.  
Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought  
whole battles! [on, sir.

*Cow.* We have no quarrel to you, that we know

*Egre.* We'll quit the house, and ask you mercy  
Good lady, let no murder be done here; [too.—  
We came but to parley.

*Char.* How to sword

Thirsts after them!—Stand away, sweet.

*Eust.* Pray, sir,

Take my submission, and I disclaim for ever—

*Char.* Away, ye poor things, you despicable crea-  
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me, [tures!  
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,  
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should  
execute?

Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;

What did ye bring to carry her?

*Egre.* A coach and four horses.

*Char.* But are they good?

*Egre.* As good as France can shew, sir.

*Char.* Are you willing to leave those, and take  
Speak quickly. [your safeties?

*Eust.* Yes, with all our hearts.

*Char.* 'Tis done, then.

Many have got one horse; I've got four by th'  
bargain.

*Enter MIRAMONT.*

*Mir.* How now? who's here?

*Ser.* Nay, now you are gone without bail.

*Mir.* What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my  
two-hand sword!

I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches!

*Eust.* In truth, sir, I came but to do my duty.

*Both.* And we to renew our loves.

*Mir.* Bring me a blanket!—

What came they for?

*Ang.* To borrow me a while, sir:

But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,  
So bastinadoed them with manly carriage,  
They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone.  
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought  
They might do wonders here, and they have done  
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness; [so:  
The nipping north, or frost, never came near them;  
Saint George upon a sign would grow more sensible:  
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,  
These were the most sufficient men to do it  
In all the world, and yet they are but young.  
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire  
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly:  
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely  
In these three gentlemen; they have right use on't;

They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.

These are the anagrams of three great worthies.

*Mir.* They will infect my house with cowardice,  
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers  
No baffled monsieurs.—Walk and air yourselves!  
As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd wretches!  
Without one word to ask a reason why,  
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed:  
For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,  
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.—

[*Exeunt EUSTACE, EOREMONT, and COWSY.*

My horse again there!—I have other business,  
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.  
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you, dear  
'Tis late, 'tis late. [lady.

*Ang.* Pray, sir, be careful of us.

*Mir.* It is enough; my best care shall attend ye.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Farm-House of ANDREW.

*Enter ANDREW, peeping into an adjoining Room.*

*And.* Are you come, old master? Very good,  
your horse

Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,  
And spur your reverend justiceship such a question,  
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed;  
Truly, I will.—Now must I play at bo-peep.  
A banquet? Well! Potatoes, and eringoes,  
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!  
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,  
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.  
Now they begin to bill. How he slavers her!  
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;  
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off  
(That's a good wench) and cries, "fair play above-  
board."—

Who are they in the corner? As I live,  
A covey of fiddlers; I shall have some music yet  
At my making free o' th' company of horners.

[*Music.*

There's the comfort; and a song too! He beckons  
for one.

Sure 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes  
Out of the school of virtue. I will listen. [*A Song.*  
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too  
sprightly.

So, so, the music's paid for; and now what follows?  
Oh, that Monsieur Miramont would but keep his  
word,

Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter!  
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from his  
Nor will he break, I hope.— [house;

*Enter MIRAMONT.*

Oh, are you come, sir?

The prey is in the net; and we'll break in  
Upon occasion.

*Mir.* Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.

Oh, the infinite fright that will assail this gentle-  
The quartans, tertians, and quotidian, [man!  
That will hang, like serjeants, on his worship's  
shoulders!

The humiliation of the flesh of this man,  
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!  
How will those solemn looks appear to me,  
And that severe face, that spake chains and  
shackles,  
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with  
him?

He'd better have stood between two panes of wainscot,

And made his recantation in the market,  
Than hear me conjure him.

*And.* He must pass this way,  
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand close.

*Enter BRISAC and LILLY.*

*Bri.* Well done, well done; give me my night-cap. So!

Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee!

Come, wench, a kiss between each point; kiss it is a sweet parenthesis. [close;

*Lil.* You are merry, sir.

*Bri.* Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel Thou shalt, my Lilly. [it,

*Lil.* Shall I air your bed, sir?

*Bri.* No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine, That's all. Come, kiss me again. [girl;

*Lil.* Ha' you done yet?

*Bri.* No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly. Show me the way.

*Lil.* You cannot miss it, sir.

You shall have a caudle in the morning, for Your worship's breakfast.

*Bri.* How? i' th' morning, Lilly? Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.

Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now, And thou hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.

*Lil.* 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you; You have all you're like to have.—

*And.* And can this be earnest?

*Mir.* It seems so, and she honest.—

*Bri.* Have I not

Thy promise, Lilly?

*Lil.* Yes; and I have perform'd Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,

And you shall find, sir. You have kiss'd and toused me, [sir?

Handled my leg and foot: What would you more, As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,

And the labour in an old man would breed agues, Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,

For taking from you what you cannot spare, sir. Be good unto yourself; you have ta'en already

All you can take with ease; you are past threshing, It is a work too boisterous for you; leave

Such drudgery to Andrew.

*Mir.* How she jeers him!

*Lil.* Let Andrew alone with his own tillage: He's tough, and can manure it.

*Bri.* You're a quean,

A scoffing jeering quean!

*Lil.* It may be so, but,

I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.

*Bri.* Do not provoke me;

If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and turn Thee out a-begging.

*Lil.* Though you have the will, And want of honesty, to deny your deed, sir,

Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning From my young master, as to keep his own.

*And.* I warrant thee, wench. [judges,

*Lil.* At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to the For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and on

What terms you would revoke it.

*Bri.* Whore, thou dar'est not!

Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood As if 'twere o'er a furnace! [boils,

*Mir.* I shall cool it.

*Bri.* Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me! I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful friend—

*Lil.* To avoid suits in law, I would grant a little; But should fierce Andrew know it, what would be-Of me? [come

*And.* A whore, a whore!

*Bri.* Nothing but well, wench:

I will put such a strong bit in his mouth, As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly: Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him, And thank thee for the office.

*Mir.* Take heed, Andrew; These are shrewd temptations.

*And.* Pray you, know Your cue, and second me, sir.—By your worship's favour! [Comes forward.

*Bri.* Andrew!

*And.* I come in time to take possession Of the office you assign me; hold the door! Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man To stay without, when a deep understanding Holds conference within; say, with his wife:

A trifle, sir. I know I hold my farm In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o' th' soil, sir: Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, sir, I claim no interest in her.

*Bri.* Art thou serious? Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'erheard us, And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidler, A little will serve my turn: thou'lt find enough When I've my belly-full: Wilt thou be private And silent?

*And.* By all means; I'll only have A ballad made oft, sung to some lewd tune, And the name of it shall be the Justice-Trap: It will sell rarely with your worship's name, And Lilly's, on the top.

*Bri.* Seek not the ruin O' my reputation, Andrew.

*And.* 'Tis for your credit; Monsieur Brisac, printed in capital letters, Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.

*Bri.* No mercy, Andrew?

*And.* Oh, it will proclaim you From the city to the court, and prove sport-royal.

*Bri.* Thou shalt keep thy farm.

*Mart.* He does afflict him rarely. [Aside.

*And.* You trouble me. Then his intent arriving, The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off To the judge criminal—

*Bri.* Oh, I am undone.

*And.* He's put out of commission with disgrace, And held incapable of bearing office Ever hereafter. This is my revenge, And this I'll put in practice.

*Bri.* Do but hear me.

*And.* To bring me back from my grammar to It is unpardonable. [my horn-book!

*Bri.* Do not play the tyrant; Accept of composition.

*Lil.* Hear him, Andrew.

*And.* What composition?

*Bri.* I'll confirm thy farm, And add unto't an hundred acres more, Adjoining to it.

*And.* Hum! this mollifies. But you're so fickle, and will again deny this, There being no witness by.

*Bri.* Call any witness,  
I'll presently assure it.

*And.* Say you so?

'Troth, there's a friend of mine, sir, within hearing,  
That is familiar with all that's past;  
His testimony will be authentical.

*Bri.* Will he be secret?

*And.* You may tie his tongue up,  
As you would do your purse-strings.

[*MIRAMONT comes forward.*]

*Bri.* Miramont!

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha!

*And.* This is my witness. Lord, how you are  
troubled!

Sure you have an ague, you shake so with choler.  
He's your loving brother, sir, and will tell nobody,  
But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,  
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

*Bri.* Caught thus?

*And.* If he were one that would make jests of  
you,

Or plague you with making your religious gravity  
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had  
Some cause to be perplex'd.

*Bri.* I shall become

Discourse for clowns and tapsters.

*And.* Quick, Lilly, quick!

He's now past kissing between point and point;  
He swoons, fetch him some cordial.—Now put in,  
sir.

*Mir.* Who may this be? Sure, this is some mis-  
take.

Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard;  
It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,  
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;  
He is too prudent, and too cautious;  
Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries.  
He is the punisher, and not the doer;  
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for woman;  
This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd for't;  
Some base abuser of my worthy brother.

*Bri.* Open the doors! will ye imprison me? Are  
ye my judges?

*Mir.* The man raves! This is not judicious Brisac.  
Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look  
Like my brother: a guilty hanging face.

*Bri.* I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do, do!

*Mir.* Why, it's manly in you.

*Bri.* Nor will I rail, nor curse.—

You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;  
But all the torments that e'er fell on men

That feed on mischief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*]

*Lil.* You have given him a heat, sir.

*Mir.* He will ride

You the better, Lilly.

*And.* We'll teach him to meddle with us scholars.

*Mir.* He shall make good his promise to in-  
crease thy farm, Andrew,  
Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;  
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;  
And then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur Eustace,  
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily  
To see 'em mourn together.

*And.* 'Twill be rare, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Grove before MIRAMONT'S House.

*Enter EUSTACE, EGBERMONT, and COWEY.*

*Eust.* Turn'd out of doors, and baffled!

*Egre.* We share with you

In the affront.

*Cow.* Yet bear it not like you,  
With such dejection.

*Eust.* My coach and horses made  
The ransom of our cowardice!

*Cow.* Pish, that's nothing;

'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

*Egre.* It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,  
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,  
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.

*Eust.* And does the court, that should be the ex-  
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us [sample  
No other doctrine?

*Egre.* None that thrives so well  
As that, within my knowledge.

*Cow.* Flattery rubs on;

But since great men learn to admire themselves,  
'Tis something great-fallen.

*Egre.* To be of no religion  
Argues a subtle moral understanding,  
And it is often cherish'd.

*Eust.* Piety then,  
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,  
Are there no virtues!

*Egre.* Rather vices, Eustace.  
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in fashion  
Among provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:

But with us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,  
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,  
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,  
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear  
As coarse as to be honest.

*Eust.* And all this  
You seriously believe?

*Cow.* It is a faith  
That we will die in; since from the blackguard  
To the grim sir in office, there are few  
Hold other tenets.

*Eust.* Now my eyes are open;  
And I behold a strong necessity,  
That keeps me knave and coward.

*Cow.* You are the wiser.

*Eust.* Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose  
To be of your society?

*Egre.* By no means,

*Eust.* Honour is nothing with you?

*Cow.* A mere bubble;

For, what's grown common is no more regarded.

*Eust.* My sword forced from me too, and still  
You think, 's no blemish? [*detain'd,*]

*Egre.* Get me a battoon;

'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less trouble.

*Eust.* And yet you wear a sword.

*Cow.* Yes, and a good one,  
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade;  
For ornament, not use; the court allows it.

*Eust.* Will't not fight of itself?

*Cow.* I ne'er tried this.

Yet I have worn as fair as any man;



I am sure, I have made my cutler rich, and paid  
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,  
Two thousand crowns; and yet could never light  
Upon a fighting one.

*Eust.* I'll borrow this;  
I like it well.

*Cow.* 'Tis at your service, sir;  
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.

*Eust.* And, now I have it, leave me! You're  
infectious,

The plague and leprosy of your baseness spreading  
On all that do come near you; such as you  
Render the throne of majesty, the court,  
Suspected and contemptible! You are scarabæ,  
That batten in her dung, and have no palates  
To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,  
Can only see her night-deformities,  
But, with the glorious splendour of her beauties  
You are struck blind as moles, that undermine  
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter!  
You stick, like running ulcers on her face,  
And taint the pureness of her native candour;  
And, being bad servants, cause your master's good-  
ness

To be disputed of! You make the court,  
That is the abstract of all académies  
To teach and practise noble undertakings,  
(Where courage sits triumphant, crown'd with  
laurel,

And wisdom, loaded with the weight of honour)  
A school of vices.

*Egr.* What sudden rapture's this?

*Eust.* A heavenly one, that, raising me from  
sloth and ignorance,

(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)  
Carries me up into the air of action,  
And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,  
But pleading only in the court's defence,  
Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,  
A happy alteration, and full strength  
To stand her champion against all the world  
That throw aspersions on her.

*Cow.* Sure, he'll beat us;  
I see it in his eyes.

*Egr.* A second Charles!—

Pray look not, sir, so furiously.

*Eust.* Recant

What you have said, ye mungrels! and lick up  
The vomit you have cast upon the court,  
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and  
breeding,

And swear that you, like spiders, have made poison  
Of that which was a saving antidote!

*Egr.* We will swear any thing.

*Cow.* We honour the court  
As a most sacred place.

*Egr.* And will make oath,  
If you enjoin us to't; nor knave, nor fool,  
Nor coward, living in it.

*Eust.* Except you two,  
You rascals!

*Cow.* Yes; we are all these, and more,  
If you will have it so.

*Eust.* And that, until  
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,  
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press  
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,  
To be disciplined for your roguery; and, this done,  
With true contrition—

*Both.* Yes, sir.

*Eust.* You again  
May eat scraps, and be thankful.—

*Cow.* Here's a cold breakfast,  
After a sharp night's walking!

*Eust.* Keep your oaths,  
And without grumbling vanish.

*Both.* We are gone, sir. [Exit.

*Eust.* May all the poorness of my spirit go with  
The fetters of my thralldom are filed off, [you!—  
And I at liberty to right myself;  
And though my hope in Angelina's little,  
My honour, unto which compared she's nothing,  
Shall, like the sun, disperse those low'ring clouds,  
That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name  
Of brother shall divert me; but from him,  
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,  
I will seek reparation, and call him  
Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;  
And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,  
Invite him to this solitary grove,  
As I much hope she will, he seldom missing  
To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard  
To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

Enter CHARLES.

'Tis he, most certain; and by his side my sword.  
Blest opportunity!

*Char.* I have o'erslept myself,  
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover it.  
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes  
Within my table-book, which I'll now consider.  
Ha! what means this? what do I with a sword?  
Learn'd Mercury needs not the aid of Mars, and  
innocence

Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever  
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;  
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how,  
I am grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor  
study,

And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;  
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.

*Eust.* None, sir:  
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;  
And see you expound it well.

*Char.* Eustace!

*Eust.* The same, sir;  
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,  
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,  
To bid good-morrow to you.

*Char.* This, not in scorn,  
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?

*Eust.* Oh, much, sir; here I end not, but begin.  
I must speak to you in another strain  
Than yet I ever used; and if the language  
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,  
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,  
From whom I learn'd it.

*Char.* When I understand,  
Be't in what style you please, what's your demand?  
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,  
To make an answer to the point.

*Eust.* I come not  
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,  
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you  
Your learning and deep knowledge: Though I am  
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds, [not  
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,  
Forced from steep rocks, and with much toil attain'd,  
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;  
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.

*Char.* These not repined at, as you seem to inform me,

The motion must be of a strange condition,  
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,  
Without this tempest in your looks, propound it,  
And fear not a denial.

*Eust.* I require then,  
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)  
The reputation of a man, the honour,  
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,  
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!  
With these, the restitution of thy sword,  
With large acknowledgment of satisfaction,  
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,  
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all,  
My mistress Angellina, as she was  
Before the musical magic of thy tongue  
Enchanted and seduced her. These perform'd,  
And with submission, and done publicly,  
At my father's and my uncle's intercession,  
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen  
To terms of reconciliation; but if these  
In every circumstance are not subscribed to,  
To the last gasp I defy thee.

*Char.* These are strict  
Conditions to a brother.

*Eust.* My rest is up,  
Nor will I go less.

*Char.* I'm no gamester, Eustace;  
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands  
To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you  
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length  
You understand what a wretched thing you were,  
How deeply wounded by yourself, and made  
Almost incurable, in your own hopes;  
The dead flesh of pale cowardice growing over  
Your feater'd reputation, which no balm  
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.  
And I am happy that I was the surgeon,  
That did apply those burning corrosives,  
That render you already sensible  
O' th' danger you were plunged in; in teaching  
And by a fair gradation, how far, [you  
And with what curious respect and care  
The peace and credit of a man within  
(Which you ne'er thought till now) should be pre-  
fer'd

Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;  
For so far I go with you.

*Eust.* This discourse  
Is from the subject.

*Char.* I'll come to it, brother;  
But if you think to build upon my ruins,  
You'll find a false foundation: Your high offers,  
Taught by the masters of dependencies,  
That, by compounding differences 'tween others,  
Supply their own necessities, with me  
Will never carry it. As you are my brother,  
I would dispense a little, but no more  
Than honour can give way to; nor must I  
Destroy that in myself I love in you:  
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade  
I will descend to any composition, [you  
For which I may be censured.

*Eust.* You shall fight then.

*Char.* With much unwillingness with you; but  
There's no evasion—

*Eust.* None.

*Char.* Hear yet a word:  
As for the sword, and other fripperies,

In a fair way, send for them, you shall have 'em;  
But rather than surrender Angellina,  
Or hear it again mentioned, I oppose  
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me  
All ties of nature!

*Eust.* She detain'd, I'm deaf  
To all persuasion.

*Char.* Guard thyself then, Eustace!  
I use no other rhetoric.

[They fight.]

*Enter MIRAMONT.*

*Mir.* Clashing of swords  
So near my house! Brother opposed to brother!  
Here is no fencing at half sword.—Hold, hold!  
Charles! Eustace! [Draws, and parts them.]

*Eust.* Second him, or call in more help.  
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare  
Do ye fight by the book? [you—

*Char.* 'Tis you that wrong me.—Off, sir!  
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit  
That I have raised in him.

*Eust.* Never, Charles,  
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

*Mir.* I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much  
to't, boys;

For if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason—  
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,  
And not a choleric old testy fool,  
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with you,  
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I  
would,

And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee;  
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave  
A true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin [spark,  
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,  
I'll cherish him for example; in our age  
They are not born every day.

*Char.* You of late, sir,  
In me loved learning.

*Mir.* True; but take me with ye, Charles;  
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's  
breaches,  
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;  
When's understanding waved in a flaunting feather,  
And his best contemplation look'd no further  
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then,  
The lofty noise your Greek made, only pleased me;  
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Rowland—  
(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up in  
Let me remember! when I was of his years, [him.)  
I did look very like him; and, did you see  
My picture as I was then, you would swear  
That gallant Eustace (I mean, now he dares fight)  
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.  
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough, Charles.

*Char.* Sure, sir, I shall not need addition from  
him.

*Eust.* Nor I from any; this shall decide my  
Though I am lost to all deserving men, [interest!  
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely  
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,  
By yielding to a minute of delay  
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger  
Unto my father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd  
With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,  
And force myself a fortune, though my birth  
And breeding do deny it!

*Char.* Seek not, Eustace,  
By violence, what will be offer'd to you  
On easier composition. Though I was not

Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me  
A brother to your bravery of spirit ;  
And one that, not compell'd to't by your sword,  
(Which I must never fear) will share with you  
In all but Angellina.

*Mir.* Nobly said, Charles ;  
And learn from my experience, you may hear reason,  
And never maim your fighting.—For your credit,  
Which you think you have lost, spare Charles ;  
and swinge me,

And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,  
That wear no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,  
Thou art made up again.

*Eust.* All this is lip-salve.

*Mir.* It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere I  
have done.

As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'st fight,  
Ne'er fear't ; for I've the dowcets of his gravity  
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,  
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make  
Thine own conditions with him.

*Eust.* I'll take leave  
A little to consider.

*Char.* Here comes Andrew.

*Enter ANDREW, wounded.*

*Mir.* But without his comical and learned face.—  
What sad disaster, Andrew ?

*And.* You may read, sir,  
A tragedy in my face.

*Mir.* Art thou in earnest ?

*And.* Yes, by my life, sir ; and if now you help  
And speedily, by force or by persuasion, [not,  
My good old master (for now I pity him)  
Is ruin'd for ever.

*Char.* Ha ! my father ?  
He, sir.

*Mir.* By what means ? speak.

*And.* At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,  
His house is seized upon, and he in person  
Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, sir)  
To be conveyed to Paris, and there sentenced.

*Mir.* Nay, then there is no jesting.

*Char.* Do I live,  
And know my father injured ?

*And.* And what's worse, sir,  
My Lady Angellina—

*Eust.* What of her ?

*And.* She's carried away too.

*Mir.* How ?

*And.* While you were absent,  
A crew of Monsieur Lewis' friends and kinsmen  
By force brake in at the back part of the house,  
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew  
(As this can witness for him) did his best  
In her defence ; but 'twould not do.

*Mir.* Away,  
And see our horses saddled ! 'tis no time  
To talk, but do.—Eustace, you now are offer'd  
A spacious field, and in a pious war,  
To exercise your valour ; here's a cause,  
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,  
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name  
Commanding it : But these unnatural jars,  
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,  
Would shame your victory.

*Eust.* I would do much, sir ;  
But still, my reputation—

*Mir.* Charles shall give you  
All decent satisfaction ; nay, join hands,

And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers ;  
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns  
The honour of our family, Monsieur Lewis,  
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel  
There's hot blood in this arm ; I'll lead you bravely.

*Eust.* And if I follow not, a coward's name  
Be branded on my forehead !

*Char.* This spirit makes you  
A sharer in my fortunes.

*Mir.* And in mine ;  
Of which (Brisac once freed, and Angellina  
Again in our possession) you shall know  
My heart speaks in my tongue.

*Eust.* I dare not doubt it, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—On the high Road to Paris.

*Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, and OFFICERS.*

*Lew.* I am deaf to all persuasion.

*Bri.* I use none ;

Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,  
But, when the king shall understand how falsely  
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice  
Must set me right again.

*Ang.* Sir, let not passion  
So far transport you as to think in reason,  
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,  
That honour you would build up ; You destroy  
What you would seem to nourish. If respect  
Of my preferment, or my reputation,  
May challenge your paternal love and care,  
Why do you, now good fortune has provided  
A better husband for me than your hopes  
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him ?  
In what is my love Charles defective, sir ?  
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,  
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,  
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,  
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,  
Of what can you accuse him ?

*Lew.* Of a rape  
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust  
Made thee consent to.

*Syl.* Her lust ! You are her father.

*Lew.* And you her bawd.

*Syl.* Were you ten lords, 'tis false ;  
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not  
Such spotted instruments.

*Ang.* As I have a soul, sir—

*Lew.* I am not to be alter'd ! To sit down  
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,  
And not born noble : All rigour that the law,  
And that increase of power by favour yields,  
Shall be with all severity inflicted ;  
You have the king's hand for't ; no bail will serve,  
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with  
'em.

*Bri.* This is madness.

*Lew.* Tell me so in open court,  
And there I'll answer you.

*Enter MIRAMONT, CHARLES, EUSTACE, and ANDREW, with  
swords.*

*Mir.* Well overtaken.

*Char.* Kill, if they dare resist.

*Eust.* He that advances  
But one step forward, dies.

*Lew.* Shew the King's writ.

*Mir.* Shew your discretion ; 'twill become you  
better.

*Char.* You're once more in my power : and if again

[*To ANGELLINA.*]

I part with you, let me for ever lose thee !

*Eust.* Force will not do't, nor threats ; accept  
From your despair'd-of Eustace. [this service

*And.* And beware,

Your reverend worship never more attempt  
To search my Lily-pot : you see what follows.

*Lew.* Is the king's power condemn'd ?

*Mir.* No, but the torrent

Of your wilful folly stopp'd.—And for you, good sir,  
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,  
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,

That is not tender'd to you ; rather than  
Be cross'd in what you purposed, you'll undo  
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,  
And your old foolish neighbour ! make your states,  
And in a suit not worth a carducue,

A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes ;  
And after they have plumed ye, return home,

Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.

*Char.* This is a most strong truth, sir.

*Mir.* No, no, monsieur,

Let us be right Frenchmen ; violent to charge,  
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,

'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.

Observe my learned Charles ; he'll get thee a  
nephew

On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,  
And suck the nurse by logic. And here's Eustace ;  
He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis ;  
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land  
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good lord,  
And of a gentle nature ; in your looks  
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.—

And, do you hear, old fool ?

*Eri.* Your brother, sir.

*Mir.* But I'll not chide :

Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning ;  
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.  
And next, love valour ; though you dare not fight  
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eustace  
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,  
Let Andrew's farm be increas'd, that is your  
penance,

You know for what ; and see you rut no more.

You understand me. So embrace on all sides.

I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends ;

Provided we preserve you still our friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way  
Of approbation to a well-liked play,  
We only hope ; but that you freely would,  
To the author's memory, so far unfold,  
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,  
Not in your praise, but often seeing it,  
That being the grand assurance, that can give  
The poet and the player means to live.

# THE SPANISH CURATE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON HENRIQUE, an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.  
 DON JAMIE, younger Brother to DON HENRIQUE.  
 BARTOLUS, a covetous Lawyer, Husband to AMARANTA.  
 LEANDRO, a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyer's Wife.  
 ANGELO, } Three Gentlemen, Friends to LEANDRO.  
 MILANES, }  
 ARSENIO, }  
 ASCANIO, Son to DON HENRIQUE.  
 OCTAVIO, supposed Husband to JACINTHA.  
 LOPEZ, the Spanish Curate.

DIEGO, his Sexton.  
 Assistant, which we call a Judge.  
 ALGURELS, whom we call Serjeants.  
 ANDREA, a Servant of DON HENRIQUE's.

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

VIOLANTE, supposed Wife to DON HENRIQUE.  
 JACINTHA, formerly contracted to DON HENRIQUE.  
 AMARANTA, wife to BARTOLUS.  
 EGIA, a Female Moor, Servant to AMARANTA.

## SCENE,—CORDOVA.

### PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,  
 A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,  
 The name ye know, that's nothing to my story ;  
 To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,  
 Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,  
 For that is now held wit that tends that way,  
 Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,  
 And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary :  
 The streams that guide ye, easy to attend :  
 To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,  
 If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,

To swear it, if you swear against, is war.  
 To assure you any thing, unless you see,  
 And so conceive, is vanity in me ;  
 Therefore I leave it to itself ; and pray,  
 Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,  
 And stem all doubts : 'twas built for such a proof,  
 And we hope highly : If she lie aloof  
 For her own vantage, to give wind at will,  
 Why, let her work, only be you but still,  
 And sweet-opinion'd ; and we are bound to say,  
 You're worthy judges, and you crown the play.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter ANGELO, MILANES, and ARSENIO.

*Ars.* Leandro paid all.

*Mil.* 'Tis his usual custom,  
 And requisite he should. He has now put off  
 The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,  
 When he pretends to weep for his dead father.  
 Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,  
 That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,  
 Wish them in heaven ; or, if they take a taste  
 Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,  
 Provided they remove hence. What is befallen  
 To his father in the other world, I ask not ;  
 I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could use  
 For mine, in the same method. [one]

*Ars.* Fie upon thee !  
 This is profane.

*Mil.* Good doctor, do not school me  
 For a fault you are not free from. On my life,  
 Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,  
 They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet :  
 I'm sure Leandro does.

*Ars.* He is the owner  
 Of a fair estate.

*Mil.* And fairly he deserves it ;  
 He's a royal fellow ; yet observes a mean  
 In all his courses, careful too on whom  
 He showers his bounties. He that's liberal  
 To all alike, may do a good by chance,  
 But never out of judgment. This invites  
 The prime men of the city to frequent  
 All places he resorts to, and are happy  
 In his sweet converse.

*Ars.* Don Jamie, the brother  
 To the grandee Don Henrique, appears much taken  
 With his behaviour.

*Mil.* There is something more in't :  
 He needs his purse, and knows how to make use  
 'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor, [on't].  
 To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant  
 That can supply his wants ; and howsoever  
 Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother  
 Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since  
 Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,  
 Call'd Madam Violante, he yet holds

A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him  
A bare annuity only.

*Ars.* Yet, 'tis said,  
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,  
If he die without issue, Don Jamie  
Inherits his estate.

*Mil.* Why, that's the reason  
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord  
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason  
Should flatter and observe him, he's of a nature  
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,  
Presuming on his hopes.

*Ars.* What's the young lad  
That all of 'em make so much of?

*Mil.* 'Tis a sweet one,  
And the best condition'd youth I ever saw yet;  
So humble, and so affable, that he wins  
The love of all that know him; and so modest,  
That in despite of poverty, he would starve  
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son  
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;  
And she, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,  
Is happy in his mother. For his sake,  
Though in their fortunes fallen, they are esteem'd  
And cherish'd by the best. [of

*Enter JAMIE, LEANDRO, and ASCANIO.*

Oh, here they come.  
I now may spare his character; but observe him,  
He'll justify my report.

*Jam.* My good Ascanio,  
Repair more often to me; above women  
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

*Asc.* My lord, your favours  
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth  
To be both rude and saucy.

*Lean.* You cannot be  
Too frequent, where you are so much desired.  
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival  
In part of his affection; I will buy it  
At any rate.

*Jam.* Stood I but now possess'd  
Of what my future hope presages to me,  
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron,  
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,  
Be mine: I'll not receive thee as a servant,  
But as my son; and though I want myself,  
No page attending in the court of Spain  
Shall find a kinder master.

*Asc.* I beseech you,  
That my refusal of so great an offer  
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride  
(That common vice is far from my condition)  
That makes you a denial to receive  
A favour I should sue for: nor the fashion  
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant  
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight  
Of poverty, is held an argument  
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years  
Were fit to do you service in a nature  
That might become a gentleman (give me leave  
To think myself one). My father served the king  
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune  
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich  
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;  
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;  
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me  
To follow his profession; and if Heaven  
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,  
I th' service of my country, should I be,

To trail a pike under your brave command!  
There I would follow you as a guide to honour,  
Though all the horrors of the war made up  
To stop my passage.

*Jam.* Thou'rt a hopeful boy,  
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,  
I love thee more than ever.

*Mil.* 'Pity, such seeds  
Of promising courage should not grow and prosper!

*Ang.* Whatever his reputed parents be,  
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.

*Lean.* You make him blush.—It needs not,  
sweet Ascanio;

We may hear praises when they are deserved,  
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,  
I would add something to the building up  
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit  
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years  
In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies  
With all conveniences.

*Asc.* Your goodness, signiors,  
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.  
If I were of your blood, you could not be  
More tender of me: What then can I pay,  
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart  
Bound to your service? With what willingness  
I would receive, good sir, your noble offer,  
Heaven can bear witness for me: but, alas,  
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,  
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,  
To whom I owe my being; they in me  
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were  
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,  
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me;  
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,  
I am their steward and their nurse: The bounties  
Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain 'em;  
And to forsake them in their age, in me  
Were more than murder.

*Enter HERRIGUEZ.*

*Ang.* This is a kind of begging  
Would make a broker charitable.

*Mil.* Here, sweetheart, [Gives him money.

*Lean.* When this is spent,  
Seek for supply from me.

*Jam.* Thy piety  
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all.  
Though 'twere my exhibition to a royal  
For one whole year. [Gives money.

*Asc.* High Heavens reward your goodness!

*Hen.* So, sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,  
You are so prodigal?

*Jam.* A slip, sir?

*Hen.* Yes,  
A slip; or call it by the proper name,  
Your bastard.

*Jam.* You're foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke me:  
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,  
And use you, as your manners do deserve,  
Uncivilly.

*Hen.* So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:  
Who am I, sir?

*Jam.* My elder brother: One  
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,  
But that you had the luck to creep into  
The world a year before me.

*Lean.* Be more temperate.

*Jam.* I neither can nor will, unless I learn it

By his example. Let him use his harsh  
Unsavory reprehensions upon those  
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land  
Our father left to him alone, rewards him  
For being twelve months elder: Let that be  
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember  
One quality of worth or virtue in him,  
That may authorise him to be a censorer  
Of me, or of my manners, and I will  
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.

*Hen.* From whom have you your means, sir?

*Jam.* From the will

Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,  
Nor give't, upon your purse.

*Hen.* But will it hold out

Without my help?

*Jam.* I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;  
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,  
Than a courtesy from you.

*Hen.* 'Tis well; you are proud of  
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,  
And worn him to the quick, I may be found  
In the list of your acquaintance.

*Lean.* 'Pray you hold;

And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,  
And in mine own defence; I am no gull  
To be wrought on by persuasion; nor no coward  
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom  
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing  
But what my reason warrants. You may be  
As sparing as you please; I must be bold  
To make use of my own, without your licence.

*Jam.* 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth  
thy anger.

All that he does, Leandro, is for my good:  
I think there's not a gentleman of Spain  
That has a better steward, than I have of him.

*Hen.* Your steward, sir?

*Jam.* Yes, and a provident one.

Why, he knows I'm given to large expence,  
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else,  
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke  
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,  
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,  
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,  
As almost to deny himself the means  
And necessities of life? Alas, he knows  
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir  
That all must come to me if I outlive him,  
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,  
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,  
However you prove melancholy.

*Hen.* If I live,

Thou dearly shalt repent this.

*Jam.* When thou'rt dead,

I am sure I shall not.

*Mil.* Now they begin to burn  
Like opposed meteors.

*Ars.* Give them line and way;  
My life for Don Jamie.

*Jam.* Continue still

The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;  
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day  
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,  
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;  
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of heirs  
With coz'ning mortgages: rack your poor tenants,  
Till they look like so many skeletons  
For want of food; and when that widows' curses,  
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,

Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember  
All was raked up for me, your thankful brother,  
That will dance merrily upon your grave,  
And, perhaps, give a double pistol  
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass  
To keep your ghost from walking.

*Hen.* That the law

Should force me to endure this!

*Jam.* Verily,

When this shall come to pass, as sure it will  
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell;  
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me  
Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,  
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free  
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,  
As she was used, before she was your captive.  
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you  
Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,  
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after  
Take order for your funeral.

*Hen.* You have said, sir:

I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;  
Rest confident I will; and thou shalt wish  
This day thou hadst been dumb! [Exit.]

*Mil.* You have given him a heat,  
But with your own distemper.

*Jam.* Not a whit;

Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,  
Forget the cause and him: All plagues go with him!  
Let's talk of something else. What news is stirring?  
Nothing to pass the time?

*Mil.* 'Faith, it is said

That the next summer will determine much  
Of that we long have talk'd of touching the wars.

*Lean.* What have we to do with them? Let us  
discourse

Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion  
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,  
What the archduke's purpose is the next spring,  
and what

Defence my lords the states prepare; what course  
The emperor takes against the encroaching Turk;  
And whether his moony standards are design'd  
For Persia or Polonia: And all this  
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know  
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse  
Fit for the council it concerns: We are young,  
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better  
To talk of handsome women.

*Mil.* And that's one  
Almost as general.

*Ars.* Yet none agree  
Who are the fairest.

*Lean.* Some prefer the French,  
For their conceited dressings; some the plump  
Italian *bona-robas*; some the state  
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,  
A merry friend of mine, that once in London  
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,  
A common gamester too, that in one night  
Met him in th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,  
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herself,  
She kiss'd him drunk i' th' morning.

*Jam.* We may spare

The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,  
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit  
To my report, (for I have seen her, gallants)  
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,  
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form  
Disdains comparison with any she

That puts in for a fair one; and though you borrow  
From every country of the earth the best  
Of those perfections which the climate yields,  
To help to make her up, if put in balance,  
This will weigh down the scale.

*Lean.* You talk of wonders.

*Jac.* She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;  
And the world deserved not to behold  
V. *rious* Nature made without a pattern,  
Who, copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,  
Sequester'd from the world.

*Lean.* Who is the owner  
Of such a gem? I am fired.

*Jam.* One Bartolus,  
A wrangling advocate.

*Ars.* A knave on record.

*Mil.* I am sure he cheated me of the best part  
Of my estate.

*Jam.* Some business calls me hence,  
And of importance, which denies me leisure  
To give you his full character: In few words,  
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;  
And, to increase his heap, will dare the devil,  
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,  
So jealous, as, if you would parallel  
Old Argus to him, you must multiply  
His eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep:  
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire  
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.  
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,  
For 'twill be labour lost! So, farewell, signiors.

[Exit.

*Ars.* Leandro! In a dream? Wake, man, for  
shame.

*Mil.* Trained into a fool's paradise, with a tale  
Of an imagin'd form?

*Lean.* Jamie is noble,  
And with a forged tale would not wrong his friend:  
Nor am I so much fired with lust as envy,  
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap  
So sweet a harvest: Half my state to any  
To help me to a share!

*Ars.* Tush! do not hope for  
Impossibilities.

*Lean.* I must enjoy her;  
And my prophetic love tells me I shall;  
Lend me but your assistance.

*Ars.* Give it o'er.

*Mil.* I would not have thee fool'd.

*Lean.* I have strange engines  
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil!  
Dissuade me not, but help me.

*Mil.* Take your fortune;  
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,  
Expect to be the subject of our laughter.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A mean Room in the House of*  
OCTAVIO.

*Enter OCTAVIO and JACINTHA.*

*Jac.* You met Don Henrique?

*Oct.* Yes.

*Jac.* What comfort bring you?  
Speak cheerfully: How did my letter work  
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it  
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,  
That it must force compunction.

*Oct.* You are cozen'd:

Can you, with one hand, prop a falling tower,

Or, with the other, stop the raging main,  
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,  
Or any thing that is impossible?  
And then conclude that there is some way left  
To move him to compassion.

*Jac.* Is there a justice  
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he  
Not sunk unto the centre?

*Oct.* Good Jacintha,  
With your long practised patience, bear afflictions;  
And, by provoking it, call not on Heaven's anger.  
He did not only scorn to read your letter,  
But, most inhuman as he is, he cursed you,  
Cursed you most bitterly.

*Jac.* The bad man's charity!  
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie  
In me upon him; or the relief I seek,  
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,  
Debt of a dear account!

*Oct.* Touch not that string,  
'Twill but increase your sorrow; and tame silence,  
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto  
Hath eased your grieved soul, and preserved your  
Must be your surgeon still. [fame,

*Jac.* If the contagion  
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself  
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants  
Were centupled upon myself, I could be patient:  
But he is so good, I so miserable,  
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,  
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,  
Discharged to me, and I barred of all means  
To return any scruple of the debt  
I owe him as a mother, is a torment  
Too painful to be borne.

*Oct.* I suffer with you  
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,  
High Heaven ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,  
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,  
Shall never beg their bread.

*Enter ASCANIO.*

*Jac.* Here comes our joy.  
Where has my dearest been?

*Asc.* I have made, mother,  
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize  
In a few hours: The owners too contented,  
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good store  
Nay, pray you, take it. [too:

*Jac.* Men's charities are so cold,  
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,  
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what means  
Thou camest by such a sum.

*Asc.* Were it ill got,  
I am sure it could not be employed so well  
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,  
Raised by Heaven's mercy to me, not my merits,  
Bestow'd it on me.

*Oct.* It were a sacrilege  
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it  
To thy use only.

*Jac.* Buy thee brave clothes with it,  
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us  
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?

*Asc.* Out of my fear I have offended you;  
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind  
Not to accept the offer of my service,  
In which I am a gainer. I have heard  
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl,  
The stork's the emblem of true piety;



Because, when age hath seized upon his dam,  
 And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one  
 Takes her upon his back, provides her food,  
 Repaying so her tender care of him  
 Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.  
 Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,  
 That tell me all I can do is too little,  
 Be more unnatural than a silly bird?  
 Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,  
 And know, nay see, you want? Holy saints keep  
*Jac.* Can I be wretched, [me!  
 And know myself the mother to such goodness?  
*Oct.* Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have a  
 Thanks to our little steward. [feast,  
*Jac.* And, in him,  
 Believe that we are rich.  
*Asc.* I'm sure I am,  
 While I have power to comfort you, and serve you.  
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Don  
 HENRIQUE.*

*Enter HENRIQUE and VIOLANTE.*

*Viol.* Is it my fault, Don Henrique, or my fate?  
 What's my offence? I came young to your bed,  
 I had a fruitful mother, and you met me  
 With equal ardour in your May of blood;  
 And why then am I barren?  
*Hen.* 'Tis not in man  
 To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,  
 Which is inscrutable.  
*Viol.* To what use serve  
 Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,  
 When that, which is the crown of all our wishes,  
 The period of human happiness,  
 One only child, that may possess what's ours,  
 Is cruelly denied us?  
*Hen.* 'Tis the curse  
 Of great estates, to want those pledges which

The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,  
 With joy, behold the models of their youth;  
 And as their root decays, those budding branches  
 Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.  
 But this is the beginning, not the end,  
 Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,  
 Since heaven denies us issue of our own,  
 Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel  
 To an unthankful brother, that insults  
 On my calamity.

*Viol.* I will rather choose  
 A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,  
 And nourish him as mine own.

*Hen.* Such an evasion,  
 My Violante, is forbid to us.  
 Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,  
 If our own sons were vicious, to choose one  
 Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,  
 And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,  
 Intending to preserve all ancient houses,  
 Prevent such free elections; with this my brother's  
 Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold  
 To reign o'er me as a master.

*Viol.* I will fire  
 The portion I brought with me, ere he spend  
 A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,  
 That may defeat him?

*Hen.* Were I but confirmed  
 That you would take the means I use with patience,  
 As I must practise it with my dishonour,  
 I could lay level with the earth his hopes,  
 That soar above the clouds with expectation  
 To see me in my grave.

*Viol.* Effect but this,  
 And our revenge shall be to us a son  
 That shall inherit for us.

*Hen.* Do not repeat  
 When 'tis too late.

*Viol.* I fear not what may fall,  
 He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street before the House of  
 LOPEZ.*

*Enter LEANDRO, disguised, MILANES, and ARSENIO.*

*Mil.* Can any thing but wonder——

*Lean.* Wonder on;  
 I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentle-  
 men——

*Ars.* Why dost thou put on this form? what  
 Thou look'st most sillily. [can this do?

*Mil.* Like a young clerk,  
 A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a ryal.  
 Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?  
 To what use, what occasion?

*Lean.* Peace! ye are fools,  
 More silly than my outside seems; ye are ignorant,  
 They that pretend to wonders, must weave cun-  
 ningly.

*Ars.* What manner of access can this get? or,  
 What credit in her eyes? [if gotten,

*Lean.* Will ye but leave me?

*Mil.* Methinks, a young man, and a handsome  
 gentleman,  
 (But sure thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave man,

That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,  
 And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,  
 Should like himself appear, young, high, and  
 And in the brightest form. [buxom,

*Lean.* Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;  
 Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:  
 Thus as I am I will begin my voyage.  
 When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;  
 I'll love in serge, and will out-go your sattins.  
 To get upon my great horse, and appear  
 The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,  
 Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,  
 Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,  
 I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,  
 There trot and fiddle, where I may have fair play.

*Ars.* But how get in?

*Lean.* Leave that to me; your patience;  
 I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:  
 I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.  
 You are ne'er the nearer now.

*Mil.* We do confess it.

*Lean.* Weak simple men! this vicar to this  
 Is the most inward Damon. [lawyer

*Ars.* What can this do?

*Mil.* We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

*Lean.* So.

*Ars.* A poor thin thief. He help? he? hang the vicar!

Can reading of an homily prefer thee?

Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for thee.

*Lean.* Have patience, gentlemen. I say this vicar,

This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus, For so they call the lawyer. O'er his nature,

(Which I have studied by relation, And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)

Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune;

*Difficilia pulchra*, that's my motto, gentlemen:

I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her, Or—

*Enter LOPEZ and DIXON.*

*Mil.* Peace! the vicar. 'Send you a full sail, sir.

*Ars.* There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance?

*Lean.* A fool's head if I fail; and so forsake me. You shall hear from me daily.

*Mil.* We will be ready. [*Exeunt MR. ARS.*

*Lop.* Thin world, indeed.

*Lean.* I'll let him breathe, and mark him.

No man would think, a stranger, as I am, Should reap any great commodity from his pig belly. [*Retires.*

*Lop.* Poor stirring for poor vicars.

*Die.* And poor sextons.

*Lop.* We pray, and pray, but to no purpose; Those that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions; Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces:

*Die.* If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,

That are fed only with the sound of prayers?

We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs, And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

*Lop.* When was there a christ'ning, Diego?

*Die.* Not this ten weeks:

Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.

The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;

Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-shares.

They eat nothing here but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:

There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps, Once in seven years, with helping one another, Produce some few pin'd butter-prints, that scarce The christ'ning neither. [*hold*

*Lop.* Your gallants, they get honour, A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar; And the camp christens their issues, or the court-tezans;

'Tis a lewd time.

*Die.* They are so hard-hearted here too, They will not die; there's nothing got by burials.

*Lop.* Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish:

To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish, Lord, what a torment 'tis!

*Die.* Good sensible master,

You are allowed to pray against all weathers, Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion; Why not against all airs?

*Lop.* That's not i' th' canons:

I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.

*Die.* 'Tis strange; they are starved too, yet they will not die here;

They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers, [*'em.*

That would turn up their heels by wholesale, master,

And take the doctors too, in their grave counsels, That there might be no natural help for money, How merrily would my bells go then?

*Lop.* Peace, Diego;

The doctors are our friends; let's please them well;

For though they kill but slow, they are certain, We must remove into a muddy air, [*Diego.*

A most contagious climate.

*Die.* We must, certain;

An air that is the nursery of agues;

Such agues, master, that will shake men's souls out,

Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plaisters.

*Lop.* Gouts and dead palsies.

*Die.* The dead does well at all times,

Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.

The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;

Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat;

And make the Sexton sing; they never miss, sir.

*Lop.* Then wills and funeral sermons come in And feasts that make us frolic. [*season,*

*Die.* 'Would I could see 'em!

*Lop.* And though I weep i' th' pulpit for my Yet, Diego, here I laugh. [*brother,*

*Die.* The cause requires it.

*Lop.* Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.

*Die.* 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

*Lean.* A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em. [*Coming forward.*

*Lop.* Who's that? Look out; it seems he would speak to us.

I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.

*Die.* My friend, your business?

*Lean.* 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—

Bless your good learning, sir!

*Lop.* And bless you also!

He bears a promising face; there's some hope toward.

*Lean.* I have a letter to your worship.

[*Gives a letter.*

*Lop.* Well, sir.

From whence, I pray you?

*Lean.* From Nova Hispania, sir,

And from an ancient friend of yours.

*Lop.* 'Tis well, sir;

'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.

*Die.* Take heed of a snap, sir; he has a cozen-I do not like his way. [*ing countenance.*

*Lop.* Let him go forward.

*Cantabit vacuus;* they that have nothing, fear nothing.

All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;

And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell. [*Reads the letter.*

*Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you, must more prevail with me—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—and therefore, with the present*

occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son, *Leandro*, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you. Yours, *Alonzo Tiveria*.

*Alonzo Tiveria*! Very well.

A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;

For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

*Lean*. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father.

*Lop*. No, no, I look as I would remember him;

For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, sir.

*Alonzo Tiveria*?

*Lean*. The same, sir.

*Lop*. And now 't' th' Indies?

*Lean*. Yes.

*Lop*. He may be any where,

For aught that I consider.

*Lean*. Think again, sir;

You were students both at one time in Salamanca, And as I take it, chamber-fellows.

*Lop*. Ha?

*Lean*. Nay, sure, you must remember.

*Lop*. 'Would I could!

*Lean*. I have heard him say you were gossips

*Lop*. Very likely;

You did not hear him say to whom? for we students May oft-times over-reach our memories.—

Dost thou remember, *Diego*, this same signior?

Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

*Die*. Remember?

Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova

And Signior *Tiveria*? What are these? [*Hispania*?

He may as well name ye friends out of *Cataya*.

Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, You have no letters for me? [*my friend*,

*Lean*. Not any letter;

But I was charged to do my father's love

To the old honest sexton, *Diego*. Are you he, sir?

*Die*. Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not?

My name is *Diego*;

But if either I remember you or your father,

Or Nova *Hispania* (I was never there, sir.)

Or any kindred that you have—For Heaven sake, master,

Let's cast about a little, and consider;

We may dream out our time.

*Lean*. It seems I am deceived, sir:

Yet, that you are *Don Lopez*, all men tell me,

The curate here, and have been some time, sir,

And you the sexton *Diego*, such I am sent to,

The letter tells as much. May be they are dead,

And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen;

Ye have done honestly in telling truth;

I might have been forward else; for to that *Lopez*,

That was my father's friend, I had a charge,

A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;

Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.

But since you are not he—

*Lop*. Good sir, let me think;

I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:

Nay, let me remember; I beseech you stay, sir.

*Die*. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;

An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sir.

*Lop*. Thou say'st true, *Diego*.

*Die*. 'Pray ye consider quickly;

Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,

A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

*Lean*. He's old indeed, sir.

*Die*. With a goodly white beard

(For now he must be so; I know he must be)

Signior *Alonzo*, master.

*Lop*. I begin to have him.

*Die*. He has been from hence about some twenty years, sir.

*Lean*. Some five-and-twenty, sir.

*Die*. You say most true, sir;

Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.

A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier.

He married—let me see—

*Lean*. De *Castro*'s daughter.

*Die*. The very same.

*Lean*. [*Aside*.] Thou art a very rascal!

De *Castro* is the Turk to thee, or anything.

The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;

For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.

*Lop*. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;

Now I remember plainly, manifestly,

As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.

Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,

Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?

This loving old companion? We had all one soul, He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome— [*sir*.

*Lean*. Farm, sir:

You say most true.

*Lop*. *Alonzo Tiveria*!

Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!

Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.

I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;

She was married very young: I married 'em.

I do remember now the masques and sports then,

The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,

Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, *Diego*?

Nay, if he be not just *Alonzo*'s picture—

*Lean*. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents! [*Aside*.]

*Die*. Well, gentleman, I think your name's

*Lean*. It is, indeed, sir. [*Leandro*.]

Gra—mercy, letter; thou hadst never known else. [*Aside*.]

*Die*. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with you,

A hundred and a hundred times, and danced you,

And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

*Lop*. A sweet boy.

*Lean*. Sweet lying knaves! What would these do for thousands? [*Aside*.]

*Lop*. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,

Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter. How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?

When shall we see him? when will he bless his country?

*Lean*. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return, He has sent me over to your charge.

*Lop*. And welcome;

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

*Lean.* And to my study, sir, which must be the law.

To further which, he would entreat your care To plant me in the favour of some man That's expert in that knowledge : For his pains I have three hundred ducats more ; for my diet, Enough, sir, to defray me ; which I am charged To take still, as I use it, from your custody : I have the money ready, and I am weary.

*Lop.* Sit down, sit down ; and, once more, you're most welcome.

The law you have hit upon most happily ; Here is a master in that art, Bartolus, A neighbour by ; to him I will prefer you ; A learned man, and my most loving neighbour. I'll do you faithful service, sir.

*Die.* He's an ass, [Aside to *Lopez*.

And so we'll use him ; he shall be a lawyer !

*Lop.* But, if ever he recover this money again— Before, Diego,

And get some pretty pittance ; my pupil's hungry.

*Lean.* 'Pray you, sir, unlade me.

*Lop.* I'll refresh you, sir :

When you want, you know your exchequer.

*Lean.* If all this get me but access, I am happy.

*Lop.* Come ; I am tender of you. [Aside.

*Lean.* I'll go with ye.—

To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of BARTOLUS.

*Enter BARTOLUS and AMARANTA.*

*Bar.* My Amaranta, a retired sweet life, Private, and close, and still, and housewifely, Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman. At home to be believed both young and handsome, As lilies that are cased in crystal glasses, Makes up the wonder ; show it abroad, 'tis stale, And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more slubber'd.

And what need windows open to inviting, Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions, When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,

When good thoughts are the noblest companions, And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses ?— But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature ?

*Ama.* You know your own disease, distrust, and jealousy !

And those two give these lessons, not good meaning. What trial is there of my honesty, When I am mew'd at home ? To what end, husband,

Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours, Without their uses ? Then they are known most excellent,

When by their contraries they are set off and burnished.

If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous, Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness : These seeds grow not in shades and conceal'd places :

Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

*Bar.* Peace ; you are too loud.

*Ama.* You are too covetous ; If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one. Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely, Attended as I ought, and, as they have it, My coach, my people, and my handsome women, My will in honest things.

*Bar.* Peace, Amaranta !

*Ama.* They have content, rich clothes, and that secures 'em ;

Binds to their careful husbands their observance ;

They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh,—

*Bar.* Thou shalt too.

*Ama.* And freely may converse with proper gentlemen,

Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

*Enter EGLA.*

*Bar.* You are now too far again : Thou shalt have anything,

Let me but lay up for a handsome office ;

And then, my Amaranta—

*Ama.* Here's a thing now,

You place as pleasure to me ; all my retinue, My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend ; And what she fails in I must do myself.

A foil to set my beauty off ; I thank you.

You will place the devil next for a companion.

*Bar.* No more such words, good wife.—What would you have, maid ?

*Egla.* Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a Attend to speak with your worship. [stranger, sir,

*Bar.* A stranger ?

*Ama.* You had best to be jealous of the man you

*Bar.* Pr'ythee, no more of that. [know not.

*Ama.* 'Pray you, go out to 'em ;

That will be safest for you, I am well here ;

I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

*Bar.* No, no, thou shalt not ; 'tis some honest client,

Rich, and litigious, the curate has brought to me.

Pr'ythee, go in, my duck ; I'll but speak to 'em,

And return instantly.

*Ama.* I am commanded.

One day you will know my sufferance. [Exit.

*Bar.* And reward it. [Locks the door.

So, so ; fast bind, fast find.—Come in, my neighbours ;

My loving neighbours, pray ye come in ; ye are welcome.

*Enter LOPEZ, LEANDRO, and DIEGO.*

*Lop.* Bless your good reverence !

*Bar.* Good day, good master Curate, And neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business ?

And, pray ye, be short, good friends ; the time is Welcome, good sir. [precious.—

*Lop.* To be short then with your mastership, For, I know, your several hours are full of business, We have brought you this young man, of honest And of an honest face— [parents,

*Bar.* It seems so, neighbours :

But to what end ?

*Lop.* To be your pupil, sir ;

Your servant, if you please.

*Lean.* I have travell'd far, sir,

To seek a worthy man.

*Bar.* Alas, good gentleman,

I am a poor man, and a private too,

Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning ;

My house a little cottage, and scarce able  
To hold myself, and those poor few live under it.  
Besides, you must not blame me, gentleman,  
If I were able to receive a servant,  
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;  
For in these times—

*Lop.* 'Pray let me answer that, sir:  
Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him;  
He cannot want, sir, to make good his credit,  
Good gold, and coin.

*Bar.* And that's an honest pledge;  
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and carriage  
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

*Lean.* And (for I have a ripe mind to the law,  
sir,

In which, I understand, you live a master)  
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, sir,  
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)  
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,  
Shall I rest most content with. Other acquaintance  
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,  
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir;  
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.  
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,  
I do proportion out some twenty ducats;  
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, sir,  
To shew my love to learning and my master;  
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

*Lop.* Note but his mind to learning.

*Bar.* I do strangely;  
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money.

*[Aside.]*

*Die.* 'Would he would live with me, and learn

*Lop.* A wondrous modest man, sir. *[to dig too]*

*Bar.* So it seems.

His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,  
Neighbour: He's like to prove—

*Lop.* With your good counsel,  
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.

His parents, when they know your care—

*Bar.* Come hither.

*Die.* An honest young man your worship ne'er  
But he is so bashful— *[kept;]*

*Bar.* Oh, I like him better.—

Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed, sir,  
Will be no little straitness to my living,  
Considering my affairs, and my small house, sir,  
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)  
Could you content yourself, at first, thus meanly,  
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?  
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,  
And study should be still remote from company;  
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,  
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights too,  
According to your labour.

*Lean.* Any thing, sir,  
That's dry and wholesome. I am no bred wanton.

*Bar.* Then I receive you: But I must desire you  
To keep within your confines.

*Lean.* Ever, sir;—  
(There is the gold)—and ever be your servant.—  
(Take it, and give me books)—May I but prove,  
sir,

According to my wish, and these shall multiply!

*Lop.* Do, study hard.—Pray you take him in,  
and settle him;

He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, sir.

*Die.* Take a good heart; and, when you are a  
cunning lawyer,  
I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.

*Bar.* Come, sir, with me.—Neighbours, I thank  
your diligence.

*Lop.* I'll come sometimes, and crack a case  
with you.

*Bar.* Welcome. *[Exit BAR. and LEANDRO.]*

*Lop.* Here's money got with ease! here, spend  
And pray for the fool, the founder. *[that jovially,*

*Die.* Many more fools,  
I heartily pray, may follow his example?

Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,  
And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania!

*Lop.* It will do well: Let 'em but send their  
monies,

Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,  
I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to 'em;  
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.

Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats last, boy,  
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

*Die.* I'll turn trade, master,  
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,  
'Tis a poor stinking trade.

*Lop.* If the young fool now  
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego?

*Die.* And handle her case, master; that's a law-  
point,

A point would make him start, and put on his  
spectacles;

A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

*Lop.* Now, surely, surely, I should love him,  
Diego,

And love him heartily: Nay, I should love myself,  
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;

For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,  
An arrant worm; and, though I call him worship-  
I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego. *[ful,*

Now, if my youth do dub him—

*Die.* He is too demure, sir.

*Lop.* If he do sting her home—

*Die.* There's no such matter,  
The woman was not born to so much blessedness:  
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.

*Lop.* Let's leave it to the will of fate, and pre-  
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy, *[sently,*  
I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.  
Come, Diego, hope! and, whilst he lasts, we'll lay  
it on. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.—The Street.

*Enter JAMIE, MILANES, ARSENIO, and ANGELO.*

*Jam.* Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?

*Mil.* Yes, yes.

*Jam.* And you, Arsenio?

*Ars.* Yes; he's gone, sir,  
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.

*Jam.* Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave  
honest fellow.

Sit close, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,  
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!  
He's the most arrant beast—

*Mil.* He may be more beast.

*Jam.* Let him bear six, and six, that all may  
blaze him!

The villany he has sowed into my brother,  
And, from his state, the revenue he has reach'd  
at!

Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!

*Ars.* And all our wishes! Plough with his fine  
white heifer!

*Jam.* Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold!

Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear me,  
The more he seeks to smother it with justice.

*Enter ANDREA.*

Let it blaze out the more!—What news, Andrea?

*And.* News I am loth to tell you; but I am charged, sir.

Your brother lays a strict command upon you,  
No more to know his house, upon your danger.  
I am sorry, sir.

*Jam.* 'Faith, never be: I am glad on't.

He keeps the house of pride and foolery:  
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:  
'Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be merry,  
And lay our heads together carefully,  
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,

Be still at hand. I would not for my patrimony,  
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster!  
Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see him.

*[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the House of BARTOLUS.

*Enter BARTOLUS and AMARANTA.*

*Ama.* Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous?

Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,  
And yet repine?

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee, sweet;  
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee  
He was only given to the book, and for that  
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.

*Ama.* I will not have him here: I know your courses,

And what fits you will fall into of madness.

*Bar.* I' faith, I will not, wife.

*Ama.* I will not try you.

*Bar.* He comes not near thee, shall not dare to  
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room, [tread  
Where logs and coals were laid—

*Ama.* Now you lay fire;

Fire to consume your quiet.

*Bar.* Didst thou know him,  
Thou wouldest think as I do. He disquiet thee!  
Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and yet not  
warm him.

His mind, poor man, is o' th' law; how to live after,  
And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,  
He knows not how to look upon a woman,  
More than by reading, what sex she is.

*Ama.* I do not like it, sir.

*Bar.* Dost thou not see, fool,  
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?  
What delicate meats?

*Ama.* You had best trust him at your table;  
Do, and repent it, do!

*Bar.* If thou be'st willing,  
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so  
modest,

He never speaks. There's part of that he gave me;  
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise im-  
mediately;

Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet thee.  
Do as thou pleasest, wife.

*Ama.* What means this woodcock?

*[Knock within.]*

*Bar.* Retire, sweet; there's one knocks!—  
Come in. Your business?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord Don Henrique would entreat  
you, sir,

To come immediately, and speak with him;  
He has business of some moment.

*Bar.* I'll attend him.

I must be gone: I prythee, think the best, wife;  
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow!—  
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour  
hence,

I'll read a new case to you. *[Exit.]*

*Lean.* (*Within.*) I'll be ready.

*Ama.* So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,  
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but  
slenderly,

But very poorly. I would see this fellow,  
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find  
To what end, and what study—There's the  
place:

I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.

I think there is a window. *[Exit.]*

*Enter LEANDRO.*

*Lean.* He's gone out.

Now, if I could but see her! She is not this way.  
How nastily he keeps his house. My chamber,  
If I continue long, will choke me up,  
It is so damp. I shall be mortified  
For any woman, if I stay a month here.  
I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may call  
her. *[Exit.]*

*Enter AMARANTA.*

*Ama.* He keeps very close. Lord, how I long  
to see him!

A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll hear  
that.

#### A SONG TO THE LUTE WITHIN.

I.

Dearest, do not you delay me,  
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;  
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,  
But 'tis wind that must be blown  
From that breath, whose native small  
Indian odours doth exel.

II.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,  
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;  
But perfume this neighbouring air,  
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:  
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,  
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.

Now I am more desirous. *[LEANDRO peeping.]*

*Lean.* 'Tis she, certain.

*Ama.* What's that, that peeps?

*Lean.* Oh, admirable face!

*Ama.* Sure, 'tis the man.

*Lean.* I will go out a little.

*Ama.* He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.  
How still he stands!

*Lean.* I am stricken dumb with wonder:  
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!

*Ama.* How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes,  
like torches,  
Fling their beams round! How manly his face  
shews!

He comes on: Surely, he will speak. He is made  
most handsomely.

This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen you, I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought home tinder.

[Exit. She drops her glove.

Lean. Sure she has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.

I never saw a face yet, but this rare one, But I was able boldly to encounter it, And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up here;

This is divine, and only served with reverence!

Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,

[Takes up the glove.

Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness,

Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relic; A relic, when I pray to it, may work wonders.

[A noise within.

Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.

This blessed apparition makes me happy:

I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,

But I'll enjoy. Now softly to my kennel. [Exit.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in DON HENRIQUE'S House.

Enter HENRIQUE and BARTOLUS.

Hen. You know my cause sufficiently?

Bar. I do, sir.

Hen. And though it will impair my honesty, And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus, There being no other evasion left to free me From the vexation of my spiteful brother, That most insultingly reigns over me, I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my lord,

And look not after credit; we shall cure that; Your bended honesty we shall set right, sir; We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, sir; And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it: Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, sir;

You give good fees, and those beget good causes; The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,

Carry it sheer. The assistant sits to-morrow, And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,

And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not;

Line your cause warmly, sir; (the times areagueish)

That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious! Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.

Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, sir;

That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you.

Live full of money, and supply the lawyer, And take your choice of what man's lands you please, sir,

What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges; They are all your own. I must have witnesses Enough, and ready.

Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.

Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear That will swear any thing. [suddenly.

Hen. They shall swear truth, too.

Bar. That's no great matter: For variety, They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd after.

I will serve process, presently and strongly, Upon your brother, and Octavio, Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, sir, And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;

Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses:

I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,

So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses—

Hen. There shall want nothing.

Bar. Then begone, be provident, Send to the judge a secret way: You have me? And let him understand the heart—

Hen. I shall, sir.

Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll study,

And at my hour,—but mark me! Go; be happy; Go, and believe i' th' law!

Hen. I hope 'twill help me.

[Exit.

### SCENE II.—A Room in the House of LOPEZ.

Enter LOPEZ, DIEGO, four Parishioners, and Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye;

Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye, And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,

Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;

Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye?

Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save ye: Am I a fit companion for such beggars?

1 Par. If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabb'd, sir—

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Die. 'Would they were, for my sake!

Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my doctrine,

And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy! I will avoid ye.

2 Par. Pray you, sir, be not angry, In the pride of your new cassock; do not part with us.

We do acknowledge you a careful curate, And one that seldom troubles us with sermons:

A short slice of a reading serves us, sir.

We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;

Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with And that's a loving thing. [em;

3 Par. We grant you, sir, The only benefactor to our bowling, To all our merry sports the first provoker; And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

*Lop.* I will not stay for all this ; ye shall know  
A man born to a more beeseeming fortune, [me  
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dances.

*4 Par.* We will increase your tithes ; you shall  
have eggs too,

Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our issues.

*1 Par.* I am a smith ; yet thus far out of my  
love,

You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for :  
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, sir.

*2 Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conscience,  
Yet thus far I relent : You shall have tithe pot-  
tage.

*3 Par.* Your stipend shall be raised too, good  
neighbour Diego.

*Die.* Would ye have me speak for ye ; I am  
more angry,

Ten times more vex'd ; not to be pacified !  
No, there be other places for poor sextons,  
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,  
And people that know how to use our offices,  
Know what they were made for. I speak for such  
capons !

Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door,  
neighbours ;

Ye may go in and drive away the daws.

*Lop.* My surprice, with one sleeve, ye shall find  
there,

For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me ;  
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry :  
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.  
The remnant of the books lie where they did,  
neighbours,

Half puff'd away with the churchwardens' pipings,  
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.  
The poor-man's box is there too : If ye find any  
thing

Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,  
For fear it should awake too much charity,  
Give it to pious uses ; that is, spend it.

*Die.* The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to  
So we bequeath ye to your destiny. [hang ye,

*1 Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.

*Die.* I'll speak a proud word to ye :

Would ye have us stay ?

*2 Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.

*3 Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, sir——

*Lop.* A strong motive ;

The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

*3 Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.

*Lop.* This may stir too :

The maiden is of age, and must be edified.

*4 Par.* You shall have any thing. Lose our  
learned vicar ?

And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego ?

*Die.* Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neigh-  
And tell ye true : If ye will have us stay, [bours,  
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,  
Ye shall be bound to do us right in these points ;  
Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation :  
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,  
And do not seek to draw out our undoings.  
Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful ;  
Get children in abundance, for your christ'nings,  
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.

*Lop.* Let weddings, christ'nings, churchings,  
funerals,

And merry gossipings, go round, go round still ;  
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.

*Die.* And let your old men fall sick handsomely,

And die immediately ; their sons may shoot up.  
Let women die o' th' sullens too ; 'tis natural ;  
But be sure their daughters be of age first,  
That they may stock us still. Your queasy young  
That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with, [wives,  
And vex'd abundantly ; it much concerns me ;  
There's a child's burial lost ; look that be mended.

*Lop.* Let 'em be brought to bed, then die when  
they please.

These things consider'd, countrymen, and sworn  
to——

*2 Par.* All these, and all our sports again, and  
gambols.

*3 Par.* We must die, and we must live, and we'll  
Every man shall be rich by one another. [he merry ;

*2 Par.* We are here to-morrow and gone to-day.

For my part,

If getting children can befriend my neighbours,  
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, sir.

*1 Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father ;  
They are as sure your own, within these two  
months——

*4 Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too ; she  
Desperate in love. [is desperate,

*Die.* Keep desperate men far from her,  
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melancholy ?  
Do ye mark the man ? Do ye profess ye love him ?  
And would do any thing to stay his fury,  
And are ye unprovided to refresh him ?  
To make him know your loves ? Fy, neighbours !

*2 Par.* We'll do any thing.  
We have brought music to appease his spirit ;  
And the best song we'll give him.

*Die.* Pray you, sit down, sir ;  
They know their duties now, and they stand ready  
To tender their best mirth.

*Lop.* 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours !  
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good  
manners ;

Ye had Puritan hearts a while, spurn'd at all  
But I see some hope now. [pastimes ;

*Die.* We are set. Proceed, neighbours !

## SONG.

## I.

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,  
The young laases skip and play :  
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,  
Our learned old vicar will stay.

## II.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,  
And let the fat goose swim ;  
For verily, verily, verily, ah,  
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

## III.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,  
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;  
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake  
Of onions and claret below.

## IV.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat  
To thee our most noble adviser ;  
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat.  
And we ourselves will be wiser.

## V.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,  
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;  
We'll fall to our plough, and get children snow,  
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.



*Enter ARSENIO and MILANES.*

*Ars.* What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it!

*Mil.* Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought some prebend!

Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,  
Merry at heart. He spies us.

*Loc.* Begone, neighbours;  
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good neighbours,  
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour. [bours,  
No more words, but begone. These two are gentlemen;  
No company for crusty-handed fellows. [tlemen;

*Die.* We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.

*Loc.* Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay with ye.

Begone; no more! I take your pastimes graciously. — [Exeunt Parishioners.

Would ye with me, my friends?

*Ars.* We would look upon you;

For, methinks, you look lovely.

*Loc.* You have no letters?

Nor any kind remembrances?

*Mil.* Remembrances?

*Loc.* From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, sir;

You look like travelled men. May be, some old friends,

That happily I have forgot; some signiors

In China or Cataya; some companions —

*Die.* In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.

*Ars.* They are mad, sure.

*Loc.* You came not from Peru?—Do they look, As if they had some mystery about 'em? [Diego, Another Don Alonzo, now!

*Die.* Ay, marry,  
And so much money, sir, from one you know not;  
Let it be who it will!

*Loc.* They have gracious favours.

Would ye be private?

*Mil.* There's no need on't, sir;

We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant.

*Loc.* 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.

*Ars.* No, sir,

I do not think you do.

*Loc.* A new mistake, Diego;

Let's carry it decently. [Aside.

*Ars.* We come to tell you,  
You have received great sums from a young factor  
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,  
Robb'd him, and run away.

*Die.* Let's keep close, master;  
This news comes from a cold country. } *Aside.*

*Loc.* By my faith, it freezes.

*Mil.* Is not this true? Do you shrink now,  
Do I not touch you? [goodman curate?

*Loc.* We have a hundred ducats

Yet left; we do beseech you, sir —

*Mil.* You'll hang, both!

*Loc.* One may suffice.

*Die.* I will not hang alone, master;  
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.  
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!

The devil sent it post to pepper us,  
From Nova Hispania! we shall hang at home now.

*Ars.* I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion;

Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye;  
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,  
Yet ne'er endanger ye.

*Loc.* Command us, master,

Command us presently, and see how nimbly —

*Die.* And if we do not handsomely endeavour —

*Ars.* Go home, and till ye hear more, keep pri-  
Till we appear again, no words, good vicar! [vate;  
There's something added.

*Mil.* For you too.

[Giving money.

*Loc.* We are ready.

*Mil.* Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,  
Though ye had twenty lives —

*Die.* We are fit to lose 'em.

*Loc.* 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.

*Die.* If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our for-

*Mil.* Farewell, and be your own friends. [tune.

*Loc.* We expect ye. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Court of Justice.

*Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, and ASCANIO.*

*Oct.* We cited to the court!

*Jac.* It is my wonder.

*Oct.* But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,  
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts  
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror  
To have their actions sifted, or appear  
Before the judge: But we, that know ourselves  
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece  
On which the talons of the griping law  
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all  
That can be urged against us.

*Jac.* I am confident

There is no man so covetous, that desires  
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope  
There can be so much justice left on earth,  
Though sued and call'd upon, to ease us of  
The burden of our wrongs.

*Oct.* What thinks Ascanio?

Should we be call'd in question, or accused  
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us  
From tyrannous oppression?

*Asc.* I could pray

To him that ever has an open ear  
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;  
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead  
An advocate, and sweat as much as he  
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer  
In an honest cause.

*Enter JAMIE and BARTOLUS.*

*Oct.* Happy simplicity!

*Jac.* My dearest and my best one!—Don Jamie!

*Oct.* And the advocate that caused us to be  
summon'd.

*Asc.* My lord is moved; I see it in his looks:  
And that man in the gown, in my opinion,  
Looks like a propping knave.

*Jac.* Peace, give them leave.

*Jam.* Serve me with process?

*Bar.* My lord, you are not lawless.

*Jam.* Nor thou honest;

One that not long since was the buckram scribe,  
That would run on men's errands for an asper,  
And, from such baseness, having raised a stock  
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.  
So poor in practice too, that you would plead  
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,  
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;  
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at  
For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd rascal—

*Bar.* Good words, my lord.

*Jam.* And grew my brother's bawd  
In all his vicious courses, soothing him  
In his dishonest practices, you are grown  
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,  
What am I cited for?

*Bar.* You shall know anon;  
And then too late repent this bitter language,  
Or I'll miss of my ends.

*Jam.* Wer't not in court,  
I would beat that fat of thine, raised by the food  
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly:  
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,  
And would obey the judge.

*Bar.* 'Tis your best course.  
'Would every enemy I have would beat me!  
I would wish no better action.

*Oct.* 'Save your lordship.

*Asc.* My humble service.

*Jam.* My good boy, how dost thou?  
Why art thou call'd into the court?

*Asc.* I know not,  
But 'tis my lord the Assistant's pleasure  
I should attend here.

*Jam.* He will soon resolve us.

*Enter the Assistant, HENRIQUE, Officer, and Witnesses.*  
*They take their places.*

*Offi.* Make way there for the judge.

*Jam.* How? my kind brother?  
Nay then, 'tis rank, there is some villany towards.

*Assist.* This sessions, purchased at your suit,  
Don Henrique,  
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine  
Of what you can prefer.

*Hen.* I do beseech  
The honourable court I may be heard  
In my advocate.

*Assist.* 'Tis granted.

*Bar.* Hum! hum!

*Jam.* That preface,  
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,  
Though ne'er so good and honest.

*Bar.* If I stood here  
To plead in the defence of an ill man,  
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,  
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)  
It would be requisite I should deck my language  
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes  
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd  
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art  
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect  
Contents a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,  
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,  
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience  
A tender scruple of a fault long since  
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient  
To be absolved of it by his confessor,  
If that in open court he publish not  
What was so long concealed.

*Jam.* To what tends this?

*Bar.* In his young years (it is no miracle  
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)  
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face  
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;  
He look'd on her, and loved her.

*Jac.* Ye good angels,  
What an impudence is this!

*Bar.* And used all means  
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her

To be at his devotion: But in vain;  
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out  
Until he promised marriage; and before  
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,  
To take her as his wife.

*Assist.* Give them their oath.

*Jam.* They are incompetent witnesses, his own  
creatures,  
And will swear any thing for half a ryal.

*Offi.* Silence!

*Assist.* Proceed.

*Bar.* Upon this strong assurance,  
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;  
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,  
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering duly  
The inequality of the match, he being  
Nobly descended and allied, but she  
Without a name or family, secretly  
He purchased a divorce, to disannul  
His former contract, marrying openly  
The lady Violante.

*Jac.* As you sit here  
The deputy of the great king, who is  
The substitute of that impartial judge,  
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,  
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,  
Your patience, with liberty to speak  
In her own cause; and let me, face to face  
To this bad man, deliver what he is:  
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanced,  
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!  
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;  
To think of them is a disease; but death,  
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,  
(For innocence cannot justify what's false)  
But all the advocate hath alledged concerning  
His falsehood and my shame, in my consent,  
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,  
To thee, Don Henrique! and, if impious acts  
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,  
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong  
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,  
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,  
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,  
To testify thy falsehood, and my shame?  
But, now so many years I had concealed  
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won  
This gentleman to hide it from the world,  
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,  
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,  
He never knew me as his wife)——

*Assist.* 'Tis strange!  
Give him an oath.

*Oct.* I gladly swear, and truly.

*Jac.* After all this, I say, when I had borne  
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another  
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,  
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,  
I never would divulge it, to disturb  
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,  
To be so careless of me, and my fame,  
(For all respect of thine, in the first step  
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court  
To publish my disgrace; and, on record,  
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,  
I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,  
One comfort yet is left, that though the law  
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way  
To the unjust embraces of another,  
It cannot yet deny that this my son

(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)  
Is thy legitimate heir.

*Jam.* Confederacy!

A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give  
Your sentence, grant me hearing.

*Assist.* New chimeras?

*Jam.* I am, my lord, since he is without issue,  
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:  
And this forged by the advocate, to defeat me  
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,  
A mere imposture, and conspiracy  
Against my future fortunes.

*Assist.* You are too bold.

Speak to the cause, Don Henrique.

*Hen.* I confess (honour)

(Though the acknowledgement must wound my  
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,  
Or with me, or against me, is most true;  
The latter part my brother urged, excepted.  
For what I now do is not out of spleen,  
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,  
And to repair the wrong that I have done  
To this poor woman: And I beseech your lordship  
To think I have not so far lost my reason,  
To bring into my family, to succeed me,  
The stranger issue of another's bed.  
By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,  
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,  
By a definitive sentence of the court,  
He may be so recorded, and full power  
To me to take him home.

*Jac.* A second rape

To the poor remnant of content that's left me,  
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs  
Were but beginnings to my miseries,  
But this the height of all! Rather than part  
With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,  
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure  
What punishment so'er the court decrees  
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,  
Or played the impudent whore!

*Assist.* This tastes of passion,  
And that must not divert the course of justice.  
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,  
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;  
And 'twill stand with your honour to do something  
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,  
But leave it to your will.—Break up the court!—  
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,  
And cannot be revoked. [Exit.]

*Hen.* There's your reward.

[Gives money to BARTOLUS.]

*Bar.* More causes, and such fees! New to my  
wife;  
I have too long been absent. Health to your lord-  
ship. [Exit.]

*Asc.* You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe  
This unexpected fortune makes me proud;  
Indeed it does not: I shall ever pay you  
The duty of a son, and honour you  
Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet  
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:  
I never shall forget those noble favours  
You did me, being a stranger; and if ever  
I live to be the master of a fortune,  
You shall command it.

*Jam.* Since it was determined  
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit  
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;  
But something I will do.

*Hen.* 'Pray you, take leave  
Of your steward, gentle brother, the good husband  
That takes up all for you.

*Jam.* Very well, mock on!

It is your turn: I may have mine.

[Exit.]

*Ocl.* But do not

Forget us, dear Ascanio.

*Asc.* Do not fear it:

I every day will see you; every hour  
Remember you in my prayers.

*Jac.* My grief's too great

To be express'd in words!

*Hen.* Take that, and leave us.

[Gives money to Jac.]

Leave us without reply.—Nay, come back, sirrah;

[Exit Jac. Asc. offers to follow.]

And study to forget such things as these,  
As are not worth the knowledge.

*Asc.* Oh, good sir,

These are bad principles!

*Hen.* Such as you must learn

Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty  
Can hold no friendship: And what is my will  
You must observe and do, though good or ill.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the House of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

*Bar.* Where is my wife? 'Fore Heaven, I have  
done wonders,

Done mighty things to-day.—My Amaranta!—

My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.

A rich litigious lord I love to follow,

A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.—

Why, wife, I say!—How fares my studious pupil?

Hard at it still? You are too violent;

All things must have their rests, they will not last  
Come out and breathe. [else;

*Lean.* [Within.] I do beseech you, pardon me;  
I am deeply in a sweet point, sir.

*Bar.* I'll instruct you:

Enter AMARANTA.

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your  
study.—

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden  
birds home,

Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders!  
There's more a-hatching too.

*Ama.* Have you done good, husband?

Then 'tis a good day spent.

*Bar.* Good enough, chicken.

I have spread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich  
booties,

And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,  
My modest thing? Hast thou yet spoken to him?

*Ama.* As I pass'd by his chamber, I might see  
But he's so bookish— [him;

*Bar.* And so bashful too;

I' faith, he is; before he'll speak, he'll starve there.

*Ama.* I pity him a little.

*Bar.* So do I too.

*Ama.* And if he please to take the air o' th'  
gardens,

Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not—

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee; he dare not  
speak to thee.—

Bring out the chess-board!—Come, let's have a game, wife.

*Enter EGLA, with a Chess-board, and exit.*

I'll try your mastery : you say you're cunning.

*Ama.* As learned as you are, sir, I shall beat you.

*Enter LEANDRO.*

*Bar.* Here he steals out ; put him not out of countenance ;

Pr'ythee, look another way, he will be gone else.

Walk and refresh yourself ; I'll be with you presently.

*Lean.* I'll take the air a little.

*[They play at chess.]*

*Bar.* 'Twill be healthful.

*Ama.* Will you be there ? Then, here, I'll spare you that man.

*Lean.* 'Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting.

*[Aside.]*

*Ama.* What think you, sir, to this ? Have at your knight now.

*Bar.* 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service—

Pr'ythee, look off, he is ready to pop in again ; Look off, I say ; dost thou not see how he blushes ?

*Ama.* I do not blast him.

*Lean.* But you do, and burn too !

What killing looks she steals ! *[Aside.]*

*Bar.* I have you now close ;

Now for a mate.

*Lean.* You are a blessed man, that may so have her.

Oh, that I might play with her ! *[Aside.]*

*[Knock within.]*

*Bar.* Who's there ? I come.—You cannot 'scape me now, wife.—

I come, I come.

*[Knock.]*

*Lean.* Most blessed hand, that calls him ! *[Aside.]*

*Bar.* Play quickly, wife.

*Ama.* 'Pray ye, give leave to think, sir.

*Enter EGLA.*

*Egla.* An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, sir,

Would fain speak with your worship about business.

*Lean.* The devil blow him off ! *[Aside.]*

*Bar.* Play.

*Ama.* I will study :

For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me.

*[Knock.]*

*Bar.* He knocks again ; I cannot stay.—*Lean.* 'Pray thee come near.

*[dro,*

*Lean.* I am well, sir, here.

*Bar.* Come hither :

Be not afraid, but come.

*Ama.* Here's none will bite, sir.

*Lean.* God forbid, lady !

*Ama.* 'Pray, come nearer.

*Lean.* Yes, forsooth.

*Bar.* Pr'ythee observe these men, just as they And see this lady do not alter 'em ; *[stand here,*

And be not partial, pupil.

*Lean.* No, indeed, sir.

*Bar.* Let her not move a pawn ; I'll come back presently—

Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.—

Have an eye, pupil ! *[Exit.]*

*Ama.* Can you play at chess, sir ?

*Lean.* A little, lady.

*Ama.* But you cannot tell me

How to avoid this mate, and win the game too ?—He has noble eyes !—*[Aside.]* You dare not friend me so far ?

*Lean.* I dare do anything that's in man's power, To be a friend to such a noble beauty. *[lady,*

*Ama.* This is no lawyer's language ! I pray you tell me

Whither may I remove (you see I am set round) To avoid my husband ?

*Lean.* I shall tell you happily ;

But happily you will not be instructed.

*Ama.* Yes, and I'll thank you too ; shall I move this man ?

*Lean.* Those are unseemly : Move one can Can honour you, can love you. *[serve you,*

*Ama.* 'Pray you tell quickly ;

He will return, and then—

*Lean.* I'll tell you instantly :

Move me, and I'll move any way to serve you ;

Move your heart this way, lady.

*Ama.* How ?

*Lean.* 'Pray you hear me.

Behold the sport of love, when he's imperious ;

Behold the slave of love !

*Ama.* Move my queen this way ?—

*(Sure he's some worthy man.) [Aside.]* Then if he Or here to open him— *[hedge me,*

*Lean.* Do but behold me :

If there be pity in you, do but view me !

But view the misery I have undertaken

For you, the poverty—

*Ama.* He will come presently.

Now play your best, sir : Though I lose this rook Yet I get liberty. *[here,*

*Lean.* I'll seize your fair hand,

And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses !

The god of love warm your desires but equal !

That shall play my game now.

*Ama.* What do you mean, sir ?

Why do you stop me ?

*Lean.* That you may intend me.

The time has blest us both : Love bids us use it.

I am a gentleman nobly descended,

Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.

I bring a whole heart to you ; thus I give it,

And to those burning altars thus I offer,

And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows. *[Kisses her.]*

*Ama.* Take that ; you are too saucy !

*[Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down the men.]*

*Lean.* How, proud lady ?

Strike my deserts ?

*Ama.* I was to blame.

*Enter BARTOLUS.*

*Bar.* What, wife, there !

Heaven keep my house from thieves !

*Lean.* I am wretched !

Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes !

I shall be hooted at.

*Bar.* What noise was this, wife ?

Why dost thou smile ?

*Lean.* This proud thing will betray me. *[Aside.]*

*Bar.* Why these lie here ? What anger, dear ?

*Ama.* Why, none, sir,

Only a chance ; your pupil said he play'd well,

And so, indeed, he does ; he undertook for you,

Because I would not sit so long time idle :

I made my liberty, avoided your mate,

And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;  
Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently,  
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,

Having the second time brought off my queen fair,  
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to show you;  
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,  
And there the noise was.

*Bar.* Thou art grown a master;  
For all this I shall beat you.

*Lean.* [*Aside.*] Or I [you,] lawyer;  
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat answer,  
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;  
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet.  
But you shall have a sounder if I live, lawyer!  
My heart aches yet; I would not be in that fear—

*Bar.* I am glad you are a gamester, sir; sometimes,  
*Bar.* For recreation, we too shall fight hard at it.

*Ama.* He will prove too hard for me.

*Lean.* I hope he shall do;  
But your chess-board is too hard for my head;  
line that, good lady. [*Aside.*]

*Bar.* I have been atoning two most wrangling neighbours;

They had no money, therefore I made even.  
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

*Lean.* I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon.

*Bar.* Do as you please, we shall expect you at supper.—

He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.

*Ama.* You'll get no little head, if I don't look to you. [*Aside.*]

*Lean.* If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—  
*Ama.* I was to blame to be so rash; I'm sorry. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of Don HENRIQUE.*

*Enter Don HENRIQUE, VIOLANTE, and ASCANIO.*

*Hen.* Hear but my reasons!

*Vio.* Oh, my patience! hear 'em?  
Can cunning falsehood colour an excuse  
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,  
T' extenuate this woeful wrong, not error?

*Hen.* You gave consent, that to defeat my I should take any course. [*brother,*

*Vio.* But not to make  
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.  
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,  
Tired with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,  
All those abilities spent before and wasted,  
That could confer the name of mother on me,  
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow  
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it  
By showing to my face that you were fruitful,  
Hugged in the base embraces of another?  
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,  
And want of children, was a torment to me,  
What end of my vexation, to behold  
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,  
And hear the name of father paid to you,  
Yet know myself no mother?

*Hen.* What can I say?  
Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?  
Will that content you?

*Vio.* If it could make void  
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, Don Hen-  
You shall know that I find myself abused; [*rique,*  
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;  
And while I look upon this basilisk,  
Whose envious eyes have blasted all my comforts,  
Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends,  
And not your pleasures.

*Asc.* Noble lady, hear me;  
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,  
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty  
I ever will appear: And far be it from  
My poor ambition ever to look on you,  
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound

To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard  
That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,  
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are  
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy,  
To be employ'd when you please to command me,  
Even in the coarsest office. As your page  
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,  
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd  
In all humility to touch your feet:  
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,  
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,  
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,  
With your good favour; which now, as a son,  
I dare not challenge.

*Vio.* As a son?

*Asc.* Forgive me!  
I will forget the name; let it be death  
For me to call you mother.

*Vio.* Still upbraided?

*Hen.* No way left to appease you?

*Vio.* None. Now hear me;  
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,  
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,  
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!  
While that this bastard stays under my roof,  
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce  
All offices of a wife.

*Hen.* What am I fallen to!

*Vio.* I will not eat nor sleep with you: and  
those hours

Which I should spend in prayers for your health  
Shall be employ'd in curses!

*Hen.* Terrible!

*Vio.* All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you  
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,  
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;  
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear  
I' th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury  
Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail  
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,  
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace  
That's offer'd to our noble family  
In what I suffer.

*Hen.* How am I divided

Between the duties I owe as a husband,  
And piety of a parent!

*Asc.* I am taught, sir,  
By the instinct of nature, that obedience  
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind  
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:  
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts  
That I may challenge. May you grow old toge-  
ther,

And no distaste e'er find you; and before  
The characters of age are printed on you,  
May you see many images of yourselves,  
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd  
in,

Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,  
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,  
I never will set my forbidden feet  
Over your threshold; only give me leave,  
Though cast off to the world, to mention you  
In my devotions, it is all I sue for;  
And so I take my last leave!

*Hen.* Though I am  
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold  
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot  
So part with all humanity, but I must  
Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go  
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that  
To guard thee from necessities. May thy goodness  
Meet many favours, and thine innocence  
Deserve to be the heir of greater fortunes  
Than thou wert born to!—Scorn me not, Violante;  
This banishment is a kind of civil death;  
And now, as it were at his funeral,  
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;  
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;  
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,  
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,  
Send to me for supply.—Are you pleased now?

[*Exit ASCANTIO.*]

*Vio.* Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and  
blubber

At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.  
'Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!  
Let the great dower I brought, serve to maintain  
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels  
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his  
mother:

Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

*Hen.* Is all I do misconstrued?

*Vio.* I will take

A course to right myself, a speeding one;  
By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,  
The shame to see thy foolish pity taught me  
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me!  
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee  
As I would do a leper.

*Hen.* Let not fury  
Transport you so; you know I am your creature;  
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.  
I'll join with you in any thing.

*Vio.* In vain;

I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

*Hen.* I will not cross you.

*Vio.* Do not! they shall find,  
That, to a woman of her hopes beguiled,  
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's mild. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Street.*

*Enter LOPEZ, MILANES, and ARSENIO.*

*Lop.* Sits the game there? I have you. By mine  
order,

I love Leandro for't.

*Mil.* But you must shew it  
In lending him your help, to gain him means  
And opportunity.

*Lop.* He shall want nothing.  
I know my advocate to a hair, and what  
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he use any.  
I am honey'd with the project! I would have him  
For a most precious beast. [*horn'd*]

*Ars.* But you lose time.

*Lop.* I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you will  
find him

A sharp and subtle knave; give him but hints,  
And he will amplify. See all things ready.

I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [*Exit.*]

*Ars.* If he fail now,

We'll give him over too.

*Mil.* Tush, he's flesh'd,  
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.

*Ars.* All things are ready.

*Mil.* Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er  
fear it. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of BARTOLUS.*

*Enter AMARANTA, with a note, and EGLO.*

\* *Ama.* Is thy master gone out?

*Egla.* Even now; the curate fetch'd him,  
About a serious business, as it seem'd,  
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat  
straight,

Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

*Ama.* 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out, Egla,  
As luckily as one would say, "go, husband!"  
He was call'd by Providence. Fling this short  
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him; [*paper*]  
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my chess-  
play;

But this shall supple him, when he has read it.

Take your own recreation for two hours,  
And hinder nothing.

*Egla.* If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of OCTAVIO*

*Enter OCTAVIO and JACINTHA.*

*Oct.* If that you loved Ascanio for himself,  
And not your private ends, you rather should  
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him  
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to  
Than grieve at his good fortune.

*Jac.* Grieve, Octavio?

I would resign my essence, that he were  
As happy as my love could fashion him,  
Though every blessing that should fall on him  
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs  
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.  
I am acquainted with Don Henrique's nature,  
And I have heard too much the fiery temper  
Of Madam Violante: Can you think  
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven

For being barren, will with equal eyes  
Behold a son of mine?

*Oct.* His father's care,  
That, for the want of issue, took him home,  
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,  
Will look unto his safety.

*Jac.* Stepmothers  
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,  
Though blind to goodness.

*Enter JAMIE and ASCANIO.*

*Oct.* Here comes Don Jamie,  
And with him our Ascanio.

*Jam.* Good youth, leave me;  
I know thou art forbid my company,  
And, only to be seen with me, will call on  
Thy father's anger.

*Asc.* Sir, if that to serve you  
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,  
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born  
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!  
I was, for some particular end, took home,  
But am cast off again.

*Jam.* Is't possible?

*Asc.* The lady, whom my father calls his wife,  
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forced him  
To turn me out of doors.

*Jac.* By my best hopes,  
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near  
A saving charity!

*Asc.* I am only happy  
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, share!  
My father's wondrous kind, and promises  
That I should be supplied: But sure the lady  
Is a malicious woman, and I fear  
Means me no good.

*Enter Servant.*

*Jam.* I am turn'd a stone with wonder,  
And know not what to think.

*Serv.* [To JAMIE.] From my lady,  
Your private ear, and this—

*Jam.* New miracles?

*Serv.* She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune,  
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique

Is now from home, and she alone expects you:  
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of  
A second offer. [Exit.]

*Jam.* Though there were an ambush  
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.—  
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;  
But stir not forth; some great design's on foot.  
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,  
I see you not, give me for dead.

*Asc.* We will expect you,  
And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard  
you! [Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Curate's House,  
with a Curtain in the background. A Table  
set out with a Standish, Pens, and Paper.

*Enter LOPEZ and BARTOLUS.*

*Bar.* Is't possible he should be rich?

*Lop.* Most possible;  
He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,  
Drawing together, sir.

*Bar.* Accounted a poor sexton;  
Honest, poor Diego.

*Lop.* I assure you, a close fellow;  
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir.

*Bar.* A notable good fellow too.

*Lop.* Sometimes, sir;

When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,  
That he might gain by his grave.

*Bar.* So many thousands?

*Lop.* Heaven knows what.

*Bar.* 'Tis strange, 'tis very strange. But, we  
And honest labour— [see, by endeavour,

*Lop.* Milo, by continuance,  
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)

To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,  
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.

*Bar.* You say true: but he loved to feed well  
And that, methinks— [also,

*Lop.* From another man's trencher, sir,  
And there he found it season'd with small charge;  
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour  
you

More than the graves he made: At home he lived  
Like a camelion, suck'd the air of misery,  
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;

Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and sur-  
And be a month in fasting out that fever. [feiz,

*Bar.* These are good symptoms. Does he lie

*Lop.* Oh, very sick. [so sick, say you?

*Bar.* And chosen me executor?

*Lop.* Only your worship.

*Bar.* No hope of his amendment?

*Lop.* None, that we find.

*Bar.* He hath no kinsmen neither?

*Lop.* Truth, very few.

*Bar.* His mind will be the quieter.

What doctors has he?

*Lop.* There's none, sir, he believes in.

*Bar.* They are but needless things, in such ex-  
Who draws the good man's will? [tremities.

*Lop.* Marry that do I, sir;

And to my grief.

*Bar.* Grief will do little now, sir;  
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel  
you,

An honest man: but such men live not always.  
Who are about him?

*Lop.* Many, now he is passing,  
That would pretend to his love, yes, and some  
gentlemen

That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred;  
Rich men can want no heirs, sir.

*Bar.* They do ill,  
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir.  
But we shall take a care.

[The Curtain is drawn. DIEGO is discovered in a bed,  
and brought forward. MILANES, ARGENTIO, and  
Parishioners about him.

*Lop.* Will you come near, sir?

'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see in  
Give him fresh air. [what state—

*Bar.* I am sorry, neighbour Diego,

To find you in so weak a state.

*Dia.* You're welcome;

But I am fleeting, sir.

*Bar.* Methinks he looks well;

His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are cheerful.

*Lop.* A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing  
else, sir.

Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet? do you  
note that?

*Die.* My learned sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold  
To take a care of what I leave. [to send for you,

*Lop.* Do you hear that?

*Ar.* Play the knave finely! [Aside to DUKO.

*Die.* So I will, I warrant you,  
And carefully.

*Bar.* 'Pray ye do not trouble him;

You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.

*Die.* My honest neighbours, weep not; I must  
I cannot always bear ye company. [leave ye,

We must drop still; there is no remedy.—  
'Pray ye, master curate, will you write my testa-  
ment,

And write it largely, it may be remember'd?

And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.

Your worship I do make my full executor;

[To BARTOLUS.

You are a man of wit and understanding.

Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,

For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,

Have you to swear, sir, that you'll see it executed,

And what I give let equally be render'd,

For my soul's health.

*Bar.* I vow it truly, neighbours:

Let not that trouble you; before all these,

Once more I give my oath.

*Die.* Then set me higher,

And pray ye come near me all.

*Lop.* We're ready for you.

*Mil.* Now spur the ass, and get our friend time!

[Apart.

*Die.* First then,

After I have given my body to the worms

(For they must be served first, they're seldom  
cozen'd)——

*Lop.* Remember your parish, neighbour.

*Die.* You speak truly;

I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,

And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,

Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;

For nothing unto nothing is most natural:

Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,  
Their children may pray for me.

*Bar.* What do you give to it?

*Die.* Set down two thousand ducats.

*Bar.* 'Tis a good gift,

And will be long remember'd.

*Die.* To your worship,

Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,

I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—

A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

*Bar.* These are large sums.

*Lop.* Nothing to him that has 'em.

*Die.* To my old master vicar I give five hundred;

Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir,

But there be more to serve.

*Bar.* This fellow coins, sure.

*Die.* Give me some more drink.—Pray ye buy  
books, buy books,

You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,  
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.

Run not the parish mad with controversies,

Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,

'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.

I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy  
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o'  
th' parish.

Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel,

And to paint true orthography, as many;

They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:

'Pray you set that down. To poor maidens' mar-  
riages——

*Lop.* Ay, that's well thought of; what's your  
A meritorious thing. [will in that point?

*Bar.* No end of this will?

*Die.* I give *per annum* two hundred ells of  
lockram,

That there be no strait dealings in their linens,

But the sails cut according to their burdens.

To all bell-ringers, I bequeath new ropes,

And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

*Ar.* You may remember us.

*Die.* I do, good gentlemen;

And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,

A legacy ye have need of more than money;

I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,

And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.

*Lop.* He raves now;

But 'twill be quickly off.

*Die.* I do bequeath ye

Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,

Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and jews-  
trumps,

Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper; take 'em,

Take 'em even where you please, and be cozen'd  
with 'em:

I should bequeath ye executions also,

But those I'll leave to the law.

*Lop.* Now he grows temperate.

*Bar.* You'll give no more?

*Die.* I am loth to give more from you,

Because I know you'll have a care to execute.

Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.

*Bar.* If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

*Die.* I give to fatal dames, that spin men's  
threads out,

And poor distress'd damsels, that are militant

As members of our own afflictions,

A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work in.

I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,

A spacious church-yard, to lie thieves and knaves in:

Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

*Lop.* Are you not weary?

*Die.* Never of well-doing.

*Bar.* These are mad legacies.

*Die.* They were got as madly;

My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,

My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;

I have no heirs.

*Bar.* This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.

*Die.* Three ships at sea too.

*Bar.* You have made me full executor?

*Die.* Full, full, and total; 'would I had more to  
But these may serve an honest mind. [give you;

*Bar.* You say true,

A very honest mind, and make it rich too;

Rich, wondrous rich! But, where shall I raise  
these monies?

About your house, I see no such great promises.  
Where shall I find these sums?

*Die.* Even where you please, sir;

You're wise and provident, and know business.

Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I'm  
reasonable.

*Bar.* Think good? will that raise thousands?

What do you make me?

*Die.* You have sworn to see it done; that's all  
my comfort.

*Bar.* Where I please? This is pack'd sure to  
disgrace me!



*Die.* You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it;

Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.

*Bar.* I am abused, betray'd! I am laugh'd at, Baffled, and bored, it seems! [scorn'd,

*Ars.* No, no; you are fool'd.

*Lop.* Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;

Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir,

And have their worship's noses wiped; 'tis healthful.

We are but quit - You fool us of our monies, In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.

*Die.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink for my heart, gentlemen.

This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—I think this fit will cure me! This executor—I shall laugh out my lungs!

*Bar.* This is derision above sufferance; villainy Plotted and set against me!

*Die.* 'Faith, 'tis knavery;

In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.

*Mil.* Did you think, had this man been rich—  
*Bar.* 'Tis well, sir.

*Mil.* He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,

A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?

*Lop.* A lawyer, that entangles all mens' honesties, And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking, And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls, Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper, Would he trust you? Do you deserve—

*Die.* I find, gentlemen,

This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer

Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:

Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

*Bar.* I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated; How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game! A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some rascal—

My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain, Some bawd, some rogue—

*Ars.* Some crafty, fool, has found you:

This 'tis, sir, to teach you to be too busy,

To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,

To have a stirring oar in in all men's actions.

*Lop.* We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.

*Bar.* God yield you, and God thank you! I am fool'd, gentlemen!

The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,

A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worship's!

Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember, Thou notable rich rascal!

*Die.* I do remember, sir.

'Pray you stay a little; I have even two legacies, To make your mouth up, sir.

*Bar.* Remember, varlets,

Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! [Exit.

*Lop.* Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!

*Die.* His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,

Rare damned stuff!

*Ars.* Let's after him, and still vex him,

And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;

He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.

*Mil.* Well, Diego, thou hast done.

*Lop.* Hast done it daintily.

*Mil.* And shalt be as well paid, boy.

*Ars.* Go; let's crucify him. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VI.—The Street.

Enter AMARANTA and LEANDRO.

*Lean.* I've told you all my story, and how desperately—

*Ama.* I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,

Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing, The open air's an enemy to lovers.

Do as I tell you.

*Lean.* I'll do any thing:

I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.

*Ama.* Take your joy moderately, as 'tis minister'd,

And as the cause invites: That man's a fool, That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps; Then is the true joy, when the money comes.

*Lean.* You cannot now deny me.

*Ama.* Nay, you know not;

Women have crotchets, and strange fits.

*Lean.* You shall not.

*Ama.* Hold you to that, and swear it confidently, Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.

'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of mine; The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour, We may be mis'd else: A private fine house 'tis, And we may find many good welcomes. [sir,

*Lean.* Do, lady;

Do, happy lady!

*Ama.* All your mind's of doing!

You must be modest.

*Lean.* I will be any thing. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE VII.—Another Street, before the House of BARTOLUS.

Enter BARTOLUS.

*Bar.* Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,

Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, Open, I say, and do not anger me! [there!

I'm subject to much fury. When, you dish-clout, When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hell-bound?

Nothing intended but your ease, and eating?—

Nobody here?—Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!—

No tongue to answer me?—Pr'ythee, good pupil, Dispense a little with thy careful study,

And step to the door, and let me in.—Nor he neither?

Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?

I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!

No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,

That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd!

[Exit into the house.

Enter LOPEZ, ARSENIO, MILANES, and DIEGO.

*Lop.* He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.

*Mil.* He shall be hang'd first; we'll be sticklers there, boys.

*Die.* The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,  
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty,  
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!

*Lop.* And casting what his credit shall recover.

*Mil.* Let him cast 'till his maw come up; we care not.

You shall be still secured. *[A great noise within.]*

*Die.* We'll pay him home then.—

Hark, what a noise he keeps within.

*Lop.* Certain,

He has set his chimneys o' fire, or the devil roars there.

*Die.* The codexes o' th' law are broke loose,

*Ars.* He's fighting, sure. *[gentlemen.]*

*Die.* I'll tell you that immediately. *[Exit.]*

*Mil.* Or doing some strange outrage on himself.

*Ars.* Hang him, he dares not be so valiant!

*Enter DIZOO.*

*Die.* There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,

And stinks withal! *[Noise still.]*

*Lop.* Nobody?

*Die.* Not a creature;

Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!

The ladies, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!

And how the glasses through the rooms—

*Enter BARTOLU.*

*Ars.* My friend sure

Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.

*Lop.* See where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles!

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles!

*Bar.* Made ev'ry way an ass! abused on all sides!

And from all quarters people come to laugh at me!

Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at!

A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads!

I will run from my wits!

*Enter AMARANTA and LEANDRO.*

*Ars.* Do, do, good lawyer,

And from thy money too; then thou wilt be quiet.

*Mil.* Here she comes home! Now mark the  
How like an ass my friend goes! *[salutations.]*

*Ars.* She has pull'd his ears down.

*Bar.* Now, what sweet voyage? to what garden,  
Or to what cousin's house? *[lady?]*

*Ama.* Is this my welcome?

I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandal'd;

Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen—

*Bar.* To church?

*Ama.* Yes; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon me,

Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!

There's your delight again; pray take him to you;

He never comes near me more to debase me.

*Bar.* How's this? how's this? Good wife, how  
has he wrong'd you?

*Ama.* I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me:

I blush to think how people fleer'd and scorn'd me.

Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,  
Place, and observance; this silly thing knows no—

Cannot tell ten, let every rascal juggle me; [thing,

And still I push'd him on, as he had been cunning.

*Bar.* Ha! did you push him on? is he so stupid?

*Ama.* When others were attentive to the priest,  
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,

Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bagpipes,  
The several stops on's nose made a rare music,  
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem.  
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

*Ars.* As cunning as she's sweet! I like this carriage. *[Aside.]*

*Bar.* What did he then?

*Ama.* Why, then he talk'd in his sleep too,—

Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face!

And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fix'd to him;

Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?

Talk'd of your bawling law, of appellations,

Of declarations, and excommunications,

Warrants and executions, and such devils,

That drove all the gentlemen out o' the church by

hurries,

With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there again.

Thus am I served and mann'd!

*Lean.* I pray you forgive me;

I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.

Alas, I was brought up—

*Ama.* To be an ass,

A lawyer's ass, to carry books and buckrams!

*Bar.* But what did you at church?

*Lop.* At church, did you ask her?—

Do you hear, gentlemen? Do you mark that question?—

Because you're half an heretic yourself, sir,

Would you breed her too? This shall to the  
Inquisition.

A pious gentlewoman reproved for praying!

I'll see this filed; and you shall hear further, sir.

*Ars.* You have an ill heart.

*Lop.* It shall be found out, gentlemen;

There be those youths will search it.

*Die.* You are warm, signior,

But a faggot will warm you better: We are wit-  
nesses.

*Lop.* Enough to hang him, do not doubt.

*Mil.* Nay certain,

I do believe he has rather no religion.

*Lop.* That must be known too. Because she  
*O, monstrum informe ingens!* *[goes to church, sir!]*

*Die.* Let him go on, sir;

His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,

And this good lady, when he's hanged and rotten,

May there be abbess.

*Bar.* You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen!

I don't forbid the use, but the form, mark me.

*Lop.* Form? what do you make of form?

*Bar.* They will undo me;

Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me!

I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,

You're welcome home, and henceforth take your  
pleasure;

Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder  
you;

My eyes are open now, and I see my error—

My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it: *[Aside.]*

The whole conveyance now I smell; but *basta!*

Another time must serve—You see us friends now,

Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;

I have been too foolish, I confess; no more words,

No more, sweet wife.

*Ama.* You know my easy nature.

*Bar.* Go, get you in: You see she has been  
angry;

Forbear her sight awhile, and time will pacify;

And learn to be more bold.

*Lean.* I would I could ;  
I will do all I am able. [Exit.  
*Bar.* Do, Leandro.  
We will not part but friends of all hands.  
*Loc.* Well said ;  
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.  
*Bar.* Ye have jerk't me ; but, for all that, I for-  
grieve ye heartily, and do invite ye [give ye,  
To-morrow to a breakfast ; I make but seldom,  
But now we will be merry.  
*Ars.* Now you are friendly,  
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from you,  
And now we will come to you.  
*Bar.* Give me your hands, all !  
You shall be welcome heartily.  
*Loc.* We will be,  
For we'll eat hard.

*Bar.* The harder the more welcome ;  
And, till the morning, farewell ! I have business. [Exit.  
*Mil.* Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus ! 'Tis a  
brave wench,  
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.  
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.  
*Die.* I'll clasp four tier of teeth into my mouth  
more,  
But I will grind his substance.  
*Ars.* Well, Leandro,  
Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope  
Thou ridest now in safe harbour.  
*Mil.* Let's go drink, friends,  
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.  
*Loc.* A match, a match ! 'twill whet our stomachs  
better. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of*  
HENRIQUE.*Enter VIOLANTE and SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Madam, he's come. [Chair and stools out.  
*Viol.* 'Tis well. How did he look  
When he knew from whom you were sent ? Was he  
Or confident or fearful ? [not startled ?  
*Serv.* As appeared,  
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,  
And cared not what could follow.  
*Viol.* 'Tis the better.  
Reach me a chair. So ; bring him in ; be careful  
That none disturb us.—I will try his temper ;  
And, if I find him apt for my employments,  
I'll work him to my ends ; if not, I shall  
Find other engines.

*Enter JAMIS and Servant.*

*Serv.* There's my lady.  
*Viol.* Leave us.  
*Jam.* You sent for me ?  
*Viol.* I did : And does the favour,  
Your present state considered, and my power,  
Deserve no greater ceremony ?  
*Jam.* Ceremony ?  
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,  
Not to my brother's wife : I cannot fawn :  
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd ;  
And so farewell.  
*Viol.* He bears up still ; I like it.— [Aside.  
'Pray you, a word,  
*Jam.* Yes ; I will give you hearing  
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,  
But not stand as a suitor. Now, your pleasure.  
*Viol.* You're very bold.  
*Jam.* 'Tis fit, since you are proud :  
I was not made to feed that foolish humour  
With flattery and observance.  
*Viol.* Yet with your favour,  
A little form, joined with respect, to her  
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,  
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,  
Might well become your wisdom.  
*Jam.* It would rather  
Write me a fool, should I but only think  
That any good to me could flow from you,  
Whom for so many years I've found and proved

My greatest enemy. I am still the same ;  
My wants have not transform'd me : I dare tell you,  
To your new cerused face, what I have spoken  
Freely behind your back, what I think of you !  
You are the proudest thing, and have the least  
Reason to be so, that ever I read of.  
In stature you're a giantess ; and your tailor  
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,  
Or he can never reach you : This by the way,  
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,  
To treat of your complexion were decorum :  
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother  
Was too familiar with the Moor that served her.  
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,  
As things not worth description ; and come roundly  
To your soul, if you have any ; for 'tis doubtful.  
*Viol.* I laugh at this ! Proceed.  
*Jam.* This soul I speak of,  
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh  
From being a walking stench, like a large inn,  
Stands open for the entertainment of  
All iniquitous practices : But there's no corner  
An honest thought can take up. And, as it were  
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend [not  
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,  
By your contagion, almost to put off  
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,  
Because he should be like you ; and I hope  
You'll march to hell together. I have spoken,  
And if the limning you in your true colours  
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready  
For my reward ; or, if my words distaste you,  
I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready  
To cut my throat for't, be assured I cannot  
Use other language.  
*Viol.* You think you have said now  
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war  
You ever have been train'd ; spoke big, but suffer'd  
Like a tame ass ; and, when most spur'd and gall'd,  
Were never master of the spleen or spirit  
That could raise up the anger of a man,  
And force it into action.  
*Jam.* Yes, vile creature,  
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,  
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home  
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead ; dead,  
woman !

But, being as thou art, it is sufficient  
I scorn thee and condemn thee!

*Viol.* This shews nobly,  
I must confess it: I am taken with it;  
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base  
And low dejected mind, I had despised you.  
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers  
And does command me; and, upon the sudden,  
I feel a kind of pity growing in me  
For your misfortunes: Pity, some say, is the parent  
Of future love; and I repent my part  
So far in what you've suffer'd, that I could  
(But you are cold) do something to repair  
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)  
Hath brought to ruin.

*Jam.* Ha?

*Viol.* Be not amazed:  
Our injuries are equal in his bastard!  
You are familiar with what I groan for;  
And though the name of husband holds a tie  
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,  
Am sensible and tender of a wrong;  
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets  
That durst oppose me.

*Jam.* Is it possible?

*Viol.* By this kiss! Start not. Thus much as a  
stranger,

You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,  
I should select you as a bosom friend;  
I would print 'em thus, and thus. [*Kisses him.*]

*Jam.* Keep off.

*Viol.* Come near,  
Nearer, into the cabinet of my counsels!  
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,  
And let them bear those burdens which wise men  
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;  
And when that I have raised you to a fortune,—  
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)—  
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,  
And swear I am most fair.

*Jam.* What would this woman?

The purpose of these words? Speak not in riddles;  
And when I understand what you would counsel,  
My answer shall be sudden.

*Viol.* Thus then, Jamie:  
The objects of our fury are the same;  
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd  
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm bosom,  
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,  
And kills in me all comfort.

*Jam.* Now 'tis plain;  
I apprehend you: And, were he removed—

*Viol.* You, once again, were the undoubted  
heir.

*Jam.* 'Tis not to be denied: I was ice before,  
But now you've fired me.

*Viol.* I'll add fuel to it:  
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer  
As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into  
The port of happiness.

*Jam.* How?

*Viol.* By Henrique's death!  
But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great for-  
tunes,

Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,  
The politic brook no rivals.

*Jam.* Excellent!

For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,  
To feed in expectation, when I may,  
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,

Come into full possession, would not argue  
One that desired to thrive.

*Viol.* Now you speak like  
A man that knows the world.

*Jam.* I needs must learn,  
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think you,  
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)  
That none may live that shall desire to trace us  
In our black paths, if that Octavio,  
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha,  
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)  
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red  
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;  
The colour will be scarlet.

*Viol.* And that's glorious,  
And will protect the fact.

*Jam.* Suppose this done:  
If undiscover'd, we may get for money  
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)  
A dispensation.

*Viol.* And be married?

*Jam.* True.  
Or, if 't be known, truss up our gold and jewels,  
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn—

*Viol.* Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere ad-  
mirable!

*Jam.* We shall beget rare children. I am rapt  
The mere imagination! [*With*]

*Viol.* Shall it be done?  
*Jam.* Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with  
To hire the instruments, and to yourself [*means*  
Say it is done already. I will shew you,  
Ere the sun set, how much you've wrought upon  
Your province is only to use some means [*me*];  
To send my brother to the grove, that's neighbour  
To the west port o' th' city; leave the rest  
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,  
But now will do! This kiss, with my confession,  
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,  
If not instructed in a woman's school. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the House of BARTOLUS. A Table set out for Breakfast.

*Enter BARTOLUS, Alguazils, and an Apparitor, in disguise.*

*Bar.* Ye are well enough disguis'd; furnish the  
table;

Make no show what ye are, till I discover:  
Not a soul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.  
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,  
But what the sauce will be—I am of opinion  
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,  
And grease their gums for eating heartily  
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes  
with me,

And with their several flirts they've lighted dan-  
gerously;

But sure I shall be quiet! I hear 'em coming.  
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,  
And do it handsomely: You know where to have it.—  
[*Exeunt Alguazils and Apparitor.*]

*Enter MILANES, ARMENTO, LOPES, and DIEGO.*

Welcome, i'faith.

*Ar.* That's well said, honest lawyer.

*Lop.* Said like a neighbour.

*Bar.* Welcome, all! All's over,  
And let's be merry.

*Mil.* To that end we came, sir:  
An hour of freedom's worth an age of jugglings.

*Die.* I am come too, sir, to specify my stomach  
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.

*Bar.* And thou shalt have it filled, my merry  
Diego;

My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;  
Even filled till it groan again.

*Die.* Let it have fair play,  
And if it founder, then—

*Bar.* I'll tell ye, neighbours;  
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,  
And very angry, for methought ye bobbed me—

*Lop.* No, no, by no means.

*Bar.* No, when I consider'd  
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,  
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.  
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;  
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

*Lop.* Good mirth does work so, honest mirth.  
Now, should we've meant in earnest—

*Bar.* You say true, neighbour.

*Lop.* It might have bred such a distaste and sour-  
ness,

Such fond imaginations in your brains, sir,  
For things thrust home in earnest—

*Bar.* Very certain;  
But I know ye all for merry wags, and, ere long,  
Ye shall know me too in another fashion:  
Though ye're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th'  
burden.

*Enter AMARANTA and LEANDRO.*

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my  
jewel!

And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang back-  
ward;

Come, come, the woman's pleased, her anger's over;  
Come, be not bashful.

*Ama.* What does he prepare here? [*Aside.*]  
Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not  
dress'd.

Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-bred  
crotchets

Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness;  
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,  
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and let 'em;  
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.

*Bar.* Bring in the meat there, ho!—Sit down,  
dear neighbour;

A little meat needs little compliment;  
Sit down, I say.

*Ama.* What do you mean by this, sir?

*Bar.* Convey away their weapons handsomely.

*Ama.* You know there's none i' th' house to  
answer you,

But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.

*Bar.* Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you  
smoke else:

There's men and meat enough.

[*She takes their swords and puts them aside.*]

Set it down formally.

*Enter ALGUAZILS, with dishes.*

*Ama.* I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak  
on't.

*Bar.* I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,  
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em:  
Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;  
And, if I've pleased his appetite—

*Lop.* Oh, a capon,  
A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour it.

*Die.* For me some forty pound of lovely beef,  
Placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.

*Bar.* Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and  
laugh after.—

Wait diligently, knaves!

[*They lift up the napkins, and discover an execution  
under each.*]

*Mil.* What rare bit's this?

An execution! bless me!

*Bar.* Nay, take it to you,  
There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough, sir,  
But a good stomach will endure it easily;  
The sum is but a thousand ducats, sir.

*Ars.* A capias from my surgeon and my silkman!

*Bar.* Your careful makers; but they have marr'd  
your diet.

Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoid-  
ing me;

And these are alguazils. Do you hear that pass-  
ing-bell?

*Lop.* A strong citation! bless me!

*Bar.* Out with your beads, curate;

The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and candle!

*Lop.* A warrant to appear before the judges!

I must needs rise and turn to th' wall.

*Bar.* You need not;

Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.

*All.* We are betray'd!

*Bar.* Invited! do not wrong me.

Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men about  
ye;

Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;  
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?

Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,

And thought it meritorious to abuse him,

A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd  
him,

And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him!

Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,

A second dish of new debts come upon ye,

And new invitations to the whip, Don Diego,

And excommunications for the learned curate;

A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!

*Ars.* You dare not use us thus?

*Bar.* Ye shall be bobbed, gentlemen.

Stir, and, as I have life, ye go to prison,

To prison, without pity instantly;

Before ye speak another word, to prison.

I have a better guard without, that waits!—

Do you see this man, Don Curate? 'tis a 'paritor,

That comes to tell you a delightful story

Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you

What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, sir!

What legacy would you bequeath me now,

(And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury?

*Lop.* Oh, gentle sir!

*Bar.* Dost thou hope I will be gentle,

Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?

*Lop.* Let me go, sir,—

*Bar.* I'll see thee hang first.

*Lop.* And, as I am a true vicar—

Hark in your ear, hark softly!

*Bar.* No, no bribery;

I'll have my swinge upon thee.—Sirrah! rascal!

You lenten-chaps? you that lay sick, and mock'd  
me;

Mock'd me abominably, abused me lewdly,

I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,

And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,

Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,

A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,  
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he was  
buried with,  
Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?

*Die.* Have mercy on me!

*Bar.* No psalm of mercy shall hold me from  
hanging thee!

How do you like your breakfast? 'Tis but short,  
gentlemen,

But sweet, and healthful.—Your punishment, and  
yours, sir, *[To AMA. and LEAN.]*

For some near reasons that concern my credit,  
I will take to myself.

*Ama.* Do, sir, and spare not:

I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;

But, since you dare provoke me to be foolish—

*Lean.* She has, yes, and too worthy for your  
usage.

Before the world, I justify your goodness; *[Draws.]*

And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,  
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base  
man!)

Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!

*Bar.* What have I here?

*Lean.* A gentleman, a free man;  
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,  
And found it strong as fate! Leave off your fooling;  
For, if you follow this course, you'll be chronicked  
For a devil, whilst a saint she's mentioned.  
You know my name indeed: I'm now no lawyer.

*Enter JAMIE and Assistant.*

*Die.* Some comfort now, I hope; or else, would  
I were hang'd up!

And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.

*Bar.* What news now?

*Jam.* I'll justify, upon my life and credit,  
What you have heard for truth, and will make  
proof of.

*Assist.* I will be ready at th' appointed hour  
And so I leave you. *[there;]*

*Bar.* Stay, I beseech your worship,  
And do but hear me.

*Jam.* Good sir, intend this business,  
And let this bawling fool! No more words,  
lawyer,

And no more angers; for I guess your reasons:  
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,  
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it.  
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,  
But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and  
virtuous.

*Die.* Take us to mercy too, we beseech your  
honour;

We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.

*Jam.* No more talk, nor no more dissention,  
lawyer;

I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;  
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,  
A life that all the world shall—I'll bring witness,  
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies—  
You know I know you, and I can bring witness.

*Bar.* Nay, good sir, noble sir!

*Jam.* Be at peace then presently;  
Immediately take honest and fair truce  
With your good wife, and shake hands with that  
gentleman:

He has honour'd you too much; and do it cheer-  
fully.

*Lop.* Take us along, for Heaven's sake, too!

*Bar.* I am friends,—

*(There is no remedy; I must put up all, [Aside.  
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoul-  
ders])*

And perfect friends.—Leandro, now I thank you,  
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to  
you;

But I'm too mean henceforward for your company.

*Lean.* I shall not trouble you.

*Ars.* We will be friends too.

*Mil.* Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us  
further;

For all your devils, we will bolt.

*Bar.* I grant you;

The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:  
Did not he know me too well, you should smart  
for't.

Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentle-  
Come not to me to breakfast. *[men,*

*Die.* I'll be bak'd first.

*Bar.* And pray ye remember, when ye're bold  
and merry,

The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave ye.

*Jam.* Come, go along; I have employment for  
you,

Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you;  
For all, for every one.

*All.* We're all your servants.

*Die.* All, all, for anything! From this day  
forward,

I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.

*Jam.* I am glad you come off fair.

*Lean.* The fair has blest me. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Grove of Trees near the City.

*Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, and ASCANIO.*

*Oct.* This is the place; but why we are appointed  
By Don Jamie to stay here, is a depth  
I cannot sound.

*Asc.* Believe't, he is too noble  
To purpose anything but for our good.  
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,  
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,  
And should lose all, if he proved only false,  
Yet I durst run the hazard.

*Jac.* 'Tis our comfort,  
We cannot be more wretched than we are;  
And death concludes all misery.

*Oct.* Undiscover'd,  
We must attend him.

*Enter HENRIQUE and JAMIE.*

*Asc.* Our stay is not long.

With him Don Henrique?

*Jac.* Now I fear! be silent. *[They retire.]*

*Hen.* Why dost thou follow me?

*Jam.* To save your life;

A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,  
I have a brother's love.

*Hen.* But thy false self,  
I fear no enemy.

*Jam.* You have no friend,  
But what breathes in me. If you move a step  
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.

*Hen.* 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent hither  
To meet her, that prefers my life and safety  
Before her own.

*Jam.* That you should be abused thus,

With weak credulity ! She, for whose sake  
 You have forgot we had one noble father,  
 Or that one mother bare us ; for whose love  
 You brake a contract to which Heaven was witness :  
 To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour  
 You have exposed a sweet and hopeful son  
 To all the miseries that want can bring him,  
 (And such a son, though you are most obdurate,  
 To give whom entertainment savages  
 Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him  
 from

Bleak cold and hunger !) this dissembling woman,  
 This idol whom you worship, all your love  
 And service trod her under feet, designs you  
 To fill a grave, or dead, to lie a prey  
 For wolves and vultures.

*Hen.* 'Tis false. I die thee,  
 And stand upon my guard !

*Enter LEANDRO, MILANES, ARSENIO, BARTOLUS, LOPEZ,  
 DIKOO, and Servants.*

*Jam.* Alas, 'tis weak.  
 Come on ! Since you will teach me to be cruel,  
 By having no faith in me, take your fortune.  
 Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

*Oct.* My lord !

*Asc.* In what have we offended ?

[HENRIQUE, OCTAVIO, ASCANIO, and JACINTHA,  
 are seized and bound.]

*Jam.* I am deaf ;  
 And, following my will, I do not stand  
 Accountable to reason.—See her ring,  
 The first pledge of your love and service to her,  
 Deliver'd as a warrant for your death !  
 These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,  
 The use of which you did deny yourself,  
 Bestow'd on me (and with a prodigal hand),  
 Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect  
 Of her most bloody building ; and to fee  
 These instruments, to bring materials  
 To raise it up, she bade me spare no cost,  
 And, as a surpluse, offer'd herself  
 To be at my devotion.

*Hen.* Oh, accursed !

*Jam.* But, be incredulous still ; think this my  
 Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear [plot ;  
 That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.  
 Believe this as a fearful dream, and that  
 You lie not at my mercy, which in this  
 I will show only : She herself shall give  
 The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple  
 Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

*Enter VIOLENTE.*

Appears my Violante ? Speak, my dearest,  
 Does not the object please you ?

*Viol.* More than if

All treasure that's above the earth, with that  
 That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,  
 Were laid down at my feet ! Oh, bold Jamie,  
 Thou only canst deserve me !

*Jam.* I am forward ;  
 And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not  
 On your commands.

*Enter Assistant and Officers.*

*Viol.* But yet they live : I look'd  
 To find them dead.

*Jam.* That was deferred, that you  
 Might triumph in their misery, and have the power  
 To say " they are not."

*Viol.* 'Twas well thought upon.

This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed  
 This night, shall thank thee.

*Hen.* Monster !

*Viol.* You, sir, that

Would have me mother bastards, being unable  
 To honour me with one child of mine own,  
 That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,  
 And out of my revenues would maintain  
 Her riotous issue ; now you find what 'tis  
 To tempt a woman ! With as little feeling  
 As I turn off a slave, that is unfit  
 To do me service ; or a horse, or dog,  
 That have out-lived their use ; I shake thee off,  
 To make thy peace with Heaven !

*Hen.* I do deserve this ;  
 And never truly felt before, what sorrow  
 Attends on wilful dotage.

*Viol.* For you, mistress,  
 That had the pleasure of his youth before me,  
 And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,  
 But that I think, to have the bastard strangled  
 Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow  
 The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,  
 I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,  
 And set my foot on those bewitching lips,  
 That had the start of mine ! But, as thou art,  
 Go to the grave unpitied.

*Assist.* Who would believe  
 Such rage could be in woman ?

*Viol.* For this fellow,  
 He is not worth my knowledge.

*Jam.* Let him live then,  
 Since you esteem him innocent.

*Viol.* No, Jamie,  
 He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,  
 And let them fall so !

*Assist.* Unheard-of cruelty !  
 I can endure no longer : Seize on her !

*Viol.* Am I betray'd ?  
 Is this thy faith, Jamie ?

*Jam.* Could your desires  
 Challenge performance of a deed so horrid ?  
 Or, though that you had sold yourself to hell,  
 I should make up the bargain ?—Live, dear brother,  
 Live long, and happy ! I forgive you freely ;  
 To have done you this service, is to me  
 A fair inheritance ; and howe'er harsh language,  
 Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,  
 In my heart I ever loved you. All my labours  
 Were but to shew, how much your love was  
 cozen'd,

When it beheld itself in this false glass,  
 That did abuse you ; and I am so far  
 From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,  
 That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.  
 These are the murderers ; my noble friends !  
 Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,  
 I won, to come disguised thus.

*Hen.* I am too full  
 Of grief and shame to speak : But what I'll do,  
 Shall to the world proclaim my penitence ;  
 And, howsoever I have lived, I'll die  
 A much-changed man.

*Jam.* Were it but possible  
 You could make satisfaction to this woman,  
 Our joys were perfect.

*Hen.* That's my only comfort,  
 That it is in my power : I ne'er was married  
 To this bad woman, though I doted on her,

But daily did defer it, still expecting  
When grief would kill Jacintha.

*Assist.* All's come out,  
And finds a fair success. Take her, Don Henrique,  
And once again embrace your son.

*Hen.* Most gladly.

*Assist.* Your brother hath deserved well.

*Hen.* And shall share

The moiety of my state.

*Assist.* I have heard, advocate,  
What an ill instrument you have been to him :  
From this time strengthen him with honest coun-  
And you'll deserve my pardon. [sels,

*Bar.* I'll change my copy :  
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had  
A smart blow, though unseen.

*Assist.* Curate, and sexton,  
I have heard of you too ; let me hear no more,  
And what's past, is forgotten. For this woman,

Though her intent were bloody, yet our law  
Calls it not death ; yet, that her punishment  
May deter others from such bad attempts,  
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd  
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend  
The remnant of her life.

*Viol.* Since I have miss'd my ends,  
I scorn what can fall on me.

*Assist.* The strict discipline  
O' th' church will teach you better thoughts.—And,  
signiors,

You that are bachelors, if you ever marry,  
In Bartolus you may behold the issue  
Of covetousness and jealousy ; and of dotage,  
And falsehood, in Don Henrique. Keep a mean  
then ;

For be assured, that weak man meets all ill  
That gives himself up to a woman's will.

[*Exeunt.*

#### EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our suit never ends,  
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,  
Our noblest friends ! If aught have fallen amiss,  
Oh, let it be sufficient that it is,  
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,  
All the whole body cannot be so neat,  
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,  
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.



# WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE, a Gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his Estate.  
FRANCISCO, his younger Brother.  
MR. LOVEGOOD, their Uncle.  
A Merchant, Friend to Mr. LOVEGOOD.  
FOUNTAIN, } Companions of VALENTINE, and  
BELLAMORE, } Suitors to the Widow.  
HARBRAIN, }  
LANCE, a Falconer, and an ancient Servant to VALENTINE's Father.

SHORTHOSE, the Clown, and Servant to the Widow.  
ROGER, RALPH, and HUMPHRY, three Servants to the Widow.  
Three Tenants.  
Musicians, Servants.  
LADY HARTWELL, a Widow.  
ISABELL, her Sister.  
LUCE, a Waiting-Gentlewoman to the Widow.

SCENE,—LONDON.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter LOVEGOOD and MERCHANT.*

*Mer.* When saw you Valentine?

*Lov.* Not since the horse-race;

He's taken up with those that woo the widow.

*Mer.* How can he live by snatches from such He bore a worthy mind. [people?]

*Lov.* Alas, he's sunk,

His means are gone, he wants, and, which is worse, takes a delight in doing so.

*Mer.* That's strange.

*Lov.* Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states: He can't be brought, now he has spent his own, To think there is inheritance or means, But all a common riches, all men bound To be his bailiffs—

*Mer.* This is something dangerous.

*Lov.* No gentleman that has estate, to use it In keeping house or followers; for those ways He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits, Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars, Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs, Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs;

God bless the founders! These he would have Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage, [vented And never thinks of state, or means, the ground-

works; Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies, And starve their understandings.

*Mer.* That's most certain.

*Lov.* Yes, if he could stay there.

*Mer.* Why, let him marry, And that way rise again.

*Lov.* It's most impossible;

He will not look with any handsomeness Upon a woman.

*Mer.* Is he so strange to women?

*Lov.* I know not what it is; a foolish glory

He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits;

And yet he will converse and flatter 'em, Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth, As his impression serves; for he affirms, They're only lumps, and undigested pieces, Lick'd over to a form by our affections, And then they show.—The lovers! let 'em pass.

*Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HARBRAIN.*

*Mer.* He might be one; he carries as much They are wondrous merry. [promise.]

*Lov.* Oh! their hopes are high, sir.

*Fount.* Is Valentine come to town?

*Bel.* Last night, I heard.

*Fount.* We miss him monstrously in our direc- For this widow is as stately, and as crafty, [tions; And stands, I warrant you—

*Hare.* Let here stand sure;

She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine. [Exeunt.]

*Mer.* This widow seems a gallant.

*Lov.* A goodly woman;

And to her handsomeness she bears her state, Reserved and great; Fortune has made her mistress Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

*Mer.* I would Valentine had her.

*Lov.* There's no hope of that, sir.

*Mer.* O' that condition, he had his mortgage in

*Lov.* I would he had. [again.]

*Mer.* Seek means, and see what I'll do:

(However, let the money be paid in;) I never sought a gentleman's undoing, Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations. The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time You told me of another brother. [for't.]

*Lov.* Yes, sir;

More miserable than he, for he has eat him And drank him up; a handsome gentleman, And a fine scholar.

*Enter LANCE and three Tenants.*

*Mer.* What are these?

*Lov.* The tenants;  
They'll do what they can.

*Mer.* It is well prepared.

Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him;  
He's deaf to his own good.

*Lance.* We mean to tell him  
Part of our minds, an't please you.

*Mer.* Do, and do it home,  
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,  
When we meet next——

*Lov.* Do but persuade him fairly;  
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks  
And what we can be able—— [too,

*Mer.* You're most honest;  
You shall find me no less; and so I leave you.  
Prosper your business, friends! [Exit *Mrs.*

*Lov.* Pray Heaven it may, sir.

*Lance.* Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,

And tell him that—I'll not spare him——  
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,

Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;

Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,  
Yet kept his state still.

Must we turn tenants now (after we have lived  
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd  
Good yeomanry) to some of the city,  
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard.  
And have our state turned into cabbage-gardens?  
Must it be so?

*Lov.* You must be milder to him.

*Lance.* That's as he makes his game.

*Lov.* Entreat him lovingly,  
And make him feel.

*Lance.* I'll pinch him to the bones else.

*Val.* (Within.) And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him presently.

Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.

*Lance.* You will want clothes, I hope.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* [Entering.] Bid the young courtier  
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

*Lov.* He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;  
Start him, but not affright him.

*Val.* Phew! are you there?

*Lov.* We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.

*Val.* Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?

Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,  
Nor master of these troubles.

*Ten.* We beseech you,  
For our poor children's sake.

*Val.* Who bid you get 'em?

Have you not threshing work enough, but children  
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other men,  
With all their delicacies, and healthful diets,  
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlic,

A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,  
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain  
These tumblers!

*Lance.* You ought to maintain us; we  
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, pro-  
vided for you.

Who bought the silk you wear? I think our  
labours;

Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your horses  
Perpetual pots of ale, maintain'd your taverns,  
And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,  
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?  
We had no hand in these; no, we're all puppies!  
Your tenants base vexations!

*Val.* Very well, sir.

*Lance.* Had you land, sir,  
And honest men to serve your purposes,  
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,

Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;  
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you  
hunt next?

You had a thousand acres, fair and open:  
The King's Bench is enclosed, there's no good  
riding;

The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take heed,  
sir)

And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth they're  
*Val.* You're short and pithy. [made of.

*Lance.* They say you're a fine gentleman,  
And excellent judgment they report you have; a  
wit:

Keep yourself out o' th' rain, and take your cloak  
with you,

Which by interpretation is your state, sir,  
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have  
And may have means. [money,

*Val.* I pr'ythee leave prating!  
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,  
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go,  
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,  
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,  
And hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,  
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?

*Lov.* This is uncivil.

*Val.* More unmerciful you,  
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings;  
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.

*3 Ten.* Your father's worship would have used  
us better.

*Val.* My father's worship was a fool!

*Lance.* Hey, hey, boys!

Old Valentine, I'faith; the old boy still!

*Lov.* Fie, cousin!

*Val.* I mean besotted to his state; he had never  
Left me the misery of so much means else,  
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.  
If you will talk, turn out these tenements:  
They are as killing to my nature, uncle,  
As water to a fever.

*Lance.* We will go;  
But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:  
And you shall keep your state!

*Val.* Thou liest; I will not.

*Lance.* Sweet sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and  
so good morrow!

[Exit *LANCE and Tenants.*  
Now to your business, uncle.

*Lov.* To your state then.

*Val.* 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it  
no more;

'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me.  
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,  
(I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,)  
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,

For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't !  
*Caveat emptor !* Let the fool out-sweat it,  
 That thinks he has got a catch on't.

*Loc.* This is madness,  
 To be a wilful beggar.

*Val.* I am mad then,  
 And so I mean to be ; will that content you ?  
 How bravely now I live, how jocund !  
 How near the first inheritance, without fears !  
 How free from title-troubles !

*Loc.* And from means too.

*Val.* Means ? Why, all good men's my means,  
 my wit's my plough,  
 The town's my stock, taverns my standing house,  
 And all the world knows there's no want ; all  
 gentlemen

That love society love me ; all pursues  
 That wit and pleasure opens are my tenants ;  
 Every man's clothes fit me ; the next fair lodging  
 Is but my next remove ; and when I please  
 To be more eminent, and take the air,  
 A piece is levied, and a coach prepared,  
 And I go I care not whither. What need state  
 here ?

*Loc.* But, say these means were honest, will  
 they last, sir ?

*Val.* Far longer than your jerkin, and wear  
 fairer.

Should I take aught of you ? 'Tis true, I begg'd  
 now,

Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,  
 And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in't.  
 Your mind's enclosed, nothing lies open nobly ;  
 Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing  
 But daily sweat and trouble : Were my way  
 So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it.  
 Are my acquaintance graziers ? But, sir, know,  
 No man that I'm allied to, in my living,  
 But makes it equal whether his own use  
 Or my necessity pull first : nor is this forced,  
 But the mere quality and poisure of goodness :  
 And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

*Loc.* You pose me, cousin.

*Val.* What's my knowledge, uncle ? Is't not  
 worth money ?

What's my understanding, my travel, reading, wit,  
 All these digested ; my daily making men,  
 Some to speak, that too much phlegm had frozen  
 up ;

Some other that spoke too much, to hold their  
 peace,

And put their tongues to pensions ; some to wear  
 their clothes,

And some to keep 'em ? These are nothing, uncle !  
 Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,  
 A manly love, community to all

That are deserv'ers—not examining  
 How much, or what's done for them—it is wicked,  
 And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts  
 double,

Making 'em only food for his repentance.

*Enter two Servants.*

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's  
 love.

*Val.* Commend us to thy master, and take that,  
 And leave 'em at my lodging.

1 *Ser.* I shall do't, sir.

*Val.* I do not think of these things.

2 *Ser.* 'Please you, sir, I have gold here for you.

*Val.* Give it me. Drink that, and commend me  
 to thy master.— [*Exit Servants.*]

Look you, uncle, do I beg these ?

*Loc.* No, sure ; it is your worth, sir.

*Val.* 'Tis like enough ; but, pray satisfy me,  
 Are not these ways as honest as persecuting  
 The starved inheritance, with musty corn  
 The very rats were fain to run away from,  
 Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,  
 Which gentlemen do after burn by the ounces ?  
 Do not I know your way of feeding beasts  
 With racks, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers ?  
 Your racking pastures, that have eaten up  
 As many singing shepherds, and their issues,  
 As Andeluzia breeds ? These are authentic.  
 I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,  
 Unless it were to sell your state that hour,  
 And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,  
 For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know  
 me.

*Loc.* I would you knew yourself ; but, since  
 you're grown

Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,  
 Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

*Val.* How ?

*Loc.* From your mortgage, which yet you may  
 I'll find the means. [*recover ;*]

*Val.* Pray, save your labour, sir ;

My brother and myself will run one fortune,  
 And I think, what I hold a mere vexation  
 Cannot be safe for him ; I love him better  
 He has wit at will, the world has means ; he shall  
 live

Without this trick of state ; we are heirs both,  
 And all the world before us.

*Loc.* My last offer,

And then I'm gone.

*Val.* What is't ? and then I'll answer.

*Loc.* What think you of a wife, yet to restore  
 And tell me seriously, without these trifles. [*you ?*]

*Val.* An you can find one that can please my  
 You shall not find me stubborn. [*fancy,*]

*Loc.* Speak your woman.

*Val.* One without eyes, that is, self-commenda-  
 tions

(For when they find they're handsome, they're un-  
 wholesome) ;

One without ears, not giving time to flatterers  
 (For she that hears herself commended, wavers,  
 And points men out a way to make 'em wicked) ;

One without substance of herself ; that woman  
 Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton ;

Though she be young, forgetting it ; though fair,  
 Making her glass the eyes of honest men,  
 Not her own admiration ; all her ends

Obedience, all her hours new blessings ; if  
 There may be such a woman.

*Loc.* Yes, there may be.

*Val.* And without state too ?

*Loc.* You're disposed to trifle.

Well, fare you well, sir ! When you want me next,  
 You'll seek me out a better sense.

*Val.* Farewell, uncle,

And as you love your state, let not me hear on't.  
 [*Exit.*]

*Loc.* It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him  
 still ;

And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will.  
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.**Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.*

*Luce.* I know the cause of all this sadness now; Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.

*Isab.* She has wherewithal, much good may't do her!

*Pr'ythee, speak softly; we are open to men's ears.*

*Luce.* Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass,

Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,

And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy; You are as fair as she.

*Isab.* Who, I? I thank you;

I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:

My sister is a goodly, portly lady,

A woman of a presence; she spreads sattin,

As the king's ships do canvas, every where.

She may spare me her nizen, and her bonnets,

Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me;

I am a carvel to her.

*Luce.* But a tight one.

*Isab.* She is excellent well built too.

*Luce.* And yet she's old.

*Isab.* She never saw above one voyage, *Luce,*

And, credit me, after another, her hull

Will serve again, and a right good merchant.

She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,

Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,

Begins to piddle with philosophy,

A subtle'chymic wench, and can extract

The spirit of men's estates; she has the light

Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,

'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.

*Luce.* You are so bashful!

*Isab.* 'Tis not at first word "up and ride;" thou'rt cozen'd;

That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we lose

The main part of our politic government,

If we become provokers. Then we are fair,

And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,

They lie before us ages, yet not carried;

Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound

Without the loss of honour, and march off [too

With our fair wedding-colours flying!—Who are these?

*Enter FRANCISCO and LANCE.*

*Luce.* I know not, nor I care not.

*Isab.* Pr'ythee peace then!

A well-built gentleman.

*Luce.* But poorly thatch'd. [They retire.

*Lance.* Has he devour'd you too?

*Fran.* He has gulp'd me down, *Lance.*

*Lance.* Left you no means to study?

*Fran.* Not a farthing:

Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.

Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten shillings.

*Lance.* You're fit for great men's services.

*Fran.* I am fit, but who will take me thus?

Men's miseries are now accounted

Stains in their natures. I have travelled,

And I have studied long, observed all kingdoms,

Know all the promises of art and manners:

Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,

I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies!

Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, *Lance?*

*Lance.* I'll sell the tiles of my house else, my horse, my hawk;

Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, master Francis,

That I should see your father's house fall thus!

*Isab.* An honest fellow!

*Lance.* Your father's house, that fed me,

That bred up all my name!

*Isab.* A grateful fellow!

*Lance.* And fall by—

*Fran.* Peace; I know you're angry, *Lance,*

But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,

And, though you hold him slight, my most dear

A gentleman, excepting some few rubs, [brother!

(He were too excellent to live here else)

Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,

The issues of a noble and manly spirit,

As any he alive. I must not hear you:

Though I am miserable, and he made me so,

Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,

And to that tie of blood link my affections.

*Isab.* A noble nature! Dost thou know him,

*Luce.* No, mistress. [Luce?

*Isab.* Thou shouldst ever know such good men.

What a fair body and a mind are married there to—

Did he not say he wanted? [gether!

*Luce.* What is that to you?

*Isab.* 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.

*Luce.* How she changes!—[Aside.]

Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too—

*Isab.* 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,

Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no knowing him?

Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,

Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,

Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,

Let them complain!

*Luce.* Her colour changes strangely. [Aside.

*Isab.* This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;

Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge him,

Keep him from cold? Believe me, he's well-bred,

And cannot be but of a noble lineage.

Mark him, and mark him well.

*Luce.* He's a handsome man.

*Isab.* The sweetness of his suff'rance sets him

Oh, *Luce*—But whither go I? [off;

*Luce.* You cannot hide it.

*Isab.* I would he had what I can spare.

*Luce.* 'Tis charitable.

*Lance.* Come, sir, I'll see you lodged; you've tied my tongue fast.

I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!

[Exit LANCE and FRANCISCO.

*Isab.* That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow!

Why, this would move a stone. I must needs know—But that some other time.

*Luce.* Is the wind there?

That makes for me. [Aside.

*Isab.* Come, I forgot a business. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lady HEARTWELL'S House.**Enter Lady HEARTWELL and LUCE.*

*L. Hea.* My sister, and a woman of so base a What was the fellow? [pity!]

*Luce.* Why, an ordinary man, madam.

*L. Hea.* Poor?

*Luce.* Poor enough; and no man knows from

*L. Hea.* What could she see? [whence neither.

*Luce.* Only his misery;

For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

*L. Hea.* Did she change much?

*Luce.* Extremely, when he spoke;

And then her pity, like an orator,

(I fear her love) framed such a commendation, And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

*L. Hea.* Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, That she must dote upon afflictions?

Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,

And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,

And fly her honour, common both to beggary? Did she speak to him?

*Luce.* No, he saw us not;

But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

*L. Hea.* Was he young?

*Luce.* Yes, young enough.

*L. Hea.* And look'd he like a gentleman?

*Luce.* Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

*L. Hea.* My sister, and sink basely! This must Does she use means to know him? [not be.

*Luce.* Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose.

*L. Hea.* Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;

But still be near her lodging. *Luce*, what you can gather

By any means, let me understand.—I'll stop her And turn her charity another way, [heat,  
To bless herself first.—Be still close to her counsels.—

A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessedness! I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister, Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.— And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.—

This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Street.**Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HARKERAIN, and VALENTINE.*

*Fount.* Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!

This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, And stands so much upon her excellencies!

*Bel.* She has put us off this month now, for an answer.

*Hark.* No man must visit her, nor look upon her,

Not say, "good morrow," nor "good even," till that's past.

*Val.* She has found what dough you're made of, and so kneads you.

Are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I've told you often enough what things they are, What precious things, these widows!

*Hark.* If we had 'em,

*Val.* Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.

There be three kinds of fools,—(mark this note, Mark it, and understand it.) [gentlemen,

*Fount.* Well, go forward.

*Val.* An innocent, a knave-fool, a fool politic: The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

*Bel.* Will you allow no fortune?

*Val.* No such blind one.

*Fount.* We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.

*Val.* As you're those fools, I did allow those reasons,

But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em. Do you know what it is to woo a widow?

Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

*Hark.* Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

*Val.* Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves,

Pure politic fools; I look'd for such an answer.

Once more hear me: It is,

To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,

Whether the state you have be yours or no,

Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows

Are long extents in law upon men's livings, Upon their bodies winding-sheets; they that enjoy 'em,

Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?

*Bel.* Plain spoken.

*Val.* And plain truth; but, if you'll needs

Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,

(Not any part concerns your understandings,

For then you're meacocks, fools, and miserable)

March off amain, within an inch of a firecock,

Turn me o' th' toe like a weather-cock!

Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth;

Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls!

And these will make a show.

*Hark.* And these are trifles?

*Val.* Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;

For here you venture but your persons, there

The varnish of your persons, your discretions.

Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,

Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks

A man, an understanding man, is more wife

To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.

What do we get by women, but our senses,

Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?

And, when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n cowards!

What benefit can children be, but charges,

And disobedience? What's the love they render

At one-and-twenty years? "I pray die, father!"

When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,

Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,

There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's quarrel;

A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,

Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have  
A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd serving-  
man;

His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,  
And learns to spin men's hair off; there's another:  
And most are of this nature. Will you marry?

*Fount.* For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel  
yet.

*Val.* And this same widow?

*Fount.* If I may; and, methinks,  
However you are pleased to dispute these dangers,  
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not  
hurtful.

*Val.* Not half so killing as for you. For me,  
She can't with all the art she has, make me more  
miserable,

Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,  
A benefit that none of you can brag of,  
And there's the antidote against a widow;  
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,  
Which she can neither law nor claw away;  
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else;  
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else;  
And, to all this, contempt of what she does:  
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,  
Hear her without a faith, so pity her  
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,  
But deadly hate her pride: if you could do these,  
And had but this discretion, and like fortune,  
'Twere but an equal venture.

*Fount.* This is malice.

*Val.* When she lies with your land, and not  
with you,

Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,  
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.  
But is it come to pass you must marry?  
Is there no buff will hold you?

*Bel.* Grant it be so?

*Val.* Then chuse the tamer evil; take a maid,  
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,  
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth  
nothing:

There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*.

A maid makes conscience

Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets;  
A maid's content with one coach and two horses,  
Not falling out because they are not matches;  
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,  
With one faith, one content, one bed;

Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame  
and issue;

A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.

*Fount.* Yet all this cannot sink us.

*Val.* You're my friends,

And all my loving friends; I spend your money,  
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.  
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;  
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;  
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,  
For which I'll do you this commodity.  
Be ruled, and let me try her; I'll discover her;  
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,  
'Till I see through her; then, if I find her  
worthy—

*Harc.* This was our meaning, Valentine.

*Val.* 'Tis done then.

I must want nothing.

*Harc.* Nothing but the woman.

*Val.* No jealousy; for, when I marry,  
The devil must be wiser than I take him,

And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;  
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at  
her! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Lady HEARTWELL'S  
House.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.*

*Isab.* But art thou sure?

*Lucs.* No surer than I heard.

*Isab.* That it was that flouting fellow's brother?

*Lucs.* Yes, Shorthose told me so.

*Isab.* He did search out the truth?

*Lucs.* It seems he did.

*Isab.* Pr'ythee, Luce, call him hither. If he be  
no worse, I never repent my pity.

*Enter SHORTHOSE.*

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after,—

The gentleman I th' black?

*Short.* I' th' torn black?

*Isab.* Yes, the same, sir.

*Short.* What would your worship with him?

*Isab.* Why, my worship would know his name,  
and what he is.

*Short.* He's nothing; he is a man, and yet he is  
no man.

*Isab.* You must needs play the fool.

*Short.* 'Tis my profession.

*Isab.* How is he a man, and no man?

*Short.* He's a beggar; only the sign of a man;  
the bush pull'd down, which shews the house  
stands empty.

*Isab.* What's his calling?

*Short.* They call him beggar.

*Isab.* What's his kindred?

*Short.* Beggars.

*Isab.* His worth?

*Short.* A learned beggar, a poor scholar.

*Isab.* How does he live?

*Short.* Like worms, he eats old books.

*Isab.* Is Valentine his brother?

*Short.* His begging brother.

*Isab.* What may his name be?

*Short.* Orson.

*Isab.* Leave your fooling.

*Short.* You had as good say, leave your living.

*Isab.* Once more,

Tell me his name directly.

*Short.* I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him  
christen'd; but I can tell what foolish people call  
him.

*Isab.* What?

*Short.* Francisco.

*Isab.* Where lies this learning, sir?

*Short.* In Paul's Church-yard forsooth.

*Isab.* I mean that gentleman, fool!

*Short.* Oh, that fool? he lies in loose sheets  
every where, that's no where.

*Lucs.* You have glean'd since you came to Lon-  
don; in the country, Shorthose, you were an  
arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb; here every tavern  
teaches you; the pint-pot has so belabour'd you  
with wit, your brave acquaintance, that gives you  
ale, so fortified your mazard, that now there's no  
talking to you.

*Isab.* He's much improved; a fellow, a fine  
discourser!

*Short.* I hope so: I have not waited at the tail  
of wit so long, to be an ass.

*Luce.* But say now, Shorthose, my lady should remove into the country?

*Short.* I had as lieve she should remove to heaven, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

*Luce.* Where no old charneco is, nor no anchovies, nor master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my lady Such-a-one's chief chamber-maid.

*Isab.* No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose, nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.

*Luce.* No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer, carry this pottle to my father Shorthose."

*Isab.* No plays nor gally-foists; no strange ambassador to run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil, and then come home again, and lie by the legend.

*Luce.* Say she should go?

*Short.* If I say so, I'll be hang'd first; or, if I thought she would go—

*Luce.* What?

*Short.* I would go with her.

*Luce.* But, Shorthose, where thy heart is—

*Isab.* Do not fright him.

*Luce.* By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise, a loud one too, and from her own mouth; presently to be gone too. But why? or to what end?

*Short.* May not a man die first? She'll give him so much time.

*Isab.* Gone o' th' sudden? Thou dost but jest: She must not mock the gentlemen.

*Luce.* She has put them off a month, they dare not see her. Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

*Isab.* Is this true, wench? Gone on so short a warning!

What trick is this? She never told me of it: It must not be!—Sirrah, attend me presently, (You know I've been a careful friend unto you,) Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful. Cry not; we shall not go.

*Short.* Her coach may crack! [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—The Street.

*Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, and LANCE.*

*Val.* Which way to live! How dar'st thou come To ask such an idle question? [to town,

*Franc.* Methinks, 'tis necessary, Unless you could restore that annuity You have tipped up in taverns.

*Val.* Where hast thou been, And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow, And of a handsome knowledge; who has spoil'd thee?

*Lance.* He that has spoil'd himself, to make himself sport, And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him: Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy, And look there who.

*Val.* Well said, old Copyhold.

*Lance.* My heart's good freehold, sir, and so you'll find it. This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother;

(For there's no hope of you) use him thereafter.

*Val.* E'en as well as I use myself.—What wouldst thou have, Frank?

*Franc.* Can you procure me a hundred pound?

*Lance.* Hark what he says to you!

Oh, try your wits; they say you are excellent at it; For your land has lain long bed-ridden, and unsensible.

*Franc.* And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,

And to what wretchedness your will has brought But what it may be, by this benefit, [me; If timely done, and like a noble brother, Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

*Val.* A hundred pound? Dost thou know what thou hast said, boy?

*Franc.* I said, a hundred pound.

*Val.* Thou hast said more

Than any man can justify, believe it.

Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee, There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treat— Have seen five pound; but let me tell it, [sure. And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs. Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,

And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first—I will come down, and eat it out. [fruits;

*Franc.* 'Tis patience

Must meet with you, sir, not love.

*Lance.* Deal roundly,

And leave these fiddle-faddles.

*Val.* Leave thy prating!

Thou think'st at thou art a notable wise fellow, Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk, two of the reverend!

*Lance.* I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be

With the next moon. What would you have him *Val.* How? [do?

*Lance.* To get money first, that's to live; You've shew'd him how to want.

*Val.* 'Slife, how do I live?

Why, what dull fool would ask that question?

Three hundred three-pil'ds more, ay, and live bravely;

The better half o' th' town, and live most gloriously: Ask them what states they have, or what annuities, Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!— Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into th' world, Frank,

Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar. Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing; The world's a fine believing world; write news.

*Lance.* Dragons in Sussex; or fiery battles Seen in the air at Asperge?

*Val.* There's the way, Frank.

And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour them (Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties; Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

*Lance.* Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple, and clap it on Paul's; and, after these, a l'envoy to the city for their sins?

*Val.* *Probatum est*; thou canst not want a pension.

Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars, There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals. Are not these ready ways? Cosmography Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid;

I mean a midnight map, to 'scape the watches, And such long senseless examinations;

And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentle—I cannot stay long. [men.]

*Lance.* You have read learnedly!

And would you have him follow these chimeras?

Did you begin with ballads?

*Fran.* Well, I will leave you;

I see my wants are grown ridiculous:

Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.

You may think, when these wanton fits are over,  
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to your-  
self, sir;

A providence I wait on!

*Val.* Thou art passionate;

Hast thou been brought up with girls?

*Enter SHORTHORN, with a bag.*

*Short.* Rest you merry, gentlemen.

*Val.* Not so merry as you suppose, sir.

*Short.* Pray stay awhile, and let me take a view  
of you; I may put my spoon into the wrong pot-  
-pot else.

*Val.* Why, wilt thou muster us?

*Short.* No, you're not he;

You are a thought too handsome.

*Lance.* Who wouldst thou speak withal? Why  
dost thou peep so?

*Short.* I'm looking birds' nests: I can find none  
in your bush-beard!—I'd speak with you, black  
gentleman.

*Fran.* With me, my friend?

*Short.* Yes, sure: and the best friend, sir, it  
seems, you spake withal this twelve-months, gen-  
tleman. There's money for you.

*Val.* How?

*Short.* There's none for you, sir. Be not so  
brief! Not a penny. La! how he itches at it!  
Stand off; you stir my choler.

*Lance.* Take it; 'tis money.

*Short.* You are too quick too: First, be sure  
you have it: You seem to be a falconer, but a  
foolish one.

*Lance.* Take it, and say nothing.

*Short.* You are cozen'd too: 'tis take it, and  
spend it.

*Fran.* From whom came it, sir?

*Short.* Such another word, and you shall have  
none on't.

*Fran.* I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you!

*Short.* Well, sir; then buy you better clothes,  
and get your hat dress'd, and your laundress to  
wash your boots white.

*Fran.* Pray stay, sir: May you not be mistaken?

*Short.* I think I am: Give me the money again;  
come, quick, quick, quick!

*Fran.* I would be loath to render, till I am sure  
it be so.

*Short.* Hark in your ear: Is not your name  
Francisco?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* Be quiet then: It may thunder a hun-  
dred times, before such stones fall. Do not you  
need it?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* And 'tis thought you have it.

*Fran.* I think I have.

*Short.* Then hold it fast; 'tis not fly-blown.  
You may pay for the poundage: you forget your-  
self: I have not seen a gentleman so backward, a  
wanting gentleman.

*Fran.* Your mercy, sir!

*Short.* Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full  
of mercy. Be merry with it, and be wise.

*Fran.* I would fain, if it please you, but know—

*Short.* It does not please me: Tell o'er your  
money, and be not mad, boy.

*Val.* You have no more such bags?

*Short.* More such there are, sir, but few I fear  
for you. I've cast your water; you've wit, you  
need no money. [Exit.]

*Lance.* Be not amaz'd, sir;

'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restorative,  
And in good time it comes to do you good.

Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it.—

[To VALENTINE.] Yours be too quick, sir.

*Fran.* He named me, and he gave it me; but  
from whom?

*Lance.* Let 'em send more, and then examine it.  
This can be but a preface.

*Fran.* Being a stranger,  
Of whom can I deserve this?

*Lance.* Sir, of any man

That has but eyes, and manly understanding,  
To find men's wants: Good men are bound to do so.

*Val.* Now you see, Frank, there are more ways  
than certainties;

Now you believe. What plough brought you this  
harvest,

What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?

These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation

Of quarter-days; you see it show'r in to you.

You are an ass! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,

About this blazing star, and that bo-peep,

Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason

Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!

What use of these, or what joy in annuities,

Where every man's thy study and thy tenant?

I am asham'd on thee!

*Lance.* Yes, I have seen

This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard by—

*Val.* Yes, marry is there.

*Lance.* I think he's her servant;

I am cozen'd if—After her! I am sure on't.

*Fran.* I am glad on't.

*Lance.* She's a good woman.

*Fran.* I am gladder.

*Lance.* And young enough, believe.

*Fran.* I am gladder of all, sir.

*Val.* Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

*Fran.* I thank my money.

*Lance.* His money shall lie with me; three in  
Will be too much this weather. [a bed, sir,

*Val.* Meet me at the Mermaid,

And thou shalt see what things—

*Lance.* Trust to yourself, sir.

[Exit FRANK, and LANCE.]

*Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, and BELLAMORE.*

*Fount.* Oh, Valentine!

*Val.* How now? Why do you look so?

*Bel.* The widow's going, man.

*Val.* Why, let her go, man.

*Hare.* She's going out o' th' town.

*Val.* The town's the happier;

I would they were all gone.

*Fount.* We cannot come

To speak with her.

*Val.* Not to speak to her?

*Bel.* She will

Be gone within this hour: either now, Val—

*Fount.* Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.



*Val.* I'd rather  
March i' the mouth o' th' cannon. But adieu !  
If she be above ground—Go, away to your prayers ;  
Away, I say, away !—she shall be spoken withal !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Lady HEARTWELL'S House.*

*Enter SHORTHOSE, with one boot on, ROGER and HUMPHRY.*

*Rog.* She will go, Shorthose.

*Short.* Who can help it, Roger ?

*Ralph.* [*Within.*] Roger, help down with the hangings !

*Rog.* By and by, Ralph :

I am making up o' th' trunks here.

*Ralph.* Shorthose !

*Short.* Well.

*Ralph.* Who looks to my lady's wardrobe ?—  
Humphry !

*Hum.* Here.

*Ralph.* Down with the boxes in the gallery.  
And bring away the coach-cushions. [*Exit.*]

*Short.* Will it not rain ?

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,  
To stop this journey ?

*Rog.* Why go now ? why now ?

Why o' th' sudden now ? What preparation,  
What horses have we ready ? what provision  
Laid in i' th' country ?

*Hum.* Not an egg, I hope.

*Rog.* No, nor one drop of good drink, boys ;  
there's the devil.

*Short.* I heartily pray the malt be musty ; and  
We must come up again. [*then*]

*Hum.* What says the steward ?

*Rog.* He's at his wit's end ; for, some four  
hours since,

Out of his haste and providence, he mistook  
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.

*Short.* And she may break his neck, and save  
Oh, London, how I love thee ! [*the journey.*]

*Hum.* I have no boots,  
Nor none I'll buy : or if I had, refuse me  
If I would venture my ability  
Before a cloak-bag : men are men.

*Short.* For my part,  
If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,  
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,  
Or any gentle lady of the laundry,  
Chamb'ring, or wantonness, behind my gelding,  
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gew-  
As if I were a running frippery, [*gaws,*  
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me.  
I'll not be troubled with their distillations,  
At every half-mile's end ! I understand myself,  
And am resolv'd—

*Hum.* To-morrow night at Oliver's !  
Who shall be there, boys ? who shall meet the  
wenches ?

*Rog.* The well-brew'd stand of ale, we should  
have met at !

*Short.* These griefs, like to another ~~the~~ of Troy,  
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,  
And make Tom Butcher weep ! *Æneas enters,*  
And now the town is lost.

*Enter RALPH.*

*Ralph.* Why, whither run you ?  
My lady's mad.

*Short.* I would she were in Bedlam.

*Ralph.* The carts are come ; no hands to help  
to load 'em !

The stuff lies in the hall, the plate—

*L. Heart.* [*Within.*] Why, knaves there !  
Where be these idle fellows ?

*Short.* Shall I ride with one boot ?

*L. Heart.* Why, where I say ?

*Ralph.* Away, away ! It must be so.

*Short.* Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten  
days ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the same.*

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.*

*Luce.* By my troth, mistress, I did it for the  
best.

*Isab.* It may be so ; but, Luce, you have a  
tongue,

A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were  
Would do a great deal better. [*mine'd, Luce,*

*Luce.* I protest, mistress—

*Isab.* 'Twill be your own one time or other—

*Walter.* [*Within.*] Anon, forsooth. [*Walter !*]

*Isab.* Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—

You are so full of providence—and, Walter,  
Tuck up my little box behind the coach ;  
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service  
To your good lady mistress—and my dog,  
Good, let the coachman carry him.

*Luce.* But hear me !

*Isab.* I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're so  
skilful,

That I must needs undo myself—and, hear me,  
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,

And see my curls well carried.—Oh, sweet Luce !  
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—  
You know what, Luce.

*Luce.* Pray you, be satisfied.

*Isab.* Yes, and contented too, before I leave  
you !

There is a Roger, which some call a butler,—  
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce :  
Nay, do not stare ; I have a tongue can talk too—  
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door opens  
To a long gallery : there was a night, Luce—  
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet ?  
Oh, do you blush, Luce ?—a Friday night—  
I saw your saint, Luce : " For t'other box of mar-  
malade,

All's thine, sweet Roger !"—this I heard, and  
kept too.

*Luce.* E'en as you are a woman, mistress—

*Isab.* This I allow

As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,  
And for the cheering of the heart ; but, Luce,  
To have your own turn served, and to your friend  
To be a dogbolt !

*Lucs.* I confess it, mistress.

*Isab.* As you have made my sister jealous of me, And foolishly and childishly pursued it— I have found out your haunt, and traced your purposes,

For which mine honour suffers—your best ways Must be applied to bring her back again, And seriously and suddenly, that so I May have a means to clear myself, and she A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish—

*Lucs.* My power and prayers, mistress—

*Isab.* What's the matter?

*Enter SHORTHOSE and Lady HEARTWELL.*

*Short.* I have been with the gentleman; he has it:

Much good may do him with it. [*Aside to ISAB.*

*L. Hea.* Come, are you ready?

You love so to delay time! the day grows on.

*Isab.* I've sent for a few trifles; when those are And now I know your reason— [*come.*

*L. Hea.* Know your own honour then,—About your business;

See the coach ready presently.—I'll tell you more then; [*Exit LUCS and SHORTHOSE.*

And understand it well. You must not think me, sister,

So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:

Alas! I know your heart, and must imagine,

And truly too, 'tis not your charity

Can coin such sums to give away as you have done;

In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,

Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,

I am ashamed to find this in your years,

Far more in your discretion. None to chuse

But things for pity? none to seal your thoughts on,

But one of no abiding, of no name?

Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,

(A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)

No money, no, not ten shillings?

*Isab.* You search nearly.

*L. Hea.* I know it, as I know your folly; one that knows not

Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,

Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,

But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?

*Isab.* You have had rare intelligence, I see,

*L. Hea.* Or, say the man had virtue. [*sister.*

Is virtue, in this age, a full inheritance?

What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?

Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?

This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

*Isab.* And this you quit the town for?

*L. Hea.* Is't not time?

*Isab.* You are better read in my affairs than I

That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you, [am;

And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,

I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,

But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.

*L. Hea.* I'm glad to hear you say so.

*Isab.* I am for you. [*Exit.*

*Enter SHORTHOSE and HUMPHRY, with riding-rods.*

*Hum.* The devil cannot stay her, she will on't.

Eat an egg now; and then we must away.

*Short.* I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:—

May London ways henceforth be full of holes, And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths

So housel all our hacknies, that they may feel Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate; May't rain above all almanacks, till

The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger

Ride like Bike Arion upon a trout to London!

*Hum.* At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,

Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!

*Short.* Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with

No meat, but legs of beef! [*puritans;*

*Hum.* No beds, but wool-packs!

*Short.* And those so cramm'd

With warrens of starv'd fleas, that bite like bandogs!

Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,

And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,

Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,

And all my lady's linen sprinkled

With suds and dish-water!

*Hum.* Not a wheel but out of joint!

*Enter ROGER, laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?

*Rog.* There is a gentleman, and the rarest gen- And makes the rarest sport! [*tleman.*

*Short.* Where, where?

*Rog.* Within here;

He has made the gayest sport with Tom the coach- man,

So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing

A butt of malmsey for his mares!

*Short.* 'Tis very good.

*Rog.* And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!

And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red deer piers,

Made such an alms i' th' buttery—

*Short.* Better still.

*Enter VALENTINE and Lady HEARTWELL.*

*Hum.* My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!

*Short.* May he anger her into a fever! [*Exit SERVANTS.*

*L. Hea.* I pray tell me who sent you hither?

For I imagine 'tis not your condition,

(You look so temperately, and like a gentleman,)

To ask me these wild questions.

*Val.* Do you think

I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;

Or deal with women out of dreams from others?

*L. Hea.* You have not known me, sure?

*Val.* Not much.

*L. Hea.* What reason

Have you then to be so tender of my credit?

You are no kinsman?

*Val.* If you take it so,

The honest office that I came to do you,

Is not so heavy but I can return it:

Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my

*L. Hea.* Pray stay a little: proud? [*visit*

*Val.* Monstrous proud!

I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,

And your abundant parts, stung by the people;

But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me

As if I were a rude and saucy fellow,

That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill;

Or such a one as should now fall and worship you

In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady:

I came to prove opinion a loud liar,

To see a woman only great in goodness,

And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:

But—

*L. Hea.* You're a strange gentleman! If I were proud now,  
I should be monstrous angry. (which I am not,)  
And shew the effects of pride; I should despise  
But you are welcome, sir. [you;  
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is  
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have  
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?  
Old age, like scar trees, is seldom seen affected,  
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts  
His daring youth endeavour'd.

*Val.* This is well;  
And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.  
But, to be place-proud—

*L. Hea.* If it be our own;  
Why are we set here with distinction else,  
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,  
'Tis held a coolness if you lose your right,  
Affronts and loss of honour. Streets, and walls,  
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,  
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,  
About your ranks: Are we so much below you,  
That, 'till you have us, are the tops of nature,  
To be accounted drones without a difference?  
You'll make us beasts indeed.

*Val.* Nay, worse than this too,  
Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's  
Lucifer,

A tumour tack'd together by a tailor!  
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a varnish  
That butter-milk can better.

*L. Hea.* Lord, how little  
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes  
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,  
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say my  
beauty

Please some weak eyes, must it please them to  
think,

That blows me up that every hour blows off?  
This is an infant's anger.

*Val.* Thus they say too:  
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with velvet,  
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the  
streets be troubled

Continually with you, till carmen curse you?  
Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,  
And pride of bum-beating, till the learned lawyers,  
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,  
Till all their cases crack? Why should this lady,  
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,  
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,  
And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps  
neglected,

Fashions conferred about, pouncings, and paint-  
ings,

And young men's bodies read on like anatomies?

*L. Hea.* You're very credulous,  
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,  
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,  
And find I will not start. In us all meetings  
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts  
at church,

Our very meditations, some will swear,  
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncha-  
ritably)

Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,  
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies;  
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;  
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,  
How to surprise that greatness or that glory;

Our very smiles are subject to constructions;  
Nay, sir, 'tis come to this, we cannot pish,  
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.  
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible  
To take you without perspectives?

*Val.* It may be;  
But these excuse not.

*L. Hea.* Nor yours force no truth, sir.  
What deadly tongues you have, and to those  
tongues [science,

What hearts and what inventions! On my con-  
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture  
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory  
To say you had done so. All you think are  
councils,

And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,  
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build  
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,  
As day does his warm light, our killing curses  
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,  
Let us entreat your good words.

*Val.* Well, this woman  
Has a brave soul. [*Aside.*

*L. Hea.* Are we not gaily blest then,  
And much beholden to you for your sufferance?  
You may do what you list, we what beseems us,  
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;  
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,  
And belch'd abroad in taverns.

*Val.* Oh, most brave wench,  
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aside.*

*L. Hea.* You are no whore-masters! Alas, no,  
gentlemen,  
It were an impudence to think you vicious:  
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;  
You are the cool things of the time, the temper-  
ance,

Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;  
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,  
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentle-  
men,

That with their secret sins increase our surgeons,  
And lie in foreign countries, for new sores;  
Women are all these vices; you're not envious,  
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,  
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,  
Eaters of others' honours—

*Val.* You are angry.

*L. Hea.* No, by my troth, and yet I could say  
more too;

For when men make me angry, I am miserable.

*Val.* Sure 'tis a man! she could not bear't thus  
bravely else.— [*Aside.*

It may be, I am tedious.

*L. Hea.* Not at all, sir.

I am content at this time you should trouble me.

*Val.* You are distrustful.

*L. Hea.* Where I find no truth, sir.

*Val.* Come, come, you're full of passion.

*L. Hea.* Some I have;

I were too near the nature of a god else.

*Val.* You are monstrous peevish.

*L. Hea.* Because they are monstrous foolish,  
And know not how to use that should try me.

*Val.* I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*—Was  
you ne'er drunk, lady?

*L. Hea.* No, sure, not drunk, sir; yet I love  
good wine,  
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.  
Why do you ask that question?

*Val.* For that sin  
That they most charge you with, is this sin's ser-  
They say you are monstrous—— [vant;

*L. Hea.* What, sir, what?

*Val.* Most strangely——

*L. Hea.* It has a name, sure?

*Val.* Infinitely lustful,

Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd your husband.

*L. Hea.* Let's have it all, for heaven's sake; 'tis good mirth, sir.

*Val.* They say you will have four now, and those four

Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.—

Will she not cry nor curse? [Aside.

*L. Hea.* On with your story!

*Val.* And that you're forcing out of dispensa-  
With sums of money, to that purpose. [tions,

*L. Hea.* Four husbands! Should not I be bless'd,  
sir, for example?

Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-  
mill,

Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?

You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

*Val.* I'll make you merry then: you're a brave woman,

And, in despite of envy, a right one.

Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman

As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.

I do not often commend your sex.

*L. Hea.* It seems so, your commendations  
Are so studied for.

*Val.* I came to see you,

And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;

And I have found you excellent; I thank you:

Continue so, and shew men how to tread,

And women how to follow. Get an husband,

An honest man, (you are a good woman,)

And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be too

An understanding man, and to that stedfast;

'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;

And then you're fix'd. Farewell!

*L. Hea.* Pray stay a little;

I love your company, now you are so pleasant,

And to my disposition set so even.

*Val.* I can no longer. [Exit.

*L. Hea.* As I live, a fine fellow!

This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.

What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four hus-

How prettily he fool'd me into vices, [bands!

To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.

A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' sudden.

Such a companion I could live and die with!

His angers are mere mirth.

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isab.* Come, come, I'm ready.

*L. Hea.* Are you so?

*Isab.* What ails she?

The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;  
I am as ready now as you desire, sister.

Fie, who stays now? Why do you sit and pout  
thus?

*L. Hea.* Pr'ythee be quiet; I am not well.

*Isab.* For heaven's sake,

Let's not ride stagg'ring in the night! Come, pray  
you take

Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your sto-  
mach——

*L. Hea.* I have a little business.

*Isab.* To abuse me,

You shall not find new dreams, and new suspicions.  
To horse withal!

*L. Hea.* Lord, who made you a commander?

Hey ho, my heart!

*Isab.* Is the wind come thither,

And, coward-like, do you lose your colours to 'em?

Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister? [Aside.

Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you,  
And we shall live so sweetly!—Luce, my lady's

cloak!—

Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,

I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,

You have so knock'd this love into my head,

That I shall love any body; and I find my body,

I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone, sis-

I stand on thorns. [ter;

*L. Hea.* I pry'thee, Isabella!

(I'faith, I have some business that concerns me)

I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me;

[Gives her a ring.

And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Enter SHORTHORPE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, and RALPH.

*Isab.* I had rather go; but——

*L. Hea.* Come, walk in with me;

We'll go to cards.—Unsaddle the horses.

Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Street.

Enter LOVEGOOD and LANCE: FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and  
HARRBRAIN following.

*Love.* Are they behind us?

*Lance.* Close, close: speak aloud, sir.

*Love.* I'm glad my nephew has so much discre-  
tion,

At length to find his wants. Did she entertain  
him?

*Lance.* Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such  
a welcome!

*Love.* For his own sake, do you think?

*Lance.* Most certain, sir;

And in his own cause he bestir'd himself too,  
And won such liking from her, she dotes on him:

He has the command of all the house already.

*Love.* He deals not well with his friends.

*Lance.* Let him deal on,

And be his own friend; he has most need of her.

*Love.* I wonder they would put him——

*Lance.* You are in the right on't;

A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd  
cozen 'em,

And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,

And found it i' th' nick.

*Love.* He has deceiv'd me.

*Lance.* I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd about,  
He would charge home at length. How I could

laugh now,

To think of these tame fools!

*Love.* 'Twas not well done,

Because they trusted him; yet——

*Bel.* Hark you, gentlemen!

*Love.* We are upon a business; pray excuse us.—  
They have it home. [Aside.

*Lance.* Come, let it work. Good even, gen-  
tlemen! [Exit LOVEGOOD and LANCE.

*Fount.* 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought  
*Hare.* And we are fools, tame fools! [it.  
*Bel.* Come, let's go seek him.  
 He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Room in Lady HEARTWELL'S House.**Enter ISABELLA and LUCE.*

*Isab.* Art sure she loves him?  
*Luce.* Am I sure I live?  
 And I have clapt on such a commendation  
 On your revenge—  
*Isab.* 'Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.  
*Luce.* Handsome enough, and that her eye has  
 found out.  
*Isab.* He talks the best, they say, and yet the  
*Luce.* He has the right way. [maddest!  
*Isab.* How is she?  
*Luce.* Bears it well,  
 As if she cared not; but a man may see,  
 With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,  
 And find who is her Valentine.  
*Isab.* Come, let's go see her;  
 I long to persecute.  
*Luce.* By no means, mistress;  
 Let her take better hold first.  
*Isab.* I could burst now!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The Street.**Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HARBRAIN.*

*Val.* Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,  
 You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows! Was't not I  
 That undertook you first from empty barrels,  
 And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like  
 bung-holes,  
 To utter sense? Where got you understanding?  
 Who taught you manners and apt carriage,  
 To rank yourselves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns?  
 Were those born with your worships? When you  
 came hither,  
 What brought you from the universities  
 Of moment matter to allow you,  
 Besides your small-beer sentences—  
*Bel.* 'Tis well, sir.  
*Val.* Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,  
 Boot-hoses,  
 With penny-posies,  
 And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,  
 But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes,  
 And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that scented  
 Your want of Breton's books?  
*Enter Lady HEARTWELL and LUCE, behind.*  
*Fount.* This cannot save you.  
*Val.* Taunt my integrity, you whelps?  
*Bel.* You may talk  
 The stock we gave you out; but see, no further!  
*Hare.* You tempt our patience! We have found  
 you out,  
 And what your trust comes to; you are well  
 feather'd,  
 Thank us; and think now of an honest course;  
 'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,  
 Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale.  
*L. Hea.* Is not that he?  
*Luce.* 'Tis he.

*L. Hea.* Be still, and mark him.*Val.* How miserable

Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake 'em!  
 But things have their necessities. I'm sorry!  
 To what a vomit must they turn again now!  
 To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,  
 After I cast you off, you men of motley,  
 You most undone things, below pity, any  
 That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;  
 My name shall bar that blessing. There's your  
 cloak,

[*Takes off his cloak, &c., and throws it to them.*]

Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you  
 A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;  
 Pray be cover'd!

And there's the sattin that your worship sent me,  
 Will serve you at a 'sized yet.

*Fount.* Nay, faith, sir,  
 You may e'en rub these out now.

*Val.* No such relic,

Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,  
 Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine  
 own,

Purchased and paid for without your compassion,  
 And Christian breeches, founded in Blackfriars,  
 And so I will maintain 'em.

*Hare.* So they seem, sir.

*Val.* Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,  
 And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir;  
 A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it.  
 Do not displease me more, but take it presently!  
 Now help me off with my boots!

*Hare.* We are no grooms, sir.

*Val.* For once you shall be; do it willingly,  
 Or by this hand I'll make you.

*Bel.* To our own, sir,  
 We may apply our hands.

[*Taking off VALENTINE'S boots.*]

*Val.* There's your hangers;  
 You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle  
 Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect;  
 And now the proudest of your worships tell me,  
 I am beholden to you.

*Fount.* No such matter!

*Val.* And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dan-  
 Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity. [gerous,  
 Which are the poorer, you or I now, puppies?  
 I without you, or you without my knowledge!  
 Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and reply  
 For, if you do— [not!]

*Bel.* Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:  
 The air 's far sharper than our anger, sir;  
 And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

*Hare.* Pray have a care, sir, of your health![*Exeunt BELLAMORE, HARBRAIN, and FOUNTAIN.*]

*Val.* Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have  
 of your wits!

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely cold  
 too;

Yet I'll not off, 'till I have shamed these rascals.  
 I have endured as ill heats as another,  
 And every way; if one could perish my body,  
 You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here;  
 Not a poor penny left! [Touching his pockets.

*Enter LOVEGOOD with a bag.*

*Love.* 'T has taken rarely;  
 And now he's dead he will be ruled.

*Lance.* To him, tew him,  
 Abuse him, and nip him close.

*Love.* Why, how now, cousin?

Sunning yourself this weather?

*Val.* As you see, sir;

In a hot fit, I thank my friends.

*Love.* But, cousin,

Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;

Your scruple may compound with those, I take it: This is no fashion, cousin.

*Val.* Not much followed,

I must confess; yet, uncle, I determine

To try what may be done next term.

*Lance.* How came you thus, sir? for you're strangely moved.

*Val.* Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those fools

That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves they're render'd.

Freemen, uncle, ought to appear like innocent

Old Adam: a fair fig-leaf sufficient.

*Love.* Take me with you.

Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?

*Val.* Hang friends,

And even reckonings, that make friends!

*Love.* I thought, till now,

There had been no such living, no such purchase, (For all the rest is labour,) as a list

Of honourable friends. Do not such men as you,

In lieu of all your understandings, travels, [sir,

And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more

Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely cozen'd!

*Lance.* Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,

And all the gentry suffer interdiction;

No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,

'Till you be summ'd again, velvets and scarlets

Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver

Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,

Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,

As though the term lay at St. Albans?

*Val.* Gentlemen,

You've spoken long and level; I beseech you,

Take breath a while, and hear me.

You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,

That I am at the last, as also that my friends

Are flown like swallows after summer?

*Love.* Yes, sir.

*Val.* And that I have no more in this poor pannier,

To raise me up again above your rents, uncle?

*Love.* All this I do believe.

*Val.* You have no mind to better me?

*Love.* Yes, cousin,

And to that end I come, and once more offer you

All that my power is master of.

*Val.* A match then:

Lay me down fifty pounds there.

*Love.* There it is, sir.

*Val.* And on it write, that you are pleased to give As due unto my merit, without caution [this,

Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift

Hereafter to be hoped for.

*Love.* How?

*Enter LUCE, who lays a suit and letter at a house door, and retires hastily.*

*Val.* Without daring,

When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,

To which you're prone in sack, uncle.

*Love.* I thank you, sir.

*Lance.* Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while:

Away, I say, sir! Let him go forward with

His naked fashion; he'll seek you to-morrow.—

Goody weather,—sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!

*Love.* Farewell, sir. [*Exit LOVE and LANCE.*]

*Val.* 'Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too;

And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in.—

Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge with me;

Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear. [*Observing the bundle of clothes.*] What art thou?—

Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em:

And if I should utter—What's this paper here?

[*Reads.*]

"Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman, Valentine."

Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold too!

Well, I'll leave my wonder and be warm again;

In the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, and LANCE.*

*Fran.* Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

*Love.* Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him:

He must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus.

The violence of his disease, Francisco,

Must not be jested with: 'tis grown infectious,

And now strong corrosives must cure him.

*Lance.* He has had a stinger,

Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.

*Love.* And let it search him to the bones; 'tis

'Twill make him feel it. [better;

*Lance.* Where be his noble friends now?

Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?

Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?

*Love.* It must needs, greedily;

For all his friends have flung him off; he's naked;

And where to skin himself again, if I know,

Or can devise how he should get himself lodging—

His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,

Have him at that we hoped for.

*Lance.* Next time we meet him

Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,

(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,

To shew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.

*Fran.* Which way went he?

*Lance.* Pox, why should you ask after him?

You have been trimm'd already; let him take his for—

He spun it out himself, sir; there's no pity. [tune:

*Love.* Besides, some good to you now, from this misery.

*Fran.* I rise upon his ruins! Fie, fie, uncle; Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,  
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.

*Love.* You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

*Enter VALENTINE, in brave apparel.*

*Val.* Morrow, uncle! morrow, Frank; sweet Frank!

And how, and how d'y'e think now? how shew Morrow, Bandog! [matters?—

*Love.* How?

*Fran.* Is this man naked,  
Forsaken of his friends?

*Val.* Thou'rt handsome, Frank;  
A pretty gentleman; i' faith, thou look'st well;  
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.

*Lance.* Sure he can conjure, and has the devil  
*Love.* New and rich! [for his tailor.  
'Tis most impossible he should recover.

*Lance.* Give him this luck, and fling him into  
*Love.* 'Tis not he; [the sea.  
Imagination cannot work this miracle.

*Val.* Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle;  
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal,  
(I thank you for't;) neigh'd at his nakedness,  
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.  
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle;  
And tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still,  
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;

Wear clothes to keep me warm, (poor things, they serve me!)

Can make a show too, if I list; yes, uncle,  
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle!  
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

*Love.* I am amaz'd!

*Lance.* I'll sell my copyhold;  
For since there are such excellent new nothings,  
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him?  
No rat, nor no old woman?

*Love.* You are Valentine?

*Val.* I think so; I can't tell; I have been call'd so,  
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,

And swell, as if you had met a serjeant fasting?  
Did you ever know desert want? You are fools!  
A little stoop there may be to allay him,  
(He'd grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow  
But out he must break, glowingly again, [him;  
And with a greater lustre,—(look you, uncle!)—  
Motion and majesty.

*Love.* I am confounded!

*Fran.* I am of his faith.

*Val.* Walk by his careless kinsman,  
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,  
Taking some one by the hand he loves best.  
Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market! Come,  
Frank,

Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct thee.

*Fran.* Good morrow, uncle! I must needs go with him.

*Val.* Flay me, and turn me out where none in-  
Within two hours I shall be thus again. [habits,  
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance!

[*Exit VALENTINE and FRANCISCO.*

*Love.* I do believe him.

*Lance.* So do I, and heartily:

Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,  
He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.  
Sow mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so  
As his new sattins do, and cloths of silver: [thick  
There is no striving.

*Love.* Let him play a while then,  
And let's search out what hand—

*Lance.* Ay, there the game lies.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A Hall in Lady HEARTWELL'S House.

*Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.*

*Foun.* Come, let's speak for ourselves; we've  
lodged him sure enough;  
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

*Bel.* We can have no admittance.

*Hare.* Let's in boldly,  
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,  
We're all content.

*Fount.* Much good may do her with him!  
No civil wars!

*Bel.* By no means. Now do I  
Wonder in what old tod ivy he lies whistling;  
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will  
trust him;

We have made that side sure. [We'll] teach him a  
*Hare.* Say 'tis his uncle's spite? [new wooing.

*Fount.* 'Tis all one, gentlemen;  
'T has rid us of a fair encumbrance,  
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.  
Who are these?

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCE apart.*

*Isab.* Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser:  
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so?  
She's finely hurt to hunt.

*Luce.* Peace; the three suitors!

*Isab.* I could so titter now and laugh: I was  
lost, Luce,  
And I must love, I know not what!—Oh, Cupid,  
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks!—  
And we must into th' country in all haste, Luce.

[*Laughing.*

*Luce.* For heaven's sake, mistress—

*Isab.* Nay, I've done;

I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall teach  
*Fount.* 'Tis her sister. [you!

*Bel.* Save you, ladies!

[*Coming forward.*

*Isab.* Fair met, gentlemen!

You're visiting my sister, I assure myself.

*Hare.* We would fain bless our eyes.

*Isab.* Behold, and welcome.

You'd see her?

*Fount.* 'Tis our business.

*Isab.* You shall see her,

And you shall talk with her.

*Luce.* (*Apart to ISAB.*) She will not see 'em,  
Nor spend a word.

*Isab.* I'll make her fret a thousand!

Nay, now I've found the scab, I will so scratch

*Luce.* She can't endure 'em. [her!

*Isab.* She loves 'em but too dearly.—

Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party,  
Gentlemen; then make your own conditions.

*Luce.* She's sick, you know.

*Isab.* I'll make her well, or kill her.—

And take no idle answer, you are fools then;

Nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you all then;

But urge her still, and tho' she fret, still follow  
A widow must be won so. [her;

*Bel.* She speaks bravely.

*Isab.* I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love men's company.—

And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,  
Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;  
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,  
Like honest lovers.

*Luce.* This will kill her.

*Fount.* You've shew'd us one way, do but lead the other.

*Isab.* I know you stand o' thorns; come, I'll dispatch you.

*Luce.* If you live after this—

*Isab.* I've lost my aim. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—The Street.

*Enter VALENTINE and FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* Did you not see 'em since?

*Val.* No, hang 'em, hang 'em!

*Fran.* Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

*Val.* Let 'em alone, Frank;

I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.

*Fran.* Such base discourteous dog-whelps!

*Val.* I shall dog 'em,

And double dog 'em, ere I've done.

*Fran.* Will you go with me?

For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.

It was the widow's man; that I am certain of.

*Val.* To what end would you go?

*Fran.* To give thanks, sir.

*Val.* Hang giving thanks! hast not thou parts deserve it?

It includes a further will to be beholden;

Beggars can do no more at doors. If you

Will go, there lies your way.

*Fran.* I hope you'll go.

*Val.* No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,  
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;  
I would to th' court with bears first. If it be  
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser,) I  
would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,  
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,  
(For 'tis the tarest tit in Christendom;  
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with  
her;)

So lick'd, and stroak'd, fleared upon, and flouted,  
And shewn to chamber-maids, like a strange beast  
She had purchased with her penny!

*Fran.* You're a strange man!

But do you think it was a woman?

*Val.* There's no doubt on't;

Who can be there to do it else? Besides,

The manner of the circumstances—

*Fran.* Then such courtesies,

Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,  
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,  
Than with deserving slights, or what we ought

To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:  
Means are not gotten now with crying out,

"I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,

A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!"

Immediate blessings cease like miracles,

And we must grow by second means.—I pray, go  
Even as you love me, sir. [with me,

*Val.* I'll come to thee;

But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fopperies;  
Dispatch those ere I come.

*Fran.* You will not fail me?

*Val.* Some two hours hence, expect me.

*Fran.* I thank you,  
And will look for you. [Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Lady HEARTWELL'S House.

*Enter Lady HEARTWELL, SHORTHOSE, ROGER, and several other Servants.*

*L. Hea.* Who let me in these puppies? You  
You drunken knaves! [blind rascals,

*Short.* Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently.—  
Gentlemen!

*L. Hea.* 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you  
bawling rogue!—

*Short.* I bawl as loud as I can. Would you  
Upon my back? [have me fetch 'em

*L. Hea.* Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em, out!  
I sweat to have 'em near me.

*Short.* I should sweat more

To carry 'em out.

*Rog.* They are gentlemen, madam.

*Short.* Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and  
make 'em drink?

*L. Hea.* Do any thing, so I be eased.

*Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HAREBRAIN.*

*Isab.* Now to her, sir; fear nothing.

*Rog.* Slip aside, boy. [To SHORTHOSE.

I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,  
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.

*Short.* Away to tables then. [Exeunt Servants.

*Isab.* I shall burst with the sport on't.

*Fount.* You are too curious, madam,

Too full of preparation; we expect it not.

*Bel.* Methinks the house is handsome, every  
What need you be so vex'd? [place decent;

*Hare.* We are no strangers.

*Fount.* What tho' we come ere you expected us,  
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,

Are free and full at all times?

*L. Hea.* You are merry, gentlemen.

*Bel.* We come to be merry, madam, and very  
merry;

Come to laugh heartily, and now and then, lady,  
A little of our old plea.

*L. Hea.* I am busy,  
And very busy too.—Will none deliver me?

*Hare.* There is a time for all; you may be busy,  
But when your friends come, you've as much  
power, madam—

*L. Hea.* This is a tedious torment.

*Fount.* How handsomely

This title-piece of anger shews upon her!—

Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace  
yourself.

*Bel.* Nay, every thing she does breeds a new  
sweetness.

*L. Hea.* I must go up, I must go up; I have a  
business

Waits upon me.—Some wine for the gentlemen!

*Hare.* Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw  
your chambers yet.

*Isab.* (apart to them.) Hold there, boys!

*L. Hea.* Say I go to my prayers?



*Fount.* We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.

*L. Hea.* This is boisterous!—or, say I go to sleep, Will you go to sleep with me?

*Bel.* So suddenly before meat will be dangerous. We know your dinner's ready, lady; you'll not sleep.

*L. Hea.* Give me my coach; I'll take the air.

*Harc.* We'll wait on you,  
And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach.  
*L. Hea.* Let it alone, and call my steward to me,  
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.—  
These unmannerly rude puppies!—

[Exit Lady HEARTWELL.]

*Fount.* We'll walk after you,  
And view the pleasure of the place.

*Isab.* Let her not rest,  
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and out you:

Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.  
Be bold, and prosper!

*Bel.* Nay, if we do not tire her!—

[Exit FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, and HARBRAIN.]

*Isab.* I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,

And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;  
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,  
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter LUCE.

*Luca.* What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,  
And still they persecute her.

*Isab.* Long may they do so!  
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.  
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives  
For men to run mad after her? [occasion]

*Luca.* I shall be hang'd.

*Isab.* This in me had been high treason:  
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!  
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter Lady HEARTWELL.

*L. Hea.* Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

*Isab.* Ha, ha, ha!

*L. Hea.* Why do you laugh, sister?  
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,  
And well becomes your pleasure.

*Isab.* What have you done with 'em?

*L. Hea.* Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,  
And caper too, before they get their liberty.  
Unmannerly rude puppies!

*Isab.* They are somewhat saucy;—  
But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—  
[Aside.]

Why were they not beaten out?

*L. Hea.* I was about it;

But, because they came as suitors—

*Isab.* Why did you not answer 'em?

*L. Hea.* They are so impudent they will receive  
More yet! how came these in? [none.]

Enter FRANCISCO and LANCE.

*Lance.* At the door, madam.

*Isab.* It is that face. [Aside.]

*Luca.* [Aside to Lady HEARTWELL.] This is the gentleman.

*L. Hea.* She sent the money to?

*Luca.* The same.

*Isab.* I'll leave you;

They have some business.

*L. Hea.* Nay, you shall stay, sister;

They're strangers both to me.—How her face

*Isab.* I'm sorry he comes now. [alters!]

*L. Hea.* I am glad he is here now, though.

Who would you speak with, gentlemen?

*Lance.* You, lady,

Or your fair sister there: here is a gentleman

That has received a benefit.

*L. Hea.* From whom, sir?

*Lance.* From one of you, as he supposes, madam:

Your man deliver'd it.

*L. Hea.* I pray go forward.

*Lance.* And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,

Without the tender of his thanks and service,  
Pass by the house.

*L. Hea.* Which is the gentleman?

*Lance.* This, madam.

*L. Hea.* What's your name, sir?

*Fran.* They that know me

Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud

To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched  
To hide a gratitude.

*L. Hea.* 'Tis well bestow'd then.

*Fran.* Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,  
For what desert I dare not know, unless  
A handsome subject for your charities,  
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,  
Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,  
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.

*L. Hea.* I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.—

Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;  
The man's a pretty man. [Apart to Isab.]

*Isab.* You have three fine ones.

*Fran.* Then to you, dear lady—

*Isab.* I pray no more, sir, if I may persuade you;  
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,  
And more than I expected.

*Fran.* But, good lady—

*Isab.* And for me further to be acquainted with  
Besides the imputation of vain glory, [it,  
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it  
Not to be more affected to; I did it,  
And if it happen'd where I thought it fited,  
I have my end: More to enquire is curious  
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.

*Fran.* But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary—

*Isab.* About the right way nothing; do not fright it,

Being to pious use and tender-sighted,  
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.  
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,  
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person—

*L. Hea.* A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it! [Aside.]

*Isab.* Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,

Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,  
Though my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you:—

*L. Hea.* A plaguy cunning quean! [Aside.]

*Isab.* For, so I carried it,  
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bartered  
The goodness I propounded with opinion.

*L. Hea.* Fear her not, sir.

*Isab.* You cannot catch me, sister.

*Fran.* Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?

*Isab.* Let it suffice you have it; it was never Whilst good men wanted it. [mine,

*Lance.* This is a saint, sure!

*Isab.* And if you be not such a one, restore it.

*Fran.* To commend myself,  
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;

To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,  
Both to mine own good and understanding.  
I know my mind clear, and though modesty  
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,  
Yet I must think something, and of some season,  
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.

*L. Hea.* What ward for that, wench? [*Aside.*

*Isab.* Alas! it never touch'd me.

*Fran.* Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money  
I ever took upon a forced ill manners!

*Isab.* The last of me, if ever you use other.

*Fran.* How may I do, and your way, to be  
A grateful taker? [thought

*Isab.* Spend it, and say nothing;  
Your modesty may deserve more.

*L. Hea.* Oh, sister,  
Will you bar thankfulness?

*Isab.* Dogs dance for meat;  
Would you have men do worse? For they can  
speak,  
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by th'  
hundreds!

I did it, that my best friend should not know it;  
Wine and vain glory do as much as I else.  
If you will force my merit, against my meaning,  
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing  
It came to be a benefit, and was so;  
And not examining a woman did it,  
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes  
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation  
May ripen strange persuasions.

*Fran.* Gentle lady,  
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,  
And you a worse disposer, were my nature  
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours  
Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted ermines;  
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense  
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are virtuous,  
And so I shall preserve 'em.

*Isab.* Keep but this way,  
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid  
me:

And so I wish you see all fortune! [*Exit.*

*L. Hea.* Fear not;  
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—  
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?  
This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me;  
I shall look narrowly. [*Aside.*—Despair not,  
There is an hour to catch a woman in, [gentlemen;  
If you be wise. So I must leave you too.—  
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*

*Lance.* Sir, what courage?

*Fran.* This woman is a founder, and cites statutes  
To all her benefits.

*Lance.* I ne'er knew yet  
So few years and so cunning: Yet, believe me,  
She has an itch; but how to make her confess  
For 'tis a crafty tit, and plays about you, [it—  
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares  
Carry yourself but so discreetly, sir, [not.

That want or wantonness seem not to search you,  
And you shall see her open.

*Fran.* I do love her,  
And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,  
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a dragon,  
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?

*Lance.* Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you'd  
cry, "ho, ha, Lance!"

*Fran.* Some leaden handed rogue will have this  
wench now,  
When all's done; some such youth will carry her,  
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce,  
That knows no more but markets, and admires  
Nothing but a long charge at 'sizes. Oh, the  
fortunes!

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCE apart.*

*Lance.* Comfort yourself.

*Luce.* They are here yet, and alone too:  
Boldly upon't!—Nay, mistress, I still told you  
How you would find your trust; this 'tis to venture  
Your charity upon a boy.

*Lance.* Now, what's the matter?  
Stand fast and like yourself.

*Isab.* Pr'ythee, no more, wench.

*Luce.* What was his want to you?

*Isab.* 'Tis true.

*Luce.* Or misery?  
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no  
To look abroad but yours? [mercy

*Isab.* I am paid for fooling.

*Luce.* Must every slight companion that can  
purchase  
A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet,  
Fall under your compassion!

*Lance.* Here's new matter.

*Luce.* Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he  
Yet, as I live! [stays yet;

*Fran.* How her face alters on me!

*Luce.* Out of a confidence, I hope.

*Isab.* I'm glad on't.

*Fran.* How do you, gentle lady?

*Isab.* Much asham'd, sir,—  
(But first stand further off me; you're infectious)—  
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,  
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,  
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,  
Your trim council, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*

*Lance.* What, lady?

*Isab.* Take your device again; it will not serve,  
sir;  
The woman will not bite; you're finely cozen'd!  
Drop it no more, for shame!

*Luce.* Do you think you are here, sir,  
Amongst your waist-coaters, your base wenches  
That scratch at such occasions? You're deluded:  
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,  
Born to a better fame than you can build her,  
And eyes above your pitch.

*Fran.* I do acknowledge—

*Isab.* Then I beseech you, sir, what could you  
see,—

(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil!)—  
In my behaviour, of such easiness,  
That you durst venture to do this?

*Fran.* You amaze me:

This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

*Luce.* I saw you drop it, sir.

*Isab.* I took it up too,

Still looking when your modesty should miss it:  
Why, what a childish part was this?

*Fran.* I vow——

*Isab.* Vow me no vows! He that dares do this,  
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.  
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much  
pamper'd,

And I repent my part. As you grow older,  
Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, sir!

[*Exeunt* *Isab.* and *Lucr.*]

*Lance.* "Grow wiser, if you can!" She has  
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it? [put it to you.

*Fran.* Never;

Ne'er saw it afore, *Lance.*

*Lance.* Thereby hangs a tale then.

What slight she makes to catch herself! Look up,  
sir;

You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily  
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly  
She makes her stoops! Whistle, and she'll come

*Fran.* I would I were so happy. [to you.

*Lance.* Maids are clocks:

The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest to us,  
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser,  
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,  
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,  
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and  
Young as her purpose, and soft as pity; [marrow,  
No monument to worship, but a mould,  
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,  
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,  
You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At night,  
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel  
A flea in your shape bite her! "Drop no more  
rings," forsooth!

This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by

*Fran.* Thou put'st me in much comfort.

*Lance.* Put yourself in  
Good comfort! If she do not point you out the  
way——

"Drop no more rings!" she'll drop herself into  
*Fran.* I wonder my brother comes not. [you.

*Lance.* Let him alone,

And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come,  
be frolic,

And let's be monstrous wise, and full of counsel.  
"Drop no more rings!" [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—*A Hall in the same.*

[*Enter* *Lady HEARTWELL*, *FOUNTAIN*, *BELLAMORE*, and  
*HARBRAIN*.]

*L. Hea.* If you will needs be foolish, you must  
be us'd so.

Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentle-  
men?

Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,  
And impudently bold; press on my patience,  
As if I kept a house for all companions,  
And of all sorts; will have your wills, will vex  
me,

And force my liking from you. I ne'er ow'd you.

*Fount.* For all this, we will dine with you.

*Bel.* And, for all this,

Will have a better answer from you.

*L. Hea.* You shall never;

Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you  
use me

With a more staid respect, and stay your time too.

[*Enter* *ISABELLA*, followed by *SHROTHOSE*, *ROGER*, *HUMPHRY*,  
and *RALPH*, with dishes of meat.

*Isab.* Forward with the meat now!

*Rog.* Come, gentlemen,

March fairly.

*Short.* Roger, you are a weak serving-man;  
Your white broth runs from you! Fie, how I  
Under this pile of beef: An elephant [sweat  
Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,  
And in these times, what might a man arrive at!  
Goose graze you up, and woodcock march behind  
I am almost founder'd! [thee;

*L. Hea.* Who bid you bring the meat yet?  
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours.  
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it back,  
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,  
To send before I call'd!

*Short.* Faces about, gentlemen;  
Beat a mournful march then, and give some sup-  
porters,

Or else I perish! [Exeunt Servants.

*Isab.* It does me much good  
To see her chafe thus.

*Hare.* We can stay, madam,  
And will stay and dwell here; 'tis good air.

*Fount.* I know you have beds enough,  
And meat you never want.

*L. Hea.* You want a little. [churlish,

*Bel.* We dare to pretend on. Since you are  
We'll give you physic: you must purge this anger;  
It burns you, and decays you.

*L. Hea.* If I had you out once,  
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

[*Enter* *VALENTINE*.]

*Val.* Good morrow, noble lady,

*L. Hea.* Good morrow, sir.—  
How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!  
What slaves were these to use him so! [Aside.

*Val.* I come  
To look a young man I call brother.

*L. Hea.* Such a one  
Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,  
But gone almost an hour ago.

*Val.* Good e'en, then!

*L. Hea.* You must not so soon, sir; here be  
some gentlemen;

It may be you're acquainted with 'em.  
*Hare.* Will nothing make him miserable?

*Fount.* How glorious!

*Bel.* It is the very he! Does it rain fortunes,  
Or has he a familiar?

*Hare.* How doggedly he looks too?

*Fount.* I am beyond my faith! Pray let's be

*Val.* Where are these gentlemen? [going.

*L. Hea.* Here.

*Val.* Yes, I know 'em,  
And will be more familiar.

*Bel.* 'Morrow, madam!

*L. Hea.* Nay, stay and dine.

*Val.* You shall stay till I talk with you,  
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury.  
You think you have undone me; think so still,  
And swallow that belief, 'till you be company  
For court-hand clerks and starved attorneys;  
'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,  
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars  
In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;  
'Till you return to what I found you, people  
Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',

Tooth-drawers' bills, and tedious proclamations  
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-  
purses—

(Stir not, but hear, and mark : I'll cut your throats  
else !—)

Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,  
Ride you again, and run you into questions  
Who built the Thames ; till you run mad for lot-  
teries,

And stand there with your tables to glean  
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly  
To serving-men for sound essays ; till taverns  
Allow you but a towel-room to tittle in,  
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glasses  
That look like broken promises, tied up  
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,  
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and  
biscuit

That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like  
corals,

To bring the mark again ; 'till this hour, rascals,  
(For this most fatal hour will come again,)  
Think I sit down the loser !

*L. Hea.* Will you stay, gentlemen ?  
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all :  
You know you're welcome.

*Hare.* That was cast to abuse us.

*Bel.* Steal off : the devil is in his anger !

*L. Hea.* I am sure  
You will not leave me so discourteously,  
Now I've provided for you.

*Val.* What do ye here ?

Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,  
Her state and worth ? Can you bring a fair certi-  
ficate

That ye deserve to be her footmen ? Husbands,  
ye puppies ?

Husbands for whores and bawds ! Away, you  
wind-suckers !

Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,  
And, when you're gone, seem to laugh at my fury,  
And slight this lady ! I shall hear, and know this ;  
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,  
As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em.  
Be not too bold ; for if you be I'll swinge you,  
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.  
Your honours, now go ! avoid me mainly !

[*Exeunt FOUNT., BEL., and HARE.*]

*L. Hea.* Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I  
thank you,

And, with your nobleness, prevented danger  
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, sir.

*Val.* No, no ; I dare not trust myself with  
women.

Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,  
And tie your body to a daily labour,  
You may live honestly ; and so I thank you !

[*Exit.*]

*L. Hea.* Well, go thy ways ; thou art a noble  
fellow,

And some means I must work to have thee know it.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Hall in Lady HEARTWELL'S House.

*Enter LOVEGOOD and Merchant.*

*Lov.* Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,  
And her sister relieves Frank.

*Mer.* I'm glad to hear it :  
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune  
To some fair end ?

*Lov.* The women are too crafty,  
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.  
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,  
They would strike it out o' th' flint but they would  
form it.

*Enter Lady HEARTWELL and SHORTHOSE.*

*Mer.* The widow, sure ! Why does she stir so  
early ? [They retire.]

*L. Hea.* 'Tis strange I can't force him to un-  
derstand me,

And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.—  
Tell my sister I'll use my devotions

At home this morning ; she may, if she please, go  
*Short.* Hey ho ! [to church.]

*L. Hea.* And do you wait upon her with a torch,

*Short.* Hey ho ! [sir.]

*L. Hea.* You lazy knave !

*Short.* Here is such a tinkle-tanklings, that we  
can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out.  
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made  
your chamber-pot, and burn a little rosemary in't :  
I must wait upon my lady. This morning-prayer  
has brought me into a consumption ; I have no-  
thing left but flesh and bones about me.

*L. Hea.* You drousy slave, nothing but sleep  
and swilling !

*Short.* Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas  
as I have been, and haunted with the night-mare—

*L. Hea.* With an ale-pot !

*Short.* You would have little list to morning-  
prayers. Pray, take my fellow, Ralph ; he has a  
psalm-book : I am an ingrum man.

*L. Hea.* Get you ready quickly,  
And, when she's ready, wait upon her handsomely.  
No more ; be gone !

*Short.* If I do snore my part out— [Exit.]

*Lov.* Now to our purposes.

*Mer.* Good morrow, madam ! [Coming forward.]

*L. Hea.* Good morrow, gentlemen !

*Lov.* Good joy and fortune !

*L. Hea.* These are good things, and worth my  
thanks : I thank you, sir.

*Mer.* Much joy I hope you'll find : We came to  
Your new-knit marriage-band. [gratulate]

*L. Hea.* How ?

*Lov.* He's a gentleman,

Altho' he be my kinsman, my fair niece.

*L. Hea.* Niece, sir ?

*Lov.* Yes, lady, now I may say so ;

'Tis no shame to you ! I say, a gentleman,  
And, winking at some light fancies, which you  
Most happily may affect him for, as bravely carried,  
As nobly bred and managed —

*L. Hea.* What's all this ?

I understand you not. What niece, what marriage-  
knot ?

*Lov.* I'll tell plainly,

You are my niece, and Valentine, the gentleman,  
Has made you so by marriage.

*L. Hea.* Marriage?

*Lov.* Yes, lady;

And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,  
To take a falling man to your protection,  
And buoy him up again to all his glories.

*L. Hea.* The men are mad!

*Mer.* What though he wanted

These outward things that fly away like shadows,  
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?  
You've wealth enough to give him gloss and out-  
side,

And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

*Lov.* I ever thought he would do well.

*Mer.* Nay, I knew

Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose carbine,  
He would charge home at length, like a brave  
gentleman.

Heav'n's blessing o' your heart, lady? We're so  
bound to honour you;

In all your service so devoted to you——

*Lov.* Don't look so strange, widow; it must be  
known;

Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?  
Come, come, you cannot hide it.

*L. Hea.* Pray be not impudent:

These are the finest toys. Belike I am married  
then?

*Mer.* You are in a miserable estate i' th' world's  
account else:

I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.

*L. Hea.* And I am great with child?

*Lov.* No, great they say not,

But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;

And great joy among the gentlemen;

Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

*Mer.* Alas, we know his private hours of  
entrance,

How long, and when he stay'd; could name the  
bed too,

Where he paid down his first-fruits.

*L. Hea.* I shall believe anon.

*Lov.* And we consider, for some private reasons,  
You'd have it private; yet take your own pleasure:  
And so good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!

*L. Hea.* No, no, pray stay.

*Lov.* I know you would be with him.

Love him, and love him well!

*Mer.* You'll find him noble.—

This may beget——

*Lov.* It must needs work upon her. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt LOVEGOOD and Merchant.*

*L. Hea.* These are fine bobs, i' faith! Married,  
and with child too!

How long has this been, I trow? They seem grave  
fellows;

They should not come to flout. Married, and  
bedded!

The world take notice too! Where lies this May-  
game?

I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,

But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,

Must I be scratch'd I know not how?—Who waits  
there?

*Enter HUMPHRY.*

*Hum.* Madam!

*L. Hea.* Make ready my coach quickly, and  
wait you only;

And hark you, sir! be secret and speedy!

[*Whisper.*

Inquire out where he lies.

*Hum.* I shall do it, madam. [*Exit HUMPHRY.*

*L. Hea.* Married, and got with child in a dream!  
'tis fine, i' faith!

Sure, he that did this would do better waking.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*The Street.*

*Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, LANCE, drunk, and a Boy  
with a torch.*

*Val.* Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost  
Peter Bassel, bear up! [thou, Frank?

*Frank.* You've fried me soundly.

Sack do you call this drink?

*Val.* A shrewd dog, Frank;

Will bite abundantly.

*Lance.* Now could I fight, and fight with thee—

*Val.* With me, thou man of Memphis?

*Lance.* But that thou art my own natural master.  
Yet my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art a Pagan,  
and pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.

*Val.* No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;

Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands,  
boy,

Living, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!

Hang fighting, hang't; 'tis out of fashion.

*Lance.* I would fain labour you into your lands  
Go to; it is behoveful. [again.

*Fran.* Fie, Lance, fie!

*Lance.* I must beat somebody, and why not my  
master before a stranger? Charity and beating  
begins at home.

*Val.* Come, thou shalt beat me.

*Lance.* I will not be compelled, an' you were  
two masters: I scorn the motion!

*Val.* Wilt thou sleep?

*Lance.* I scorn sleep!

*Val.* Wilt thou go eat?

*Lance.* I scorn meat: I come for rompering; I  
come to wait upon my charge discreetly; for look  
you, if you will not take your mortgage again,  
here do I lie, St. George, and so forth. [*Lies down.*

*Val.* And here do I, St. George, bestride the  
Thus, with my lance— [dragon!

*Lance.* I sting, I sting with my tail.

*Val.* Do you so, do you so, sir! I shall tail you  
presently!

*Fran.* By no means; do not hurt him;

*Val.* Take his Nellson:

And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo!

Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,

And charge again.

*Lance.* I play no more: you abuse me!

Will you go?

*Fran.* I'll bid you good morrow, brother;

For sleep I cannot; I have a thousand fancies.

*Val.* Now thou'rt arrived, go bravely to the  
And do something of worth, Frank. [matter,

*Lance.* You shall hear from us.

[*Exeunt LANCE and FRANCISCO.*

*Val.* This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had  
He's the most tittish knave! [beaten me.

*Enter LOVEGOOD, Merchant, and Boy, with a torch.*

*Lov.* 'Tis he.

*Mer.* Good morrow!

*Val.* Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.

*Lov.* You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.

*Val.* I made him a fine gentleman; he was A fool before, brought up amongst the midst Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?

*Mer.* I come to tell you your latest hour is come.

*Val.* Are you my sentence?

*Mer.* The sentence of your state.

*Val.* Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd I may not see it. [high enough,

*Lov.* A gracious resolution.

*Val.* What would you else with me? Will you go drink,

And let the world slide, uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boys! Drink sack like whey, boys!

*Mer.* Have you no feeling, sir?

*Val.* Come hither, merchant! Make me a supper,

Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of *Mer.* What then, sir? [forty pounds!

*Val.* Then bring thy wife along, and thy fair sisters,

Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;

Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!

We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;

And then in state I'll render thee an answer.

*Mer.* What say you to this?

*Lov.* I dare not say, nor think neither.

*Mer.* Will you redeem your state? Speak to the point, sir.

*Val.* No, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's

*Mer.* Then I must take an order. [galleys.

*Val.* Take a thousand,

I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it; Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it!

Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it, Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,

Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory, And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!" Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:

Mark what an echo follows! Build fine march-panes, To entertain sir Silkworm and his lady;

And pull the chapel down, to raise a chamber

For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in.

Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish merchant,

My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing, And they are people too were never christen'd; They know no law nor conscience; they'll devour thee,

An thou art mortal staple; they'll confound thee Within three days; no bit nor memory Of what thou wert, no not the wart upon thy nose there,

Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take possession, And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits; They love young toasts and butter, (Bow-bell suckers,)

As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals!

Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful; There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em! Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber.

Afore, boy, go! [Exit *VAL.* and *Boy.*

*Mer.* He's mad, sure!

*Lov.* He's half drunk, sure!

And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, This looking back.

*Mer.* Yes, if he did it handsomely; But he's so harsh and strange!

*Lov.* Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir;

And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

*Mer.* Cannibals?

If e'er I come to view his regiments, If fair terms may be had—

*Lov.* He tells you true, sir;

They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once, The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em. Be patient but a while.

*Mer.* As long as you will, sir.

Before I buy a bargain of such runts, I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em! [Exit.

### SCENE III.—Another Street.

Enter *FRANCISCO*, *LANCE*, and *Boy* with a torch.

*Fran.* How dost thou now?

*Lance.* Better than I was, and straighter; But my head's a hog'shead still; it rowls and tum- [bles.

*Fran.* Thou wert cruelly paid.

*Lance.* I may live to requite it; Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me! Very well!

*Fran.* 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean to see this wench. [mean now:

*Lance.* Where a devil is she?

An there were two, 'twere better.

*Fran.* Dost thou hear

The bell ring?

*Lance.* Yes, yes.

*Fran.* Then she comes to pray'rs, Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but For I am of another metal now— [meet her,

Enter *ISABELLA* and *SHORTHORSE*, with a torch.

*Lance.* What light's yond?

*Fran.* Ha! 'tis a light: take her by the hand, and court her.

*Lance.* Take her below the girdle; you'll ne'er speed else.—

It comes on this way still. O that I had

But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!

How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

*Fran.* 'Tis she:

Fortune, I kiss thy hand!—Good morrow, lady!

*Isab.* What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep As you go?—'Tis he: I am glad on't!—Why, Shorthorse!

*Short.* Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.

*Lance.* She sees you as plain as I do.

*Isab.* Hold thy torch up.

*Short.* Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't. Where did you see the voice?

*Fran.* She looks still angry.

*Lance.* To her, and meet, sir!

*Isab.* Here, here.

*Fran.* Yes, lady!

Never bless yourself: I am but a man, And like an honest man, now I will thank you.

*Isab.* What do you mean? Who sent for you?

Who desir'd you—

*Short.* Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?

*Isab.* Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!

But such companions as you must ruffle me?

You had best go with me, sir!

*Fran.* It was my purpose.

*Isab.* Why, what an impudence is this? You had best,

Being so near the church, provide a priest,

And persuade me to marry you.

*Fran.* It was my meaning;

And such a husband, so loving and so careful!

My youth and all my fortunes shall arrive at—

Hark you!

*Isab.* 'Tis strange you should be thus unmanly!

Turn home again, sirrah!—[*To Short.*] You had My man to lead your way! [best now force

*Lance.* Yes, marry, shall he, lady—

Forward, my friend!

*Isab.* This is a pretty riot:

It may grow to a rape.

*Fran.* Do you like that better?

I can ravish you a hundred times, and never hurt you.

*Short.* I see nothing; I am asleep still. When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, mistress.

*Isab.* Are you in earnest, sir? Do you long to be hang'd?

*Fran.* Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.

*Isab.* Shall I call out for help?

*Fran.* No, by no means;

That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*]

*Isab.* You'll answer all these?

*Fran.* A thousand kisses more!

*Isab.* I was never abus'd thus!

You had best give out too, that you found me And say I doated on you. [*willing,*

*Fran.* That's known already,

And no man living shall now carry you from me.

*Isab.* This is fine, i' faith.

*Fran.* It shall be ten times finer.

*Isab.* Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep your I will to church. [*way;*

*Fran.* And I will wait upon you.

*Isab.* And it is

Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture

As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,

To do these rude tricks, for you know their recom- And trust not to my mercy! [*pences;*

*Fran.* But I will, lady.

*Isab.* For I'll so handle you.

*Fran.* That's it I look for.

*Lance.* Afore, thou dream!

*Short.* Have you done?

*Isab.* Go on, sir!—

And follow, if you dare!

*Fran.* If I don't, hang me!

*Lance.* 'Tis all thine own, boy, an 'twere a million!

God-a-mercy, sack! When would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE IV.—VALENTINE'S Bed-chamber.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* Who's that, that knocks and bounces?

What a devil ails you?

Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron mill?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.

*Val.* A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman?—

With gentlewomen? [What have I to do

*Serv.* She will not be answer'd, sir.

*Val.* Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try

How gentle she is. [*Exit Serv.*] This sack has fill'd my head

So full of baubles, I am almost mad.

What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has

Brought me no butter-print along with her,

To lay to my charge: if she have, 'tis all one;

I'll forswear it.

*Enter Lady HEARTWELL with the Servant.*

*L. Hea.* Oh, you're a noble gallant!

Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit Serv.*]

*Val.* She will not ravish me?

By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow. What wouldst thou, woman? [*hawk!*—

*L. Hea.* Oh, you have us'd me kindly,

And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to you.

*Val.* Trust to me! for what?

*L. Hea.* Because I said in jest once,

You were a handsome man, one I could like well,

And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,

And might be brought to marry—

*Val.* The widow's drunk too!

*L. Hea.* You, out of this (which is a fine discretion)

Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,

And that you have put fairly for an heir too:

These are fine rumours to advance my credit!

I th' name of mischief, what did you mean?

*Val.* That you lov'd me,

And that you might be brought to marry me?—

Why, what a devil do you mean, widow?

*L. Hea.* It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,

Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish you wish'd,

The wealth you aim'd [not] at; that I was poor,

Which is most true I am: have sold my lands,

Because I love not those vexations:

Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,

And for my credit's sake i' th' town—

*Val.* I tell thee, widow,

I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands;

For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,

If e'er thou marriest more.

*L. Hea.* Have not you married me,

And for this main cause now as you report it,

To be my nurse?

*Val.* My nurse! Why, what am I grown to?

Give me the glass! My nurse?

*L. Hea.* You ne'er said truer.

I must confess, I did a little favour you,

And with some labour might have been persuaded;

But when I found I must be hourly troubled

With making broths, and daubing your decays,

With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins ;  
For the world so reports——

*Val.* Do not provoke me !

*L. Hea.* And half an eye may see——

*Val.* Do not provoke me !

The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it !  
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,  
And mark what follows. My nurse ? Yes, you  
Widow, I'll keep you waking ! [shall rock me :

*L. Hea.* You're disposed, sir.

*Val.* Yes, marry am I, widow ; and you shall  
feel it !

Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger !

*L. Hea.* I think so.

*Val.* Come !

*L. Hea.* Whither ?

*Val.* Any whither.

[Sings.

The fit's upon me now,  
The fit's upon me now !  
Come quickly, gentle lady,  
The fit's upon me now !  
The world shall know they're fools,  
And so shalt thou do too ;  
Let the cobbler meddle with his tools,  
The fit's upon me now !

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein !

Away with me ; for if I have but two hours to con-  
sider,

All the widows in the world cannot recover me.

*L. Hea.* If you will go with me, sir——

*Val.* Yes, marry will I ;

But 'tis in anger yet ! and I will marry thee :  
Do not cross me ! Yes, and I will lie with thee,  
And get a whole bundle of babies ; and I will kiss  
thee !

Stand still and kiss me handsomely ; but don't  
provoke me !

Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous !

I drunk sack yesternight : do not allure me !

Thou art no widow of this world ! Come ! in pity  
And in spite I'll marry thee, (not a word more !)

And I may be brought to love thee. [Exit.

# SCENE V.—Another Street.

*Enter Merchant and Lovewood, at several doors.*

*Mer.* Well met again ! and what good news yet ?

*Lov.* 'Faith, nothing.

*Mer.* No fruits of what we sow'd ?

*Lov.* Nothing I hear of.

*Mer.* No turning in this tide yet ?

*Lov.* 'Tis all flood ;

And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

*Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, LANCE, and SHORTHOSE, with  
a torch.*

*Mer.* Is not this his younger brother ?

*Lov.* With a gentlewoman ;

The widow's sister, as I live ! He smiles :  
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank,  
Let's stay and mark. [i'faith !

*Isab.* Well, you're the prettiest youth !

And so you have handled me, think you have me  
*Fran.* As sure as wedlock. [sure ?

*Isab.* You'd best lie with me too.

*Fran.* Yes, indeed will I ; and get such black-

*Lov.* God-a-mercy, Frank ! [eyed boys ;

*Isab.* This is a merry world ! poor simple gen-  
tlewomen,

That think no harm, cannot walk about their  
business,

But they must be catch'd up, I know not how.

*Fran.* I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.

Have I caught you, mistress ?

*Isab.* Well, an it were not for pure pity,

I would give you the slip yet ; but being as it  
*Fran.* It shall be better. [is——

*Enter VALENTINE, Lady HEARTWELL, and RALPH, with a  
torch.*

*Isab.* My sister, as I live ! your brother with  
Sure I think you are the king's takers. [her !

*Lov.* Now it works.

*Val.* Nay, you shall know I am a man.

*L. Hea.* I think so.

*Val.* And such proof you shall have !

*L. Hea.* I pray, speak softly.

*Val.* I'll speak it out, widow ; yes, and you  
shall confess too,

I am no nurse-child : I went for a man,  
A good one : if you can beat me out o' th' pit——

*L. Hea.* I did but jest with you.

*Val.* I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle  
Nay, when my credit calls—— [you !

*L. Hea.* Are you mad ?

*Val.* I am mad, I am mad !

*Fran.* Good morrow, sir ! I like your prepara-

*Val.* Thou hast been at it, Frank ? [tion.

*Fran.* Yes, 'faith, 'tis done, sir.

*Val.* Along with me then !—Never hang an  
a—, widow !

*Isab.* 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

*Val.* Well said, black-brows !—

Advance your torches, gentlemen !

*Lov.* Yes, yes, sir.

*Val.* And keep your ranks !

*Mer.* Lance, carry this before him.

[Giving the mortgage.

*Lov.* Carry it in state !

*Enter Musicians, FOUNTAIN, HARKERAIN, and BELLAMORE.*

*Val.* What are you ? musicians ?

I know your coming ! And what are those behind  
*Musi.* Gentlemen [you ?

That sent us, to give the lady a good morrow.

*Val.* Oh, I know them.—Come, boy, sing the  
song I taught you,

And sing it lustily !—Come forward, gentlemen !  
You're welcome, welcome ! now we are all friends.  
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long :  
We have much business.

Come, Frank, rejoice with me ! Thou'st got the  
start, boy,

But I'll so tumble after !—Come, my friends, lead,  
Lead cheerfully ; and let your fiddles ring, boys !

My follies and my fancies have an end here.—  
Display the mortgage, Lance ! Merchant, I'll pay

And every thing shall be in joint again. [you,

*Lov.* Afore, afore !

*Val.* And now confess and know,

Wit without Money sometimes gives the blow !  
[Exit omnes.



# THE BEGGARS' BUSH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WOLFORT, *usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*  
 GERRARD, *disguised under the name of CLAUDE, King of the Beggars, Father to FLOREZ.*  
 HUBERT, *an honest Lord, a Friend to GERRARD.*  
 FLOREZ, *under the name of GOSWIN, a rich Merchant of Bruges.*  
 HEMPSKIRKE, *a Captain under WOLFORT.*  
 HERMAN, *a Courtier,* } *Inhabitants of Ghent.*  
*A Merchant,* }  
 VANDUNKE, *Burgomaster of Bruges, a Drunken Merchant, Friend to GERRARD, falsely called Father to BERTHA.*  
 ARNOLD, *of Benthuyssen, disguised as a Beggar under the name of GINKE.*  
 LORD COSTIN, *disguised as a Beggar.*  
 VANLOCK, *and four other Merchants of Bruges.*

HIGGEN,  
 PRIGG,  
 SNAPP,  
 FERRET, } *knaveish Beggars.*

CLOWN.  
 BOORS.  
 A Sailor.  
 Servants.  
 GUARD.

JACULIN, *Daughter to GERRARD, beloved of HUBERT.*  
 BERTHA, *called GERTRUDE, Daughter to the Duke of BRABANT, Mistress to FLOREZ.*  
 MARGARET, *Wife to VANDUNKE.*  
 FRANCES, *Daughter to VANLOCK.*

SCENE.—FOR THE FIRST TWO SCENES, GHEENT; DURING THE REMAINDER, BRUGES AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—GHEENT.—*The Street.*

*Enter a Merchant and HERMAN.*

*Mer.* Is he then taken?

*Her.* And brought back even now, sir.

*Mer.* He was not in disgrace?

*Her.* No man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man  
 That durst be honest in this court.

*Mer.* Indeed

We've heard abroad, sir, that the state hath  
 suffer'd

A great change, since the countess' death.

*Her.* It hath, sir.

*Mer.* My five years absence hath kept me a  
 stranger

So much to all th' occurrents of my country,  
 As you shall bind me for some short relation,

To make me understand the present times.

*Her.* I must begin then with a war was made,  
 And seven years with all cruelty continued  
 Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.  
 The cause grew thus: During our earl's minority,  
 Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,  
 To treat about a match between our earl  
 And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During  
 which treaty,

The Brabander pretends, this daughter was  
 Stol'n from his court, by practice of our state;  
 Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel,  
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom;  
 It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant  
 Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd,  
 Our earl being then a child, altho' his father  
 Good Gerrard liv'd yet (in respect he was

Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,  
 And but a gentleman, and Florez holding  
 His right unto this country from his mother)  
 The state thought fit, in this defensive war,  
 Wolfort being then the only man of mark,  
 To make him general.

*Mer.* Which place we've heard  
 He did discharge with honour.

*Her.* Ay, so long,

And with so bleas'd successes, that the Brabander  
 Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice  
 Of his best men of arms tir'd, or cut off)  
 To leave the field, and sound a base retreat  
 Back to his country: But so broken, both  
 In mind and means, e'er to make head again,  
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss;  
 Not daring, or for honour or revenge,  
 Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory  
 More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt  
 In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow  
 She e'er received: For Wolfort, now beholding  
 Himself and actions in the flattering glass  
 Of self deservings, and that cherish'd by  
 The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then  
 All captains of the army were his creatures,  
 The common soldier too at his devotion,  
 Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,  
 And secret bounties;) this strength too well known,  
 And what it could effect, soon put in practice,  
 As further'd by the childhood of the earl,  
 And their improvidence that might have pierc'd  
 The heart of his designs, gave him occasion  
 To seize the whole: And in that plight you find it.

*Mer.* Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,  
 As a choice favour from you.

*Her.* Only I must add,  
Bruges holds out.

*Mer.* Whither, sir, I am going;  
For there last night I had a ship put in,  
And my horse waits me.

*Her.* I wish you a good journey. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same.*—*A Room in WOLFOFT'S Palace.*

*Enter WOLFOFT, HUBERT, and Attendants.*

*Wol.* What? Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?

'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,  
I am best guarded with it in your hand;  
I've seen you use it nobly.

*Hub.* And will turn it  
On mine own bosom, ere it shall be drawn  
Unworthily or rudely.

*Wol.* Would you leave me  
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend  
Unwearied in his study to advance you?  
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?  
Or rather did not court you to command it?  
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,  
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches  
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?  
And what is more, I made myself your servant,  
In making you the master of those secrets  
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from  
me,

Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers with;  
Yet, after these assurances of love,  
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!  
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must  
Give me a reason.

*Hub.* Sir, and so I will;  
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.

*Wol.* All leave the room.—You have your will;  
sit down, [Exeunt all but Wol. and Hub.  
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

*Hub.* Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first,  
that vanish'd;

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.  
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;  
And so I may make you first understand  
What a strange monster you have made yourself,  
I welcome it.

*Wol.* To me this is strange language.

*Hub.* To you? why, what are you?

*Wol.* Your prince and master,  
The earl of Flanders.

*Hub.* By a proper title?  
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,  
Blood, and proscriptions!

*Wol.* And in all this wisdom,  
Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,  
I should have first been call'd to a strict account,  
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass  
Of money, as they term it, in the war;  
Who under-hand had by his ministers  
Detracted my great actions, made my faith  
And loyalty suspected; in which failing,  
He sought my life by practice.

*Hub.* With what forehead  
Do you speak this to me, who (as I know't)  
Must and will say 'tis false?

*Wol.* My guard there!

*Hub.* Sir,

You bade me sit, and promis'd you would hear,  
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound more!  
For I, that am contemner of mine own,  
Am master of your life! Then here's a sword

[Draws.

Between you and all aids, sir. Though you blind  
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not  
These gross untruths on me.

*Wol.* How? gross untruths?

*Hub.* Ay, and it is favourable language;  
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.

*Wol.* You take strange licence.

*Hub.* Yes; were not those rumours,  
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread  
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,  
(But by your cunning practice,) to believe  
That you were dangerous; yet not to be  
Punish'd by any formal course of law,  
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes  
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,  
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly  
Protection for your innocent life, and that,  
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,  
You might not fall by treason: And for proof  
You did not for your own ends make this danger,  
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,  
Came forth and took their oaths they had been  
hir'd

By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,  
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,  
Seeing no further than the outward man,  
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,  
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces  
Such as were servants, or thought friends to  
Vowing the like to him. [Gerrard,

*Wol.* Will you yet end?

*Hub.* Which he foreseeing, with his son, the  
Forsook the city, and by secret ways, [earl,  
(As you give out, and we would gladly have it)  
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd  
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,  
To let us only mourn the impious means  
By which you got it; but your cruelties since  
So far transcend your former bloody ills,  
As if, compar'd, they only would appear  
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;  
More are behind yet!

*Wol.* Oh, repeat them not:  
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd!

*Hub.* You should have thought,  
That hell would be your punishment when you  
did them!

A prince in nothing but your princely lusts  
And boundless rapines!

*Wol.* No more, I beseech you.

*Hub.* Who was the lord of house or land, that  
stood

Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

*Wol.* You are in this to me a greater tyrant,  
Than e'er I was to any.

*Hub.* I end thus

The general grief. Now to my private wrong,  
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin,  
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,  
Your cruelty hath frightened from mine arms;  
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.  
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,  
When you are grown so justly odious,  
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and favour,  
Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it!

And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,  
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.

*Wol.* Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons  
have  
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd  
heart,

As these tears from mine eyes : Despise them not !  
By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.  
You now have made me sensible, what furies,  
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man  
Does ever bear about him ! Let the good  
That you this day have done be ever number'd  
The first of your best actions. Can you think  
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,  
Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd ?  
I will resign what I usurp, or have  
Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live  
Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction  
With any penitence : Yet I vow to practise  
All of a man.

*Hub.* Oh, that your heart and tongue  
Did not now differ !

*Wol.* By my griefs, they do not !  
Take the good pains to search them out ; 'tis  
worth it.

You have made clean a leper ; trust me you have,  
And made me once more fit for the society,  
I hope, of good men.

*Hub.* Sir, do not abuse  
My aptness to believe.

*Wol.* Suspect not you  
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow :  
Make your own safeties ; ask them all the ties  
Humanity can give ! Hemsikirke too shall  
Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,  
And in my name profess all that you promise :  
And I will give you this help to't ; I have  
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,  
That some of them are in or about Bruges  
To be found out ; which I did then interpret  
The cause of that town's standing out against me ;  
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose  
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

*Hub.* Be constant to your goodness, and you  
have it. (Exeunt.)

### SCENE III.—BRUGES.—*The Exchange.*

*Enter three Merchants.*

*1 Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.

*2 Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the  
country

Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,  
And not a man hazard his credit in it.  
He bears himself with such a confidence,  
As if he were the master of the sea,  
And not a wind upon the sailors' compass,  
But from one part or other was his compass,  
To bring him in the best commodities  
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

*1 Mer.* 'Tis strange.

*2 Mer.* And yet

This does in him deserve the least of wonder,  
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,  
Which all admire : He's young, and rich, at least  
Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd  
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour  
So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass  
Unquestion'd for her lading.

*3 Mer.* Yet he still

Continues a good man.

*2 Mer.* So good, that but

To doubt him, would be held an injury,  
Or rather malice, with the best that traffic.  
But this is nothing ; a great stock and fortune,  
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,  
May keep him upright that way : But that wealth  
Should want the pow'r to make him doat on it,  
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends  
His constant temper. For his outward habit,  
'Tis suitable to his present course of life ;  
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties  
That please the appetite only for their rareness,  
Or their dear price ; nor given to wine or women,  
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,  
I mean a good one ; and so loves his state,  
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend  
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,  
Although a challenge second the denial,  
From such as make the opinion of their valour  
Their means of feeding.

*1 Mer.* These are ways to thrive,  
And the means not curs'd.

*2 Mer.* What follows, this

Makes many venturers with him in their wishes  
For his prosperity : For when desert  
Or reason leads him to be liberal,  
His noble mind and ready hand contend  
Which can add most to his free courtesies,  
Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.  
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,  
He is a father to her ; or a soldier,  
That in his country's service, from the war  
Hath brought home only scars and want, his house  
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care  
As if what he possess'd had been laid up  
For such good uses, and he steward of it.  
But I should lose myself to speak him further ;  
And stale, in my relation, the much good  
You may be witness of, if your remove  
From Bruges be not speedy.

*1 Mer.* This report,  
I do assure you, will not hasten it ;  
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with  
For what I am to part with.

*3 Mer.* Never doubt it,  
He is your man and ours ; only I wish  
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains  
Sink him not in the end.

*2 Mer.* Have better hopes ;  
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

*Enter Goswin and the fourth Merchant.*

*Gos.* I take it at your own rates, your wine of  
Cyprus ;

But, for your Candy sugars, they have met  
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,  
I cannot save in them.

*4 Mer.* I am unwilling  
To seek another chapman. Make me offer  
Of something near my price, that may assure me  
You can deal for them.

*Gos.* I both can, and will,  
But not with too much loss : Your bill of lading  
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you  
At thirty thousand guilders ; I will have them  
At twenty-eight ; so, in the payment of  
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in  
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap——

*Gos.* Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in prison,

And at your suit, a pirate, but unable  
To make you satisfaction, and past hope  
To live a week, if you should prosecute  
What you can prove against him: Set him free,  
And you shall have your money to a stiver,  
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,

A merchant of your rank, that have at sea  
So many bottoms in the danger of  
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em!  
It more importing you, for your own safety,  
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,  
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready  
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt  
That he dares not deny it.

*Gos.* You mistake me,

If you think I would cherish in this captain  
The wrong he did to you or any man.  
I was lately with him (having first, from others'  
True testimony, been assur'd a man  
Of more desert never put from the shore)  
I read his letters of mart from this state granted  
For the recovery of such losses, as  
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd at,  
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit or beef,  
Which his necessity made him take from you.  
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,  
Or thrown your men o'erboard, then he deserv'd  
The law's extremest rigour. But since want  
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him  
To that he did (which yet our state calls death)  
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you  
To some compassion of them, I come up  
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;  
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, sir, for your love, I will once be  
To change my purpose. [*led*]

*Gos.* For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* Ill presently make means for his discharge,  
'Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*]

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided  
By a strong judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin!

*Gos.* Good day to all!

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal  
Of more commodities.

*Gos.* Are you the owners

Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

*Gos.* What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indigo, cochineal, choice China stuffs——

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.

*Gos.* Rich lading;

For which I were your chapman, but I am  
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day

For the moiety of all.

*Gos.* How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

*Gos.* 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree

About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,  
And will make present payment of the rest.  
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner

Shall speak you welcome.

*Gos.* I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [*Exeunt Merchants.*]

*Gos.* Heav'n grant my ships a safe return, before  
The day of this great payment; as they are  
Expected three months sooner; and my credit  
Stands good with all the world.

*Enter CLAUDE.*

*Claude.* Bless my good master!  
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall  
Be sent up for you.

*Gos.* God 'a mercy, *Claude*!  
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter  
To think of me.

*Claude.* May he that gave it you  
Reward you for it, with increase, good master!

*Gos.* I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.

*Claude.* I hope so.

These three years have I fed upon your bounties,  
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me;  
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,  
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume  
To make one suit more to you.

*Gos.* What is't, *Claude*?

*Claude.* Yet do not think me impudent, I beseech  
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented [you,  
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,  
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for  
me.

*Gos.* That thou shalt have, *Claude*; for I think  
thee honest.

*Claude.* To-morrow, then, dear master, take the  
trouble

Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;  
And, as you see me, among others, brethren  
In my affliction, when you are demanded  
Which you like best among us, point out me,  
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

*Gos.* But what will that advantage thee?

*Claude.* Oh, much, sir.

'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,  
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me  
From all abuse such as are stronger might  
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure,  
I will inform you further of the good  
It may do to me.

*Gos.* 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!

Have you a king and commonwealth among you?

*Claude.* We have, and there are states are go-

*Gos.* Ambition among beggars? [vern'd worse.

*Claude.* Many great ones

Would part with half their states, to have the place,  
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.  
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance  
In my petition?

*Gos.* That thou shalt not miss of,  
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:  
I will be early there.

*Claude.* Heav'n bless my master! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Beggars' Bush near BRUGES.*

*Enter HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIGG, CLAUSE, JACULIN, SNAP, GINKS, and other Beggars.*

*Hig.* Come, princes of the ragged regiment;  
You of the blood, Prigg, my most upright lord,  
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,  
*Jarkian*, or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,  
*Frater*, or *abram-man*; I speak to all  
That stand in fair election for the title  
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;  
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum;  
That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth beseech you  
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,  
That the first comer may, at his first view,  
Make a free choice, to say up the question.

*Fer. Prigg.* 'Tis done, Lord Higgen.

*Hig.* Thanks to Prince Prigg, Prince Ferret.

*Fer.* Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen;  
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

*Prigg.* A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,  
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)  
Except you do provide me *hum* enough,  
And *lour* to *bouse* with! I must have my capons  
And turkies brought me in, with my green geese,  
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;  
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheasants  
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:  
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,  
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,  
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,  
Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not  
leave you

A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,  
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,  
Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and cream,  
To make you an old sore; not so much soap  
As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness;  
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,  
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells* too  
I will deflower, and take your dearest *dories*  
From your warm sides; and then some one cold  
night

I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,  
And there I'll smother you all i' the musty hay.

*Hig.* This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would  
Ginks,

Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?

*Clause.* Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,  
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion!

*Ginks.* I care not what you are, sirs, I shall be  
A beggar still, I'm sure;—I find myself there.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Snap.* Oh, here a judge comes.

*Hig.* Cry, a judge, a judge!

*Gos.* What ail you, sirs? what means this outcry?

*Hig.* Master,

A sort of poor souls met; God's fools, good master;  
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves  
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives  
Uprightest in his call: Now, 'cause we thought  
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed  
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd to put it  
To him that should come next, and that's your  
mastership,

Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves  
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which, [you,

Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,  
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,  
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

*Gos.* I should judge this the man, with the grave  
And if he be not— [beard;

*Clause.* Bless you, good master, bless you!

*Gos.* I would he were. There's something too  
amongst you,

To keep you all honest. [Gives money, and exit.

*Snap.* King of Heav'n go with you!

*All.* Now good reward him;

May he never want it, to comfort still the poor,  
In a good hour!

*Fer.* What is't? see: Snap has got it.

*Snap.* A good crown, marry.

*Prigg.* A crown of gold.

*Fer.* For our new king: Good luck!

*Ginks.* To the common treasury with it; if't be  
Thither it must. [gold,

*Prigg.* Spoke like a patriot, Ginks!

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,  
After this golden token of a crown.

Where's orator Higgen with his gratuling speech  
In all our names? [now,

*Fer.* Here he is, pumping for it.

*Ginks.* He has cough'd the second time; tis  
And then it comes. [but once more,

*Fer.* So, out with all! Expect now—

*Hig.* That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,  
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the *maunders*,  
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*, first for joy,  
And then our *filches*; last, we clap our *fambles*,  
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;  
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,  
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so,  
Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.  
When last in conference at the *bousing-ken*,  
This other day we sat about our dead prince,  
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rage!)  
And that I saw thee at the table's end

Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,  
Lift the other like a sceptre at my head,  
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,  
And now thou art so. But what need presage  
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,  
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard  
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.  
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard  
Was so remark'd, as marked out our prince,  
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,  
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it  
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,  
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

*All.* Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good  
Higgen!

Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken  
Higgen!

*Hig.* This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,  
Under whose gold and silver reign, 'twas said,  
So many ages since, we all should smile.  
No impositions, taxes, grievances,  
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,  
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kem'd out:  
If now the beard be such, what is the prince  
That owes the beard? A father? no, a grandfather,  
Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people!  
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,

When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from  
The fattest of your puddings: Under him, [you  
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and butter,  
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy  
His own dear *dell, dory, or mort* at night  
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,  
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess  
What he can purchase, *back* or *belly cheats*,  
To his own *prop*: he will have no purveyors  
For pigs and poultry.

*Clause*. That we must have, my learned orator,  
It is our will; and every man to keep  
In his own path and circuit.

*Hig*. Do you hear?  
You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*, he  
says.

*Clause*. And what they get there is their own:  
To give good words. [Besides,

*Hig*. Do you mark? To cut *bene whids*;  
That is the second law.

*Clause*. And keep afoot  
The humble and the common phrase of begging,  
Lest men discover us.

*Hig*. Yes, and cry sometimes,  
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,  
That doth command all these things, and enjoins  
'em

Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plasters,  
And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,  
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.  
There, all the halting paces are set down,  
I' th' learned language.

*Clause*. Thither I refer 'em;  
Those you at leisure shall interpret to them:  
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

*All*. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good

*Hig*. A song to crown him! [King *Clause*!

*Fer*. Set a sentinel out first.

*Snap*. The word?

*Hig*. A *cove* comes, and "*fumbumbis*" to it.  
[Exit *Snap*.

## SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away:  
This is beggars' holiday!  
At the crowning of our king,  
Thus we ever dance and sing.  
In the world look out and see,  
Where's so happy a prince as he?  
Where the nation lives so free,  
And so merry as do we?  
Be it peace, or be it war,  
Here at liberty we are,  
And enjoy our ease and rest:  
To the field we are not press'd;  
Nor are call'd into the town,  
To be troubled with the gown.  
Hang all offices, we cry,  
And the magistrats too, by.  
When the subsidy's increas'd,  
We are not a penny less'd;  
Nor will any go to law  
With the beggar for a straw.  
All which happiness, he brags,  
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter *Snap*, and then *HUBERT* and *HEMPSKIRKE*,  
*disguised*.

*Snap*. A *cove*! *fumbumbis*!

*Prigg*. To your postures! arm!

*Hub*. Yonder's the town; I see it.

*Hemp*. There's our danger,  
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows save not.

*Hig*. Bless your good worships!

*Fer*. One small piece of money—

*Prigg*. Among us all poor wretches.

*Clause*. Blind and lame.

*Ginks*. For his sake that gives all.

*Hig*. Pitiful worships!

*Snap*. One little doit.

Enter *JACULIN*.

*Jac*. King, by your leave, where are you?

*Fer*. To buy a little bread.

*Hig*. To feed so many

Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

*Prigg*. Here be seven of us.

*Hig*. Seven, good master! oh, remember seven!  
Seven blessings—

*Fer*. Remember, gentle worship.

*Hig*. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

*Prigg*. And seven sleepers.

*Hig*. If they be hard of heart, and will give  
nothing—

Alas, we had not a charity these three days.

*Hub*. There's amongst you all.

*Fer*. Heav'n reward you!

*Prigg*. Lord reward you!

*Hig*. The prince of pity bless thee!

*Hub*. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would  
have it so?

Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.

*Jac*. What ha' you,

Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.

You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butter-  
fly,

And I'll love you again. When? can you tell?

Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine thing!  
[Exit.

*Hub*. Her voice too says the same; but, for my  
head,

I would not that her manners were so chang'd.—  
Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this maiden,  
That lives amongst you here?

*Ginks*. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

*Hub*. How? nothing but signs?

*Ginks*. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

*Hub*. This is strange!

I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

*Hig*. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du  
dude—dumb, sir.

[Exit all the beggars but *Snap*.

*Hub*. 'Slid, they did all speak plain c'en now  
Dost thou know this same maid? [methought.—

*Snap*. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu  
God's fool? She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the bari  
yonder, by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Bush bo-bo  
Bush, her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche. S  
was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too too.

*Hub*. I understand no word he says.—How lon  
Has she been here?

*Snap*. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, a  
she ha' go-go-go-good luck.

*Hub*. I must be better informed, than by thi  
Here was another face too, that I mark'd [wa  
Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all  
Most suddenly: I will come here again.

Oh, that I were so happy as to find it

What I yet hope, it is put on!

*Hemp*. What mean you, sir,

To stay there with that stammerer?

*Hub*. Farewell, friend!— [Exit *SNA*  
It will be worth return, to search. Come,

Protect us our disguise now! Pr'ythee, Hemp-  
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine [skirke,  
This town will use us, that hath stood so long  
Out against Wolfort?

*Hemp.* Ev'n to hang us forth  
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows' meat.  
If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster,  
And had a pretty 'scuse to see a niece there,  
I should scarce venture.

*Hub.* Come, 'tis now too late  
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter!  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—BRUGES.—*The Exchange.*

*Enter Goswin.*

*Gos.* Still blow'at thou there? And, from all  
other parts,  
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?  
There's a conspiracy of winds and servants,  
If not of elements, to ha' me break!  
What should I think? Unless the seas and sands  
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd  
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,  
I must ha' had some returns.

*Enter two Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, sir.

*Gos.* 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?

*Gos.* Not any yet, sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [Exit.

*Gos.* 'Tis true, sir.—What a voice was here now?  
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens  
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! These winds are  
very constant.

*Gos.* They are so, sir, to hurt—

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters  
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?

*Gos.* Neither.

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news  
Through Spain, from the Straits? [over land,  
*Gos.* Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir. [Exit.

*Gos.* They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of  
vultures,  
They scent a field fought, and do smell the car-  
casses

By many hundred miles: So do these my wrecks,  
At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heaven,  
Come on, and be! Yet, if thou please preserve me  
But in my own adventure here at home,  
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,  
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:  
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,  
Methinks, with less than that, that ruins all. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same.*—*A Room in the House  
of VANDUNKE.*

*Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, MARGARET, and  
Boors.*

*Vand.* Captain, you're welcome; so is this your  
friend,  
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out  
Against your master, you shall find good quarter:  
The troth is, we not love him.—Meg, some wine!—  
Let's talk a little treason, if we can

Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave,  
gentlemen,

We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,  
And therefore I'm bold with him.

*Hub.* Sir, your boldness  
Haply becomes your mouth, but not our ears,  
While we're his servants; and as we come here,  
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,  
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,  
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor inquire  
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;  
So let's entreat, we may receive from you  
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what  
We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear;  
And that shall seal our welcome.

*Vand.* Good: Let's drink then.—  
Madge, fill out!—I keep mine old pearl still,  
*Marg.* I hang fast, man. [captain.

*Hemp.* Old jewels commend their keeper, sir.  
*Hub.* Here's to you with a heart, my captain's  
friend,

With a good heart! and if this make us speak  
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,  
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!

*Hub.* 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster;  
I'll do you right.

*Hemp.* Nay, sir, Minheer Vandunke  
Is a true statesman.

*Vand.* Fill my captain's cup there!—  
Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an honest  
*Hub.* Sir! [man!

*Vand.* Under the rose.

*Hemp.* Welcome to you, Marget.

*Marg.* Here's, welcome, captain.

*Vand.* Well said, my pearl, still.

*Hemp.* And how does my niece?

Almost a woman, I think? This friend of mine  
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,  
Only to see her: She was my errand.

*Vand.* Ay, a kind uncle you are—(fill him his  
glass)—

That in seven years could not find leisure—

*Hemp.* No,  
It's not so much.

*Vand.* I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:  
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,  
For moon-shine i' the water there, his daughter  
That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find time  
To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing,  
sir,

Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?  
She is a woman, sir,—(fetch her forth, Margee!)—  
And a fine woman, and has suitors. [Exit MARG.

*Hemp.* How?

What suitors are they?

*Vand.* Bachelors; young burghers:  
And one, a gallant; the young prince of mer-  
We call him here in Bruges. [chants

*Hemp.* How? a merchant?

I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me  
better,

And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,  
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

*Vand.* Such? He is such a such, as, were she  
mine,

I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

*Hemp.* But the same things, sir, fit not you and  
me. [Exit.

*Vand.* Why, give's some wine, then; this will  
fit us all. [Drinks.

Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out !  
And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest man !  
Under the rose I speak it.—But this merchant  
Is a brave boy : He lives so, i' the town here,  
We know not what to think on him : At some  
times

We fear he will be bankrupt ; he does stretch,  
Tenter his credit so ; embraces all ;  
And, to't, the winds have been contrary long.  
But then, if he should have all his returns,  
We think he would be a king, and are half sure  
Your master is a traitor for all this, [on't.—  
Under the rose—(here's to you !)—and usurps  
The earldom from a better man.

*Hub.* Ay, marry, sir,  
Where is that man ?

*Vand.* Nay, soft ! An I could tell you,  
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand !  
I love not Wolfort : Sit you still with that.—  
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece,  
And there's my merchant ; view him well.—Fill  
wine here !

*Enter HEMPSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, and GOSWIN.*

*Hemp.* You must not only know me for your  
Now, but obey me : You, go cast yourself [uncle  
Away, upon a dunghill here ! a merchant !  
A petty fellow ! one that makes his trade  
With oaths and perjuries !

*Gos.* What is that you say, sir ?  
If it be me you speak of, as your eye  
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, sir.

*Hemp.* Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize ;  
Will that suffice you ?

*Gos.* Merchandize, good sir,  
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence  
To use me with contempt : I ever thought  
Your niece above all price.

*Hemp.* And do so still, sir. [worth.  
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are

*Gos.* You do not know what a gentleman's  
Nor can you value him. [worth, sir,

*Hub.* Well said, merchant !

*Vand.* Nay,  
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

*Hemp.* A gentleman ?  
What, of the wool-pack ? or the sugar-chest ?  
Or lists of velvet ? Which is't, pound, or yard,  
You vent your gentry by ?

*Hub.* Oh, Hemsikirke, fie !

*Vand.* Come, do not mind 'em ; drink !—He is  
Captain, I advise you. [no Wolfort,

*Hemp.* Alas, my pretty man,  
I think't be angry, by its look : Come hither,  
Turn this way a little : If it were the blood  
Of Charlemagne, as't may, for aught I know,  
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges—

*Gos.* How ?

*Hemp.* Nay, I'm not certain of that ; of this I am,  
If it once buy and sell, its gentry's gone.

*Gos.* Ha, ha !

*Hemp.* You're angry, though you laugh.

*Gos.* No, now 'tis pity  
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords  
Of land, (if you be any,) sell the grass,  
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese—

*Vand.* And butter :  
Remember butter : do not leave out butter.

*Gos.* The beefs and muttons, that your grounds  
are stor'd with ?

Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods ?

*Hemp.* No, for those sordid uses we have tenants,  
Or else our bailiffs.

*Gos.* Have not we, sir, chapmen,  
And factors, then, to answer these ? Your honour,  
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over  
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never  
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers  
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers ?  
What is not bought and sold ? The company  
That you had last, what had you for't, i' faith ?

*Hemp.* You now grow saucy.

*Gos.* Sure, I have been bred  
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

*Hemp.* Upon your equals then.

*Gos.* Sir, he that will  
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

*Hemp.* Do you hear ? No more !

*Gos.* Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,  
And it shall be aside ; then, after, as you please !  
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love  
More than mine eyes ; and I have heard your  
scorns

With so much scoffing, and so much shame,  
As each strive which is greater : But, believe me,  
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.  
Do not presume, because you see me young ;  
Or cast despites on my profession,  
For the civility and tameness of it.  
A good man bears a contumely worse  
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not  
To my offence : Wrong is not still successful ;  
Indeed it is not. I would approach your kins-  
woman  
With all respect done to yourself and her.

[Takes hold of GERTRUDE's hand.

*Hemp.* Away, companion ! handling her ? take  
that. [Strikes him.

*Gos.* Nay, I do love no blows, sir : There's  
exchange !

[He gets HEMPSKIRKE's sword, and cuts him on the head.

*Hub.* Hold, sir !

*Marg.* Oh, murder !

*Gert.* Help my Goswin.

*Marg.* Man !

*Vand.* Let 'em alone. My life for one !

*Gos.* Nay, come,  
If you have will.

*Hub.* None to offend you I, sir.

*Gos.* He that had, thank himself ! Not hand  
her ? Yes, sir,

And clasp her, and embrace her ; and (would she  
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,  
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,  
And all their nephews, though they stood a wood  
Of pikes, and wall of cannon !—Kiss me, Gertrude !  
Quake not, but kiss me !

*Vand.* Kiss him, girl ; I bid you.—  
My merchant-royal ! Fear no uncles ! Hang 'em,  
Hang up all uncles ! Are we not in Bruges,  
Under the rose, here ?

*Gos.* In this circle, love,  
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.  
Let such as do wrong, fear.

*Vand.* Ay, that is good ;  
Let Wolfort look to that.

*Gos.* Sir, here she stands,  
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles  
She must apply to : If unto the last,  
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,



In frown, or voice, or other art, shall force her,  
Had Hercules a hand in't!—Come, my joy,  
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

*Vand.* Do; and I drink to it.

*Gos.* Pr'ythee say so, love.

*Gert.* 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes:—

(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!)—they speak  
*Hemp.* I thank you, niece. [it.

*Gos.* Sir, thank her for your life;

And fetch your sword within.

*Hemp.* You insult too much

With your good fortune, sir.

[*Exeunt Gos. and Gert.*

*Hub.* A brave clear spirit!—

Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil habit  
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,  
In person of a merchant, with a soul  
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,  
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,  
What meant you so to slight him?

*Hemp.* 'Tis done now;

Ask no more of it; I must suffer.

[*Exit.*

*Hub.* This

Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.  
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here  
Will be get out. There I may chance to learn  
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.

*Vand.* Ha!

A looking-glass!

*Hub.* How now, brave Bargomaster?

*Vand.* I love no Wolforts, and my name's  
Vandunke.

*Hub.* Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go sleep  
within.

*Vand.* Earl Florez is right heir; and this same  
Under the rose I speak it— [Wolfort,—

*Hub.* Very hardly.

*Vand.* Usurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er  
breath'd,

And all that do uphold him. Let me go;

No man shall hold me [up], that upholds him.  
Do you uphold him?

*Hub.* No.

*Vand.* Then hold me up.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Goswin and Hempskirke.*

*Hemp.* Sir, I presume you have a sword of your  
That can so handle another's. [own,

*Gos.* 'Faith, you may, sir.

*Hemp.* And you've made me have so much  
better thoughts of you,  
As I am bound to call you forth.

*Gos.* For what, sir?

*Hemp.* To the repairing of mine honour, and  
*Gos.* Express your way. [hurt here.

*Hemp.* By fight, and speedily.

*Gos.* You have your will. Require you any  
more?

*Hemp.* That you be secret, and come single.

*Gos.* I will.

*Hemp.* As you're the gentleman you would be  
thought!

*Gos.* Without the conjuration: And I'll bring  
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.  
I'll take its length within.

*Hemp.* Your place now, sir?

*Gos.* By the sand-hills.

*Hemp.* Sir, nearer to the woods,  
If you thought so, were fitter.

*Gos.* There, then.

*Hemp.* Good.

Your time?

*Gos.* 'Twixt seven and eight.

*Hemp.* You'll give me, sir,  
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,  
If you come, like your promise.

*Gos.* If I do not,

Let no man think to call me unworthy first!  
I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Village near BRUGES.

*Enter three or four Boors.*

1 *Boor.* Come, English beer, hostess, English  
beer by th' barrel!

2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer!  
So, sit down, lads,

And drink me upsey-Dutch! Frolic, and fear  
not.

*Enter HOOEN, like a sow-gelder, singing.*

*Hig.* Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?  
My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low!

Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,

Have ye any lambs in your holts,

To cut for the stone?

Here comes a cunning one.

Have ye any braches to spade,

Or e'er a fair maid

That would be a nun?

Come, kiss me, 'tis done.

Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,

To high, to low, to high, to low!

1 *Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece,  
boys, two-pence a-piece!

Give the boy some drink there! Piper, whet your  
whistle!

Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wife's  
*Hig.* I'll sing you a song for't. [concupiscence?

### SONG.

Take her, and hug her,  
And turn her, and tug her,  
And turn her again, boy, again;  
Then if she mumble,  
Or if her tail tumble,  
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

Do thy endeavour  
To take off her fever,  
Then her disease no longer will reign.  
If nothing will serve her,  
Then thus to persevere her,  
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,  
To take up her belly,  
And once a day swinge her again.  
If she stand all these pains,  
Then knock out her brains,  
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 Boor. More excellent, more excellent, sweet sow-gelder!

2 Boor. Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!

Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded?

3 Boor. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, sow-gelder.

SONG.—By HIGGINS.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,  
And over and over the sow-gelder came;  
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,  
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.  
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,  
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

The next time, I rode a good mule and a half,  
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;  
I bound and I girt him, ere he did any evil;  
He was here at his best but a sucking devil.  
Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,  
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in the form of a pig,  
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;  
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,  
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.  
Ough! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,  
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

Enter PRIGG and FERRIS, disguised as a juggler and a piper.

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,  
Some slight of hand, legger-de-main? Hey pass,  
Presto, be gone there?

2 Boor. Sit down, juggler.

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw near, piper!

Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;  
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some money;  
Twelve pence a-piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there!

Prigg. I thank ye,

Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?

All the Boors. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this  
was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry slight toy. But now I'll shew  
A trick indeed. [your worships

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.

Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls shall be  
three bullets,

One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*

Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair play,  
gentlemen!

Now, these three, like three bullets, from your  
three noses

Will I pluck presently. Fear not; no harm, boys.  
*Titire, tu patula.*

[Pulls the Boors' noses, while FERRIS picks their pockets.

1 Boor. Oh, oh, oh!

Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 Boor. You pull too hard; you pull too hard!

Prigg. Stand fair then.

*Silver-tram, trim-tram.*

3 Boor. Hold, hold, hold!

Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim—  
Have ye their monies? [wham!—

[Apart to HIGGINS and FERRIS.

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 Boor. Oh, rare juggler!

2 Boor. Oh, admirable juggler!

Prigg. One trick more yet.

Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, sim, flum, taradumbis!*

East, west, north, south, now fly like Jack with a  
*bumbis!*

Now all your money's gone: Pray search your

1 Boor. Humph! [pockets.

2 Boor. He!

3 Boor. The devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare trick.

1 Boor. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me  
earnestly,

And move not any ways your eyes from this place,  
This button here. Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your  
pockets.

1 Boor. By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry!

My first trick has paid me.

All the Boors. Ay, take it, take it,

And take some drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you.—

Away, we are discover'd else.

[Exeunt HIG, PR., and FER.

Enter CLAUDE, like a blind aquavita-man, and a Boy, who  
sings this song.

Bring out your cony-akins, fair maids, to me,  
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;  
Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller akins,  
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:  
And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.  
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin  
With thy black, black, black cony-skin;  
And Mary then, and Jane will follow  
With their silver-hair'd akins, and their yellow.  
The white cony-skin I will not lay by,  
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;  
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,  
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.  
Come away, fair maids, your akins will decay:  
Come and take money, maids; put your ware away.  
Cony-akins! cony-akins! Have ye any cony-akins?  
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Clause. Buy any brand-wine, buy any brand-  
Boy. Have ye any cony-akins? [wine?

2 Boor. My fine canary bird, there's a cake for  
thy worship.

1 Boor. Come, fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly! Let's  
What's this? [see, sir,

Clause. A penny, sir.

1 Boor. Fill till't be sixpence,  
And there's my pig.

Boy. This is a counter, sir.

1 Boor. A counter! Stay ye; what are these  
then?

Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler!

Look in your hose, ho! this comes of looking  
forward.

3 Boor. Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's this  
juggler!

This hey pass, repass! he has repass'd us sweetly.

2 Boor. Do ye call these tricks?

Enter HIGGINS, disguised as a buyer of old gold and silver  
lace.

Hig. Have ye any ends' of gold or silver?

2 Boor. This fellow comes to mock us. Gold  
or silver? cry copper!

1 Boor. Yes, my good friend,  
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, sir;

You have the less to care for. Gold and silver!

[Exit.

*Enter PRIGO, disguised as an old clotherman.*

*Prigo.* Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*]

1 *Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's

2 *Boor.* A pox juggle 'em! [*gone!*]

Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!

3 *Boor.* Here's mine yet.

1 *Boor.* Come, come, let's drink then. More

*Boys.* Here, sir. [*brand-wine!*]

1 *Boor.* If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand I'll strip him.

Were ever fools so ferkt? We have two cloaks yet, And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.

*All the Boors.* Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

*Enter HEMPKIRKE.*

*Hemp.* Good den, my honest fellows! You're merry here, I see.

3 *Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, sir.

*Hemp.* What hast thou? Aquavitæ?

*Boys.* Yes.

*Hemp.* Fill out then;

And give these honest fellows round.

*All the Boors.* We thank ye.

*Hemp.* May I speak a word in private to ye?

*All the Boors.* Yes, sir.

*Hemp.* I have a business for you, honest friends, If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.

*Clause.* Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, boy.

1 *Boor.* What is't, sir?

If it be any thing to purchase money, (Which is our want) command us.

*All the Boors.* All, all, all, sir.

*Hemp.* You know the young spruce merchant in

2 *Boor.* Who? Master Goswin? [*Bruges?*]

*Hemp.* That; he owes me money,

And here in town there is no stirring of him.

*Clause.* Say you so? [*Aside.*]

*Hemp.* This day, upon a sure appointment, He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side, Under the row of oaks; do you know it?

*All the Boors.* Yes, sir.

*Hemp.* Give 'em more drink!—There, if you dare but venture,

When I shall give the word, to seize upon him, Here's twenty pound.

3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler!

*Hemp.* If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

*Hemp.* To discharge you,

I have a warrant here about me.

3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;

This carries fire i' th' tail. [*Showing his cudgel.*]

*Hemp.* Away with me then; the time draws I must remove so insolent a suitor, [*on.—*

And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom Ere he see Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wise men

Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,

And piece the lion's skin with the fox's case.

*Clause.* I'm glad I've heard this sport yet.

[*Aside.*]

*Hemp.* There's for thy drink. Come, pay the And lose no time. [*house within, boys,*

*Clause.* Away, with all our haste too. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Forest near Bruges.

*Enter GOSWIN.*

*Gos.* No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,

Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?

Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,

My credit I was built on, sinking with me!

Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,

And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,

Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South

Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety!

And you, auspicious fires, bright twins in Heav'n,

Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,

And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.

There is no help, there can be now no comfort;

To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.

Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,

I' th' midst of all our strength, thou strik'st us!

My virtuous love is lost too: All, what I have been,

No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!

To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;

I may sink fairly under this day's venture,

And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those curses.

Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune

Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.

This is the place his challenge call'd me to,

And was a happy one at this time for me;

For let me fall before my foe i' th' field,

And not at bar, before my creditors?

*Enter HEMPKIRKE.*

He has kept his word. Now, sir, your sword's tongue only,

Loud as you dare; all other language—

*Hemp.* Well, sir,

You shall not be long troubled. Draw!

*Gos.* 'Tis done, sir;

And now, have at you!

*Hemp.* Now!

*Enter Boors.*

*Gos.* Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely!

And thou, base coward— [*Fight.*]

*Enter CLAUDE and Beggars.*

*Clause.* Now upon 'em bravely!

Conjure 'em soundly, boys! [*Beating them.*]

*Boors.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Lay on, still!

Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him to syrup!—

Retire, sir, and take breath.—Follow, and take him; Take all; 'tis lawful prize.

*Boors.* We yield.

*Clause.* Down with 'em

Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em!

Knock me their brains into their breeches!

*Boors.* Hold, hold! [*Exeunt all but Goswin.*]

*Gos.* What these men are I know not; nor for what cause

They should thus thrust themselves into my danger, Can I imagine—but, sure, Heaven's hand was in't!—

Nor why this coward knave should deal so basely, To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I thank I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end [*these!*]  
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.

'Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd!  
With what a joyful heart should I go home then?  
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits  
his sentence,  
Or hears his passing-bell—but there's my hope still.

*Enter CLAUDE.*

*Claude.* Blessing upon you, master!  
*Gos.* Thank you. Leave me;  
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give thee.  
*Claude.* Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves  
me

To see you look so sad. Now, goodness keep you  
From troubles in your mind!

*Gos.* If I were troubled,  
What could thy comfort do? Pr'ythee, *Claude*,  
leave me.

*Claude.* Good master, be not angry; for what I  
is out of true love to you. [say

*Gos.* I know thou lov'st me.

*Claude.* Good master, blame that love then, if I  
To ask you why you're sad. [prove so saucy

*Gos.* Most true, I am so;  
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.

*Claude.* Heav'n shield it, sir!

*Gos.* Faith, thou must lose thy master.

*Claude.* I had rather lose my neck, sir. 'Would  
I knew—

*Gos.* What would the knowledge do thee good  
(so miserable,

Thou canst not help thyself) when all my ways,  
Nor all the friends I have—

*Claude.* You do not know, sir,  
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for men's cares,  
Flow where they least expect 'em.

*Gos.* I know thou wouldst do;

But farewell, *Claude*, and pray for thy poor master.

*Claude.* I will not leave you.

*Gos.* How?

*Claude.* I dare not leave you, sir, I must not  
leave you,

And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you.  
By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's  
goodness,

As your fair youth may prosper, good sir, tell me!  
My mind believes yet something's in my pow'r  
May ease you of this trouble.

*Gos.* I will tell thee.

For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit,  
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my traffics,  
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,  
And no return to help me off yet shewing,  
To-morrow, 'Claude, to-morrow, which must come,  
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.

*Claude.* I cannot blame your grief, sir.

*Gos.* Now, what say'st thou?

*Claude.* I say, you should not shrink; for he  
that gave you,  
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off,  
sir;

When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

*Gos.* There's all my hope.

*Claude.* Hope still, sir. Are you tied  
Within the compass of a day, good master,  
To pay this mass of money?

*Gos.* Ev'n to-morrow.

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?  
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget me?

*Claude.* Will no less serve?

*Gos.* What if it would?

*Claude.* Your patience!  
I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,  
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;  
But not for honest. Have you no friends left you,  
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?

*Gos.* Duty? Thou know'st it not.

*Claude.* It is a duty,  
And as a duty, from those men have felt you,  
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you;  
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd  
Will half supply your want? [on me:

*Gos.* Why dost thou fool me?

Canst thou work miracles?

*Claude.* To save my master,

I can work this.

*Gos.* Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

*Claude.* For doing good?

*Gos.* What pow'r hast thou?

*Claude.* Inquire not,

So I can do it, to preserve my master.

Nay, if it be three parts—

*Gos.* Oh, that I had it!

But, good *Claude*, talk no more; I feel thy charity,  
As thou hast felt mine: But, alas—

*Claude.* Distrust not;

'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your spirit,  
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;  
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people  
Can save you, rest assur'd! You have forgot, sir,  
The good you did, which was the pow'r you gave  
me:

You shall now know the king of beggars' treasure;  
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas roar,  
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.  
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.

*Gos.* How fain I would believe thee!

*Claude.* If I lie, master,

Believe no man hereafter.

*Gos.* I will try thee;

But he knows, that knows all—

*Claude.* Know me to-morrow,

And if I know not how to cure you, kill me.  
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master!  
[Exit.

### SCENE III.—Another Part of the Same.

*Enter HUBERT, like a Huntsman.*

*Hub.* Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from  
Hempskirke,

To try these people: for my heart yet tells me  
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.  
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,  
(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)  
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,  
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it  
But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll bless  
thee!

Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect me,  
If to my habit I but change my nature,  
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;  
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune  
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.  
[Exit.

*Enter HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRAT, GINKS, and the rest, with  
the BOORS.*

*Hig.* Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in jus-  
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel: [tice.  
And now attend your sentence!—That ye are rogues,

And mischievous base rascals,—(there's the point I take it, is confess'd. [now])—

*Prigg.* Deny it if ye dare, knaves!

*Boors.* We are rogues, sir.

*Hig.* To amplify the matter then; rogues ye And lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye. [are,

*Boors.* Yes, sir.

*Hig.* And, to the open handling of our justice, Why did ye this upon the proper person Of our good master? Were ye drunk when ye did

*Boors.* Yes, indeed, were we. [it:]

*Prigg.* Ye shall be beaten sober.

*Hig.* Was it for want ye undertook it?

*Boors.* Yes, sir.

*Hig.* Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.

*Prigg.* And yet, for all that,

Ye shall be poor rogues still.

*Hig.* Has not the gentleman,—

(Pray mark this point, brother *Prigg*)—that noble gentleman,

Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by, By employing some at sea, some here, some there, According to your callings?

*Boors.* 'Tis most true, sir.

*Hig.* Is not the man an honest man?

*Boors.* Yes, truly.

*Hig.* A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are true rascals,

Tell me but this,—have ye not been drunk, and At his charge? [often,

*Boors.* Often, often.

*Hig.* There's the point, then!

They've cast themselves, brother *Prigg*.

*Prigg.* A shrewd point, brother.

*Hig.* Brother, proceed you now; the cause is I'm somewhat weary. [open;

*Prigg.* Can ye do these things,

Ye most abominable stinking rascals,

Ye turnip-eating rogues?

*Boors.* We're truly sorry.

*Prigg.* Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and Give us a sign you feel compunction: (presently Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient, (For there your sentence lies) without partiality, Either of head, or hide, rogues, without sparing, Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else. You shall know your doom.

*Hig.* One, two, and three, about it!

[*Boors beat one another.*

*Prigg.* That fellow in the blue has true compunction;

He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck, boys!

[*Enter CLAUDE.*

*Hig.* Up with that blue breech! Now plays he the devil!

So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest. Call in the gentleman.

*Clause.* Do, bring him presently;

His cause I'll hear myself.

*Hig.* *Prigg.* With all due reverence, We do resign, sir.

[*Enter HEMPSKIRKE.*

*Clause.* Now, huffing sir, what's your name?

*Hemp.* What's that to you, sir?

*Clause.* It shall be, ere we part.

*Hemp.* My name is Hemsikirke. I follow the earl, which you shall feel.

*Clause.* No threat'ning,

For we shall cool you, sir. Why didst thou basely Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?

*Hemp.* What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

*Clause.* I will know it,

Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.

*Hemp.* He did me wrong, base wrong.

*Clause.* That cannot save you.

Who sent you hither? and what further villainies Have you in hand?

*Hemp.* Why wouldst thou know? What profit,

If I had any private way, could rise

Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?

Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make amends, I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals. [fool!

*Clause.* Tie him to that tree.

[*They tie him to a tree.*

*Hemp.* I have told you whom I follow.

*Clause.* The devil you should do, by your villainies.—

Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

*Hig.* I undertake it: Turn him to the sun, boys;

Give me a fine sharp rush.—Will you confess yet?

*Hemp.* You have robb'd me already; now you'll murder me.

*Hig.* Murder your nose a little. Does your head To it again; 'twill do you good. [purge, sir?

*Hemp.* Oh,

I cannot tell you any thing.

*Clause.* Proceed then! [To HIGGINS, &c.

*Hig.* There's maggots in your nose; I'll fetch

*Hemp.* Oh, my head breaks! [em out, sir.

*Hig.* The best thing for the rheum, sir,

That falls into your worship's eyes.

*Hemp.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Speak then.

*Hemp.* I know not what.

*Hig.* It lies in's brain yet;

In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!

What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!

*Hemp.* Hold,

Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doublet,

And there, within the lining, in a paper,

You shall find all.

*Clause.* Go, fetch that paper hither,

And let him loose for this time.

[*They untie him.—Exit FERRIS.*

[*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Good even, my honest friends!

*Clause.* Good even, good fellow!

*Hub.* May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart, A voice shall make the forest ring about him, Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys! That knows all chases, and can watch all hours, And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid stand, Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again; Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-walks,

And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-sets; Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him, 'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?

The pole-cat, martens, and the rich-skin'd lucern, I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-stripping; Igrim himself, in all his bloody anger, I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar, 'Spite of his foamy tusches, and thus strike him, 'Till he fall down my feast.

*Clause.* A goodly fellow.

*Hub.* What mak'st thou here, ha? [Aside.

*Clause.* We accept thy fellowship.

*Hub.* Hempskirke, thou art not right, I fear;  
I fear thee. [*Aside.*]

*Re-enter FERRET, with a letter.*

*Fer.* Here is the paper; and as he said we found it.

*Clause.* Give me it; I shall make a shift yet,  
old as I am,

To find your knavery. You are sent here, sirrah,  
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,  
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion  
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.

*Hub.* By poison? ha? [*Aside.*]

*Clause.* Here is another, Hubert;  
What is that Hubert, sir?

*Hemp.* You may perceive there.

*Clause.* I may perceive a villainy, and a rank  
Was he joined partner of thy knavery? [*one.*]

*Hemp.* No;

He had an honest end, (would I had had so!)  
Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.

*Clause.* So it seems;

For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert  
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,  
To cut his throat; for here he's set down danger-  
ous.

*Hub.* This is most impious. [*Aside.*]

*Clause.* I am glad we've found you.  
Is not this true?

*Hemp.* Yes; what are you the better?

*Clause.* You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your  
freedom.—

Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to us,  
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?

*Hig.* Ay, and obedient too?

*Hub.* As you had bred me.

*Clause.* Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a  
Welcome him all! [*servant to us.*]

*Hig.* Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.—

We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your  
person,

Which is a promising person; next, for your  
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality; [quality,  
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:  
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?

*Hub.* Yes, venison,  
Or, if I want—

*Hig.* 'Tis well; you understand right,  
And shall learn daily. You can drink too?

*Hub.* Soundly.

*Hig.* And you dare know a woman from a

*Hub.* Yes, if I handle her. [*weather-cock?*]

*Clause.* Now swear him.

*Hig.* I crown thy nab with a gage of benebowse,  
And stall thee by the salmon into the clowes;  
To mase on the pad, and strike all the cheats;  
To mill from the ruffmans commision and slates;  
Twang dells in the strommel; and let the queers-  
cuffin,

And harmanbecks trine, and trine to the ruffin!

*Clause.* Now interpret this unto him.

*Hig.* I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,  
And by the rogues' oath a rogue thee instal:  
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;  
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the  
sheets;

And lie with thy wench in the straw till she twang;  
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!  
You're welcome, brother!

*All.* Welcome, welcome, welcome!

But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?

*Hub.* Thank ye, friends!

And I beseech ye, if ye dare but trust me,  
(For I have kept wild dogs and beasts for wonder,  
And made 'em tame too) give into my custody  
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,  
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,  
Discover yet a further villainy in him.  
Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!

*Clause.* Take him to thee;

But, if he 'scape—

*Hub.* Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.—

Come, sir, I'll tie you to my leash.

*Hemp.* Away, rascal!

*Hub.* Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you  
An you play tricks with me. [*soundly,*]

*Clause.* So, now come in;

But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.

*Hub.* He must blind both mine eyes, if he get  
from me.

*Clause.* Go, get some victuals and some drink,  
some good drink;

For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.

Come, and be frolic with us!

*Hig.* You are a stranger, brother, I pray lead;  
You must, you must, brother. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—BRUGES.—A Room in the House of VANDUNKE.

*Enter GOSWIN and GERTRUDE.*

*Gert.* Indeed you're welcome: I have heard  
your 'scape,

And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,  
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy leave  
To bid you welcome. What is't makes you sad,  
man?

Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?

Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

*Gos.* No, Gertrude.

*Gert.* Is't the delay of that you long have look'd  
for,—

A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;  
Now when you please to finish it.

*Gos.* No news yet?

*Gert.* Do you hear, sir?

*Gos.* Yes.

*Gert.* Do you love me?

*Gos.* Have I liv'd

In all the happiness fortune could seat me,

In all men's fair opinions—

*Gert.* I have provided

A priest, that's ready for us.

*Gos.* And can the devil,

In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?

*Gert.* We'll fly to what place you please.

*Gos.* No star prosperous?

All at a swoop?

*Gert.* You do not love me, Goswin;

You will not look upon me!

*Gos.* Can men's prayers,

Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine are,

Fall back like lazy mista, and never prosper?

Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;  
Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps too,  
Which is the top of all my sorrows.—Gertrude!

*Gert.* No, no, you will not know me; my poor  
Which has been worth your eyes— [*beauty*]

*Gos.* The time grows on still ;  
 And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin  
 Come rolling over me.  
*Gert.* Yet will you know me ?  
*Gos.* For a hundred thousand crowns !  
*Gert.* Yet will you love me ?  
 Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting ?  
*Gos.* For a hundred thousand crowns—  
*Gert.* Farewell, dissembler !  
*Gos.* Of which I have scarce ten ! Oh, how it  
 starts me !  
*Gert.* And may the next you love, hearing my  
 ruin—  
*Gos.* I had forgot myself. Oh, my best Gertrude,  
 Crown of my joys and comforts !  
*Gert.* Sweet, what ails you ?  
 I'm sure 'twould vex your heart with me.  
*Gos.* My mind, wench,  
 My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.  
*Gert.* Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it ?

And cannot I as well affect your sorrows  
 As your delights ? You love no other woman ?  
*Gos.* No, I protest.  
*Gert.* You have no ships lost lately ?  
*Gos.* None that I know of.  
*Gert.* I hope you have spilt no blood, whose  
 May lay this on your conscience. [innocence  
*Gos.* Clear, by Heav'n.  
*Gert.* Why should you be thus, then ?  
*Gos.* Good Gertrude, ask not ;  
 Ev'n by the love you bear me !  
*Gert.* I am obedient.  
*Gos.* Go in, my fair ; I will not be long from  
 Nor long, I fear, with thee ! At my return, [you—  
 Dispose me as you please.  
*Gert.* The good gods guide you ! [Exit.  
*Gos.* Now for myself, which is the least I hope  
 for,  
 And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune,  
 pity ! [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.—The Exchange.*

*Enter Goswin and four Merchants.*

*Gos.* Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more ; I  
 entreat you  
 But seven short days ; I am not running from  
 ye ;  
 Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible  
 All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad,  
 Endure the beating both of wind and weather :  
 I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested ;  
 Ye're all fair merchants.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play ;  
 There is no living here else : One hour's failing  
 Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.  
 For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,  
 I must wrong others in't.

*Gos.* No mercy in ye ?

2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy !  
 Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth, sir,  
 According to your calling. You have liv'd here  
 In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,  
 And now you find what 'tis : The liberal spending  
 The summer of your youth, which you should  
 glean in,

And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,  
 Has brought this bitter stormy winter on you,  
 And now you cry.

3 *Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,  
 We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour :  
 You stood alone, took up all trade, all business  
 Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea  
 But loaden with your goods : We, poor weak  
 pedlars,

When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,  
 We could have stowage for a little cloth,  
 Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worship.  
 Lord, how the world's chang'd with you ! Now I  
 hope, sir,

We shall have sea-room.

*Gos.* Is my misery  
 Become my scorn too ? Have ye no humanity ?  
 No part of men left ? Are all the bounties in me  
 To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches ?

4 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready : 'Tis but  
 two hours ;  
 We shall protest you else, and suddenly.

*Gos.* But two days !

1 *Mer.* Not an hour. You know the hazard.

[Exit.

*Gos.* How soon my light's put out ! Hard-  
 hearted Bruges !  
 Within thy walls may never honest merchant  
 Venture his fortunes more ! Oh, my poor wench  
 too !

*Enter CLAUDE.*

*Claude.* Good fortune, master !

*Gos.* Thou mistak'st me, Claude ;

I am not worth thy blessing.

*Claude.* Still a sad man ?

*Enter HOOZEN and PAUZO, like porters, bringing in bags of money.*

No belief, gentle master ? Come, bring it in then ;  
 And now, believe your beadsman.

*Gos.* Is this certain ?

Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense ?

*Claude.* 'Tis gold, sir ;

Take it, and try it.

*Gos.* Certainly, 'tis treasure.

Can there be yet this blessing ?

*Claude.* Cease your wonder !

You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,  
 For ne'er a pickled pilcher of 'em all, sir.

'Tis there ; your full sum, a hundred thousand  
 crowns :

And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,  
 Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no good-  
 And cheer your heart up handsomely. [neat ;

*Gos.* Good Claude,

How cam'st thou by this mighty sum ? If naughtily,  
 I must not take it of thee ; 'twill undo me.

*Claude.* Fear not ; you have it by as honest means  
 As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not  
 To what a mass the little we get daily,  
 Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's  
 charity,

And to the same good we are bound to render it.

*Gos.* What great security?

*Clause.* Away with that, sir!

Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,  
And all the money in my thoughts—

*Gos.* But, good Clause,  
I may die presently.

*Clause.* Then, this dies with you;  
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parch-  
Only this charity I shall entreat you, [ments :  
Leave me this ring.

*Gos.* Alas, it is too poor, Clause.

*Clause.* 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when  
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me  
Freely one poor petition.

*Gos.* There; I confirm it; [Gives the ring.  
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!

*Clause.* Away; your time draws on. Take up  
And follow this young gentleman. [the money,

*Gos.* Farewell, Clause,  
And may thy honest memory live ever!

*Clause.* Heav'n bless you, and still keep you!  
Farewell, master! [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—The Forest near Bruges.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* I have lock'd my youth up close enough  
for gadding,  
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

*Enter JACULIN.*

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;  
She follows me.—Come hither, pretty Minche!

*Jac.* No, no, you'll kill us.

*Hub.* So I will.

*Jac.* I'deed la?

How will you kiss me, pray you?

*Hub.* Thus—Soft as my love's lips! [Kisses her.

*Jac.* Oh!

*Hub.* What's your father's name?

*Jac.* He's gone to heav'n.

*Hub.* Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

*Jac.* I'll stay no longer;

My mother's an old woman, and my brother  
Was drown'd at sea, with catching cockles.—Oh,  
love!

Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'st  
me!

*Hub.* 'Tis certain she.—Pray let me see your

*Jac.* No, no, you'll bite it. [hand, sweet.

*Hub.* Sure I should know that gymmal!

*Jac.* 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.

Oh, Hubert, Hubert!

*Hub.* Ha! methought she nam'd me.—

Do you know me, chick?

*Jac.* No, indeed; I never saw you;

But, methinks, you kiss finely.

*Hub.* Kiss again then!—

By Heav'n, 'tis she.

*Jac.* Oh, what a joy he brings me!

*Hub.* You are not Minche.

*Jac.* Yes, pretty gentleman;

And I must be married to-morrow to a capper.

*Hub.* Must you, my sweet? and does the capper  
love you?

*Jac.* Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in  
mine eyes thus.—

'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune!

[Aside.

*Hub.* How fain she would conceal herself, yet  
shews it!—

Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve—

*Jac.* Oh, I shall lose myself! [Aside.

*Hub.* I'll wait upon you,

And make you dainty nosegays.

*Jac.* And where will you stick 'em?

*Hub.* Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make a  
For your fair head. [crown of lilies

*Jac.* And will you love me, 'deed la?

*Hub.* With all my heart.

*Jac.* Call me to-morrow then,  
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church to-  
'Give you good ev'n, sir! [gether.

*Hub.* But one word, fair Minche!

*Jac.* I must be gone a-milking.

*Hub.* You shall presently.

Did you ne'er hear of a young maid called Jaculin?

*Jac.* I am discovered!—Hark in your ear; I'll  
tell you.

You must not know me; kiss, and be constant ever.  
[Exit.

*Hub.* Heav'n curse me else! 'Tis she; and now  
I'm certain

They are all here. Now for my other project!  
[Exit.

## SCENE III.—BRUGES.—The Exchange.

*Enter GOSWIN, four Merchants, HIGGEN, and PRIGU.*

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy—

*Gos.* None at all, sir:

Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand for  
Give in my bills.—Your sixteen. [you;

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleased, sir,

To make a further use.

*Gos.* No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, sir,

You may command. Pray let me be your servant.

*Gos.* Put your hats on: I care not for your  
courtesies;

They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper—

*Gos.* Rot your pepper!

Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thou-  
sand.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but  
sending.

*Gos.* No, I can send to Barbary; those people,  
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.

These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;  
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.—

Why are these pieces? [Guns fired.

*Enter Sailor.*

*Sail.* Health to the noble merchant!  
The Susan is return'd.

*Gos.* Well?

*Sail.* Well, and rich, sir;

And now put in.

*Gos.* Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers!

*Sail.* The brave Rebecca too, bound from the  
With the next tide, is ready to put after. [Straits,

*Gos.* What news o' th' Fly-boat?

*Sail.* If this wind hold till midnight,  
She will be here, and wealthy: she 'scaped fairly.

*Gos.* How, pr'ythee, sailor?

*Sail.* Thus, sir: She had fight,  
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,  
And she fought bravely, but at length was boarded,



And overlaid with strength ; when presently Comes boring up the wind Captain Vannoke, That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison : He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely ; Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd her, And as a service to you sent her home, sir.

*Gos.* An honest noble captain, and a thankful ! There's for thy news : Go, drink the merchant's health, sailor.

*Sail.* I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a do it, sir. [Exit Sailor.]

1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow !

*Gos.* This year, I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape For all your cares to catch me. [prison,]

2 *Mer.* You may please, sir, To think of your poor servants in displeasure, Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at your *Gos.* I thank you ; [service.]

When I have need of you I shall forget you ! You're paid, I hope ?

*All.* We joy in your good fortunes.

*Enter VANDUNK.*

*Vand.* Come, sir, come, take your ease ; you must go home with me ; Yonder's one weeps and howls.

*Gos.* Alas, how does she ?

*Vand.* She will be better soon, I hope.

*Gos.* Why soon, sir ?

*Vand.* Why, when you have her in your arms : She is thy wife. [This night, my boy,

*Gos.* With all my heart I take her.

*Vand.* We have prepared ; all thy friends will be there,

And all my rooms shall smoke to see the revel. Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service.

Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard all, All his baits for my boy ; but thou shalt have her.— Hast thou dispatch'd thy business ?

*Gos.* Most.

*Vand.* By the mass, boy, Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it ; Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd. Thou hast been sad ; I'll cheer thee up with sack, And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy She'll hug thee, sirrah. [mistress ;]

*Gos.* I long to see it.— [To HOGG and PRIGG.] I had forgot you : There's for you, my friends ; You had but heavy burdens. Commend my love, My best love, all the love I have, To honest Clause ; shortly I'll thank him better.

*[Exit.]*

*Hig.* By th' mass, a royal merchant ! Gold by Here will be sport soon, Prigg. [th' handful !]

*Prigg.* It partly seems so ;

And here will I be in a trice.

*Hig.* And I, boy.

Away apace ; we are look'd for.

*Prigg.* Oh, these bak'd meats !

Methinks I smell them hither.

*Hig.* Thy mouth waters.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.—The Forest.

*Enter HUBERT and HEMPSHIRE.*

*Hub.* I must not.

*Hemp.* Why ? 'Tis in thy power to do it, And in mine to reward thee to thy wish.

*Hub.* I dare not, nor I will not.

*Hemp.* Gentle huntsman, Tho' thou hast kept me hard ; tho' in thy duty, Which is requir'd to do it, thou hast us'd me I can forgive thee freely. [stubbornly,]

*Hub.* You the earl's servant ?

*Hemp.* I swear, I'm near as his own thoughts Able to do thee— [to him ;]

*Hub.* Come, come, leave your prating.

*Hemp.* If thou dar'st but try—

*Hub.* I thank you heartily ; you will be The first man that will hang me ; a sweet recom—I could do't (but I do not say I will) [pence !] To any honest fellow that would think on't, And be a benefactor.

*Hemp.* If it be not recompens'd, and to thy own desires ;

If, within these ten days, I do not make thee— *Hub.* What ? a false knave ?

*Hemp.* Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, conceive me rightly ; any thing

Of profit or of place that may advance thee—

*Hub.* Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou make me ? Don't I know

That men in misery will promise any thing, More than their lives can reach at !

*Hemp.* Believe me, huntsman,

There shall not one short syllable that comes from Without its full performance. [me pass]

*Hub.* Say you so, sir ?

Have you e'er a good place for my quality ?

*Hemp.* A thousand ; chases, forests, parks ; I'll Chief ranger over all the games. [make thee]

*Hub.* When ?

*Hemp.* Presently.

*Hub.* This may provoke me : And yet, to prove a knave too—

*Hemp.* 'Tis to prove honest ; 'tis to do good service,

Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy prince : Then, for thyself that good.—What fool would live here,

Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely, And to himself, he may be law and credit ?

*Hub.* Shall I believe thee ?

*Hemp.* As that thou hold'st most holy.

*Hub.* You may play tricks.

*Hemp.* Then let me never live more.

*Hub.* Then you shall see, sir, I will do a service That shall deserve indeed.

*Hemp.* 'Tis well said, huntsman,

And thou shalt be well thought of.

*Hub.* I will do it :

'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere nothing, But such a service, if the earl be noble, He shall for ever love me.

*Hemp.* What is't, huntsman ?

*Hub.* Do you know any of these people live here ?

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* You're a fool then : Here be those, to have 'em,

(I know the earl so well) would make him caper.

*Hemp.* Any of the old lords that rebell'd ?

*Hub.* Peace ; all :

I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

*Hemp.* But wilt thou do this service ?

*Hub.* If you'll keep

Your faith, and free word to me.

*Hemp.* Wilt thou swear me ?

*Hub.* No, no, I will believe you. More than Here's the right heir. [that too,

*Hemp.* Oh, honest, honest huntsman!

*Hub.* Now, how to get these gallants, there's the matter.

You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.

*Hemp.* Will the sun shine again?

*Hub.* The way to get 'em!

*Hemp.* Propound it, and it shall be done.

*Hub.* No sleight,

(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)

Nor reconciliation, (for they dare not trust neither) Must stop this trick.

*Hemp.* By force?

*Hub.* Ay, that must do it;

And with the person of the earl himself:

Authority, (and mighty,) must come on 'em,

Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.

To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear 'em,

So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,

And with his terror will strike dead their forces.

The hour be twelve o'clock. Now, for a guide,

To draw ye without danger on those persons,

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself,

With some few with me, made unto our purpose,

Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye

By the great oak.

*Hemp.* I know it. Keep thy faith, huntsman, And such a shower of wealth—

*Hub.* I warrant ye:

Miss nothing that I tell you.

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* Farewell.

You have your liberty; now use it wisely,

And keep your hour. Go close about the wood

For fear they spy you. [there,

*Hemp.* Well.

*Hub.* And bring no noise with you.

*Hemp.* All shall be done to th' purpose. Farewell, huntsman. [Exit.

Enter CLAUDE, HIGGEN, PRIGG, GINKS, SNAP, and FERRET.

*Clause.* Now, what's the news in town?

*Ginks.* No news, but joy, sir;

Every man wooing of the noble merchant, Who has his hearty commendations to you.

*Fer.* Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.

*Ginks.* By th' mass, that's true; he marries Van-The dainty black-ey'd belle. [dunke's daughter,

*Hig.* I would my clapper

Hung in his baldrick! Ah, what a peal could I

*Clause.* Married! [ring!

*Ginks.* 'Tis very true, sir. Oh, the pies, The piping hot mince-pies!

*Prigg.* Oh, the plum-pottage!

*Hig.* For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:

I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;

And, pox upon the boors, too well they know it,

And therefore starve their poultry.

*Clause.* To be married

To Vandunke's daughter?

*Hig.* Oh, this precious merchant!

What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,

Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding?

There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;

What think you of a morris?

*Prigg.* No, by no means,

That goes no further than the street, there leaves us; Now we must think of something that may draw us Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery, Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something That that old drunken burgomaster loves: What think you of a wassel?

*Hig.* I think worthily.

*Prigg.* And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,

And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure, Which is the bowl.

*Hig.* Which must be upsey-English, Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more of it.

*Clause.* He must not marry. [Aside.

Enter HUBERT.

*Hub.* By your leave, in private, [me: One word, sir, with you. Gerrard! Do not start I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you: Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Gerrard; The time invites you to it.

*Clause.* Make no show then.

I am glad to see you, sir; and I am Gerrard.

How stand affairs?

*Hub.* Fair, if you dare now follow.

Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him: And then, to prove me honest to my friends, Look upon these directions; you have seen his.

[Walk aside.

*Hig.* Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,

In praise of merchants.—Where's the ape?

*Prigg.* Pox take him,

A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day!

*Hig.* May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it.

What dainty tricks,—(pox o' that whoreson bear-ward!)—

In his French doublet, with his bastard bullions;

In a long stock tied up! Oh, how daintily

Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,

Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks

Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!

*Clause.* 'Tis passing well; I both believe and joy in't,

And will be ready. Keep you here the meanwhile,

And keep this in. I must a while forsake you.—

Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.

*Hig.* Not to the wedding, sir?

*Clause.* Not any whither.

*Hig.* The wedding must be seen, sir: we want We're horrible out of meat. [meat too;

*Prigg.* Shall it be spoken,

Fat capons shak'd their tails at us in defiance?

And turkey-tombs, such honourable monuments?

Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,

And dainty ducks—

*Clause.* Not a word more; obey me!

[Exit CLAUDE

*Hig.* Why then, come, doleful death! This i And, by this hand— [flat tyranny

*Hub.* What?

*Hig.* I'll go sleep upon't. [Exit THE

*Prigg.* Nay, an there be a wedding, and w wanting,

Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, sir.

[Exit

SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of VANDUNKER.**Enter two young Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* Well met, sir; you are for this lusty wedding?

2 *Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.

1 *Mer.* Yes;

And it much glads me, that to do him service,  
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,  
We meet thus happily.

2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,  
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

1 *Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long may  
their loves

Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness!  
All the young merchants will be here, no doubt  
on't;

For he that comes not to attend this wedding,  
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,  
A loud wife, and a lazy!—Here's Vanlock.

*Enter VANLOCK and FRANCES.*

*Vanl.* Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!

1 *Mer.* The same to you, sir. Save you, fair  
mistress Frances!

I would this happy night might make you blush too.  
*Vanl.* She dreams apace.

*Fran.* That's but a drowsy fortune.

2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to  
I'm sure ye are for the wedding. [that end:

*Vanl.* Hand and heart, man;

And what their feet can do, I could have tript it  
Before this whoreson gout.

*Enter CLAUDE.*

*Claude.* Bless ye, masters!

*Vanl.* Claude! how now, Claude? thou art come  
to see thy master

(And a good master he is to all poor people)  
In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.

*Claude.* Long may he live, sir! but my business  
now is

If you would please to do it, and to him too—

*Enter GOEWIN.*

*Vanl.* He's here himself.

*Gos.* Stand at the door, my friends?

I pray walk in. Welcome, fair mistress Frances!  
See what the house affords; there's a young lady  
Will bid you welcome.

*Vanl.* We joy your happiness!

*[Exeunt all but CLAUDE and GOEWIN.]*

*Gos.* I hope it will be so.—Claude, nobly wel-  
come!

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful  
To see thy monies—

*Claude.* Sir, that brought not me;  
Do you know this ring again?

*Gos.* Thou hadst it of me.

*Claude.* And do you well remember yet the boon  
Upon return of this? [you gave me,

*Gos.* Yes, and I grant it,  
Be't what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,  
Within my power.

*Claude.* You are not married yet?

*Gos.* No.

*Claude.* 'Faith, I shall ask you that, that will  
disturb you;

But I must put you to your promise.

*Gos.* Do;

And if I faint and flinch in't—

*Claude.* Well said, master!

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

*Gos.* Pr'ythee, distrust me not.

*Claude.* You must not marry!

That's part o' th' power you gave me; which, to  
make up,

You must presently depart, and follow me.

*Gos.* Not marry, Claude?

*Claude.* Not, if you keep your promise,

And give me power to ask.

*Gos.* Pr'ythee, think better:

I will obey, by Heaven.

*Claude.* I've thought the best, sir.

*Gos.* Give me thy reason; dost thou fear her  
honesty?

*Claude.* Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know,  
sir.

*Gos.* Why, should'st thou light on that then?  
to what purpose?

*Claude.* I must not now discover.

*Gos.* Must not marry?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?  
When all the preparation—

*Claude.* Now, or never.

*Gos.* Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou  
dost but fright me.

*Claude.* Upon my soul it is, sir; and I bind you.

*Gos.* Claude, canst thou be so cruel?

*Claude.* You may break, sir;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

*Gos.* Didst ever see her?

*Claude.* No.

*Gos.* She's such a thing,—

Oh, Claude, she's such a wonder! Such a mirror,  
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not!

Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?

But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,

I'll quit her presently.—Who waits there?

*Serv.* [Within.] Sir!

*Gos.* Bid my fair love come hither, and the  
company,—

Pr'ythee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,

And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,

And feel what misery must follow this!

*Claude.* Take you a noble heart, and keep your  
I forsook all I had to make you happy. [promise:

Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your good-  
ness?

*Enter GERTRUDE, VANDUNKER, and the Merchants.*

*Gos.* Look, there she is; deal with me as thou  
Didst ever see a fairer? [wilt now;

*Claude.* She's most goodly.

*Gos.* Pray you stand still.

*Gert.* What ails my love?

*Gos.* Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?

Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him!

Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.

1 *Mer.* Sure he has some strange design in hand,  
he starts so.

2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong power o'er his

*Gos.* View all her body. [pleasure.

*Claude.* 'Tis exact and excellent.

*Gos.* Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?

Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;

And but to hear her speak, a paradise;

And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,

A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too

I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Claude,

To say the holy words shall make us happy.  
This is a cruelty beyond man's study!  
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,  
And all the expectation of our friends:  
'Twill be her death to do it.

*Clause.* Let her die then!

*Gos.* Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!

*Clause.* It must be.

*Gos.* 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me! By Heaven, *Clause*,  
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt save me!

*Clause.* Then you must go with me—(I can stay no longer)—

If you be true and noble.

[*Exit.*]

*Gos.* Hard heart, I'll follow!

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:

I have a weighty business—(give my cloak there)—

*Enter Servant, with a cloak.*

Concerns my life and state—(make no inquiry)—  
This present hour befall'n me: With the soonest

I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, sir,  
And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost, gentlemen.

*Vand.* Come, come in; we'll not lose our meat yet,  
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,

I'm sure of that. [*Exit with Merchants, &c.*]

*Gos.* I will not stay, believe, sir.—

*Gertrude*, a word with you.

*Gert.* Why is this stop, sir?

*Gos.* I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,

And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell, wench! [*Exit.*]

*Gert.* And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?

Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?

Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow,—

(Oh me!)—'till to thy face I prove thee false.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Night.—The Forest.

*Enter GERTRUDE, masked, and a Boor, with a torch.*

*Gert.* Lead, if thou think'st we're right. Why dost thou make

These often stands? Thou saidst thou knew'st the way.

*Boor.* Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would 'twere homeward!

*Gert.* Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time

That most should tie him? 'Tis some other love,  
That hath a more command on his affections,

And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,  
Not what he personated; for his fashion

Was more familiar with him, and more powerful,  
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out

One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,  
And cover love's too-curious search in me;

For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee!

*Boor.* Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and

*Gert.* What then? [dark.]

*Boor.* Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,  
Although perhaps you are.

*Gert.* I am not. Forward!

*Boor.* Sure, but you are. Give me your hand;  
fear nothing.

There's one leg in the wood; do not pull back—  
What a sweat one on's are in; you or I! [ward:]

Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure

It has infected me; for I sweat too;

It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray you.

*Gert.* What ails the fellow?

*Boor.* Hark, hark, I beseech you:

Do you hear nothing?

*Gert.* No.

*Boor.* List! a wild hog;

He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of

And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf! [em:]

It is the howling of a wolf.

*Gert.* The braying of an ass, is it not?

*Boor.* Oh, now one has me!

Oh, my left ham? Farewell!

*Gert.* Look to your shanks,  
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-brake.

*Boor.* But see, see, see; there is a serpent in  
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire! [it!]  
Now it creeps tow'rd's us; help me to say my prayers!

'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopt;  
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.

*Gert.* Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou perceive

Any thing i' the bush but a poor glow-worm?

*Boor.* It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but  
Grow to a fire-drake presently. [twill]

*Gert.* Come thou from it!

I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,  
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus.

*Within.* Holla!

*Boor.* It thunders! you hear that now?

*Gert.* I hear one holla.

*Boor.* 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of lightning! [off:]

Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask  
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have lost

My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not shaven;  
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.

*Gert.* What strange wonders

Fear fancies in a coward!

*Boor.* Now the earth opens!

*Gert.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Boor.* Will you on then?

*Gert.* Both love and jealousy have made me bold:

Where my fate leads me, I must go.

[*Exit.*]

*Boor.* God be with you then!

*Enter WOLFPOOT and HEMPSHIRKE, with Soldiers.*

*Hemp.* It was the fellow sure, he that should  
The huntsman, that did holla us. [guide me,

*Wol.* Best make a stand,

And listen to his next.—Ha!

*Hemp.* Who goes there?

*Boor.* Mistress, I am taken.

*Hemp.* Mistress? Look forth, soldiers!

*Wol.* What are you, sirrah?

*Boor.* Truly, all is left

Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, nobody.  
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and  
pikes too,

For I am none that will stand out, sir, I.

You may take me in with a walking-stick,

Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a pack-  
thread.

*Hemp.* What woman was't you call'd to?

*Boor.* Woman! None, sir.

*Wol.* None! did you not name mistress?

*Boor.* Yes, but she's

No woman yet: She should have been this night,  
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,  
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.  
I tell you true, sir; she should ha' been married  
to-day,

And was the bride and all; but in came Clause,  
The old lame beggar, and whips up Master Goswin  
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,  
Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.

*Hemp.* 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she! Niece!

*Re-enter GERTRAUDE.*

*Gert.* Ha!

*Hemp.* She, sir:

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,  
That, being on the point thus to be married,  
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

*Wol.* I begin, Hemsikirke, to believe my fate  
Works to my ends.

*Hemp.* Yes, sir: and this adds trust  
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me Florez  
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did  
In the old beggar's, and that he would use  
Him for the train to call the other forth;  
All which we find is done.

*Within.* Holla!

*Hemp.* That's he again.

*Wol.* Good we sent out to meet him.

*Hemp.* Here's the oak.

*Gert.* Oh I am miserably lost, thus fall'n  
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!  
No matter now, whe'r thou be false or no,  
Goswin; whether thou love another better,  
Or me alone; or whe'r thou keep thy vow  
And word, or that thou come or stay; for I  
To thee from henceforth must be ever absent,  
And thou to me. No more shall we come near  
To tell ourselves how bright each others eyes were,  
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses,  
Whilst we made one our food, th' other our feast;  
Not mix our souls by sight, or by a letter,  
Hereafter, but as small relation have,  
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave—  
Can I not think away myself and die? [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRAT, SNAP, and  
GINKS, like BOORS.*

*Hub.* I like your habits well; they're safe;  
stand close.

*Hig.* But what's the action we are for now, ha?  
Robbing a ripper of his fish!

*Prigg.* Or taking  
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?

*Hig.* Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

*Fer.* Or surprising a boor's ken, for grunting-  
*Prigg.* Or cackling-cheats? [*cheats?*]

*Hig.* Or Margery-praters, rogers,  
And tibs o' th' buttery?

*Prigg.* Oh, I could drive a regiment  
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,  
Ten leagues, with my bat and staff, and not a hiss  
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disordered.

*Hig.* Tell us,  
If it be milling of a lag of duds,  
The fetching-off a buck of clothes, or so?  
We are horribly out of linen.

*Hub.* No such matter.

*Hig.* Let me alone for any farmer's dog,  
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but  
thus—

And he's a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.

*Hub.* 'Would it would please you to be silent.

*Hig.* Mum.

*Re-enter WOLFPORT, HEMPSKIRKE, GERTRAUDE, BOOR, &c.*

*Wol.* Who's there?

*Hub.* A friend; the huntsman.

*Hemp.* Oh, 'tis he.

*Hub.* I have kept touch, sir. Which is th' earl,  
Will he know a man now? [*of these?*]

*Hemp.* This, my lord, 's the friend  
Hath undertook the service.

*Hub.* If it be worth

His lordship's thanks, anon, when it is done,  
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!  
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;  
And I have don't; both Florez and his father  
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,  
Costin, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister:  
I have 'em all.

*Wol.* Thou speak'st too much, too happy,  
To carry faith with it.

*Hub.* I can bring you  
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

*Wol.* We will double  
Whatever Hemsikirke then hath promis'd thee.

*Hub.* And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha'  
*Wol.* A hundred. [*you?*]

*Hub.* That's well: Ready to take  
Upon surprise of 'em?

*Hemp.* Yes.

*Hub.* Divide then

Your force into five squadrons; for there are  
So many out-lets, ways thorough the wood,  
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:  
Five several ways; of all which passages  
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;  
For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.  
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:  
The squadron where you are myself will lead;  
And that they may be more secure, I'll use  
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were  
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest  
Careless of any noise, and be a direction  
To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.

*Wol.* 'Tis order'd well, and reliabeth the soldier.  
Make the division, Hemsikirke.—You are my  
Fair one; I'll look to you. [*charge,*]

*Boor.* Shall nobody need  
To look to me. I'll look unto myself.

[*Runs off.*]

*Hub.* 'Tis but this, remember.

*Hig.* Say, 'tis done, boy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter GERRARD, [CLAUDE] and FLOREZ, [GOSWIN.]*

*Ger.* By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons

Why I broke off your marriage; for though I should as a subject study you my prince In things indifferent, it will not therefore Discredit you to acknowledge me your father, By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.

*Flo.* Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do;  
[Kneels.

And may impiety, conspiring with My other sins, sink me, and suddenly, When I forget to pay you a son's duty In my obedience, and that help'd forth With all the cheerfulness—

*Ger.* I pray you rise;  
And may those powers that see and love this in you,

Reward you for it! Taught by your example, Having receiv'd the rights due to a father, I tender you th' allegiance of a subject; Which as my prince accept of.

[Kneels.

*Flo.* Kneel to me?  
[Raises him.  
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,

And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer An act in nature so preposterous! I must o'ercome in this; in all things else The victory be yours. Could you here read me, You should perceive how all my faculties Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours: I am your son, your son, sir! And am prouder To be so, to the father to such goodness, (Which Heaven be pleased I may inherit from you!)

Than I shall ever of those specious titles That plead for my succession in the earldom (Did I possess it now) left by my mother.

*Ger.* I do believe it: But—

*Flo.* Oh, my lov'd father,  
Before I knew you were so, by instinct, Nature had taught me to look on your wants, Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how, What you call'd charity, I thought the payment Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for: And, last of all, when your magnificent bounty, In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in A flood of blessings, tho' my threat'ning wants, And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid, I soon found out it was no common pity That led you to it.

*Ger.* Think of this hereafter, When we with joy may call it to remembrance; There will be a time, more opportune than now, To end your story, with all circumstances. I add this only; When we fled from Wolfort, I sent you into England, and there plac'd you With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,

A man supplied by me unto that purpose, As bound by oath ne'er to discover you; Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you, As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so. But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember, The country's, and the subject's general good, Must challenge the first part in your affection; The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,

Being so far beneath you, that your love Must grant she's not your equal.

*Flo.* In descent,  
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors: But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues Ever remember'd in the best of women, A monarch might receive from her, not give, Tho' she were his crown's purchase: In this only Be an indulgent father; in all else Use your authority.

*Enter HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, WOLFORT, GERTRUDE, and Soldiers.*

*Hub.* Sir, here be two of 'em, The father and the son; the rest you shall have As fast as I can rouse them.

*Ger.* Who's this? Wolfort?

*Wol.* Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you, Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you;

It's now no halting: I must here find Gerrard, And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez, Who would be an earl.

*Ger.* And is, wert thou a subject.

*Flo.* Is this that traitor Wolfort?

*Wol.* Yes; but you Are they that are betray'd. Hempskirke!

*Ger.* My Goswin

Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this greatness, Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

*Flo.* Gertrude!

*Wol.* Stay, sir; you were to-day too near her: You must no more aim at those easy accesses, 'Less you can do't in air, without a head; Which shall be suddenly try'd.

*Ger.* Oh, take my heart first; And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him, Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

*Wol.* You know not your own value that en-

*Ger.* So proud a fiend as Wolfort! [treat—

*Wol.* For so lost

A thing as Florez.

*Flo.* And that would be so, Rather than she should stoop again to thee! There is no death, but's sweeter than all life, When Wolfort is to give it. Oh, my Gertrude, It is not that, nor principedom, that I go from; It is from thee! that loss includeth all.

*Wol.* Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he'd say so;

Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him. This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempskirke's niece, Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha, Bertha! The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war, Whom I did steal, during my treaty there, In your minority, to raise myself:

I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel; That, a necessity of my employment; [strength; The same employment, make me master of That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant, By marrying her: Which had not been to do, sir, She come of years, but that the expectation, First, of her father's death, retarded it; And since, the standing-out of Bruges; where Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost. But, sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchant-ship

May break; for this was one of your best bottoms, I think.

*Ger.* Insolent devil!

*Enter HUBERT, with JACULIN, GENES, and COSTIN.*

*Wol.* Who are these, Hempakirke?

*Hemp.* More, more, sir.

*Flo.* How they triumph in their treachery!

*Hemp.* Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this lord Costin,

This Jaculin the sister unto Florez.

*Wol.* All found? Why, here's brave game; this was sport-royal,

And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.

Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Florez' fall;

Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.

Those rascals, they shall die without their rights. Hang 'em, Hempakirke, on these trees. I'll take Th' assay of these myself.

*Hub.* Not here, my lord;

Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;

'Twill shew the better when their labour's made.

*Ger.* Wretch, art thou not content thou hast But mock'st us too? [betray'd us,

*Cinks.* False Hubert, this is monstrous!

*Wol.* Hubert?

*Hemp.* Who? this?

*Ger.* Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;

I hope he has help'd himself to a tree.

*Wol.* The first,

The first of any, and most glad I have you, sir:

I let you go before, but for a train.

Is't you have done this service?

*Hub.* As your huntsman;

But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will——

The Wolf's afoot! Let slip! kill! kill! kill! kill!

*Enter, with a Drum, VANDUNKE, Merchants, HIGGEN, PRIGO, FERRET, and SNAP.*

*Wol.* Betray'd?

*Hub.* No, but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.

*Vand.* How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave Wolfort!

I speak it now without the rose! and Hempakirke, Rogue Hempakirke! you that have no niece: this lady

Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now

Resign'd by me to the right owner here.

Take her, my prince!

*Flo.* Can this be possible?

Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love!

*Vand.* I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep her better: And thank

Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name, And got me out, with my brave boys to march

Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;

So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth

Cæsar Vandunke, *et veni, vidi, vici!*

Give me my bottle, and set down the drum——

You had your tricks, sir, had you? we ha' tricks You stole the lady! [too!

*Hig.* And we led your squadrons, Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with

If not their faces. [brambles,

*Prigg.* Yes, and run their heads

Against trees.

*Hig.* 'Tis captain Prigg, sir!

*Prigg.* And colonel Higgen!

*Hig.* We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with legs,

Some with arms broken, and a neck or two

I think be loose.

*Prigg.* The rest, too, that escap'd, Are not yet out o' th' briars.

*Hig.* And your horses, sir,

Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.

You look as you were not well, sir, and would be

Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?

*Van.* A halter!

*Ger.* 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble Hubert!—

Canst thou behold these mirrors altogether,

Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,

Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;

And not so see thyself, as to fall down,

And sinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,

As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?

*Wol.* No, I can stand, and praise the toils that took me;

And laughing in them die: They were brave snares!

*Flo.* 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent The wrongs thou hast done, and live.

*Wol.* Who? I repent,

And say I'm sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,

And not for Wolfort.

*Vand.* Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,

And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had my longing!

Under this row of trees now would I hang him.

*Flo.* No, let him live until he can repent;

But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.

*Vand.* Then hang his worthy captain here, this For profit of th' example. [Hempakirke.

*Flo.* No; let him

Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life;

To shew how much our innocence contemns

All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.

*Vand.* A noble prince!

*Ger.* Sir, you must help to join

A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts here,

And to their loves wish joy.

*Flo.* As to mine own.

My gracious sister! worthiest brother!

*Vand.* I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,

My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good back-rack;

With a peck of little fishes, to drink down

In healths to this day! [Exit.

*Hig.* 'Slight, here be changes;

The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prigg.

*Prigg.* Our company's grown horrible thin by it.

What think you, Ferret?

*Fer.* Marry, I do think,

That we might all be lords now, if we could stand for't.

*Hig.* Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,

Remove the Bush to another climate.

*Ger.* Sir, you must thank this worthy burgomaster.

Here be friends asked to be looked on too,

And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course of

Be not so perfect but it may be better'd, [life

Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true

Subjects unto me, while I was their king;

A place I know not well how to resign,

Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat

Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;

Where I will take the care on me to find

Some manly, and more profitable course,

To fit them as a part of the republic.

*Flo.* Do you hear, sirs? Do so.

*Hig.* Thanks to your good grace!

*Prigg.* To your good lordship!

*Fer.* May you both live long!

*Ger.* Attend me at Vandunke's the Burgo-master's. *[Exeunt all but the Beggars.]*

*Hig.* Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a week,

Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;

Or learn to go along with him his course

*(That's a fine course now) i' th' commonwealth.—*

*Prigg,*

What say you to it?

*Prigg.* It is the backward'st course

I know i' th' world.

*Hig.* Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,

You do conclude?

*Prigg.* 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

*Hig.* Troth, I am partly of your mind, Prince  
*Prigg,*

And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen w:  
Some safer shelter, in some other climate, [see  
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;  
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left  
Of the true blood: What, shall we into England

*Prigg.* Agreed.

*Hig.* Then bear up bravely with your Brute, n  
lads!

Higgen hath *prigg'd* the prancers in his days,  
And sold good penny-worths: We will have  
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless. [cours

*Prigg.* I'll maund no more, nor cant.

*Hig.* Yes, your sixpenny-worth

In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum

I'll steal you any man's dog for.

*Prigg.* For sixpence more

You'll tell the owner where he is.

*Hig.* 'Tis right:

Higgen must practise, so must Prigg to eat;  
And write the letter, and gi' the word——

### EPILOGUE.

—————But now

No more, as either of these——

*Prigg.* But as true beggars

As e'er we were——

*Hig.* We stand here for an epilogue.

Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;

For women's favours are a leading alms:

If you be pleased, look cheerly, throw your eyes

Out at your masks.

*Prigg.* And let your beauties sparkle!

*Hig.* So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels,  
Still in the fashion! *[gowns,*

*Prigg.* Nor the men you love,  
Wealth nor discourse to please you!

*Hig.* May you, gentlemen,  
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!

*Prigg.* May every merchant here see safe his  
ventures!

*Hig.* And every honest citizen his debts in!

*Prigg.* The lawyers gain good clients!

*Hig.* And the clients

Good counsel.

*Prigg.* All the gamesters here, good fortune!

*Hig.* The drunkards too, good wine!

*Prigg.* The eaters, meat

Fit for their tastes and palates!

*Hig.* The good wives

Kind husbands!

*Prigg.* The young maids choice of suitors!

*Hig.* The midwives merry hearts!

*Prigg.* And all good cheer!

*Hig.* As you are kind unto us and our Bush!  
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadsmen,  
And have your money; but the alms we ask,  
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then  
We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*



# THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING ANTIGONUS, *an old Man with young desires.*  
 DEMETRIUS, *Son to ANTIGONUS, in love with CELIA.*  
 SELEUCUS, { *Three Kings, equal sharers with AN-*  
 LYSIMACHUS, { *TIGONUS of what ALEXANDER THE*  
 PTOLEMY, { *GREAT had, with united powers*  
                   *opposing ANTIGONUS.*  
 LEONTIUS, *a brave old merry Soldier, assistant to*  
                   *DEMETRIUS.*  
 TIMON, {  
 CHARINTHUS, { *Servants to ANTIGONUS and to his vices.*  
 MENIPPUS, {  
 THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.  
 Gentlemen, *Friends and Followers of DEMETRIUS.*  
*Three Ambassadors from the three Kings.*  
 Gentlemen Ushers.  
 Citizens.  
 Physicians.

Herald.  
 Magician.  
 Host.  
 Grooms.  
 Soldiers.

ENANTHE, *under the name of CELIA, Daughter to*  
*SELEUCUS, Mistress to DEMETRIUS.*  
 LEUCIPPE, *the Wife of MENIPPUS, a Bawd, Agent for*  
*the King's vices.*

Ladies.  
 Citizens' Wives.  
 Governess to CELIA.  
 A Country Woman.  
 PHOEBE, *her Daughter.*  
*Two Servants of the game.*

## SCENE,—GREECE.

## PROLOGUE.

'WOULD some man would instruct me what to say;  
 For this same prologue, usual to a play,  
 Is tied to such an old form of petition,  
 Men must say nothing now beyond commission;  
 The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place  
 We stand in must be one; and one the face.  
 Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,  
 A general hiss hangs on our levity.  
 We have a play, a new play, to play now,  
 And thus low in our play's behalf we bow:  
 We bow to beg your suffrage and kind ear.  
 If it were naught, or that it might appear

A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,  
 Believe my faith, you should not see me ~~thus~~.  
 Let them speak then, have power to stop a  
                   storm;  
 I never loved to feel a house so warm.  
 But for the play, if you dare credit me,  
 I think it well; all new things you shall see,  
 And those disposed to all the mirth that may;  
 And short enough we hope; and such a play  
 You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and  
                   see;  
 If it miscarry, pray look not for me!

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The CAPITAL.—The Audience-Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter Two Ushers and Grooms with perfumes.*

1 Usher. Round, round, perfume it round!  
 quick! Look ye diligently  
 The state be right! Are these the richest cushions?  
 Fy, fy! who waits i' the wardrobe?

2 Usher. But, pray tell me,  
 Do you think for certain these ambassadors  
 Shall have this morning audience?

1 Usher. They shall have it!  
 Lord, that you live at court, and understand not!  
 I tell you they must have it.

2 Usher. Upon what necessity?

1 Usher. Still you are off the trick of court:  
 Sell your place,  
 And sow your grounds; you are not for this tillage,  
 (*Make all things perfect:*) would you have these  
                   ladies,

*Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*They that come here to see the show, these beauties,  
 That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,  
 And wash'd and curl'd, perfum'd, and taken glis-  
 For fear a flaw of wind might overtake 'em, [ters,  
 Lose these, and all their expectations?*

Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;  
 There you may see at ease.

Ladies. We thank you, sir.

[*Exit Ladies and Gentlemen.*]

1 *Usher*. Would you have all these slighted?  
 Who should report then,  
 The ambassadors were handsome men? *His beard*  
 A neat one; the fire of *his eyes* quicker than  
 lightning,  
 And, when it breaks, as blasting; *his legs*, tho'  
 little ones,  
 Yet movers of a mass of understanding?  
 Who shall commend their clothes? who shall take  
 notice  
 Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?  
 You live a raw man here.

2 *Usher*. I think I do so.

*Enter Two Citizens and Wives.*

1 *Usher*. Why, whither would ye all press?  
 1 *Cit*. Good master Usher!  
 2 *Cit*. My wife, and some few of my honest  
 1 *Usher*. Pr'ythee begone, [neighbours here—  
 Thou and thy honest neighbours. Thou look'st  
 like an ass.

Why, whither would you, fish-face?

2 *Cit*. If I might have

But the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,  
 A capon bridled and saddled I'll assure your worship,  
 A shoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine, sir—  
 I knew your brother; he was as like you,  
 And shot the best at butts—

1 *Usher*. A pox upon thee!

2 *Cit*. Some music I'll assure you too; my toy,  
 Can play o' th' virginals. [sir,

1 *Usher*. Pr'ythee, good Toy,  
 Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown;  
 And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no  
 place for ye.—

Nay, then, you had best be knock'd!

[Kicks them out.

*Enter CELIA.*

*Celia*. I would fain see him!  
 The glory of this place makes me remember—  
 But die those thoughts, die all but my desires!  
 Even those to death are sick too. He's not here,  
 Nor how my eyes may guide me—

2 *Usher*. What's your business?

Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine  
 You waistcoatster! you must go back. [shuffling!

*Celia*. There is not

There cannot be,—(six days, and never see me!)—  
 There must not be desire.—Sir, do you think,

That if you had a mistress—

1 *Usher*. 'Death, she's mad!

*Celia*. And were yourself an honest man—I  
 cannot—

1 *Usher*. What a devil hast thou to do with me  
 or my honesty?

*Cel*. I crave your mercy: I meant no such thing  
 But if you were a gentleman. [to you;

2 *Usher*. Alas, [poor woman!]

Pray do not thrust her so.

*Cel*. Nay, even continue,

And do not let your office fall, sir, I beseech you,  
 For want of indiscretion and ill manners:  
 You would have made a notable sturdy beadle.

1 *Usher*. She must go out.

*Cel*. I am out already, sir,  
 Out of my wits, you say: pray heaven it prove not,  
 If this fell fit afflict me.

1 *Usher*. Will you be jogging, good Nimble-  
 tongue?—My fellow door-keeper!

2 *Usher*. Prythee, let her alone.

1 *Usher*. The king is coming,  
 And shall we have an agent from the suburbs  
 Come to crave audience too?

*Celia*. Before, I thought you  
 To have a little breeding, some tang of gentry;  
 And did forgive that hereditary folly  
 Belongs to your place: but now I take you plainly,  
 Without the help of any perspective,  
 For that you cannot alter.

1 *Usher*. What is that?

*Celia*. An ass, sir! You bray as like one,  
 And, by my troth, methinks, as you stand now,  
 Considering who to kick next, you appear to me  
 Just with that kind of gravity and wisdom.  
 Your place may bear the name of gentleman,  
 But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—  
 2 *Usher*. You must be modester.

*Celia*. Let him use me nobler,  
 And wear good clothes to do good offices;  
 They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,  
 As though they hung on gibbets.

2 *Usher*. A perilous wench!

1 *Usher*. Thrust her into a corner; I'll no more  
 on her.

2 *Usher*. You have enough.—Go, pretty maid,  
 stand close,  
 And use that little tongue with a little more temper.

*Celia*. I thank you, sir.

2 *Usher*. When the shows are past,  
 I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,—  
 (A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!)—  
 And there we'll be as merry!—Can you be merry?

*Celia*. Oh, very merry.

2 *Usher*. Only ourselves,  
 This churlish fellow shall not know.

*Celia*. By no means.

2 *Usher*. And can you love a little?

*Celia*. Love exceedingly;  
 I have cause to love you, dear sir.

2 *Usher*. Then I'll carry you,  
 And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,  
 The lodgings, gardens, and the walks: and then,  
 You shall tell me where you lie. [sweet,

*Celia*. Yes, marry, will I.

2 *Usher*. And't shall go hard but I'll send you  
 a venison pasty,  
 And bring a bottle of wine along.

1 *Usher*. Make room there!

2 *Usher*. Room there afore!—Stand close; the  
 train is coming.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, and MENIPPUS.*

*Celia*. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—  
 Yet, yet I see him not. O what a misery  
 Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

*Ant*. Conduct in the ambassadors.

1 *Usher*. Make room there!

*Ant*. They shall not long wait answer. [Flourish.

*Celia*. Yet he comes not!

*Enter Three Ambassadors.*

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes  
 Follow, to make these, wonders? Oh, good gods!  
 What would these look like, if my love were here?  
 But I am fond, forgetful!

*Ant*. Now your grievance;  
 Speak short, and have as short dispatch.

1 *Amb*. Then thus, sir:

In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,  
 You have done injustice, broke the bounds of  
 concord;

And, from their equal shares, from Alexander  
Parted, and so possess'd, not like a brother,  
But as an open enemy, you have hedged in  
Whole provinces; mann'd and maintain'd these  
injuries;

And duly with your sword, though they still honour  
you,

Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles;  
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

2 Amb. *We therefore,*

*As yet the ministers of peace, of friendship,  
As yet our masters' swords and angers sleeping,  
All former injuries forgot and buried,*

*As yet to stop that swelling tide of blood,  
(O mighty sir,) that when it comes like tempests  
Broke from the raging north, beats all before 'em,  
We yet crave restitution of those lands,  
Those cities sack'd, those prisoners, and that prey  
The soldiers, by your will, stand master of.*

Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd  
friendship,  
Yourself held with our masters; think of that  
strength,

When you were all one body, all one mind;  
When all your swords struck one way; when your  
angers,

Like so many brother billows, rose together,  
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied  
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.  
Oh, think of these! and you that have been con-  
stant ever led your fortunes open-eyed, [querors,  
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame courted,  
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,  
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame  
ye!

3 Amb. Chuse which you will, or peace or war;  
(though rather

*I could afford your age so much discretion  
To leave off brawling now; the wars are doubtful,  
And on our horsemen's staves death looks as grimly  
As on your keen-edg'd swords; our darts sure  
pointed,*

*And from our sinewy bows we can raise showers  
Of bloody shafts, shall hide the face of heaven,  
And cast as deep eclipses o'er the day,  
And terrible as yours: our strengths are equal;  
Our hopes as high and wanton; even our men  
The same in labours and in sufferance;  
Hunger they dare condemn as well as yours,  
And where they find no meat, feed on their angers;  
March on the edge of danger; rest and sleep,  
(The souls of soft and tender bodies,) they  
Shake off as well as yours; and when tired nature  
Locks up their spirits, yet, like storms far off,  
Even in their rest, they raise a warlike murmur.  
We come prepared for either.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.

1 Usher. Room for the prince there!

Celia. Was it the prince they said? How my  
heart trembled!

'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet noble fierceness  
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,  
When he return'd from the slaughter of the boar,  
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,  
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.  
Who could deny him love?

Dem. Hail, royal father!

Ant. You're welcome from your sport, sir.—

D'ye see this gentleman,

You that bring thunders in your mouths, and  
earthquakes,

To shake and totter my designs? Can you imagine,  
You men of poor and common apprehensions,  
While I admit this man my son, this nature,  
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,  
Than all your masters in their lives; dare I admit  
him,

Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,  
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,  
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,  
His weapon hatch'd in blood; all these attending  
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden  
In any expedition he shall point 'em,  
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding;  
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?  
Fear your great master? yours? or yours?

Dem. Oh, Hercules!

Who says you do, sir? Is there any thing  
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,  
Able to work such wonders?

Celia. Now he speaks!

Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!

Dem. You call 'em kings: They never wore  
those royalties;

Nor in the progress of their lives arrived yet  
At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,  
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,  
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,  
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.  
Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot,  
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em:  
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,  
His highest, and his hopefulst dignities,  
Was but grand master of the elephants;  
Seleucus of the treasure; and, for Ptolemy,  
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,  
Some master of ammunition: And must these  
men—

Celia. What a brave confidence flows from his  
spirit!

Oh, sweet young man!

Dem. Must these hold pace with us,  
And on the same file hang their memories!  
Must these examine what the wills of kings are?  
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions  
To their restraints? be friends and foes when they  
please?

Send out their thunders and their menaces,  
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?—  
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,  
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em  
Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities;  
And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,  
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread  
on

Than they have able wits and powers to manage;  
And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha! what does she  
there? [Aside.

Amb. This is your answer, king?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fy, sweet, what make you here?

[Aside to CELIA.

Celia. 'Pray you, do not chide me.

Dem. You do yourself much wrong, and me.

Celia. 'Pray you, pardon me?

I feel my fault, which only was committed  
Through my dear love to you. I have not seen you,  
(And how can I live then?) I have not spoke to  
you—

*Dem.* I know this week you have not. I will redeem all.

You are so tender now! Think where you are,

*Celia.* What other light have I left? [sweet]

*Dem.* Prythee, *Celia*!

Indeed, I'll see you presently.

*Celia.* I have done, sir.

You will not miss?

*Dem.* By this, and this, I will not. [Kisses her.

*Celia.* 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

*Dem.* No more of these assemblies.

*Celia.* I am commanded.

1 *Ush.* Room for the lady there! Madam, my service—

1 *Gent.* My coach, an't please you, lady!

2 *Ush.* Room before, there!

2 *Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait upon My servants, and my state— [you—

*Celia.* Lord, how they flock now!

Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.

How these flies play i' th' sun-shine!—Pray ye, no services;

Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses, Seek out some beauty that affects 'em! Farewell. Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen; I am old enough To go alone at these years, without crutches. [Exit.

2 *Ush.* Well, I could curse now: But that will not help me,

I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately.

Do but consider how the devil has cross'd me!

"Meat for my master," she cries. Well—

3 *Amb.* Once more, sir,

We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?

*Dem.* War, war, my noble father!

1 *Amb.* Thus I fling it:

And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell!

*Ant.* You have your answer!

Conduct out the ambassadors, and give 'em conveyors.

*Dem.* Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,

Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;

We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,

And full abilities of mind and courage,

We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

3 *Amb.* You'll find so hot a soldier's welcome, Your favour shall not freeze. [sir,

2 *Amb.* A forward gentleman:

Pity the war should bruise such hopes.

*Ant.* Conduct 'em! [Exeunt *AMB.*

Now, for this preparation: Where's *Leontius*?

Call him in presently: For I mean in person, Myself, with my old fortune— [gentlemen,

*Dem.* Royal sir, [Kneels.

Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already

Hath every where raised trophies to your glory,

And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following

The weary marches and the bloody shocks

You daily set her in. 'Tis now scarce honour

For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,

To sparkle such poor people. The royal eagle,

When she hath try'd her young ones 'gainst the sun,

And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey;

How to command on wing, and check below her

Even birds of noble plume: I am your own, sir; You have found my spirit; try it now, and teach it To stoop whole kingdoms: Leave a little for me; Let not your glory be so greedy, sir, To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life; If to that life you add not what's more lasting, A noble name, for man you have made a shadow. Bless me this day! Bid me go on, and lead; Bid me go on, no less fear'd than *Antigonus*; And, to my maiden sword, tie fast your fortune: I know 'twill fight itself then. Dear sir, honour Never fair virgin long'd so. [me!]

*Ant.* Rise, and command then;

And be as fortunate as I expect you:

I love that noble will. Your young companions, Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, *Demetrius*, You will make soldiers too; they must not leave you.

Enter *LEONTIUS*.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, sir.

*Ant.* Oh, *Leontius*,

Here's work for you in hand.

*Leon.* I am even right glad, sir;

For, by my troth, I'm now grown old with idleness. I hear we shall abroad, sir.

*Ant.* Yes, and presently.

But who, think you, commands now?

*Leon.* Who commands, sir?

Methinks mine eye should guide me. Can there be, If you yourself will spare him so much honour,

Any found out to lead before your armies,

So full of faith and fire as brave *Demetrius*?

King *Philip's* son, at his years, was an old soldier.

'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high time, So many idle hours as here he loiters, [sir.

So many ever-living names he loses:

I hope 'tis he.

*Ant.* 'Tis he, indeed, and nobly

He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons

Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those

Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;

And, as you go, press all the provinces.

*Leon.* We shall not need: Believe, this hopeful gentleman

Can want no swords nor honest hearts to follow We shall be full, no fear, sir. [him.

*Ant.* You, *Leontius*,

Because you are an old and faithful servant,

And know the war, with all his advantages,

Be near to his instructions; lest his youth

Lose *Valour's* best companion, staid *Discretion*.

Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety;

In execution not to break, nor scatter,

But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;

Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.

Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,

And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour.—

Love him, and think it no dishonour, my *Demetrius*,

To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,

And one, that even in spite of time, that sunk him,

And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by thee,

And with the proudest of thine enemies

Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his counsel.

*Leon.* Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

*Ant.* Did not you mark a woman, my son rose to?

*Gent.* I saw her, sir.

*Ant.* She must be known, and suddenly. Do you know her? [*Aside to MENIPPUS.*]

*Gent. Char.* No, believe, sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her, Timon?

*Tim.* I look'd on her; but what she is—

*Ant.* I must

Have that found.—Come in, and take your leave.

*Leon.* And some few prayers along.

*Dem.* I know my duty. [*Exit ANT.*]

You shall be half my father.

*Leon.* All your servant.—

Come, gentlemen, you are resolv'd, I'm sure, To see these wars.

*1 Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes, Though most assured death hung round about us.

*Leon.* That bargain's yet to make.

Be not too hasty when ye face the enemy, Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly; But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies, [*madcaps.*]

And you shall see what sport we'll make these Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye;

Every man's cock shall fight.

*Dem.* I must go see her.— [*Aside.*]

Brave sir, as soon as I have taken leave, I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men thither.

Wait you upon Leontius.

*Gent.* We'll attend, sir.

*Leon.* But, I beseech your grace, with speed; We are i' th' field— [*the sooner*]

*Dem.* You could not please me better. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* You never saw the wars yet?

*Gent.* Not yet, colonel.

*Leon.* These foolish mistresses do so hang about ye,

So whimper and so hug,—(I know it, gentlemen) And so intice ye, now ye are i' th' bud!

And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses, Th' alarms of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles,

Spoils all our trade! You must forget these knick-knacks:

A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye, She is necessary; but make no business of her.—

*Enter LIEUTENANT.*

How now, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* Oh, sir, as ill as ever.

We shall have wars, they say; they're mustering yonder:

Would we were at it once! Fie, how it plagues me!

*Leon.* Here's one has served now under Captain Cupid,

And crack'd a pike in his youth: You see what's come on't.

*Lieut.* No, my disease will never prove so honourable.

*Leon.* Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.

*Lieut.* If I have 'em,

I am sure I got 'em in the best company: They are pox of thirty coats.

*Leon.* Thou hast mew'd 'em finely.—

Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow, f we may say so of a pocky fellow, Which I believe we may: This poor Lieutenant, Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs, Or what a devil it be, I'll say this for him, There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen. Hew him an enemy, his pain's forgot straight; and where other men by beds and baths have ease,

And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger, A danger, that's a fearful one indeed, Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye! Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again, Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely, And th'roughly bravely. Not a pang remember'd. I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at.

*Gent.* 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseased so.

*Leon.* I am sure 'tis true.—Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?

*Lieut.* 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might

*Gent.* I would take physic. [*not feel this.*]

*Lieut.* But I would know my disease first.

*Leon.* Why, it may be the cholick: Canst thou blow backward?

*Lieut.* There's never a bagpipe in the kingdom

*Gent.* Is't not a pleurisy? [*better.*]

*Lieut.* 'Tis any thing

That has the devil and death in't. Will ye march, The prince has taken leave. [*gentlemen?*]

*Leon.* How know you that?

*Lieut.* I saw him leave the court, dispatch his followers,

And met him after in a by-street: I think He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over Before he go. 'Would I had such another, To draw this foolish pain down!

*Leon.* Let's away, gentlemen;

For, sure, the prince will stay on us.

*Gent.* We'll attend, sir. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Lodgings of CELIA.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CELIA.*

*Celia.* Must you needs go?

*Dem.* Or stay with all dishonour.

*Celia.* Are there not men enough to fight?

*Dem.* Fie, Celia!

This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:

Would you have your love a coward?

*Celia.* No, believe, sir;

I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.

*Dem.* Wouldst have it thus, or thus? [*Kisses her.*]

*Celia.* If that be fighting—

*Dem.* You wanton fool! when I come home again,

I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,

And conquer thee too.

*Celia.* That you've done already;

You need no other arms to me but these, sir.

But will you fight yourself, sir?

*Dem.* Thus deep in blood, wench;

And through the thickest ranks of pikes.

*Celia.* Spur bravely

Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,

And cram the mouth of death with executions!

*Dem.* I would do more than these. But, pr'y-thee, tell me,

Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this male spirit? I wonder at thy mind.

*Celia.* Were I a man, then,

You would wonder more.

*Dem.* Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier, And some great leader.

*Celia.* Sure, I should do somewhat; And the first thing I did, I should grow envious, Extremely envious of your youth and honour.

*Dem.* And fight against me ?  
*Celia.* Ten to one, I should do it.  
*Dem.* Thou wouldst not hurt me ?  
*Celia.* In this mind I am in,  
 I think, I should be hardly brought to strike you ;  
 Unless 'twere thus : but, in my man's mind—  
*Dem.* What ?  
*Celia.* I should be friends with you too, now I  
 think better.  
*Dem.* You're a tall soldier. Here, take these,  
 and these ;  
 This gold to furnish you ; and keep this bracelet.  
 Why do you weep now ? You a masculine spirit !  
*Celia.* No, I confess I am a fool, a woman :  
 And ever when I part with you—  
*Dem.* You shall not.  
 These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one !  
 I shall come back, laden with fame, to honour  
 thee.  
*Celia.* I hope you shall. But then, my dear  
 Demetrius,  
 When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy  
 All people bow, and all things wait your sentence ;  
 Say then, your eye, surveying all your conquest,  
 Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,  
 A constant face, that in the midst of ruin,  
 With a forced smile, both scorns at fate and for-  
 Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified, [tune ;  
 And in her figure all the sweets of nature—  
*Dem.* Pr'ythee, no more of this ; I cannot find  
 her.  
*Celia.* That shews as far beyond my wither'd  
 And will run mad to love you too— [beauty,  
*Dem.* Do you fear me ?  
 And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,  
 This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd—  
*Celia.* I dare not ;  
 No, sure, I think you honest ; wondrous honest.  
 'Pray, do not frown ; I'll swear you are.  
*Dem.* You may chuse.  
*Celia.* But how long will you be away ?

*Dem.* I know not.  
*Celia.* I know you are angry now : 'Pray look  
 upon me :  
 I'll ask no more such questions.  
 [Drums beating at a distance.  
*Dem.* The drums beat ;  
 I can no longer stay.  
*Celia.* They do but call yet :  
 How fain you would leave my company !  
*Dem.* I would not,  
 Unless a greater power than Love commanded ;  
 Commands my life, mine honour.  
*Celia.* But a little !  
*Dem.* Pr'ythee, farewell, and be not doubtful  
 of me.  
*Celia.* I should not have you hurt ; And you are  
 so venturous—  
 But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself ; fight  
 nobly,  
 But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours, now,  
 'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek wounds, sir ;  
 For every drop of blood you bleed—  
*Dem.* I will, Celia,  
 I will be careful.  
*Celia.* My heart, that loves you dearly—  
*Dem.* Pr'ythee, no more ! we must part : Hark,  
 they march now ! [Drums beat a march.  
*Celia.* Pox on these bawling drums ! I am sure  
 you'll kiss me ;  
 But one kiss ! What a parting's this !  
*Dem.* Here, take me. [Embraces her.  
 And do what thou wilt with me, smother me ;  
 But still remember, if your fooling with me  
 Make me forget the trust—  
*Celia.* I have done : Farewell, sir !  
 Never look back ; you shall not stay, not a minute.  
*Dem.* I must have one farewell more !  
*Celia.* No, the drums beat ;  
 I dare not slack your honour : not a hand more !  
 Only this look—The gods preserve and save you !  
 [Exeunt severally.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, CHARINTHUS, and TIMON.

*Ant.* What, have you found her out ?  
*Char.* We have hearken'd after her.  
*Ant.* What's that to my desire ?  
*Char.* Your grace must give us  
 Time, and a little means.  
*Tim.* She is, sure, a stranger :  
 If she were bred or known here—  
*Ant.* Your dull endeavours  
 Should never be employ'd : how are you certain  
 She is a stranger ?  
*Tim.* Being so young and handsome,  
 And not made privy to your grace's pleasures ;  
 For I presume under your gracious favour  
 You have not yet, sir,—  
*Ant.* What, sir ?  
*Tim.* As they say, sir,  
 Made any sally on her, or delighted  
 Your royal body—  
*Ant.* You prate like a coxcomb.  
*Tim.* Sure I think I do, sir : But, howsoever

I speak within my compass ; in these matters,  
 That concern party and party, and no farther,  
 That reach but to the mere instruction  
 And garnishing of youth—  
*Ant.* You'll hold your prating ?  
*Tim.* I know not : for these twenty years, I am  
 sure on't,  
 (I think these five and twenty.) I have serv'd you,  
 And serv'd you with as good and gracious pleasure,  
 Like a true subject, ever cautious  
 That nothing you receiv'd from me, to sport you,  
 But should endure all tests and all translations :  
 I think I have done so ; and I think I have fitted  
 you ;  
 And if a coxcomb can do these things handsomer—

Enter MENIPPUS.

Welcome, Menippus !  
*Men.* I have found her, sir ;  
 I mean, the place she is lodged in. Her name is  
 And much ado I had to purchase that too. [Celia ;  
*Ant.* Dost think Demetrius loves her ?  
*Men.* Much I fear it ;

But nothing that way yet can win for certain.

I'll tell your grace within this hour.

*Ant.* A stranger?

*Men.* Without all doubt.

*Ant.* But how should he come to her?

*Men.* There lies the marrow of the matter hid

*Ant.* Hast thou been with thy wife? [yet.

*Men.* No, sir; I'm going to her.

*Ant.* Go, and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,

And get all out you can. [Exit.

*Men.* I'll do my best, sir. [Exit.

*Tim.* Blest be thy wife; thou wert an arrant ass else!

*Char.* Ay, she's a stirring woman indeed: There's a brain, brother!

*Tim.* There's not a handsome wench of any mettle

Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her As confidently to court, as to a sanctuary.

What had his mouldy brains ever arrived at, Had not she beaten it out o' th' flint to fasten him?

They say she keeps an office of concealments:

There is no young wench, let her be a saint, (Unless she live i' th' centre) but she finds her, And every way prepares addresses to her.

If my wife would have followed her course, Charinthus,

Her lucky course,—(I had the day before him)—

Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother?

But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,

These things of honest thrift, groans, "Oh, my

conscience!

The load upon my conscience!" when, to make us

cuckolds,

They have no more burden than a brood-geese,

brother.

But let's do what we can; though this wench fail

Another of a new way will be looked at. [us,

Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains; time may,

For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—The Field of Battle on the Frontiers. Drums beating within, alarms.

Enter DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS.

*Dem.* I will not see 'em fall thus! Give me I shall forget you love me else. [way, sir!

*Leon.* Will you lose all?

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,

Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;

So you, and those we have preserved from slaughter, Come safely off.

*Dem.* I have lost myself——

*Leon.* You're cozen'd.

*Dem.* And am most miserable!

*Leon.* There's no man so,

But he that makes himself so.

*Dem.* I'll go on.

*Leon.* You must not; I shall tell you, then,

And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern

That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,

That have not so much manly suff'rance left you

To bear a loss!

*Dem.* Charge but once more, Leontius!

My friends and my companions are engaged all.

*Leon.* Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off their horses,

And the enemy master of their arms; nor could then The policy nor strength of man redeem 'em.

*Dem.* And shall I know this, and stand fooling?

*Leon.* By my dear father's soul, you stir not, sir, Or, if you do, you make your way through me first.

*Dem.* Thou art a coward!

*Leon.* To prevent a madman.

None but your father's son durst call me so!

'Death, if he did——Must I be scandal'd by you,

That hedged in all the helps I had to save you?

That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,

Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedg'd it,

For fear it should bite you? Am I a coward?

Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're the king's son;

Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,

And let them fight their shares; spurs to destruction;

You cannot miss the way! Be bravely desperate?

And your young friends before you, that lost this battle,

Your honourable friends, that knew no order!

Cry out, "Antigonus, the old Antigonus,

The wise and fortunate Antigonus,

The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,

Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,

To bury in an hour his age of honour!"

*Dem.* I am ashamed.

*Leon.* 'Tis ten to one I die with you:

The coward will not long be after you!

I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,

And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,

To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,

Of what a prince we had, how bravely spirited,

How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;

And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,

In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!

Will this faith satisfy your folly? Can this shew

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly, [you

To fall forgotten, in a multitude?

If you will needs tempt fortune, now she has held

Held you from sinking up—— [you,

*Dem.* Pray, do not kill me!

These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer, The smarting wounds of loss!

*Leon.* You are too tender:

Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,

And the most valiant feel them both. Take com-

The next is ours; I have a soul desecries it. [fort;

The angry bull never goes back for breath,

But when he means to arm his fury double.

Let this day set, but not the memory,

And we shall find a time!—How now, Lieutenant?

Enter LIEUTENANT, wounded.

*Lieut.* I know not; I am maul'd; we are All our young gallants lost. [bravely beaten;

*Leon.* Thou'rt hurt.

*Lieut.* I'm pepper'd;

I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands:

They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;

Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have famed it;

I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;

I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.

O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;

And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,

I crawl'd away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily:

But now I have nothing near so much pain, colonel; They have sliced me for that malady.

*Dem.* All the young men lost?

*Lieut.* I'm glad you're here; but they are all i' th' pound, sir;

They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it.

Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,

And such careering with their mistress' favours!  
And here must he be pricking out for honour,  
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,

Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit*.  
Another spurs in there, cries, "Make room, villains!"

I am a lord!" scarce spoken, but, with reverence,  
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him:  
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!

*Leon.* Now, sir,  
Do you find this truth?

*Dem.* I would not.

*Lieut.* Pox upon it!  
They have such tender bodies too, such cullisses,  
That one good handsome blow breaks 'em in pieces.

*Leon.* How stands the enemy?

*Lieut.* Even cool enough too:  
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated;  
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.

*Leon.* He marches not i' th' tail on's?  
*Lieut.* No; plague take him!

He'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,  
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,  
We will belabour you a little better,  
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.  
Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,  
Most wicked madrigals: And, ten to one, colonel,  
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes—

*Leon.* Thou art merry,  
Howe'er the game goes.—Good sir, be not trou-  
A better day will draw this back again. [bled;  
'Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;  
They are hot and weary.

*Dem.* I'll do any thing.

*Leon.* Lieutenant, send one presently away  
To th' king, and let him know our state.—And,  
hark ye!

Be sure the messenger advise his majesty  
To comfort up the prince: He's full of sadness.

*Lieut.* When shall I get a surgeon? This hot  
weather,

Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, colonel.  
*Leon.* Go; I'll prepare thee one.

*Lieut.* If you catch me then  
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*The Capital. A Room in the House of MENIPPUS; LEUCIPPE reading, and two Maids at a table, writing.*

*Leu.* Have you written to Merione?

1 *Maid.* Yes, madam.

*Leu.* And let her understand the hope she has,  
If she come speedily?

1 *Maid.* All these are specified.

*Leu.* And of the chain is sent her,  
And the rich stuff, to make her show more hand-  
1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam. [some here?

*Leu.* What have you dispatched there?

2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't  
please you.

*Leu.* A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish!  
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves and that  
And the new curl? [pursue for her,

2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.

*Leu.* Her maidenhead will yield me—let me  
see now—

She is not fifteen, they say: For her complexion—  
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—"Cloe,"

[*Reads*.

The daughter of a country gentleman;  
Her age upon fifteen"—Now her complexion—  
"A lovely brown"—here 'tis—"eyes black and  
rolling;

The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,  
Sings most inticingly"—These helps consider'd,  
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hun-  
dred,

Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it  
handsomely.

Her father's poor; some little share deducted,  
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.—  
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?

1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.

*Leu.* You know for whom she is?

1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;

Though very much ado I had to make her  
Apprehend that happiness.

*Leu.* These kind are subtle.

Did she not cry and blubber when you urged her?

1 *Maid.* Oh, most extremely, and swore she  
would rather perish.

*Leu.* Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of  
Had she the plate? [easy nature!

1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;  
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

*Leu.* Very well still.

1 *Maid.* At length she was content to let it lie  
Till I call'd for't, or so. [there,

*Leu.* She'll come?

1 *Maid.* D'ye take me

For such a fool, I would part without that promise?

*Leu.* The chamber's next the park.

2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,

You bad me look upon—

*Leu.* Hang her, she's musty:  
She's no man's meat; besides, she's poor and  
sluttish.

Where lies old Thisbe now?—You are so long  
now!

2 *Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent Thisbe!—  
She lies now in Nicopolis. [Oh, I have her;

*Leu.* Dispatch a packet,

And tell her, her superior here commands her  
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd  
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsome,  
As also able, maids, for the court service,  
As she will answer it: We are out of beauty,  
Utterly out, and rub the time away here  
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to send it.

[*Knock within*.

Who's that? Look out! to your business, maid!  
There's nothing got by idleness.—There is a lady,  
Which, if I can but buckle with—Altea—  
A, A, A, A, "Altea, young and married.  
And a great lover of her husband"—well—

"Not to be brought to court."—Say ye so? I'm  
sorry;

The court shall be brought to you then,—How  
now? who is't? [ing,

1 *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attend-



A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little money, It seems, she would put her to your bringing up, madam.

*Enter Woman and PHAEBE.*

*Leu.* Let her come in.—Would you aught with us, good woman?

I pray be short; we are full of business.

*Wom.* I have a tender girl here, an't please

*Leu.* Very well. [your honour—

*Wom.* That hath a great desire to serve your worship.

*Leu.* It may be so; I'm full of maids.

*Wom.* She's young, forsooth;

And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bearing—

*Leu.* You say well.—Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulse:

'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow stronger. Let me see your leg;—she treads but low i' th'

*Wom.* A cork heel, madam— [pasterns,

*Leu.* We know what will do it,

Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye pitch her at?

She's but a slight toy; cannot hold out long.

*Wom.* Even what you think is meet.

*Leu.* Give her ten crowns; we are full of business.

She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese home. Enter the wench i' th' office.

[*Exeunt Woman and 1 Maid.*

*2 Maid.* What is your name, sister?

*Phæbe.* Phæbe, forsooth.

*Leu.* A pretty name; 'twill do well.

Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phæbe. [*Exit PHAEBE.*

Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.

I'll put her into action for a waistcoat:

And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace

Shall sail for gold, and good store too.—Who's there?

Lord, shall we ne'er have any ease in this world? Still troubled! still molested! What would you have?

*Enter MENIPPUS.*

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able:

An you were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.

At least a dozen posts are gone this morning, For several parts o' th' kingdom; I can do no But pay 'em, and instruct 'em. [more

*Men.* Pr'ythee, good sweetheart,

I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee; I know, thou labour'st truly. Hark in thine ear.

[*Whispers.*

*Leu.* Ha!

What, do you make so dainty on't? Look there; I am an ass, I can do nothing!

*Men.* "Celia?" [*Reads in her list.*

Ay, this is she—"a stranger born."

*Leu.* What would you give for more now?

*Men.* Pr'ythee, my best Leucippe! there's much hangs on't.

"Lodged at the end of Mars's Street"—that's true, too—

"At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier, Preserved a prisoner, and by Prince Demetrius Bought from that man again, maintain'd and How came you by this knowledge?" [*favour'd.*"]

*Leu.* Poor weak man!

I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleeping) Abroad, and full of business.

*Men.* You ne'er try'd her?

*Leu.* No, she is beyond my level; so hedged in By the prince's infinite love and favour to her—

*Men.* She is a handsome wench.

*Leu.* A delicate, and knows it;

And out of that proof-arms herself.

*Men.* Come in, then;

I have a great design from the king to you,

And you must work like wax now.

*Leu.* On this lady?

*Men.* On this, and all your wits call home.

*Leu.* I have done

Toys in my time of some note: Old as I am,

I think my brains will work without barm.

Take up the books!

*Men.* As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*The Audience-Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, TIMON, Lords, and a Soldier.*

*Ant.* No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him)

Nor no man miss a friend. I know his nature So deep impress'd with grief for what he has suffer'd,

That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.—

His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?

*Sol.* 'Faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion, The young men, out of heat—

*Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, and Lieutenant.*

*Ant.* I guess the manner.

*Lord.* The prince, an't like your grace.

*Ant.* You're welcome home, sir!

Come, no more sorrow! I have heard your fortune, And I myself have try'd the like. Clear up, man; I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your Basely besought their mercies— [back to 'em,

*Leon.* No, no, by this hand, sir,

We fought like honest and tall men.

*Ant.* I know't, Leontius.—Or, if I thought

Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,

Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,

Your men forgot and scatter'd—

*Leon.* None of these, sir:

He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,

Every way apt to rule.

*Ant.* These being granted,

Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,

That nought but discontent dwells round about you? I have lost a battle—

*Leon.* Ay, and fought it hard too.

*Ant.* With as much means as man—

*Leon.* Or devil could urge it.

*Ant.* Twenty to one of our side now.

*Leon.* Turn tables;

Beaten like dogs again, like owls; you take it

To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;

And, to say truth, 'twas no flight, neither, sir;

'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I've tumbled

With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,

And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver.

Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,

And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad shaver;  
He fights his share, I'm sure, when'er he comes  
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too, [to't;  
And cry, "The devil take the hindmost ever!"

*Lieut.* I learnt it of my betters.

*Leon.* Boudge at this?

*Ant.* Has fortune but one face?

*Lieut.* In her best vizard,  
Methinks, she looks but lousily.

*Ant.* 'Chance, though she faint now,  
And sink below our expectations,  
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

*Dem.* 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,  
And lost my people, left mine honour murder'd,  
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd;  
Which, to a noble soul, is too, too sensible,  
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these  
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,  
And new swords cut new ways to nobler fortunes.  
Oh, I have lost——

*Ant.* As you are mine, forget it:  
I do not think it loss.

*Dem.* Oh, sir, forgive me!  
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred  
with me;

I have lost myself, they were the pieces of me;  
I have lost all arts, my schools are taken from me,  
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!  
I lived to see these men lost, look'd upon it;  
These men that twined their loves to mine, their  
virtues!

Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not save  
'em!

This carries sulphur in't, this burns and boils me,  
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory!

*Ant.* This was hard fortune; but if alive, and  
taken,

They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.

*Dem.* They are dead, they are dead!

*Lieut.* When would he weep for me thus?  
I may be dead and powder'd.

*Leon.* Good prince, grieve not:  
We are not certain of their deaths: The enemy,  
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good quar—  
What noise is this? [ter.—

*Great shout within. Enter Gentlemen.*

*Lieut.* He does not follow us?  
Give me a steeple-top!

*Leon.* They live, they live, sir!

*Ant.* Hold up your manly face. They live;  
*Dem.* These are the men! [they're here, son.

1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.

*Dem.* How 'scaped ye, noble friends? methought  
Even in the jaws of death. [I saw ye

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,  
That spurr'd us on. We were indeed hedged round  
in't;

And even beyond the hand of succour beaten,  
Unhorsed, disarm'd: And what we look'd for then,  
sir,

Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll,  
And see the grave a digging, tell.

*Dem.* For Heaven's sake,  
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 *Gent.* Against all expectation. The brave  
Seleucus,

I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,  
When through the troops he saw you shoot like  
lightning,

And at your manly courage all took fire;  
And after that, the misery we fell to,  
The never-certain fate of war, considering,  
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,  
Nothing but death expecting, a short time  
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes.  
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,  
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unhardened,  
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cry'd out to us,  
"Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,  
To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius;  
Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against me  
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,  
Deserves even from an enemy this courtesy,  
Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em: Thank  
And thus we are return'd, sir. [him."

*Leon.* 'Faith, 'twas well done;  
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part, sir?

*Lieut.* Had I been there, up had I gone, I am  
sure on't.

These noble tricks, I ne'er durst trust 'em yet.

*Leon.* Let me not live, an 'twere not a famed  
honesty;

It takes me such a tickling way! Now would I  
wish, Heaven,

But even the happiness, even that poor blessing,  
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,  
But even i' th' head o' th' field to take Seleucus:  
I should do something memorable.—Fy! sad still?

1 *Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off?

*Dem.* Unransom'd, was it?

2 *Gent.* It was, sir.

*Dem.* And with such a fame to me?  
Said you not so?

*Leon.* You have heard it.

*Dem.* Oh, Leontius!  
Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,  
And all my father's hopes!

*Leon.* Mercy upon you!  
What ail you, sir? Death, do not make fools on's!  
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?  
That's a fine hornpipe.

*Ant.* What's now your grief, Demetrius?

*Dem.* Did he not beat us twice?

*Leon.* He beat a pudding! beat us but once.  
*Dem.* He has beat me twice, and beat me to a  
Beat me to nothing! [coward;

*Lieut.* Is not the devil in him?

*Leon.* I pray it be no worse.

*Dem.* Twice conquer'd me!

*Leon.* Bear witness, all the world, I am a dunce  
here.

*Dem.* With valour first he struck me, then with  
honour.

That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou not  
feel it?

*Leon.* Whereabouts was it? for I remember  
nothing yet.

*Dem.* All these gentlemen that were his prison-  
ers——

*Leon.* Yes; he set 'em free, sir, with arms and

*Dem.* There, there; now thou hast it! [honour.  
At mine own weapon, courtesy, he has beaten me.  
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd me;  
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has charged  
me!

Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;  
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,  
And find'st no door left open to requite this,  
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!

*Ant.* I have observed your way, and understand  
And equal love it as Demetrius. [it,  
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;  
I and my power will sink first! You, Leontius,  
Wait for a new commission. You shall out again,  
And instantly; you shall not lodge this night here;  
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,  
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up still,  
And still in full design: Charge him again, son,  
And either bring home that again thou hast lost  
Or leave thy body by him. [there,

*Dem.* You raise me!  
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.  
*Leon.* Ay, ay, sir; I am thinking, who we shall  
take of 'em,

To make all straight; and who we shall give to the  
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant? [devil.—

*Lieut.* I say nothing.  
Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?  
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,  
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,  
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well  
As any living man; why not as valiant?  
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;  
It goes against my stomach.

*Dem.* Good sir, presently;  
You cannot do your son so fair a favour.  
*Ant.* 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march away  
too.

Come, get your men together presently, Leontius,  
And press where please you, as you march.

*Leon.* We go, sir.  
*Ant.* Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your  
And then to fortune give you up. [command,

*Dem.* You love me! [Exit ANT. and DEM.  
*Leon.* Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieute-  
*Lieut.* Hark you, sir; [nant!

I have a foolish business, they call marriage—  
*Leon.* After the wars are done.

*Lieut.* The party stays, sir;  
I have given the priest his money too: All my  
My father and my mother— [friends, sir,

*Leon.* Will you go forward?  
*Lieut.* She brings a pretty matter with her.

*Leon.* Half a dozen bastards?  
*Lieut.* Some forty, sir—

*Leon.* A goodly competency!  
*Lieut.* I mean, sir, pounds a-year. I'll dispatch  
the matter;

'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you, sir.  
*Leon.* The two old legions? yes. Where lies  
the horse quarter?

*Lieut.* And if it be a boy, I'll even make bold,  
sir—

*Leon.* Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your  
whore! you damn'd rogue,

Now you are cured and well, must you be clicket-  
ing?

*Lieut.* I have broke my mind to my ancient; in  
my absence—

He's a sufficient gentleman.  
*Leon.* Get forward!

*Lieut.* Only receive her portion!  
*Leon.* Get you forward;

Else I'll bang you forward.  
*Lieut.* Strange, sir, a gentleman,

And an officer, cannot have the liberty  
To do the office of a man.

*Leon.* Shame light on thee!  
How came this whore into thy head?

*Lieut.* This whore, sir?  
'Tis strange, a poor whore—

*Leon.* Do not answer me!

Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore again,  
Or think there is a whore—

*Lieut.* That's very hard, sir.

*Leon.* For, if thou dost, look to't; I'll have thee  
gelded!

I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more!  
[Exit.

# SCENE V.—A Room in the House of MENIPPUS.

Enter LEUCIPPE and GoveRNess.

*Leu.* You are the mistress of the house, you say,  
Where this young lady lies?

*Gov.* For want of a better.

*Leu.* You may be good enough for such a pur-  
pose.

When was the prince with her? Answer me di-  
rectly.

*Gov.* Not since he went a-warring.

*Leu.* Very well then.

What carnal copulation are you privy to  
Between these two?—Be not afraid; we are women,  
And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no harm in't.

*Gov.* No, sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive  
that;

But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman  
Otherwise given, than a hopeful gentlewoman—

*Leu.* You'll grant me, the prince loves her?  
*Gov.* There I am with you;

And, the gods bless her, promises her mightily.  
*Leu.* Stay there awhile. And gives her gifts?

*Gov.* Extremely;  
And truly makes a very saint of her.

*Leu.* I should think now,  
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with  
me;

I see 'tis none of the worst—Come, sit down by me,)  
That these two cannot love so tenderly—

*Gov.* Being so young as they are too—  
*Leu.* You say well!

But that, methinks, some further promises—  
*Gov.* Yes, yes;

I have heard the prince swear he would marry her.  
*Leu.* Very well still. They do not use to fall out?

*Gov.* The tenderest chickens to one another!  
They cannot live an hour asunder.

*Leu.* I have done then;  
And be you gone. You know your charge, and  
do it.

You know whose will it is: If you transgress it,  
That is, if any have access, or see her,  
Before the king's will be fulfill'd—

*Gov.* Not the prince, madam?  
*Leu.* You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll  
assure you.

*Gov.* But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey  
*Leu.* Away, and to your business then! [you-  
*Gov.* 'Tis done, madam. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Palace.**Enter ANTIOCHUS AND MENIPPUS.*

*Ant.* Thou hast taken wondrous pains; but yet, Menippus, You understand not of what blood and country?

*Men.* I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it. A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this language.

*Ant.* Is she so excellent handsome? [guage.

*Men.* Most enticing.

*Ant.* Sold for a prisoner?

*Men.* Yes, sir; some poor creature.

*Ant.* And he loves tenderly?

*Men.* They say extremely.

*Ant.* 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:

When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops, Desired an hour, but half an hour, a minute; Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business; I knew 'twas she he hunted on. This journey, man, I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended, And would not give him time to breathe. When

*Men.* This morning, sir. [comes she?

*Ant.* Lodge her to all delight then;

For I would have her try'd to the test: I know, She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffick; Which, when we have found, the shame will make him leave her;

Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him, And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him, Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.

You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,

To view her as she passes. And, do you hear, Menippus,

Observe her with all sweetness; humour her; 'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes. Away, and take what helps you please.

*Men.* I am gone, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Lodgings of CELIA.**Enter CELIA AND GOVERNESS.*

*Celia.* Governess, from whom was this gown sent me?

*Pr'ythee,* be serious, true: I will not wear it else. It is a handsome one.

*Gov.* As though you know not?

*Celia.* No, 'faith:

But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder, Because it was his caution, this poor way, Still to preserve me from the curious searchings Of greedy eyes.

*Gov.* You have it: does it please you?

*Celia.* 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. *Pr'ythee,* tell me.

*Gov.* From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady;

These are no gifts to be put off with poutings.

*Celia.* Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any stranger?

*Gov.* You are so curious, that there is no talk What if it be, I pray you? [to you.

*Celia.* Unpin, good governess;

Quick, quick!

*Gov.* Why, what's the matter?

*Celia.* Quick, good governess!

Fy on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly! A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess! I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it smells musty. Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it; Abominable musty! Will you help me? The prince will come again—

*Gov.* You are not mad, sure?

*Celia.* As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox upon it! For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries?

Stales to catch kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base woman?

*Gov.* I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.

*Celia.* Abuse me, And then laugh at me too?

*Gov.* I do not abuse you:

Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty? You want clothes; is it such a heinous sin, I be- To see you stored? [seech ye,

*Celia.* There is no greater wickedness Than this way.

*Gov.* What way?

*Celia.* I shall curse thee fearfully, If thou provok'st me further: And take heed, My curses never miss. [woman;

*Gov.* Curse him that sent it.

*Celia.* Tell but his name—

*Gov.* You dare not curse him.

*Celia.* Dare not?

By this fair light—

*Gov.* You are so full of passion—

*Celia.* Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?

*Gov.* I think you dare not; I believe so.

*Celia.* Speak him!

*Gov.* Up with your valour then, up with it And take your full charge. [bravely,

*Celia.* If I do not, hang me! Tell but his name.

*Gov.* 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:

Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye, now, lady.

*Celia.* Is he come home?

*Gov.* It seems so. But your curse now!

*Celia.* You do not lie, I hope.

*Gov.* You dare not curse him.

*Celia.* *Pr'ythee,* do not abuse me! Is he come home indeed?

For I would now with all my heart believe thee.

*Gov.* Nay, you may chuse. Alas, I deal for strangers,

That send you scurvy, musty gowns; stale liveries! I have my tricks!

*Celia.* 'Tis a good gown; a handsome one;

I did but jest. Where is he?

*Gov.* He that sent it—

*Celia.* How? he that sent it? Is't come to that again?

Thou canst not be so foolish. *Pr'ythee,* speak out; I may mistake thee.

*Gov.* I said, he that sent it— [thus?

*Celia.* Curse o' my life! why dost thou vex me I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou not? I charge thee speak truth! If it be any other—

Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and the justice

His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this ;  
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman,  
Thou beastly woman ! and thou shalt know too  
And feel too sensible, I am no ward, [late too,  
No stale stuff for your money-merchants that  
sent it !

Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——

Gov. What you please :

For this is ever the reward of service.

The prince shall bring the next himself.

Celia. 'Tis strange,

That you should deal so peevishly ! Beshrew you,  
You have put me in a heat.

Gov. I am sure you have kill'd me ;

I ne'er receiv'd such language : I can but wait  
upon you,

And be your drudge ; keep a poor life to serve you.

Celia. You know my nature is too easy, gover-  
ness ;

And you know now, I am sorry too. How does he ?

Gov. Oh, God, my head !

Celia. Pr'ythee, be well, and tell me,

Did he speak of me since he came ? Nay, see now !

If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, sweet go-  
verness,

Did he but name his Celia ? Look upon me !

Upon my faith, I meant no harm ! Here, take this,  
And buy thyself some trifles. Did he, good wench ?

Gov. He loves you but too dearly.

Celia. That's my good governess !

Gov. There's more clothes making for you.

Celia. More clothes ?

Gov. More ;

Richer and braver ; I can tell you that news ;

And twenty glorious things.

Celia. To what use, sirrah ?

Gov. You are too good for our house now : We,  
poor wretches,

Shall lose the comfort of you.

Celia. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose you, lady.

Celia. Lose me ? wherefore ?

I hear of no such thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so :

You must shine now at court ! such preparation,

Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——

Celia. To th' court, wench ?

Was it to th' court, thou saidst ?

Gov. You'll find it so.

Celia. Stay, stay ; this cannot be.

Gov. I say it must be.

I hope to find you still the same good lady.

Celia. To th' court ? This stumbles me. Art

This preparation is ? [sure for me, wench,

Gov. She is perilous crafty ; [Aside.

I fear, too honest for us all too.—Am I sure I live ?

Celia. To th' court ? this cannot down : What  
should I do there ?

Why should he on a sudden change his mind thus,  
And not make me acquainted ?—(Sure he loves  
me !)—

His vow was made against it, and mine with him ;  
At least while this king lived. He will come hither,  
And see me, ere I go ?

Gov. Would some wise woman [Aside.  
Had her in working !—That I think he will not,

Because he means with all joy there to meet you.

You shall hear more within this hour.

Celia. A courtier ?

What may that meaning be ? Sure, he will see me

If he be come ; he must. Hark you, good gover-  
What age is the king of ? [ness ;

Gov. He's an old man, and full of business.

Celia. I fear too full, indeed. What ladies are  
I would be loth to want good company. [there ?

Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire ;  
And, when you are acquainted, the best company !

Celia. 'Tis very well. Pr'ythee, go in : let's talk  
For, though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it. [more.

Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe  
down. [Aside.

[Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Place near the Field of Battle.

Enter LIEUTENANT AND LEONTIUS. Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah ! Are  
you running ?

Have you gotten a toy in your heels ? Is this a  
season,

When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up  
After your whore, your hobby-horse ?

Lieut. Why, look ye now !

What a strange man are you ? Would you have a  
At all hours all alike ? [man fight

Leon. Do but fight something,

But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't :

Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.

Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out ? I thank  
You are my dear friend ! [you heartily !

Leon. What a devil ails thee ?

Dost long to be hang'd ?

Lieut. 'Faith, sir, I make no suit for't :

But rather than I would live thus out of charity,  
Continually in brawling——

Leon. Art thou not he

(I may be cozen'd)——

Lieut. I shall be discover'd.

Leon. That, in the midst of thy most hellish  
pains,

When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at  
When thou wert mad with pain ? [wonders ?

Lieut. You have found the cause out ;

I had ne'er been mad to fight else. I confess, sir,

The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,

Made me as daily careless what became of me,

'Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eased  
me ;

'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well  
now,

And take some pleasure in my life : Methinks,  
now,

It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,

And kill one another foolishly for honour,

As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.

Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more ?

Lieut. I' th' mind I am in.

Leon. Nor ne'er be sick again ?

Lieut. I hope I shall not.

Leon. Pr'ythee be sick again ; pr'ythee, I  
Be just so sick again. [Beseech thee,

Lieut. I'll just be hang'd first.

Leon. If all the arts that are can make a cholic,  
(Therefore look to't ! ) or if imposthumes (mark  
As big as footballs—— [me !)

Lieut. Deliver me !

Leon. Or stones of ten pound weight i' th'  
kidnies,

Through ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,

I'll feed you up myself, sir; I'll prepare you!  
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?  
You shall not want provocations; I'll scratch you;  
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-  
ach—

*Lieut.* Good colonel, I'll do any thing!

*Leon.* No, no, nothing!

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths'  
bellows,

(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale  
with you)

Fill'd full of oil of devil, and aqua-fortis;

And let these work; these may provoke.

*Lieut.* Good, colonel!

*Leon.* A coward in full blood? Pr'ythee be  
Will roasting do thee any good? [plain with me;

*Lieut.* Nor basting neither, sir.

*Leon.* Marry, that goes hard.

*Enter First Gentleman.*

*1 Gent.* Where are you, colonel?  
The prince expects you, sir: he has hedged the  
enemy

Within a straight, where all the hopes and valours  
Of all men living cannot force a passage:

He has 'em now.

*Leon.* I knew all this before, sir;  
I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see that  
thing there?

*Lieut.* Nay, good sweet colonel! I'll fight a

*Leon.* That thing! [little.

*1 Gent.* What thing! I see the brave Lieute-  
nant.

*Leon.* Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?

*Lieut.* You may help it;

Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courtesy!

I know you love a wench well.

*Enter Second Gentleman.*

*Leon.* Look upon him.

Do you look too.

*2 Gent.* What should I look on?

I come to tell you the prince stays your direction:  
We have 'em now i' the coop, sir.

*Leon.* Let 'em rest there,

And chew upon their miseries. But look first—

*Lieut.* I cannot fight, for all this.

*Leon.* Look on this fellow!

*2 Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave  
lieutenant.

*Leon.* Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue?  
Steal off!

Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!

And rush into the thickest of the enemy,

And if thou kill'st but two—

*Lieut.* You may excuse me;

'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

*Leon.* Be ruled yet;

I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A plague  
upon your sheep's heart!

*2 Gent.* What's all this matter?

*1 Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you.

*Leon.* Here's twenty pound, go but smell to 'em.

*Lieut.* Alas, sir,

I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.

*Leon.* I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal!

Fy, how he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!

*2 Gent.* What, sir?

*Leon.* Why, that, sir; do not you smell him?

*2 Gent.* Smell him?

*Lieut.* I must endure.

*Leon.* Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!

There's no such damnable smell under Heaven,  
As the faint sweat of a coward. Will you fight  
yet?

*Lieut.* Nay, now I defy you; you have spok-  
the worst

You can of me; and if every man should take

What you say to the heart, God ha' mercy!

*Leon.* God ha' mercy, with all my heart! here  
I forgive thee;

And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,

And keep my dog.

*Lieut.* I love a good dog naturally.

*1 Gent.* What's all this stir, lieutenant?

*Lieut.* Nothing, sir,

But a slight matter of argument.

*Leon.* Pox take thee!

Sure, I shall love this rogue, he's so pretty  
coward.—

Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune  
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more sain  
her.—

Come, play-fellow, come! pr'ythee, come up  
come, chicken!

I have a way shall fit yet. A tame knave!

Come, look upon us.

*Lieut.* I'll tell you who does best, boys.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Capital.—A State-Room in  
the Palace, with a Gallery.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS and MENIPPUS, above.*

*Men.* I saw her coming out.

*Ant.* Who waits upon her?

*Men.* Timon, Charinthus, and some other gen-  
By me appointed. [tlemen

*Ant.* Where's your wife?

*Men.* She's ready

To entertain her here, sir; and some ladies  
Fit for her lodgings.

*Ant.* How shews she in her trim now?

*Men.* Oh, most divinely sweet.

*Ant.* Pr'ythee, speak softly.

How does she take her coming?

*Men.* She bears it bravely;

But what she thinks—For Heaven sake, sir,  
preserve me!

If the prince chance to find this—

*Ant.* Peace, you old fool;

She thinks to meet him here?

*Men.* That's all the project.

*Ant.* Was she hard to bring?

*Men.* No, she believed it quickly,  
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little  
And those new things she has not been acquaint-  
with,

At least in this place, where she lived a prisoner,  
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But believe me  
sir,

She has worn as good, they sit so apted to her;  
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.

Here they come now: But take a full view of her

*Enter CELIA, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, and Gentlemen.*

*Ant.* How cheerfully she looks! How sh-  
salutes all!

And how she views the place! She is very young  
sure.

That was an admirable smile, a catching one;  
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it!

She has two-edged eyes; they kill o' both sides.

*Men.* She makes a stand, as though she would

*Ant.* Be still then. [speak.]

*Celia.* Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further;

I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend

*Tim.* You may meet many, lady. [here.]

*Celia.* Such as you are,

I covet few or none, sir.

*Char.* Will you walk this way, [lady.]

And take the sweets o' th' garden? cool and close,

*Celia.* Methinks, this open air's far better.—

Tend ye that way?— [Aside.]

Pray, where's the woman came along?

*Char.* What woman?

*Celia.* The woman of the house I lay at.

*Tim.* Woman?

Here was none came along, sure.

*Celia.* Sure I am catch'd then.—

'Pray, where's the prince?

*Char.* He will not be long from you.

We are his humble servants.

*Celia.* I could laugh now,

To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not;

For, sure, I know a way to 'scape all dangers.

[Aside.]

*Tim.* Madam, your lodgings lie this way.

*Celia.* My lodgings?

For heaven's sake, sir, what office do I bear here?

*Tim.* The great commander of all hearts.

*Enter LEUCIPPUS and Ladies.*

*Celia.* You have hit it:

I thank your sweet-heart for it! Who are these

*Char.* Ladies, that come to serve you. [now?]

*Celia.* Well considered.—

Are you my servants?

*Lady.* Servants to your pleasures.

*Celia.* I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye!

Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it patiently.— [Aside.]

Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the people  
Of so refined a size—

*Tim.* This is no poor rogue.

*Leu.* Were it a paradise, to please your fancy,

And entertain the sweetness you bring with you—

*Celia.* Take breath; you're fat, and many words  
may melt you.—

This is three bawds beaten into one. Bless me,  
Heaven, [Aside.]

What shall become of me? I am i' the pitfall.

On my conscience, this is the old viper,

And all these little ones creep every night

Into her belly.—Do you hear, plump servant,

And you, my little sucking ladies? you

Must teach me (for I know you are excellent at  
carriage)

How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.

But, you say, the prince will come?

*Lady.* 'Will fly to see you.

*Celia.* For, look you, if a great man, say the  
Should come and visit me— [king now,

*Men.* She names you.

*Ant.* Peace, fool!

*Celia.* And offer me a kindness, such a kind-

*Leu.* Ay, such a kindness! [neat—

*Celia.* True, lady, such a kindness:

What shall that kindness be now?

*Leu.* A witty lady!

Learn, little ones, learn.

*Celia.* Say it be all his favour—

*Leu.* And a sweet saying 'tis.

*Celia.* And I grow peevish?

*Leu.* You must not be neglectful.

*Celia.* There's the matter,

There's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it.  
Or a kind handsome gentleman?

*Leu.* You say well.

*Celia.* They'll count us basely bred.

*Leu.* Not freely nurtured.

*Celia.* I'll take thy counsel.

*Leu.* 'Tis an excellent woman!

*Celia.* I find a notable volume here, a learned  
one.

Which way? For I would fain be in my chamber;

In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary. Fic!

How hot the air beats on me!

*Lady.* This way, madam.

*Celia.* Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous  
faint too.

*Leu.* Your fans, sweet gentlewoman, your  
fans!

*Celia.* Since I am fool'd, [Aside.]

I'll make myself some sport, though I pay dear  
for't. [Exit.]

*Men.* You see now what a manner of woman

*Ant.* Thou art an ass! [she is, sir.]

*Men.* Is this a fit love for the prince?

*Ant.* A coxcomb!

Now, by my crown, a dainty wench, a sharp  
wench,

And a matchless spirit! How she jeer'd 'em!

How carelessly she scoff'd 'em! Use her nobly.

I would I had not seen her! Wait anon,

And then you shall have more to trade upon.

[Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—*The Camp of DEMETRIUS on the Frontiers.*

*Enter LEONTIUS and the two Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* We must keep a round and a strong  
watch to-night;

The prince will not charge the enemy till the  
morning:

But for the trick I told you for this rascal,

This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a  
1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take. [coward—

*Leon.* Ne'er fear it; the prince has it,

And if he let it fall, I must not know it;

He will suspect me presently: But you two

May help the plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is sick again?

*Leon.* Extremely sick; his disease grown in—  
Never yet found, nor touch'd at. [curable:]

*Enter LIEUTENANT.*

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;

And here he comes.

*Leon.* The prince has been upon him:

What a flatten face he has now! It takes, believe  
How like an ass he looks! [it.]

*Lieut.* I feel no great pain;

At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,  
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat now!

*Leon.* So, so, so!

*Lieut.* And now 'tis even too true; I feel a  
pricking,

A pricking, a strange pricking. How it tingles !  
And as it were a stitch too. The prince told me,  
And every one cried out I was a dead man :  
I had thought I had been as well——

*Leon.* Upon him now, boys ;  
And do it most demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* I thank ye, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man !

How dost thou, good Lieutenant ?

2 *Gent.* I ever told you

This man was never cured ; I see it too plain now.

How do you feel yourself ? you look not perfect.

How dull his eye hangs !

1 *Gent.* That may be discontent. [now

2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer  
The tithe of those pains this man feels—Mark his  
forehead !

What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't !

*Lieut.* I have it,

Again I have it ; how it grows upon me !

A miserable man I am !

*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha ! A miserable man thou shalt  
be.

This is the tamest trout I ever tickled. [*Aside.*

*Enter Two Physicians.*

1 *Phy.* This way he went.

2 *Phy.* 'Pray Heaven, we find him living !  
He's a brave fellow ; 'tis pity he should perish  
thus.

1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable

*Lieut.* Oh, oh ! [sufferance.

1 *Gent.* How now ? how is it, man ?

*Lieut.* Oh, gentlemen,

Never so full of pain——

2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you ?

*Lieut.* Never so full of pain, gentlemen.

1 *Phy.* He is here ;—

How do you, sir ?

2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier ;

The prince has sent us to you.

*Lieut.* Do you think I may live ?

2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.

1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live : But——

*Leon.* Finely butted, doctor !

1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.

1 *Phy.* He must be told truth ;

'Tis now too late to trifle.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.

*Dem.* How now, gentlemen ?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, sir, a soldier ;  
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part  
But every living thing—— [with.

*Dem.* 'Tis true, must perish ;  
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—

How dost thou now, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* 'Faith, 'tis true, sir ;

We are but spans, and candles' ends.

*Leon.* He's finely mortified.

*Dem.* Thou art heart-whole yet, I see. He alters  
strangely,

And that apace too ; I saw it this morning in him,  
When he, poor man, I dare swear——

*Lieut.* No, believe't, sir,

I never felt it.

*Dem.* Here lies the pain now : How he is

1 *Phy.* The imposthume, [swell'd !  
Fed with a new malignant humour now,

Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible ;  
The compass of a bushel will not hold it.  
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too——

*Dem.* Can you endure me touch it ?

*Lieut.* Oh, I beseech you, sir !

I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.

*Dem.* He's finely wrought. [*Aside.*]—He must  
be cut, no cure else,

And suddenly ; you see how fast he blows out.

*Lieut.* Good master doctor, let me be beholden

I feel I cannot last—— [to you :

2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant ?

*Lieut.* But even for half a dozen cans of good  
wine,

That I may drink my will out ; I faint hideously.

*Dem.* Fetch him some wine ; and, since he must  
go, gentlemen,

Why, let him take his journey merrily.

*Enter Servant, with wine.*

*Lieut.* That's even the nearest way.

*Leon.* I could laugh dead now ! [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Here, off with that.

*Lieut.* These two I give your grace ; [*Drinks.*

A poor remembrance of a dying man, sir ;

And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.

*Dem.* I will, soldier.

These are fine legacies.

*Lieut.* Among the gentlemen,  
Even all I have left ; I am a poor man, naked,  
Yet something for remembrance ; four a-piece,  
gentlemen :

And so my body—where you please. [*Drinks.*

*Leon.* 'Twill work.

*Lieut.* I make your grace my executor, and, I  
beseech you,

See my poor will fulfilled : Sure, I shall walk else.

*Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's my

1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him. [hand, soldier.

*Lieut.* I would hear a drum beat,

But to see how I could endure it.

*Dem.* Beat a drum there ! [*Drum within.*

*Lieut.* Oh, heavenly music ! I would hear one  
I am very full of pain. [sing to't.

*Dem.* Sing ? 'tis impossible.

*Lieut.* Why, then I would drink a drum-full.

Where lies the enemy ?

2 *Gent.* Why, here, close by.

*Leon.* Now he begins to muster.

*Lieut.* And dare he fight ?

Dare he fight, gentlemen ?

1 *Phy.* You must not cut him ;

He's gone then in a moment : All the hope left is,  
To work his weakness into sudden anger,

And make him raise his passion above his pain,

And so dispose him on the enemy :

His body then, being stirr'd with violence,

Will purge itself, and break the sore.

*Dem.* 'Tis true, sir.

1 *Phy.* And then, my life for him——

*Lieut.* I will not die thus.

*Dem.* But he is too weak to do——

*Lieut.* Die like a dog !

2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak ; but yet he's heart-whole.

*Lieut.* Hem !

*Dem.* An excellent sign.

*Lieut.* Hem !

*Dem.* Stronger still, and better.

*Lieut.* Hem, hem ! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan !

[*Exit.*



1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.

*Dem.* Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.

*Leon.* And some brave thing, or let mine ears be finely wrought. [be cut off.]

*Dem.* Let's after him.

*Leon.* I pray, sir.

But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted in  
And all discover'd— [him,

*Dem.* That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away! [Exit.]

#### SCENE VI.—*The Field of Battle.*

*Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY and Soldiers.*

*Sel.* Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all,

And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,  
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,  
That little children tread those paths before us.  
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,  
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.  
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,  
And, as the sun that sets, in blood let's fall.

*Lysim.* 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,

Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.  
Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,  
And, worse than those, captivities: We can die;  
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us  
Those clouds of flesh, that are too massy burthens,  
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests!

*Ptol.* They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely;

And may that man that seeks to save his life now,  
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,  
Never again be blest with name of soldier!

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sel.* How now? Who charged first? I seek a To set me off in death. [brave hand

*Sold.* We are not charged, sir;  
The prince lies still.

*Sel.* How comes this 'larum up then?

*Sold.* There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him,

(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,  
And here he hangs ye two or three before him,  
There five or six; ventures upon whole companies.

*Ptol.* And is not seconded?

*Sold.* Not a man follows.

*Sel.* Nor cut a' pieces?

*Sold.* Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.

*Sel.* Let's in and see this miracle.

*Ptol.* I admire it! [Exit.]

#### SCENE VII.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter LEONTIUS and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure he's clouted.

Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

*Enter LIEUTENANT, with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four Soldiers.*

*Lieut.* Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your coxcombs!

I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.

*Leon.* How the knave carries 'em!

*Lieut.* You cannot, rogues,

Till you have my diseases, fly my fury.

Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?

An my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,

Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

*Enter DEMETRIUS, Physicians, and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast

*Dem.* Mirror of man! [done bravely.]

*Lieut.* There's a flag for you, sir:

I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for't.

I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.

*Dem.* No more, my soldier. Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.

*Leon.* Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,

And cure him in a trice.

*Dem.* Be careful of him.

*Lieut.* Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:

I never had but two hours yet of happiness.

Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;

For I am even as weary of this fighting—

2 *Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,

And there the surgeons presently shall search you;  
Then to your rest.

*Lieut.* A little handsome litter

To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

*Leon.* Look to him.

*Dem.* I do believe a horse begot this fellow;

He never knew his strength yet.—They are our own.

*Leon.* I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now

A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.

*Dem.* Only their lives.

*Leon.* Pray you, take no way of peace now,

Unless it be with infinite advantage.

*Dem.* I shall be ruled. Let the battles now  
Ourselves will give the signal.— [move forward;

*Enter Trumpet and Herald.*

Now, Herald, what's your message?

*Her.* From my masters

This honourable courtesy, a parley

For half an hour; no more, sir.

*Dem.* Let 'em come on;

They have my princely word.

*Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, Attendants, and Soldiers.*

*Her.* They are here to attend you.

*Dem.* Now, princes, your demands?

*Sel.* Peace, if it may be

Without the too much tainture of our honour.

Peace; and we'll buy it too.

*Dem.* At what price?

*Lysim.* Tribute.

*Ptol.* At all the charge of this war.

*Leon.* That will not do.

*Sel.* Leontius, you and I have served together,  
And run through many a fortune with our swords,  
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;

One tent a thousand times from cold night covered us;

Our loves have been but one; and, had we died then,

One monument had held our names and actions :  
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,  
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies ?  
Have we forgot to die ? or are our virtues  
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes ?  
You are deceived, old soldier.

*Leon.* I know your worths,  
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.  
Were these my wars, or led my power in chief here,  
I knew then how to meet your memories :  
They are my king's employments ; this man fights  
now,

To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service ;  
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,  
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,  
And then an easy peace may sheath our swords up.  
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,  
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow you.  
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,  
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,  
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.  
Will you unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners ?

*Sel.* We never knew what that sound meant : No  
gyves

Shall ever bind this body, but embraces ;  
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.

*Leon.* Expect our charge then.

*Lysim.* 'Tis the nobler courtesy !  
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us !

*Dem.* Stay ! Have you any hope ?

*Sel.* We have none left us,  
But that one comfort of our deaths together :  
Give us but room to fight.

*Leon.* Win it, and wear it.

*Ptol.* Call from the hills those companies hang  
o'er us

Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us.

*Dem.* Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,  
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,  
And hang a light out to you in this darkness,  
(The light of peace !) give up those cities, forts,  
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.

*Sel.* Is this the peace ? traitors to those that  
feed us,

Our gods and people, give our countries from us ?

*Lysim.* Begin the knell ; it sounds a great deal

*Ptol.* Let loose your servant Death ! [sweeter.

*Sel.* Fall Fate upon us,

Our memories shall never stink behind us ! [Going.

*Dem.* Seleucus ! great Seleucus !

*Sold.* The prince calls, sir.

*Dem.* Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,

Thou father of the war !

*Leon.* What means the prince now ?

*Dem.* Give me my standard here.

*Lysim.* His anger's melted.

*Dem.* You gentlemen that were his prisoners,

And felt the bounty of that noble nature,

Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,

The standard of the kingdom. Take it, soldier !

*Ptol.* What will this mean ?

*Dem.* Thou hast won it ; bear it off ;

And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.

*Sel.* You shall have all our countries.

*Lysim.* *Ptol.* All, by Heaven, sir.

*Dem.* I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble :

No, in the way of courtesy, I'll start you.—

Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,

That these, that have subdued us, may march  
through us.

*Sel.* Sir, do not make me surfeit with such  
goodness ;

I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.—

*Dem.* I swear it shall be so ; march through me  
fairly,

And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus !

*Ptol.* Mirror of noble minds !

*Dem.* Nay, then you hate me.

[*Exeunt with drums and shouts.*]

*Leon.* I cannot speak now !

Well, go thy ways ! at a sure piece o' bravery

Thou art the best ! These men are won by th'  
necks now.

I'll send a post away.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Capital. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS disguised, and MENIPPUS.*

*Ant.* No aptness in her ?

*Men.* Not an immodest motion ;  
And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted,  
Makes as wild witty answers—

*Ant.* This more fires me !

I must not have her thus.

*Men.* We cannot alter her.

*Ant.* Have you put the youths upon her ?

*Men.* All that know any thing,  
And have been studied how to catch a beauty ;  
But like so many whelps about an elephant—  
The prince is coming home, sir.

*Ant.* I hear that too ;

But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well ?

*Men.* Not to be known, I think, sir.

*Ant.* I must see her.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,

I try'd her through all the points o' th' compass,  
I think.

2 *Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant  
The enemy to our age, Chastity. [here

She is the first that e'er balk'd a close arbour,  
And the sweet contents within : She hates curl'd  
heads too ;

And setting up of beards she swears is idolatry.

1 *Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze ;

Yet she would make one think—

2 *Gent.* True, by her carriage ;

For she's as wanton as a kid, to th' outside,  
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,  
Walk'd with her half an hour.

1 *Gent.* She heard me sing,

And sung herself too ; she sings admirably ;

But still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick

To minister enough of those, then presently,

With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,

And such a frown as would sink all before her,

She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be  
the last fools.

2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange

*Ant.* This screws me up still higher. [wrench.

*Enter CELIA and Ladies.*

*Men.* Here she comes, sir.

*Ant.* Then, be you gone, and take the women  
And lay those jewels in her way. [with you:

[*Exeunt all but CELIA and ANT.*

*Celia.* If I stay longer,  
I shall number as many lovers as *Lais* did.  
How they flock after me! Upon my conscience,  
I have had a dozen horses given me this morning:  
I'll even set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.  
A good discrete wench now, that were not hide-  
bound,

Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:  
For these warm things will give their souls—I  
can go no where,

Without a world of offerings to my excellence:  
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;  
And no constellation in all Heaven, but I outshine  
And they have found out now I have no eyes [it.  
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,  
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at;  
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,  
With as much ease now—Ha! what are these?  
new projects?

Where are my honourable ladies? Are you out, too?  
Nay, then I must buy the stock; send me good  
carding!

I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:  
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,  
And that, that troubles me: All these were recre-  
ations,

Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.  
What fellow's that? Another apparition?  
This is the loving'st age! I should know that face;  
Sure, I have seen't before; not long since neither.

*Ant.* She sees me now.—Oh, Heaven, a most  
rare creature! [*Aside.*

*Celia.* Yes, 'tis the same: I'll take no notice of  
But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't. [you;  
Is all this cackling for your egg? [*Sees the jewels.*]  
They are fair ones,

Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble  
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.—  
My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?

*Ant.* Set 'em off, lady?

*Celia.* I mean, sell 'em here, sir.

*Ant.* She's very quick. [*Aside.*]—For sale they  
are not meant, sure.

*Celia.* For sanctity, I think, much less. Good  
even, sir.

*Ant.* Nay, noble lady, stay: 'Tis you must  
wear 'em:

Never look strange, they are worthy your best  
*Celia.* Did you speak to me? [beauty.

*Ant.* To you, or to none living:

To you they're sent, to you they're sacrificed.

*Cel.* I'll never look a horse i' th' mouth that's  
given:

I thank you, sir: I'll send one to reward you.

*Ant.* Do you never ask who sent 'em?

*Celia.* Never, I;

Nor never care. If it be an honest end,  
That end's the full reward, and thanks but alubber  
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance. [it:

*Ant.* This has a soul indeed.—Pray, let me tell  
you!

*Celia.* I care not if you do, so you do it hand-  
And not stand picking of your words. [somely,

*Ant.* The king sent 'em.

*Celia.* Away, away! thou art some foolish  
fellow!

And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too. The  
king sent 'em?

Alas, good man! Wouldst thou make me believe  
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,  
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,  
A good old man, they say, too. I dare swear,  
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.  
Here, take your trinkets.

*Ant.* Sure, I do not lie, lady.

*Celia.* I know thou liest extremely, damnably:  
Thou hast a lying face!

*Ant.* I was never thus rattled. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* But, say, I should believe: Why are  
these sent me?

And why art thou the messenger? Who art thou?

*Ant.* Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider  
Who can send such as these, but a king only?

And, to what beauty can they be oblations,  
But only yours! For me, that am the carrier,  
'Tis only fit, you know I am his servant,  
And have fulfill'd his will.

*Celia.* You are short and pithy.

What must my beauty do for these?

*Ant.* Sweet lady,

You cannot be so hard of understanding,  
When a king's favour shines upon you gloriously,  
And speaks his love in these—

*Celia.* Oh, then, love's the matter;  
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:  
And I should be the king's whore; a brave title!  
And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!  
The chief commandress of his concubines,  
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures!

*Ant.* A devilish subtle wench; but a rare spirit. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* And when the good old sponge had suck'd  
my youth dry,

And left some of his royal aches in my bones;  
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life  
up,

And cast long furrows in my face to sink me—

*Ant.* You must not think so, lady.

*Celia.* Then can these, sir,  
These precious things, the price of youth and  
beauty,

This shop here of sin-offerings, set me off again?  
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?

Purge me to what I was? add to my memory  
An honest and a noble fame? The king's device!  
The sin's as universal as the sun is,  
And lights an universal torch to shame me.

*Ant.* Do you hold so slight account of a great  
That all knees bow to purchase? [king's favour,

*Celia.* Pr'ythee, peace!

If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy tale becomes  
And what ill root it takes— [thee,

*Ant.* You will be wiser.

*Celia.* Could the king find no shape to shift his  
pandar into,

But reverend age? and one so like himself too?

*Ant.* She has found me out. [*Aside.*

*Celia.* Cozen the world with gravity!

Pr'ythee, resolve me one thing; does the king love

*Ant.* I think he does. [thee?

*Celia.* It seems so, by thy office:

He loves thy use, and, when that's ended, hates  
Thou seem'st to me a soldier. [thee.

*Ant.* Yes, I am one.

*Celia.* And hast fought for thy country?

*Ant.* Many a time.

*Celia.* May be, commanded too?

*Ant.* I have done, lady.

*Celia.* Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity!

Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?

A free companion for a king? A soldier?

Whose nobleness dare feel no want but enemies?

Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,

To eat the bread of bawdry? of base bawdry?

Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword from thee,

Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee!

Go, beg diseases! Let them be thy armours!

Thy fights the flames of lust, and their foul issues.

*Ant.* Why then, I am a king, and mine own speaker. [*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Celia.* And I as free as you, mine own disposer.

There, take your jewels; let 'em give them lustres

That have dark lives and souls: Wear 'em your-  
You'll seem a devil else. [*self, sir;*]

*Ant.* I command you, stay.

*Celia.* Be just, I am commanded.

*Ant.* I will not wrong you.

*Celia.* Then thus low falls my duty. [*Kneels.*]

*Ant.* Can you love me?

Say "ay," and all I have—

*Celia.* I cannot love you;

Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you.

You hang upon my love like frosts on lilies.

I can die, but I cannot love! You're answer'd. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* I must find apter means; I love her truly. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Host.*

*Dem.* Hither, do you say, she is come?

*Host.* Yes, sir, I'm sure on't:

For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife in trust,

I know not by what means, but the king found her,  
And hither she was brought. How, or to what

*Dem.* My father found her? [*end—*]

*Host.* So my wife informs me.

*Dem.* Leontius, 'pray draw off the soldiers:

I would a while be private.

*Leon.* Fall off, gentlemen!

The prince would be alone.

[*Exit LEON, LIEUT. Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*]

*Dem.* Is he so cunning?

There is some trick in this, and you must know it,  
And be an agent too; which, if it prove so—

*Host.* Pull me to pieces, sir.

*Dem.* My father found her?

My father brought her hither? Went she willingly?

*Host.* My wife says full of doubts.

*Dem.* I cannot blame her.

No more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind!

*Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, LEONTIUS, and Soldiers.*

*Ant.* Keep her close up; he must not come to see her.—

You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!

You have done a courteous service on the enemy,

Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it—

You are not now in's debt, son. Still your sad  
Leontius, what's the matter? [*looks?—*]

*Leon.* 'Truth, sir, I know not;

We have been merry since we went.

*Lieut.* I feel it.

*Ant.* Come, what's the matter now? Do you want money?—

Sure he has heard o' th' wench. [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Is that a want, sir?

I would fain speak to your grace.

*Ant.* You may do freely.

*Dem.* And not deserve your anger?

*Ant.* That you may too.

*Dem.* There was a gentlewoman, and some time my prisoner,

Which I thought well of, sir. Your grace conceive me?

*Ant.* I do indeed, and with much grief conceive you;

With full as much grief as your mother bare you.

There was such a woman: 'Would I might as well  
There was no such Demetrius. [*say*]

*Dem.* She was virtuous,

And therefore unfit my youth to love her.

She was as fair—

*Ant.* Her beauty I'll proclaim too,

To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;

But how she made that good, the devil knows.

*Dem.* She was—Oh, Heaven!

*Ant.* The hell to all thy glories,

Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thine  
She was a devil! [*honour*]

*Dem.* You are my father, sir.

*Ant.* And since you take a pride to shew your follies,

I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.

*Leon.* What heat is this? The king's eyes speak his anger.

*Ant.* Thou hast abused thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship,

Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,

The subtilities and soft heats of a harlot.

*Dem.* Good sir, mistake her not.

*Ant.* A witch, a sorceress!

(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Demetrius!)  
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms,

Devilish and dark; so lock'd up all thy virtues;  
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st

from, glorious—

*Dem.* Oh, Heaven, that any tongue but his  
durst say this!

That any heart durst harbour it!—Dread father,

If for the innocent the gods allow us

To bend our knees—

*Ant.* Away! thou art bewitch'd still;

Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.

*Dem.* Dead! dead! Oh, sacred sir! Dead, did

*Ant.* She is dead, fool. [*you say?*]

*Dem.* It is not possible. Be not so angry.

Say she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,

Or any thing but dead. Say she is banish'd;

Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, sir.

*Ant.* Dead by the law: We found her hell, and her;

I mean her charms and spells, for which she perish'd.

And she confess'd she drew thee to thy ruin;

And purposed it, purposed my empire's overthrow.

*Dem.* But is she dead? was there no pity, sir? If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shown her? Did you look on her face when you condemned her?

*Ant.* I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.

*Dem.* Can she be dead? Can virtue fall un-  
*Ant.* She's dead; deservingly she died. [timely?]

*Dem.* I have done then.—

Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd?

Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise  
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your son,  
sir,

And to all you shall command, stand most obedient:  
Only a little time I must entreat you,  
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, sir,  
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?

Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green with  
violence?

Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou de-  
stroyer,

Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me!  
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings!  
Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seek me!  
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me!  
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes  
Nor ne'er betray a beauty to my curses: [more,  
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,  
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;  
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing!

[*Exeunt DEM. and GENT.*]

*Ant.* This opinion must be maintain'd.

*Men.* It shall be, sir.

*Ant.* Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure  
Draw him to th' right again. Wait you instructions;  
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.

Once more, you're welcome home all!

*All.* Health to your majesty! [*Exeunt ANT. &c.*]

*Leon.* Thou went'st along the journey; how  
canst thou tell?

*Host.* I did; but I am sure 'tis so: Had I  
I think this had not proved. [stay'd behind,

*Leon.* A wench the reason?

*Lieut.* Who's that talks of a wench there?

*Leon.* All this discontent  
About a wench?

*Lieut.* Where is this wench, good colonel?

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace! Who calls thee  
to council?

*Lieut.* Why, if there be a wench—

*Leon.* 'Tis fit thou know her,  
That I'll say for thee; and as fit thou'rt for her,  
Let her be mew'd or stopt.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

How is it, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent; he'll speak  
to no man.

2 *Gent.* He has taken his chamber close, admits  
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out. [no entrance:

*Host.* 'Tis so, sir;

And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this

*Leon.* What is this woman? [journey.

*Lieut.* Ay!

*Host.* I cannot tell you,  
But handsome as Heaven.

*Lieut.* She's not so high, I hope, sir.

*Leon.* Where is she?

*Lieut.* Ay, that would be known.

*Leon.* Why, sirrah—

*Host.* I cannot show ye neither;  
The king has now disposed of her.

*Leon.* There lies the matter.

Will he admit none to come to comfort him?

1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their  
'Will never speak. [hearts out,

*Lieut.* 'Tis the best way, if he have her;  
For, look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd

'Tis every good man's case. [in's pastime;

*Leon.* 'Tis all thy living.—

We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it;  
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,  
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,  
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,  
And, in the torrent of their own sighs, sink them-  
I will, and must speak to him. [selves.

*Lieut.* So must I too:

He promised me a charge.

*Leon.* Of what? of children?

Upon my conscience, thou hast a double com-  
And all of thine own begetting, already. [pany,

*Lieut.* That's all one;

I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command  
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em, ['em:  
Knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.

*Leon.* A rare way!

But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough  
To dare to see the prince now?

*Lieut.* Do you think he's angry?

1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.

2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes  
near him.

1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out,  
whate'er thy suit were,

Believe it granted presently.

*Leon.* Yet thou must think, though,  
That in the doing he may break upon you;

And—

*Lieut.* If he do not kill me—

*Leon.* There's the question.

*Lieut.* For half a dozen hurts—

*Leon.* Art thou so valiant?

*Lieut.* Not absolutely so, neither:—No, it can-  
not be;

I want my imposthumes, and my things about me;  
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.

*Leon.* 'Twill be rare sport,  
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou dost  
this,

I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word for't.

*Lieut.* What may be done by human man—

*Leon.* Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapse else.  
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, MENIPPUS, and LEUCIPPUS.*

*Ant.* Will she not yield?

*Leu.* For all we can urge to her.

I swore you would marry her; she laugh'd ex-  
And then she rail'd like thunder. [tremely,

*Ant.* Call in the magician!

I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

*Enter Magician, with a bowl.*

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?

*Mag.* They are all in; and now I only stay  
The invocation of some helping spirits.

*Ant.* To your work then, and dispatch.

*Mag.* Sit still, and fear not.

*Leu.* I shall ne'er endure these sights.

*Ant.* Away with the woman!  
Go, wait without.

*Leu.* When the devil's gone, pray call me. *[Exit.]*

*Ant.* Be sure you make it powerful enough.

*Mag.* Pray doubt not. *[He conjures.]*

#### A SONG.

Rise from the shades below,

All you that prove

The helps of looser love!

Rise, and bestow

Upon this cup, whatever may compel,

By powerful charm, and untried spell,

A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires!

Distill into this liquor all your fires,

Heats, longings, tears;

But keep back frozen fears;

That she may know, that has all power defied,

Art is a power that will not be denied.

*Enter Spirits, who dance about the Bowl, and sing this Answer.*

I obey, I obey;

And am come to view the day;

Brought along all may compel,

All the earth has, and our hell.

Here's a little, little flower;

This will make her sweat an hour,

Then into such flames arise,

A thousand joys will not suffice:

Here's the powder of the moon,

With which she caught Endymion:

The powerful tears that Venus cried,

When the boy Adonis died:

Here's Medea's charm, with which

Jason's heart she did bewitch:

Omphale this spell put in,

When she made the Libyan spin:

This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe's flood,

Purges all pure thoughts, and good.

These I stir thus, round, round, round,

Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

*[The Spirits disappear.]*

*Mag.* Now, sir, 'tis full; and whosoever drinks  
Shall violently dote upon your person, *[this,*  
And never sleep nor eat, unsatisfied.  
So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence;  
And, those expired, 'tis done. You have my art,  
sir.

*Ant.* See him rewarded liberally.—Leucippe!

*Enter LEUCIPPE.*

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine  
next,

Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it.

Delay no time when she calls next!

*Leu.* I shall, sir.

*Ant.* Let none else touch it, on your life.

*Leu.* I'm charged, sir.

*Ant.* Now, if she have an antidote art, let her  
'scape me. *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV.—The Hall, with a Door to the Apartment of DEMETRIUS.

*Enter LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if you  
dare do any thing.

*Leon.* Here's no man waits.

1 *Gen.* He has given a charge that none shall,

Nor none shall come within the hearing of him.  
Dare you go forward?

*Lieut.* Let me put on my skull first:

My head's almost beaten into the pap of an apple  
And are there no guns i' th' door?

*Leon.* The rogue will do it:

And yet I know he has no stomach to't.

*Lieut.* What loop-holes are there, when I knock  
for stones?

For those may pepper me:—I can perceive none.

*Leon.* How he views the fortification!

*Lieut.* Farewell, gentlemen!

If I be kill'd—

*Leon.* We'll see thee buried bravely.

*Lieut.* Away! how should I know that then?—  
I'll knock softly.

'Pray Heaven he speak in a low voice now, to  
comfort me:

I feel I have no heart to't.—*[Knocks.]*—Is't well  
gentlemen?

Colonel, my troop!

*Leon.* A little louder.

*Lieut.* Stay, stay:

Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.

By heaven, he's charging of a gun!

*Leon.* There's no such matter:

There's nobody in this room.

*Lieut.* Oh, 'twas a fire shovel.

Now I'll knock louder. If he say, "Who's there?"

As sure he has so much manners, then will  
answer him

So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!

*[Knocks louder]*

1 *Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.

*Lieut.* You fool, do you:

Do, an you dare now.

1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it.

*Lieut.* Then hold your peace, and meddle with

*Leon.* Now he will knock. *[your own matters]*  
*[LIEUT. knocks louder]*

*Lieut.* Sir, sir! will't please you hear, sir?

Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?

*Leon.* He's there now.

Lord! how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus  
Stand now, and take the troop. *[alter'd]*

*Lieut.* 'Would I were in't,

And a good horse under me!—I must knock again  
*[Knocks]*

The devil's at my fingers' ends. He comes now.

Now, colonel, if I live—

*Leon.* The troop's thine own, boy.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, with a Pistol.*

*Dem.* What desperate fool, ambitious of his  
ruin—

*Lieut.* Your father would desire you, sir, to  
come to dinner.

*Dem.* Thou art no more. *[Presents the pistol]*

*Lieut.* Now, now, now, now! *[Falls]*

*Dem.* Poor coxcomb!

Why do I aim at thee? *[Fires it, and exits]*

*Leon.* His fear has kill'd him.

*Enter LEUCIPPE, with the bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him  
and rub him!

Hold his nose close!—You, if you be a woman,  
Help us a little! Here's a man near perish'd.

*Leu.* Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.  
Look to my bowl! I'll run in presently,

And fetch some water. Bend him, and set him upwards.

A goodly man! *[Exit.]*

*Leon.* Here's a brave heart! He's warm again. Leave us i' th' lurch so, sirrah! *[You shall not]*

*2 Gent.* Now he breathes too.

*Leon.* If we'd but any drink to raise his spirits—What's that i' th' bowl? Upon my life, good She would not own it else. *[Liquor;]*

*1 Gent.* He sees.

*Leon.* Look up, boy;

And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.

Guide it to his mouth. He swallows heartily.

*2 Gent.* Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'Tis off.

*Leon.* Stand up, man.

*Lieut.* Am I not shot?

*Leon.* Away with him, and cheer him.

Thou hast won thy troop.

*Lieut.* I think I won it bravely.

*Leon.* Go; I must see the prince; he must not live thus;

And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

Well, sir— *[Exit Gent. and Lieut.]*

*Enter LEUCIPPE, with water.*

*Leu.* Here, here! Where's the sick gentleman?

*Leon.* He's up, and gone, lady.

*Leu.* Alas, that I came so late.

*Leon.* He must still thank you;

You left that in a cup here did him comfort.

*Leu.* That in the bowl?

*Leon.* Yes, truly, very much comfort;

He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.

*Leu.* Did he drink it all?

*Leon.* All off.

*Leu.* The devil choke him!

I am undone! He has twenty devils in him.—

Undone for ever!—Left he none?

*[Looks at the bowl.]*

*Leon.* I think not.

*Leu.* No, not a drop. What shall become of me now?

Had he no where else to swoon?—A vengeance swoon him!

Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet,

And swear too, at a pinch; that's all my comfort.

Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. *[Exit.]*

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Leon.* What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,

With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,

Sorrow herself but poorly imitates.

Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caused it!

*[Retires.]*

*Dem.* Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,

And found so by my father? She was a woman;

And many a one of that sex, young and fair,

As full of faith as she, have fallen, and foully.

*Leon.* It is a wench. Oh that I knew the circumstance!

*Dem.* Why might not, to preserve me from this She having lost her honour, and abused me, *[ruin,* My father change the forms o' th' coins, and exchequer His anger on a fault she ne'er committed, *[cuts* Only to keep me safe? Why should I think so? She never was to me, but all obedience, Sweetness and love.

*Leon.* How heartily he weeps now!

I have not wept these thirty years and upward;

But now, if I should be hang'd, I can't hold from it: It grieves me to the heart. *[Comes forward.]*

*Dem.* Who's that that mocks me?

*Leon.* A plague of him that mocks you! I grieve truly,

Truly and heartily, to see you thus, sir:

And, if it lay in my power, gods are my witness, Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace from I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit— *[you,*

*Dem.* No more of that; no more, Leontius: Revenges are the gods'; our part is sufferance!

Farewell! I shall not see thee long.

*Leon.* Good sir,

Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't. D'you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your Sweet prince, the cause? *[soldier?]*

*Dem.* I must not, dare not tell it;

And, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.

*Leon.* Will you be merry then?

*Dem.* I am wondrous merry.

*Leon.* 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.

Shame on't! it does not, sir; it shews not handsomely.

If I were thus, you'd swear I were an ass straight, A wooden ass! Whine for a wench!

*Dem.* Pr'ythee leave me.

*Leon.* I will not leave you for a tit—

*Dem.* Leontius!

*Leon.* For that you may have any where for And a dear pennyworth too. *[sixpence;]*

*Dem.* Nay, then you're troublesome.

*Leon.* Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, sir.

Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket, And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love?

That noble mind, to melt away and moulder For a hey-nonny-nonny? Would I had a glass here,

To shew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd to.

*Dem.* My wretched fortune!

*Leon.* Will you but let me know her?

I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good men's offices,

And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:

And if she be above ground, and a woman,

I ask no more! I'll bring her o' my back, sir;

By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring the devil—

I care not who she be, nor where I have her—

And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,

Which you think fittest: And, when you have danced your galliard—

*Dem.* Away, and fool to them are so affected!—

Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!—

Wilt thou do one thing for me?

*Leon.* All things i' th' world, sir,

Of all dangers.

*Dem.* Swear!

*Leon.* I will.

*Dem.* Come near me no more, then—

*Leon.* How?

*Dem.* Come no more near me:

Thou art a plague-sore to me. *[Exit.]*

*Leon.* Give you good even, sir!

If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport— I will be sorry yet.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?

*Leon.* Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else

That has his nineteen wits. He has the bots, I think;

He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he speak yet?

*Leon.* Not willingly:

Shortly, he will not see a man. If ever I look'd upon a prince so metamorphosed, So juggled into I know not what, shame take me! This 'tis to be in love.

1 *Gent.* Is that the cause on't?

*Leon.* What is it not the cause of, but bear-beatings?

And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon't!

What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes, What dogs and cats it makes us! Men that are possess'd with it,

Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,

And every devil of a several nature;

Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass. Where's the Lieutenant?

Has he gathered up the end on's wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,

Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.

*Leon.* Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now most wonderful: a blazer now, sir.

*Leon.* What ails the fool? And what star reigns We have such prodigies? [now, gentlemen,

2 *Gent.* 'Twill 'pose your heaven-hunters.

He talks now of the king, no other language, And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.

Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king, [colours.

Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's

*Leon.* Does he not lie i' th' King-street too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither.

Makes prayers for the king in sundry languages,

Turns all his proclamations into metre;

Is really in love with the king most dotingly,

And swears Adonis was a devil to him.

A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king—

2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; "oh, excellent king,"—

Thus he begins, "Thou light and life of creatures, Angel-eyed king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;"—

And so proceeds to incision. What think you of this sorrow?

1 *Gent.* 'Will as familiarly kiss the king's horses

As they pass by him—Ready to ravish his foot—

*Leon.* Why, this is above *Ela*! [men.

But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet;

But thus it is, and this part but the poorest.

'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to see Act these. [him

2 *Gent.* With sighs as though his heart would

Cry like a breeched boy; not eat a bit. [break;

*Leon.* I must go see him presently;

For this is such a gig—For certain, gentlemen, The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

*Leon.* Can you guide me to him? For half an To see the miracle. [hour I'm his,

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him. [Exit.

# SCENE V.—An Apartment in the Same.

*Enter ANTIQONUS, in splendid apparel, and LEUCIPPE.*

*Ant.* Are you sure she drank it?

*Leu.* Now must I lie most confidently. [Aside.

Yes, sir, she has drank it off.

*Ant.* How works it with her?

*Leu.* I see no alteration yet.

*Ant.* There will be;

For he's the greatest artist living made it. Where is she now?

*Leu.* She is ready to walk out, sir.

*Ant.* Stark mad, I know she will be.

*Leu.* So I hope, sir.

*Ant.* She knows not of the prince?

*Leu.* Of no man living.

*Ant.* How do I look? how do my clothes become I am not very grey. [me?

*Leu.* A very youth, sir:

Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April.

Heaven bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand:

Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that wither. Your grace can give content enough.

*Ant.* I think so.

*Enter CELIA, with a book.*

*Leu.* Here she comes, sir.

*Ant.* How shall I keep her off me?

Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready. [Exit LEU.

*Celia.* No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!

They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,

No company but my afflictions.— [Sees the King.

This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts me!

How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me!

He has made himself handsome too.

*Ant.* Do you look now, lady?

You'll leap anon.

*Celia.* Curl'd and perfum'd! I smell him.

He looks on's legs too: sure he'll cut a caper.

God-a-mercy, dear December!

*Ant.* Oh, do you smile now?

I knew it would work with you.—Come hither,

*Celia.* Sir! [pretty one.

*Ant.* I like those court'sies well. Come hither,

and kiss me.

*Celia.* I am reading, sir, of a short treatise here,

That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your grace seen it?

He says here, that an old man's loose desire

Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wond'rd at;

Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon't, And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.

And, in another place, he calls their loves

Faint smells of dying flowers, carry no comforts;

They're dotting stinking fogs; so thick and muddy,

Reason, with all his beams, cannot beat through 'em.



*Ant.* How's this? Is this the potion?—You but I know you love me. [fool still!]

*Celia.* As you're just and honest,  
I know I love and honour you; admire you.

*Ant.* This makes against me, fearfully against me.

*Celia.* But, as you bring your power to persecute me,

Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,  
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,  
Hell never hated good as I hate you, sir:  
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,  
Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,  
The ever-living memories raised to you,  
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?  
And, when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,

What honourable tongue can sing my story?  
Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp  
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:  
Be as your office is, a god-like justice,  
Into all shedding equally your virtues!

*Ant.* She has drench'd me now; now I admire her goodness!

So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.  
Can nothing in the power of kings persuade you?

*Celia.* No, nor that power command me.

*Ant.* Say I should force you?  
I have it in my will.

*Celia.* Your will's a poor one;  
And, though it be a king's will, a despised one;  
Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in swaddling clouts.

A thousand ways my will has found to check you:  
A thousand doors to 'scape you. I dare die, sir;  
As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer. [me,  
Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd  
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchased by it?  
What honour won? Do you know who dwells  
above, sir,

And what they have prepared for men turn'd devils?

Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble,

Death sitting on your blood; when their fires visit us,

Will nothing wring you then, do you think? Sit hard here?

And like a snake curl round about your conscience,

Biting and stinging? Will you not roar too late then?

Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy,  
Then will I rise a star in Heaven, and scorn you!

*Ant.* Lust, how I hate thee now, and love this sweetness!

Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you?

*Celia.* Not all the world. I am a queen already,  
Crown'd by his love, I must not lose for fortune:  
I can give none away, sell none away, sir,  
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;  
For in another's heart my hope and peace lie.

*Ant.* Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough

To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you spoke of,

Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!

*Celia.* Why, now you shew a god! now I kneel to you! [Kneels.]

This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you!

Thus I hold up my hands to Heav'n that touch'd you,

And pray eternal blessings dwell about you!

*Ant.* Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue!

Your present comfort shall be now my business.

*Celia.* All my obedient service wait upon you. [Exeunt severally.]

#### SCENE VI.—The Court of the Palace.

*Enter LEONTIUS, Gentlemen, and LIEUTENANT.*

*Leon.* Hast thou clean forgot the wars?

*Lieut.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.

*Leon.* It seems so.

Sirrah!

*Lieut.* I am so troubled with this fellow!

*Leon.* He'll call me rogue anon.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.

*Lieut.* Oh, king, that thou knew'st I loved thee, how I loved thee!

And where, Oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!

*Leon.* He cannot leave his sutler's trade: he

*Lieut.* Oh, never, king—— [wooes in't.]

*Leon.* By this hand, when I consider——

*Lieut.* My honest friend, you are a little saucy.

1 *Gent.* I told you, you would have it.

*Lieut.* When mine own worth——

*Leon.* Is flung into the balance, and found

*Lieut.* And yet a soldier—— [nothing.]

*Leon.* And yet a saucy one.

*Lieut.* One that has follow'd thee——

*Leon.* Fair and far off.

*Lieut.* Fought for thy grace——

*Leon.* 'Twas for some grief: You lie, sir!

*Lieut.* He's the son of a whore denies this!

Will that satisfy you?

*Leon.* Yes, very well.

*Lieut.* Shall then that thing that honours thee——

How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;

And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever——

*Leon.* Here's a new thing.

2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.

*Leon.* I'll fetch him out on't—When's the king's birth-day?

*Lieut.* Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with ringing:

And there's the resolution of a lover! [Exit.]

*Leon.* A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,  
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted.

Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the  
The good old king? to dote upon him too! [king,

Stay! now I remember what the fat woman warn'd  
Bade me remember, and look to him too. [me;

I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's  
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal: [conjured.

In the mean time, I'll wait occasion

To work upon the prince.

2 *Gent.* Pray do that seriously. [Exeunt severally.]

#### SCENE VII.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter ANTIOPUS, MENIPPUS, and Lords.*

*Lord.* He's very ill.

*Ant.* I'm very sorry for't;

And much asham'd I have wrong'd his innocence.  
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;  
There leave her to his love again.

*Men.* I'm glad, sir.

*Lord.* He'll speak to none.

*Ant.* Oh, I shall break that silence.

Be quick! take fair attendance.

*Men.* Yes, sir, presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Ant.* He'll find his tongue, I warrant you; his  
I send a physic will not fail.

[*health too:*]

*Lord.* Fair work it!

*Ant.* We hear the princes mean to visit us,  
In way of truce.

*Lord.* 'Tis thought so.

*Ant.* Come, let's in then,

And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Court before the Lodgings  
of DEMETRIUS.*

*Enter LEONTIUS.*

*Leon.* There's no way now to get in; all the  
light stopt too;  
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heaven,  
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,  
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could but  
see once

This beauty he groans under, or come to know  
But any circumstance.—What noise is that there?  
I think I heard him groan. Here are some coming;  
A woman too; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

*Enter MENIPPUS, CELIA, and Lords.*

*Celia.* Well, some of ye have been to blame in  
this point;

But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd out  
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour. [too,

*Men.* 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.

*Celia.* I must think so;

For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?  
*Men.* He is, madam; and the joy to see you only  
Will draw him out.

*Leon.* I know that woman's tongue;  
I think I have seen her face too: I'll go nearer.

If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow.

'Tis the same face; the same most excellent woman!

*Celia.* This should be Lord Leontius: I remem-

*Leon.* Lady, I think you know me. [ber him.

*Celia.* Speak soft, good soldier!

I do, and know you worthy, know you noble:

Know not me yet openly, as you love me;

But let me see you again; I'll satisfy you.

I'm wondrous glad to see those eyes.

*Leon.* You have charged me.

*Celia.* You shall know where I am.

*Leon.* I will not off yet:

She goes to knock at's door. This must be she  
The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.

He will bolt now for certain.

*Celia.* Are you within, sir?—

[*Knocks at the window.*]

I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesy.

Pray, leave me now.

*All.* We rest your humble servants!

[*Excunt MEN., &c.*]

*Celia.* So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heaven  
he be here!—

Master! my royal sir! do you hear who calls you?  
Love! my Demetrius!

*Leon.* These are pretty quail-pipes;  
The cock will crow anon.

*Celia.* Can you be drowsy,  
When I call at your window?

*Leon.* I hear him stirring:  
Now he comes wondering out.

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* 'Tis Celia's sound, sure!

The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it.  
There stands the shape too!

*Leon.* How he stares upon her!

*Dem.* Ha! do mine eyes abuse me?

'Tis she, the living Celia!—Your hand, lady!

*Celia.* What should this mean?

*Dem.* The very self-same Celia—

*Celia.* How do you, sir?

*Dem.* Only turn'd brave.

I heard you were dead, my dear one. Complete!  
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!

*Celia.* How he surveys me round! Here has  
been foul play.

*Dem.* How came she thus?

*Celia.* It was a kind of death, sir,  
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,  
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

*Dem.* 'Tis likely.

How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous gallant!

Did my father send for you?

*Celia.* So they told me, sir,

And on command too.

*Dem.* I hope you were obedient?

*Celia.* I was so ever.

*Dem.* And you were bravely used?

*Celia.* I wanted nothing.—

My maidenhead to a mote i' th' sun, he's jealous;  
I must now play the knave with him, though I  
die for't;

'Tis in my nature. [*Aside.*]

*Dem.* Her very eyes are alter'd!

Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet—

And what were those came for you?

*Celia.* Monstrous jealous: [*Aside.*]

Have I lived at the rate of these scorn'd questions?  
They seem'd of good sort, gentlemen.

*Dem.* Kind men?

*Celia.* They were wondrous kind; I was much  
beholding to 'em.

There was one Menippus, sir.

*Dem.* Ha?

*Celia.* One Menippus;

A notable merry lord, and a good companion.

*Dem.* And one Charinthus too?

*Celia.* Yes, there was such a one.

*Dem.* And Timon?

*Celia.* 'Tis most true.

*Dem.* And thou most treacherous!

My father's bawds, by Heaven! they never miss  
And were these daily with you? [*course.*]

*Celia.* Every hour, sir.

*Dem.* And was there not a lady, a fat lady?

*Celia.* Oh, yes; a notable good wench.

*Dem.* The devil fetch her!

*Celia.* 'Tis even the merriest wench—

*Dem.* Did she keep with you too?

*Celia.* She was all in all; my bed-fellow, cat  
Brought me acquainted. [*with me,*]

*Dem.* You are well known here then?

*Celia.* There is no living here a stranger, I think.

*Dem.* How came you by this brave gown?

*Celia.* This is a poor one :  
Alas, I have twenty richer. Do you see these  
jewels ?

Why, they're the poorest things, to those are sent  
And sent me hourly too ! [me,

*Dem.* Is there no modesty,  
No faith, in this fair sex ?

*Leon.* What will this prove too ?  
For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.

*Dem.* Come hither ! Thou art dead indeed, lost,  
All that I left thee, fair and innocent, [tainted !  
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't ;  
All that I hoped for virtuous, is fled from thee,  
Turn'd black and bankrupt !

*Leon.* By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.  
*Dem.* Thou'rt dead, for ever dead ! Sin's surfeit  
slew thee ;

Th' ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.  
Go from me, grave of honour ! Go, thou foul one,  
Thou glory of thy sin ! Go, thou despised one !  
And, where there is no virtue, nor no virgin ;  
Where chastity was never known nor heard of ;  
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and loose-  
ness ;

Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting !  
*Celia.* You do not speak this seriously, I hope,  
I did but jest with you. [sir :

*Dem.* Look not upon me !  
There is more hell in those eyes than hell harbours ;  
And, when they flame, more torments !

*Celia.* Darest thou trust me ?  
You durst once, even with all you had, your love,  
By this fair light, I'm honest. [sir.

*Dem.* Thou subtle Circe,  
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses ;  
Curse not the day !

*Celia.* Come, come, you shall not do this.  
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me :  
You are not in the field among your enemies.  
Come, I must cool this courage.

*Dem.* Out, thou impudence,  
Thou ulcer of thy sex ! When I first saw thee,  
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,  
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison,  
That now consumes my dear content to cinders.  
I am not now Demetrius ; thou hast changed me :  
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast  
changed me ;

Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes, hast slain me !  
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,  
I was a man, and reason made and moved me,  
Now one great lump of grief I grow and wander.

*Celia.* And, as you're noble, do you think I did  
this ?

*Dem.* Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me !  
*Celia.* I will go from you, never more to see you ;

I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me ;  
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,  
Wherever I shall find a fool, a false man,  
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,  
A base suspecter of a virgin's honour,  
A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for,  
Him will I call Demetrius ; that fool, Demetrius,  
That madman, a Demetrius ; and that false man,  
The prince of broken faiths, even Prince Demetrius !  
You think now I should cry and kneel down to you,

Petition for my peace : Let those that feel here  
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour :  
I am above your hate, as far above it,  
In all the actions of an innocent life,  
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.  
Cry, when you know your folly ; howl and curse then,  
Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false heart,  
When you shall come to know whom you have  
flung from you.

*Dem.* 'Pray you stay a little.

*Celia.* Not your hopes can alter me !  
Then, let a thousand black thoughts muster in you,  
And with those enter in a thousand dotings ;  
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing ;  
My innocence for ever haunt and fright you ;  
Those arms together grow in folds ; that tongue,  
That bold bad tongue, that barks out these disgraces,  
When you shall come to know how nobly virtuous  
I have preserved my life, rot, rot within you !

*Dem.* What shall I do ?

*Celia.* Live a lost man for ever !  
Go, ask your father's conscience what I suffer'd,  
And through what seas of hazards I sailed through ;  
Mine honour still advanced in spite of tempests ;  
Then, take your leave of love, and confess freely  
You were ne'er worthy of this heart that served you :  
And so farewell, ungrateful ! [Exit.

*Dem.* Is she gone ?

*Leon.* I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.  
[Exit.

*Enter Antigonus and Lords.*

*Ant.* Are you pleased now ? Ha' you got your  
Have I restored you that ? [heart again ?

*Dem.* Sir, even for Heaven sake,  
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how you found her ?

*Ant.* I will, and in few words. Before I tried her,  
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,  
And fear'd her too ; which fear begot that story  
I told you first : But since, like gold I touch'd her.

*Dem.* And how, dear sir—

*Ant.* Heaven's holy light's not purer.  
The constancy and goodness of all women,  
That ever lived to win the names of worthy,  
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.  
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,  
And by all tongues employed, wrought as much on  
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day [her  
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly,  
And, to that heavenly shape, her thoughts are angels.

*Dem.* Why did you tell me, sir—

*Ant.* 'Tis true I err'd in't :  
But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,  
I find a king too poor a servant for her.  
Love her, and honour her ; in all observe her.  
She must be something more than time yet tells  
And certain I believe him bless'd enjoys her. [her ;  
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,  
To add another empire to my honour. [Exit.

*Dem.* Oh, wretched state ! to what end shall I  
turn me ?

And where begins my penance ? Now, what service  
Will win her love again ? My death must do it :  
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,  
Be pleased, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant !  
[Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of CELIA.**Enter LEONTIUS and CELIA.*

*Leon.* I know he does not deserve you ; he has used you poorly :

And to redeem himself—

*Celia.* Redeem ?

*Leon.* I know it—

There's no way left.

*Celia.* For Heaven's sake, do not name him, Do not think on him, sir ; he's so far from me In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew

*Leon.* But yet I would see him again. [him.

*Celia.* No, never, never !

*Leon.* I do not mean to lend him any comfort, But to afflict him ; so to torture him, That even his very soul may shake within him ; To make him know, though he be great and power-'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably, [ful, And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.

*Celia.* I must confess, I could most spitefully afflict him ;

Now, now, I could whet my anger at him ; Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through I long to vex him ! [him :

*Leon.* And do it home, and bravely.

*Celia.* Were I a man—

*Leon.* I'll help that weakness in you : I honour you, and serve you.

*Celia.* Not only to disclaim me, When he had seal'd his vows in Heaven, sworn to me,

And poor believing I became his servant ; But, most maliciously, to brand my credit, Stain my pure name !

*Leon.* I would not suffer it.

See him I would again ; and, to his teeth too, (Od's precious !) I would ring him such a lesson—

*Celia.* I have done that already.

*Leon.* Nothing, nothing ;

It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.

That, and your urged-on anger to the highest— Why, 'twill be such a stroke—

*Celia.* Say, he repent then,

And seek with tears to soften ? I'm a woman, A woman that have loved him, sir, have honour'd him I am no more. [him ;

*Leon.* Why you may deal thereafter.

*Celia.* If I forgive him, I am lost.

*Leon.* Hold there then ;

The sport will be, to what a poor submission— But keep you strong.

*Celia.* I would not see him.

*Leon.* Yes ; you shall ring his knell.

*Celia.* How if I kill him ?

*Leon.* Kill him ? why, let him die.

*Celia.* I know 'tis fit so :

But why should I, that loved him once, destroy him ?

Oh, had he 'scaped this sin, what a brave gentleman—

*Leon.* I must confess, had this not fallen, a nobler,

A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd you : And, to his making, such a mind—

*Celia.* 'Tis certain :

But all this I must now forget.

*Leon.* You shall not,

If I have any art. [*Aside.*—Go up, sweet lady, And trust my truth.

*Celia.* But, good sir, bring him not.

*Leon.* I would not for the honour you are born to ; But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.

*Celia.* You will be near me then ?

*Leon.* I will be with you.—

Yet there's some hope to stop this gap ; I'll work hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, two Gentlemen, LIETENANT, and Lords.*

*Ant.* But is it possible this fellow took it ?

2 *Gent.* It seems so, by the violence it wrought Yet now the fit's even off. [with ;

*Men.* I beseech your grace—

*Ant.* Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart, And am right glad she drank it not herself, And more glad that the virtuous maid escap'd it ; I would not for the world 't had hit : But that this soldier,

(Lord, how he looks ! ) that he should take this Can he make rhymes too ? [vomit !

2 *Gent.* He has made a thousand, sir,

And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.

*Ant.* He looks as though he were bepist.—Do you love me, sir ?

*Lieut.* Yes, surely ; even with all my heart.

*Ant.* I thank you ;

I am glad I have so good a subject. But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me, Before you drank this matter ?

*Lieut.* Even as much

As a sober man might ; and a soldier That your grace owes just half a year's pay to.

*Ant.* Well remember'd.

And did I seem so young and amiable to you ?

*Lieut.* Methought you were the sweetest youth—

*Ant.* That's excellent !

*Lieut.* Ay truly, sir ; and ever as I thought on I wish'd, and wish'd— [you,

*Ant.* What didst thou wish, I prythee ?

*Lieut.* Even that I had been a wench of fifteen A handsome wench, sir. [for you ;

*Ant.* Why, God-a-mercy, soldier !

I seem not so now to thee ?

*Lieut.* Not all out ;

And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.

*Ant.* Thou wast ne'er in love before ?

*Lieut.* Not with a king,

And hope I shall ne'er be again. Truly, sir, I have had such plunges, and such bickerings,

And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me ! For, whatsoever it was provoked me toward you—

*Ant.* God-a-mercy, still !

*Lieut.* I had it with a vengeance ; It play'd his prize.

*Ant.* I would not have been a wench then, Though of this age.

*Lieut.* No, sure, I should have spoil'd you.

*Ant.* Well, go thy ways. Of all the lusty lovers  
That e'er I saw—Wilt have another potion?

*Lieut.* If you will be another thing, have at you.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha!

Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'rt my  
Do bravely; I'll love thee as much. [soldier.]

*Lieut.* I thank you;

But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it  
I beseech your grace, pay me my charge. [you.]

*2 Gent.* That's certain, sir;

He has bought up all that e'er he found was like you,  
Or any thing you have loved, that he could purchase;

Old horses that your grace had ridden blind, and  
founder'd;

Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than all  
this,

Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.

*Ant.* Bring in your bills: Mine own love shall  
be satisfy'd;

And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,  
I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.

*Men.* 'Twas the best draught that e'er you  
*Lieut.* I hope so. [drank.]

*Ant.* Are the princes come to th' court?

*Men.* They are all, and lodged, sir.

*Ant.* Come then, make ready for their entertain-  
ment;

Which presently we'll give.—Wait you on me, sir.

*Lieut.* I shall love drink the better whilst I live,  
boys! [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in the House of CELIA.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS.*

*Dem.* Let me but see her, dear Leontius;  
Let me but die before her!

*Leon.* 'Would that would do it.

If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty  
(You having flung so main a mischief on her,  
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)  
Dare I present your visit?

*Dem.* I'll repent all,  
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,  
That ever lover made.

*Leon.* 'Twill be too late, sir:  
I know not what will become of you.

*Dem.* You can help me.

*Leon.* It may be, to her sight: What are you  
nearer?

She has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon  
you;

And, to love you again, oh, she cries out, and  
thunders,

She had rather love—There is no hope.

*Dem.* Yes, Leontius,  
There is a hope; which, though it draw no love to  
At least will draw her to lament my fortune; [it,  
And that hope shall relieve me.

*Leon.* Hark you, sir, hark you!

Say I should bring you—

*Dem.* Do not trifle with me!

*Leon.* I will not trifle—both together bring you—  
You know the wrongs you have done?

*Dem.* I do confess 'em.

*Leon.* And if you should then jump into your  
fury,

And have another quirk in your head—

*Dem.* I'll die first!

*Leon.* You must say nothing to her; for 'tis  
certain,

The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.

*Dem.* I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my  
penance.

*Leon.* You must look wondrous sad too.

*Dem.* I need not look so;

I'm truly Sadness' self.

*Leon.* That look will do it.

Stay here; I'll bring her to you instantly:

But take heed how you bear yourself. Sit down  
there;

The more humble you are, the more she'll take  
compassion.

Women are perilous things to deal upon! [Exit.]

*Dem.* What shall become of me? To curse my  
fortune,

Were but to curse my father; that's too impious:  
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,

Bless, I beseech thee, Heaven, her harmless good-  
ness!

*Enter LEONTIUS and CELIA.*

*Leon.* Now arm yourself.

*Celia.* You have not brought him?

*Leon.* Yes, 'faith;

And there he is: You see in what poor plight too.  
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.

*Celia.* I will go back.

*Leon.* I will be hang'd then, lady!

Are you a coward now?

*Celia.* I cannot speak to him.

*Dem.* Oh me!

*Leon.* There was a sigh to blow a church down.  
So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot plays;  
They'll come to the battery anon.

*Celia.* He weeps extremely.

*Leon.* Rail at him now.

*Celia.* I dare not.

*Leon.* I am glad on't.

*Celia.* Nor dare believe his tears.

*Dem.* You may, blest beauty;

For those thick streams that troubled my repent-  
Are crept out long ago. [ance,

*Leon.* You see how he looks.

*Celia.* What have I to do how he looks? how  
look'd he then,

When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine honour?  
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

*Leon.* Ay, if you saw fit cause: and you confess'd  
too,

Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,  
The sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from you,  
Nor from your anger; use him as you please;  
For, to say truth, he has deserved your justice.  
But still consider what he has been to you.

*Celia.* 'Pray do not blind me thus.

*Dem.* Oh, gentle mistress,

If there were any way to expiate  
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,  
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,  
Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love you!

*Leon.* They say, women have tender hearts; I  
I'm sure mine melts. [know not;

*Celia.* Sir, I forgive you heartily,

And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,  
And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues:  
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!  
I must look back.—Gods keep your grace!—He's  
here still. [Points to her heart, and exit.]

*Dem.* She has forgiven me.

*Leon.* She has directed you :

Up, up, and follow like a man ; away, sir !  
She look'd behind her twice. Her heart dwells  
here, sir ;

You drew tears from her too ; she cannot freeze thus.  
The door's set open too :—Are you a man ?  
Are you alive ? do you understand her meaning ?  
Have you blood and spirit in you ?

*Dem.* I dare not trouble her.

*Leon.* Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with  
nothing,

Walk whining up and down—"I dare not, cannot."  
Strike now or never ! Faint heart—you know  
what, sir.

Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out !  
A devil on't ! stands this door ope for nothing ?  
So, get ye together, and be naught.—Now, to  
secure all,

Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaister.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PROTEMY,  
LIEUTENANT, Gentlemen, and Lords.

*Ant.* This peace is fairly made.

*Sel.* Would your grace wish us  
To put in more ? Take what you please, we  
yield it :

The honour done us by your son constrains it,  
Your noble son.

*Ant.* It is sufficient, princes.

And, now we're one again, one mind, one body,  
And one sword shall strike for us.

*Lys.* Let prince Demetrius  
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants)  
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle.

*Ptol.* And ev'n from all that strength we'll catch  
at victory.

*Sel.* Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune  
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd !  
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.

*Lys.* You lost a sweet child there.

*Sel.* Name it no more, sir ;

This is no time to entertain such sorrows.—  
Will your majesty do us the honour we may see  
And wait upon him ? [the prince,

*Enter* LEONTIUS.

*Ant.* I wonder he stays from us.—  
How now, Leontius ? Where's my son ?

*Sel.* Brave captain !

*Lys.* Old valiant sir !

*Leon.* Your graces are welcome !—  
Your son, an't please you, sir, is new cashier'd  
yonder,

Cast from his mistress' favour ; and such a coil  
there is,

Such fending, and such proving ! She stands off,  
And will by no means yield to composition :  
He offers any price, his body to her.

*Sel.* She is a hard lady denies that caution.

*Leon.* And now they whine, and now they rave :  
'Faith, princes,

'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em ;  
For less than such a power will do just nothing :  
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,  
For there will he grow, till he be transplanted.

*Sel.* 'Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you  
thither,

That I may see that beauty dares deny him,  
That scornful beauty.

*Ptol.* I should think it worse now ;

Ill brought-up beauty.

*Ant.* She has too much reason for't ;  
Which, with too great a grief, I shame to think of.  
But we'll go see this game.

*Lys.* Rather this wonder.

*Ant.* Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new  
peace. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—*A Room in the House of CELIA.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS and CELIA.

*Celia.* Thus far you shall persuade me ; still to  
honour you,

Still to live with you, sir, or near about you ;  
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love :  
But since you have conceived an evil against me,  
An evil that so much concerns your honour,  
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern ;  
And though there be a false thought, and confess'd  
too,

And much repentance fallen in showers to purge it ;  
Yet, while that great respect I ever bore you,  
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty ;  
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch you.

*Dem.* Oh, you will make some other happy !

*Celia.* Never ;

Upon this hand, I'll seal that faith.

*Dem.* We may kiss :

Put not those out o' th' peace too.

*Celia.* Those I'll give you,  
So there you will be pleased to pitch your *ne ultra* ;  
I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with you,  
Be your poor mistress still : In truth, I love you !

*Enter* LEONTIUS, ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS,  
PROTEMY, LIEUTENANT, and Gentlemen.

*Dem.* Stay ! who are these ?

*Lys.* A very handsome lady.

*Leon.* As e'er you saw.

*Sel.* 'Pity her heart's so cruel.

*Lys.* How does your grace ?—He stands still ;  
will not hear us.

*Ptol.* We come to serve you, sir, in all our  
fortunes.

*Lys.* He bows a little now ; he's strangely alter'd.

*Sel.* Ha ! pray you a word, Leontius ! pray you  
a word with you,

Lysimachus ! You both knew mine Enanthe,  
I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,  
Mine uncle slain ; Antigonus had the sack on't.

*Lys.* Yes, I remember well the girl.

*Sel.* Methinks now, [Pulls out a picture.  
That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture :  
The same, but more years on her ; the very same.

*Lys.* A cherry to a cherry is not liker.

*Sel.* Look on her eyes.

*Leon.* Most certain she is like her :  
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, sir ;  
And I hope who will more.

*Ant.* What's that ye look at, princes ?

*Sel.* This picture, and that lady, sir.

*Ant.* Ha ! they are near ;

They only err in time.

*Lys.* Did you mark that blush there ?  
That came the nearest.

*Sel.* I must speak to her.

*Leon.* You'll quickly be resolved.

*Sel.* Your name, sweet lady?

*Celia.* Enanthe, sir: And this to beg your blessing. [Kneels.

*Sel.* Do you know me?

*Celia.* If you be the king Seleucus,  
I know you are my father.

*Sel.* Peace a little!

Where did I lose you?

*Celia.* At the sack of Antioch,  
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,  
By a mean soldier taken: By this prince,  
This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,  
Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.

*Sel.* My joys are now too full! Welcome,  
Enanthe!

Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!

*Dem.* And mine too desperate!

*Sel.* You shall not think so;  
This is a peace indeed.

*Ant.* I hope it shall be,  
And ask it first.

*Sel.* Most royal sir, you have it.

*Dem.* I once more beg it thus. [

*Sel.* You must not be denied, sir.

*Celia.* By me, I am sure he must not, s  
shall not:

Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it; [

And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er pa

*All.* The gods give happy joys! all comf

*Dem.* My new Enanthe!

*Ant.* Come, beat all the drums up,

And all the noble instruments of war!

Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sound

And those the brazen arch of Heaven break th

While to the temple we conduct these two.

*Leon.* May they be ever loving, ever you

And, ever worthy of those lines they sprung

May their fair issues walk with time along!

*Lieut.* And hang a coward now! and the

song. [

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I am not cured yet thoroughly; for, believe,  
I feel another passion that may grieve;  
All over me I feel it too: And now  
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.  
As you are good men, help me; a carouse  
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,  
And all that come to see me, dotingly.  
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,  
The next employment I am sent upon,  
I'll swear you are physicians, the wars none.

# THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING,

SIR WALTER ASTON,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true.  
This play was never liked, unless by few  
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,  
First the infection, then the common prate  
Of common people, have such customs got,  
Either to silence plays, or like them not.  
Under the last of which this interlude  
Had fall'n for ever, preat down by the rude,  
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,  
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds:  
Had not the saving sense of better men  
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,  
Among the better souls, be you the best,  
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest

And proper being; from whose equal eye  
And judgment nothing grows but purity.  
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,  
Great in the muses, by Apollo's head,  
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done  
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:  
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,  
Moved by your judgment, not by love or will,  
And when I sing again, (as who can tell  
My next devotion to that holy well?)  
Your goodness to the muses shall be all  
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS,

SIR WILLIAM SCIPWITH.

ODE.

If, from servile hope or love,  
I may prove  
But so happy to be thought for  
Such a one, whose greatest ease  
Is to please,  
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for.  
For no itch of greater name,  
Which some claim  
By their verses, do I show it  
To the world; nor to protest  
'Tis the best; —  
These are lean faults in a poet; —

Nor to make it serve to feed  
At my need,  
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,  
Nor to ravish kind attorneys  
In their journeys,  
Nor to read it after diet.  
Far from me are all these aims,  
Fittest frames  
To build weakness on, and pity.  
Only to yourself, and such  
Whose true touch  
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,

JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN,

SIR ROBERT TOWNSEND.

If the greatest faults may crave  
Pardon where contrition is,  
Noble sir, I needs must have  
A long one; for a long amiss.  
If you ask me, "How is this?"  
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly  
You love above my means to thank ye.  
Yet, according to my talent,  
As sour fortune loves to use me,  
A poor shepherd I have sent,  
In home-spun gray for to excuse me,  
And may all my hopes refuse me,

But when better comes ashore,  
You shall have better, newer, more.  
Till when, like our desperate debtors,  
Or our three-piled sweet protesters,  
I must please you in bare letters,  
And so pay my debts, like jesters;  
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,  
Only for to please the palate,  
Leave great meat and choose a sallad.

All yours,

JOHN FLETCHER.



## TO THE READER.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the Prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country-hired shepherds, in grey cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassel, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them: that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERIGOT, a Shepherd in Love with AMORET.  
 THERNOT, a Shepherd in Love with CLORIN.  
 DAPHNIS, a Modest Shepherd.  
 ALEXIS, a Wanton Shepherd.  
 God of a River.  
 Satyr.  
 Priest.  
 Old Shepherd.  
 A sullen discontented Shepherd.

Shepherds.

AMORET, the Faithful Shepherdess, in Love with PERIGOT.  
 CLORIN, a Holy Shepherdess.  
 AMARILLIS, a Shepherdess in Love with PERIGOT.  
 CLOE, a wanton Shepherdess.  
 Shepherdesses.

## SCENE—THESSALY.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Wood.

*Enter CLORIN, having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

*Clorin.* Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do  
 The truest man that ever fed his flocks [embrace  
 By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!  
 Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay  
 My early vows and tribute of mine eyes  
 To thy still-loved ashes; thus I free  
 Myself from all ensuing heats and fires  
 Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games  
 That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.  
 Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt  
 With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;  
 No more the company of fresh fair maids  
 And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,  
 Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes  
 Under some shady dell, when the cool wind  
 Plays on the leaves: All be far away,  
 Since thou art far away, by whose dear side  
 How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers  
 For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy  
 Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,  
 And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.  
 But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,  
 And all are dead but thy dear memory;  
 That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring  
 Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.  
 And here will I, in honour of thy love,  
 Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys  
 That former times made precious to mine eyes;

Only remembering what my youth did gain  
 In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:  
 That will I practise, and as freely give  
 All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.  
 Of all green wounds I know the remedies  
 In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,  
 Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,  
 Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat  
 Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears  
 Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;  
 These I can cure, such secret virtue lies  
 In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.  
 My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,  
 Berries, and chestnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks  
 The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit [pine;  
 Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown  
 On these I'll feed with free content and rest,  
 When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

*Enter a Satyr, with a Basket of Fruit.*

*Sat.* Through yon same bending plain  
 That flings his arms down to the main,  
 And through these thick woods, have I run,  
 Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun  
 Since the lusty spring began,  
 All to please my master Pan,  
 Have I trotted without rest  
 To get him fruit; for at a feast  
 He entertains, this coming night,  
 His paramour, the Syrinx bright—  
 But, behold a fairer sight!

[Seeing CLORIN.]

By that heavenly form of thine,  
 Brightest fair, thou art divine,  
 Sprung from great immortal race  
 Of the gods ; for in thy face  
 Shines more awful majesty,  
 Than dull weak mortality  
 Dare with misty eyes behold,  
 And live ! Therefore on this mould,  
 Lowly do I bend my knee,  
 In worship of thy deity.  
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand,  
 To receive whate'er this land  
 From her fertile womb doth send  
 Of her choice fruits ; and but lend  
 Belief to that the Satyr tells :  
 Fairer by the famous wells,  
 To this present day ne'er grew,  
 Never better nor more true.  
 Here be grapes, whose lusty blood  
 Is the learned poets' good,  
 Sweeter yet did never crown  
 The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown  
 Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;  
 Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take them.  
 For these black-eyed Driope  
 Hath oftentimes commanded me  
 With my clasped knee to climb :  
 See how well the lusty time  
 Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,  
 Such as on your lips is spread.  
 Here be berries for a queen,  
 Some be red, some be green ;  
 These are of that luscious meat,  
 The great god Pan himself doth eat :  
 All these, and what the woods can yield,  
 The hanging mountain or the field,  
 I freely offer, and ere long  
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;  
 Till when humbly leave I take,  
 Lest the great Pan do awake,  
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
 Under a broad beech's shade :  
 I must go, I must run  
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

[Exit.

*Clo.* And all my fears go with thee.  
 What greatness or what private hidden power  
 Is there in me, to draw submission  
 From this rude man and beast ? Sure I am mortal :  
 The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,  
 And she that bore me mortal : Prick my hand  
 And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and  
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs  
 shrink,

Makes me a-cold : My fear says I am mortal.  
 Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,  
 And now I do believe it) if I keep  
 My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,  
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,  
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,  
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
 Draw me to wander after idle fires ;  
 Or voices calling me in dead of night,  
 To make me follow, and so tole me on  
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin :  
 Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew  
 Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats  
 Are rougher than himself, and more mis-shapen,  
 Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there's a power  
 In that great name of virgin, that binds fast  
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites

That break their confines : Then, strong Chastity,  
 Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell  
 In opposition against fate and hell !

[She retires into the arbour.

## SCENE II.—A rural Scene near a Village.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with four Shepherds and four Shepherdesses, amongst the rest PERIOT and AMORET.*

*Old Shep.* Now we have done this holy festival  
 In honour of our great god and his rites  
 Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste  
 And uncorrupted fires ; that as the priest,  
 With powerful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows  
 His pure and holy water, ye may be  
 From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.  
 Kneel, shepherds, kneel ; here comes the priest of  
 Pan.

Enter Priest.

*Priest.* Shepherds, thus I purge away

[Sprinkles them with water.

Whatsoever this great day,  
 Or the past hours, gave not good,  
 To corrupt your maiden blood.  
 From the high rebellious heat  
 Of the grapes, and strength of meat,  
 From the wanton quick desires,  
 They do kindle by their fires,  
 I do wash you with this water ;  
 Be you pure and fair hereafter !  
 From your livers and your veins,  
 Thus I take away the stains.  
 All your thoughts be smooth and fair ;  
 Be ye fresh and free as air.  
 Never more let lustful heat  
 Through your purged conduits beat,  
 Or a plighted troth be broken,  
 Or a wanton verse be spoken  
 In a shepherdess's ear ;  
 Go your ways, ye are all clear.

[They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.

## THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep  
 Our flocks from harm,  
 Pan, the father of our sheep ;  
 And arm in arm  
 Tread we softly in a round,  
 While the hollow neighb'ring ground  
 Fills the music with her sound.  
 Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee  
 Thus do we sing :  
 Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,  
 As the young spring,  
 Ever be thy honour spoke,  
 From that place the morn is broke,  
 To that place day doth unyoke !

[Exeunt.

*Peri.* [Detaining AMORET.] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,  
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee  
 Equal with his soul's good.

[dear,

*Amo.* Speak ; I give  
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still  
 The same it ever was ; as free from ill  
 As he whose conversation never knew  
 The court or city : Be thou ever true.

*Peri.* When I fall off from my affection,  
 Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,  
 First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,

That being left alone without a guard,  
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,  
And want of water, rots, or what to us  
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,  
And in their general ruin let me go !

*Amo.* I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so ;  
I do believe thee ; 'Tis as hard for me  
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee  
To hold me foul.

*Peri.* Oh, you are fairer far  
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star  
That guides the wandering seaman through the  
deep ;

Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep  
Head of an aged mountain ; and more white  
Than the new milk we strip before day-light  
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks ;  
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks  
Of young Apollo.

*Amo.* Shepherd, be not lost ;  
You are sail'd too far already from the coast  
Of our discourse.

*Peri.* Did you not tell me once  
I should not love alone, I should not lose  
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,  
I have sent to Heaven ? Did you not give your  
hand,

Even that fair hand, in hostage ? Do not then  
Give back again those sweets to other men,  
You yourself vow'd were mine.

*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty  
May give assurance, I am once more thine,  
Once more I give my hand ; be ever free  
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy !

*Peri.* I take it as my best good ; and desire,  
For stronger confirmation of our love,  
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,  
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been  
For their long service : Say, sweet, shall it hold ?

*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me if I  
A doubt of what the silent night may do, [make  
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood :  
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been  
Wash'd white enough ; for yet I see a stain  
Stick in your liver : Go and purge again.

*Peri.* Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth !  
Myself and my affections are as pure  
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine  
Of the great Dian : Only my intent  
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths  
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,  
And ceremonious tying of our souls :  
For to that holy wood is consecrate  
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks  
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,  
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen children, so to make them free  
From dying flesh, and dull mortality :  
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,  
And given away his freedom, many a troth  
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time  
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,  
In hope of coming happiness.

By this fresh fountain, many a blushing maid  
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd  
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung  
Lays of his love, and dear captivity ;  
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames  
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,  
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks

That else would break out, and provoke our sense  
To open fires ; so virtuous is that place.  
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant !  
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant  
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires  
He ever aim'd at, and——

*Amo.* Thou hast prevail'd : Farewell ! This  
coming night  
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd  
delight.

*Peri.* Our great god Pan reward thee for that  
good

Thou hast given thy poor shepherd ! Fairest bud  
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be  
The true admirer of thy chastity,  
Let me deserve the hot polluted name  
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame  
Whose often prostitution hath begot  
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot  
Sun bred thorough his burnings, while the Dog  
Pursues the raging Lion, throwing fog  
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,  
Filling the lower world with plague and death !

[Exit AMOBYT.]

*Enter AMARILLIS.*

*Amar.* Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,  
What I shall blushing tell ?

*Peri.* Fair maid, you may.

*Amar.* Then softly thus : I love thee, Perigot ;  
And would be gladder to be loved again,  
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms  
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,  
Nor wonder that I woo thee ! thou that art  
The prime of our young grooms, even the top  
Of all our lusty shepherds ! What dull eye,  
That never was acquainted with desire,  
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,  
With nimble strength and fair delivery,  
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily  
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins ?  
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again  
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice ?  
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be  
One to be number'd in this company,  
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

*Peri.* Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend  
To your complaints ; but sure I shall not love.  
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,  
Are given already : Do not love him then  
That cannot love again ; on other men  
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return  
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.

*Amar.* Shall I rewarded be so slenderly  
For my affection, most unkind of men ?  
If I were old, or had agreed with art  
To give another nature to my cheeks,  
Or were I common mistress to the love  
Of every swain, or could I with such ease  
Call back my love, as many a wanton doth,  
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd ; but to thee  
I'm only fix'd and set ; let it not be  
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse  
The love of silly maid !

*Peri.* Fair soul, you use  
These words to little end : For, know, I may  
Better call back that time was yesterday,  
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love  
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.  
I will no longer hold you with delays ;

This present night I have appointed been  
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul  
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.  
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again ;  
These neighbouring plains have many a comely  
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was ; [swain,  
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.  
Farewell ; be happy in a better choice ! [Exit.

*Amar.* Cruel, thou hast struck me deadlier with  
thy voice,

Than if the angry Heavens with their quick flames  
Had shot me through ! I must not leave to love,  
I cannot : no ! I must enjoy thee, boy,  
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and  
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells [that  
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn  
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,  
When he sits frowning on the births of men ;  
One that doth wear himself away in loneliness,  
And never joys, unless it be in breaking  
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls ;  
One that lusts after every several beauty,  
But never yet was known to love or like,  
Were the face fairer or more full of truth  
Than Phoebe in her fullness, or the youth  
Of smooth Lyæus ; whose nigh-starved flocks  
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep  
They feed withal ; whose lambs are ever last,  
And die before their weaning ; and whose dog  
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,  
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,  
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,  
Forcing me passage to my long desires :  
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose  
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Fresh beauty, let me not be thought  
uncivil,

Thus to be partner of your loneliness : 'Twas  
My love (that ever-working passion !) drew  
Me to this place, to seek some remedy  
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair ;  
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom  
Hath sworn to be avenged on ; then give room  
To my consuming fires, that so I may  
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay  
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

*Amar.* Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart  
were sound

As thy words seem to be, means might be found  
To cure thee of thy long pains ; for to me  
That heavy youth-consuming misery  
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleasing.  
I could be well content with the quick easing  
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure  
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

*Sull. Shep.* Name but that great work, danger,  
or what can

Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,  
And, if I fail in my performance, may  
I never more kneel to the rising day !

*Amar.* Then thus I try thee, shepherd : This  
same night

That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair  
Have promised equal love, and do appoint  
To make you wood the place where hands and  
hearts

Are to be tied for ever ; Break their meeting,  
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

*Sull. Shep.* Tell me their names, and if I do  
not move,

By my great power, the centre of their love  
From his fixed being, let me never more  
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore !

*Amar.* Come ; as we go, I'll tell thee what they  
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [are,  
[Exit.

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Wood.

*Enter CLOE.*

*Cloe.* How have I wrong'd the times, or men,  
After this holy feast, I pass unknown [that thus,  
And unsaluted ? 'Twas not wont to be  
Thus frozen, with the younger company  
Of jolly shepherds ; 'twas not then held good  
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood  
With that dull humour, most unfit to be  
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.  
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,  
Or else not free enough, or from my fold  
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain  
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain :  
Yet, if I may believe what others say,  
My face has foile enough ; nor can they lay,  
Justly, too strict a coyness to my charge ;  
My flocks are many, and the downs as large  
They feed upon ; then let it ever be  
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,  
Makes me complain.

*Enter THENOT.*

*The.* Was ever man but I  
Thus truly taken with uncertainty ?  
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind  
Made up in constancy, and dares not find  
His love rewarded ? Here, let all men know,  
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

*Cloe.* Shepherd, I pray thee stay ! Where hast  
thou been ?

Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green  
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet  
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many  
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ;  
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,  
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines ; caves, and  
dells ;

Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,  
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring  
For thy long fingers ; tell thee tales of love,  
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies ;  
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.

*The.* Far from me are these  
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease !  
I have forgot what love and loving meant.  
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are  
sent

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :  
Only I live to admire a chastity,  
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,  
Could ever break upon, so sure the mould

Is, that her mind was cast in ; 'tis to her  
I only am reserved ; she is my form I stir  
By, breathe and move ; 'tis she, and only she,  
Can make me happy, or give misery.

*Cloe.* Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know

To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

*The.* You may, and by her virtue learn to  
And level out your life ; for to be fair, [square  
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye  
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.

Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,  
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,  
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul  
She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll  
Of strict virginity : 'Tis her I so admire ;  
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [Exit.

*Cloe.* Farewell, poor swain ! thou art not for my bend ;

I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend  
To some free action : Give me him dare love  
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove ! [Sings.

#### THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come !

Come away

Without delay,

Whilst the gentle time doth stay.

Green woods are dumb,

And will never tell to any

Those dear kisses, and those many

Sweet embraces that are given ;

Dainty pleasures that would even

Raise in coldest age a fire,

And give virgin blood desire.

Then, if ever,

Now or never,

Come and have it :

Think not I

Dare deny

If you crave it.

#### Enter DAPHNIS.

Here comes another : Better be my speed,  
Thou god of blood ! But, certain, if I read  
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he  
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be  
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,  
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing  
We all are born for : one that makes loving faces,  
And could be well content to covet graces,  
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing  
My hopes are frozen ; and, but Fate doth bring  
Him hither, I would sooner choose  
A man made out of snow, and freer use  
An eunuch to my ends ; but, since he's here,  
Thus I attempt him.—[*Comes forward.*] Thou, of  
men most dear,

Welcome to her, that only for thy sake  
Hath been content to live ! Here, boldly take  
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet  
Was given away to any ; and but sit  
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull  
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull  
The choicest delicacies from yonder mead,  
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread  
Under our fainting bodies, when delight  
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight  
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story  
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory  
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms  
Of willing Venus ! Methinks stronger charms

Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow  
More sweetness than the painters can allow  
To their best pieces ! Not Narcissus, he  
That wept himself away, in memory  
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,  
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy  
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee  
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree  
To a young fruitful olive.

*Daph.* I can love,

But I am loth to say so, lest I prove

Too soon unhappy.

*Cloe.* Happy, thou wouldst say.

My dearest Daphnis, blush not ; if the day  
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,  
Then take the coming night ; fair youth, 'tis free  
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then  
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men.  
In yonder grove : Speak, shall our meeting hold ?  
Indeed you are too bashful ; be more bold,  
And tell me ay.

*Daph.* I am content to say so,  
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so  
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

*Cloe.* Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

*Daph.* Fresh maid, adieu !

Yet, one word more ; since you have drawn me on  
To come this night, fear not to meet alone  
That man that will not offer to be ill,  
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill  
Of this world's goodness : Do not fear him then,  
But keep your pointed time. Let other men  
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever  
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.

[Exit.

*Cloe.* Yet am I poorer than I was before.  
Is it not strange, among so many a score  
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,  
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,  
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit  
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit  
With their continual power upon his sides ?  
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,  
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine !  
And far more heavy be thy grief and time,  
Thou lazy swain, that may'st relieve my needs,  
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds  
A hungry vulture !

#### Enter ALEXIS.

*Alexis.* Can such beauty be  
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye  
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,  
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze  
The better part contemplates, giving rein  
And wished freedom to the labouring vein ?  
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know  
The cause of your retirement, why you go  
Thus all alone ? Methinks the downs are sweeter,  
And the young company of swains more meet,  
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.  
Give not yourself to loneliness, and those graces  
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended  
To live amongst us swains.

*Cloe.* Thou art befriended,  
Shepherd : In all my life I have not seen  
A man, in whom greater contents have been,  
Than thou thyself art : I could tell thee more,  
Were there but any hope left to restore  
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,

Thou shame-faced morning, when from Tithon's bed

Thou risest ever maiden !

*Alexis.* If for me,  
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,  
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,  
My better angel ; force my name among  
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—

*Cloe.* Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,  
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,  
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide  
Thy coming, shepherd.

*Alexis.* If I stay behind,  
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,  
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream  
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam  
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn  
To coldness more than ice ! Oh, how I burn  
And rise in youth and fire ! I dare not stay.

*Cloe.* My name shall be your word.

*Alexis.* Fly, fly, thou day !

[Exit.

*Cloe.* My grief is great if both these boys should fail :

He that will use all winds, must shift his sail.

[Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Pasture.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing ; and the Priest of Pan following.*

*Priest.* Shepherds all, and maidens fair,  
Fold your flocks up, for the air  
'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
Already his great course hath run.  
See the dew drops how they kiss  
Every little flower that is ;  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a rope of crystal beads,  
See the heavy clouds low falling,  
And bright Hesperus down calling  
The dead Night from under ground ;  
At whose rising mists unsound,  
Damps and vapours fly apace,  
Hovering o'er the wanton face  
Of these pastures, where they come,  
Striking dead both bud and bloom :  
Therefore, from such danger, lock  
Every one his loved flock ;  
And let your dogs lie loose without,  
Lest the wolf come as a scout  
From the mountain, and, ere day,  
Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
Or the crafty thievish fox  
Break upon your simple flocks.  
To secure yourselves from these,  
Be not too secure in ease ;  
Let one eye his watches keep,  
While the other eye doth sleep ;  
So you shall good shepherds prove,  
And for ever hold the love  
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,  
And soft silence, fall in numbers  
On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !  
Thus I end my evening's knell.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—The Interior of CLOEIN's Arbour.

*Enter CLOEIN sorting of herbs.*

*Clo.* Now let me know what my best art hath done,  
Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon,  
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,  
You only brood, unto whose happy birth  
Virtue was given ; holding more of nature  
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,

Let me adore you ! you that only can  
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span  
Of life and breath even to the end of time ;  
You, that these hands did crop long before prime  
Of day, give me your names, and next, your hidden power.

This is the clove, bearing a yellow flower :  
And this, black horehound ; both are very good  
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood  
Dog's venom'd tooth ; These ramson's branches  
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar [are,  
That holds the door, kill all enchantments' charms,  
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms  
To men or cattle : These for frenzy be  
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,  
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold ;  
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold :  
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part  
All deadly killing poison from the heart :  
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best :  
Yellow Lysimachus, to give sweet rest  
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,  
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums :  
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,  
With calamint, whose virtues do refine  
The blood of man, making it free and fair  
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.  
Here, other two ; but your rebellious use  
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse ;  
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine  
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine ;  
You that entice the veins and stir the heat  
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat  
Our reason moves in, and deluding it  
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit  
Of burning lust be quench'd ; by appetite,  
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.  
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,  
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter :  
No more shall I dip thee in water now,  
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,  
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms  
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms.

*Enter THENOT.*

*The.* This is the cabin where the best of all  
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall  
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,  
Doth only to her worthy self abide.  
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,  
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night

Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place  
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face  
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,  
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile  
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day  
Again from Chaos : whiter than that way  
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far  
Than chastity itself ! Thou blessed star  
That nightly shines ! Thou, all the constancy  
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,  
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire  
That poets style the mother of desire,  
Infusing into every gentle breast  
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd  
Than that quick power which gives a difference  
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

*Clo.* Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this  
No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass [place ?  
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here  
Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,  
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,  
Dwells in this fastness.

*The.* Chaster than the morn,  
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion  
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :  
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)  
To seek you out, of whose great good the air  
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound  
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound  
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can  
Be resident in lesser than a man.

*Clo.* If any art I have, or hidden skill,  
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,  
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye  
May seem impossible of remedy,  
I dare yet undertake it.

*The.* 'Tis no pain  
I suffer through disease, no beating vein  
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart.  
No part imposthum'd, to be cured by art,  
This body holds ; and yet a feller grief  
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,  
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,  
Fair beauteous virgin !

*Clo.* Then, shepherd, let me sue  
To know thy grief : That man yet never knew  
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

*The.* Then, fairest, know, I love you.

*Clo.* Swain, no more !  
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,  
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace  
To the sweet rest of these interr'd bones ;  
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,  
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight  
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright  
Thy very soul with horror.

*The.* Let me not  
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot  
For my true zealous wish.

*Clo.* Dar'st thou abide  
To see this holy earth at once divide,  
And give her body up ? for sure it will,  
If thou pursuest with wanton flames to fill  
This hallow'd place ; therefore repent and go,  
Whilst I with pray'rs appease his ghost below,  
That else would tell thee what it were to be  
A rival in that virtuous love that he  
Embraces yet.

*The.* 'Tis not the white or red  
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed

My mind to adoration ; nor your eye,  
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,  
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder ; not the smile  
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile  
The easy soul ; your hands and fingers long,  
With veins enamell'd richly ; nor your tongue,  
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp ;  
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,  
Able in endless error to enfold  
The errant soul ; not the true perfect mould  
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew  
In maiden whiteness as the Alpine snow ;  
All these, were but your constancy away,  
Would please me less than a black stormy day  
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.  
But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do keep,  
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were  
In the great womb of air, were settled here,  
In opposition, I would, like the tree,  
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free  
Even in the arm of danger.

*Clo.* Wouldst thou have  
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,  
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,  
With my dead friend's cold ashes ?

*The.* Dearest dear,  
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant :  
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.  
Remember how he loved you, and be still  
The same opinion speaks you : Let not will,  
And that great god of women, appetite,  
Set up your blood again ; do not invite  
Desire and fancy from their long exile,  
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile :  
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all  
The power of angry Heaven, or the strong fall  
Of Neptune's battery ; if you yield, I die  
To all affection ; 'tis that loyalty  
You tie unto this grave I so admire :  
And yet there's something else I would desire,  
If you would hear me, but withhold deny.  
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny  
Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire ;  
For, if I longer stay, this double fire  
Will lick my life up.

*Clo.* Do, and let time wear out  
What art and nature cannot bring about.

*The.* Farewell thou soul of virtue, and be bless'd  
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest  
Thus to myself ! Yet grant me leave to dwell  
In kenning of this arbour ; yon same dell,  
O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,  
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,  
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,  
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay  
Upon this head.

*Clo.* The gods give quick release  
And happy cure unto thy hard disease ! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* I do not love this wench that I  
should meet ;  
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet  
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair  
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air  
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,  
When many maiden blushes to our sight

Shoot from its early face : Were all these set  
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get  
The least love from me ; some desire it might,  
Or present burning. All to me in sight  
Are equal ; be they fair, or black, or brown,  
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown  
My appetite with any ; swear as oft,  
And weep, as any ; melt my words as soft  
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long  
My heart has been her servant, and how strong  
My passions are ; call her unkind and cruel ;  
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel  
Maidens so highly prize ; then loath, and fly :  
This do I hold a blessed destiny !

*Enter AMARILLIS.*

*Amar.* Hail, Shepherd ! Pan bless both thy  
flock and thee,

For being mindful of thy word to me.

*Sull. Shep.* Welcome, fair shepherdess ! Thy  
loving swain

Gives thee the self-same wishes back again ;  
Who, till this present hour, ne'er knew that eye  
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die  
With fresh consumings : Boldly tell me then,  
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when ?  
Shall I belie him to her ? shall I swear  
His faith is false, and he loves everywhere ?  
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,  
Which will by your confirming shew as true ;  
For she is of so pure an honesty,  
To think, because she will not, none will lie.  
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,  
And say, she but seems chaste : I'll swear she met  
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,  
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite  
Into my bosom ; made a wanton bed  
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread  
Her willing body to be press'd by me ;  
There have I carved her name on many a tree,  
Together with mine own. To make this shew  
More full of seeming, Hobnail, you know,  
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,  
Him I have sorted out of many men,  
To say he found us at our private sport,  
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort ;  
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy  
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy ;  
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,  
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt ;  
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb,  
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan.  
This have I done to win you, which doth give  
Me double pleasure : Discord makes me live.

*Amar.* Loved swain, I thank you ! These tricks  
might prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail  
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,  
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know  
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit ;  
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,  
Which I have found : Give second, and my love  
Is everlasting thine.

*Sull. Shep.* Try me, and prove. [way

*Amar.* These happy pair of lovers meet straight-  
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,  
In the thick grove bord'ring upon your hill,  
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,  
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,  
Was ne'er the like to this : By it doth grow,

About the sides, all herbs which witches use,  
All simples good for medicines or abuse,  
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,  
With all their colours ; there the month of May  
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green ;  
There's not a grass on which was ever seen  
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand ;  
So full of heat and virtue is the land  
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,  
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek  
That waters all the valley, giving fish  
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.  
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,  
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)  
Hath power to change the form of any creature,  
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature  
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,  
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave

[*Shewing a scroll.*

Me on her death-bed ; told me what, and how,  
I should apply unto the patient's brow,  
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,  
Before I trusted them into this deep :  
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove  
This secret of her art, if crost in love.  
I'll this attempt ! Now, shepherd, I have here  
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear  
To be myself dipp'd : Come, my temples bind  
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,  
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,  
And bid the water raise me Amoret ;  
Which being done, leave me to my affair,  
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,  
I will return unto my shepherd's arm ;  
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,  
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,  
And the hottest fire of thine affection slake.

*Sull. Shep.* And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.  
I long the truth of this well's power to see !

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter DAPHNIS.*

*Daph.* Here will I stay, for this the covert is  
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss  
Thou bright-eyed virgin ! Come, oh come, my fair  
Be not abused with fear, nor let cold care  
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,  
Who would as hard be won to offer harm  
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,  
Or yon great round to move another way.  
My language shall be honest, full of truth,  
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth ;  
I will not entertain that wand'ring thought,  
Whose easy current may at length be brought  
To a loose vastness.

*Alexis.* [*Within.*] Cloe !

*Daph.* 'Tis her voice,  
And I must answer.—Cloe !—Oh, the choice  
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains  
Our hands shall give !—I charge you, all my veins,  
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,  
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay  
Those mutinous desires that else would grow  
To strong rebellion ! Do not wilder shew  
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

*Alexis.* [*Within.*] Cloe !

*Daph.* There sounds that blessed name again,  
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake ;



Enter ALEXIS.

This is some shepherd ! Sure I am awake !  
What may this riddle mean ? I will retire,  
To give myself more knowledge.

Alexis. Oh, my fire,  
How thou consum'st me ! Cloe, answer me !  
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,  
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full  
Of entertainment, ready for to pull  
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,  
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long ;  
I am impatient of these mad delays !  
I must not leave unsought those many ways  
That lead into this centre, till I find  
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind !

[Exit.

Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,  
That I may credit this for truth, and still  
Believe mine eyes ? or shall I firmly hold  
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold  
Illusion ? Sure, such fancies oft have been  
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,  
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error ;  
But be they far from me, with their foad terror !  
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe. [Within.] Cloe !

Daph. Hark ! Cloe ! Sure this voice is new,  
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,  
Tells me it is a woman.—Cloe, tell  
Thy blessed name again.

Cloe. [Within.] Cloe ! Here !

Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,  
And not encounter !

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.  
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,  
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,  
Soke through your startups.

Daph. Fairest, are you found ?  
How have we wander'd, that the better part  
Of this good night is perish'd ? Oh, my heart !  
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss  
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss  
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear  
Of him that drinks your language ! But I fear  
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,  
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude  
These hot behaviours ; where regard to fame,  
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,  
And such discourse as one fair sister may  
Without offence unto the brother say,

Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,  
Here dwells a better temper ; do not grieve  
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute  
Seasons so much of fancy ; I am mute  
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be  
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.  
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,  
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue  
To those bleas'd pair of fixed stars for smiles ;  
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,  
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me  
Be strangers ; only to your chastity  
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,

First let me thank you, then return again  
As much of my love.—[Aside.] No, thou art  
too cold,

Unhappy boy ; not temper'd to my mould ;  
Thy blood falls heavy downward ; 'tis not fear  
To offend in boldness, wins ; they never wear  
Deserved favours, that deny to take  
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,  
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,  
And such a one as we call goodly creature,  
Thus backward ? What a world of precious art  
Were merely lost, to make him do his part ?  
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold :  
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold !—  
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met  
So happily, our lives and fortunes set  
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,  
By interchange of hands and holy vow,  
Never to break again. Walk you that way,  
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray  
A little this way : When we both have ended  
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,  
And secrecy of night, retire and find  
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind  
Us both within his body ; thither go ;  
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so.

[Exit.

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with  
thee,

Thou idle shamefacedness !

Alexis. [Within.] Cloe !

Cloe. 'Tis he

That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis. Cloe !

Cloe. Now,

Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough !

[Exit.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—Part of the Forest, with the holy Well.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, carrying AMARILLIS asleep.

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take  
These herbs, and charge thee not awake  
Till in yonder holy well,  
Thrice with powerful magic spell,  
Fill'd with many a baleful word,  
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord  
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twined,  
I do thy sleepy body bind :

I turn thy head into the east,  
And thy feet into the west,  
Thy left arm to the south put forth,  
And thy right unto the north :  
I take thy body from the ground,  
In this deep and deadly swound,  
And into this holy spring  
I let thee slide down by my string.—

[Lays her down into the well.

Take this maid, thou holy pit,  
To thy bottom ; nearer yet ;

In thy water pure and sweet,  
By thy leave I dip her feet ;  
Thus I let her lower yet,  
That her ankles may be wet ;  
Yet down lower, let her knee  
In thy waters washed be ;  
There I stop.—Fly away,  
Ev'ry thing that loves the day :  
Truth, that hath but one face,  
Thus I charm thee from this place.  
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,  
Camelions, that alter hue,  
Hares that yearly sexes change,  
Proteus altering oft and strange,  
Hecate, with shapes three,  
Let this maiden changed be,  
With this holy water wet,  
To the shape of Amoret.  
Cynthia, work thou with my charm !  
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,  
Up out of this blessed lake.  
Rise, both like her, and awake !

*[Draws her out of the well. She awakes in the shape of AMORET.]*

*Amar.* Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight ?  
Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,  
For want of which any defect in me  
May make our practices discover'd be ?

*Sull. Shep.* By yonder moon, but that I here  
do stand,  
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and  
whose hand

Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,  
I should myself take thee for Amoret !  
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice, and hue,  
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

*Amar.* When this deceit, which cannot crossed be,  
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.  
Hither she needs must come, by promise made ;  
And sure, his nature never was so bad,  
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,  
When night and fear are up, but understood  
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,  
My constant love made me come first and stay :  
Then will I lead him further to the grove ;  
But stay you here, and, if his own true love  
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,  
Which say, her lover lately trodden hath ;  
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,  
Here is another charm, whose power will free  
The dazzled sense, read by the moon-beams clear,  
And in my own true shape make me appear.

*Enter PERIGOT.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stand close ! Here's Perigot ; whose  
constant heart  
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

*[They retire.]*

*Per.* This is the place.—Fair Amoret !—The  
hour

Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power  
Delights to be about you sacred well,  
Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell ;  
For never traveller in dead of night,  
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight  
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have  
By help of them ; so holy is the ground. *[found]*  
But I will further seek, lest Amoret  
Should be first come, and so stay long unmet.—  
My Amoret, Amoret ! *[Exit.]*

*Amar.* *[Coming forward.]* Perigot !

*Per.* *[Within.]* My love !

*Amar.* I come, my love !

*[Exit.]*

*Sull. Shep.* Now she hath got  
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be  
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.  
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove  
To shew her glory in this little grove

*Enter AMORET.*

To some new-loved shepherd ! Yonder is  
Another Amoret. Where differs this  
From that ? But that she Perigot hath met,  
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.  
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you  
lies,

If mortal men could know your properties !

*Amo.* Methinks it is not night ; I have no fear,  
Walking this wood, of lion, or of bear,  
Whose names at other times have made me quake,  
When any shepherdess in her tale spake  
Of some of them, that underneath a wood  
Have torn true lovers that together stood.  
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk  
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,  
Are fables ; such a strong heart I have got,  
Because I come to meet with Perigot.—  
My Perigot ! Who's that ? my Perigot ?

*Sull. Shep.* Fair maid !

*Amo.* Ay me, thou art not Perigot !

*Sull. Shep.* But I can tell you news of Perigot :  
An hour together under yonder tree  
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,  
And said, " Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long ?"  
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,  
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-light,  
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

*Amo.* Thanks, gentle shepherd ; and beshrew  
my stay,

That made me fearful I had lost my way !  
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be  
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,  
I'll follow him ; and for this thy care of me,  
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee ! *[Exit.]*

*Sull. Shep.* How bright she was, how lovely did  
she shew !

Was it not pity to deceive her so ?  
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,  
And with a virgin innocence did pray  
For me that perjured her. Whilst she was here,  
Methought the beams of light that did appear  
Were shot from her ; methought the moon gave  
none,

But what it had from her. She was alone  
With me ; if then her presence did so move,  
Why did not I essay to win her love ?—  
She would not sure have yielded unto me ?—

Women love only opportunity,  
And not the man ; or if she had denied,  
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried  
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let  
Such bless'd occasion pass ! I'll follow yet ;  
My blood is up ; I cannot now forbear.

*Enter ALEXIS and CLOE.*

I come, sweet Amoret !—Soft, who is here ?  
A pair of lovers ? He shall yield her me :  
Now lust is up, alike all women be.

*Alexis.* Where shall we rest ? But for the love  
of me,

Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

*Cloe.* Alexis, let us rest here, if the place  
Be private, and out of the common trace  
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,  
This night a number are about the wood:  
Then let us choose some place, where, out of sight,  
We freely may enjoy our stolen delight.

*Alexis.* Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er  
be found;

No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;  
No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;  
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:  
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,  
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

*Cloe.* Then lie by me; the sooner we begin,  
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

*Sull. Shep.* [Coming forward.] Forbear to touch  
my love; or, by yon flame,  
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,  
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,  
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

*Alexis.* If Pan himself should come out of the  
lawns,

With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,  
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,  
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!

*Sull. Shep.* Then from the cold earth never thou  
shalt move,

But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

[Wounds him with his spear.]

*Cloe.* Hold, gentle shepherd!

*Sull. Shep.* Fairest shepherdess,  
Come you with me; I do not love you less  
Than that fond man, that would have kept you  
From me of more desert. [there]

*Alexis.* Oh, yet forbear

To take her from me! Give me leave to die  
By her!

*The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and  
Cloe another.*

*Sat.* Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,  
And the stars, whose feeble light  
Give a pale shadow to the night,  
Are up, great Pan commanded me  
To walk this grove about, whilst he,  
In a corner of the wood,  
Where never mortal foot hath stood,  
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,  
To entertain a lovely guest:  
Where he gives her many a rose,  
Sweeter than the breath that blows  
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;  
I never saw so great a feast.  
But, to my charge: Here must I stay,  
To see what mortals lose their way,  
And by a false fire seeming bright,  
Train them in and leave them right,  
Then must I watch if any be  
Forcing of a chastity;  
If I find it, then in haste  
Give my wreathed horn a blast,  
And the fairies all will run,  
Wildly dancing by the moon,  
And will pinch him to the bone,  
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

*Alexis.* Oh, death!

*Sat.* Back again about this ground;  
Sure I hear a mortal sound.—  
I bind thee by this powerful spell,  
By the waters of this well,

By the glimmering moon-beams bright,  
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

*Alexis.* Oh!

*Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies,  
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!  
The poor wight is almost dead;  
On the ground his wounds have bled,  
And his clothes foul'd with his blood!  
To my goddess in the wood  
Will I lead him, whose hands pure  
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[Exit with ALEXIS.]

*Re-enter CLOE.*

*Cloe.* Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast  
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a  
beast.

Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:  
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;  
For from one cause of fear I am most free,  
It is impossible to ravish me,  
I am so willing. Here upon this ground  
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;  
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,  
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;  
But now both lost.—Alexis, speak or move,  
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love!—  
He's dead, or else is with his little might  
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—  
Then where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh,  
stay!

Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say  
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim  
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;  
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast  
As I did mean he should have been embraced.  
But thou art fled!—What hope is left for me?  
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,  
Who I did mean to mock, though hope be small  
To make him bold; rather than none at all,  
I'll try him; his heart and my behaviour too,  
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.

[Exit.]

*Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* This was the place. 'Twas but my  
feeble sight,  
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,  
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,  
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.—  
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,  
And tender love for love.—But she is gone  
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,  
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.  
And see, the wounded body is removed  
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

*Enter PERIGOT, and AMARILLIS, in the shape of AMORET.*

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;  
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,  
With subtle Amarillis in the shape  
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!

*Amar.* Beloved Perigot, shew me some place,  
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase  
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at last.

*Peri.* Beahrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou  
rest

Upon this holy bank: No deadly snake  
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;  
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;  
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed

Dares blister them ; no slimy snail dare creep  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep :  
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit ;  
No slough of falling star did ever hit  
Upon this bank ; let this thy cabin be,  
This other, set with violets, for me.

*Amar.* Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

*Peri.* Fair maid,  
You only love to hear it often said ;  
You do not doubt.

*Amar.* Believe me, but I do.

*Peri.* What, shall we now begin again to woo ?  
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,  
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.

*Amar.* By Pan I swear, beloved Perigot,  
And by yon moon, I think thou lovest me not.

*Peri.* By Pan I swear—and, if I falsely swear,  
Let him not guard my flocks ; let foxes tear  
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,  
Fall on the rest ; a rot among my sheep !—  
I love thee better than the careful ewe

The new-yea'd lamb that is of her own hue ;  
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb  
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.

Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,  
And one ran after thee, both young and old  
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife  
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

*Amar.* How should I trust thee, when I see thee  
choose

Another bed, and dost my side refuse ?

*Peri.* 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might  
be shewn

'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

*Amar.* Come, Perigot will shew his power,  
that he

Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,  
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.  
Here, take thy Amoret ; embrace, and kiss !

*Peri.* What means my love ?

*Amar.* To do as lovers should,  
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.  
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain  
Can kiss thee with more art ; there's none can  
More wanton tricks. [feign

*Peri.* Forbear, dear soul, to try  
Whether my heart be pure ; I'll rather die  
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

*Amar.* Still think'st thou such a thing as chas-  
Is amongst women ? Perigot, there's none [tity  
That with her love is in a wood alone,  
And would come home a maid : Be not abused  
With thy fond first belief ; let time be used.—  
Why dost thou rise ?

*Peri.* My true heart thou hast slain !

*Amar.* Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

*Peri.* 'Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast  
Hast with thy cunning dived !—Art not in jest ?

*Amar.* Sweet love, lie down !

*Peri.* Since this I live to see,  
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me !

*Amar.* You swore you loved, yet will not do my  
will.

*Peri.* Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee  
still.

*Amar.* I am as still I was, and all my kind ;  
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.

*Peri.* Then here I end all love ; and, lest my  
vain

Belief should ever draw me in again,

Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,  
I end my life ! My blood be on thy head !

[Offers to kill himself.

*Amar.* Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.

*Peri.* Thou counsel'st well ; first, Amoret shall  
That is the cause of my eternal smart ! [die,

[He runs after her.

*Amar.* Oh, hold !

*Peri.* This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart !

[Exit.

[The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharms her.

*Sull. Shep.* Up and down, every where,

I strew these herbs, to purge the air :

Let your odour drive hence

All mists that dazzle sense.

Herbs and springs, whose hidden might

Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,

Thus I charge ye to undo

All before I brought ye to !

Let her fly, let her 'scape ;

Give again her own shape !

Enter AMARELLIS, in her own shape, PERIGOT following  
with his spear.

*Amar.* Forbear, thou gentle swain ! thou dost  
mistake :

She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,

And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath ;

The only fear of which near slain me hath.

*Peri.* Pardon, fair shepherdess ! my rage, and  
night,

Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight ;

But, far be it from me to spill the blood

Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.

[Exit AMARELLIS.

Enter AMORET.

*Amo.* Many a weary step, in yonder path,

Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,

To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear

His voice. My Perigot ! She loves thee dear

That calls.

*Peri.* See yonder where she is ! how fair  
She shews ! and yet her breath infects the air.

*Amo.* My Perigot !

*Peri.* Here.

*Amo.* Happy !

*Peri.* Hapless ! first

It lights on thee : the next blow is the worst.

[Wounds her.

*Amo.* Stay, Perigot ! my love ! thou art unjust.

*Peri.* Death is the best reward that's due to lust.

[Exit PERIGOT.

*Sull. Shep.* Now shall their love be cross'd ; for,  
being struck,

I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took

By some night traveller, whose honest care

May help to cure her.—Shepherdess, prepare

Yourself to die !

*Amo.* No mercy I do crave :

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.

Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,

He struck my soul, and not my body through.

Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be

At peace, if he but think he injured me.

*Sull. Shep.* In this fount be thy grave. Thou  
wert not meant

Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent.—

[Flings her into the well.

She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,

In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,

'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look.  
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. *[Exit.]*

*The God of the River rieth with AMORET in his arms.*

God. What powerful charms my streams do  
bring

Back again unto their spring,  
With such force, that I their God,  
Three times striking with my rod,  
Could not keep them in their ranks ?  
My fishes shoot into the banks ;  
There's not one that stays and feeds,  
All have hid them in the weeds.  
Here's a mortal almost dead,  
Fallen into my river head,  
Hallow'd so with many a spell,  
That till now none ever fell.  
'Tis a female young and clear,  
Cast in by some ravisher.  
See, upon her breast a wound,  
On which there is no plaister bound.  
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,  
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—  
If thou be'st a virgin pure,  
I can give a present cure :  
Take a drop into thy wound,  
From my watry locks, more round  
Than orient pearl, and far more pure  
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—  
See, she pants, and from her flesh  
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.  
She is an unpolluted maid ;  
I must have this bleeding staid.  
From my banks I pluck this flower  
With holy hand, whose virtuous power  
Is at once to heal and draw.  
The blood returns. I never saw  
A fairer mortal. Now doth break  
Her deadly slumber :—Virgin, speak.  
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me  
new breath,

And brought me back out of the arms of death ?

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ay, me !

God. Fear not him that succour'd thee :

I am this fountain's God ! Below  
My waters to a river grow,  
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,  
That only prosper in the wet,  
Through the meadows do they glide,  
Wheeling still on every side,  
Sometimes winding round about,  
To find the evenest channel out.  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Leaving mortal company,  
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,  
Free from harm as well as I :  
I will give thee for thy food  
No fish that useth in the mud ;  
But trout and pike, that love to swim  
Where the gravel from the brim  
Through the pure streams may be seen :  
Orient pearl fit for a queen,

Will I give, thy love to win,  
And a shell to keep them in :  
Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look,  
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a fly.  
And to make thee understand  
How I can my waves command,  
They shall bubble whilst I sing,  
Sweeter than the silver string.

#### THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the river, sweet ;  
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod ;  
Nor let the water rising high,  
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry  
And sob ; but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee !

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy  
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd *[Sings.]*  
By thee, a God ! For ere this, but for thee,  
I should have shewn my weak mortality.  
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,  
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,  
Whose comely face, I know the gods above  
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true !

Fairest virgin, now adieu !  
I must make my waters fly,  
Lest they leave their channels dry,  
And beasts that come unto the spring  
Miss their morning's watering,  
Which I would not ; for of late  
All the neighbour people sate  
On my banks, and from the fold  
Two white lambs of three weeks old  
Offer'd to my deity :

For which this year they shall be free  
From raging floods, that as they pass  
Leave their gravel in the grass ;  
Nor shall their meads be overflown,  
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,  
Never from thy banks be blown  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course ;  
May no beast that comes to drink,  
With his horns cast down thy brink ;  
May none that for thy fish do look,  
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;  
Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,  
When the spawns on stones do lie,  
To wash their hump, and spoil the fry !

God. Thanks, virgin ! I must down again.  
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :  
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;  
A holy hand was laid upon. *[Exit.]*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,  
Must follow him that flies from me ! *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.**Enter PERIGOT.*

*Peri.* She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind ;  
She's gone, she's gone ! Blow high, thou north-  
west wind,

And raise the sea to mountains ; let the trees  
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese  
Their firm foundation ; creep into the earth,  
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth  
Of some new prodigy ; whilst I constant stand,  
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,  
And falling thus upon it !

*[Offers to fall on his spear.**Enter AMARILLIS running.*

*Amar.* Stay thy dead-doing hand ! thou art too  
hot

Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,  
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain  
The heavy clouds sent down, can wash away  
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay  
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands :  
Believe me, she is constant ; not the sands  
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.  
I do not trifle, shepherd ; by the moon,  
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,  
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true !  
Then, be a free man ; put away despair  
And will to die ; smooth gently up that fair,  
Dejected forehead ; be as when thine eyes  
Took the first heat.

*Peri.* Alas, he double dies  
That would believe, but cannot ! 'Tis not well  
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell  
With many worse companions. But, oh, death !  
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath  
So much, but I dare leave it ; 'tis not pain  
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain  
Of many days can hold me from my will :  
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

*Amar.* Stay but a little, little ; but one hour ;  
And if I do not shew thee, through the power  
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,  
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,  
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,  
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears  
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,  
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,  
The primrose chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring,  
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing  
Else that she wears about her, let me feel  
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel !

*Peri.* I am contented, if there be a hope  
To give it entertainment, for the scope  
Of one poor hour. Go ; you shall find me next  
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplex'd,  
And thus believing.

*Amar.* Bind, before I go,  
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do  
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,  
Till my return.

*Peri.* By Pan, and by the strife  
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,  
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,  
I will not !

*[Exit.*SCENE II.—*The Grove before CLORIN'S  
Arbour.**Enter SATYR, with ALEXIS, hurt.*

*Sat.* Softly gliding as I go,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Through still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm's light,  
Hither am I come at last.  
Many a thicket have I past ;  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst descry me,  
To the little bird that sleeps  
On the tender spray ; nor creeps  
That hardy worm with pointed tail,  
But if I be under sail,  
Flying faster than the wind,  
Leaving all the clouds behind,  
But doth hide her tender head  
In some hollow tree, or bed  
Of seeded nettles ; not a hare  
Can be started from his fare  
By my footing ; nor a wish  
Is more sudden, nor a fish  
Can be found with greater ease  
Cut the vast unbounded seas,  
Leaving neither print nor sound,  
Than I, when nimbly on the ground  
I measure many a league an hour.  
But behold the happy power,

*[Seeing CLORIN.*

That must ease me of my charge,  
And by holy hand enlarge  
The soul of this sad man, that yet  
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.  
Heaven and great Pan succour it !—

*Enter CLORIN.*

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,  
Whiter than the paramour  
Of my master ! Let me crave  
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave  
This poor mortal, that here lies,  
Waiting when the destinies  
Will undo his thread of life.  
View the wound by cruel knife  
Trench'd into him.

*Clô.* What art thou call'dst me from my holy rites,  
And, with the feared name of death, affrights  
My tender ears ? Speak me thy name and will.

*Sat.* I am the Satyr that did fill  
Your lap with early fruit ; and will,  
When I hap to gather more,  
Bring you better and more store.  
Yet I come not empty now :  
See a blossom from the bough ;  
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,  
And his perfect sight that cull'd it  
From the other springing blooms !  
For a sweeter youth the grooms  
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,  
Nor the many neighbouring towns.  
Low in yonder glade I found him ;  
Softly in mine arms I bound him ;  
Hither have I brought him sleeping  
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping.

In remembrance such youth may  
Spring and perish in a day.

*Clo.* Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee  
rude;

Though thou be'st outward rough, and tawny-hued,  
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair  
As his, who brags himself born only heir  
To all humanity. Let me see the wound :  
This herb will stay the current, being bound

[Applies herbs to the wound.]

Fast to the orifice, and this restrain  
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain  
As the cold air hath forced into the sore ;  
This to draw out such putrifying gore  
As inward falls.

*Sat.* Heaven grant it may be good !

*Clo.* Fairly wipe away the blood :

Hold him gently, till I fling  
Water of a virtuous spring  
On his temples ; turn him twice  
To the moon-beams ; pinch him thrice ;  
That the labouring soul may draw  
From his great eclipse.

*Sat.* I saw

His eye-lids moving.

*Clo.* Give him breath.

All the danger of cold death  
Now is vanish'd ; with this plaister,  
And this unction, do I master  
All the fester'd ill that may  
Give him grief another day.

*Sat.* See, he gathers up his sprite,  
And begins to hunt for light.  
Now he gapes and breathes again :  
How the blood runs to the vein  
That erst was empty !

*Alexis.* Oh, my heart !

My dearest, dearest *Clo* ! Oh, the smart  
Runs through my side ! I feel some pointed thing  
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting  
Of scorpion.—

*Pan*, preserve me !—What are you ?

Do not hurt me ! I am true

To my *Clo*, though she fly,

And leave me to this destiny :

There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white hand to help her friend.

But I am much mistaken, for that face

Bears more austerity and modest grace,

More reproving and more awe,

Than these eyes yet ever saw

In my *Clo*. Oh, my pain

Eagerly renews again !

Give me your help for his sake you love best.

*Clo.* Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take  
'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires, [rest,  
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,  
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and  
To execute ; these must be purged, until [will  
The veins grow whiter ; then repent, and pray  
Great *Pan* to keep you from the like decay,  
And I shall undertake your cure with ease ;  
Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease  
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise !  
Help him a little, *Satyr* ; for his thighs  
Yet are feeble.

*Alexis.* Sure I have lost much blood.

*Sat.* 'Tis no matter ; 'twas not good.

Mortal, you must leave your wooing :

Though there be a joy in doing,

Yet it brings much grief behind it ;

They best feel it, that do find it.

*Clo.* Come, bring him in ; I will attend his  
sore.—

When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

*Sat.* Shepherd, see what comes of kissing ;

By my head, 'twere better missing.—

Brightest, if there be remaining

Any service, without feigning

I will do it ; were I set

To catch the nimble wind, or get

Shadows gliding on the green,

Or to steal from the great queen

Of the fairies all her beauty ;

I would do it, so much duty

Do I owe those precious eyes.

*Clo.* I thank thee, honest *Satyr*. If the crice

Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,

Draw thee unto them, pr'ythee, do thy will

To bring them hither.

*Sat.* I will ; and when the weather

Serves to angle in the brook,

I will bring a silver hook,

With a line of finest silk,

And a rod as white as milk,

To deceive the little fish :

So I take my leave, and wish

On this bower may ever dwell

Spring and summer !

*Clo.* Friend, farewell !

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMORET, seeking her Love.

*Amo.* This place is ominous ; for here I lost  
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd  
All these woods over ; ne'er a nook or dell,  
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,  
But I have sought it ; ne'er a bending brow  
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,  
Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use  
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose  
Their valentines, that I have missed, to find  
My love in. Perigot ! Oh, too unkind,  
Why hast thou fled me ? Whither art thou gone ?  
How have I wrong'd thee ? Was my love alone  
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence ? 'Tis well ;  
I am content to feel it : But I tell  
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,  
Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as clear  
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is  
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss  
From light and happiness ! and thou may'st know  
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow  
Thou gavest me, never from desert of mine  
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,  
Or fury more than madness ; therefore, here  
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,  
Upon this cursed place, and on this green  
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen  
A sight of so great pity, that each eye  
Shall daily spend his spring in memory  
Of my untimely fall !

Enter AMARILLIS.

*Amar.* I am not blind,  
Nor is it through the working of my mind  
That this shews *Amoret*. Forsake me, all  
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call

Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle !  
 For sure, so strange as this, the oracle  
 Never gave answer of ; it passeth dreams  
 Of madmen's fancy, when the many streams  
 Of new imaginations rise and fall !  
 'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call  
 For pity to young Perigot ! while he,  
 Directed by his fury, bloodily  
 Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell and  
 And, if belief may credit what was told, [cold ;  
 After all this, the Melancholy Swain  
 Took her into his arms, being almost slain,  
 And to the bottom of the holy well  
 Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.  
 'Tis she, the very same : 'tis Amoret,  
 And living yet ; the great powers will not let  
 Their virtuous love be cross'd.—Maid, wipe away  
 Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay  
 The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,  
 Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.  
 Thy Perigot—

*Amo.* Where, which is Perigot ?

*Amar.* Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,

Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him ;  
 And thou shalt find him underneath a brim  
 Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

*Amo.* I go, I run ! Heaven grant me I may win  
 His soul again ! [Exit.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay, Amarillis, stay !

You are too fleet ; 'tis two hours yet to day.  
 I have perform'd my promise ; let us sit  
 And warm our bloods together, till the fit  
 Come lively on us.

*Amar.* Friend, you are too keen :  
 The morning riseth, and we shall be seen ;  
 Forbear a little.

*Sull. Shep.* I can stay no longer.

*Amar.* Hold, shepherd, hold ! Learn not to be  
 a wronger

Of your word. Was not your promise laid,  
 To break their loves first ?

*Sull. Shep.* I have done it, maid.

*Amar.* No ; they are yet unbroken, met again,  
 And are as hard to part yet, as the stain  
 Is from the finest lawn.

*Sull. Shep.* I say, they are  
 Now at this present parted, and so far,  
 That they shall never meet.

*Amar.* Swain, 'tis not so ;  
 For do but to yon hanging mountain go,  
 And there believe your eyes.

*Sull. Shep.* You do but hold  
 Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold  
 And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men !  
 Thus I salute thee, virgin ! [Attempts to stay her.

*Amar.* And thus, then,  
 I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can !

[Exit running.

*Sull. Shep.* And, if I stay behind, I am no man !  
 [Exit, running after her.

SCENE IV.—*The banks of a Rivulet in the Forest.*

*Enter PERIGOT.*

*Peri.* Night, do not steal away ! I woo thee let  
 To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit

That guides the lazy team. Go back again,  
 Boötes, thou that drivest thy frozen wain  
 Round as a ring, and bring a second night  
 To hide my sorrows from the coming light !  
 Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,  
 And read my falling ! Give me some black place  
 Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome light,  
 That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite  
 Like running water, never to be known  
 After the forced fall and sound is gone !

*Enter AMORET, looking for PERIGOT.*

*Amo.* This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be  
 My Perigot ! Thy Amoret, thy dear, [here,  
 Calls on thy loved name.

*Peri.* What art thou, dare  
 Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care  
 Dwell on the face of darkness ?

*Amo.* 'Tis thy friend,  
 Thy Amoret ; come hither, to give end  
 To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy !  
 I have forgot those pains and dear annoy  
 I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content  
 To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent  
 Those curled locks, where I have often hung  
 Ribbons, and damask roses, and have flung  
 Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,  
 Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day ?  
 Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face  
 Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,  
 From those two little heavens, upon the ground,  
 Showers of more price, more orient, and more  
 round

Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow ?  
 Cease these complainings, shepherd ! I am now  
 The same I ever was, as kind and free,  
 And can forgive before you ask of me :  
 Indeed, I can and will.

*Peri.* So spoke my fair !  
 Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,  
 Water and forming fire, why have you lent  
 Your hidden virtues to so ill intent ?  
 Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,  
 Had Amoret ; such words, so smooth and new,  
 Came flying from her tongue ; such was her eye,  
 And such the pointed sparkle that did fly  
 Forth like a bleeding shaft ; all is the same,  
 The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame  
 Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret !

*Amo.* Shepherd, what means this riddle ? who  
 hath set

So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,  
 That I am grown another ? Look, and see  
 The ring thou gavest me, and about my wrist  
 That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist  
 From these fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret ?  
 Hath not some newer love forced thee forget  
 Thy ancient faith ?

*Peri.* Still nearer to my love !  
 These be the very words she oft did prove  
 Upon my temper ; so she still would take  
 Wonder into her face, and silent make  
 Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,  
 " Shepherd, remember this another day."

*Amo.* Am I not Amoret ? Where was I lost ?  
 Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, and most  
 Of these unconstant ? Faith, where art thou fled ?  
 Are all the vows and protestations dead,  
 The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart ?  
 Is there no one remaining, not a part



Of all these to be found? Why then, I see

Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

*Peri.* Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate  
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate  
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;  
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;  
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds  
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,  
This way and that way, to deceive the scent  
Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent  
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;  
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,  
And of a nature more refusing good  
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

*Peri.* Thou art all these, and more than nature  
meant,

When she created all; frowns, joys, content;  
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently  
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;  
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,  
Your actions ever driven to the most,  
Then down again as low, that none can find  
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any age, or days, or time,  
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime  
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,  
Thou, that wast yesterday without a blot;  
Thou, that wast every good, and every thing  
That men call blessed: thou, that wast the spring  
From whence our looser grooms drew all their beat;  
Thou, that wast always just, and always blest  
In faith and promise; thou, that hadst the name  
Of virtuous, given thee, and madest good the same  
Even from thy cradle; thou, that wast that all  
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall

Is this, to have been so, and now to be  
The only best in wrong and infamy,  
And I to live to know this! And by me  
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that  
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;  
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,  
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;  
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou

Another, and far dearer than the last: [hast  
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all  
The self-love were within thee that did fall  
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,  
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!  
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?  
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?

Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,  
And noise it to the world my love is dead!  
I am forsaken, I am cast away,  
And left for every lazy groom to say  
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost  
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost  
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet  
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

*Peri.* Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!  
I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame  
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot  
With words and feigned passions: Perigot  
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now  
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

*Amo.* Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call  
for right,  
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;  
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,  
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;

Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell  
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,  
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,  
That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd  
The careless prodigal, and gave away  
My soul to this young man, that now dares say  
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;  
And thus with much belief I was beguiled.  
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,  
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried  
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess  
I have been wooed by many, with no less  
Soul of affection, and have often had  
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad  
That feeds his flocks down westward: lambs and  
doves

By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;  
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they  
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay  
Up to my after-memory. But why  
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?  
Happy had been the stroke thou gavest, if home;  
By this time had I found a quiet room  
Where every slave is free, and every breast  
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;  
And thither will poor Amoret!

*Peri.* Thou must.

Was ever any man so loth to trust  
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet  
Any so like as this to Amoret?  
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be  
A living soul within thee, thus to free  
Thy body from it! [He wounds her again.]

*Amo.* [falling.] So this work hath end!  
Farewell, and live! be constant to thy friend  
That loves thee next!

*Enter SATVR; PERIGOT runs off.*

*Sat.* See, the day begins to break,  
And the light shoots like a streak  
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,  
While the morning doth unfold;  
Now the birds begin to rouse,  
And the squirrel from the boughs  
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
The early lark, that erst was mute,  
Carols to the rising day  
Many a note and many a lay:  
Therefore here I end my watch,  
Lest the wand'ring swain should catch  
Harm, or lose himself.

*Amo.* Ah me!

*Sat.* Speak again, whate'er thou be.  
I am ready: speak, I say:  
By the dawning of the day,  
By the power of night and Pan,  
I enforce thee speak again!

*Amo.* Oh, I am most unhappy!

*Sat.* Yet more blood!  
Sure these wanton swains are woo'd.  
Can there be a hand or heart,  
Dare commit so vile a part  
As this murder? By the moon,  
That hid herself when this was done,  
Never was a sweeter face!  
I will bear her to the place  
Where my goddess keeps; and crave  
Her to give her life or grave.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The Grove before CLORIN's Arbour.**Enter CLORIN.*

*Clo.* Here whilst one patient takes his rest  
I steal abroad to do another cure.— [secure,  
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,  
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;  
I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave  
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive  
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood  
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!  
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,  
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.  
[Exit.

*Enter THEMOT, lying down under a tree.*

*The.* Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,  
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!  
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;  
And, as a little infant cries and bends  
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye  
He hath espied something that glisters nigh  
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away  
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play  
With something else: Such my affection, set  
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

*Re-enter CLORIN.*

*Clo.* See where he lies! Did ever man but he  
Love any woman for her constancy  
To her dead lover, which she needs must end  
Before she can allow him for her friend,  
And he himself must needs the cause destroy  
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?  
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free  
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!—  
Shepherd, look up.

*The.* Thy brightness doth amaze!  
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;  
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,  
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

*Clo.* Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?*The.* Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?*Clo.* Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,  
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.*[He starts up.]*

*The.* Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there  
Yet any part of woman left in thee, [be  
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.

*Clo.* See, what a holy vow for thee I break:  
I, that already have my fame far spread,  
For being constant to my lover dead.

*The.* Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how  
true,  
If you had died, he would have been to you.

*Clo.* Yet all I'll lose for thee—*The.* Think but how bless'd

A constant woman is above the rest!

*Clo.* And offer up myself, here on this ground,  
To be disposed by thee.

*The.* Why dost thou wound

His heart with malice against women more,  
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?  
How much more pleasant had it been to me  
To die, than to behold this change in thee!  
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!

*Clo.* Insult not on her now, nor use delay,  
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.*The.* Thou hast not ventured, but brought  
certain shame!

Your sex's curse, foul falsehood must and shall,  
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.  
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!

*Clo.* Be just to me:

Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

*The.* Thou hadst no fame; that which thou  
didst like good

Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood  
For that time to the best: For as a blast  
That through a house comes, usually doth cast  
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,  
And blow some one thing to his proper room;  
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,  
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.  
Yet turn!

*Clo.* Thou dost but try me, if I would  
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old  
Love's, though he were alive: But do not fear.

*The.* I do condemn thee now, and dare come  
near,

And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,  
Austerity, which sate upon that face,  
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid, see,  
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [Exit.

*Clo.* 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks  
for it!

What art could not have heal'd, is cured by wit.

*Enter THEMOT again.**The.* Will you be constant yet? will you remove  
Into the cabin to your buried love?*Clo.* No, let me die; but by thy side remain.*The.* There's none shall know that thou didst  
ever stain

Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,  
And I will lie again under this tree,  
And pine and die for thee with more delight,  
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

*Clo.* Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou  
wilt.*The.* Thou art of woman's race, and full of  
guilt.

Farewell, all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought  
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:  
But since their minds I all alike espy,  
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!

*[Exit.**Clo.* Blest be ye powers that gave such quick  
redress,

And for my labours sent so good success!

I rather chuse, though I a woman be,

He should speak ill of all, than die for me. [Exit.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Village.**Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep !  
 See the blushing morn doth peep  
 Through the windows, while the sun  
 To the mountain tops is run,  
 Gilding all the vales below  
 With his rising flames, which grow  
 Greater by his climbing still.  
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field !  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter north-east wind.  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lay longest, that she may  
 Go without a friend all day ;  
 Then reward your dogs, and pray  
 Pan to keep you from decay :  
 So unfold, and then away !

What, not a shepherd stirring ? Sure the grooms  
 Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms  
 Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they  
 Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.  
 Knock, that they may remember what a shame  
 Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.

*Old Shep.* [*Knocks at several doors.*] It is to  
 little purpose ; not a swain  
 This night hath known his lodging here, or lain  
 Within these cotes : The woods, or some near  
 town,

That is a neighbour to the bordering down,  
 Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,  
 Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort  
 All the young men and maids of many a cote,  
 Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

*Priest.* God pardon sin !—Shew me the way  
 that leads

To any of their haunts.

*Old Shep.* This to the meads,  
 And that down to the woods.

*Priest.* Then this for me.  
 Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*On one side of the Stage the Interior of CLORIN's Bower, within it ALEXIS and CLORIN ; before it the Grove. In the background, DAPHNIS and CLOE are discovered in a hollow tree. A chaffing-dish of coals in the arbour.*

*Clo.* Now your thoughts are almost pure,  
 And your wound begins to cure,  
 Strive to banish all that's vain,  
 Lest it should break out again.

*Alexis.* Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid !  
 I find my former wand'ring thoughts well staid  
 Through thy wise precepts ; and my outward pain,  
 By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again :  
 Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd  
 At once ; for what one hurt another heal'd.

*Clo.* May thy grief more appease !  
 Relapses are the worst disease.  
 Take heed how you in thought offend ;  
 So mind and body both will mend.

*Enter Satyr, carrying AMORET.*

*Amo.* Be'st thou the wildest creature of the  
 wood,  
 That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood,  
 And dying, know I cannot injured be ;  
 I am a maid ; let that name fight for me !

*Sat.* Fairest virgin, do not fear  
 Me, that doth thy body bear,  
 Not to hurt, but heal'd to be ;  
 Men are ruder far than we.—  
 See, fair goddess, in the wood  
 They have let out yet more blood :  
 Some savage man hath struck her breast,  
 So soft and white, that no wild beast  
 Durst have touch'd, asleep, or 'wake ;  
 So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,  
 Would have lain from arm to arm,  
 On her bosom to be warm  
 All a night, and, being hot,  
 Gone away, and stung her not.  
 Quickly clap herbs to her breast.  
 A man sure is a kind of beast !

*Clo.* With spotless hand on spotless breast  
 I put these herbs, to give thee rest :  
 Which till it heal thee, there will bide,  
 If both be pure ; if not, off slide.—  
 See, it falls off from the wound !  
 Shepherdess, thou art not sound ;  
 Full of lust.

*Sat.* Who would have thought it ?  
 So fair a face !

*Clo.* Why, that hath brought it.

*Amo.* For aught I know, or think, these words  
 my last,

Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste !  
*Clo.* And so may Pan bless this my cure,  
 As all my thoughts are just and pure.  
 Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,  
 That will not let my medicines work.—  
 Satyr, search if thou canst find it.

*Sat.* Here away methinks I wind it :  
 Stronger yet.—Oh, here they be ;  
 Here, here, in a hollow tree,  
 Two fond mortals have I found.

*Clo.* Bring them out ; they are unsound.

*The Satyr brings CLOE and DAPHNIS to CLORIN.*

*Sat.* By the fingers thus I wring ye,  
 To my goddess thus I bring ye ;  
 Strife is vain, come gently in.—  
 I scented them ; they're full of sin.

*Clo.* Hold, Satyr ; take this glass,  
 Sprinkle over all the place,  
 Purge the air from lustful breath,  
 To save this shepherdess from death.  
 And stand you still whilst I do dress  
 Her wound, for fear the pain increase.

*Sat.* From this glass I throw a drop  
*[Sprinkling the ground.]*

Of crystal water on the top  
 Of every grass, on flowers a pair :  
 Send a fume, and keep the air  
 Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,  
 'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.

*Clo.* Satyr, help to bring her in.

*Sat.* By Pan, I think she hath no sin,  
*[Carries AMORET into the bower.]*

She is so light.—Lie on these leaves.

Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,  
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;  
Mayest thou soon be well again!

*Clo.* Satyr, bring the shepherd near;  
Try him, if his mind be clear.

*Sat.* Shepherd, come.

*Daph.* My thoughts are pure.

*Sat.* The better trial to endure.

*Clo.* In this flame his finger thrust,  
Which will burn him if he lust;  
But if not, away will turn,  
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—

[*Applies his finger to the flame.*]

See, it gives back; let him go.

Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.

[*Exit DAPHNIS.*]

*Sat.* Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;

We must try if you be chaste.—

Here's a hand that quakes for fear;  
Sure she will not prove so clear.

*Clo.* Hold her finger to the flame;  
That will yield her praise or shame.

*Sat.* To her doom she dares not stand,

But plucks away her tender hand;

And the taper darting sends

His hot beams at her finger's ends.

Oh, thou art foul within, and hast

A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.

*Alexis.* Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!  
Cloe, fair Cloe!

*Cloe.* My Alexis!

*Alexis.* He.

*Cloe.* Let me embrace thee.

*Clo.* Take her hence,

Least her sight disturb his sense.

[*The Satyr leads off Cloe.*]

*Alexis.* Take not her; take my life first!

*Cloe.* See his wound again is burst!

Keep her near, here in the wood,  
Till I have stopt these streams of blood.

Soon again he ease shall find,

If I can but still his mind.

This curtain thus I do display,

To keep the piercing air away.

[*She draws a Curtain before her Bower. The Scene shuts in.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Pasture.*

*Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.*

*Priest.* Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in vain

To find them out, with trouble and much pain,  
That have a ripe desire, and forward will

To fly the company of all but ill.

What shall be counsel'd now? shall we retire,

Or constant follow still that first desire

We had to find them?

*Old Shep.* Stay a little while;

For, if the morning's mist do not beguile

My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:

One of this jolly troop's come back again.

*Enter THENOT.*

*Priest.* Dost thou not blush, young shepherd,  
to be known,

Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,

And following what desire, and present blood

Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;

Having forgot what tongue hereafter may

Tell to the world thy falling-off, and say

Thou art regardless both of good and shame,  
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?

And like a glorious desperate man, that buys

A poison of much price, by which he dies,

Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain

Is foul disease, with present age and pain,

And then a grave. These be the fruits that grow

In such hot veins, that only beat to know

Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious [licious.

Through their own wanton fire, and pride de-  
*The.* Right holy sir, I have not known this night

What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight

Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease

Have been to me as bitter drugs to please

A stomach lost with weakness, not a game

That I am skill'd at thoroughly: Nor a dame,

Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,

Her beauty ever living like the rhyme

Our blessed Tityrus did sing of yore;

No, were she more enticing than the store

Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree

Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;

'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,

Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay

Upon his charmed branches; such am I

Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

*Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

*The.* 'Twas a vow

That drew me out last night, which I have now

Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give

Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

*Priest.* 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the

In this well-sounding music bear his part. [heart

Where have you left the rest?

*The.* I have not seen,

Since yesternight we met upon this green

To fold our flocks up, any of that train;

Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have

All this same night under an aged tree; [lain

Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,

Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear

The sound of living thing, unless it were

The nightingale among the thick-leaved spring,

That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing

Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,

Or our great enemy, that still doth howl

Against the moon's cold beams.

*Priest.* Go, and beware

Of after-falling!

*The.* Father, 'tis my care.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter DAPHNIS.*

*Old Shep.* Here comes another straggler; sure  
A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis? [I see

*Daph.* He.

*Priest.* Where hast thou left the rest, that should  
have been,

Long before this, grazing upon the green

Their yet-imprison'd flocks?

*Daph.* Thou holy man,

Give me a little breathing, 'till I can

Be able to unfold what I have seen:

Such horror, that the like hath never been

Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart

Labours a double motion to impart

So heavy tidings! You all know the bower

Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power

Sick men and cattle have been often cured ;  
There lovely Amoret, that was assured  
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,  
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife ;  
And, by her, young Alexis.

*Enter AMARILLIS, running.*

*Amar.* If there be  
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,  
Receive my body, close me up from lust  
That follows at my heels ! be ever just,  
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake  
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake  
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit !  
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,  
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast  
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste !  
*Priest.* This is a night of wonder !—Amarill',  
Be comforted ; the holy Gods are still  
Revergers of these wrouges.

*Amar.* Thou blessed man,  
Honour'd upon these plains, and loved of Pan,  
Hear me, and save from endless infamy,  
My yet unblasted flower, virginity !  
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,  
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed  
That still is bless'd by thee ; by all the rites  
Due to our God, and to those virgin lights  
That burn before his altar ; let me not  
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot  
That never shall be purged ! I am not now  
That wanton Amarill' ! here I vow  
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may  
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day  
A virgin, never after to endure  
The tongues, or company of men impure !  
I hear him come ! save me !

*Priest.* Retire a while  
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile  
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*]

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay thy pace,  
Most-loved Amarill' ; let the chase  
Grow calm and milder ; fly me not so fast.  
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced  
Thy golden buskins ; turn again and see  
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,  
Able to give thee all content and ease.  
I am not bashful, virgin ; I can please  
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,  
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm  
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek  
Of plums or mellow peaches ; I am sleek  
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus  
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus  
Can shew my active youth ! Why dost thou fly ?  
Remember, Amarill', it was I  
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set  
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret  
And her beloved Perigot ; 'twas I  
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie  
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,  
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain  
That hath perform'd all this ; turn, turn, I say !  
I must not be deluded.

*Priest.* [*Coming forward.*] Monster, stay !  
Thou that art like a canker to the state  
Thou livest and breathest in, eating with debate  
Through every honest bosom, forcing still  
The veins of any that may serve thy will ;

Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand  
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand  
Yet trembling here !

*Sull. Shep.* Good holiness, declare  
What had the danger been, if being bare  
I had embraced her ; tell me by your art,  
What coming wonders would that sight impart ?

*Priest.* Lust, and a branded soul.

*Sull. Shep.* Yet tell me more ;  
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store  
And great encrease, said it is good and just,  
And wills that every living creature must  
Beget his like ?

*Priest.* You're better read than I,  
I must confess, in blood and lechery.—  
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,  
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

*Enter PERIGOT, with his hand bloody.*

*Peri.* Here will I wash it in the Morning's dew,  
Which she on every little grass doth strew  
In silver drops against the sun's appear :  
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—  
My hand will not be cleansed. My wronged love,  
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,  
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand  
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand ;  
And though I struck thee undeservedly,  
Let my revenge on her that injured thee  
Make less a fault which I intended not,  
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot !—  
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood  
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood ?  
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,  
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals  
All wounds : To her I will myself address,  
And my rash faults repentantly confess ;  
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,  
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair :  
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree  
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,  
Whom I adored, is dead ; there will I give  
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Grove before CLORIN's Dwelling, with the Interior of it on one side of the Stage ; CLORIN sitting in the Bower, AMORET sitting on the one side of her, ALEXIS and CLOE on the other ; the Satyr standing by.*

*Clo.* Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.  
Take example by this maid,  
Who is heal'd ere you be pure ;  
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.  
Take heed then how you turn your eye  
On these other lustfully.  
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you  
Move his willing eye thereto :  
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile  
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile !  
Is your love yet true and chaste,  
And for ever so to last ?

*Alexis.* I have forgot all vain desires,  
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.  
True love I find a pleasant fume,  
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

*Cloe.* And I a new fire feel in me,  
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.  
*Clo.* Join your hands with modest touch,  
And for ever keep you such !

*Enter PENWORT, on the outside of the Bower.*

*Peri.* Yon is her cabin ; thus far off I'll stand,  
And call her forth ; for my unhallow'd hand  
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.—  
*Clorin*, come forth, and do a timely grace  
To a poor swain !

*Clo.* What art thou that dost call ;  
*Clorin* is ready to do good to all :  
Come near !

*Peri.* I dare not.

*Clo.* Satyr, see  
Who it is that calls on me.

*Sat.* [*Coming out of the Bower.*] There at  
hand some swain doth stand,  
Stretching out a bloody hand.

*Peri.* Come, *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters clear,  
To wash my hand.

*Clo.* [*Comes forth.*] What wonders have been  
here

To-night ! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,  
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain  
Holy water.

*Peri.* Still you pour,  
But my hand will never scour.

*Clo.* Satyr, bring him to the bower.  
We will try the sovereign power  
Of other waters.

*Sat.* Mortal, sure  
'Tis the blood of maiden pure  
That stains thee so !

*The Satyr leadeth him to the Bower, where he espies  
AMORET, and kneels down before her.*

*Peri.* Whate'er thou be,  
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,  
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,  
Pardon poor Perigot !

*Amo.* I am thy love,  
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love !  
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove  
As constant still. Oh, could'st thou love me yet,  
How soon could I my former griefs forget !

*Peri.* So over-great with joy that you live, now  
I am, that no desire of knowing how  
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive ?

*Amo.* Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to  
live.

More welcome now, than hadst thou never gone  
Astray from me !

*Peri.* And when thou lovest alone,  
And not I [thee], death, or some ling'ring pain  
That's worse, light on me !

*Clo.* Now your stain  
Perhaps will cleanse thee ; once again.  
See, the blood that erst did stay,  
With the water drops away.  
All the powers again are pleased,  
And with this new knot are appeased.  
Join your hands, and rise together,  
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither !

*Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.*

*Clo.* Go back again, whate'er thou art ; unless  
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not  
press

This hallow'd ground.—Go, Satyr, take his hand,  
And give him present trial.

*Sat.* Mortal, stand,  
Till by fire I have made known  
Whether thou be such a one  
That may'st freely tread this place.  
Hold thy hand up.—Never was

[*Applying the Priest's hand to the flame.*]

More untainted flesh than this.

Fairest, he is full of bliss.

*Clo.* Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek  
this place ?

*Priest.* First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,  
Where all good dwells that is ; next, for to try  
The truth of late report was given to me :  
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,  
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,  
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure  
The open air, or stay a longer cure ;  
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light  
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite  
All this confusion fell : for to this place,  
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race  
Of these offenders, who have freely told,  
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold  
Attempt upon their lives.

*Clo.* Fume all the ground,  
And sprinkle holy water ; for unsound  
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air.—  
It gathers yet more strongly ; take a pair

[*The Satyr sprinkles the arbour with water, and then  
perfumes it with frankincense.*]

Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,  
Together with cold camphire : Quickly stir  
Thee, gentle Satyr ; for the place begins  
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins  
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,  
For full of itching flame and leprosy  
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,  
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black  
And so unheard-of venom.—Hie thee fast,  
Thou holy man ; and banish from the chaste  
These manlike monsters ; let them never more  
Be known upon these downs, but long before  
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight  
And memory of every honest wight.  
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores  
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit Priest.*]

*Peri.* My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are  
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar  
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong  
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong !  
How do you feel your hurts ? Alas, poor heart,  
How much I was abused ! Give me the smart,  
For it is justly mine.

*Amo.* I do believe.

It is enough, dear friend ; leave off to grieve,  
And let us once more, in despite of ill,  
Give hands and hearts again.

*Peri.* With better will  
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day  
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay  
My eager thirst. May this band never break ;  
Hear us, oh, Heaven !

*Amo.* Be constant.

*Peri.* Else Pan wreak,  
With double vengeance, my disloyalty ;  
Let me not dare to know the company  
Of men, or any more behold those eyes !

*Amo.* Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy  
dies.

*Re-enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Bright maid, I have perform'd your will;  
the swain

In whom such heat and black rebellions reign  
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:  
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face  
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall  
In sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall  
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,  
Which I dare promise; once again upraise  
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies  
In self-consuming care that never dies.

*Clo.* I am content to pardon; call her in.  
The air grows cool again, and doth begin  
To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew  
After this stormy cloud!—Go, Satyr, go,  
And with this taper boldly try her hand:  
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand  
To be so still, we have perform'd a work  
Worthy the gods themselves.

*[Exit Satyr, and re-enter with AMARILLIS.]*

*Sat.* Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,  
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;  
Now or never get a name  
That may raise thee, and re-cure  
All thy life that was impure.  
Hold your hand unto the flame;

*[Holds her hand to the flame.]*

If thou be'st a perfect dame,  
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,  
This pale fire will be thy friend.—  
See the taper hurts her not!  
Go thy ways; let never spot  
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:  
Thank the gods, and still be good!

*Clo.* Young shepherdess, now you are brought  
again

To virgin state, be so, and so remain  
To thy last day, unless the faithful love  
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;  
Then labour to be true to him, and live  
As such a one that ever strives to give  
A blessed memory to after-time;  
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.—  
Vow, holy man, I offer up again  
These patients, full of health, and free from  
pain:

Keep them from after-ills; be ever near  
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear  
The tedious way they pass through, from suspect;  
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect  
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood  
With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood,  
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy  
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree  
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,  
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,  
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,  
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare  
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget  
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat  
Hath given increase, and added to the downs.  
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns,  
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:  
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the  
grooms

May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;  
Banish all compliment, but single truth,

From every tongue, and every shepherd's heart;  
Let them still use persuading, but no art:  
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,  
All the best goods and comforts that may please!

*All.* And all those blessings Heaven did ever  
give,

We pray upon this bower may ever live.

*Priest.* Kneel, every shepherd, while with  
powerful hand

I bless your after-labours, and the land  
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you

From misfortune, and amend you,  
Keep you from those dangers still,  
That are follow'd by your will;  
Give ye means to know at length  
All your riches, all your strength  
Cannot keep your foot from falling  
To lewd lust, that still is calling  
At your cottage, till his power  
Bring again that golden hour  
Of peace and rest to every soul.

May his care of you controul  
All diseases, sores, or pain,  
That in after-time may reign,  
Either in your flocks or you;  
Give you all affections new,  
New desires, and tempers new,  
That ye may be ever true!

Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,  
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay  
That honest Dorus taught ye; Dorus, he  
That was the soul and god of melody.

*[They sing, and strew the ground with flowers.]*

#### THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
All ye virtues and ye powers  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
Move your feet  
To our sound,  
Whilst we greet  
All this ground,  
With his honour and his name  
That defends our flock from blame.

He is great, and he is just,  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honour'd. Daffodillies,  
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,  
Let us fling,  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,  
Ever honour'd, ever young!  
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Sat.* Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most powerful maid, and whitest,  
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of stars, and golden treas'd  
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,  
What new service now is metest  
For the Satyr? Shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently make  
Suit to the pale queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the sea,  
And bring thee coral, making way

Through the rising waves that fall  
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
Of many colours? get thee fruit,  
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?  
All these I'll venture for, and more,  
To do her service all these woods adore.

*Clo.* No other service, Satyr, but thy watch  
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch  
Mischief or sad mischance.

*Sat.* Holy virgin, I will dance

Round about these woods as quick  
As the breaking light, and prick  
Down the lawns, and down the vales  
Faster than the windmill-sails.  
So I take my leave, and pray  
All the comforts of the day,  
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send  
On the earth, may still befriend  
Thee and this arbour!

*Clo.* And to thee,  
All thy master's love be free! [Exit omnes.



# THE MAD LOVER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ASTORAX, *King of Paphos.*  
 MEMNON, *the General, and the Mad Lover.*  
 POLYDORÆ, *Brother to MEMNON, beloved of CALIS.*  
 EUMENES, }  
 POLYBIUS, } *Three Captains.*  
 PELIUS, }  
 CHILAX, *an old merry Soldier, Lieutenant to MEMNON.*  
 SIPHAX, *a Soldier, in Love with the Princess.*  
 STREMON, *a Soldier that can Sing.*  
 DEMAGORAS, *Servant to the General.*  
 A Gentleman.  
 Chirurgeon.  
 Fool.

PICUS, *a Page.*  
 Boy of STREMON.  
 Another, *belonging to the Priestess.*  
 Lords and Courtiers.  
 Soldiers.  
 CALIS, *Sister to the King.*  
 CLEANTHÆ, *Sister to SIPHAX.*  
 LUCIPPE, *one of the Princess's Women.*  
 VENUS.  
 Priestess of VENUS, *an old Wanton.*  
 A Nun.  
 CLOW, *a Camp Baggage.*

## SCENE,—PAPHOS.

## PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair,  
 Ruins ourselves, and damps the writer's care:  
 'Would we knew what to do, or say, or when  
 To find the minds here equal with the men:  
 But we must venture; now to sea we go,  
 Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow;  
 Remember, ye're all venturers; and in this play  
 How many twelve-pences ye have stow'd this day:

Remember, for return of your delight, [spite.  
 We launch, and plough through storms of fear and  
 Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,  
 And steer us right; and, as the sailor sings,  
 Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we  
 Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerfully;  
 And you, our noble merchants, for your treasure,  
 Share equally the freight—we run for pleasure.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Audience Chamber in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING ASTORAX, CALIS, CLEANTHÆ, LUCIPPE, Courtiers, and Gentlewomen, at one door: at the other, EUMENES.*

*Eum.* Health to my sovereign!

*King.* Eumenes, welcome!

Welcome to Paphos, soldier! to our love!  
 And that fair health you wish us, through the camp  
 May it disperse itself, and make all happy!  
 How does the general, the valiant Memnon?  
 And how his wars, Eumenes?

*Eum.* The gods have given you, royal sir, a soldier,

Better ne'er sought a danger; more approved  
 In way of war, more master of his fortunes,  
 Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,  
 In following all his deeds to victories,  
 And holding fortune certain there.

*King.* Oh, soldier,  
 Thou speak'st a man indeed; a general general;  
 A soul conceived a soldier.

*Eum.* Ten set battles,  
 Against the strong usurper Diocles,  
 (Whom long experience had begot a leader,  
 Ambition raised too mighty) hath your Memnon  
 Won, and won gloriously, distress'd and shook him,  
 Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.  
 In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,  
 Forced him to wall himself up: There not safe,  
 Shook him with warlike engines like an earthquake,  
 Till, like a snail, he left his shell, and crawl'd  
 By night and hideous darkness to destruction,  
 Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve castles,  
 Some thought impregnable; towns twice as many;  
 Countries, that, like the wind, knew no command  
 But savage wildness, hath this general,  
 With loss of blood and youth, through storms and  
 Call'd to your fair obedience. [tempests,

*King.* Oh, my soldier,  
 That thou wert now within my arms! [Drums  
 within.] What drums  
 Are those that beat, Eumenes?  
*Eum.* His, my sovereign;

Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,  
An old man now, to offer up his glories,  
And endless conquest at your shrine.

*King.* Go all,  
And entertain him with all ceremony;  
We'll keep him now a courtier.

*Eum.* Sir, a strange one;  
'Pray God his language bear it. By my life, sir,  
He knows no compliment, nor curious casting  
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:  
He can say, "Fight well, fellow, and I'll thank thee:

He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear  
there!"

Or "charge that wing of horse home!" [*Flourish.*

*King.* Go to, go to!  
Valiant and wise are twins, sir.

*Enter MEMNON, CHILAX, POLYBIUS, PELIUS, with a train  
of Courtiers and Soldiers.*

Welcome, welcome!  
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!  
High in thy prince's favour, as in fame,  
Welcome to peace, and Paphos!

*Mem.* Thank your grace!  
And 'would to God my dull tongue had that sweet-  
To thank you as I should; but pardon me, [ness  
My sword and I speak roughly, sir: Your battles,  
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring you  
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully,  
That no more name of war is: Who now thinks  
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,  
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.  
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,  
At length your general, (as one whose merit  
Durst look upon no less) I have waded through  
Dangers would damp these soft souls but to hear of.  
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, sir.

[*Pointing to his sword.*

Since which time, prince, I know no court but mar-  
No oily language, but the shock of arms, [tial,  
No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures,  
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,  
'Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at;  
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming wildfire,  
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd  
And toss'd 'em back again like children's trifles. [at,  
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords  
I have marched like whirlwinds; Fury at this hand  
waiting,

Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope:  
When I have grappled with Destruction,  
And tugg'd with pale-faced Ruin, night and mis-  
chief,

Frighted to see a new day break in blood!  
And every where I conquer'd, and for you, sir;  
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,  
And blown Ambition, dangers. Those that grieved  
you,

I have taken order for i' th' earth: Those fools  
That shall hereafter—

*King.* No more wars, my soldier:  
We must now treat of peace, sir.

[*He takes MEMNON aside, and talks with him.*

*Cle.* How he talks,  
How gloriously!

*Calis.* A goodly-timber'd fellow;  
Valiant, no doubt.

*Cle.* If valour dwell in vaunting.  
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions

Could be set off in nothing but a noise.  
Sure he has a drum in's mouth.

*Calis.* I wonder, wenches,  
How he would speak to us.

*Cle.* Nothing but 'larum,  
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,  
And bless it for sure biting.

*Lucip.* An't like your grace,  
I do not think he knows us, what we are,  
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers  
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded  
A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,  
Old bed-rid beldames, without teeth or tongues,  
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!

*Cle.* This way devoutly.

*Calis.* Sure his lordship's viewing  
Our fortifications.

*Lucip.* If he mount at me,  
I may chance choke his battery.

*Calis.* Still his eye  
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour  
Be not in love!

*Cle.* If he be, presently  
Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,  
To bid you render; we two perdues pay for't else.

*King.* I'll leave you to my sister and these ladies,  
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier,  
We must now turn your sternness into courtship.  
When you have done there, to your fair repose, sir!  
I know you need it, Memnon.—Welcome, gentle-  
men! [*Exit. A flourish.*

*Lucip.* Now he begins to march. Madam, the  
van's yours;

Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.

*Mem.* Oh, Venus!

[*He kneels amazed and silently before CALIS.*

*Calis.* How he stares on me!

*Cle.* Knight him, madam, knight him;  
He'll grow to the ground else.

*Eum.* Speak, sir; 'tis the princess.

*Polyb.* You shame yourself; speak to her.

*Calis.* Rise and speak, sir.

You are welcome to the court, to me, to all, sir!

*Lucip.* Is he not deaf?

*Calis.* The gentleman's not well.

*Eum.* Fy, noble general!

*Lucip.* Give him fresh air; his colour goes.—  
How do you?

The princess will be glad, sir—

*Mem.* Peace, and hear me.

*Cle.* Command a silence there.

*Mem.* I love thee, lady.

*Calis.* I thank your lordship heartily: Proceed,  
sir.

*Lucip.* Lord, how it stuck in's stomach, like a  
surfeit!

*Cle.* It breaks apace now from him, God be  
What a fine-spoken man he is! [*thanked.*

*Lucip.* A choice one;

Of singular variety in carriage!

*Cle.* Yes, and I warrant you he knows his dis-

*Mem.* With all my heart I love thee. [*tance.*

*Calis.* A hearty gentleman!

And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,  
But I loved you again.

*Mem.* Good lady, kiss me.

*Cle.* Ay marry, Mars, there thou camest close  
up to her.

*Calis.* Kiss you at first, my lord? 'Tis no fair  
fashion;

Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's breaths,

They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand,

*Eum.* Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude. [sir.

*Mem.* Unhand me!

Consume me if I hurt her.—Good sweet lady, Let me but look upon thee.

*Calis.* Do.

*Mem.* Yet!

*Calis.* Well, sir,

Take your full view.

*Lucip.* Bless your eyes, sir.

*Calis.* Mercy!

Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier, So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods, If I were given to that vanity Of making sport with men for ignorance, What a most precious subject had I purchased?—Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows What the man ails, and can speak sense.

*Cle.* Sure, madam,

This fellow has been a rare hare-finder: See how his eyes are set.

*Calis.* Some one go with me;

I'll send him something for his head. Poor gen- He's troubled with the staggers. [tleman,

*Lucip.* Keep him dark,

He will run march-mad else; the fumes of battles Ascend into his brains.

*Cle.* Clap to his feet

An old drum head, to draw the thunder down-ward.

*Calis.* Look to him, gentlemen.—Farewell, lord!

I am sorry

We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it, We'll find an hour for all.—God keep my children From being such sweet soldiers!—Softly, wenches, Lest we disturb his dream.

[*Exeunt CALIS and Ladies.*]

*Eum.* Why, this is monstrous.

*Polyb.* A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

*Pel.* Though he ne'er saw a woman of great Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible [fashion He might imagine what they are, and what Belongs unto 'em; mere report of others—

*Eum.* Pish,

His head had other whimsies in't.—My lord!

'Death, I think you're struck dumb. My good

*Polyb.* Sir! [lord general!

*Mem.* That I do love you, madam; and so love An't like your grace— [you,

*Pel.* He has been studying this speech.

*Eum.* Who do you speak to, sir?

*Mem.* Why, where's the lady,

The woman, the fair woman?

*Polyb.* Who?

*Mem.* The princess,

Give me the princess.

*Eum.* Give you counsel rather

To use her like a princess. Fy, my lord! How have you borne yourself, how nakedly Laid your soul open, and your ignorance, To be a sport to all! Report and honour Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly, Without consideration what, or who she was, Neither collecting reason, nor distinction—

*Mem.* Why, what did I, my masters?

*Eum.* All that shews

A man unhandsome, undigested dough.

*Mem.* Did not I kneel unto her?

*Eum.* Dumb and senseless, As though you had been cut out for your father's tomb,

Or stuck a land-mark. When she spoke unto you, Being the excellence of all our island, You stared upon her as you had seen a monster.

*Mem.* Was I so foolish? I confess, *Eumenes*, I never saw before so brave an outside. But did I kneel so long?

*Eum.* 'Till they laugh'd at you.

And, when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell you What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.

Bless me! Is't possible the wild noise of war,

And what she only teaches, should possess you?

Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,

Being at flood still in you: And in peace,

And manly conversation, smooth and civil,

Where gracefulness and glory twin together,

Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, sir,

What state she carries? what great obedience

Waits at her beck continually?

*Mem.* She ne'er commanded

An hundred thousand men, as I have done, Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her.

*Eum.* There was a dainty offer too, a rare one!

*Mem.* Why, she's a woman, is she not?

*Eum.* She is so.

*Mem.* Why, very well; what was she made for then?

Is she not young and handsome, bred to breed?

Do not men kiss fair women? if they do,

If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princess

Is got the same way that we get a beggar,

Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way

She must be handled ere she get another.

That's rudeness, is it not?

*Pel.* To her 'tis held so,

And rudeness in that high degree—

*Mem.* 'Tis reason;

But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought she?

*Eum.* Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd at you,

Pitying the poorness of your compliment,

And so she left you. Good sir, shape yourself

To understand the place and noble persons

You live with now.

*Polyb.* Let not those great deserts

The king hath laid up of you, and the people,

Be blasted with ill-bearing!

*Eum.* The whole name

Of soldier then will suffer.

*Mem.* She's a sweet one.

And, good sirs, leave your exhortations;

They come untimely to me; I have brains

That beat above your reaches: She's a princess,

That's all; I have kill'd a king, that's greater.

Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good,

You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.

[*Exeunt all but CHILAX.*]

*Chi.* Well, would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon!

There thou would'st talk to th' purpose, and the proudest

Of all these court camelions would be glad

To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,

This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness!

Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings

Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five years

I have served my country, lost my youth and blood,

Exposed my life to dangers more than days ;  
 Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers :  
 "The king is bound to right me," they, good  
 people,  
 "Have but from hand to mouth." Look to your  
 wives,  
 Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your  
 marchpanes ;  
 For, if the soldiers find not recompence,  
 (As yet there's none a hatching, I believe,)  
 You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye ;  
 For starve nor beg they must not. My small means  
 Are gone *in fumo* ; here to raise a better—  
 Unless it be with lying, or dog-flattering,  
 At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-  
 days,

When this good lady broils and would be basted  
 By that good lord, or such like moral learnings—  
 Is here impossible : Well, I'll rub among 'em ;  
 If any thing for honesty be gotten,  
 Thought't be but bread and cheese, I can be satis-  
 If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am [fied :  
 Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass  
 That shall be nameless, yet alive, my last hope,  
 Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.  
 If all fail—

*Enter Fool and Page.*

Jack-Daws, are you alive still ? Then  
 I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can  
*Page.* Brave lieutenant ! [prosper.

*Fool.* Hail to the man of worship !

*Chi.* You are fine, sirs,  
 Most passing fine at all points.

*Fool.* As you see, sir,  
 Home-bred and handsome ; we cut not out our  
 clothes, sir,  
 At half-sword, as your tailors do, and pink 'em  
 With pikes and partizans ; we live retired, sir,  
 Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.

*Chi.* Very fine Fool, and fine Boy ; peace plays  
 with you

As the wind plays with feathers, dances you ;  
 You grind with all gusts, gallants.

*Page.* We can bounce, sir,  
 (When you soldadoes bend i' th' hams) and frisk  
 too.

*Fool.* When twenty of your trip-coats turn their  
 tippets,

And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,  
 Lie wambling in your stomachs ; hemp and hob-  
 nails

Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness  
 Are like to over-run us.

*Page.* Whores and hot-houses—

*Fool.* Surgeons and syringes, ring out your  
 sance-bells.

*Page.* Your jubilee, your jubilee !

*Fool.* *Proh Deum !*

How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,  
 The red and ramping dragons !

*Page.* Advance it, Fool.

*Fool.* But then the sting i' th' tail, boy.

*Page.* *Tanto melior ;*

For so much the more danger, the more honour.

*Chi.* You're very pleasant with our occupation,  
 gentlemen ;

Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,  
 May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,  
 A mother or a sister.

*Fool.* Mine's past saddle,  
 You should be sure of her else : But say, Sir Huon,  
 Now the drum's dubb's [done], and the sticks  
 turn'd bed-staves.

All the old foxes hunted to their holes,  
 The iron age return'd to Erebus,  
 And *Honorisabilitudininitibus*  
 Thrust out o' th' kingdom by the head and shoul-  
 What trade do you mean to follow ? [ders,

*Chi.* That's a question.

*Fool.* Yes, and a learned question, if you mark  
 Consider, and say on. [it.

*Chi.* Fooling, as thou dost ;  
 That's the best trade, I take it.

*Fool.* Take it straight then,  
 For fear your fellows be before you : hark ye,  
 lieutenant,

Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your  
 When all's done, you must fool, sir. [fightings ;

*Chi.* Well, I must then.

*Fool.* But do you know what fooling is ? true  
 fooling ?

The circumstances that belong unto it ?  
 For every idle knave that shews his teeth,  
 Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,  
 Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,  
 Is not a fool at first dash ; you shall find, sir,  
 Strange turnings in this trade ; to fool is nothing,  
 As fooling has been ; but to fool the fair way,  
 The new way, as the best men fool their friends ;  
 For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,  
 Desert does nothing ; valiant, wise, virtuous,  
 Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

*Chi.* I partly credit that.

*Fool.* Fine wits, fine wits, sir !

There's the young boy, he does well in his way too,  
 He could not live else in his master's absence ;  
 He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily !  
 Say his hand slip, but say so.

*Chi.* Why, let it slip then.

*Fool.* 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,  
 And he that works deserves his wages.

*Chi.* That's true.

*Fool.* He riddles finely to a waiting-gentle-  
 woman,

Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himself  
 And wishes all dreams true ; they cry amen, [too,  
 And there's a memorandum : He can sing too,  
 Bawdy enough to please old ladies : He lies rarely,  
 Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully ;  
 Can pick a pocket if you please, or casket ;  
 Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,  
 And calls his hostess mother ; these are things now,  
 If a man mean to live ; [not] to fight and swagger,  
 Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,  
 Cut to the soul for summer : Here an arm lost,  
 And there a leg ; his honourable head  
 Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,  
 And so sent over to an hospital :  
 Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore  
 there, dead there ;  
 And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-  
 flesh,

And money when two Wednesdays meet together,  
 Where to be lousy is a gentleman,

And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on—  
*Chi.* I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling.

*Fool.* You cannot choose but like it ; fight you  
 one day,

I'll fool another ; when your surgeon's paid,

And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are  
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine, [heaviest ;  
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.

*Boy.* Come, learn of us, lieutenant ; hang your  
We'll find you cooler wars. [iron up ;

*Chi.* Come, let's together ;  
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em—[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

*Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, POLYBUS, and PELIUS.*

*Mem.* Why were there not such women in the  
Prepared to make me know 'em ? [camp then,  
*Eum.* 'Twas no place, sir.

*Polyb.* Why should they live in tumults ? they  
Soft, and of sober natures. [are creatures

*Mem.* Could not your wives,  
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent for  
To exercise upon ?

*Eum.* We thank your lordship.

*Pel.* But do you mean—

*Mem.* I do mean—

*Pel.* What, sir ?

*Mem.* To see her,  
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,  
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from  
me !

Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,  
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,  
(Better have ballads in't) your courtly worships,  
How to put off my hat ; you, how to turn me ;  
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discretely.  
Let me alone ; for I will love her, see her,  
Talk to her, and mine own way.

*Eum.* She's the princess.

*Mem.* Why, let her be the devil ! I have spoke  
When thunder durst not check me. I must love ;  
I know she was a thing kept for me.

*Eum.* And I know, sir,  
Though she were born yours, yet your strange be-  
And want— [haviour,

*Mem.* Thou liest !

*Eum.* I do not.

*Mem.* Ha !

*Eum.* I do not lie, sir.

I say, you want fair language ; nay, 'tis certain  
You cannot say good-morrow.

*Mem.* Ye dog-whelps,  
The proudest of your prating tongues— [Draws.

*Eum.* Do, kill us,  
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, general,  
I would not live to see men make a may-game  
Of him I have made a master : Kill us quickly,  
Then you may—

*Mem.* What ?

*Eum.* Do what you list, draw your sword child-  
ishly

Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.  
I am weary of my life.

*Polyb.* And I.

*Pel.* And all, sir.

*Eum.* Go to the princess, make her sport, cry  
" I am the glorious man of war ! " [to her,

*Mem.* Pray ye, leave me.

I am sorry I was angry ; I'll think better.

Pray, no more words.

*Eum.* Good sir.

*Mem.* Nay then—

*Pel.* We are gone, sir.

[*Exeunt EUMENES, POLYBUS, and PELIUS.*

*Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.*

*Calis.* How came he hither ? See, for Heaven's  
sake, wenches,  
What faces, and what postures, he puts on.  
I do not think he's perfect.

[*MEMNON walks aside, full of strange gestures.*

*Cle.* If your love  
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough ;  
As well as he will be.

*Calis.* Mark how he muses.

*Lucip.* He has a battalia now in's brains. He  
Have at ye, harpers ! [draws out ; now

*Cle.* See, see, there the fire falls.

*Lucip.* Look what an alphabet of faces he runs  
through.

*Cle.* Oh, love, love, how amorously thou look'st  
In an old rusty armour.

*Calis.* I'll away,

For by my troth I fear him.

*Lucip.* Fear the gods, madam,  
And never care what man can do : 'This fellow,  
With all his frights about him, and his furies,  
His 'larums, and his launces, swords, and targeta,  
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pie,  
Yet, durst I undertake, within two hours,  
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,  
Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks

*Cle.* For shame ! no more. [to ach.

*Calis.* He muses still.

*Cle.* The devil—

Why should this old dried timber, chopt with  
thunder—

*Calis.* Old wood burns quickest.

*Lucip.* Out, you would say, madam ;  
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,  
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees  
you.

*Cle.* There's no avoiding now ; have at you ;  
[*MEMNON comes to her.*

*Mem.* Lady,

The more I look upon you— [Stays her.

*Cle.* The more you may, sir.

*Calis.* Let him alone.

*Mem.* I would desire your patience.  
The more, I say, I look, the more— [Stays her.

*Lucip.* My fortune.

'Tis very apt, sir.

*Mem.* Women, let my fortune  
And me alone, I wish you.—Pray come this way ;  
And stand you still there, lady.

*Calis.* Leave the words, sir,  
And leap into the meaning.

*Mem.* Then again

I tell you, I do love you.

*Calis.* Why ?

*Mem.* No questions ;  
Pray, no more questions. I do love you infinitely.  
Why do you smile ? Am I ridiculous ?

*Calis.* [*Aside.*] I am monstrous fearful.—No,  
I joy you love me.

*Mem.* Joy on then, and be proud on't ; I do  
love you.—

Stand still ; do not trouble me, you women !—  
He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd  
Princes to beg their freedoms ; he whose valour  
Has over-run whole kingdoms.

*Calis.* That makes me doubt, sir,  
 'Twill over-run me too.  
*Mem.* He whose sword——  
*Cle.* Talk not so big, sir; you will fright the  
*Mem.* Ha! [princess.  
*Lucip.* No, forsooth.  
*Calis.* I know you have done wonders.  
*Mem.* I have, and will do more and greater,  
 braver;  
 And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that king-  
 And take your choice—— [dom,  
*Calis.* Sir, I am not ambitious.  
*Mem.* You shall be; 'tis the child of glory.  
 She that I love,  
 Whom my desires shall magnify, time story,  
 And all the empires of the earth.  
*Cle.* I would fain ask him——  
*Lucip.* Pr'ythee be quiet: he will beat us both  
*Cle.* What will you make me then, sir? [else.  
*Mem.* I will make thee——  
 Stand still and hold thy peace!—I have a heart,  
 lady——  
*Calis.* You were a monster else.  
*Mem.* A loving heart;  
 A truly loving heart.  
*Calis.* Alas, how came it?  
*Mem.* I would you had it in your hand, sweet  
 To see the truth it bears you. [lady,  
*Calis.* Do you give it——  
*Lucip.* That was well thought upon.  
*Cle.* 'Twill put him to't, wench.  
*Calis.* And you shall see I dare accept it, sir,  
 Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it  
 A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,  
 I am bound, I am.

*Mem.* No more; I'll send it to you;  
 As I have honour in me, you shall have it.  
*Cle.* Handsomely done, sir; and perfumed, by  
 The weather's warm, sir. [all means;  
*Mem.* With all circumstance.  
*Lucip.* A napkin wrought most curiously——  
*Mem.* Divinely.  
*Cle.* Put in a goblet of pure gold.  
*Mem.* Yes, in jacinth,  
 That she may see the spirits through.  
*Lucip.* You have greased him  
 For chewing love again in haste.  
*Cle.* If he should do it——  
*Calis.* If Heaven should fall we should have  
 larks: He do it!  
*Cle.* See, how he thinks upon't.  
*Calis.* He'll think these three years,  
 Ere he prove such an ass. I liked his offer:  
 There was no other way to put him off else.  
*Mem.* I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.  
*Calis.* I do, sir.  
*Mem.* Love it; for 'tis a heart that——and so  
 I leave you. [Exit.  
*Cle.* Either he is stark mad,  
 Or else, I think, he means it.  
*Calis.* He must be stark mad,  
 Or he will never do it: 'Tis vain-glory  
 And want of judgment that provokes this in him;  
 Sleep and society cure all. His heart?  
 No, no, good gentleman! there's more belongs to't:  
 Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,  
 And there examine him a little better.  
 Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;  
 I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't.  
 [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of MEMNON.*

Enter MEMNON.

*Mem.* 'Tis but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with  
 dabbling,  
 Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep 'em.  
 Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?  
 For, in the other world, she's bound to have me;  
 Her princely word is past: My great desert too  
 Will draw her to come after presently;  
 'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.  
 Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there  
 Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.  
 There love is ever lasting, ever young,  
 Free from diseases, agues, jealousies,  
 Bawds, beldames, painters, purgers. Die? 'tis  
 nothing:  
 Men drown themselves for joy to draw in juleps,  
 When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;  
 And many a handsome wench that loves the sport  
 Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom. [well,  
 But I must be incised first, cut and open'd,  
 My heart, (and handsomely) ta'en from me: stay  
 there!  
 Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who do  
 I know there?—  
 For else to wander up and down unwaited on,  
 And unregarded in my place and project,  
 Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.

My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—  
 That have been kill'd before me,—right!

Enter CHILAX.

*Chi.* He's here,  
 And I must trouble him.  
*Mem.* Then those I have conquer'd,  
 To make my train full,——  
*Chi.* Sir!  
*Mem.* My captains then——  
*Chi.* Sir, I beseech you——  
*Mem.* For to meet her there,  
 Being a princess, and a king's sole sister,  
 With great accommodation, must be cared for.  
*Chi.* Weight but the soldiers' poverty.  
*Mem.* Mine own troop first,  
 For they shall die.  
*Chi.* How? what's this?  
*Mem.* Next——  
*Chi.* Shall I speak louder?—Sir!  
*Mem.* A square battalion——  
*Chi.* You do not think of us.  
*Mem.* Their armours gilded,——  
*Chi.* Good noble sir!  
*Mem.* And round about such engines  
 Shall make hell shake.  
*Chi.* You do not mock me?  
*Mem.* For, sir,  
 I will be strong as brave.

*Chi.* You may consider ;  
*You* know we have served you long enough.  
*Mem.* No soldier  
 That ever landed on the bless'd Elyzium  
 Did or shall march, as I will.  
*Chi.* 'Would you would march, sir,  
 Up to the king, and get us——  
*Mem.* King nor Keiser  
 Shall equal me in that world.  
*Chi.* What a devil ails he?  
*Mem.* Next, the rare beauties of those towns I  
 fired——  
*Chi.* I speak of money, sir.  
*Mem.* Ten thousand coaches,——  
*Chi.* Oh, pounds, sir, pounds. I beseech your  
 lordship,  
 Let coaches run out of your remembrance.  
*Mem.* In which the wanton cupids, and the  
 graces,  
 Drawn with the western winds, kindling desires ;—  
 And then our poets :——  
*Chi.* Then our pay.  
*Mem.* For, Chilax, when the triumph comes ;  
 the princess  
 Then, for I'll have a Heaven made,——  
*Chi.* Bless your lordship !  
*Mem.* Stand still, sir.  
*Chi.* So I do.  
*Mem.* And in it——  
*Chi.* 'Death, sir,  
*You* talk you know not what !  
*Mem.* Such rare devices !  
 Make me, I say, a Heaven.  
*Chi.* I say so too, sir.  
*Mem.* For here shall run a constellation,——  
*Chi.* And there a pissing-conduit.  
*Mem.* Ha !  
*Chi.* With wine, sir.  
*Mem.* A sun there in his height, there such a  
 planet !  
*Chi.* But where's our money ? where runs that ?  
*Mem.* Ha !  
*Chi.* Money,  
 Money, an't like your lordship.  
*Mem.* Why, all the carriage  
 Shall come behind ; the stuff, rich hangings, trea-  
 Or, say we have none—— [sure ;  
*Chi.* I may say so truly,  
 For hang me if I have a groat. I have served well,  
 And like an honest man : I see no reason——  
*Mem.* Thou must needs die, good Chilax.  
*Chi.* Very well, sir.  
*Mem.* I will have honest, valiant souls about me ;  
 I cannot miss thee.  
*Chi.* Die ?  
*Mem.* Yes, die ; and Pelius,  
 Eumenes, and Polybius ; I shall think  
 Of more within these two hours.  
*Chi.* Die, sir ?  
*Mem.* Ay, sir ;  
 And you shall die.  
*Chi.* When, I beseech your lordship ?  
*Mem.* To-morrow see you do die.  
*Chi.* A short warning.  
 'Troth, sir, I am ill prepared.  
*Mem.* I die myself then ;  
 Besides, there's reason——  
*Chi.* Oh !  
*Mem.* I pray thee tell me,  
 For thou art a great dreamer——

*Chi.* I can dream, sir,  
 If I eat well and sleep well.  
*Mem.* Was it never  
 By dream or apparition open'd to thee——  
*Chi.* He's mad. [Aside.  
*Mem.* What the other world was, or Elyzium ?  
 Didst never travel in thy sleep ?  
*Chi.* To taverns,  
 When I was drunk o'er night ; or to a wench ;  
 There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady  
 Wrapt round about you like a snake ! Is that it ?  
 Or if that strange Elyzium that you talk of  
 Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,  
 And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him :  
 He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.  
*Mem.* Elyzium,  
 The blessed fields, man !  
*Chi.* I know no fields blessed,  
 But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I have  
 In Heaven too. [been  
*Mem.* There, handle that place ; that's Elyzium.  
*Chi.* Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare  
*Mem.* All full of flowers. [things.  
*Chi.* And pot-herbs.  
*Mem.* Bowers for lovers,  
 And everlasting ages of delight.  
*Chi.* I slept not so far.  
*Mem.* Meet me on those banks  
 Some two days hence.  
*Chi.* In dream, sir ?  
*Mem.* No ; in death, sir.  
 And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.  
 Away, no more, no more !  
*Chi.* God keep your lordship !  
 This is fine dancing for us.

*Enter SIPHAX.*

*Sip.* Where's the general ?  
*Chi.* There's the old sign of Memnon : where  
 the soul is  
*You* may go look, as I have.  
*Sip.* What's the matter.  
*Chi.* Why, question him and see ; he talks of  
 devils,  
 Hells, heavens, princes, powers, and potentates.  
*You* must to th' pot too.  
*Sip.* How ?  
*Chi.* Do you know Elyzium ?  
 A tale he talks the wild-geese chase of.  
*Sip.* Elyzium ?  
 I have read of such a place.  
*Chi.* Then get you to him,  
 Ye are as fine company as can be fitted ;  
 Your worship's fairly met. [Exit.  
*Sip.* Mercy upon us,  
 What ails this gentleman ?  
*Mem.* Incision——  
*Sip.* How his head works !  
*Mem.* Between two ribs ;  
 If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him  
 And twirl his neck about.  
*Sip.* Now gods defend us !  
*Mem.* In a pure cup transparent, with a writing  
 To signify——  
*Sip.* I never knew him thus :  
 Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.  
*Mem.* Who's there ?  
*Sip.* I, sir.  
*Mem.* Come hither. Siphax ?  
 How does your lordship ?

*Mem.* Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very well ;  
But pr'ythee tell me——

*Sip.* Any thing I can, sir.

*Mem.* What durst thou do to gain the rarest  
beauty  
The world has ?

*Sip.* That the world has ? 'tis worth doing.

*Mem.* Is it so ? but what doing bears it ?

*Sip.* Why, any thing ; all dangers it appears to.

*Mem.* Name some of those things ; do.

*Sip.* I would undertake, sir,  
A voyage round about the world.

*Mem.* Short, Siphax.

A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.

*Sip.* I would swim in armour.

*Mem.* Short still ; a poor jade

Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strongly  
To leap a mare.

*Sip.* The plague I durst.

*Mem.* Still shorter ;

I'll cure it with an onion.

*Sip.* Surfeits.

*Mem.* Short still ;

They are often physics for our healths, and help us.

*Sip.* I would stand a breach.

*Mem.* Thine honour bids thee, soldier :

'Tis shame to find a second cause.

*Sip.* I durst, sir,

Fight with the feeblest monster.

*Mem.* That's the poorest ;

Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you die, sir ?

*Sip.* How ? die, my lord !

*Mem.* Die, Siphax ; take thy sword,  
And come by that door to her ? There's a price  
To buy a lusty love at.

*Sip.* I am well content, sir,  
To prove no purchaser.

*Mem.* Away, thou world-worm !  
Thou win a matchless beauty !

*Sip.* 'Tis to lose it, sir ;

For, being dead, where's the reward I reach at ?  
The love I labour for ?

*Mem.* There it begins, fool.

Thou art merely cozen'd ; for the loves we now know  
Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated  
Desires stirr'd up by Nature to increase her ;  
Licking of one another to a lust ;  
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,  
And heirs of idleness and blood : Pure love,  
That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase  
While she is loaden with our flesh ; that love, sir,  
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here ;  
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue ;  
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over,  
Nor scents the sweets of ambers : Below, Siphax,  
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,  
Where is no more dying, no despairing, mourning ;  
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden :  
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living !

*Sip.* Why do we love in this world then ?

*Mem.* To preserve it,

The Maker lost his work else ; but mark, Siphax,  
What issues that love bears.

*Sip.* Why, children, sir——

I never heard him talk thus ; thus divinely  
And sensible before. [Aside.

*Mem.* It does so, Siphax ;

Things, like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unvented  
Bubbles, and breaths of air ; got with an itching  
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption

Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and  
shapes 'em,

And oftentimes the death of those we love most.  
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em ;  
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats ;  
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,  
They make time old to tend them, and experience  
An ass, they alter so : They grow, and goodly ;  
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,  
They fall into the main, are known no more :  
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,  
For thou art understanding,——

*Sip.* What you please, sir.

*Mem.* And as a faithful man—nay, I dare trust  
I love the princess. [thee—

*Sip.* There, 'tis that has fired him ; [Aside  
I knew he had some inspiration.——

But does she know it, sir ?

*Mem.* Yes, marry does she ;

I have given my heart unto her.

*Sip.* If you love her——

*Mem.* Nay, understand me ; my heart taken  
from me,

Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.  
How lik'st thou that brave offer ? There's the love  
I told thee of, and after death the living !  
She must in justice come, boy, ha ?

*Sip.* Your heart, sir ?

*Mem.* Ay, so, by all means, Siphax.

*Sip.* He loves roast well,

That eats the spit.

*Mem.* And since thou'rt come thus fitly,  
I'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it ;  
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it.  
And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,  
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,  
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses  
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——

*Sip.* But one thing, first, sir : If she pleased to  
grant it,

Could you not love her here, and live ? Consider.

*Mem.* Ha ? Yes, I think I could.

*Sip.* 'Twould be far nearer ;  
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last love  
And link it in.

*Mem.* Thou say'st right ; but our ranks here  
And bloods are bars between us ; she must stand  
As I perceive she does. [off to

*Sip.* Desert and duty  
Make even all, sir.

*Mem.* Then the king, though I  
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her  
So many princes covetous of her beauty.  
I would with all my heart,—but 'tis impossible.

*Sip.* Why, say she marry after ?

*Mem.* No, she dares not ;

The gods dare not do ill ; come.

*Sip.* Do you mean it ?

*Mem.* Lend me thy knife, and help me off.

*Sip.* For Heaven sake,  
Be not so stupid mad, dear general !

*Mem.* Dispatch, I say.

*Sip.* As you love that you look for,  
Heaven and the blessed life——

*Mem.* Hell take thee, coxcomb !

Why dost thou keep me from it ? Thy knife, I say  
*Sip.* [Kneels.] Do but this one thing, on my  
knees I beg it,

Stay but two hours till I return again.  
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,



Your most unvalued love, and last your danger ;  
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,  
Happy, and high in favour : if she frown—

*Mem.* Shall I be sure to know it ?

*Sip.* As I live, sir,  
My quick return shall either bring you fortune,  
Or leave you to your own fate.

*Mem.* Two hours ?

*Sip.* Yes, sir.

*Mem.* Let it be kept.—Away ! I will expect it.

[*Exeunt Mem. and Sir.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter CHILAX, Fool, and Page.*

*Chi.* You dainty wits ! Two of ye to a cater,  
To cheat him of a dinner ?

*Page.* Ten at court, sir,  
Are few enough ; they are as wise as we are.

*Chi.* Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any  
where ;

I never make that part of want. Preach to me  
What ye can do, and when ye list !

*Fool.* Your patience ;

'Tis a hard day at court, a fish day.

*Chi.* So it seems, sir,

The fins grow out of thy face.

*Fool.* And to purchase

This day the company of one dear custard,  
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas, needs a main wit.  
Beef we can bear before us, lined with brevis,  
And tubs of pork ; vociferating veals,  
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.

*Chi.* Line thy mouth with 'em.

*Fool.* Thou hadst need, and great need, for these  
finny fish days

The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,  
They cannot apprehend us.

*Chi.* That's great pity,  
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,  
The whip to boot.—Boy, what do you so near me ?  
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

*Enter STREMON and his Boy.*

*Page.* As I am virtuous !  
What, thieves amongst ourselves ?

*Chi.* Stremon !

*Stre.* Lieutenant !

*Chi.* Welcome ashore, ashore !

*Fool.* What, Monsieur Music ?

*Stre.* My fine fool !

*Page.* Fellow Crack ! why, what a consort  
Are we now bleas'd withal ?

*Fool.* Fooling and fiddling.

Nay, and we live not now, boys—What new songs,

*Stre.* A thousand, man, a thousand. [sirrah ?]

*Fool.* Itching airs,

alluding to the old sport ?

*Stre.* Of all sizes.

*Fool.* And how does small Tim Treble here, the  
Boy. To do you service. [heart on't ?]

*Fool.* Oh, Tim ! the times, the times, Tim !

*Stre.* How does the general ?

and next, what money's stirring ?

*Chi.* For the general,

he's here ; but such a general ! The time's changed,  
Stremon ;

he was the liberal general, and the loving,  
the feeder of a soldier, and the father ;  
but now become the stupidest.

*Stre.* Why, what ails he ?

*Chi.* Nay, if a horse knew,—and his head's big  
enough,—

I'll hang for't. Didst thou ever see a dog  
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach ? Such another toy  
Is he now ; so he glotes, and grins, and bites.

*Fool.* Why, hang him quickly,  
And then he cannot hurt folks.

*Chi.* One hour raving,

Another smiling, not a word the third hour.

I tell thee, Stremon, he has a stirring soul ;

Whatever it attempts, or labours at,

Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

*Fool.* I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but  
buckram ;

He would bounce that out in two hours.

*Chi.* Then he talks

The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,

Or any thing you offer.—Stand thou there ;

I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,

The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of.  
Stremon !

*Stre.* My lord !

*Chi.* Go presently, and find me

A black horse with a blue tail ; bid the blank cornet

Charge through the sea, and sink the navy.—Softly !

Our souls are things not to be wakened in us

With 'larums, and loud bawlings ; for in Elyxium,

Stiltness and quietness, and sweetness, sirrah,

I will have, for it much concerns mine honour ;

Such a strong reputation for my welcome

As all the world shall say—For, in the forefront,

So many on white unicorns, next them

My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,

Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks, to take

Of all occasions ! for Friday cannot fish out [hold

The end I aim at : Tell me of Diocles,

And what he dares do ! Dare he meet me naked ?

Thunder in this hand ; in his left—Fool !

*Fool.* Yes, sir.

*Chi.* Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air, fly  
swiftly

To that place where the sun sets, there deliver—

*Fool.* Deliver ? What, sir ?

*Chi.* This, sir, this, you slave, sir !—[*All laugh.*]

'Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabs ! [*Seizes the Fool.*]

*Fool.* Hold, for Heaven's sake,

Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant !

*Chi.* I have done, sir.

*Page.* You have wrung his neck off.

*Chi.* No, boy ; 'tis the nature

Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people

Along by the hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

*Fool.* Do you call this acting ? was your part  
to beat me ?

*Chi.* Yes, I must act all that he does.

*Fool.* Plague act you !

I'll act no more.

*Stre.* 'Tis but to shew, man.

*Fool.* Then, man,

He should have shew'd it only, and not done it ;

I am sure he beat me beyond action.—

Gouts o' your heavy fist !

*Chi.* I'll have thee to him ;

Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play

He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee. [rarely.

*Fool.* I'll to the stocks first,

Ere I be stroked thus.

*Stre.* But how came he, Chilax ?

*Chi.* I know not that.

*Stro.* I'll to him.

*Chi.* He loves thee well,  
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken  
He has been with thy battle songs.

*Stro.* If music  
Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,  
That out it shall by th' shoulders.

*Chi.* My fine fiddler,  
He'll firk you, an you take not heed too.—'Twill  
be rare sport [Aside.]

To see his own trade triumph over him;  
His lute laced to his head, for creeping hedges;  
For money, there's none stirring.—Try, good  
Stremon,

Now what your silver sound can do; our voices  
Are but vain echoes.

*Stro.* Something shall be done  
Shall make him understand all. Let's to the  
tavern;

I have some few crowns left yet: my whistle wet  
I'll pipe him such a paven— [Once,

*Chi.* Hold thy head up;  
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, coxcomb,  
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.

*Fool.* You would no more acting?

*Chi.* No more, chicken.

*Fool.* Go then. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—*The Entrance to the Park of the Palace.*

*Enter SIPHAX at one side, and a Gentleman at the other.*

*Sip.* God save you, sir! Pray, how might I see  
the princess?

*Gent.* Why, very fitly, sir; she's even now  
ready

To walk out this way into th' park. Stand there,  
You cannot miss her sight, sir.

*Sip.* I much thank you. [Exit Gentleman.]

*Enter CALIS, LUCIPPE, and CLEANTHE.*

*Calis.* Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye,  
I would not meet him willingly again; [wenches,  
For, though I do not fear him, yet his fashion  
I would not be acquainted much with.

*Cle.* Gentle lady,  
You need not fear; the walks are view'd, and  
empty?

But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his—  
*Lucip.* Is slow a-coming.

*Sip.* [Aside.] Keep me, ye bless'd angels!  
What killing power is this!

*Calis.* Why, dost thou look for't?

Dost think he spoke in earnest?

*Lucip.* Methinks, madam,  
A gentleman should keep his word; and to a lady,  
A lady of your excellencies!

*Calis.* Out, fool!

Send me his heart? What should we do with 't?  
dance it?

*Lucip.* Dry it, and drink it for the worms.

*Calis.* Who's that?

What man stands there?

*Cle.* Where?

*Calis.* There.

*Cle.* A gentleman,  
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,  
As know him for your servant's brother.

*Calis.* Siphax?

*Cle.* The same, an't please your grace.—What  
does he here? [Aside.]

Upon what business? and I ignorant?

*Calis.* He's grown a handsome gentleman.—  
Good Siphax,

You're welcome from the wars! 'Would you with  
us, sir?

Pray speak your will.—He blushes.—Be not  
fearful;

I can assure you, for your sister's sake, sir—  
There's my hand on it.

*Cle.* Do you hear, sir?

*Calis.* Sure these soldiers  
Are all grown senseless.

*Cle.* Do you know where you are, sir?

*Calis.* Tongue-tied!

He looks not well too; by my life, I think—

*Cle.* Speak, for shame, speak!

*Lucip.* A man would speak.

*Calis.* These soldiers  
Are all dumb saints.—Consider, and take time,  
sir.—

Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's down.

*Lucip.* Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire  
and bullets,

And hang their heads down at a handsome woman?  
Good master Mars, that's a foul fault.

[Exeunt CALIS and LUCIPPE.]

*Cle.* Fy, beast!

No more my brother!

*Sip.* Sister, honour'd sister!

*Cle.* Dishonour'd fool!

*Sip.* I do confess—

*Cle.* Fy on thee!

*Sip.* But stay till I deliver—

*Cle.* Let me go;

I am ashamed to own thee.

*Sip.* Fare you well then!

You must ne'er see me more.

*Cle.* Why? Stay, dear Siphax!

My anger's past; I'll hear you speak.

*Sip.* Oh, sister!

*Cle.* Out with it, man!

*Sip.* Oh, I have drank my mischief.

*Cle.* Ha! what?

*Sip.* My destruction;

In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the princess!  
The rare sweet princess!

*Cle.* How, fool, the rare princess!

Was it the princess that thou saidst?

*Sip.* The princess.

*Cle.* Thou dost not love her, sure? thou dar'est  
not!

*Sip.* Yes,

By Heaven!

*Cle.* Yes, by Heaven? I know thou dar'est not.

The princess? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it;  
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,  
And leave 'em slaves and succourless. The prin-  
cess?

Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,  
Fixed from us as the sun is, high, and glorious,  
To be adored, not doted on. Desire things pos-  
sible,

Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope  
Will hale thy heart out.

*Sip.* 'Tis my destiny,  
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,  
If it be known.

*Cle.* Pursue it not then, Siphax;

Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish  
Go home and pray. [thee;

*Sip.* I cannot.

*Cle.* Sleep then, Siphax,  
And dream away thy doting.

*Sip.* I must have her,  
Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;

Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.

*Cle.* Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!

*Sip.* Farewell, sister;  
Farewell for ever! See me buried.

*Cle.* Stay;  
Pray, stay!—He's all my brothers.—No way,  
Siphax?

No other woman?

*Sip.* None, none; she, or sinking.

*Cle.* Go, and hope well; my life I'll venture for  
thee,

And all my art; a woman may work miracles.

No more! Pray heartily against misfortunes,

For much I fear a main one.

*Sip.* I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Grove near the Temple of Venus.*

*Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.*

*Priest.* Find him by any means; and, good  
child, tell him

He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;

And say, this night, without excuse or business,  
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;

He knows the way, and how. Be gone!

*Boy.* I gallop. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CLEANTHE.*

*Cle.* I have been looking you.

*Priest.* The fair Cleanthe!—

What may your business be?

*Cle.* Oh, holy mother,  
Such business, of such strange weight! Now or  
never,

As you have loved me, as you do or may do,  
When I shall find a fit time—

*Priest.* If by my means  
Your business may be fitted—you know me,  
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,  
To build your best hopes.

*Cle.* Oh, but 'tis a strange one;

Stuck with as many dangers—

*Priest.* There's the working;  
Small things perform themselves, and give no  
pleasures.

Be confident, through death I'll serve you.

*Cle.* Here. [*Offers a purse.*]

*Priest.* Fy! no corruption.

*Cle.* Take it; it is yours;  
Be not so spiced; 'tis good gold,  
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.

I know you have ways to vent it: You may hold it.

*Priest.* I'll keep it for you. When?

*Cle.* To-morrow morning  
I'll visit you again; and, when occasion  
Offers itself,—

*Priest.* Instruct me, and have at you.

*Cle.* Farewell till then! Be sure.

*Priest.* As your own thoughts, lady.

*Cle.* 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.

*Priest.* Fools only  
Make their effects seem fearful. Farewell, daughter!  
[*Exit CLEANTHE.*]

This gold was well got for my old tough soldier;  
Now I shall be his sweet again.—What business

Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty lover

Beyond her line; the young wench would fain  
piddle;

A little to revive her must be thought of;

'Tis even so, she must have it. But how by my  
means,

A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still

Before the goddess, giving oracle,

How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,

And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—*Antechamber to MEMNON'S Apartment.*

*Enter POLYDOR, EUMENES, STREMON, POLYBUS, and  
PELIUS.*

*Polyd.* Why, this is utter madness.

*Eum.* Thus it is, sir.

*Polyd.* Only the princess' sight?

*Polyb.* All we can judge at.

*Polyd.* This must be look'd to timely.

*Eum.* Yes, and wisely.

*Polyd.* He does not offer at his life?

*Eum.* Not yet, sir,

That we can hear of.

*Polyd.* Noble gentlemen,

Let me entreat your watches over him;

Ye cannot do a worthier work.

*Pel.* We came, sir,

Provided for that service.

*Polyd.* Where is Chilas?

*Stre.* A little busy, sir.

*Polyd.* Are the Fool and Boy here?

*Stre.* They are, sir.

*Enter MEMNON.*

*Polyd.* Let 'em be still so; and as they find his  
humours—

*Eum.* Now you may behold him.

*Polyd.* Stand close, and work no noise.

By his eyes, now, gentlemen,

I guess him full of anger.

*Eum.* Be not seen there.

[*They retire to one side of the stage.*]

*Mem.* The hour's past long ago; he's false and  
fearful,—

Coward go with thy cattif soul, thou cur-dog!  
Thou cold clod, wild-fire warm thee!—monstrous  
fearful;

I know the slave shakes but to think on't.

*Polyd.* Who's that?

*Eum.* I know not, sir.

*Mem.* But I shall catch you, rascal;

Your many soul is not immortal here, sir;

You must die, and we must meet; we must, mag-

Be sure we must! For not a nook of hell, [got,

Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;  
The devil's tail shall not hide thee, but I'll have thee:

And how I'll use thee! Whips and firebrands,  
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,  
And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing,  
Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treacherous!  
Was never slave so swung since hell was hell,  
As I will swing thy slave's soul; and be sure on't.  
*Polyd.* Is this imagination, or some circumstance? [stance?]

*Eum.* So is all he does, sir.

*Mem.* 'Till then I'll leave you.—Who's there?  
*Demagoras!* [Where's the surgeon?

*Enter DEMAGORAS.*

*Dem.* My lord!

*Mem.* Bring me the surgeon;  
And wait you too.

[*Exit DEM.* and re-enters with the Surgeon.

*Polyd.* What would he with a surgeon?

*Eum.* Things mustering in his head: Pray

*Mem.* Come hither. [mark.

Have you brought your instruments?

*Sur.* They are within, sir.

*Mem.* Put to the doors a while there. You can incise

To a hair's breadth, without defacing?

*Sur.* Yes, sir.

*Mem.* And take out fairly from the flesh?

*Sur.* The least thing.

*Mem.* Well, come hither then. Take off my doublet.

For, look you, surgeon, I must have you cut

My heart out here, and handsomely.—Nay, stare not,

Nor do not start: I'll cut your throat else, surgeon!  
Come, swear to do it.

*Sur.* Good sir—

*Mem.* Sirrah, hold him; [To DEMAGORAS.  
I'll have but one blow at his head.

*Sur.* I'll do it.

Why, what should we do living after you, sir?

We'll die before you, if you please.

*Mem.* No, no!

*Sur.* Living? hang living!—Is there ne'er a cat-hole

Where I may creep through? 'Would I were I' th' Indies! [*Aside.*

*Mem.* Swear then, and after my death presently,

To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,

As ye have faiths, and loves to me!

*Dem.* We'll do it.

*Eum.* [To POLYDORS.] Pray, do not stir yet; we are near enough

To run between all dangers.

*Mem.* Here I am, sir.

Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly;

Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,

Or any way deface my heart I' th' cutting,  
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,  
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, surgeon,  
The honour and the valour of the owner,  
Mixed with the most immaculate love I send it,  
(Look to't!) I'll slice thee to the soul.

*Sur.* Ne'er fear, sir,

I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once.

[*Aside.*

*Mem.* I will not have you smile, sirrah, when you do it,

As though you cut a lady's corn; 'tis scurvy:  
Do me it, as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.

*Sur.* I'll do it in a dump, sir.

*Mem.* In a dog, sir!

I'll have no dumps, nor dumplings. Fetch your

And then I'll tell you more. . [tools,

*Sur.* If I return

To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't. [*Aside.*

*Mem.* Quick, quick!

*Dem.* Yes, sir—

With all the heels we have.

[*Exeunt Surgeon and DEMAGORAS.*

*Eum.* Yet stand.

*Polyd.* He'll do it.

*Eum.* He cannot, and we here.

*Mem.* Why when, ye rascals,  
Ye dull slaves? Will you come, sir? Surgeon,  
syringe,

Dog-leech, shall I come fetch you?

*Polyd.* Now I'll to him.—

God save you, honour'd brother!

*Mem.* My dear Polydore,  
Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do you?

*Polyd.* Well, sir; 'would you were so.

*Mem.* I am, I thank you.

You are a better'd man much; I the same still,  
An old rude soldier, sir.

*Polyd.* Pray, be plain, brother,  
And tell me but the meaning of this vision,  
For, to me, it appears no more; so far  
From common course and reason.

*Mem.* Thank thee, Fortune!

At length I have found the man, the man must do  
The man in honour bound! [it,

*Polyd.* To do what?

*Mem.* Hark,

For I will bless you with the circumstance  
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

*Polyd.* Speak on, sir.

*Mem.* It is no story for all ears.

[*Walks with him, and whispers to him.*

*Polyd.* The princess?

*Mem.* Peace, and hear all.

*Polyd.* How?

*Eum.* Sure 'tis dangerous,

He starts so at it.

*Polyd.* Your heart? Do you know, sir—

*Mem.* Yes; pray thee be softer.

*Polyd.* Me to do it?

*Mem.* Only reserved, and dedicated.

*Polyd.* For shame, brother!

Know what you are; a man.

*Mem.* None of your Athens,  
Good sweet sir, no philosophy! Thou feel'st not  
The honourable end, fool.

*Polyd.* I am sure I feel  
The shame and scorn that follow. Have you served  
thus long,

The glory of your country in your conquests,  
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,  
Ruled armies of your own, given laws to nations,  
Beloved and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,  
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,  
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?  
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously,  
To fling away your fortune? Where's your wisdom?  
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?  
Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself? Fy,  
brother!

How are you fallen? Get up into your honour,

The top-branch of your bravery, and, from thence, Look and lament how little Memnon seems now.

*Mem.* Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,

The tongues of angels from my happiness Could turn the end I aim at? No, they cannot. This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it? Use no more art: I am resolved.

*Polyd.* You may, sir, Command me to do any thing that's honest, And for your noble end: But this, it carries—

*Mem.* You shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,

And learn to spell for profit: Go, go study!

*Eum.* [*Aside to Pol.*] You must not hold him up so; he is lost then. [*turnspits.*]

*Mem.* Get thee to school again, and talk of And find the natural cause out why a dog [ing, Turns thrice about ere he lie down: There's learn-

*Polyd.* Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave; And now allow the reason. [*I find it,*

*Mem.* Oh, do you so, sir?

Do you find it current?

*Polyd.* Yes, yes; excellent.

*Mem.* I told you.

*Polyd.* I was foolish: I have here too

The rarest way to find the truth out. Hark you! You shall be ruled by me.

*Mem.* I will be: But—

*Polyd.* I reach it;

If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go. But two days, and 'tis thus.—[*Whispers him.*]

*Mem.* 'Twill do well so. [*Ha?*]

*Polyd.* Then is't not excellent? do you con-

*Mem.* 'Twill work for certain. [*ceive it?*]

*Polyd.* Oh, 'twill tickle her;

And you shall know then by a line.

*Mem.* I like it:

But let me not be fool'd again.

*Polyd.* Doubt nothing:

You do me wrong then. Get you in there private,

As I have taught you. Basta!

*Mem.* Work.

*Polyd.* I will do. [*Exit MEMNON.*]

*Eum.* Have you found the cause?

*Polyd.* Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen, That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you.—Stremon,

Be you still near him to affect his fancy, And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy

Stay him, they may do some pleasure too.—Eumenes, [*brought,*

What if he had a wench, a handsome whore Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it?

*Eum.* Well, sir.

*Polyd.* His cause is merely heat.—And made It were the princess, mad for him? [*believe*

*Eum.* I think

\*Twere not amiss.

*Polyd.* And let him kiss her?

*Polyd.* What else?

*Pol.* I'll be his back, an't please you; young and wholesome,

I can assure you, he shall have.

*Eum.* 'Faith, let him. [*a little;*

*Polyd.* He shall; I hope 'twill help him. Walk I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project,

In which you must be mourners; but, by all means, Stir not you from him, Stremon.

*Stre.* On our lives, sir. [*Exeunt.*

# SCENE III.—*Before a House near the TEMPLE OF VENUS.*

*Enter Priestess and CHILAX.*

*Priest.* Oh, you're a precious man! two days in And never see your old friend? [*town,*

*Chi.* Pr'ythee, pardon me!

*Priest.* And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—

*Chi.* No more; I would ha' come; I must.

*Priest.* I find you;

God-a-mercy Want! You never care for me,

But when your slops are empty.

*Chi.* Ne'er fear that, wench;

'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old

*Priest.* Have you forgot it? [*house?*]

*Chi.* And the door still standing

That goes into the temple?

*Priest.* Still.

*Chi.* The robes too,

That I was wont to shift in here?

*Priest.* All here still.

*Chi.* Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted through!

What fears and frights! Every poor mouse a monster

That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on

A sharp sting to my conscience.

*Priest.* 'Las, poor conscience!

*Chi.* And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.

*Priest.* Out, beast!

*Chi.* To new-carine thy carcase; that's the truth on't.

How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tither When all thy linen's up; and a more yare—

*Priest.* Fy, fy, sir!

*Chi.* Ne'er stemm'd the straights.

*Priest.* How you talk!

*Chi.* I am old, wench,

And talking to an old man's like a stomacher;

It keeps his blood warm.

*Priest.* But, pray tell me—

*Chi.* Any thing.

*Priest.* Where did the boy meet with you! At a wench, sure?

At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?

*Chi.* Thou know'st I am too honest.

*Priest.* That's your fault;

And that the surgeon knows.

*Chi.* Then, farewell!

I will not fail you soon.

*Priest.* You shall stay supper;

I have sworn you shall; by this, you shall!

[*Kisses him.*]

*Chi.* I will, wench;

But, after supper, for an hour, my business—

*Priest.* And but an hour?

*Chi.* No, by this kiss; that ended,

I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—

*Priest.* No more; I take your meaning. Come, 'tis supper time. [*Exeunt.*

# SCENE IV.—*The Apartment of CALIS in the Palace.*

*Enter CALIS, CLEANTHE, and LOUCIPPE.*

*Calis.* Thou art not well.

*Cle.* Your grace sees more a great deal Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother!

[*Aside.*]

*Calis.* Mark her;  
Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?  
The lively red and white?

*Lucip.* Nay, she is much alter'd,  
That on my understanding; all her sleeps, lady,  
Which were as sound and sweet—

*Cle.* Pray, do not force me,  
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.  
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith, your  
Is mere mistaken in me. [highness

*Calis.* I am glad on't.  
Yet this I have ever noted, when thou wast thus,  
It still fore-run some strange event: My sister  
Died when thou wast thus last!—Hark, hark, ho!

[A dead march within of drums and sackbuts.

What mournful noise is this comes creeping forward?

Still it grows nearer, nearer; do you hear it?

*Enter POLYDORUS, EUMENES, POLYBUS, and PELIUS, mourning.*

*Lucip.* It seems some soldier's funeral: See, it  
*Calis.* What may it mean? [enters.

*Polyd.* The gods keep you, fair *Calis*!

*Calis.* This man can speak, and well. He stands  
and views us;

'Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon. How  
humbly

His eyes are cast now to the earth! Pray mark  
him,

And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles.  
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter  
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver [sorrow  
Became his grief.—Your will with us?

*Polyd.* Great lady—

[Takes out a cup from under his cloak.

Excellent beauty!

*Calis.* He speaks handsomely.  
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!  
That stop was admirable.

*Polyd.* See, see, thou princess,  
Thou great commander of all hearts—

*Calis.* I have found it.

Oh, how my soul shakes!

*Polyd.* See, see the noble heart  
Of him that was the noblest! See, and glory  
(Like the proud god himself) in what thou hast  
purchased:

Behold the heart of Memnon!—Does it start you?

*Calis.* Good gods, what has his wildness done?

*Polyd.* Look boldly;  
You boldly said you durst. Look, wretched woman!  
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now.  
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to death here:  
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,  
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.

What was the will that wrought it then? Can you  
Embalm it in your truest tears, if women [weep?  
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet  
Into the soul of your sex; for 'tis a jewel  
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take it,  
lady;

And with it all—I dare not curse—my sorrows,  
And may they turn to serpents!

*Eum.* How she looks

Still upon him! See, now a tear steals from her.

*Pel.* But still she keeps her eye firm.

*Polyd.* Next, read this. [Offers a paper.  
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,  
I'll do it for you.

*Pel.* Still she eyes him mainly.

*POLYDORUS reads.*

Go, happy heart! for thou shalt live  
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,  
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide  
Me for slowness, in her pride,  
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,  
'Tis not for my memory,  
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,  
My heart the sacrificed beast,  
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,  
Your cruel mind the power divine,  
Pleased with hearts of men, not kine.

*Eum.* Now it pours down.

*Polyd.* I like it rarely.—Lady!

*Eum.* How greedily she swallows up his lan-  
*Pel.* Her eye inhabits on him. [guage!

*Polyd.* Cruel lady,

Great as your beauty scornful! had your power  
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perished;  
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more flames  
too;

And now he must be open-eyed, 'tis justice:  
Live to enjoy your longing? live and laugh at  
The losses and the miseries we suffer;  
Live to be spoken when your cruelty  
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,  
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service—

*Calis.* I swear his anger's excellent.

*Polyd.* Truth, and most tried love,  
Into disdain and downfall.—

*Calis.* Still more pleasing.

*Polyd.* Live then, I say, famous for civil slaugh-  
ters,

Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,  
Live, and be spoken, "This is she, this lady,  
This goodly lady, yet most killing beauty,  
This with the two-edged eyes, the heart for hard-  
ness

Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of crystal;  
This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship  
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace  
him."

Live till the mothers find you, read your story,  
And sow their barren curses on your beauty;  
'Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise you,  
'Till virgins pray against you, old age find you,  
And, even as wasted coals glow in their dying,  
So may the gods reward you in your ashes!  
But, you're the sister of my king; more prophecies  
Else I should utter of you; true loves and loyal  
Bless themselves ever from you! So I leave you.  
[Going.

*Calis.* Pr'ythee be angry still, young man: good  
fair sir,

Chide me again.—What would this man do pleased,  
That in his passion can bewitch souls!—Stay.

*Eum.* Upon my life she loves him.

*Calis.* Pray stay.

*Polyd.* No.

*Calis.* I do command you.

*Polyd.* No, you cannot, lady,  
I have a spell against you, Faith and Reason.  
You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,  
But not for hawk's meat, lady.

*Calis.* Even for charity,  
Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me—

*Polyd.* How can you preach that charity to others,  
That in your own soul are an atheist,  
Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble you.  
The gods be good unto you!

*Calis.* Amen! [*She swoons.*]

*Lucip.* Lady!

*Cle.* Oh, royal madam!—Gentlemen, for Heaven sake! [*They return.*]

*Polyd.* Give her fresh air; she comes again: away, sirs,

And here stand close till we perceive the working.  
*Eum.* You have undone all.

[*They retire to one side of the stage.*]

*Polyd.* So I fear.

*Pel.* She loves you.

*Eum.* And then all hope's lost this way.

*Polyd.* Peace! She rises.

*Cle.* Now for my purpose, Fortune!

*Calis.* Where's the gentleman?

*Lucip.* Gone, madam.

*Calis.* Why gone?

*Lucip.* He has dispatch'd his business.

*Calis.* He came to speak with me.

*Cle.* He did.

*Calis.* He did not,  
For I had many questions.

*Lucip.* On my faith, madam,  
He talk'd a great while to you.

*Calis.* Thou conceivest not;  
He talk'd not as he should do.—Oh my heart!  
Away with that sad sight. [*Pointing to the cup.*]  
—Didst thou ever love me?

*Lucip.* Why do you make that question?

*Calis.* If thou didst,

Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou stirr'st!

*Lucip.* Whither?

*Calis.* If 'twere for any thing to please thyself,  
Thou wouldst run to the devil: But I am grown—  
*Cle.* Fy, lady!

*Calis.* I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,

None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not  
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,  
You'll leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye  
stare so?

What is that you see about me? tell me.—

Lord, what am I become? I am not wild, sure;  
Heaven keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help  
me,

Or I am sunk to death!

*Cle.* You have offended,  
And mightily; Love is incensed against you,  
And therefore take my counsel: To the temple,  
For that's the speediest physic; before the goddess  
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,  
And from the oracle attend your sentence:  
She's mild and merciful.

*Calis.* I will. Oh, Venus!  
Even as thou lovest thyself—

*Cle.* [*Apert.*] Now for my fortune.

[*Exeunt CALIS, CLEANTHE, and LUCIPPE.*]

*Polyd.* What shall I do?

*Pel.* Why, make yourself.

*Polyd.* I dare not;

No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,  
Though her bright beauty would entice an angel.  
I will to th' king, my last hope.—Get him a woman,  
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,  
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;  
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,

And sent to you; some posts too to the general;  
And let me work. Be near him still.

*Eum.* We will, sir.

*Polyd.* Farewell, and pray for all! Whate'er I  
Do it, and hope a fair end. [*will ye,*]

*Eum.* The gods speed ye! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—*An Antechamber in the House of MEMNON.*

*Enter STRAMON, POOL, PAGE, and Servants.*

*Serv.* He lies quiet.

*Stre.* Let him lie; and, as I told ye,  
Make ready for this show. He has divers times  
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,  
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;  
And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees  
I would have you shaped, and enter: Thou a dog,

*Pool,—*

I have sent about your suits—the Boy a bush,  
An ass you, you a lion.

*Pool.* I a dog?

I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!

*Stre.* 'Tis excellent.

Steal in, and make no noise.

*Pool.* Bow wow!

*Stre.* Away, rogue!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—*The House of the Priestess, next to the Temple.*

*Enter Priestess and CHILAX.*

*Priest.* Good sweet friend, be not long.

*Chi.* Thou think'st each hour ten  
Till I be ferreting.

*Priest.* You know I love you.

*Chi.* I will not be above an hour: Let thy robe  
And the door be kept. [*be ready,*]

[*CLEANTHE knocks within.*]

*Priest.* Who knocks there? Yet more business?

*Enter CLEANTHE.*

*Chi.* Have you more pensioners?—The princess'  
woman!

Nay, then, I'll stay a little: what game's a-foot  
now? [*Retires apart.*]

*Cle.* Now is the time. [*Whispers to the Priestess.*]

*Chi.* A rank bawd, by this hand, too;

She grinds o' both sides: Hey, boys!

*Priest.* How? your brother Siphax?  
Loves he the princess?

*Cle.* Deadly; and you know

He is a gentleman, descended nobly.

*Chi.* But a rank knave as ever piss'd. [*Aside.*]

*Cle.* Hold, mother; [*Gives a purse.*]

Here's more gold, and some jewels.

*Chi.* Here's no villainy! [*Aside.*]

I am glad I came to th' hearing.

*Priest.* Alas, daughter,

What would you have me do?

*Chi.* Hold off, you old whore!

There's more gold coming; all's mine, all. [*Aside.*]

*Cle.* Do you shrink now?

Did you not promise faithfully? and told me,  
Through any danger—

*Priest.* Any I can wade through.

*Cle.* You shall and easily; the sin not seen  
neither.

Here's for a better stole, and a new veil, mother :

[Gives a purse.]

Come, you shall be my friend. If all hit—

*Chi.* Hang me !

[Aside.]

*Cle.* I'll make you richer than the goddess.

*Priest.* Say then ;

I'm yours. What must I do ?

*Cle.* I th' morning,

But very early, will the princess visit

The temple of the goddess, being troubled

With strange things that distract her : From the oracle

(Being strongly too in love) she will demand

The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.

That oracle you give : Describe my brother ;

You know him perfectly.

*Priest.* I have seen him often.

*Cle.* And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,

When she comes out : You understand me ?

*Priest.* Well !

*Cle.* Which shall be he attending. This is all, And easily without suspicion ended ; Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it, And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it ? The venture is most easy.

*Priest.* I will do it.

*Cle.* As you shall prosper—

*Priest.* As I shall prosper !

*Cle.* Take this too, and farewell ! But, first, hark hither.

*Chi.* What a young whore's this to betray her mistress !

A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.

I'll put a spoke among your wheels. [Aside.]

*Cle.* Be constant !

*Priest.* 'Tis done.

*Chi.* I'll do no more at drop-shot then. [Exit.]

*Priest.* Farewell, wench ! [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the House of MEMNON.

*Enter a SERVANT and STRAMON, at the door.*

*Serv.* He stirs, he stirs.

*Str.* Let him ; I'm ready for him ;

He shall not this day perish, if his passions

May be fed with music. Are they ready ?

*Enter MEMNON.*

*Serv.* All, all. See where he comes.

*Str.* I'll be straight for him. [Exit.]

*Enter EUMENES, POLYBIUS, and FELICE.*

*Serv.* How sad he looks, and sullen ! Here are the captains : [They stand close.]

My fear's past now.

*Mem.* Put case, i' th' other world

She do not love me neither ? I am old, 'tis certain—

*Eum.* His spirit is a little quieter. [Apart.]

*Mem.* My blood lost, and my limbs stiff ; my embraces

Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless ; My words worse : My fame only, and achievements, (Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion)

Must woo her, win her, wed her ;—that's but wind, And women are not brought to bed with shadows. I do her wrong, much wrong ; she's young and blessed,

Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender, And I a nipping north-wind, my head hung With hails, and frosty icicles : Are the souls so too, When they depart hence, lame, and old, and loveless ? No, sure ; 'tis ever youth there ; Time and Death Follow our flesh no more ; and that forced opinion That spirits have no sexes, I believe not. There must be love, there is love.

*Enter STRAMON, like Orpheus, and his Boy like Charon.*

What art thou ?

SONG.

*Orph.* Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below, To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to shew :

To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell There's none that come, but first they pass through hell : Hark, and beware ! unless thou hast loved, ever Beloved again, thou shalt see those joys never.

*Hark*, how they groan that died despairing !

Oh, take heed then !

*Hark* how they howl for over-daring !

All these were men,

They that be fools, and die for fame,

They lose their name ;

And they that bleed,

*Hark* how they speed !

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires

They sit, and curse their lost desires :

Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,

Till women waft them over in their tears.

*Mem.* How ! should I know my passage is denied Or which of all the devils dare— [me,

*Eum.* This song

Was rarely form'd to fit him. [Apart.]

SONG.

*Orph.* Charon, oh, Charon, Thou waster of the souls to bliss or bane !

*Cha.* Who calls the ferryman of hell ?

*Orph.* Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

*Cha.* Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow ;

Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.

*Orph.* Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow That kill themselves for love ?

*Cha.* Oh, no, no, no.

My cordage cracks when such great sins are near ; No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.

*Orph.* What lovers pass, and in Elysium reign ?

*Cha.* Those gentle loves that are beloved again.

*Orph.* This soldier loves, and fain would die to win ; Shall he go on ?

*Cha.* No, 'tis too foul a sin.

He must not come aboard ; I dare not row ;

Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

*Orph.* Shall time release him, say ?

*Cha.* No, no, no, no.

Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer :

My boat is Destiny ; and who then dare,

But those appointed, come aboard ? Live still,

And love by reason, mortal, not by will,



*Orph.* And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes—

*Cha.* Then come aboard, and pass.

*Orph.* Till when, be wise.

*Cha.* Till when, be wise.

*Eum.* How still he sits! I hope this song has settled him.

*Polyb.* He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes I fear, for all this— [yet.

*Pel.* Stremon, still apply to him.

*Stre.* Give me more room then. Sweetly strike, Such strains as old earth moves at! [divinely,

[Continues as Orpheus.

“The power I have over both beast and plant; Thou man alone feel’st miserable want. [Music.

Strike, you rare spirits that attend my will, And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

*Enter the Fool, and Servants, disguised in a masque of Beasts and Trees, and dance.*

This lion was a man of war that died,  
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady’s pride:  
This dog, a fool, that hung himself for love:  
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,  
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,  
An usher that still grew before his lady,  
Wither’d at root: This, for he could not woo,  
A grumbling lawyer: This pyed bird, a page,  
That melted out because he wanted age:  
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,  
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more!”

[Exit MAMMON.

*Eum.* He steals off silently, as though he would sleep.

No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,  
Good Stremon, still: This may lock up his folly;  
Yet, Heaven knows, I much fear him. Away, softly!

[Exit POLYB. and PEL.

*Fool.* Did I not do most doggedly?

*Stre.* Most rarely.

*Fool.* He’s a brave man. When shall we dog

*Page.* Untie me first, for God’s sake. [again?

*Fool.* Help the boy;

He’s in a wood, poor child! Good honey Stremon,  
Let’s have a bear-baiting; you shall see me play  
The rarest for a single dog! at head all;  
And, if I do not win immortal glory,  
Play dog play devil!

*Stre.* Peace for this time!

*Fool.* Pr’ythee

Let’s sing him a black santis; then let’s all howl  
In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.  
Untie there.—How, wow, wow!

*Stre.* Away, ye ass, away!

*Fool.* Why, let us do something

To satisfy the gentleman; he’s mad,—  
A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,—  
And must have men as mad about him.

*Stre.* Peace,

And come in quickly; ’tis ten to one else  
He’ll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;  
I’ll get you all employment. Soft, soft! in, all!

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Street.

*Enter CHILAX and CLOE.*

*Chi.* When camest thou over, wench?

*Cloe.* But now this evening,  
And have been ever since looking out Siphax;

I’ th’ wars, he would have look’d me. Sure he has gotten

Some other mistress?

*Chi.* A thousand, wench, a thousand;  
They are as common here as caterpillars  
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.

*Cloe.* Are they so hungry? Yet, by their leave,  
Chilax,

I’ll have a snatch too.

*Chi.* Dost thou love him still, wench?

*Cloe.* Why should I not? He had my maiden-head,

And all my youth.

*Chi.* Thou art come the happiest,  
In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the fittest,  
If thou dar’st make thy fortune! By this light,  
Cloe—

And so I’ll kiss thee: And, if thou wilt but let me—

For ’tis well worth a kindness—

*Cloe.* What should I let you?

*Chi.* Enjoy thy minikin.

*Cloe.* Thou art still old Chilax.

*Chi.* Still, still, and ever shall be. If, I say,

Thou wo’t strike the stroke—I cannot do much

*Cloe.* Nor much good. [harm, wench.

*Chi.* Siphax shall be thy husband,  
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,  
Or what thou wilt make him.

*Cloe.* I am overjoy’d,

Ravish’d, clean ravish’d with this fortune! Kiss me,  
Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said you?

*Chi.* Said I? and will say, Cloe; nay, and do it,  
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him  
As birds are with a pin to one another:

I have it, I can do it. Thou want’st clothes too,  
And he’ll be hanged, unless he marry thee,  
Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies, courtiers,  
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;  
We are taken up for threshers. Will you bite?

*Cloe.* Yes.

*Chi.* And let me—

*Cloe.* Yes, and let you—

*Chi.* What?

*Cloe.* Why, that you wot of.

*Chi.* The turn, the good turn?

*Cloe.* Any turn; the roach turn.

*Chi.* That’s the right turn; for that turns up the  
I cannot stay; take your instructions, [belly.

[Gives money.

And something toward household. Come! what-  
I shall advise you, follow it exactly, [ever  
And keep your times I point you; for, I’ll tell you,  
A strange way you must wade through.

*Cloe.* Fear not me, sir.

*Chi.* Come then, and let’s dispatch this modicum,  
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;  
Besides, more water for another mill,  
An old weak over-shot, I must provide for.

There’s an old nunnery at hand.

*Cloe.* What’s that?

*Chi.* A bawdy-house.

*Cloe.* A pox consume it!

*Chi.* If the stones ’tis built on

Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,  
Your curse came handsomely! Fear not; there’s  
ladies,

And other good sad people, your pink’d citizens,  
That think no shame to shake a sheet there:—

Come, wench!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Street.**Enter CLEANTHE and SIPHAX.**Cle.* A soldier, and so fearful?*Sip.* Can you blame me,

When such a weight lies on me?

*Cle.* Fy upon you!

I tell you you shall have her, have her safely,

And for your wife, with her own will.

*Sip.* Good sister—*Cle.* What a distrustful man are you! To-mor-  
To-morrow morning— [row,*Sip.* Is it possible?

Can there be such a happiness?

*Cle.* Why, hang meIf then you be not married! If to-morrow night  
You do not—*Sip.* Oh, dear sister—*Cle.* What you would do,  
What you desire to do—lie with her—devil!

What a dull man are you!

*Sip.* Nay, I believe now.

And shall she love me?

*Cle.* As her life, and stroke you.*Sip.* Oh, I will be her servant.*Cle.* 'Tis your duty.*Sip.* And she shall have her whole will.*Cle.* Yes, 'tis reason;

She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.

*Sip.* What would you be? for I would have you,  
sister,Choose some great place about us: As her woman  
Is not so fit.*Cle.* No, no, I shall find places.*Sip.* And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,  
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,  
Believe it, shall be look'd out.*Cle.* You may; a duchess,  
Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, sir.*Sip.* What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,  
When we shall come to reign—*Cle.* We shall think on't.Be ready at the time, and in that place too,  
And let me work the rest; within this half hour  
The princess will be going; 'tis almost morning.  
Away, and mind your business!*Sip.* Fortune bless us! [Exit.SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter King, POLYDOR, and Lords.**Polyd.* I do beseech your grace to banish me!*King.* Why, gentleman, is she not worthy marriage?*Polyd.* Most worthy, sir, where worth again  
shall meet her;But, I, like thick clouds, sailing slow and heavy,  
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her.  
I dare not be a traitor: and 'tis treason  
But to imagine—As you love your honour—*King.* 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if  
I know it kills her. [cross'd,1 *Lord.* How knows your grace she loves him?*King.* Her woman told me all, (beside his story)  
Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too,  
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.*Polyd.* Sir,Even by your wisdom, by that great discretion  
You owe to rule and order—2 *Lord.* This man's mad, sure.  
To plead against his fortune!1 *Lord.* And the king too,  
Willing to have it so.*Polyd.* By those dead princes,  
From whose descents you stand a star admired at,  
Lay not so base alloy upon your virtues!  
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The  
No wise man ever planted by the rose, [bramble  
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,  
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any  
Choke up with wanton ivy.—Good my lords,  
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,  
And the main body brick?2 *Lord.* You wrong your worth;  
You are a gentleman descended nobly.1 *Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.*King.* Say you were not,  
My will can make you so.*Polyd.* No, never, never!  
'Tis not descent, nor will of princes does it;  
'Tis virtue, which I want, 'tis temperance;  
Man, honest man! Is't fit your majesty  
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother?  
Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith,  
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers  
(In which I am also mischievous) her husband?  
Oh, gods preserve her: I am wild as winter,  
Ambitious as the devil: out upon me!  
I hate myself, sir. If you dare bestow her  
Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.*King.* But him she does not love: I know your  
meaning.—This young man's love unto his noble brother  
Appears a mirror.—What must now be done, lords?  
For I am gravel'd: If she have not him,  
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,  
Farewell to him, and all our honours!1 *Lord.* He is dead, sir,—  
Your grace has heard of that?—and strangely.*King.* No,  
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:  
Read that, and then know all. [Gives him a paper.]  
What ails the gentleman?

[POLYDOR is sick on the sudden.]

Hold him.—How do you, sir?

*Polyd.* Sick on the sudden,  
Extremely ill, wond'rous ill.*King.* Where did it take you?*Polyd.* Here in my head, sir, and my heart.  
For Heaven sake—*King.* Conduct him to his chamber presently,  
And bid my doctors—*Polyd.* No, I shall be well, sir.  
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods' sake,  
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray then—*King.* Away, he grows more weaker still.—I'll  
do it,Or Heaven forget me ever! [POLYDOR is led out.  
Now your counsels,  
For I am at my wit's end.—What with you, sir?*Enter Messenger with a letter.**Mess.* Letters from warlike Pelius.*King.* Yet more troubles?— [Reads.  
The Spartans are in arms, and like to win all;  
Supplies are sent for, and the general.—  
This is more cross than t'other! Come, let's to him;

For he must have her ('tis necessity)  
Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,  
(For more than all is needful) shew all reason,  
If love can hear o' that side: If she yield,  
We have fought best, and won the noblest field.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—MEMNON'S Apartment.

Enter EUMENES, STREMON, POLYBIUS, and PELIUS.

*Pel.* I have brought the wench; a lusty wench,  
And somewhat like the princess.

*Eum.* 'Tis the better; let's see her;  
And go you in and tell him that her grace  
Is come to visit him. [Exit PELIUS.] How sleeps  
he, Stremon?

*Stre.* He cannot; only thinks, and calls on  
Polydore;  
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,  
And sometimes sits and muses. [Exit STREMON.]

Enter COURTESAN and PELIUS.

*Eum.* He's past all help, sure,—  
How do you like her?

*Polyb.* By the mass, a good round virgin;  
And, at first sight, resembling. She's well cloth'd  
*Eum.* But is she sound? [too.]

*Pel.* Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

*Eum.* You are instructed, lady?

*Court.* Yes; and know, sir,  
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.

*Eum.* Polybius,  
Where did he get this vermin?

*Polyb.* Hang him, badger!  
There's not a hole free from him; whores and  
Do all pay him obedience. [whores' mates]

*Eum.* Indeed, i' th' war  
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,  
And lined with whore.—Beshrew me, 'tis a fair  
whore.

*Polyb.* She has smock'd away her blood; but  
fair or foul,

Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,  
Comes not amiss to him: he rides like a nightmare,  
All ages, all religions.

*Eum.* Can you state it?

*Court.* I'll make a shift.

*Eum.* He must lie with you, lady.

*Court.* Let him; he's not the first man I have  
Nor shall not be the last. [lain with,

Enter MEMNON.

*Pel.* He comes; no more words;  
She has her lesson thoroughly. How he views her!

*Eum.* Go forward now; so! bravely; stand!

*Mem.* Great lady,  
How humbly I am bound—

*Court.* You shall not kneel, sir.

Come, I have done you wrong. Stand up, my  
soldier;

And thus I make amends. [Kisses him.]

*Eum.* A plague confound you!  
Is this your state?

*Pel.* 'Tis well enough.

*Mem.* Oh, lady,  
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest beauty,  
Is more than I must purchase! Here, divine one,  
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!

*Polyb.* A damn'd foul one.

*Eum.* The lees of bawdy pruins, mourning  
All spoil'd, by Heaven. [gloves!]

*Mem.* Ha! who art thou?

*Polyb.* A shame on you,  
You clawing scabby whore!

*Mem.* I say, who art thou?

*Eum.* Why, 'tis the princess, sir.

*Mem.* The devil, sir!

'Tis some rogue thing.

*Court.* If this abuse be love, sir,  
Or, I, that laid aside my modesty—

*Eum.* So far thou'lt never find it.

*Mem.* Do not weep;  
For, if you be the princess, I will love you,  
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:  
Come, wipe your eyes.—By Heaven, she stinks,—  
Who art thou?—

Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging,—  
Woman, who art thou?—like a rotten cabbage!

*Pel.* You're much to blame, sir: 'tis the princess.

*Mem.* How!  
She the princess?

*Eum.* And the loving princess.

*Polyb.* Indeed, the doting princess.

*Mem.* Come hither once more;

The princess smells like morning's breath, pure  
amber,

Beyond the courted Indies in her spices.—

Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou art a princess?

*Eum.* What a dull whore is this!

*Mem.* I'll tell you presently;

For, if she be a princess, as she may be,  
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:

If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion,  
He'll do you reverence; else—

*Court.* I beseech your lordship—

*Eum.* He'll tear her all to pieces.

*Court.* I am no princess, sir.

*Mem.* Who brought thee hither?

*Pel.* If you confess, we'll hang you.

*Court.* Good my lord—

*Mem.* Who art thou, then?

*Court.* A poor retaining whore, sir,

To one of your lordship's captains,

*Mem.* Alas, poor whore!

Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit COURTESAN.]

What fools are these, and coxcombs!

[Exit MEMNON.]

*Eum.* I am right glad yet,

He takes it with such lightness.

*Polyb.* Methinks his face too,  
Is not so clouded as it was. How he looks!

*Eum.* Where's your dead rat?

*Pel.* The devil dine upon her!

Lions? Why, what a medicine had he gotten  
To try a whore!

Enter STREMON.

*Stre.* Here's one from Polydore stays to speak  
with ye.

*Eum.* With whom?

*Stre.* With all. Where has the general been?

He's laughing to himself extremely.

*Eum.* Come,  
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's so merry.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Venus. Night.**Enter CHILAX and Priestess.*

Chi. What lights are those that enter there?  
Still nearer?

Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither  
Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no  
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me! [place  
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace, you fool! I have found it:  
'Tis the young princess, Calis.

Chi. 'Tis the devil,  
To claw us for our catterwauling.

Priest. Retire softly.—  
I did not look for you these two hours, lady.  
Beshrew your haste!—That way. [To CHILAX.

Chi. That goes to the altar,  
You old blind beast!

Priest. I know not; any way.  
Still they come nearer. I'll in to the oracle.

Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with you.  
Priest. Do. [Exeunt.

*Enter CALIS, LUCIFFE, CLEANTH, and her train, with  
lights, singing.*

## SONG.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,  
Soft and gentle as thy doves,  
Humble-eyed, and ever ruing  
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!  
Oh, thou mother of delights,  
Crown'd of all happy nights,  
Star of dear content and pleasure,  
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!  
Accept this sacrifice we bring,  
Thou continual youth and spring,  
Grant this lady her desires,  
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.

*Enter a Nun.*

Nun. You about her, all retire,  
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.  
When your devotions ended be  
To the oracle I'll attend ye.

[Exit Nun, and draws the curtain close to CALIS.

SCENE II.—*The Street.**Enter STREMON and EUMENEA.*

Stre. He will abroad.

Eum. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He's now grown wond'rous sad, weeps  
often too,

Talks of his brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eum. Does he not curse?

Stre. No.

Eum. Nor break out in fury,  
Offering some new attempt?

Stre. Neither. "To the temple,"

Is all we hear of now: What there he will do—

Eum. I hope repent his folly; let's be near him.

Stre. Where are the rest?

Eum. About a business

Concerns him mainly; if Heaven cure this madness,  
He's man for ever, Stremon.

Stre. Does the king know it?

Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it; he's  
To seek his sister out. [now gone

Stre. Come, let's away then. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Temple. A dark Recess,  
with a Curtain half-drawn, where the Priestess  
is sitting at the Oracle, and CHILAX, having  
put on the Robe of the Priestess.**Enter Nun, who opens the Curtain to CALIS.*

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it please  
To pass on to the oracle? [you

Calis. Most humbly.

Chi. Do you hear that?

Priest. Yes; lie close.

Chi. A wildfire take you!

What shall become of me? I shall be hanged now!  
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake you!

Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I'm monstrous fearful!

Chi. Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer!  
A mouldy mangle upon your chops! You told me  
I was safe here till the bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,  
And did not look these three hours for the princess.  
Chi. Shall we be taken?

Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax!  
I cannot, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak treason,

For I had as lieve be hanged for that—

Priest. Good Chilax!

Chi. Must it be sung or said! What shall I tell  
They're here; here now, preparing. [em?

Priest. Oh, my conscience!

Chi. Plague o' your spur-galled conscience! does  
it tire now,

Now when it should be toughest? I could make  
thee—

Priest. Save us! we're both undone else.

Chi. Down, you dog then!

Be quiet, and be staunch too; no inundations.—

Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant you  
Calis. Oh, divinest star of Heaven, [wishes!

Thou, in power above the seven:

Thou sweet kindler of desires;

Till they grow to mutual fires:

Thou, oh gentle queen, that art

Curer of each wounded heart:

Thou, the fuel and the flame;

Thou, in Heaven, and here the same:

Thou, the wooer, and the woo'd:

Thou, the hunger and the food:

Thou, the prayer, and the pray'd;

Thou, what is, or shall be said:

Thou, still young, and golden tressed,

Make me by thy answer blessed!

Chi. When?

Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small by  
I have told you what. [all means;

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.

Now for my neck-verse.—I have heard thy pray'rs,  
And mark me well. [In a disguised voice.

*Loud thunder, and then Music. VENUS descends.*

Nun. The goddess is displeased much;  
The temple shakes and totters: She appears.  
Bow, lady, bow! [CALIS kneels.

*Venus.* Purge me the temple round,  
And live by this example henceforth sound.  
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,  
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears :  
Thy holy incense flew above,  
Hark, therefore, thy doom in love :  
Had thy heart been soft at first,  
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst ;  
Had thy stubborn will but bended,  
All thy sorrows here had ended ;  
Therefore, to be just in love,  
A strange fortune thou must prove ;  
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,  
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

*Calis.* Oh, gentle goddess !

*Venus.* Rise, thy doom is said ;  
And fear not, I shall please thee with the dead.

[*Ascends.*]

*Nun.* Go up into the temple, and there end  
Your holy rites ; the goddess smiles upon you.  
[*Exeunt CALIS and Nun.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Area before the Temple.*

*Enter CHILAX, in the Robe of the Priestess.*

*Chi.* I'll no more oracles, nor miracles,  
Nor no more church-work ; I'll be drawn and  
hanged first.

Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder ?  
'Death, I can scarce believe I live yet !  
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang !  
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-whips.  
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,  
I would advise ye, my old friend ; the good gentle-  
woman

Is stricken dumb, and there her grace sits  
mumping  
Like an old ape eating a brawn. Sure the good  
goddess

Knew my intent was honest, to save the princess,  
And how we young men are enticed to wickedness  
By these lewd women ; I had paid for't else too.  
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful.  
Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charged with a ven-  
geance !

'Would I were well at home ! The best is, 'tis not  
day.—

*Enter SIPHAX, walks softly over the Stage, and goes in.*

Who's that ? ha ! Siphax ? I'll be with you anon,  
You shall be oracled, I warrant you, [sir.  
And thunder'd too, as well as I ; your lordship  
Must needs enjoy the princess ? yes.—Ha ! torches ?

*Enter MEMNON, EUMENES, STREMON, and two Servants  
carrying torches.*

And Memnon coming this way ? He's dog-mad,  
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,  
He worries me. I must go by him.

*Eum.* Sir ?

*Mem.* Ask me no further questions.—What art  
thou ?

How dost thou stare ? Stand off ! Nay look upon  
me,

I do not shake, nor fear thee. [Draws his sword.

*Chi.* He will kill me :

This is for church-work.

*Mem.* Why dost thou appear now ?

Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,  
And know thine envy to mine honour : But—

*Chi.* Stay, Memnon,  
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

*Eum.* This is the voice of Chilax.

*Stre.* What makes he thus ?

*Chi.* 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but  
foully,

By multitudes, not manhood : Therefore, mark me,  
I do appear again to quit mine honour,  
And on thee single.

*Mem.* I accept the challenge.  
Where ?

*Chi.* On the Stygian banks.

*Mem.* When ?

*Chi.* Four days hence.

*Mem.* Go, noble ghost, I will attend.

*Chi.* I thank you.

*Stre.* You have saved your throat, and hand-  
somerly : Farewell, sir. [Exit CHILAX.

*Mem.* Sing me the battle of Pelusium,  
In which this worthy died.

*Eum.* This will spoil all,  
And make him worse than e'er he was. Sit down,  
sir,

And give yourself to rest. [STREMON sings.

#### SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in.  
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.  
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;  
Bows, bills, gloves, arrows, shields, and spears ;  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;  
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring.  
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums,  
Dub, dub, dub.

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes.

See how the arrows fly,  
That darken all the sky ;  
Hark how the trumpets sound,  
Hark how the hills rebound !

Tara, tara.

Hark how the horse charge ! in boys, boys in !

The battle totters ; now the wounds begin ;

Oh, how they cry,

Oh, how they die !

Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder !

See how he breaks the ranks asunder.

They fly, they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,

And brave Polybius makes good his place.

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !

Hark how the soldiers hollow !

Hey, hey !

Brave Diocles is dead,

And all his soldiers fled,

The battle's won, and loet,

That many a life has cost.

*Mem.* Now forward to the temple. [Exeunt.

*Enter CHILAX.*

*Chi.* Are you gone ?

How have I 'scaped this morning ? By what  
Sure I'm ordain'd for some brave end. [miracle ?

*Enter CLOE, disguised as the Princess.*

*Cloe.* How is it ?

*Chi.* Come ; 'tis as well as can be.

*Cloe.* But is it possible

This should be true you tell me ?

*Chi.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cloe.* Such a gross ass to love the princess ?

*Chi.* Peace ?

Pull your robe close about you. You are perfect  
In all I taught you ?

*Cloe.* Sure.

*Chi.* Gods give thee good luck!

'Tis strange my brains should still be beating knavery,

For all these dangers; but they are needful mischiefs,

And such as are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.

You will remember me?

*Cloe.* By this kiss, Chilax!

*Chi.* No more of that; I fear another thunder.

*Cloe.* We are not i' th' temple, man.

*Enter SIPHAX.*

*Chi.* Peace! here he comes.

Now to our business handsomely. Away now!

*[Exit with CLOE.]*

*Sip.* 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd unto her,

And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.

Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so adore thee!

*Re-enter CHILAX and CLOE, at the other side.*

She's here again; looks round about, again too; 'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with her, And I shall know of him.—Who's that?

*Chi.* Speak softly:

The princess from the oracle.

*Sip.* She views me;

By heaven she beckons me!

*Chi.* Come near, she would have you.

*Sip.* Oh, royal lady! *[Kisses her hand.]*

*Chi.* She wills you read that; for, belike, she's bound to silence

For such a time. She's wondrous gracious to you.

*[Gives a paper to SIPHAX.]*

*Sip.* Heaven make me thankful!

*Chi.* She would have you read it.

*Sip.* *[Reads.]* "Siphax, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee

To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd:  
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,  
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter.  
Convey me to a secret ceremony,  
That both our hearts and loves may be united;  
And use no language, till before my brother  
We both appear, where I will shew the oracle;  
For till that time I'm bound, I must not answer."  
Oh, happy I!

*Chi.* You're a made man.

*Sip.* But, Chilax,

Where are her women?

*Chi.* None but your grace's sister—  
Because she would have it private to the world  
Knows of this business. *[yet—]*

*Sip.* I shall thank thee, Chilax;  
Thou art a careful man.

*Chi.* Your grace's servant.

*Sip.* I'll find a fit place for thee.

*Chi.* It will not,

There's a good lady will. She points you forward;  
Away, and take your fortune; not a word, sir.—  
So; you are greased, I hope.

*[Exit SIPHAX and CLOE.]*

*Enter STREMON, FOOL, and Page.*

Stremon, Fool, Picus!

Where have you left your lord?

*Stre.* I' th' temple, Chilax.

*Chi.* Why are you from him?

*Stre.* Why, the king is with him,

And all the lords.

*Chi.* Is not the princess there too?

*Stre.* Yes: And the strangest coil amongst 'em

—She weeps bitterly;

The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like autumn,

Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the temple  
Sweats with this agony.

*Chi.* Where's your young Polydore?

*Stre.* Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.

*Chi.* Dead?

*Stre.* For certain;

But not yet known abroad.

*Chi.* There's a new trouble.

A brave young man he was; but we must all die.

*Stre.* Did not the general meet you this morning  
Like a tall stallion-nun?

*Chi.* No more o' that, boy.

*Stre.* You had been ferreting.

*Chi.* That's all one.—Fool!

My master Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,  
What has your wisdom done? How have you  
profited?

Out with your audit: Come, you are not empty;  
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you  
shaker.

*[Takes out his purse, and shakes it.]*

What think you of this shaking? Here's wit, cox-  
comb!

Ha, boys? ha, my fine rascals? here's a ring.

How right they go!

*Fool.* Oh, let me ring the fore-bell.

*Chi.* And here are thumpers, chequins, golden  
Wit, wit, ye rascals! *[rogues:]*

*Fool.* I have a sty here, Chilax.

*Chi.* I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,  
Not one cross, cavalier: We are dull soldiers,

Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!

*Fool.* Why, you are the spirits of the time.

*Chi.* By no means.

*Fool.* The valiant, fiery!

*Chi.* Fy, fy! no.

*Fool.* Be-lee me, sir.

*Chi.* I would I could, sir.

*Fool.* I will satisfy you.

*Chi.* But I will not content you.—*[To the Page.]*—Alas, poor boy,

Thou shew'st an honest nature; weep'st for thy  
master?

There's a red rogue, to buy thee handkerchiefs.

*[Gives him a piece of gold.]*

*Fool.* He was an honest gentleman I have lost  
too.

*Chi.* You have indeed, your labour, Fool.—But,  
Stremon,

Dost thou want money too? No virtue living?

No firking out at fingers' ends?

*Stre.* It seems so.

*Chi.* Will ye all serve me?

*Stre.* Yes, when you are lord-general;

For less I will not go.

*Chi.* There's gold for thee then;

Thou hast a soldier's mind.—Fool!

*Fool.* Here, your first man.

*Chi.* I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a fine  
A dainty diving wit) hold up!—just nothing. *[wit,*  
Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merciful.—  
There's sixpence: Buy a saucer, steal an old  
gown,

And beg i' th' temple for a prophet.—Come away, boys!

Let's see how things are carried. Fool, up, sirrah; You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your pre-ferment

I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake, You shall not perish.

*Fool.* Chilax!

*Chi.* Please me well, Fool, And you shall light my pipes. Away to th' temple! But stay: the king is here: Sport upon sport, boys.

*Enter King, Lords, SIPHAX kneeling; CLOE with a veil.*

*King.* What would you have, captain? Speak suddenly, for I am wond'rous busy.

*Sip.* A pardon, royal sir.

*King.* For what?

*Sip.* For that,

Which was heaven's will, should not be mine alone, My marrying with this lady. [sir:]

*King.* It needs no pardon, For marriage is no sin.

*Sip.* Not in itself, sir;

But in presuming too much: Yet, Heaven knows, So does the oracle that cast it on me,

And—the princess, royal sir.

*King.* What princess?

*Sip.* Oh, be not angry, my dread king! your sister.

*King.* My sister! she's i' th' temple, man.

*Sip.* She is here, sir.

*Lord.* The captain's mad! she's kneeling at the altar.

*King.* I know she is.—With all my heart, good captain, I do forgive ye both: Be unveil'd, lady.

[*Putt off her veil.*]

Will you have more forgiveness? The man's frantic.

Come, let's go bring her out.—God give you joy, *Sip.* How! Cloe? my old Cloe? [sir.]

[*Exit King, Lords.*]

*Cloe.* Even the same, sir.

*Chi.* Gods give your manhood much content!

*Sire.* The princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

*Fool.* 'Twere good you would brush her over.

*Sip.* Fools and fiddlers

Make sport at my abuse too!

*Fool.* Oh, 'tis the nature

Of us fools to make bold with one another;

But you are wise, brave sir.

*Chi.* Cheer up your princess.

Believe it, sir, the king will not be angry;

Or, say he were; why, 'twas the oracle:

The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.

*Sire.* And who, most mighty Siphax—

*Cloe.* With mine own whore?

*Cloe.* With whom else should you marry; speak your conscience,

Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever

Rewards the soldier with his own sins?

*Sip.* Devils!

*Cloe.* You had my maidenhead, my youth, my Is it not justice, then? [sweetness;]

*Sip.* I see it must be;

But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.

*Cloe.* You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.

*Sip.* If there be wars in all the world—

*Cloe.* I'll with you;

For you know I have been a soldier.

Come, curse on!

*Sip.* When I need another oracle—

*Chi.* Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with a And so, to both your honours— [princess.]

*Fool.* And your graces—

*Sip.* The devil grace you all!

*Cloe.* God-a-mercy, Chilax!

*Chi.* Shall we laugh half an hour now?

*Sire.* No, the king comes.

And all the train.

*Chi.* Away, then; our act's ended. [Exit.]

*Enter King, CALIS, MENNON, CLEANTHE, Lords, and Courtisans.*

*King.* You know he does deserve you, loves you dearly;

You know what bloody violence he had used Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;

You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,

And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;

The wars have not so far consumed him yet,

Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,

To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, sister;

That bears no stamp of time, nor wrinkles on it;

No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:

Look with the eyes of Heaven, that nightly waken

To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,

And not the weakness: Look with your virtuous

And then clad royally in all his conquests, [eyes;]

His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,

Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;

Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,

He shall appear a miracle: Look on our dangers,

Look on the public ruin.

*Calis.* Oh, dear brother!

*King.* Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy

Gain to give off again: This is our sea, [waters,

And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:

His floods have been as high and full as any,

And gloriously now he's got up to girdle

The kingdoms he hath purchased. Noble sister,

Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed

We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!

*Calis.* The will of Heaven (not mine) which must not alter,

And my eternal doom, for aught I know,

Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing;

Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd with!

The gentle vine climbs up the oak, and clips him,

And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together.

Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him!

Oh, noble sir.

*Mem.* Those tears are some reward yet:

Pray, let me wed your sorrows.

*Calis.* Take 'em, soldier;

They are fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon 'em,

And straight they will conceive to infinites:

I told you what you would find 'em.

*Eum.* [Within]. Room before there!

*A hearse is brought in, upon which POLYDORE is laid, covered, and seemingly dead; EUMENES, POLYTRUB, and PELLIUS following.*

*King.* How now? what's this? more drops to Whose body's this? [th' ocean?]

*Eum.* The noble Polydore:

This speaks his death. [Showing a letter.]

*Mem.* My brother dead?

*Calis.* Oh, goddess!

Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune.

*King.* Read, captain.

*Mem.* Read aloud—Farewell, my follies!

*Polyb.* [*Reading.*] "To the excellent princess Calis.

Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judgment,  
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;  
Value desert and virtue, they are jewels  
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;  
The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.  
Remember me no more; or, if you must,  
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.  
I durst not live because I durst not wrong him.  
I can no more; make me eternal happy  
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell!"

*Mem.* And didst thou die for me—

*King.* Excellent virtue!

What will you now do?

*Calis.* Dwell for ever here, sir.

[*Kneels before the hears.*

*Mem.* For me, dear Polydore? oh, worthy young man!

Oh, love, love, love! Love above recompense!  
Infinite love, infinite honesty!—  
Good lady, leave; you must have no share here;  
Take home your sorrows: Here's enough to store  
me,

Brave glorious griefs! Was ever such a brother?  
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,  
And search through all the memories of mankind,  
And find me such a friend! He has outdone all,  
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all: thou hast, Poly-  
dore!

To die for me? Why, as I hope for happiness,  
'Twas one o' the rarest-thought-on things, the  
bravest,

And carried beyond compass of our actions.  
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,  
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,  
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,  
Wood'd by that paradise, that would catch Heaven!  
It startles me extremely. Thou bless'd ashes,  
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship  
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!

*Calis.* Oh, let me speak too!

*Mem.* No, not yet.—Thou man,

(For we are but man's shadows) only man—  
I have not words to utter him.—Speak, lady;  
I'll think a while.

*Calis.* The goddess grants me this yet,  
I shall enjoy thee dead: no tomb shall hold thee  
But these two arms, no trickments but my tears:  
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,  
Shall hang for ever: On the toughest marble  
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:  
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;  
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.  
Oh, sweet young man!

*King.* Now I begin to melt too.

*Mem.* Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a  
gamester!

To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,  
A long farewell! Thou diest for me, dear Poly-  
dore;

To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory!—

I stay and talk here! I will kiss thee first,  
And now I'll follow thee. [*Offers to kill himself.*

*Polyd.* [*Rises.*] Hold, for Heaven's sake!

*Mem.* Ha! does he live? Dost thou deceive me?

*Polyd.* Thus far;

Yet for your good and honour.

*King.* Now, dear sister—

*Calis.* The oracle is ended: noble sir,  
Dispose me now as you please.

*Polyd.* You are mine, then?

*Calis.* With all the joys that may be!

*Polyd.* Your consent, sir!

*King.* You have it freely.

*Polyd.* Walk along with me then,  
And, as you love me, love my will.

[*Leads her to Memnon.*

*Calis.* I will so.

*Polyd.* Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous  
princess;

You have deserved her nobly; she will love you:  
And when my life shall bring you peace, as she  
Command it, you shall have it. [*does,*

*Mem.* Sir, I thank you.

*King.* I never found such goodness in such years.

*Mem.* Thou shalt not over-do me, though I die  
for't.

Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother!

You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,

Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar:

What may I give you back again?

*Polyd.* Your love, sir. [*love,*

*Mem.* And you shall have it, even my dearest  
My first, my noblest love: Take her again, sir;  
She's yours, your honesty has over-run me.  
She loves you; lov'st her not?—Excellent princess,  
Enjoy thy wish; and now, get generals.

*Polyd.* As you love Heaven, love him.—She's  
only yours, sir.

*Mem.* As you love Heaven, love 'him.—She's  
My lord the king— [*only yours, sir.*

*Polyd.* He will undo himself, sir,  
And must without her perish: Who shall fight  
Who shall protect your kingdom? [*then?*

*Mem.* Give me hearing,  
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul,  
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,  
And all the living names I have gain'd by war,  
And loving him, that good, that virtuous good man,  
That only worthy of the name of brother,  
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love  
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues,  
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful!

*King.* This is the noblest difference—Take your  
choice, sister.

*Calis.* I see they are so brave, and noble both,  
I know not which to look on.

*Polyd.* Choose discreetly,  
And Virtue guide you! There all the world, in one  
Stands at the mark. [*man,*

*Mem.* There all man's honesty,  
The sweetness of all youth.

*Calis.* Oh, gods!

*Mem.* My armour!—

By all the gods, she's yours!—My arms, I say!

And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:  
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.

*King.* You shall have anything.

*Mem.* Virtuous lady,  
Remember me, your servant now.—Young man,  
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.—  
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how  
gentle!

I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy  
Your hand, your hand, sir! [*beauty.*



*King.* Take her, and Heaven bless her !

*Mem.* So.

*Polyd.* 'Tis your will, sir, nothing of my merit ;  
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

*Calis.* And I from Heaven, this gentleman.—  
Thanks, goddess !

*Mem.* So, you are pleased now, lady ?

*Calis.* Now or never.

*Mem.* My cold stiff carcase would have frozen  
you.—

Wars, wars !

*King.* You shall have wars.

*Mem.* My next brave battle

I dedicate to your bright honour, sister :  
Give me a favour, that the world may know  
I am your soldier.

*Calis.* This, and all fair fortunes !

[Gives him a scarf.]

*Mem.* And he that bears this from me, must  
strike boldly. [CLEANTHUS kneeling.]

*Calis.* I do forgive thee. Be honest ; no more,  
wench.

*King.* Come, now to revels. This blest day shall  
prove

The happy crown of noble faith and love.

[Exeunt.]

#### EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now ; let our plays be good,  
Our own care sailing equal in this flood,  
Our preparations new, new our attire,  
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,  
Here we stick fast : Is there no way to clear  
This passage of your judgment, and our fear ?  
No mitigation of that law ? Brave friends,  
Consider we are yours, made for your ends ;  
And everything preserves itself ; each will,  
If not perverse and crooked, utters still  
The best of that it ventures in. Have care,  
Even for your pleasure's sake, of what we are,  
And do not ruin all ; you may frown still,  
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

# THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREAT DUKE of *Moscovia.*

ARCHAS, the LOYAL SUBJECT, General of the *Moscovites.*

THEODORE, Son to ARCHAS, Colonel; valourous, but impatient.

BRISKIE, disguised under the name of PUTSKIE, a Captain, Brother to ARCHAS.

YOUNG ARCHAS, Son to ARCHAS, disguised as a Woman, under the name of ALINDA.

BURRIS, an honest Lord, the Duke's Favourite.

BONOSKIE, a malicious seducing Counsellor to the Duke.

Ancient to ARCHAS, a stout merry Soldier.

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

Messengers, or Posts.

OLYMPIA, Sister to the Duke.

HONORA, } Daughters of ARCHAS.

VIOLA, }

PETESCA, } Servants to OLYMPIA.

Ladies, }

Bawd, a Court-Lady.

SCENE,—MOSCOW, AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

## PROLOGUE.

We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite  
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write  
This worthy story, being confident  
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent  
To yield the hearers profit with delight,  
Will speak the maker: And to do him right  
Would ask a genius like to his: the age  
Mourning his loss, and our now-widowed stage  
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far  
Behind him the most modern writers are,

That when they would commend him, their best praise  
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise  
To his best memory. So much a friend  
Presumes to write, secure 't will not offend  
The living, that are modest; with the rest,  
That may repine, he cares not to contest.  
This debt to Fletcher paid: it is profess'd  
By us the actors, we will do our best  
To send such favouring friends, as hither come  
To grace the scene, pleased and contented home.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—MOSCOW. *A Street.*

*Enter THEODORE and PUTSKIE.*

*Theod.* Captain, your friend 's preferr'd; the  
princess has her;

Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly.  
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

*Puts.* Well bred, sir,  
I do deliver that upon my credit,  
And of an honest stock.

*Theod.* It seems so, captain,  
And no doubt will do well.

*Puts.* Thanks to your care, sir.—  
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit  
Of discontent is put on through the army?  
And why your valiant father, our great general,  
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led  
Why he, that was the father of the war, [all,

He that begot, and bred the soldier,  
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,  
His colours folded, and his drums cased up?  
The tongue of war for ever tied within us?

*Theod.* It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,  
But of a small time here a soldier,  
Yet that time shews you a right good and great  
one,

Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd:  
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,  
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nourish  
Maintains too many instruments. [those,

*Puts.* Turn their hearts,  
Or turn their heels up, Heaven! 'Tis strange it  
The old duke loved him dearly. [should be;

*Theod.* He deserved it;  
And were he not my father, I durst tell you,  
The memorable hazards he has run through,

deserved of this man too ; highly deserved too :  
had they been less, they had been safer, Putskie,  
and sooner reach'd regard.

*Puts.* There you struck sure, sir.

*Theod.* Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,  
some years before the old duke died ?

*Puts.* I have heard you  
speak often of that vow ; but how it was,  
or to what end, I never understood yet.

*Theod.* I'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt  
find the reason.

he last great muster, ('twas before you served  
here,)

before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones  
now rest in peace, this young prince had the  
ordering

To crown his father's hopes) of all the army :  
Who, to be short, put all his power to practice,  
fashion'd and drew 'em up : But, alas, so poorly,  
so raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,  
the good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,  
who then was general : " Go, Archas, speedily,  
and chide the boy before the soldiers find him ;  
tand thou between his ignorance and them ;  
fashion their bodies new to thy direction ;  
then draw thou up, and shew the prince his  
errors ! "

My sire obey'd, and did so ; with all duty  
inform'd the prince, and read him all directions :  
his bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,  
and anger into wild words broke out thus :

" Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,  
to be but duke once, I shall then remember.

I shall remember truly (trust me I shall),  
and, by my father's hand"—the rest his eyes  
spoke.

To which my father answer'd, somewhat moved  
and with a vow he seal'd it : " Royal sir, [too,  
since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and  
Only pursue me ; if I live to that day, [anger  
that day so long expected to reward me,  
by his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,  
and by the hand of justice, never arms more  
shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir.  
The conflicts I will do you service then in,  
I shall be repentant prayers." So they parted.  
The time is come ; and now you know the wonder.

*Puts.* I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,  
The duke will have but poor and slight defences,  
if his hot humour reign, and not his honour.  
How stand you with him, sir ?

*Theod.* A perdue captain,  
full of my father's danger.

*Puts.* He has raised a young man,  
They say a slight young man (I know him not)  
For what desert ?

*Theod.* Believe it, a brave gentleman,  
Worthy the duke's respect, a clear sweet gentle-  
man,

And of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,  
And wait upon my father, who within this hour  
You will find an alter'd man.

*Puts.* I am sorry for't, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OLYMPIA, PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.

*Olym.* Is't not a handsome wench ?

*Gent.* She is well enough, madam :

I have seen a better face, and a straighter body ;  
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.

*Olym.* What thinkest thou, Petesca ?

*Pet.* Alas, madam, I have no skill ; she has a  
black eye,

Which is of the least too, and the dullest water :  
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,  
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

*Olym.* She has a good hand.

*Gent.* 'Tis good enough to hold fast,  
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.

*Olym.* What think you of her colour ?

*Pet.* If it be her own,

'Tis good black blood ; right weather-proof. I  
warrant it.

*Gent.* What a strange pace she has got !

*Olym.* That's but her breeding.

*Pet.* And what a manly body ! methinks she  
looks

As though she'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.

*Gent.* Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,  
For methinks she is too bashful.

*Olym.* Is that hurtful ?

*Gent.* Even equal to too bold : either of 'em,  
madam,

May do her injury when time shall serve her.

*Olym.* You discourse learnedly. Call in the  
wench.— [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

What envious fools are you ! Is the rule general,  
That women can speak handsomely of none,  
But those they are bred withal ?

*Pet.* Scarce well of those, madam,  
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way :  
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any  
thing,

Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose  
there were here now,

Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,  
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,  
As many eyes and services stuck on her ;  
What would ye think ?

*Olym.* I would think she might deserve it.

*Pet.* Your grace shall give me leave not to  
believe you !

I know you are a woman and so humour'd.  
I'll tell you, madam ; I could then get more gowns  
on you,

More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk  
stockings,

With rocking you asleep with nightly railings

Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives

I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch  
her eyes out.

*Olym.* Thou art deceived, fool. Now let your  
own eyes mock you.

Enter Gentlewoman and Young ARCHAS, disguised as a  
woman, bearing the name of ALANDA.

Come hither, girl.—Hang me, as she be not a  
handsome one !

*Pet.* I fear 'twill prove indeed so.

*Olym.* Did you e'er serve yet  
in any place of worth ?

*Y. Arch.* No, royal lady.

*Pet.* Hold up your head ; fy !

*Olym.* Let her alone ; stand from her.

*Y. Arch.* It shall be now,

Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,  
The greatest and the happiest to serve you ;  
And, might my promise carry but that credit

To be believed, because I am yet a stranger,  
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,  
From all the service that my life can lend me,  
May everlasting misery then find me!

*Olym.* [To *PETESCA*.] What think ye now?—

I do believe and thank you;

And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,  
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.

What must I call your name?

*Y. Arch.* Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Can you sing?

*Y. Arch.* A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.

*Olym.* What grief canst thou have, wench? Thou art not in love?

*Y. Arch.* If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodness;

For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.

*Olym.* Of what years are you?

*Y. Arch.* My mother oft has told me,  
That very day and hour this land was bless'd  
With your most happy birth, I first saluted  
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,  
And all the graces, to adorn your goodness,  
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

*Olym.* Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,

Made me both like and love thee; now I know it,  
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt  
I hope you are a maid? [you.]

*Y. Arch.* I hope so too, madam;  
I am sure for any man. And were I otherwise,  
Of all the services my hopes could point at,  
I durst not touch at yours.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.

*Pet.* The great-duke, madam.

*Duke.* Good morrow, sister!

*Olym.* A good day to your highness!

*Duke.* I am come to pray you use no more persuasions

For this old stubborn man; nay, to command you:  
His sail is swell'd too full; he's grown too insolent,  
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight services  
He has done my father, and myself, have blown  
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours. [him]

*Olym.* I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those  
Both great and noble. [services]

*Bur.* However, may it please you

But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,  
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;  
But to consider, royal sir, the dangers,  
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,

That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks:  
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;  
The fires of Heaven, when you have found all tem-  
Death, with his thousand doors— [perate;]

*Duke.* I have consider'd;

No more! And that I will have, shall be.

*Olym.* For the best,

I hope all still.

*Duke.* What handsome wench is that there?

*Olym.* My servant, sir.

*Duke.* Pr'ythee observe her, Burris.

Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy free-

*Bur.* She appears no less to me, sir. [dom.]

*Duke.* Of whence is she?

*Olym.* Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,

But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me  
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends  
have left her.

*Duke.* She may find better friends. You are welcome, fair one!

[Young *ARCHAS* kneels. *The Duke kisses him.*

I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave:  
Nay, stand up, sweet; we'll have no superstition.  
You have got a servant; you may use him kindly,  
And he may honour you. Good morrow, sister.

[*Exit* Duke, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.]

*Olym.* Good morrow to your grace! How the wench blushes!

How like an angel now she looks!

*Gent.* At first jump, [Apart to *PETESCA*.]

Jump into the duke's arms? We must look to you,  
Indeed we must; the next jump we are journeymen.

*Pet.* I see the ruin of our hopes already:

'Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows.

*Gent.* I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers  
*Olym.* This has not made you proud? [first.]

*Y. Arch.* No, certain, madam.

*Olym.* It was the duke that kiss'd you.

*Y. Arch.* 'Twas your brother,  
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

*Olym.* But, say he love you?

*Y. Arch.* That he may with safety:

A prince's love extends to all his subjects.

*Olym.* But, say in more particular?

*Y. Arch.* Pray fear not:

For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.

'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,  
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,  
Can make me prove a traitor to your service:  
You are my mistress and my noble master,  
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour  
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:  
And, when I fail in that faith—

*Olym.* I believe thee—

Come, wipe your eyes—I do. Take you example!

*Pet.* I would her eyes were out. [Aside.]

*Gent.* If the wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold custom: Some trick or  
And speedily! [other,

*Pet.* Let me alone to think on't.—

*Olym.* Come, be you near me still.

*Y. Arch.* With all my duty. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.—An open Place before the Palace.

Enter *ARCHAS*, *THEODORE*, *PUTESKE*, *ANCIENT*, and Soldiers, carrying his armour piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.

*Theod.* This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.

*Puts.* This was not wont to be: These honour'd pieces,

The fiery god of war himself would smile at,  
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,  
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,  
And heavy-eyed oblivion brood upon 'em.

*Archas.* There set 'em down: And, glorious War, farewell!

Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,  
Begot in blood, and nursed with kingdoms' ruins;  
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers  
Through fires and famines; for one title from thee  
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;

A long farewell I give thee ! Noble arms,  
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,  
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune.  
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye !  
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to  
conquest,

Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,  
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruc-  
tion,

Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument :  
Farewell, my eagle ! when thou flew'st, whole  
armies

Have stoop'd below thee : At passage I have seen  
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury ; [thee  
And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,  
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.

I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,  
The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,  
And raised his waters high, to see the ruins,  
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins ;  
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen.  
But these must be forgotten : So must these too,  
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.

Take 'em, you holy men ; my vow take with 'em,  
Never to wear 'em more : Trophies I give 'em,  
And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple :  
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master  
Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.

Why do ye hang your heads ? Why look ye sad,  
I am not dying yet. [friends ?

*Theod.* You are indeed to us, sir.

*Puts.* Dead to our fortunes, general.

*Archas.* You'll find a better,  
A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,  
And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends,  
Time and the wars together make me stoop, gen-  
tlemen,

Stoop to my grave : My mind unfurnish'd too ;  
Empty and weak as I am. My poor body,  
Able for nothing now but contemplation,  
And that will be a task too to a soldier.  
Yet, had they but encouraged me, or thought well  
Of what I have done, I think I should have ven-  
tured

For one knock more ; I should have made a shift  
yet

To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and  
have died

Like a good fellow, and an honest soldier,  
In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,  
And so have made an end of all with credit.

*Theod.* Well, there will come an hour, when all  
These secure slights— [these injuries,

*Archas.* Ha ! no more of that, sirrah ;

Not one word more of that, I charge you !

*Theod.* I must speak, sir :  
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,  
That's dumb to your abuses !

*Archas.* Understand, fool,  
That voluntary I sit down.

*Theod.* You are forced, sir,  
Forced for your safety : I too well remember  
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,  
You made this vow ; and whose unnobleness,  
Indeed forgetfulness of good—

*Archas.* No more !

As thou art mine, no more !

*Theod.* Whose doubts and envies—

But the devil will have his due.

*Puts.* Good gentle colonel !

*Theod.* And though disgraces, and contempt of  
Reign now, the wheel must turn again. [honour

*Archas.* Peace, sirrah !

Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon me ?  
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it ;  
Down with that disobedience ; tie that tongue up !

*Theod.* Tongue ?

*Archas.* Do not provoke me to forget my vow,  
sirrah,

And draw that fatal sword again in anger.

*Puts.* For Heaven's sake, colonel !

*Archas.* Do not let me doubt

Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer :  
Do not play with mine anger ; if thou dost,  
By all the loyalty my heart holds—

*Theod.* I have done, sir ;

Pray pardon me.

*Archas.* I pray you be worthy of it.  
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.

*Theod.* I am sorry, sir.

*Archas.* Go to ; no more of this ; be true and  
honest !

I know you are man enough ; mould it to just ends,  
And let not my disgraces—Then I am miserable,  
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE, BURRIS, BOROSKIS, Attendants  
and Gentlemen.

*Puts.* An't please you, sir, the duke.

*Duke.* Now, what's all this ?

The meaning of all this ceremonious emblem ?

*Archas.* Your grace should first remember—

*Bor.* There's his nature. [Apart to the DUKE.

*Duke.* I do, and shall remember still that injury.  
That at the muster ; where it pleas'd your greatness

To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it ;  
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,

Took from my hands my charge.

*Burris.* Oh, think not so, sir.

*Duke.* And in my father's sight.

*Archas.* Heaven be my witness,  
I did no more (and that with modesty,  
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,  
And from your father seal'd : Nor durst that rude-  
ness,

And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour ;  
I ever yet knew duty.

*Duke.* We shall teach you !

I well remember too, upon some words I told you,  
Then at that time, some angry words you answered,  
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.

You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you ;  
From henceforth I dismiss you ; take your ease, sir.

*Archas.* I humbly thank your grace ; this wasted  
body,

Beaten and bruised with arms, dried up with  
troubles,

Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,

And holy prayers ; in which, when I forget  
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous  
favours,

May that be deaf, and my petitions perish !

*Bor.* What a smooth humble cloak he has cas'd  
his pride in,

And how he has pull'd his claws in ! there's no  
*Burris.* Speak for the best. [trusting—

*Bor.* Believe I shall do ever.

*Duke.* To make you understand, we feel not yet  
Such dearth of valour and experience,  
Such a declining age of doing spirits,

That all should be confined within your excellence,  
And you, or none, be honoured; take, Boroskie,  
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;  
A little time will bring thee to his honour,  
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,  
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,  
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.

*Theod.* Oh, that I durst but answer now!

*Puts.* Good colonel!

*Theod.* My heart will break else.—Royal sir, I know not

What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,

And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,  
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries  
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are,  
His sword the least share gained?

*Duke.* You will not fight with me?

*Theod.* No, sir, I dare not;

You are my prince, but I dare speak to you,  
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions  
That be informers to you, dare once think of;  
Yet truth will now but anger you; I am sorry for't,  
And so I take my leave.

*Duke.* Even when you please, sir.

*Archas.* Sirrah, see me no more!

[*Exit THEODORE.*]

*Duke.* And so may you too:

You have a house i' th' country; keep you there, sir,  
And, when you have rul'd yourself, teach your son  
For this time I forgive him. [manners:]

*Archas.* Heaven forgive all;

And to your grace a happy and long rule here!—  
And you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous!

In all your course may Fame and Fortune court you!  
Fight for your country, and your prince's safety;  
Boldly, and bravely face your enemy,  
And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,  
As if a general plague had seized before you;  
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you;  
And then come home an old and noble story!

*Burris.* A little comfort, sir.

*Duke.* As little as may be.

Farewell! you know your limit.

[*Exeunt Duke, BOROSKIE, &c.*]

*Burris.* Alas, brave gentleman!

*Archas.* I do, and will observe it suddenly.

My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,  
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,  
To buckle with that old grim soldier now:  
I have seen him in his sourest shapes, and dread-  
full!

Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:  
That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers!  
Give me your hands. Farewell! farewell, good  
Ancient!

(A stout man, and a true) thou art come in sorrow.  
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye!  
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;  
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;  
Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight next,  
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,  
When the great rest of all your honour's up,  
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,  
Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:  
So, once again, farewell!

*Puts.* Let's wait upon you.

*Archas.* No, no, it must not be; I have now left  
A single fortune to myself, no more, [me]

Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good  
captain,

You are an honest and a sober gentleman,  
And one I think has loved me.

*Puts.* I am sure on't.

*Archas.* Look to my boy; he's grown too head-  
strong for me;

And if they think him fit to carry arms still,  
His life is theirs. I have a house i' th' country,  
And when your better hours will give you liberty,  
See me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye!

[*Exit.*]

*Anc.* I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,  
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.  
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;  
And if I can do that, I care not for money.  
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had  
the luck too

To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoe'er thou art,  
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke  
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say  
to thee;

A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.

*A Sold.* Oh, take the pox too.

*Anc.* They'll cure one another:

I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.

Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,  
Or pox upon pox.

*Puts.* That's but ill i' th' arms, sir.

*Anc.* 'Tis worse i' th' legs; I would not wish it  
else:

And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,  
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb  
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has  
*Sold.* May he be ever lousy! [em]

*Anc.* That's a pleasure,

The beggar's lechery; sometimes the soldier's:  
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,  
And maggots breed in his brains!

*2 Sold.* Ay, marry, sir,

May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,  
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,  
And one fall cross his throat; then let him gargle!

*Enter a Post.*

*Puts.* Now, what's the matter?

*Post.* Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?

*Puts.* Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

*Post.* I thank you. [Exit.]

*Anc.* If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,  
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,  
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;  
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,  
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!

*Puts.* If these would do——

*Anc.* I'll never trust my mind more,  
If all these fail.

*1 Sold.* What shall we do now, captain?

For by this honest hand I'll be torn a-pieces,  
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,  
And love us equal too, before I fight more.  
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,  
If I like the leg well.

*Anc.* Fight? 'tis likely!

No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's  
need on's.

They think the other crown will do, will carry us,  
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro  
Boroskie! What a noise his very name carries!  
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,

He needs no soldiers ; if he do, for my part  
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em ; so I think you  
think too,  
And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,  
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,  
So soon forget thy goodness : He that does,  
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted !

*Puts.* You much rejoice me ; now you have hit  
my meaning.

I durst not press ye till I found your spirits :  
Continue thus !

*Anc.* I'll go and tell the duke on't.

*Enter Second Post.*

*Puts.* No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,  
When once occasion comes.—Another packet !  
From whence, friend, come you ?

*2 Post.* From the borders, sir.

*Puts.* What news, sir, I beseech you ?

*2 Post.* Fire and sword, gentlemen ;

The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force  
Comes forward, like a tempest ; all before him  
Burning and killing.

*Anc.* Brave boys ! brave news, boys !

*2 Post.* Either we must have present help—

*Anc.* Still braver !

*2 Post.* Where lies the duke ?

*Sold.* He's there.

*2 Post.* 'Save ye, gentlemen ! [Exit.]

*Anc.* We are safe enough, I warrant thee.  
Now the time's come.

*Puts.* Ay, now 'tis come indeed ;  
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on  
merrily.

*Anc.* This city would make a marvellous fine  
bon-fire :

'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.

*2 Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and  
whining,

Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the  
news once.

*Enter BOROSKIE and a Servant passing.*

*Puts.* Here's one has heard it already. Room  
for the general !

*Bor.* Say I am fall'n exceeding sick o' th'  
And am not like to live. [sudden,  
[Exit.]

*Puts.* If you go on, sir ;  
For they will kill you certainly ; they look for you.

*Anc.* I see your lordship's bound ; take a sup-  
pository.

'Tis I, sir ; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish  
Tartars,

They burn and kill, an't like your honour ; kill us,  
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord ; with guns, sir !  
What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops ?

*Puts.* Go, go thy ways, old True-penny ! thou  
hast but one fault ;

Thou art even too valiant.—Come, to th' army,  
And let's make them acquainted. [gentlemen,  
[Exit.]

*Soldiers.* Away ; we are for you.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA, PETESCA, and Gentle-  
woman.*

*Y. Arch.* Why, whither run ye, fools ! will ye  
leave my lady ?

*Pet.* The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes !

*Y. Arch.* Why, let him ;  
I had thought ye had feared no men. Upon my  
conscience,  
You have tried their strengths already ; stay, for  
*Pet.* Shift for thyself, Alinda. [shame !  
[Exit with Gentlewoman.

*Y. Arch.* Beauty bless ye !  
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,  
And there mistake the enemy ? Sweet youths ye are,  
And of a constant courage : Are you afraid of  
foining ?

*Enter OLYMPIA.*

*Olym.* Oh, my good wench, what shall become  
of us ?

The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger ;  
The enemy is past the Volga, and bears hither,  
With all the blood and cruelty he carries :  
My brother now will find his fault.

*Y. Arch.* I doubt me,  
Somewhat too late too, madam. But pray fear not ;  
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not.

*Olym.* How can'st thou by this spirit ? our sex  
tremble.

*Y. Arch.* I am not unacquainted with these  
dangers,

And you shall know my truth ; for, ere you perish,  
A hundred swords shall pass through me ; 'tis but  
dying,

And, madam, we must do it ; the manner's all.  
You have a princely birth, take princely thoughts  
to you,

And take my counsel too : Go presently,  
With all the haste you have (I will attend you)  
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas ;  
He honours you ; with all your art persuade him,  
( 'Twill be a dismal time else ) woo him hither,  
But hither, madam ; make him see the danger ;  
For your new general looks like an ass ;  
There's nothing in his face but loss.

*Olym.* I'll do it :  
And thank thee, sweet Alinda ! Oh, my jewel,  
How much I am bound to love thee ! By this  
If thou wert a man— [hand, wench,

*Y. Arch.* I would I were to fight, for you.  
But haste, dear madam.

*Olym.* I need no spurs, Alinda. [Exit.]

#### SCENE V.—Another in the Same.

*Enter Duke, two Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* The lord-general sick now ? Is this a  
time

For men to creep into their beds ? What's become,  
Of my lieutenant ? [Post,

*Post.* Beaten, an't please your grace,  
And all his forces sparkled.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Duke.* That's but cold news,—  
How now ; what good news ? are the soldiers  
ready ?

*Gent.* Yes, sir ; but fight they will not, nor stir  
from that place  
They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas  
To lead 'em out : They rail upon this general,  
And sing songs of him, scurry songs, to worse  
tunes :

And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they  
swear,

They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it,

Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for't :  
It must be so, sir.

*Duke.* I could wish it so too ;  
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him :  
But all, I fear, will fail ; we must die, gentlemen,  
And one stroke we'll have for't.

*Enter BURRIS.*

What bring'st thou, Burris ?

*Burris.* That I am loth to tell ; he will not come, sir.

I found him at his prayers ; there, he tells me,  
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven :  
I urged to him all our dangers, his own worths,  
The country's ruin ; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd  
him ;

He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed  
Thus with his finger to the ground ; a grave  
I think he meant ; and this was all he answer'd.  
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new  
*Duke.* He's sick, poor man. [general ?]

*Burris.* He's a poor man indeed, sir.  
Your grace must needs go to the soldiers.

*Duke.* They  
Have sent me word they will not stir ; they rail  
at me,  
And all the spite they have—[*Shouts within.*]  
What shout is that there ?  
Is the enemy come so near ?

*Enter ARCHAS, OLYMPIA, and Young ARCHAS as ALINDA.*

*Olym.* I have brought him, sir ;  
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

*Duke.* Happy sister !  
Oh, blessed woman !

*Olym.* Use him nobly, brother ;  
You never had more need.—And, gentlemen,  
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,

To winning and persuading tongues : All my art,  
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd ;  
Let it be yours to arm him.—And, good my lord,  
[*To ARCHAS.*]

Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,  
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,  
And not to urge you farther ; yet, see your country,  
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it :  
Turn round, and look upon the miseries  
Of every side, the fears ; oh, see the dangers ;  
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.

*Duke.* Next, hear your prince : You have said  
you loved him, Archas,  
And thought your life too little for his service.  
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,  
And now you are brought to th' test ; touch right  
now, soldier,  
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle ;

Now, if thou beest that valued man, that virtue,  
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.  
What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty ;  
And what you said yourself forget, you were  
angry.

If men could live without their faults, they were  
gods, Archas.—

He weeps, and holds his hands up : To him,  
Burris !

*Burris.* You have shewed the prince his faults ;  
And, like a good chirurgeon, you have laid  
That to 'em makes 'em smart ; he feels it,  
Let 'em not fester now, sir ; your own honour,  
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,  
( 'Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no com-  
mand, sir,

Nor seals no vow) can better teach you now  
What you have to do, than I, or this necessity.  
Only this little's left ; would you do nobly,  
And in the eye of honour truly triumph ?  
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

*Y. Arch.* Last, a poor virgin kneels : For love's  
sake, general ;

If ever you have loved, for her sake, sir ;  
For your own honesty, which is a virgin ;  
Look up, and pity us ! Be bold and fortunate.  
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,  
And when your spurs were given you, your sword  
buckled,

Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for  
beauty's,

For chastity, to strike : Strike now, they suffer ;  
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant.  
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward :  
Your first vow Honour made, your last but Anger.

*Archas.* How like my virtuous wife this thing  
looks, speaks—too ?

So would she chide my dulness. Fair one, I thank  
you.

My gracious sir, your pardon, next your hand ;  
Madam, your favour, and your prayers ; gentlemen,  
Your wishes and your loves ; and, pretty sweet one,  
A favour for your soldier !

*Olym.* Give him this, wench.

*Y. Arch.* Thus do I tie on victory.

[*Ties a scarf on his arm.*]

*Archas.* My armour,  
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my  
fortune !

And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.

*Duke.* Go, brave and prosperous ; our loves go  
with thee !

*Olym.* Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend  
thee !

*Burris, &c.* Loaden with victory, and we to  
honour thee !

*Y. Arch.* Come home the son of honour, and  
I'll serve you. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, BURRIS, and two Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* No news of Archas yet ?

*Burris.* But now, an't please you,  
A post came in ; letters he brought none with him,

But this deliver'd : He saw the armies join,  
The game of blood begun ; and by our general,  
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,  
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,  
And there he said he left 'em.

*Duke.* Where's Boroskie ?



1 *Gent.* He's up again, an't please you.

*Burris.* Sir, methinks

This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;

It strikes our hearts with general comfort. Gone?

[*Exit DUKE.*]

What should this mean? so suddenly? He's well?

2 *Gent.* We see no other.

1 *Gent.* 'Would the rest were well too,

That put these starts into him!

*Burris.* I'll go after him.

2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, sir; he has some secret in him,

He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing Has cross'd him since the general went?

*Burris.* Not any;

If there had been, I am sure I would have found it: Only I have heard him oft complain for money; Money he says he wants.

1 *Gent.* It may be that then.

*Burris.* To him that has so many ways to raise And those so honest, it cannot be. [it,

*Enter DUKE and BOROSKIE.*

1 *Gent.* He comes back,

And lord Boroskie with him.

*Burris.* There the game goes.

I fear some new thing hatching.

*Duke.* Come hither, *Burris.*

Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,

And to my little mistress give this token;

Tell her I'll see her shortly.

*Burris.* Yes, I shall sir.

*Duke.* Wait you without—[*Exit BURRIS and Gentlemen.*—I would yet try him further.

*Bor.* 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace Of what he has done i' th' field? [heard yet

*Duke.* A post but now

Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,

The enemy gave ground before he parted.

*Bor.* 'Tis well.

*Duke.* Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting,

And noise of war, I keep thee in my bosom;

Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood

Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,

Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.

*Bor.* Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy, (Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour)

When vain and empty people shall proclaim me— Good sir, excuse me.

*Duke.* Do you fear me for your enemy?

Speak, on your duty.

*Bor.* Then I must, and dare, sir.

When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not, [praises;

Take heed he meet not with their loves and That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,

(And make him strive to make good that proportion)

Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honourable,

At least I strive to understand him so,

And of a nature, if not this way poisoned,

Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduced, sir.

He's a great man, and what that pill may work,

Prepared by general voices of the people,

Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir;

Let him retire a while; there's more hangs by it

Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,

But till the soldier cool—whom, for their service You must pay now most liberally, most freely, And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty They follow with their loves, and not the bravery—

*Duke.* But where's the money?—[*Enter two Gentlemen.*—How now?

2 *Gent.* Sir, the colonel,

Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news

Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here

Attends your grace's pleasure.

*Bor.* Be not seen, sir.

He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thunders;

To th' court he must not come. No blessing here,

No face of favour, if you love your honour! [sir,

*Duke.* Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, sir. [Exit

*Bor.* Conduct him in, sir.—[*Enter THEODORE.*]

Welcome, noble colonel.

*Theod.* That's much from your lordship: Pray where is the duke?

*Bor.* We hear you have beat the Tartar.

*Theod.* Is he busy, sir?

*Bor.* Have ye taken Olin yet?

*Theod.* I would fain speak with him.

*Bor.* How many men have ye lost?

*Theod.* Does he lie this way?

*Bor.* I am sure you fought it bravely.

*Theod.* I must see him.

*Bor.* You cannot yet, you must not. What's your commission?

*Theod.* No gentlemen o' th' chamber here?

*Bor.* Why, pray you, sir,

Am not I fit to entertain your business?

*Theod.* I think you are not, sir; I am sure you shall not.

I bring no tales nor flatteries: In my tongue, sir, I carry no forked stings.

*Bor.* You keep your bluntness.

*Theod.* You are deceived; it keeps me: I had felt else

Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, I have business to the duke. [trifle not;

*Bor.* He is not well, sir,

And cannot now be spoke withal.

*Theod.* Not well, sir?

How would he ha' been, if we had lost? Not well, sir?

I bring him news to make him well: His enemy, That would have burnt his city here, and your house too,

Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,

Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,

Their silk and golden battles, are deciphered;

That would not only have abused your buildings,

Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,

Purloined your lordship's plate, the duke bestowed on you,

For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,

Trim'm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship, 'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is

You had had no remedy against these rascals,

No law, an't like your honour;—would have kill'd you too,

And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time:

Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;

These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,

And pared their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,

And such most noble persons as yourself is,  
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine  
These news I bring. [thread.

*Bor.* And were they thus deliver'd you?

*Theod.* My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no  
orator;

My tongue was never oil'd, with "Here, an't like  
ye,

There, I beseech you:" Weigh, I am a soldier,  
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir;

I come not to stand treating here; my business  
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing—

*Bor.* You have overthrown the enemy; we know  
it,

And we rejoice in't: ye have done like honest  
You have done handsomely and well. [subjects,

*Theod.* But well, sir?

But handsomely and well? What, are we jugglers?  
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.

But handsomely and well? Does your lordship  
take us

For the duke's tumblers? We have done bravely,  
Ventured our lives like men. [sir,

*Bor.* Then bravely be it.

*Theod.* And for as brave rewards we look, and  
We have sweat and bled for't, sir. [graces;

*Bor.* And you may have it.

If you will stay the giving. Men that thank them-  
selves first

For any good they do, take off the lustre,  
And blot the benefit.

*Theod.* Are these the welcomes,  
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,  
Early and late, there may be no more enemies;  
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too;  
For, if there be—

*Bor.* They must be met, and fought with.

*Theod.* By whom? by you? they must be met  
and flatter'd.

Why, what a devil ails you to do these things?  
With what assurance dare you mock men thus?  
You have but single lives, and those I take it  
A sword may find too: Why do you dam the duke  
up?

And choke that course of love, that like a river  
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?  
But if you use these knick-knacks,  
This fast and loose, with faithful men, and honest,  
You'll be the first will find it.

*Enter ARCHAS, Soldiers, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and Others.*

*Bor.* You are too untemperate.

*Theod.* Better be so, and thief too, than un-  
thankful:

Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—  
The duke thanks you for your service, and the  
court thanks you,

And wonderful desirous they are to see you.

Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for  
may-games,

Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home,  
sir,

Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,  
A gentleman too tender of your credit,  
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,  
Crazy and sickly yet, to be your servant,  
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.

*Bor.* The best is, your words wound not.—You  
are welcome home, sir,

Heartily welcome home; and for your service,

The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,  
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, sir.

*Anc.* Sure they will now regard us.

*Putsk.* There's a reason:

But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,  
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,  
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.

*Archas.* Is the duke well, sir?

*Bor.* Not much unhealthy,  
Only a little grudging of an ague,  
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes  
him fearful,

And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,  
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,  
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,  
And more his fear than faith; yet, howsoever,  
An honest care —

*Archas.* You say right, and it shall be;  
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,  
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't;  
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more  
healthy,

Never more high and lusty) yet to satisfy,  
We cannot be too curious, or too careful  
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,  
And lodge at further distance, and less danger.

*Bor.* It will be well.

*Anc.* It will be very scurvy: [Aside.  
I smell it out, it stinks abominably:  
Stir it no more.

*Bor.* The duke, sir, would have you too,  
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,  
Whither himself will come to visit you,  
And give you thanks.

*Archas.* I shall attend his pleasure.

*Anc.* A trick, a lousy trick! So ho, a trick,  
*Archas.* How now? what's that? [boys!

*Anc.* I thought I had found a hare, sir,  
But 'tis a fox, an old fox: shall we hunt him?

*Archas.* No more such words!

*Bor.* The soldier's grown too saucy;  
You must tie him straiter up.  
*Archas.* I do my best, sir;  
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.

*Anc.* May not we see the duke?

*Bor.* Not at this time, gentlemen;  
Your general knows the cause.

*Anc.* We have no plague, sir,  
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;  
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier  
Will not deny us place there.

*Putsk.* Certain, my lord,  
Considering what we are, and what we have done,  
(If not, what need you may have) 'twould be better,  
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,  
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,  
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,  
Double our comforts; meat, and their master's  
thanks too,

When they work well, they have; men of our  
quality,  
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,  
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come  
home, sir,

And know these are deserving things, things  
worthy,

Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little  
Be stirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride becomes 'em,  
A little season'd with ambition,  
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,

For what they have done : When to come home thus poorly,

And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on  
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,  
So entertain'd as if " I thank ye, gentlemen,  
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier !  
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the people ?  
The prince himself ?

*Archas.* Peace !—I perceive your eye, sir,  
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom ;  
And happily you find his tongue too forward :  
As I am master of the place I carry,  
'Tis fit I think so too ; but were I this man,  
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth  
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,  
And think, with modesty enough, such saints  
That daily thrust their loves and lives through  
hazards,

And fearless, for their country's peace, march  
hourly  
Through all the doors of death, and know the  
darkest,

Should better be canoniz'd for their service :  
What labour would these men neglect, what danger,  
Where honour is ? though seated in a billow  
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these soldiers,  
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it ?  
Do you see these swords ? Time's scythe was ne'er  
so sharp, sir,

Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls ;  
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,  
When they are drawn ; and were it not sometimes  
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,  
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,  
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.  
And whose are all these glories ? why, their prince's,  
Their country's, and their friends' ! Alas, of all  
these,

And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,  
They only share the labours : A little joy then,  
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,  
Would not have done amiss, sir ; but, howsoever,  
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,  
Shall dare appear : I hope, by my example,  
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentle-  
The duke will both look suddenly and truly [men,  
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they  
were paid, sir.

*Bor.* They shall be immediately ; I stay for  
And any favour else— [money ;

*Archas.* We are all bound to you ;  
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases  
To make me worthy of his eyes—

*Bor.* Which will be suddenly ;

I know his good thoughts to you.

*Archas.* With all duty,

And all humility, I shall attend, sir.

*Bor.* Once more you are welcome home ! These  
shall be satisfied.

*Theod.* Be sure we be ; and handsomely—

*Archas.* Wait you on me, sir.

*Theod.* And honestly : No juggling !

*Archas.* Will you come, sir ? [Exit.

*Bor.* Pray do not doubt.

*Theod.* We are no boys ! [Exit.

*Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with money.*

*Bor.* Well, sir ?

*Gent.* Here's money from the duke, an't please

*Bor.* 'Tis well [your lordship.

*Gent.* How sour the soldiers look !

*Bor.* Is't lost ?

*Gent.* Yes ; and for every company a double  
And the duke's love to all. [pay,

*Ans.* That's worth a ducat.

*Bor.* You that be officers, see it discharged  
Why do not you take it up ? [them.—

*Ans.* It is too heavy :

'Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.

*Bor.* Do you scorn it ?

*Ans.* Has your lordship any dice about you ?

Sit round, gentlemen,

And come on seven for my share.

*Put.* Do you think, sir,

This is the end we fight ? can this dirt draw us  
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,  
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,  
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted ?  
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,  
And minds to understand, the slights we carry ?  
I come home old, and full of hurts ; men look on  
me

As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me ;  
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants ; I am answer'd,  
" Alas, 'tis pity ! pray dine with me on Sunday."  
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's  
maladies,

And can this cure 'em ? You should have used us  
nobly,

And for our doing well, as we'll proclaim'd us ;  
To the world's eye, have shew'd and sainted us,  
Then you had paid us bravely ; then we had shined,  
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory ! [sir,  
You may take back your money.

*Gent.* This I fear'd still.

*Bor.* Consider better, gentlemen.

*Ans.* Thank your lordship ;

And now I'll put on my considering cap.  
My lord, that I'm no courtier, you may guess it,  
By having no suit to you for this money ;  
For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,  
While you want that civility to rank it  
With those rights we expected ; money grows, sir,  
And men must gather it ; all is not put in one  
purse :

And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet :  
But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,  
And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,  
And a most pleasant companion, [Sings.

All you that are witty,

Come, list to my ditty !

Come, set in, boys !

With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*—How do  
you like my song, my lord ?

*Bor.* Even as I like yourself ; " But 'twould be  
a great deal better,

You would prove a great deal wiser,"—and take  
this money ;

In your own phrase I speak now, sir : And 'tis  
very well

You have learned to sing ; for since you prove so  
liberal

To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice  
'Twill prove your best friend. [still ;

*Ans.* 'Tis a singing age, sir,

A merry moon here now ; I'll follow it :

Fiddling and fooling now gain more than fighting.

*Bor.* What is't you blench at ? What would  
you ask ? Speak freely.

*Sold.* And so we dare. A triumph for the general!

*Puts.* And then an honour special to his virtue!

*Anc.* That we may be preferred that have served for it,

And cramm'd up into favour like the worshipful;  
At least upon the city's charge made drunk  
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years  
service;

That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,  
And mine or thine be nothing, all things equal,  
And catch as catch may be proclaim'd; that when  
we borrow,

And have no will to pay again, no law  
Lay hold upon us, nor no court controul us!

*Bor.* Some of these may come to pass; the duke  
may do 'em,

And no doubt will: The general will find too,  
And so will you, if you but stay with patience—  
I have no power.

*Puts.* Nor will. Come, fellow-soldiers!

*Bor.* Pray be not so distrustful.

*Puts.* There are ways yet,

And honest ways; we are not brought up statues.

*Anc.* If your lordship  
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,  
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,  
I could have cured such maladies: Your lordship's  
custom,

And my good lady's, if the bones want setting  
In her old bodice—

*Bor.* This is disobedience.

*Anc.* Eightpence a-day, and hard eggs!

*Puts.* Troop off, gentlemen!

Some coin we have; whilst this lasts, or our credits,  
We'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence.  
You are beholding to us.

*Anc.* Fare you well, sir,

And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf,  
sir?

By this hand I'll cry brooms in't, birchen brooms  
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence. [sir,  
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave,  
lord!] *[Exit.*

*Bor.* You will bite when ye are sharper; take  
up the money.—

This love I must remove, this fondness to him,  
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way  
else.—

There is no sending, man; they will not take it,  
They are yet too full of pillage;  
They'll dance for't ere't be long. Come, bring it  
after.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* How now? refused their money?

*Bor.* Very bravely;

And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.

*Duke.* Where's Archas?

*Bor.* He's retired, sir, to his house.  
According to your pleasure, full of duty  
To outward show; but what within—

*Duke.* Refuse it?

*Bor.* Most confidently: 'Tis not your revenues  
Can feed them, sir, and yet they have found a  
general

That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, sir,  
And loath your invitations.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible;

He's poor as they.

*Bor.* You'll find it otherwise.

Pray make your journey thither presently,  
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder.  
Good sir, this morning.

*Duke.* Follow me; I'll do it

*[Exit.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, YOUNG ARCHAS as ALINDA,  
PETESCA, and Gentlewoman.*

*Olym.* But do you think my brother loves her?

*Burris.* Certain, madam;

He speaks much of her, and sometimes with  
Oft wishes she were nobler born. [wonder;

*Olym.* Do you think him honest?

*Burris.* Your grace is nearer to his heart than  
Upon my life, I hold him so. [I am;

*Olym.* 'Tis a poor wench,  
I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks my  
brother—

But I must not give rules to his affections;  
Yet, if he weigh her worth—

*Burris.* You need not fear, madam.

*Olym.* I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,  
I love her well; I know not, there is something  
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.  
I do not like that ring from him to her,  
I mean to women of her way; such tokens  
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:  
I would not have it so.

*Burris.* You will not find it;  
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition  
Is but to let the world know he has a handsome  
mistress.

Will your grace command me any service to him?

*Olym.* Remember all my duty.

*Burris.* Blessings crown you!—

What's your will, lady?

*Y. Arch.* Any thing that's honest;  
And, if you think it fits so poor a service,  
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,  
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.

*Burris.* Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I  
have too:

And so I kiss your hand. *[Exit.*

*Y. Arch.* Your lordship's servant.

*Olym.* Come hither, wench. What art thou  
doing with that ring?

*Y. Arch.* I am looking on the posy, madam.

*Olym.* What is't?

*Y. Arch.* "The jewel's set within."

*Olym.* But where the joy, wench,  
When that invisible jewel's lost? Why dost thou  
What unhappy meaning hast thou? [smile so?

*Y. Arch.* Nothing, madam;

But only thinking what strange spells these rings  
And how they work with some. [have,

*Pet.* I fear with you too. *[Aside.*

*Y. Arch.* This could not cost above a crown.

*Pet.* 'Twill cost you the shaving of your crown, if not the washing. *[Aside.*

*Olym.* But he that sent it makes the virtue  
greater.

*Y. Arch.* Ay, and the vice too, madam. Good-  
How fit 'tis for my finger! [ness bless me,

*Gent.* No doubt you'll find too, *[Aside.*  
A finger fit for you.

*Y. Arch.* Sirrah, Petesca,

What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?

But thou hast rings enough; thou art provided. Heigh ho! what must I do now?

*Pet.* You'll be taught that,  
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant  
*Y. Arch.* Ay me, ay me! [you.

*Pet.* You will divide too, shortly;  
Your voice comes finely forward.

*Olym.* Come hither, wanton;  
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.

*Y. Arch.* I would not:  
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;  
Lord, how my heart leaps!

*Pet.* 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.  
*Y. Arch.* And now methinks a thousand of the duke's shapess—

*Gent.* Will no less serve you?  
*Y. Arch.* In ten thousand smiles—

*Olym.* Heaven bless the wench!  
*Y. Arch.* With eyes that will not be denied to enter;

And such soft sweet embraces—Take it from me:  
I am undone else, madam, I am lost else.

[*Gives her the ring.*  
*Olym.* What ails the girl?

*Y. Arch.* How suddenly I am alter'd,  
And grown myself again! Do not you feel it?

*Olym.* Wear that, and I'll wear this: I'll try  
the strength on't. [*Gives her a ring.*

*Y. Arch.* How cold my blood grows now!  
Here's sacred virtue!

When I leave to honour this,  
Every hour to pay a kiss;  
When each morning I arise,  
I forget a sacrifice:  
When this figure in my faith,  
And the pureness that it hath,  
I pursue not with my will,  
Nearer to arrive at still—  
When I lose, or change this jewel,  
Fly me, faith, and Heaven be cruel!

*Olym.* You have half confirm'd me; keep but  
that way sure,  
And what this charm can do, let me endure.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—The Country-house of ARCHAS.

*Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

*Archas.* Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns  
me;

The duke's come in; none of your froward pas-  
sions,

Nor no distastes to any. Pr'ythee, Theodore?  
By my life, boy, 't will ruin me.

*Theod.* I have done, sir,  
So there be no foul play. He brings along with  
him—

*Archas.* What's that to you? Let him bring  
And whom, and how. [what please him,

*Theod.* So they mean well.  
*Archas.* Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?

*Theod.* 'Tis fit I feel, sir.  
*Archas.* Get a banquet ready,  
And trim yourselves up handsomely.

*Theod.* To what end?  
Do you mean to make 'em whores? Hang up a  
And set 'em out to livery. [sign then,

*Archas.* Whose son art thou?

*Theod.* Yours, sir, I hope; but not of your dis-  
graces.

*Archas.* Full twenty thousand men I have com-  
manded,

And all their minds, with this calm'd all their  
angers;

And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine  
One crooked stick— [own blood,

*Theod.* Pray take your way, and thrive in't:  
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour  
Light on you, 'tis your own, I have no share in't:  
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,  
And partly find it too—

*Archas.* Hast thou no reverence?

No duty in thee?  
*Theod.* This shall shew I obey you;

I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,  
And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,  
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,  
Which Heaven preserve you from, and keep the  
duke too:

And there's an end of my wishes; God be with you!

[*Exit.*

*Archas.* Stubborn, yet full of that we all love,  
honesty.

*Enter BURRIS.*

Lord Burris, where's the duke?

*Burris.* In the great chamber, sir,  
And there stays till he see you. You have a fine  
house here.

*Archas.* A poor contented lodge, unfit for his  
Yet all the joy it hath— [presence;

*Burris.* I hope a great one,  
And for your good, brave sir.

*Archas.* I thank you, lord:  
And now my service to the duke.

*Burris.* I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

*Enter DUKE, BOROSKIE, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* May this be credited?

*Bor.* Disgrace me else,  
And never more with favour look upon me.

*Duke.* It seems impossible.

*Bor.* It cannot choose, sir,  
Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is so,  
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier  
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,  
Believe, or let me perish: Let your eye,  
As you observe the house, but where I point it  
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have  
found it.

*Duke.* I'll follow your direction.—

*Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, and SERVANT.*

Welcome, Archas,  
You are welcome home, brave lord! We are come  
And thank you for your service. [to visit you,

*Archas.* 'Twas so poor, sir,  
In true respect of what I owe your highness,  
It merits nothing. [HONORA and VIOLA kneel.

*Duke.* Are these fair ones yours, lord?

*Archas.* Their mother made me think so, sir.

*Duke.* Stand up, ladies.  
Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones; methinks  
fitter

The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.  
 I would see your house, Lord Archas; it appears  
 to me  
 A handsome pile.  
*Archas.* 'Tis neat, but no great structure;  
 I'll be your grace's guide.—Give me the keys there.  
*Duke.* Lead on, we'll follow you: Begin with  
 the gallery,  
 I think that's one.  
*Archas.* 'Tis so, an't please you, sir;  
 The rest above are lodgings all.  
*Duke.* Go on, sir. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.—Moscow. A Street.

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, and ANCIENT.

*Puts.* The duke gone thither, do you say?  
*Theod.* Yes, marry do I;  
 And all the ducklings too: But what they'll do  
 there—  
*Puts.* I hope they'll crown his service.  
*Theod.* With a custard!  
 This is no weather for rewards. They crown his  
 service?  
 Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated  
 (As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of  
 doors,  
 For making but a doubt.  
*Puts.* They must now grace him.  
*Theod.* Mark but the end.  
*Anc.* I am sure they should reward him; they  
 cannot want him.  
*Theod.* They that want honesty, want anything.  
*Puts.* The duke's so noble in his own thoughts.  
*Theod.* That I grant you,  
 If those might only sway him: But 'tis most  
 certain,  
 So many new-born flies his light gave life to,  
 Buz in his beams, flesh-flies, and butterflies,  
 Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-  
 bee,  
 That's laden with true labour, and brings home  
 Encrease and credit, can 'scape rifling;  
 And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitter-  
 ness.  
*Anc.* Shall we go see what they do, and talk our  
 mind to 'em?  
*Puts.* That we have done too much, and to no  
 purpose.  
*Anc.* Shall we be hang'd for him?  
 I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing—  
 Some brave thing for him; a worse end will take  
 me,  
 And for an action of no worth. Not honour him?  
 Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,  
 (Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man;  
 I am sure he has sent him souls any time these  
 twenty years,  
 Able to furnish all his fish-market.  
*Theod.* Leave thy talking;  
 And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him:  
 We shall hear more ere supper time. If he be  
 honour'd,  
 He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't;  
 If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,  
 And, for myself, I'll meet it.  
*Puts.* I ne'er fear it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The Country-house. A Room, with  
a Door in the Back-ground.Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKIE, BURRIS, Gentleman,  
and Attendants.

*Duke.* They are handsome rooms all, well con-  
 trived and fitted,  
 Full of convenience: the prospect's excellent.  
*Archas.* Now, will your grace pass down, and  
 do me but the honour  
 To taste a country banquet?  
*Duke.* What room's that?  
 I would see all now; what conveyance has it?  
 I see you have kept the best part yet: pray  
 open it.  
*Archas.* [Aside.] Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis  
 of no receipt, sir;  
 For your eyes most unfit.  
*Duke.* I long to see it,  
 Because I would judge of the whole piece: Some  
 excellent painting,  
 Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain  
 Another time, I know. [me]  
*Archas.* In troth there is not,  
 Nor anything worth your sight. Below I have  
 Some fountains and some ponds.  
*Duke.* I would see this now.  
*Archas.* [Aside.] Boroskie, thou art a knave!—  
 It contains nothing  
 But rubbish from the other rooms, and unneces-  
 Will't please you see a strange clock? [saries;  
*Duke.* This, or nothing.  
 Why should you bar it up thus with defences  
 Above the rest, unless it contain'd something  
 More excellent, and curious of keeping?  
 Open't, for I will see it.  
*Archas.* The keys are lost, sir.  
 Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,  
 I could be so unmannerly?  
*Duke.* I will see it;  
 And either shew it—  
*Archas.* Good sir—  
*Duke.* Thank you, Archas;  
 You shew your love abundantly.  
 Do I use to entreat thus?—Force it open.  
*Burris.* That were inhospitable; you are his  
 guest, sir,  
 And 'tis his greatest joy to entertain you.  
*Duke.* Hold thy peace, fool?—Will you open it?  
*Archas.* Sir, I cannot.  
 I must not, if I could.  
*Duke.* Go, break it open.  
*Archas.* I must withstand that force. Be not  
 too rash, gentlemen!  
*Duke.* Unarm him first; then, if he be not  
 Preserve his life. [obstinate,  
*Archas.* I thank your grace; I take it:  
 And now take you the keys; go in, and see, sir;  
 [The door is opened.  
 There, feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that  
 traitor,  
 That thing that sells his faith for favour!  
 [Exit DUKE.  
*Burris.* Sir, what moves you?  
*Archas.* I have kept mine pure.—Lord Burris,  
 there's a Judas,  
 That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman?  
 The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;  
 A whore's heart more belief in't!

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* What's all this, Archas ?  
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,  
This most inestimable treasure.

*Archas.* Yours, sir.

*Duke.* Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.

*Archas.* Be not deceived ; he has had no favour here, sir,  
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,

That lost man in his faith ! he has reveal'd it ;  
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.—  
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too !  
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord !—I'll tell you all, sir :  
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper  
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,  
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,  
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,  
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,  
Collected all this treasure ; to our trusts,—  
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongued lord's  
there,—

He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this ;  
Upon his death-bed too ; and on the sacrament  
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure  
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope  
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,  
No help of those that loved you could supply you,  
And then some great exploit a-foot : My honesty  
I would have kept till I had made this useful,  
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest)  
And useful to the end 'twas left : I am cozen'd,  
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.  
This worm that crept into you has abused you,  
Abused your father's care, abused his faith too ;  
Nor can this mass of money make him man more !  
A dead dog has more soul, an ape more honesty !  
All mine you have amongst it ; farewell that !  
I cannot part with't nobler ; my heart's clear,  
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.—  
But, oh, thy hell ! [To BOROSKIE.]

*Bor.* I seek no heaven from you, sir.

*Archas.* Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie ! it will find thee.

Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,

Has ruin'd your estate ? give him this money,  
Melt it into his mouth.

*Duke.* What little trunk's that ?  
That there o' th' top, that's lock'd ?

*Bor.* You'll find it rich, sir ;  
Richer, I think, than all.

*Archas.* You were not covetous,  
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a  
coarseness ;

Pray rack not honesty !

*Bor.* Be sure you see it.

*Duke.* Bring out the trunk.

*Enter Attendant, with a trunk.*

*Archas.* You'll find that treasure too ;  
All I have left me now. [The trunk is opened.]

*Duke.* What's this ? a poor gown ?  
And this a piece of Seneca ?

*Archas.* Yes, sure, sir,  
More worth than all your gold (yet you have  
enough on't)

And of a mine far purer, and more precious ;  
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,  
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, sir ;  
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.  
Will't please you leave me this ?

*Duke.* With all my heart, sir.

*Archas.* What says your lordship to't ?

*Bor.* I dare not rob you.

*Archas.* Poor miserable men, you have robb'd  
yourselves both !—

This gown, and this unvalued treasure, your brave  
father

Found me a child at school with, in his progress ;  
Where such a love he took to some few answers  
(Uhhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)

That suddenly I made him, thus as I was  
(For here was all the wealth I brought his high-  
He carried me to court, there bred me up, [ness]  
Bestowed his favours on me, taught me arms first,  
With those an honest mind : I served him truly,  
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;  
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your high-  
ness ;

You have done more, and nobler, cas'd mine age,  
And to this care a fair *quietus* given. [sir,  
Now to my book again !

*Duke.* You have your wish, sir.—  
Let some bring off the treasure.

*Bor.* Some is his, sir.

*Archas.* None, none, my lord ; a poor unworthy  
The harvest is his grace's. [reaper,

*Duke.* Thank you, Archas.

*Archas.* But will you not repent, lord ? When  
this is gone,

Where will your lordship—

*Bor.* Pray take you no care, sir.

*Archas.* Does your grace like my house ?

*Duke.* Wond'rous well, Archas ;  
You have made me richly welcome.

*Archas.* I did my best, sir.

Is there anything else may please your grace ?

*Duke.* Your daughters

I had forgot ; send them to court.

*Archas.* How's that, sir ?

*Duke.* I said, your daughters ! see it done ; I'll  
Attend my sister, Archas. [have 'em

*Archas.* Thank your highness !

*Duke.* And suddenly. [Exit with train.]

*Archas.* Through all the ways I dare,  
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—MOSCOW. *A Street.*

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKIE, and ANCIENT; from the other side, a Servant.*

*Theod.* I wonder we hear no news.

*Puts.* Here's your father's servant;

He comes in haste too; now we shall know all, sir.

*Theod.* How now?

*Serv.* I am glad I have met you, sir; your father Entreats you presently make haste unto him.

*Theod.* What news?

*Serv.* None of the best, sir; I am ashamed to Pray ask no more. [tell it;

*Theod.* Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?

Did not I prophesy?—He is undone then?

*Serv.* Not so sir; but as near it—

*Puts.* There's no help now;

The army's scatter'd all, through discontent, Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

*Anc.* Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your We shall watch you ere long. [seasons?

*Theod.* Farewell! there's no cure;

We must endure all now. I know what I'll do.

[*Exeunt THEODORE and Servant.*

*Puts.* Nay, there's no striving; they have a heavy and a hard one. [hand upon us,

*Anc.* Now I have it;

We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle, (What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?) And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers! Shall I bless 'em?

*Puts.* Farewell! I have thought my way too.

[*Exit.*

*Anc.* Were never such rare cries in Christendom,

As Moscow shall afford! We'll live by fooling, Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Country-house of* ARCHAS.

*Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, and VIOLA.*

*Archas.* No more; it must be so. Do ye think I would send ye,

Your father and your friend—

*Viola.* Pray, sir, be good to us!

Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge; We are content, like harmless things, at home, Children of your content, bred up in quiet, Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom From that we understand, easy and honest; To make our actions worthy of your honour, Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em. What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there,

That this more private sweetness cannot teach us? Virtue was never built upon ambition, Nor the souls' beauties bred out of bravery: What a terrible father would you seem to us, Now you have moulded us, and wrought our temper To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked, [pers Where the fair mind can never loose nor loiter, Now to divert our natures, now to stem us Roughly against the tide of all this treasure? Would you have us proud ('tis sooner bred than buried) Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at court, sir.

*Hon.* Would you have your children learn to forget their father,

And, when he dies, dance on his monument?

Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown, Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather; And set our credits to the tune of Green-sleeves? This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be.

You should have sent us thither when we were younger,

Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence Able to make a mart indeed; We are now too old, sir;

Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight Besides, we are altogether unprovided, [us: Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us: This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me; Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things, Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins:

Now have not I the fashion to believe him; He offers me the honourable courtesy To lie with me all night; what a misery is this? I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not; And how madly these things will shew there!

*Archas.* I send ye not,

Like parts infected, to draw more corruption; Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil: With your own virtues season'd, and my pray'rs, The card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour, That through the blackest storms still points at happiness;

Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,

Your heavenly souls the pilots; thus I send you, Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you, And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity, Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to you, Like a good master, "Tack about for honour!" The court is virtue's school, at least it should be; Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer. Be it granted, if the spring be once infected, Those branches that flow from him must run muddy:

Say you find some sins there, and those no small And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye; [ones, Say they affect your strengths, my happy children, Great things through greatest hazards are achieved still,

And then they shine, then goodness has his glory, His crown fast riveted, then time moves under, Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.

*Hon.* I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier;

I will to court most willingly, most fondly, And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em, Such travellers into Virginia As fame reports, if they can win me, take me. I think I have a close ward, and a sure one, An honest mind; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof, Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold-proof,

A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it. As for your handsome faces and filed tongues, Curl'd millers' heads, I have another ward for them.



and yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,  
and lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be valiant,  
sister!

he that dares not stand the push o' th' court,  
dares nothing.

and yet come off ungrazed: Sir, like you, we both  
flee great dangers now, and the world shall see  
all glory lies not in man's victory.

*Archas.* Mine own Honora!

*Viola.* I am very fearful:

Would I were stronger built! You would have

*Archas.* Or not at all, my Viola. [me honest?

*Viola.* I'll think on't;

or 'tis no easy promise, and live there.

do you think we shall do well?

*Hon.* Why, what should all us?

*Viola.* Certain, they'll tempt us strongly. Be-  
side the glory

which women may affect, they are handsome gen-  
very part speaks: Nor is it one denial, [plemen;  
for two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em  
they'll frame a hope; even from our prayers pro-  
mises.

*Hon.* Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no  
fear, wench,

*Viola.* I hope I shall be;

and your example will work more.

*Hon.* Thou shalt not want it.

*Enter THEODORE.*

*Theod.* How do you, sir? Can you lend a man  
hear you let out money. [an angel?

*Archas.* Very well, sir;

ou are pleasantly disposed: I am glad to see it.  
an you lend me your patience, and be ruled by me?

*Theod.* Is't come to patience now?

*Archas.* Is't not a virtue?

*Theod.* I know not; I ne'er found it so.

*Archas.* That's because

by anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

*Theod.* I know you have been rifled.

*Archas.* Nothing less, boy?

ord, what opinions these vain people publish!  
ified of what?

*Theod.* Study your virtue, patience;  
may get mustard to your meat. Why in such  
ent you for me? [haste, sir,

*Archas.* For this end only, Theodore,  
o wait upon your sisters to the court;  
am commanded they live there.

*Theod.* To the court, sir?

*Archas.* To the court, I say.

*Theod.* And must I wait upon 'em?

*Archas.* Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are  
their brother.

*Theod.* Is this the business? I had thought your  
mind, sir,

ad been set forward on some noble action,  
omething had truly stirr'd you. To the court with  
hy, they are your daughters, sir. [these?

*Archas.* All this I know, sir.

*Theod.* [Sings.] *The good old woman on a bed*  
o the court. [he threw.

*Archas.* Thou art not mad?

*Theod.* Nor drunk as you are;  
runk with your duty, sir: Do you call it duty?  
pox of duty! What can these do there?

hat should they do?—Can ye look babies, sisters,  
the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-  
strings?

Can ye ride out to air yourselves?—Pray, sir,  
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

*Archas.* Why, didst thou never hear of women

At court, boy? [yet

*Theod.* Yes, and good women too, very good  
women,

Excellent honest women: But are you sure, sir,

That these will prove so?

*Hon.* There's the danger, brother. [Laughs

*Theod.* God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudg-  
ing of it.

*Archas.* Now be you serious, sir, and observe  
what I say;

Do it, and do it handsomely: go with 'em.

*Theod.* With all my heart, sir; I am in no fault  
now,

If they be thought whores for being in my company.

Pray write upon their backs, they are my sisters,

And where I shall deliver 'em.

*Archas.* You are wondrous jocund;

But pry'thee tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?

I never knew thee fail a truth.

*Theod.* I am a soldier;

And spell you what that means.

*Archas.* A soldier?

What dost thou make of me?

*Theod.* Your palate's down, sir.

*Archas.* I thank you, sir.

*Theod.* Come, shall we to this matter?

You will to court?

*Hon.* If you will please to honour us.

*Theod.* I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off

With such a lustre, wench! Alas, poor Viola,

Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:

Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;

Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em.—Sister,

Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.

Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,

And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,

Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,

And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.

[Exeunt

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter DUKE and BURRIS.*

*Duke.* Burris, take you ten thousand of those  
crowns,

And those two chains of pearl they hold the richest!  
I give 'em you.

*Bur.* I humbly thank your grace;

And may your great example work in me

That noble charity to men more worthy,

And of more wants!

*Duke.* You bear a good mind, Burris;

Take twenty thousand now. Be not so modest;

It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring for't.

*Bur.* Heaven bless your highness ever! [Exit

*Duke.* You are honest.

*Enter YOUNG ARCHAS as ALINDA, and PUTSIE, at the  
door.*

*Puts.* They are coming now to court, as fair as  
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here. [virtue

*Y. Arch.* Peace, I have it.

And what my art can do—The duke!

*Puts.* I am gone;

Remember.

[Exit

*Y. Arch.* I am counsell'd to the full, sir.

*Duke.* My pretty mistress, whither lies your business?

How kindly I should take this, were it to me now.

*Y. Arch.* I must confess, immediately to your At this time. [grace,

*Duke.* You have no address, I do believe you; I would you had.

*Y. Arch.* 'Twere too much boldness, sir, Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.

*Duke.* You'll make a perfect courtier.

*Y. Arch.* A very poor one.

*Duke.* A very fair one, sweet. Come hither to me.—

What killing eyes this wench has! In his glory, [Aride.

Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns, Shines half so fiery.

*Y. Arch.* Why does your grace so view me? Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, sir;

Scarce that: Your grace is pleased to mock my meanness.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee; In my eye thou appear'st—

*Y. Arch.* Dim not the sight, sir; I am too dull an object.

*Duke.* Canst thou love me? Canst thou love him will honour thee?

*Y. Arch.* I can love, And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew well; Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres, Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistening, 'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.

*Duke.* Are you so cunning? Doest think I love not truly?

*Y. Arch.* No, you cannot; You never travell'd that way yet. Pray pardon me, I prate so boldly to you.

*Duke.* There's no harm done: But what's your reason, sweet?

*Y. Arch.* I would tell your grace, But happily—

*Duke.* It shall be pleasing to me.

*Y. Arch.* I should love you again, and then you would hate me.

With all my service I should follow you, And through all dangers.

*Duke.* This would more provoke me, More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em.

*Y. Arch.* You should do so, if you did well and truly:

But, though you be a prince, and have power in you,

Power of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.

*Duke.* Give me example where.

*Y. Arch.* You had a mistress, Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely, In all her life so true—

*Duke.* A mistress?

*Y. Arch.* That served you with that constancy, That loved your will and woo'd it too. [that care,

*Duke.* What mistress?

*Q. Arch.* That nursed your honour up, held fast your virtue,

And when she kiss'd increased, not stole your good.—*Duke.* And I neglected her? [ness.

*Y. Arch.* Lost her, forsook her, Wantonly flung her off.

*Duke.* What was her name?

*Y. Arch.* Her name as lovely as herself, as noble, And in it all that's excellent.

*Duke.* What was it?

*Y. Arch.* Her name was Beau-desert: Do you know her now, sir?

*Duke.* Beau-desert? I not remember—

*Y. Arch.* I know you do not;

Yet she has a plainer name; lord Archas' service! Do you yet remember her? There was a mistress Fairer than women, and far fonder to you, sir, Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you love? Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger, A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre, When your most noble love you have neglected, A beauty all the world would woo and honour? Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,

And hold you constant, when I have read this story? Is't possible you should ever favour me, To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too, When, where you were most tied, most bound to benefit,

Bound by the chains of honesty and honour, You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one, Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace Tempt me no further.

*Duke.* Who taught you this lesson?

*Y. Arch.* Woeful experience, sir. If you seek a fair one, Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect, Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir: But this will be the plague on't, they are excellent honest.

*Enter OLYMPIA and PETESCA privately.*

*Duke.* I love thy face.

*Y. Arch.* Upon my life you cannot: I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd one, So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Cod, if 'twere handsome,

At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, sir,

In a new strain; and, though you are a prince, Make you petition to me too, and wait my answers; Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity you, After some ten years' siege.

*Duke.* Prythee do now.

*Y. Arch.* What would you do?

*Duke.* Why, I would lie with you.

*Y. Arch.* I do not think you would.

*Duke.* In troth I would, wench.

Here, take this jewel.

*Y. Arch.* Out upon't! that's scurvy: Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship, For pure love, or nothing: Thus you shall be sure, You shall not pay too dear for't. [sir,

*Duke.* Sure I cannot.

*Y. Arch.* By'r lady, but you may. When you have found me able

To do your work well, you may pay my wages.—

*Pet.* Why does your grace start back?

*Olym.* I have seen that shakes me, Chills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or goodness? Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair one, Wickedly false! and, woe is me, I see it!

For ever false! [Exit.

*Pet.* I am glad 't has taken thus right. [Exit.

*Y. Arch.* I'll go ask my lady, sir.

*Duke.* What?

*Y. Arch.* Whether I  
Shall lie with you, or no : If I find her willing—  
For, look you, sir, I have sworn, while I am in  
her service

('Twas a rash oath, I must confess)——

*Duke.* Thou mock'st me.

*Y. Arch.* Why, would you lie with me, if I were  
Would you abuse my weakness ? [willing ?

*Duke.* I would piece it,  
And make it stronger.

*Y. Arch.* I humbly thank your highness !  
When you piece me, you must piece me to my coffin.  
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,  
'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will restore it :  
I love you, and I honour you ; but this way  
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven change  
your mind, sir ! [Exit.

*Duke.* And thine too ; for it must be changed,  
it shall be. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

Enter BOROKIS, BURNIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, and HONORA.

*Bor.* They are goodly gentlewomen.

*Burnis.* They are,  
Wond'rous sweet women both.

*Theod.* Does your lordship like 'em ?  
They are my sisters, sir ; good lusty lasses :  
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you ;  
You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.

*Hon.* Thank you, brother.

*Theod.* This is not so strongly built ; but she's  
good mettle,  
Of a good stirring strain too ; she goes tith, sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,  
The toys ye wot of. Do ye like their complexions ?  
They be no Moors : What think ye of this hand,  
gentlemen ?

Here's a white altar for your sacrifice :  
A thousand kisses here—Nay, keep off yet, gen-  
tlemen ;

Let's start first, and have fair play. What would  
ye give now

To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas ?  
To pass the Straits ? Here, (do ye itch ?) by Saint  
Nicholas,

Here's that will make you scratch and claw ;  
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts :  
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget  
To say your prayers, whilst these are courtiers ;  
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no  
Than their eyes. [higher

*Bor.* How will ye have 'em bestow'd, sir ?

*Theod.* Even how your lordship please, so you  
do not bake 'em.

*Bor.* Bake 'em ?

*Theod.* They are too high a meat that way, they  
run to jelly.

But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take my  
Stew 'em between two feather-beds. [counsel ;

*Burnis.* Please you, colonel,  
To let them wait upon the princess ?

*Theod.* Yes, sir,

And thank your honour too : But then, happily,  
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em ;  
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,

And keep a stinking stir with themselves for  
nothing,

'Twill not be well, i' faith : They have kept their  
bodies,

And been at charge for baths. Do you see that  
shirt there ?

Weigh but the moral meaning ; 'twill be grievous :  
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen ;  
I weigh their wants by mine : I brought 'em whole-  
some,

Wholesome and young, my lord ; and two such  
blessings

They will not light upon again in ten years.

*Bor.* 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

*Theod.* They are fit for anything :

They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful)  
Carry his cloak, or untie his points, or anything :  
Drink drunk, and take tobacco ; the familiar'st  
fools !

This wench will leap o'er stools too, sound a  
trumpet,

Wrestle, and pitch the bar ; they are finely brought  
up.

*Bor.* Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and  
have much cause to thank him.—

I'll ease you of this charge ; and to the princess,  
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

*Theod.* Thank your lordship !

If there be e'er a private corner as you go, sir,  
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,  
Try what they are, try——

*Bor.* You are a merry gentleman.

*Theod.* I would fain be your honour's kinsman.

*Bor.* You are too curst, sir.

*Theod.* Farewell, wenches ! keep close your ports ;  
you are wash'd else.

*Hon.* Brother, bestow your fears where they are  
needful.

*Theod.* Honour thy name is, and I hope thy nature.

[Exit BOROKIS, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Go after, gentlemen, go ; get a snatch if ye can.  
Yond' old Erra Pater will never please 'em.

Alas, I brought 'em for you ; but see the luck on't :  
I swear, I meant as honestly toward you——

Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen ! A little counsel  
Will do no harm : They'll walk abroad i' th'  
evenings,

You may surprise 'em easily ; they wear no pistols.  
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,  
And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it.  
That has the trick on't ; you cannot fail. Farewell,  
gentlemen. [Exit Gentlemen.

*Burnis.* You have frightened off these flesh-flies.

*Theod.* Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,  
And it must be very stinking flesh they will not  
seize on.

Enter Servant, with a Casket.

*Serv.* Your lordship bid me bring this casket.

*Burnis.* Yes.—Good colonel, [Exit Servant.  
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a  
pledge

He ever holds my love and service to him,  
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token ;  
And where I may be his——

*Theod.* You are too noble ;

A wonder here, my lord ; that dare be honest,  
When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,  
And with it your most noble love. Your servant.

[Exit BURNIS.

Were there but two more such at court, 'twere  
sainted.  
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and mus-  
cadine. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*A Street.*

Enter ANCIENT, crying Brooms! and after him severally,  
four Soldiers, crying other things. BONOSKIN and Gen-  
tlemen over the stage, observing them.

## I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!  
Come, buy my birchen broom!  
I th' wars we have no more room,  
Buy all my bonny broom!  
For a kiss take two;  
If those will not do,  
For a little, little pleasure,  
Take all my whole treasure:  
If all these will not do't,  
Take the broom-man to boot.  
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

## II. SONG.

1 Sold. The wars are done and gone,  
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.  
Come, maidens, come along,  
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;  
Powders for the head,  
And drinks for your bed,  
To make ye blithe and bonny;  
As well in the night  
We soldiers can fight,  
And please a young wench as any.  
2 Sold. I have fine potatoes,  
Ripe potatoes!

## III. SONG.

3 Sold. Will ye buy any honesty? come away,  
I sell it openly by day;  
I bring no forced light, nor no candle  
To cozen ye: come buy and handle;  
This will shew the great man good,  
The tradesman where he swears and lies,  
Each lady of a noble blood,  
The city dame to rule her eyes.  
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then  
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

## IV. SONG.

4 Sold. Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new-leach  
or mend?  
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or change?  
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,  
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,  
Shall make 'em as good maids again,  
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this? why do ye sell  
Is it in wantonness, or want? [brooms, Ancient?

Anc. The only reason is,  
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one  
for the nonce.

Gape, sir; you have swallowed many a goodlier  
matter—

The only casting for a crazy conscience.

3 Sold. Will your lordship buy any honesty?  
'twill be worth your money.

Bor. How is this?

3 Sold. Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so  
subtle, [dom.]

The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th' king-

2 Sold. Will your lordship please to taste a fine  
'Twill advance your wither'd state. [potatoo?

Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,  
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

1 Sold. If your daughters on their beds,  
Have how'd or crack'd their maidenheads;  
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,  
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!  
If her foot slip, and down fall she,  
And break her leg above the knee;  
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,  
And they shall be arrant maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers; keep your wanton-  
ness!

A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.

Disport yourselves; and when you want your  
money— [Exit.]

Anc. Broom, broom, &c.

[Excunt singing.]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA, HONORA, and VIOLA.

Y. Arch. You must not be so fearful, little  
one;

Nor, lady, you so sad; you'll ne'er make courtiers,  
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is  
Preserved to that use, so inhabited; [pleasure,  
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:  
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;  
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,  
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bless me, Heaven!

Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments?  
—By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have  
you been here?

Y. Arch. 'Faith, much about a week.

Hon. You have studied hard,  
And, by my faith, arrived at a great knowledge.

Viola. Were not you bashful at first?

Y. Arch. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;  
But when I saw people laugh at me for it,  
And thought it a dull breeding—

Hon. You are govern'd here then  
Much after the men's opinions?

Y. Arch. Ever, lady.

Hon. And what they think is honourable—

Y. Arch. Most precisely

We follow, with all faith.

Hon. A goodly catechism!

Viola. But bashful for an hour or two?

Y. Arch. 'Faith, to say true,

I do not think I was so long: For, look ye,  
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,  
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,  
You shall be courted in the same, and won too;  
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time  
lost,

Which we hold precious here. In so much time  
now

As I have told you this, you may lose a servant  
Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.

Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,  
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!

Has the duke seen you yet?

Hon. What if he have not?

Y. Arch. You do your beauties too much wrong,  
appearing

So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,  
As if a council beyond nature framed ye.

*Hon.* If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,  
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?

*Y. Arch.* How foolishly this country way shews in ye!

How full of phlegm! Do ye come here to pray, ladies?

You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone, I'll tell my father else." [gentlemen;

*Viola.* This woman's naught sure, [Aside.  
A very naughty woman.

*Hon.* Come, say on, friend;

I'll be instructed by you.

*Y. Arch.* You'll thank me for't.

*Hon.* Either I or the devil shall. [Aside.]—  
The duke you were speaking of.

*Y. Arch.* 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him first see you.

Appear not openly till he has view'd you.

*Hon.* He's a very noble prince they say.

*Y. Arch.* Oh, wond'rous gracious;

And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first view-  
ing.

For, look ye, you must bear yourself; yet take it be so season'd with a sweet humility, [heed

And graced with such a bounty in your beauty—

*Hon.* But I hope he'll offer me no ill?

*Y. Arch.* No, no:

'Tis like he will kiss you and play with you.

*Hon.* Play with me? how?

*Y. Arch.* Why, good lord, that you are such a No harm, assure yourself. [fool now!

*Viola.* Will he play with me too?

*Y. Arch.* Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one:

There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings

*Hon.* I hear of none. [yet?

*Y. Arch.* I do then; they are handsome,

Convenient for access.

*Viola.* Access?

*Y. Arch.* Yes, little one,

For visitation of those friends and servants,

Your beauties shall make choice of. Friends and  
visits:

Do not you know those uses? Alas, poor novice!

There's a close couch or two, handsomely placed

*Viola.* What are those, I pray you? [too.

*Y. Arch.* Who would be troubled

With such raw things? They are to lie upon,

And your love by you; and discourse, and toy in.

*Viola.* Alas, I have no love.

*Y. Arch.* You must by any means:

You'll have a hundred, fear not.

*Viola.* Honesty keep me!

What shall I do with all those?

*Y. Arch.* You'll find uses:

You are ignorant yet; let time work. You must  
learn too,

To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly  
drest

In a most curious waistcoat, to set you off well,

Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn to  
rhyme too,

And riddle neatly; study the hardest language,

And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,

So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit

In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main point,

A key that opens to all practic pleasure:

I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,

And suddenly: Your country way is fulsome.

*Hon.* Have you schools for all these mysteries?

*Y. Arch.* Oh, yes,

And several hours prefix'd to study in:

You may have calenders to know the good hour,

And when to take a jewel: For the ill too,

When to refuse, with observations on 'em;

Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbor,

And in what bow'r, and hour it works; a thou-  
sand—

When in a coach, when in a private lodging,

With all their virtues.

*Hon.* Have you studied these?

How beastly they become your youth! how bawdily!

A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,

Teacher of these lewd arts? of your full beauty?

A man made up in lust would loathe this in you,

The rankest lecher hate such impudence.

They say the devil can assume Heaven's bright-  
ness,

And so appear to tempt us; sure thou art no  
woman.

*Y. Arch.* I joy to find you thus. [Aside.

*Hon.* Thou hast no tenderness,

No reluctance in thy heart; 'tis mischief.

*Y. Arch.* All's one for that; read these, and

then be satisfied; [Gives them a paper.

A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye;

Read 'em, and well observe 'em: So I leave ye.

[Exit.

*Viola.* A wond'rous wicked woman: Shame go  
with thee!

*Hon.* What new Pandora's box is this? I'll  
see it,

Though presently I tear it. Read thine, *Viola*;

'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow. [Reads.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun

In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;

Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire

You ever had; burn in that holy fire;

And a white martyr to fair memory

Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out, sister. This amazes  
me.

*Viola.* [Reads.] Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,

Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;

Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bod;

Remember whose thou art, and grow still good;

Remember what thou art, and stand a story

Fit for thy noble sire, and thine own glory!

*Hon.* I know not what to think.

*Viola.* Sure a good woman,

An excellent woman, sister.

*Hon.* It confounds me.

Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends;

The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.

Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best  
service.

*Viola.* A most excellent woman; I will love her.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter OLYMPIA with a Casket, and Young ARCHAS as ALINDA.*

*Y. Arch.* Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.

*Olym.* I pr'ythee go: I know thy thoughts are with him.

Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!

I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,

Thy too-much loving mistress; do not abuse her.

*Y. Arch.* By your own fair hands, I understand you not.

*Olym.* By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,

Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.

Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;

Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised,

Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,

The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:

Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress!

*Y. Arch.* Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?

Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee?—Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?

*Olym.* Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gavest me,

Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,

Last, thy forgetfulness of good! then fly me;

For we must part, Alinda.

*Y. Arch.* You are weary of me.

I must confess I was never worth your service,

Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,

My ready will, and all I had to serve you——

Oh, heaven, thou know'st my honesty!

*Olym.* No more:

Take heed! Heaven has a justice. Take this ring with you, *[Gives him his ring back.]*

This doting spell you gave me: Too well, Alinda,

Thou know'st the virtue in't; too well I feel it:

Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember you,

When you are willing to forget, who gave it,

And to what virtuous end.

*Y. Arch.* Must I go from you?

Of all the sorrows Sorrow has,—must I part with Part with my noble mistress? *[you?]*

*Olym.* Or I with thee, wench.

*Y. Arch.* And part, stain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady!

Happy and blessed lady, goodness keep you!

Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from

For ever full of grief, for ever from you. *[you,]*

I have no being now, no friends, no country;

I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how!

No life, now you are lost! Only mine innocence,

That little left me of myself, goes with me;

That's all my bread and comfort! I confess, madam,

Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.

*Olym.* And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.

*Y. Arch.* Do you think so?

Well, Time, that told this tale, will tell my truth

And say you had a faithful honest servant. *[too,]*

The business of my life is now to pray for you,

Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children, When heaven shall make you happy!

*Olym.* How she wounds me! *[Aside.]*

Either I am undone or she must go!—Take these with you,

Some toys may do you service; and this money;

And when you want, I love you not so poorly

(Not yet, Alinda!) that I would see you perish.

Pr'ythee be good, and let me hear. Look on me;

I love those eyes yet dearly! I have kiss'd thee,

And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda!

I am too full to speak more, and too wretched! *[Exit.]*

*Y. Arch.* You have my faith, and all the world my fortune! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Court of the Same.*

*Enter THEODORE.*

*Theod.* I would fain hear what becomes of these And if I can, I'll do 'em good. *[two wenches;]*

*Enter Gentleman, and passes over the stage.*

Do ye hear, my honest friend?—

He knows no such name. What a world of business

(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)

These things have here! 'Mass, now I think on't

I wish he be not sent for one of them, *[better,]*

To some of these by-lodgings. Methought I saw

A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

*Re-enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the stage.*

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!

An excellent touzing knave. Mistress, you are

To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.

How far a fine court custard, with plums in it,

Will prevail with one of these waiting gentlewomen!

They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.

This is some yeoman o' th' bottles now that has sent for her,

That she calls father: Now, woe to this ale incense!

*Enter a Servant.*

By your leave, sir.

*Serv.* Well, sir; what's your pleasure with me?

*Theod.* Yo do not know the way to the maids'

*Serv.* Yes, indeed do I, sir. *[lodgings?]*

*Theod.* But you will not tell me?

*Serv.* No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it. *[Exit.]*

*Enter second Servant, with a flagon of wine.*

*Theod.* These are fine gim-cracks. Hey! here comes another;

A flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.—

Well met, my friend! Is that wine?

*2 Serv.* Yes, indeed is it.

*Theod.* 'Faith, I'll drink on't then.

*2 Serv.* You may, because you have sworn, sir.

*Theod.* *[Drinks.]* 'Tis very good; I'll drink a great deal now, sir.

*2 Serv.* I cannot help it, sir.

*Theod.* I'll drink more yet.

*2 Serv.* 'Tis in your own hands.

*Theod.* There's your pot; I thank you.  
ay let me drink again.

*2 Serv.* 'Faith, but you shall not.

ow have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, sir!

[*Exit.*]

*Theod.* This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.

*Enter a Court Lady.*

ere comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.  
adam, my lord my master—

*Lady.* Who's your lord, sir?

*Theod.* The lord Boroskie, lady.

*Lady.* Pray excuse me!

ere's something for your pains. Within this hour,  
sir,

ne of the choice young ladies shall attend him.  
ray let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;  
is private and convenient. Do my humble service  
o my honourable good lord, I beseech you, sir.

't please you to visit a poor lady—

ou carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.

*Theod.* I shall be bold.

*Lady.* 'Tis a good aptness in you.

lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir;  
hey call me merrily the lady of the —, sir.

little I know what belongs to a gentleman,  
nd if it please you to take the pains—

*Theod.* Dear lady!— [*Exit Lady.*]  
ake the pains?

hy, a horse would not take the pains that thou  
requirest now

o cleave old Crab-tree. "One of the choice young  
ladies?"

would I had let this bawd go; she has frighted  
am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now: [me;  
ut if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.  
hy should he have a young lady? Are women

now

' th' nature of bottles, to be stopp'd with corks?  
h, the thousand little furies that fly here now!

*Enter PUTSKE.*

ow now, captain?

*Puts.* I come to seek you out, sir,  
nd all the town I have travell'd.

*Theod.* What's the news, man?

*Puts.* That that concerns us all, and very nearly.  
he duke this night holds a great feast at court,  
o which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,  
nd all his favourites: Your father's sent for.

*Theod.* Why he is neither in council nor in  
favour.

*Puts.* That's it: Have an eye now, or never,  
and a quick one;

n eye that must not wink from good intelligence.  
heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.

*Theod.* Art sure he sups here?

*Puts.* Sure as 'tis day.

*Enter ANCIENT.*

*Theod.* 'Tis like then—How now? where hast  
thou been, Ancient?

*Anc.* Measuring the city. I have left my brooms  
at gate here;

y this time the porter has stole 'em, to sweep out  
*Theod.* Brooms? [*Rascals.*]

*Anc.* I have been crying brooms all the town  
over,

And such a mart I have made! there's no trade  
near it.

Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they  
twitter'd,

When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing  
too!

"Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech  
you!"

"Good Master Broom-man, hither," cries another.

*Theod.* Thou art a mad fellow.

*Anc.* They are all as mad as I; they all have  
trades now,

And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.

*Theod.* What company

Of soldiers are they?

*Anc.* By this means I have gather'd

Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers,  
If need be, colonel.

*Theod.* That need's come, Ancient;

And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently.  
But without suspicion; this night we shall need  
'em;

Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;  
And wait me for occasion. Here I'll stay still.

*Puts.* If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are  
I'll wait you at an inch. [*scatter'd:*]

*Theod.* Do; farewell!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in the same.

*Enter DUKE and BOROSKIE.*

*Duke.* Are the soldiers still so mutinous?

*Bor.* More than ever:

No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town over  
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's  
Of what degree soever, free from abuses; [person,  
And durst they do this, (let your grace consider)  
These monstrous, most offensive things, these  
If not set on, and fed? if not by one [villanies,  
They honour more than you, and more awed by  
*Duke.* Happily their own wants— [him?

*Bor.* I offer to supply 'em,

And every hour make tender of their monies:  
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.

I fear the next device will be my life, sir;  
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

*Duke.* Do you think Lord Archas privy?

*Bor.* More than thought,

I know it, sir; I know they durst not do  
These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,  
But that they have a hope by his ambitions—

*Duke.* No more! He's sent for?

*Bor.* Yes, and will be here sure.

*Duke.* Let me talk further with you anon.

*Bor.* I'll wait, sir.

*Duke.* Did you speak to the ladies?

*Bor.* They'll attend your grace presently.

*Duke.* How do you like 'em?

*Bor.* My eyes are too dull judges.

They wait here, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter HONORA and VIOLA.*

*Duke.* Be you gone then.—Come in, ladies!  
Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties! Now the  
court shines,

When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us.  
Welcome, welcome! even as your own joys wel-  
come!

How do you like the court? How seems it to you?

Is't not a place created for all sweetness?  
 Why were ye made such strangers to this happiness,  
 Barr'd the delights this holds? The richest jewels,  
 Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,  
 By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.  
 Your country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;  
 The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;  
 The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,  
 Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.  
 Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters)  
 Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,  
 And, by your powerful influence, command all!—  
 What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,

[*Aside.*]

And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms!  
*Hon.* Your grace speaks cunningly: You do not this,

I hope, sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs,  
 Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir:  
 Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great  
 and worthy,

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;  
 Conquests so nobly won can never perish.  
 We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,  
 Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, sir?  
 Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,  
 To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on  
 us?

Why do I ask that question, when I have found  
 you?

Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;  
 You would dishonour us; which, in your translation  
 Here at the court, reads thus, your grace would  
 love us,

Most dearly love us; stick us up for mistresses:  
 Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,  
 That would be glad of this, and handsome women,  
 And crowd into this favour, fair young women,  
 Excellent beauties, sir: When you have enjoy'd  
 'em,

And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are  
 these then?

What worship have they won, what name? you  
 guess, sir!

What story added to their time? a sweet one!

*Duke.* A brave-spirited wench. [*Aside.*]

*Hon.* I'll tell your grace,

And tell you true; you are deceived in us two,  
 Extremely cozen'd, sir: And yet, in my eye,  
 You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,  
 The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with you;  
 And were I fit to be your wife (so much I honour  
 you)

Trust me I would scratch for you but I would have  
 I would woo you then. [*you:*]

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] She amazes me!—  
 But how am I deceived?

*Hon.* Oh, we are too honest,  
 Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest;  
 The way that you propound, too ignorant,  
 And there's no meddling with us; for we are fools  
 too,

Obstinate, peevish fools: If I would be ill,  
 And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,  
 I would not leap into the sun, and do it there,  
 That all the world might see me; an obscure  
 shade, sir,

Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light with it,  
 Nor that, that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness!

*Duke.* You'll love me as your friend?

*Hon.* I'll honour you,  
 As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray  
 for you.

*Duke.* What says my little one? you are not so  
 obstinate?

Lord, how she blushes! Here are truly fair souls.  
 Come, you will be my love?

*Viola.* Good sir, be good to me;  
 Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you.  
 I do beseech your grace! Alas, I fear you.

*Duke.* What shouldst thou fear?

*Hon.* Fy, sir! this is not noble.

*Duke.* Why do I stand entreating, where my  
 power—

*Hon.* You have no power; at least, you ought  
 to have none

In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll die here,  
 Before she suffer wrong!

*Duke.* Another Archas?

*Hon.* His child, sir, and his spirit.

*Duke.* I'll deal with you then,

For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet;  
 Pr'ythee, Honora, sit.

*Hon.* Now you entreat, I will, sir.

*Duke.* I do, and will deserve it.

*Hon.* That's too much kindness.

*Duke.* Pr'ythee look on me.

*Hon.* Yes; I love to see you,  
 And could look on an age thus, and admire you.  
 While you are good and temperate, I dare touch  
 Kiss your white hand. [*you,*]

*Duke.* Why not my lips?

*Hon.* I dare, sir.

*Duke.* I do not think you dare.

*Hon.* I am no coward. — [*Kisses him.*]

Do you believe me now? or now? or now, sir!  
 You make me blush: But sure, I mean no ill, sir.  
 It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

*Duke.* That I'll do too. [*Kisses her.*]

What hast thou wrought into me?

*Hon.* I hope all goodness.

Whilst you are thus, thus honest, I dare do any-  
 thing;

Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;  
 Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst  
 not—

But, good sir, pardon me. Sister, come hither;  
 Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither;  
 blush not!

Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the  
 Certain, he's excellent honest. [*good prince!*]

*Duke.* Thou wilt make me—

*Hon.* Sit down, and hug him softly.

*Duke.* Fy, Honora!

Wanton Honora! Is this the modesty,  
 The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;  
 At first charge beaten back? Away!

*Hon.* Thank you!

Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank  
 you!

You have deceived me cunningly, yet nobly;  
 You have cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life yet  
 A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:  
 I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongued,  
 And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous master!

*Viola.* My virtuous master too!

*Hon.* Now you are thus,  
 What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

*Duke.* I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora;  
 Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.



*Enter Young ARCHAS as ALINDA.*

*Y. Arch.* Here, take your ring, sir; and whom you mean to ruin,  
Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.

*Hon.* A ring to her?

*Duke.* Why frowns my fair Alinda?  
I have forgot both these again.

*Y. Arch.* Stand still, sir!

You have that violent killing fire upon you,  
Consumes all honour, credit, faith!

*Hon.* How's this?

*Y. Arch.* My royal mistress' favour towards me,  
(Woe-worth you, sir!) you have poison'd, blasted.

*Duke.* I, sweet?

*Y. Arch.* You have taken that unmanly liberty,  
Which, in a worse man, is vain-glorious feigning,  
And kill'd my truth.

*Duke.* Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.

*Y. Arch.* Ladies, take heed! you have a cunning  
gamester,  
A handsome, and a high: Come stored with  
antidotes;  
He has infections else will fire your bloods.

*Duke.* Pr'ythee, Alinda, hear me!

*Y. Arch.* Words steep'd in honey,  
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity,  
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;  
And when he has bound you his, a thousand ruins!  
—A poor lost woman you have made me.

*Duke.* I'll maintain thee,  
And nobly too.

*Y. Arch.* That gin's too weak to take me.—  
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed!  
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,  
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed!

*Duke.* By all that's mine, Alinda—

*Y. Arch.* Swear by your mischiefs!  
Oh, whither shall I go?

*Duke.* Go back again;

I'll force her take thee, love thee.

*Y. Arch.* Fare you well, sir!

I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,  
Whene'er you love, a false belief light on you!

[*Exit.*]

*Hon.* We'll take our leaves too, sir.

*Duke.* Part all the world now,  
Since she is gone.

*Hon.* You are crooked yet, dear master;  
And still I fear— [Exeunt Ladies.]

*Duke.* I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter ARCHAS and a Servant.*

*Archas.* 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and  
welcome.

Oh, royal place, how have I loved and served thee!  
Who lies on this side? know'st thou?

*Serv.* The Lord Burris.

*Archas.* Thou hast named a gentleman I stand  
much bound to:

I think he sent the casket, sir?

*Serv.* The same, sir.

*Archas.* An honest-minded man, a noble courtier!  
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.  
Go you home; I shall hit the way without a guide

*Serv.* You may want something, sir. [now.]

*Archas.* Only my horses,  
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:  
I'll have no more attendance here.

*Serv.* Your will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter THEODORE.*

*Theod.* You are well met here, sir.

*Archas.* How now, boy? how dost thou?

*Theod.* I should ask you that question: How  
dost thou feel yourself? [do you, sir?]

*Archas.* Why, well, and lusty.

*Theod.* What do you here then?

*Archas.* Why, I am sent for,  
To supper with the duke.

*Theod.* Have you no meat at home?

Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,  
In doubt and fear?

*Archas.* I have an excellent stomach,  
And can I use it better than among my friends.  
How do the wenches? [boy?]

*Theod.* They do well enough, sir;  
They know the worst by this time. Pray be ruled.  
Go home again, and, if you have a supper, [sir;  
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for you,  
Especially at this time, take my word for't.

*Archas.* May be, they'll drink hard; I could  
have drank my share, boy:

Though I am old, I will not out.

*Theod.* I hope you will.

Hark in your ear! the court's too quick of hearing.  
*Archas.* Not mean me well? thou art abused.  
Away, away! [and cozen'd.]

*Theod.* To that end, sir, I tell you.

Away, if you love yourself!

*Archas.* Who dare do these things,  
That ever heard of honesty?

*Theod.* Old gentleman,

Take a fool's counsel.

*Archas.* 'Tis a fool's indeed,  
A very fool's! Thou hast more of these flames in  
thee,

These musty doubts—Is't fit the duke send for me,  
And honour me to eat within his presence,  
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep  
With his pleasure?

*Theod.* Take heed of bo-peep with your pate,  
I speak plain language now. [your pate, sir!]

*Archas.* If 'twere not here,  
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge  
thee,

Thou rude, unmanner'd knave! Take from his  
His honour that he gives me, to beget [bounty  
Saucy and sullen fears!

*Theod.* You are not mad, sure?

By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,  
And whisper'd for a truth.

*Archas.* A dog! Drunken people,  
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,  
Madmen and children—Pr'ythee do not follow me!  
I tell thee I am angry: Do not follow me!

*Theod.* I am as angry as you for your heart,  
Ay, and as wilful too: Go like a woodcock,  
And thrust your neck i' th' noose!

*Archas.* I'll kill thee,  
An' thou speak'st but three words more. Do not  
follow me! [*Exit.*]

*Theod.* A strange old foolish fellow! I shall  
hear yet;

And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Presence-Chamber in the same.**Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty drinking.

Many a washed pate in wine, I warrant thee.

2 *Serv.* I am glad the old general's come : Upon my conscience,

That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, They are coming on ; away ! [the trumpets !]

1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouse too.

*Enter Duke, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKIE, Attendants, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Come, seat yourselves ! Lord Archas, *Archas.* 'Tis far above my worth. [sit you there.]

*Duke.* I'll have it so.——  
Are all things ready ? [Apart to BOROSKIE.]

*Bor.* All the guards are set,  
The court-gates shut.

*Duke.* Then do as I prescribed you ;  
Be sure, no further.

*Bor.* I shall well observe you.——

*Duke.* Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister, gentlemen ! [Drinks.]

A health, and mirth to all !

*Archas.* Pray fill it full, sir ;  
'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, Lord Burris,  
A maiden health : You are most fit to pledge it,  
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it.  
Passion o' me, you are sad, man.

*Duke.* How now, Burris ?  
Go to ; no more of this ! [Aside to him.]

*Archas.* Take the rouse freely ;  
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity.——

Your grace's pardon ! when we get a cup, sir,  
We old men prate apace.

*Duke.* Mirth makes a banquet.——  
As you love me, no more. [Aside to BURRIS.]

*Burris.* I thank your grace.  
Give me it.—Lord Boroskie !

*Bor.* I have ill brains, sir,——  
*Burris.* Damnable ill, I know it. [Aside.]

*Bor.* But I'll pledge, sir,  
This virtuous health.

*Burris.* The more unfit for thy mouth.

*Enter two Servants, with Cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to ARCHAS.*

*Duke.* Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly,

Fit for my love and presence. Begin downward.  
Off with your cloaks, take new.

*Archas.* Your grace deals truly  
Like a munificent prince, with your poor subjects.  
Who would not fight for you ? What cold dull coward

Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it ?  
Begin a new health in your new adornments ;  
The duke's, the royal duke's !—Ha ! what have I Sir ? Ha ! the robe of death ? [got.]

*Duke.* You have deserved it.

*Archas.* The livery of the grave ? Do you start all from me ?

Do I smell of earth already ? Sir, look on me,  
And like a man ; is this your entertainment ?  
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets ?

*Enter a Guard, who seize ARCHAS.*

A guard upon me too ? This is too foul play,  
Boy, to thy good, thine honour ; thou wretched ruler,  
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites !  
Am I served in a hearse, that saved ye all ?

Are ye men or devils ? Do ye gape upon me ?

Wider ! and swallow all my services :

Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity ;  
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,

Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till they  
*Bor.* These words are death. [burst.]

*Archas.* No, those deeds that want rewards,  
sirrah,

Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers  
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction,)

I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds,  
Time's story,

The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows  
suffer'd,

These are my death, these that can ne'er be recom-  
pensed,

These that ye set a-brooding on like toads,  
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,  
And render me no pay again but poisons !

*Bor.* The proud vain soldier thou hast set.

*Archas.* Thou liest !

Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,  
Maliciously, and loudly ! How I scorn thee !  
If I had swoll'd the soldier, or intended  
An act in person leaning to dishonour,  
As you would fain have forced me, witness, Heaven,  
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,  
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)  
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,  
His last incursions, made the city sweat,  
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,  
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-  
strings ;

Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,  
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising  
By his arm'd horses' hoofs ; had I been false then,  
Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,  
Had but one spark of villainy lived within me,  
You had had some shadow for this black about me.  
Where was your soldiership ? Why went not you out,  
And all your right-honourable valour with you ?  
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him ?  
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him ?  
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor ?  
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder  
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,  
Why did not you so charge him ? You were sick  
then ;

You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,  
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had ;  
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.  
Blush, coward, knave, and all the world hiss at thee !  
*Duke.* Exceed not my command. [Exit DUKE.]

*Bor.* I shall observe it.

*Archas.* Are you gone too ?—Come, weep not,  
honest Burris,

Good loving lord, no more tears : 'Tis not his  
malice,

This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,  
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,  
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er razed this fort yet ;  
I am the same, the same man ; living, dying,  
(The same mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal :  
Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,  
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,

And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.  
Farewell! commend me to his grace, and tell him  
The world is full of servants; he may have many,  
(And some I wish him honest, he's undone else,)  
But such another doting Archas never,  
So tried and touch'd a faith! Farewell for ever!

*Burris.* Be strong, my lord: You must not go thus lightly.

*Archas.* Now, what's to do? What says the law unto me?

Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.

*Bor.* Laying aside a thousand petty matters,  
As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and followers,

Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),  
I come to one main cause, which, though it carries  
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,

Not to be pardon'd neither: You have done a sacrilege.

*Archas.* High Heaven defend me, man! How, how, Boroskie?

*Bor.* You have took from the temple those vow'd arms,

The only ornament you hung up there,  
No absolution of your vow, no order  
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,  
After they were purified from war, and rested  
From blood, made clean by ceremony: From the altar

You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,  
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too,

And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir;  
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

*Archas.* Those arms I fought in last?

*Bor.* The same.

*Archas.* God-a-mercy!

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,  
A subtle one: I die, for saving all you.  
Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,  
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;  
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,  
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,  
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!  
Pr'ythee find out a better cause, a handsomer;  
This will undo thee too; people will spit at thee;  
The devil himself would be ashamed of this cause.  
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony.  
The present danger everywhere, must my life

*Bor.* It must and shall. [satisfy?

*Archas.* Oh, base ungrateful people!

Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,  
But mine own nobleness? I confess I took 'em,  
The vow not yet absolved I hung 'em up with;  
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again  
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,  
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all; [then;  
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd  
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:  
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,  
The reverend shrines of saints, adored and honour'd,  
Had been consumed to ashes, their own sacrifice,  
Had I been slack; or staid that absolution,  
No priest had lived to give it. My own honour,  
Cure of my country, murder me!

*Bor.* No, no, sir;

I shall force that from you, will make this cause light too.

Away with him! I shall pluck down that heart, sir.

*Archas.* Break it thou may'st; but if it bend for pity,  
Dogs and kites eat it! Come; I am honour's martyr. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VI.—Another Apartment in the same.

Enter DUKE and BURRIS.

*Duke.* Exceed my warrant?

*Burris.* You know he loves him not.

*Duke.* He dares as well meet death as do it; eat wildfire.

Through a few fears, I mean to try his goodness,  
That I may find him fit to wear here, *Burris.*

I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him;

I know he is a serpent too, a swell'n one;

But I have pull'd his sting out. [Noise within.]—

What noise is that?

*Theod.* [Within.] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!

*Sold.* [Within.] Stand, stand, stand!

*Put.* [Within.] Fire the palace before ye!

*Burris.* Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier—  
A miserable time is come. [dies!]

Enter Gentleman.

*Gent.* Oh, save him!

Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save Lord  
We are undone else. [Archas!]

*Duke.* Dares he touch his body?

*Gent.* He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

*Duke.* Away, *Burris*;

Take men, and take him from him, clap him up;

And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.

[Exit Burris.]

Are the soldiers broke in?

*Gent.* By this time, sure they are, sir;

They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.

*Duke.* Get me a guard about me; make sure the

And speak the soldiers fair. [lodgings,]

*Gent.* Pray heaven that take, sir. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VII.—The Court of the Palace.

Enter PUTSKE, ANCIENT, and Soldiers, with Torches.

*Put.* Give us the general; we'll fire the court  
Render him safe and well. [else!]

*Anc.* Do not fire the cellar,

There's excellent wine in't, captain; and though  
it be cold weather,

I do not love it mull'd.—Bring out the general!

We'll light ye such a bonfire else—Where are ye?

Speak, or we'll toss your turrets; peep out of your  
hives,

We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?

Put out that nose again, and if thou darest

But blow it before us—Now he creeps out on's  
burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

*Put.* Give us the general!

*Gent.* Yes, gentlemen:

Or any thing ye can desire.

*Anc.* You musk-cat,

Cordevan-skin! we will not take your answer.

*Put.* Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and  
send him hither.

*Anc.* Or we'll so fry your buttocks—

*Gent.* Good sweet gentlemen——

*Anc.* We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,

And you miscreants that abuse the general.—  
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;  
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

*Enter OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, THEODORE, and Women.*

*Hon.* Good brother, be not fierce.

*Theod.* I will not hurt her.—

Fear not, sweet lady.

*Olym.* You may do what you please, sir;  
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,  
And more condemns all danger.

*Enter DUKE above.*

*Theod.* Where's the duke?

*Duke.* He's here.—What would ye, soldiers?

Wherefore troop ye

Like mutinous madmen thus?

*Theod.* Give me my father!

*Puts. and Anc.* Give us our general!

*Theod.* Set him here before us;

You see the pledge we have got; you see these torches;

All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!

A thousand lives for one!

*Duke.* But hear me!

*Puts.* No;

We come not to dispute.

*Enter ARCHAS and BURRIS.*

*Theod.* By Heaven

I swear he is rack'd and whipt.

*Hon.* Oh, my poor father!

*Puts.* Burn, kill and burn!

*Archas.* Hold, hold, I say! hold, soldiers!

On your allegiance, hold!

*Theod.* We must not.

*Archas.* Hold! I swear

By Heaven, he is a barbarous traitor stirs first,  
A villain and a stranger to obedience,  
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour!—  
Why did you use your old man thus? thus cruelly  
Torture his poor weak body? I ever loved you.

*Duke.* Forget me in these wrongs, most noble

Archas.

*Archas.* I have balm enough for all my hurts:

Weep no more, sir;

A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows.

I do believe you innocent, a good man,

And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that  
wrong'd me!—

Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?

I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,

As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,

Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?

The head of mercy and of law? Who dares then,

But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent?

Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires?

The reverence of this house dares any touch,

But with obedient knees, and pious duties?

Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?

Has not he power to punish our offences,

And do not we daily fall into 'em? Assure your-

I did offend, and highly, grievously; [selves

This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,

Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,

And only let me feel his light rod this way.

Ye are to thank him for your general,

Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for

Ye are offenders too, daily offenders; [him.

Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do  
'em,

Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person;

Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,

And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.

For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,

For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,

Be not so rude!

*Theod.* They have drawn blood from you, sir.

*Archas.* That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty  
blood,

The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.

Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.

*Hon.* Good brother, do!

*Archas.* Honest and high example,

As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,

Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theodore,

My worthy son.

*Theod.* If harm come, thank yourself, sir;

I must obey you. [Exit.

*Archas.* Captain, you know the way now:

A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,

Inclined to honest things.—I thank you, captain.

Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me still,

But do not love me so you lose allegiance;

Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.

[Exeunt PUTS, ANCIENT, and SOLDIERS.

*Duke.* Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait  
on him.

Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,

Where justice and obedience only build,

Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,

In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

*Burris.* Remember him that vex'd him, sir.

*Duke.* Remember?

When I forget that villain, and to pay him

For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget

*Archas.* I am very sore. [me]

*Duke.* Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen.

For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;

And, in my sad repentance——

*Archas.* 'Tis too much;

I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir. [Exeunt

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter DUKE, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* How does lord Archas yet?

*Burris.* But weak, an't please you;

Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him:

His heart's untouch'd, and whole yet; and no  
doubt, sir,

His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.

*Duke.* Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him I  
without leave too!

But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't.

He's fast, I hope.

*Burris.* As fast as irons can keep him:

But the most fearful wretch——

*Duke.* He has a conscience,

A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,  
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?  
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.

*Burris.* That they keep still, and I fear a worse  
clap.

They are drawn out of the town, and stand in  
councils,

Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes.

I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,  
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud  
murmurs

And desperate curses, sounding these words often,  
Like trumpets to their angers: "We are ruin'd,  
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;  
Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,  
Tortured and whipt!" The colonel's eyes, like  
Blaze everywhere, and fright fair peace. [torches,

*Gent.* Yet worse, sir;

The news is current now, they mean to leave you,  
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,  
The bloody enemy, march straight against you.

*Burris.* I have heard this too, sir.

*Duke.* This must be prevented,  
And suddenly and warily.

*Burris.* 'Tis time, sir;

But what to minister, or how?

*Duke.* Go in with me,

And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as these  
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter PETESCA and Gentlewoman.*

*Pet.* Lord, what a coil has here been with these  
They are cruel fellows. [soldiers!

*Gent.* And yet methought we found 'em  
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,  
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,  
And had prepared myself. But where's my lady?

*Pet.* In her old dumps within, monstrous me-  
Sure she was mad of this wench. [lancholy:

*Gent.* An she had been a man,  
She would have been a great deal madder. I am  
glad she's shifted.

*Pet.* 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;  
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

*Enter Young ARCHAS in his own shape.*

What young thing's this?

*Y. Arch.* Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen!  
'Pray is the princess stirring yet?

*Gent.* He has her face.

*Pet.* Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth  
upon him.

*Y. Arch.* I guess ye to be the princess' women.

*Pet.* Yes, we are, sir.

*Y. Arch.* Pray, is there not a gentlewoman  
Ye call Alinda? [waiting on her grace,

*Pet.* The devil sure, in her shape.

*Gent.* I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,  
An only brother, that she had in travel.

*Pet.* 'Mass, I remember that: This may be he  
I would this thing would serve her. [too.

*Enter OLYMPIA.*

*Gent.* So would I, wench;

We should love him better, sure.—Sir, here's the  
She best can satisfy you. [princess;

*Y. Arch.* How I love that presence! [Apart.  
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shine your comforts!

*Olym.* What gentleman is that?

*Gent.* We know not, madam:

He ask'd us for your grace; and, as we guess it,  
He is Alinda's brother.

*Olym.* Ha! let me mark him.

My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother?  
By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him!

Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

*Y. Arch.* Gracious lady—

*Olym.* That pleasant pipe he has too.

*Y. Arch.* Being my happiness to pass by this  
And having, as I understood by letters, [way,  
A sister in your virtuous service, madam—

*Olym.* Oh, now my heart, my heart aches!

*Y. Arch.* All the comfort

My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built  
I thought it my first duty, my best service, [me;  
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace  
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your noble.  
That bounteous goodness in you— [ness,

*Olym.* 'Tis he certainly.

*Y. Arch.* That spring of favour to her; with my  
life, madam,

If any such most happy means might meet me,  
To shew my thankfulness!

*Olym.* What have I done? fool!

*Y. Arch.* She came a stranger to your grace, no  
courtier,

Nor of that curious breed befits your service:  
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that loved you  
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;  
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;  
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;  
And that one hope to be yours once, preserved her.

*Olym.* I have done wickedly.

*Y. Arch.* A little beauty,  
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with  
her;

And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too;  
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,  
I am her brother, and let me speak, a stranger,)  
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest.  
The daily study how to fit your services  
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,  
So fired her honest soul, we thought her sainted.  
I presume she's still the same: I would fain see  
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her. [her;

*Olym.* Sir, such a maid there was, I had—

*Y. Arch.* There was, madam?

*Olym.* Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever  
curse ye

For your credulity:—Alinda?

*Y. Arch.* That's her name, madam.

*Olym.* Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.

*Y. Arch.* Is she dead, lady?

*Olym.* Dead, sir, to my service:

She is gone. Pray you ask no further.

*Y. Arch.* I obey, madam.

Gone?—Now must I lament too. [Aside.]—Said  
you "gone," madam?

*Olym.* Gone, gone for ever!

*Y. Arch.* That's a cruel saying.

Her honour too?

*Olym.* Pr'ythee look angry on me,  
And, if thou ever lov'dst her spit upon me;  
Do something like a brother, like a friend,  
And do not only say thou lov'st her!

*Y. Arch.* You amaze me.

*Olym.* I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;  
Poor innocent soul, I flung her.—Sweet Alinda,

Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee vir-  
Why do you not rail now at me! [tuous.—

*Y. Arch.* For what, lady?

*Olym.* Call me base treacherous woman?

*Y. Arch.* Heaven defend me!

*Olym.* Rashly I thought her false, and put her  
from me;

Rashly and madly I betrayed her modesty:

Put her to wander, Heaven knows where: Nay,  
Stuck a black brand upon her! [more, sir,

*Y. Arch.* 'Twas not well, lady.

*Olym.* 'Twas damnable; she loving me so dearly,  
Never poor wench loved so. Sir, believe me,  
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best com-  
panion;

When I was pleased, the happiest and the gladdest;  
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:

I saw all this, I knew all this, I loved it,

I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.

Oh, what have I forsaken? what have I lost?

*Y. Arch.* Madam, I'll take my leave; since she  
'Tis fit I know no rest. [is wandering,

*Olym.* Will you go too, sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me—  
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,

I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,

To read that face again—Modesty keep me! [*Aside.*  
Alinda, in that shape!—But why should you trust

'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her; [me?

And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.

Appoint what penance you please; but stay then,

And see me perform it; ask what honour this place

is able to heap on you, or what wealth:

If following me will like you, my care of you,

Which, for your sister's sake, for your own good-  
ness—

*Y. Arch.* Not all the honour earth has, now  
she's gone, lady,

Not all the favour—Yet, if I sought preferment,  
Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.

Peace rest upon you! One sad tear every day,

For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay! [*Exit.*

*Olym.* A thousand, noble youth; and when I  
Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep. [sleep,

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter DUKE and Gentleman.*

*Duke.* Have you been with 'em?

*Gent.* Yes, an't please your grace;

But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:

They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,

Upon their march to the enemy.

*Duke.* They must be stopp'd.

*Gent.* Ay, but what force is able? and what  
leader—

*Enter BURRIS.*

*Duke.* How now? have you been with Archas?

*Burris.* Yes, an't please you,

And told him all: He frets like a chafed lion,  
And calls for his arms, and all those honest cour-  
That dare draw swords. [tiers

*Duke.* Is he able to do anything?

*Burris.* His mind is well enough; and where  
his charge is,

Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.

*Duke.* Who commands the rebels?

*Burris.* The young colonel;

That makes the old man almost mad. He swears,  
sir,

He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.

*Duke.* Is the court in arms?

*Burris.* As fast as they can bustle.

Every man mad to go now; inspired strangely,

As if they were to force the enemy.

I beseech your grace to give me leave.

*Duke.* Pray go, sir,

And look to the old man well. Take up all fairly,

And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,

And quench this fury with fair peace.

*Burris.* I shall, sir,

Or seal it with my service. They are villains.

The court is up: Good sir, go strengthen 'em;

Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers;

The general needs no proof.

*Duke.* Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—*Open Country.*

*Enter THEODORE, PUTSKEIN, ANCIENT, Soldiers, drums,  
and colours.*

*Theod.* 'Tis known we are up, and marching.

No submission,

No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies:

We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour;

Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,

Whipt like a slave! that flesh that never trembled,

Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,

That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy

So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,

That body's torn with lashes.

*Anc.* Let's turn head.

*Put.* Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on  
Unless they charge us. [fairly,

*Theod.* Think still of his abuses,

And keep your angers.

*Anc.* He was whipt like a top;

I never saw a whore so laced: Court school-butter?

Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running ban-  
quet:

What oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?

See him we loved?

*Theod.* And though we did obey him,

Forced by his reverence for that time; is't fit,  
gentlemen,

My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,

Live to endure this, and look on too?

*Put.* Forward!

They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,

Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.

*Theod.* They make ye all fair promises.

*Anc.* We care not.

*Theod.* Use all their arts upon ye.

*Anc.* Hang all their arts!

*Put.* And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

*Anc.* March apace then;

He's old, and cannot overtake us.

*Put.* Say he do? [see him more.

*Anc.* We'll run away with him; they shall never

The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,

Consider nothing but our way: believe nothing,

Not though they say their prayers; be content with

nothing,

But the knocking out their brains; and last do

nothing

But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

*Theod.* Remove then forwards bravely ! Keep your minds whole,  
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Country.*

*Enter* ARCHAS, DUKE, BURRIS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

*Archas.* Peace to your grace ! Take rest, sir ; they are before us.

*Gent.* They are, sir, and upon the march.

[*Exit* DUKE.]

*Archas.* Lord Burris, Take you those horse and coast 'em : Upon the first advantage,

If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up By that time I'll come in. [roundly ;

*Burris.* I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*]

*Gent.* How do you feel yourself, sir ?

*Archas.* Well, I thank you ;

A little weak, but anger shall supply that.

You will all stand bravely to it ?

*All.* While we have lives, sir.

*Archas.* Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves know

The proudest, and the strongest-hearted rebel,

They have a law to live in, and they shall have.

Beat up apace ; by this time he's upon 'em ;

And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever !

[*Drum within. Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Country.*

*Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKIE, ANCIENT, and their Soldiers.*

*Theod.* Stand, stand, stand close, and sure ! The horse will charge us !

*Anc.* Let 'em come on ; we have provender fit for 'em.

*Enter* BURRIS, and one or two Soldiers.

*Puts.* Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to parley.

*Theod.* You are welcome, noble sir ; I hope to our part.

*Burris.* No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide To pity ye, to kill ye, if these fail me. [ye,

Fy, what dishonour seek ye ! what black infamy ! Why do ye draw out thus ! draw all shame with ye ?

Are these fit cares in subjects ? I command ye Lay down your arms again ; move in that peace,

That fair obedience, you were bred in.

*Puts.* Charge us !

We come not here to argue.

*Theod.* Charge up bravely, And hotly too ; we have hot spleens to meet ye, Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

*Enter* ARCHAS, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

*Burris.* Look behind ye :

Do ye see that old man ? do ye know him, soldiers ?

*Puts.* Your father, sir, believe me !

*Burris.* You know his marches,

You have seen his executions : Is it yet peace ?

*Theod.* We'll die here first.

*Burris.* Farewell ! you'll hear on's presently.

*Archas.* Stay, Burris :

This is too poor, too beggarly a body,

To bear the honour of a charge from me ;

A sort of tatter'd rebels. Go, provide gallowses ! Ye are troubled with hot heads : I'll cool ye presently,

These look like men that were my soldiers, Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly, My honest friends : Where got they these fair Where did they steal these shapes ? [figures ?

*Burris.* They are struck already.

*Archas.* Do you see that fellow there, that goodly rebel ?

He looks as like a captain I loved tenderly,

A fellow of a faith indeed——

*Burris.* He has shamed him.

*Archas.* And that that bears the colours there, most certain

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,

A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,

I am amazed and troubled : And, were it not

I know the general goodness of my people,

The duty, and the truth, the steadfast honesty,

And am assured they would as soon turn devils

As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——

*Burris.* Here needs no wars.

*Puts.* I pray forgive us, sir.

*Anc.* Good general, forgive us, or use your Your words are double death. [sword :

*All.* Good noble general !

*Burris.* Pray, sir, be merciful.

*Archas.* Weep out your shames first !

Ye make me fool for company. Fy, soldiers !

My soldiers too, and play these tricks ? What's he there ?

Sure I have seen his face too ! Yes ; most certain

I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)

Would much resemble this man, wond'rous near him ;

Just of his height and making too. You seem a leader.

*Theod.* Good sir, do not shame me more : I know your anger,

And less than death I look not for.

*Archas.* You shall be my charge, sir ; it seems you want foes,

When you would make your friends your enemies.

A running blood you have, but I shall cure you.

*Burris.* Good sir——

*Archas.* No more, good lord.—Beat forward, soldiers !—

And you march in the rear ; you have lost your places. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Moscow. The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, and VIOLA. !

*Duke.* You shall not be thus sullen with me, You do the most unnobly to be angry. [sister ;

For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her ;

I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.

I must confess I loved her ; as who would not ?

I must confess I doted on her strangely ;

I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,

So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her :

And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it, Why would you be so jealous ?

*Olym.* Good sir, pardon me ;

I feel sufficiently my folly's penance, And am ashamed ; that shame a thousand sorrows Feed on continually. 'Would I had never seen her,

Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her !  
She was too good for me ; so heavenly good, sir,  
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,  
Where I shall see her once again !

*Enter BURRIS.*

*Duke.* No more tears ;  
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.—  
Welcome, lord Burris : fair news I hope.

*Burris.* Most fair, sir :  
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,  
The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, sir,  
And all his anger ended.

*Duke.* Where's lord Archas ?

*Burris.* Not far off, sir ; with him his valiant son,  
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner ;  
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,  
I fear some fatal stroke. *[Drums.]*

*Duke.* I hear the drums beat.—

*Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Welcome, my worthy friend !

*Archas.* Stand where you are, sir ;  
Even as you love your country, move not forward,  
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,  
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now !)  
A justice on this rebel.

*Hon.* Oh, my brother !

*Archas.* This fatal firebrand—

*Duke.* Forget not, old man,  
He is thy son, of thine own blood.

*Archas.* In these veins  
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny ;  
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.

*Duke.* 'Tis his first fault.

*Archas.* Not of a thousand, sir ;  
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,  
So strong against the nature of all mercy,  
His mother, were she living, would not weep for  
He dare not say he would live. *[him.]*

*Theod.* I must not, sir,  
While you say 'tis not fit—Your grace's mercy,  
*[Kneels.]*

Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir !  
The world's forgiveness next ! last, on my knees,  
I humbly beg, *[sir,]*  
Do not take from me yet the name of father !  
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours !

*Archas.* He moves my heart : I must be sudden  
with him, *[Draws.]*

I shall grow faint else in my execution.—  
Come, come, sir, you have seen death ; now meet  
him bravely.

*Duke.* Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold ! Con-  
sider,

Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.  
*Archas.* Yes, sir, I have another, and a nobler :  
No treason shall inherit me : Young Archas,  
A boy as sweet as young ; my brother breeds him,  
My noble brother Briskie, breeds him nobly :  
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

*Enter PUTSKIE (alias BRISKIE) and Young ARCHAS.*

*Puts.* Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to  
inherit thee,  
If thou strikest that stroke now. Behold young  
Archas !

Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,  
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art ?  
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heaved up ! Strike,  
Archas,

And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly !  
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy ! the duke gives it.  
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee ;  
Chuse quickly, and begin.

*Duke.* On your obedience,  
On your allegiance, save him !

*Archas.* Take him to ye : *[Soldiers shout.]*  
And, sirrah, be an honest man ; you have reason.  
I thank you, worthy brother ! Welcome, child,  
Mine own sweet child !

*Duke.* Why was this boy conceal'd thus ?

*Puts.* Your grace's pardon !  
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,  
And that your anger would not only light  
On him, but find out all his family,  
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,  
Like a young wench, hither I brought ; myself,  
In the habit of an ordinary captain  
Disguised, got entertainment, and served here,  
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.  
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,  
But thought a girl ; Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Stand away,  
And let me look upon him !

*Duke.* My young mistress ?—  
This is a strange metamorphosis.—Alinda ?

*Y. Arch.* Your grace's humble servant.

*Duke.* Come hither, sister.—  
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they  
view one another ?—

Doth thou not love this boy well ?

*Olym.* I should lie else, trust me,  
Extremely lie else.

*Duke.* Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,  
It might be thus ?

*Olym.* A thousand times.

*Duke.* Here, take him !  
Nay, do not blush : I do not jest ; kiss sweetly !  
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heaven give ye com-  
fort !

Teach him ; he'll quickly learn. There's two  
hearts eased now.

*Archas.* You do me too much honour, sir.

*Duke.* No, Archas ;  
But all I can, I will.—Can you love me ? Speak  
*Hon.* Yes, sir, dearly. *[truly.]*

*Duke.* Come hither, Viola ; can you love this  
Viola. I'll do the best I can, sir. *[man ?]*

*Duke.* Seal it, Burris.

We'll all to church together instantly ;  
And then a vie for boys ! Stay, bring Boroskie !  
I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

*BOROSKIE is brought in.*

There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,  
The knave to worth ; do with him what thou wilt.

*Archas.* Then to my sword again, you to your  
prayers ; *[Draws.]*

Wash off your villainies ; you feel the burden.

*Bor.* Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas !  
*[Kneels.]*

'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.  
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,  
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter—

*Archas.* Come, are you ready ?

*Bor.* Yes.

*Archas.* And truly penitent, to make your way  
*Bor.* Thus I wash off my sins. *[straight ?]*

*Archas.* Stand up, and live then,  
And live an honest man ; I scorn men's ruins.—



Take him again, sir, try him ; and believe  
This thing will be a perfect man.

*Duke.* I take him.

*Bor.* And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's  
hopes fail me !

*Duke.* You are old : No more wars, father !—  
Take you the charge ; be general. [Theodore,

*Theod.* All good bless you !

*Duke.* And, my good father, you dwell in my  
bosom ;

From you rise all my good thoughts : When I  
would think

And examine time for one that's fairly noble,  
And the same man through all the straits of  
virtue,

Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.—

Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,

To joys, and revels, sports ! and he that can

Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.

[*Exeunt.*]

### EPILOGUE.

Though something well assured, few here repent  
Three hours of precious time, or money spent  
On our endeavours ; yet, not to rely  
Too much upon our care and industry,  
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,  
How you approve our action in the play ?  
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,  
It is your bounty, and you give us cause  
Hereafter with a general consent  
To study as becomes us, your content.

# RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MEDINA.  
JUAN DE CASTRO, a Colonel.  
SANCIO, } *Officers in the Army.*  
ALONZO, }  
MICHAEL PEREZ, the Copper Captain.  
LEON, Brother to ALTRA.  
CACAFUO, a rich Unruler.

MARGARITA.  
ALTRA, her Servant.  
CLARA.  
ESTIFANIA.  
Three Old Ladies.  
An Old Woman, and Maid.

SCENE,—VALLADOLID, AND A COUNTRY-HOUSE NEAR IT.

## PROLOGUE.

Pleasure attend ye ! and about ye sit  
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,  
To stir ye up ! Do not your looks let fall,  
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,  
Because this day we're Spaniards all again,  
The story of our play, and our scene Spain :  
The errors too, do not for this cause hate ;  
Now we present their wit, and not their state.  
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see  
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,  
Seek to abuse her husband ; still 'tis Spain ;  
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign :  
You're vestals all, and tho' we blow the fire,  
We seldom make it flame up to desire ;

Take no example neither to begin,  
For some by precedent delight to sin ;  
Nor blame the poet if he slept aside  
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.  
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease ;  
A cruel scene did never lady please.  
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,  
Tho' we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,  
Some drunk, some mad : We mean not you, you're  
free :  
We tax no further than our comedy ;  
You are our friends ; sit noble then, and see ! }

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—VALLADOLID. *The Lodgings of*  
JUAN DE CASTRO.

*Enter* JUAN DE CASTRO, and MICHAEL PEREZ.

*Peres.* Are your companies full, colonel ?

*Juan.* No, not yet, sir ;

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.  
How rises your command ?

*Peres.* We pick up still,  
And, as our monies hold out, we have men come :  
About that time I think we shall be full too.  
Many young gallants go.

*Juan.* And unexperienced :  
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits ;  
Time and experience will allay those visions.  
We have strange things to fill our numbers :  
There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,  
Recommended to me from some noble friends,  
For my Alferes ; had you but seen his person,  
And what a giant's promise it protesteth !

*Peres.* I've heard of him, and that he hath  
serv'd before too.

*Juan.* But no harm done, nor never meant,  
Don Michael,

That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,  
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,  
To the point less ; he wears a sword, a good one,  
And good clothes too ; he's whole-skin'd, has no  
hurt yet ;

Good promising hopes ; I never yet heard cer-  
tainly

Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

*Peres.* Preserve him ; he'll conclude a peace if  
need be.

Many as strong as he will go along with us,  
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish,  
Their mouths charged with six oaths at once, and  
whole ones,  
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-  
hills.

*Juan.* 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez,  
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heiress?

*Perez.* I hear every hour of her, tho' I never saw her;

she is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,

how happy were that man could catch this wench up,

and live at ease! She's fair, and young, and infinite wealthy, and as gracious too [wealthy, in all her entertainments, as men report.

*Juan.* But she is proud, sir, that I know for certain,

and that comes seldom without wantonness: he that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

*Perez.* 'Would I were married! I would find that wisdom

With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman of the most subtlest mould went beyond me, 'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o' th' parish.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, here be two gentlewomen attend to speak with *Juan.* Wait on 'em in. [you.

*Perez.* Are they two handsome women?

*Serv.* They seem so, very handsome; but they're veild, sir.

*Perez.* Thou put'st sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!

love a sweet young wench. *Juan.* Wait on them in, I say. [Exit Servant.

*Perez.* Don Juan!

*Juan.* How you itch, Michael! how you burnish?

Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet? do your eyes glow now?

*Perez.* There be two.

*Juan.* Say honest;

What shame have you then?

*Perez.* I would fain see that: [things; 've been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen strange but, two honest women!—One I read of once.

*Juan.* Pr'ythee, be modest.

*Perez.* I'll be anything!

*Enter Servant, CLARA, and ESTIFANIA, veiled.*

*Juan.* You're welcome, ladies.

*Perez.* Both hooded! I like 'em well tho'. they come not for advice in law sure hither!

May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em.

they're very modest; 'tis a fine prelude. [Aside.

*Juan.* With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady?

*Clara.* With you, sir, as I guess; Juan de Castro. [Unveils.

*Perez.* Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman.

*Juan.* I am the man, and shall be bound to may do any service to your beauties. [fortune,

*Clara.* Captain, I hear you're marching down to o serve the Catholic king. [Flanders,

*Juan.* I am, sweet lady.

*Clara.* I have a kinsman, and a noble friend, employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know

on Campusano, captain of carabines, [him; o whom I would request your nobleness

o give this poor remembrance. [Gives a letter.

*Juan.* I shall do it; I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

*Clara.* Something in private.

*Juan.* Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exit JUAN and CLARA.

*Perez.* Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

*Estif.* Sir, you must pardon me:

Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories, And keep suspect off from their chastities, Had need wear thicker veils.

*Perez.* I am no blaster of a lady's beauty.

Nor bold intruder on her special favours;

I know how tender reputation is,

And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, lady;

You may to me.

*Estif.* You must excuse me, signior;

I come not here to sell myself.

*Perez.* As I'm a gentleman!

By th' honour of a soldier!

*Estif.* I believe you;

I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,

And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like

But in a strange place, to a stranger too, [me;

As if I came on purpose to betray you!

Indeed, I will not.

*Perez.* I shall love you dearly;

And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:

I have no mistress, no desire to honour

Any but you.—Will not this oyster open? [Aside.

I know not, you have struck me with your modesty—

She will draw sure—[Aside.]—so deep, and taken from me

All the desire I might bestow on others— Quickly, before they come!

*Estif.* Indeed, I dare not:

But, since I see you're so desirous, sir,

To view a poor face that can merit nothing

But your repentance—

*Perez.* It must needs be excellent.

*Estif.* And with what honesty you ask it of me;

When I am gone let your man follow me,

And view what house I enter; thither come;

For there I dare be bold to appear open,

And, as I like your virtuous carriage, then

I shall be able to give welcome to you—

*Enter JUAN, CLARA, and Servant.*

She hath done her business; I must take my leave, sir.

*Perez.* I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank

you, lady:

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.—

Sirrah, come near; hark! [Whisper.

*Serv.* I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

*Juan.* You will command me no more services?

*Clara.* To be careful of your noble health, dear

That I may ever honour you. [sir,

*Juan.* I thank you,

And kiss your hands.—Wait on the ladies down

there! [Exit Ladies and Servant.

*Perez.* You had the honour to see the face that came to you?

*Juan.* And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don Michael?

*Perez.* Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;

But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;

She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

*Juan.* You know none of 'em?

*Perez.* No.

*Juan.* Then I do, captain;  
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.—  
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught:  
I fear a fly. *[Aside.]*

*Perez.* Were those she brought love-letters?

*Juan.* A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.  
Yours was very modest, methought.

*Perez.* Some young unmanaged thing:  
But I may live to see—

*Juan.* 'Tis worth experience.  
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—The Street.

*Enter SANCIO and ALONZO.*

*Sanc.* What, are you for the wars, Alonso?

*Alon.* It may be ay,  
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.  
If I find peace among the female creatures,  
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;  
I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches  
And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.  
When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

*Sanc.* Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in. Wilt  
Leave whoring? *[thou never]*

*Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning,  
Sanchio:

Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;  
Besides, it breaks no limbs.

*Sanc.* But it disables 'em; dost thou see how  
thou pull'st

Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?

*Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on  
wooden ones;

Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

*Sanc.* Fie, fie! 'tis base.

*Alon.* Dost thou count it base to suffer?  
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.  
You think it nothing to lie twenty days  
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.

*Sanc.* As thou hast done, I'm sure. But I per-  
ceive now

Why you desire to stay; the Orient heiress,  
The Margarita, sir!

*Alon.* I would I had her.

*Sanc.* They say she'll marry.

*Alon.* Yes, I think she will.

*Sanc.* And marry suddenly, as report goes, too!  
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonso.

*Alon.* I would I had the sheathing on't.

*Sanc.* They say too

She has a greedy eye, that must be fed  
With more than one man's meat.

*Alon.* 'Would she were mine!  
I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,  
There be too many great men that adore her;  
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.

*Sanc.* Yet those stand off i' th' way of marriage;  
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.

*Alon.* She has bought a brave house here in town.

*Sanc.* I've heard so.

*Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses,  
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!

*Sanc.* When comes she to it?

*Alon.* Within these two days; she's i' th'  
country yet,

And keeps the noblest house!

*Sanc.* Then there's some hope of her.  
Wilt thou go my way?

*Alon.* No, no, I must leave you,  
And repair to an old gentlewoman  
That has credit with her, that can speak a good  
word.

*Sanc.* Send thee good fortune! but make thy  
body sound first.

*Alon.* I am a soldier, and too sound a body  
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.—The same.

*Enter a Servant of MICHAEL PEREZ.*

*Serv.* 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my  
aim;

They're both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy fast;

*Enter ESTIFANIA.*

And hereabouts I lost her.—Stay! that's she,  
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.  
Let me note the place; the street I will remember.  
She's in again. Certain some noble lady:

*[Exit ESTIFANIA into a house.]*

How happy should I be if she love my master!  
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,  
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,  
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!  
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings.  
*[Exit.]*

## SCENE IV.—The Country. An Apartment in the Villa of MARGARITA.

*Enter three old Ladies.*

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste  
we're sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some  
She'd break to us in private. *[business]*

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,  
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity  
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well  
away with.

*Enter ALTEA.*

*Altea.* Good morrow, ladies!

*All.* Morrow, my good madam!

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, Lady  
Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last  
night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

*Altea.* All's well;  
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly,  
To give her counsel in a business  
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,  
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;  
Our years have run thro' many things she knows

*Altea.* She would fain marry. *[not.]*

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,  
And well becoms her years. Who would she  
yoke with?

*Altea.* That's left to argue on. I pray come in,

And break your fast ; drink a good cup or two,  
To strengthen your understandings ; then she'll  
tell ye.

2 *Lady*. And good wine breeds good counsel ;  
we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE V.—VALLADOLID. *The Street.*

*Enter JUAN DE CASTRO and LEON.*

*Juan*. Have you seen any service ?

*Leon*. Yes.

*Juan*. Where ?

*Leon*. Everywhere.

*Juan*. What office bore you ?

*Leon*. None ; I was not worthy.

*Juan*. What captains know you ?

*Leon*. None ; they were above me.

*Juan*. Were you ne'er hurt ?

*Leon*. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

'Pray ask me no long questions ; I've an ill me-  
mory.

*Juan*. This is an ass.—Did you ne'er draw your  
sword yet ?

*Leon*. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

*Juan*. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner ?

*Leon*. No, I run away,

For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

*Juan*. Can you endure a drum ?

*Leon*. It makes my head ache.

*Juan*. Are you not valiant when you're drunk ?

*Leon*. I think not ;

But I am loving, sir.

*Juan*. What a lump is this man !—  
Was your father wise ?

*Leon*. Too wise for me, I'm sure ;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

*Juan*. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you  
Canst thou lie with a woman ? [*witnss.*]

*Leon*. I think I could make shift, sir ;

But I am bashful.

*Juan*. In the night ?

*Leon*. I know not ;

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

*Juan*. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,  
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not  
fight ?

*Leon*. There be more officers of my opinion,  
Or I am cozen'd, sir ; men that talk more too.

*Juan*. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet ?

*Leon*. Why, by chance ;

They aim at honourable men ; alas, I'm none, sir.

*Juan*. This fellow has some doubts in's talk,  
He cannot be all fool.— [*that strike me ;*]

*Enter ALONZO.*

Welcome, Alonzo !

*Alon*. What have you got there ? Temperance  
into

Your company ? the spirit of peace ? we shall have  
By the ounce then.— [*Wars*]

*Enter CACAFOGO.*

Oh, here's another pumpkin ;  
Let him loose for luck sake, the cram'd son  
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafofo,  
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoon-  
ful.

*Cac*. My father's dead ; I am a man of war too.  
Monies, dememes ; I've ships at sea too, captains.

*Juan*. Take heed o' th' Hollanders ; your ships  
may leak else.

*Cac*. I scorn the Hollanders ; they are my  
drunkards.

*Alon*. Put up your gold, sir ; I will borrow it  
else.

*Cac*. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come out ;  
I know thee ;

Meet mine anger instantly !

*Leon*. I never wrong'd you.

*Cac*. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour ;  
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously ;  
I'll make it good.

*Juan*. Do not heat yourself ; you will surfeit.

*Cac*. Thou won't at my money too, with a pair of  
base bones,  
In whom there was no truth ; for which I beat thee.  
I beat thee much ; now I will hurt thee danger-  
ously ;

This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes him.*]

*Alon*. You struck too low by a foot, sir.

*Juan*. You must get a ladder when you'd beat  
this fellow.

*Leon*. I cannot chuse but kick again ; pray per-  
don me ! [*Kicks him.*]

*Cac*. Had'st thou not ask'd my pardon, I had  
kill'd thee.

I leave thee as a thing despis'd ! *Beso las manos a  
vuestra sennoria !* [*Exit.*]

*Alon*. You've 'scap'd by miracle ; there is not,  
in all Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

*Leon*. I see he's hasty ; and I'd give him leave  
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

*Juan*. What shall I do with this fellow ?

*Alon*. Turn him off ;

He will infect the camp with cowardice,  
If he go with thee.

*Juan*. About some week hence, sir,  
If I can hit upon no abler officer,  
You shall hear from me.

*Leon*. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A splendid Apartment in MARGA-  
RITA's Town House.*

*Enter ESTIFANIA and PEREZ.*

*Peres*. You've made me now too bountiful  
amends, lady,

For your strict carriage when you saw me first.  
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd ;  
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object ;  
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.

[*Kisses her.*]

No other anger ever touch your sweetness !

*Estif*. You appear to me so honest and so civil,  
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

*Peres*. Now let me ask your name.

*Estif*. 'Tis Estifania :  
The heir of this poor place.

*Peres*. Poor, do you call it ?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,  
But shews both rich and admirable ; all the rooms  
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here ;  
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious !  
Is all that plate your own, too ?

*Estif*. 'Tis but little,

Only for present use ; I've more and richer,  
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it.  
The suits you see of all the upper chambers  
Are those that commonly adorn the house :  
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,  
Or any town in Spain can parallel.

*Perex.* [*Aside.*] Now if she be not married, I  
Are you a maid ? [have some hopes.—

*Estif.* You make me blush to answer ;  
I ever was accounted so to this hour,  
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

*Perex.* Then would I counsel you to marry pre-  
sently,

—If I can get her, I am made for ever— [*Aside.*  
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty ;  
A husband now, an honest careful husband,  
Were such a comfort ! Will you walk above stairs ?

*Estif.* This place will fit our talk ; 'tis fitter far,  
sir ;

Above there are day-beds, and such temptations  
I dare not trust, sir.—

*Perex.* She's excellent wise withal too.— [*Aside.*

*Estif.* You nam'd a husband ; I am not so strict,  
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness, [sir,  
But if an honest, and a noble one,  
Rich, and a soldier, (for so I've vow'd he shall be)  
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him ;  
But, above all, he must love.

*Perex.* He were base else.—  
There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier.  
How sweetly should I live ! [*Aside.*

*Estif.* I'm not so ignorant,  
But that I know well how to be commanded,  
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir.  
I waste but little, I have gather'd much ;  
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,  
If spent by my direction ; to please my husband,

I hold it as indifferent in my duty,  
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,  
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

*Perex.* Sweet, rich, and provident ! now fortune  
stick to me !— [*Aside.*

I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady ;  
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely ;  
They that use many words, some are deceitful :  
I long to be a husband, and a good one ;  
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent  
For all that follow me to love their ladies.

I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too ;  
If't please you know, try me, before you take me.  
'Tis true, I shall not meet an equal wealth  
With you ; but jewels, chains, such as the war  
Has giv'n me, a thousand ducats I dare presume  
on

In ready gold, (now as your care may handle it)  
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady !

*Estif.* You're a true gentleman, and fair, I see  
And such a man I'd rather take—— [by you :

*Perex.* 'Pray do so !

I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.

*Estif.* And as suddenly  
You will repent too.

*Perex.* I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,  
By this, and this, and this kiss ! [*Kisses her.*

*Estif.* You're a flatterer ;

But I must say there was something when I saw  
you first,

In that most noble face that stirr'd my fancy.

*Perex.* I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet  
lady.

I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to you,  
Into your own dispose, before I bed you ;

And then, sweet wench——

*Estif.* You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Country.—An Apartment in  
the Villa of MARGARITA.*

*Enter MARGARITA, two Ladies, and ALTEA.*

*Marg.* Sit down, and give me your opinions  
seriously.

1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry,  
lady ?

*Marg.* 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit ;  
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies ;  
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' ques-  
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it ; [tion :  
But when my money's gone, when the law shall  
Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of all ?

1 *Lady.* D'y'e find your body so malicious that  
way ?

*Marg.* I find it as all bodies are that are young  
and lusty,

Lazy, and high fed ; I desire my pleasure,  
And pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have ;  
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,  
As necessary as meat to a young lady ;  
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you  
You take away variety in marriage, [single ?

Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then ;  
Is't not abundance that you aim at ?

*Marg.* Yes ;

Why was I made a woman ?

2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new ?

*Marg.* Why fair and young, but to use it ?

1 *Lady.* You're still i' th' right ; why should  
you marry then ?

*Altea.* Because a husband stops all doubts in  
And clears all passages. [this point,

2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye ?

*Altea.* A husband of an easy faith, a fool,  
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure ;  
One, though he see himself become a monster,  
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.

1 *Lady.* Yes, marry ;  
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection ?

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so ; things of no  
Nor outward honesty. [honour,

*Marg.* No, 'tis no matter ;  
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer ; some  
such fellow,

That carries credit and a face of awe,  
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.

*Marg.* No, there's no trusting them. they are too subtle;

the law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

*Lady.* Then, some grave governor, some man of honour, yet an easy man.

*Marg.* If he have honour I'm undone; I'll none have a lusty man; honour will cloy me. [such:]

*Altea.* 'Tis fit you should, lady; and to that end, with search, and wit, and labour, we found one out, a right one and a perfect; he's made as strong as brass, is of brave years too, and naughty of complexion.

*Marg.* Is he a gentleman?

*Altea.* Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you'd good fellow, wears good clothes. [wish him;

*Marg.* Those I'll allow him; they are for my credit. Does he understand but little?

*Altea.* Very little.

*Marg.* 'Tis the better. Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

*Altea.* No; He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him; let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

*Marg.* He has no capacity what honour is! For that's the soldier's god.

*Altea.* Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;

If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

*Marg.* Is he so goodly a man, d'ye say?

*Altea.* As you shall see, lady;

But, to all this, he's but a trunk.

*Marg.* I'd have him so, I shall add branches to him to adorn him. Go, find me out this man, and let me see him; If he be that motion that you tell me of, And make no more noise, I shall entertain him. Let him be here.

*Altea.* He shall attend your ladyship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—VALLADOLID.—*The Lodgings of DON JUAN.*

*Enter JUAN, ALONZO, and PEREZ.*

*Juan.* Why, thou art not married indeed?

*Perez.* No, no; 'pray think so.

Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning, Not worth a lady's eye!

*Alon.* Wouldst thou steal a fortune, And make none of all thy friends acquainted with Nor bid us to thy wedding? [it,

*Perez.* No, indeed!

There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist, An old seducer, to a female banquet! I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

*Juan.* Was it the wench i' th' veil?

*Perez.* Basta! 'twas she;

The prettiest rogue that e'er you looked upon, The lovingst thief!

*Juan.* And is she rich withal too?

*Perez.* A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.

I am an ass, a bashful fool! Pr'ythee, colonel, How do thy companies fill now?

*Juan.* You're merry, sir;

You intend a safer war at home, belike now?

*Perez.* I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;

I find myself given to my ease a little.

I care not if I sell my foolish company; They're things of hazard.

*Alon.* How it angers me,

[Aside.

This fellow at first sight should win a lady, A rich young wench; and I, that have consum'd My time and art in searching out their subtleties, Like a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes still! — When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?

*Perez.* When I have manag'd her a little more; I have a house to entertain an army.

*Alon.* If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.

*Perez.* But where they'll get entertainment is I beat no drum. [the point, signior;

*Alon.* You need none but her tabor.

*Perez.* May be I'll march, after a month or two, To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel, A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with; 'Tis such a trouble to be married too.

And have a thousand things of great importance, Jewels, and plates, and fooleries, molest me; To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth! Before, I walk'd contentedly.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're She mourns, and will not eat. [absent;

*Perez.* Alas, my jewel!

Come, I'll go with thee.—Gentlemen, your fair You see I'm tied a little to my yoke; [leaves!

'Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!

*Juan.* I thank you [Exeunt PEREZ and SERVANT. For your old boots!—Never be blank, Alonzo, Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune! Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how The gracious state of matrimony stands with him. Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes, We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Country.—An Apartment in MARGARITA'S Villa.*

*Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Ladies.*

*Marg.* Is he come?

*Altea.* Yes, madam; he has been here this half hour.

I've question'd him of all that you can ask him, And find him as fit as you had made the man!

He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!

*Marg.* Have ye search'd him all, ladies?

*All.* He's a man at all points, a likely man!

*Marg.* Call him in, Altea.

*Exit ALTEA, and re-enters with LEON.*

A man of a good presence!—Pray you come this Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame? [way,—

*Altea.* Pray ye question him; and if you find him not

Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done.

*Marg.* Can you love a young lady?—How he blushes!

*Altea.* Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your And speak to th' lady. [head up,

*Leon.* Yes, I think I can;

I must be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

*Marg.* You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,  
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?  
You shall have men and horses to attend you,  
And money in your purse.

*Leon.* Yes, I love riding;  
And when I am from home I am so merry!

*Marg.* Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,  
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,  
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

*Leon.* Yes, sure, I shall.

*Marg.* And when you see her friends here,  
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain  
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,  
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?

*Leon.* 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

*Marg.* Let me try your kisses. [*Kisses him.*]  
How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you, sir.—  
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!—  
Can you do anything else?

*Leon.* Indeed, I know not;  
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,  
Sure I shall learn.

*Marg.* You shall then be instructed.  
If I should be this lady that affects you,  
Nay, say I marry you—

*Altea.* Hark to the lady.

*Marg.* What money have you?

*Leon.* None, madam, nor friends.  
I would do anything to serve your ladyship.

*Marg.* You must not look to be my master, sir,  
Nor talk i' th' house as though you wore the  
No, nor command in anything. [*breaches;*]

*Leon.* I will not;

Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.

*Marg.* Nor do not labour to arrive at any;  
'Twill spoil your head. I take you upon charity,  
And like a servant you must be unto me;  
As I behold your duty I shall love you,  
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie with you.  
Can you mark these?

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, forsooth.

*Marg.* There is one thing,  
That if I take you in I put you from me,  
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,  
No, nor at any time familiar with me;  
Scarce know me, when I call you not.

*Leon.* I will not.

Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

*Marg.* Nor must not now.

*Leon.* I'll be a dog to please you.

*Marg.* Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I

*Leon.* I were to blame else. [*appoint you.*]

*Marg.* Kiss me again.—A strong fellow!  
There is a vigour in his lips:—If you see me  
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,  
You must not start, nor be offended.

*Leon.* No,

If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented;  
It will the better teach me how to please you!

*Altea.* I told you, madam!

*Marg.* 'Tis the man I wished for.—

The less you speak—

*Leon.* I'll never speak again, madam,  
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly  
too.

*Marg.* Get me a priest; I'll wed him instantly.—  
But when you're married, sir, you must wait upon  
And see you observe my laws. [*me,*]

*Leon.* Else you shall hang me.

*Marg.* I'll give you better clothes when you  
deserve 'em.—

Come in, and serve for witnesses.

*All.* We shall, madam.

*Marg.* And then away to th' city presently;  
I'll to my new house and new company.

[*Exit with Ladies.*]

*Leon.* A thousand crowns are thine; and I'm a

*Altea.* Do not break out too soon! [*made man.*]

*Leon.* I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—VALLADOLID.—A Room in MARGARITA'S House.

*Enter CLARA and ESTIFANIA, with a paper.*

*Clara.* What, have you caught him?

*Estif.* Yes.

*Clara.* And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

*Estif.* Yes, too;

And the most kind man, and the ablest also  
To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,  
And to his soundness rises on the palate;  
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.

*Clara.* Hast thou married him?

*Estif.* What, dost thou think I fish without a  
bait, wench?

I bob for fools: He is mine own, I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;

And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,

And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

*Clara.* Does thy lady know this? She's coming  
Now to live here in this house. [*now to town,*]

*Estif.* Let her come;

She shall be welcome, I'm prepared for her;

She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,

For what I have made bold.

*Clara.* Dost thou not love him?

*Estif.* Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays, and looks no further  
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,  
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.  
[A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings.]

How to decline their wives and curb their manners,

To put a stern and strong rein to their natures;

And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,

That cannot mould a devil to obedience.

I owe him a good turn for these opinions,

And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

*Enter PERES.*

Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

*Peres.* My Estifania! shall we to dinner, lamb?

I know thou stay'st for me.

*Estif.* I cannot eat else.

*Peres.* I never enter, but methinks a paradise  
Appears about me.

*Estif.* You're welcome to it, sir. [*wench;*]

*Peres.* I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain,

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,

In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant,)

And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.

Who's that?

*Estif.* A friend of mine, sir.

*Peres.* Of what breeding?

*Estif.* A gentlewoman, sir.

*Peres.* What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?

Can she tell fortunes?



*Estif.* More than I know, sir.

*Peres.* Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman, That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife ? Or comes she from the doctor to salute you, and learn your health ? She looks not like a confessor.

*Estif.* What need all this ? why are you troubled, What d'you suspect ? she cannot cuckold you ; [sir ? She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

*Peres.* Your very woman may do very well, sir, Forward the matter ; for, though she can't perform In her own person, she may do't by proxy : [it Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

*Estif.* 'Cry you mercy, husband ! you are jealous And happily suspect me ? [then,

*Peres.* No, indeed, wife.

*Estif.* Methinks you should not till you have more cause,

And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband, A woman forc'd will free herself through iron ; A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented, May be taught tricks.

*Peres.* No, no, I do but jest with you.

*Estif.* To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

*Clara.* I shall leave you

'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

*Estif.* Why, where's this girl ? Who's at the

*Peres.* Who knocks there ? [door ?

Is't for the king you come, you knock so boist'r- Look to the door. [ously ?

*Enter MAID.*

*Maid.* [Apart to *ESTIF.*] My lady ! as I live, mistress, my lady's come !

She's at the door ; I peeped through, and saw her, And a stately company of ladies with her.

*Estif.* This was a week too soon ; but I must meet with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one, Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

*Peres.* What are they at door ?

*Estif.* Such, my Michael,

As you may bless the day they enter'd here ; Such for our good !

*Peres.* 'Tis well.

*Estif.* Nay, 'twill be better

If you will let me but dispose the business, And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me :

What have I now to do but to advance your fortune ?

*Peres.* Do ; I dare trust thee. I'm asham'd I'm I find thee a wise young wife. [angry ;

*Estif.* [Apart.] I'll wise your worship Before I leave you !—'Pray you walk by, and say nothing,

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir :

I was born to make you a man. [*Exit*

*Peres.* The rogue speaks heartily ;

Her good will colours in her cheeks ; I'm born to love her.

I must be gentler to these tender natures ; A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies, Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers. I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works now ; I am husband, heir, and all she has.

*Enter MARGARITA, LEON, ALTEA, ESTIFANIA, and Ladies.*

Who are these ? what flanting things ? A woman Of rare presence ! excellent fair ! This is too big For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.

*Estif.* My husband, lady !

*Marg.* You've gain'd a proper man.

*Peres.* Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady.

[*Kisses her.*

*Estif.* [Apart to *PEREZ.*] Sir, be rul'd now, and I shall make you rich :

This is my cousin ; that gentleman dotes on her, Even to death ; see how he observes her.

*Peres.* She is a goodly woman.

*Estif.* She's a mirror,

But she is poor ; she were for a prince's side else. This house she has brought him to, as to her own, And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy,—(Conceive me short)—he knows not but she's wealthy :

Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one, He's so far gone.

*Peres.* Forward. She has a rare face.

*Estif.* This we must carry with discretion, hus- And yield unto her for four days. [band,

*Peres.* Yield our house up,

Our goods, and wealth ?

*Estif.* All this is but in seeming,

To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing ?

Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married, Has she seal'd to for our good : The time's unfit

I'll shew it you to-morrow. [now ;

*Peres.* All the house ?

*Estif.* All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm They'll into th' country suddenly again [him ; After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

*Peres.* The whole possession, wife ? Look what A part o' th' house— [you do.

*Estif.* No, no, they shall have all, And take their pleasure too ; 'tis for our 'vantage. Why, what's four days ? Had you a sister, sir, A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy, And should I make a scruple to do you good ?

*Peres.* If easily it would come back—

*Estif.* I swear, sir, As easily as it came on. Is it not pity To let such a gentlewoman for a little help ? You give away no house.

*Peres.* Clear but that question.

*Estif.* I'll put the writings into your hand.

*Peres.* Well then.

*Estif.* And you shall keep them safe.

*Peres.* I'm satisfied.

'Would I'd the wench so too.

*Estif.* When she has married him, So infinite his love is link'd unto her, You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch, May have Heav'n knows what.

*Peres.* I'll remove the goods straight, And take some poor house by ; 'tis but for four days.

*Estif.* I have a poor old friend ; there we'll be.

*Peres.* 'Tis well then.

*Estif.* Go handsome off, and leave the house *Peres.* Well. [clear.

*Estif.* That little stuff we'll use shall follow after, And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are made both ! [*Exit PERES.*

*Marg.* Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench ?

*Estif.* They're sweet and neat.

*Marg.* Why, where's your husband ?

*Estif.* Gone, madam. [lady.

When you come to your own, he must give place,

*Marg.* Well, send you joy ! You would not let Yet I shall not forget you. [me know't,

*Estif.* Thank your ladyship ! [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

*Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, and Boy.*

*Altea.* Are you at ease now? is your heart at rest, Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella, To keep the scorching world's opinion From your fair credit?

*Marg.* I'm at peace, Altea: If he continue but the same he shews, And be a master of that ignorance He outwardly professes, I am happy. The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom, Without the squint-eye of the law upon me, Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!

*Altea.* You're a made woman.

*Marg.* But if he should prove now A crafty and dissembling kind of husband, One read in knavery, and brought up in the art Of villainy conceal'd?

*Altea.* 'My life, an innocent.

*Marg.* That's it I aim at, That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule him; For innocents are like obedient children Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel, Who being not us'd to breakfasts and collations, When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,

And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms Made ready to entertain my friends? I long to dance now, and to be wanton; Let me have a song. Is the great couch up The duke of Medina sent?

*Altea.* 'Tis up and ready.

*Marg.* And day-beds in all chambers?

*Altea.* In all, lady;

Your house is nothing now but various pleasures; The gallants begin to gaze too.

*Marg.* Let 'em gaze on; I was brought up a courtier, high and happy, And company is my delight, and courtship, And handsome servants at my will. Where's my Where does he wait? [good husband?]

*Altea.* He knows his distance, madam;

I warrant you he's busy in the cellar, Amongst his fellow-servants, or asleep, 'Till your command awake him.

*Marg.* 'Tis well, Altea; It should be so; my ward I must preserve him.—

*Enter LEON and Servant.*

Who sent for him? how dare he come uncalled for? His bonnet on too!

*Altea.* Sure he sees you not.

*Marg.* How scornfully he looks!

*Leon.* Are all the chambers

Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?

New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,

And new plate bought, new jewels, to give lustre?

*Serv.* They are, and yet there must be more and It is her will. [richer;]

*Leon.* Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.

It is her will, too, to have feasts and banquets, Revels, and masques?

*Serv.* She ever lov'd 'em dearly, And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir! I must not call you master (she has warn'd me) Nor must not put my hat off to you.

a a

*Leon.* 'Tis no fashion;

What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow, I may cut first?

*Serv.* That's as you shall deserve, sir.

*Leon.* And when I lie with her—

*Serv.* May be I'll light you;

On the same point you may do me that service.

*Enter a Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with some captains, Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine, And their best services.

*Marg.* They shall be welcome. See all be ready in the noblest fashion, The house perfum'd. Now I shall take my pleasure, And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.— Go, get your best clothes on; but, 'till I call you, Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentle-

woman,

And behave yourself cleanly, sir; 'tis for my credit.

*Enter a second Lady.*

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia—

*Leon.* That's a bawd, [Apert. A three-pil'd bawd, bawd-major to the army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

*Leon.* The neat air of her nunnery!

*Marg.* Tell her, no;

I 'th' afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [Exit.

*Marg.* Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?

May be you shall be sewer to the first course.—

A portly presence!—Altea, he looks lean;

'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

*Altea.* A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring.

*Leon.* 'Faith, madam, in my little understanding, You'd better entertain your honest neighbours, Your friends about you, that may speak well of you,

And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

*Marg.* How now? what's this?

*Leon.* 'Tis only to persuade you:

Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal, A kind of marchpane men, that will not last, madam; An egg and pepper goes further than their potions, And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip Will play his prize above their strong potables.

*Marg.* The fellow's mad!

*Leon.* He that shall counsel ladies, That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes, Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

*Altea.* He breaks out modestly. [Apert.

*Leon.* Pray you be not angry; My indiscretion has made bold to tell you What you'll find true.

*Marg.* Thou dar'st not talk?

*Leon.* Not much, madam;

You have a tie upon your servant's tongue; He dares not be so bold as reason bids him; 'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper. Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your husband!

ut what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,  
uch husbands as this monstrous world produces,  
nd you will scarce find such deformities;  
hey're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,  
ails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,  
alls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,  
nd bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,  
'o rent out lust.

*Marg.* D'you hear him talk?

*Leon.* I've done, madam;  
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;  
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders?  
Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. *[Exit.]*

*Marg.* First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,  
And how unlike the lump I took him for,  
The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,  
And mated my commands! this was your provi-  
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman, *[dence,*  
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!  
What think you now?

*Altea.* I think him an ass still;  
This boldness some of your people have blown into him,

This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,  
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

*Marg.* I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,

Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,  
Such as are understanding in their draughts,  
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,  
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,  
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,  
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;  
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband!

*Altea.* He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;

Keep him from drink; he has a high constitution.

*Enter LEON.*

*Leon.* Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

*Marg.* No, your old clothes,  
And get you into th' country presently,  
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have  
Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir, *[victuals,*  
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.

*Altea.* Good madam, be not so rough with  
You see now he's come round again. *[repentance:]*

*Marg.* I see not what I expect to see.

*Leon.* You shall see, madam, if it shall please

*Altea.* He's humbled; *[your ladyship—*  
Eorgive, good lady.

*Marg.* Well, go get you handsome,  
And let me hear no more.

*Leon.* *[Aside.]* Have you yet no feeling?  
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady!

*[Exit.]*

*Marg.* See you preserve him thus, upon my  
favour;

You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;  
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,  
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

*Altea.* *[Aside.]* I hope to see you so too; I've  
wrought ill else. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in a mean Hovel.*

*Enter PEREZ.*

*Perez.* Shall I never return to mine own house  
again?

We're lodg'd here in the miserablist dog-hole,  
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;  
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:

We have a bed no bigger than a basket,  
And there we lie like butter clapt together,  
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.  
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,  
And to that so thick, they cut like marmaleet;  
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!  
Never return to mine own paradise?—

Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!

*Estif.* *[Within.]* I'm going presently.

*Perez.* Make haste, good jewel!

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:  
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;  
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,  
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.  
The inhabitants we have are two starved rats  
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here),  
And those appear as fearful as two devils;  
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,  
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.  
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,  
Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,  
(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a house of  
cards)

The true proportion of an old smok'd sibyl;  
There is a young thing too, that nature meant  
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;  
She has a husk about her like a chesnut  
With laziness, and living under the line here;  
And these two make a hollow sound together,  
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that mur-  
mur.

*Enter ESTIFANIA.*

Mercy, deliver me!—Oh, are you come, wife?  
Shall we be free again?

*Estif.* I am now going,  
And you shall presently to your own house, sir:  
The remembrance of this small vexation  
Will be argument of mirth for ever.  
By that time you have said your orisons,  
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready  
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

*Perez.* Break my neck rather! Is there any  
thing here to eat

But one another, like a race of cannibals?  
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!  
Let's have our house again immediately;  
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,  
None be embezzled!

*Estif.* Not a pin, I warrant you.

*Perez.* And let 'em instantly depart.

*Estif.* They shall both,  
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must both,  
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,  
And has provided too; she sent me word, sir,  
And will give over gratefully unto you.

*Perez.* I'll walk i' th' church-yard;  
The dead cannot offend more than these living,  
An hour hence I'll expect you.

*Estif.* I'll not fail, sir.

*Perez.* And do you hear, let's have a handsome  
dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been,  
And let me have a strong bath to restore me !  
I stink like a stall-fish, shambles, or an oil-shop.

*Estif.* You shall have all—[*Aside.*] (which some interpret nothing.)—

I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,  
And for the stuff.

*Peres.* Let 'em be known and honest ;  
And do my service to your niece.

*Estif.* I shall, sir ;

But if I come not at my hour, come thither,  
That they may give you thanks for your fair  
And pray you be brave, for my sake ! [courtesy.

*Peres.* I observe you. [Exit.

### SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter *JUAN DE CASTRO, SANCHE, and CACAFOGO.*

*Sanc.* Thou'rt very brave.

*Cac.* I've reason ; I have money.

*Sanc.* Is money reason ?

*Cac.* Yes, and rhyme too, captain.

If you've no money, you're an ass.

*Sanc.* I thank you.

*Cac.* You've manners ; ever thank him that has

*Sanc.* Wilt thou lend me any ? [money.

*Cac.* Not a farthing, captain ;

Captains are casual things.

*Sanc.* Why, so are all men ;

Thou shalt have my bond.

*Cac.* Nor bonds nor fetters, captain :

My money is mine own ; I make no doubt on't.

*Juan.* What dost thou do with it ?

*Cac.* Put it to pious uses,

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs  
That would undo me.

*Juan.* Are those hospitals ?

*Cac.* I first provide to fill my hospitals

With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,  
And then I build ; those are more bound to pray for  
me :

Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name still.

*Juan.* A provident charity ! Are you for the  
wars, sir ?

*Cac.* I am not poor enough to be a soldier,

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet :

This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

*Juan.* You have said wisely.

*Cac.* Had you but my money,

You'd swear it, colonel ; I'd rather drill at home  
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more  
honour,

Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing :

A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

*Sanc.* A right state usurer ; why dost thou not  
And live a reverend justice ? [marry,

*Cac.* Is't not nobler

To command a reverend justice, than to be one ?

And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,

When every courteous fool that owes me money,

Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury ?

*Juan.* Wilt thou go to dinner with us ?

*Cac.* I will go,

And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,

The rich one too, and I will be respected ;

I bear my patent here : I will talk to her ;

And when your captainships shall stand aloof,

And pick your noses, I will pick the purse

Of her affection.

*Juan.* The duke dines there to-day, too,  
The duke of Medina.

*Cac.* Let the king dine there,

He owes me money, and so far's my creature ;

And certainly I may make bold with mine own,

*Sanc.* Thou wilt eat monstrously. [captain.

*Cac.* Like a true-born Spaniard ;

Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows !

And I will drink abundantly, and then

Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,

To stir the intellectuals of the ladies ;

I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

*Juan.* If we should play now, you must supply

*Cac.* You must pawn a horse-troop, [me.

And then have at you, colonel !

*Sanc.* Come, let's go.

This rascal will make rare sport ! how the ladies

Will laugh at him ! Leave anger !

*Juan.* If I light on him,

I'll make his purse sweat too.

*Cac.* Will you lead, gentlemen ? [Exit.

### SCENE IV.—*The Street before the mean Hovel.*

Enter *PERES, an Old Woman, and Maid.*

*Peres.* Nay, pray ye come out, and let me un-  
derstand ye,

And tune your pipe a little higher, lady ;

I'll hold ye fast. Rub ! how came my trunks  
open ?

And my goods gone ? what picklock spirit—

*Old Wom.* Ha ! what would you have ?

*Peres.* My goods again ; how came my trunks

*Old Wom.* Are your trunks open ? [all open ?

*Peres.* Yes, and my clothes gone,

And chains and jewels !—How she smells like  
hung beef !—

The palsy and picklocks !—Fie, how she belches  
The spirit of garlic !

*Old Wom.* Where's your gentlewoman ?

The young fair woman ?

*Peres.* What's that to my question !

She is my wife, and gone about my business.

*Maid.* Is she your wife, sir ?

*Peres.* Yes, sir : is that wonder ?

Is the name of wife unknown here ?

*Old Wom.* Is she truly,

Truly your wife ?

*Peres.* I think so, for I married her,

It was no vision, sure !

*Maid.* She has the keys, sir.

*Peres.* I know she has ; but who has all my  
goods, spirit ?

*Old Wom.* If you be married to that gentlewoman,  
You are a wretched man ; she has twenty husbands.

*Maid.* She tells you true.

*Old Wom.* And she has cozen'd all, sir.

*Peres.* The devil she has !—I had a fair house  
with her,

That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

*Old Wom.* You're cozen'd too ; 'tis none of  
hers, good gentleman !

It is a lady's.—What's the lady's name, wench ?

*Maid.* The lady Margarita ; she was her servant,

And kept the house, but going from her, sir,

For some lewd tricks she play'd—

*Peres.* Plague o' the devil !

Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,

Cheated by a stale quean?—What kind of lady  
Is that that owes the house?

*Old Wom.* A young sweet lady.

*Perez.* Of a low stature?

*Old Wom.* She's indeed but little,  
But she is wondrous fair.

*Perez.* I feel I'm cozen'd;  
Now I am sensible I am undone!  
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,  
She told me would entreat but for four days,  
To make the house hers: I'm entreated sweetly!

*Maid.* When she went out this morning, (that  
I saw, sir,)

She had two women at the door attending,  
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;  
But what they were—I heard your trunks too, open,  
If they be yours.

*Perez.* They were mine while they were laden,  
But now they've cast their calves, they're not  
Was she her mistress, say you? [worth owning.

*Old Wom.* Her own mistress,  
Her very mistress, sir, and all you saw  
About and in that house was hers.

*Perez.* No plate,  
No jewels, nor no hangings?

*Maid.* Not a farthing;

She's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing!

*Perez.* No money?

*Old Wom.* Abominable poor, as poor as we are,  
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.  
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,  
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!

*Perez.* I am mad now!  
I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else.  
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,  
And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.—  
Where does she use?

*Old Wom.* You may find truth as soon:  
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in;  
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,  
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find

*Perez.* Is she a whore too? [her.

*Old Wom.* Little better, gentleman: I dare not  
She is so, sir, because she is yours, sir; [say  
But these five years she has fir'd a pretty living,  
Until she came to serve.—I fear he will knock  
My brains out for lying. [Apart.

*Perez.* She has serv'd me faithfully;  
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings,  
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.

Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,  
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?  
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,  
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?  
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,  
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trick'd now?  
Caught in mine own noose?—Here's a ryal left yet;  
There's for your lodging and your meat for this  
week!

A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,  
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-  
grandmother!

If I do find you were an accessory,  
(Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)  
I'll hang you presently.

*Old Wom.* And I'd deserve it.

I tell but truth.

*Perez.* Nor I, I am an ass, mother! [Exeunt.

# SCENE V.—A Hall in the Town-house of MARGARITA.

Enter the Duke MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO, ALOXO,  
SANCIO, CACAFOGO, and Attendants.

*Duke.* A goodly house!

*Juan.* And richly furnish'd too, sir.

*Alox.* Hung wantonly!—I like that preparation;  
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,  
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.  
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

*Duke.* Now, Cacafofo, how like you this mansion?  
'Twere a brave pawn.

*Cac.* I shall be master of it;

'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and  
spacious,

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.

I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,  
And take the height of her table with my stomach,  
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, Ladies, and Servants.

*Marg.* All welcome to your Grace, and to these  
soldiers!

You honour my poor house with your fair presence,  
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,  
I do beseech your Grace command; they're yours;  
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.

*Duke.* I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit you,  
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet  
beauty.

'T has been a long night since you left the court,  
For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

*Marg.* Bring in the duke's meat!

*Sanc.* She's most excellent.

*Juan.* Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;  
I had rather command her than my regiment.

*Cac.* I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,  
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,  
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.

Say, I should marry her? she'll get more money  
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it.

She appears the most infallible way of purchase.  
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the em-  
For I am like a lion where I lay hold; [counter,  
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,  
And never bleat neither; that Sir Time has taught  
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her; [us.—  
The arrant'st shamefac'd ass!—I broil away too.

Enter LEON.

*Marg.* Why, where's this dinner?

*Leon.* 'Tis not ready, madam,

Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;  
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

*Juan.* Is not this my alfarez? He looks another  
Are miracles afoot again? [thing?

*Marg.* Why, sirrah!

Why, sirrah, you!

*Leon.* I hear you, saucy woman;  
And as you are my wife, command your absence!  
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.

*Duke.* Your wife!

*Leon.* Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;  
And 'pray take notice that I claim that honour,  
And will maintain it.

*Cac.* If thou be'st her husband,  
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;  
I'll be thy faithful friend.

*Leon.* Peace, dirt and dunghill!

I will not lose mine anger on a rascal ;  
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body  
Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

*Alon.* This is miraculous !

*Sanc.* Is this the fellow

That had the patience to become a fool,  
A flirted fool, and on a sudden break  
(As if he'd shew a wonder to the world)  
Both into bravery, and fortune too ?

I much admire the man ; I am astonish'd !

*Marg.* I'll be divorc'd immediately.

*Leon.* You shall not ;

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.  
I am more tender of your honour, lady,  
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,  
You took me to gloss over your discredit,  
To be your fool ; you had thought you'd found a  
coxcomb :

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to you ;  
Only I will be known to be your lord now,  
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

*Marg.* I do command you from me, thou poor  
Thou cozen'd fool !

*Leon.* Thou cozen'd fool ? 'Tis not so ;

I will not be commanded : I'm above you !  
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,  
But from your state you never shall ; I'll hold that,  
And hold it to my use ; the law allows it !  
And then maintain your wantonness ; I'll wink at it.

*Marg.* Am I brav'd thus in mine own house ?

*Leon.* 'Tis mine, madam ;

You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it ; I rule it,  
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here,  
madam.

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,  
And at my further will to do me service ;  
And so I'll keep it.

*Marg.* As you love me, give way !

*Leon.* It shall be better I will give none, madam :  
I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,  
And will maintain it. You shall know me now  
To be an understanding feeling man,  
And sensible of what a woman aims at,  
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with ;  
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.  
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,  
The master of this little piece of mischief !  
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady ;  
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

*Duke.* Is this the fellow that the people point-  
ed at,

For the mere sign of man, the walking image ?  
He speaks wondrous highly.

*Leon.* As a husband ought, sir,  
In his own house ; and it becomes me well too.  
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were put  
To have a wife or servant of your own, [to it,  
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)  
Under your own roof to command you.

*Juan.* Brave !

A strange conversion ! Thou shalt lead in chief now.  
*Duke.* Is there no difference betwixt her and  
you, sir ?

*Leon.* Not now, my lord ; my fortune makes me  
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler. [even ;  
*Marg.* Get me my coach !

*Leon.* Let me see who dare get it

Till I command ; I'll make him draw your coach  
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet) [too,  
That executes your will.—Or, take your coach, lady ;

I give you liberty ; and take your people,  
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with  
Take all these freely, but take me no more ; [you ;  
And so farewell !

*Duke.* Nay, sir, you shall not carry it [Draws.  
So bravely off ; you shall not wrong a lady  
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it :  
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,  
To see a lady weep.

*Leon.* They're tears of anger,  
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity ;  
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not ;  
(She would swoon now, if she could not cry)  
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too ;  
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor orient.  
Put up, my lord ; this is oppression,  
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,  
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me ;  
All which shall understand how you provoke me.  
In mine own house to brave me ! is this princely ?  
Then to my guard ; and if I spare your Grace,

And do not make this place your monument,  
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,—  
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)—  
Mercy, forsake me !

*Juan.* Hold, fair sir, I beseech you !

The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

*Leon.* He that dares strike against the husband's  
freedom,

The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold !  
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,  
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,  
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster !  
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,  
And at one instant kill both name and honour !  
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,  
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him !  
Now, sir, fall on ! I'm ready to oppose you.

*Duke.* I've better thought. I pray, sir, use your  
wife well.

*Leon.* Mine own humanity will teach me that,  
sir.—

And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to  
This is my wedding-day. [dinner :

*Duke.* I'll cross your joy yet. [Aside.

*Juan.* I've seen a miracle ! hold thine own, sol-  
dier !

Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

*Sanc.* He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of  
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' the husk. [me,

*Enter PEREZ.*

*Perez.* 'Save ye !  
Which is the lady of the house ?

*Leon.* That's she, sir ;  
That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.

*Juan.* Don Michael, Leon ; another darer come ?

*Perez.* 'Pray do not know me ; I am full of  
business :

When I've more time I'll be merry with ye.—  
It is the woman.—Good madam, tell me truly,  
Had you a maid call'd Estifania ?

*Marg.* Yes, truly, had I.

*Perez.* Was she a maid, d'you think ?

*Marg.* I dare not swear for her ;

For she had but a scant fame.

*Perez.* Was she your kinswoman ?

*Marg.* Not that I ever knew. Now I look  
better,

I think you married her: Give you much joy, sir?

You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

*Perez.* Give me a halter!—Is not this house mine, madam?

Was not she owner of it? 'Pray speak truly!

*Marg.* No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it;

And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

*Perez.* The hangings and the plate too?

*Marg.* All are mine, sir,

And everything you see about the building:

She only kept my house when I was absent,

And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

*Sanc.* What a devil ails he?

*Juan.* He's possess'd, I'll assure you.

*Perez.* Where is your maid?

*Marg.* Do not you know that have her?

She's yours now; why should I look after her?

Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.

*Perez.* I saw her later; 'would the devil had had her!

It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!

*Juan.* Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? thy excellent wife?

Art thou a man yet?

*Alon.* When shall we come and visit thee?

*Sanc.* And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.

You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy, How scurvily you look!

*Perez.* Pr'ythee leave fooling;

I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.—

Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

*Marg.* Yes, many times,

So often that I was asham'd to keep her;

But I forgave her, sir, in hope she'd mend still,

And had not you o' th' instant married her,

I had put her off.

*Perez.* I thank you; I am bless'd still!

Which way so'er I turn, I'm a made man;

Miserably gull'd beyond recovery?

*Juan.* You'll stay and dine?

*Perez.* Certain I cannot, captain.

Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,

The misera blest ass! But I must leave you;

I am in haste, in haste!—Bless you, good madam,

And [may] you prove as good as my wife! [*Exit.*

*Leon.* Will you

Come near, sir? will your grace but honour me,

And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome.

All anger's past, I hope, and I shall serve ye.

*Juan.* Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter PEREZ.*

*Perez.* I'll go to a conjuror but I'll find this polecat,

This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,

And covers for the impudence of women!

Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.—

*Enter ESTIFANIA, with a casket.*

It is my evil angel; let me bless me!

*Estif.* 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,

And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,

Vex'd at the uttermost!

*Perez.* My worthy wife,

I have been looking of your modesty

All the town over.

*Estif.* My most noble husband,

I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm weary,

Weary and lame, with looking out your lordship.

*Perez.* I've been in bawdy-houses.

*Estif.* I believe you,

And very lately too.

*Perez.* 'Pray ye pardon me;—

To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,

In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds

Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,

To look you out amongst the youthful actors:

At puppet-shows (you're mistress of the motions!):

At gossipings I hearken'd after you,

But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues

There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:

I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;

But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:

And last I went to church to seek you out;

'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

*Estif.* You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns—

*Perez.* And are you sober?

*Estif.* Yes, I reel not yet, sir.—

Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers;

There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too:

From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels

Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and candlesticks,

Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,

And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,

And to th' chirurgeon's went; he will'd me stay,

"For," says he learnedly, "if he be trippled,

Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;

If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too."

I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,

Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,

For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,

The more the danger, still the more the honour!

Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,

You were too proud to pray: And here I've found you.

*Perez.* She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;

But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.— [*Aside.*

Here leave we off our wanton languages,

And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?

*Estif.* Why am I abused?

*Perez.* Thou most vile, base, abominable—

*Estif.* Captain !

*Perex.* Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor,

*Estif.* Captain ! [pocky—

*Perex.* D'y'e echo me ?

*Estif.* Yes, sir, and go before you,  
And round about you ! Why d' you rail at me  
For that that was your own sin, your own knavery ?

*Perex.* And brave me too ?

*Estif.* You'd best now draw your sword, captain !  
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain !  
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain !

*Perex.* A plague upon thee ! answer me directly ?  
Why didst thou marry me ?

*Estif.* To be my husband ;

I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

*Perex.* Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me  
wonders ?

A house and riches, when they are but shadows,  
Shadows to me ?

*Estif.* Why did you work on me  
(It was but my part to requite you, sir !)  
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd  
bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,  
So much in right rich clothes ?

*Perex.* Thou hast 'em, rascal ;  
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,  
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.

*Estif.* Sir, there's your treasure ; sell it to a  
tinker

To mend old kettles : Is this noble usage ?  
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure !  
A man would think now, these were worthy matters.

[Opens the casket.

Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over,—how it  
scenteth !

Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it serv'd for :  
And here's another of a lesser value,  
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't !  
These are my jointure ! Blush, and save a labour,  
Or these else will blush for you.

*Perex.* A fire subtle ye !  
Are you so crafty ?

*Estif.* Here's a goodly jewel ;  
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain ?  
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw ?  
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes !  
And fills each room with light—like a close lant-  
horn !

This would do rarely in an abbey window,  
To cozen pilgrims.

*Perex.* Pr'ythee leave prating.

*Estif.* And here's a chain of whittings' eyes for  
pearls ;

A muscle-monger would have made a better.

*Perex.* Nay, pr'ythee, wife, my clothes, my

*Estif.* I'll tell you ; [clothes !

Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.  
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,  
A kind of candlestick ; these you thought, my  
husband,

To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with  
you.

*Perex.* Is there no house then, nor no grounds  
No plate, nor hangings ? [about it ?

*Estif.* There are none, sweet husband ;  
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.  
Can you rail now ? 'Pray put your fury up, sir,  
And speak great words ; you are a soldier ; thun-  
der !

*Perex.* I will speak little ; I have play'd the fool,  
And so I am rewarded.

*Estif.* You have spoke well, sir ;  
And now I see you are so conformable,  
I'll lighten you again : Go to your house,  
They're packing to be gone ; you must sup there ;  
I'll meet you, and bring clothes, and clean shirts  
after,

And all things shall be well.—I'll colt you once  
more,

And teach you to bring copper ! [Aside.

*Perex.* Tell me one thing,  
I do beseech thee, tell me, tell me truth, wife ;  
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest ?  
The beldame swore—

*Estif.* I bid her tell you so, sir ;  
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband !  
The lady told you too—

*Perex.* Most strange things of thee.

*Estif.* Still 'twas my way, and all to try your  
And she denied the house ? [sufferance :

*Perex.* She knew me not,

No, nor no title that I had.

*Estif.* 'Twas well carried.

No more ; I'm right and straight.

*Perex.* I would believe thee,  
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will you

*Estif.* I'll be there straight. [follow me ?

*Perex.* I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [Exit.

*Estif.* Go, silly fool ! thou may'st be a good  
In open field, but for our private service [soldier  
Thou art an ass ; I'll make thee so, or miss else.—

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,  
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.—  
May I crave your leave, sir ?

*Cac.* Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no  
I'm in my meditations ; do not vex me ; [leave ;  
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,  
That people had compassion on, it look'd so ;  
The next, Sir Palmerin : Here's fine proportion !  
An ass, and then an elephant ; sweet justice !  
There's no way left to come at her now ; no craving ;  
If money could come near, yet I would pay him ;  
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,  
And money may do much ! a thousand ducats ?  
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

*Estif.* 'Pray you hear me.

*Cac.* I know thou hast some wedding ring to  
paw now,

Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy in't,  
" Love and a mill-horse should go round together,"  
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain :  
I'll none of 'em.—I would she did but know me,  
Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,  
That I might come in any way !

*Estif.* I'm gone, sir ;  
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to you,  
The lady Margarita—

*Cac.* Stay, I pr'ythee ;  
What is thy will ? I turn me wholly to you,  
And talk now till thy tongue ache ; I will hear you.

*Estif.* She would entreat you, sir !

*Cac.* She shall command, sir !  
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentle-  
Do not forget thyself. [woman ;

*Estif.* She does command then  
This courtesy, because she knows you're noble—

*Cac.* Your mistress, by the way ?



*Estif.* My natural mistress—  
Upon these jewels, sir—they're fair and rich,  
And, view 'em right—  
*Cac.* To doubt 'em is an heresy.  
*Estif.* A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity  
Of present use; her husband, sir, is stubborn.  
*Cac.* Long may he be so!  
*Estif.* She desires withal  
A better knowledge of your parts and person;  
And, when you please to do her so much honour—  
*Cac.* Come, let's despatch.  
*Estif.* In troth I've heard her say, sir,  
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.  
But in this business, sir—  
*Cac.* Let's do it first,  
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.  
*Estif.* All secrecy she would desire; she told  
How wise you are. [me  
*Cac.* We are not wise to talk thus!  
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel  
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.  
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve thy lady,  
Long monstrously!—Now, valour, I shall meet you,  
You that dare dukes!  
*Estif.* [Aside.] Green goose, you're now in sip-  
pets. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE II.—Another Street.

*Enter the DUKE, SANCIO, JUAN, and ALONZO.*

*Duke.* He shall not have his will, I shall prevent  
I have a toy here that will turn the tide, [him;  
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,  
Do you present it to him. [Gives him a paper.]

*Juan.* I am commanded. [Exit.]

*Duke.* A fellow founded out of charity,  
And moulded to the height, condemn his maker,  
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This must  
not be.

*Sanc.* That such an oyster-shell should hold a  
pearl,  
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she made  
To be the matter of her own undoing,  
To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,  
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?  
We suffer all, sir, in this sad eclipse;  
She should shine where she might shew like herself,  
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,  
And shed her beams upon her friends. We're  
gull'd all,  
And all the world will grumble at your patience,  
If she be ravish'd thus.

*Duke.* Ne'er fear it, Sancio,  
We'll have her free again, and move at court  
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness  
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slub-  
ber'd!

*Alon.* 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must  
stir in it.

*Duke.* I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,  
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon  
A new song from him; let's attend a little. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—An Apartment in MARGARITA'S House.

*Enter LEON, and JUAN with a Commission.*

*Leon.* Col'nel, I am bound to you for this no-  
bleness.

I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir;  
(And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd  
you)  
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,  
To make me your companion; this commission  
Gives me a troop of horse.  
*Juan.* I rejoice at it,  
And am a glad man we shall gain your company;  
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,  
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.  
*Leon.* Within four days I'm gone, so he com-  
mands me,  
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;  
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods ready?  
*Juan.* They are aboard.  
*Leon.* Who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir.

*Leon.* D'y'e hear, ho!  
Go, carry this unto your mistress, sir,  
And let her see how much the king has honour'd  
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier. [me;  
[Exit Servant.]

[Lorenzo!]

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* Sir.

*Leon.* Go, take down all the hangings,  
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,  
And all the furniture that's portable.—  
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary  
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.—  
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe  
Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.

*Lor.* Whither must they go, sir?

*Leon.* To the wars, Lorenzo,  
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,  
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.

*Lor.* Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you're made  
us all, sir;

And, if we leave you—Does my lady go too?

*Leon.* The stuff must go to-morrow to-w'rds the  
All, all must go. [See, sir;

*Lor.* Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!  
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldados,  
comrades!

We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues; come away  
quickly!

*Juan.* He has taken a brave way to save his  
honour, [Apert.]

And cross the duke; now I shall love him dearly.  
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman!

*Enter MARGARITA, led by two Ladies.*

*Leon.* Why, how now, wife? what, sick at my  
This is not kindly done. [preferment!]

*Marg.* No sooner love you,  
Love you entirely, sir, brought to consider  
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,  
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from you?  
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,  
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,  
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

*Leon.* By no means, sweetheart!

*Marg.* If he were married but four days, as I  
am—

*Leon.* He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his  
country. [Ande.]

*Marg.* He'd make it treason for that tongue that  
But talk of war, or anything to vex him. [durst  
You shall not go.

*Leon.* Indeed I must, sweet wife.  
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?  
We'll have enough.

*Marg.* I'll to the duke my cousin,  
He shall to th' king.

*Leon.* He did me this great office,  
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now  
To undo't again? Fic, 'twere a base discredit.

*Marg.* 'Would I were able, sir, to bear you  
company;  
How willing should I be then, and how merry!  
I will not live alone.

*Leon.* Be in peace; you shall not.

[Knocking within.  
*Marg.* What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my  
head! why, rascals!

I think the war's begun i' th' house already.

*Leon.* The preparation is; they're taking down  
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,  
And all those furnitures that shall besit me  
When I lie in garrison.

*Enter Coachman.*

*Coachman.* Must the coach go too, sir?

*Leon.* How will your lady pass to th' sea else  
easily?

We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

*Marg.* I go? alas!

*Leon.* I'll have a main care of you;  
I know you're sickly; he shall drive the easier,  
And all accommodation shall attend you.

*Marg.* 'Would I were able!

*Leon.* Come, I warrant you; [up,  
Am not I with you, sweet?—Are her clothes pack'd  
And all her linens?—Give your maids direction;  
You know my time's but short, and I'm com-

*Marg.* Let me have a nurse, [manded.  
And all such necessary people with me,  
And an easy bark!

*Leon.* It shall not trot, I warrant you;  
Curvet it may sometimes.

*Marg.* I am with child, sir.

*Leon.* At four days' warning? this is something  
speedy.

Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west  
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady; [wind?  
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with  
you.

*Marg.* Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a  
maid too;

But we may both be cozen'd in that point, sir.

*Leon.* In such a straight point, sure I could not  
err, madam.

*Juan.* This is another tenderness to try him;  
Fetch her up now. [Apart.

*Marg.* You must provide a cradle,  
And what a trouble's that!

*Leon.* The sea shall rock it,  
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together;  
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!

*Marg.* 'Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame  
you, sir.

*Leon.* An you were a thousand shames, you shall  
along with me;

At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:  
Every man carries the bundle of his sins [you.  
Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat for

*Enter DUKE, ALONZO, and BANCIO.*

*Duke.* What, sir, preparing for your noble  
'Tis well, and full of care: [journey?

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,  
And knew you'd prove some good man for your  
country;—

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,  
I got this place. What, mourn at his advance-  
ment?

You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin;  
Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,  
Among your maids at home, and huswifely—

*Leon.* No, sir, I dare not leave her to that soli-  
tairiness;

She's young, and grief or ill news from those  
quarters

May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.

*Duke.* By no means, captain!

*Leon.* By all means, an't please ye.

*Duke.* What, take a young and tender-bodied  
lady,

And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults;  
A silly lady too!

*Leon.* 'Twill make her well, sir;

There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.  
*Sano.* Away, it must not be.

*Alon.* It ought not, sir;

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

*Duke.* I cannot blame her tears; fright her with  
With thunder of the war! [tempests,

I dare swear, if she were able—

*Leon.* She's most able:

And 'pray ye swear not; she must go, there's no  
remedy;

Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,  
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,—  
And, I must tell you, sir, 'tis most unno-ble,—

Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours' life,  
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me;  
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,  
To such a desolation and discredit,  
As her weakness and your hot will would work her  
to.—

*Enter PERES.*

What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my sufferance?  
What cousin's this?

*Juan.* Michael van Owl, how dost thou?

In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,  
Hast thou lain hid?

*Peres.* Things must both ebb and flow, colonel  
And people must conceal, and shine again.—  
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say  
gentlemen;

A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,  
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

*Alon.* He's certain mad.

*Juan.* As mad as a French tailor,  
That has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

*Peres.* I see you're packing now, my gentl  
And my wife told me I should find it so; [cousin  
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was las  
here,

But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.

I'm sorry that my swift occasions

Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;

Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin  
This house and all I have are all your servants.

*Leon.* What house, what pleasure, sir? what d  
you mean?

*Peres.* You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prov  
discourteous

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

*Leon.* And what of them?

*Perex.* They are mine, sir, and you know it; My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me. The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants, That are so busy in their offices, Again to minister to their right uses; I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures That are of under place. You're merry still, cou- And of a pleasant constitution; [sin, Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,

Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly, Is this my kinsman?

*Marg.* I can tell you nothing.

*Leon.* I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one, And so fantastic—All the house?

*Perex.* All mine, And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't. Can you not receive a noble courtesy, And quietly and handsomely, as you ought, coz, But you must ride o' th' top on't?

*Leon.* Canst thou fight?

*Perex.* I'll tell you presently; I could have done, sir.

*Leon.* For you must law and claw before you get *Juan*. Away; no quarrels! [it.

*Leon.* Now I am more temperate, I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bedlam, Never in love, (for that's a lunacy) No great state left you that you never look'd for, Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper) That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for And then I yield. [you;

*Perex.* He's half persuaded me I was bred i' th' moon:

I have ne'er a bush at my breech? Are not we both mad?

And is not this a fantastic house we're in, And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, sir? And if I do not beat thee presently Into a sound belief as sense can give thee, Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece, And say I was one o' th' Cæsars, done by a seal cutter.

*Leon.* I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

*Marg.* Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;—

I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you! [*Aside.* I gave it to his wife: You must restore, sir, And make a new provision.

*Perex.* Am I mad now, Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin, My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?— You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, sir, Your grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers, And must do naturally for one another.

*Duke.* Are you blank at this? then I must tell you, sir,

You've no command! Now you may go at pleasure,

And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd To try your jealousy, upon entreaty, And saving of your wife.

*Leon.* All this not moves me, Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.— You have more furniture, more houses, lady, And rich ones too, I will make bold with those; And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it; Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates, Visit your factors there, that may betray you: 'Tis done; we must go.

*Marg.* Now thou art a brave gentleman, And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.— The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir;

[*To PEREX.*

Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you vanish; I tell you plain, you've no more right than he has; That senseless thing, your wife, has once more Go you, and consider! [fool'd ye;

*Leon.* Good morrow, my sweet cousin! I should be glad, sir—

*Perex.* By this hand she dies for't,

Or any man that speaks for her! [*Exit.*

*Juan.* These are fine toys.

*Marg.* Let me request you stay but one poor month,

You shall have a commission, and I'll go too; Give me but will so far.

*Leon.* Well, I will try you.—

Good morrow to your grace; we've private business.

*Duke.* If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler. [*Aside.*

*Juan.* Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;

Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled, Thou art so brave a fellow.

*Alon.* I have seen visions!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter LEON with a letter, and MARGARITA.*

*Leon.* Come hither, wife; d'you know this hand?

*Marg.* I do, sir;

'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.

*Leon.* She writes to me here, that one Cacafo, An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal) Is mortally fallen in love with you—

*Marg.* He is a monster: Deliver me from mountains!

*Leon.* D'you go a-birding for all sorts of people?—

And this evening will come to you and shew you And offers anything to get access to you: [jewels, If I can make or sport or profit on him, (For he is fit for both) she bids me use him; And so I will, be you conformable, And follow but my will.

*Marg.* I shall not fail, sir.

*Leon.* Will the duke come again, d'you think?

*Marg.* No, sure, sir,

He has now no policy to bring him hither.

*Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife!

Let's in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.**Enter PEREZ.*

*Peres.* Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,

That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,  
That men might run away from [the] contagion,  
I had my wish : 'Would it were most high treason,  
Most infinite high, for any man to marry !

I mean for any man that would live handsomely,  
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.

What torments shall I put her to ? Phalaris' bull now—

'Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't—

Cut her a-pieces ? ev'ry piece will live still,  
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief ;  
They have so many lives, there is no hanging 'em ;  
They are too light to drown, they're cork and fea-  
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders. [thrs ;  
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,  
And so depress her as they did the giants ?  
She will move under more than built old Babel.  
I must destroy her.

*Enter CACAROO, with a casket.*

*Cac.* Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a shemoth,

That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds ! to be cheated,  
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham !

*Peres.* Who's that is cheated ? speak again, thou vision !

But art thou cheated ? minister some comfort !  
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely ?  
Come, pr'ythee come ; art thou so pure a coxcomb  
To be undone ? do not dissemble with me ;  
Tell me, I conjure thee.

*Cac.* Then keep thy circle,  
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,  
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,  
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

*Peres.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Cac.* Dost thou laugh ? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

*Peres.* By whom, good spirit ? speak, speak !  
ha, ha, ha !

*Cac.* I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack—by a rascal woman,

A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.  
Dost thou laugh still ?

*Peres.* I must laugh ; pr'ythee pardon me ;  
I shall laugh terribly.

*Cac.* I shall be angry,  
Terrible angry ; I have cause.

*Peres.* That's it,  
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,  
Angry at heart ; yet I must laugh still at thee.  
By a woman cheated ? art sure it was a woman ?

*Cac.* I shall break thy head ; my valour itches at thee.

*Peres.* It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd ?  
A real woman ?

*Cac.* A real devil ;  
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,  
How rank they smell !

*Peres.* Sweet cozen'd sir, let me see them ;  
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note  
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also, [that]  
A scurvy woman ; I am undone, sweet sir,  
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

*Cac.* Pray you take it. [Gives him the casket.  
You are the merriest undone man in Europe ;  
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,  
When our own miseries can make us merry ?

*Peres.* Ha, ha, ha !  
I've seen these jewels ; what a notable pennyworth  
Have you had next your heart ! You will not take,  
Some twenty ducats— [sir,

*Cac.* Thou'rt deceiv'd ; I'll take—

*Peres.* To clear your bargain now ?

*Cac.* I'll take some ten,  
Some anything, some half ten, half a ducat.

*Peres.* An excellent lapidary set those stones  
D'you mark their waters ? [sure ;

*Cac.* Quicksand choke their waters,  
And hers that brought 'em too ! But I shall find her.

*Peres.* And so shall I, I hope ; but do not hurt  
You cannot find in all this kingdom, [her ;  
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,  
For such gross natures will desire it often,  
It is at some time too a fine variety)  
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.—  
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [Exit.

*Cac.* If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow ;  
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,  
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.  
I'll to this lady ; there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in MARGARITA'S House.**Enter LEON and MARGARITA.*

*Leon.* Come, we'll away into your country—  
And there we'll learn to live contentedly : [house,  
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry ;  
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

*Marg.* Whither you will, I wait upon your plea-  
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with you. [sure ;

*Leon.* Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,  
When your obedience waits upon your husband,  
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.  
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,  
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,  
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,  
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman !  
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both  
sides,

And thro' the world we hold our current virtues ;  
Alone, we're single medals, only faces,  
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.  
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;  
I'll be as humble to you as a servant :  
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,  
They shall be welcome all ; visit acquaintance,  
Go at your pleasure, now experience  
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !

[Clashing of swords. A cry within] Down with  
their swords !

What noise is this ? what dismal cry ?

*Marg.* 'Tis loud too :  
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street ; look  
*Leon.* Look out, and help ! [out there.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh, sir, the Duke Medina—  
*Leon.* What of the Duke Medina ?

*Serv.* Oh, sweet gentleman,  
Is almost slain.

*Marg.* Away, away, and help him!  
All the house help! [*Exeunt MARG. and SERV.*]

*Leon.* How! slain?—Why, Margarita! why,  
wife!—

Sure, some new device they have afoot again,  
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.  
I'd rather guide a ship imperial  
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

*Enter DUKE, led in by MARGARITA, SANCIO, ALONSO, and  
Servant.*

*Marg.* How came you hurt, sir?

*Duke.* I fell out with my friend, the noble  
colonel;

My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour,  
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers;  
And he has left me thus. For charity,  
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,  
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!  
I fear I'm slain.

*Leon.* Help, gentlemen, to carry him.  
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,  
But as your own.

*Duke.* I thank you, noble sir.

*Leon.* To bed with him; and, wife, give your  
attendance.

*Enter JUAN.*

*Juan.* Doctors and surgeons—

*Duke.* Do not disquiet me,  
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Exeunt DUKE, SANCIO, ALON. MARG. and SERV.*]

*Leon.* Afore me,  
'Tis rarely counterfeited!

*Juan.* True, it is so, sir;  
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil you.  
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,  
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that same scratch  
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw com-  
passion,

That he might get into your house more cunningly.  
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave  
fellow.

*Leon.* I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour  
you.—  
Never be quiet?

[*Exit JUAN.*]

*Enter MARGARITA.*

*Marg.* He's most desp'rate ill, sir;  
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

*Leon.* Does he hire my house to play the fool in?  
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted!  
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams  
thus?

*Marg.* What ail you, sir?

*Leon.* Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,  
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?  
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?  
Have not I done my part like a true husband,  
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd  
for?

*Marg.* You have done handsomely, I must  
confess, sir.

*Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?  
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,  
The very tithes of which had won a widow?

*Marg.* Alas, I pity you.

*Leon.* Thou'lt make me angry;  
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

*Marg.* You are always,  
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about you.

*Leon.* If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark  
mad;

If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,  
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate!  
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.  
Are you so hot that no hedge can contain you?  
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee.  
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them  
open'd,

Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire you;  
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid  
To all those servile labours that she reaches at,  
And go thro' cheerfully, or else sleep empty;  
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,  
You in a pallet by, to humble you,  
And grieve for what you lose.

*Marg.* I've lost myself, sir,  
And all that was my base self, disobedience;

[*Kneels.*]

My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too:  
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd  
By your own nobleness—

[*With.*]

*Leon.* I take you up,  
And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it.

*Enter ALTEA.*

Now, what with you?

*Altea.* I come to tell my lady,  
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.

*Leon.* 'Tis Cacafofo; go, and entertain him,  
And draw him on with hopes.

*Marg.* I shall observe you.

*Leon.* I have a rare design upon that gentleman;  
And you must work too.

*Altea.* I shall, sir, most willingly.

*Leon.* Away then both, and keep him close in  
some place,  
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in too;  
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—The Street.

*Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA.*

*Perez.* Why, how dar'st thou meet me again,  
thou rebel,

[*Draws.*]

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou  
rascal?

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,  
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,  
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?  
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,  
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st upon  
me:

How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner,  
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!  
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!  
Hast ne'er a knife,  
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?  
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,  
That have compassion upon wretched women,  
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,  
But thou must fall to me?

*Estif.* I know you've mercy.

[*Kneels.*]

*Perez.* If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st  
none.

What new trick's now afoot, and what new houses

Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?  
What canst thou say for thy life?

*Estif.* Little or nothing;

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless  
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,  
And pray a little!

*Peres.* Do; a very little,

For I have further business than thy killing;  
I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you are  
ready.

*Estif.* Now, now, sir, now!—[*Shews a pistol.*]

—Come on! do you start off from me?

Do you sweat, great captain?—have you seen a

*Peres.* Do you wear guns? [spirit?]

*Estif.* I am a soldier's wife, sir,

And by that privilege I may be arm'd.

Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more  
And talk of our affairs in peace. [friendly,

*Peres.* Let me see,

Pr'ythee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

*Estif.* No, no, sir; you shall feel.

*Peres.* Hold, hold, you villain!

What, thine own husband?

*Estif.* Let mine own husband then

Be in's own wits.—There, there's a thousand  
ducats!— [Shows a purse.

Who must provide for you?—And yet you'll kill  
me.

*Peres.* I will not hurt thee for ten thousand  
millions.

*Estif.* When will you redeem your jewels? I  
have pawn'd 'em,

You see for what;—we must keep touch.

*Peres.* I'll kiss thee,

And, get as many more, I'll make thee famous.—  
Had we the house now!

*Estif.* Come along with me;

If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, sir.

*Peres.* I see I am an ass, when thou art near me.  
[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE V.—A Chamber in MARGARITA'S  
House.

*Enter LEON, MARGARITA, and ALTEA, with a taper.*

*Leon.* Is the fool come?

*Altea.* Yes, and i' th' cellar fast,

And there he stays his good hour till I call him;

He will make dainty music 'mong the sack-buts.

I've put him just, sir, under the duke's chamber.

*Leon.* It is the better.

*Altea.* He has giv'n me royally,

And to my lady a whole load of portigues.

*Leon.* Better and better still.—Go, Margarita,  
Now play your prize:—You say you dare be honest;  
I'll put you to your best.

*Marg.* Secure yourself, sir;

Give me the candle; pass away in silence.

[*Exeunt LEON and ALTEA. MARG. knocks.*]

*Duke.* [Within.] Who's there? Oh, oh!

*Marg.* My lord!

*Duke.* [Within.] Have you brought me comfort?

*Marg.* I have, my lord:

Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll help  
you;—

*Enter DUKE, in a gown.*

Come softly too. How do you?

*Duke.* Are there none here? [Noise below.

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.

Oh, let me bless this hour! Are you alone, sweet

*Marg.* Alone, to comfort you. [friend?  
[CACAPOGO makes a noise below.

*Duke.* What's that you tumble?

I've heard a noise this half hour under me,

A fearful noise.

*Marg.* The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar, [*Aside.*

And stumbles from one hoghead to another;

Two cups more, and he ne'er shall find the way  
out.—

What do you fear? Come, sit down by me cheer-  
fully;

My husband's safe.—How do your wounds?

*Duke.* I've none, lady;

My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,

And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, sweet:

Let's lose no time.—[Noise below.]—Hark, the  
same noise again!

*Marg.* What noise? why look you pale? I hear  
no stirring.—

(This goblin in the vault will be so tipped!) [*Aside.*

You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;

Your body's ill at ease; your wounds—

*Duke.* I've none;

I am as lusty, and as full of health,

High in my blood—

*Marg.* Weak in your blood, you would say.

How wretched is my case, willing to please you,

And find you so disable!

*Duke.* Believe me, lady—

*Marg.* I know, you'll venture all you have to  
satisfy me,

Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?

Is it, my love, do you think?

*Cac.* [Below.] Here's to the duke!

*Duke.* It nam'd me certainly;

I heard it plainly sound.

*Marg.* You are hurt mortally,

And fitter for your prayers, sir, than pleasure.

What starts you make! I would not kiss you  
wantonly,

For the world's wealth.—Have I secur'd my hus-  
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded? [band,

*Cac.* [Below.] I come, I come.

*Duke.* Heav'n bless me!

*Marg.* And bless us both, for sure this is the  
devil!

I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you!

A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,

And spoke to you just as you would have snatch'd  
me.

You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts you:  
'Would you were out o' th' house!

*Duke.* I would I were,

O' that condition I had leap'd a window.

*Marg.* And that's the least leap, if you mean to  
'scape, sir.

Why, what a frantic man were you to come here,

What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,

To wound another deeper!

*Duke.* Are you honest then?

*Marg.* Yes, then, and now, and ever; and ex-  
cellent honest,

And exercise this pastime but to shew you,

Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches:

'Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,

Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,

To get out quietly as you got in, sir!

I wish it like a friend that loves you dearly ;  
For if my husband take you, and take you thus  
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,  
Out of his honour he must kill you presently ;  
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity :  
And for me to entreat in such an agony,  
Would shew me little better than one guilty.  
Have you any mind to a lady now ?

*Duke.* 'Would I were off fair !

If ever lady caught me in a trap more—

*Marg.* If you be well and lusty—fie, fie ; shake not !

You say you love me ; come, come bravely now ;  
Despise all danger ; I am ready for you.

*Duke.* She mocks my misery : Thou cruel lady !

*Marg.* Thou cruel lord ! wouldst thou betray my honesty,

Betray it in mine own house, wrong my husband,  
Like a night thief, thou dar'st not name by day-  
light ?

*Duke.* I am most miserable.

*Marg.* You are indeed ;

And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.

Could not your own discretion tell you, sir,  
When I was married I was none of yours ?  
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,  
And I now stand in a circle and secure ;  
Your spells nor power can never reach my body.  
Mark me but this, and then, sir, be most miser-  
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock, [able ;  
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,  
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.

*Duke.* Let me be gone. I'll never more attempt you.

*Marg.* You cannot go ; 'Tis not in me to save you :

Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it ?  
Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,  
For you must fight, and bravely, it concerns you ;  
You do me double wrong if you sneak off, sir,  
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward ;  
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,  
And leave your youth, your honour, and your state,

And all those dear delights you worshipp'd here.

*Duke.* The noise again ! [Noise below.

*Cac.* [Below.] Some small beer, if you love me.

*Marg.* The devil haunts you sure ; your sins are mighty ;

A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.

*Duke.* Preserve me but this once !

*Marg.* There's a deep well

In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning :  
It is but death.

*Duke.* I would not die so wretchedly.

*Marg.* Out of a garret-window I will let you down then ;

But say the rope be rotten ? 'tis huge high too.

*Duke.* Have you no mercy ?

*Marg.* Now you are frighted thoroughly,  
And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,  
And see with clear eyes your detested vice,  
I'll be your guard.

*Duke.* And I'll be your true servant,  
Ever from this hour virtuously to love you,  
Chastely and modestly to look upon you,  
And here I seal it. [Kisses her.

*Marg.* I may kiss a stranger,  
For you must now be so.

*Enter LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, and SANCHE.*

*Leon.* How do you, my lord ?

Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.  
Has my wife wounded you ? you were well before.  
'Pray, sir, be comforted ; I have forgot all,  
Truly forgiven too.—Wife, you are a right one,  
And now with unknown nations I dare trust you.

*Juan.* No more feign'd fights, my lord ; they never prosper.

*Enter ALTEA and CACAFOGO, drunk.*

*Leon.* Who's this ? the devil in the vault ?

*Altea.* 'Tis he, sir,

And as lovingly drunk, as though he had studied it.

*Cac.* Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady !  
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cack-  
old !—

An ocean of sweet sack !—Shall we speak treason ?

*Leon.* He's devilish drunk.

*Duke.* I had thought he had been a devil ;  
He made as many noises, and as horrible.

*Leon.* Oh, a true lover, sir, will lament loudly.—  
Which of the butts is your mistress ?

*Cac.* Butt in thy belly !

*Leon.* There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown

*Cac.* Butt in thy face ! [so monstrous.

*Leon.* Go, carry him to sleep.

A fool's love should be drunk ; he has paid well  
for't too.

When he is sober, let him out to rail,

Or hang himself ; there will be no loss of him.

[Exit AL CACAFOGO and SANCHE.]

*Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA.*

*Leon.* Who's this ? my Mahound cousin ?

*Perez.* Good, sir ; 'tis very good ! 'Would I'd  
a house, too !

(For there's no talking in the open air)

My Termagant cox, I would be bold to tell you,

I durst be merry too ; I tell you plainly,

You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,

A pretty lady too ; I have miss'd both :

My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him !

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,

See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger !

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,

And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,  
You are a fool, cox.

*Leon.* I must laugh a little,

And now I've done.—Cox, thou shalt live with  
me,

My merry cox ; the world shall not divorce us.

Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.

Will this content thee ?

*Perez.* I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,

Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you :

I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.—

Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest ;

At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

*Estif.* If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

*Leon.* Hold, this is yours ; some recompense  
for service : [Gives money to ESTIF.

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

*Duke.* And this is yours, your true commission,  
sir. [To LEON.

Now you are a captain.

*Leon.* You're a noble prince, sir ;

And now a soldier, gentlemen.

*Omnes.* We all rejoice in't.

*Juan.* Sir, I shall wait upon you through all

*Alon.* And I. [fortunes.]

*Altea.* And I must needs attend my mistress.

**Leon.** Will you go, sister?

*Altea.* Yes, indeed, good brother ;

I have two ties, my own blood, and my mistress.

**Marg.** Is she your sister?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,  
And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,  
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

*Altea.* I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

**Marg.** Well, I could chide you ;

But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.—

I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly,  
(For now I have an honest heart to love you)  
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

*Juan.* Your colours you must wear, and wear  
'em proudly,

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too :  
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's  
servants.

*Duke.* And all the world shall know, a noble  
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind. [mind  
[*Exeunt.*

## THE EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends ! and may you part  
Each with as merry and as free a heart  
As you came hither ! To those noble eyes,  
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,  
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,  
As we hope many, to such Fortune send  
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste !  
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste !



# THE LAWS OF CANDY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASSILANE, *General of Candy.*  
ANTINOUS, *Son to Cassilane.*  
FERNANDO, *a Venetian Captain, Servant to ANNO-PHEL.*  
PHILANDER, *Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with EROTA.*  
GONZALO, *an ambitious, politic Lord of Venice.*  
GASPERO, *Secretary of State.*  
MELITUS, *a Gentleman of Cyprus.*  
ARCANES, *a noble Soldier, Friend to Cassilane.*  
DECIUS, *Friend to Antinous.*  
PORPHYCIO, } *Senators.*  
POSSENNÉ, }

PAOLO MICHAEL, *a Venetian Ambassador.*  
MOCHINGO, *an ignorant Servant to EROTA.*

Senators.  
Gentlemen.  
Soldiers.  
Servants.

EROTA, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweening beauty.*  
ANNOPHEL, *Daughter to Cassilane.*  
HYPARCHA, *Attendant on the Princess EROTA.*

SCENE—THE CITY OF CANDIA.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter GASPERO and MELITUS.*

*Mel.* Sir, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with,  
I have a large discourse invites your ear  
To be an auditor.

*Gas.* And what concerns it?

*Mel.* The sadly thriving progress of the loves  
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,  
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,  
Can by no character be well exprest,  
But in her only name, the proud EROTA.

*Gas.* Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best  
Success your prince could find from her, to be  
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now  
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,  
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies  
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

*Mel.* Who can tell  
Whether or no these many plagues at once  
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,  
That is a monster in it?

*Gas.* Here's the misery  
Of having a child our prince; else I presume  
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt  
So bloody an invasion.

*Mel.* Yet I wonder  
Why, master secretary, still the senate  
So almost superstitiously adores  
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering  
The outrage of his countrymen.

*Gas.* The Senate  
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,  
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea

By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant  
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard  
Before the Senate there, in open court  
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral  
Had shew'd, deserved not only fine, but death  
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace :)  
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,  
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain,  
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it,  
His reason was, because it too much savour'd  
Of lawless and unjust ambition.  
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear  
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country.  
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,  
I know, Melitus, he out of his own store,  
Hath monied Cassilane the general.

*Mel.* What, without other pledges than Cassilane's,  
Bare promise of repayment?

*Gas.* No, it may be  
He has some pretty lordship to retire to;  
But thus he hath done; now 'tis fit, Melitus,  
The Senate should be thankful, otherwise  
They should annihilate one of those laws  
For which this kingdom is throughout the world  
Unfollowed and admired.

*Mel.* What laws are these, sir?  
Let me so much importune you.

*Gas.* You shall,  
And they be worth your knowledge: Briefly thus:  
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently  
Another of ingratitude, for any  
Received benefit, the plaintiff may  
Require th' offender's life; unless he please  
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

*Mel.* By which strict law, the senate is in  
Should they neglect Gonzalo? [danger,

*Gas.* Right, the law  
Permits a like equality to aliens,  
As to a home-born patriot.

*Mel.* Pray, sir, the other?

*Gas.* Know, Melitus,  
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,  
In war, in peace unparallel'd, and they  
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)  
Enacted that what man soe'er he were,  
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,  
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,  
Might, at his home-return, make his demand  
For satisfaction, and reward.

*Mel.* They are  
Both famous laws indeed.

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

*Mes.* Master secretary,  
The senate is about to sit, and crave  
Your presence.

*Gas.* What, so suddenly?

*Mes.* These letters  
Will shew the causes why.

*Gas.* [reads the dispatches.] Heav'n, thou art  
great,

And worthy to be thanked!

*Mel.* Your countenance, sir,  
Doth promise some good tidings.

*Gas.* Oh, the best  
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!  
All the Venetian forces are defeated.

*Mel.* How, sir?

*Gas.* And what doth add some delight more,  
There is amongst the soldiers a contention  
Who shall be the triumpher, and it stands  
Doubtful between a father and his son,  
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.

*Mel.* Why may not both demand it?

*Gas.* The law denies it,  
But where the soldiers do not all consent,  
The parties in contention are referr'd  
To plead before the senate; and from them  
Upon an open audience to be judg'd  
The chief, and then to make demands.

*Mel.* You ravish me  
With wonder and delight.

*Gas.* Come; as we walk,  
I shall more fully inform you.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—The Senate House.

*Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, ANTINOUS, and DECIVS.*

*Gas.* Admit no soldier near us till the senate  
Have took their places.

*Are.* You are obey'd, my lord.

*Ant.* Decius, fall off.

*Dec.* I shall.

*Gas.* Give leave, Arcanes: [Exit Arc. and Dec.]  
Young man, come nearer to me: Who am I?

*Ant.* It were a sin against the piety  
Of filial duty, if I should forget  
The debt I owe my father on my knee:  
Your pleasure?

[Kneels.]

*Gas.* What, so low? Canst thou find joints,  
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;  
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate  
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they

Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see  
Thy little god of war kneel to his father,  
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.

*Ant.* Sir,

For proof that I acknowledge you the author  
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd  
A part of my obedience. But if now  
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim  
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory  
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd  
From successory, but purchas'd with my blood,  
Then I must stand first champion for myself  
Against all interposers.

*Gas.* Boldly urg'd,

And proudly, I could love thee, did not anger  
Consult with just disdain, in open language  
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,  
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon  
The reeling pillars of a popular breath  
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add  
A suffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.

*Ant.* Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle  
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can report  
What they have seen you do; or had you not  
Best in your own performance writ your self,  
And been your own text, I would undertake  
Alone, without the help of art, or character,  
But only to recount your deeds in arms,  
And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent  
Of living victory: But as you are  
Great, and well worthy to be styled great,  
It would betray a poverty of spirit  
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,  
If I should, coward-like, surrender up  
The interest which the inheritance of your virtue  
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour:  
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any  
That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,  
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,  
One tittle.

*Gas.* Not to me?

*Ant.* You are my father,  
Yet not to you.

*Gas.* Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou  
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

*Ant.* Had I

Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all  
The streights of death, you might have justly then  
Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,  
More than to murder innocents, to take  
The life of my yet infant honour from me.

*Gas.* Antinous, look upon this badge of age,  
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty years,  
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)  
I have been known a soldier, in which time  
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,  
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.  
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd  
These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd  
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,  
Thy father, both for discipline and action  
Hath so long been the first of all his nation;  
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,  
Nay human, being so young, my son, my child,  
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,  
For one day's service, and that one thy first,  
To rob me of a glory which I fought for  
A half of hundred years?

*Ant.* My case observes

Both equity and precedents; for, sir,

That very day whereon you got your fame,  
You took it from some other, who was then  
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been  
Perhaps as many years deserving that  
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

*Cas.* But he was not my father then, Antinous;  
Thou leav'st out that.

*Ant.* Sir, had he been your father,  
He had been then immortal; for a father  
Heightens his reputation where his son  
Inherits it, as when you give us life,  
Your life is not diminish'd but renew'd  
In us when you are dead, and we are still  
Your living images.

*Cas.* So be thou curs'd  
In thy posterity, as I in thee,  
Dishonourable boy! O, shall that sun,  
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted  
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,  
And teaching this young man to manage arms,  
That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats  
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness  
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?  
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,  
Can no way hope to get a noble name,  
But by the treading on his father's greatness;  
Thou wilt not yield?

*Ant.* My life, but not the prize  
My sword hath purchas'd.

*Enter ARCANES and DECIVS.*

*Arc.* The senate, my lord,  
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers  
Begin to throng about them.

*Cas.* Now, Arcanes, the——

*Arc.* What, sir?

*Cas.* Trifles will affront us; that  
Fine fighting strippling.

*Arc.* Let him have the shame on't;  
'Please you withdraw on this side.

*Cas.* My great heart  
Was never quail'd before.

*Dec.* [To ANTINOUS.] My lord, be confident,  
Let not your father daunt you.

*Ant.* Decius, whither  
Must I withdraw?

*Dec.* On this side.—See, the soldiers  
Attend your pleasure—Courage, sir; the senate.

*Cas.* Way for the senate.

*Enter PORPHYCIO, POSSENE, three other Senators,  
GONKALO, GASPERO, and Soldiers.*

My good lords, I know not  
What tax of arrogance I may incur,  
Should I presume, though courted by your favours,  
To take a place amongst you; I had rather  
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility  
By some, though mean, yet more becoming place,  
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

*Pos.* My lord, your wisdom is both known and  
tried;

We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship  
Than your great service to the state deserves.

*Por.* Will't please you sit?

*Gon.* What, here, my lord Porphyccio?  
It must not be.

*Por.* My lord, you are too modest.

*Gon.* It is no season to be troublesome,  
Else—but I have done: Your lordships are ob-  
serv'd.

*Enter FERNANDO, led in captive by Soldiers.*

*Gas.* Is the demandant ready?

*Arc.* He is ready.

*Gas.* Produce him then.

*Arc.* Before this sacred presence,  
I, by a general consent, am made  
The Soldiers' Voice, and to your gracious wisdoms  
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion.  
Cassilane.

*Dec.* Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser  
number

Of those who have been guardians to this country.  
Approve this champion; I, in all their names,  
Who fought for Candy, here present before you  
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.  
Speak, fellow-soldiers.

*Sol.* Antinous, Antinous.

*Gas.* Stand by all, save the two competitors.

*Pos.* My lords, how much your country owes  
you both,

The due reward of your desertful glories  
Must to posterity remain: But yet  
Since, by our law, one only can make claim  
To the proposed honours which you both  
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave  
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.

*Por.* Wherein priority of voice is granted,  
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare  
And long experience in the course of war,  
As well doth challenge it as the best privilege  
Of order and civility, for that  
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.  
Say, countrymen, are you content?

*Sol.* Ay, ay.

*Cas.* Right grave, right gracious fathers, how  
It is for me, that all my life time have [unfit]  
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter,  
To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,  
Your wisdoms will consider: were there pitch'd  
Another, and another field, like that  
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath  
scatter'd,

Defeated, and made nothing, then the man  
That had a heart to think he could but follow  
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes  
Of danger and amazement, might in that,  
That only of but following me, be happy,  
Reputed worthy to be made my rival;  
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me,  
(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a confidence  
I led them on to fight, went on still, and  
As if I could have been a second Nature,  
As well in heartening them by my example,  
As by my exhortation, I gave life  
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,  
To heighten resolution; in a word,  
To out-do action: it boots not to discover,  
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd  
In martial play, was even as ignorant  
As childish: but I list not to disparage,  
His non-ability: The signal given  
Of battle, when our enemies came on,  
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant  
Of policy and stratagem) I met them,  
I in the fore-front of the armies met them;  
And as if this old weather-beaten body  
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood  
The volleys of their shot. I, I myself  
Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes:  
But when we came to handy strokes, as often

As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,  
 And every wound a death. I may be bold  
 To justify a truth, this very sword  
 Of mine slew more than any twain besides;  
 And, which is not the least of all my glory,  
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,  
 Was by the general of the Venetians,  
 And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,  
 I stept between, and rescu'd him myself,  
 Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;  
 And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd  
 The combat with the gallant general,  
 Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,  
 Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,  
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life  
 From him, whom I before, myself alone,  
 Had more than full three-quarters kill'd: A man  
 Well worthy only by this hand to have died,  
 Not by a boy's weak push: I talk too much,  
 But 'tis a fault of age: if to bring home  
 Long peace, long victory, even to your capitol;  
 If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,  
 Your lives and liberties; if to renown  
 Your honours through the world, to fix your names,  
 Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all  
 That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan,  
 Be to deserve th' approvement of my manhood,  
 Then thus much have I done: what more, examine  
 The annals of my life; and then consider  
 What I have been, and am. Lords, I have said.

*Gon.* With reverence to the senate, is it lawful,  
 Without your custom's breach, to say a word?

*Pos.* Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

*Gon.* I have heard,  
 And with no little wonder, such high deeds  
 Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,  
 I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd  
 All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memory,  
 As this one: but who can do ought to gain  
 The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat  
 More than a man: [To ANTINOUS.] You tread  
 a dang'rous path,

Yet I shall hear you gladly; for believe me,  
 Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,  
 I would not to my father, nor my king,  
 (My country's father) yield: If you transcend  
 What we have heard, I can but only say,  
 That miracles are yet in use. I fear  
 I have offended.

*Por.* You have spoken nobly.  
 Antinous, use your privilege.

*Ant.* Princely fathers,  
 Ere I begin, one suit I have to make,  
 'Tis just, and honourable.

*Por. and Pos.* Speak and have it.

*Ant.* That you would please the soldiers might  
 Together by their general. [all stand]

*Pos.* 'Tis granted.

All fall to yonder side: go on, Antinous. [father,  
*Ant.* I shall be brief and plain: All what my  
 (This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.  
 Fellows in arms, speak you: Is't true?

*Sol.* True, true.

*Ant.* It follows, that the blaze of my performance  
 Took light from what I saw him do: And thus  
 A city, though the flame be much more dreadful,  
 May from a little spark be set on fire;  
 Of all what I have done, I shall give instance  
 Only in three main proofs of my desert.  
 First, I sought out (but through how many dangers,

My lords, judge you) the chief, the great commander,  
 The head of that huge body, whose proud weight  
 Our land shrunk under, him I found and fought  
 with,

Fought with, and slew. Fellows in arms, speak you,  
 Is't true or not?

*Sol.* True, true.

*Ant.* When he was fall'n,  
 The hearts of all our adversaries  
 Began to quail, till young Fernando, son  
 To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,  
 And soon renew'd the field; by whose example  
 The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,  
 Had got the better of the day; our men,  
 Supposing that their adversaries grew  
 Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly:  
 I follow'd them; and what I said, they know;  
 The sum on't is, I call'd them back, new rank'd  
 them;

Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end:  
 Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

*Sol.* True, true.

*Ant.* Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,  
 The only great exploit; which was to take  
 Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand  
 In single fight I did: myself, without  
 The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.  
 Speak soldiers, is it true, or no?

*Sol.* Antinous! Antinous!

*Ant.* Behold my prisoner, fathers.

*Fer.* This one man

Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified  
 Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

*Pos.* We need not use long circumstance of  
 Antinous, thou art conqueror: the senate, [words.  
 The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

*All.* Antinous! Antinous!

*Por.* Make thy demand.

*Cas.* Please ye, my lords, give leave  
 That I may part.

*Pos.* No, Cassilane, the court  
 Should therein be dishonour'd; do not imagine  
 We prize your presence at so slight a rate.  
 Demand, Antinous.

*Ant.* Thus, my lords; to witness  
 How far I am from arrogance, or thinking  
 I am more valiant, though more favoured  
 Than my most matchless father, my demand is,  
 That for a lasting memory of his name,  
 His deeds, his real, nay his royal worth,  
 You set up in your capitol, in brass,  
 My father's statue, there to stand for ever,  
 A monument and trophy of his victories,  
 With this inscription to succeeding ages:  
 "Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,  
 Perpetual triumpher."

*Por. and Pos.* It is granted. What more?

*Ant.* No more.

*Cas.* How, boy?

*Gon.* Thou art immortal,  
 Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties  
 Of an unconquer'd mind.

*Ant.* My prisoner, lords,  
 To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:  
 Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give  
 For largess to the soldiers: the other half  
 To the erection of this monument.

*Cas.* Ambitious villain!

*Gon.* Thou art all unimitable.

My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy

With Venice, use Fernando like a prince ;  
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be :  
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions  
Of amity shall be concluded on :  
Are ye content ?

*Por.* We are, and ever rest  
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

*Gon.* Soldiers, attend me in the market-place,  
I'll thither send your largess.

*Sol.* Antinous ! Antinous ! [*Exeunt.*

*Cas.* I have a suit, too, lords.

*Por. and Pos.* Propose it,  
'Tis yours, if fit and just.

*Cas.* Let not my services,  
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse  
To you, and to the state, be branded now  
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten :  
Rear me no monument, unless you mean  
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.

*Pos.* We understand you not.

*Cas.* Proud boy, thou dost,  
And tyrant-like, insult'st upon my shame.

*Ant.* Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,  
What I did was but only to enforce

The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.  
*Cas.* Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy  
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours :  
He knows no mention can of me be made,  
But that it ever likewise must be told,  
How I by him was master'd ; and for surety  
That all succeeding times may so report it,  
He would have my dishonour and his triumphs  
Engrav'd in brass : hence, hence proceeds the  
falsehood

Of his insinuating piety.—

Thou art no child of mine : thee and thy blood,  
Here in the capitol, before the senate,  
I utterly renounce : so thrift and fate  
Confirm me ! Henceforth never see my face,  
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father !—

Lords, I must crave your leaves : come, come.  
Arcanes. [*Exeunt Cas. and his party.*

*Gon.* Here's a strange high-born spirit.

*Pos.* 'Tis but heat

Of sudden present rage ; I dare assure  
Antinous of his favour.

*Ant.* I not doubt it ;

He is both a good man, and a good father.  
I shall attend your lordships.

*Pos.* Do, Antinous.

*Gon.* Yes : feast thy triumphs  
With applause and pleasures.

*Por. and Pos.* Lead on.

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but ANTINOUS and DECIVS.*

*Ant.* "I utterly renounce"—'Twas so ?  
Was't not, my Decius ?

*Dec.* Pish ! you know, my lord,  
Old men are choleric.

*Ant.* And lastly parted  
With, "Never henceforth see my face :—" Oh me !  
How have I lost a father ? such a father ?  
Such a one, Decius ! I am miserable,  
Beyond expression.

*Dec.* Fie, how unbecoming  
This shews upon your day of fame ?

*Ant.* O mischief !

I must no more come near him ; that I know,  
And am assur'd on't.

*Dec.* Say you do not ?

*Ant.* True :

Put case I do not : What is Candy then  
To lost Antinous ? Malta, I resolve  
To end my days in thee.

*Dec.* How's that ?

*Ant.* I'll try

All humble means of being reconcil'd ;  
Which if denied, then I may justly say,  
This day has proved my worst : Decius, my worst.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace of EROTA.*

*Enter GONZALO and GASPERO.*

*Gas.* Now, to what you have heard ; as no man  
Better than I, give you her character ; [*can*]  
For I have been both nurs'd and train'd up to  
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them :  
Her brother, my late master, did no less.  
Strong apprehensions of her beauty, hath  
Made her believe that she is more than woman :  
And as there did not want those flatterers  
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,  
And did persuade him that he was a god ;  
So there be those base flies, that will not stick  
To buz into her ears, she is an angel,  
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

*Gon.* She should not touch it then, 'tis poets'  
fare.

*Gas.* I may take leave to say, she may as well  
Determine of herself to be a goddess,  
With lesser flattery than be a god :  
For she does conquer more, although not further.

Every one looks on her dies in despair,  
And would be glad to do it actually,  
To have the next age tell how worthily,  
And what good cause he had to perish so :  
Here beauty is superlative ; she knows it,  
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,  
But ought to perish, and to die for her :  
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,  
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,  
Proud to have ended so : and now there is  
A prince so maddened in his own passions,  
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,  
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

*Gon.* You talk as if you meant to wind me in,  
And make me of the number.

*Gas.* Sir, mistake me not ; the service that I owe  
Shall plead for me : I tell you what she is, [*you*]  
What she expects, and what she will effect,  
Unless you be the miracle of men,  
That come with a purpose to behold,  
And go away your self.

*Gon.* I thank you, I will do it : but pray re-  
How is she stor'd with wit ? [*solve me,*

*Gas.* As with beauty,  
Infinite, and more to be admired at,  
Than meddled with.

*Gon.* And walks her tongue the same gate with  
her wit?

*Gas.* Much beyond: whate'er her heart thinks,  
she utters:

And so boldly, so readily, as you would judge  
It penn'd and studied.

*Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPEL, HYPARCHA,  
MOCHINGO, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* She comes.

*Gas.* I must leave you then,  
But my best wishes shall remain with you. *[Exit.*

*Gon.* Still I must thank you.  
This is the most passionate,  
Most pitiful prince,  
Who in the caldron of affections,  
Looks as he had been parboil'd.

*Phil.* If I offend with too much loving you,  
It is a fault that I must still commit,  
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

*Ero.* You are the self-same creature you con-  
Or else you durst not follow me with hope [demn,  
That I can pity you, who am so far  
From granting any comfort in this kind,  
That you and all men else shall perish first:  
I will live free and single, 'till I find  
Something above a man to equal me;  
Put all your bravest heroes into one,  
Your kings and emperors, and let him come  
In person of a man, and I should scorn him:  
Must, and will scorn him.

The god of love himself hath lost his eyes;  
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,  
That made him first a god, have lost their fire  
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.  
This I dare speak: and let me see the man,  
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny;  
Nay, not believe it.

*Moc.* He is mad that does not.

*Ero.* Have not all the nations of the earth heard  
of me?

Most come to see me, and seeing me, return'd  
Full of my praises? Teaching their chroniclers  
To make their stories perfect? for where the name,  
Merely the word of fair Erota stands,  
It is a lasting history to time,  
Begetting admiration in the men,  
And in my own sex, envy; which glory's lost,  
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,  
And clearly shine through it.

*Gon.* This woman's in the altitudes,  
And he must be a good astrologer,  
Shall know her zodiac.

*Phil.* For any man to think  
Himself an able purchaser of you,

\* \* \* \* \*

But in the bargain there must be declar'd  
Infinite bounty; otherwise I vow,  
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,  
I would untanent every hope lodg'd in me,  
And yield myself up love's, or your own martyr.

*Ero.* So you shall please us.

*Phil.* O you cannot be  
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,  
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

*Ero.* I can, I do, I will.

*Gon.* She is in her  
Moods, and her tenses: I'll grammar with you,

And make a trial how I can decline you:  
By your leave, great lady.

*Ero.* What are you?

*Gon.* A man,

A good man, that's a wealthy; a proper man,  
And a proud man too; one that understands  
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,  
No woman in the universe deserves him.  
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,  
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint  
With better judgment next day than on this;  
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.

*Ero.* Knows any one here what this fellow is?

*Atten.* He is of Venice, madam, a great mag-  
nifico,

And gracious with the senate.

*Ero.* Let him keep then among them; what  
makes he here?

Here's state enough where I am: here's ado—  
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him  
Look lower, and give it in petition.

*Moc.* Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me  
tell you,

If you have ought with her, you must look lower,  
And yield it in petition.

*Gon.* Here is for thee a ducat.

*Moc.* You say well, sir; take your own course.

*Gon.* I will not grace you,

Lady, so much as take you by the hand;  
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,  
It shall be through your court a holiday  
Proclaimed for so high favour.

*Ero.* This is some

Great man's jester: sirrah, begone! here is  
No place to fool in.

*Gon.* Where are the fools you talk of?

I do keep two.

*Ero.* No question of it; for

In yourself you do maintain an hundred.

*Gon.* And besides them, I keep a noble train,  
Statists, and men of action; my purse is large and  
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry: [deep,  
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,  
When I was born, her bounty equally:  
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;  
For should you stand and gaze me in the face,  
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:  
In Venice, at this instant there do lie  
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,  
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

*Moc.* You lie more than they; yet it becomes  
him bravely;

Would I could walk and talk so: I'll endeavour it.  
*[Struts about.]*

*Ero.* Sir, do you know me?

*Gon.* Yes, you were sister to the late Prince of  
Candy,

Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,  
Am born a lord; equal to you in fortunes,  
In shape; I'll say no more, but view.

*Moc.* There needs no more be said, were I a  
woman—

Oh he does rarely: "In shape; I'll say no more,  
But view:" Who could say more, who better?  
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,  
Unless they have a pride like one of these.  
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!  
How poor another lady unto her!  
Carriage and state make us seem demi-gods,  
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth.

*Enter ANTINOUS and DECIVS.*

*Ant.* Royal lady, I kiss your hand.

*Ero.* Sir, I know you not.

*Anno.* O my noble brother, welcome from the

*Ant.* Dear sister. [wars.]

*Anno.* Where is my father, that you come without him?

We have news of your success: He has his health, I hope?

*Ant.* Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.

*Anno.* How, not well? What riddles do you

*Ant.* I'll tell you more in private. [utter?]

*Gon.* Noble sir,

I cannot be unmindful of your merit, Since I last heard it: You are a hopeful youth, And, indeed, the soul of Candy.

I must speak my thoughts.

*Anno.* The prince of Cyprus' brother, good

*Ant.* I am his servant. [Decius.]

*Phi.* You are the patron of your country, sir, So your unimitable deeds proclaim you; It is no language of my own, but all men's.

*Gon.* Your enemies must needs acknowledge it; Then do not think it flattery in your friends, For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

*Ero.* Is this your brother, Annophel?

*Anno.* Yes, madam.

*Ero.* Your name's Antinous?

*Ant.* I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.

*Ero.* How! unfortunate? Are you not the soldier,

The captain of those captains, that did bring Conquest and victory home along with you!

*Ant.* I had some share in't; but was the least Of the least worthy.

*Gon.* Oh sir, in your modesty you would make A double conquest: I was an ear-witness When this young man spoke lesser than he acted, And had the soldiers' voice to help him out: But that the law compell'd him for his honour, To enforce him make a claim for his reward, I well perceive he would have stood the man That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

*Ero.* Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you, And find more in you than he can relate: You shall attend on me.

*Ant.* Madam, your pardon.

*Ero.* Deny it not, sir, for it is more honour Than you have gotten i' th' field: For know you shall,

Upon Erotas's asking, serve Erotas.

*Ant.* I may want answers, lady, But never want a will to do you service. I came here to my sister, to take leave, Having enjoin'd myself to banishment, For some cause that hereafter you may hear, And wish with me I had not the occasion.

*Anno.* There shall be no occasion to divide us: Dear madam, for my sake use your power, Even for the service that he ought to owe, Must, and does owe to you, his friends, and country.

*Ero.* Upon your loyalty to the state and me, I do command you, sir, not depart Candy: Am I not your princess?

*Ant.* You are, great lady.

*Ero.* Then show yourself a servant and a subject.

*Ant.* I am your vassal.

*Moc.* [Apart.] You are a coward; I that dare not fight,

Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe: Great is my heart with pride, which I'll increase When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam.

*Dec.* There's comfort in those words, Antinous: For here's the place and persons that have power To reconcile you to his love again.

*Ant.* That were a fortunate meeting.

*Enter CASSILANE and ARCAVES.*

*Cas.* Greatness still wait you, lady.

*Ero.* Good Cassilane, we do maintain our great- Through your valour. [ness]

*Cas.* My prayers pull daily blessings on thy My unoffending child, my Annophel. [head.] Good prince, worthy Gonzalo! Ha! Art thou here Before me? In every action art thou ambitious?

My duty, lady, first offered here, And love to thee, my child, though he out-strip Thus in the wars he got the start on me, [me;] By being forward, but performing less; All the endeavours of my life are lost, And thrown upon that evil of mine own Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father. Oh that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had burnt Within my entrails, and begot a fever, Or some worse sickness, for thou art a disease Sharper than any physic gives a name to.

*Anno.* Why do you say so? [girl:]

*Cas.* Oh Annophel, there is good cause, my He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away The richest jewel of my life, my honour, Wearing it publicly with that applause, As if he justly did inherit it.

*Ant.* Would I had in my infancy been laid Within my grave, covered with your blessings, rather

Than, grown up to a man, to meet your curses.

*Cas.* Oh that thou hadst, Then had I been the father of a child, Dearer than thou wert ever unto me, When hope persuaded me I had begot Another self in thee: Out of mine eyes, As far as I have thrown thee from my heart, That I may live and die forgetting thee.

*Ero.* How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger, That when he might have ask'd for his reward, Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf, He only did request to have erected Your statue in the capitol, with titles Engrav'd upon't, "The patron of his country?"

*Cas.* That, that's the poison in the gilded cup. The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour, And leaves me dead in fame: Gods, do a justice, And rip his bosom up, that men may see, Seeing believe, the subtle practices Written within his heart: But I am heated, And do forget this presence, and myself. Your pardon, lady.

*Ero.* You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.

For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts All ill conceptions of your worthy son, That, questionless, has ignorantly offended, Declared in his penitence.

*Cas.* Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it;

But that you'll say is nothing, for a man  
That has out-liv'd his honour : But command me  
In anything save that, and Cassilane  
Shall ever be your servant. Come, Annophel,  
My joy in this world, thou shalt live with me,  
Retired in some solitary nook,  
The comfort of my age ; my days are short,  
And ought to be well spent ; and I desire  
No other witness of them but thyself,  
And good Arcanes.

*Anno.* I shall obey you, sir.

*Gon.* Noble sir,

If you taste any want of worldly means,  
Let not that discontent you : Know me your  
friend,

That hath and can supply you.

*Cas.* Sir, I am too much bound to you already,  
And 'tis not of my cares the least to give you  
Fair satisfaction.

*Gon.* You may imagine I do speak to that end,  
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

*Cas.* Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of  
Meantime, my service. [you ;

*Anno.* Brother,

Be comforted ; so long as I continue  
Within my father's love, you cannot long  
Stand out an exile : I must go live with him,  
And I will prove so good an orator  
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,  
Or I will stir in him another anger,  
And be lost with you.

*Ant.* Better I were neglected : For he is hasty,  
And through the choler that abounds in him,  
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,  
He may cast you off, and with you his life ;  
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way  
Must be his death : The sword has tried too often,  
And all the deadly instruments of war  
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could  
touch it :

Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

*Cas.* Madam, my duty—

*Ero.* Will you be gone ?

*Cas.* I must, lady ; but I shall be ready,  
When you are pleas'd command me, for your  
service.

Excellent prince [To PHILANDER.]—To all my  
And a good farewell. [hearty love,

*Moc.* Thanks, honest Cassilane.

*Cas.* Come, Annophel.

*Gon.* Shall I not wait upon you, sir ?

*Cas.* From hence

You shall not stir a foot : loving Gonzalo,  
It must be all my study to requite you.

*Gon.* If I may be so fortunate to deserve  
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

*Cas.* You are so, and you have made yourself so.

*Gon.* I will then preserve it.

[Exit CAS. ANNO, and ARC.

*Ero.* Antinous, you are my servant, are you not ?

*Ant.* It hath pleased you so to grace me.

*Ero.* Why are you then dejected ? You will say,  
You have lost a father ; but you have found a  
mistress

Doubles that loss : Be master of your spirit ;  
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

*Gon.* And mine.

*Ero.* Will no man ease me of this fool ?

*Gon.* Your fellow.

*Ero.* Antinous, wait upon us.

*Ant.* I shall, madam.

*Gon.* Nay, but lady, lady.

*Ero.* Sir, you are rude : And if you be the  
master

Of such means as you do talk of, you should  
Learn good manners.

*Gon.* Oh lady, you can find a fault in me,  
But not perceive it in yourself : You must, shall  
hear me :

I love you for your pride, 'tis the best virtue  
In you.

*Ero.* I could hang this fellow now : By whom  
Are you supported that you dare do this ?  
Have you not example here in a prince,  
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself  
As doth become a man had seen my beauty ?  
Back to your country, and to your curtizans,  
Where you may be admired for your wealth,  
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain  
you

The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing  
To be got but scorn, and loss of time.

*Gon.* Which are things I delight in.

*Ero.* Antinous, follow me.

[Exit all but GONZALO and MOCHINGO.

*Gon.* She is vex'd to the soul.

*Moc.* Let her be vex'd, 'tis fit she should be so :  
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo, thou art in our favour,  
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,  
Such as persecute the earth, and bound  
With an erected countenance to the clouds.

*Gon.* 'S-foot, what thing is this ?

*Moc.* I do love fire-works,  
Because they mount : an exhalation I  
Profess to adore beyond a fixed  
Star, 'tis more illustrious, as every thing  
Rais'd out of smoke is so : their virtue is  
In action : What do you think of me ?

*Gon.* Troth, sir,

You are beyond my guess ; I know you not.

*Moc.* Do you know yourself ?

*Gon.* Yes, sir.

*Moc.* Why you and I

Are one : I am proud, and very proud too,  
That I must tell you ; I saw it did become you,  
Cousin Gonzalo ; pr'ythee let it be so.

*Gon.* Let it be so, good cousin.

*Moc.* I am no great one's fool.

*Gon.* I hope so, for alliance sake.

*Moc.* Yet I do serve

The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous  
Invincible Erota.

*Gon.* Oh good cousin,

Now I have you : I'll meet you in your coat.

*Moc.* Coat ? I have my horseman's coat, I must  
confess,

Lin'd through with velvet, and a scarlet outside ;  
If you'll meet me in't, I'll send for't ;  
And cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,  
For it is both a new one, and a right one :  
It did not come collateral.

*Gon.* Adieu, good cousin ; at this present I have  
some business.

*Moc.* Farewell, excellent cousin. [Exit.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of GONZALO.**Enter GONZALO and FERNANDO.*

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.

Fer. Yes,

If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them.

And sold them to their vassalage; for what Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice, That so in case the sword did lose his edge, Then art might sharpen hers?

Fer. Gonzalo, how?

Gon. Fernando, thus: You see how through this Both of the best and basest I am honour'd; [land, I only gave the state of Venice notice, When, where, and how to land, or you had found A better entertainment: I was he Encourag'd young Antinous to affront The devil his father: For the devil, I think, Dares not do more in battle.

Fer. But why did ye?

I find no such great policy in that.

Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not Had they continu'd one, they two alone [plot: Were of sufficient courage and performance To beat an army.

Fer. Now by all my hopes, I rather shall admire, than envy Virtue.

Gon. Why then by all your hopes you'll rather have

Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise; You statesman? Well, sir, I did more than this: When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him An hundred thousand ducats.

Fer. Marry sir,

The policy was little, the love less, And honesty least of all.

Gon. How say ye by that?

Go fight, I say, go fight, I'll talk no more with you, You are insensible.

Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.

Gon. Why look you, sir, by this means have I The greatest part of Cassilane's estate [got Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem, But must of force sink: Do you conceive me now?

Fer. So:

But why have you importuned the senate, For me to sojourn with them?

Gon. There's the quintessence, The soul, and grand elixir of my wit: For he, according to his noble nature, Will not be known to want, though he do want, And will be bankrupted so much the sooner, And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fer. Here's a perfect plotted stratagem.

Gon. Why? Could you Imagine, that I did not hate in heart My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando, And I will be the man that shall undo them.

Fer. Ye are in a ready way.

Gon. I was never out on't.

*Enter GASPERO.*

Gon. Peace, Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.

Now worthy Gaspero, what, You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's Conductor to old Cassilane?

Gas. To wait upon him.

Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?

Gas. My noble lord, they did.

Gon. My lord Fernando,

This gentleman, as humble as you see him, Is even this kingdom's treasure: In a word, 'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd In truth and faith.

Gas. My lord!

Gon. You may be bold

To trust him with your bosom, he'll not deceive If you rely upon him once.

Fer. Your name is Gaspero?

Gas. Your servant.

Gon. Go, commend me, Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily To noble Cassilane, tell him my love Is vow'd to him.

Gas. I shall.

Gon. I know you will.

My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.

Fer. Sir, you are now my guide.

*[Exit with GASPERO.]*

Gon. Thus my designs Run uncontroll'd; yet Venice, though I be Intelligencer to thee, in my brain Are other large projects: for if proud Erota Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's King, And Duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice, too? O 'twas prettily shov'd in: Why not? Erota May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow The bait, I am lord of both; if not, yet Candy, Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A mean Habitation.**Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, and ANNOPEL.*

Cas. Urge me no farther, Annopeh.

Anno. My lord.

Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy: For though 'tis true, this solitary life Suits not with youth and beauty, Oh my child, Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect Chaste names from court aspersions; there a lady, Tender and delicate in years and graces, That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure, Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer To trust the ocean in a leaking ship, Than follow greatness in the wanton rites Of luxury and sloth.

Anno. My wishes, sir, Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly To find occasion wherein I might witness My duty and obedience.

Cas. 'Tis well said.

Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?

Arc. Why, sir?

Cas. To look upon my beggary, To look upon my patience in my beggary. Tell me, does it shew handsome? Bravely? Hand- some? *[table.]*

Thou wilt flatter me, and swear that I am mis-

*Arc.* Nothing

More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,  
Than to despise contempt : If you continue  
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself  
Enjoy all store besides.

*Cas.* An excellent change :

I that some seven apprenticeships commanded  
A hundred ministers, that waited on  
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,  
Am now retir'd, attend'd in my age  
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

*Arc.* Sir, you are lower in your own repute  
Than you have reason for.

*Cas.* The Roman captains,  
I mean the best, such as with their bloods  
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,  
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,  
Off from the clamours of th' ungrateful great ones,  
And the unsteady multitude, to live  
As I do now, and 'twas their blessing too ;  
Let it be ours, Arcanes.

*Arc.* I cannot but  
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

*Cas.* Of injuries ?

Arcanes, Annophel, lend both your hands.  
So, what say ye now ?

*Arc.* Why now, my lord—

*Cas.* I swear

By all my past prosperities, thus standing  
Between you two, I think myself as great,  
As mighty, as if in the capitol  
I stood amidst the senators, with all  
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.

*Anno.* Sir, you are here more safe.

*Cas.* And more belov'd :  
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness  
Of the traduced soldiers, the neglect  
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety  
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,  
The world miscalls my son.  
But by the—

*Arc.* Sir, remember that you promis'd no occa-  
Should move your patience. [sion]

*Cas.* Thou dost chide me friendly,  
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon  
Amongst us.

*Enter a Servant.*

Now ! the news ?

*Serv.* The secretary,  
With the Venetian prisoner, desire  
Admittance to your lordship.

*Cas.* How ! to me ?  
What mystery is this ? Arcanes, can they,  
Think 'at thou, mean any good ?

*Arc.* My lord, they dare not  
Intend aught else but good.

*Cas.* 'Tis true, they dare not ;  
Arcanes, welcome them : Come hither, Annophel,  
[Exit ARCANES.]

Stand close to me, we'll change our affability  
Into a form of state : And they shall know  
Our heart is still our own.

*Enter ARCANES, FERNANDO, and GASPERO.*

*Arc.* My lord—

*Cas.* Arcanes,  
I know them both : Fernando, as you are  
A man of greatness, I should undervalue  
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe  
Low-fawning compliments, but as you are

A captive and a stranger, I can love you,  
And must be kind. You are welcome.

*Fer.* 'Tis the all  
Of my ambition.

*Cas.* And for proof how much  
He truly honours your heroic virtues,  
The senate, on his importunity,  
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

*Cas.* For what ?

*Cas.* During the time of his abode in Candy,  
To be your household guest.

*Fer.* Wherein, my lord,  
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,  
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

*Cas.* Are you in earnest, sir ?

*Fer.* My suit to the senate  
Shall best resolve you that.

*Cas.* Come hither, secretary,  
Look that this be no trick now put upon me :  
For if it be—sirrah—

*Cas.* As I have troth,  
My lord, it only is a favour granted  
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself :  
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake  
Aught, but what should concern your honour : Who  
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,  
But the renowned Cassilane ?

*Cas.* Applause  
Is, Gaspero—puff—nothing. Why, young lord,  
Would you so much be sequester'd from those  
That are the blazing comets of the time,  
To live a solitary life with me,  
A man forsaken ? All my hospitality  
Is now contracted to a few ; these two,  
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin ;  
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,  
Or courtly antics ; the sad sports we riot in,  
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,  
And things done long ago, when men of courage  
Were held the best, not those well-spoken youths,  
Who only carry conquest in their tongues :  
Now stories of this nature are unseasonable  
To entertain a great duke's son with.

*Fer.* Herein

Shall my captivity be made my happiness,  
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,  
With int'rest, by conversing with a soldier,  
So matchless for experience, as great Cassilane :  
'Pray sir, admit me.

*Cas.* If you come to mock me,  
I shall be angry.

*Fer.* By the love I bear  
To goodness, my intents are honourable.

*Cas.* Then in a word, my lord, your visitations  
Shall find all due respect : But I am now  
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host ;  
Come when you please, you are welcome.

*Fer.* Sir, I thank you.

*Anno.* Good sir, be not too urgent ; for my  
Will soon be mov'd ; yet, in a noble way [father  
Of courtesy, he is as easily conquer'd.]

*Fer.* Lady, your words are like your beauty,  
powerful ;

I shall not strive more how to do him service,  
Than how to be your servant.

*Cas.* She's my daughter,  
And does command this house.

*Fer.* I so conceive her.

*Cas.* Do you hear ?

*Cas.* My honour'd lord.

*Cas.* Commend me to them :  
Tell 'em I thank them.

*Gas.* Whom, my lord ?

*Cas.* The senate.

Why, how come you so dull ? Oh they are gracious,  
And infinitely grateful—Thou art eloquent ;  
Speak modestly in mentioning my services ;  
And if aught fall out in the by, that must  
Of mere necessity touch any act  
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't.  
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

*Gas.* Why, my lord—

*Cas.* Nay, nay, you are too wise now ; good,  
observe me.

I do not rail against the hopeful springal,  
That builds up monuments in brass ; rears trophies  
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices  
Of poetry and fiction ; let's be quiet.

*Arc.* You must not cross him.

*Gas.* Not for Candy's wealth.

*Fer.* You shall for ever make me yours.

*Anno.* 'Twere pity to double your captivity.

*Enter DECIVS.*

*Arc.* Who's here, Decius ?

*Cas.* Ha ! Decius ? Who nam'd Decius ?

*Dec.* My duty to your lordship. I am bold,  
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,  
To—

*Cas.* What ?

*Dec.* Present you with this—

*Cas.* Letter ?

*Dec.* Yes, my honour'd lord.

*Cas.* From whom ?

*Dec.* 'Please you peruse

The inside, and you shall find a name subscrib'd,  
In such humility, in such obedience,  
That you yourself will judge it tyrannical  
Not to receive it favourably.

*Cas.* Hey-day !

Good words, my masters : This is court infection,  
And none but cowards ply them : Tell me, Decius,  
Without more circumstance, who is the sender ?

*Dec.* Your much griev'd son, Antinous.

*Cas.* On my life,  
A challenge ; speak, as thou art worthy, speak ;  
I'll answer't.

*Dec.* Honour'd sir.

*Cas.* No honour'd sirs—  
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.  
Say briefly, what contains it ?

*Dec.* 'Tis a lowly  
Petition for your favour.

*Cas.* Rash young man,  
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st  
I dare not any ways infringe the laws  
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent  
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not  
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life ;  
Decius, not for thy life.

*Arc.* Nay then, my lord,  
I can withhold no longer ; you are too rough,  
And wrestle against nature with a violence  
More than becomes a father ; wherein would you  
Come nearer to the likeness of God,  
Than in your being entreated ? Let not thirst  
Of honour make you quite forget you are  
A man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts  
A father.

*Anno.* If a memory remain

Of my departed mother ; if the purity  
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live  
In your remembrance, let me yet by these  
Awake your love to my uncomfortable brother.

*Fer.* I am a stranger, but so much I tender  
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow  
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,  
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,  
At all our instances, to new receive him  
Into your wanted favour.

*Gas.* Sir, you cannot  
Require more low submission.

*Anno.* Am I not  
Grown vile yet in your eyes ? then by the name  
Of father, let me once more sue for him,  
Who is the only now remaining branch  
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body  
You are, dear sir.

*Cas.* 'Tis well, an host of furies  
Could not have baited me more torturingly,  
More rudely, or more most unnaturally.  
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him ;  
For this time go thou hence, and know from me  
Thou art beholding to me, that I have not  
Kill'd thee already, look to't next, look to't.

*Arcaes.* fie, fie, Annophel. [Exit]

*Arc.* He's gone,  
Chaf'd beyond sufferance ; we must follow him.

*Dec.* Lady, this letter is to you.

*Anno.* Come with me,  
For we must speak in private ; 'please you, sir,  
To see what entertainment our sad house  
Can yield ?

*Fer.* I shall attend you, lady,  
[Exit ANNOPHEL and DECIVS.]

*Gas.* How do you like  
To sojourn here, my lord ?

*Fer.* More than to feast  
With all the princes of the earth besides ;  
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honest.

*Gas.* Yes, sir,  
And you shall find it.

*Fer.* Shall I ?

*Gas.* All my follies  
Be else recorded to my shame.

*Fer.* Enough.  
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

*Gas.* The lady—  
*Fer.* The place admits no time to utter all ;  
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,  
I'll say thou art—

*Gas.* Your servant ; I conceive ye ;  
We'll choose some fitter leisure.

*Fer.* Never man  
Was, in a moment, or more bless'd, or wretched.  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—*The Apartments of EROTA.*

*Enter HYPARCHA, placing two Chairs ; then ANTIPOUS and EROTA.*

*Ero.* Leave us.

*Hyp.* I shall. [Exit.]

*Ero.* Antinous, sit down.

*Ant.* Madam ?

*Ero.* I say, sit down, I do command you sit ;  
For look what honour thou dost gain by me,  
I cannot lose it ; happy Antinous,  
The Graces and the higher deities  
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it :

Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,  
Must do the like : Such as do taste my power,  
And talk of it with fear and reverence,  
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.  
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,  
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last  
Which dignified thy fame, greater than if  
Thou should'st go out again, and conquer farther ;  
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge  
Myself subdu'd by thee.

*Ant.* Great lady—— [speak,

*Ero.* Sit still, I will not hear thee else ; now  
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,  
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.

*Ant.* I must, I see, be silent.

*Ero.* So thou may'st ;

There's greater action in it than in clamour ;  
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,  
A word conclude it ; then prove no coward,  
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,  
That teaches thee to conquer.

*Ant.* You do amaze me, madam ;  
I have no skill, no practice in this war,  
And whether you be serious, or please  
To make your sport on a dejected man,  
I cannot rightly guess ; but, be it as it will,  
It is alike unhappiness to me :  
My discontents bear those conditions in them,  
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,  
However truly promising a good,  
Can make me relish ought, but a sweet-bitter  
Voluntary exile.

*Ero.* Why an exile ? [Music.  
What comfort can there be in those companions  
Which sad thoughts bring along with——  
[Hyparcha.]

*Enter HYPARCHA.*

*Hyp.* Madam.

*Ero.* Whence comes this well-tuned sound ?

*Hyp.* I know not, madam.

*Ero.* Listen, wench ; [A Song within.

Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,  
Let 'em play on ; they are masters of their faculty :  
Doth it please you, sir ?

*Ant.* According to the time.

*Ero.* Go to 'em, wench,  
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em ; for they have  
kept

As good time to our disposition as to their instru-  
ments ;

Unless Antinous shall say he loves, [Exit Hyp.  
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

*Enter PHILANDER. ANTINOUS walks apart.*

*Phi.* Let then the heart that did employ those  
hands,  
Receive some small share of your thanks with them.  
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it ;  
A fortune unto me, that I should send it  
In such a lucky minute ; but to obtain  
So gracious a welcome did exceed my hopes.

*Ero.* Good prince, I thank you for't.

*Phi.* O madam, pour not too fast joys on me,  
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em ;  
It is enough at first, you have laid aside  
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,  
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike  
All your beholders in an ecstasy.

*Ero.* Philander, you have long profess'd to love

*Phi.* Have I but profess'd it, madam ? [me.

*Ero.* Nay, but hear me !

*Phi.* More attentively than to an oracle.

*Ero.* And I will speak more truly, if more can  
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles, [be ;  
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,  
Whose grief has made him so incapable  
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.  
I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,  
And other princes, mighty in their states,  
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,  
In a petitionary kind almost,  
This man, this well-deserving man, that, I must  
To look upon this beauty, yet you see [say,  
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground  
Than he will turn 'em this way ; Philander,  
You look pale ; I'll talk no more.

*Phi.* Pray, go forward ; I would be your martyr ;  
To die thus, were immortally to live.

*Ero.* Will you go to him then, and speak for me ?  
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer ;  
Know how to speak, for you have done it like  
An orator, even for yourself ; then how will you for  
Whom you profess to love above yourself ? [me,

*Phi.* The curses of dissemblers follow me  
Unto my grave, and if I do not so.

*Ero.* You may, as all men do, speak bolder,  
better

In their friend's cause still, than in your own ;  
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign ;  
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.

Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost  
The happiness of this life, food and rest ;  
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with.

Tell him how he has humbled the proud,  
And made the living but a dead Erotia.  
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd  
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.  
Tell him——Philander ! prince ! I talk in vain  
To you, you do not mark me.

*Phi.* Indeed I do.

*Ero.* But thou dost look so pale,  
As thou wilt follow the story in relating.

*Phi.* Not if I can but live to tell it.

*Ero.* It may be you have not the heart.

*Phi.* I have a will, I am sure, howe'er my heart  
May play the coward ; but, if you please, I'll try.

*Ero.* If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you  
leave

To challenge it ; nay, I will give it you. [Kisses him.

*Phi.* O that a man should taste such heavenly  
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another ! [bliss,

*Ero.* Alas, it is a misery I grieve

To put you to, and I will suffer rather  
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

*Phi.* Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,  
I will endeavour to deserve your pity ;  
For I had rather have within the grave  
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.  
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue  
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,  
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it ?

*Ero.* Do what thou wilt, Philander ; the request  
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.  
I desire now no more but the true patience,  
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps  
Of sighs and tears, which I think is all the physic——

*Phi.* O, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough ;  
And I will 'wake him from his apoplexy.  
Antinous !

*Ant.* My lord ?

*Phi.* Nay, 'pray,  
No courtesy to me, you are my lord,  
Indeed you are, for you command her heart  
That commands mine; nor can you want to know  
For look you, she that told it you in words, [it.  
Explains it now more passionately in tears.  
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,  
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithce, look up,  
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,  
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)  
Of which thou art the parent; and never yet  
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony  
But it would love whatever it begot.

*Ant.* He that begot me, did beget these cares,  
Which are good issues, though happily by him  
Esteemed monsters: nay, the ill-judging world  
Is likely enough to give them those characters.

*Phi.* What's this to love, and to the lady? he's  
old,

Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger,  
Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;  
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on,  
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them;  
Oh either use thine own eyes, or take mine,

And with them my heart, then thou wilt love her.  
Nay, doat upon her more than on thy duty,  
And men will praise thee equally for it;  
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man  
Unworthy such a fortune: Oh Antinous,  
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,  
But her command, that makes me utter this;  
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,  
"Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"  
It shall be done, together with a breath,  
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

*Ero.* No more, Philander.

*Phi.* All I have done, is little yet to purpose,  
But ere I leave him, I will perceive him blush;  
And make him feel the passions that I do,  
And every true lover will assist me in't,  
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,  
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.

*Ero.* No more, no more, Philander; I can endure  
no more;

Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make peace  
With your own mind, no matter though I perish.

[*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Same.*

*Enter HYPARCHA and MOCHINGO.*

*Hyp.* I cannot help it.

*Moc.* Nor do I require it;  
The malady needs no physician;  
Help hospital people.

*Hyp.* I am glad to hear  
You are so valiant.

*Moc.* Valiant?  
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?  
Foolish woman, what wouldst thou say? thou—  
I know not what to call thee.

*Hyp.* I can you,  
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy.  
*Moc.* You do do it, I thank you.  
*Hyp.* That you'll lose a fortune,  
Which a cobler better deserves than thou dost.

*Moc.* Do not provoke my magnanimity,  
For when I am incens'd I am insensible;  
Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word  
She will discard me, that I discard her,  
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,  
But that she does me wrong.

*Enter EROTA and ANTINOUS.*

*Ero.* Do you not glory in your conquest more,  
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him?  
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,  
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom  
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,  
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?  
For shame, Antinous, throw this dulness off;  
Art thou a man nowhere but in the field?

*Hyp.* He must hear drums and trumpets, or he  
sleeps,

And at this instant dreams he's in his armour;  
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,  
Till they be beaten to a woman's arms,

And then they love 'em better than their own;  
No fort can hold them out.

*Ant.* What pity is it, madam, that yourself,  
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched.  
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me:  
Seldom despairing men look up to Heav'n,  
Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;  
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,  
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,  
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from;  
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,  
As I the happiness that I avoid  
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly  
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,  
And there find better comforts than in me,  
For love and cares can never dwell together.

*Ero.* They should,  
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.

*Ant.* What wild beast in the desert but would be  
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,  
Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd!  
But I am saviour than any beast,  
And shall be so till Decius do arrive,  
Whom with so much submission I have sent  
Under my hand, that if he do not bring  
His benediction back, he must to me  
Be much more cruel than I to you.

*Ero.* Is't but your father's pardon you desire?

*Ant.* With his love, and then nothing next that,  
like yours.

*Enter DECIVS, with a Letter.*

*Ero.* Decius is come.

*Ant.* O welcome, friend; if I apprehend not  
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

*Ero.* There is, indeed; I prithee, Decius, speak  
it.

*Dec.* How! prithee, Decius! this woman's  
strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*

*Ant.* Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell  
The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd [me how  
My humble lines; wept he for joy?

*Dec.* No, there's a letter will inform you more;  
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,  
The old man is in want, and angry still,  
And poverty is the bellows to the coal  
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.

*Ant.* [Reads.] What's here? how's this? It  
cannot be! now sure

My griefs delude my senses.

*Ero.* In his looks  
I read a world of changes; Decius, mark  
With what a sad amazement he surveys  
The news; canst thou guess what 'tis?

*Dec.* None good, I fear,

*Ero.* I fear so too; and then——

*Ant.* It is her hand.

*Ero.* Are you not well?

*Ant.* Too well: If I were ought  
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.  
Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,  
In what a case I stand.

*Dec.* Sir, the worst is,  
Your father's lowness and distaste.

*Ant.* No, Decius,  
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit  
For love to her; and to express sincerely  
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,  
Discover'd plots of treachery; contriv'd  
By false Gonzalo, not intending more  
The utter ruin of our house, than generally  
Candy's confusion.

*Dec.* 'Tis a generous part  
Of young Fernando.

*Ant.* 'Tis, and I could wish  
All thrift to his affections, Decius.  
You find the sum on't, madam.

*Ero.* Yes, I do.

*Ant.* And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd  
With such a throng of cares, can entertain  
An amorous thought! Love frees all toils but one,  
Calamity and it can ill agree.

*Ero.* Will't please you speak my doom?

*Ant.* Alas, great lady,  
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man  
That is quite cast away? O had you not  
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce  
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.  
What would ye have me do?

*Ero.* Love me, or kill me,  
One word shall sentence either; for as truth  
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute  
Not to outlive my thralldom.

*Ant.* Gentle lady.

*Ero.* Say, must I live, or die?

*Dec.* My lord, how can you  
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion  
Of succouring your father in his wants  
Securely proffer'd, pray sir, entertain it.

*Ero.* What is my sentence?

*Ant.* What you please to have it.

*Ero.* As thou art gentle, speak those words again.

*Ant.* Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me  
Without offence, ere I resign the interest [leave  
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.

*Ero.* Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument  
Of thy affections to me.

*Ant.* Madam, thus then:  
My father stands for certain sums engag'd

To treacherous Gonzalo; and has mortgag'd  
The greatest part of his estate to him;  
If you receive this mortgage, and procure  
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,  
I am what you would have me be.

*Ero.* You'll love me then?

*Ant.* Provided, madam, that my father know not  
I am an agent for him.

*Ero.* If I fail

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

*Ant.* Then, with your favour, thus I seal my  
truth

To-day, and Decius witness how unchangingly  
I shall still love Erola.

*Ero.* Thou hast quicken'd

A dying heart, Antinous.

*Dec.* This is well;  
Much happiness to both.

*Enter HYPARCHA.*

*Hyp.* The lord Gonzalo  
Attends you, madam.

*Ero.* Comes as we could wish.  
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where  
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.

*Ant.* Madam, you must be wary.

*Ero.* Fear it not,

I will be ready for him; to entertain him  
With smiling welcome. [Exit ANTINOUS.]

*Enter GONZALO.*

Noble sir, you take  
Advantage of the time; it had been fit  
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd  
A more prepared state.

*Gon.* Do you mock me, madam?

*Ero.* Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to  
My gratitude a fault; I have examin'd [repute  
Your portly carriage, and will now confess  
It hath not slightly won me.

*Gon.* The wind's turn'd; [Aside.  
I thought 'twould come to this. It pleas'd us,  
madam,

At our last interview, to mention love;  
Have you consider'd on't?

*Ero.* With more than common

Content: But, sir, if what you spake you meant,  
As I have cause to doubt, then——

*Gon.* What, sweet lady?

*Ero.* Methinks we should lay by this form of  
stateliness;

Love's courtship is familiar, and for instance,  
See what a change it hath begot in me;  
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.

*Gon.* And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre  
Of blest consent.

*Ero.* I hope my weakness, sir,  
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,  
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd  
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one  
day.—

*Gon.* Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,  
If I love not sincerely.

*Ero.* Would I knew it.

*Gon.* Make proof by any fit command.

*Ero.* What, do you mean to marry me?

*Gon.* How! mean? nay more, I mean  
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,  
Regent of my desires, for did you covet  
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

*Ero.* Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me  
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.

*Gon.* But say your mind, and you shall be a

*Ero.* On those conditions, call me yours. [queen.

*Gon.* Enough.

But are we safe?

*Ero.* Assuredly.

*Gon.* In short,

Yet, lady, first be plain; would you not chuse  
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising  
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled  
By blood, or right of birth?

*Ero.* 'Tis a question

Needs not a resolution.

*Gon.* Good; what if

I set the crown of Candy on your head?

*Ero.* I were a queen indeed then.

*Gon.* Madam, know

There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him  
Transhap'd into an angel.

*Ero.* Wise Gonzalo,

I cannot but admire thee.

*Gon.* 'Tis worth thinking on;

Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.

*Ero.* Gonzalo, duke of Venice?

*Gon.* You are mine, you say?

*Ero.* Pish! You but dally with me; and would  
In a rich golden dream. [lull me

*Gon.* You are too much distrustful of my truth.

*Ero.* Then you must give me leave to apprehend  
The means and manner how.

*Gon.* Why thus—

*Ero.* You shall not,  
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels  
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,  
Not to the air itself; you shall in writing  
Draw out the full design; which, if effected,  
I am as I profess.

*Gon.* Oh, I applaud  
Your ready care and secrecy.

*Ero.* Gonzalo,  
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,  
And that must be remov'd.

*Gon.* What is't?

*Ero.* Old Cassilane.

*Gon.* Ha! fear not him: I build upon his ruins  
Already.

*Ero.* I would find a smother course  
To shift him off.

*Gon.* As how?

*Ero.* We'll talk in private;  
I have a ready plot.

*Gon.* I shall adore you.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—CASSILANE's poor Habitation.

Enter FERNANDO and ANNOPHEL.

*Fer.* Madam, although I hate un noble practices,  
And therefore have perform'd no more than what  
I ought for honour's safety; yet Annophel,  
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward  
For speedier diligence.

*Anno.* Sir, your own fame  
And memory will best reward themselves.

*Fer.* All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss  
My comforts here: the brother and the sister  
Have double conquer'd me, but thou may'st triumph.

*Anno.* Good sir, I have a father.

*Fer.* Yes, a brave one;  
Could'st thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happy  
Of being but his daughter, were a dower [ness  
Fit for a prince. What say ye?

*Anno.* You have deserv'd

As much as I should grant.

*Fer.* By this fair hand

I take possession.

*Anno.* What in words I dare not,

Imagine in my silence.

*Fer.* Thou art all virtue.

Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.

*Cas.* I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,

Pretending title, more through tyranny

Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd

The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,

And under colour of an amity

With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mountferato

To be our governor; the Cretans, vex'd

By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid

From the emperor, receiv'd for general

This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,

Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money

Of them for Candy: they paid well, he steals

Away in secret; since which time, that right

The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is

By purchase, not inheritance or conquest,

And hence grows all our quarrel.

*Arc.* So an usurer

Or Lombard-Jew, might with some bags of trash

Buy half the western world.

*Cas.* Money, Arcanes,

Is now a god on earth: it cracks virginities,

And turns a Christian Turk;

Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?

*Arc.* Not captives Candy.

*Cas.* Nor makes thee dishonest,

Nor me a coward—Now, sir, here is homely,

But friendly entertainment.

*Fer.* Sir, I find it.

*Arc.* And like it, do ye not?

*Fer.* My repair speaks for me.

*Cas.* Fernando, we were speaking of—how's  
this?

Enter GONZALO and GASPERO, with a Casket.

*Gon.* Your friend, and servant.

*Cas.* Creditors, my lord,

Are masters and no servants: As the world goes,

Debtors are very slaves to those to whom

They have been beholding to; in which respect,

I should fear you, Gonzalo.

*Gon.* Me, my lord?

You owe me nothing.

*Cas.* What, nor love, nor money?

*Gon.* Yes, love, I hope, not money.

*Cas.* All this bravery

Will scarcely make that good.

*Gon.* 'Tis done already:

See, sir, your mortgage, which I only took,

In case you and your son had in the wars

Miscarried: I yield it up again: 'Tis yours.

*Cas.* Are ye so conscionable?

*Gon.* 'Tis your own.

*Cas.* Pish, pish, I'll not receive what is not mine,

That were a dangerous business.

*Gon.* Sir, I am paid for't;

The sums you borrow'd are return'd; the bonds

Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd:

Look here, sir, Gaspero is witness to it.

*Gas.* My honour'd lord, I am.

*Gon.* My lord Fernando, Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify, That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever, Of any debts to me.

*Gas.* 'Tis plain and ample.

*Anno.* Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.

*Cas.* But, hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earnest, Whence comes this bounty? Or whose is't?

*Gon.* In short,

The great Erotas, by this secretary, Return'd me my full due.

*Cas.* Erotas? Why

Should she do this?

*Gon.* You must ask her the cause;

She knows it best.

*Cas.* So ho, Arcanes, none

But women pity us? Soft-hearted women?

I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,

Am I not?

*Arc.* Why, sir, if the gracious princess

Have took more special notice of your services, And means to be more thankful than some others, It were an injury to gratitude To disesteem her favours.

*Anno.* Sir, she ever

For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.

*Cas.* The senate, and the body of this kingdom Are herein, let me speak it without arrogance, Beholding to her: I will thank her for it; And if she have reserv'd a means whereby I may repay this bounty with some service, She shall be then my patroness: Come, sirs, We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

*Gon.* Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

*Fer.* You shall—Now, Gaspero, all's well.

*Gas.* There's news

You must be acquainted with.

Come, there is no master-piece in art like policy.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The SENATE HOUSE.*

*Enter FERNANDO, and PAOLO MICHAEL.*

*Fer.* The senate is inform'd at full.

*Mich.* Gonzalo

Dreams not of my arrival yet.

*Fer.* Nor thinks

'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd: He fats himself with hopes of crowns, and king- And laughs securely, to imagine how [doms, He means to gull all but himself: when truly, None is so grossly gull'd as he.

*Mich.* There was never

A more arch villain.

*Fer.* Peace, the Senate comes.

*Enter PORPHYCIO, POSSENE, Senators, GASPERO, and Attendants.*

*Por.* How closely treason cloaks itself in forms Of civil honesty?

*Pos.* And yet how palpably Does Heav'n reveal it?

*Fer.* Gracious lords.

*Gas.* The ambassador, Lord Paulo Michael, advocate To the great duke of Venice.

*Por.* You are most welcome, Your master is a just and noble prince.

*Mich.* My lords, he had me say, that you may know

How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought, Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries; To your more sacred wisdoms he refers The punishment due to the false Gonzalo, Or else to send him home to Venice.

*Pos.* Herein

The duke is royal: Gaspero, the prince Of Cyprus answer'd he would come.

*Gas.* My lords,

He will not long be absent.

*Enter PHILANDER and MELITUS.*

*Por.* You, Fernando, Have made the state your debtor: worthy prince,

We shall be suitors to you for your presence, In hearing, and determining of matters Greatly concerning Candy.

*Phi.* Fathers, I am a stranger.

*Pos.* Why, the cause, my lord, concerns A stranger: please you seat yourself.

*Phi.* Howe'er

Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords, You shall command me. [*Ascends the Tribunal.*]

*Por.* You, my lord Fernando, With the ambassador, withdraw a while.

*Fer.* My lords, we shall. [*Exit with MICHAEL.*]

*Pos.* Melitus, and the secretary, Give notice to Gonzalo, that the senate Requires his presence. [*Exeunt GAS. and MEL.*]

*Phi.* What concerns the business?

*Por.* Thus, noble prince—

*Enter CASSILANE and ARCANES.*

*Cas.* Let me alone; thou troublest me; I will be heard.

*Arc.* You know not what you do.

*Pos.* Forbear! Who's he that is so rude? What's he that dares

To interrupt our councils?

*Cas.* One that has guarded Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths, One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs, That would have been snatch'd from you: But I 'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel [see Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars: My lords, I speak to you.

*Por.* Lord Cassilane, We know not what you mean.

*Cas.* Yes, you are set Upon a bench of justice; and a day Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones)

When you yourselves shall stand before a judge, Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions, Without abatement of one grain: As then



You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,  
Let me have justice now.

*Pos.* Lord Cassilane,  
What strange distemperature provokes distrust  
Of our impartiality? Be sure  
We'll flatter no man's injuries.

*Cas.* 'Tis well;

You have a law, lords, that without remorse  
Dooms such as are beleperd with the curse  
Of foul ingratitude unto death.

*Por.* We have.

*Cas.* Then do me justice.

*Enter ANTINOUS with DECIVS, and EROTA with HYPARCHA.*

*Dec.* Madman, whither run'st thou?

*Ant.* Peace, Decius, I am deaf.

*Hyp.* Will you forget

Your greatness, and your modesty?

*Ero.* Hyparcha, leave, I will not hear.

*Ant.* Lady; great, gentle lady.

*Ero.* Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt  
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak. [me;

*Pos.* More uproars yet! who are they that  
disturb us?

*Cas.* The viper's come; his fears have drawn  
him hither,

And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,  
And give me justice against this vile monster,  
This bastard of my blood.

*Ero.* 'Tis justice, fathers.

I sue for too; and though I might command it,  
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was)  
Yet I will humbly beg it; this old wretch  
Has forfeited his life to me.

*Cas.* Tricks, tricks;

Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,  
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,  
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords; but I  
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears,  
'Tis justice I require.

*Ero.* And I.

*Ant.* You speak too tenderly; and too much  
like yourself

To mean a cruelty; which would make monstrous  
Your sex: yet for the love's sake, which you once  
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave  
To urge his own revenge: you have no cause  
For yours: keep peace about ye.

*Cas.* Will you hear me?

*Phi.* Here's some strange novelty.

*Pos.* Sure we are mock'd.

Speak one at once: Say, wherein hath your son  
Transgress'd the law?

*Cas.* O the gross mists of dulness!

Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be  
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.  
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,  
And education, were, I must confess,  
But duties of a father: I did more;  
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare  
An enemy; to court both death and dangers;  
Yet these were but additions to complete  
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet.  
I made him chief commander in the field  
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect  
Of honour, and preferment; trained him up  
In all perfections of a martialist:  
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,  
You know with what contempt of my deserts,  
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all

My services; then got the palm of glory  
Unto himself. Yet not content with this,  
He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought  
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,  
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never  
Give satisfaction to. Now, honoured fathers,  
For this cause only, if your law be law,  
And you the ministers of justice, then  
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

*Phi.* Can this be so, Antinous?

*Ant.* 'Tis all true,

Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd my faults  
In colours half so black, as in themselves  
My guilt hath dy'd them. Were there mercy left.  
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner:  
Lords, I am guilty.

*Ero.* Thou beliest, Antinous,  
Thine innocence. Alas! my lords, he's desperate.  
And talks he knows not what: you must not credit  
His lunacy; I can myself disprove  
This accusation: Cassilane, be yet  
More merciful; I beg it.

*Cas.* Time, nor fate,  
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter  
My resolution: He shall die.

*Ero.* The senate's  
Prayers, or weeping lovers, shall not alter  
My resolution: Thou shalt die.

*Ant.* Why, madam,  
Are ye all marble?

*Pos.* Leave your shifts, Antinous;  
What plead you to your father's accusation?

*Ant.* Most fully guilty.

*Pos.* You have doom'd yourself;  
We cannot quit you now.

*Cas.* A burthen'd conscience  
Will never need a hangman: hadst thou dar'd  
To have denied it, then this sword of mine  
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.

*Ero.* Thy sword? wretched old man, thou hast  
liv'd too long

To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;  
Thou art a man condemn'd: My lords, this tyrant  
Had perished but for me, I still supplied  
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter  
Money to buy him food; the bread he ate,  
Was from my purse: when he, vain-gloriously,  
To dive into the peoples' hearts, had pawn'd  
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him;  
And for requital, only made my suit,  
That he would please to new receive his son  
Into his favour, for whose love I told him  
I had been still so friendly: but then he,  
As void of gratitude as all good nature,  
Distracted like a madman, posted hither  
To pull this vengeance on himself and us;  
For why, my lords, since by the law, all means  
Is blotted out of your commission,  
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd  
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,  
So I accuse this father, and crave judgment.

*Cas.* All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd  
By combination to defeat the process  
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.

*Arc.* Sir, what do ye mean?

*Ero.* I will have Cassilane's.

*Ant.* Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream  
Of your affections this way? Have you not  
Conquest enough by treading on my grave?  
Unless you send me thither in a shroud

Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,  
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,  
Be gentler to my father.

Ero. Cassilane, [Kneels.]

Thou hast a heart of flint: Let my intreaties,  
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,  
Melt it: Yet be a father to thy son,  
Unmask thy long besotted judgment, see  
A low obedience kneeling at the feet  
Of nature, I beseech you.

Cas. Fish, you cozen

Your hopes: Your plots are idle: I am resolute.

Ero. Antinous, urge no further.

Ant. Hence, thou sorcery  
Of a beguiling softness; I will stand,  
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd; lords, your breath  
Must finish these divisions: I confess  
Civility doth teach I should not speak  
Against a lady of her birth, so high  
As great Erota, but her injuries,  
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry  
Aloud for justice, fathers.

Dec. Whither run you?

Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may  
That I alone am not unmatchable [know]  
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps  
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,  
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood;  
Before this presence, I accuse this lady  
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

Cas. Impudent traitor!

Phi. Her? Oh spare, Antinous;  
The world reputes thee valiant, do not soil  
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice,  
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.

Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I  
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness, [force  
All these about me: She is bloody-minded,  
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:  
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her:  
Shall I have audience?

Ero. Let him speak, my lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes

On this, what shall I call her? truthless woman,  
When often in my discontents, the sway  
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,  
Or name it as you list, had hour by hour  
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last  
She could not, would not live, unless I granted  
What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,  
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,  
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:  
Nor urg'd I aught from her, but secrecy,  
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants  
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements  
Had made him subject to: what! shall I heap up  
Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,  
Not only hath discover'd to my father  
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also  
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit;  
For which, since I must die, I crave a like  
Equality of justice against her;  
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not  
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,  
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Por. If this be true—

Ero. My lords, be as the law is,  
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:  
Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?

c c

'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom,  
Shall we be friends in death?

Cas. Hear me, the villain  
Scandals her, honour'd lords.

Ero. Leave off to doat,  
And die a wise man.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,  
And master'd in my own resolution.

Phi. Will ye be wilful, madam? here's the curse  
Of love's disdain.

Cas. Why sit you like dumb statues?  
Demur no longer.

Pos. Cassilane, Erota,  
Antinous, death ye ask; and 'tis your dooms,  
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.

Cas. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

Ero. Yes,

And I: Antinous hath been gracious.

Ant. Sir,

May I presume to crave a blessing from you  
Before we part?

Cas. Yes, such a one as parents  
Bestow on curs'd sons; now, now I laugh  
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated  
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, lords,  
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,  
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd  
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,  
Amidst their prime of youth and glory; Now  
My vengeance is made full.

Enter ANNOPHEL.

Welcome, my joy,  
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing  
From thy half-buried father's hand; I am dead  
Already, girl, and so is she, and he,  
We all are worms'-meat now.

Anno. I have heard all;  
Nor shall you die alone: lords, on my knees  
I beg for justice too.

Por. 'Gainst whom? for what?

Anno. First let me be resolv'd; does the law  
None, be they ne'er so mighty? [favour]

Por. Not the greatest.

Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude  
My lords, you of the senate all, not one excepted.

Pos. and Por. Us?

Phi. Annophel!

Anno. You are the authors

Of this unthrifty bloodshed; when your enemies  
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd  
not

Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters  
Were not secure, your starting holes of refuge  
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:  
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,  
This aged man, not only undertook  
To guard your lives, but did so; and beat off  
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,  
To pay your soldiers, who, without their pay  
Refus'd to strike a blow: but, lords, when peace  
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,  
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers  
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due  
To my unmin'd father? he was glad  
To live retir'd in want, in penury,  
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot  
Your debts to him: the sum of all is this,  
You have been unthankful to him; and I crave  
The rigour of the law against you all.

Cas. My royal spirited daughter!

*Ero.* Annophel,  
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.  
*Anno.* Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they  
For such as are offenders. [are no places]

*Pos.* Though our ignorance  
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage  
Severity of justice, yet to shew  
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,  
I yield me to the trial of it.  
[The Senators descend from their seats.]

*Por.* So must I:  
Great prince of Cyprus, you are left  
The only moderator in this difference;  
And as you are a prince, be a protector  
To woeful Candy.

*Phi.* What a scene of misery  
Hath thine obdurate forwardness, old man,  
Drawn on thy country's bosom! and for that  
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high  
As to be styled thy country's only patron,  
Thy malice hath descended to the depth  
Of hell, to be renowned in the title  
Of the destroyer. Dost thou yet perceive  
What curses all posterity will brand  
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this  
kingdom

Of honour and of safety?  
*Ero.* Children yet unborn  
Will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.

*Arc.* The world will be too little to contain  
The memory of this detested deed;  
The furies will abhor it.

*Dec.* What the sword  
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,  
A brave, cold, weak, imaginary fame,  
Hath brought on Candy: Candy groans, not these  
That are to die.

*Phi.* 'Tis happiness enough  
For them, that they shall not survive to see  
The wounds wherewith thou stab'st the land that  
Thy life and name. [gave]

*Dec.* 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel  
The mischief of your folly.

*Cas.* Annophel!  
*Anno.* I will not be entreated.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, Annophel!  
*Anno.* Why would ye urge me to a mercy, which  
You in yourself allow not?

*Cas.* 'Tis the law,  
That if the party who complains, remit  
The offender, he is freed: Is't not so, lords?

*Por. and Pos.* 'Tis so.

*Cas.* Antinous, by my shame observe  
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:  
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold  
The lethargy wherein my reason long  
Hath been becharm'd: live, live, my matchless son,  
Blest in thy father's blessing; much more blest  
In thine own virtues: let me dew thy cheeks  
With my unmanly tears: rise, I forgive thee:  
And good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,  
Forgive me: I can speak no more.

*Ant.* Dear sir,  
You new beget me now.—Madam, your pardon,  
I heartily remit you.

*Ero.* I as freely  
Discharge thee, Cassilane.

*Anno.* My gracious lords,  
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,  
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil

With a more violent remedy: your lives,  
Your honours are your own.

*Phi.* Then with consent  
Be reconcil'd on all sides: please you, fathers,  
To take your places. [The Senators take their places.]

*Pos.* Let us again ascend,  
With joy and thankfulness to heaven: and now  
To other business, lords.

Enter GASPERO and MELITUS, with GONZALO.

*Mel.* Two hours and more, sir,  
The senate hath been set.

*Gon.* And I not know it?  
Who sits with them?

*Mel.* My lord, the prince of Cyprus.

*Gon.* Gaspero,  
Why how comes that to pass?

*Gas.* Some weighty cause  
I warrant you.

*Gon.* Now lords, the business? ha!  
Who's here, Erota?

*Por.* Secretary, do your charge  
Upon that traitor.

*Gon.* Traitor?  
*Gas.* Yes, Gonzalo, traitor;

Of treason to the peace and state of Candy,  
I do arrest thee.

*Gon.* Me? thou dog!

Enter FERNANDO and MICHAEL.

*Mich.* With license  
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise  
Of treason to the state of Venice.

*Gon.* Ha!  
Is Michael here? nay then I see  
I am undone.

*Ero.* I shall not be your queen,  
Your duchess, or your empress.

*Gon.* Dull, dull brain!  
O, I am fool'd.

*Gas.* Look, sir, do you know this hand?

[Producer a paper]  
*Mich.* Do you know this seal? first, lords, he  
writes to Venice,

To make a perfect league, during which time  
He would in private keep some troops in pay,  
Bribe all the sentinels throughout this kingdom,  
Corrupt the captains; at a banquet poison  
The prince, and greatest peers, and in conclusion  
Yield Candy slave to Venice.

*Gas.* Next, he contracted  
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,  
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver  
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,  
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy  
Of her and Candy.

*Ero.* This is true, Gonzalo.

*Gon.* Let it be true: what then?

*Pos.* My lord ambassador,  
What's your demand?

*Mich.* As likes the state of Candy,  
Either to sentence him as he deserves  
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.

*Por.* We shall advise upon it.

*Gon.* Oh, the devils,  
That had not thrust this trick into my pate—  
A politician? fool! destruction plague  
Candy and Venice both.

*Por. and Pos.* Away with him.

*Mel.* Come, sir, I'll see you safe.

[Exeunt GONZ. and MEL.]

*Ero.* Lords, ere you part  
Be witness to another change of wonder.  
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,  
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd  
The humblest means affection could contrive,  
To gain thy love.

*Ant.* Madam, I must confess it,  
And ever am your servant.

*Ero.* Yes, Antinous,  
My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never :  
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once  
In my too passionate thoughts. [To PHILANDER.]

Most noble prince,  
If yet a relic of thy wonted flames  
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not  
To offer up the assurance of my faith  
To thee, that hast deserv'd it best.

*Phi.* Oh, madam,  
You play with my calamity.

*Ero.* Let heav'n  
Record my truth for ever.

*Phi.* With more joy  
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.  
I also pawn you mine.

*Ero.* The man that in requital  
Of noble and unsought affection  
Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did Antinous.

Yet herein, prince, ye are beholding to him ;  
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,  
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.

*Phi.* For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

*Ant.* Much comfort dwell with you, as I could  
To him I honour most. [wish

*Cas.* Oh, my Antinous,  
My own, my own good son.

*Fer.* One suit I have to make.

*Phi.* To whom, Fernando ?

*Fer.* Lord Cassilane, to you.

*Cas.* To me ?

*Fer.* This lady  
Hath promised to be mine.

*Anno.* Your blessing, sir ;  
Brother, your love.

*Ant.* You cannot, sir, bestow her  
On a more noble gentleman.

*Cas.* Sayst thou so ?

Antinous, I confirm it. Here, Fernando,  
Live both as one ; she is thine.

*Ant.* And herein, sister,  
I honour you for your wise settled love.  
This is a day of triumph, all contentions  
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace  
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.

[Exeunt.

# THE FALSE ONE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**PTOLEMY, King of Egypt.**

**ACHOREUS, an old, blind Counsellor, Priest of Isis.**

**PHOTINUS, an Eunuch, Politician, and Minion to PTOLEMY.**

**ACHILLAS, Captain of the Guard to PTOLEMY.**

**SEPTIMIUS, a revolted Roman Villain.**

**LARIENUS, a Roman Soldier and Nuncio.**

**APOLLODORUS, Guardian to CLEOPATRA.**

**ANTONY, } CÆSAR's Captains.**  
**DOLABELLA, }**

**SCURVA, a free Speaker, also Captain to CÆSAR.**  
**Three lame Soldiers.**

**Guard.**

**Servants.**

**CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.**

**ARSINOE, CLEOPATRA's Sister.**

**ENOS, CLEOPATRA's Waiting-Woman.**

**ISIS,**

**NILUS,**

**Three Labourers, } in a Masque.**

SCENE,—ALEXANDRIA.

## PROLOGUE.

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,  
The subject being old ; and 'tis as true,  
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be framed  
Out of their stories, that have oft been named  
With glory on the stage : What borrows he  
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,  
That writes his love to Hecuba ? Sure, to tell  
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell  
I' th' capitol, can never be the same  
To the judicious : Nor will such blame

Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they  
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind [and  
Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free.  
And how he rated her virginity :  
We treat not of what boldness she did die,  
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.  
What we present and offer to your view,  
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew :  
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,  
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Hall in the Royal Palace.*

*Enter ACHILLAS and ACHOREUS.*

*Achor.* I love the king, nor do dispute his power,  
For that is not confined, nor to be censured  
By me, that am his subject ; yet allow me  
The liberty of a man, that still would be  
A friend to justice, to demand the motives  
That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus,  
(To whose directions he gives up himself,  
And I hope wisely,) to commit his sister  
The princess Cleopatra——If I said  
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treason,  
She being by her father's testament  
(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir  
In all he stood possess'd of.

*Achil.* 'Tis confess'd,  
My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms  
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,  
But claim a privilege equal to the male ;  
But how much such divisions have ta'en from

The majesty of Egypt, and what factions  
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin  
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,  
We have too many and too sad examples :  
Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent  
The murders and the massacres that attend  
On disunited government, and to shew  
The king without a partner, in full splendour,  
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra  
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)  
Should be committed to safe custody,  
In which she is attended like her birth,  
Until her beauty, or her royal power,  
Hath found her out a husband.

*Achor.* How this may  
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not ;  
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence  
With the rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.  
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down  
With this disgrace, though insupportable,  
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,  
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,

This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,  
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian  
As well as Ptolemy's, will e'er approve  
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,  
That should authorise it?

*Achil.* The civil war,  
In which the Roman empire is embark'd  
On a rough sea of danger, does exact  
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives  
No vacant time to think of what we do, [them  
Which hardly can concern them.

*Achor.* What's your opinion  
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes  
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,  
Pompey is much superior.

*Achil.* I could give you  
A catalogue of all the several nations  
From whence he drew his powers; but that were  
tedious.

They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,  
Which makes them think the day already won;  
And Pompey being master of the sea,  
Such plenty of all delicacies are brought in,  
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,  
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,  
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd  
To make a public feast. They at Dirachium  
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of  
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,  
Cæsar himself confess'd.

*Achor.* Where are they now?

*Achil.* In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains;  
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,  
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops  
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,  
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,  
Inured to his command, and only know  
To fight and overcome: And though that famine  
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste  
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,  
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,  
As in derision of his delicacies,)  
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;  
They still besiege him, being ambitious only  
To come to blows, and let their swords determine  
Who bath the better cause.

*Achor.* May victory  
Attend on't, where it is.

*Achil.* We ev'ry hour  
Expect to hear the issue.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Sept.* Save my good lords!  
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,  
And the four hundred gods and goddesses  
Adored in Rome, I am your honours' servant.

*Achor.* Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.

*Achil.* You are cruel;  
If you deny him swearing, you take from him  
Three full parts of his language.

*Sept.* Your honour's bitter.  
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,  
But I must swear't: Yet such is my ill fortune,  
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;  
I think (and I can find no other reason)  
Because I am a Roman.

*Achor.* No, Septimius;  
To be a Roman were an honour to you,  
Did not your manners and your life take from it,  
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing

But Roman vices, which you would plant here,  
But no seed of her virtues.

*Sept.* With your reverence,  
I am too old to learn.

*Achor.* Any thing honest;  
That I believe without an oath.

*Sept.* I fear  
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that  
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old  
Before your time. Pox o' these virtuous morals,  
And old religious principles, that fool us!  
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,  
Though you were at your prayers.

*Achor.* What is the subject?

Be free, Septimius.

*Sept.* 'Tis a catalogue  
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,  
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant  
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate  
Who sells her honour for a diamond,  
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous,  
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,  
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,  
Though fools say they are dangerous. I sang it  
The last night at my lord Photinus' table.

*Achor.* How? as a fiddler?

*Sept.* No, sir, as a guest,  
A welcome guest too; and it was approved of  
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd  
in't:

For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,  
When we have laid by foolish modesty,  
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)  
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;  
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,  
And heightens crest-fallen appetite.

*Achor.* New doctrine!

*Achil.* Was't of your own composing?

*Sept.* No, I bought it  
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies;  
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was  
fearful;

But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,  
That I will own it.

*Achor.* And be punish'd for it?  
Take heed, for you may so long exercise  
Your scurrilous wit against authority,  
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests  
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)  
Against religion, that your great maintainers,  
Unless they would be thought copartners with you,  
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,  
Remember there are whips.

*Sept.* For whores, I grant you,  
When they are out of date; 'till then, they are  
safe too,

Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.  
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;  
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,  
To some most private cabinets, when your priest-  
hood,

Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,  
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you  
To your pious thoughts. [Exit.

*Achil.* 'Tis a strange impudence  
This fellow does put on.

*Achor.* The wonder great,  
He is accepted of.

*Achil.* Vices, for him,  
Make as free way as virtues do for others.

'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have  
graced,  
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,  
Observers of all kinds.

*Enter PHOTINUS and SEPTIMIUS.*

*Achor.* No more of him,  
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive  
From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger  
When he should use his service.

*Achil.* See how he hangs  
On great Photinus' ear.

*Sept.* Hell, and the furies,  
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,  
You are my god on earth! and let me have  
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!

*Pho.* Thou art believed; dost thou want money?  
*Sept.* No, sir.

*Pho.* Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow  
Thy vehement protestations.

*Sept.* You much wrong me;  
How can I want when your beams shine upon me,  
Unless employment to express my zeal  
To do your greatness service. Do but think  
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,  
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all  
The powers above, and those below, against me;  
Command me, I will on.

*Pho.* When I have use,  
I'll put you to the test.

*Sept.* May it be speedy,  
And something worth my danger. You are cold,  
And know not your own powers; this brow was  
fashion'd

To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment

Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern  
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,  
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment  
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

*Pho.* When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,  
Thou saidst as much to him.

*Sept.* All my love to him,  
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost  
In th' ocean of your bounties: I have no friend,  
Project, design, or country, but your favour,  
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

*Pho.* No more;  
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,  
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;  
So, leave me for awhile.

*Sept.* Ever your creature! [Exit.]

*Pho.* Good day, Achoreus.—My best friend,  
Achillas,

Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour  
Of the great Roman action?

*Achil.* That we are

To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care  
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good,  
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

*Pho.* I'll not boast

What my intelligence costs me; but ere long  
You shall know more.—The king, with him a  
Roman.

*Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS, wounded, and Guard.*

*Achor.* The scarlet liver of unfortunate war  
Dy'd deeply on his face.

*Achil.* 'Tis Labienus,  
Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,  
And fortunate in all his undertakings:

But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey.  
And, though he followed the better cause,  
Not with the like success.

*Pho.* Such as are wise

Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:  
But more of that hereafter.—

*Lab.* In a word, sir,

These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,  
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,  
How many thousand several bloody shapes  
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore  
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what fury  
His soldiers came on, as if they had been  
So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious  
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;  
How fathers killed their sons, or sons their fathers;  
Or how the Roman piles on either side  
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of  
weapons

(The sword) succeeded, which, in civil wars,  
Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory  
Shall make a certain stand; then, how the plains  
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of  
vultures,

And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,  
Attending when their ready servitors,  
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods  
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,  
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;  
How Cæsar with his javelin forced them on  
That made the least stop, when their angry hands  
Were lifted up against some known friend's face;  
Then coming to the body of the army,  
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them  
To waste their force upon the common soldier,  
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,  
He would have spared)——

*Ptol.* The reason, Labienus?

*Lab.* Full well he knows, that in their blood he  
was

To pass to empire, and that through their bowels  
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give  
A period to the liberty of the world.  
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,  
The famed Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,—  
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on  
The nobles, and the commons lay together, [earth.  
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,  
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey seeing,  
And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,  
Standing upon the rampire of his camp,  
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,  
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd  
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too  
That they should sound retreat, and save them—  
That he desired not so much noble blood [selves:  
Should be lost in his service, or attend  
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse  
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,  
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,  
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,  
Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,  
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,  
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,  
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,  
Till he may re-collect his scatter'd powers,  
And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,  
Though he appear not like that glorious thing  
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws  
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,



(As this of yours, your noble father took  
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it  
At his devotion,) to do you more honour  
In his declined estate, as the straightest pine  
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,  
He flies to you for succour, and expects  
The entertainment of your father's friend,  
And guardian to yourself.

*Ptol.* To say I grieve his fortune,  
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)  
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,  
Our gods can witness for me; Yet, being young,  
And not a free disposer of myself,  
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,  
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,  
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,  
And take a little rest;—and let his wounds  
Be with that care attended, as they were  
Carved on my flesh.—Good Labienus, think  
The little respite I desire shall be  
Wholly employed to find the readiest way  
To do great Pompey service.

*Lab.* May the gods,  
As you intend, protect you! [*Exit with Attendants.*]

*Ptol.* Sit, sit all;  
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

*Achor.* A short deliberation in this,  
May serve to give you counsel. To be honest,  
Religious, and thankful, in themselves  
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish  
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,  
Though Pompey never rise to the height he's  
fallen from,

Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion  
Is, still committing it to graver censure,  
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard  
Of all you can call yours.

*Ptol.* What's yours, Photinus?

*Pho.* Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd  
Like a religious and honest man,  
Worthy the honour that he justly holds  
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,  
What in a man sequester'd from the world,  
Or in a private person, is prefer'd,  
No policy allows of in a king:  
To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty;  
And faith, though praised, is punish'd, that supports  
Such as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,  
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;  
The stars are not more distant from the earth  
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,  
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince  
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer  
His course, as what's right guides him: Let him  
The sceptre, that strives only to be good, [*leave*  
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

*Achor.* Oh, wicked!

*Ptol.* Peace!—Go on.

*Pho.* Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns  
your youth,

In thinking that you cannot keep your own  
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tired  
With being a king, let not a stranger take  
What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather  
The government of Egypt and of Nile  
To Cleopatra, that has title to them;  
At least, defend them from the Roman gripe:  
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endured,  
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world  
Forsaken and despised, your gentle guardian,

His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of  
What nation he shall fall with; and pursued  
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,  
He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,  
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger  
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations  
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates  
Are sunk in his; and, in no place received,  
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.  
And Ptolemy, things consider'd justly, may  
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he stain  
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,  
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,  
Doubted of Cæsar? Wherefore should he draw  
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,  
Or choose this place to suffer in? Already  
We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,  
And no way left us to redeem his favour  
But by the great of Pompey.

*Achor.* Great Osiris,  
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,  
And barbarous ingratitude!

*Pho.* Holy trifles,  
And not to have place in designs of state.  
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath,  
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd;  
I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar;  
But we must follow where his fortune leads us:  
All provident princes measure their intents.  
According to their power, and so dispose them.  
And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop  
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,  
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?  
Shall we, that in the battle sat as neutrals,  
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost:  
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend  
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope  
He may recover, thy part not engaged,  
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are  
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head. [*dead,*

*Achor.* Most execrable counsel!

*Achil.* To be follow'd;  
'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

*Ptol.* We give up  
Our absolute power to thee: Dispose of it  
As reason shall direct thee.

*Pho.* Good Achilles,  
Seek out Septimius: Do you but soothe him;  
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch  
To me, of Labienus: 'Tis determined  
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate  
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,  
But that this hour to Pompey is his last!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace of CLEOPATRA.

*Enter APOLLONORUS, EROS, ANSINON, and a Boy.*

*Apol.* Is the queen stirring, Eros?

*Eros.* Yes; for in truth  
She touch'd no bed to-night.

*Apol.* I am sorry for it,  
And wish it were in me, with my hazard,  
To give her ease.

*Ars.* Sir, she accepts your will,  
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,  
So far, as if restraint of liberty  
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,  
he is your debtor for it.



*Apol.* Did you tell her  
Of the sports I have prepared to entertain her ?  
She was used to take delight, with her fair hand  
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,  
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,  
Contended to be taken : Other times,  
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,  
Forgot his tears in death, and, kneeling, thanks her  
To his last gasp ; then prouder of his fate,  
Than if, with garlands crown'd he had been chosen  
To fall a sacrifice before the altar  
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Pho-  
Forbid her any pleasure ; and the circuit [tinus,  
In which she is confined, gladly affords  
Variety of pastimes, which I would  
Increase with my best service.

*Eros.* Oh, but the thought  
That she that was born free, and to dispense  
Restraint or liberty to others, should be  
At the devotion of her brother, (whom  
She only knows her equal) makes this place  
In which she lives, though stored with all delights,  
A loathsome dungeon to her.

*Apol.* Yet, howe'er  
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting  
To do my best to serve her : I have prepared  
Choice musick near her cabinet, and composed  
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,  
In the praise of imprisonment.—Begin, boy.

## SONG,

BY THE BOY.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air :  
Even in shadows you are fair.  
Shut-up beauty is like fire,  
That breaks out clearer still and higher.  
Though your body be confined,  
And soft love a prisoner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly then, and dare  
E'en the fetters that you wear.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* But that we are assured this tastes of duty  
And love in you, my guardian, and desire  
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,  
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness  
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents  
Are to delight us : Alas, you wash an Ethiop !  
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember  
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,  
I suffer in the name !), and that, in justice,  
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,  
But that the tributary earth is proud  
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen ;  
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish  
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,  
Bondman Achilles, and all other monsters

That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court  
Where they reside ; and this, where I, a prison ?  
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Caesar,  
Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,  
May think of Cleopatra.

*Apol.* Pompey, madam—

*Cleo.* What of him ? Speak ! If ill, Apollodorus,  
It is my happiness ; and, for thy news,  
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,  
And kiss my hand.

*Apol.* He's lost.*Cleo.* Speak it again !

*Apol.* His army routed, he fled, and pursued  
By the all-conquering Caesar.

*Cleo.* Whither bends he ?*Apol.* To Egypt.*Cleo.* Ha ! In person ?*Apol.* 'Tis received

For an undoubted truth.

*Cleo.* I live again ;

And if assurance of my love and beauty  
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge  
To do me right ! But how to free myself,  
And get access ? The guards are strong upon me ;  
This door I must pass through.—Apollodorus,  
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,  
Thy life was not thine own.

*Apol.* I am not alter'd ;

And let your excellency propound a means,  
In which I may but give the least assistance  
That may restore you to that you were born to,  
Though it call on the anger of the king,  
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion  
Photinus can do to me, I, unmoved,  
Offer my throat to serve you ; ever provided,  
It bear some probable show to be effected ;  
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,  
Not loyal duty.

*Cleo.* [To ARSINOE and EROS.] Stand off !—To  
thee alone, [To APOLLODORUS.]

I will discover what I dare not trust  
My sister with. Caesar is amorous,  
And taken more with the title of a queen,  
Than feature or proportion ; he loved Eunoe,  
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought  
No other object to inflame his blood,  
But that her husband was a king ; on both  
He did bestow rich presents : Shall I then,  
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,  
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,  
Despair his favour ? Art thou mine ?

*Apol.* I am.

*Cleo.* I have found out a way shall bring me to  
'Spite of Photinus' watches : If I prosper, [him,  
As I am confident I shall, expect  
Things greater than thy wishes.—Though I pur-  
His grace with loss of my virginity, [chase  
It skills not, if it bring home majesty. [Eros exit.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—Before the Royal Palace.

*Enter SEPTIMIUS, with the head of POMPEY, ACHILLAS,  
and Guard.*

*Sept.* 'Tis here, 'tis done ! Behold, you fearful  
viewers,

Shake, and behold the model of the world here,  
The pride, and strength ! Look, look again ; 'tis  
finish'd !

That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,  
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,  
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors,

That steel-War waited on, and Fortune courted,  
That high-plumed Honour built up for her own;  
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,  
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,  
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my  
Achillas;

Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,  
And all the conquer'd nations.

*Achil.* Peace, Septimius;  
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions.  
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument  
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)  
Think not she is bound to love him too that's  
barbarous.

Why did not I, if this be meritorious,  
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,  
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor  
Roman!

It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,  
Not heave a thought.

*Sept.* It was?

*Achil.* I'll tell thee truly,  
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,  
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!  
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that  
bred thee;

The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that  
warm'd thee

From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee,  
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy business,  
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,  
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot  
on,

But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion!  
He triumph'd three times: Who durst touch this  
person?

The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;  
Dear to the gods he was: to them that fear'd him  
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,  
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?  
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,  
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glo-  
rious,

Where kings were fair competitors for honour,  
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have  
fought him,

There, sword to sword.

*Sept.* I kill'd him on commandment,  
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,  
When none of you durst look——

*Achil.* On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got?

*Sept.* The king's love, and his bounty,  
The honour of the service; which, though you rail  
at,

Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on  
me,

Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;  
And I shall live——

*Achil.* A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs to it,  
[Seizes the head.

Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:  
And be not impudent to ask me why, airrah,  
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!  
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;  
Inherit those rewards; they are fitter for thee.  
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks; Go out  
basely!

*Sept.* The king will yet consider.

[Exit.

*Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS.*

*Achil.* Here he comes.—Sir!

*Achor.* Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great sir!  
If this inhuman stroke be yet unstruck,  
If that adored head be not yet sever'd  
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,  
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.  
You are young, be provident: fix not your empire  
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt:  
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits  
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;  
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows  
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

*Pho.* [To ACHILLAS.] You have done well;  
and 'tis done.—See Achillas,  
And in his hand the head.

*Ptol.* Stay; come no nearer!  
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!  
I do remember him; he was my guardian,  
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.  
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

*Pho.* The king is troubled.—Be not frighted,  
sir;

Be not abused with fears: His death was necessary;  
If you consider, sir, most necessary,  
Not to be miss'd: and humbly thank great Isis,  
He came so opportunely to your hands.  
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.  
Is not victorious Cæsar new arrived,  
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,  
His navy riding by to wait his charges?  
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?  
Was not this great man his great enemy?  
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?  
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

[A flourish.

I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.  
Give me the head; and be you confident.—

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCEVA, and Soldiers.*

Hail, conqueror, the head of all the world,  
Now this head's off!

*Cæsar.* Ha!

*Pho.* Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,  
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,  
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.  
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,  
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;  
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,  
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:  
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,  
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.  
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,  
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,  
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,  
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

*Achil.* Nor do not question it, most royal con-  
nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee, [queror,  
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:  
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,  
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win  
this,

Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,  
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,  
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,  
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd  
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,  
And had none left him to restore his honour,  
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,

Then in steep Pompey, took his feeble fortune,  
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right  
This was a love to Cæsar. [again :

*Sec.* Give me hate, gods !

*Pho.* This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;  
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,  
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then ;  
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what  
that way !

He was thy son-in-law ; there to be tainted  
Had been most terrible ! Let the worst be render'd  
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.

*Cæsar.* Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head ! See,  
The head of godlike Pompey ! [captains,

*Sec.* He was basely ruin'd ;  
But let the gods be grieved that suffer'd it,  
And be you Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Oh, thou conqueror,  
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus !  
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,  
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?  
The light and life of Rome, to a blind stranger,  
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was ?  
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,  
And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,  
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness ?  
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,  
Leave him distrust'd, that in tears falls with thee,  
In soft relenting tears ? Hear me, great Pompey,  
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee !  
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,  
My love and mercy.

*And.* Oh how brave these tears shew !  
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy ! [ness.

*Dol.* Glory appears not greater than this good-

*Cæsar.* Egyptians, dare ye think your highest  
pyramids,

Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,  
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven ;  
No pyramids set off his memories,  
But the eternal substance of his greatness ;  
To which I leave him. Take the head away,  
And, with the body, give it noble burial :  
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,  
Whose braveries, all the world's earth cannot  
balance.

*Sec.* [Aside.] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall  
honour thee :

But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,  
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for ;  
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I  
wonder

How he would look if Pompey were alive again ;  
But how he would set his face.

*Cæsar.* You look now, king,  
And you that have been agents in this glory,  
For our especial favour ?

*Ptol.* We desire it.

*Cæsar.* And doubtless you expect rewards ?

*Sec.* Let me give 'em :

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamt of ;  
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,  
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

*Cæsar.* Peace !—I forgive you all ; that's recom-  
pense.

You are young and ignorant, that pleads your  
pardon,

And fear, it may be, more than hate provoked you.  
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment.  
And so they err'd : I am bountiful to think this,  
Believe me, most bountiful : Be you most thankful ;  
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what  
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,  
I mean a head of equal reputation,  
And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest  
sister's,

(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.

*Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar !

*Cæsar.* I have heard too much ;  
And study not with smooth shows to invade  
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :  
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly.  
That man that could not recompense the benefits,  
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,  
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.  
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,  
I gave you no commission to perform it :  
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;  
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,  
My fortune never failing to befriended me,  
My noble strengths, and friends about my person.  
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,  
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.  
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye ;  
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,  
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,  
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,  
You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt.  
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror.  
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,  
That, where the day gives light, will be himself still :  
Know how to meet his worth with humane cour-  
tesies !

Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier.  
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,  
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix  
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,  
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,  
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies !  
*Ptol.* We will do all.

*Cæsar.* You have robb'd him of those tears  
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,  
The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;  
And that kind earth that thought to cover him  
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your  
And weep unto the ocean for revenge, [crackly,  
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye !  
My grief has stopt the rest. When Pompey lived,  
He used you nobly ; now he's dead, use him so.

[Exit with ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA, and Soldiers.]

*Ptol.* Now where's your confidence, your aim,  
Photinus,

The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,  
You rung into mine ears ? How stand I now ?  
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure ;  
The death of him, you urged a sacrifice  
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin !  
Where are your counsels now ?

*Achor.* I told you, sir,  
And told the truth, what danger would fly after ;  
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you  
He was a Roman, and the top of honour ;  
And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,  
I told you, that the foulness of his death,  
The impious baseness—

*Pho.* Peace! you are a fool!  
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em;  
Cæsar I know is pleased, and, for all his sorrows,  
Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings,  
I am confident he's glad: To have told you so,  
And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,  
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.  
Be confident, and proud you have done this service;  
You have deserved, and you will find it, highly.  
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure  
You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,  
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.  
The rest, if I may counsel, sir—  
*Phol.* Do all;  
For in thy faithful service rests my safety.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.**Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Sept.* Here's a strange alteration in the court;  
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,  
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now  
As though I were a rascal; no man knows me,  
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,  
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd  
Because I have done a meritorious murder: [at,  
Because I have pleased the time, does the time  
plague me?

I have known the day they would have hugg'd me  
for't;

For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,  
Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me,  
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me  
wallow.

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,  
And the huge leviathans of villany  
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,  
That do them service, and spout 'em out again  
Into the air, as thin and unregarded  
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.  
I was loved once for swearing, and for drinking,  
And for other principal qualities that became me:  
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,  
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,  
That set me on. And he comes; now, Fortune!

*Enter PHOTINUS.*

*Pho.* Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me,  
A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman,  
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger farther!  
I may find out a way unto thy life too,  
Though arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it!  
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

*Sept.* May't please your lordship—

*Pho.* Oh, Septimius!

*Sept.* Your lordship knows my wrongs?

*Pho.* Wronged?

*Sept.* Yes, my lord;

How the captain of the guard, Achilles, slights me?

*Pho.* Think better of him, he has much be-  
friended thee,

Shewed thee much love, in taking the head from  
thee.

The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,  
And our design to please him lost and perish'd:  
Be glad thou art unnamed; 'tis not worth the  
Yet, that thou mayst be useful— [owning.

*Sept.* Yes, my lord,  
I shall be ready.

*Pho.* For I may employ thee  
To take a rub or two out of my way,  
As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,  
Or a hard father?

*Sept.* 'Tis most necessary;  
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir.

*Pho.* Or to betray a noble friend?

*Sept.* 'Tis all one.

*Pho.* I know thou wilt stir for gold.

*Sept.* 'Tis all my motion.

*Pho.* There, take that for thy service, and fare-  
well! [*Gives him a purse.*]

I have greater business now.

*Sept.* I am still your own, sir.

*Pho.* One thing I charge thee; see me no more,  
Septimius,

Unless I send.

*Sept.* I shall observe your hour.—

[*Exit PHOTINUS.*]

So! this brings something in the mouth, some  
favour:

This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,  
My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.  
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,  
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,  
Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honour-  
able:

This god creates new tongues and new affections;  
And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,  
I'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice.  
Now I will out-brave all, make all my servants,  
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for vir-  
tuous. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*CÆSAR'S Apartments in the  
Palace.**Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCEVA.*

*Cæsar.* Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes,  
my friends;

There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:  
They that are false to pious benefits,  
And make compell'd necessities their faiths,  
Are traitors to the gods.

*Ant.* We'll call ashore  
A legion of the best.

*Cæsar.* Not a man, Antony;  
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness;  
No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.

*Sec.* Too much too;  
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.  
There are some two or three malicious rascals,  
Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,  
That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.

*Dol.* 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?

*Sec.* You are cozen'd;  
There be of us, as be of all other nations,  
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains  
him,

But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,  
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!  
Photinus and Achilles, and this vermin,  
That's now become a natural crocodile,  
Must be with care observed.

*Ant.* And 'tis well counsell'd;

No confidence, nor trust—

*Sec.* I'll trust the sea first,  
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,  
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions

Conceal their claws ; I'll trust the devil first ;  
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.

*Cæsar.* Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,

And leave me to my thoughts ; pray no more come—  
Once more, strong watches. [pliment ;

*Dol.* All shall be observed, sir.

[*Exeunt all but CÆSAR.*]

*Cæsar.* I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.  
How happy was I, in my lawful wars  
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britanny !  
When every night with pleasure I set down  
What the day minister'd, the sleep came sweetly :  
But since I undertook this home-division,  
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,  
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,  
A good, great man ? I have enter'd Rome by force,  
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,  
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample :  
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,  
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,—  
The bloody streams, that in their confluence  
Carried before 'em thousand desolations :  
I robb'd the treasury ; and at one gripe  
Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs  
Placed there as sacred to the peace of Rome :  
I razed Massilia in my wanton anger ;  
Petreius and Afranius I defeated ;  
Pompey I overthrew ; what did that get me ?  
The slubber'd name of an authorized enemy.

[*Noise within.*]

I hear some noises ; they are the watches, sure.—  
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions ?  
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,  
Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me ;  
Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too ;  
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,  
And, from the relics of their scatter'd faction,  
A new head's sprung : Say, I defeat all these too ?  
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.—  
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.  
Are the guards fast ? Who waits there !

*Enter SCEVA, bearing a large package.*

*Sec.* Are you awake, sir ?

*Cæsar.* I' the name of wonder—

*Sec.* Nay, I am a porter,  
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir :  
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk

*Cæsar.* What hast thou there ? [with 'em.

*Sec.* Ask them which stay without,  
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,  
And put 'em by, took up the load myself.  
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom ;  
I am sure 'tis heavy : If you like to see it,  
You may ; if not, I'll give it back.

*Cæsar.* Stay, Sceva ;

I would fain see it.

*Sec.* I'll begin to work then.

No doubt, to flatter you, they have sent you some-  
thing

Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.

May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief :

I pray you stand further off ; if there be villainy,  
Better my danger first ; he shall 'scape hard too.

[*Opens the package, in which CLEOPATRA is discovered.*]

Ha ! what art thou ?

*Cæsar.* Stand further off, good Sceva !—

What heavenly vision ! Do I wake or slumber ?—  
Further off, that hand, friend !

*Sec.* What apparition,  
What spirit, have I rais'd ? Sure, 'tis a woman ;  
She looks like one ; now she begins to move too.  
A tempting devil, o' my life !—Go off, Cæsar,  
Bless thyself, off !—A bawd grown in mine old  
days ?

Bawdry advanced upon my back ? 'tis noble !—  
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer ;  
She is sent to dispossess you of your honour :  
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories.  
An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim  
her ;

They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her ;  
Be loyal to yourself !—Thou damned woman,  
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,  
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners ?  
And am I made the instrument of bawdry ?  
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you.

[*Draws.*]

*Cæsar.* Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,  
Thou beast !

*Sec.* Thou beast ?

*Cæsar.* Couldst thou be so inhuman,  
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon  
Upon a thing divine ?

*Sec.* Divine, or human,  
They are never better pleased, nor more at heart's  
ease,

Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

*Cæsar.* Move this way, lady : 'Pray you let me  
speak to you.

*Sec.* And, woman, you had best stand—

*Cæsar.* By the gods,  
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,  
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,  
The treasure of soft love !

*Sec.* Oh, this sounds mangily,  
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth !  
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,  
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,  
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.  
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical ?  
After so many bloody fields, a fool ?

She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time).  
Carries her litter to lie soft ; do you see that ?  
Invites you like a gamester ; note that impudence.  
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,  
Look back into your noble parts, and blush !

Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia  
Mingle with base embraces ! Am I he  
That have received so many wounds for Cæsar ?  
Upon my target groves of darts still growing ?  
Have I endured all hungers, colds, distresses,  
And as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,  
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune ?  
To ban the blood I lost for such a general ?

*Cæsar.* Offend no more ; begone !

*Sec.* I will, and leave you,  
Leave you to women's wars, that will proclaim  
you :

You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,  
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell, Cæsar !

*Cleo.* Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to you ;  
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you !

[*Kneels.*]

*Sec.* Lower you'll be anon.

*Cæsar.* Away !

*Sec.* And privater ;  
For that you covet all.

*Cæsar.* Tempt me no further !

[*Exit SCEVA.*]

*Cleo.* Contemn me not, because I kneel thus,  
Cæsar :

I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,  
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy,  
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,  
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,  
As on a holy altar, to preserve me.

*Cæsar.* Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up.

*Cleo.* I dare not ;

Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,  
That godlike great humanity, to help me,  
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.  
And if it be not in thy will to right me,  
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins ;  
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,  
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions ;  
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,  
And, if thou be'st a man, for despised beauty,  
For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,  
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,

Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,  
The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,  
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother  
Nothing of what he should be but the title !  
As thou art wonder of the world——

*Cæsar.* Stand up then, [*Raises her.*]

And be a queen ; this hand shall give it to you :  
Or, choose a greater name, worthy my bounty ;  
A common love makes queens : Choose to be wor-  
shipp'd,

To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.  
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,  
That hath adventured thus to see great Cæsar,  
Must never be denied. You have found a patron  
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer  
So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty :  
The god of love would clap his angry wings,  
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows  
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,  
Should I neglect your cause, would make me  
monstrous ;

To whom, and to your service, I devote me !

*Enter SCÆVA.*

*Cleo.* [*Apart.*] He is my conquest now, and so  
I'll work him ;

The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.

*Sec.* Still with this woman ? tilting still with  
babies ?

As you are honest, think the enemy,

Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,  
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

*Cæsar.* Hear me,  
But tell me true ; if thou hadst such a treasure,  
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me,)  
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou  
Most greedily accept ? [*not*]

*Sec.* Not as an emperor,  
A man that first should rule himself, then others :  
As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir ;  
Yet that's a weakness too. — Hear me, thou tempter !  
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,  
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,  
The soul of a commander, give ear to me. —  
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,  
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)  
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) inhabits !  
*Cæsar.* Fy ! thou blasphem'st.

*Sec.* I do, when she's a goddess. —  
Thou melter of strong minds, darrest thou presume  
To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities ?  
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,  
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,  
Proud of their chains, have waited on ? — I shame,  
sir !

*Cæsar.* Alas, thou art rather mad ! Take thy  
rest, Scæva ;  
Thy duty makes thee err ; but I forgive thee.  
Go, go, I say ! shew me no disobedience !

[*Exit SCÆVA.*]

'Tis well ; farewell ! — The day will break, dear lady ;  
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,  
And think upon your servant ?

*Cleo.* Pray you, sir, know me,  
And what I am.

*Cæsar.* The greater, I more love you ;  
And you must know me too.

*Cleo.* So far as modesty,  
And majesty gives leave, sir. You are too violent.  
*Cæsar.* You are too cold to my desires.

*Cleo.* Swear to me,  
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred)  
You'll right me as a queen——

*Cæsar.* These lips be witness [*Kisses her.*]  
And, if I break that oath——

*Cleo.* You make me blush, sir ;  
And in that blush interpret me.

*Cæsar.* I will do.  
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one word  
You shall believe.

*Cleo.* I must ; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PTOLEMY and PROTINUS.*

*Pho.* Good sir, but hear !

*Ptol.* No more ; you have undone me !  
That that I hourly fear'd is fallen upon me,  
And heavily, and deadly.

*Pho.* Hear a remedy.

*Ptol.* A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,  
And has infected all ? Your secure negligence  
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd  
me ?

My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber ;

All night she has been with him ; and, no doubt,  
Much to her honour.

*Pho.* 'Would that were the worst, sir !  
That will repair itself : But I fear mainly,  
She has made her peace with Cæsar.

*Ptol.* 'Tis most likely ;  
And what am I then ?

*Pho.* Plague upon that rascal  
Apollodorus, under whose command,  
Under whose eye——

*Enter ACHILLAS.*

*Ptol.* Curse on ye all, ye are wretches !

*Pho.* 'Twas providently done, Achilles.

*Achil.* Pardon me.

*Pho.* Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful!

*Achil.* I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.

Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,  
Or a small truss of household furniture,  
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,  
Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?  
I was abused.

*Enter ACHOREUS.*

*Achor.* 'Tis no hour now for anger,  
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.  
Let us consider timely what we must do,  
Since she is flown to his protection,  
From whom we have no power to sever her,  
Nor force conditions.

*Ptol.* Speak, good Achoreus.

*Achor.* Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,  
And straight and fair directions——

*Pho.* Speak your mind, sir.

*Achor.* Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him  
An arbitrator in all differences [to us]  
Betwix you and your sister; this is safe now,  
And will shew off most honourable.

*Pho.* Base,

Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission!  
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout  
counsellors;

Since we are sensible this Cæsar loaths us,  
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,  
Be of my mind.

*Achor.* 'Tis most uncomely spoken,  
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not:  
The law of hospitality it poisons,  
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.  
Be wise, O king!

*Ptol.* I will be. Go, my counsellor,  
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service,  
To my fair sister my commendations negotiate;  
And here I ratify what'er thou treat'st on.

*Achor.* Crown'd with fair peace I go. [Exit.]

*Ptol.* My love go with thee;—  
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!  
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus.

[Exit.]

*Pho.* This for our service? Princes do their  
pleasures,

And they that serve obey in all disgraces.  
The lowest we can fall to is our graves;  
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achilles!  
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,  
To tell this raw unthankful king——

*Achil.* Photinus,  
What'er it be, I shall make one, and zealously:  
For better die attempting something nobly,  
Than fall disgraced.

*Pho.* Thou lovest me, and I thank thee.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Before the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCEVA.*

*Dol.* Nay, there's no rousing him: he is be-  
witch'd, sure.

His noble blood crudled, and cold within him;  
Grown now a woman's warrior.

*Sce.* And a tall one;  
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,

And how he may advance his ram to batter  
The bulwark of her chastity.

*Ant.* Be not too angry,  
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;  
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,  
That unmatch'd sweetness——

*Dol.* But why should he be fool'd so?  
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,  
His age, and honour——

*Ant.* Say it were your own case,  
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:  
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise  
Of more security than his sword can cut through,  
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face,  
gentlemen,

And eyes that are the winning'st orators,  
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,  
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver  
The oracles of love——

*Sce.* I would you had her,  
With all her oracles and miracles:  
She were fitter for your turn.

*Ant.* 'Would I had, Sceva,  
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend 'em;  
On that condition I made thee mine heir.

*Sce.* I had rather have your black horse than  
your harlots.

*Dol.* Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of  
war

Is grown too boist'rous for his mouth; he sighs too.

*Sce.* And learns to fiddle most melodiously,  
And sings——'twould make your ears prick up to  
hear him, gentlemen.

Shortly she'll make him spin; and 'tis thought  
An admirable maker of bonelace; [he'll prove  
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!

*Ant.* I would he could abstain.

*Sce.* She is a witch, sure, [moan.  
And works upon him with some damned enchantment.

*Dol.* How cunning she will carry her behaviours,  
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,  
To catch her ends!

*Sce.* She will be sick, well, sullen,  
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to die,  
All in one half an hour, to make an ass of him:  
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damnably,  
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.

*Ant.* That thou shouldst bring her in!

*Sce.* 'Twas my blind fortune.  
My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked.  
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,  
When I brought in this cow-calf! He has ad-  
vanced me,

From an old soldier, to a bawd of memory:  
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,  
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,  
That they might whip him from his whore, and  
rouse him;

That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances  
Might shake him like an earthquake!

*Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Ant.* What's this fellow?

*Dol.* Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by  
their clothes.

*Ant.* By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's no  
commander?

*Sce.* Yes, he has a Roman face; he has been at  
fair wars,

And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings shew it.

*Sept.* An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance? Ha! Am I not totally a span-new gallant, Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold, The friendship of the world? If they shun me now, (Though I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well forward)

Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.

*Ant.* Is't not Septimius?

*Sec.* Yes.

*Dol.* He that kill'd Pompey?

*Sec.* The same dog-scab; that gilded botch, that rascal!

*Dol.* How glorious villany appears in Egypt!

*Sept.* Gallants and soldiers—Sure they do ad—  
*Sec.* Stand further off; thou stink'st. [mire me.]

*Sept.* A likely matter:

These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants? They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!

By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes

That went to trimming these clothes, cost me—

*Sec.* Thou stink'st still.

*Sept.* The powd'ring of this head too—

*Sec.* If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia

Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,

To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.

*Ant.* I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him,

How strong he scents of traitor!

*Dol.* You had an ill milliner,

He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude

Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off that, sir;

Fy, how it chokes! too little of your loyalty, Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.

I smell the rotten smell of a hired coward;

A dead dog's sweeter.

*Sept.* Ye are merry, gentlemen,

And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me, too;

You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis well enough:

But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,

You would refine, and learn an apter language.

I have done ye simple service on your Pompey;

You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelvemonths,

And hunted after him like founder'd beagles,

Had not this fortunate hand—

*Ant.* He brags on't too!

By the good gods, rejoices in't!—Thou wretch, Thou most contemptible slave!

*Sec.* Dog, mangy mongrel,

Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,

To make all soldiers hateful; thou disease,

That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!

*Dol.* Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,

And know not what to say.

*Sept.* I know your anger,

And why you prate thus; I have found your melancholy:

Ye all want money, and ye are liberal captains,

And in this want will talk a little desperately.

Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander;

And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;

He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,

And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?

I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em; He has the mistress, you shall have the maids; I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

*Ant.* I blush,

All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!

Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,

Through them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking.

*Sec.* Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,

And let him study it:—First, rogue! then, pandar! Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,

And, where the name of soldier has been heard of, Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desert, Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;

And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhor thee,

And e'en the sun will shame to give thee light, Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter, Go hang thyself!

*Dol.* Hark to that clause.

*Sec.* And that speedily,

That Nature may be eased of such a monster!

[*Exeunt all but SEPTIMIUS.*]

*Sept.* Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on I keep my gold still, and my confidence. [me] Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;

Rude valours, so I'll let 'em pass, rude honours!

There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,

And company for a king; a young plump villain,

That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me;

*Enter EROS.*

And here she comes: I am sure of her at midnight.

My pretty Eros, welcome!

*Eros.* I have business.

*Sept.* Above my love, thou canst not.

*Eros.* Yes, indeed, sir,

Far, far above.

*Sept.* Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me.

We are alone.

*Eros.* I am much ashamed we are so.

*Sept.* You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,

A scarf, and some odd toys: I have gold here ready; Thou shalt have any thing.

*Eros.* I want your absence.

Keep on your way; I care not for your company.

*Sept.* How? how? you are very short: Do you know me, Eros?

And what I have been to you?

*Eros.* Yes, I know you,

And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you were I loved you too. [honest,

*Sept.* Honest? Come, pr'ythee kiss me.

*Eros.* I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts, No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;

I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,

I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,

Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me;

I had rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!

Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,

And keep her company; she is too good for you!

[*Exit.*]



*Sept.* Marry, this goes near ! now I perceive I'm hateful :  
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows  
For money seldom they refuse a leper ; [dangerous ;  
But sure I am more odious, more diseased too :  
It sits cold here.

*Enter three lame Soldiers.*

What are these ? three poor soldiers ?  
Both poor and lame : Their misery may make 'em  
A little look upon me and adore me.  
If these will keep me company, I am made yet.

1 *Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes us miserable :

We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at ;  
He banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sold.* He was not wont  
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,  
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.

*Sept.* Save ye, good soldiers ! good poor men,  
Heaven help ye !

Ye have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story.

1 *Sold.* Some new commander, sure.

*Sept.* You look, my good friends,  
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.

2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, sir.

*Sept.* And 'tis fit, sir.

3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.

*Sept.* I grieve for't ;  
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and fa-  
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you, [vours.  
And freely speak to Cæsar.

*All.* Oh, we honour you ! [serve you !

1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are ; the gods pre-

*Sept.* And to relieve your wants the while, hold,  
soldiers ! [Gives money.

Nay, 'tis no dream ; 'tis good gold ; take it freely ;  
'Twill keep you in good heart.

2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you !

*Sept.* I'll be a friend to your afflictions,  
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be  
And every day I'll see you ! [merry ;

1 *Sold.* You are a soldier,  
And one sent from the gods, I think.

*Sept.* I'll clothe ye,  
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for  
you ;

And at my table, where no want shall meet you.—

*Enter SCENA.*

*All.* 'Was never such a man !

1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd sir,  
Let us but know your name, that we may worship

2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank— [you.

*Sept.* Why, call me any thing,  
No matter for my name—that may betray me.

*Sec.* A cunning thief !—Call him Septimius, sol-  
The villain that kill'd Pompey ! [diers,

*All.* How ?

*Sec.* Call him the shame of men ! [Exit.

1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money  
Were weight enough to break thy brains out !

Fling all ; [They fling the money at him.

And fling our curses next ; let them be mortal !

Out, bloody wolf ! dost thou come gilded over,  
And painted with thy charities, to poison us ?

2 *Sold.* I know him now : May never father  
own thee,

But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base memory

And, if thou hadst a mother (as I cannot  
Believe thou wert a natural burden), let her womb  
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers !

3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour  
this rascal,

And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,  
Infections mists, to crown his villainies :—

Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven-hated !

1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to  
remember !

The hangman will not keep thee company ;  
He has an honourable house to thine ;

No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life  
for't,

Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starved,  
drink with thee !

2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog.  
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny.

*Sept.* Contemn'd of all ! and kick'd too ! Now  
I find it !

My valour's fled too, with mine honesty ;  
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.

This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.  
What a deformity dwells round about me !

How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful !  
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,

Inspired with what I have done ; the winds will  
blast me !

Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me.  
The wages of my fact ; my soul's oppress'd !

Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [Exit

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PTOLMEY, ACHOREUS, PROTINUS, and ACHILLAS.*

*Ptol.* I have commanded, and it shall be so !

A preparation I have set on foot,  
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar :

My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd ;  
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties,

Compared to what I'll take his eyes withal,  
Shall be a dream.

*Pho.* Do you mean to shew the glory  
And wealth of Egypt ?

*Ptol.* Yes ; and in that lustre,  
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,

And all her riches, of no note unto it.

*Achor.* Now you are reconciled to your fair sister.  
Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,

A danger of this precipice. But note, sir,  
For what Rome ever raised her mighty armies ;

First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,  
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt

An armed guest : Feed not an eye that conquers,  
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

*Ptol.* Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter  
Let all be ready, as I gave direction : [me ;

The secret way of all our wealth appearing  
Newly, and handsomely ; and all about it :

No more dissuading : 'tis my will.

*Achor.* I grieve for't.

*Ptol.* I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.

*Pho.* I fear you'll curse your will ; we must  
obey you. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another in the same with a Gallery.**Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCEVA, above.*

*Cæsar.* I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,  
And the most bounteous preparation,  
Still as I pass, they court me with.

*Sec.* I'll tell you;

In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,  
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em :  
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Ant.* The young queen comes : give room !

*Cæsar.* Welcome, my dearest !  
Come, bless my side.

*Sec.* Ay, marry, here's a wonder !

As she appears now, I am no true soldier,  
If I be not readiest to recant.

*Cleo.* Be merry, sir ;  
My brother will be proud to do you honour,  
That now appears himself.

*Enter PROLEMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS, and APOLLODORUS, above.*

*Ptol.* Hail to great Cæsar,  
My royal guest ! First I will feast thine eyes  
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,  
And wait myself upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*]

*Cæsar.* What rich service !

What mines of treasure ! richer still ?

*Cleo.* My Cæsar,  
What do you admire ? Pray you turn, and let me  
talk to you.

Have you forgot me, sir ? How, a new object ?  
Am I grown old o' th' sudden ! Cæsar !

*Cæsar.* Tell me  
From whence comes all this wealth ?

*Cleo.* Is your eye that way,  
And all my beauties banish'd ?

*Ptol.* I'll tell thee, Cæsar ;  
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus,  
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,  
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us ;  
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus :  
All this is nourish'd ; who, to do thee honour,  
Comes to discover his seven deities,  
His conceal'd heads, unto thee : See with pleasure !

*Cæsar.* The matchless wealth of this land !

*Cleo.* Come, you shall hear me.

*Cæsar.* Away ! Let me imagine.

*Cleo.* How ! frown on me ?

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms !

*Cæsar.* I'm sorry :

But, let me think——

[*Music. Enter below, in a Masque, Isis, and three Labourers.*]

## SONG.

*Isis.* Isis, the goddess of this land,  
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand  
And mark our customs, and first know,  
With greedy eyes these watch the flow  
Of plenteous Nilus ; when he comes,  
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,  
They entertain him ; cut his way,  
And give his proud heads leave to play :  
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew  
His matchless wealth in overflow.

*Labourers.* Come, let us help the reverend Nile ;  
He's very old ; alas the while !  
Let us dig him easy ways,  
And prepare a thousand plays :

d d

To delight his streams, let's sing  
A loud welcome to our spring ;  
This way let his curling heads  
Fall into our new-made beds ;  
This way let his wanton spawn  
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.  
This way profit comes, and gain :  
How he tumbles here amain !  
How his waters haste to fall  
Into our channels ! Labour, all,  
And let him in ; let Nilus flow,  
And perpetual plenty shew.  
With incense let us bless the brim,  
And as the wanton fishes swim,  
Let us gums and garlands fling,  
And loud our timbrels ring.  
Come, old father, come away !  
Our labour is our holiday.

*Enter NILUS.*

*Isis.* Here comes the aged river now,  
With garlands of great pearl his brow  
Begin and rounded : In his flow,  
All things take life, and all things grow.  
A thousand wealthy treasures still,  
To do him service at his will,  
Follow his rising flood, and pour  
Perpetual blessings in our store.  
Hear him ; and next there will advance,  
His sacred heads to tread a dance,  
In honour of my royal guest :  
Mark them too ; and you have a feast.

*Cleo.* A little dross betray me ?

*Cæsar.* I am ashamed I warr'd at home, my  
friends,  
When such wealth may be got abroad ! What  
honour,  
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchased,  
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt !

*They dance. Then NILUS sings.*

*Nilus.* Make room for my rich waters' fall,  
And bless my flood ;  
Nilus comes flowing to you all  
Increase and good.  
Now the plants and flowers shall spring  
And the merry ploughman sing.  
In my hidden waves I bring  
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.  
Let the damsels sing me in,  
Sing aloud, that I may rise :  
Your holy feasts and hours begin,  
And each hand bring a sacrifice.  
Now my wanton pearls I shew,  
That to ladies' fair necks grow.  
Now my gold  
And treasures that can ne'er be told,  
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,  
And after this, to crown your eyes,  
My hidden holy head arise.

*[The Masquers dance, and exeunt.]*

*Cæsar.* The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,  
I am not well : Good night !

*Sec.* I am glad you have it :  
Now we shall stir again.

*Dol.* Thou, wealth, still haunt him !

*Sec.* A greedy spirit set thee on ! We are  
happy.

*Ptol.* Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attendance !  
*Cleo.* Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,  
Thou hast wrong'd her love—The rest here.

*Ptol.* Lights along still :  
Music, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar !

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Royal Palace.*

*Enter Ptolemy, Protinus, Achillas, and Achoreus.*

*Acho.* I told you carefully what this would prove  
What this inestimable wealth and glory [to,  
Would draw upon you : I advised your majesty  
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add  
A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade  
To make the whole world his.

*Pho.* I was not heard, sir,  
Or, what I said, lost and condemn'd : I dare say,  
And freshly now, 'twas a poor weakness in you,  
A glorious childishness ! I watch'd his eye,  
And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew  
Upon the wealthy quarry ; how round it mark'd it :  
I observed his words, and to what it tended ;  
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,  
And what commerce we held for such abundance.  
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,  
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd !

*Achor.* He never smiled, I noted, at the pleasures,

But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure :  
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,  
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the music.  
Most sure he has not slept since ; his mind's troubles,

With objects they would make their own, still labour.

*Pho.* Your sister he ne'er gazed on ; that's a main note :

The prime beauty of the world had no power over  
*Achor.* Where was his mind the whilst ? [him.

*Pho.* Where was your carefulness,  
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you ?  
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him  
To seek the rest : Ambition feels no gift,  
Nor knows no bounds : indeed you have done most weakly.

*Ptol.* Can I be too kind to my noble friend ?  
*Pho.* To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours

Of indiscretion ; and your friend has found it.  
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries  
A soldier marches through, and known his temperance

In offer'd courtesies, you would have made  
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.

*Ptol.* Why, should I give him all, he would  
'Tis more to him to make kings. [return it :

*Pho.* Pray thee be wiser,  
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your loved liberty :

To be a king still at your own discretion,  
Is like a king ; to be at his, a vassal.  
Now take good counsel, or no more take to you  
The freedom of a prince.

*Achil.* 'Twill be too late else :  
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,  
Ambitious as himself, to view again  
The glory of your wealth.

*Pho.* The next himself comes,  
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.

*Ptol.* What counsel, my Achoreus ?

*Achor.* I'll go pray, sir,  
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you. [Exit.

*Pho.* I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited

A most secure way : Whither will you fly now ?

*Achil.* For when your wealth is gone, your power must follow.

*Pho.* And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth ?

Who would regard it ?

*Ptol.* You say true.

*Achil.* What eye

Will look upon king Ptolemy ? If they do look,  
It must be in scorn : for a poor king is a monster :  
What ear remember ye ? 'twill be then a courtesy,  
A noble one, to take your life too from you :  
But if reserved, you stand to fill a victory ;  
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly

They bear fair streams ? Oh, sir, does not this shake ye ?

If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

*Ptol.* I never will : I was a fool !

*Pho.* For then, sir,

Your country's cause falls with you too, and fetter'd :

All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

*Ptol.* No more : I am sensible : And now my spirit

Burns hot within me.

*Achil.* Keep it warm and fiery.

*Pho.* And last, be counsel'd.

*Ptol.* I will, though I perish.

*Pho.* Go in : We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of CLEOPATRA in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, and ERAS.*

*Ars.* You are so impatient !

*Cleo.* Have I not cause ?

Women of common beauties, and low births,  
When they are slighted, are allowed their angers :  
Why should not I, a princess, make him know  
The baseness of his usage ?

*Ars.* Yes, 'tis fit ;

But then again you know what man——

*Cleo.* He's no man !

The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,  
And not the virtue : He is no conqueror,  
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature ;  
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth,  
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason ;  
Against the truth of love he has raised rebellion,  
Defied his holy flames.

*Eras.* He will fall back again,  
And satisfy your grace.

*Cleo.* Had I been old,

Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd  
Some shadow of dislike : But, to prefer  
The lustre of a little art, Arsinoë,  
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,  
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,  
Oh, how it vexes me ! He is no soldier ;  
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants ;  
He is a merchant, a mere wand'ring merchant,  
Servile to gain : He trades for poor commodities,

And makes his conquests, thefts ! Some fortunate captains

That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,  
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him ;  
Himself ne'er won it : He's so base and covetous,  
He'll sell his sword for gold !

*Ars.* This is too bitter.

*Cleo.* Oh, I could curse myself, that was so foolish,

So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,  
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his tem-  
per.

I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,  
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on,  
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting ;  
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had saved  
mine honour,

I had been happy still ! But let him take it,  
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded ;  
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies ;  
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,  
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest.  
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,  
An old blind fool too ! I lose my health ; I will not,  
I will not cry ; I will not honour him  
With tears diviner than the gods he worships ;  
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing !

*Eros.* Do not ; you shall not need.

*Cleo.* 'Would I were prisoner  
To one I hate, that I might anger him !  
I will love any man, to break the heart of him !  
Any that has the heart and will to kill him !

*Ars.* Take some fair truce.

*Cleo.* I will go study mischief,  
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning's,  
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him !  
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,  
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,  
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at  
him !

*Enter APOLLODORUS.*

*Apol.* Cæsar commends his service to your grace.

*Cleo.* His service ? what's his service ?

*Eros.* Pray you be patient ;

The noble Cæsar loves still.

*Cleo.* What's his will ?

*Apol.* He craves access unto your highness.

*Cleo.* No ;

Say, no ; I will have none to trouble me.

*Ars.* Good sister !

*Cleo.* None, I say ; I will be private.

'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,  
When first thou gavest consent, to bring my body  
To this unthankful Cæsar !

*Apol.* 'Twas your will, madam,  
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd  
You know what danger I endured. [you.

*Cleo.* Take this, [Giving a Jewel.  
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee ;  
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,  
One that will hug his mind : Bid him make love  
to it ;

Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*Apol.* He enters.

*Cleo.* How !

*Cæsar.* I do not use to wait, lady ;  
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

*Cleo.* I guess so, by your rudeness.

d d 2

*Cæsar.* You're not angry ?

Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.  
Why do you frown ? Good gods, what a set anger  
Have you forced into your face ! Come, I must  
temper you.

What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful !  
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you !  
Defend me, Love ! Sweet, who has anger'd you ?

*Cleo.* Shew him a glass ! That false face has  
That base heart wrong'd me ! [betray'd me,

*Cæsar.* Be more sweetly angry. .  
I wrong'd you, fair ?

*Cleo.* Away with your foul flatteries ;  
They are too gross ! But that I dare be angry,  
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,  
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,  
I would not speak to you.

*Cæsar.* Pray you undo this riddle,  
And tell me how I have vex'd you ?

*Cleo.* Let me think first,  
Whether I may put on a patience  
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate  
you !

Let that begin the story : Now, I'll tell you.

*Cæsar.* But do it milder : In a noble lady,  
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,  
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows  
Shews blessed, like herself. [sweetness,

*Cleo.* And that great blessedness  
You first reap'd of me : Till you taught my nature,  
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thunder,  
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.  
You had the spring of my affections,  
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of ;  
You must expect the winter of mine anger.  
You flung me off, before the court disgraced me,  
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,  
Appeared your mistress ; took into your eyes  
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,  
Court'd with covetous heart the slave of nature,  
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,  
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at !  
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase ;  
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at.  
I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,  
Call'd you " dear Cæsar," hung about you tenderly,  
Was proud to appear your friend——

*Cæsar.* You have mistaken me.

*Cleo.* But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,  
Was I bless'd back with, but shook off rudely ;  
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,  
You fell before the images of treasure,  
And in your soul you worshipp'd : I stood slighted,  
Forgotten, and contemn'd : my soft embraces,  
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,  
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd ;  
The name and glory of your Cleopatra  
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains !  
Shall I endure ?

*Cæsar.* You are deceived in all this ;  
Upon my life you are ; 'tis your much tenderness.

*Cleo.* No, no ; I love not that way ; you are  
cozen'd :

I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,  
And where I love will triumph !

*Cæsar.* So you shall ;  
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear you ;  
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods  
The bravery of this woman's mind has fired me !—  
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

*Cleo.* How, Cæsar?

Have I let slip a second vanity  
That gives thee hope?

*Cæsar.* You shall be absolute,  
And reign alone as queen: you shall be anything!

*Cleo.* Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear  
Examine all thy art of war to do that, [thee!  
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:  
Till when, farewell, unthankful!

*Cæsar.* Stay!

*Cleo.* I will not.

*Cæsar.* I command!

*Cleo.* Command, and go without, sir.  
I do command thee be my slave for ever,  
And vex while I laugh at thee.

*Cæsar.* Thus low, beauty— [Kneels.

*Cleo.* It is too late; when I have found thee  
absolute,

The man that fame reports thee, and to me,  
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror!  
[Exit with ARSINOË, EOS, and APOLLODORUS.

*Cæsar.* She mocks me too! I will enjoy her  
beauty;

I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!  
Love is best pleased, when roundly we compel him;  
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.—  
Stay, fool, and be advised; that dulls the appetite,  
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.  
By Heaven she is a miracle! I must use  
A handsome way to win—

Enter SCEVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.

How now? What fear

Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted,

*See.* If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing.

Not of ourselves: fear of your poor declining:  
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,  
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,  
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you are  
secure here,

And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses

To the lewd god of love and cowardice,  
And most lasciviously die in delights,  
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

*Dol.* The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,  
Arm'd all, and ready to assault.

*Ant.* Led on

By the false and base Photinus, and his ministers.  
No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,  
But straight saluted with an armed dart.

*See.* No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.  
They swear they will flay us, and then dry our  
quarters;

A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!  
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?  
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?

Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?  
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mutiny,  
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;  
She can destroy and build again the city;  
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her  
fair breasts,

Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let  
'em

Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!  
They are not above a hundred thousand, sir;  
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,  
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,  
Will fly before her heats.

*Cæsar.* Begirt with villains?

*See.* They come to play you and your love a  
hunt's-up.

You were told what this same whoreson weaching  
long ago would come to:

You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier  
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,  
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,  
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?  
'Twere good you would think—

*Dol.* And time too; or you'll find else  
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.

*Ant.* Look out, and then believe.

*See.* No, no, hang danger!

Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,  
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;  
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's in  
your throat, sir,  
You may cry "Cæsar!" and see if that will help  
you.

*Cæsar.* I'll be myself again, and meet their furies.  
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some  
shift, Sceva,

To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions.  
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder  
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em.

*See.* Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to  
th' hazard.

Before I go, no more of this warm lady!

She'll spoil your sword-hand.

*Cæsar.* Go. Come, let's to counsel,

How to prevent, and then to execute. [Exeunt

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter the three Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I, too, look'd upon him and ob-  
He's the strangest Septimius now— [serv'd it;

1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,  
And had given away his gold to honest uses,  
Cried monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;

He's blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,  
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,  
Should have so much kind moisture. When his  
mother died,

He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedest ballads!

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never loved his  
parents;

Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er loved him.

His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,  
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and  
ever after

She whistled him up to the world. His brave  
clothes too

He has flung away, and goes like one of us now;  
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sor-  
And gives the best instructions! [rowful,

2 *Sold.* And tells stories

Of honest and good people that were honour'd,  
And how they were remember'd; and runs mad,  
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,  
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be possible

That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,  
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth  
To see him once again. [our labour

*Enter SEPTIMIUS in black Clothes, with a Book in his hand.*

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,  
For here he comes.

*Sept.* Heaven bless ye, my honest friends,  
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not  
near me,

For I am yet too taking for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt,  
Some excellent salve for a sore heart.—Are you  
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey?

*Sept.* I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts  
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,  
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,  
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of false-  
hood;

Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!  
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.  
Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought me  
to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at  
the gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd, to edify us.

*Sept.* Let all your thoughts be humble and  
obedient.

Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye;  
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,  
As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently,  
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,  
Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoil'd me:  
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty;  
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit  
Benumb ye through; scars, and those maims of  
honour,

Are memorable crutches that shall bear,  
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And so do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!

1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard  
yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to  
this.

*Enter ACHOREUS.*

Who's this? a priest?

*Sept.* Oh, stay, most holy sir!

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,  
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,  
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly  
With what most humble sacrifice I may  
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that  
hate me?

Take from my heart those thousand thousand  
furies,

That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!

Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,

Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

*Achor.* Orestes out of madness did his murder,  
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst of all  
men,

Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,  
Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,  
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;  
Thou art mark'd for shame eternal! *[Exit.*

*Sept.* Look all on me,

And let me be a story left to time

Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly

Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!

How monstrous my hoped grace at court!—Good  
soldiers,

Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound  
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:  
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessed-

1 *Sold.* Dost thou want anything? *[nessa!]*

*Sept.* Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his  
worst;

We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Thou hast wept out  
twenty Pompeys.

*Enter PROTINUS and ACHILLAS.*

*Pho.* So penitent?

*Achil.* It seems so.

*Pho.* Yet for all this

We must employ him.

1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:  
Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Pho.* How now? Why thus? What cause of

*Achil.* Why dost thou weep? *[this dejection?]*

*Sept.* Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,  
You have made me a famous villain!

*Pho.* Does that touch thee?

*Achil.* He will be hard to win; he feels his  
lewdness.

*Pho.* He must be won, or we shall want our  
right hand.

This fellow dares, and knows, and must be  
hearten'd.—

Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?  
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?

*Achil.* It is not that; it may be some disgrace  
That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd.

Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

*Sept.* Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;  
I am now a new man.

*Pho.* We have new affairs for thee,

Those that will raise thy head.

*Sept.* I would 'twere off,  
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!

I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough  
Already in my breast.

*Pho.* Thou shalt be noble;

And who dares think then that thou art not honest?

*Achil.* Thou shalt command in chief all our  
strong forces;

And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?

*Sept.* I am rogue enough.

*Pho.* Thou wilt be more and baser;

A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;

Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying

Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?  
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?

'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own  
sacrifice,

'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.

*Achil.* Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er  
so stain'd,

And that will lessen it, if not work it out.

To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,  
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—

*Sept.* I'll stop mine ears.

*Achil.* Will shew so in a soldier,

So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely—

*Pho.* If people would believe thee, 'twere some  
honesty;

And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,

(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty ;  
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some  
*Sept.* My foolery ? [hope.

*Pho.* Nay, more than that, thy misery,  
Thy monstrous misery.

*Achil.* He begins to hearken.—

Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

*Sept.* That this were true !

*Pho.* Why does this conquering Cæsar  
Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and  
troubles,

Dangers, and desperate hopes ? to repent after-  
wards ?

Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,  
And whip his country with the sword ? to cry for't ?  
Thou kill'st great Pompey : He'll kill all his kin—  
And justify it ; nay, raise up trophies to it. [dred,  
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most  
holy too)

And cry for doing daily bloody murders,  
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness ;  
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,  
And let it work ; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.

*Sept.* He does all this.

*Achil.* Yes, and is honour'd for it ;  
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar : So mayest thou  
Thou wert born as near a crown as he. [be ;

*Sept.* He was poor.

*Pho.* And desperate bloody tricks got him this  
credit.

*Sept.* I am afraid you will once more——

*Pho.* Help to raise thee.

Off with thy pining black : it dulls a soldier,  
And put on resolution like a man !  
A noble fate waits on thee.

*Sept.* I now feel

Myself returning rascal speedily.

Oh, that I had the power——

*Achil.* Thou shalt have all ; [thee,  
And do all through thy power. Men shall admire  
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

*Sept.* Off, off ; thou must off ; off, my cowardice !  
Puling repentance, off !

*Pho.* Now thou speak'st nobly.

*Sept.* Off, my dejected looks, and welcome  
My daring shall be deity, to save me. [impudence !  
Give me instructions, and put action on me,  
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,  
And let my wit and valour work. You will raise  
And make me out-dare all my miseries ? [me,

*Pho.* All this, and all thy wishes.

*Sept.* Use me then :

Womanish fear, farewell ! I'll never melt more.  
Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit !  
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell  
This huge oak Cæsar too.

*Pho.* Now thou sing'st sweetly,  
And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service.

*Achil.* He's well wrought ; put him on space for  
cooling. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Apartments in the Palace.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Ant.* The tumult still increases.

*Cæsar.* Oh, my fortune !

My lustful folly rather ! But, 'tis well,  
And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,  
That (after all my glorious victories,  
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,  
When all the elements conspired against me)  
Would yield up the dominion of this head  
To any mortal power ; so blind and stupid,  
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd  
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,  
And yet that could not warn me !

*Dol.* Be still Cæsar,  
Who ever loved to exercise his fate  
Where danger look'd most dreadful.

*Ant.* If you fall,  
Fall not alone ; let the king and his sister  
Be buried in your ruins : On my life,  
They both are guilty ! Reason may assure you,  
Photinas nor Achilles durst attempt you,  
Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your  
safety,

Without their warrant.

*Cæsar.* For the young king, I know not  
How he may be misled ; but for his sister,  
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind  
Of blasphemy to doubt her : Ugly treason  
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building ;  
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is  
Admit of falsehood.

*Ant.* Let us seize on him then ;  
And leave her to her fortune.

*Dol.* If he have power,  
Use it to your security, and let  
His honesty acquit him ; if he be false,  
It is too great an honour he should die  
By your victorious hand.

*Cæsar.* He comes, and I  
Shall do as I find cause.

*Enter PTOLEMY, ACHORUS, APOLLONIDORUS, and Attendants.*

*Ptol.* Let not great Cæsar  
Impute the breach of hospitality  
To you, my guest, to me ! I am condemn'd,  
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands  
Against my head ; and 'would they aim'd us  
further,

Provided that I fell a sacrifice  
To gain you safety ! That this is not feign'd,  
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you :  
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,  
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss  
To their bad cause, by being present with them ;  
But I, that yet taste of the punishment  
In being false to Pompey, will not make  
A second fault to Cæsar uncompe'll'd ;  
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,  
I yield myself to you, and will take part  
In all your dangers.

*Cæsar.* This pleads your excuse,  
And I receive it.

*Achor.* If they have any touch  
Of justice, or religion, I will use

The authority of our gods to call them back  
From their bad purpose.

*Apol.* This part of the palace  
Is yet defensible; we may make it good  
Till your powers rescue us.

*Cæsar.* Cæsar besieged?

Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my custom,  
An army routed, as my feet had wings,  
To be first in the chase; nor walls nor bulwarks  
Could guard those that escaped the battle's fury  
From this strong arm; and I to be enclosed!  
My heart! my heart! But 'tis necessity,  
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,  
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter PROTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pho.* There's no retiring now; we are broke in;  
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,  
'Twill be styled lawful, and we shall give laws  
To those that now command us: Stop not at  
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition  
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference  
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,  
*Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, each of us must claim,  
And use it as our own.

*Achil.* The deed is bloody,  
If we conclude in Ptolemy's death.

*Pho.* The better;

The globe of empire must be so manured.

*Sept.* Rome, that from Romulus first took her  
name,

Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower  
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was she raised  
To this prodigious height, that overlooks  
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,  
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds  
By the sack of neighbour cities, not made hers  
Till they were cemented with the blood of those  
That did possess 'em; Cæsar, Ptolemy,  
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,  
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.

*Pho.* Well said, Septimius!  
Thou now art right again.

*Achil.* But what course take we  
For the princess Cleopatra?

*Pho.* Let her live  
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize  
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,  
As if what we do were by her command:  
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,  
She bears her brother company: That's my pro-  
Leave me to work her. [*vince;*]

*Achil.* I will undertake for Ptolemy.

*Sept.* Cæsar shall be my task;  
And as in Pompey I began a name,  
I'll perfect it in Cæsar!

*Enter, on a Balcony of the Palace, CÆSAR, PTOLEMY,  
ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Pho.* 'Tis resolved then;  
We'll force our passage.

*Achil.* See, they do appear,  
As they desired a parley.

*Pho.* I am proud yet  
I have brought them to capitulate.

*Ptol.* Now, Protinus?

*Pho.* Now, Ptolemy!

*Ptol.* No addition?

*Pho.* We are equal,  
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale,  
In which our worth is weigh'd.

*Cæsar.* Presumptuous villain,  
Upon what grounds hast thou presumed to raise  
Thy servile hand against the king, or me,  
That have a greater name?

*Pho.* On those by which  
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,  
Against the laws of Rome; and at the name  
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus  
The consul, with the senate's full consent,  
Pronounced thee for an enemy to thy country:  
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause  
Was crown'd with fair success. Why should we  
fear then?

Think on that, Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* Oh, the gods! he braved thus!  
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,  
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!  
*Achil.* Thy glories now have touch'd the highest  
point,

And must descend.

*Pho.* Despair, and think we stand  
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,  
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

*Sept.* And that the ghosts of all those noble  
Romans

That by thy sword fell in this civil war,  
Expect revenge.

*Ant.* Dar'st thou speak, and remember  
There was a Pompey?

*Pho.* There is no hope to 'scape us:  
If that, against the odds we have upon you,  
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour  
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve  
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change  
Another syllable with you.

[*Exeunt PROTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, and Soldiers.*]

*Ant.* Let us die nobly!  
And rather fall upon each other's sword,  
Than come into these villains' hands.

*Cæsar.* That fortune  
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,  
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,  
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay her  
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake  
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,  
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant  
Through the whole western world, and Rome ac-  
knowledge'd

Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously  
A life admired by all? The threaten'd danger  
Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,  
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,  
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,  
In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!  
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people  
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,  
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,  
Through fire, and swords, I force a passage to  
My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st, follow  
Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a free man!  
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,  
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III.—*An open Place in the City.**Enter SEPTIMIUS.*

*Sept.* I feel my resolution melts again,  
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,  
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus  
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,  
Will shake me off again : He told me so  
When I kill'd Pompey ; nor can I hope better,  
When Cæsar is despatched. Services done  
For such as only study their own ends,  
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd  
With deadly hate : I learn'd this principle  
In his own school. Yet still he fools me : well :—  
And yet he trusts me : Since I in my nature  
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,  
That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one  
To whom I owed all nourishments of life,  
Be true to an Egyptian ? To save Cæsar,  
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,  
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,  
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,  
Oh, 'twere a master-piece!—Ha ! Curse me ! Cæsar ?  
How's he got off ?

*Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, ACHOREUS,  
APOLLODORUS, and Soldiers.*

*Cæsar.* The fire has took,  
And shews the city like a second Troy ;  
The navy too is scorch'd ; the people greedy  
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers  
Make spoil of all : Only Achilles' troops  
Make good their guard ; break through them, we  
I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt ! [are safe.

*Sept.* Stay, Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Who's this ? the dog Septimius ?

*Ant.* Cut his throat.

*Dol.* You bark'd but now ; fawn you so soon ?

*Sept.* Oh, hear me !

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,  
For all your good.

*Ant.* Good from a mouth like thine,  
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,  
On festival days !

*Sept.* I am an alter'd man,  
Alter'd indeed ; and I will give you cause  
To say I am a Roman.

*Dol.* Rogue, I grant thee.

*Sept.* Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth  
For your escape. [and easy,

*Ant.* I'll trust the devil sooner,  
And make a safer bargain.

*Sept.* I am trusted  
With all Photinus' secrets.

*Ant.* There's no doubt then,  
Thou wilt be false.

*Sept.* Still to be true to you.

*Dol.* And very likely.

*Cæsar.* Be brief ; the means ?

*Sept.* Thus, Cæsar :

To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths  
Not to discover it, he hath revealed  
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open  
A mile beyond the city : In this cave  
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

*Ant.* If you believe him,  
He'll bury us alive.

*Dol.* I'll fly in the air first.

*Sept.* Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you  
back

Into a private room, where you shall find  
Photinus, and Achilles, and the rest  
Of their commanders, close at counsel.

*Cæsar.* Good ;

What follows ?

*Sept.* Fall me fairly on their throats :  
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude  
Will easily disperse.

*Cæsar.* Oh, devil !—Away with him !  
Nor true to friend nor enemy ? Cæsar scorns  
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,  
So base a way ; or owe the means of life  
To such a leprous traitor ! I have tower'd  
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,  
Not digg'd for't like a mole. Our swords and cause  
Make way for us : And that it may appear  
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,  
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,  
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow  
The lane this sword makes for you.

[*Exit all but SEPTIMIUS and two Soldiers, who seize him.*

1 *Sold.* Here's a belt ;

Though I die for it, I'll use it.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good to truss a cur in.

*Sept.* Save me ! here's a gold.

1 *Sold.* If Rome

Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.

1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword !

Thou dost deserve a worse end ; and may

All such conclude so, that their friends betray !

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the City.*

*Enter severally, ARSINOE, EROS, and CLEOPATRA.*

*Ars.* We are lost !

*Eros.* Undone !

*Ars.* Confusion, fire and swords,  
And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,  
Circle us round !

*Eros.* The king's command they laugh at,  
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.

*Ars.* My brother seized on  
By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,  
And forced to bear him company, as marked out  
For his protection, or revenge.

*Eros.* They have broke  
Into my cabinet ; my trunks are ransack'd.

*Ars.* I have lost my jewels too ; but that's the  
least :

The barbarous rascals, against all humanity  
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,  
And broke my monkey's chain.

*Eros.* They ruffled me :  
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,  
Would they proceed no further.

*Ars.* Oh, my sister !

*Eros.* My queen, my mistress !

*Ars.* Can you stand unmoved,  
When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,  
And the court trembles ?

*Cleo.* Yes, Arsinoë,  
And with a masculine constancy deride  
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to  
My virtues, not a mistress : Then we forsake  
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,  
Or shrink at her assaults ; I am still myself,  
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravish'd  
Of ceremonious duty that attends it :

Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,

Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,  
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,  
'Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.  
Think of thy birth, Arsinoë; common burthens  
Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,  
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,  
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch  
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,  
Cannot arrive at.

*Ars.* I am new created,  
And owe this second being to you, best sister,  
For now I feel you have infused into me  
Part of your fortitude.

*Eros.* I still am fearful:  
I dare not tell a lie: You, that were born  
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish  
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble  
Must not presume to rival. [handmaid,

*Cleo.* Yet, my Eros,  
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing  
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,  
Though not to equal, yet to imitate,  
Thy fearless mistress.

*Enter PHOTINUS, with Soldiers.*

*Eros.* Oh, a man in arms!  
His weapon drawn too!

*Cleo.* Though upon the point  
Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.

*Pho.* Keep the watch strong; and guard the  
That leads unto the sea. [passage sure

*Cleo.* What sea of rudeness  
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath  
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?  
Are duty and obedience fled to Heaven,  
And, in their room, ambition and pride  
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee, Photinus,  
A thing thy mother brought into the world  
My brother's and my slave! But thy behaviour,  
Opposed to that, an insolent intruder  
Upon that sovereignty thou should'st bow to!  
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,  
All loyalty to Ptolemy the king  
Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,  
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose  
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar  
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate  
madness

From running headlong on to thy confusion.  
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,  
And let me read submission in thine eyes;  
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,  
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee  
To Cæsar and my brother.

*Pho.* Plead my pardon?  
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop thus  
To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay the gods,  
As to put off the figure of a man,  
And change my essence with a sensual beast:  
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,  
Were aim'd to purchase you.

*Cleo.* How durst thou, being  
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought!

*Pho.* They that have power are royal; and  
those base

That live at the devotion of another.  
What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar,  
By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,

I have made mine; and only stoop at you,  
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me.  
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;  
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read  
The story of a supreme monarchy,  
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,  
Photinus' name had long since been as great  
As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.  
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose  
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,  
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might  
cause;

That I and they might see no sun appear,  
But Cleopatra in the Egyptian sphere.

*Cleo.* Oh, giant-like ambition, married to  
Cymmerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool!  
Though flatter'd with self-love, could'st thou be-  
lieve,

Were all crowns on the earth made into one,  
And that, by kings, set on thy head; all sceptres  
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,  
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?  
A gelded eunuch?

*Pho.* Fairest, that makes for me,  
And shews it is no sensual appetite,  
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,  
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me  
pleasures

Hymen, though blessing a new-married pair,  
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,  
The glorious splendour of dread majesty;  
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the  
world.

My wants in that kind others shall supply,  
And I give way to it.

*Cleo.* Baser than thy birth!  
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder  
Ram thee into the earth?

*Pho.* They are asleep,  
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes  
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear  
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:  
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts  
Are in my hand.

*Cleo.* Most impious!  
*Pho.* They are dreams  
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,  
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,  
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;  
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful  
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolemy dead,  
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, removed,  
The poorest rascals that are in my camp  
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat  
In thee, and young Arsinoë, while I laugh  
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,  
That you think can protect you!

*Cleo.* To prevent thee,  
In that I am the mistress of my fate:  
So hope I of my sister: To confirm it,  
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!

*Pho.* I will tame  
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

*Cleo.* Never!  
I was born to command, and I will die so.

*Enter ACHILLAS and Soldiers, with the body of PTOLEMY.*

*Pho.* The king dead? This is a fair entrance to  
Our future happiness.

*Ars.* Oh, my dear brother!

*Cleo.* Weep not, Arsinoë, (common women do so,)

Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;  
But study to die nobly.

*Pho.* Cæsar fled?

'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;  
It choaks my vital spirits! Where was your care?  
Did the guards sleep?

*Achil.* He roused them with his sword;  
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage  
Admits of no comparison but itself!)  
And, as inspired by him, his following friends,  
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey  
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,  
Brake through our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He  
went on,

But still pursued by us: When on the sudden  
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,  
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement  
Than if we had encountered with the lightning  
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

*Cleo.* 'Twas like my Cæsar!

*Achil.* We fallen back, he made on: and, as our  
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks, [fear  
Again we follow'd: But, got near the sea,  
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand  
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,  
And in the other grasping fast his sword,  
As it had been a trident forged by Vulcan  
To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,  
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like  
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts  
Yielding a cheerful music. We shower'd darts  
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships  
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar  
Prepares for war.

*Pho.* How fell the king?

*Achil.* Unable

To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death  
By the pursuers, and with him the priest  
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

*Ars.* May the earth  
Lie gently on their ashes!

*Pho.* I feel now,  
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not  
Within the searching policies of man  
To alter their decrees.

*Cleo.* I laugh at thee!

Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs, and  
Against the gods? I see calamity [scorn  
Is the best mistress of religion,  
And can convert an atheist. [Shout within.

*Pho.* Oh, they come!

Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die  
That placed his heaven on earth, is an assurance  
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?  
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,  
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting. [Exit.

*Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, and DOLABELLA.*

*Cæsar.* Look on your Cæsar! banish fear, my  
You now are safe! [fairest.

*Scæ.* By Venus, not a kiss  
Till our work be done! The traitors once dis- [patch'd  
To it, and we'll cry aim!

*Cæsar.* I will be speedy.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and SCÆVA*  
*Cleo.* Farewell again!—Arsinoë! How down-  
Ever faint-hearted? [Exit.

*Eros.* But that I am assured  
Your excellency can command the general,  
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if  
They would be nibbling too.

*Cleo.* He is all honour;  
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,  
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,  
That in her prime deserved him.

*Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and Soldiers  
with the Heads of PHOENIXUS and ACHILLAS.*

*Ars.* He's come back.

*Cæsar.* Pursue no further; curb the soldier's  
fury!—

See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,  
That did conspire against us.

*Scæ.* Furies plague 'em!  
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:  
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halber  
Should have dispatch'd them.

*Cæsar.* All is but death, good Scæva;  
Be therefore satisfied.—And now, my dearest,  
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,  
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king  
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar  
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the senate  
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree  
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee. [Exit.

## EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,  
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:  
And, but express some sign that you are pleased,  
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eased.

I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say  
In the favour of ourselves, them, and the play,  
Did I not rest assured, the most I see  
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

# THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DINANT, a Gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretends to love LAMIRA.

CLERMONT, a merry Gentleman, his Friend.

CHAMPERNEL, a Lame Old Gentleman, Husband to LAMIRA.

VERTAIGNE, a Nobleman and a Judge.

BEAUPRE, Son to VERTAIGNE.

VERDONE, Nephew to CHAMPERNEL.

LA WRIT, a Wrangling Advocate, or the LITTLE LAWYER.

SAMPSON, a Foolish Advocate, Kinsman to VERTAIGNE.

Provost.  
Gentlemen.  
Clerks.  
Servants.

LAMIRA, Wife to CHAMPERNEL, and Daughter to VERTAIGNE.

ANABELL, Niece to CHAMPERNEL.  
Nurse to LAMIRA.

CHARLOTTE, Waiting-Gentlewoman to LAMIRA.

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

## PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,  
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin  
We'll not be guilty of! and to excuse  
Before we know a fault, were to abuse  
The writers and ourselves: For I dare say  
We all are fool'd if this be not a play.

And such a play as shall (so should plays do)  
Imp Time's dull wings, and make you merry too.  
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;  
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—PARIS. *A Street.*

*Enter DINANT and CLERMONT.*

Din. Dissuade me not.

Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl!

Din. I care not;

I wear a sword!

Cler. And wear discretion with it,  
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;  
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base  
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why, would you have me  
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?  
We are not stoicks, and that passive courage  
Is only now commendable in lacquies,  
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank  
And quality, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish

That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.  
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore  
Was spent in honourable action,  
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,

For the honour of our country, and our prince,  
Pours itself out with prodigal expence  
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,  
For every trifle. And these private duels,  
Which had their first original from the French,  
And for which, to this day, we are justly censured,  
Are banish'd from all civil governments:  
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;  
In Florence they are rarer; and in all  
The fair dominions of the Spanish king,  
They are never heard of. Nay, those neighbour  
Which gladly imitate our other follies, [countries,  
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,  
Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet?

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late  
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour, [kings,  
A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,  
Have lost us many gallant gentlemen,  
As might have met the Great Turk in the field,  
With confidence of a glorious victory:  
And shall we then—

*Din.* No more, for shame, no more !  
Are you become a patron too ? 'Tis a new one,  
No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator,  
To help him to enlarge his exercise :  
With such a one it might do well, and profit  
The curate of the parish ; but for Cleremont,  
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,  
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,  
Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,  
And mere apocrypha.

*Cler.* Why, what know you of me ? [thee,

*Din.* Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell  
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert  
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard  
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

*Cler.* Well, sir, well ?

*Din.* But yesterday thou wast the common second  
Of all that only knew thee ; thou hadst bills  
Set up on every post to give thee notice  
Where any difference was, and who were parties.  
And as, to save the charges of the law,  
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen  
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels :  
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,  
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst  
make one,

Or be engaged thyself. This goodly calling [died  
Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and stu-  
The criticisms of contentions ; and art thou  
In so few hours transform'd ? Certain, this night  
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

*Cler.* Yes, sir,

I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,  
And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipp'd  
first,

The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been  
It skills not ; what I will be is resolved on.

*Din.* Why, then you'll fight no more ?

*Cler.* Such is my purpose.

*Din.* On no occasion ?

*Cler.* There you stagger me.

Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and  
Cannot endure. [blood

*Din.* Thou would'st not willingly  
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one ?

*Cler.* Words are but words.

*Din.* Nor wouldst thou take a blow ?

*Cler.* Not from my friend, though drunk ; and  
I think much less. [from an enemy,

*Din.* There's some hope of thee left then.

Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgraced ?

*Cler.* Do you think I am a rogue ? They that  
Had better been born dumb. [should do it

*Din.* Or in thy presence,  
See me o'er-charged with odds ?

*Cler.* I'd fall myself first.

*Din.* Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be ta'en  
And thou sit quiet ? [from thee,

*Cler.* There you touch my honour ;  
No Frenchman can endure that.

*Din.* Plague upon thee !

Why dost thou talk of peace then, that darest suffer  
Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,  
That is unmanly ?

*Cler.* That, I grant, I cannot :  
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman  
For wearing stammel breeches ; or this gamester  
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me no-  
For this man's taking up a common wench [thing ;  
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her

Caroch'd, in cloth of tissue ; nor five hundred  
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.  
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is ques-  
I have a sword, and I think I may use it [tion'd,  
To the cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,  
Like a good Christian.

*Din.* Thou'rt of a fine religion ;  
And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,  
I will be of it.—But, to be serious,  
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit  
To fair Lamira ?

*Cler.* Too well, sir, and remember  
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—  
Your slave-like services ; your morning music,  
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight  
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,  
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsafed to kiss  
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers :  
How then you triumph'd ! Here was love forsooth.

*Din.* These follies I deny not ;  
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me :  
But my reward for this—

*Cler.* As you deserved ;  
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet,  
Merits no other recompense.

*Din.* This day, friend,  
For thou art so—

*Cler.* I am no flatterer.

*Din.* This proud ingrateful she is married to  
Lame Champernel.

*Cler.* I know him ; he has been  
As tall a seaman, and has thrived as well by't,  
(The loss of a leg and an arm deducted) as any  
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame ;  
Plague on't, it made me ! If it were my case,  
I should kill all the family.

*Din.* Yet, but now  
You did preach patience.

*Cler.* I then came from confession ;  
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours, for a penance,  
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one ;  
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin  
On a new tally. 'Foot, do anything,  
I'll second you.

*Din.* I would not willingly  
Make red my yet-white conscience ; yet I purpose,  
I' th' open street, as they come from the temple,  
(For this way they must pass) to speak my wrongs,  
And do it boldly. [Music plays.

*Cler.* Were thy tongue a cannon,  
I would stand by thee, boy. They come ; upon 'em !

*Din.* Observe a little first.

*Cler.* This is a fine fiddling.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, NURSE, BEAUFRE,  
and VERDONE ; Musicians.

An Epithalamion Song at the Wedding.

Come away ; bring on the bride,  
And place her by her lover's side.  
You fair troop of maids attend her,  
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.  
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,  
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus. Hymen fill the house with joy,  
All thy sacred fires employ :  
Bless the bed with holy love,  
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

*Din.* Stand by, for I will be heard.

*Vert.* This is strange rudeness !

*Din.* 'Tis courtship, balanced with [my] injuries!

You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye  
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins  
There yet remain so much of honest blood  
To make the colour. First, to you, my lord.  
The father of this bride, whom you have sent  
Alive into her grave.

*Champ.* How! to her grave?

*Din.* Be patient, sir; I'll speak of you anon.—  
You that allowed me liberal access,  
To make my way with service, and approved of  
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune;  
You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise too;  
That as a father should have look'd upon  
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more  
At what her youth and heat of blood required  
In lawful pleasures, than the parting from  
Your crowns to pay her dower; you that already  
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,  
As if you were assured to live here ever;  
What poor end had you in this choice? In what  
Deserve I your contempt? My house, and honours,  
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,  
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me  
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.  
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,  
And not your gold; and, add to that, he's old too,  
His whole estate in likelihood to descend  
Upon your family: Here was providence,  
I grant, but, in a nobleman, base thrift.  
No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen  
Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,  
To save a little gold, have sold your daughter  
To worse than slavery.

*Cler.* This was spoke home indeed.

*Beau.* Sir, I shall take some other time to tell  
That this harsh language was delivered to [you],  
An old man, but my father.

*Din.* At your pleasure.

*Cler.* Proceed in your design; let me alone  
To answer him, or any man.

*Verdone.* You presume

Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.

*Din.* But for you, most unmindful of my service,  
(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,  
Since all is lost; and yet I am a gainer,  
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,  
For such you must have been) you, to whom nature  
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form;  
Your education, language, and discourse,  
And judgment to distinguish; when you shall  
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched  
And miserable you have made yourself,  
And but yourself have nothing to accuse,  
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?  
But you will say, you served your father's pleasure,  
Forgetting that unjust commands of parents  
Are not to be obey'd; or, that you are rich,  
And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants:  
Yet, but consider how this wealth was purchased,  
'Twill trouble the possession.

*Champ.* You, sir, know  
I got it, and with honour.

*Din.* But from whom?

Remember that, and how! You'll come indeed  
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding  
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,  
But answer truly, "This rich cloth of arras  
I made my prize in such a ship; this plate

Was my share in another; these fair jewels,  
Coming ashore, I got in such a village,  
The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they were  
ravish'd.

The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,  
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone;  
These suckets break as many more." In brief,  
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchased  
By lawless force, and you but revel in  
The tears and groans of such as were the owners.

*Champ.* 'Tis false, most basely false!

*Vert.* Let losers talk.

*Din.* Lastly, those joys, those best of joys, which  
Freely bestows on such that come to tie [Hymen]  
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it  
By equal love, and mutual affection,  
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,  
Most miserable, you shall never taste of!  
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,  
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,  
Sin in your wish it were so!

*Champ.* Thou'rt a villain,  
A base, malicious slanderer!

*Cler.* Strike him.

*Din.* No, he's not worth a blow.

*Champ.* Oh, that I had thee  
In some close vault, that only would yield room  
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope  
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees  
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me!

*Vert.* Pray you have patience.

*Lam.* This day I am to be your sovereign;  
Let me command you.

*Champ.* I am lost with rage,  
And know not what I am myself, nor you.  
Away! dare such as you, that love the smoke  
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,  
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on  
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,  
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this  
country,

With brave triumphant spoils) censure our actions?  
You object my prizes to me: Had you seen  
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger  
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought in,  
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which  
straight

Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;  
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock  
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools  
That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests  
That were against me, to the angry sea,  
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,  
But in despite of the four elements,  
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,  
To be achieved; you would confess, poor men,  
(Though hopeless such an honourable way  
To get or wealth or honour in yourselves)  
He that through all these dreadful passages  
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,  
Deserves reward, and not to have it styled  
By the base name of theft.

*Din.* This is the courtship  
That you must look for, madam.

*Cler.* 'Twill do well,  
When nothing can be done, to spend the night  
with.

Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I could wish  
For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,  
And there is something else, I will not name,

(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)  
Had the same vigour.

*Champ.* You shall buy these scoffs [*Draws.*  
With your best blood! Help me once, noble anger!  
Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,  
And with one leg transport me, to correct  
These scandalous praters! Oh, that noble wounds  
[*Falls; they laugh.*

Should hinder just revenge! D'y'e jeer me too?  
I got these, not as you do your diseases,  
In brothels, or with riotous abuse  
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,  
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more  
By losing them, as I did, in the face  
Of a brave enemy, than if they were  
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen only,  
In that you have been laid, and cured. Go to!  
You mock my leg, but every bone about you  
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell  
What weather we shall have.

*Din.* Put up your sword.

*Cler.* Or turn it to a crutch; there it may be  
And live on the relation to your wife [*useful;*  
Of what a brave man you were once.

*Din.* And tell her

What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady  
To give an old man pap.

*Cler.* Or hire a surgeon

To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

*Din.* To make a poultice, and endure the scent  
Of oils, and nasty plasters. [*CHAMPEL weeps.*

*Vert.* Fy, sir, fy!

You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds,  
To yield to a rival's scoff?

*Lam.* Shed tears upon

Your wedding-day?—This is unmanly, gentlemen.

*Cham.* They are tears of anger. Oh, that I  
should live

To play the woman thus! All-powerful Heaven,  
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again  
That I had once, to chastise in these men  
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,  
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,  
And do it gladly.

*Cler.* We ha' the better of him,  
We ha' made him cry.

*Verdone.* You shall have satisfaction:  
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

*Beau.* I say no more; you have a brother,  
sister:

This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,  
And howsoever they forget their honour,  
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

*Vert.* If there be laws in Paris, look to answer  
This insolent affront.

*Cler.* You that live by them,  
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake! For my part, I  
know not,

Nor care not, what they are. Is there aught else  
That you would say?

*Din.* Nothing; I have my ends.

*Lamira* weeps; I have said too much I fear!  
So dearly once I loved her, that I cannot  
Endure to see her tears.

[*Exit DINANT and CLERMONT.*

*Champ.* See you perform it,  
And do it like my nephew.

*Verdone.* If I fail in't,  
Never know me more. Cousin Beaupré!

[*They speak apart.*

*Champ.* Repent not

What thou hast done, my life; thou shalt not find  
I am decrepid; in my love and service,  
I will be young, and constant; and believe me,  
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all  
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me)  
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,  
And in all circumstances of a husband  
Perform my parts.

*Lam.* Good sir, I am your servant;  
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,  
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)  
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.  
Only I would beseech you, as you have  
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,  
For so you have pleased to style my innocent weak-  
ness,

That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,  
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,  
Beget not doubts or fears.

*Champ.* I apprehend you;

You think I must be jealous: As I live,  
Thou art mistaken, sweet! and, to confirm it,  
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou  
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt; [wilt.  
For I will have no other guards upon thee  
Than thine own thoughts.

*Lam.* I'll use this liberty

With moderation, sir.

*Beau.* [*To VERDONE.*] I am resolved.

Steal off; I'll follow you.

*Champ.* Come, sir, you droop:  
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,  
Dislike not of your son-in-law.

*Vert.* Sir, you teach me

The language I should use: I am most happy  
In being so near you. [*Exit VERDONE and BEAUPRÉ.*

*Lam.* Oh, my fears! Good nurse,  
Follow my brother unobserved, and learn  
Which way he takes.

*Nurse.* I will be careful, madam. [*Exit.*

*Champ.* Between us compliments are superfluous.  
On, gentlemen! The affront we have met here  
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit  
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,  
Or to ourselves, or to our nuptial feast. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—The Apartments of DINANT.

*Enter DINANT and CLERMONT.*

*Cler.* We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.

*Din.* What sport, I pr'ythee?

*Cler.* Why, we must fight; I know it, and long  
It was apparent in the fiery eye [*for't;*  
Of young Verdone; Beaupré look'd pale and shook  
too,

Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave fellows,  
Tried and approved, and I am proud to encounter  
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;  
They will play up to a man, and set him off.  
Whene'er I go to th' field, Heaven keep me from  
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward!  
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;  
The coward is so swift in giving ground,  
There is no overtaking him without  
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.

*Din.* All this while,  
You ne'er think on the danger.

*Cler.* Why, 'tis no more  
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper, [for,  
And drinking hard ; mischief comes there unlook'd  
I'm sure as sudden, and strikes home as often ;  
For this we are prepared.

*Din.* Lamira loves  
Her brother Beaupré dearly.

*Cler.* What of that ?

*Din.* And should he call me to account for what  
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour  
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me,  
E'er to enjoy what, next to Heaven, I long for,  
Is taken from me.

*Cler.* Why, what can you hope for,  
She being now married ?

*Din.* Oh, my Cleremont !  
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,  
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er  
I lock up there, is as a private thought,  
And will no further wrong me. I am a Frenchman,  
And for the greater part we are born courtiers ;  
She is a woman, and however yet  
No heat of service had the power to melt  
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity  
May work her to my ends ; I confess ill ones,  
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her marriage,  
In probability, will no way hurt,  
But rather help me.

*Cler.* Sits the wind there ! Pray you tell me  
How far off dwells your love from lust ?

*Din.* Too near :

But pr'ythee chide me not.

*Cler.* Not I ; go on, boy !  
I have faults myself, and will not reprehend  
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,  
I do esteem it (and most bachelors are  
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,  
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

*Din.* Would she make use of't so, I were most  
happy.

*Cler.* No more of this. Judge now, whether I  
The gift of prophecy. [have

*Enter BEAUPRÉ and VERDONE.*

*Beau.* Monsieur Dinant,  
I am glad to find you, sir.

*Din.* I am at your service.

*Verdone.* Good monsieur Cleremont, I have  
To be known better to you. [longwish'd

*Cler.* My desires  
Embrace your wishes, sir.

*Beau.* Sir, I have ever  
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess  
I should have been most proud to have had the  
honour

To call you brother, but my father's pleasure  
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives  
That can command his passions ; and therefore  
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language  
Ye were pleased to use to my father and my sister :  
He's old, and she a woman ; I most sorry  
My honour does compel me to entreat you  
To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,  
A mile without the city.

*Din.* You much honour me  
In the demand ; I'll gladly wait upon you.

*Beau.* Oh, sir, you teach me what to say. The  
*Din.* With the next sun, if you think fit. [time ?  
*Beau.* The place ? [city.

*Din.* Near to the vineyard, eastward from the

*Beau.* I like it well. This gentleman, if you  
Will keep me company. [please,

*Cler.* That is agreed on ;  
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

*Verdone.* You shall not miss my service.

*Beau.* Good day, gentlemen !

*Din.* At your commandment.

*Cler.* Proud to be your servants.

[*Exit BEAUPRÉ and VERDONE.*

I think there is no nation under Heaven  
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,  
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have  
Any few prayers to say, this night you may  
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em ; for myself,  
As I have little to lose, my care is less ;  
So, till to-morrow morning, I bequeath you  
To your devotions, and those paid, but use  
That noble courage I have seen, and we  
Shall fight, as in a castle.

*Din.* Thou art all honour ;  
Thy resolution would steel a coward,  
And I most fortunate in such a friend,  
All tenderness and nice respect of woman  
Be now far from me ! Reputation, take  
A full possession of my heart, and prove  
Honour the first place holds, the second love !  
[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the House of CHAMPANEL.

*Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE.*

*Lam.* Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte ?

*Char.* Not to be waked.

By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive  
That this night the good lord hath been  
At an unusual service ; and no wonder  
If he rests after it.

*Lam.* You are very bold.

*Char.* Your creature, madam, and, when you  
are pleased,

Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon  
If I speak like a fool ; I could have wish'd  
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,  
Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted  
Those delicacies, which, by his lethargy,  
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.

*Lam.* No more !

*Char.* I am silenced, madam.

*Lam.* Saw you my nurse this morning ?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Lam.* I am full of fears. Who's that ?

[*Knock within.*

*Char.* She you inquired for.

*Lam.* Bring her in, and leave me. [Exit CHARLOTTE.

*Enter Nurse.*

Now, nurse, what news ?

*Nurse.* Oh, lady, dreadful ones !  
They are to fight this morning ; there's no remedy.  
I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,  
Take horse as I came by.

*Lam.* Where's Cleremont ?

*Nurse.* I met him too, and mounted.

*Lam.* Where's Dinant ?

*Nurse.* There's all the hope ; I have staid him  
If I have done well, so. [with a trick,

*Lam.* What trick ?



*Nurse.* I told him,  
Your ladyship laid your command upon him  
To attend you presently ; and, to confirm it,  
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,  
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without  
Disguised, and if you have that power in him,  
As I presume you have, it is in you  
To stay or alter him.

*Lam.* Have you learnt the place  
Where they are to encounter ?

*Nurse.* Yes, 'tis where  
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis Eleventh.

*Lam.* Enough ; I will reward thee liberally.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Go, bring him in.—Full dear I loved Dinant,  
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,  
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,  
And let dissimulation be no crime,  
Though most unwillingly I put it on,  
To guard a brother's safety !

*Enter DINANT.*

*Din.* Now, your pleasure.  
Though ill you have deserved it, you perceive  
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey  
Whatever you command.

*Lam.* You speak as if  
You did repent it ; and 'tis not worth my thanks  
then :

But there has been a time, in which you would  
Receive this as a favour.

*Din.* Hope was left then  
Of recompense.

*Lam.* Why, I am still Lamira,  
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power  
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)  
To reward your love and service.

*Din.* There's some comfort.

*Lam.* But think not that so low I prize my  
To give it up to any man that refuses [fame,  
To buy it ; or with danger of performance  
Of what I shall enjoin him—

*Din.* Name that danger,  
(Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,)  
Which I will shrink it ; only, at this instant,  
Be speedy in't.

*Lam.* I'll put you to the trial :  
You shall not fight to-day, (do you start at that ?)  
Not with my brother. I have heard your difference ;

Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchased

With blood, and so defended : If you look for  
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience ;  
There's no way else to gain 'em.

*Din.* You command

What with mine honour I cannot obey,  
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend  
Equally dear as that, or life, engaged,  
Not for himself, but me.

*Lam.* Why, foolish man,  
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,  
In which not only I abuse my lord,  
My father, and my family, but write whore,  
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,  
To be read hourly, and yet name your honours ?  
Yours suffers but in circumstance ; mine in sub-  
stance.

If you obey me, you part with some credit ;  
From whom ? the giddy multitude : But mankind  
Will censure me, and justly.

*Din.* I will lose

What most I do desire, rather than hazard  
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward :  
'Tis better be no man.

*Lam.* [*Aside.*] This will not do.—  
Why, I desire not you should be a coward,  
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours :  
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly :  
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

*Din.* Suffer for me ?

*Lam.* For you ; my kindness to you  
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.

*Din.* Oh, that I knew the wretch !

*Lam.* I will not name him,  
Nor give you any character to know him ;  
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth  
At the west port of the city, and defend there  
My reputation against all you meet,  
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,  
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,  
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,  
Be desperate ; for willingly, by this light,  
I'll never see thee more.

*Din.* Two hours, do you say ?

*Lam.* Only two hours.

*Din.* I were no gentleman,  
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,  
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*]

*Lam.* I am glad on't.  
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep  
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Field before the East Port of the City.*

*Enter CLEREMONT.*

*Cler.* I am first i' th' field, that honour's got  
of our side ;

Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably !  
The hour is past ; I wonder Dinant comes not.  
This is the place ; I cannot see him yet :  
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,  
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour.  
A firm and worthy friend ; yet I see nothing  
Nor horse, nor man : 'Twould vex me to be

To the mercy of  
I never knew

in. Y  
done

in. Y  
done

in. Y  
done

in. Y  
done

in. Y  
done

We have day enough.—Is't possible he comes not?

[Aside.

Yes, as I am ready here, and do but stay  
Till my friend come! Walk but a turn or two;  
Till not be long.

*Verdone.* We came to fight.

*Cler.* Ye shall fight, gentlemen,  
And fight enough: But a short turn or two!  
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll fight  
by it.

*Beau.* That is not he; we will not be deluded.

*Cler.* [Aside.] Am I bob'd thus?—Pray take  
a pipe of tobacco,

Oring but some new air; by that time, gentlemen—  
*Verdone.* Come, draw your sword; you know  
first come first served. [the custom here, sir,

*Cler.* Though it be held a custom,  
And practised so, I do not hold it honest.  
What honour can you both win on me single?

*Beau.* Yield up your sword then.

*Cler.* Yield my sword! that's Hebrew;  
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,  
I'll take the next that comes.

*Enter an Old Gentleman.*

Am I an old gentleman?

*Genl.* Yes, indeed am I, sir.

*Cler.* And wear no sword?

*Genl.* I need none, sir.

*Cler.* I would you did, and had one;  
I want now such a foolish courtesy.

Am I these gentlemen?

*Genl.* You want a second?

Is good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it.

I would you had my son; but he's in Italy.

A proper gentleman.—You may do well, gallants,  
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;

The gentleman may do his country—

*Cler.* Now I beseech you, sir,

If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.  
There lies your way.

*Genl.* Good morning, gentlemen.

[Exit.

*Verdone.* You see your fortune;

You had better yield your sword.

*Cler.* Pray ye stay a little;

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.—

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

Well, Dinant, well!—These wear swords, and seem  
brave fellows.—

Am I you gentlemen, one of you supply me:

I want a second now, to meet these gallants;

You know what honour is.

*Genl.* Sir, you must pardon us;

We go about the same work you are ready for,  
And must fight presently; else we were your ser-

*Genl.* God speed you, and good day! [vants.

[Exit Gentlemen.

*Cler.* Am I thus colted?

*Beau.* Come, either yield—

*Cler.* As you are honest gentlemen,  
May I but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;

And if I fight not like a man—Fy, Dinant! [Aside.

*Beau.* And I'll be treacherous!

*La Writ.* [Within.] I understand your causes;  
You're about corn, yours about pins and glasses;

Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels?  
And this petition too, about bell-founding?

And in your witness—What will ye have me do?  
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are  
melted!

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,  
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your  
mistress,

And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,  
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,  
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales:  
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,  
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some  
puddings;

I have a cause to run through requires puddings;  
Puddings enough. Farewell!

*Enter LA WRIT.*

*Cler.* God speed you, sir!

*Beau.* 'Would he would take this fellow!

*Verdone.* A rare youth.

*Cler.* If you be not hasty, sir—

*La Writ.* Yes, I am hasty,

Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the parliament;  
You understand this bag: If you have any business  
Depending there, be short and let me hear it,  
And pay your fees.

*Cler.* Faith, sir, I have a business,  
But it depends upon no parliament.

*La Writ.* I have no skill in't then.

*Cler.* I must desire you;

'Tis a sword matter, sir.

*La Writ.* I am no cutler,

I am an advocate, sir.

*Beau.* How the thing looks!

*Verdone.* When he brings him to fight—

*Cler.* Be not so hasty;

You wear a good sword.

*La Writ.* I know not that,

I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword—

*Cler.* I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part  
Against these gentlemen; I want a second:

You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

*La Writ.* I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter.

*Cler.* You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to  
Beau. This is some sport yet. [satisfy.

*Verdone.* If this fellow should fight.

*La Writ.* And, for anything I know, I am an  
arrant coward.

Do not trust me; I think I am a coward.

*Cler.* Try, try: you are mistaken.—Walk on,  
The man shall follow presently. [gentlemen,

*La Writ.* Are ye mad, gentlemen?

My business is within this half-hour.

*Cler.* That's all one;

We'll despatch within this quarter.—There, in that  
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen. [bottom;

*Beau.* Well, we'll wait, sir.

*Verdone.* Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll  
follow?

*La Writ.* As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

*Cler.* Away, away.—

[Exit BEAUPERE AND VERDONE.

I know you can; I like your modesty;

I know you will fight, and so fight, with such mettle,  
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—  
I see it in your eye, sir.

*La Writ.* I'll be hang'd then;

And I charge you, in the king's name, name no  
more fighting.

*Cler.* I charge you, in the king's name, play the  
man;

Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you;  
I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick?  
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

*La Writ.* Stand further, gentleman,  
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps——

*Cler.* Spoke bravely,  
And like thyself, a noble advocate!  
Come, to thy tools.

*La Writ.* I do not say I'll fight.

*Cler.* I say thou shalt, and bravely.

*La Writ.* If I do fight——

I say, if I do, but don't depend upon't——

(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)——

What shall become of my writings?

*Cler.* Let 'em lie by;

They will not run away, man.

*La Writ.* I may be kill'd too,  
And where are all my causes then? my business?  
I will not fight: I cannot fight. My causes——

*Cler.* Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand  
Thou art a man to fight for any cause, [causes;  
And carry it with honour.

*La Writ.* Hum! say you so? If I should  
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!

*Cler.* I know thou art most valiant.

*La Writ.* Do you think so?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so,

I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;

For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.

How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,

Nor will not stay! I have business.

*Cler.* We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

*La Writ.* Here will I hang my bag then; it may  
save my belly;

[Hangs his bag before him.

I never loved cold iron there.

*Cler.* You do wisely.

*La Writ.* Help me to pluck my sword out then;  
quickly, quickly!

It has not seen sun these ten years.

*Cler.* How it grumbles!

This sword is vengeance angry.

*La Writ.* Now I'll put my hat up,

And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!

If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer!

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—Another part of the same.

Enter BRAUPRE.

*Beau.* They are both come on; that may be a  
stubborn rascal.

Enter LA WRIT.

Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight bravely!

*La Writ.* To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll  
let's have fair play;

None of your foining tricks.

*Beau.* Come forward, monsieur!

What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?

I shall see what it holds.

*La Writ.* Put your spoon home then! [Fight.

Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit,  
sir! [BEAUPRE hits him on the bag.

God-a-mercy, bag!

*Beau.* Nothing but bombast in you?

The rogue winks and fights.

[BEAUPRE loses his sword; LA WRIT treads on it.

*La Writ.* Now your fine fencing, sir!

Stand off; thou diest on the point else! I have it,  
Yet further off!—I have his sword. [I have it!

[Calls to CLEREMONT.

*Cler.* [Within.] Then keep it:

Be sure you keep it!

*La Writ.* I'll put it in my mouth else.

Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,

And look another way, or I'll be with you!

Is this all! I'll undertake within these two days

To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

*Beau.* Pox, what fortune's this! Disarmed by  
A snail? a dog? [a puppy?

*La Writ.* No more o' these words, gentleman!

Sweet gentleman, no more! Do not provoke me!

Go walk i' th' horse-fair; whistle, gentleman.—

What must I do now? [To CLEREMONT, entering.

Enter CLEREMONT, pursued by VERDONE.

*Cler.* Help me; I am almost breathless.

*La Writ.* With all my heart. There's a cold  
pie for you, sir! [Strikes CLEREMONT.

*Cler.* Thou strik'st me, fool!

*La Writ.* Thou fool, stand further off then.—

Deliver, deliver!

[Strikes up VERDONE's heels and takes his sword too.

*Cler.* Hold fast.

*La Writ.* I never fail in't.

There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden dag-

Have I done well?

[gets:

*Cler.* Most like a gentleman.

*Beau.* And we two basely lost!

*Verdone.* 'Tis but a fortune.

We shall yet find an hour.

[Exit BRAUPRE and VERDONE, sad.

*Cler.* I shall be glad on't.

*La Writ.* Where's my cloak, and my trinkets?

Fight any longer for a crash or two? [Or will you

*Cler.* I am your noble friend, sir.

*La Writ.* It may be so.

*Cler.* What honour shall I do you, for this great  
courtesy?

*La Writ.* All I desire of you is to take [on't;

The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more

(I have no liking to't,—'tis a foolish matter;)

And help me to put up my sword.

*Cler.* Most willingly.

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not  
leave you.

*La Writ.* I tell you I will not be gratified;  
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too,  
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.

For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own dispo-  
sure;

And so, and so——

[Exit LA WRIT.

*Cler.* This is a most rare lawyer;

I am sure, most valiant.—Well, Dinant, as you  
satisfy me——

I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer.

[Exit with the swords.

## SCENE III.—Before the West Port of the City.

Enter DINANT.

*Din.* To be dispatch'd upon a sleeveless errand!

To leave my friend engaged, mine honour tainted!

These are trim things. I am set here like a perdue.

To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,

A scurvy fellow that must pass this way;

But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,

Or whether his name be William, or John,

Or Anthony, or Dick, or anything, I know not;

A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at;

And there's the office of an ass flung on me.

Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off?

And what the world shall think of me hereafter!

Well, woman, woman ! I must look your rascals,  
And lose my reputation. Ye have a fine power  
over us.

These two long hours I have trotted here, and  
curiously

Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,  
Nor any face to quarrel with.

*LA WRIT sings within, then enters.*

What's that ?

This is a rascally voice ; sure it comes this way.

*La Writ. He strook so hard, the bason broke,  
And Tarquin heard the sound.*

*Din. What mister-thing is this ? let me survey  
it.*

*La Writ. And then he struck his neck in two.*

*Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal.*

What an alphabet of faces he puts on !

Hey, how it fences ! If this should be the rogue—

As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—

*La Writ. Was ever man for lady's sake ? Down  
down !*

*Din. And what are you, good sir ?—[Mimicks  
him.]—Down, down, down, down !*

*La Writ. What's that to you, good sir ?—  
[Sings.] Down, down !*

*Din. A pox on you, good sir ! Down, down,  
down !*

You with your buckram bag, what make you here ?  
And from whence come you ?—I could fight with  
my shadow now.

*La Writ. Thou fierce man, that like  
Sir Lancelot dost appear,  
I need not tell thee what I am,  
Nor eke what I make here.*

*Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, stay, good  
Tristrem,*

And let me ask thy mightiness a question ;

Did you ne'er abuse a lady ?

*La Writ. Not to abuse a lady  
Is very hard, sir.*

*Din. Say you so, sir ?*

Didst thou never abuse her honour ?

*La Writ. Not to abuse her honour is impossible.*

*Din. Certain, this is the rascal. What's thy  
name ?*

*La Writ. My name is Cock-a-two ; use me re-  
spectively,*

I will be cock of three else.

*Din. What's all this ?*

You say, you did abuse a lady.

*La Writ. You lie.*

*Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.*

*La Writ. That's two lies.*

Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.

*Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be,  
thou peagoose,*

That durst give me the lie thus ? thou mak'st me  
wonder.

*La Writ. And wonder on, till time makes all  
this plain.*

*Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a  
gentleman ?*

*La Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am  
mounted.*

*Din. This is some Cavaliero Knight o' th' Sun.*

*La Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentleman  
as the duke.*

I have achieved—Go, follow thy business !

*Din. But for this lady, sir—*

c c 2

*La Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir !  
And the lady-mother too, sir ! What have I to do  
with ladies ?*

*Enter CLERMONT.*

*Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice : Has he  
It should be whereabouts. [got my way ?*

*Din. You dry biscuit rogue,  
I will so swing you for this blasphemy !*

*Have I found you out ? [Draws.*

*Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.*

*La Writ. And I defy thee ; do thy worst !*

*Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot though !*

And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,  
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,  
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,  
And, though I never heard of her, a deboshed lady,  
And thou a squire of low degree ! Will that content  
thee ?

Dost thou way-lay me with ladies ?—A pretty  
sword, sir,

A very pretty sword ! I have a great mind to't.

*Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue !*

*Cler. Hold, hold !*

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman !

*La Writ. As much as you will ; my hand is in  
now.*

*Cler. I am your friend, sir.—Dinant, you draw  
your sword*

Upon the gentleman preserved your honour :

This was my second, and did back me nobly.

For shame, forbear.

*Din. I ask your mercy, sir,*

And am your servant now.

*La Writ. May we not fight then ?*

*Cler. I am sure you shall not now.*

*La Writ. I am sorry for't ;*

I am sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer.

Are there any more on ye afore ? I will sing still,  
sir. [*Exit La Writ, singing.*]

*Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis  
fit,*

And with much bitterness express your anger.

I have deserved : Yet, when you know—

*Cler. I thank you !*

Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,

The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong—

*Din. I do confess—*

*Cler. That boyish sleight—*

*Din. Not so, sir.*

*Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your  
honour,*

Can be allay'd with words ?

*Din. I give you way still.*

*Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses ? Was it a  
friend's part,*

A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,

And stands upon the point of reputation,

To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him ;

Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune ?

To halt, and slip the collar ? By my life,

I would have given my life I had never known thee !

Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment,

With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.

*Din. This I can suffer too ; I find it honest.*

*Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may ab-  
solve you,*

Or anything like honest, to bring you off ?

Engage me, like an ass !

*Din. Will you but hear me ?*

*Cler.* Expose me like a jade, to tug, and hale through

(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted,) your disgraces !  
Invite men's swords and angers to dispatch me !

*Din.* If you will be patient—

*Cler.* And be abused still ! But that I have call'd thee friend,

And to that name allow a sanctuary,  
You should hear further from me ; I would not talk thus :

But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,  
And bear your own abuses : I scorn my sword  
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

*Din.* Ha' you done yet ? take your whole swing of anger ;

I'll bear all with content.

*Cler.* Why were you absent ?

*Din.* You know I am no coward, you have seen that,

And therefore, out of fear forsook you not :  
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,  
Apt to betray my friend ; I have fought for you too :

You know no business that concern'd my state,  
My kindred, or my life—

*Cler.* Where was the fault then ?

*Din.* The honour of that lady I adore,  
Her credit, and her name : You know she sent for  
And with what haste. [me,

*Cler.* What was he that traduced ?

*Din.* The man i' th' moon, I think ; hither I was sent,  
But to what end—

*Enter Nurse.*

*Cler.* This is a pretty flim-flam !

*Nurse.* I am glad I have met you, sir ; I have been seeking,  
And seeking everywhere.

*Cler.* And now you have found him,  
Declare what business, our ambassador.

*Nurse.* What's that to you, Goodman flouter ?—  
Oh, sir, my lady—

*Din.* Pr'ythee, no more of thy lady ; I have too much on't.

*Cler.* Let me have a little ; speak to me.

*Nurse.* To you, sir ?

'Tis more than time !—All occasions set aside, sir,  
Or whatsoever may be thought a business—

*Din.* What then ?

*Nurse.* Repair to me within this hour.

*Cler.* Where ?

*Nurse.* What's that to you ? come you, sir, when you're sent for.

*Cler.* God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus !—

You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,  
Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,

And honey out your youth in rare adventures :  
I can but grieve I have known you.

*Nurse.* Will you go, sir ?

I come not often to you with these blessings :  
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,  
That dogged thing !

*Cler.* Peace, Touchwood !

*Din.* I will not go.

Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,  
Some unexperienced puppy to make sport with ;  
I have been her mirth too long ! Thus I shake  
from me

The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments  
I blow away like wind : No more her beauty—

*Nurse.* Take heed, sir, what you say.

*Cler.* Go forward, Dinant.

*Din.* The charms shot from her eyes—

*Nurse.* Be wise.

*Cler.* Be valiant.

*Din.* That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's  
destructions,

Shall never rack me more.

*Nurse.* Stay there.

*Cler.* Go forward.

*Din.* I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,  
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her,  
As I would do the course of common things,  
Unmoved, unstruck.

*Cler.* Hold there, and I forgive thee.

*Din.* She is not fair, and that that makes her  
proud

Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her ;  
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,  
A'sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.  
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,  
And take into her favour some dull fool,  
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,  
No honour, nor no life : Like a bold merchant,  
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventured all  
these,

And split my bottom. Return this answer to her.  
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,  
And am not now, on every idle errand,  
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,  
And then despised again ; I have forgot her.

*Cler.* If this be true—

*Nurse.* I am sorry I have troubled you ;  
More sorry, that my lady has adventured  
So great a favour in so weak a mind.  
This hour you have refused that, when you come  
to know it,

Will run you mad and make you curse that fellow !  
She is not fair, nor handsome ! so I leave you.

*Cler.* Stay, lady, stay ; but is there such a  
business ?

*Nurse.* You would break your neck, 'twere

*Cler.* My back, you would say. [you.

*Nurse.* But play the friend's part still, sir, and  
undo him ;

'Tis a fair office.

*Din.* I have spoke too liberally.

*Nurse.* I shall deliver what you say. [Going.

*Cler.* You shall be hang'd first ;  
You would fain be prating now ! Take the man  
with you.

*Nurse.* Not I ; I have no power.

*Cler.* You may go, Dinant.

*Nurse.* 'Tis in's own will ; I had no further  
charge, sir,  
Than to tell him what I did ; which, if I had  
thought

It should have been received so—

*Cler.* 'Faith, you may ;

You do not know how far it may concern you.  
If I perceived any trick in't—

*Din.* 'Twill end there.

*Cler.* 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in  
fortune,

That must be still observed : You think I'll chide  
you,

When things must be. Nay, see, an he will hold  
his head up !

Would such a lady send with such a charge too?  
 Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her  
 again,  
 The great fool, the greater still the better.—  
 He shall go with you, woman.  
*Nurse.* As it please him;  
 I know the way alone else.  
*Din.* Where's your lady?  
*Nurse.* I shall direct you quickly.

*Din.* Well, I'll go;  
 But what her wrongs will give me leave to say—  
*Cler.* We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall  
*Din.* As soon as I come off. [hear from you?  
*Cler.* Come on then bravely.  
 Farewell till then, and play the man!  
*Din.* You are merry;  
 All I expect is scorn.—I'll lead you, lady.  
 [Exeunt severally.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the House of*  
CHAMPERNEL.

*Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, and*  
CHARLOTTE.

*Beau.* We'll venture on him.  
*Champ.* Out of my doors! I charge thee,  
 See me no more!  
*Lam.* Your nephew?  
*Champ.* I disclaim him;  
 He has no part in me, nor in my blood.  
 My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left  
 Conquest hereditary to his issue,  
 Could not beget a coward.  
*Verdone.* I fought, sir,  
 Like a good fellow, and a soldier too;  
 But men are men, and cannot make their fates:  
 Ascribe you to my father what you please,  
 I am born to suffer.  
*Champ.* All disgraces, wretch!  
*Lam.* Good sir, be patient.  
*Champ.* Was there no tree,  
 (For to fall by a noble enemy's sword  
 A coward is unworthy) nor no river,  
 To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,  
 But that thou must survive thy infamy,  
 And kill me with the sight of one I hate,  
 And gladly would forget?  
*Beau.* Sir, his misfortune  
 Deserves not this reproof.  
*Champ.* In your opinion;  
 'Tis fit you two should be of one belief.  
 You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely  
 I' th' city with your tongues, but in the field  
 Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do;  
 Your swords are all lead there.  
*Beau.* I know no duty  
 (However you may wreak your spleen on him)  
 That binds me to endure this.  
*Champ.* From Dinant  
 You'll suffer more! That ever cursed I  
 Should give my honour up to the defence  
 Of such a thing as he is! or my lady,  
 That is all innocent, for whom a dove would  
 Assume the courage of a daring eagle,  
 Repose her confidence in one that can  
 No better guard her! In contempt of you,  
 I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him;  
 His valour claims it from me, and with justice.  
 He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,  
 His sword, edged with defence of right and honour,  
 Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed  
 And kill as deadly. [too,  
*Verdone.* You are as far from justice,

In him you praise, as equity in the censure  
 You load me with.

*Beau.* Dinant? he durst not meet us.  
*Lam.* How! durst not, brother?  
*Beau.* Durst not; I repeat it.  
*Verdone.* Nor was it Cleremont's valour that  
 I had the better of him. For Dinant, [disarm'd us;  
 If that might make my peace with you, I dare  
 Write him a coward upon every post,  
 And with the hazard of my life defend it.  
*Lam.* If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it,  
 nephew.  
*Champ.* Came he not, say you?  
*Verdone.* No; but in his room  
 There was a devil, hired from some magician,  
 I' th' shape of an attorney.  
*Beau.* 'Twas he did it.  
*Verdone.* And his the honour.  
*Beau.* I could wish Dinant—  
 But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,  
 And durst not come!  
*Lam.* I am such a friend to truth,  
 I cannot hear this. Why do you detract  
 Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely,)  
 From one of such approved worth?  
*Champ.* Ha! how's this?  
*Lam.* From one so excellent in all that's noble,  
 Whose only weakness is excess of courage?  
 That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,  
 But his affections; and in them, the worst,  
 His love to me?  
*Champ.* To you?  
*Lam.* Yes, sir, to me:  
 I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)  
 To you profess it: And he shunn'd the combat  
 For fear or doubt of these! Blush, and repent  
 That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour!  
*Beau.* Why, this is rare!—  
*Champ.* 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare!—  
 Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums  
 Of your first suitor—  
*Verdone.* How can you convince us  
 In our reports?  
*Lam.* With what you cannot answer:  
 'Twas my command that staid him.  
*Champ.* Your command?  
*Lam.* Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd with  
 my power  
 And his obedience, I could have sent him,  
 With more ease, weaponless, to you, and bound,  
 Than have kept him back; so well he loves his  
 honour  
 Beyond his life.  
*Champ.* Better and better still!



*Lam.* I wrought with him in private, to divert him

From your assured destruction, had he met you.

*Champ.* In private?

*Lam.* Yes, and used all arts, all charms, Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress Of all his faculties.

*Champ.* Gave all rewards too His service could desire? Did not he take The measure of my sheets?

*Lam.* Do not look yellow;

I have cause to speak: frowns cannot fright me. By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you, If I rest once assured you do but doubt me, Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me—

*Champ.* What then?

*Lam.* I'll not alone abuse your bed, (that's no thing!)

But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolved on, I'll run away, and then try if Dinant Have courage to defend me.

*Champ.* Impudent!

*Verdone.* And on the sudden——

*Beau.* How are you transform'd From what you were!

*Lam.* I was an innocent virgin, And I can truly swear, a wife as pure As ever lay by husband, and will die so, Let me live unsuspected: I am no servant, Nor will be used like one! If you desire To keep me constant, as I would be, let Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it: Unnecessary jealousies make more whores, Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

*Beau.* There's no contesting with her: From a child,

Once moved, she hardly was to be appeased; Yet I dare swear her honest.

*Champ.* So I think too, On better judgment. I am no Italian, To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman, To have my wife my sovereign, to command me: I'll try the gentler way; but if that fail, Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes Which she must feel from me.

*Beau.* That as you please, sir.

*Char.* You have won the breeches, madam! Look up sweetly; My lord limps toward you.

*Lam.* You will learn more manners! *[Strikes her.*

*Char.* This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd for! *[forgive me!]*

*Champ.* Come, I mistook thee, sweet; pr'ythee, I never will be jealous: Ere I cherish Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing. I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him; Will that suffice?

*Lam.* 'Tis well, sir.

*Champ.* Use thy freedom

Uncheck'd and unobserv'd: If thou wilt have it, These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs; We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward If I dissemble!

*Lam.* And that hell take me, If I affect him! He's a lustful villain (But yet no coward), and solicits me To my dishonour; that's indeed a quarrel, And truly mine, which I will so revenge, As it shall fright such as dare only think To be adulterers.

*Champ.* Use thine own ways;

I give up all to thee.

*Beau.* Oh, women, women!

When you are pleased you are the least of evils.

*Verdone.* I'll rhyme to't—But provoked, the worst of devils! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter SAMPPSON and three Clients.*

*Samp.* I know monsieur La Writ.

1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himself, sir!

*Samp.* He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,

Of a kind of unable thing.

2 *Client.* A fine lawyer, sir, And would have fir'd you up a business! And out of this court into that!

*Samp.* You are too forward; Not so fine, my friends; something he could have But short, short! *[done.]*

1 *Client.* I know your worship's favour; You are a nephew to the judge, sir.

*Samp.* It may be so, And something may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends:

It may be I can take him in his chamber, And have an hour's talk; it may be so; And tell him that in's ear—there are such courts: I will not say, I can. *[sies:]*

3 *Client.* We know you can, sir.

*Samp.* Peradventure ay, peradventure no— But where's La Writ?

Where's your sufficient lawyer?

1 *Client.* He's blown up, sir.

2 *Client.* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:

He is no lawyer of this world now.

*Samp.* Your reason?

Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 *Client.* No, he's not dead, yet, sir;

But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours:

Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting. And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it——

*Samp.* If he fight well, and like a gentleman, The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.

Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman, And my lord my uncle loves me.

3 *Client.* We all know it, sir.

*Samp.* I think he does, sir; I have business too, much business,

Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week:

Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy, I can fight too, my friends; a little does well; I would be loth to learn to fight.

1 *Client.* But, an't please you, sir, His fighting has neglected all our business; We are undone, our causes cast away, sir; His not-appearance——

*Samp.* There he fought too long; A little, and fight well: he fought too long, indeed, friends:

But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may, And there be ways——

1 *Client.* We know, sir, if you please——

*Samp.* Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

*Enter LA WARR, in the habit of a gallant and a Gentleman at the door.*

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, sir,  
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

*La Writ.* I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet  
And if there be a wench or two— [gentlemen,  
*Gent.* We'll have 'em.

*La Writ.* No handling any duels before I come;  
We'll have no going less; I hate a coward!

*Gent.* There shall be nothing done.

*La Writ.* Make all the quarrels  
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight;  
There's no sport else.

*Gent.* We'll see what may be done, sir.

1 *Client.* Ha! monsieur *La Writ*!

*La Writ.* Baffled in way of business,  
My causes cast away, judgment against us!  
Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What shall we do the whilst, sir?

*La Writ.* Breed new dissensions; go hang yourselves!

'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he says, sir?

*Samp.* The gentleman speaks finely.

*La Writ.* Will any of you fight? Fighting's my  
If you find yourselves aggrieved— [occupation.

*Samp.* A complete gentleman!

*La Writ.* Avaunt, thou buckram budget of pe-  
titions! [Throws away his bag of papers.

Thou spital of lame causes!—I lament for thee;

And, till revenge be taken—

*Samp.* 'Tis most excellent.

*La Writ.* There, every man choose his paper,  
and his place:

I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,  
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.

The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.

*Samp.* You have nothing of mine in your bag,

*La Writ.* I know not, sir; [sir.

But you may put anything in, any fighting thing.

*Samp.* It is sufficient! you may hear hereafter.

*La Writ.* I rest your servant, sir!

*Samp.* No more words, gentlemen,

But follow me; no more words, as you love me.

The gentleman's a noble gentleman!

I shall do what I can, and then—

*Clients.* We thank you, sir.

*Samp.* Not a word to disturb him; he's a gen-  
tleman. [Exit *SAMPSON* and *Clients*.

*La Writ.* No cause go o' my side? the judge  
cast all?

And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,

And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,

'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

*Enter CLEREMONT.*

*Cler.* Who have we here?

My little furious lawyer!

*La Writ.* I say, 'tis well!

But mark the end!

*Cler.* How he is metamorphosed!

Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,  
No soliciting face now: This is no simple conver-  
Your servant, sir, and friend! [sion.—

*La Writ.* You come in time, sir.

*Cler.* The happier man, to be at your command  
then.

*La Writ.* You may wonder to see me thus; but  
that's all one;

Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,

But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a lawyer;  
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.

I did you the office of a man?

*Cler.* I must confess it.

*La Writ.* And budged not; no, I budged not.

*Cler.* No, you did not.

*La Writ.* There's it then; one good turn requires  
another.

*Cler.* Most willing, sir; I am ready at your  
service.

*La Writ.* [Gives him a paper.] There, read,  
and understand, and then deliver it.

*Cler.* This is a challenge, sir.

*La Writ.* 'Tis very like, sir;

I seldom now write sonnets.

*Cler.* O, *admirantis*!

[Reads.

"To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president."

*La Writ.* I choose no fool, sir.

*Cler.* Why, he's no swordsman, sir.

*La Writ.* Let him learn, let him learn;

Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

*Cler.* Why, he's a judge, an old man!

*La Writ.* Never too old

To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge

Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

[Points to the scattered papers.

There are my griefs; he has cast away my causes,

In which he has bow'd my reputation:

And therefore, judge, or no judge—

*Cler.* Pray be ruled, sir!

This is the maddest thing—

*La Writ.* You will not carry it?

*Cler.* I do not tell you so; but, if you may be  
persuaded—

*La Writ.* You know how you used me when I,  
Do you remember, gentleman? [would not fight;

*Cler.* The devil's in him. [Aside.

*La Writ.* I see it in your eyes, that you dare  
do it;

You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

*Cler.* The least is banishment.

*La Writ.* Be banish'd then;

'Tis a friend's part: We'll meet in Africa,

Or any corner of the earth.

*Cler.* Say, he will not fight?

*La Writ.* I know then what to say; take you  
no care, sir.

*Cler.* Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,

And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;

Till when, my service.

*La Writ.* A judge, or no judge? no judge!

[Exit.

*Cler.* This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read  
of;

None to provoke to th' field, but the old president?

What face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,

I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets,

This may make some sport yet; I will deliver it.

Here comes the president.

*Enter VERTAIGNE, with two Gentlemen.*

*Vert.* I shall find time, gentlemen,  
To do your causes good.—Is not that Cleremont?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my lord.

*Vert.* Why does he smile upon me?

Am I become ridiculous?—Has your fortune, sir,

Upon my son, made you contemn his father?

The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

*Cler.* Mistake me not, my lord; you shall not  
find that:



I come with no blown spirit to abuse you ;  
I know your place, and honour due unto it,  
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.

*Vert.* Your face is merry still.

*Cler.* So is my business ;

And I beseech your honour mistake me not.  
I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad,  
man,

As mad a piece of——You were wont to love  
mirth

In your young days ; I have known your honour  
woo it :

This may be made no little one ; 'tis a challenge,  
sir——

Nay, start not, I beseech you ; it means you no  
harm,

Nor any man of honour or understanding ;  
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laugh-  
I am bold to bring it to your lordship. [ter ;

*Vert.* 'Tis to me, indeed.

Do they take me for a sword-man at these years ?

*Cler.* 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth,  
that's all, sir ;

It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.

*Vert.* From one La Writ ; a very punctual  
challenge.

*Cler.* But, if your lordship mark it, no great  
matter.

*Vert.* I have known such a wrangling advocate,  
Such a little figent thing. Oh, I remember him ;  
A notable talking knave ! Now, out upon him !  
He has challenged me downright, defied me mor-  
I do remember too, I cast his causes. [tally.

*Cler.* Why there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal  
quarrel.

*Vert.* Why, what a knave is this ! As you're a  
gentleman,

Is there no further purpose but mere mirth ?

What a bold man of war ! he invites me roundly.

*Cler.* If there should be, I were no gentleman,  
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.

And, though I am sure your lordship hates my  
person,

Which time may bring again into your favour,  
Yet, for the manners——

*Vert.* I am satisfied ;

You see, sir, I have out-lived those days of fighting,  
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat  
him myself ;

But I have a kinsman much of his ability,  
His wit and carriage (for this calls him fool),  
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.

*Cler.* And such a man to undertake, my lord ?

*Vert.* Nay, he's too forward ; these two pitch-  
barrels together——

*Cler.* Upon my soul, no harm.

*Vert.* It makes me smile.

Why, what a stinking smother will they utter !  
Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion,  
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)  
And shall defend my cause : But, as you are honest,  
Sport not with blood !

*Cler.* Think not so basely, good sir.

*Vert.* A squire shall wait upon you from my  
kinsman,

To-morrow morning ; make your sport at full,

You want no subject : But, no wounds !

*Cler.* That's my care.

*Vert.* And so, good day !

[*Exeunt VERTAIQNE and Gentlemen.*]

*Cler.* Many unto your honour !——  
This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.  
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,  
For together they shall go.

*Enter DINANT.*

*Din.* Oh, Cleremont !  
I am glad I have found thee.

*Cler.* I can tell thee rare things.

*Din.* Oh, I can tell thee rarer ;

Dost thou love me ?

*Cler.* Love thee ?

*Din.* Dost thou love me dearly ?

Dar'st thou for my sake——

*Cler.* Anything that's honest.

*Din.* Though it be dangerous ?

*Cler.* Pox o' dangerous !

*Din.* Nay, wondrous dangerous ?

*Cler.* Wilt thou break my heart ?

*Din.* Along with me then.

*Cler.* I must part to-morrow.

*Din.* You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this  
And thou hast made thy friend ! [night.

*Cler.* Away, and talk not ! [Exeunt

SCENE III.—Night.—A Room in CHAMPE-  
NEL'S House, with a Gallery.

*Enter LAMIRA and NURSE.*

*Lam.* Oh, nurse, welcome ! Where's Dinant ?

*Nurse.* He is at my back.

'Tis the most liberal gentleman——This gold  
He gave me for my pains ! Nor can I blame you.  
If you yield up the fort.

*Lam.* How ! yield it up ?

*Nurse.* I know not ; he that loves, and gives  
so largely,

And a young lord to boot (or I am cozen'd),  
May enter every where.

*Lam.* Thou'lt make me angry.

*Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.*

*Nurse.* Why, if you are, I hope here's one will  
please you ;

Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with you !

Were I young for your sake——

*Din.* I thank thee, nurse.

*Nurse.* I would be tractable ; and, as I am——

*Lam.* Leave the room !

So old and so immodest ! And be careful,  
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,  
That none disturb my lord. [Exit Nurse.

*Cler.* Will you dispatch ?

Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.

Walk in, walk in ; I am your scout for once ;

You owe me the like service.

*Din.* And will pay it.

*Lam.* As you respect our lives, speak not so  
loud.

*Cler.* Why, do it in dumb show then ; I am  
silenced.

*Lam.* Be not so hasty, sir ! The golden apples  
Had a fell dragon for their guard ; your pleasures  
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,  
Or never to be gotten.

*Din.* Speak the means.

*Lam.* Thus, briefly : My lord sleeps now——and,  
Each night he only sleeps. [alac,

*Cler.* Go, keep her stirring.

*Lam.* Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does, He only stretches out his hand, and feels Whether I am a-bed, which being assured of, He sleeps again; but, should he miss me, valour Could not defend our lives.

*Din.* What's to be done then?

*Lam.* Servants have servile faiths, nor have I That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont [any We safely may rely.

*Cler.* What man can do, Command, and boldly.

*Lam.* Thus then; in my place You must lie with my lord.

*Cler.* With an old man?

Two beards together? that's preposterous!

*Lam.* There is no other way; and, though 'tis dangerous,

He having servants within call, and arm'd too, Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy And rage commands them, yet a true friend should Check at the hazard of a life. [not

*Cler.* I thank you!

I love my friend, but know no reason why To hate myself. To be a kind of pandar, You see I am willing;

But, to betray mine own throat you must pardon.

*Din.* Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated! Were I to hazard ten times more for you, You should find, Cleremont—

*Cler.* You shall not out-do me; Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

*Din.* But, for his beard—

*Lam.* To cover that, you shall have my night— And, you disposed of, my Dinant and I [linen; Will have some private conference.

*Enter CHAMPERNEL privately.*

*Cler.* Private doing, Or I'll not venture.

*Lam.* That's as we agree.

[*Exeunt all but CHAMPERNEL.*

*Nurse and CHARLOTTE pass over the Stage with pillows, night-clothes, and such things.*

*Champ.* What can this woman do, preserving her honour?

I have given her all the liberty that may be. I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,

Nor trust too much: I think she is virtuous; Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a woman, As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman, And her best thoughts but weak fortifications; There may be a mine wrought. Well, let 'em work then;

I shall meet with it; till the signs be monstrous, And stick upon my head, I will not believe it: She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation. [Stands private.

*Enter DINANT and LAMIRA.*

*Din.* Why do you make me stay so? If you love me—

*Lam.* You are too hot and violent.

*Din.* Why do you shift thus From one chamber to another?

*Lam.* A little delay, sir, Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water, Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

*Din.* Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye go in,

Sweet mistress, I am mad! Time steals away, And when we would enjoy—

*Lam.* Now, fy, fy, servant!

Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?

*Din.* Pray do but kiss me then.

*Lam.* Why, that I will, [Kisses him. And you shall find anon, servant—

*Din.* Softly, for Heaven's sake!

You know my friend's engaged. A little; now, Will you go in again? [now!

*Lam.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Din.* Why do you laugh so loud? precious!

Will you betray me? ha! my friend's throat cut?

*Lam.* Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

*Champ.* [Apart.] Will you so? You are liberal! If you do cozen me—

*Enter Nurse, with wine.*

*Din.* What's this?

*Lam.* Wine, wine; a draught or two.

*Din.* What does this woman here?

*Lam.* She shall not hinder you.

*Din.* This might have been spared;

'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send her softly off.

*Lam.* Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine; I will make you another Hercules.

*Din.* I dare not drink.

Fy, what delays you make! I dare not;

I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

*Lam.* Don't drink a cup with your mistress! Oh, the pleasure!

*Din.* Lady, why this?

[*Music.*

*Lam.* We must have mirth to our wine, man.

*Din.* Plague o' the music!

*Champ.* God-a-mercy, wench!

If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.

*Din.* The house will all rise now; this will dis- Did you do this? [turb all.

*Lam.* Peace, and sit quiet, fool!

You love me! Come, sit down, and drink.

*Enter CLEREMONT above.*

*Cler.* What a devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! A hog's pox stop your pipes! [Music.

The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks I find His sword just gliding through my throat. What's that?

A vengeance choke your pipes! Are you there, lady?

Stop, stop those rascals! Do you bring me hither To be cut into minced meat? Why, Dinant!

*Din.* I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too.

*Cler.* Do you hear me? do you understand me! Plague damn your whistles! [Music ends.

*Lam.* 'Twas but an over-sight;

They have done; lie down.

*Cler.* 'Would you had done too! you know not In what a misery and fear I lie!

You have a lady in your arms.

*Din.* I would have. [The recorders play again.

*Champ.* I'll watch you, Goodman 'Would-have!

*Cler.* Remove, for Heaven's sake,

And fall to that you come for.

*Lam.* Lie you down ;  
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

*Cler.* I dare not ;  
Softly, sweet lady. God's heart !

*Lam.* 'Tis nothing but your fear ; he sleeps still  
Lie gently down. [soundly.]

*Cler.* Pray make an end.

*Din.* Come, madam.

*Lam.* These chambers are too near.

*Champ.* I shall be nearer.

[*Exit DINANT and LAMIRA.*]

Well, go thy ways ; I'll trust thee through the world,

Deal how thou wilt : That, that I never feel,  
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a soldier,  
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,

And how their bloods will curdle ! Play on, children ;

You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,  
That thou knew'st but thy fortune !

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cler.* Peace, good madam !

Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet ; pray be  
Dispatch ; I cannot endure this misery ; [wary ;  
I can hear nothing more ; I'll say my prayers,  
And down again. [Whistle within.]

A thousand larums fall upon your quarters !  
Heaven send me off ! When I lie keeping corpses—  
Plague o' your fumbling, Dinant ! How I shake !  
'Tis still again. 'Would I were in the Indies !

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter DINANT and LAMIRA, with a light.*]

*Din.* Why do you use me thus ? thus poorly,  
basely ?

Work me into a hope, and then destroy me ?

Why did you send for me ? this new way train me ?

*Lam.* Madman, and fool, and false man, now

*Din.* Pray put your light out. [I'll shew thee !

*Lam.* Nay, I'll hold it thus,

That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it !  
Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,  
And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,  
Did you not hold me honest ?

*Din.* Yes, most virtuous.

*Lam.* And did not that appear the only lustre  
That made me worth your love and admiration ?

*Din.* I must confess—

*Lam.* Why would you deal so basely ?  
So like a thief, a villain ?

*Din.* Peace, good madam !

*Lam.* I'll speak aloud too !—Thus maliciously,  
Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,  
Of honour and of truth (for which I loved you,  
For which I call'd you servant, and admired you),  
To steal that jewel purchased by another,  
Fiously set in wedlock, even that jewel,  
Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable ?  
Can he, that has loved good, dote on the devil ?  
(For he that seeks a whore, seeks but his agent)  
Or am I of so wild and low a blood,  
So nursed in infamies—

*Din.* I do not think so,  
And I repent.

*Lam.* That will not serve your turn, sir.

*Din.* It was your treaty drew me on.

*Lam.* But it was your villainy  
Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try  
How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,

How well you had deserved the name of virtuous !  
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all  
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,  
Swelling your poison'd billows—

*Din.* Will you betray me ?

*Lam.* To all the miseries a vexed woman may.

*Din.* Let me but out,

Give me but room to toss my sword about me,  
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman !  
Oh, that I had but words—

*Lam.* They will not serve you.

*Din.* But two-edged words, to cut thee ! A lady-  
traitor !

Perish by a proud puppet ! I did you too much  
honour,

To tender you my love ; too much respected you.  
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.

Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,  
Your greasy groom ! I scorn to imp your lame  
stock ;

You are not fair, nor handsome ; I lied loudly,  
This tongue abused you, when it spoke you  
beauteous.

*Lam.* 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.

*Din.* Put out your light ;

Your lascivious eyes are flames enough  
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter !  
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief ?  
I and my friend, the first fruits of that blood  
You and your honourable husband aim at ?  
Crooked and wretched you are both !

*Lam.* To you, sir ;

Yet, to the eye of Justice, straight as truth.

*Din.* Is this a woman's love ? a woman's mercy ?  
Do you profess this seriously ? Do you laugh at  
me ?

*Lam.* Ha, ha !

*Din.* Plague light upon your scorns, upon your  
flatteries !

Upon your tempting faces, all destructions !  
A bed-ridden winter hang upon your cheeks,  
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that  
paint you !

Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dan-  
Raise up your trophy !—Clerefont ! [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter CLEREMONT above.*]

*Cler.* What a vengeance ail you ? [Noise within.]

*Din.* What dismal noise !—Is there no honour  
in you ?—

Clerefont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a  
Deal bravely for thyself. [woman !]

*Cler.* This comes of rutting !

Are we made stales to one another ?

*Din.* Yes ;

We are undone, lost !

*Cler.* You shall pay for't, greybeard !  
Up, up ! you sleep your last else !

[*Enter above, ANABEL and two Servants with lights.*]

1 *Serv.* No, not yet, sir.—

Lady, look up.—Would you have wrong'd this  
beauty ?

Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms ?

You wear a sword ; we must entreat you leave it.  
2 *Serv.* Py, sir ! so sweet a lady ?

*Cler.* Was this my bedfellow ?

Pray, give me leave to look ! I am not mad yet ;  
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me ?

Did I fear this ? Is this a cause to shake at ?  
Away with me, for shame ! I am a rascal.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUFRE, VERDONE, LANIRA,  
CLEREMONT, and two Servants.

*Din.* I am amazed too.

*Beau.* We'll recover you.

*Verdone.* You walk like Robin Good-fellow, all  
And every man afraid of you. [the house over,

*Din.* 'Tis well, lady!

The honour of this deed will be your own;  
The world shall know your bounty.

*Beau.* What shall we do with 'em?

*Cler.* Geld me;

For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;  
I am an ass, a dog!

*Lam.* Take your revenges;

You know my husband's wrongs and your own  
losses.

*Ana.* A brave man, an admirable brave man!

Well, well, I would not be so tried again.

A very handsome proper gentleman!

*Cler.* Will you let me lie by her but one hour  
And then hang me? [more,

*Din.* We wait your malice; put your swords  
You have reason to seek blood. [home bravely!

*Lam.* Not, as you are noble!

*Champ.* Hands off, and give them liberty; only  
*Beau.* We have done that already! [disarm 'em.

*Champ.* You are welcome, gentlemen!

I am glad my house has any pleasure for you.

I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,

And you are young and handsome gentlemen:

Have you any more mind to wenches?

*Cler.* To be abused too!—Lady, you might have  
help'd this.

*Ana.* Sir, now 'tis past; but it may be I may  
Your friend hereafter in a greater matter. [stand

*Cler.* Never whilst you live.

*Ana.* You cannot tell.

Now, sir, a parting hand.

*Cler.* Down and roses!

Well, I may live to see you again.—A dull rogue!—  
No revelation in thee?

*Lam.* Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and  
colours?

That's all your punishment.

*Cler.* It might have been all yours,

Had not a blockhead undertaken it.

*Champ.* Your swords you must leave to these  
gentlemen.

*Verdone.* And now, when you dare fight,  
We are on even ice again.

*Din.* 'Tis well.

To be a mistress, is to be a monster!

And so I leave your house, and you, for ever.

*Lam.* Leave your wild lusts, and then you are

*Champ.* You may depart too. [a master.

*Cler.* I had rather stay here.

*Champ.* 'Faith, we shall fright you worse.

*Cler.* Not in that manner;

There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.

*Din.* Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

*Cler.* Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.

[*Exeunt CLEREMONT and DINANT.*]

*Champ.* How coolly these hot gallants are de-  
'Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done, [parted!

To lie so still, and so long.

*Ana.* 'Twas your pleasure;

If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

*Champ.* Oh, my best wife,

Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life.

*Lam.* The more trust you commit, the more care  
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will. [still,

*Champ.* Let's laugh this night out now, and  
count our gains;

We have our honours home, and they their pains.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter CLEREMONT and DINANT.

*Din.* It holds, they will go thither.

*Cler.* To their summer-house?

*Din.* Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the  
most infiction,

Only to insult upon our miseries.

*Cler.* Are you provided?

*Din.* Yes, yes.

*Cler.* Thoroughly?

*Din.* Thoroughly.

*Cler.* Basta, enough! I have your mind; I will

*Din.* At such an hour. [not fail you.

*Cler.* Have I a memory?

A cause, and will to do?—Thou art so sullen—

*Din.* And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

*Cler.* I have more reason, for I 'scaped a fortune,  
Which, if I come so near again—I say nothing;

But if I sweat not in another fashion—

Oh, a delicate wench!

*Din.* 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

*Cler.* And, methought, the thing was angry with  
itself too,

It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you;

I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,  
And my hour is come.

*Din.* Miss not your time.

*Cler.* I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE II.—Another Street.

Enter SAMPSON and a Gentleman.

*Gent.* I presume, sir, you now need no instruc-  
tion,

But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:

You bear your uncle's cause.

*Samp.* Do not disturb me;

I understand my cause, and the right carriage.

*Gent.* Be not too bloody.

*Samp.* As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,

If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.

*Gent.* No doubt he is valiant;

He durst not undertake else.

*Samp.* He's most welcome,

As he's most valiant; he were no man for me else.

*Gent.* But say he should relent?

*Samp.* He dies relenting,

(I cannot help it) he must die relenting;  
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying;  
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)  
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus*.

*Gent.* You're nobly punctual. Let's retire and  
But still, I say, have mercy! [meet 'em;  
*Samp.* I say, honour! [Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Room in CHAMPERNEL'S House.

*Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANABEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, and a Servant.*

*Lam.* Will not you go, sweetheart!

*Champ.* Go? I'll fly with thee!

I stay behind!

*Lam.* My father will be there too,  
And all our best friends.

*Beau.* And if we be not merry,  
We have hard luck, lady.

*Verdone.* 'Faith, let's have a kind of play.

*Champ.* What shall it be?

*Verdone.* The story of Dinant.

*Lam.* With the merry conceits of Cleremont,  
His fits and fevers.

*Ana.* But I'll lie still no more.

*Lam.* That, as you make the play. 'Twill be  
rare sport;

Any how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!  
Have you given order for the coach?

*Char.* Yes, madam.

*Champ.* My easy nag and pad?

*Serv.* 'Tis making ready.

*Champ.* Where are your horses?

*Beau.* Ready at an hour, sir.

We'll not be last.

*Champ.* Fly! What a night shall we have!

A roaring merry night!

*Lam.* We'll fly at all, sir.

*Champ.* I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle  
I'll try your art upon a country pallet. [thee!

*Lam.* Brag not too much, for fear I should  
Then, if you fail— [expect it;

*Champ.* Thou say'st too true; we all talk.

But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner  
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

*Lam.* He that's sad,

A crab-faced mistress cleave to him for this year!  
[Exit.

### SCENE IV.—An open Field without the City.

*Enter CLEREMONT and LA WRIT.*

*La Writ.* Since it cannot be the judge—

*Cler.* 'Tis a great deal better.

*La Writ.* You are sure he is his kinsman? a  
gentleman?

*Cler.* As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,  
And so near to his blood—

*La Writ.* It shall suffice:

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove  
Shall quit his kindred; I'll lop him.

*Cler.* Will you kill him?

*La Writ.* An there were no more cousins in the  
world, I kill him!

I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred;

For every cause a cousin.

*Cler.* How if he have no more cousins?

*La Writ.* The next a-kin then to his lordship's  
The man he smiles upon. [favour;

*Cler.* Why, this is vengeance!  
Horrid, and dire!

*La Writ.* I love a dire revenge:

"Give me the man that will all others kill,  
And last himself."

*Cler.* You stole that resolution.

*La Writ.* I had it in a play, but that's all one:  
I would see it done.

*Cler.* Come, you must be more merciful.

*La Writ.* To no lord's cousins in the world: I  
hate 'em!

A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice;  
If I see him first, he dies.

*Cler.* A strange antipathy!

What think you of their nieces?

*La Writ.* If I like 'em,

They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.

*Cler.* 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your

*La Writ.* No, verily. [last

*Cler.* Your valour would have ask'd a good  
foundation.

*La Writ.* Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

*Enter SAMPSON and the Gentleman.*

*Cler.* Here they come.

Bear yourself, in your language, smooth and gently.  
When your swords argue—

*La Writ.* Pray, sir, spare your precepts.

*Gent.* I have brought you, sir—

*La Writ.* 'Tis very well; no words.—

You are welcome, sir!

*Samp.* I thank you, sir; few words.

*La Writ.* I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.

*Samp.* I love you;

I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

*La Writ.* I esteem of you.

*Cler.* Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen.

Search my friend, I'll search yours.

*Gent.* That's quickly done.

*Cler.* You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts:

*Samp.* I come fairly,

To kill him honestly.

*La Writ.* Hang spells and witchcrafts!

I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman.

And so I kiss his hand.

*Gent.* This doublet is too stiff.

*La Writ.* Off with 't; I hate it, [He strips

And all such fortifications: feel my skin;

If that be stiff, flea that off too.

*Gent.* 'Tis no soft one.

*La Writ.* Off with 't, I say!

I'll fight with him like a flea cat.

*Gent.* You are well, you are well.

*Cler.* You must uncase too.

*Samp.* Yes, sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour  
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's shirt?

*Gent.* That's a main point; my friend has two.

*Cler.* That's true, sir.

*La Writ.* Base and degenerate cousin, dost not  
thou know,

An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy

Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?

This shirt five times victorious I have fought under.

And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-  
works,

As I will do through thine. Shake, and be satisfied!

*Cler.* This is unanswerable.

*Samp.* But may I fight

With a foul shirt?

*Gent.* Most certain, so it be  
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy ;  
Cæsar wore such a one.

*Samp.* Saint Denis, then !  
I accept your shirt.

*Cler.* Not so forward ; first you must talk ;  
(It is a main point of the French method)  
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.

*Gent.* No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.

*Cler.* When you have done, then stir your reso-  
Take to your weapons bravely. [lutions :

*La Writ.* 'Tis too cold,  
This for a summer fight.

*Cler.* Not for a world  
You should transgress the rules —

*Samp.* 'Tis peevish weather ;  
I had rather fight without.

*Gent.* An 'twere in a river —

*Cler.* Where both stood up to th' chins !

*La Writ.* Then let's talk quickly,  
Plague o' this circumstance !

*Cler.* Are the horses come yet ?

*Gent.* Yes, certain—Give your swords to us ;  
now civilly.

*Cler.* We'll stand a while off.—Take the things,  
and leave 'em— [Aside to the Gentleman.

You know when—and let the children play :  
This is a dainty time of fear for puppies.

'Would the old lord were here !

*Gent.* He would die with laughter.

*Cler.* I am sorry I have no time to see this game  
Away, away ! [out ;

*Gent.* Here's like to be a hot fight.  
Call when ye're fit.

[Exit CLERMONT and Gentleman with the Dresses  
and Swords.

*La Writ.* Why, look you, sir, you seem to be a  
gentleman,  
And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh,  
'tis very cold !—

Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,  
Past flesh and blood to bear.—Boh, boh, wondrous  
cold !

*Samp.* My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable  
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed !— [man,  
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,  
Yet, take me with you,—Boh, boh, pestilence  
Not altogether— [cold !

*La Writ.* Boh, boh—I say altogether.

*Samp.* You say you know not what then—Boh,  
boh,—Sir.

*La Writ.* Sir me with your sword in your hand.  
You have

A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,  
And you are—Boh, boh !

*Samp.* Boh, boh—What ?

*La Writ.* A shitten scurvy cousin !

*Samp.* Our swords, our swords !

Thou art a dog ; and, like a dog—Our swords !

*La Writ.* Our weapons, gentlemen !—Ha !

*Samp.* Where's yours ? [where's your second ?

*La Writ.* So ho ! our weapons !

*Samp.* Wa, ha, ho ! our weapons !  
Our doublets, and our weapons !—I am dead.

*La Writ.* First, second, third—A plague be wi'  
you, gentlemen ! [starved.

*Samp.* Are these the rules of honour ? I am

*La Writ.* They are gone, and we are here.  
What shall we do ?

*Samp.* Oh, for a couple of faggots !

*La Writ.* Hang a couple of faggots !

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me ?

*Samp.* I have it already.

*La Writ.* Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run  
away with our doublets !

To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a may-game !

*Samp.* There were no honour in't ; pox on't,  
'tis scurvy !

*La Writ.* Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-  
cuffs—

*Samp.* My lord mine uncle's cause depend on  
boxes !

*La Writ.* Let's go in quest. If we recover 'em—

*Samp.* Ay, come, our colds together, and our  
doublets.

*La Writ.* Give me thy hand ; thou art a valiant  
I say, if ever we recover 'em— [gentleman !

*Samp.* Let's get into a house, and warm our  
hearts.

*La Writ.* There's ne'er a house within this mile.  
Beat me,

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,  
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em—

[They kick one another.

Kick hard ; I'm frozen. So so ; now I feel it.

*Samp.* I am dull yet.

*La Writ.* I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gen-  
tlemen !

Rogues, thieves, thieves ! Run now ; I'll follow  
thee. [Exit.

#### SCENE V.—A Forest.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE,  
LAMIRA, ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, and Nurse.

*Vert.* Use legs, and have legs.

*Champ.* You that have legs say so ;

I put my one to too much stress.

*Verdone.* Your horse, sir,

Will meet you within half a mile.

*Lam.* I like

The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,  
Though it were further.—Anabel, thou'rt sad :  
What ails my niece ?

*Beau.* She is still devising, sister,

How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.

*Nurse.* Old as I am, he would have startled me ;  
Nor can you blame her.

*Char.* Had I ta'en her place,  
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shrieked,

Though he had never offer'd—

*Ana.* Out upon thee !

Thou wouldst have taught him.

*Char.* I think, with your pardon,

That you wish now you had.

*Ana.* I am glad I yield you

Such ample scope of mirth. [Music of cornets within.

*Vert.* Nay, be not angry ;  
There's no ill meant.—Ha ! music ? and choice  
music ?

*Champ.* 'Tis near us in the grove. What cour-  
teous bounty

Bestows it on us ? My dancing days are done ;  
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

*Verdone.* 'Tis, questionless, some one of your  
own village,

That, hearing of your purposed journey thither,  
Prepares it for your entertainment, and  
The honour of my lady.

*Lam.* I think, rather,  
ome of your lordship's clients.

*Beau.* What say you, cousin,  
they should prove your suitors?

*Verdone.* That's most likely!

*Nurse.* I say, if you are noble, be't who will,  
o presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,  
r tread a measure.

*Lam.* Like a miller's mare.

*Nurse.* I warrant you, well enough to serve  
the country.

'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.]

*Char.* Do you note  
low zealous the old crone is?

*Lam.* And you titter  
s eagerly as she.—Come, sweet, we'll follow;

o ill can be intended. [Music ends.]

*Champ.* I ne'er fear'd yet. [Exeunt.]

*Song in the Wood.*

This way, this way, come and hear,  
You that hold these pleasures dear;  
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,  
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.  
This way come; make haste, oh, fair!  
Let your clear eyes gild the air;  
Come, and bless us with your sight!  
This way, this way, seek delight!

*Enter a company of Gentlemen, habited like Ruffians.*

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them on a  
little further

rom the footpath into the neighbouring thicket,  
nd we may do't as safe as in a castle.

2 *Gent.* They follow still; the president Ver-  
taigne

comes on apace, and Champernel limps after;  
he women, as if they had wings, and walked  
pon the air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome;  
Ve'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All  
ow we are to proceed? [know]

2 *Gent.* We are instructed.

1 *Gent.* One strain or two more.  
[Music continues within.]

*Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BRAUPPE, VERDONE,  
LAMIRA, ANABEL, Nurse, and CHARLOTTE.*

Excellent; they are come.

*Nurse.* We cannot miss; in such a business,  
fine ear ne'er fail'd me. [yet,

*Char.* 'Would we were at it once!  
do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing!  
egin; and when I give the word—

2 *Gent.* No more:

Ve are instructed.

*[Dance; after which, the Gentlemen rush on BRAUPPE  
and company, and seize them.]*

1 *Gent.* Now!

*Beau.* But win us fairly!

1 *Gent.* Oh, sir, we do not come to try your  
valour,

but to possess you; yet we use you kindly,  
n that, like English thieves, we kill you not,  
but are contented with the spoil.

*Vert.* Oh, Heaven!  
low hath mine age deserved this?

*Champ.* Hell confound it!  
his comes of walking! Had I kept  
fy legs on my good horse, my armour on,

My staff in my rest, and this good sword to frised.  
How I would break and scatter these!

*All the Gent.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Champ.* Do you scorn me, rogues?

*Nurse.* Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,  
Or honest keepers of these woods! but bear me;  
Be not so rough! If you are taken with  
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,  
Some one or two of you try me in private;  
You shall not find me squeamish.

*Char.* Do not kill me,  
And do your worst; I'll suffer.

*Lam.* Peace, vile creatures!

*Vert.* Do you know me, or my place, that you  
presume not

To touch my person?

1 *Gent.* If you are well, rest so;

Provoke not angry wasps.

*Vert.* You are wasps indeed,  
Never created to yield wax or honey.  
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are  
men,

(As you seem such in shape), if true-born French-  
men,

However want compels you to these courses,  
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us;  
These ladies' honours, and our liberties safe,  
We freely give it.

1 *Gent.* You give but our own.

*Vert.* Look on these grey hairs, as you would  
be old!

Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy  
When justice shall o'ertake you!

*Champ.* Look on me,

Look on me, rascals, and learn of me, too.  
That have been in some part of your profession,  
Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it;  
I have rode hard, and late too.

*Vert.* Take heed, sir.

*Champ.* Then use me like a brother of the trade.  
For I have been at sea, as you on land are.

Restore my matrimony undefiled,  
Wrong not my niece, and for our gold or silver,  
If I pursue you, hang me!

*Nurse.* 'Tis well offer'd;

And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,  
If you are high, and want some sport or so,  
(As living without action here you may do),  
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat  
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;  
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,  
Will hold you play.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.

*Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT.*

*Din.* Lacquey, my horse!

*Cler.* This way, I heard the cries  
Of distress'd women.

2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard!

*Din.* Who's here? my witty, scornful, lady.  
In the hands of ruffians? [plot,

*Cler.* And my fine cold virgin,  
That was insensible of man and woman?

*Din.* Justice too,  
Without a sword to guard itself?

*Cler.* And valour with its hands bound?

*Din.* And the great soldier dull?

Why, this is strange.

*Lam.* Dinant, as thou art noble—

*Ana.* As thou art valiant, Cleremont—

*Lam.* As ever I  
Appeared lovely——

*Ana.* As you ever hope  
For what I would give gladly——

*Cler.* Pretty conjurations!

*Lam.* All injuries a little laid behind you——

*Ana.* Shew yourselves men, and help us.

*Din.* Though your many

And gross abuses of me should more move me  
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,  
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,  
The scorn'd and despised Dinant, know what does  
Belong to honour, thus——

*Cler.* I will say little! [They fight.  
Speak thou for me!

*Champ.* 'Tis bravely fought.

*Vert.* Brave tempers,

To do thus for their enemies!

*Champ.* They are lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You, that would rescue others, shall  
What they were born to. [now feel

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away!!

[*Exeunt all but VERTAIGNE and CHAMPERNELL.*

*Champ.* That I could follow them!

*Vert.* I only can

Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven  
A little life for my revenge.

*Champ.* The provost

Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:

No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from  
My searching vengeance!

[*Enter LA WRIT and SAMPSON.*

*La Writ.* Oh, cold! oh, fearful cold! Plague  
of all seconds.

*Samp.* Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip  
Of aquafortis!

*Champ.* The rogues have met with these two,  
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.

*La Writ.* As you are honourable gentlemen,  
Import unto a couple of cold combatants——

*Samp.* My lord mine uncle, as I live!

*La Writ.* Pox take him!

How that word has warm'd my mouth!

*Vert.* Why, how now, cousin?

Why, why—and where, man, have you been? at a  
poulter's,

That you are cased thus like a rabbit? I could  
laugh now,

And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children;  
Laugh monstrously.

*Champ.* What are they?

*Vert.* Give me leave, sir;

Laugh more and more, never leave laughing!

*Champ.* Why, sir?

*Vert.* Why, 'tis such a thing, (I smell it, sir, I  
Such a ridiculous thing!—— [smell it;]

*La Writ.* Do you laugh at me, my lord?

I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.

*Champ.* What art thou?

*La Writ.* What art thou?

*Samp.* If he had his doublet,  
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to

*Vert.* Peace, monsieur Sampson! [have ——

*Champ.* Come hither, little gentleman.

*La Writ.* Base is the slave commanded: Come

*Vert.* This is the Little Advocate. [to me.

*Champ.* What Advocate?

*Vert.* The Little Advocate that sent me a chal-  
lenge.

I told you that my nephew undertook it,  
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you see the  
*Champ.* Is this the Little Lawyer? [issue.

*La Writ.* You have a sword, sir,

And I have none; you have a doublet too,  
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

*Samp.* If your lordship knew

The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,  
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of  
danger

His manhood has arrived, but that men's fates are  
foolish,

And often headlong over-run their fortunes——

*La Writ.* That Little Lawyer would so prick  
his ears up,

And bite your honour by the nose——

*Champ.* Say you so, sir?

*La Writ.* So niggle about your grave shines, lord  
Vertaigne, too——

*Samp.* No more, sweet gentleman; no more of  
that, sir.

*La Writ.* I will have more, I must have more.

*Vert.* Out with it.

*Samp.* Nay, he is as brave a fellow——

*Champ.* Have I caught you? [Strikes him down.

*Vert.* Do not kill him, do not kill him.

*Champ.* No, no, no, I will not.

D'you peep again? Down, down, proud heart!

*Samp.* Oh, valour!

Look up, brave friend; I have no means to rescue  
thee.

My kingdom for a sword!

*Champ.* I'll sword you presently;

I'll claw your skin-coat too.

*Vert.* Away, good Sampson;

You go to grass else instantly.

*Samp.* But do not murder my brave friend.

*Vert.* Not one word.

*Champ.* If you do, sirrah——

*Samp.* Must I go off dishonour'd?

Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee! [Exit.

*Champ.* Are you a lawyer, sir?

*La Writ.* I was, I was, sir.

*Champ.* Nay, never look; your lawyer's pate  
is broken,

And your litigious blood about your ears, sirrah!

Why do you fight and snarl?

*La Writ.* I was possess'd.

*Champ.* I'll dispossess you. [Beats him.

*Vert.* Ha, ha, ha!

*La Writ.* Et tu, Brute?

*Vert.* Beat him no more.

*Champ.* Alas, sir, I must beat him,

Beat him into his business again; he will be lost

*Vert.* Then, take your way. [else.

*Champ.* Lie still, and do not struggle.

*La Writ.* I am patient.

I never saw my blood before; it jades me:

I have no more heart now than a goose.

*Champ.* Why, sirrah,

Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,

And send your challenges like thunderbolts,

To men of honour'd place?

*La Writ.* I understand, sir;

I never understood before your beating.

*Champ.* Does this work on you?

*La Writ.* Yes.

*Champ.* Do you thank me for't?

*La Writ.* As well

As a beaten man can.



*Champ.* And do you promise me,  
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?  
*La Writ.* If you will give me leave and life.  
*Champ.* And ask this nobleman forgiveness?  
*La Writ.* Heartily.

*Champ.* Rise then, and get you gone; and let  
me hear of you  
As of an advocate new-vamp'd. No more words;  
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;  
I shall pursue you else.

*La Writ.* I have done, sweet gentleman. *[Exit.*

*Vert.* But we forget ourselves, our friends, and  
children.

*Champ.* We'll raise the country first, then take  
our fortunes. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the same, with a  
Cave in the Back-ground.*

*Enter First Gentleman and LAMIRA.*

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?  
*Lam.* Think on my birth.

1 *Gent.* Here I am only noble,  
A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,  
A subject, and a slave.

*Lam.* Be not a tyrant,  
A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,  
And I will think you such; and on my knees,  
As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,  
With prayers and tears.

1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage.  
I will walk by; but kneel you still, and weep too,  
(It shews well) while I meditate on the prey,  
Before I seize it.

*Lam.* Is there no mercy, Heaven?

*Enter Second Gentleman and ANABEL.*

2 *Gent.* Not kiss you? I will kiss, and kiss  
again.

*Ana.* Savage villain!  
My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,  
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on,  
sir?

You're hot; there is a cooler. *[Draws out a knife.*

2 *Gent.* A virago?

*Ana.* No, loathsome goat, more, more; I am  
that goddess,  
That here with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,  
Scourge rape and theft.

2 *Gent.* I'll try your deity.

*Ana.* My chastity, and this knife held by a  
virgin,  
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,  
Call on for the encounter.

*[Throws her and takes her knife.*

2 *Gent.* Now what think you?  
Are you a goddess?

*Ana.* In me their power suffers  
That should protect the innocent.

1 *Gent.* I am

All fire, and thou shalt quench it, and serve my  
pleasures.——

Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,  
Let us enjoy our purchase.

*Lam.* Oh, Dinant!

Oh, Heaven! oh, husband!

*Ana.* Oh, my Cleremont!

1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on; bring  
'em forth.

As they are chain'd together; let them see,  
And suffer in the object.

2 *Gent.* While we sit,  
And without pity hear 'em.

*Enter the rest of the Gentlemen, bringing in DINANT and  
CLEREMONT, bound.*

*Cler.* By my life,  
I suffer more for thee than for myself.

*Din.* Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em.  
As such that not alone abused our service,  
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion;  
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief.  
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,  
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than  
2 *Gent.* He dies. *[slaves*

1 *Gent.* Pray hold; give him a little respite.

*Din.* I see you now beyond expression wretched.  
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd that boasted honour  
(As you believed, compass'd with walls of brass,  
To guard it sure.) subject to be o'er-thrown  
With the least blast of lust.

*Lam.* A most sad truth.

*Din.* That confidence which was not to be shaken  
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,  
Which, with so strong and ceremonious duty,  
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,  
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must yet  
yield up

To a licentious villain, that will hardly  
Allow you thanks for't.

*Cler.* Something I must say too,  
And to you, pretty one, though crying one.  
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benches  
please,

(Though I know not their faces that condemn me  
A little startles me; but a man is nothing,  
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.  
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart  
too,

When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay  
you,

(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me  
To make you sport) you had given a little hint,  
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,  
And by a mortal woman?

*Ana.* Pray you no more!

*Cler.* If I had loosed that virgin zone, oh  
I would have hired the best of all our poets  
To have sung so much, and so well, in the houses  
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's *Afternoon*,  
Nor his *Corinna*, should again be mention'd.

*Ana.* I do repent, and wish I had.

*Cler.* That's comfort.

But now——

2 *Gent.* Another, that will have it offer'd,  
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it!

*Cler.* A rogue, a ruffian?

2 *Gent.* As you love your throat——

1 *Gent.* Away with them.

*Ana.* Oh, Cleremont!

*Lam.* Oh, Dinant!

*Din.* I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows.  
Your fears to my fears.

*Cler.* To your wishes mine,  
This slave may prove unable to perform,  
Till I perform the task that I was born for.

*Ana.* Amen, amen!

1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence. For you, A while I'll lock you up here : Study all ways You can to please me, or, the deed being done, You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This strong vault shall contain you ; There think how many for your maidenhead

Have pined away, and be prepared to lose it With penitence.

1 *Gent.* No human help can save you.

*Ladies.* Help, help !

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain ; rocks cannot hear you. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Cave.*

*A horrid noise of music within. Enter one and opens the door, within which LAMIRA and ANABEL were shut up, they in all fear.*

*Lam.* Oh, cousin, how I shake ! all this long night,

What frights and noises we have heard ! still they increase.

The villains put on shapes to torture us, And, to their devil's form, such preparations As if they were a-hatching new dishonours, And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention. Go not too far, and pray, good cousin, Anabel ! Hark, a new noise !

*[A strange music, sackbut, and troop-music.]*

*Ana.* They are exquisite in mischief. I will go on ; this room gives no protection, More than the next.—What's that ! How sad and The sound comes to us ! [hollow,

*[Gentlemen peeping above, disguised in horrid shapes.]*

*Lam.* Groaning, or singing, is it ? *[Louder noise.]*

*Ana.* The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.

*Lam.* Now it grows louder ; sure some sad presage

Of our foul loss.—*[A Gentleman peeps.]*—Look, now they peep.

*Ana.* Pox peep 'em !

*Lam.* Oh, give them gentle language.

*Ana.* Give 'em rata-bane. *[Gentlemen peep above.]*

*Lam.* Now they're above.

*Ana.* I would they were i' th' centre.

*Lam.* Thou art so foolish desperate.

*Ana.* Since we must lose—

*Lam.* Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.

*Ana.* Call 'em rogues, Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains !

*Lam.* Look, an thou woo't beware ; dost thou feel the danger ?

*Ana.* 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,

And worse when that comes too ; they cannot eat This is a punishment upon our own prides *[me.* Most justly laid : We must abuse brave gentlemen, Make 'em tame fools and hobby-horses ; laugh and jeer at

Such men too, and so handsome and so noble, That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—

'Would 'twere to do again !

*Lam.* I do confess, cousin, It was too harsh, too foolish.

*Ana.* Do you feel it ?

Do you find it now ? take heed o' th' punishment. We might have had two gallant gentlemen, Proper, *[and]* young ; oh, how it tortures me ! Two devils now, two rascals, two-and-twenty—

*Lam.* Oh, think not so.

*f f*

*Ana.* Nay, an we 'scape so modestly—

*Lam.* May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge, When we are used thus ?

*Ana.* Why not ? why do you cry ?

Are we not women still ? what were we made for ?

*Lam.* But thus, thus basely—

*Ana.* 'Tis against our wills ;

And if there come a thousand, so.

*Lam.* Out on thee !

*Ana.* You are a fool : What we cannot resist, Why should we grieve and blush for ? There be women,

And they that bear the name of excellent women, Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.

*Lam.* Hark ! a new noise ! [New sound within.]

*Ana.* Let 'em go on ; I fear not.

If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve me,

Why, so be it, cousin. If I be ordain'd

To breed a race of rogues—

*Enter four over the stage, with BEAUPRE and VERDONE bound, and halters about their necks.*

*Lam.* They come.

*Ana.* Be firm ;

They are welcome.

*Lam.* What mask of death is this ? Oh, my dear brother !

*Ana.* My coz too ? why, now you are glorious villains !

*Lam.* Oh, shall we lose our honours ?

*Ana.* Let 'em go ;

When death prepares the way, they are but pa— Why must these die ? [*geants.*]

*Beau.* Lament your own misfortunes ;

We perish happily before your ruins.

*Ana.* Has mischief ne'er a tongue ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, foolish woman,

Our captain's will is death.

*Ana.* You dare not do it.

Tell thy base boist'rous captain what I say,

Thy lawless captain, that he dares not !

D'y'ou laugh, you rogue ? you pamper'd rogue ?

*Lam.* Good sir,

*(Good cousin, gently !)* as you are a gentleman—

*Ana.* A gentleman ! A slave, a dog, the devil's harbinger !

*Lam.* Sir, as you had a mother—

*Ana.* He a mother ?

Shame not the name of mother ? A she-bear,

A bloody old wolf-bitch ! A woman-mother ?

Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother ?

Intreat him ? Hang him !—Do thy worst ; thou daarest not,

Thou daarest not wrong their lives ; thy captain dares not ;

They are persons of more price.

*Verdone.* Whate'er we suffer,  
Let not your angers wrong you.

*Ana.* You cannot suffer;

The men that do this deed must live i' th' moon,  
Free from the gripe of justice.

*Lam.* Is it not better—

*Ana.* Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,  
And put false faces on? they dare not do it!  
Flatter such scabs of nature?

2 *Gent.* Woman, woman,  
The next work is with you.

*Ana.* Unbind those gentlemen,  
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

*Lam.* As you have mercy, do!

*Ana.* As you are monsters?

*Lam.* Fright us no more with shipwreck of our  
honours;

Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,  
Let it endanger those.

*Ana.* I say, they dare not.—

There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues!  
Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!

2 *Gent.* Away.

*Lam.* Stay.

*Ana.* Stay;

Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-faced gen-  
tlemen,

You excellent in honesty!—Oh, kinsmen!

Oh, noble kinsmen!

*Gent.* Away with 'em!

[*Exeunt VERDONE, BEAUFRE, and Gentlemen.*]

*Ana.* Stay yet.—

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!  
Come, fortify yourself; if they do die,  
(Which all that ruggedness cannot rack into me)  
They cannot find an hour more innocent,  
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

*Enter CLEREMONT disguised.*

*Lam.* Now stand constant;

For now our trial's come. [*ANABEL falls.*]

*Cler.* This beauty's mine;

Your minute moves not yet.

*Lam.* She sinks!—If Christian,

If any spark of noble heat—

*Cler.* [*Apart to ANABEL.*] Rise, lady,  
And fearless rise; there's no dishonour meant you.

Do you know my tongue?

*Ana.* I have heard it.

*Cler.* Mark it better.

I am one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves you.

Look on my face. [*Pulls off his mask.*]

*Ana.* Oh, sir!

*Cler.* No more words; softly

Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,

Suspect not, fear not.

*Ana.* You have brought me comfort.

*Cler.* If you think me worthy of your husband,  
I am no rogue nor beggar; if you dare do thus—

*Ana.* You're monsieur Cleremont?

*Cler.* I am the same.

If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave you,  
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,  
That will not woo you much.

*Ana.* Save my reputation,

And free me from these slaves!

*Cler.* By this kiss, I'll do it,  
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.

I have a priest too shall be ready.

*Ana.* You are forward.

*Lam.* Is this my constant cousin? How she  
Kisses and hugs the thief! [*whispers,*]

*Ana.* You'll offer nothing?

*Cler.* Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.

*Ana.* Can you relieve my aunt too?

*Cler.* Not yet, mistress,

But fear nothing; all shall be well. Away, quickly!  
It must be done i' th' moment, or—

*Ana.* I am with you.

*Cler.* I'll know now who sleeps by me.—Keep  
your standing.

[*Exeunt CLEREMONT and ANABEL.*]

*Lam.* Well, go thy way, and thine own shame  
dwell with thee!

Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?

The dear love and the life she owed her kinsmen?

Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman!

Is this the noble anger you arrived at?

Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you  
rail'd at,

The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair modesty,  
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?

What hand of Heaven is over us, when strong  
virgins

Yield to their fears, and to their fears their for-  
tunes?

Never, Belief, come near me more! Farewell  
wench,

A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!

My turn is next; I am resolved. It comes;

But in a nobler shape? Ha!

*Enter DINANT.*

*Din.* Bless you, lady!

*Lam.* Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings:  
For all the hours I have had since I came here  
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?  
For I presume you come to comfort me.

*Din.* To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most  
true;

My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,  
And every hour my death.

*Lam.* Heaven was your comfort.

*Din.* Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness.

Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes

(Mine own I had the least care of), round about me

The captain and the company stood gaping,

When I began the story of my love

To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow

Follow'd each point, that, even from those rack  
eyes,

That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,

There stole down soft relentings: (Take heed mis-  
tress,

And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!

The soft-plumed god will see again!) Thus taken,

As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,

They stood amazed; then bid me rise and live,

Take liberty and means to see your person,

And wish'd me prosperous in your love: Wish  
you so;

Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!

*Lam.* Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk of love  
Shall we make fools of our afflictions? [*in?*]

Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,

Where all the noise of bloody horror is?

My brother, and my cousin, they are dead, sir,

Dead, basely dead! Is this an age to fool in?

And I myself, I know not what I shall be!

Yet I must thank you; and if happily

You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,  
And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.

*Din.* Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

*Enter CLEREMONT, ANABEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, NURSE, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Lam.* How! do you conjure?

*Din.* Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam, But such as you would gladly see.

*Lam.* My brother,  
And nephew living?

*Beau.* And both owe their lives  
To the favour of these gentlemen.

*Verdone.* Who deserve

Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.

*Lam.* Which I give freely, and become a suitor,  
To be hereafter more familiar *[Kisses them.]*  
With such great worth and virtue.

*1 Gent.* Ever think us  
Your servants, madam.

*Cler.* Why, if thou wilt needs know  
How we are freed, I will discover it,  
And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen  
This night encountering with those outlaws that  
Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were  
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,  
(I am sure with better fortune) not alone  
Guarded themselves, but forced the bloody thieves,  
Being got between them and this hellish cave,  
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher  
Into the woods, all left to their possession:  
This saved your brother and your nephew from  
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,  
And gave my friend his liberty; this preserved  
Your honour, ready to be lost.

*Din.* But that *[Aside.]*  
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves  
And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice  
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it  
With such a constant brow, that, I am doubtful,  
I should believe him too.

*1 Gent.* If we did well,  
We are rewarded.

*2 Gent.* Thanks but take away  
From what was freely purposed.

*Cler.* Now, by this hand, *[To the Gentlemen apart.]*  
You have so cunningly discharged your parts,  
That, while we live, rest confident you shall  
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupré  
Nor Verdone scents it; for the ladies, they  
Were easy to be gull'd.

*1 Gent.* 'Twas but a jest;  
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,  
Should it be known.

*Cler.* Fear nothing.

*Din.* Cleremont,  
Say, what success?

*Cler.* As thou wouldst wish; 'tis done, lad!  
The grove will witness with me, that this night  
I lay not like a block. But how speed you?

*Din.* I yet am in suspense; devise some means  
To get these off, and speedily.

*Cler.* I have it.—

Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,  
Our predecessors in this place, were not  
So foolish and improvident husbands, but  
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

*ff 2*

*1 Gent.* Let's ransack it;  
'Tis ours now by the law.

*Cler.* How say you, sweet one,  
Have you an appetite?

*Ana.* To walk again

I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

*Cler.* A little respite, pr'ythee. Nay, blush not;  
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.—  
Monsieur Beaupré, Verdone,  
What think you of the motion?

*Verdone.* Lead the way.

*Beau.* We follow willingly.

*Cler.* When you shall think fit,  
We will expect you.

*[Exeunt all but DINANT and LAMIRA.]*

*Din.* Now be mistress of  
Your promise, lady.

*Lam.* 'Twas to give you hearing.

*Din.* But that word hearing did include a grant,  
And you must make it good.

*Lam.* Must?

*Din.* Must and shall!

I will be fool'd no more: You had your tricks,  
Made properties of me and of my friend,  
Presumed upon your power, and whipp'd me with  
The rod of mine own dotage: Do not flatter  
Yourself with hope, that any human help  
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,  
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

*Lam.* You will not force me?

*Din.* Rather than enjoy you  
With your consent; because I will torment you,  
I'll make you feel th' effects of abused love,  
And glory in your torture!

*Lam.* Brother! nephew!

Help, help, for Heaven's sake!

*Din.* Tear your throat, cry louder;  
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,  
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,  
It should be fruitless: 'Tis not that I love you,  
Or value those delights you prize so high,  
That I'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy  
More sport, and a companion to whom  
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

*Lam.* Forbear me then.

*Din.* Not so; I'll do't in spite,  
And break that stubborn disobedient will,  
That hath so long held out; that boasted honour  
I will make equal with a common whore's:  
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,  
And grew into a river of vain glory,  
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,  
And make it loathsome even to goats!

*Lam.* Oh, Heaven!

No pity, sir?

*Din.* You taught me to be cruel,  
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee, fool;  
Those that surprised thee were my instruments:  
I can plot too, good madam, (you shall find it,)  
And, in the stead of licking of my fingers,  
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,  
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,  
Thus make my way, and with authority  
Command what I would have.

*Lam.* I am lost for ever!

*[Kneels.]*

Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,  
And yield myself up, miserable guilty!  
Thus kneeling, I confess you cannot study  
Sufficient punishments to load me with;  
I am in your power, and I confess again,



You cannot be too cruel. If there be,  
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,  
Anything else to make the balance even,  
Pray put it in ; all hopes, all helps have left me,  
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,  
And ravishment the least that I can look for !  
Do what you please.

*Din.* Indeed I will do nothing,  
Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady ; nor had ever  
Such a lewd purpose.

*Lam.* Can there be such goodness,  
And in a man so injured !

*Din.* Be confirmed in't ; [Kisses her.]  
I seal it thus. I must confess you vex'd me,  
In fooling me so often, and those fears  
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,  
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love  
Dinant thus throws away ! Live to mankind,  
As you have done to me, and I will honour  
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

*Lam.* All I possess comes short of satisfaction.

*Din.* No compliments. The terrors of this night  
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so  
With ease forget it : for Dinant, that labour'd  
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,  
And will protect and guard it.

*Lam.* 'Tis as safe, then,  
As if a complete army undertook it. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—PARIS. *A Street.*

*Enter LA WRIT, SAMPSON, and Clients.*

*La Writ.* Do not persuade me, gentle Monsieur  
I am a mortal man again, a lawyer ; [Sampson ;]  
My martial part I have put off.

*Samp.* Sweet monsieur,  
Let but our honours teach us.

*La Writ.* Monsieur Sampson,  
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,  
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients ;  
I am yours, and you are mine again—Be but so  
thresht,

Receive that castigation with a cudgel—

*Samp.* Which calls upon us for a reparation.

*La Writ.* I have it, it cost me half-a-crown, I  
bear it,

All over me I bear it, Monsieur Sampson ;  
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,  
To 'noint my beaten body.

*Samp.* It concerns you,  
You have been swung.

*La Writ.* Let it concern thee, too ;  
Go, and be beaten ; speak scurv'y words as I did ;  
Speak to that lion-lord, waken his anger,  
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do ;  
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out ; do,  
Sampson ;

Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices ;  
Do, silly Sampson, do.

*1 Client.* You wrong the gentleman,  
To try to put him out of his right mind, thus :  
You wrong us, and our causes.

*La Writ.* Down with him, gentlemen ;  
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace,—  
Then, when thou hast been lamed, thy small guts  
perish'd,  
Then talk to me ; before, I scorn thy counsel :  
Feel w

*2 Client.* Tempt him no further ;  
Be warn'd, and say no more !

*La Writ.* If thou dost, Sampson,  
Thou seest my myrmidons, (I'll let 'em loose,) [Exit.]  
That in a moment—

*Samp.* I say nothing, sir ;  
But I could wish—

*La Writ.* They shall destroy thee, wishing !  
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten  
causes,  
Dearer than ten men's lives ; tempt, and thou  
diest !

Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle ;  
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen ;  
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly ;  
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating ;  
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy  
laundress' placket,  
And thou wilt live long.

*1 Client.* Give ear, and be instructed.

*La Writ.* I find I am wiser than a justice of  
peace, now :

Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man !  
That sticks still by him.—Art thou a new man ?

*Samp.* Yes, yes ;  
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

*La Writ.* Go, my son Sampson, I have now  
begot thee ;

I'll send thee causes ; speak to thy lord, and live,  
And lay my share by ; go, and live in peace,  
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place :  
That man neglects his living is an ass.

[Exit SAMPSON.]

Farewell !—Come, chearily, boys, about our business—  
Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords ! [Exit.]

*1 Client.* Sweet advocate ! [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—The Country-house of CHAM- PERNEL.

*Enter NURSE and CHARLOTTE.*

*Nurse.* I know not, wench ; they may call 'em  
what they will,

Outlaws, or thieves ; but, I am sure, to me  
One was an honest man ; he used me well ;  
What I did, 'tis no matter ; he complain'd not.

*Char.* I must confess there was one bold with  
me, too ;

Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter ;  
I was to pay a waiting woman's ransom,  
And I have done't ; and I would pay't again,  
Were I ta'en to-morrow.

*Nurse.* Alas, there was no hurt !  
It's be a sin for such as live at hard meat,  
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do.  
To taste a little flesh—

*Char.* God help the courtiers,  
That lie at rack and manger !

*Nurse.* I shall love  
A thief the better for this while I live ;  
They are men of a charitable vocation,  
And give where there is need, and with discretion.  
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,  
That has been empty twenty years.

*Char.* Peace, nurse ;  
Farewell, and cry not roast meat. Methinks  
Clerefont

*Nurse.* I observe it.—  
If she have got a penny too!

*Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, and Provost.*

*Char.* No more.  
*My lord Monsieur Vertaigne; the provost too!*  
*Haste, and acquaint my lady.*

*[Exit Nurse and CHARLOTTE.]*

*Pro.* Wondrous strange!

*Vert.* 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.

*Champ.* On mine honour.

*Pro.* I have been provost-marshal twenty years,  
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals;  
But so near Paris yet I never met with  
One of that brotherhood.

*Champ.* We, to our cost, have.  
But will you search the wood?

*Pro.* It is beset;  
They cannot 'scape us. Nothing makes me wonder  
So much, as, having you within their power,  
They let you go; it was a courtesy  
That French thieves use not often. I much pity  
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,  
I rather hope than fear.

*Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRE, LAMTRA,  
ANABEL, CHARLOTTE, and Nurse.*

Are these the prisoners?

*Din.* We were such.

*Vert.* Kill me not, excess of joy!

*Champ.* I see thou livest; but hast thou had  
no foul play?

*Lam.* No, on my soul; my usage hath been  
Far from all violence. [noble,

*Champ.* How were you freed?  
But kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure;  
I am glad I have thee.—Niece, how you keep off,  
As you knew me not!

*Ana.* Sir, I am where  
I owe most duty.

*Cler.* 'Tis indeed most true, sir;  
The man that should have been your bed-fellow,  
Your lordship's bed-fellow, that could not smell  
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool [out  
To make you merry; this poor simple fellow  
Has met the maid again, and now she knows  
He is a man.

*Champ.* How; is she dishonour'd?

*Cler.* Not unless marriage be dishonourable:  
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,  
And the next priest we meet shall warrant it  
To all the world. I lay with her in jest;  
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

*Champ.* Is this true, niece?

*Din.* Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir,  
storm not;

He is my friend, and I can make this good,  
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship  
Might have sought out a worse; we are all friends  
too,

All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless  
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect  
What is so well begun.

*Vert.* That were not manly.

*Lam.* Let me persuade you.

*Champ.* Well, God give you joy!  
She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—  
For you, Monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll show you  
Another niece, to this not much inferior;  
As you shall like, proceed.

*Din.* I thank you, sir.

*Champ.* Back then to Paris. Well that travel  
ends,  
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

*[Exit.]*

## EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I am sent forth to inquire what you decree  
Of us, and of our poets; they will be  
This night exceeding merry, so will we,  
If you approve their labours. They profess  
You are their patrons, and we say no less:  
Resolve us, then, for you can only tell,  
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

# VALENTINIAN.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINIAN, *Emperor of Rome.*  
 AECIUS, *the Emperor's Loyal General.*  
 BALBUS,  
 PROCULUS, } *Four Noble Pandars, and Flat-*  
 CHILAX, *a Greek,* } *terers to the Emperor.*  
 LICINIUS,  
 MAXIMUS, *a great Soldier, Husband to LUCINA.*  
 LUCIUS, *an Eunuch.*  
 PONTIUS, *an honest Centurion.*  
 PHIDIAS, } *Two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Ser-*  
 ARETUS, } *vants to AECIUS.*  
 AFRANIUS, *an eminent Captain.*  
 PAULUS, *a Poet.*  
 LICIPPUS, *a Courtier.*

FULVIUS,  
 LUCIUS, } *Senators.*  
 SEMPRONIUS,

EUDOXIA, *Empress, Wife to VALENTINIAN.*  
 LUCINA, *the chaste abused Wife of MAXIMUS.*  
 CLAUDIA, } *LUCINA's Waiting-Women.*  
 MARCELLINA,  
 ARDELLA, } *Two of the Emperor's Bards.*  
 PHORBA,

Physicians, Gentlemen, Soldiers, a Boy, a Messenger, and Ladies.

## SCENE,—ROME.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*The Court of the Imperial Palace.*

*Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, and LICINIUS.*

*Bal.* I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,  
 No more another woman, no more alter'd  
 With any hopes or promises laid to her,  
 Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,  
 Than I am with the motion of my own legs.

*Proc.* Chilax,  
 You are a stranger yet in these designs,  
 At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,  
 Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,  
 In all the ways of women you have run through—  
 (For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,  
 As we, to fetch and carry.)

*Chi.* True, I have so.

*Proc.* Did you, I say again, in all this progress,  
 Ever discover such a piece of beauty,  
 Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,  
 One that must know her worth too, and affect it,  
 Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest?  
 Honest, against the tide of all temptations?  
 Honest to one man, to her husband only,  
 And yet not eighteen, not of age to know  
 Why she is honest?

*Chi.* I confess it freely,  
 I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:  
 For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,

if I say two,

Were they to try again, say twice as many,  
 Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:  
 But this wench staggers me.

*Licin.* Do you see these jewels?  
 You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll  
 Here's half the wealth of Asia. [sure]

*Bal.* These are nothing  
 To the full honours I propounded to her:  
 I bid her think, and be, and presently,  
 Whatever her ambition, what the counsel  
 Of others would add to her, what her dreams  
 Could more enlarge, what any precedent  
 Of any woman rising up to glory,  
 And standing certain there, and in the highest  
 Could give her more; nay, to be empress.

*Proc.* And cold at all these offers?

*Bal.* Cold as crystal,  
 Ne'er to be thaw'd again.

*Chi.* I tried her further,  
 And so far, that I think she is no woman;  
 At least, as women go now.

*Licin.* Why, what did you?

*Chi.* I offer'd that, that had she been but  
 tress

Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reas  
 A safe revenge of all that ever hate her, [I  
 The crying-down for ever [of] all beauties  
 That may be thought come near her.

*Proc.* That was pretty.

From her aspect to draw their good or evil,  
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune; a new nature  
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;  
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame Vir-  
tue

Should bless to all posterities: her air  
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;  
And last, to none but to the emperor,  
(And then but when she pleased to have it so,)  
She should be held for mortal.

*Licin.* And she heard you?

*Chi.* Yes, as a sick man hears a noise; or he  
That stands condemn'd, his judgment. Let me  
perish,

But, if there can be virtue; if that name  
Be anything but name and empty title,  
If it be so as fools have been pleased to feign it,  
A power that can preserve us after ashes,  
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,  
This woman has a god of virtue in her!

*Bal.* I would the emperor were that god.

*Chi.* She has in her  
All the contempt of glory and vain-seeming  
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Christians,  
And all their constancy: Modesty was made  
When she was first intended. When she blushes,  
It is the holiest thing to look upon;  
The purest temple of her sect that ever  
Made Nature a bless'd founder.

*Proc.* Is there no way  
To take this phoenix?

*Licin.* None but in her ashes.

*Chi.* If she were fat, or any way inclining  
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,  
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;  
But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire.

*Bal.* I think so, too; for all the ways of woman,  
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,  
After my many offers, walking with her,  
And her as many down-denials, how  
If th' emperor grown mad with love, should force  
her?

She pointed to a Lucrece, that hung by,  
And with an angry look, that from her eyes  
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.

*Proc.* This is the first wench I was ever posed in;  
Yet I have brought young loving things together  
This two-and-thirty years.

*Chi.* I find, by this wench,  
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,  
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none  
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:  
And, as the tutor to great Alexander  
Would say, a young man should not dare to read  
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty;  
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,  
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)  
If they will rise, and gain experience,  
Well steep'd in years, and discipline, begin it;  
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

*Bal.* Well, what's thought of?

*Proc.* The emperor must know it.

*Licin.* If the women

Should chance to fail too?

*Chi.* As 'tis ten to one.

*Proc.* Why, what remains, but new nets for the  
purchase?

*Chi.* Let's go consider, then; and if all fail,  
This is the first quick oel that saved her tail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the House of*  
MAXIMUS.

*Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, and PHORBA.*

*Ard.* You still insist upon that idol, honour:  
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth  
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes  
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour  
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,  
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)  
Leave you the most respected person living?  
Or can the common kisses of a husband  
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)  
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;  
The honour of a woman is her praises;  
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought to,  
And not to bury such a happy sweetness  
Under a smoky roof.

*Lucina.* I'll hear no more.

*Phorba.* That white and red, and all that blessed  
beauty,

Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing:  
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.  
The phoenix, were she never seen, were doubted;  
That most unvalued horn the unicorn  
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing  
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no man;  
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.  
Virtue is either lame, or not at all;  
And Love a sacrilege, and not a saint,  
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.

*Ard.* Nay, you shall love your husband too;  
To make a monster of you. [we come not

*Lucina.* Are ye women?

*Ard.* You'll find us so; and women you shall  
If you have grace to make your use. [thank too,  
*Lucina.* Fy on ye!

*Phorba.* Alas, poor bashful lady! By my soul,  
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,  
And I a man, I should run mad for those.  
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

*Ard.* Come, goddess, come; you move too near  
the earth;

It must not be! a better orb stays for you:  
Here; be a maid, and take 'em. [*Offers her jewels.*

*Lucina.* Pray leave me.

*Phorba.* That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way  
To make us guilty of your melancholy;  
You must not be alone; in conversation  
Doubts are resolved, and what sticks near the  
Made easy, and allowable. [conscience

*Lucina.* Ye are devils!

*Ard.* That you may one day bless for your  
damnation.

*Lucina.* I charge ye, in the name of Chastity,  
Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!  
There is no wonder men defame our sex,  
And lay the vices of all ages on us,  
When such as you shall bear the names of women!  
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense  
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;  
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,  
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;  
If ever ye had fathers, and they souls;  
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;  
If ever anything were constant in you,  
Besides your sins, or common but your curses;  
If ever any of your ancestors  
Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;  
Soul-frighted with this black infection,



You would run from one another to repentance,  
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,  
That made ye blind, and beasts!

*Phor.* You speak well, lady;

A sign of fruitful education,

If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

*Ard.* This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,  
And we may all give thanks for't.

*Phor.* I believe you.

*Ard.* If anything redeem the emperor

From his wild flying courses, this is she:

She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.

*Phor.* Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;

And so religious, that I well believe,

Though she would sin, she cannot.

*Ard.* And besides,

She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's:

There lies the main consideration,

For which she's chiefly born.

*Phor.* She finds that point

Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,

I look by her means for a reformation,

And such a one, and such a rare way carried,

That all the world shall wonder at.

*Ard.* 'Tis true.

I never thought the emperor had wisdom,

Pity, or fair affection to his country,

'Till he profess'd this love: Gods give 'em children,

Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!

I look to see a Numa from this lady,

Or greater than Octavius.

*Phor.* Do you mark too,

(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,

And what a flowing modesty runs through her,

When we but name the emperor?

*Ard.* But mark it?

Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,

Though she be fair as Heaven, and virtuous

As holy truth, yet, to the emperor,

She is a kind of nothing but her service,

Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;

And when her country's cause commands affection,

She knows obedience is the key of virtues:

Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;

And though the tie of marriage to her lord

Would fain cry, "Stay, Lucina!" yet the cause,

And general wisdom of the prince's love,

Makes her find surer ends, and happier;

And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

*Phor.* Her tartness unto us too——

*Ard.* That's a wise one——

*Phor.* I really like; it shews a rising wisdom,

That chides all common fools as dare inquire

What princes would have private.

*Ard.* What a lady

Shall we be bless'd to serve!

*Lucina.* Go, get ye from me!

Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.

Is this the virtuous lure ye train'd me out to?

Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?

But that I had a mother, and a woman,

Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches

Into the good itself is, I should now

Even doubt myself, I have been searched so near

The very soul of honour. Why should you two,

That happily have been as chaste as I am,

(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,

Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins)

After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?

For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,

(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)  
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,  
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish.  
Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,  
Study no more to be ill spoken of!

Let women live themselves; if they must fall,  
Their own destruction find 'em, not your frown.

*Ard.* Madam, you are so excellent in all,

And, I must tell it you with admiration,

So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,

And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,

That, for mine own part, I could still offend,

To hear you angry: Women that want that,

And your way guided (else I count it nothing).

Are either fools or cowards.

*Phor.* She were a mistress for no private great.

Could she not frown. A ravish'd kiss from anger.

And such an anger as this lady learns us,

Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,

Which of ye all could hold from?

*Lucina.* I perceive ye;

Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price

You sell the chastity of modest wives at,

Run to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;

And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues.

Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.

Go, tell the emperor ye have met a woman

That neither his own person, which is godlike,

The world he rules, nor what that world can pay—

Nor all the glories subject to a Caesar, [chase.

The honours that he offers for my body,

The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,

Nor anything that's his, and apt to tempt me,

No, not to be the mother of the empire,

And queen of all the holy fires he worships,

Can make a whore of!

*Ard.* You mistake us, lady.

*Lucina.* Yet, tell him this has thus much weak-

en'd me,

That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons,

(Fit nurses for his sins) which gods forgive me!

But, ever to be leaning to his folly,

Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,

And, from her mouth whose life shall make it cer-

I never can! I have a noble husband, [tain.

(Pray tell him that too) yet, a noble name,

A noble family, and, last, a conscience.

Thus much for your answer: For yourselves,

Ye have lived the shame of women, die the better!

[Exit.

*Phor.* What's now to do?

*Ard.* Even as she said, to die;

For there's no living here, and women thus,

I am sure, for us two.

*Phor.* Nothing stick upon her?

*Ard.* We have lost a mass of money. Well,

dame Virtue,

Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.

*Phor.* Worms take her!

She has almost spoil'd our trade.

*Ard.* So godly!

This is ill breeding, Phorba.

*Phor.* If the women

Should have a longing now to see this monster,

And she convert 'em all!

*Ard.* That may be, Phorba;

But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.

Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us thus:

There is a certain season, if we hit,

That women may be rid without a bit. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter MAXIMUS and AECIUS.*

*Max.* I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,  
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;  
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,  
And the most happy tie of our affections)  
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where  
lives virtue,

Honour, discretion, wisdom? Who are call'd  
And chosen to the steering of the empire,  
But bawds, and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius!  
The glory of a soldier, and the truth  
Of men, made up for goodness' sake, like shells,  
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:  
Only your happy self, and I that love you,  
Which is a larger means to me than favour—

*Aëcius.* No more, my worthy friend; though  
these be truths,

And though these truths would ask a reformation,  
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,  
We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience  
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done  
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes  
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,  
Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,  
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,  
Because the priests that touch those sweets are  
wicked;

We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we can—  
Whilst we consider who we are, and how, [not,—  
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;  
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,  
And not inquired into; whilst gods and angels  
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—  
Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly  
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

*Max.* My noble friend, (from whose instructions  
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much;—  
Nor think I speak it with ambition,

For, by the gods, I do not!—Why, Aëcius,  
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

*Aëcius.* You'll fall again into your fit.

*Max.* I will not.—

Or, are we now no more the sons of Romans,  
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,  
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?  
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,  
This god that ought to be—

*Aëcius.* You are too curious.

*Max.* Good, give me leave.—Why is this author  
of us—

*Aëcius.* I dare not hear you speak thus.

*Max.* I'll be modest.—

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,  
And we beholders?—Misconceive me not;  
I sow no danger in my words.—But wherefore,  
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers  
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their virtues  
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,  
For goodness' sake? their honours time out-daring?  
I think, for our example.

*Aëcius.* You speak nobly.

*Max.* Why are we seeds of these then, to shake  
hands

With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,  
And court her like a mistress?—'Pray, your leave  
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt [yet.—  
To take impression rather from his pleasures,

Than any constant worthiness: It may be.

But, why do these, the people call his pleasures,  
Exceed the moderation of a man?

Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,  
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?

*Aëcius.* You search the sore too deep, and I  
must tell you,

In any other man this had been boldness,  
And so rewarded. Pray depress your spirit:  
For, though I constantly believe you honest,  
(You were no friend for me else) and what now  
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,  
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears  
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few  
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,  
And to the heaviest, friend: And pray, consider  
We are but shadows, motions others give us;  
And though our pities may become the times,  
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy  
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,  
But not in force: For, durst mine own soul urge  
me

(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)  
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,  
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,  
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,  
And both their instigations; though my cause  
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,  
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,  
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,  
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,  
As I may well believe, seems vicious,  
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?  
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore  
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,  
The elephant is never won with anger,  
Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,  
Take him by the teeth.

*Max.* I pray mistake me not.

*Aëcius.* Our honest actions, and the light that  
breaks

Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,  
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,  
And not till then truly repents his errors,

When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.

*Max.* My ever honour'd friend, I'll take your  
counsel.

The emperor appears: I'll leave you to him;  
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish! [*Exit.*

*Enter VALENTINIAN and CHILAX.*

*Val.* Is that the best news?

*Chi.* Yet the best we know, sir.

*Val.* Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone  
then. [*Exit CHILAX.*

Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.—  
How now, Aëcius? are the soldiers quiet?

*Aëcius.* Better, I hope, sir, than they were.

*Val.* They are pleased, I hear,

To censure me extremely for my pleasures;  
Shortly they'll fight against me.

*Aëcius.* Gods defend, sir!

And, for their censures, they are such shrewd  
A donative of ten sesterties, [judgers,  
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,  
More than they sang your pleasures.

*Val.* I believe thee.

Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet?

*Aëcius.* Oh, no, sir!

I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,

That only am acquainted with alarms,  
Would break their tender bodies.

*Val.* Never fear it;  
They are stronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.

My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;  
A good one, I believe thee.

*Æcicius.* All that goodness  
Is but your grace's creature.

*Val.* Tell me truly,—  
For thou darest tell me—

*Æcicius.* Any thing concerns you,  
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.

*Val.* What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;

Mince 'em not, good *Æcicius*, but deliver  
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.

*Æcicius.* I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,

You be not stirr'd: For, should the gods live with  
Even those we certainly believe are righteous, [us,  
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.

*Val.* Forward.

*Æcicius.* Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,

By which they judge your majesty too sensual,  
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;  
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,  
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;  
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,

Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,  
Then takes the edge of honour, makes us seem  
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)  
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded.  
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,  
Your virtue can correct them.

*Val.* They speak plainly.

*Æcicius.* They say moreover (since your grace will have it;

For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword  
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,  
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,  
You have got a vein of fiddling; so they term it.—

*Val.* Some drunken dreams, *Æcicius*.

*Æcicius.* So I hope, sir.—

And that you rather study cruelty,  
And to be fear'd for blood, than loved for bounty,  
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you),  
Telling your years and actions by their deaths  
Whose truth and strength of duty made you *Cæsar*.  
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,  
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,  
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;  
A people as they term 'em, made of paper,  
In which the secret sins of each man's monies  
Are seal'd and sent a-working.

*Val.* What sin's next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

*Æcicius.* Nor hurt ye, o' my soul, sir! But such people

(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when  
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.

*Val.* Forward.

*Æcicius.* I have spoken too much, sir.

*Val.* I'll have all.

*Æcicius.* It fits not

Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit  
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,  
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.

*Val.* It may be

I am so; therefore forward.

*Æcicius.* I have ever  
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.

*Val.* No more apologies.

*Æcicius.* They grieve besides, sir,  
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue  
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd  
With loss of many a darling life subdued,  
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur  
To see the warlike eagles mew their honours  
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.  
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,  
"The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us Egypt,  
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours,  
There where our swords may make us meat, as  
danger

Digest our well-got viands. Here our weapons,  
And bodies that were made for shining brass,  
Are both unedged, and old with ease and women.  
And then they cry again, "Where are the German  
Lined with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em on,  
And let the son of war, steeled Mithridates,  
Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,  
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrow  
Yet we dare fight like Romans!" Then, as soldiers  
Tired with a weary march, they tell their wounds  
Even weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deep  
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.  
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims  
They reckon up the times, and living labours,  
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder  
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with  
honours,

Can now forget the custom of her conquests:

And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who  
leads us?"

Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers  
The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians?  
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em  
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,  
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!  
For, from the spring of these, succeeded  
Thus they talk, sir. [princes]

*Val.* Well,

Why do you hear these things?

*Æcicius.* Why do you do 'em?

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,  
And more vexation, do I hear these taintures,  
Than were my life dropped from me through a  
hour-glass!

*Val.* Belike then you believe 'em, or at least  
Are glad they should be so. Take heed! you  
were better

Build your own tomb, and run into it living,  
Than dare a prince's anger!

*Æcicius.* I am old, sir,

And ten years more addition is but nothing:  
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it! [Exit  
Upon my knees, if ever any service,  
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice,  
If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,  
Deserved a fair respect; if all my actions,  
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wounds,  
For you and for the empire, be not vices;  
By that style you have stamp'd upon me, soldier  
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!]

*Val.* I understand you not.

*Æcicius.* Let not this body,  
That has look'd bravely in his blood for *Cæsar*,

And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,  
 After the 'scape of swords, spears, slings, and  
     arrows,  
 ('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour)  
 The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase  
 For slaves, and base informers. I see anger  
 And death look through your eyes; I am mark'd  
     for slaughter,  
 And know the telling of this truth has made me  
 A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;  
 Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,  
 Is, I may die a Roman!  
*Val.* Rise, my friend still,  
 And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;

I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;  
 Keep your command, and prosper.

*Aëcius.* Life to Cæsar!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CHILAX.*

*Chi.* Lord Maximus attends your grace.

*Val.* Go tell him

I'll meet him in the gallery.—

The honesty of this Aëcius

(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)

Has dived so deep into me, that of all

The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,

With much repentance, now I could be quit of;

But she is such a pleasure, being good,

That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and CHILAX,  
*discovered playing at Dice.*

*Val.* Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just  
 I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.

*Licin.* If I have anything to set your grace,  
 But clothes, or good conditions, let me perish!  
 You have all my money, sir.

*Proc.* And mine.

*Chi.* And mine too.

*Max.* Unless your grace will credit us.

*Val.* No bare board.

*Licin.* Then, at my garden-house.

*Val.* The orchard too?

*Licin.* An't please your grace.

*Val.* Have at 'em.

[*They throw.*]

*Proc.* They are lost.

*Licin.* Why, farewell, fig-trees!

*Val.* Who sets more?

*Chi.* At my horse, sir.

*Val.* The dappled Spaniard?

*Chi.* He.

*Val.* He's mine.

[*Throws.*]

*Chi.* He is so.

*Max.* Your short horse is soon curried.

*Chi.* So it seems, sir;

So may your mare be too, if luck serve.

*Max.* Ha?

*Chi.* Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my  
 fortune.

*Val.* Come, Maximus, you were not wont to  
 flinch thus.

*Max.* By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!

*Val.* There's a ring yet.

*Max.* This was not made to lose, sir.

*Val.* Some love-token?

Set it, I say!

*Max.* I do beseech your grace,  
 Rather name any house I have.

*Val.* How strange

And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem it,  
 If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,  
 Or next day, as you will, I care not;  
 But only for my luck sake: 'Tis not rings  
 Can make me richer.

*Max.* Will you throw, sir? There 'tis.

*Val.* Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*]  
 Mine.

*Max.* Your grace

Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,

An't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't.

*Val.* To-morrow you shall have it without price,  
 sir,

But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,

Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,

And bid him muster all the cohorts presently;

(They mutiny for pay, I hear,) and be you

Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,

Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above

Something to stop their tongues withal.

*Max.* I will, sir;

And gods preserve you in this mind still!

*Val.* Shortly,

I'll see 'em march myself.

*Max.* Gods ever keep you!

[*Exit.*]

*Val.* To what end do you think this ring shall  
 serve now?

For you are fellows only know by rote,

As birds record their lessons.

*Chi.* For the lady.

*Val.* But how for her?

*Chi.* That I confess I know not.

*Val.* Then pray for him that does. Fetch me  
 an eunuch

That never saw her yet; and you two see

The court made like a paradise.

[*Exit CHILAX.*]

*Licin.* We will, sir.

*Val.* Full of fair shows and musics; all your arts

(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,

For my main piece is now a-doing: And, for fear

You should not take, I'll have another engine,

Such as, if virtue be not only in her,

She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women

Put on a graver show of welcome.

*Proc.* Well, sir.

*Val.* They are thought too eager.

*Enter CHILAX and LYCIAS.*

*Chi.* Here's the eunuch.

*LyCIAS.* Long life to Cæsar!

*Val.* I must use you, Lycias:

Come, let's walk in, and then I'll show you all.

If women may be frail, this wench shall fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of MAXIMUS.**Enter CLAUDIA and MARCELLINA.*

*Clau.* Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late She never cares for company?

*Marc.* I know not, Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.

*Clau.* That were a childish fear.

*Marc.* What were those ladies Came to her lately? from the court?

*Clau.* The same, wench. Some grave instructors, on my life; they look For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.

*Marc.* 'Tis true, wench.

For here and there (and yet they painted well too) One might discover, where the gold was worn, Their iron ages.

*Clau.* If my judgment fail not, They have been sheath'd like rotten ships—

*Marc.* It may be.

*Clau.* For, if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.

*Marc.* They have past the line, belike.—Wouldst live, Claudia,

Till thou wert such as they are?

*Clau.* Chimney-pieces!

Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men! I had rather make a drollery till thirty.

While I were able to endure a tempest, And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,

While I were able to bear with my tires, And so discharge 'em, I would willingly

Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles

Bred in my sides.

*Marc.* Thou art i' th' right, wench: For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,

To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!" Were there not men came hither too?

*Clau.* Brave fellows; I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.

*Marc.* How know you?

*Clau.* They gave me great lights to it.

*Marc.* Take heed, Claudia!

*Clau.* Let them take heed; the spring comes on.

*Marc.* To me now, They seem'd as noble visitants.

*Clau.* To me now, Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,

And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning), Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets

And Milan skins—

*Marc.* Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.

*Clau.* You are deceived.—They shew'd to me directly

Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living: I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.

*Marc.* Peace! My lady comes. What may that be?

*Enter LUCINA and LYCIAS.*

*Clau.* A summer,

That cites her to appear.

*Marc.* No more of that, wench.

*LyCIAS.* Madam, what answer to your lord?

*Lucina.* Pray tell him

I am subject to his will.

*LyCIAS.* Why weep you, madam?

Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.

*Lucina.* I do beseech you tell me, sir—

*LyCIAS.* What, lady?

*Lucina.* Serve you the emperor?

*LyCIAS.* I do.

*Lucina.* In what place?

*LyCIAS.* In's chamber, madam.

*Lucina.* Do you serve his will too?

*LyCIAS.* In fair and just commands.

*Lucina.* Are you a Roman?

*LyCIAS.* Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.

*Lucina.* What office bore your parents?

*LyCIAS.* One was a prætor.

*Lucina.* Take heed then how you stain his reputation. [Exit.]

*Lucina.* If you know, I charge you, Aught in this message but what honesty, The trust and fair obedience of a servant, May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

*LyCIAS.* Madam, I am no broker—

*Clau.* I'll be hanged then. [Aside.]

*LyCIAS.* Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband

Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it; It rests in you to come, or no.

*Lucina.* I will, sir.

*LyCIAS.* If you mistrust me, do not.

*Lucina.* You appear

So worthy, and to all my sense so honest, And this is such a certain sign you have brought That I believe. [Exit.]

*LyCIAS.* Why should I cozen you?

Or, were I bribed to do this villainy, Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it, When such a virtue falls?

*Lucina.* You speak well, sir:

'Would all the rest that serve the emperor Had but your way!

*Clau.* And so they have, *ad unguem*. [Aside.]

*Lucina.* Pray tell my lord I have received his token,

And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much

Before you go; I do beseech you too,

As little notice as you can, deliver

Of my appearance there.

*LyCIAS.* It shall be, madam;

And so I wish you happiness!

*Lucina.* I thank you. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*An Open Place in the City.—Tumult and noise within.*

*Enter AECIUS, with his sword drawn, pursuing FOURTIES; MAXIMUS following.*

*Mar.* Temper yourself, Aecius!

*Pont.* Hold, my lord!

I am a Roman, and a soldier.

*Mar.* Pray, sir!

*Aecius.* Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!— [MAXIMUS holds him.]

Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend, You'll make me dangerous!—How darest thou

The soldiers to sedition, and I living? [Exit.]

And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then

When I am drawing out to action?

*Pont.* Hear me.

*Mar.* Are you a man?

*Aecius.* I am a true-hearted, Maximus, And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.

*Max.* But hear him what he can say.

*Aëcius.* That's the way

To pardon him: I am so easy-natured,  
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

*Pont.* I do beseech you, noble general—

*Aëcius.* He has found the way already! Give me room;

One stroke; and if he 'scape me then, he has mercy.

*Pont.* I do not call you noble that I fear you; I never cared for death! If you will kill me, Consider first for what, not what you can do.

'Tis true, I know you for my general,  
And by that great prerogative may kill:  
But do it justly then.

*Aëcius.* He argues with me:

By Heaven, a made-up rebel!

*Max.* Pray consider

What certain grounds you have for this.

*Aëcius.* What grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers  
How lazily they lived? and what dishonours  
It was to serve a prince so full of woman?  
Those were his very words, friend.

*Max.* These, Aëcius,

Though they were rashly spoke, (which was an error,

A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that hungers  
For wars, and brave employment, might be pardon'd.

The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make  
Not spleeny speeches. [traitors,

*Aëcius.* Why should you protect him?

Go to; it shows not honest.

*Max.* Taint me not;

For that shews worse, Aëcius! All your friendship,  
And that pretended love you lay upon me,  
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour  
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.  
Was I your bosom-piece for this?

*Aëcius.* Forgive me:

The nature of my zeal, and for my country,  
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,  
Though I most strive to be without my passions,  
I am no god.—For you, sir, whose infection  
Has spread itself like poison through the army,  
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,  
First thank this noble gentleman; you had died  
else;

Next, from your place, and honour of a soldier,  
I here seclude you;—

*Pont.* May I speak yet?

*Max.* Hear him.

*Aëcius.* And, while Aëcius holds a reputation,  
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.

*Pont.* Against her I shall never. The condemned man

Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;  
Law were not equal else.

*Max.* Pray hear, Aëcius;

For happily the fault he has committed,  
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered,  
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove  
Rather a hasty sin, than heinous.

*Aëcius.* Speak.

*Pont.* 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tired  
with peace,

My words almost as ragged as my fortunes:

'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we served,  
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor

Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;  
I blamed him too for women.

*Aëcius.* To the rest, sir!

*Pont.* And, like enough, I bless'd him then as  
soldiers

Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,  
We lay at home, to shew our country  
We durst go naked, durst want meat, and money;  
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be  
thirsty;

I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots  
Were our best pay-masters; the charity  
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,  
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,  
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir)  
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,  
Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,  
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,  
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:  
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn  
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure  
targets

And swords, hatch'd with the blood of many  
nations,

To spades and pruning knives (for those get  
money);

Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,  
(To give an *Ave* *Cæsar* as he passes,  
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;  
For thus we get but years and beats)

*Aëcius.* What think you,  
Were these words to be spoken by a captain?  
One that should give example?

*Max.* 'Twas too much.

*Pont.* My lord, I did not woo 'em from the  
empire,

Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst *Cæsar*;  
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion  
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,  
And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,  
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,  
(And if you please, that place I held maintain it,  
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome.) I'm honest,  
A lover of my country, one that holds  
His life no longer his, than kept for *Cæsar*.

[*Kneels.*

Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)  
What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my want,  
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,  
And you, my lord, do something for my country,  
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,  
Not like a backward traitor.

*Aëcius.* All this language  
Makes but against you, Pontius: you are cast,  
And, by mine honour and my love to *Cæsar*,  
By me shall never be restored: In my camp  
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,  
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,  
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty  
And ready service shall redress their needs,  
Not prating what they would be.

*Pont.* Thus I leave you;  
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes  
Must follow you no more, be still about you:  
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!  
You cannot cast my wishes.

*Aëcius.* Come, my lord,  
Now to the field again.

*Max.* Alas, poor Pontius!

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter CHILAX at one door, LICINIUS and BALBUS at another.**Licin.* How now?*Chi.* She's come.*Bal.* Then I'll to th' emperor.[*Erit.*]*Chi.* Do. Is the music placed well?*Licin.* Excellent.*Chi.* Licinius, you and Proculus receive her

In the great chamber; at her entrance,

Let me alone; and do you hear, Licinius?

Pray let the ladies ply her further off,

And with much more discretion. One word more.

*Licin.* Well?*Chi.* Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,

Laid in the way she passes?

*Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, and PROCULUS.**Licin.* Take no care, man.[*Erit.*]*Val.* What, is she come?*Chi.* She is, sir; but 'twere best

Your grace were seen last to her.

*Val.* So I mean.—

Keep the court empty, Proculus.

*Proc.* 'Tis done, sir.*Val.* Be not too sudden to her.*Chi.* Good, your grace,

Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;

We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?

'Tis necessary that her waiting-women

Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;

They would break the business else.

*Val.* 'Tis true; they shall.*Chi.* Remember your place, Proculus.*Proc.* I warrant you.[*Exeunt VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, and PROCULUS.*]*Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, and MARCELLINA.**Chi.* She enters.—Who are waiters there? The emperor

Calls for his horse to air himself.

*Lucina.* I am glad

I come so happily to take him absent;

This takes away a little fear. I know him;

Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,

If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,

And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,

Hold me fast now, and help me!

*Chi.* Noble madam,

You're welcome to the court, most nobly welcome!

You are a stranger, lady.

*Lucina.* I desire so.*Chi.* A wond'rous stranger here; nothing so

And therefore need a guide, I think. [strange:]

*Lucina.* I do, sir,

And that a good one too.

*Chi.* My service, lady,

Shall be your guide in this place. But pray tell

Are you resolved a courtier? [me,

*Lucina.* No, I hope, sir.*Clau.* You are, sir.*Chi.* Yes, my fair one.*Clau.* So it seems,

You are so ready to bestow yourself.

Pray what might cost those breeches?

*Chi.* Would you wear 'em?—

Madam, you have a witty woman.

*Marc.* Two, sir,

Or else you underbuy us.

*Lucina.* Leave your talking.—

But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?

*Chi.* He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,

Exceeding kindly of you, wond'rous kindly,

You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

*Lucina.* Whither?*Chi.* Why, to your lord.*Lucina.* Is it so hard, sir,

To find him in this place without a guide?

For I would willingly not trouble you.

*Chi.* It will be so for you, that are a stranger:

Nor can it be a trouble to do service

To such a worthy beauty; and besides—

*Marc.* I see he will go with us.*Clau.* Let him amble.*Chi.* It fits not that a lady of your reckoning.

Should pass without attendants.

*Lucina.* I have two, sir.*Chi.* I mean, without a man. You'll see the*Lucina.* Alas, I am not fit, sir. [emperor:]*Chi.* You are well enough;

He'll take it wond'rous kindly. Hark!

*Lucina.* You flatter:

Good sir, no more of that.

*Chi.* Well, I but tell you—*Lucina.* Will you go forward? Since I must be

Pray take your place. [mama'd,

*Clau.* Cannot you man us too, sir?*Chi.* Give me but time.*Marc.* And you'll try all things?*Chi.* No;

I'll make you no such promise.

*Clau.* If you do, sir,

Take heed you stand to't.

*Chi.* Wond'rous merry, ladies!*Lucina.* The wenches are disposed!—Pray

keep your way, sir. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.—*Another Apartment in the same.  
A Recess behind a Curtain.**Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and BALBUS.**Licin.* She's coming up the stairs. Now, the music;

And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there!

*Proc.* Discover all the jewels!*Licin.* Peace! [Music.]*Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, and MARCELLINA.*

## SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen:

Golden yellow, gaudy blue,

Daintily invite the view.

Every where, on every green,

Roses blushing as they blow,

And enticing men to pull;

Lilies whiter than the snow,

Woodbines of sweet honey full:

All love's emblems, and all cry.

"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath staid;

Blushing red, and purest white,

Daintily to love invite

Every woman, every maid.

Cherries kissing as they grow,

And inviting men to taste;

Apples even ripe below,

Winding gently to the waist:

All love's emblems, and all cry.

"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

## SECOND.

Hear ye, ladies that despise,  
What the mighty Love has done;  
Fear examples, and be wise:  
Fair Callisto was a nun;  
Leda, sailing on the stream  
To deceive the hopes of man,  
Love accounting but a dream,  
Doted on a silver swan;  
Danaë, in a brazen tower,  
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,  
What the mighty Love can do;  
Fear the fierceness of the boy:  
The chaste moon he makes to woo;  
Vesta, kindling holy fires,  
Circled round about with spies,  
Never dreaming loose desires,  
Doting at the altar dies;  
Ilion, in a short hour, higher  
He can build, and once more fire.

*Lucina.* Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now  
I fear it.

Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit, or stolen,  
As by this preparation I suspect it,  
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress.—Pray, sir, for-  
I would fain see my lord. [ward;

*Chi.* But tell me, madam,  
How do you like the song?

*Lucina.* I like the air well,  
But, for the words, they are lascivious,  
And over-light for ladies.

*Chi.* All ours love 'em.

*Lucina.* 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving  
ladies.

*Licin.* Madam, you are welcome to the court.—  
Attendants for this lady! [Who waits?

*Lucina.* You mistake, sir;  
I bring no triumph with me.

*Licin.* But much honour.

*Proc.* Why, this was nobly done, and like a  
So freely of yourself to be a visitant: [neighbour,  
The emperor shall give you thanks for this.

*Lucina.* Oh no, sir;  
There's nothing to deserve 'em.

*Proc.* Yes, your presence.

*Lucina.* Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe  
I come to see my husband, on command too;  
I were no courtier else.

*Licin.* That's all one, lady;  
Now you are here, you're welcome: And the empe-  
Who loves you but too well—— [ror,

*Lucina.* No more of that, sir;  
I came not to be catechized.

*Proc.* Ah, sirrah!

And have we got you here? 'Faith, noble lady,  
We'll keep you one month courtier.

*Lucina.* Gods defend, sir!  
I never liked a trade worse.

*Proc.* Hark you. [Whisper.

*Lucina.* No, sir!

*Proc.* You're grown the strangest lady!

*Lucina.* How!

*Proc.* By Heaven,  
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.

*Lucina.* I?

I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.

*Proc.* Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady  
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you)  
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty  
Only to walls and hangings?

*Lucina.* Good sir, patience!

I am no wonder, neither come to that end.  
You do my lord an injury to stay me,  
Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,  
He keeps no wife for your ways.

*Bal.* Well, well, lady,  
However you are pleased to think of us,  
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.

*Lucina.* Shew it  
In that I come for then, in leading me  
Where my loved lord is, not in flattery.

[BALBUS draws the curtain; caskets with jewels set  
out in the recess.

Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,  
But none worth half my honesty.

*Clau.* Are these, sir,  
Laid here to take?

*Proc.* Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.

*Marc.* We had been doing else.

*Bal.* Meaner jewels  
Would fit your worths.

*Clau.* And meaner clothes your bodies.

*Lucina.* The gods shall kill me first!

*Licin.* There's better dying  
I' th' emperor's arms. Go to; but be not angry!  
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, and Ladies, strewing the floor  
with rushes.

*Phor.* Where is this stranger? Rushes, ladies,  
rushes!

Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!

*Proc.* Here's ladies come to see you.

*Lucina.* You are gone, then?  
I take it, 'tis your cue.

*Proc.* Or rather manners;

You are better fitted, madam; we but tire you,  
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring  
Your much loved lord unto you.

[Exit CHILAX, LICINIUS, and PROCULUS.

*Lucina.* Then I'll thank you.—  
I am betray'd, for certain! Well, Lucina,  
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,  
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,  
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,  
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!

*Phor.* You are a welcome woman.

*Ard.* Bless me, Heaven!

How did you find the way to court?

*Lucina.* I know not;

'Would I had never trod it!

*Phor.* Pr'ythee tell me,  
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,  
For we love thee extremely,) is not this place  
A paradise to live in?

*Lucina.* To those people  
That know no other paradise but pleasure:  
That little I enjoy contents me better.

*Ard.* What, heard you any music yet?

*Lucina.* Too much.

*Phor.* You must not be thus froward: What!  
this gown

Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,  
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,  
You put this gown on when you came.

*Ard.* How do you?

Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!

*Lucina.* Content you;

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,  
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?  
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.



*Phor.* We'll lead you to him; he's i' th' gallery.  
*Ard.* We'll shew you all the court too.  
*Lucina.* Shew me him,  
 And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.  
*Phor.* Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as  
 you go,  
 We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,  
 Shall make you merry too. You come not here  
 To be a sad *Lucina*.

*Lucina.* 'Would I might not! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter CHILAX and BALBUS.*

*Chi.* Now the soft music! *Balbus*, run!

*Bal.* I fly, boy. [Exit.

*Chi.* The women by this time are worming of  
 her;

If she can hold out them, the emperor [Music.  
 Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the music!

*Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCINA.*

*Lucina.* Good, your grace!

Where are my women, sir?

*Val.* They are wise, beholding  
 What you think scorn to look on, the court's bra-  
 Would you have run away so slyly, lady, [very.  
 And not have seen me?

*Lucina.* I beseech your majesty,  
 Consider what I am, and whose.

*Val.* I do so.

*Lucina.* Believe me, I shall never make a whore,  
 sir.

*Val.* A friend you may, and to that man that  
 loves you,

More than you love your virtue. ]

*Lucina.* Sacred *Cæsar*! [Kneels.

*Val.* You shall not kneel to me, sweet.

*Lucina.* Look upon me,  
 And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,  
 Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty  
 Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;  
 Nay, more, I will become so leperous,  
 That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord  
 Has served you ever truly, fought your battles,  
 As if he daily long'd to die for *Cæsar*;  
 Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted  
 In all the actions of his life.

*Val.* I know it.

*Lucina.* His fame and family have grown toge-  
 And spread together, like two sailing cedars, [ther,  
 Over the Roman diadem: Oh, let not  
 (As you have any flesh that's humane in you)  
 The having of a modest wife decline him!  
 Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!  
 I do not think you are lascivious;  
 These wanton men belie you: You are *Cæsar*,  
 Which is, "the father of the empire's honour."  
 You are too near the nature of the gods,  
 To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.

*Val.* I dare not do it here.—Rise, fair *Lucina*,  
 I did but try your temper; you are honest;  
 And, with the commendations wait on that,  
 I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him.  
 Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,  
 May well delay, but never quench his hell.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and BALBUS.*

*Chi.* 'Tis done, *Licinius*.

*Licin.* How?

*Chi.* I shame to tell it.

If there be any justice, we are villains,  
 And must be so rewarded!

*Bal.* If it be done,

I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;  
 Let's make the best o' th' trade.

*Proc.* Now vengeance take it!

Why should not he have settled on a beauty,  
 Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,  
 Or one a ring might rule, or such a one  
 That had an itching husband to be honourable,  
 And groan'd to get it? If he must have women,  
 And no allay without 'em, why not those  
 That know the mystery, and are best able  
 To play again with judgment? Such as she is,  
 Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,  
 And brought to opportunity with millions,  
 Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue  
 Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,  
 And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they  
 Give greater heat than now-departing embers  
 Give to old men that watch 'em.

*Licin.* A good whore  
 Had saved all this, and happily as wholesome,  
 Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought  
 But this same chastity forsooth— [of;

*Proc.* A pox on't!

Why should not women be as free as we are?  
 They are (but not in open), and far freer,  
 And the more bold ye bear yourself, more wel-  
 come!

And there is nothing ye dare say, but truth,  
 But they dare hear.

*Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCINA.*

*Chi.* The emperor! Away;  
 And, if we can repent, let's home and pray.

[Exeunt.

*Val.* Your only virtue now is patience;  
 Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—  
*Lucina.* As long as there is motion in my body,  
 And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

*Val.* Justice shall never hear you; I am justice!

*Lucina.* Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?  
 Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,  
 And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins  
 Thy wilt lust hath laid level with dishonour,  
 The sacrilegious razing of this temple,  
 The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at.  
 Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find  
 thee,

(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous:  
 Vengeance and horror circle thee! The empire,  
 In which thou livest a strong continued surfeit,  
 Like poison will disgorge thee; good men taste  
 thee  
 For ever being read again, but vicious;

Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee ;

Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee ;

And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee ;  
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,  
Tired with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,  
And shake his strong steel at thee !

*Val.* This prevails not,  
Nor any agony you utter, lady.  
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me, [me,  
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abused  
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly  
And curse your being good too. [beauty,

*Lucina.* Glorious thief,  
What restitution canst thou make to save me ?

*Val.* I'll ever love and honour you.

*Lucina.* Thou canst not,  
For that which was mine honour, thou hast  
murder'd ;

And can there be a love in violence ?

*Val.* You shall be only mine.

*Lucina.* Yet I like better  
Thy villainy than flattery ; that's thine own,  
The other basely counterfeits. Fly from me,  
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me !  
For I am worse than thou art : Thou may'st pray,  
And so recover grace ; I am lost for ever !  
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.

*Val.* I fear no loss but love ; I stand above it.

*Lucina.* Call in your lady bawds, and gilded  
pandars,

And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,  
Lucina's fallen, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd !—  
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made  
For I am now no wife for Maximus, [me !

No company for women that are virtuous ;  
No family I now can claim, nor country,  
Nor name, but Cæsar's whore.—Oh, sacred Cæsar,  
(For that should be your title) was your empire ;  
Your rods, and axes, that are types of justice ;  
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings ;  
The people's adoration ; fear of nations ;  
What victory can bring you home ; what else  
The useful elements can make your servants,  
Even light itself, and suns of light, truth, justice,  
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,  
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women ?

The curses that I owe to enemies,  
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus  
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,  
Made more, and heavier, light on thee !

*Val.* This helps not.

*Lucina.* The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in  
thee !

And where there has a chaste wife been abused,  
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter—  
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example ! [ter,  
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen ?  
What can your honours now, and empire, make  
But a more glorious whore ? [me,

*Val.* A better woman :  
But if you will be blind, and scorn it, who can  
help it ?

Come, leave these lamentations ; they do nothing  
But make a noise. I am the same man still :  
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser)  
By all this holy light, I should attempt it !  
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,  
(Ther

*Lucina.* Oh, villain !

*Val.* So bred for man's amazement, that my  
reason,

And every help to hold me right, has lost me !  
The god of love himself had been before me,  
Had he but power to see you : tell me justly,  
How can I choose but err then ? If you dare,  
Be mine, and only mine, (for you are so precious,  
I envy any other should enjoy you,  
Almost look on you ; and your darling husband  
Shall know he has kept an offering from the empire,  
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest ;  
More than myself, I'll make it. If you will not,  
Sit down with this and silence (for which wis-  
dom,

You shall have use of me, (and much honour ever,  
And be the same you were :) If you divulge it,  
Know I am far above the faults I do,  
And those I do, I am able to forgive too ;  
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,  
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine  
Is as mine own command shall make it. Princes,  
Though they be sometimes subject to loose  
whispers,

Yet wear they two-edged swords for open censures.  
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier ;  
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,  
And only where I bid 'em, strike ; I feed 'em.  
Nor can the gods be angry at this action ;  
For, as they make me most, they make me hap-  
piest,

Which I had never been without this pleasure.  
Consider, and farewell ! You'll find your women  
At home before you ; they have had some sport  
too,

But are more thankful for it. [Exit.

*Lucina.* Destruction find thee !

Now which way must I go ? my honest house  
Will shake to shelter me ; my husband fly me ;  
My family, because they're honest, and desire to  
be so,

Must not endure me ; not a neighbour know me !  
What woman now dare see me without blushes,  
And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold  
Look on her, little children ; that is she, [her ;  
That handsome lady, mark !" Oh, my sad fortunes !  
Is this the end of goodness ? this the price  
Of all my early prayers to protect me ?

Why then, I see there is no god but power,  
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,  
But what is either lame or sensual !  
How had I been thus wretched else !

*Enter MAXIMUS AND ARCIUS.*

*Arcius.* [Entering.] Let Titus  
Command the company that Pontius lost,  
And see the fosses deeper.

*Mar.* How now, sweetheart ?  
What make you here, and thus ?

*Arcius.* Lucina weeping ?

This must be much offence.

*Mar.* Look up, and tell me,  
Why are you thus ?—My ring ? oh, friend, I have  
You are at court, sweet ! [found it !—

*Lucina.* Yes ; this brought me hither.

*Mar.* Rise, and go home.—I have my fears,  
*Arcius :*

Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd !—Go, Lucina ;  
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,  
[Go, thou live

Thou sweetly-drooping flower ! Go, silver swan,  
And sing thine own sad requiem ! Go, Lucina !  
And, if thou darest, out-live this wrong !

*Lucina.* I dare not.

*Aëcius.* Is that the ring you lost ?

*Mar.* That, that, Aëcius,  
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes.  
'T has pleased the emperor, my noble master,  
For all my services, and dangers for him,  
To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice,  
Oh, my Aëcius ? have I lived to bear this ?

*Lucina.* Farewell for ever, sir !

*Mar.* That's a sad saying ;  
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina :  
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly ;  
Our loves have been of longer growth, more  
rooted,

Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.  
Kiss me. I find no Caesar here ; these lips  
Taste not of raviasher, in my opinion.

Was it not so ?

*Lucina.* Oh, yes !

*Mar.* I dare believe thee ;  
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness.  
Indeed she was, Aëcius.

*Aëcius.* So she is still.

*Mar.* Once more !—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my  
comfort,

The blessing of my youth, the life of my life !

*Aëcius.* I have seen enough to stagger my  
obedience ;

Hold me, ye equal gods ! this is too sinful.

*Mar.* Why wert thou chosen out to make a  
whore of ? [tains,

To me thou wert too chaste. ) Fall, crystal foun-  
And ever feed thy streams, you rising sorrows,  
Till you have dropt your mistress into marble.  
Now, go for ever from me.

*Lucina.* Long farewell, sir !

And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me !

*Mar.* Stay ; let me once more bid farewell,  
Lucina.

Farewell, thou excellent example of us !  
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well ! seek Heaven,  
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory !  
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

*Aëcius.* Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,  
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,  
Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phoenix,  
If thou wilt die, Lucina ! which, well weigh'd,  
If you can cease a while from these strange  
I wish were rather alter'd. [thoughts,

*Lucina.* No.

*Aëcius.* Mistake not.

I would not stain your honour for the empire,  
Nor any way decline you to discredit :  
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.  
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,  
And am the same Aëcius, still as honest,  
The same life I have still for Maximus, [me,  
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills  
And 'tis no dull one : Therefore, misconceive not ;  
Only I would have you live a little longer,  
But a short year.

*Mar.* She must not.

*Lucina.* Why so long, sir ?

Am I not grey enough with grief already ?

*Aëcius.* To draw from that wild man a sweet  
repentance,

And goodness in his days to come.

*Mar.* They are so,  
And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.

*Aëcius.* For who knows, but the sight of you,  
presenting

His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues,  
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,  
And once more bend him right again ? which bless-  
ing

(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)  
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious :  
Death only eases you ; this, the whole empire.  
Besides, compell'd and forced with violence  
To what you have done, the deed is none of yours.  
No, nor the justice neither : You may live,  
And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd ;  
For, are those trees the worse we tear the fruits  
from ?

Or, should th' eternal gods desire to perish,  
Because we daily violate their truths,  
Which is the chastity of Heaven ? No, lady ;  
If you dare live, you may : And as our sins  
Make them more full of equity and justice,  
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect.  
The empire too will bless you.

*Mar.* Noble sir,  
If she were any thing to me but honour,  
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,  
Not to be worn away without my being ;  
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,  
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,  
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,  
I would desire her live ; nay more, compel her :  
But, since it was not youth, but malice did it,  
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses ;  
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it.  
Even those to come, and when they read she lived.  
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,  
And make a doubt she loved that more than wed-  
Therefore she must not live. [lock !

*Aëcius.* Therefore she must live,  
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.

*Lucina.* The tongues of angels cannot alter sic :  
For, could the world again restore my credit,  
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,  
That world I should not trust again. The empire  
By my life can get nothing but my story.  
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses.  
And where you counsel me to live, that Caesar  
May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,  
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,  
His prayers never said but to deceive us ;  
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,  
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees.  
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve.  
As one that yet desires his free conversion,  
And almost glories in his penitence,

I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.  
*Aëcius.* The farewells then of happy souls be  
And to thy memory be ever sung [with thee.

The praises of a just and constant lady !  
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears  
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,  
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,  
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin !

*Mar.* All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall  
All living epitaphs be thine : Time, story, [flourish.  
And what is left behind to piece our lives,  
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,  
But, full of thee, stand to eternity !

*Aëcius.* Once more, farewell ! Go, find Elysiun.

There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,  
There, where 'tis ever spring, and ever summer!

*Max.* There, where no bed-rid justice comes!  
Truth, Honour,

Are keepers of that blessed place: Go thither;  
For here thou livest chaste fire in rotten timber.

*Aëcius.* And so, our last farewells!

*Max.* Gods give thee justice! [*Exit LUCINA.*]

*Aëcius.* [*Aside.*] His thoughts begin to work;  
I fear him: Yet

He ever was a noble Roman: but  
I know not what to think on't; he hath suffer'd  
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

*Max.* Aëcius!

Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seized me?  
It was my wife the emperor abused thus!  
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him;"  
Must I not, my Aëcius?

*Aëcius.* I am stricken

With such a stiff amazement, that no answer  
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.  
Will you go home, or go to my house?

*Max.* Neither:

I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,  
To keep me company! I am a fellow  
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me.  
A pandar is a prince to what I'm fallen!  
By Heaven I dare do nothing.

*Aëcius.* You do better.

*Max.* I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,  
And yet I bless the maker.  
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?  
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tales?  
I am a child too; what should I do railing?  
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,  
And what am I to him?

*Aëcius.* 'Tis well considered;  
However you are tainted, be no traitor:  
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

*Max.* Oh, that thou wert not living and my  
friend!

*Aëcius.* [*Aside.*] I'll bear a wary eye upon your  
actions:

I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee  
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong  
Deserves a general ruin!—Do you love me?

*Max.* That's all I have to live on.

*Aëcius.* Then go with me;

You shall not to your own house.

*Max.* Nor to any;

My griefs are greater far than walls can compass!  
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,  
I am not dangerous; and o' my conscience,  
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't,  
I should not chide him for't: An awe runs through  
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it; [*me,*]  
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,  
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

*Aëcius.* [*Aside.*] This is a mask to cozen me:  
I know you,

And how far you dare do; no Roman farther,  
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch  
you.—

Keep that obedience still.

*Max.* Is a wife's loss

(For her abuse, much good may do his grace;  
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)  
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?  
More than a lusty spring lost?

## 2

*Aëcius.* No more, Maximus,  
To one that truly lives.

*Max.* Why then, I care not;  
I can live well enough, Aëcius:  
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,  
They may be bought, they say.

*Aëcius.* He's crazed a little; [*Aside.*]  
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.

*Max.* But chastity is not a thing, I take it,  
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken  
A hundred years before, is it, Aëcius?—  
By'r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding.

*Aëcius.* Will you go any way?

*Max.* I'll tell thee, friend:  
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,  
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;  
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor  
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,  
And may not these two couple without scratching?

*Aëcius.* Alas, my noble friend!

*Max.* Alas not me!  
I am not wretched; for there's no man miserable  
But he that makes himself so.

*Aëcius.* Will you walk yet?

*Max.* Come, come, she dare not die, friend;  
that's the truth on't;

She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies  
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,  
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:  
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think  
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it here,  
And I'll discover to you.

*Aëcius.* Well?

*Max.* She knows  
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope  
She might be from me, she contrived this knavery.  
Was it not monstrous, friend?

*Aëcius.* Does he but seem so, [*Aside.*]  
Or is he mad indeed?

*Max.* Oh, gods, my heart!

*Aëcius.* 'Would it would fairly break!

*Max.* Methinks I'm somewhat wilder than I  
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty! [*was;*

*Enter CLAUDIA.*

*Clau.* Nay, you may spare your tears; she's  
dead, she is so.

*Max.* Why, so it should be. How?

*Clau.* When first she enter'd  
Into her house, after a world of weeping,  
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,  
"Dare I," said she, "defile this house with whore,  
In which his noble family has flourish'd?"  
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd  
her—

*Max.* No more of that; be gone.—Now, my  
Aëcius, [*Exit CLAUDIA.*]

If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;  
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example  
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead me,  
friend;

And as we walk together, let's pray truly,  
I may not fall from faith.

*Aëcius.* That's nobly spoken.

*Max.* Was I not wild, Aëcius?

*Aëcius.* Somewhat troubled.

*Max.* I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with  
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool [*you;*]  
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,  
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady—

*Aëcius.* Good sir, no more ; I shall be melted with it.

*Max.* I have done ; and, good sir, comfort me. 'Would there were wars now !

*Aëcius.* Settle your thoughts ; come.

*Max.* So I have now, friend.

Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, and ARETUS.*

*Phid.* By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity

Of your fallen fortunes, what to say I know not ; For 'tis too true the emperor desires not, But my best master, any soldier near him.

*Are.* And when he understands, he cast your fortunes

For disobedience, how can we incline him (That are but under-persons to his favours) To any fair opinion ? Can you sing ?

*Pont.* Not to please him, Aretus ; for my songs Go not to th' lute or viol, but to th' trumpet ; My tune kept on a target, and my subject The well-struck wounds of men, not love, or wo-

*Phid.* And those he understands not. [*men.*]

*Pont.* He should, Phidias.

*Are.* Could you not leave this killing way a little,

(You must, if here you would plant yourself) and Learn, as we do, to like what those affect [rather That are above us ? Wear their actions, And think they keep us warm too ? What they say, Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly, Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute ? And think, however the end falls, the business Cannot run empty-handed ?

*Phid.* Can you flatter,

And, if it were put to you, lie a little ?

*Pont.* Yes, if it be a living.

*Are.* That's well said then.

*Pont.* But must these lies and flatteries be be-

*Phid.* Oh, yes, by any means. [*lieved, then ?*]

*Pont.* By any means then,

I cannot lie, nor flatter.

*Are.* You must swear too,

If you be there.

*Pont.* I can swear, if they move me.

*Phid.* Cannot you forswear too ?

*Pont.* The court for ever,

If it be grown so wicked.

*Are.* You should procure a little too.

*Pont.* What's that ?

Men's honest sayings for my truth ?

*Are.* Oh, no, sir,

But women's honest actions for your trial.

*Pont.* Do you do all these things ?

*Phid.* Do you not like 'em ?

*Pont.* Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me ?

I am not so low yet, to be your mirth !

*Are.* You do mistake us, captain ; for sincerely We ask you how you like 'em ?

*Pont.* Then sincerely

I tell you I abhor 'em : They are ill ways,

And I will starve before I fall into 'em ;

The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers

Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get

*Are.* What then, sir ?

[*it.*]

*Pont.* If you profess this wickedness, Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms. The servants of the brave Aëcius, And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave, (Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains ! For all your golden coats, debosh'd base villains ! Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so. Is this the way ye mark out for a soldier, A man that has commanded for the empire, And borne the reputation of a man ? Are there not lazy things enough, called fools and cowards,

And poor enough to be preferred for pandars, But wanting soldiers must be knaves too ? ha ? This the trim course of life ? Were not ye born And so inherit by your rights ? I am poor, [*bows.*] And may expect a worse ; yet, digging, pruning, Mending of broken ways, carrying of water, Planting of worts and onions, any thing That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather chuse, Ay, and live better on it, which is juster ; Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure. When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me. Than you do wine ; eat my coarse bread not cur'd And mend upon't (your diets are diseases ;) And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me, As any forward pandar of ye all, And rise a great deal honest ! My garments, Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire. Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out. When every single breath of poor opinion Finds you through all your velvets !

*Are.* You have hit it ; Nor are we those we seem. The Lord Aëcius Puts good men to th' emperor, so we have serv'd him,

Though much neglected for it ; so dare be still : Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,

But yet know no way to redeem it : Means, Such as as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius ;

But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out The way of your offences, we are yours, sir ; And you shall live at court an honest man too.

*Phid.* That little meat and means we have we'll share it.

Fear not to be as we are ; what we told you Were but mere trials of your truth : You are worthy,

And so we'll ever hold you ; suffer better,

And then you are a right man, Pontius.

If my good master be not ever angry,

You shall command again.

*Pont.* I have found two good men : Use my life. For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—A Room in the House of MAXIMUS.

*Enter MAXIMUS.*

*Max.* There's no way else to do it ; he must die : This friend must die, this soul of Maximus, Without whom I am nothing but my shame ; This perfectness that keeps me from opinion. Must die, or I must live thus branded ever : A hard choice, and a fatal ! Gods, ye have given A way to credit, but the ground to go on [*me*] Ye have leav'd with that precious life I love most :

Yet I must on, and through : For, if I offer  
To take my way without him, like a sea  
He bears his high command, 'twixt me and vengeance,

And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,  
Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,  
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,  
But make a question of his ill, but say  
"What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?"

Dead sure he cuts me off : Aëcius dies,  
Or I have lost myself. Why should I kill him?  
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;  
Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,  
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.

Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,  
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?  
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship  
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,  
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?

Can it relieve me if I want? he has;  
Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,  
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;  
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,  
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;  
And I have lived to see this, and preserved so.  
Why should this empty word incite me then  
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:

A friend is more than all the world, than honour!  
She is a woman, and her loss the less,  
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you,  
Maximus,

Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell you  
She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice  
Nobly begin with her, that not deserved it?  
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little!  
Can this abuse die here? Shall not men's tongues  
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave  
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,  
And led away with fondness of a friendship)  
The only virtue of the world to slander?  
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,  
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?  
One of so sweet a virtue, that Aëcius,  
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from  
it)

Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,  
Had it not been on Cæsar, had revenged her?  
By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do then?  
Can other men affect it, and I cold?  
I fear he must not live.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, the general  
Is come to seek you.

*Mar.* Go, entreat him to enter.— [*Exit Serv.*]

Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now  
As far from friendship to me as from fears,  
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.  
Is there no way without him, to come near it?  
For out of honesty he must destroy me  
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,  
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity;  
Only the time, and means, is all the difference.  
But yet I would not make a murder of him,  
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall die;  
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one;  
It shall be honour to him too. I know not  
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,  
And such a deal of conscience presses me:  
'Would I were dead myself!

*Enter Aëcius.*

*Aëcius.* You run away well;

How got you from me, friend?

*Mar.* That that leads mad men,  
A strong imagination, made me wander.

*Aëcius.* I thought you had been more settled.

*Mar.* I am well;

But you must give me leave a little sometimes  
To have a buzzing in my brains.

*Aëcius.* [*Aside.*] You are dangerous,  
But I'll prevent it if I can.—You told me  
You would go to th' army.

*Mar.* Why? to have my throat cut?

Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,  
That strikes me first?

*Aëcius.* You promised me a freedom  
From all these thoughts. And why should any  
strike you?

*Mar.* I am an enemy, a wicked one,  
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,  
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes  
Why every one should beat me.

*Aëcius.* You are neither;  
And durst another tell me so, he died for't.  
For thus far on mine honour, I'll assure you,  
No man more loved than you; and, for your valour,  
And what else may be fair, no man more follow'd.

*Mar.* A doughty man, indeed! But that's all  
The emperor, nor all the princes living, [one;  
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,  
And can yet; let them find inflections,  
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.  
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some look'd  
for't,

But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;  
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me,  
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,  
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;  
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's  
A battle shall beat from me. [dangerous

*Aëcius.* Why do you eye me  
With such a settled look?

*Mar.* Pray tell me this,

Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

*Aëcius.* If I should say I loved not you as truly,  
I should do that I never durst do,—lie.

*Mar.* If I should die, would it not grieve you  
*Aëcius.* Without all doubt. [much?

*Mar.* And could you live without me?

*Aëcius.* It would much trouble me to live with-  
out you,

Our loves, and loving souls have been so used  
But to one household in us: But to die  
Because I could not make you live, were woman,  
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,  
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,  
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,  
Or fetch you off, where honour had engaged you,  
I ought, and would die for you.

*Mar.* Truly spoken!—

What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man  
now? [*Aside.*

'Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid  
him,

I would have taught him such a trick, his eunuchs,  
Nor his black-eyed boys, e'er dream'd of yet!  
By all the gods, I am mad now! Now were Cæsar  
Within my reach, and on his glorious top  
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing  
The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,

Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,

No, not the hope of mankind, more; all perish'd! But this is words and weakness.—

*Æcius.* You look strangely.

*Max.* I look but as I am; I am a stranger.

*Æcius.* To me?

*Max.* To every one; I am no Roman, Nor what I am do I know.

*Æcius.* Then I'll leave you.

*Max.* I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,

Pray bid him be an honest man, for my sake: You may do much upon him: For his shadow, Let me alone.

*Æcius.* You were not wont to talk thus, And to your friend; you have some danger in you, That willingly would run to action: Take heed, by all our love, take heed!

*Max.* I danger?

I willing to do anything? I die?

Has not my wife been dead two days already?

Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?

Are not her sins dispersed to other women,

And many one ravished to relieve her?

Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

*Æcius.* Now you weep.

*Max.* Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.

*Æcius.* I'll tell you,  
(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,  
And almost certain loss of all the empire,  
I would join with you: Were it any man's  
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it,  
For doing of this mischief: I would take it;  
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:  
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,  
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,  
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:  
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;  
Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes  
We are our own revengers; but at home,  
On princes that are eminent, and ours,  
'Tis fit the gods should judge us. Be not rash,  
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not:  
For, by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it,  
(As I see great aims in you) those unborn yet,  
And those to come, of them and these succeeding,  
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,  
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;  
If you fall off, I will not flatter you,  
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.  
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy:  
I'll leave you for this hour. [Exit]

*Max.* Pray do.—'Tis done: [Exit]

And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in—  
Give me a certain ruin, I must through it! [Exit]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, and BALBUS.*

*Val.* Dead?

*Chi.* So 'tis thought, sir.

*Val.* How?

*Licin.* Grief, and disgrace,  
As people say.

*Val.* No more; I have too much on't,  
Too much by you, you whettors of my follies,  
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!  
Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,

There was no chastity above your practice,  
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,  
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,  
If she be dead—

*Chi.* Alas, sir!

*Val.* Hang ye, rascals,  
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,  
'Twere better ye had been your father's camels,  
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—  
Am I not Cæsar!

*Licin.* Mighty, and our maker.—

*Val.* Than thus have given my pleasures to de-  
Look she be living, slaves! [struction!]

*Licin.* We are no gods, sir,

If she be dead, to make her new again.

*Val.* She cannot die! she must not die! Are  
I plant my love upon but common livers? [those  
Their hours, as others, told 'em? can they be ashes?  
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,  
That I am all that is, "The world's my creature;  
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say  
'summer';

The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,

At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,  
With his proud mountain waters envying Heaven,  
When I say, 'still,' runs into crystal mirrors?"  
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,  
That with my least breath break, no more remem-  
ber'd,

Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,  
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,  
Living no longer than my spring of favour,  
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?  
Is she not dead?

*Chi.* All women are not with her.

*Val.* A common whore serves ye, and far above  
ye,

The pleasures of a body lamed with lewdness;  
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:  
Am I a man to traffic with diseases?  
Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?  
And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?  
You think, because you have bred me up to plea-  
sures,

And almost run me over all the rare ones,  
Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em.  
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be foot-  
men's!

Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,  
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,  
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones.  
Always so great a blessing from me. Go,  
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!  
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy  
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar,  
And I may curse ye for it: Your wanton jennets,  
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillics,  
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,  
Hast such a Messalina, such a Laïs,

The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions ;  
The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.

*Licin.* Your grace but jests, I hope.

*Val.* 'Tis oracle.

The sins of other women, put by hers,  
Shew off like sanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilax,  
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,  
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,  
Rotten and ready for an hospital.  
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus.

*Bal.* Well, sir.

*Val.* One that can pray away the sins she suffers,  
But not the punishments : She has had ten bas-  
Fives of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays ; [tards,  
She has been the song of Rome, and common  
Pasquil ;

Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,  
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too ;  
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays ;  
She is now to enter old men that are children,  
And have forgot their rudiments : Am I  
Left for these wither'd vices ! And but one,  
But one of all the world, that could content me,  
And snatch'd away in shewing ? If your wives  
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,  
And save your lives ; raise me this noble beauty,  
As when I forced her, full of constancy,  
Or, by the gods——

*Licin.* Most sacred Cæsar——

*Val.* Slaves——

*Enter PROCULUS and LYCIAS.*

*LyCIAS.* Good Proculus !

*Proc.* By Heaven, you shall not see it ;  
It may concern the empire.

*Val.* Ha ! What saidst thou ?  
Is she not dead ?

*Proc.* Not any one I know, sir :  
I come to bring your grace a letter, here  
Scatter'd belike i' th' court : 'Tis sent to Maximus,  
And bearing danger in it.

*Val.* Danger ? where ?

Double our guard !

*Proc.* Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.

*Val.* What an afflicted conscience do I live with,  
And what a beast I'm grown ! I had forgotten  
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now  
Even ravishing again her memory.

I find there must be danger in this deed :

Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,

For what is not the gods' to give ? they cannot,  
Though they would link their powers in one, do  
mischief !

This letter may betray me.—Get ye gone,  
And wait me in the garden ; guard the house well,  
And keep this from the empress.—[*Exeunt.*] The  
name Maximus

Runs through me like a fever ! This may be  
Some private letter, upon private business,  
Nothing concerning me : Why should I open it ?

I have done him wrong enough already. Yet,  
It may concern me too ; the time so tells me ;  
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so.  
Be what it will, I'll see it ; if that be not  
Part of my fears, among my other sins,  
I'll purge it out in prayers.—How ! what's this ?

" Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius, [Reads.  
And are his noble friend too : Bid him be less,  
I mean less with the people ; times are dangerous,  
The army's his, the emperor in doubts,

And, as some will not stick to say, declining :  
You stand a constant man in either fortunes :  
Persuade him : he is lost else. Though ambition  
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,  
Yet what the people, mad with loving him,  
And as they willingly desire another,  
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,  
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all  
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,  
And should the emperor enforce him lesser,  
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous :  
He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are  
scatter'd,

And almost come to growth in every household ;  
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,  
The people that are now but rage, and his,  
Might be again obedience. You shall know me  
When Rome is fair again ; till when, I love you."—  
No name ? This may be cunning ; yet it seems  
not,

For there is nothing in it but is certain,  
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,  
That was as loyal and as straight as he is,  
If not prevented by Tiberius,  
Been by the soldiers forced their emperor ?  
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.  
And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,  
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,  
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,  
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,  
Chain'd to the awe of Rome) because he was  
thought

(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,  
Cut off by Nero ? I must seek my safety ;  
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.  
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,  
And will adventure all his gods to raise him ;  
Me he hates more than peace : What this may  
breed,

If dull security and confidence  
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.  
But why Lord Maximus, I injured so,  
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,  
More than he has been friend, and loved alle-  
giance :

What now he is, I fear ; for his abuses,  
Without the people, dare draw blood.—Who waits  
there ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your grace ?

*Val.* Call Phidias and Aretus hither.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I'll find a day for him too. " Times are dangerous,  
The army his, the emperor in doubts : "

I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,  
As if he had intent to make me odious,  
And to my face, and by a way of terror,  
What vices I was grounded in, and almost  
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me ? Is not  
The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar  
(Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient  
To shake off all his honesty ? He's dangerous,  
Though he be good ; and, though a friend, a fear'd  
one ;

And such I must not sleep by.—Are they come  
yet ?—

I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.

'Twas time to look about : If I must perish,  
Yet shall my fears go foremost.



*Enter PHIDIAS and ARETUS.*

*Phid.* Life to Cæsar!

*Val.* Is Lord Aëcius waiting?

*Phid.* Not this morning;

I rather think he's with the army.

*Val.* Army?

I do not like that "army." Go unto him,  
And bid him straight attend me, and—do you  
hear?—

Come private without any; I have business  
Only for him.

*Phid.* Your grace's pleasure. [Exit.]

*Val.* Go.

What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)  
That keeps you company, Aretus?

*Are.* Me, sir?

*Val.* Ay, you, sir.

*Are.* One they call Pontius,  
An't please your grace.

*Val.* A captain?

*Are.* Yes, he was so;

But speaking something roughly in his want,  
Especially of wars, the noble general,  
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.

*Val.* He has been a valiant fellow?

*Are.* So he's still.

*Val.* Alas, the general might have pardon'd  
Soldiers will talk sometimes. [follics:]

*Are.* I am glad of this.

*Val.* He wants preferment, as I take it?

*Are.* Yes, sir;

And for that noble grace his life shall serve.

*Val.* I have a service for him.

I shame a soldier should become a beggar!  
I like the man, Aretus.

*Are.* Gods protect you!

*Val.* Bid him repair to Proculus, and there  
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:  
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;  
We shall want such.

*Are.* The sweets of Heaven still crown you! [Exit.]

*Val.* I have a fearful darkness in my soul,  
And, till I be deliver'd,  
Still am dying! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—Before the Palace.

*Enter MAXIMUS.*

*Max.* My way has taken: All the court's in  
guard,

And business every where, and every corner  
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,  
And so I'll keep myself.

*Enter AECIUS, with his arm in a sling, and PHIDIAS.*

Here comes Aëcius;

I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost  
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;  
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.

*Aëcius.* Why, how now, friend? what makes  
you here unarm'd?

Are you turn'd merchant?

*Max.* By your fair persuasions,  
And such a merchant traffics without danger.  
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,  
And, which is more, forgiven.

*Aëcius.* Now I love you,  
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.

*Max.* The fair repentance of my prince, to me  
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:

No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.

*Aëcius.* Still you take more love for me. Vir-  
tuous friend,

The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee!

*Max.* Only in me you are poor, sir, and I  
worthy

Only in being yours. But, why your arm thus?  
Have you been hurt, Aëcius?

*Aëcius.* Bruis'd a little;

My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this  
I never knew him do. [morning.]

*Max.* Pray gods it bode well!

And, now I think on't better, you shall back;  
Let my persuasions rule you.

*Aëcius.* Back! why Maximus?

The emperor commands me come.

*Max.* I like not

At this time his command.

*Aëcius.* I do at all times,

And all times will obey it; why not now then?

*Max.* I'll tell you why, and, as I have been  
govern'd,

Be you so, noble friend: The court's in guard,  
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;  
I do not like your going.

*Aëcius.* Were it fire,

And that fire certain to consume this body,

If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;

If he take me, he takes his arms away.

I am too plain and true to be suspected.

*Max.* Then I have dealt unwisely. [Apert.]

*Aëcius.* If the emperor,

Because he merely may, will have my life,

That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;

Let him; he loves me better. Here I wither,

And happily may live, till ignorantly

I run into a fault worth death; nay more, dis-  
honour.

Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,

Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,

I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,

Equal as dying on the enemy,

Must take me up a sacrifice.

*Max.* Go on then;

And I'll go with you.

*Aëcius.* No, you may not, friend.

*Max.* He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius:  
Shall I forsake you in my doubts?

*Aëcius.* You must.

*Max.* I must not, nor I will not. Have I lived  
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure?

I can endure a death as well as Cato.

*Aëcius.* There is no death nor danger in my  
Nor none must go along. [going.]

*Max.* I have a sword too,

And once I could have used it for my friend.

*Aëcius.* I need no sword, nor friend, in this.—  
Pray leave me;

And, as you love me, do not over-love me.

I am commanded none shall come. At supper

I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;

You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell!

*Max.* Farewell, my noble friend! Let me em-  
brace you

Ere you depart! It may be one of us

Shall never do the like again.

*Aëcius.* Yes, often.

*Max.* Farewell, good dear Aëcius!

*Aëcius.* Farewell, Maximus,  
Till night! Indeed you doubt too much.

[*Exit with PHIDIAS.*]

*Max.* I do not.

Go, worthy innocent, and make the number  
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!  
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;  
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,  
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter PROCULUS and PONTIUS.*

*Proc.* Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy  
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,  
The friend of Cæsar you are stiled. There's nothing  
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,  
But you may safely say is yours.

*Pont.* Pray stay, sir:

What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd?  
At least, I would have a colour.

*Proc.* You have more,

Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,  
One any man would strike that were a subject.

*Pont.* Is he so foul?

*Proc.* Yes, a most fearful traitor.

*Pont.* [*Aside.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for  
thou liest!

I ever thought the soldier would undo him  
With his too-much affection.

*Proc.* You have hit it;

They have brought him to ambition.

*Pont.* Then he's gone.

*Proc.* The emperor, out of a foolish pity,  
Would save him yet.

*Pont.* Is he so mad?

*Proc.* He's madder—

Would go to th' army to him.

*Pont.* Would he so?

*Proc.* Yes, Pontius; but we consider—

*Pont.* Wisely?

*Proc.* How else, man?—that the state lies in it.

*Pont.* And your lives too?

*Proc.* And every man's.

*Pont.* He did me

All the disgrace he could.

*Proc.* And scurvily. [*it?*]

*Pont.* Out of a mischief merely: Did you mark

*Proc.* Yes, well enough: Now you have means  
The deed done, take his place. [*to quit it.*]

*Pont.* Pray let me think on't;

'Tis ten to one I do it.

*Proc.* Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*]

*Pont.* This emperor is made of nought but  
mischief:

Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,  
But the main link he had? Upon my conscience,  
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;  
For, to live here, and study to be true,  
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?  
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,  
In full abundance? Bawds more than beasts for  
slaughter?

Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves  
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon, [too,  
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will  
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly: [shew him  
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,  
I am born to make him bless me for a blow. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV.—*The Court of the Palace.*

*Enter AECIUS, PHIDIAS, and ARETUS.*

*Phid.* Yet you may 'scape to th' camp; we'll  
hazard with you.

*Are.* Lose not your life so basely, sir! You are  
arm'd;

And many, when they see your sword out, and  
Must follow your adventure. [*know why,*

*Aëcius.* Get ye from me!

Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?

Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?

Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying?

You think this tenderness and love you bring me;

'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,

And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.

I seek the camp for safety, when my death

(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)

Bids me be happy! Let the fool fear dying,

Or he that weds a woman for his honour,

Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:

Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.

If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;

I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?

Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?

Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,

Bewail their miseries; for me, wear garlands,

Drink wine, and much: Sing pæans to my praise;

I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæsar;

For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die!

*Phid.* Oh, my dear lord!

*Aëcius.* No more! Go, go, I say!

Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.

Dare any man lament I should die nobly?

Am I grown old, to have such enemies?

When I am dead, speak honourably of me,

That is, preserve my memory from dying;

There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,

A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,

(Because ye say ye yet love old Aëcius)

See my poor body burnt, and some to sing

About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,

If Cæsar kill not that too: At your banquets,

When I am gone, if any chance to number

The times that have been sad and dangerous,

Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.

No more, I say; he that laments my end,

By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,

And suddenly, and wisely, from my dangers;

My death is catching else.

*Phid.* We fear not dying.

*Aëcius.* Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods

I need no company to that, that children [hate it:

Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.

Live till your honesties, as mine has done,

Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;

Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know

The noble use of dying well, and Roman.

*Are.* And must we leave ye, sir?

*Aëcius.* We must all die,

All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,

Nor how, so we die well: And can that man that

Need lamentation for him? Children weep [does so

Because they have offended, or for fear;

Women for want of will, and anger: Is there

In noble man, that truly feels both poises

Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,

To drown a glorious death in child and woman?

I am ashamed to see ye! Yet ye move me,

And, were it not my manhood would accuse me  
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

*Phid.* Oh, we shall never see you more!

*Aëcius.* 'Tis true;

Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,  
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.  
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,  
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot  
And, for he was an honest man, durst die, [him,  
Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that die too,  
And I return no traffic of my travails,  
No pay to have been soldier, but this silver,  
No annals of Aëcius, but "he lived,"  
My friends, he had cause to weep, and bitterly:  
The common overflows of tender women,  
And children new-born crying, were too little  
To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,  
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;  
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters  
The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:  
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,  
I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me,  
(Let that word serve for all) be gone and leave me:  
I have some little practice with my soul,  
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.  
Go, pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,  
Be not for shame now stubborn. So, I thank ye,  
And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!

[*Exit PHIDIAS and ARISTUS.*]

I am a little thirsty; not for fear,  
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.  
Is it to be a just man now again,  
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'Tis departed!  
I hear 'em come.—Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

[*Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, and LICINIUS.*]

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn, [*Draws.*]  
But against none. Why do ye fear? come forward.

*Bal.* You were a soldier, Chilax.

*Chi.* Yes, I muster'd,  
But never saw the enemy.

*Licin.* He's drawn;

By Heaven, I dare not do it!

*Aëcius.* Why do ye tremble?

I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæsar,  
To that end? speak!

*Bal.* We do, and we must kill you;  
'Tis Cæsar's will.

*Chi.* I charge ye put your sword up,  
That we may do it handsomely.

*Aëcius.* Ha, ha, ha!

My sword up? handsomely? Where were ye bred?  
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,  
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!  
Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,  
I will not strike ye.

*Licin.* I'll not be first.

*Bal.* Nor I.

*Chi.* You had best die quietly: The emperor  
Sees how you bear yourself.

*Aëcius.* I would die, rascals,  
If you would kill me quietly.

*Bal.* Fox o' Proculus,  
He promised us to bring a captain hither,  
That has been used to kill.

*Aëcius.* I'll call the guard,  
Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim  
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions,  
The emperor has trusted with his safety:  
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.  
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!

*Chi.* By heaven, he'll kill us!

I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.  
Now do you offer.

*Aëcius.* If ye do mangle me,  
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,  
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,  
Look to yourselves!

*Chi.* I told ye.

*Aëcius.* Strike me manly,  
And take a thousand strokes.

[*Enter PONTIUS.*]

*Bal.* Here's Pontius.

*Pont.* Not kill'd him yet?

Is this the love ye bear the emperor?

Nay then, I see ye are traitors all: Have at ye!

[*Draws and towards them*]

*Chi.* Oh, I am hurt!

[*Licin. runs away*]

*Bal.* And I am kill'd. [*Exit CHILAX and BALBUS*]

*Pont.* Die, bawds,  
As ye have lived and flourish'd!

*Aëcius.* Wretched fellow,

What hast thou done?

*Pont.* Kill'd them that durst not kill;  
And you are next.

*Aëcius.* Art thou not Pontius?

*Pont.* I am the same you cast, Aëcius,  
And in the face of all the camp disgraced.

*Aëcius.* Then so much nobler, as thou wert a  
soldier,

Shall my death be. Is it revenge provoked thee,  
Or art thou hired to kill me?

*Pont.* Both.

*Aëcius.* Then do it.

*Pont.* Is that all?

*Aëcius.* Yes.

*Pont.* Would you not live?

*Aëcius.* Why should I?

To thank thee for my life?

*Pont.* Yes, if I spare it.

*Aëcius.* Be not deceived; I was not made to thank.  
For any courtesy but killing me,

A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!

*Pont.* Do not you fear me?

*Aëcius.* No.

*Pont.* Nor love me for it.

*Aëcius.* That's as thou dost thy business.

*Pont.* When you are dead,  
Your place is mine, Aëcius.

*Aëcius.* Now I fear thee;

And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.

*Pont.* Why, I can govern, sir.

*Aëcius.* I would thou couldst,  
And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and  
bravely,

Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hum-  
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener [*gers:*]

Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;  
The winged feet of flying enemies

I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,  
And still kill the killer: Were thy mind

But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,

I died to leave a happy heir behind me.

Come, strike, and be a general!

*Pont.* Prepare then:

And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,  
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,

Fight your short span out.

*Aëcius.* No, thou know'st I must not;

I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me,  
As disobedience.

*Pont.* Dare you not defend you  
Against your enemy?

*Aëcius.* Not sent from Cæsar;  
I have no power to make such enemies:  
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword  
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held  
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar  
Chain'd all defence in this doom, "Let him die,"  
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,  
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,  
And open in an enemy such wounds  
Mercy would weep to look on.

*Pont.* Then have at you;  
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not:  
Remember who you are, and why you live,  
And what I have been to you; cry not "hold,"  
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

*Aëcius.* I am prepared for all.

*Pont.* For now, Aëcius,  
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,  
And, as I do it, bless me! Die as I do!

[*PONTIUS slabs himself.*]

*Aëcius.* Thou hast deceived me, Pontius, and I  
thank thee:

By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!

*Pont.* To shew you what you ought to do, this  
is not;

For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,  
Or willing to out-live your honesty:  
But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,  
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;  
And I must dying say, it was but justice,  
Ye cast me from my credit: Yet, believe me,  
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,  
And your forgiveness) though you held me heinous,  
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire  
Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me:  
If I were foe to anything, 'twas ease,  
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;  
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,  
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard  
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;  
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,  
And e'en began to prey upon our honours;  
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;  
To them that, when the enemy invaded,  
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;  
To silken flattery, and pride plumed over,  
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,  
And under whose protection their soft pleasures  
Grow full and numberless: To this I am foe,  
Not to the state, or any point of duty.  
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,  
(Truly I ought to be so) yet I err'd,  
Because a far more noble sufferer  
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:  
This is the end I die, sir; To live basely,  
And not the follower of him that bred me  
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,  
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

*Aëcius.* I want a name to give thy virtue, sol-  
For only good is far below thee, Pontius; [dier,  
The gods shall find thee one! Thou hast fashion'd  
death

In such an excellent and beauteous manner,  
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak once  
For thy words are such harmony, a soul [more?  
Would choose to fly to heaven in.

*Pont.* A farewell.

Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me,

And think whatever was displeasing you,  
Was none of mine. You cannot live.

*Aëcius.* I will not!

Yet one word more.

*Pont.* Die nobly!—Rome, farewell!  
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis,  
In joy you have given me a quiet death:  
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath.

[*Dies.*]

*Aëcius.* Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?  
Or any man would out-live such a dying?

Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,  
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,  
Yet would I grow to this man! I have loved,  
But never doted on a face till now.  
Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy  
pleasure

Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.  
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;  
The more, the greater is my fall.—Why stay ye?  
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons. Fear me not:  
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!  
Appear, or through the court, and world, I'll  
search ye!

My sword is gone. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye are  
traitors if ye spare me,  
And Cæsar must consume ye!—All base cowards?  
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye  
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!  
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*]

*Enter PROCULUS, and three others, running over the  
Stage.*

*Proc.* I knew

He had kill'd the captain.

1. Here's his sword.

*Proc.* Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.  
An hundred men are not enough to do it:  
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.

*Aëcius.* [*Within.*] None strike a poor con-  
*Proc.* He is mad: [denn'd man?  
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exit.*]

*Enter Aëcius.*

*Aëcius.* Then, Aëcius, [*Takes up his sword.*  
See what thou dar'st thyself.—Hold, my good  
sword;

Thou hast been kept from blood too long. I'll  
kiss thee,  
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver!  
Shew me the way to happiness; I seek it.  
And all you great ones, that have fallen as I do,  
To keep your memories and honours living,  
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,  
That, like strong Cato, I may put away  
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.  
Rome, fare thee well! Stand long, and know to  
Whilst there is people, and ambition.—[conquer,  
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star!  
I come, ye blessed spirits! make me room  
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword.*  
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity  
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,  
There is no pain at all in dying well,  
For none are lost, but those that make their hell!

[*Dies.*]

*Enter PROCULUS, and two others.*

1. [*Within.*] He's dead; draw in the guard again.

*Proc.* He's dead indeed,  
And I am glad he's gone: He was a devil!  
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;

The emperor, out of his love to virtue,  
Has given 'em that : Let no man stop their entrance.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter PHIDIAS and ARETUS.*

*Phid.* Oh, my most noble lord ! Look here,  
Here's a sad sight !

[*Aretus,*

*Are.* Oh, cruelty ! Oh, Cæsar !  
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,  
And overflows of blood ! Why wast thou kill'd ?  
Is it to be a just man now again,  
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,  
Only assurance of his overthrow ?

*Phid.* It is, Aretus : He that would live now,  
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,  
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,  
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,  
That have been all the riches of the empire,  
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,  
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe them.

*Are.* Never-enough-lamented lord ! dear master !

*Enter MAXIMUS.*

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men ?  
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy ?  
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,  
The great example of all equity,  
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,)  
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness !  
Weep, Rome ! weep, Italy ! weep, all that knew  
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe, [him !  
(If enemies have honourable tears)  
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, fallen and scatter'd,  
By foul and base suggestion !

*Phid.* Oh, Lord Maximus !  
This was your worthy friend.

*Max.* The gods forgive me !—  
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears ;  
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I have  
found 'em.

'Would I had never known the world, nor women,  
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,  
So this were once again Aëcius !  
But I am destined to a mighty action,  
And beg my pardon, friend ; my vengeance taken,  
I will not be long from thee.—Ye have a great loss,  
But bear it patiently ; yet, to say truth,  
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,  
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,  
Who shall preserve ye now ?

*Are.* Nay, we are lost too.

*Max.* I fear ye are ; for likely such as love  
The man that's fallen, and have been nourish'd by  
him,

Do not stay long behind : 'Tis held no wisdom.  
I know what I must do.—Oh, my Aëcius,  
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,  
And no man feel thy worthiness ?—From boys  
He bred you both, I think.

*Phid.* And from the poorest.

*Max.* And loved ye as his own ?

*Are.* We found it, sir.

*Max.* Is not this a loss then ?

*Phid.* Oh, a loss of losses !

Our lives, and ruins of our families,  
The utter being nothing of our names,  
Were nothing near it.

*Max.* As I take it too,  
He put ye to the emperor ?

*Are.* He did so.

*Max.* And kept ye still in credit ?

*Phid.* 'Tis most true, sir.

*Max.* He fed your fathers too, and made them  
means ;

Your sisters he prefer'd to noble wedlocks ;  
Did he not, friends ?

*Are.* Oh, yes, sir.

*Max.* As I take it,

This worthy man would not be now forgotten.  
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd ;  
And something would be done, by those that lov'd  
him ;

And something may be. Pray stand off a little ;  
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dearest—

[*Kneels by the body of ARETUS.*]

*Phid.* Aretus, if we be not sudden, he out-does  
I know he points at vengeance ; we are cold [us ;  
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.  
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,  
Or anything but death, now he is dead ?  
Darest thou resolve ?

*Are.* I am perfect.

*Phid.* Then like flowers

That grew together all, we'll fall together,  
And with us that that bore us : When 'tis done.  
The world shall style us two deserving servants.  
I fear he'll be before us.

*Are.* This night, Phidias—

*Phid.* No more.

*Max.* Now, worthy friends, I have done my  
mournings.

Let's burn this noble body : Sweets as many  
As sun-burnt Meroë breeds, I'll make a flame of.  
Shall reach his soul in heaven. He that shall live  
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,  
Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken heaven.  
And force the painful burdens from the wombs.  
Conceived a-new, with sorrow : Even the grave  
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,  
And give her shadow up, to come and groan  
About our piles ; which will be more, and greater.  
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus  
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,  
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,  
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter PHIDIAS with his dagger in him, and ARETUS,  
poisoned.*

*Are.* He has his last.

*Phid.* Then, come the worst of danger !

Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar.—  
How long is't since you gave it him ?

*Are.* An hour ;

Mine own two hours before him. How it boils  
me !

*Phid.* It was not to be cured, I hope.

*Are.* No, Phidias ;

I dealt above his antidotes : Physicians  
May find the cause, but where the cure ?

*Phid.* Done bravely ;  
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.  
*Arc.* We had lost our worthiest end else, *Phi-*  
*Phid.* Canst thou hold out a while ? [*dias.*]  
*Arc.* To torture him,  
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet :  
That man is poorly spirited, whose life  
Runs in his blood alone, and not in his wishes.  
And yet I swell and burn like flaming *Ætna* ;  
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me,  
But yet I must not die these four hours, *Phidias*.

*Phid.* Remember who dies with thee, and de-  
spise death.

*Arc.* I need no exhortation : The joy in me,  
Of what I have done, and why, makes poison plea-  
And my most killing torments, mistresses. [sure,  
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,  
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple ?

*Phid.* This that consumes my life, yet keeps it  
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying ; [*in me,*  
And if I but endure to hear the curses  
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my heaven.

*Arc.* Hold thy soul fast but four hours, *Phidias*,  
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,  
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.

*Phid.* Thou hast steel'd me.  
Farewell, Aretus ; and the souls of good men,  
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies  
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows !  
I would not faint yet.

*Arc.* Farewell, *Phidias* :  
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us !  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the same.

*Enter LYCIAS and PROCULUS.*

*Lycias.* Sicker and sicker, *Proculus* ?

*Proc.* Oh, *Lycias*,  
What shall become of us ? 'Would we had died  
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus* bed-rid,  
And made too lame for justice !

*Enter LICINIUS.*

*Licin.* The soft music ;  
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.—  
Oh, friends, the emperor !

*Proc.* What say the doctors ?

*Licin.* For us a most sad saying ; he is poison'd,  
Beyond all cure too.

*Lycias.* Who ?

*Licin.* The wretch Aretus,  
That most unhappy villain.

*Lycias.* How do you know it ?

*Licin.* He gave him drink last. Let's disperse,  
and find him ;

And, since he has open'd misery to all,  
Let it begin with him first. Softly ; he slumbers.  
[*Exeunt.*]

VALENTINIAN brought in sick in a chair, with EUDOXIA,  
Physicians, and Attendants.

## MUSIC AND SONG.

Care-charming Sleep, thou enser of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud,  
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,  
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,

Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.  
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

*Val.* Oh, gods, gods ! Drink, drink ! colder,  
colder

Than snow on Scythian mountains ! Oh, my heart.

*Eud.* How does your grace ? [*strings !*]

*Phys.* The empress speaks, sir.

*Val.* Dying,

Dying, *Eudoxia*, dying.

*Phys.* Good sir, patience.

*Eud.* What have you given him ?

*Phys.* Precious things, dear lady,  
We hope shall comfort him.

*Val.* Oh, flatter'd fool,

See what thy god-head's come to ! Oh, *Eudoxia* !

*Eud.* Oh, patience, patience, sir !

*Val.* Danubius

I'll have brought through my body—

*Eud.* Gods give comfort !

*Val.* And *Volga*, on whose face the north wind  
I am an hundred hells ! an hundred piles [freezes.

Already to my funeral are flaming !

Shall I not drink ?

*Phys.* You must not, sir.

*Val.* By Heaven,

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,

If ye deny me longer ! Tempests blow me,

And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,

Flow over me, and quench me ! Where's the vil-

Am I immortal now, ye slaves ? By *Numa*, [lain ?

If he do 'scape—Oh ! oh !

*Eud.* Dear sir !

*Val.* Like *Nero*,

But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,

In the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire !

A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me !

Invite the gentle winds, *Eudoxia*.

*Eud.* Sir !

*Val.* Oh, do not flatter me ! I am but flesh,—  
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye dunces !

What can your doses now do, and your scrapings.

Your oils, and *Mithridates* ? If I do die,

You only words of health, and names of sickness,

Finding no true disease in man but money,

That talk yourselves into revenues—oh !—

And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,

I'll have ye flea'd and dried !

*Enter PROCULUS and LICINIUS, with ARETUS.*

*Proc.* The villain, sir ;

The most accursed wretch.

*Val.* Be gone, my queen ;

This is no sight for thee : Go to the vestals,

Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer

One powerful sacrifice to free thy *Cæsar*.

*Proc.* Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit EUDOXIA*]

*Arc.* Go ; but give no ease.—

The gods have set thy last hour, *Valentinian* ;

Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,

And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest !

*Proc.* Oh, damned traitor !

*Arc.* Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,

And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches !

You taught him to be poison'd.

*Val.* Yet no comfort ?

*Arc.* Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecarie

They cannot help thee : Thou hast now to live

A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.



I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,  
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;  
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.  
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,  
No more to people earth again, the wings  
Of old Time clipp'd for ever, Reason lost,  
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,  
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too.

*Val.* Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.

*Arc.* Yes;

But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st now  
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers  
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;  
But there be flames of murder!

*Val.* Fetch out tortures.

*Arc.* Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll  
love thee.

Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,  
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,  
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.

*Val.* Let 'em alone. I must drink.

*Arc.* Now be mad;

But not near me yet.

*Val.* Hold me, hold me, hold me!

Hold me, or I shall burst else!

*Arc.* See me, Cæsar,

And see to what thou must come for thy murder.

Millions of women's labours, all diseases—

*Val.* Oh, my afflicted soul too!

*Arc.* Women's fears, horrors,

Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds—

*Val.* Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! Oh, Lucina!

*Arc.* Are but my torments' shadows!

*Val.* Hide me, mountains!

The gods have found my sins. Now break!

*Arc.* Not yet, sir;

Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

*Val.* Oh, hell!

Oh villain, cursed villain!

*Arc.* Oh, brave villain!

My poison dances in me at this deed!

Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,

And this is thine before thou diest: I am wild-fire!

The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,

The miseries of souls despising heaven,

But emblems of my torment,—

*Val.* Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!

*Arc.* Fire a flattery,

And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,

To my pains less than fictions. Yet, to shew thee

What constant love I bore my murder'd master,

Like a south wind, I have sung through all these  
tempests.

My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou  
monster!

Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [*Dies.*]

*Val.* More drink!

A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!

How dare ye let me be tormented thus?

Away with that prodigious body. Gods,

Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay

All your infictions on me? Hear me, hear me!

I do confess I am a ravisher,

A murderer, a hated Cæsar: Oh!

Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,

The fat of all the world for sacrifice,

And, where that fails, the blood of thousand cap-  
tives,

To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?

I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,

And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your parole  
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,  
And women made of awe, believe your heaven!  
Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above  
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts, [pains]  
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;  
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;  
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,  
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;  
Be more than all, ye gods, great in forgiveness!  
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,  
For you are things, men teach us, without passions.  
Give me an hour to know ye in; Oh, save me!  
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,  
Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;  
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer.  
My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes!

Friends,

I go, I go! More air, more air!—I am mortal!

[*Dies.*]

*Proc.* Take in the body.—Oh, Licinius,

The misery that we are left to suffer!

No pity shall find us.

*Licin.* Our lives deserve none.

'Would I were chain'd again to slavery,

With any hope of life!

*Proc.* A quiet grave,

Or a consumption now, Licinius,

That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

*Licin.* Let's make our best use; we have money,

Proculus,

And if that cannot save us, we have swords.

*Proc.* Yes, but we dare not die.

*Licin.* I had forgot that.

There's other countries, then.

*Proc.* But the same hate still,

Of what we are.

*Licin.* Think any thing; I'll follow.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Proc.* How now? what news?

*Mess.* Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.

The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,

And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em,

Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither.

Beside, the women of the town have murder'd

Phorba, and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.

*Licin.* Then here's no staying, Proculus!

*Proc.* Oh, Cæsar,

That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly,

And where we find no woman's man let's die.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

*Enter MAXIMUS.*

*Max.* Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let

My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead, [open]

And I revenged; the empire's all a-fire,

And desolation every where inhabits.

And shall I live that am the author of it,

To know Rome, from the awe o' the world, the pity!

My friends are gone before too, of my sending;

And shall I stay? is aught else to be lived for?

Is there another friend, another wife,

Or any third, holds half their worthiness,

To linger here alive for? Is not virtue,

In their two everlasting souls, departed?

And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?

Can any man discover this, and love me?

For though my justice were as white as truth,  
 My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.  
 And now, Aëcius, and my honour'd lady,  
 That were preparers to my rest and quiet,  
 The lines to lead me to Elysium;  
 You that but stept before me on assurance  
 I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;  
 First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,  
 Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I am foolish,  
 Somewhat too sudden, to mine own destruction;  
 This great end of my vengeance may grow greater;  
 Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying:  
 Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children  
 Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,  
 And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;  
 I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;  
 I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.  
 I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,  
 And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,  
 Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,  
 Jointed again, and made tall masts, defy  
 Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,  
 New pieced again, above the fate of women,  
 And made more perfect far, than growing private,  
 Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,  
 My wife was ravish'd well; If then I fall,  
 My great attempt honours my funeral. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—An open Place in the City.

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, and AFRANIUS.

*Fulv.* Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,  
 And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else. [ninus,  
 Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.

*Luc.* Promise the soldier any thing.

*Semp.* Speak gently,  
 And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,  
 Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,  
 A soldier, and a giver.

*Fulv.* Tell 'em further,  
 Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.

*Luc.* Nay more, a negative (say) we allow 'em.

*Semp.* And if our choice displease 'em, they  
 shall name him.

*Fulv.* Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.

And, Cæsar, once elected, present foes,  
 With distribution of all necessities,  
 Corn, wine, and oil.

*Semp.* New garments, and new arms,  
 And equal portions of the provinces  
 To them, and to their families for ever.

*Fulv.* And see the city strengthen'd.

*Afr.* I shall do it. [Exit.]

*Luc.* Sempronius, these are woful times.

*Semp.* Oh, Brutus,  
 We want thy honesty again: These Cæsars,  
 What noble consuls got with blood, in blood  
 Consume again and scatter.

*Fulv.* Which way shall we?

*Luc.* Not any way of safety I can think on.

*Semp.* Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,  
 And we beholders, Fulvius. [ters,

*Fulv.* Every thing  
 Is every man's that will.

*Luc.* The vestals now  
 Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,  
 And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;  
 Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,

Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!  
 We are chaff before their fury, else.

*Fulv.* Away!

Let's to the temples.

*Luc.* To the capitol;

'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strengthen'd.

Enter AFRANIUS.

*Semp.* How now, Afranius? What good news?

*Afr.* A Cæsar!

*Fulv.* Oh, who?

*Afr.* Lord Maximus is with the soldier,  
 And all the camp rings, "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!"  
 He forced the empress with him, for more honour.

*Luc.* A happy choice: Let's meet him.

*Semp.* Blessed fortune!

*Fulv.* Away, away! Make room there, room  
 there, room! [Exeunt Senators. Flourish.]

[Within.] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar,  
 Hail, Cæsar Maximus! [Cæsar!]

*Afr.* Oh, turning people!

Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!  
 In peace more raging than the furious North,  
 When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine,  
 Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way.

[Within, Cæsar!]

Although I neither love nor hoped this,  
 Or like a rotten bridge that dares a current  
 When he is swell'd and high, crack and farewell.

A Flourish. Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS,  
 SEMPRONIUS, and Soldiers.

*Senators.* Room for the emperor!

*Sold.* Long life to Cæsar!

*Afr.* Hail, Cæsar Maximus!

*Mar.* Your hand, Afranius.

Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,  
 I'll shower among ye all. Gods, give me life,  
 First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.—  
 And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and  
 virtue,

The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,  
 To you I open this day all I have,  
 Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchased:  
 Ye are my children, family, and friends,  
 And ever so respected shall be. Forward.—  
 There's a proscription, grave Sempronius,  
 'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,  
 Led loose-lived Valentinian to his vices.

See it effected [Flourish]

*Senators.* Honour wait on Cæsar!

*Sold.* Make room for Cæsar there!

[Exeunt all but AFRANIUS]

*Afr.* Thou hast my fears.

But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!  
 Why do we like to feed the greedy ravin  
 Of these blown men, that must, before they stand  
 And fix in eminence, cast life on life,  
 And trench their safeties in with wounds, and  
 bodies?

Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with  
 changing,

And die without an heir, that lovest to breed  
 Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,  
 I only live to find an enemy. [Exit]

#### SCENE V.—A Street.

Enter PAULUS and LICIPPUS.

*Pau.* When is the inauguration?

*Licippus.* Why, to-morrow.



*Pau.* 'Twill be short time.  
*Licippus.* Any device that's handsome,  
 A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,  
 Where he must take the fanceses.  
*Pau.* Or a Grace.  
*Licippus.* A good Grace has no fellow.  
*Pau.* Let me see ;  
 Will not his name yield something ? Maximus,  
 By th' way of anagram ? I have found out *axis* ;  
 You know he bears the empire.  
*Licippus.* Get him wheels too ;  
 'Twill be a cruel carriage else.  
*Pau.* Some songs too ?  
*Licippus.* By any means, some songs ; but very  
 short ones,  
 And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,  
 The air will fall the sweeter.  
*Pau.* A Grace must do it.  
*Licippus.* Why, let a Grace then.  
*Pau.* Yes, it must be so ;  
 And in a robe of blue, too, as I take it.  
*Licippus.* This poet is a little kin to th' painter  
 That could paint nothing but a ramping lion ;  
 So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces. [*Aside.*]  
*Pau.* What think you of a sea-nymph ? and a  
 heaven ?  
*Licippus.* Why, what should she do there, man ?  
 There's no water.  
*Pau.* By th' mass, that's true ; it must be a  
 Grace ; and yet,  
 Methinks, a rainbow—  
*Licippus.* And in blue ?  
*Pau.* Oh, yes !  
 Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle—  
*Licippus.* A shower of rain ?  
*Pau.* No, no ; it must be a Grace.  
*Licippus.* Why pr'ythee, grace him then.  
*Pau.* Or Orpheus,  
 Coming from hell—  
*Licippus.* In blue, too ?  
*Pau.* 'Tis the better.—  
 And, as he rises, full of fires—  
*Licippus.* Now bless us !  
 Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus ?  
*Pau.* Singing,  
 And crossing of his arms—  
*Licippus.* How can he play then ?  
*Pau.* It shall be a Grace ; I'll do it.  
*Licippus.* Pr'ythee do,  
 And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,  
 Good Fury Paulus ! Be i' th' morning with me ;  
 And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, and Messenger.

*Max.* Come, my best-loved Eudoxia.—Let the  
 soldier

Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls for ;  
 And, when the senate's ready, give us notice.  
 In the mean time, leave us.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Oh, my dear sweet !

*Eud.* Is't possible, your grace  
 Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,  
 If it were excellent ?

*Max.* By Heaven, 'tis all  
 The world has left to brag of !

*Eud.* Can a face  
 Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sor-  
 rows,  
 Long since razed out o' th' book of youth and  
 pleasure,  
 Have power to make the strongest man o' th'  
 empire, [woman,  
 Nay, the most stay'd, and knowing what is  
 The greatest aim of perfectness men lived by,  
 The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,  
 Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,  
 Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully ?  
 Himself prepare the way ? nay, make the rape ?  
 Did you not tell me so ?

*Max.* 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

*Eud.* Lay desolate his dearest piece of friend-  
 ship,  
 Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink the  
 virtue,  
 That valour, that even all the gods can give us,  
 Without whom he was nothing, with whom war-  
 thiest ;

Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,  
 And for my sake ? Either you love too dearly,  
 Or deeply you dissemble, sir.

*Max.* I do so ;

And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do !  
 Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out  
 Some safer lie ! [*Aside.*—Can these things be  
 Eudoxia,

And I dissemble ? Can there be but goodness,  
 And only thine, dear lady ; any end,  
 Any imagination but a lost one,  
 Why I should run this hazard ? Oh, thou virtue !  
 Were it to do again, and Valentinian  
 Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,  
 In whom thou wert set, as pearls are in salt oysters  
 As roses are in rank weeds, I would find  
 Yet to thy sacred self, a dearer danger :  
 The gods know how I honour thee !

*Eud.* What love, sir,

Can I return for this, but my obedience ?  
 My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

*Max.* 'Tis too much to redeem the world.

*Eud.* From this hour,  
 The sorrows of my dead lord, fare ye well !  
 My living lord has dried ye. And, in token  
 As emperor this day I honour you,  
 And the great Easter-new of all my wishes,  
 The wreath of living laurel, that must compass  
 That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.  
 I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune ;  
 But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,  
 The once-more-summer of me, mere in love  
 Is poor expression of my doting.

*Max.* Sweetest !

*Eud.* Now, of my troth, you have bought a  
 dear, sir.

*Max.* No,  
 Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

*Eud.* Now you flatter.

*Mess.* The senate waits your grace.

*Max.* Let 'em come on,

And in a full form bring the ceremony.—  
 This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly  
 I'll wear your honour'd favour.

*Eud.* May it prove so !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Street.**Enter PAULUS and LICIPPUS.**Licippus.* Is your grace done?*Pau.* 'Tis done.*Licippus.* Who speaks?*Pau.* A boy.*Licippus.* A dainty blue boy, Paulus?*Pau.* Yes.*Licippus.* Have you view'd

The work above?

*Pau.* Yes; and all up, and ready.*Licippus.* The empress does you simple honour,  
Paulus;The wreath your Blue Grace must present, she  
But, hark you, for the soldiers? [*made.*]*Pau.* That's done too:

I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.

*Licippus.* A Grace too?*Pau.* The same Grace serves for both.*Licippus.* About it then.I must to th' cup-board; and be sure, good  
Paulus,

Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.

If there should need another voice, what then?

*Pau.* I'll hang another grace in.*Licippus.* Grace be with you! [*Exeunt.*]SCENE VIII.—*The Presence-Chamber in the Same.*A Synnet, with Trumpets: A Banquet prepared, with  
music.*Enter, in state, MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, Gentlemen and  
Soldiers; then the three Senators, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, and  
SAMMONIUS; Lictors bearing rods and axes before them.**Semp.* Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!  
And from the old Rome take these wishes;  
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,  
As justice holds her balance, equal poised,  
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,  
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!  
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper,  
And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,  
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,  
A lover and encreaser of his people!  
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,  
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,  
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,  
And his whole reign, renew a great Augustus![*A Boy descends from the clouds, habited like one of the  
Graces, and sings.*]

## SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,  
Honour, that is ever giving,  
Honour, that sees all, and knows  
Both the ebbs of man and flows;  
Honour, that rewards the best,  
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;  
Thou hast studied still to please her,  
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.*Chorus.* Hall, hall, Cæsar, hall, and stand,  
And thy name out-live the land!  
Noble fathers, to his brows,  
Bind this wreath with thousand vows![*The Boy gives a wreath, which the Senators place  
on the head of MAXIMUS.*]*All.* Stand to eternity!

A A

*Mas.* I thank ye, fathers;  
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither!  
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;  
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,  
And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of beauty,  
Fathers, your places. These are fair wars, soldiers,  
And thus I give the first charge to ye all. [*Drinks.*]  
You are my second, sweet. To every cup,  
I add unto the senate a new honour,  
And to the sons of Mars a donative.[*The Boy sings.*]

## SONG.

God Hymus, ever young,  
Ever honour'd, ever sung;  
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,  
In a thousand lusty shapes,  
Dance upon the maser's brim,  
In the crimson liquor swim;  
From thy plenteous hand divine,  
Let a river run with wine.God of youth, let this day here  
Enter neither care nor fear!*Boy.* Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,  
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,  
And, to the fulness of your warlike noise,  
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys.  
Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,  
And your high measure turn into a charge.[*A martial dance by the Soldiers, during which MAXIMUS  
falls back upon his couch.*]*Semp.* The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.*Afr.* The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.*Semp.* Great Cæsar!*Eud.* [*Aside.*] I have my wish!*Afr.* Will't please your grace speak to him?*Eud.* Yes; but he will not hear, lords.*Semp.* Stir him, Lucius;

The senate must have thanks.

*Luc.* Your grace! sir! Cæsar!*Eud.* Did I not tell you he was well? He's  
dead!*Semp.* Dead?—Treason! guard the court! let  
no man pass!

Soldiers, your Cæsar's murdered.

*Eud.* Make no tumult,

Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,

And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:

I was his death! That wreath that made him  
Cæsar,

Has made him earth.

*Sold.* Cut her in thousand pieces! [*They draw.*]*Eud.* Wise men would know the reason first.  
To dieIs that I wish for, Romans, and your swords  
The heavenliest way of death: Yet, soldiers,  
grant me

(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)

But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,

And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;

Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

*Afr.* Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a woman;

A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,

If she be guilty of malicious murder,

Has given us laws to make example of her;

If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,

Let us consider first, then execute.

*Semp.* Speak, bloody woman!*Eud.* Yes: This Maximus,  
That was your Cæsar, lords, and noble soldiers,

(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me,  
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)  
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,  
A most malicious traitor.

*Semp.* Take heed, woman.

*Eud.* I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius  
(Whose blest soul, if I lie, shall afflict me),  
The man that all the world loved, you adored,  
That was the master-piece of arms, and bounty,  
(Mine own grief shall come last) this friend of his,  
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,  
By a base letter to the emperor,  
Stuff'd full of fears, and poor suggestions,  
And by himself unto himself directed,  
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!  
Oh, loss! Oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?  
And the poor stale, my noble lord, that knew not  
More of this villain, than his forced fears,  
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:  
There was a murder too, Rome would have blush'd  
at!

Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience?

Nay, his wife,

(By Heaven, he told it me in wine, and joy,  
And swore it deeply!) he himself prepared

To be abused. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,  
And weep the sins that did it: And his end  
Was only me, and Cæsar: But me he lied in.  
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul  
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice!  
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

*Afr.* What less could nature do? What less  
had we done,  
Had we known this before? Romans, she's  
righteous;  
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile  
on!

Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye.  
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand  
Seal my new joy and thanks.—Thou hast done  
truly.

*Semp.* Up with your arms; ye strike a saint  
else, Romans.

May'st thou live ever spoken our protector:  
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,  
And pray before we choose; then plant a Cæsar  
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

*Afr.* Take up the body, nobly, to his urn,  
And may our sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt with the body. A dead march.*]

### EPILOGUE.

We would fain please ye, and as fain be pleased;  
'Tis but a little liking, both are eased;  
We have your money, and you have our ware,  
And, to our understanding, good and fair:  
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad  
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:  
Let not a brack i' th' stuff, or here and there  
The fading gloss, a general loss appear!  
We know ye take up worse commodities,  
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;

We know, in meat and wine ye fling away  
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay.  
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.  
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:  
The price is easy, and so light the play,  
That ye may new-digest it every day.  
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,  
Only to please the eye a while, and kiss,  
'Till a good wife be got; so let this play  
Hold ye a while until a better may.

# MONSIEUR THOMAS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE, a Gentleman lately returned from Travel.

MONSIEUR THOMAS, his Fellow-Traveller.

SEBASTIAN, his Father.

FRANCISCO, VALENTINE'S Son, in Love with CELLIDE.

HYLAS, a general Lover.

SAM, a Gentleman, his Friend.

LAUNCELOT, Monsieur THOMAS'S Man.

MICHAEL, a Gentleman, VALENTINE'S Neighbour.  
Three Physicians, and an Apothecary.

A Barber.

ALICE, VALENTINE'S Sister.

CELLIDE, beloved by VALENTINE, in Love with FRANCISCO.

MARY, Niece to VALENTINE and ALICE, in Love with Monsieur THOMAS.

DOROTHEA, Monsieur THOMAS'S Sister.

Abbess of St. Katherine's, Aunt to Monsieur THOMAS.

MADGE, KATE, a Black-a-Moor, and other Maids.

SCENE,—LONDON.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of*  
VALENTINE.

*Enter ALICE and VALENTINE.*

*Alice.* How dearly welcome you are !

*Val.* I know it ;

And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,  
And pray let this confirm it: How you have govern'd

My poor state in my absence, how my servants,  
I dare, and must believe (else I should wrong ye)  
The best and worthiest.

*Alice.* As my woman's wit, sir,  
Which is but weak and crazy.

*Val.* But, good Alice,  
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellidè,  
The life of my affection, since my travel,  
My long and lazy travel? Is her love still  
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop  
And wither at my years? has she not view'd  
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,  
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?  
There lie my fears.

*Alice.* They need not; for, believe me,  
So well you have managed her, and won her mind,  
Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness  
(And, in your absence, that by me enforced still),  
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,  
Observed her, fed her fancy, lived still in her,  
And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,  
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,  
Yet here you have gone beyond Love, better'd  
Nature,

Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,  
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;  
For though your body has been far off from her,  
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,  
I have forced into her, won a place prepared too,

And willingly, to give it ever harbour;  
Believe she is so much your's, and won by miracle,  
(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her  
By your observances, she cannot alter.  
Were the child living now you lost at sea  
Among the Genoa gallees, what a happiness!  
What a main blessing!

*Val.* Oh, no more, good sister;  
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and  
jarring!

With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,  
The root of all those hopes, the mother too,  
Within few days.

*Alice.* 'Tis too true, and too fatal;  
But peace be with their souls!

*Val.* For her loss,  
I hope the beauteous Cellidè——

*Alice.* You may, sir,  
For all she is, is yours.

*Val.* For the poor boy's loss,  
I have brought a noble friend I found in travel;  
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,  
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,  
Man yet was never master of.

*Alice.* What is he?

*Val.* A gentleman, I do assure myself,  
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it.  
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,  
Only his mind the master of a treasure:  
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,  
His honesty and modesty still fearing  
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him,  
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter  
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;  
It is my will, good sister; all I have  
I make him free companion in, and partner,  
But only——

*Alice.* I observe you; hold your right there;

Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.  
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

*Enter HYLAS.*

*Hylas.* You are welcome, noble sir.

*Val.* What, Monsieur Hylas!

I'm glad to see your merry body well yet.

*Hylas.* I'faith you're welcome home! What news beyond seas?

*Val.* None, but new men expected, such as you To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister; [are, 'Pray you know her, sir.

*Hylas.* With all my heart. Your leave, lady?

*Alice.* You have it, sir. [*They salute.*]

*Hylas.* A shrewd smart touch! which does prognosticate [*Aside.*]

A body keen and active: Somewhat old,  
But that's all one; age brings experience  
And knowledge to dispatch.—I must be better,  
And nearer in my service, with your leave sir,  
To this fair lady.

*Val.* What, the old 'Squire of Dames still?

*Hylas.* Still the admirer of their goodness.—

With all my heart now, [*Aside.*]

I love a woman of her years, a pacer,  
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel—  
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;  
These young colts are too skittish.

*Enter MARY.*

*Alice.* My cousin Mary,  
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate  
Your fair return.

*Val.* My loving and kind cousin,  
A thousand welcomes!

*Mary.* A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,  
For your safe voyage and return!

*Val.* I thank you.

But where's my blessed Cellidè? Her slackness  
In visitation—

*Mary.* Think not so, dear uncle;  
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods  
With tears and prayers.

*Val.* You have given me too much comfort.

*Mary.* She will not be long from you.

*Hylas.* Your fair cousin?

*Val.* It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,  
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.

*Hylas.* A happy stock you have.—Right worthy  
The poorest of your servants vows his duty [lady,  
And obliged faith.

*Mary.* Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir;  
Take it, and tie your tongue up.

*Hylas.* I'm an ass,

I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead;  
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,  
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,  
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!  
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears  
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,  
And only she, that I will so much honour  
As to think worthy of my love; all older idols  
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,  
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

*Enter FRANCISCO at one door, and CELLIDÈ at another.*

*Val.* Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all  
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes, [dangers,  
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,  
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion.  
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

*Cel.* My joy has so much over-master'd me,  
That, in my tears for your return—

*Val.* Oh, dearest!—

My noble friend too? What a blessedness  
Have I about me now! how full my wishes  
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes  
I once more lay upon you! All I have,  
The fair and liberal use of all my servants  
To be at your command, and all the uses  
Of all within my power,—

*Fran.* (You're too munificent;  
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir—

*Val.* You wrong my tender love now)—even my  
service;

Nothing excepted; nothing stuck between us  
And our entire affections, but this woman;  
This I beseech ye, friend—

*Fran.* It is a jewel,

I do confess, would make a thief, but never  
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your son.  
That were a base ingratitude. [*Exit.*]

*Val.* You are noble!

Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way, sir:  
My cousin, and my sister.

*Alice.* You are most welcome.

*Mary.* If anything in our poor powers, fair sir,  
To render you content, and liberal welcome,  
May but appear, command it.

*Alice.* You shall find us  
Happy in our performance.

*Fran.* The poor servant  
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.

*Val.* Come, no more compliment; custom has  
made it

Dull, old, and tedious: You are once more welcome  
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same  
And so we'll in to ratify it. [*Exit.*]

*Hylas.* Hark ye, Valentine:

Is Wild-Oats yet come over?

*Val.* Yes, with me, sir.

*Mary.* How does he bear himself?

*Val.* A great deal better.

Why do you blush? The gentleman will do well.

*Mary.* I should be glad on't, sir.

*Val.* How does his father?

*Hylas.* As mad a worm as e'er he was.

*Val.* I look'd for't;

Shall we enjoy your company?

*Hylas.* I'll wait on ye:

Only a thought or two.

*Val.* We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but HYLAS.*]

*Hylas.* This last wench! ay, this last wench  
was a fair one,

A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,  
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking!  
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach:  
But what's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thourbs:  
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have light?  
But to increase my objects? This last wench  
Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound  
I were as close to her! If I loved now,  
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in SEBASTIAN'S House.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and LAURELLOT.*

*Seb.* Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs!  
If you be lousy, shift yourself. [*advise you*]

*Laun.* May it please your worship—

*Seb.* Only to see my son; my son, good Laun—  
Your master and my son! Body o' me, sir, [celot;  
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot,  
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,  
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur

Thomas,

Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*, sir!

*Bassa mi cu*, good Launcelot! *vaietote!*

My boy, or nothing!

*Laun.* Then, to answer punctually,—

*Seb.* I say to th' purpose.

*Laun.* Then I say to th' purpose;

Because your worship's vulgar understanding  
May meet me at the nearest: Your son, my master,  
Or Monsieur Thomas (for so his travel styles him),  
Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with,  
And dangers (I beseech you give attention)  
Is at the last arrived,

To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)

*Benediction de jour en jour.*

*Seb.* Sirrah, don't conjure me with your French

*Laun.* *Che ditt'a vous*, monaieur? [furies.

*Seb.* *Che doge vou*, rascal!

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,  
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,  
What your good master means. I have maintain'd  
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,  
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours!*  
*Jour* me no more; for not another penny  
Shall pass my purse.

*Laun.* Your worship is erroneous;  
For, as I told you, your son Tom, or Thomas,  
My master and your son, is now arrived  
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)  
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in person.

*Enter THOMAS.*

*Seb.* What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my  
heart, boy!

Welcome, 'faith! thou hast gladdened me at soul,  
boy!

Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,  
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee heartily  
For coming home.

*Tho.* Sir, I do find your prayers

Have much prevail'd above my sins—

*Seb.* How's this?

*Tho.* Else certain I had perish'd with my rude-  
Ere I had won myself to that discretion [ness  
I hope you shall hereafter find.

*Seb.* Humh, humh!

Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoil'd.

*Tho.* Sirrah, you rogue, look for't! for I will  
make thee

Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st  
thyself

Before thou travell'd'st: Thou hast told my father  
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,  
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.

*Laun.* Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only  
Told him you came to ask his benediction,  
*De jour en jour!*

*Tho.* But that I must be civil,  
I would beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever  
The time I have mispent, may make you doubtful,  
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion—

*Seb.* A pox o' travel, I say!

*Tho.* Yet, dear father,  
Your own experience in my after-courses—

*Enter DOROTHEA.*

*Seb.* Pr'ythee no more; 'tis scurvy! There's  
thy sister.—

Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks;  
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!

How have I sinn'd, that this affliction  
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons,  
And this no more mine own; no spark of nature  
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My  
grand curse

Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee:  
Travel!

I'll send my horse to travel next!—*We, Monsieur!*

Now will my most canonical dear neighbours

Say, I have found my son, and rejoice with me,  
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know  
not,

But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine gentleman,  
Will never be in my books like mad Thomas.

I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance  
Must not turn secretary. My name and quality

Have kept my land three hundred years in madness:  
An it slip now, may it sink! [Exit.

*Tho.* Excellent sister,

I am glad to see thee well.—But where's my father?

*Dor.* Gone discontent, it seems.

*Tho.* He did ill in it,

As he does all; for I was uttering

A handsome speech or two, I have been studying  
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to see  
thee!

*Dor.* I am gladder to see you (with more love too,  
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry

To see (as he supposes) your conversion;  
And I am sure he's vexed; nay, more, I know it;  
He has pray'd against it mainly: But it appears, sir,  
You had rather blind him with that poor opinion  
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,  
Since there is in our uniform resemblance  
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,  
And since one happy birth produced us hither,  
Let one more happy mind—

*Tho.* It shall be, sister;

For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,  
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on't:  
Beware a traveller.

*Dor.* Leave that trick too.

*Tho.* Not for the world. But where's my  
mistress?

And pr'ythee say how does she! I melt to see her,  
And presently: I must away.

*Dor.* Then do so,

For o' my faith she will not see you, brother.

*Tho.* Not see me? I'll—

*Dor.* Now you play your true self;

How would my father love this! I'll assure you  
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)  
The gambols that you play'd since your departure,  
In every town you came, your several mischiefs,  
Your rouses and your wenchings; all your quarrels,  
And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,  
Although she love you well, to modest ears,  
To one that waited for your reformation,  
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,  
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,  
And by her modesty: and fear'd too light too,  
To file with her affections: You have lost her,  
For any thing I see, exiled yourself.

*Tho.* No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be  
*Dor.* But how long? [civil.

*Tho.* Wouldst thou have me lose my birth—  
For yond old thing will disinheret me, [right ?  
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, pr'ythee,  
Pr'ythee, dear sister, let me see her !

*Dor.* No.

*Tho.* Nay, I beseech thee. By this light—

*Dor.* Ay, swagger.

*Tho.* Kiss me, and be my friend ; we two were  
And shall we now grow strangers ? [twins,

*Dor.* 'Tis not my fault.

*Tho.* Well, there be other women ; and remem-  
ber you,

You, you were the cause of this ; there be more  
lands too,

And better people in 'em, (fare ye well !)

And other loves. What shall become of me,

And of my vanities, because they grieve you ?

*Dor.* Come hither, come ; do you see that cloud  
that flies there ?

So light are you, and blown with every fancy.

Will you but make me hope you may be civil ?

I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,

Not grated on, nor curb'd : Do you love your

*Tho.* He lies that says I do not. [mistress ?

*Dor.* Would you see her ?

*Tho.* If you please, for it must be so.

*Dor.* And appear to her

A thing to be beloved ?

*Tho.* Yes.

*Dor.* Change then

A little of your wildness into wisdom.

And put on a more smoothness.

I'll do the best I can to help you ; yet

I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,

She would never see you more. Where's your

What, do you faint at this ? [man's heart now ?

*Tho.* She is a woman :

But he she entertains next for a servant,

I shall be bold to quarter !

*Dor.* No thought of fighting.

Go in, and there we'll talk more ; be but ruled,

And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in the Lodge of MARY.

*Enter ALICE and MARY.*

*Alice.* He cannot be so wild still !

*Mary.* 'Tis most certain ;

I have now heard all, and all the truth.

*Alice.* Grant all that ;

Is he the first that has been given a lost man,

And yet come fairly home ? He is young and  
tender,

And fit for that impression your affections

Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion ;

A year hence, these mad toys that now possess  
him

Will shew like bugbears to him, shapes to fright  
Marriage dissolves all these like mists. [him ;

*Mary.* They are grounded

Hereditary in him, from his father,

And to his grave they'll haunt him.

*Alice.* 'Tis your fear,

Which is a wise part in you ; yet your love,

However you may seem to lessen it

With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,

Do what you can, will break out to excuse him :

You have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,

From whence the power of reason, nor discretion,  
Can ever root him.

*Mary.* Planted in my heart, aunt ?

Believe it, no ; I never was so liberal.

What though he shew a so-so-comely fellow,

Which we call pretty, or say it may be handsome ;

What though his promises may stumble at

The power of goodness in him, sometimes we  
too—

*Alice.* How willingly thy heart betrays thee !  
cousin,

Cozen thyself no more : Thou hast no more power

To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty

Has to abstain from drink, standing before him.

His mind is not so monstrous ; for his shape,

If I have eyes, I have not seen his better ;

A handsome brown complexion—

*Mary.* Reasonable,

Inclining to a tawny.

*Alice.* Had I said so

You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then his  
making—

*Mary.* Which may be mended ; I have seen her  
And cleaner made. [straighten

*Alice.* A body too—

*Mary.* Far neater,

And better set together.

*Alice.* God forgive thee !

For 'gainst thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.

*Mary.* I grant 'tis neat enough.

*Alice.* 'Tis excellent ;

And where the outward parts are fair and lovely  
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind), what must the  
soul be ?

Put case, youth has his swinge, and fiery nature  
Flames to mad uses many times—

*Mary.* All this

You only use to make me say I love him :

I do confess I do ; but that my fondness

Should fling itself upon his desperate follies—

*Alice.* I do not counsel that ; see him reclaim'd  
first,

Which will not prove a miracle : Yet, Mary,  
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly  
To stay so long.

*Mary.* No, no, aunt ; no, believe me.

*Alice.* What was your dream to-night ? for I  
observed you

Hugging of me, with, " Good dear, sweet Tom "

*Mary.* Fy, aunt !

Upon my conscience—

*Alice.* On my word 'tis true, wench. [too.

And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than once,

And sigh'd, and " Oh, sweet Tom " again. Nay,  
do not blush ;

You have it at the heart, wench.

*Mary.* I'll be hang'd first ;

But you must have your way.

*Alice.* And so will you too,

Or break down hedges for it. *Dorothea !*

*Enter DOROTHEA.*

Thou welcomest woman living. How does thy  
brother ?

I hear he's turn'd a wond'rous civil gentleman.  
Since his short travel.

*Dor.* 'Pray Heaven he make it good, Alice.

*Mary.* How do you, friend ? I have a quarrel  
to you ;

You stole away and left my company.

*Dor.* Oh, pardon me, dear friend; it was to welcome

A brother, that I have some cause to love well.

*Mary.* Pr'ythee how is he? thou speak'st truth.

*Dor.* Not perfect;

I hope he will be.

*Mary.* Never. He has forgot me,

I hear, wench, and his hot love too——

*Alice.* Thou wouldst howl then.

*Mary.* And I am glad it should be so: His Have yielded him variety of mistresses, [travels Fairer in his eye far.

*Alice.* Oh, cogging rascal!

*Mary.* I was a fool, but better thoughts, I thank Heaven——

*Dor.* Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,

Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see you.

*Mary.* See me, friend! Do you think it fit?

*Dor.* It may be,

Without the loss of credit too: He's not

Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,

To fling from all society.

*Mary.* He's so much contrary

To my desires, such an antipathy,

That I must sooner see my grave.

*Dor.* Dear friend,

He was not so before he went.

*Mary.* I grant it,

For then I daily hoped his fair conversation.

*Alice.* Come, do not mask yourself, but see him You have a mind. [freely;

*Mary.* That mind I'll master then.

*Dor.* And is your hate so mortal?

*Mary.* Not to his person,

But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies, Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on him.

I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort Love where their modesties may live untainted.

*Dor.* I give up that hope then: 'Pray, for your If I have any interest within you, [friend's sake, Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.

*Mary.* From him?

*Dor.* The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading; And, as we look on shapes of painted devils, Which for the present may disturb our fancy, But with the next new object lose 'em, so, If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray!

*Mary.* Have you seen it, friend?

*Dor.* I will not lie, I have not; But I presume, so much he honours you, The worst part of himself was cast away When to his best part he writ this.

*Mary.* For your sake;

Not that I any way shall like his scribbling——

*Alice.* A shrewd dissembling quean!

*Dor.* I thank you, dear friend.

I know she loves him.

*Alice.* Yes, and will not lose him,

Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,

And then she'll scramble too. Young wenches' loves

Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,

And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see

The least distemper pulls 'em back again,

And seats 'em in their old course: Fear her not, Unless he be a devil.

*Mary.* Now Heaven bless me!

*Dor.* What has he writ?

*Mary.* Out, out upon him!

*Dor.* Ha! what has the madman done?

*Mary.* Worse, worse, and worse still!

*Alice.* Some Northern toy, a little broad.

*Mary.* Still fouler!

Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!

*Dor.* What ail you?

*Mary.* Here, take your spell again; it burns my fingers.

Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,

So elegant a style? Pray look upon't;

The rarest inventory of rank oaths

That ever cut-purse cast.

*Alice.* What a mad boy is this!

*Mary.* Only i' th' bottom

A little julep gently sprinkled over

To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters;

"Indeed la, yours for ever."

*Dor.* I am sorry.

*Mary.* You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,

And ever may command me virtuously;

But for your brother, you must pardon me:

Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,

No word of visitation, as you love me.

And so for now I'll leave you. [Exit.

*Alice.* What a letter

Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!

With what a state he enters into style!

"Dear mistress!"

*Dor.* Out upon him, bedlam!

*Alice.* Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such likeness

As you two carry, methinks——

*Dor.* I am mad too,

And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!

The fool shall now fish for himself.

*Alice.* Be sure then

His tewgh be tith and strong; and next, no swearing;

He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll!

*Dor.* Farewell, Alice!

[Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in VALENTINE'S House.*

*Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and CELLIDE.*

*Cel.* Indeed he is much changed, extremely His colour faded strangely too. [alter'd,

*Val.* The air,

The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,

I hope, is all, which will as well restore

To health again the affected body by it,

And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.

How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on Apace, my Cellide (it knocks at door), [now

In which our loves and long desires, like rivers

Rising asunder far, shall fall together.

Within these two days, dear——



*Cel.* When Heaven and you, sir,  
Still think it fit; for by your wills I am govern'd.

*Alice.* 'Twere good some preparation—

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Val.* All that may be;  
It shall be no blind wedding: And all the joy  
Of all our friends, I hope.—He looks worse hourly:  
How does my friend? myself? He sweats too,  
coldly;

His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,  
Scarce gives his function. How is't, man? Alas,  
You look extreme ill: Is it any old grief, [sir,  
The weight of which—

*Fran.* None, gentle sir, that I feel;  
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, sir—

*Cel.* You cannot be the master of your health:  
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,  
Whose harbingers already in your face  
We see preparing, or some discontent,  
Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,  
Both for this noble gentleman, and all  
That live within it—shall as readily  
Be purged away, and with as much care soften'd,  
And where the cause is—

*Fran.* 'Tis a joy to be ill,  
Where such a virtuous fair physician  
Is ready to relieve: Your noble cares  
I must, and ever shall, be thankful for;  
And would my service—(I dare not look upon  
her)—

But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;  
A grudging, caused by the alteration  
Of air, may hang upon me: My heart's whole.—  
I would it were!— [Aside.

*Val.* I knew the cause to be so.

*Fran.* No, you shall never know it. [Aside.

*Alice.* Some warm broths,  
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, sir,  
And sweat it out.

*Cel.* I have such cordials.  
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,  
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.  
I'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely  
I'll fetch you up again.

*Val.* He sweats extremely;  
Hot, very hot: His pulse beats like a drum now.  
Feel, sister, feel! feel, sweet!

*Fran.* How that touch stung me! [Aside.

*Val.* My gown there!

*Cel.* And those juleps in the window!

*Alice.* Some see his bed made.

*Val.* This is most unhappy!

Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.

*Cel.* And this shall be the last fit.

*Fran.* Not by thousands! [Aside.  
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,  
I feel at full experience.

*Alice.* He grows fainter.

*Val.* Come, lead him in; he shall to bed. A  
I'll have a vomit for him. [vomit;

*Alice.* A purge first;  
And if he breathed a vein—

*Val.* No, no, no bleeding;

A clyster will cool all.

*Cel.* Be of good cheer, sir!

*Alice.* He's loth to speak.

*Cel.* How hard he holds my hand, aunt!

*Alice.* I do not like that sign.

*Val.* Away to his chamber,

Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,  
With all the care ye have. 'Would I had 'scused  
him? [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Room in SEBASTIAN'S House.

*Enter DOROTHEA and THOMAS.*

*Dor.* Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her.  
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!  
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!  
You are so learned in your writs; You stand now  
As if you had worried sheep. You must tarr  
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly, [tippet.  
Put on the shape of order and humanity,  
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;  
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier  
Of your confound-me's, and your culverins?  
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?  
Who would have writ such a debosh'd—

*Tho.* Your patience;  
May not a man profess his love?

*Dor.* In blasphemies?  
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?  
Out, out upon thee!

*Tho.* How would you have me write?  
Begin with "My love premised; surely,  
And by my truly, mistress"?

*Dor.* Take your own course,  
For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,  
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly  
I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell, sir!

*Tho.* Thou art not mad?

*Dor.* No; if I were, dear brother,  
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress.  
Some suburb saint, that sarpence and some oaths  
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans  
And candles' ends, and quarrel for her beauty;  
Such a sweetheart must serve your turn: Your  
old love

Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,  
And utterly abjures your memory,  
Till time has better managed you. Will you com—

*Tho.* What, bobb'd of all sides? [mand me—

*Dor.* Any worthy service  
Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,  
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,  
You are his true son Tom still? Will it please you  
To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants pre—  
sently,

That I may testify you have brought the same  
faith

Unblemish'd home, you carried out? Or, if it  
like you,

There be two chambermaids within, young wenches.  
Handsome, and apt for exercise: You have been  
good, sir,

And charitable, though I say it, signior,  
To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I  
think on't,

Your young rear admiral, I mean your last bastard,  
Don John, you had by Lady Blanch the dairymaid.  
Is by an academy of learn'd gypsies,  
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,  
Stolen from the nurse, and wanders with those  
prophets.

There is plate in the parlour, and good stove, sir.  
When you want, shall supply it. So most humbly  
(First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, sir

[Exit.

*Tho.* Why, Doll ! why, Doll, I say !—My letter  
fubb'd too,—

And no access without I mend my manners ?

All my designs in limbo ? I will have her,

Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,

I am resolved that, if she live above ground,

I'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with every bobtail.

I will be civil too, now I think better,

Exceeding civil, wond'rous finely carried ;

And yet be mad upon occasion,

And stark mad too, and save my land : My father,

I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—*The Street before the same.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT.*

*Seb.* Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your  
master : Leave your stitches !

I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.

*Laun.* I say, how, sir ?

*Seb.* Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant  
rascal,

First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing

I warn'd him from ; for I knew if he read once,

He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,

Sir lousy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him,

Against my power first, then against my precept,

To keep that simpering sort of people company,

That sober men call civil : Mark you that, sir ?

*Laun.* An't please your worship—

*Seb.* It does not please my worship,

Nor shall not please my worship ! Third and lastly,

Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for

(However, I will lame thee), like a villain,

Thou hast wrought him

Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,

A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I loved  
well.

My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,

Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away ; no warrants

Come for the breach of peace ;

Men travel with their money, and nothing meets

I was accus'd to send thee ! thou wert ever 'em,

Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit ;

Thou sleep'st still like a cork upon the water.

*Laun.* Your worship knows I ever was accounted

The most debosh'd—And, please you to remember,

Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit ;

I broke the butler's head, too.

*Seb.* No, base palliard,

I do remember yet that onslaught ; thou wast  
beaten,

And fled'st before the butler, a black jack

Playing upon thee furiously ; I saw it ;

I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master !

*Enter THOMAS, with a book.*

*Tho.* What sweet content dwells here !

*Laun.* Put up your book, sir ;

We are all undone else.

*Seb.* Tom, when is the horse-race ?

*Tho.* I know not, sir.

*Seb.* You will be there ?

*Tho.* Not I, sir ;

I have forgot those journeys.

*Seb.* Spoil'd for ever !—

The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be  
Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser.

*Tho.* I am sorry, sir,

They should employ their time so slenderly ;

Their understandings will bear better courses.

*Seb.* [Aside.] Yes, I will marry again !—But,  
Monsieur Thomas,

What say you to the gentleman that challenged  
you

Before ye went, and the fellow ye fell out with ?

*Tho.* Oh, good sir,

Remember not those follies. Where I have wrong'd,  
sir,

(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself)

My means, and my repentance shall make even ;

Nor do I think it any imputation

To let the law persuade me.

*Seb.* Any woman ;

I care not of what colour, or complexion ;

Any that can bear children !—Rest you merry !  
[Exit.]

*Laun.* Ye have utterly undone, clean discharged  
I am for the ragged regiment. [me ;

*Tho.* Eight languages,

And wither at an old man's words ?

*Laun.* Oh, pardon me !

I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,

Will not keep me from beating, if not killing :

I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.

You might have saved all this, and sworn a little ;

What had an oath or two been ? or a head broke,

Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the old  
[man ?

*Tho.* I'll break it yet.

*Laun.* Now 'tis too late, I take it.

Will you be drunk to-night (a less entreaty

Has served your turn), and save all yet ? not mad  
drunk,

For then you are the devil ; yet the drunker

The better for your father still. Your state is de-  
sperate,

And with a desperate cure you must recover it :

Do something, do, sir ; do some drunken thing,

Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.

*Tho.* Go for a fiddler then ; the poor old fiddler

That says his songs. But first, where lies my

Did you inquire out that ? [mistress ?

*Laun.* I 'th' lodge alone, sir,

None but her own attendants.

*Tho.* 'Tis the happier :

Away then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me

By nine o'clock.

*Laun.* Via !

[Exit.]

*Tho.* My father's mad now,

And ten to one will disinherit me :

I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.

*Enter HYLAS and SAM.*

What Rybabalde ?

*Hylas.* Don Thomasio !

*De bene veneo.*

*Tho.* I do embrace your body.—

How dost thou, Sam ?

*Sam.* The same Sam still ; your friend, sir.

*Tho.* And how is't, bouncing boys ?

*Hylas.* Thou art not alter'd ;

They said thou wert all Monsieur.

*Tho.* Oh, believe it,

I am much alter'd, much another way ;

The civil'st gentleman in all your country :

Do not ye see me alter'd ? "Yea and nay," gen-  
tlemen ;

A much-converted man. Where's the best wine,

*Hylas.* A sound convertite ! [boys ?

*Tho.* What, hast thou made up twenty yet?

*Hylas.* By'r lady,  
I have given a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,  
The last I fell in love with scored sixteen.

*Tho.* Look to your skin; Rambaldo the sleep-  
Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal. [ing giant

*Sam.* He ne'er perceives 'em  
Longer than looking on.

*Tho.* Thou never mean'st then  
To marry any that thou lov'st?

*Hylas.* No surely,  
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage?  
Would you have me now begin to be 'prentice,  
And learn to cobble other men's old boots?

*Sam.* Why, you may take a maid.

*Hylas.* Where? can you tell me?  
Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,  
To what use should I put her? Look upon her,  
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?  
All the new gowns i' th' parish will not please her,  
If she be high bred (for there's the sport she aims  
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars. [at),

*Tho.* Then take a widow,  
A good staunch wench, that's tith.

*Hylas.* And begin a new order?  
Live in a dead man's monument? Not, I, sir.  
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;  
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet  
To lay up for the morrow; And methinks ever  
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.

*Tho.* Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and  
flat-nosed,

And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders,  
All the face over. [flat

*Hylas.* I have had such damsels,  
I must confess.

*Tho.* Thou hast been a precious rogue.

*Sam.* Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,  
They lie with half the kingdom.

*Enter, over the Stage, Physicians and others.*

*Tho.* What's the matter?  
Whither go all these men-menders, these physi-  
Whose dog lies sick o' the mulligrubs? [cians?

*Sam.* Oh, the gentleman,  
The young smug signior, Master Valentine  
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,  
Is fallen sick o' th' sudden, desperate sick;  
And likely they go thither.

*Tho.* Who? young Frank?  
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,  
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

*Enter ALICE.*

*Sam.* There's one can better satisfy you.

*Tho.* Mistress Alice,  
I joy to see you, lady.

*Alice.* Good Monsieur Thomas,  
You are welcome from your travel. I am hasty;  
A gentleman lies sick, sir.

*Tho.* And how dost thou?  
I must know, and I will know.

*Alice.* Excellent well;  
As well as may be, thank you.

*Tho.* I am glad on't;  
And pr'ythee hark!

*Alice.* I cannot stay. [They walk apart.

*Tho.* A while, Alice!

*Sam.* Never look so narrowly; the mark's in  
her mouth still. [quiet.

*Hylas.* I am looking at her legs; pr'ythee be

*Alice.* I cannot stay.

*Tho.* Oh, sweet Alice!

*Hylas.* A clean instep,  
And that I love a' life. I did not mark  
This woman half so well before; how quick  
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg shew'd it  
By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her stock-  
A much inviting colour. [ing,

*Alice.* My good Monsieur,  
I have no time to talk now.

*Hylas.* Pretty breeches,  
Finely becoming too.

*Tho.* By Heaven—

*Alice.* She will not,  
I can assure you that, and so—

*Tho.* But this word!

*Alice.* I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord! [Exit.

*Hylas.* Well, you shall hear more from me.

*Tho.* We'll go visit;  
'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there;  
And under visitation I shall see her.  
Will ye along?

*Hylas.* By any means.

*Tho.* Be sure then

I be a civil man. I have sport in hand, boys,  
Shall make mirth for a marriage day.

*Hylas.* Away then. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in VALENTINE'S House.

*Enter three Physicians, with an urnal.*

1 *Phys.* A pleurisy, I see it.

2 *Phys.* I rather hold it

For tremor cordis.

3 *Phys.* Do you mark the faces?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;  
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.

1 *Phys.* By no means.

3 *Phys.* I say bleed.

1 *Phys.* I say 'tis dangerous,

The person being spent so much before-hand.  
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters—

2 *Phys.* Now, with your favours; I should think  
a vomit;

For, take away the cause, the effect must follow;  
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unfishy  
yet.

3 *Phys.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by milk  
Nature so sunk must find no violence. [means

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Will't please ye draw near? The wench  
Grows worse and worse still. [gentleman

1 *Phys.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phys.* He shall do well, my friend.

*Serv.* My master's love, sir.

1 *Phys.* Excellent well, I warrant thee; right  
and straight, friend.

3 *Phys.* There's no doubt in him, none at all  
ne'er fear him. [Exit

#### SCENE V.—Another in the same.

*Enter VALENTINE and MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* That he is desperate sick, I do believe  
well,

And that without a speedy cure it kills him;

But that it lies within the help of physic  
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,  
Believe it you are cozen'd ; clean beside it.  
I would tell you the true cause too, but 'twould  
Nay, run you mad. [vex you,

*Val.* May all I have restore him ?  
So dearly and so tenderly I love him—  
(I do not know the cause why) yea, my life too ?

*Mich.* Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell  
you :

*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !*  
*Val.* 'Twas that I only fear'd ! Good friend, go  
from me ;

I find my heart too full for further conference.  
You are assured of this ?

*Mich.* It will prove too certain ;  
But bear it nobly, sir ; youth hath his errors.

*Val.* I shall do, and I thank you ; pray you no  
words on't.

*Mich.* I do not use to talk, sir.

*Val.* You are welcome. [Exit MICHAEL.

Is there no constancy in earthly things,  
No happiness in us but what must alter ?  
No life without the heavy load of fortune ?  
What miseries we are, and to ourselves !  
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,  
What daily sores and sorrows !

*Enter ALICE.*

*Alice.* Oh, dear brother !  
The gentleman, if ever you will see him  
Alive, as I think—

*Enter CELLIDE.*

*Cel.* Oh, he faints ! For Heaven sake,  
For Heaven sake, sir—

*Val.* Go comfort him, dear sister. [Exit ALICE.  
And one word, sweet, with you ; then we'll go to  
What think you of this gentleman ? [him.

*Cel.* My pity thinks, sir,  
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.

*Val.* It is, indeed ; but, Cellide, he must die.

*Cel.* That were a cruelty, when care may cure  
Why do ye weep so, sir ? he may recover. [him.

*Val.* He may, but with much danger. My sweet  
You have a powerful tongue. [Cellide,

*Cel.* To do you service.

*Val.* I will betray his grief : He loves a gentle-  
woman,

A friend of yours, whose heart another holds ;  
He knows it too : yet such a sway blind fancy,  
And his not daring to deliver it,  
Have won upon him, that they must undo him :  
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit  
Misfortune fell so foul on.

*Cel.* Sure she's hard-hearted,  
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,  
At such a misery. She is not married ?

*Val.* Not yet.

*Cel.* Nor near it ?

*Val.* When she please.

*Cel.* And pray, sir,  
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so ?

*Val.* His love may merit much, his person little,  
For there the match lies mangled.

*Cel.* Is he your friend ?

*Val.* He should be, for he is near me.

*Cel.* Will not he die then,  
When the other shall recover ?

*Val.* You have posed me.

*Cel.* Methinks he should go near it, if he love  
If she love him. [her.

*Val.* She does, and would do equal.

*Cel.* 'Tis a hard task you put upon me ; yet, for  
your sake,

I will speak to her : All the art I have ;  
My best endeavours ; all his youth and person,  
His mind more full of beauties ; all his hopes ;  
The memory of such a sad example,  
Ill spoken of, and never old ; the curses  
Of loving maids, and what may be alledged,  
I'll lay before her. What's her name ? I am ready.

*Val.* But will you deal effectually ?

*Cel.* Most truly ;

Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.

*Val.* And could you be so pitiful ?

*Cel.* So dutiful,  
Because you urge it, sir.

*Val.* It may be then  
It is yourself.

*Cel.* It is indeed ; I know it,  
And now know how you love me.

*Val.* Oh, my dearest,

Let but your goodness judge : your own part's pity ;  
Set but your eyes on his afflictions ;  
He's mine, and so becomes your charge : But  
think

What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,  
What loss humanity, and noble manhood ;  
Take to your better judgment my declining,  
My age hung full of impotence and ills,  
My body budding now no more ; sear winter  
Hath seal'd that sap up ; at the best and happiest  
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,  
And how unequal, dearest ! where his years,  
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,  
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,  
Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive  
I say not this as weary of my bondage, [not ;  
Or ready to infringe my faith ; bear witness,  
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light  
To all the joy I have ! [me

*Cel.* You have said enough, sir,  
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could  
But you are a man, a false man too ! [utter ;  
*Val.* Dear Cellide !

*Cel.* And now, to shew you that I am a woman  
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,  
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,  
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him ;  
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,  
And now grow weary of my easy winning,  
So will I lose the name of Valentine,  
From henceforth all his flatteries ; and, believe it,  
Since you have so slightly parted with affection,  
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,  
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,  
Shall pluck me back again : What I shall do  
(Yet I will undertake his cure), expect it,  
Shall minister no comfort, no content,  
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations !

*Val.* Why, let him die then.

*Cel.* No ; so much I have loved  
To be commanded by you, that even now,  
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.

*Val.* What shall I do ?

*Cel.* Die like a fool unsorrow'd,  
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure !  
I must begin my cure.

*Val.* And I my crosses.

[Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

FRANCISCO *discovered sick in a bed; the three Physicians and an Apothecary.*

1 *Phys.* Clap on the cataplasm.

*Fran.* Good gentlemen,

Good learned gentlemen—

2 *Phys.* And see those broths there,  
Ready within this hour. Pray keep your arms in;  
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

*Fran.* Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me,  
gentlemen!

I have no other sickness but your presence.  
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em:  
Your vomits, and your clysters.

3 *Phys.* Pray be ruled, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring in the lertice cap. You must be  
shaved, sir,

And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

*Fran.* Till dooms-day. What unnecessary no-  
Are these about a wounded mind! [things]

2 *Phys.* How do ye?

*Fran.* What questions they propound too!  
I am glad to see you well. [How do you, sir?]

3 *Phys.* A great distemper; it grows hotter still.

1 *Phys.* Open your mouth, I pray, sir.

*Fran.* And can you tell me

How old I am then? There's my hand; pray shew  
me

How many broken shins within this two year.—  
Who would be thus in fetters!—Good master  
doctor,

And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,  
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye  
To give me leave to live a little longer:  
Ye stand before me like my blacks.

2 *Phys.* 'Tis dangerous;

For now his fancy turns too.

*Enter CELLIDE.*

*Cel.* By your leave, gentlemen;  
And pray ye your leave a while too; I have some-  
Of secret to impart unto the patient. [thing]

1 *Phys.* With all our hearts.

3 *Phys.* Ay, marry, such a physic  
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,  
For we must minister within this half-hour.

*Cel.* You shall not stay for me.

[*Exeunt Physicians and Apothecary.*]

*Fran.* 'Would you were all rotten, [Rises.  
That ye might only intend one another's itches!  
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,  
Would drink small beer but seven years, and abolish  
That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,  
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail  
What torments these intruders into bodies— [ye!]

*Cel.* How do you, worthy sir?

*Fran.* Bless me, what beams  
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,  
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now  
To be an honest man!—Dare you sit by me?

*Cel.* Yes, and do more than that too, comfort  
I see you have need. [you;

*Fran.* You are a fair physician:

You bring no bitterness gilt o'er to gull us,  
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!

*Cel.* I would be sorry, sir, my charity,

And my good wishes for your health, should merit  
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you  
To taste a little of this cordial?

*Enter VALENTINE privately.*

For this I think must cure you.

*Fran.* Of which, lady?—

Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush?

*Cel.* Do you not understand? of this, this cor-  
dial. [Kisses him]

*Val.* Oh, my afflicted heart! She is gone for ever.

*Fran.* What Heaven you have brought me, lady!

*Cel.* Do not wonder:

For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,  
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, sir,  
Your life too excellent to lose in wishes;  
Love, virtuous love.

*Fran.* A virtuous blessing crown you!

Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,  
So noble a compassion in that heart,  
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?  
Can mercy drop from those eyes?

Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,  
When all the power you have, and perfect object,  
Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

*Cel.* Do not despair; nor do not think too  
boldly

I dare abuse my promise: 'Twas your friend's,  
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:  
But so much has your danger, and that spell  
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd above him  
To whom I ever owe obedience,  
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye:  
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignation;  
And willingly I ratify it.

*Fran.* Hold, for Heaven sake!

Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?  
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?  
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted:  
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,  
Nor I to take: I am resolved to die first;—

*Val.* Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then thou shalt  
not perish. [Aside]

*Fran.* And though I love ye above the light  
shines on me;

Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content;  
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd  
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;  
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise  
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it),  
Yet is a gratitude to be preserved,  
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy  
The name and nobleness of friends.

*Cel.* Pray tell me,

If I had never known that gentleman,  
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

*Fran.* Do you make a doubt?

*Cel.* And can you be unwilling,  
He being old and impotent? his aim too  
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd.  
But out of cure, and counsel? Alas, consider,  
Play but the woman with me, and consider,  
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,  
Truly consider sir, what misery—

*Fran.* For Virtue's sake, take heed!

*Cel.* What loss of youth,  
What everlasting banishment from that

Our years do only covet to arrive at,  
Equal affections, [born] and shot together?  
What living name can dead age leave behind him,  
What art of memory, but fruitless doting?

*Fran.* This cannot be.

*Cel.* To you, unless you apply it  
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;  
I speak but of things possible, not done,  
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,  
And yet I know you grieve this; and howsoever  
The worthiness of friend may make you stagger  
(Which is a fair thing in you), yet, my patient,  
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,  
If you would understand.

*Val.* Oh, cruel woman!

*Cel.* Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,  
Nor you so willing to be lost!

*Fran.* Pray stay there:

Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,  
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,  
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading!

*Val.* Excellent friend! *[Apart.]*

*Fran.* You have no share in goodness;  
You are belied; you are not Cellidè,  
The modest, [the] immaculate! Who are you?  
For I will know! What devil, to do mischief  
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes  
With that unblemish'd beauty?

*Cel.* Do not rave, sir,  
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you:  
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,  
By those fair eyes I do.

*Fran.* Oh, double-hearted!  
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction  
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a  
What an inviting hell invented! Tell me, [devil!]  
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,  
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,  
So sauted in the soul of him whose service  
Is almost turn'd to superstition,  
Whose every day endeavours and desires  
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,  
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy  
And most religious with his love, whose life  
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady)  
Is drawn out only for your ends——

*Val.* Oh, miracle! *[Apart.]*

*Fran.* Whose all, and every part of man (pray  
mark me)

Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,  
Whose breath is but your bubble—Can you, dare  
you,

Must you cast off this man, (though he were wil-  
ling,

Though in a nobleness to cross my danger,  
His friendship durst confirm it) without baseness,  
Without the stain of honour? Shall not people  
Say lostly hereafter, "There's the lady  
That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,  
To fawn upon a stranger;" for aught you know  
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?

*Val.* *[Apart.]* Take her with all my heart!  
Thou art so honest

That 'tis most necessary I be undone.  
With all my soul possess her.

*Cel.* Till this minute,

I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;  
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,  
To make you mad.

*Fran.* Good Heaven, what is this woman?

*Cel.* Nor did your danger, but in charity,  
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me  
More than a common object: Yet now truly,  
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,  
And from this hour you are the man I honour;  
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,  
The only friend: And I am glad your sickness  
Fell so most happily at this time on you,  
To make this truth the world's.

*Fran.* Whither do you drive me?

*Cel.* Back to your honesty; make that good ever;  
'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,  
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,  
Still fortify it: There are thousand foes,  
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:  
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,  
Your eyes, let them not wander!

*Fran.* Is this serious,  
Or does she play still with me?

*Cel.* Keep your ears,  
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly  
From light belief first, then from flattery,  
Especially where woman beats the parley;  
The body of your strength, your noble heart,  
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,  
Ridged round about with virtue, that no breaches,  
No subtle mines may meet you!

*Fran.* How like the sun  
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,  
She shew'd till now! when having won his way,  
How full of wonder he breaks out again,  
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,  
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,  
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful  
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,  
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,  
But, reconciled to faith, with holy wishes),  
To kiss that virgin hand!

*Cel.* Take your desire, sir,  
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;  
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,  
I fear, no more! Yet your most constant memory  
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)  
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.  
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;  
Stand, and deceive me not!—Oh, noble young  
man, *[Aside.]*

I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!—  
Once more, farewell, and prosper! *[Exit.]*

*Fran.* Goodness guide thee!  
My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,  
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,  
But not to shake it off. A spell dwells in me,  
A hidden charm, shot from this beautiful woman,  
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find;  
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this  
Is all the help I have, I love fair virtue.  
Well, something I must do, to be a friend:  
Yet I am poor and tardy: Something for her too,  
Though I can never reach her excellence,  
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

*Enter VALENTINE, THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM.*

*Val.* Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.  
*Tho.* Do you think I am mad? You'll give me  
To try her fairly? *[leave]*

*Val.* Do your best.  
*Tho.* Why there, boy—  
But where's the sick man?

*Hylas.* Where are the gentlewomen



That should attend him? there's the patient.

Methinks these women—

*Tho.* Thou think'st nothing else.

*Val.* Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I'll lead ye.—

Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon I am so overjoy'd I want expression: [me.] I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome! [Exit.]

*Tho.* How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy? Bear up, man!

What, shrink I' th' sinews for a little sickness?

*Diavolo, morte!*

*Fran.* I am o' th' mending hand.

*Tho.* How like a flute thou speak'st! "O' th' mending hand," man?

"Gogs bores, I am well!" Speak like a man of worship.

*Fran.* Thou art a mad companion; never staid, Tom?

*Tho.* Let rogues be staid that have no habitation; A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank, And see what I have brought thee. Come, discover; [Draws out a bottle.]

Open the scene and let the work appear.

A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.

*Fran.* What hast thou there? a julep?

*Hylas.* He must not touch it;

'Tis present death.

*Tho.* You are an ass, a twirpipe, A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister?

Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle. Out, puppy!—

My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.

Dost thou see that bottle? View it well.

*Fran.* I do, Tom.

*Tho.* There be as many lives in't as a cat carries; 'Tis everlasting liquor.

*Fran.* What?

*Tho.* Old sack, boy,

Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,

Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus

Did all his wonders by.

*Fran.* I see no harm, Tom, Drink with a moderation.

*Tho.* Drink with sugar,

Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy. Take me without my tools?

*Sam.* Pray, sir, be temperate; You know your own state best.

*Fran.* Sir, I much thank you, And shall be careful: Yet a glass or two, So fit I find my body, and that so needful—

*Tho.* Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou say'st true, Frank—

*Hylas.* Where are these women, I say?

*Tho.* 'Tis most necessary;

Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets, Your barley broths, and sorrel sops; they are mangy, And breed the scratches only: Give me sack!— I wonder where this wench is though.—Have at

*Hylas.* So long, and yet no bolting? [thec!]

*Fran.* Do; I'll pledge thee.

*Tho.* Take it off thrice, and then cry "heigh!" like a huntsman, With a clear heart; and no more fits I warrant thee: The only cordial, Frank.

[Physicians and Servants within.]

1 *Phys.* Are the things ready?

And is the barber come?

*Serv.* An hour ago, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring out the oils then.

*Fran.* Now or never, gentlemen,

Do me a kindness, and deliver me.

*Tho.* From whom, boy?

*Fran.* From these things that talk within there; Physicians, Tom, physicians, scow'ring-sticks: They mean to read upon me.

*Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, and Barber.*

*Hylas.* Let 'em enter.

*Tho.* And be thou confident we will deliver thee. For, look ye, doctor; say the devil were sick now, His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggen,

Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St. Dunstan's, What would you minister upon the sudden? Your judgment short and sound.

1 *Phys.* A fool's head.

*Tho.* No, sir,

It must be a physician's, for three causes: The first, because it is a bald-head likely, Which will down easily without applepap.

3 *Phys.* A main cause!

*Tho.* So it is, and well consider'd.

The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir, Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor, And work upon the crudities (conceive me), The fears and the fiddle-strings within it, That those damn'd souls must disembody again.

*Hylas.* Or meeting with the Stygian humour—

*Tho.* Right, sir.

*Hylas.* Forced with a cataplasm of crackers—

*Tho.* Ever.

*Hylas.* Scour all before him, like a scavenger.

*Tho.* *Satisfecisti, domine.* My last cause, My last is, and not least, most learned doctors, Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those That are most excellent, and old withal, And angry, though a patient say his prayers, And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons, We have it by tradition of great writers— There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose virtue, The doctor being dried—

1 *Phys.* We are abused, sirs.

*Hylas.* I take it so, or shall be. For say the belly-ache,

Caused by an inundation of pease-porridge, Are we therefore to open the port vein, Or the port esquiline?

*Sam.* A learned question! Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,

The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—

*Tho.* Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca, And so cause a carnosity in the kidneys, Must not the brains, being butter'd with this Answer me that. [humour—]

*Sam.* Most excellently argued!

2 *Phys.* The next fit you will have, my most fine scholar, Bedlam shall find a salve for. Fare you well, sir? We came to do you good, but these young doctors It seems have bored our noses.

3 *Phys.* Drink hard, gentlemen, And get unwholesome drabs: 'Tis ten to one thou We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.

[Exeunt Phys. Apoth. and Barber.]

Tho. *And wilt thou be gone, says one?* [They sing.

Hylas. *And wilt thou be gone, says t'other?*

Tho. *Then take the odd crown,  
To mend thy old gown,*

Sam. *And we'll be gone all together.*

Fran. My learned Tom!

*Enter Servant.*

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen  
Sent me to see what company you had with you;  
They much desire to visit you.

Fran. Pray you thank 'em,  
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:  
You see my company.

Tho. Come hither, Crab;  
What gentlewomen are these? my mistresses?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Hylas. And who else?

Serv. Mistress Alice.

Hylas. Oh!

Tho. Hark you, sirrah:  
No word of my being here, unless she know it.  
Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Serv. You have tied my tongue up. [Exit.

Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,  
And not a word of me till you hear from me;  
And, as you find my humour, follow it.  
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen,  
And do as I shall tutor you. [boys,

Fran. What new work?

Tho. Pr'ythee no more, but help me now.

Hylas. I would fain  
Talk with the gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen?  
Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last  
masque

Suffer'd impression? or whose clyster wrought  
Take me as I shall tell thee. [best?

Hylas. To what end?

What other end came we along?

Sam. Be ruled though.

Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting  
About the farthingale! Do as I bid you,  
Or by this light—

Hylas. Come, then.

Tho. Stand close, and mark me.

[They stand apart.

Fran. All this forced foolery will never do it.

*Enter ALICE and MARY.*

Alice. I hope we bring you health, sir: How  
is't with you?

Mary. You look far better, trust me.—The  
Creeps now again into his cheeks. [fresh colour

Alice. Your enemy,  
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have  
you

Lusty again, and frolic, man; leave thinking.

Mary. Indeed it does you harm, sir.

Fran. My best visitants,  
I shall be govern'd by you.

Alice. You shall be well, then,

And suddenly, and soundly well.

Mary. This air, sir,  
Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit,  
friends,

(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,  
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,)

That anything but curses light upon me;

Exorbitant in all my ways!

Alice. Who's that, sir?

Another sick man?

Mary. Sure I know that voice well.

Tho. In all my courses careless disobedience!

Fran. What a strange fellow's this!

Tho. No counsel, friends;

No look before I leap'd.

Alice. Do you know the voice, sir?

Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much  
In his mind: Great pity, ladies. [afflicted

Alice. Now Heaven help him!

Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,  
For some things done long since, which his dis-  
temper

Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!

Hylas. Persuade yourself!

Tho. To what end, gentlemen? when all is  
perish'd

Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining  
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?  
My credit's split, and sunk; nor is it possible,

Were my life lengthened out as long as—

Mary. I like this well.

Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her;  
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,  
For goodness all out-going—

Alice. Now I know him.

Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes, must  
never see more.

Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: take heed,  
A man is not so soon made. [cousin;

Tho. Oh, my fortune!

But it is just, I be despised and hated.

Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hour's  
goodness

Strikes off an infinite of ills.

Alice. Weep truly,

And with compassion, cousin.

Fran. How exactly

This cunning young thief plays his part! [Aside.

Mary. Well, Tom,  
My Tom again, if this be truth.

Hylas. She weeps, boy.

Tho. Oh, I shall die!

Mary. Now Heaven defend!

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his  
farewell;

And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!

How does it shew? [Aside to HYLAS.

Hylas. Oh, rarely well.

Mary. Say you so, sir?

Fran. Oh, you grand ass!

Mary. And are you there, my juggler?

Away; we are abused, Alice.

Alice. Fool be with thee!

[Exit MARY and ALICE.

Tho. Where is she?

Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely;

In your own noose she halter'd you: you must be  
whispering,

To know how things shew'd; not content to fare  
well,

But you must roar out roast meat. Till that sus-  
picion,

You carried it most neatly; she believed, too,



And wept most tenderly ; had you continued,  
Without doubt you had brought her off.

*Tho.* This was thy roguing,  
For thou wert ever whispering : fy upon thee !  
Now could I break thy head.

*Hylas.* You spoke to me first.

*Tho.* Do not anger me,  
For, by this hand, I'll beat thee buzzard-blind,  
then !

She shall not 'scape me thus : farewell for this time.

*Fran.* Good night. 'Tis almost bed time ; yet  
no sleep

Must enter these eyes, till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*]

*Tho.* Thou shalt along, too ; for I mean to plague  
thee

For this night's sins ; I'll ne'er leave walking of thee  
Till I have worn thee out.

*Hylas.* Your will be done, sir.

*Tho.* You will not leave me, Sam ?

*Sam.* Not I.

*Tho.* Away, then ;

I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,  
My spiteful dame, I'll pipe you such a hunts-up  
Shall make you dance a tipvaca. Keep close to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in SEBASTIAN'S House.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and DOROTHEA.*

*Seb.* Never persuade me ; I will marry again.  
What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-  
sticks,

To farthingales and flounces ? to fore-horses,  
And an old leathern bawdy-house behind 'em ?  
To thee ?

*Dor.* You have a son, sir.

*Seb.* Where ? What is he ?

Who is he like ?

*Dor.* Yourself.

*Seb.* Thou liest ; thou hast marr'd him.  
Thou, and thy prayer-books : I do disclaim him !  
Did not I take him singing yesternight  
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,  
And had a catechism in's pocket, damsel ?  
One of our dear disciples, I perceive it.  
When did he ride abroad since he came over ?  
What tavern has he used to ? what things done  
That shews a man, and mettle ? When was my  
At such a shame before, to creep to bed [house  
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company ?  
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking ?  
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and  
Has he but shew'd his sword of late ? [where

*Dor.* Despair not,

I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness ;  
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,  
He is the same man still.

*Seb.* 'Would thou wert ashes  
On that condition ! But, believe it, gossip,  
You shall know you have wrong'd—

*Dor.* You never, sir ;

So well I know my duty. And, for Heaven sake,  
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry  
(You were wont to hear me) ; take him, and confess  
him,

Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,  
Do as you please ; a mother's name I honour.

*Seb.* He's lost and spoil'd ; I am resolved my  
roof

Shall never harbour him : And for you, minion,

I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose.  
And do more mischief. Get you in !—Who wait ?

[*Exit DOROTHEA.*]

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Do you call, sir ?

*Seb.* Seek the boy, and bid him wait  
My pleasure in the morning : Mark what house  
He is in, and what he does ; and truly tell me.

*Serv.* I will not fail, sir.

*Seb.* If you do, I'll hang you. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—Before the Residence of MARY Night.

*Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM.*

*Tho.* Keep you the back-door there, and be sure  
None of the servants enter, or go out.

If any woman pass, she's lawful prize, boys ;  
Cut off all convoys.

*Hylas.* Who shall answer this ?

*Tho.* Why, I shall answer it, you fearful wights.  
I shall appear to th' action.

*Hylas.* May we discourse too,  
On honourable terms ?

*Tho.* With any gentlewoman  
That shall appear at window : You may reserve  
too,

By your commission safely, some sweet parcel  
Of poetry to a chambermaid.

*Hylas.* May we sing too ?  
For there's my master-piece.

*Tho.* By no means ; no, boys ;  
I am the man reserved for air, 'tis my part ;  
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.  
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,  
As time shall minister ; but, for main singing,  
Pray ye satisfy yourselves. Away ; be careful !

*Hylas.* But hark you ; one word, Tom ! we may  
be beaten.

*Tho.* That's as you think good yourselves : If  
you deserve it,

Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Better !  
What bugbears dwell in thy brains ? who should !

*Hylas.* She has men enough. [*beat thee.*]

*Tho.* Art not thou man enough too ?

Thou hast flesh enough about thee : If all that was  
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,  
And dry it too for dog's meat. Get you gone ;  
I have things of moment in my mind. That door.  
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from !  
No more, I say : Away, Sam ! [*serving-man*

*Sam.* At your will, sir. [*Exeunt HYLAS and SAM.*]

*Enter LAUNCELOT and FIDDLER.*

*Laun.* I have him here ; a rare rogue. Good  
sweet master,

Do something of some savour suddenly,  
That we may eat, and live ; I am almost starved :  
*No point manieure, no point deversin, no Signieur.*  
Not by the virtue of my languages ;  
Nothing at my old master's to be hoped for !  
*Oh, Signieur Du !* nothing to line my life with,  
But cold pies, with a cudgel, till you help us !

*Tho.* Nothing but famine frights thee. Come  
hither, fiddler ;

What ballads are you seen in best ? Be short, sir.

*Fid.* Under your mastership's correction, I can  
sing

"The Duke of Norfolk;" or "The merry ballad Of Diverus and Lazarus;" "The Rose of England;"

"In Crete when Dedimus first began;"

"Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry —  
*Tho.* Excellent!

Rare matters all.

*Fid.* "Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter;  
"The Devil, and ye dainty Dames" —  
*Tho.* Rare still!

*Fid.* "The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow.  
"With the Bloody Battle at Mile-End."  
*Tho.* All excellent!

No tuning, as ye love me; let thy fiddle  
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune;  
The viler still the better, like thyself,  
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.  
*Fid.* Nay truly, you shall have it even as  
homely. —

*Tho.* Keep ye to that key. Are they all a-bed,  
trow?

*Laun.* I hear no stirring any where, no light  
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce, sir.

*Tho.* Come, strike up then, and say "The  
Merchant's Daughter;"

We'll bear the burthen: Proceed to incision,  
fiddler. [*Sings.*

*Enter Servant, above.*

*Serv.* Who's there? what noise is this? what  
rogue at these hours?

*Tho.* [*Sings.*] Oh, what is that to you, my fool?

Oh, what is that to you?

Pluck in your face, you bawling ass,

Or I will break your brow.

Hey down, down, a-down.

A new ballad, a new, a new!

*Fid.* *The twelfth of April, on May-day,  
My house and goods were burnt away, &c.*

*Maid.* [*Above.*] Why, who is this?

*Laun.* Oh, damsel dear,  
Open the door, and it shall appear;  
Open the door!

*Maid.* Oh, gentle squire,  
I'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear! —

*Enter MARY above.*

'Tis Master Thomas; there he stands.

*Mary.* 'Tis strange  
That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,  
Or sing him out in's own way; any thing  
To be deliver'd of him.

*Maid.* Then have at him. [*Sings.*

My man Thomas

Did me promise,

He would visit me this night.

*Tho.* I am here, love;

Tell me, dear love,

How I may obtain thy sight.

*Maid.* Come up to my window, love;

Come, come, come!

Come to my window, my dear;

The wind nor the rain

Shall trouble thee again,

But thou shalt be lodged here.

*Tho.* And art thou strong enough?

*Laun.* Up, up; I warrant you. —

*Mary.* What dost thou mean to do?

*Maid.* Good mistress, peace;

I'll warrant you we'll cool him. Madge!

*Madge.* [*Above.*] I am ready.

*Tho.* *The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,  
That he devised a way to go.*

Now, sing "The Duke of Northumberland."

*Fid.* And climbing to promotion,  
He fell down suddenly.

[*Enter, below, MADGE, with a devil's visard, roaring,  
offers to kiss him, he falls down, and she exit.*

*Maid.* Farewell, sir!

*Mary.* What hast thou done? Thou hast broke  
*Maid.* Not hurt him; [his neck.

He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.

*Tho.* Oh, woman!

Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!

My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!

*Mary.* I told thee what thou hadst done; mischief  
go with thee!

*Tho.* Oh, I am lamed for ever! Oh, my leg,

Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,

Take heed of women, Fiddler! Oh, a surgeon,

A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!

No charitable people? all despairful?

Oh, what a misery am I in! Oh, my leg!

*Laun.* Be patient, sir, be patient: Let me  
bind it.

*Enter SAM, and HYLAS with his head broken.*

*Tho.* Oh, do not touch it, rogue.

*Hylas.* My head, my head!

Oh, my head's kill'd!

*Sam.* You must be courting wenches  
Through key-holes, Captain Hylas! Come, and be  
The skin is scarce broke. [comforted;

*Tho.* Oh, my leg!

*Sam.* How do you, sir?

*Tho.* Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He's  
I see his brains. [spoil'd too;

*Hylas.* Away with me, for God's sake!

A surgeon!

*Sam.* Here's a night indeed.

*Hylas.* A surgeon!

[*Exeunt all but Fiddler and THOMAS.*

*Enter MARY and Servant, below.*

*Mary.* Go, run for help.

*Tho.* Oh!

*Mary.* Run all, and all too little.

Oh, cursed beast that hurt him! Run, run, fly,  
He will be dead else!

*Tho.* Oh!

*Mary.* Good friend, go you too.

*Fid.* Who pays me for my music?

*Mary.* Pox o' your music!

There's twelvence for you.

*Fid.* There's two groats again, forsooth;  
I never take above, and rest you merry! [*Exit.*

*Mary.* A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings! —  
How is my dear? [How do you?

*Tho.* [*Rises.*] Why, well, I thank you, sweet-  
heart. [us?

Shall we walk in; for now there's none to trouble  
*Mary.* Are you so crafty, sir? I shall meet  
with you. — [*Aside.*

I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,  
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome,  
welcome!

Welcome, my best friend, to me; all my dearest!

*Tho.* Now you are my noble mistress. We lose  
time, sweet.

*Mary.* I think they are all gone.

*Tho.* All; you did wisely.

*Mary.* And you as craftily.

*Tho.* We are well met, mistress.

*Mary.* Come, let's go in then lovingly.—Oh, my scarf, Tom!

I lost it thereabout; find it, and wear it  
As your poor mistress' favour.

[Exit into the house.

*Tho.* I am made now;

I see no venture is in no hand.—I have it.—  
How now? the door lock'd, and she in before?  
Am I so trimm'd?

*Mary.* [Above.] One parting word, sweet  
Thomas:

Though, to save your credit, I discharged your  
fiddler,

I must not satisfy your folly too, sir.

You are subtle; but, believe it, fox, I'll find you.  
The surgeons will be here straight; roar again, boy.  
And break thy legs for shame; thou wilt be sport  
else.

Good night!

[Exit from the window

*Tho.* She says most true; I must not stay:  
She has bobb'd me;  
Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly.  
Now for a ballad to bring me off again: [Sings]

All young men, be warn'd by me,

How you do go a-wooing;

Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall.

Thereby comes your undoing, &c. [Exit

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Room in VALENTINE'S House.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and Servant.

*Val.* He cannot go, and take no farewell of me?  
Can he be so unkind? He's but retired  
Into the garden or the orchard. See, sirs.

*Alice.* He would not ride there, certain; those  
Only for walks, I take it. [were planted

*Val.* Ride? Nay then—

Had he a horse out?

*Serv.* So the groom delivers,  
Somewhat before the break of day.

*Fal.* He's gone, [blest,  
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the no-  
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet.

*Alice.* Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.

*Val.* All, sister;  
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,  
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,  
That perfect goodness!

*Alice.* Sure he will return, sir;  
He cannot be so harsh.

*Val.* Oh, never, never,

Never return; thou know'st not where the cause

*Alice.* He was the worthiest welcome— [lies.

*Val.* He deserved it.

*Alice.* Nor wanted, to our knowledge—

*Val.* I will tell thee,  
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.  
He never must return.

Enter MICHAEL.

*Mich.* Good morrow, signior.

*Val.* Good morrow, master Michael.

*Mich.* My good neighbour,  
Methinks you are stirring early, since your travel;  
You have learnt the rule of health, sir. Where's  
your mistress?

She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.

*Val.* I think she does.

*Alice.* 'Tis not her hour of waking.

*Mich.* Did you lie with her, lady?

*Alice.* Not to-night, sir,  
Nor any night this week else.

*Mich.* When last saw you her?

*Alice.* Late yesternight.

*Mich.* Was she a-bed then?

*Alice.* No, sir:

I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?

*Mich.* I have been strangely haunted with a  
dream

All this long night, and, after many wakings,  
The same dream still: Methought I met you  
Cellide

Just at St. Katherine's gate, the nunnery.—

*Val.* Ha!

*Mich.* Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and  
troubles;

Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,

"For charity receive me, holy woman,  
A maid that has forgot the world's affections,  
Into thy virgin order;" methought she took her,  
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,  
And there I left her.

*Val.* Dream?

*Mich.* Good mistress Alice,  
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)  
To step but up and see.

*Alice.* I know she's there, sir,  
And all this but a dream.

*Mich.* You know not my dreams;  
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:  
But this, I hope yet—

*Alice.* I will satisfy you. [Enr.

*Mich.* Neighbour, how does the gentleman?

*Val.* I know not.—

Dream of a nunnery?

*Mich.* How found you my words  
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?

*Val.* Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too  
That forced her to this nunnery? did she not  
curse me?

For God sake speak! did you not dream of me  
too?

How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,  
Tired with his joys—

*Mich.* Alas, poor gentleman!  
You promised me, sir, to bear all these crosses.

*Val.* I bear 'em till I break again!

*Mich.* But nobly,  
Truly to weigh—

*Val.* Good neighbour, no more of it;  
You do but fling flax on my fire.—Where is she?

Enter ALICE.

*Alice.* Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night  
Been in her bed. [certain

*Mich.* It must be truth she tells you;  
And now I'll shew you why I came: This morning  
A man of mine, being employed about business,  
Came early home, who, at St. Katherine's nunnery,

About day-peep, told me he met your mistress ;  
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,  
And so received by the abbess, did he see her :  
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you,  
To know the cause.

*Val.* Farewell ! I cannot speak it.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

*Alice.* For Heaven sake, leave him not !

*Mich.* I will not, lady.

*Alice.* Alas, he's much afflicted.

*Mich.* We shall know shortly more. Apply  
your own care

At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel.  
Nay, do not weep ; all shall be well, despair not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in SEBASTIAN'S  
House.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and a SERVANT.*

*Seb.* At Valentine's house so merry ?

*Serv.* As a pie, sir.

*Seb.* So gamesome, dost thou say ?

*Serv.* I am sure I heard it.

*Seb.* Ballads, and fiddles too ?

*Serv.* No, but one fiddle ;  
But twenty noises.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Seb.* Did he do devices ?

*Serv.* The best devices, sir. Here's my fellow  
Launcelot,

He can inform you all ; he was among 'em,  
A mad thing too ; I stood but in a corner.

*Seb.* Come, sir ; what can you say ? Is there  
Your master may return ? [any hope yet]

*Laun.* He went far else :

I will assure your worship, on my credit,  
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,  
Your son is found again, the son, the Tom.

*Seb.* Is he the old Tom ?

*Laun.* The old Tom.

*Seb.* Go forward.

*Laun.* Next, to consider how he is the old Tom.

*Seb.* Handle me that.

*Laun.* I would ye had seen it handled  
Last night, sir, as we handled it : *Cap-a-pie !*  
*Foutra* for leers and leerings ! Oh, the noise,  
The noise we made !

*Seb.* Good, good !

*Laun.* The windows clattering,  
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,  
One with her smock half off, another in haste  
With a serving-man's hose upon her head—

*Seb.* Good still !

*Laun.* A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,  
And his mouth stopt with dirt—

*Seb.* I'faith, a fine boy !

*Laun.* Here one of our heads broke—

*Seb.* Excellent good still !

*Laun.* The gentleman himself, young master  
(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons, [Thomas,  
The fiery fiddler, and myself] now singing  
Now beating at the door, there parleying,  
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,  
And all these several noises to two trenchers,  
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which shew'd  
admirable.

*Seb.* There ; eat, and grow again : I am pleased.

[*Gives him money.*]

*Laun.* Nor here, sir,  
Gave we the frolic over, though at length  
We quit the lady's scone on composition ;  
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies :  
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,  
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows ;  
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,  
Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday next :  
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus :  
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,  
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,  
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate !  
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister  
Most traitorously tramples upon authority :  
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed manly,  
And the king's peace put to flight : A purblind  
pig here

Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn ;  
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion :  
A potter rises, to inquire this passion ;  
A boar imboast takes sanctuary in his shop,  
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering ;  
Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding-  
pans,  
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the can-  
dlesticks !

*SER.* [*Sings.*]

If this be true, thou little tiny page,  
This tale that thou toll'st me,  
Then on thy back will I presently hang  
A handsome new livery ;

But if this be false, thou little tiny page,  
As false it well may be,  
Then with a cudgel of four foot long  
I'll beat thee from head to toe.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Seb.* Will the boy come ?

*Serv.* He will, sir.

*Enter THOMAS.*

*Seb.* Time tries all then.

*Laun.* Here he comes now himself, sir.

*Seb.* To be short, Thomas,  
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience  
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,  
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,  
Get up to that window there, and presently,  
Like a most complete gentleman, come from  
Tripoly.

*Tho.* Good lord, sir, how are you misled ! What  
fancies—

Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,  
And with a little wonder, I beseech you—  
Choke up your noble judgment !

*Seb.* You rogue, Launcelot,  
You lying rascal !

*Laun.* Will you spoil all again, sir ?

Why, what a devil do you mean ?

*Tho.* Away, knave !—

You keep a company of saucy fellows,  
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour you ;  
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only :  
You are ill advised, sir, to commit your credit—

*Seb.* Sirrah, sirrah !

*Laun.* Let me never eat again, sir,  
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,  
If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,  
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir :  
If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin ;  
And if thou speakest less than truth—

*Tho.* 'Tis strange these varlets—

*Serv.* By these ten bones, sir, if these eyes and  
Can hear and see— [ears]

*Tho.* Extreme strange!—Should thus boldly  
Bud in your sight, unto your son.

*Laun.* Oh, *Deu guin!*

Can you deny you beat a constable  
Last night?

*Tho.* I touch authority, ye rascal?  
I violate the law?

*Laun.* Good Master Thomas!

*Serv.* Did you not take two wenches from the  
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane? [watch too,

*Laun.* We mean not

Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,  
The fiddle, and the *fa las*?

*Tho.* Oh, strange impudence!—

I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence  
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus:  
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, sir,  
In a state govern'd civilly, and soberly,  
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,  
Not crack, and cancel it.

*Seb.* Launcelot du Lake,  
Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,  
And make your exit.

*Laun.* *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

*Seb.* *Pur* me no *purs*; but *pur* at that door;  
out, sirrah! [Beats him.

I'll beat ye *purblind* else; out, ye eight languages!

*Laun.* My blood upon your head! [Exit.

*Tho.* Purge me 'em all, sir.

*Seb.* And you too, presently.

*Tho.* Even as you please, sir.

*Seb.* Bid my maid-servants come, and bring my  
daughter;

I will have one shall please me. [Exit Servant.

*Tho.* 'Tis most fit, sir.

*Seb.* Bring me the money there. Here, Master  
Thomas!

*Enter two Servants, with two bags.*

I pray sit down; you are no more my son now;  
Good gentleman, be cover'd.

*Tho.* At your pleasure.

*Seb.* This money I do give ye, because of whilom  
You have been thought my son, and by myself too,  
And some things done like me: Ye are now another.  
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum  
For a young civil man: Much land and lordship  
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation  
To dread ye from your settled and sweet carriage.

*Tho.* You say right, sir.

*Seb.* Nay, I beseech you cover.

*Tho.* At your dispose. And I beseech you too,  
For the word civil, and more settled course, [sir,  
It may be put to use, that on the interest,  
Like a poor gentleman—

*Seb.* It shall, to my use,

To mine again; do you see, sir; good fine gentle-  
I give no brooding money for a scrivener; [man,  
Mine is for present traffic, and so I'll use it.

*Tho.* So much for that then.

*Enter DONOTHY and four Maids.*

*Seb.* For the main cause, Monsieur,  
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;  
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.  
I want a right heir to inherit me;  
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,

From which you are revolted, therefore dead,  
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

*Tho.* Will you choose there, sir?

*Seb.* There, among those damselfs,  
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,  
Which cannot fail to please me. For their beauties,  
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,  
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are sound too,  
Stand all a-breast. Now, gentle Master Thomas,  
Before I choose, you having lived long with me,  
And happily sometimes with some of these too,  
(Which fault I never frown'd upon) pray shew me  
(For fear we confound our genealogies)  
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind  
freely:

Have you had copulation with that damself?

*Tho.* I have.

*Seb.* Stand you aside then. How with her, sir?

*Tho.* How, is not seemly here to say.

*Dor.* Here's fine sport!

*Seb.* Retire you too. Speak forward, Master  
Thomas.

*Tho.* I will, and to the purpose; even with all,

*Seb.* With all? that's somewhat large. [sir.

*Dor.* And yet you like it.

Was ever sin so glorious?

*Seb.* With all, Thomas?

*Tho.* All surely, sir.

*Seb.* A sign thou art mine own yet!

In again all, and to your several functions!

[Exeunt Maids.

What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's  
daughter?

She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;  
Some twelve years old.

*Tho.* Her will was fifteen, sir.

*Seb.* A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse,  
For I have many yet to ask you of, [finger  
Where I can choose, and nobly. Hold up your  
When you are right: What say you to Valeria,  
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,  
And in that form?

*Tho.* Her husband is recover'd.

*Seb.* A witty moral! Have at ye once more,  
Thomas;

The sisters of St. Albans?—All five? Dat boy!  
Dat's mine own boy!

*Dor.* Now out upon thee, monster!

*Tho.* Still hoping of your pardon.

*Seb.* There needs none, man;

A straw on pardon! pr'ythee, need no pardon.  
I'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,  
For o' my conscience I shall be thy cuckold—  
There's some good yet left in him.—Bear yourself  
well,

You may recover me. There's twenty pound, sir!  
I see some sparkles which may flame again.

You may eat with me when you please; you know  
me. [Exit SERVANTS.

*Dor.* Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?

*Tho.* Dost thou long to have thy head broke?

Hold thy peace,

And do as I would have thee, or by this hand  
I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound,  
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

*Dor.* Was ever such a wild ass?

*Tho.* Pr'ythee be quiet!

*Dor.* And dost thou think men will not beat  
thee monstrously,  
For abusing their wives and children?

*Tho.* And dost thou think  
Men's wives and children can be abused too much?

*Dor.* I wonder at thee.

*Tho.* Nay, thou shalt adjure me  
Before I have done.

*Dor.* How stand you with your mistress?

*Tho.* I shall stand nearer  
Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my business.  
She's monstrous subtle, Doll.

*Dor.* The devil, I think,  
Cannot out-subtle thee.

*Tho.* If he play fair play.

Come, you must help me presently.

*Dor.* I discard you.

*Tho.* Thou shalt not sleep nor eat!

*Dor.* I'll no hand with you,  
No bawd to your abuses.

*Tho.* By this light, Doll,  
Nothing but in the way of honesty!

*Dor.* Thou never knew'st that road: I hear  
your vigils.

*Tho.* Sweet honey Doll—If I don't marry her,  
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—  
Come, thou shalt help me—Take heed how you  
vex me!

I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,  
(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a brown  
man;

I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——

*Dor.* You may come in to dinner, and I'll  
answer ye.

*Tho.* Nay, I'll go with thee, Doll.—Four Hun-  
dred a year, wench! [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter MICHAEL and VALENTINE.

*Mich.* Good sir, go back again, and take my  
counsel:

Sores are not cured by sorrows, nor time broke  
Pull'd back again by sighs. [from us]

*Val.* What should I do, friend?

*Mich.* Do that that may redeem you, go back  
quickly:

Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;  
The abbess is her aunt too.

*Val.* But my friend then,  
Whose love and loss is equal tied?

*Mich.* Content you;

That shall be my task. If he be alive,  
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,  
I'll bring him back again.

*Val.* Say he come back  
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress  
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

*Mich.* So suddenly

She cannot; haste you therefore instantly away,  
To put that danger by. First, as to a father, [sir,  
Then as a friend, she was committed to you,  
And all the care she now has: By which privilege  
She cannot do herself this violence,  
But you may break it, and the law allows you.

*Val.* Oh, but I forced her to it.

*Mich.* Leave disputing  
Against yourself: If you will needs be miserable,  
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persua-  
Think on, and thrive thereafter. [sions,

*Val.* I will home then,  
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—

*Mich.* No more; I know your soul's divided,  
Valentine:

Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,  
Ere my return: for then those thoughts that vex'd  
her,

While there ran any stream for loose affections,  
Will be stopt up, and chaste-eyed honour guide her.  
Away, and hope the best still! I'll work for you,  
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more words!  
[Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.—Another Street.

Enter HYLAS and SAM.

*Hylas.* I care not for my broken head.  
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,  
A lousy, lazy wench prepared to do it!

*Sam.* Thou hadst as good be quiet; for o' my  
He'll put another on thee else. [conscience]

*Hylas.* I am resolved  
To call him to account. Was it not manifest  
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,  
When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,  
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,  
Indeed 'twould ne'er have grieved me. Gallows  
Why should he choose out me? [gall him!]

*Sam.* Thou'rt ever ready  
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,  
And he as full of knavery to accept it.

*Hylas.* Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for  
him.

*Sam.* That will not be amiss, but to fight with  
him

Is to no purpose: Besides, he's truly valiant,  
And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st yet,  
Nor o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.

*Hylas.* No, no, I will not fight.

*Sam.* Besides, the quarrel,  
Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,  
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands,  
A month or two this weather? for, believe it,  
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.

*Hylas.* No; upon better thought, I will not  
fight, Sam,

But watch my time.

*Sam.* To pay him with a project;  
Watch him too, I would wish you. Pr'ythee tell  
Dost thou affect these women still? [me,

*Hylas.* Yes 'faith, Sam,  
I love 'em even as well as e'er I did;  
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.

*Sam.* Dost thou love any woman?

*Hylas.* Any woman,  
Of what degree or calling.

*Sam.* Of any age too?

*Hylas.* Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen,  
Of any fashion. [boy;

*Sam.* And defect too?

*Hylas.* Right;

For those I love, to lead me to repentance.  
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry,  
Shews like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori*;  
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,  
"Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;"  
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,  
"Sweet meats have sour sauce;" she that's full of  
aches,

"Crumb not your bread before your taste your  
And many morals we may find. [porridge:"

*Sam.* 'Tis well, sir,  
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur?*  
What shall we now determine?

*Hylas.* Let's consider  
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

*Sam.* Let's find him first; he'll quickly give  
occasion:

But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd you;  
He has a plaguy pate.

*Hylas.* That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.—*The Harbour.*

*Enter Sailors singing; to them, MICHAEL and FRANCISCO  
severally.*

*Sail.* Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.

*Mich.* These call for passengers; I'll stay and  
see

What men they take aboard.

*Fran.* A boat, a boat, a boat!

*Sail.* Away then.

*Fran.* Whither are ye bound, friends?

*Sail.* Down to the Streights.

*Mich.* Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.

*Fran.* May I have passage for my money?

*Sail.* And welcome too.

*Mich.* 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.

*Fran.* Then, merrily aboard. And, noble friend,  
Heaven's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue  
Dwell in thy bosom, Cellidè! my last tears  
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice!

For I dare stay no longer to betray you.

*Mich.* Be not so quick, sir.—Sailors, I here  
charge ye,

By virtue of this warrant, as you'll answer it,  
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly)

Lay hold upon this fellow!

*Fran.* Fellow?

*Mich.* Ay, sir.

*Sail.* No hand to sword, sir; we shall master you.  
Fetch out the manacles!

*Fran.* I do obey ye.

But, I beseech you, sir, inform me truly  
How I am guilty.

*Mich.* You have robb'd a gentleman,  
One that you are bound to for your life and being;  
Money and horse unjustly you took from him,  
And something of more note; but for you're a  
gentleman——

*Fran.* It shall be so; and here I'll end all  
miseries,

Since friendship is so cruel!—I confess it,  
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies:  
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,  
The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive me,

[*Aside.*]  
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,  
And may they prove of value but to recompence  
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have  
eaten!—

Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir! and so  
I yield me to your power.

*Mich.* Guard him to th' water,  
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,  
And back convey him to a justice.

*Sail.* Come, sir;

Look to your neck; you are like to sail i' th' air  
now. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VI.—*A Room in SEBASTIAN'S House.*

*Enter THOMAS, in Woman's Clothes, DOROTHY,  
and Maid.*

*Tho.* Come, quickly, quickly, quickly; paint  
me handsomely;

Take heed my nose be not in grain too.

Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me.

*Dor.* If you should play now

Your devil's parts again——

*Tho.* "Yea and nay," Dorothy.

*Dor.* If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn  
Which only is access—— [*to.*]

*Tho.* As I'm a gentleman!

Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.

*Dor.* You have your breeches?

*Tho.* I pry'thee away; thou know'st I'm men-  
strous ticklish:

What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?

*Dor.* I'll plague you for this roguery; for I  
know well

What you intend, sir. [*Aside.*]

*Tho.* On with my muffler!

*Dor.* You're a sweet lady! Come, let's see  
you cursey:

What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.

*Tho.* Plague on't,

I shall bepiss my breeches if I cower thus!

Come, am I ready?

*Maid.* At all points as like, sir,

As if you were my mistress.

*Dor.* Who goes with you?

*Tho.* None but my fortune and myself. [*Exit.*]

*Dor.* Bless you!—

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,  
(Take the bye-way) and tell my cousin Mary  
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her:  
I'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench!

*Maid.* I'll do it. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN and THOMAS.*

*Dor.* My father has met him; this goes excel-  
lent!

And I'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas! [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody  
Gillian,

You will not know your father? What vagaries  
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty heels,  
That at these hours of night you must be gadding.  
And through the orchard take your private passage?  
What, is the breeze in your breech? Or has your  
brother

Appointed you an hour of meditation  
How to demean himself? Get you to bed, drab,  
Or I'll so crab your shoulders—You demure stat,  
You civil dish of sliced beef, get you in!

*Tho.* I wi' not, that I wi' not.

*Seb.* Is it even so, dame?

Have at you with a night-spell then!

*Tho.* Pray hold, sir!

*Seb.* St. George, St. George, our lady's knight,

He walks by day, so does he by night;

And when he had her found,

He her boat and her bound,

Until to him her troth she plight,

She would not stir from him that night.

*Tho.* Nay then, have at you with a counter  
spell:



From elves, hobs, and fairies,  
That trouble our dairies,  
From fire-drakes and fiends,  
And such as the devil sends,  
Defend us, good Heaven !

[Knocks down SEBASTIAN, and exit.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

*Laun.* Bless my master ! Look up, sir, I  
Up with your eyes to Heaven ! [beseech you !

*Seb.* Up with your nose, sir !  
I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me :  
A plaguy mankind girl ! How my brains totter !  
Well, go thy ways ; thou hast got one thousand  
pound more

With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in her  
*Laun.* In her ? Alas, sir, [too.

Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,  
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave a  
courage

To beat her father ? If you could believe, sir—

*Seb.* Who wouldst thou make me believe it was ?  
the devil ?

*Laun.* One that spits fire as fast as he some-  
times, sir,

And changes shapes as often ; your son Thomas.  
Never wonder ; if it be not he, straight hang me.

*Seb.* He ? If it be so,  
I'll put thee in my will ; and there's an end on't.

*Laun.* I saw his legs ; he has boots on like a  
player,

Under his wench's clothes ; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,  
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I canvast him.

*Seb.* No more words then ; we'll watch him.  
Thou'lt not believe, Launce,

How heartily glad I am.

*Laun.* May you be gladder !  
But not this way, sir.

*Seb.* No more words, but watch him. [Exit.

# SCENE VII.—A Room in the Residence of MARY.

Enter MARY, DOROTHY, and Maid.

*Mary.* When comes he ?

*Dor.* Presently.

*Mary.* Then get you up, Doll ;  
Away ; I'll straight come to you. Is all ready ?

*Maid.* All.

*Mary.* Let the light stand far enough.

*Maid.* 'Tis placed so.

*Mary.* Stay you to entertain him to his chamber :  
But keep close, wench ; he flies at all.

*Maid.* I warrant you.

*Mary.* You need no more instruction ?

*Maid.* I am perfect. [Exit.

# SCENE VIII.—The Street before the same House.

Enter VALENTINE and THOMAS.

*Tho.* More stops yet ? Sure the fiend's my  
ghostly father.

Old Valentine ! what wind's in his poop ?

*Val.* Lady,

You are met most happily. Oh, gentle Doll,  
You must now do me an especial favour.

*Tho.* What is it, Master Valentine ? I am  
sorely troubled

With a salt rheum fallen i' my gums.

*Val.* I'll tell you,

And let it move you equally : My blest mistress,  
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,  
Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,  
From whence, by my persuasion, to redeem her  
Will be impossible ; nor have I liberty  
To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,  
You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,  
And have access at all hours liberally ;  
Speak now or never for me.

*Tho.* In a nunnery ?

That course must not be suffer'd, Master Valen-  
time ;

Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for me !  
[Aside.

Sport upon sport !—By the break of day I'll meet  
ye ;

And fear not, man ; we'll have her out, I warrant  
I cannot stay now. [ye.

*Val.* You'll not break ?

*Tho.* By no means.

Good night.

*Val.* Good night, kind mistress Doll. [Exit.

*Tho.* This thrives well ;

Every one takes me for my sister ; excellent !  
This nunnery's fallen so pat too, to my figure,  
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall  
know it,

If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.  
Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

*Maid.* Who's there ?

Oh, Mistress Dorothy ! You are a stranger.

*Tho.* Still Mistress Dorothy ? This geer will  
cotton. [Aside.

*Maid.* Will you walk in, forsooth ?

*Tho.* Where is your mistress ?

*Maid.* Not very well ; she's gone to bed : I am  
You are come so fit to comfort her. [glad

*Tho.* Yes, I'll comfort her.

*Maid.* 'Pray make not much noise, for she's sure  
asleep.

You know your side ; creep softly in : your com-  
Will warm her well. [pany

*Tho.* I warrant thee I'll warm her.

*Maid.* Your brother has been here ; the strangest  
*Tho.* A very rogue, a rank rogue ! [fellow !

*Maid.* I'll conduct you

Even to her chamber-door, and there commit you.  
[Exit.

# SCENE IX.—Before the House of MICHAEL.

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, and Officers.

*Mich.* Come, sir, for this night I shall enter-  
tain you,

And like a gentleman, how'er your fortune  
Hath cast you on the worst part.

*Fran.* How you please, sir :

I am resolved ; nor can a joy or misery  
Much move me now.

*Mich.* I am angry with myself now [Aside.

For putting this forced way upon his patience ;  
Yet any other course had been too slender.

Yet what to think I know not : for most liberally  
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they  
prove so,

Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,



Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.—

Drink that ; and now to my care leave your prisoner ;

I'll be his guard for this night.

*Off.* Good night to your worship. *[Exeunt.]*

*Mich.* Good night, my honest friends. Come, sir, I hope

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness as you put on.

*Fran.* 'Faith, sir, my rest is up,

And what I now pull shall no more afflict me  
Than if I play'd at span-counter ; nor is my face  
The map of anything I seem to suffer :

Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.  
*Mich.* A constant gentleman.—'Would I had taken

A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him !—

Come, walk with me, sir ; ere to-morrow night  
I doubt not but to see all this blown over.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Night. The Street before VALENTINE'S House.*

*Enter HYLAS.*

*Hylas.* I have dogg'd his sister, (sure 'twas she)  
And I hope she will come back again this night  
Sam I have lost of purpose : Now if I can, [too ;  
With all the art I have, as she comes back,  
But win a parley for my broken pate,  
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta* !  
They stir about the house ; I'll stand at distance.

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber in the same. A Black-Moor discovered lying in the bed.*

*Enter MARY and DOROTHY, and then THOMAS and Maid.*

*Dor.* Is he come in ?

*Mary.* Speak softly ;

He is, and there he goes.

*Tho.* Good night, good night, wench !

*Maid.* As softly as you can.

*[Exit.]*

*Tho.* I'll play the mouse, Nan.—

How close the little thief lies !

*Mary.* How he itches !

*[DOROTHY and MARY stand apart.]*

*Dor.* What would you give now to be there,  
and I

At home, Mall ?

*Mary.* Peace ; for shame !

*Tho.* In what a figure

The little fool has pull'd itself together !

Anon you will lie straighter ; ha ! there's rare circumstance

Belongs to such a treatise: Do you tumble ?

I'll tumble with you straight, wench. She sleeps soundly,

Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,

The sweet, sweet joy ! full little of the kisses ;

But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.

How soft the rogue feels ! Oh, you little villain,

You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you !

Your " *Fy* ; away, good servant ! as thou are a gentleman !"—

*Mary.* Pr'ythee leave laughing.

*Tho.* " Out upon you, Thomas !

What do you mean to do ? I'll call the house up !

Oh, God, I am sure you will not !"— shall not serve you,

For up you go now, an you were my father.

*Mary.* Your courage will be cool'd anon.

*Tho.* If I do hang for't,

Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.

*Dor.* Oh, fierce villain !

*Mary.* What would he do indeed, Doll ?

*Dor.* You had best try him.

*Tho.* I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet

*Mary.* Pr'ythee, leave laughing. *[Mary—]*

*Dor.* Oh, for gentle Nicholas !

*Tho.* And view that stormy face that has so thunder'd me.

A coldness crept over't now ? By your leave, candle,

And next, door, by yours too ! So ; a pretty, pretty—

Shall I now look upon ye ? By this light it moves

*Mary.* Much good may it do you, sir ! *[Moe.]*

*Tho.* Holy saints defend me !

The devil, devil, devil, devil ! oh, the devil !

*Mary, Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! The devil ! oh, the devil !

*Tho.* I am abused most damnedly, most beastly !  
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,

And here's no staying longer in this cassock.—

Woman, I here disclaim thee ; and, in vengeance,  
I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee !

*Mary.* By'r Lady, but you shall not, sir ; I'll watch ye.

*Tho.* Plague o' your Spanish leather hide ! I'll waken you. *[Beats the Moor.]*

Devil, good night ! Good night, good devil !

*Moor.* Oh !

*Tho.* Roar again, devil, roar again. *[Exit.]*

*Moor.* Oh, oh, sir !

*Mary.* Open the doors before him ; let him vanish :

Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.—

How now, wench ?

*Moor.* 'Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,

And entertain your sweetheart.

*Mary.* What said he to thee ?

*Moor.* I had a soft bed, and I slept out all

But his kind farewell : You may bake me now,

For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison.

*Mary.* Alas, poor Kate ! I'll give thee a new  
Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench. *[petticoat.]*

*Mary.* Draw in the bed, maids,

And see it made again ; put fresh sheets on too,

For Doll and I. Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now.

To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellide ;

They say she has taken sanctuary : Love and hay  
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles !

*Dor.* They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking  
age grown.

Pr'ythee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

*Mary.* A match; but art not thou thy brother?  
*Dor.* 'Would I were, wench!  
 You should hear further.

*Mary.* Come; no more of that, Doll!  
 [The Scene shuts.]

SCENE III.—*Before the same House.*

*Enter THOMAS from the house; HYLAS at the door.*

*Hylas.* I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy will, wench—

By th' mass, she comes.—You are fairly met, fair gentlewoman!

I take it, Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.

*Tho.* You take [it] right, sir.—Hylas, are you ferreting? [Aside.]

I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.

*Hylas.* How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak guarded?

*Tho.* 'Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;

Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman, Against all chances; for though I never knew you, Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.

*Hylas.* Hark you;

What if a man should kiss you?

*Tho.* That's no harm, sir.—

'Pray God he 'scapes my beard! there lies the mischief.

*Hylas.* Her lips are monstrous rugged; but that surely

Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark ye, once more,

And in your ear, sweet mistress, (for you are so, And ever shall be from this hour, I have vow'd it)—

*Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT, and stand apart.*

*Seb.* Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her

Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

*Laun.* Kissing?

*Seb.* Now, now; now they agree o' th' match too.—

*Tho.* Nay then, you love me not.

*Hylas.* By this white hand, Doll!

*Tho.* I must confess, I have long desired your sight, sir.—

*Laun.* Why, there's the boots still, sir.

*Seb.* Hang boots, sir!

Why, they'll wear breeches too.—

*Tho.* Dishonest me?

Not for the world.—

*Seb.* Why, now they kiss again; there!

I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing

Out the back way must needs have such a mean—  
*Laun.* I am at my small wits' end.— [ing.]

*Tho.* If you mean honourably—

*Laun.* Did she ne'er beat you before, sir?

*Seb.* Why dost thou follow me?

Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abused me? Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own covenant,

Would'st thou not now be hang'd?

*Laun.* I think I would, sir;

But you are so impatient! Does not this shew, sir,—

I do beseech you speak, and speak with judgment, And let the case be equally considered—

Far braver in your daughter? In a son now,

'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;

But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden, That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable! Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he, But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of? This is Sebastian truly.

*Seb.* Thou say'st right, Launce;

And there's my hand once more.—

*Tho.* Not without marriage.

*Seb.* Didst thou hear that?

*Laun.* I think she spoke of marriage.

*Seb.* And he shall marry her (for it seems she likes him.)

And their first boy shall be my heir.

*Laun.* Ay, marry,

Now you go right to work.—

*Tho.* Ry, fy, sir!

Now I have promised you this night to marry, Would you be so intemperate? are you a gentleman?

*Hylas.* I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal

Tempts me extremely.—Will you marry presently?

*Tho.* Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel, Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,

Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matrimony Over without book: for we must have no company, Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not yet be;

And then to-morrow night—

*Hylas.* Nothing to-night, sweet?

*Tho.* No, not a bit. I am sent of business, About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all now; 'Tis of much haste.—I can scarce stay the marriage! Now, if you love me, get you gone! [Exit!]

*Hylas.* You'll follow?

*Tho.* Within this hour, my sweet chick.

*Hylas.* Kiss.

*Tho.* [Aside.] A rope kiss you!—

Come, come; I stand o' thorns.

*Hylas.* Methinks her mouth still

Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend Farewell!

[Exit.]

*Tho.* Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, sir.

[Exit.]

*Seb.* Come, follow close; I'll see the end she aims at,

And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot, Fiat! 'tis done, and all my state is settled. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Abbey of St. Katherine's.*

*Enter ABBESS, CELLIDS, and NUNS.*

*Abbess.* Come, to your matins, maids!—These early hours,

My gentle daughter, will disturb a while

Your fair eyes, nurtured in ease.

*Cel.* No, virtuous mother,

'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which

They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers.

Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortured!

[Aside.]

And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,

Commanding and forbidding at one instant!

Why came I hither, that desire to have

Only all liberty to make me happy?

Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh,

Valentine,



That virtuous youth? Why didst thou speak his goodness,  
In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,  
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!  
Why didst thou foster my affection  
Till it grew up to know no other father,  
And then betray it?

*Abdess.* Can you sing?

*Cel.* Yes, mother,  
My sorrows only.

*Abdess.* Be gone, and to the choir, then.

[*Exeunt. Music, singing.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in MICHAEL'S House.

*Enter MICHAEL and Servant, and FRANCIS.*

*Mich.* Hast thou inquired him out?

*Serv.* He's not at home, sir;

His sister thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.

*Mich.* Most likely; I'll away. An hour hence,  
sirrah,

Come you along with this young gentleman;  
Do him all service, and fair office.

*Serv.* Yes, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—A Street.

*Enter HYLAS and SAM.*

*Sam.* Where hast thou been, man?

*Hylas.* Is there ne'er a shop open?

I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.

*Sam.* What's the matter?

*Hylas.* What dost thou think?

*Sam.* Thou art not married?

*Hylas.* By th' mass but I am, all to be married;  
I am i' th' order now, Sam.

*Sam.* To whom, pr'ythee?

I thought there was so much trick in't, you stole  
from me.

But who, for Heaven's sake?

*Hylas.* Even the sweetest woman,  
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest;  
But wond'rous honest, honest as the ice, boy,  
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah;  
And of a lusty kindred!

*Sam.* But who, Hylas?

*Hylas.* The young gentleman and I are like to be  
friends again;

The fates will have it so.

*Sam.* Who, Monsieur Thomas?

*Hylas.* All wrongs forgot.

*Sam.* Oh, now I smell you, Hylas;  
Does he know of it?

*Hylas.* No, there's the trick I owe him;

'Tis done, boy; we are fast, 'faith! My youth  
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities. [now

*Sam.* Is there no trick in't?

*Hylas.* None, but up and ride, boy.

I have made her no jointure neither; there I have  
paid him.

*Sam.* She's a brave wench.

*Hylas.* She shall be, as I'll use her;

And, if she anger me, all his abuses

I'll clap upon her cassock.

*Sam.* Take heed, Hylas!

*Hylas.* 'Tis past that, Sam. Come, I must  
meet her presently,

And thou shalt see me a most glorious husband.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VII.—Before the Gates of the Nunnery.

*Enter DOROTHY, MARY, and VALENTINE.*

*Dor.* In troth, sir, you ne'er spoke to me.

*Val.* Can you forget me?

Did not you promise all your help and cunning

In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?

Did you not swear it? By this hand no strictness

Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broke

*Dor.* I saw you not these two days.

*Val.* Do not wrong me!

I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd

This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited  
About eleven o'clock.

*Dor.* 'Tis true, I was there;

But that I saw or spoke to you—

*Mary.* I have found it; [Apart to Dorothy]

Your brother Thomas, Doll!

*Dor.* Pray, sir, be satisfied,  
And wherein I can do you good, command me.

What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, &  
Whilst we walk in and make your peace.

*Val.* I thank you.

[*A squeak with*

[*Exeunt severally.*]

#### SCENE VIII.—A Hall within the Nunnery.

*Enter Abbess.*

*Abdess.* Why, what's the matter there am  
these maids?

Now, *benedicite*! Have you got the breeze the  
Give me my holy sprinkle!

*Enter two Nuns.*

1 *Nun.* Oh, madam,

There is a strange thing like a gentlewoman,  
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend)  
Crept into the nunnery, we know not which way  
Plays revel-rout among us.

*Abdess.* Give me my holy-water pot!

1 *Nun.* Here, madam.

*Abdess.* [Sprinkling the ground.] Spirit  
earth or air, I do conjure thee,  
Of water, or of fire— [Squeak with

1 *Nun.* Hark, madam, hark!

*Abdess.* Be thou ghost that cannot rest,

Or a shadow of the bless'd,

Be thou black, or white, or green,

Be thou heard, or to be seen—

*Enter THOMAS and CELLIDE.*

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes!

*Cel.* What are you? speak, speak gently;

And next, what would you with me?

*Tho.* Anything you'll let me.

*Cel.* You are no woman, certain.

*Tho.* Nor you no nun,

Nor shall not be.

*Cel.* What make you here?

*Tho.* I am a holy friar.

*Abdess.* Is this the spirit?

*Tho.* Nothing but spirit, aunt.

*Abdess.* Now out upon thee!

*Tho.* Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt.

*Abdess.* Why come you thus?

*Tho.* That's all one; here's my purpose.

Out with this nun; she is too handsome for you.  
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee.  
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou  
Mark but the mischief follows!

[*Exit*

*Abbess.* She's but a vottress.

*Tho.* Let her be what she will, she will undo thee.

Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,  
Or have among your nuns again!

*Abbess.* You have no project

But fair and honest?

*Tho.* As thine eyes, sweet *Abbess*.

*Abbess.* I will be ruled then.

*Tho.* Thus, then, and persuade her—

But do not juggle with me; if you do, aunt—

*Abbess.* I must be there myself.

*Tho.* Away, and fit her.

*Abbess.* Come, daughter, you must now be ruled, or never.

*Cel.* I must obey your will.

*Abbess.* That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IX.—*The Street.*

*Enter DOROTHY and MARY.*

*Mary.* What a coil has this fellow kept i' th' nunnery!

Sure he has run the *Abbess* out of her wits.

*Dor.* Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither see her,

Nor the young *Cellidè*.

*Mary.* Pray heavens he be not teasing!

*Dor.* Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your own structures.

*Enter HYLAS and SAM.*

*Sam.* Why, there's the gentleman.

*Hylas.* Mass, 'tis she indeed.

How smart the pretty thief looks!—'Morrow, mis-

*Dor.* Good morrow to you, sir! [*tress!*]

*Sam.* How strange she bears it!

*Hylas.* Maids must do so at first.

*Dor.* Would you aught with us, gentlemen?

*Hylas.* Yes, marry, would I,

A little with your ladyship.

*Dor.* Your will, sir?

*Hylas.* Doll, I would have you presently prepare Yourself and those things you would have with you; For my house is ready.

*Dor.* How, sir?

*Hylas.* And this night, not to fail, you must come to me;

My friends will all be there too. For trunks, and those things,  
And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have carried,

To-morrow, or the next day, I'll take order:

Only what money you have, bring away with you, And jewels.

*Dor.* Jewels, sir?

*Hylas.* Ay, for adornment.

There's a bed up to play the game in, *Dorothy*:

And now, come kiss me heartily!

*Dor.* Who are you?

*Hylas.* This lady shall be welcome, too.

*Mary.* To what, sir?

*Hylas.* Your neighbour can resolve you.

*Dor.* The man's foolish!—

Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,

And where's his business?

*Sam.* By Heaven, thou art abused still.

*Hylas.* It may be so.—Come, ye may speak now  
There's none but friends, wench. [*boldly;*]

*Dor.* Came you out of Bedlam?—

Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that you suffer him  
To walk i' th' open air thus; 'twill undo him.

A pretty handsome gentleman: great pity!

*Sam.* Let me not live more, if thou be'st not cozen'd.

*Hylas.* Are not you my wife? Did not I marry you last night,

At St. Michael's chapel?

*Dor.* Did not I say he was mad?

*Hylas.* Are not you Mistress *Dorothy*, *Thomas's* sister?

*Mary.* There he speaks sense; but I'll assure you, gentleman,

I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it?

*Hylas.* 'Spacious, you'll make me mad! Did not the priest,

Sir *Hugh*, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock,  
Tie our hands fast? Did not you swear you loved me?

Did not I court ye, coming from this gentleman's?

*Mary.* Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit have, She was in my arms then a-bed.

*Sam.* I told you.

*Hylas.* Be not so confident!

*Dor.* By th' mass, she must, sir;

For I'll no husband here, before I know him:

And so good morrow to ye!—Come, let's go seek

*Sam.* I told you what you had done. [*'em.*]

*Hylas.* Is the devil stirring?

Well, go with me; for now I will be married.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE X.—*An Apartment in VALENTINE'S House.*

*Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, and ALICE.*

*Mich.* I have brought him back again.

*Val.* You have done a friendship,

Worthy the love you bear me.

*Mich.* 'Would he had so too!

*Val.* Oh, he's a worthy young man.

*Mich.* When all's tried,

I fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the gentleman.

*Enter FRANCISCO and SERVANT, ABBESS and CELLIDÈ, severally.*

*Val.* My happy mistress, too? Now, Fortune, help me!

And all you stars that govern chaste desires,  
Shine fair, and lovely!

*Abbess.* But one hour, dear daughter,

To hear your guardian, what he can deliver

In love's defence, and his; and then your pleasure.

*Cel.* Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,—

More for his sake I see: how full of sorrow,  
[*Aside.*]

Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,  
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us!

*Mich.* Be ruled by me: I see her eye fast on him:

And what you heard believe; for 'tis so certain

He neither dared, nor must oppose my evidence:

And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.

This man you love, sir?

*Val.* As I love my soul, sir.



*Mich.* This man you put into a free possession  
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?

*Val.* And shall do still.

*Mich.* Nothing was barr'd his liberty  
But this fair maid: that friendship first was broken,  
And you and she abused; next, (to my sorrow  
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)  
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being  
Only to stop his journey, by that policy  
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)  
Divers abuses done, thefts often practised,  
Monies and jewels too, and those no trifles.

*Cel.* Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith? in  
neither—

Let's in for ever now—there is virtue!

*Mich.* Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall say it.  
Are you not guilty thus?

*Fran.* Yes.—Oh, my fortune!

*Mich.* To give a proof I speak not enviously,  
Look here: do you know these jewels?

*Cel.* In, good mother!

*Val.* These jewels I have known.

*Enter THOMAS, DOROTHY, and MARY; then SEBASTIAN  
and LAUNCELOT.*

*Dor.* You have made brave sport!

*Tho.* I'll make more, if I live, wench.

Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you.

*Laun.* Do you see now plain? That's Mistress  
And that's his mistress. [Dorothy,

*Seb.* Peace; let my joy work easily.—

Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom,  
boy!—

Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine;  
the town's ours!—

*Val.* Sure, I have known these jewels.

*Alice.* They are they, certain.

*Val.* Good Heaven, that they were!

*Alice.* I'll pawn my life on't;

And this is he.—Come hither, Mistress Dorothy,  
And Mistress Mary: Who does that face look like?  
And view my brother well.

*Dor.* In truth, like him.

*Mary.* Upon my troth, exceeding like.

*Mich.* Beshrew me,

But much, and main resemblance, both of face  
And lineaments of body: Now Heaven grant it!

*Alice.* My brother's full of passion. I'll speak  
to him.—

Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,  
Where did you get these jewels?

*Fran.* Now I'll tell you,

Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.  
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,  
But, from my infancy, upon this arm  
I ever wore 'em.

*Alice.* 'Tis Francisco, brother;

By Heaven, I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,  
A little, little more; what parents have you?

*Fran.* None,

That I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune;  
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,  
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,  
When I reach'd eighteen years—

*Alice.* What said that merchant?

*Fran.* He said an infant in the Genoa galleys,  
(But from what place he never could direct me)  
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,  
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me.  
He told me of a nurse that waited on me,

But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd:  
A letter, too, I had inclosed within me,  
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,  
To bring me up: The man, when years allow'd me,  
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but  
found him

Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.  
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,  
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,  
For which Heaven recompence him! Now ye  
have all.

*Val.* And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can  
send me,

And all my prayers and thanks!

*Alice.* Down o' your knees, sir!  
For now you have found a father, and that father  
That will not venture you again in galleys.

*Mich.* 'Tis true, believe her, sir; and we all joy  
with you.

*Val.* My best friend still, my dearest! Now  
Heaven bless thee,

And make me worthy of this benefit!—

Now, my best mistress.

*Cel.* Now, sir, I come to you—

*Abbess.* No, no; let's in, wench.

*Cel.* Not for the world, now, mother.—

And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,  
And all my love to him.

*Val.* And may it prosper!—

Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,  
And love her dearly; for thy father does so.

*Fran.* May all hate seek me else! and thus I  
seal it. [Kisses her.]

*Val.* Nothing but mirth, now, friends.

*Enter HYLAS and SAM.*

*Hylas.* Nay, I will find him.

*Sam.* What do all these here?

*Tho.* You are a trusty husband,

And a hot lover too.

*Hylas.* Nay then, good morrow!

Now I perceive the knavery.

*Sam.* I still told you!

*Tho.* Stay, or I'll make you stay. Come hither,  
sister.

*Val.* Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?

*Tho.* Peace a little!—

Thou wouldst fain have a wife?

*Hylas.* Not I; by no means.

*Tho.* Thou shalt have a wife,

And a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas,  
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.

*Seb.* A notable brave boy! 'nown son again!

*Hylas.* I am very well, sir.

*Tho.* Thou shalt be better.

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pounds a-year,  
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.

*Hylas.* No.

*Tho.* Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow

Two hundred pounds in clothes. Look on her;  
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred.

And feasible: Strike hands, or I'll strike first.

*Dor.* You'll let me like?

*Mary.* He's a good handsome fellow;

Play not the fool.

*Tho.* Strike, brother Hylas, quickly.

*Hylas.* If you can love me well.

*Dor.* If you can please me.

*Tho.* Try that out soon: I say, my brother

Hylas.

*Sam.* Take her, and use her well ; she's a brave gentlewoman.

*Hylas.* You must allow me another mistress.

*Dor.* Then you must allow me another servant.

*Hylas.* Well, let's together then. A lusty kindred !

*Seb.* I'll give thee five hundred pounds more for that word.

*Mary.* Now, sir, for you and I to make the feast full.

*Tho.* No, not a bit ; you are a virtuous lady, And love to live in contemplation.

*Mary.* Come, fool ; I am friends now.

*Tho.* The fool shall not ride you.

There lie, my woman ! now my man again !

And now for travel once more !

*Seb.* I'll bar that first.

*Mary.* And I next.

*Tho.* Hold yourself contented ; for I say I will travel :

And so long I will travel, till I find a father  
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd  
And a state without expectation : [for,

So rest you merry, gentlemen !

*Mary.* You shall not !

Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,  
And now I'll kiss you.

*Tho.* This will not do it, mistress.

*Mary.* Why, when we are married we'll do more.

*Seb.* There's all, boy,

The keys of all I have. Come, let's be merry !

For now I see thou art right.

*Tho.* Shall we to church straight ?

*Val.* Now, presently ; and there with nuptial  
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.

*Tho.* Away then, fair, afore ! [Exeunt.

# THE CHANCES.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF FERRARA.

PETRUCCIO, *Governor of Bologna.*

DON JOHN, } *Spanish Gentlemen, and Com-*  
DON FREDERIC, } *rades.*

ANTONIO, *an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to*  
PETRUCCIO.

*Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.*

*Two Gentlemen, Friends to PETRUCCIO.*

FRANCISCO, *a Musician, ANTONIO's Boy.*

PETER VECCHIO, *a Teacher of Latin and Music,*  
*a reputed Wizard.*

PETER, } *Servants to DON JOHN and DON*  
ANTHONY, } *FREDERIC.*

ROWLAND, *Servant to ANTONIO.*

Surgeon.

Servants.

CONSTANTIA, *Sister to PETRUCCIO, and Mistress*  
*to the Duke.*

*Gentlewoman, Servant to CONSTANTIA.*

GULLAN, *Landlady to DON JOHN and DON FIS-*  
DERIC.

CONSTANTIA, *a Whore to old ANTONIO.*  
Bawd.

SCENE,—BOLOGNA, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

## PROLOGUE.

APTNESS for mirth to all ! This instant night  
Thalia hath prepared, for your delight,  
Her choice and curious viands, in each part  
Seasoned with rarities of wit and art :  
Nor fear I to be taxed for a vain boast ;  
My promise will find credit with the most,  
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he  
Being in himself a perfect Comedy.  
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver  
Living he made that house a theatre  
Which he pleased to frequent ; and thus much we  
Could not but pay to his loud memory.

For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not  
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot.  
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme.  
To gall particular persons with the time ;  
Or that his towering muse hath made her flight  
Nearer your apprehension than your sight :  
But if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,  
Familiar language, fashioned to the weight  
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise  
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise ;  
We may profess, presuming on his skill,  
If his CHANCES please not you, our fortune's ill

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of the*  
*Landlady.*

Enter PETER and ANTHONY.

Peter. I would we were removed from this town,  
Anthony,

That we might taste some quiet : For mine own  
I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell-ropes.  
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,  
Of who knows whom, or where. Serve wenching  
soldiers,

That know no other paradise but pocketts ?  
I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the frowardest fool—

Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,  
Tell me but this ; to what end came we hither ?

Anth. To wait upon our masters.

Peter. But how, Anthony ?  
Answer me that ; resolve me there, good Anthony.

Anth. To serve their uses.

Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Anth. To be employed in any thing.

Peter. No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it ; nor that thing  
We travel to discover, like new islands ;  
A salt itch serve such uses ! In things of moment  
Concerning things, I grant you ; not things errant.  
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the sur-  
geon ;

In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case—  
Anth. Come, come, all will be mended ; this  
invisible woman,

Of infinite report for shape and virtue,  
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,  
They are determined now no more to think on.  
But fall close to their studies.

Peter. Was there ever

Men known to run mad with report before ?  
Or wander after that they know not where  
To find ? or, if found, how to enjoy ? Are men's  
brains

Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections  
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,  
Founder at every new fame ? I do believe, too,  
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men  
Are ever loving.

*Anth.* Pr'ythee be thou sober,  
And know, that they are none of those ; not guilty  
Of the least vanity of love ; only a doubt  
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter  
The graces of this woman, made them curious  
To find the truth, which since they find so block'd  
And lock'd up from their searches, they are now  
To give the wonder over. [settled]

*Peter.* 'Would they were settled  
To give me some new shoes too ! for I'll be sworn  
These are e'en worn out to th' *reasonable soles*  
In their good worships' business : and some sleep  
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean  
To make a bell-man of me. And what now  
Mean they to study, Anthony ? *moral philosophy*,  
After their *mar-all* women ?

*Anth.* Mar a fool's head !

*Peter.* It will mar two fools' heads, an they  
take not heed,  
Besides the giblets to 'em.

*Anth.* Will you walk, sir,  
And talk more out of hearing ? your fool's head  
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

*Peter.* I never lay in any.

*Anth.* Then leave your lying,  
And your blind prophesying.

*Enter DON JOHN and FREDERIC.*

Here they come ;  
You had best tell them as much.

*Peter.* I am no tell-tale.

[*Exeunt PETER and ANTHONY.*]

*John.* I would we could have seen her though ;  
for sure

She must be some rare creature, or report lies,  
All men's reports too.

*Fred.* I could well wish I had seen her ;  
But since she's so conceal'd, so beyond venture  
Kept and preserved from view, so like a Paradise,  
Placed where no knowledge can come near her, so  
guarded

As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,  
I have made up my belief.

*John.* Hang me, from this hour,  
If I more think upon her, or believe her ;  
But, as she came, a strong report unto me,  
So the next fame shall lose her.

*Fred.* 'Tis the next way.  
But whither are you walking ?

*John.* My old round  
After my meat, and then to bed.

*Fred.* 'Tis healthful.

*John.* Will not you stir ?

*Fred.* I have a little business.

*John.* Upon my life, this lady still——

*Fred.* Then you will lose it.

*John.* 'Pray let us walk together.

*Fred.* Now I cannot.

*John.* I have something to impart.

*Fred.* An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

*John.* Where ?

*Fred.* I' th' High Street ;  
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions  
To do first, then I am yours.

*John.* Remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in PETRUCCIO's House.

*Enter PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen.*

*Ant.* Cut his wind-pipe, I say !

1 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio !

*Ant.* Or knock his brains out first, and then  
forgive him !

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,  
A surgeon may see through him.

1 *Gent.* You are too violent.

2 *Gent.* Too open indiscreet.

*Petr.* Am I not ruin'd ?

The honour of my house crack'd ? my blood poi-  
My credit, and my name ? [son'd ?]

2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,

Before you use this violence : Let not doubt,  
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you :  
Your wisdom may be question'd.

*Ant.* I say, kill him,  
And then dispute the cause ! Cut off what may be,  
And what is shall be safe.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,  
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish ?  
Alas, is this good justice ?

*Petr.* I know, as certain

As day must come again, as clear as truth,  
And open as belief can lay it to me,  
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recom-  
Maliciously abused, blasted for ever [pense,  
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,  
But what is smear'd and shameful ! I must kill  
Necessity compels me. [him ;

1 *Gent.* But think better.

*Petr.* There is no other cure left : Yet, witness  
All that is fair in man, all that is noble, [with me,  
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,  
Nor thirst to shed man's blood ; and 'would 'twere  
possible——

I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble  
To offend the sacred image of my Maker !—  
My sword could only kill his crimes ! No, 'tis  
Honour,

Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,  
That all the world now worships, not Petruccio,  
Must do this justice.

*Ant.* Let it once be done,  
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,  
Or both, be accessory.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruccio,  
The value of the person, power and greatness,  
And what this spark may kindle ?

*Petr.* To perform it,  
So much I am tied to reputation,  
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires  
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss  
Into the waves of everlasting ruin, [me  
Yet I must through. If ye dare side me——

*Ant.* Dare ?

*Petr.* Ye are friends indeed ; if not——

2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you ;  
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

*Ant.* But then, be sure ye kill him !

2 *Gent.* Is the cause

So mortal, nothing but his life——

*Petr.* Believe me,



A less offence has been the desolation  
Of a whole name.

2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

*Petr.* There is, but never to be hoped for.

2 *Gent.* Think an hour more :

And if then you find no safer road to guide you,  
We'll set up our rests too.

*Ant.* Mine's up already;

And hang him, for my part, goes less than life !

2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords  
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Street before the House of CONSTANTIA.*

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*John.* The civil order of this town, Bologna,  
Makes it beloved and honour'd of all travellers,  
As a most safe retirement in all troubles ;  
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper  
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,  
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see  
My admiration has drawn night upon me,  
And longer to expect my friend may pull me  
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,  
Which all good governments are jealous of ;  
I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,  
'Tis not so far night as I thought ; for see,  
A fair house yet stands open ; yet all about it  
Are close, and no lights stirring : There may be  
foul play,

I'll venture to look in ; if there be knaves,  
I may do a good office.

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Signor ?

*John.* What ? How is this ?

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Signor Fabritio ?

*John.* I'll go nearer.

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Fabritio ?

*John.* This is a woman's tongue ; here may be  
good done.

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Who's there ? Fabritio ?

*John.* Ay.

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Where are you ?

*John.* Here.

*Woman.* [*Within.*] Oh, come, for Heaven's

*John.* I must see what this means. [*sake !*]

*Enter Woman, with a Bundle from the House.*

*Woman.* I have staid this long hour for you.

Make no noise,

For things are in strange trouble. Here ; be secret ;  
'Tis worth your care. Be gone now ; More eyes

watch us [*Gives him the Bundle.*]

Than may be for our safeties.

*John.* Hark you !

*Woman.* Peace ! Good night. [*Exit.*]

*John.* She is gone, and I am laden ; Fortune  
for me !

It weighs well, and it feels well ; it may chance  
To be some pack of worth : By th' mass 'tis heavy !  
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome ;  
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune : I am confident  
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging !  
If it hit right, I'll bless this night. [*Exit.*]

*Enter FREDERIC.*

*Fred.* 'Tis strange

I cannot meet him ; sure he has encounter'd  
Some light-o'-love or other, and there means  
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,

If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,  
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-  
walks ;

You must be still a boot-halling. One round more,  
Though it be late, I'll venture, to discover you.  
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE IV.—*A Room in the DUKE's Lodgings.*

*Enter DUKE and three Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Welcome to town. Are ye all fit ?

1 *Gent.* To point, sir.

*Duke.* Where are the horses ?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

*Duke.* Be private all ; and whatsoever fortune  
Offer itself, let's stand sure.

3 *Gent.* Fear not us :

Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,  
We'll make a black night on't.

*Duke.* No more ; I know it.

You know your quarters ?

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, sir ?

*Duke.* Ye shall not be far from me : the least noise  
Shall bring ye to my rescue.

2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.—*A Street.*

*Enter DON JOHN, with a Child in his arms.*

*John.* Was ever man so paid for being curious,  
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,  
As I am ? Did the devil lead me ? Must I needs  
be peeping

Into men's houses, where I had no business,  
And make myself a mischief ? 'Tis well carried !  
I must take other men's occasions on me,

And be I know not whom ! Most finely handled !  
What have I got by this now ? what's the purchase ?

A piece of evening arras-work, a child,

Indeed an infidel : This comes of peeping !

A lump got out of laziness.—Good White-bread,  
Let's have no bawling with you !—'Sdeath, have I

Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,  
Their snares and subtilities ; have I read over

All their school-learning, dived into their quiddits,  
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard ?

Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old  
After the dire massacre of a million [*days,*]

Of maidenheads, caught the common way ? i'th'  
night too,

Under another's name, to make the matter  
Carry more weight about it ? Well, Don John,

You will be wiser one day, when you have pur-  
A bevy of these butter-prints together, [*chased*]

With searching out conceal'd iniquities,  
Without commission. Why, it would never grieve

me,

If I had got this gingerbread ; never stirr'd me,  
So I had had a stroke for't ; it had been justice

Then to have kept it : But to raise a dairy  
For other men's adulteries, consume myself in

caudles,  
And scow'r ring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies.

Only for charity, for mere ' I thank you,'  
A little troubles me : The least touch for it,

Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.  
Whose-e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother ;  
For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd,

Well lined within. To leave it here were barbarous,  
And ten to one would kill it; a more sin  
Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,  
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,  
To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!  
Now all the danger is to qualify  
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,  
For she will fall upon me with a catechism  
Of four hours long: I must endure all;  
For I will know this mother.—Come, good wonder,  
Let you and I be jogging; your starved treble  
Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be  
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*Another Street before CONSTANTIA'S House.*

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I have beaten all  
the purlieus,  
But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,  
'Tis not my care can cure him: To-morrow morn-  
ing  
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,  
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter CONSTANTIA veiled, from the House.

Con. I am ready,  
And through a world of dangers am flown to you;  
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.  
Where are your people? which way must we travel?  
For Heaven sake stay not here, sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,  
For ever perish'd!—Sir, for Heaven sake, tell me,  
Are you a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you loved honour,  
As ever your desires may gain their ends,  
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,  
For I am forced to trust you!

Fred. You have charm'd me;  
Humanity and honour bid me help you,  
And if I fail your trust—

Con. The time's too dangerous  
To stay your protestations: I believe you—  
Alas, I must believe you. From this place,  
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,  
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,  
And honest conversation, may come near me,  
In some secure place, settle me: What I am,  
And why thus boldly I commit my credit  
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers  
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure  
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty;  
He must strike through my life that takes you  
from me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Another Street.*

Enter PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?

Ant. Ne'er fear us:

Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

k k

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,  
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best game;  
We shall fight close and handsome then.

1 Gent. Antonio,

You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All physicians

And penny almanacks allow the opening  
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?  
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?  
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?  
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour  
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?  
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,  
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly;

What should men do allied to these disgraces?  
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him—

2 Gent. You are as far o' th' bow-hand now.

Ant. And cry,

"That's my fine boy; thou wilt do so no more, child?"

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By Saint Jacques,

They shall not find me one! Here's old tough  
Andrew,

A special friend of mine; an he but hold,  
I'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,  
And the best blood I light on; I profess it;  
Not to scare coster-mongers: If I lose mine own,  
Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!

Petr. Let's talk no longer; place yourselves  
with silence,

As I directed ye, and when time calls us,

As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in the Landlady's House.*

Enter DON JOHN, with the Child, and Landlady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard—

John. Good mother;

Land. Good me no goods! Your cousin and  
yourself

Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves  
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither  
To my house, that have ever been reputed  
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,  
And so behaved myself—

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, (to make my name  
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils,) your devices,  
Your brats, got out of Aligant, and broken oaths!  
Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty puddings!  
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?  
You are deceived in me, sir; I am none  
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you

'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it;  
She had better have worn pasterns.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths, to gain  
your ends,

When ye are high and pamper'd? What saint  
know ye?

Or what religion, but your purposed lewdness,  
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,

You will then swear like accused cut-purses,  
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers!  
I'm sick to see this dealing.

*John.* Heaven forbid, mother.

*Land.* Nay, I am very sick.

*John.* Who waits there?

*Anth.* [Within.] Sir.

*John.* Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

*Land.* Exceeding sick; Heaven help me!

*John.* Haste ye, sirrah.—

I must even make her drunk. [*Apart.*] Nay, gentle mother!

*Land.* Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this purpose  
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digestions?  
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,  
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.  
Were these your bo-peep prayers? You have pray'd  
well,

And with a learned zeal; watch'd well too. Your  
saint,

It seems, was pleased as well. Still sicker, sicker!

*Enter ANTHONY, with a Bottle of Wine.*

*John.* There is no talking to her till I have  
drench'd her.

Give me.—Here, mother, take a good round draught;  
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: Deeper,  
mother.

*Land.* Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend  
all. [*Drinks.*]

*John.* All, i' faith, mother.

*Land.* I confess the wine  
Will do his part.

*John.* I'll pledge you.

*Land.* But, son John!

*John.* I know your meaning, mother; touch it  
once more;

Alas, you look not well; take a round draught  
(It warms the blood well, and restores the colour),  
And then we'll talk at large.

*Land.* A civil gentleman?

A stranger? one the town holds a good regard of?

*John.* Nay, I will silence thee.

*Land.* One that should weigh his fair name?—  
Oh, a stitch!

*John.* There's nothing better for a stitch, good  
mother;

Make no spare of it; as you love your health,  
Mince not the matter.

*Land.* As I said, a gentleman?

Lodge in my house? Now, Heaven's my comfort,  
*John.* I look'd for this. [*signor—*]

*Land.* I did not think you would have used me  
thus;

A woman of my credit; one, Heaven knows,  
That loved you but too tenderly.

*John.* Dear mother,

I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.

*Land.* No, no, I am a fool to counsel you.  
Where's the infant?

Come, let's see your workmanship.

*John.* None of mine, mother;

But there 'tis, and a lusty one. [*Gives her the child.*]

*Land.* Heaven bless thee,

Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,  
'Tis many a good man's fortune.—As I live,  
Your own eyes, signor; and the nether lip  
As like you as ye had spit it.

*John.* I am glad on't.

*Land.* Bless me, what things are these?

*John.* I thought my labour  
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,  
Both rich, and right, I hope.

*Land.* Well, well, son John,  
I see you are a woodman, and can chuse  
Your deer, though it be i' th' dark; all your  
discretion

Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:  
Here I am with you now; when, as they say,  
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must  
needs do,

Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom  
Becomes a young man well: Be sure of one thing,  
Lose not your labour and your time together,  
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,  
Work wary whilst you have it; since you must  
traffic

Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold,  
signor;

Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading  
As you would make your rest, adventurously,  
But with advantage ever.

*John.* All this time, mother,  
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.

*Land.* Now blessing o' thy care! It shall have  
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son. [all,  
'Tis a sweet child!—Ah, my young Spaniard!—  
Take you no further care, sir.

*John.* Yes, of these jewels,  
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,  
To make your care the stronger; for the rest  
I'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on't,  
I freely render to your charge.

*Land.* No more words,  
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:  
This may do well.

*John.* I shall observe your morals.  
But where's Don Frederic, mother?

*Land.* Ten to one  
About the like adventure; he told me,  
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*]

*John.* Why should he stay thus?  
There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,  
Before I have found him. Now this woman's  
pleased,  
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eased.  
[*Exit.*]

## SCENE IX.—A Street.

*Enter DUKE and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it,  
As to remove the city: The main faction  
Swarm through the streets like hornets, arm'd with  
Able to ruin states; no safety left us, [*angers*]  
Nor means to die like men, if instantly  
You draw not back again.

*Duke.* May be be drawn  
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I surer  
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death  
More than those fears are too—

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

*Duke.* I would not crack my vow, start from  
my honour,  
Because I may find danger; wound my soul,  
To keep my body safe!

1 *Gent.* I speak not, sir,  
Out of a baseness, to you.

*Duke.* No, nor do not,

Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,  
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?  
A poor cold part o' th' blood? Who takes it hold  
of?

Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds  
Were made the masters of it; and as hearty seamen  
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder  
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;  
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.  
Say we were sure to die all in this venture  
(As I am confident against it), is there any  
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,  
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,  
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out  
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,  
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,  
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.  
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along  
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!

2 *Gent.* You may, sir;  
But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,  
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us  
Can die as decently as other men,  
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.

*Duke.* That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that finches,  
May he die lousy in a ditch!

*Duke.* No more dying;

There's no such danger in it. What's o'clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

*Duke.* Away then quickly;

Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*An Apartment in the Landlady's House.*

*Enter FREDERIC, and PETER with a Candle.*

*Fred.* Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.

*Peter.* What have we now to do? [*Aside.*]

*Fred.* And o' your life, sirrah,  
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;

No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

*Peter.* 'Tis done, sir.

*Fred.* Nor any serious business that concerns me.

*Peter.* Is the wind there again? [*Aside.*]

*Fred.* Be gone.

*Peter.* I am, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CONSTANTIA, veiled.*

*Fred.* Now enter without fear. And, noble lady,  
That safety and civility you wish'd for  
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue  
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes  
Beyond the moderation of a man,  
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,  
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,  
Were dangers more than doubts.

*Con.* You are truly noble,

And worth a woman's trust: Let it become me

[*Offers a ring.*]

(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,  
To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle;  
I may be longer troublesome.

*Fred.* Fair offices

Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me, lady,  
From selling civil courtesies! May it please you,  
If you will force a favour to oblige me,  
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me  
For what good angel I'm engaged.

*Con.* It shall be,

For I am truly confident you are honest: [*Unveils.*]  
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

*Fred.* Trust me,

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—  
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild  
else!

What eyes are there, rather what little Heavens,  
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise  
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be  
temperate:

I must look off; too excellent an object  
Confounds the sense that sees it.—Noble lady,  
If there be any further service to cast on me,  
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,  
Or the engagement of whole families—

*Con.* Your service is too liberal, worthy sir;  
Thus far I shall entreat—

*Fred.* Command me, lady;

You make your power too poor.

*Con.* That presently

With all convenient haste, you would retire  
Unto the street you found me in.

*Fred.* 'Tis done.

*Con.* There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd  
With force and violence, do a man's office,  
And draw your sword to rescue him.

*Fred.* He's safe,

Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,  
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.  
Retire: this key will guide you: All things neces-  
sary

Are there before you.

*Con.* All my prayers go with you. [*Exit.*]

*Fred.* You clap on proof upon me.—Men say  
gold

Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:  
Now I say beauty can do more: The king's ex-  
chequer,

Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me  
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure  
Might make me leap into: We are all like sea-  
cards,

All our endeavours and our motions,  
(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,  
Still at the fairest: For a handsome woman,  
Setting my soul aside, it should go hard,  
But I would strain my body: Yet to her,  
Unless it be her own free gratitude,  
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within  
me,

Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter DUKE, pursued by PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* You will not all oppress me?

*Ant.* Kill him i' th' wanton eye!  
Let me come to him!

*Duke.* Then ye shall buy me dearly!

*Petr.* Say you so, sir?

*Ant.* I say cut his wezand, spoil his piping:  
Have at your love-sick heart, sir!

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*John.* Sure 'tis fighting:  
My friend may be engaged.—Fy, gentlemen!  
This is unmanly odds.

*Ant.* I'll stop your mouth, sir.

[*Duke falls down, DON JOHN bestrides him.*]

*John.* Nay then, have at thee freely.

There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your longing.

[*Wounds ANTONIO.*]

*Petr.* Away! I hope I have sped him. Here  
comes rescue;

We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?

*Ant.* I must have one thrust more, sir.

*John.* Come up to me.

*Ant.* A mischief confound your fingers!

*Petr.* How is't?

*Ant.* Well:

He has given me my *quietus est*. I felt him  
In my small guts; I'm sure he has fear'd me!  
This comes of siding with you.

*2 Gent.* Can you go, sir!

*Ant.* I should go, man, an my head were off:  
Ne'er talk of going.

*Petr.* Come, all shall be well then.  
I hear more rescue coming.

*Enter the DUKE's Gentlemen.*

*Ant.* Let's turn back then;  
My skull's uncloven yet; let me but kill.

*Petr.* Away for Heaven sake with him!

[*Exit PETRUCCIO, with ANTONIO and his Gentlemen.*]

*John.* How is't?

*Duke.* Well, sir;

Only a little stagger'd.

*Duke's Gent.* Let's pursue 'em.

*Duke.* No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks,  
good coat;

Thou hast saved me a shrewd welcome: 'Twas put  
With a good mind, I'm sure on't. [home too,

*John.* Are you safe then?

*Duke.* My thanks to you, brave sir, whose  
timely valour,

And manly courtesy, came to my rescue.

*John.* You had foul play offer'd ye, and shame  
That can pass by oppression. [befall him

*Duke.* May I crave, sir,  
But thus much honour more, to know your name,  
And him I am so bound too?

*John.* For the bond, sir,  
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further  
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,  
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentle-  
That lies here for my study. [man

*Duke.* I have heard, sir,  
Much worthy mention of you; yet I find  
Fame short of what you are.

*John.* You are pleased, sir,  
To express your courtesy: May I demand  
As freely what you are, and what mischance  
Cast you into this danger?

*Duke.* For this present,  
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me  
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks,  
Than now my will can render.

*John.* Your will's your own, sir.

*Duke.* What is't you look for, sir? have you  
lost anything?

*John.* Only my hat i' th' scuffle: Sure these  
Were night-snaps. [fellows

*Duke.* No, believe, sir. Pray you use mine,  
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

*John.* No, sir.

*Duke.* Indeed you shall; I can command  
I do beseech you honour me. [another:

*John.* I will, sir:

And so I'll take my leave.

*Duke.* Within these few days  
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge:  
'Till when, I love your memory.

[*Exit DUKE and Gentlemen.*]

*John.* I yours—

This is some noble fellow.

*Enter FREDERIC.*

*Fred.* 'Tis his tongue sure.

Don John?

*John.* Don Frederic?

*Fred.* You are fairly met, sir:

I thought you had been a bat-fowling. Pr'ythee  
What revelations hast thou had to-night, [tell me,  
That home was never thought of?

*John.* Revelations?

I'll tell thee, Frederic; but, before I tell thee,  
Settle thy understanding.

*Fred.* 'Tis prepared, sir.

*John.* Why then, mark what shall follow. This  
This bawdy night— [night, Frederic,

*Fred.* I thought no less.

*John.* This blind night,

What dost think I have got?

*Fred.* The pox, it may be.

*John.* 'Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of  
revelations;

I have got a revelation will reveal me  
An arrant coxcomb while I live.

*Fred.* What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

*John.* No, I have got, I tell thee.

*Fred.* What hast thou got?

*John.* One of the infantry, a child.

*Fred.* How!

*John.* A chopping child, man.

*Fred.* Give you joy, sir.

*John.* A lump of lewdness, Frederic; that's the  
This town's abominable. [truth on't

*Fred.* I still told you, John,

Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd you:  
But where no grace is—

*John.* 'Tis none o' mine, man.

*Fred.* Answer the parish so.

*John.* Cheated, in troth,

Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,  
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederic,

Had I but kiss'd the ring for't—'Tis no poor one,  
That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it  
Enough to make it man.

*Fred.* Where is't?

*John.* At home.

*Fred.* A saving voyage : But what will you say,  
signor,

To him that, searching out your serious worship,  
Has met a stranger fortune?

*John.* How, good Frederic?

A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.

*Fred.* No ; mine's a nobler venture. What do  
you think, sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty  
Would over-sell all Italy!

*John.* Where is she?

*Fred.* A woman of that rare behaviour,  
So qualified, as admiration  
Dwells round about her ; of that perfect spirit——

*John.* Ay, marry, sir!

*Fred.* That admirable carriage,  
That sweetness in discourse ; young as the Morn-  
Her blushes staining his. [ing,

*John.* But where's this creature?  
Shew me but that.

*Fred.* That's all one ; she's forth-coming ;  
I have her sure, boy.

*John.* Hark you, Frederic ;  
What truck betwixt my infant——

*Fred.* 'Tis too light, sir ;  
Stick to your charges, good Don John ; I am well.

*John.* But is there such a wench?

*Fred.* First tell me this,  
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,  
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely  
To do offence?

*John.* Yes, marry, and they urged it  
As far as they had spirit.

*Fred.* Pray go forward.

*John.* A gentleman I found engaged amongst 'em ;  
It seems of noble breeding ; I am sure brave metal :  
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,  
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescued him,  
And came myself off safe too.

*Fred.* My work's done then :  
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,  
Oh, John, there is a woman——

*John.* Oh, where is she?

*Fred.* And one of no less worth than I assure you ;  
And, which is more, fallen under my protection.

*John.* I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederic!

*Fred.* And, which is more than that, by this  
night's wand'ring ;

And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.

*John.* Come, let's be gone then.

*Fred.* Yes ; but 'tis most certain

You cannot see her, John.

*John.* Why?

*Fred.* She has sworn me  
That none else shall come near her, not my mother,  
Till some few doubts are clear'd.

*John.* Not look upon her?

What chamber is she in?

*Fred.* In ours.

*John.* Let's go, I say :

A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making ;  
They must for modesty a little : We all know it.

*Fred.* No, I'll assure you, sir.

*John.* Not see her?

I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederic,

You talk'd to me of whoring : Let's have fair play,  
Square dealing, I would wish you.

*Fred.* When 'tis come  
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,  
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.

*John.* Tell me,  
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,  
Or for your ease?

*Fred.* By all our friendship, John,  
'Tis honest, and of great end.

*John.* I am answer'd :  
But let me see her though ; leave the door open  
As you go in.

*Fred.* I dare not.

*John.* Not wide open,  
But just so, as a jealous husband  
Would level at his wanton wife through.

*Fred.* That courtesy,  
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,  
I dare afford you. Come ; 'tis now near morning.  
[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Landlady's House.

Enter PETER and ANTHONY.

*Peter.* Nay, the old woman's gone too.

*Anth.* She's a-catterwauling  
Among the gutters : But, conceive me, Peter,  
Where our good masters should be?

*Peter.* Where they should be  
I do conceive ; but where they are, good Anthony—  
*Anth.* Ay, there it goes : My master's bo-peeps  
With his sly popping in and out again, [with me,  
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.

*Peter.* Believe me  
They bear up with some carvel.

*Anth.* I do believe thee,  
For thou hast such a master for that chase,  
That till he spends his mainmast——

*Peter.* Pray remember  
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,  
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak ;  
He had a sound one since he came.

*Anth.* Hark ! [Lute sounds within.

*Peter.* What?

*Anth.* Dost not hear a lute? Again!

*Peter.* Where is't?

*Anth.* Above, in my master's chamber.

*Peter.* There's no creature ;  
He hath the key himself, man. [Singing within.

*Anth.* This is his lute ;

Let him have it.

*Peter.* I grant you ; but who strikes it?

*Anth.* An admirable voice too ; hark ye !

SONG. [Within.]

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied  
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride  
And glory in thy murders, why am I,  
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,  
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew  
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,  
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,  
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,  
Thy holy fire, still burning, blown with prayer :  
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will ;  
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

*Peter.* Anthony,  
Art sure we are at home?

*Anth.* Without all doubt, Peter.

*Peter.* Then this must be the devil.

*Anth.* Let it be.— [*Sings again.*]  
Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!—  
*Peter,* believe it, a most delicate devil!  
The sweetest devil—

*Enter FREDERIC and DON JOHN.*

*Fred.* If you could leave peeping!

*John.* I cannot; by no means.

*Fred.* Then come in softly;

And, as you love your faith, presume no further  
Than you have promised.

*John.* *Basta!*

*Fred.* What make you up so early, sir?

*John.* You, sir, in your contemplations!

*Peter.* Oh, pray you, peace, sir. [*Lute plays again.*]

*Fred.* Why peace, sir?

*Peter.* Do you hear?

*John.* 'Tis your lute.

*Fred.* Pray ye speak softly;  
She's playing on't.

*Anth.* The house is haunted, sir,  
For this we have heard this half-year.

*Fred.* Ye saw nothing?

*Anth.* Not I.

*Peter.* Nor I, sir.

*Fred.* Get us our breakfast then;  
And make no words on't. We'll undertake this  
spirit,  
If it be one.

*Anth.* This is no devil, *Peter.*  
Mum! there be bats abroad.

[*Exeunt PETER and ANTHONY.*]

*Fred.* Stay; now she sings.

[*Singing.*]

*John.* An angel's voice, I'll swear!

*Fred.* Why didst thou shrug so?  
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,  
I will not trust you.

*John.* Pass! I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter CONSTANTIA.*

*Con.* To curse those stars that men say govern  
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate, [us,  
And task the general world, will help me nothing:  
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they  
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires  
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,  
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

*Enter FREDERIC and DON JOHN peeping.*

*Fred.* Peace to your meditations!

*John.* Pox upon ye,  
Stand out o' th' light!

*Con.* I crave your mercy, sir;  
My mind, o'er-charged with care, made me un-  
mannerly.

*Fred.* Pray you set that mind at rest; all shall  
be perfect.

*John.* I like the body rare; a handsome body,  
A wond'rous handsome body. 'Would she would  
See, and that spiteful puppy be not [turn!  
Between me and my light again!

*Fred.* 'Tis done,

As all that you command shall be: The gentleman  
Is safely off all danger.

*John.* Oh, *de Dios!*

*Con.* How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy?

*Fred.* Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.—  
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aside.*]

*John.* Nay, 'tis certain,  
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:  
I hope thou art not honest.

*Fred.* None disturb'd you?

*Con.* Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;  
I thank your care.

*Fred.* 'Tis well.

*John.* I would fain pray now,  
But the devil, and that flesh there o' the world—  
What are we made to suffer!

*Fred.* He will enter;—

Pull in your head, and be hang'd!

*John.* Hark you, *Frederic!*

I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

*Fred.* Pox upon you!

*Con.* Nay, let him enter. *Fy,* my lord the duke,  
Stand peeping at your friends?

*Fred.* You are cozen'd, lady;

Here is no duke.

*Con.* I know him full well, signor.

*John.* Hold thee there, wench!

*Fred.* This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

*Con.* I do beseech your grace come in.

*John.* My grace?

There was a word of comfort!

*Fred.* Shall he enter,

Whoe'er he be?

*John.* Well follow'd, *Frederic!*

*Con.* With all my heart.

*Fred.* Come in then.

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*John.* 'Bless you, lady!

*Fred.* Nay, start not; though he be a stranger  
to you,

He's of a noble strain: My kinsman, lady,  
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:  
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,  
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;  
He's truly honest.

*John.* That's a lie.

[*Aside.*]

*Fred.* And trusty,

Beyond your wishes; valiant to defend;  
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

*John.* [*Aside.*] Now may I hang myself; this  
commendation

Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now  
Must I cry, "No forsooth," and "Ay forsooth,"  
and "surely,

And truly as I live, and as I am honest."  
He has done these things for 'nounce too; for he  
Like a most envious rascal as he is, [knows,  
I am not honest, nor desire to be,  
Especially this way. He has watch'd his time;  
But I shall quit him.

*Con.* Sir, I credit you.

*Fred.* Go kiss her, *John.*

*John.* Plague o' your commendations!

*Con.* Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

*John.* Never to me, sweet lady: Thus I seal  
My faith, and all my service. [*Kisses her.*]

*Con.* One word, signor. [*To FREDERIC.*]

*John.* Now 'tis impossible I should be honest;

[*Aside.*]

She kisses with a conjuration  
Would make the devil dance! What points she at?  
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:  
Sit fast, *Don Frederic!*—

*Fred.* 'Twas given him by that gentleman  
You took such care of; his own being lost i' th'  
scuffle.

*Con.* With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis a  
right one,

I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy  
May you be in all fights for that fair service!

*Fred.* Why do you blush?

*Con.* 'T had almost cozen'd me;  
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for  
Another master of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*]

*Fred.* Who's there?

*Enter ANTHONY.*

Stand you a little close. Come in, sir!

[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.]

Now, what's the news with you?

*Anth.* There is a gentleman without  
Would speak with Don John.

*John.* Who, sir?

*Anth.* I do not know, sir; but he shews a man  
Of no mean reckoning.

*Fred.* Let him shew his name,  
And then return a little wiser.

*Anth.* Well, sir.

[*Exit* ANTHONY.]

*Fred.* How do you like her, John?

*John.* As well as you, Frederic.  
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.

*Fred.* Art thou not honest?

*John.* Art thou an ass?

"And modest as her blushes!" What a blockhead  
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology,  
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?

A woman of her youth and delicacy?

They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.

An honest moral man? 'tis for a constable!

A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,

A liberal man, a likely man, a man

Made up like Hercules, unslaked with service,

The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next night,

And so to perpetuity of pleasures;

These had been things to hearken to, things  
catching:

But you have such a spiced consideration,  
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,  
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch  
you,

Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;  
And nothing but fair Honour, oh, sweet Honour!

Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was trusty,

And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!

A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?

*Fred.* I am sorry, John.

*John.* My lady's gentlewoman

Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush

With playing with my codpiece point! Fy on thee!

A man of thy discretion?

*Fred.* It shall be mended;

And henceforth you shall have your due.

*Enter* ANTHONY.

*John.* I look for't,—

How now? who is't?

*Anth.* A gentleman of this town,

And calls himself Petruccio.

*John.* I'll attend him.

[*Exit* ANTHONY.]

*Enter* CONSTANTIA.

*Con.* How did he call himself?

*Fred.* Petruccio:

Does it concern you aught?

*Con.* Oh, gentlemen,

The hour of my destruction is come on me;

I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!

As ever ye had pity— [Kneels.]

*John.* Do not fear;

Let the great devil come, he shall come through me:

Lost here, and we about ye?

*Fred.* Fall before us?

*Con.* Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers

Compared to his, to his—

*Fred.* Let his, and all men's,

Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for  
Heaven sake!

*Con.* I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven

*John.* We are all evil: [knows—]

Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!

What is he?

*Con.* Too, too near to my offence, sir:

Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!

*Fred.* 'Tis no treason?

*John.* Let it be what it will, if he cut here,  
I'll find him cut-work.

*Fred.* He must buy you dear;

With more than common lives.

*John.* Fear not, nor weep not:

By Heaven, I'll fire the town before you perish!

And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with you

*Fred.* Come in, and dry your eyes.

*John.* Pray no more weeping;

Spoil a sweet face for nothing! My return

Shall end all this, I warrant you.

*Con.* Heaven grant it! [Exeunt]

#### SCENE IV.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter* PETRUCCIO, with a letter.

*Petr.* This man should be of special rank; fo  
these commends

Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em  
He shall be he.

*Enter* DON JOHN.

*John.* 'Save you, sir! I am sorry  
My business was so unmannerly, to make you  
Wait thus long here.

*Petr.* Occasions must be served, sir.

But is your name Don John?

*John.* It is, sir.

*Petr.* Then,

First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace you

Next, from the credit of your noble friend

Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;

Who lays his charge upon me in this letter

To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,

Whilst your occasions make you resident

In this place, to supply you, love and honour you

Which, had I known sooner—

*John.* Noble sir,

You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a swor

And have a service to be still disposed of, [si

As you shall please command it.

*Petr.* Gentle sir,

That manly courtesy is half my business:

And, to be short, to make you know I honour yo

And in all points believe your worth like oracle,

And how above my friends (which are not few,

And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,

Make yourself understand, this day Petruccio

(A man that may command the strength of tl  
place,



Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice  
Only of you, and in a noble office.

*John.* Forward; I am free to entertain it.

*Petr.* Thus then:

I do beseech you mark me.

*John.* I shall do it.

*Petr.* Ferrara's duke, ('would I might call him  
worthy!

But that he has razed out from his family,  
As he has mine with infamy) this man,  
Rather this powerful monster, we being left  
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,  
My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,  
Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy  
for,

Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,  
And secret passages I knew not of;  
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abused her:  
I am ashamed to say the rest! This purchased,  
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us  
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,  
And all our name to ruin.

*John.* This was foul play,  
And ought to be rewarded so.

*Petr.* I hope so.

He 'scaped me yester-night; which, if he dare  
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him!  
I shall, with all my heart.

*John.* For me, brave signor,

What do you intend?

*Petr.* Only, fair sir, this trust,  
(Which, from the commendations of this letter,  
I dare presume well placed) nobly to bear him  
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,  
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,  
We may decide all difference.

*John.* Fair and noble,

And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?

*Petr.* Please you, this afternoon. I will ride  
with you;

For at a castle, six miles hence, we are sure  
To find him.

*John.* I'll be ready.

*Petr.* To attend you,

My man shall wait. With all my love— [*Exit.*]

*John.* My service shall not fail you.

*Enter Frederic.*

*Fred.* How now?

*John.* All's well. Who dost thou think this  
Guess, an thou canst. [*wench is?*]

*Fred.* I cannot.

*John.* Be it known then,  
To all men by these presents, this is she,  
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs  
Were errant two months after.

*Fred.* Who? Constantia?

Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.

*John.* I talk of wenches,  
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederic; this is the pullet  
We two went proud after.

*Fred.* It cannot be.

*John.* It shall be;

Sister to Don Petruccio: I know all, man.

*Fred.* Now I believe.

*John.* Go to; there has been stirring,  
Pumbling with linen, Frederic.

*Fred.* 'Tis impossible;

You know her fame was pure as fire.

*John.* That pure fire

Has melted out her maidenhead: she's crack'd;  
We have all that hope of our side, boy.

*Fred.* Thou tell'st me,

To my imagination, things incredible;  
I see no loose thought in her.

*John.* That's all one,

She is loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven! But the world  
Must know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!

*Fred.* There may be such a slip.

*John.* And will be, Frederic,  
Whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy too  
Will prove her's, I took up.

*Fred.* Good circumstance

May cure all this yet.

*John.* There thou hit'st it, Frederic. [*here*]

Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being  
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I'll tell thee  
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this light,  
Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour  
He has done to me, a stranger. There be irons  
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,  
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.

*Fred.* Well, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter Landlady and Peter.*

*Land.* Come, you do know!

*Peter.* I do not, by this hand, mistress:  
But I suspect—

*Land.* What?

*Peter.* That if eggs continue  
At this price, women will ne'er be saved  
By their good works.

*Land.* I will know.

*Peter.* You shall, any thing  
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorraine now  
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,  
A woman of fine knowledge.

*Land.* Sirrah, sirrah!

*Peter.* The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and  
They shall be baited in England. [*'tis suspected*]

*Land.* Very well, sir!

*Peter.* No, 'tis not so well, neither.

*Land.* But I say to you,  
Who is it keeps your master company?

*Peter.* I say to you, Don John.

*Land.* I say, what woman?

*Peter.* I say so too.

*Land.* I say again, I will know.

*Peter.* I say, 'tis fit you should.

*Land.* And I tell thee,

He has a woman here.

*Peter.* And I tell thee,  
'Tis then the better for him.

*Land.* You are no bawd now?

*Peter.* 'Would I were able to be call'd unto it;  
A worshipful vocation for my elders;  
For, as I understand, it is a place  
Fitting my betters far.

*Land.* Was ever gentlewoman  
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,  
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;  
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my house  
Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold,  
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signors,  
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

*Enter FREDERIC.*

*Peter.* 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

*Fred.* How now?

Why, what's the matter, landlady?

*Land.* What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.

*Fred.* Who has abused her? you, sir?

*Land.* 'Ods my witness,

I will not be thus treated, that I will not!

*Peter.* I gave her no ill language.

*Land.* Thou liest lewdly;

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,

As I had been a Maikin, a flirt Gillian:

And thou think'st, because thou canst write and  
Our noses must be under thee. [read,

*Fred.* Dare you, sirrah?

*Peter.* Let but the truth be known, sir, I be-  
seech ye;

She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.

*Land.* Go to; thou know'st too well, thou  
wicked varlet,

Thou instrument of evil!

*Peter.* As I live, sir,

She is ever thus till dinner.

*Fred.* Get you in;

I'll answer you anon, sir.

*Peter.* By this hand,

I'll break your posset-pan! [Exit.

*Land.* Then, by this hood,

I'll lock the meat up!

*Fred.* Now, your grief; what is't?

For I can guess—

*Land.* You may, with shame enough,

If there were shame amongst you! Nothing  
thought on,

But how ye may abuse my house? not satisfied

With bringing home your bastards to undo me,

But you must drill your whores here too? My  
patience

(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,

And, as they say, am willing to groan under)

Must be your make-sport now!

*Fred.* No more of these words,

Nor no more murmurings, lady! for you know

That I know something. I did suspect your anger;

But turn it presently and handsomely,

And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,

(For such an one there is indeed)——

*Land.* 'Tis well, son.

*Fred.* Leaving your devils' matins and your  
Or we shall leave our lodgings. [melancholies,

*Land.* You have much need

To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:

You had that might content

At home, within yourselves too, right good, gentle-  
men,

Wholesome, and you said handsome. But you  
Beast that I was to believe ye—— [gallants—

*Fred.* Leave your suspicion;

For, as I live, there's no such thing.

*Land.* Mine honour!

An 'twere not for mine honour——

*Fred.* Come, your honour,  
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,  
Are well enough. Sleek up yourself, leave crying,  
For I must have you entertain this lady  
With all civility, (she well deserves it)  
Together with all secrecy: I dare trust you,  
For I have found you faithful! When you know  
her,  
You will find your own fault: No more words,  
but do it.

*Land.* You know you may command me.

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*John.* Worshipful lady,  
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand,  
Thou look'st most amiably! Now could I willingly,  
(An 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)  
Venture my body with thee.

*Land.* You'll leave this ropery

When you come to my years.

*John.* By this light,

Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;

Thou hast not half thy teeth: Come——

*Fred.* Pry'thee, John,

Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;

She'll grow stark mad, man.

*John.* I would see her mad;

An old mad woman——

*Fred.* Pr'ythee be patient.

*John.* Is like a miller's mare, troubled with

She'll make the rarest faces! [toothach;

*Fred.* Go, and do it,

And do not, mind this fellow.

*Land.* Well, Don John,

There will be times again, when, "Oh, good  
mother,

What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?

Oh, the green water, mother!"——

*John.* Doting take you!

Do you remember that?

*Fred.* She has paid you now, sir.

*Land.* "Clary, sweet mother! clary!"——

*Fred.* Are you satisfied?

*Land.* "I'll never whore again: never give  
petticoats

And waistcoats at five pound a-piece! Good  
mother!

Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son.

*John.* A devil grind your old chaps!

[Exit Landlady.

*Fred.* By this hand, wench,  
I'll give thee a new hood for this.——

Has she met with your lordship?

*John.* Touchwood rake her!

She's a rare ghostly mother.

*Enter ANTHONY.*

*Anth.* Below attends you

The gentleman's man, sir, that was with you.

*John.* Well, sir. [Exit ANTHONY.

My time is come, then; yet, if my project hold,

You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust

A cat with sweet milk, Frederic.

*Enter CONSTANTIA.*

By her face,

I feel her fears are working.

*Con.* Is there no way

(I do beseech you think yet) to divert

This certain danger?

*Fred.* 'Tis impossible;  
Their honours are engaged.

*Con.* Then there must be murder,  
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,  
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, sir,  
Make all go less yet.

*John.* Lady, were't mine own cause,  
I could dispense; but, loaden with my friend's  
trust,

I must go on; though general massacres  
As much I fear—

*Con.* [To *FREDERIC.*] Do you hear, sir? For  
Heaven's pity,

Let me request one love of you!

*Fred.* Yes; anything.

*Con.* This gentleman I find too resolute,  
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever  
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,  
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper  
And noble disposition, like wished showers,  
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all  
I see in him destruction. [else.

*Fred.* I will do it;  
And 'tis a wise consideration,  
To me a bounteous favour.—Hark ye, John;  
I will go with you.

*John.* No.

*Fred.* Indeed I will;  
You go upon a hazard: no denial;  
For, as I live, I'll go.

*John.* Then make you ready,  
For I am straight o' horseback.

*Fred.* My sword on,  
I am as ready as you.—What my best labour,  
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,  
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentle-  
woman

Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,  
And you may trust her in all points—

*Con.* You are noble.

*Fred.* And so I kiss your hand.

*John.* That seal for me too;  
And I hope happy issue, lady.

*Con.* All Heaven's care upon ye, and my pray-

*John.* So, now my mind's at rest. [ers]

*Fred.* Away; 'tis late, John. [Exeunt.]

# SCENE II.—A Room in the House of ANTONIO.

*Enter ANTONIO, Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Come, sir, be hearty; all the worst is

*Ant.* Give me some wine. [past.]

*Sur.* 'Tis death, sir.

*Ant.* 'Tis a horse, sir!

'Shlood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!  
Nothing but sauces to my sores!

2 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio;

You must be govern'd.

*Ant.* He has given me a damned glyster,  
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,  
Has almost scower'd my guts out.

*Sur.* I have given you that, sir,  
Is fittest for your state.

*Ant.* And here he feeds me  
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,  
Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters;  
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gen-  
tlemen)

He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,

That I am just the man i' th' almanack,  
My head and face is Aries' place!

*Sur.* Will't please you, sir,  
To let your friends see you open'd?

*Ant.* Will't please you, sir,  
To let me have a wench? I feel my body  
Open enough for that yet.

*Sur.* How! a wench?

*Ant.* Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am  
I can get nothing that I want.

1 *Gent.* Leave these things,  
And let him open you.

*Ant.* Do you hear, surgeon?  
Send for the music; let me have some pleasur  
To entertain my friends, (besides your sallads,  
Your green salves, and your searches,) and a  
wine too,

That I may only smell to it; or by this light,  
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom!

1 *Gent.* Let him have music. [M]

*Enter ROWLAND, with Wine and Musicians.*

*Sur.* 'Tis in the house, and ready,  
If he will ask no more. But wine—

2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.

*Sur.* Will these things please you?

*Ant.* Yes; and let 'em sing  
John Dorrie.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.

*Ant.* I'll have John Dorrie!  
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.  
Give me some drink.—Have you stopt the  
well, surgeon?

All will run out else.

*Sur.* Fear not.

*Ant.* Sit down, gentlemen:  
And now, advance your plaisters.

[Song of John Dorrie]  
Give 'em ten shillings, friends.—How do you  
me? [Exeunt ROWLAND and Music]

What symptoms do you see now?

*Sur.* None, sir, dangerous,  
But, if you will be ruled—

*Ant.* What time?

*Sur.* I can cure you

In forty days, so you will not transgress me.

*Ant.* I have a dog shall lick me whole in two  
In how long canst thou kill me?

*Sur.* Presently.

*Ant.* Do it; there's more delight in't.

1 *Gent.* You must have patience.

*Ant.* Man, I must have business! this fool  
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals [men]  
To hurt within these five days. Good man—men  
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd bees  
And let me walk abroad—

*Sur.* You shall walk shortly.

*Ant.* For I must find Petruccio.

2 *Gent.* Time enough.

1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him sit  
Within these three days

We'll beg you leave to play.

2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,  
We'll certainly inform you.

*Ant.* But, surgeon, promise me  
I shall drink wine then too.

*Sur.* A little temper'd.

*Ant.* Nay, I'll no tempering, surgeon.

*Sur.* Well, as't please you,  
So you exceed not.

*Ant.* Farewell! And if ye find  
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me  
And bid him keep his skin close. [to him,  
1 *Gent.* Take your rest, sir. [Exit.

## SCENE III.—A Room in the Landlady's House.

*Enter CONSTANTIA and Landlady.*

*Con.* I have told you all I can, and more than  
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting [yet  
Your counsel and concealment: for to me  
You seem a worthy woman; one of those  
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.  
Direct me, I beseech you.

*Land.* You say well, lady;  
And hold you to that point; for, in these busi-  
nesses,

A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,  
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady)  
Is worth ten men's engagements: she knows some-  
thing,

And out of that can work like wax; when men  
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,  
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,  
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em  
Than hold up an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion  
To defame now all they can.

*Con.* Ay, but these gentlemen—

*Land.* Do not you trust to that; these gentle-  
Are as all gentlemen of the same barrel; [men  
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be it granted,  
They have used you with respect and fair behaviour,  
Yet since you came; do you know what must  
follow?

They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,  
Things that will thresh the devil or his dam,  
Let 'em appear but cloven—

*Con.* Now Heaven bless me!

*Land.* Mad colts will court the wind; I know  
'em, lady,

To the least hair they have; and I tell you,  
Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,  
They'll offer to my years—

*Con.* How!

*Land.* Such rude gambols—

*Con.* To you?

*Land.* Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am  
forced

To fight of all four for my safety. There's the  
younger,

Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:  
The other time has blasted, yet he'll stoop,  
If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry;  
He has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont,  
Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the Dog-days,  
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,  
Twenty-a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,  
And those so miserable they look like famine,  
Are all sweet ladies in his drink.

*Con.* He's a handsome gentleman;  
'Pity he should be master of such follies.

*Land.* He's ne'er without a noise of syringes  
In's pocket (those proclaim him) birding-pills,  
Waters to cool his conscience, in small viols,  
With thousand such sufficient emblems: The truth  
Whose chastity he chaps upon he cares not; [is,  
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscience,  
He has now in making multitudes; the last night

He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!  
(But we are all weak vessels) some rich woman  
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,  
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth  
No less than crimson velvet.

*Con.* How!

*Land.* 'Tis true, lady.

*Con.* Was it a boy too?

*Land.* A brave boy; deliberation  
And judgment shew'd in's getting; as, I'll say for  
him,

He's as well paced for that sport—

*Con.* May I see it?

For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,  
Has had a late mischance, which willingly  
I would know further of: now, if you please  
To be so courteous to me—

*Land.* You shall see it,  
But what do you think of these men now you know  
And of the cause I told you of; Be wise, [ 'em,  
You may repent too late else; I but tell you  
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.

*Con.* I am advised.

*Land.* No more words then; do that,  
And instantly, I told you of; be ready.—  
Don John, I'll fit you for your trumps! [Aside.

*Con.* I shall be:

But shall I see this child?

*Land.* Within this half-hour.

Let's in, and there think better: she that's wise,  
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.—The Country.

*Enter PETRUCCIO, DON JOHN, FREDERIC, and Servant.*

*John.* Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a  
gentleman

(If I that so much love him may commend him)  
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play  
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)  
Will not fly back for fillips.

*Petr.* Ye much honour me,  
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

*Fred.* Stay;

What troop is that below 't' valley there?

*John.* Hawking, I take it.

*Petr.* They are so; 'Tis the duke; 'tis even he,  
gentlemen.—

Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you.—

[Exit Servant.

I know him by his company.

*Fred.* I think too

He bends up this way.

*Petr.* So he does.

*John.* Stand you still

Within that covert till I call. You, Frederic,  
By no means be not seen, unless they offer  
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;  
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!

*Petr.* I need no more instruct you?

*John.* Fear me not;  
I'll give it him, and boldly.

[Exit PETRUCCIO and FREDERIC.

*Enter Duke and his Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Feed the hawks up;  
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune!  
Have I so fairly met the man—

*John.* You have, sir ;  
And him you know by this. [*Points to his bonnet.*]

*Duke.* Sir, all the honour  
And love—

*John.* I do beseech your grace stay there ;  
(For I know you too now) that love and honour  
I come not to receive ; nor can you give it,  
Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech  
Dismiss your train a little. [*you,*]

*Duke.* Walk aside,  
And out of hearing, I command ye. [*Eseunt Gen-  
tlemen.*]—Now, sir !

*John.* Last time we met, I was a friend.  
*Duke.* And nobly  
You did a friend's office ; Let your business  
Be what it may, you must be still—

*John.* Your pardon ;  
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend  
To his own honour.

*Duke.* In what have I transgress'd it ?  
You make a bold breach at the first, sir.

*John.* Bolder,  
You made that breach that let in infamy,  
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock.

*Duke.* Be plain, sir.

*John.* I will, and short : You have wrong'd a  
gentleman,  
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,  
Beyond [*the*] mediation of all friends.

*Duke.* The man, and manner of wrong ?

*John.* Petruccio ;  
The wrong, you have whored his sister.

*Duke.* What's his will in't ?

*John.* His will is to oppose you like a gentle-  
And, single, to decide all. [*man,*]

*Duke.* Now stay you, sir,  
And hear me with the like belief : This gentleman  
His sister that you named, 'tis true I have long  
loved,

(Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it)  
As true, I have enjoyed her ; no less truth,  
I have a child by her : But that she, or he,  
Or any of that family are tainted,  
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,  
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,  
And him in this cause when he please ; for know,  
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven, [*sir,*  
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her brother ;) )  
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since  
Had had the church's approbation,  
But for his jealous danger.

*John.* Sir, your pardon ;  
And all that was my anger, now my service.

*Duke.* Fair sir, I knew I should convert you.  
Had we

But that rough man here now too—

*John.* And you shall, sir—

Whoa, ho, hoo !

*Duke.* I hope you have laid no ambush ?

*Enter PETRUCCIO.*

*John.* Only friends.

*Duke.* My noble brother ? Welcome !  
Come, put your anger off ; we'll have no fighting,  
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy  
To bear that name.

*Petr.* Do you speak this heartily ?

*Duke.* Upon my soul, and truly : The first priest  
Shall put you out of these doubts.

*Petr.* Now I love ye :

And I beseech you pardon my suspicions.  
You are now much more than a brother, a brave  
friend too.

*John.* The good man's over-joyed.

*Enter FREDERIC.*

*Fred.* How now ? how goes it ?

*John.* Why, the man has his mare again, and  
all's well, Frederic ;  
The duke professes freely he's her husband.

*Fred.* 'Tis a good hearing.

*John.* Yes, for modest gentlemen.  
I must present you.—May it please your grace,  
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,  
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.

*Duke.* Oh, my brave friend ! you shower your  
bounties on me !

Amongst my best thoughts, signor ; in which  
You being worthily disposed already [*number*  
May place your friend to honour me.

*Fred.* My love, sir,

And where your grace dares trust me, all my  
service.

*Petr.* Why, this is wond'rous happy. But now,  
brother,

Now comes the bitter to our sweet : Constantine—  
*Duke.* Why, what of her ?

*Petr.* Nor what, nor where, do I know.  
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my know-  
She quit my house ; but whither— [*ledge,*

*Fred.* Let not that—

*Duke.* No more, good sir ; I have heard too

*Petr.* Nay, sink not ; [*much,*  
She cannot be so lost.

*John.* Nor shall not, gentlemen :  
Be free again ; the lady's found !—That smile, sir,  
Which you distrust your servant.

*Duke.* I do beseech you— [*safe—*

*John.* You shall believe me : By my soul, she's

*Duke.* Heaven knows, I would believe, sir.

*Fred.* You may safely.

*John.* And under noble usage : This fair gentle-  
man

Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his  
guard, [*son,*

(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her per-  
Who waited on her to our lodging ; where all  
Civil and honest service, now attend her. [*respect,*

*Petr.* You may believe now.

*Duke.* Yes, I do, and strongly.

Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,  
(For ye have both preserved me) when these vir-  
Die in your friend's remembrance— [*ties*

*John.* Good your grace  
Lose no more time in compliment ; 'tis too pre-  
I know it by myself, there can be no hell [*cious :*

To his that hangs upon his hopes ; especially  
In way of lusty pleasures.

*Petr.* He has hit it.

*Fred.* To horse again then ; for this night I'll  
With all the joys ye wish for. [*crown*

*Petr.* Happy gentlemen ! [*Eseunt.*

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Fran.* This is the maddest mischief. Never fool  
Was so fubb'd off as I am ; made ridiculous,  
And to myself mine own ass ! Trust a woman ?  
I'll trust the devil first ; for he dare be  
Better than's word sometime. What faith have I  
broke ?

In what observance fail'd? Let me consider;  
For this is monstrous usage.

*Enter DON JOHN and FREDERIC.*

*Fred.* Let them talk;

*We'll ride on fair and softly.—*

*Fran.* Well, Constantia—

*Fred.* Constantia!—What's this fellow? Stay,  
by all means.

*Fran.* You have spun yourself a fair thread now.

*Fred.* Stand still, John.

*Fran.* What cause had you to fly? What fear  
possess'd you?

Were you not safely lodged from all suspicion?  
Used with all gentle means? Did any know  
How you came thither, or what your sin was?—

*Fred.* John,

I smell some juggling, John!

*John.* Yes, Frederic;

I fear it will be found so.—

*Fran.* So strangely,

Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately  
To put all dangers on you!—

*Fred.* 'Tis she.—

*Fran.* So deceitfully!

After a stranger's lure!—

*John.* Did you mark that, Frederic?—

*Fran.* To make ye appear more monster, and  
More cruel to reward ye, to leave all, [the law  
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!  
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,  
He that incited you—

*Fred.* Mark that too!

*John.* Yes, sir!

*Fran.* Had better have plough'd further off.

Now, lady,

What will your last friend, he that should preserve  
you,

And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,

Think of this slip? He'll to Petruccio,

And call for open justice.—

*John.* 'Tis she, Frederic.

*Fred.* But what that he is, John?—

*Fran.* I do not doubt yet

To bolt you out; for I know certainly  
You are about the town still.—Ha! no more words.  
[Exit.]

*Fred.* Well!

*John.* Very well!

*Fred.* Discreetly—

*John.* Finely carried!

*Fred.* You have no more of these tricks?

*John.* Ten to one, sir,

I shall meet with 'em, if you have.

*Fred.* Is this honest?

*John.* Was it in you a friend's part to deal  
I am no ass, Don Frederic! [double?

*Fred.* And, Don John,

It shall appear I am no fool! Disgrace me,

To make yourself a letcher? 'Tis boyish, tis base.

*John.* 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid  
Nor will I be your bolster, sir. [me;

*Fred.* Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have  
been eunuch,

Thou common woman's courtesy, than thus

Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour!

A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.

*John.* Holla, holla!

Ye kick too fast, sir! What strange brains have  
you got,

That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been  
an eunuch?

I privy to this dog-trick? Clear yourself!

(For I know where the wind sits) and most nobly,

Or, as I have a life—

*Fred.* No more. They are horses.

[A noise within like horses.

Nor shew no discontent. To-morrow comes;

Let's quietly away: If she be at home,

Our jealousies are put off.

*John.* The fellow!

We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

*Enter Duke and PETRUCCIO.*

*Duke.* Come, gentlemen,

Now set on roundly. Suppose ye have all mistresses,  
And mend your pace according.

*Petr.* Then have at ye.

[Exit.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bologna.—A Room in the  
Landlady's House.*

*Enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, FREDERIC, and JOHN.*

*Petr.* Now to Bologna, my most honour'd  
brother,

I dare pronounce you a hearty and safe welcome!  
Our loves shall now way-lay ye.—Welcome, gentle-  
men!

*John.* The same to you, brave sir.—Don  
Frederic,

Will you step in, and give the lady notice  
Who comes to honour her?

*Petr.* Bid her be sudden;

(We come to see no curious wench) a night-gown  
Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows her  
nearer.

*Fred.* I'll tell her what you say, sir. [Exit.]

*Duke.* My dear brother,  
You are a merry gentleman.

*Petr.* Now will the sport be,  
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire  
She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,  
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,  
Dead as a fowl at souse, she'll sink.

*Duke.* Fair brother,  
I must entreat you—

*Petr.* I conceive your mind, sir;  
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, duke,  
She falls upon her knees: ten more, she dare  
not—

*Duke.* I must not have her frightened.

*Petr.* Well, you shall not:

But, like a summer's evening against heat,  
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.

*Enter FREDERIC and PETER.*

*John.* How now?

*Fred.* You may, sir.—

Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,



Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance—  
For ye must know—

*Petr.* What?

*Duke.* Where is she?

*Fred.* Gone, sir.

*Duke.* How?

*Petr.* What did you say, sir?

*Fred.* Gone, by Heaven; removed!

The woman of the house too—

*John.* Well, Don Frederic!

*Fred.* Don John, it is not well! but—

*Petr.* Gone?

*Fred.* This fellow

Can testify I lie not.

*Peter.* Some four hours after

My master was departed with this gentleman,

My fellow and myself being sent of business,

(As we must think, of purpose)—

*Petr.* Hang these circumstances;

They appear like owls, to ill ends.

*John.* Now could I eat

The devil in his own broth, I am so tortured!

Gone?

*Petr.* Gone?

*Fred.* Directly gone, fled, shifted:

What would you have me say?

*Duke.* Well, gentlemen,

Wrong not my good opinion.

*Fred.* For your dukedom,

I will not be a knave, sir.

*John.* He that is,

A rot run in his blood!

*Petr.* But hark ye, gentlemen;

Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream  
this?

*John.* Have you your nose, sir?

*Petr.* Yes, sir.

*John.* Then we had her.

*Petr.* Since you're so short, believe your having  
Shall suffer more construction. [her

*John.* Let it suffer:

But if I be not clear of all dishonour,

Or practice that may taint my reputation,

And ignorant of where this woman is,

Make me your city's monster!

*Duke.* I believe you.

*John.* I could lie with a witch now, to be re-  
Upon that rascal did this! [venged

*Fred.* Only thus much

I would desire your grace; (for my mind gives me,

Before night yet she is yours) stop all opinion,

And let no anger out, till full cause call it;

Then every man's own works to justify him!

And this day let us give to search. My man here

Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window

(Which place he has taken note of) such a face

As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,

And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither;

For, she being found, all's ended.

*Duke.* Come, for Heaven's sake!—

And, Fortune, an thou be'st not ever turning,

If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,

Now settle it, and save my hopes.—Away, friends.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Room in ANTONIO'S House.

Enter ANTONIO and his Servant.

*Ant.* With all my jewels?

*Serv.* All, sir.

*Ant.* And that money

I left i' th' trunk?

*Serv.* The trunk broke, and that gone too.

*Ant.* Francisco of the plot?

*Serv.* Gone with the wench too.

*Ant.* The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike  
they thought

I was no man of this world, and those trifles

Would but disturb my conscience.

*Serv.* Sure they thought, sir,

You would not live to persecute 'em.

*Ant.* Whore and fiddler?

Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and  
bacon?

Well, my sweet mistress! well, good madam  
Martail!

You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,

I'll try how handsomely your ladyship

Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master—

—But, hark ye, sirrah; no imagination [piece.

Of where they should be?

*Serv.* None, sir; yet we have search'd

All places we suspected. I believe, sir,

They have taken towards the ports.

*Ant.* Get me a conjurer,

One that can raise a water-devil: I'll port 'em!

Play at duck and drake with my money? Take  
heed, fiddler!

I'll dance ye, by this hand: your fiddle-stick

I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming

To meddle with my de-gambos! Get me a conjurer;

Inquire me out a man that lets out devils.

None but my *C*cliffe serve your turn?

*Serv.* I know not—

*Ant.* In every street, Tom Fool! Any blear-  
eyed people,

With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it:

Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no  
breeches.—

Mount my mare, fiddler? Ha, boy! up at first  
dash?

Sit sure; I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,

Shall make your filly firk, I will, fine fiddler;

I'll put you to your plunge, boy!—Sirrah, meet me

Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,

Find out a conjurer, and know his price,

How he will let his devils by the day out.

I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [Exit.

*Serv.* Now bless me,

What a mad man is this! I must do something

To please his humour: Such a man I'll ask for,

And tell him where he is; but to come near him,

Or have any thing to do with his don devils,

I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [Exit.

## SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, FREDERIC, JOHN, and *PETER*,  
from the other side a Servant with bottles enters into a  
house.

*Fred.* Whither wilt thou lead us?

*Peter.* 'Tis hard by, sir.

And ten to one this wine goes thither.

*Duke.* Forward.

*Peter.* Are they grown so merry?

*Duke.* 'Tis most likely,

She has heard of this good fortune, and determines  
To wash her sorrows off.

*Petr.* 'Tis so ; that house, sir,  
Is it : Out of that window certainly  
I saw my old mistress's face.

*Petr.* They are merry, indeed. [*Music within.*  
Hark ; I hear music too.

*Duke.* Excellent music.

*John.* 'Would I were even among 'em, and alone  
A pallet for the purpose in a corner, [now !  
And good rich wine within me ; what gay sport  
Could I make in an hour now !

*Fred.* Hark ; a voice too !  
Let's not stir yet by any means.

## SONG.

Welcome, sweet Liberty, and Care farewell :  
I am mine own !

She is twice damn'd that lives in Hell,

When Heaven is shown.

Budding beauty, blooming years,

Were made for pleasure. Farewell fears ;

For now I am myself, mine own command,  
My fortune always in my hand.

*John.* Was this her own voice ?

*Duke.* Yes, sure,

*Fred.* 'Tis a rare one.

*Bawd appears at the window.*

*Duke.* The song confirms her here too ; for, if  
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying [ye mark it,  
The happy end of pleasure.

*Peter.* Look you there, sir :  
Do you know that head ?

*Fred.* 'Tis my good landlady,  
I find fear has done all this.

*John.* She, I swear ;  
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,  
She is parcel drunk. Shall we go in ?

*Duke.* Not yet, sir.

*Petr.* No ; let 'em take their pleasure.

*Duke.* When 'tis highest, [*Music.*  
We'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace ; more music.

*John.* This music murders me ; What blood  
have I now !

*Enter FRANCISCO.*

*Fred.* I should know that face.

*John.* By this light, 'tis he, Frederic,  
That bred our first suspicions ; the same fellow.

*Fred.* He that we overtook, and overheard too,  
Discouraging of Constantia.

*John.* Still the same.

[*Exit FRANCISCO into the house.*

Now he slips in.

*Duke.* What's that ?

*Fred.* She must be here, sir :  
This is the very fellow, I told your grace  
We found upon the way ; and what his talk was.

*FRANCISCO appears at the window.*

*Petr.* Why, sure I know this fellow : Yes, 'tis he ;  
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician ;  
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever  
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Certain,  
Without all doubt, she is here : It must be so.

*John.* Here ? that's no question : What should  
our hen o' th' game else

Do here without her ? If she be not here  
(I am so confident) let your grace believe  
We two are arrant rascals, and have abused you.

*Fred.* I say so too.

*John.* Why, there's the hood again now ;

The card that guides us ; I know the fabric of it,  
And know the old tree of that saddle yet ; 'twas  
A hunting-hood ; observe it. [*made of*

*Duke.* Who shall enter ?

*Petr.* I'll make one.

*John.* I another.

*Duke.* But so carry it,  
That all her joys flow not together.

*John.* If we told her,  
Your grace would none of her ?

*Duke.* By no means, signor ;  
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic.

*John.* Or assured her—

*Duke.* Nothing of that stern nature. This ye  
may, sir,

That the conditions of our fear yet stand  
On nice and dangerous knittings ; or that a little  
I seem to doubt the child.

*John.* 'Would I could draw her [*Aside.*  
To hate your grace with these things !

*Petr.* Come, let's enter—

And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.

*Duke.* Now luck of all sides !

[*Exit PETRUCCIO and JOHN into the house.*

*Fred.* Doubt it not.—More music ? [*Music.*  
Sure she has heard some comfort.

*Duke.* Yes, stand still, sir. [*A Song.*

*Fred.* This is the maddest song !

*Duke.* Applied for certain  
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.

[*Clapping of a door.*

*Fred.* Now all the sport begins. Hark !

*Duke.* They are amongst 'em.  
The fears now, and the shakings ! [*Trampling, above.*

*Fred.* Our old lady  
(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant  
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,  
Or creeping through a cat-hole.

*Petr.* [*Within.*] Bring 'em down ;  
And you, sir, follow me.

*Duke.* He's angry with 'em.

I must not suffer this.

*John.* [*Within.*] Bowl down the bawd there ;  
Old *Erra-mater*. You, lady Lechery,  
For the good will I bear to th' game, most tenderly  
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

*Enter PETRUCCIO, JOHN, second CONSTANTIA, drunk, and  
Bawd, with FRANCISCO, who retires to the back of the  
Stage.*

*Duke.* Is this Constantia ?

Why, gentlemen, what do you mean ? Is this she ?

2 *Con.* I am Constantia, sir.

*Duke.* A whore you are, sir !

2 *Con.* 'Tis very true ; I am a whore indeed, sir.

*Petr.* She will not lie yet, though she steal.

2 *Con.* A plain whore,

If you please to employ me.

*Duke.* And an impudent !

2 *Con.* Plain-dealing now is impudence.

One, if you will, sir, can shew you as much sport  
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,  
As a far wiser woman can in half-a-year :  
For there my way lies.

*Duke.* Is she not drunk too ?

2 *Con.* A little gilded o'er, sir.

Old sack, old sack, boys !

*Petr.* This is salient.

*John.* A brave bold quean !

*Duke.* Is this your certainty ?



Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?  
Is this the woman meant?

*Fred.* No.

*Duke.* That your landlady?

*John.* I know not what to say.

*Duke.* Am I a person

To be your sport, gentlemen?

*John.* I do believe now certain

I am a knave! But how, or when——

*Duke.* What are you?

*Petr.* Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.

*Bawd.* A poor gentlewoman,  
That lies in town about law-business,  
An't like your worships.

*Petr.* You shall have law, believe it.

*Bawd.* I'll shew your mastership my case.

*Petr.* By no means?

I had rather see a custard.

*Bawd.* My dead husband

Left it even thus, sir.

*John.* Bless mine eyes from blasting!

I was never so frightened with a case.

*Bawd.* And so, sir——

*Petr.* Enough; put up, good velvet head!

*Duke.* What are you two now,

By your own free confessions?

*Fred.* What you shall think us;

Though to myself I am certain, and my life  
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it——  
*John.* We are sure of nothing, Frederic, that's  
the truth on't;

I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not  
Believe any think that concerns me, but my debts,  
Nor those in way of payment. Things are so carried,  
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell you  
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;  
But I would fain imagine we are honest,  
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in't.

*Duke.* Thus then;

For we may be all abused——

*Petr.* 'Tis possible;

For how should this concern them?

*Duke.* Here let's part,

Until to-morrow this time; we to our way;  
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;  
Pawning our honours then to meet again:  
When, if she be not found——

*Fred.* We stand engaged  
To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to.

*Duke.* We ask no more.

*2 Con.* Ye have done with us then?

*Petr.* No, dame.

*Duke.* But is her name Constantia?

*Petr.* Yes; a moveable

Belonging to a friend of mine.—Come out, fiddler;  
What say you to this lady? Be not fearful.

*Fran.* Saving the reverence of my master's  
pleasure,

I say, she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,  
Hoping his hurts would kill him.

*2 Con.* Who provoked me?

Nay, sirrah Squeak; I'll see your treble strings  
Tied up too: if I hang, I'll spoil your piping;  
Your sweet face shall not save you.

*Petr.* Thou damn'd impudence,  
And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?

*Peter.* He's here, sir.

*Enter Officer.*

*Petr.* Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em:

Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard

Of where they are, or why. Away.

[Exit Officer, with FRANCISCO, Bawd, and 2d CONWYNTIA.  
[Aside.]

*John.* By this hand,  
A handsome whore! Now will I be arrested,  
And brought home to this officer's. A stout whore;  
I love such stirring ware! Pox o' this business!  
A man must hunt out morsels for another,  
And starve himself! A quick-eyed whore; that's  
wild-fire,

And makes the blood dance through the veins like  
I will reprieve this whore. [billows.]

*Duke.* Well, good luck with ye!

*Fred.* As much attend your grace.

*Petr.* To-morrow, certain——

*John.* If we outlive this night, sir.

*Fred.* Come, Don John,

We have something now to do.

*John.* I am sure I would have.

*Fred.* If she be not found, we must fight.

*John.* I am glad on't;

I have not fought a great while.

*Fred.* If we die——

*John.* There's so much money saved in lechery.  
[Exit.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Another Street.

*Enter Duke and PETRUCCIO; VECCHIO at a Window above.*

*Duke.* It should be hereabouts.

*Petr.* Your grace is right;

This is the house; I know it.

*Vec.* Grace?

[Aside.]

*Duke.* 'Tis further,

By the description we received.

*Petr.* Good my lord the duke,

Believe me, for I know it certainly,  
This is the very house.

*Vec.* My lord the duke?

*Duke.* Pray Heaven this man prove right now!

*Petr.* Believe it, he's a most sufficient scholar,  
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,  
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom

Has not a better: I have heard strange wonders of  
*Duke.* But can he shew us where she is? [him.]

*Petr.* Most certain;

And for what cause too she departed.

*Duke.* Knock then;

For I am great with expectation,  
Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;  
Yet they appear brave fellows: can he tell us?

*Petr.* With a wet finger, whether they be false.

*Duke.* Away then.

*Petr.* Who's within here?

*Enter VECCHIO.*

*Vec.* Your grace may enter——

*Duke.* How can he know me?

*Petr.* He knows all.

*Vec.* And you, sir.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.**Enter DON JOHN and FREDERIC.**John.* What do you call his name?*Fred.* Why, Peter Vecchio.*John.* They say he can raise devils; can he make 'emTell truth too when he has raised 'em? for, believe  
These devils are the lying'st rascals—— [it,*Fred.* He can compel 'em.*John.* With what?Can he tie squibs i' their tails, and fire the truth  
Or make 'em eat a bawling puritan, [out?  
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earth-  
quake?*Fred.* With spells, man.*John.* Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think  
The devil such an ass as people make him?  
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?  
Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?  
With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?  
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a  
smith's forge?

Or, if he do——

*Fred.* Without all doubt he does, John.*John.* Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair  
of bullions?They go as big as any; or an unshod car,  
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,  
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him trem-  
ble?These make as fell a noise. Methinks the cholic,  
Well handled, and fed with small-beer——*Fred.* 'Tis the virtue——*John.* The virtue? nay, an goodness fetch him  
up once,  
He has lost a friend of me: the wise old gentleman  
Knows when and how. I'll lay this hand to two-  
pence,Let all the conjurers in Christendom,  
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,  
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,  
He shall be sooner mine than theirs: Where's  
Virtue?*Fred.* Thou art the most sufficient, (I'll say for  
Not to believe a thing—— [thee)*John.* Oh, sir, slow credit  
Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with you;  
And, if he can do anything, I'll think  
As you would have me.*Fred.* Let's inquire along;  
For certain we are not far off.*John.* Nor much nearer. [Exeunt.SCENE III.—*A Room in VECCHIO'S House.**Enter Duke, PERUCCIO, and VECCHIO.**Vec.* You lost her yesternight.*Petr.* How think you, sir?*Duke.* Is your name Vecchio?*Vec.* Yes, sir.*Duke.* And you can shew me  
These things you promise?*Vec.* Your grace's word bound to me.  
No hand of law shall seize me.*Duke.* As I live, sir!*Petr.* And as I live, that can do something too,  
sir!*Vec.* I take your promises. Stay here a little,  
Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye.  
The lady's name's Constantia?*Petr.* Yes.*Vec.* I come straight. [Exit.*Duke.* Sure he's a learned man.*Petr.* The most now living.Did your grace mark, when we told all these  
circumstances,

How ever and anon he bolted from us,

To use his study's help?

*Duke.* Now I think rather

To talk with some familiar.

*Petr.* Not unlikely;

For sure he has 'em subject.

*Duke.* How could he else

Tell when she went, and who went with her?

*Petr.* True.*Duke.* Or hit upon mine honour? or assure  
The lady loved me dearly? [me,*Enter VECCHIO, in his magical Habillments.**Petr.* 'Twas so.*Vec.* Now,I do beseech your grace, sit down; and you, sir:  
Nay, pray sit close, like brothers.*Petr.* A rare fellow!*Vec.* And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a  
word,

Until I ask you; for what shall appear

Is but weak apparition, and thin air,

Not to be held nor spoken to. [Knocking within.

*Duke.* We are counsell'd.*Vec.* What noise is that without there?*Fred.* [Within.] We must speak with him!*Serv.* [Within.] He's busy, gentlemen.*John.* [Within.] That's all one, friend;  
We must and will speak with him.*Duke.* Let 'em in, sir:We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,  
And in this very cause that we now come for,  
They also come to be instructed.*Vec.* Let 'em in, then.*Enter FREDERIC, JOHN, and Servant.*

Sit down; I know your meaning.

*Fred.* The duke before us?

Now we shall sure know something.

*Vec.* Not a question;

But make your eyes your tongues.

*John.* This is a strange juggler;  
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,  
Nor know the breadth o' th' business? Sure his  
devilComes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds  
For dead drink and old doublets.*Fred.* Peace; he conjures.*John.* Let him; he cannot raise my devil.*Fred.* Pr'ythee peace!*Vec.* *Appear, appear!**And you soft winds so clear,**That dance upon the leaves, and make them*  
*Gentle love-lays to the spring, [sing**Gilding all the vales below**With your verdure, as ye blow,**Raise these forms from under ground,**With a soft and happy sound. [Soft Music.**John.* This is an honest conjurer, and a pretty  
poet:

I like his words well; there's no bombast in 'em.

But do you think now, he can cudgel up the devil  
With this short staff of verses?

*Fred.* Peace! the spirits.

*[Two shapes of Women passing by.]*

*John.* Nay, an they be no worse—

*Vec.* Do you know these faces?

*Duke.* No.

*Vec.* Sit still upon your lives then, and mark  
Away, away!

*[what follows.]*

*John.* These devils do not paint, sure?

Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?

*Fred.* Hark now, John.

*Enter CONSTANTIA, veiled.*

*John.* Ay, marry, this moves something like;  
Carries some mettle in her gait.

*[this devil]*

*Vec.* I find you;

You would see her face unveil'd?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Vec.* Be uncover'd.

*[She unveils.]*

*Duke.* Oh, heaven!

*Vec.* Peace!

*Petr.* See how she blushes.

*John.* Frederic,

This devil for my money! this is she, boy.

Why dost thou shake? I burn.

*Vec.* Sit still, and silent.

*Duke.* She looks back at me; now she smiles, sir.

*Vec.* Silence!

*Duke.* I must rise, or I burst. *[Exit CONSTANTIA.]*

*Vec.* Ye see what follows.

*Duke.* Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!

*Vec.* I cannot;

'Tis all dissolved again. This was the figure?

*Duke.* The very same, sir.

*Petr.* No hope once more to see it?

*Vec.* You might have kept it longer, had you  
Now 'tis impossible. *[spared it;]*

*Duke.* No means to find it?

*Enter a Servant, with Wine.*

*Vec.* Yes, that there is; sit still a while; there's  
wine,

To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well,  
sir. *[Exit VECCHIO.]*

*John.* This conjurer is a right good fellow too,  
A lad of mettle; two such devils more  
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?

*Fred.* Hock.

*John.* The devil's in it then; look how it dances.  
Well, if I be—

*Petr.* We are all before ye,  
That's your best comfort, sir.

*John.* By th' mass, brave wine!

Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture  
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd  
Of a large legion of 'em.

*Enter VECCHIO.*

*Duke.* Here he comes.

Silence of all sides, gentlemen!

*Vec.* Good your grace,

Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;  
You'll be deluded all else. This merry devil  
That next appears (for such a one you'll find it),  
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation;  
A song, and I must sing it: 'Pray bear with me,  
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,  
Twenty to one I please ye.

*Duke.* We are arm'd, sir.

*Petr.* Nor shall you see us more transgress.

*Fred.* What think'st thou

Now, John?

*John.* Why, now do I think, Frederic,  
(And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me!)  
This honest conjurer, with some four or five  
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,  
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

*Fred.* Peace! he conjures.

SONG.

*Vec.* Come away, thou lady gay:

Holst! how she stumbles!

Hark how she mumbles!

Dame Gillian!

*Answer.* I come, I come.

*Vec.* By old Claret I enlarge thee,  
By Canary thus I charge thee,  
By Britain Metheglin, and Peeler,  
Appear, and answer me in metre.

Why when?

Why, Gill!

Why when?

*Answer.* You'll tarry till I am ready.

*Vec.* Once again I conjure thee,

By the pose in thy nose,

And the gout in thy toes;

By thine old dried skin,

And the mummy within;

By thy little, little ruff,

And thy hood that's made of stuff;

By thy bottle at thy breech,

And thine old salt itch;

By the stakes and the stones,

That have worn out thy bones,

Appear,

Appear,

Appear!

*Answer.* Oh, I am here.

*John.* Why, this is the song, Frederic. Twenty  
To see but our Don Gillian! *[pound now]*

*Enter Landlady, bearing the Child.*

*Fred.* Peace! it appears.

*John.* I cannot peace! Devils in French hoods,  
Satan's old syringes? *[Frederic:]*

*Duke.* What's this?

*Vec.* Peace!

*John.* She, boy.

*Fred.* What dost thou mean?

*John.* She, boy, I say.

*Fred.* Ha!

*John.* She, boy;

The very child too, Frederic.

*Fred.* She laughs on us

Aloud, John: Has the devil these affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

*Vec.* Stand still.

*John.* I will not!

"Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?"

Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'st the devil.

First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,

Then said some special prayers to defend me

Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!

*Land.* Hold, sir, I am no devil—

*John.* That's all one.

*Land.* I am your very landlady.

*John.* I defy thee!

Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose

With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful—

*Land.* Sweet son, I am old Gillian.

*Duke.* This is no spirit.

*John.* Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone ?

*Land.* I am, son.

*Vec.* Sit still, sir; now I'll shew ye all. [*Exit.*]

*John.* Where's thy bottle ?

*Land.* Here, I beseech you, son—

*John.* For I know the devil

Cannot assume that shape.

*Fred.* 'Tis she, John, certain.

*John.* A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps ! what make you

Tumbling and juggling here ?

*Land.* I am quit now, signor,

For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me ;

For, to tell truth, out of a trick I put

Upon your high behaviours (which was a lie,

But then it served my turn), I drew the lady

Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture

Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her

Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

*Enter Vecchio and Constantia.*

*Duke.* May I yet speak ?

*Vec.* Yes, and embrace her too,

For one that loves you dearer—

*Duke.* Oh, my sweetest !

*Petr.* Blush not ; I will not chide you.

*Con.* To add more

Unto the joy I know, I bring you (see, sir),

The happy fruit of all our vows !

*Duke.* Heaven's blessing

Be round about thee ever !

*John.* Pray bless me too ;

For if your grace be well instructed this way,

You'll find the keeping half the getting.

*Duke.* How, sir ?

*John.* I'll tell you that anon.

*Con.* 'Tis true, this gentleman

Has done a charity worthy your favour,

And let him have it, dear sir.

*Duke.* My best lady,

He has, and ever shall have.—So must you, sir,

To whom I am equal bound as to my being.

*Fred.* Your grace's humble servants !

*Duke.* Why kneel you, sir ?

*Vec.* For pardon for my boldness ; yet 'twas harmless,

And all the art I have, sir. Those your grace saw,  
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours' children,

Whom I instruct in grammar here, and music ;  
Their shapes (the people's fond opinions,  
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing  
To know of things stolen from 'em) I keep about me,  
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,  
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em  
Things that by chance have fall'n out so ; which way

(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for,) I wrought upon your grace. My end is mirth,  
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.

*Duke.* I believe it,

For you have pleased me truly ; so well pleased me,  
That, when I shall forget it—

*Petr.* Here's old Antonio,

(I spied him at a window) coming mainly ;

I know, about his whore ; the man you lit on,

As you discover'd unto me. Good your grace,

Let's stand by all ; 'twill be a mirth above all

To observe his pelting fury.

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*Vec.* About a wench, sir ?

*Petr.* A young whore that has robb'd him.

*Vec.* But do you know, sir,  
Where she is ?

*Petr.* Yes, and will make that perfect.

*Vec.* I am instructed well then.

*John.* If he come

To have a devil shewn him, by all means

Let me be he ; I can roar rarely.

*Petr.* Be so ;

But take heed to his anger.

*Vec.* Slip in quickly ;

There you shall find suits of all sorts. When I call,

Be ready, and come forward.—Who's there comes in ? [*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Are you the conjurer ?

*Vec.* Sir, I can do a little

That way, if you please to employ me.

*Ant.* Presently,

Shew me a devil that can tell—

*Vec.* Where your wench is.

*Ant.* You are i' th' right ; as also where the fiddler,

That was consenting to her.

*Vec.* Sit you there, sir ;

You shall know presently. Can you pray heartily ?

*Ant.* Why, is your devil so furious ?

*Vec.* I must shew you

A form may chance affright you.

*Ant.* He must fart fire then :

Take you no care for me.

*Vec.* Ascend, Asteroth !

Why, when ? appear, I say !—

*Enter DON JOHN, disguised like a Spirit.*

Now question him.

*Ant.* Where is my whore, Don Devil ?

*John.* Gone to China,

To be the Great Cham's mistress.

*Ant.* That's a lie, devil.

Where are my jewels ?

*John.* Pawn'd for petticoats.

*Ant.* That may be. Where's the fiddler ?

*John.* Condemn'd to the gallows

For robbing of a mill.

*Ant.* The lying'st devil

That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest !

What was that rascal hurt me ?

*John.* I.

*Ant.* How !

*John.* I.

*Ant.* Who was he ?

*John.* I.

*Ant.* Do you hear, conjurer ?

Dare you venture your devil ?

*Vec.* Yes.

*Ant.* Then I'll venture my dagger.

Have at your devil's pate ! [*Strikes him, DON JOHN throws off his disguise.*] Do you move ?

*Re-enter DUKE, PETRUCCIO, CONSTANTIA, FREDERIC, &c.*

*Vec.* Hold !

*Petr.* Hold there !

I do command you hold.

*Ant.* Is this the devil ?

Why, conjurer—

*Petr.* He has been a devil to you, sir ;  
But now you shall forget all. Your whore's safe,  
And all your jewels ; your boy too.

*John.* Now the devil indeed  
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate  
Finds what it is to be a fiend.

*Ant.* All's safe?

*Petr.* 'Pray ye know this person; all's right  
now.

*Ant.* Your grace  
May now command me then. But where's my  
whore?

*Petr.* Ready to go to whipping.

*Ant.* My whore whipp'd?

*Petr.* Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.

*Ant.* Whipp'd! 'Pray, gentlemen——

*Duke.* Why, would you have her once more rob  
ye? The young boy

You may forgive; he was enticed.

*John.* The whore, sir,

Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!

*Ant.* A gentleman, I warrant thee.

*Petr.* Let's in all;

And if we see contrition in your whore, sir,  
Much may be done.

*Duke.* Now, my dear fair, to you,  
And the full consummation of my vow! [Exeunt.]

#### EPILOGUE.

We have not held you long; nor do I see  
One brow in this selected company  
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eased,  
Could we be confident that all rise pleased;  
But such ambition soars too high: If we  
Have satisfied the best, and they agree  
In a fair censure, we have our reward,  
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.

# THE BLOODY BROTHER:

OR,

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROLLO, } *Brothers, Dukes of Normandy.*  
 OTTO, }  
 AUBREY, *their Kinsman.*  
 GISBERT, *the Chancellor.*  
 BALDWIN, *the Princes' Tutor.*  
 GRANDPREE, } *Captains of Rollo's Faction.*  
 VERDON, }  
 TREVILLE, } *Captains of Otto's Faction.*  
 DUPRETE, }  
 LATOCH, *Rollo's Earwig.*  
 HAMOND, *Captain of the Guard to ROLLO.*  
 ALLAN, *his Brother.*

NORBRETT, *a Doctor.*  
 LA FISK,  
 RUSKE, *a Friar,*  
 DE BURE,  
 PIPEAU, *a Boy,*  
 Cook.  
 Yeoman of the Cellar.  
 Butler.  
 Pantler.  
 Lords, Sheriff, Guard, Officers, and Boys.  
 SOPHIA, *Mother to the Dukes.*  
 MATILDA, *her Daughter.*  
 EDITH, *Daughter to BALDWIN.*

SCENE.—CAEN; AND IN ACT IV., SCENE II., AT ROUEN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—CAEN.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter GISBERT and BALDWIN.*

*Bald.* The brothers then are met?

*Gis.* They are, sir.

*Bald.* 'Tis thought  
 They may be reconciled.

*Gis.* 'Tis rather wish'd;

For such, whose reason doth direct their thoughts,  
 Without self-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.  
 The fires of love, which the dead duke believed  
 His equal care of both would have united,  
 Ambition hath divided: And there are  
 Too many on both parts, that know they cannot  
 Or rise to wealth and honour (their main ends),  
 Unless the tempest of the princes' fury  
 Make troubled seas, and those seas yield fit billows  
 To heave them up; and these are too well practised  
 In their bad arts to give way to a calm,  
 Which, yielding rest to good men, proves their ruin.

*Bald.* And in the shipwreck of their hopes and  
 fortunes,

The dukedom might be saved, had it but ten  
 That stood affected to the general good,  
 With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey does.

*Gis.* He is indeed the perfect character  
 Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

*Bald.* But did you observe the many doubts and  
 cautions

The brothers stood upon before they met?

*Gis.* I did; and yet, that ever brothers should  
 Stand on more nice terms than sworn enemies  
 After a war proclaim'd, would with a stranger  
 Wrong the reporter's credit. They saluted  
 At distance, and so strong was the suspicion  
 Each had of other, that, before they durst  
 Embrace, they were by several servants search'd,  
 As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes  
 Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room  
 Appointed for the interview was poison'd;  
 The chairs and cushions, with like care, survey'd;  
 And, in a word, in every circumstance,  
 So jealous on both parts, that it is more  
 Than to be feared, concord can never join  
 Minds so divided.

*Bald.* Yet our best endeavours  
 Should not be wanting, Gisbert.

*Gis.* Neither shall they.

*Enter GRANDPREE and VERDON.*

But what are these?

*Bald.* They are without my knowledge;  
 But, by their manners and behaviours,  
 They should express themselves.

*Grandp.* Since we serve Rollo,  
 The eldest brother, we'll be Rollians,  
 Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Romans.  
 You stand for him?

*Verd.* I do.

*Grandp.* Why then, observe

How much the business, these long'd-for business,  
By men that are named from their swords, concerns you.

Lechery, our common friend, so long kept under  
With whips, and beating fatal hemp, shall rise,  
And Bawdry, in a French hood, plead before her;  
Where it shall be concluded, after twelve  
Virginity shall be carted.

*Verd.* Excellent!

*Grandp.* And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's  
between

The princes may continue, and the business  
That's of the sword, to out-last three suits in law!  
And we will make attorneys lance-prizadoes,  
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword!  
The pewter of all sergeants' maces shall  
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,  
In which it shall be lawful to carouse  
To their most lousy fortunes.

*Bald.* Here's a statesman!

*Grandp.* A creditor shall not dare, but by  
To make demand of any debt; and that [petition,  
Only once every leap year, in which, if  
The debtor may be won, for a French crown  
To pay a sous, he shall be register'd  
His benefactor.

*Verd.* The chancellor hears you.

*Grandp.* Fear not; I now dare speak as loud  
as he,

And will be heard, and have all I speak law.—  
Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due  
From children of the gown to men of action.

*Gis.* How's this?

*Grandp.* Even so: The times, the times are  
changed;

All business is not now prefer'd in parchment,  
Nor shall a grant pass that wants this broad seal:

[*Shows his record.*]

This seal, do you see? Your gravity once laid  
My head and heels together in the dungeon,  
For cracking a scald officer's crown, for which  
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;  
For know, you have not full three hours to live.

*Gis.* Yes, somewhat longer.

*Grandp.* To what end?

*Gis.* To hang you:

Think on that, ruffian!

*Grandp.* For you, schoolmaster,  
You have a pretty daughter: Let me see;  
Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much fear,  
I shall be tired with killing some five hundred)  
Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,  
And that shall be your ransom.

*Bald.* Impudent rascal!

*Enter TREVILLE and DUPRETE.*

*Gis.* More of the crew?

*Grandp.* What are you? Rollians?

*Trev.* No; this for Rollo, and all such as serve  
him!

[*Snaps his fingers.*]

We stand for Otto.

*Grandp.* You seem men of fashion,  
And therefore I'll deal fairly; you shall have  
The honour this day to be chronicled  
The first men kill'd by Grandpree. You see this  
sword;

A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,  
And I may boldly say a gentleman,  
It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,  
Three thousand knights; this, sir, shall cut your  
And do you all fair service else. [throat,

*Trev.* I kiss

Your hands for the good offer: Here's another.  
The servant of your servant, which shall be proud  
To be scoured in your sweet guts; till when  
Pray you command me.

*Grandp.* Your idolater, sir.

[*Exeunt all but GISEBERT and BALDWIN.*]

*Gis.* That ever such should hold the names of  
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours [mace,  
To pluck such weeds up!

*Bald.* Yet they are protected,  
And by the great ones.

*Gis.* Not the good ones, Baldwin.

*Enter AUBREY.*

*Aub.* Is this a time to be spent thus, by such  
As are the principal ministers of the state,  
When they that are the heads have fill'd the court  
With factions, a weak woman only left  
To stay their bloody hands? Can her weak arms  
Alone divert the dangers ready now  
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury  
The honours of it, leaving not the name  
Of what it was?—Oh, Gisbert, the fair trials  
And frequent proofs which our late master made,  
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,  
To chuse you at his death a guardian, nay,  
A father to his sons; and that great trust,  
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,  
That, at the best, you're a sad looker-on  
Of those bad practices you should prevent.—  
And where's the use of your philosophy  
In this so needful time? Be not secure;  
For, Baldwin, be assured, since that the princes  
(When they were young, and apt for any form)  
Were given to your instruction, and grave order—  
'Twill be expected that they should be good, [ing.  
Or their bad manners will be imputed yours.

*Bald.* 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter  
nature.

*Gis.* Nor can my counsels work on them, that  
Vouchsafe me hearing. [will not

*Aub.* Do these answers sort

Or with your place, or persons, or your years?  
Can Gisbert, being the pillar of the laws,  
See them trod under foot, or forced to serve  
The princes' unjust ends, and, with a frown,  
Be silenced from exclaiming on the abuse?  
Or Baldwin only weep the desperate madness  
Of his seduced pupils? see their minds,  
(Which with good arts he laboured to build up,  
Examples of succeeding times) o'erturn'd  
By undermining parasites? No one precept,  
Leading to any act or great or good,  
But is forced from their memory; in whose room  
Black counsels are received, and their retirements  
And secret conference producing only  
Devilish designs, a man would shame to father!  
But I talk when I should do, and chide others  
For that I now offend in.

*Enter ROLLO, with LATONCH, GRANDPREE, and VERDON;  
and OTTO, with TREVILLE and DUPRETE.*

See't confirmed!

Now do, or never speak more!

*Gis.* We are yours.—

*Rollo.* You shall know who I am!

*Otto.* I do; my equal!

*Rollo.* Thy prince. Give way! Were we alone,  
I'd force thee,

In thy best blood to write thyself my subject,  
And glad I would receive it.

*Aub.* Sir!

*Gis.* Dear lord!

*Otto.* Thy subject?

*Rollo.* Yes; nor shall tame patience hold me,  
A minute longer, only half myself.

My birth gave me this dukedom, and my sword  
Shall change it to the common grave of all  
That tread upon her bosom, ere I part with  
A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!

*Otto.* I need it not, and would scorn to receive,  
Though offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know  
From me, (though not deliver'd in great words,  
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatening  
action)

Our father at his death, then, when no accent  
(Wert thou a son) could fall from him in vain,  
Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours  
Of equal weight; and, to see this confirm'd,  
The oaths of these are yet upon record, [down  
Who, though they should forsake me, and call  
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,  
I would not leave myself.

*Trev.* Nor will we see  
The will of the dead duke infringed.

*Lat.* Nor I

The elder robb'd of what's his right.

*Grandp.* Nor you?  
Let me take place!—I say, I will not see't!  
My sword is sharpest.

*Aub.* Peace, you tinder-boxes,  
That only carry matter to make a flame  
Which will consume you!

*Rollo.* You are troublesome:

[To BALDWIN.

This is no time for arguments! My title  
Needs not your school-defences; but my sword,  
With which the gordian of your sophistry  
Being cut, shall shew th' imposture.—For your  
laws, [To GIBBERT.

It is in me to change them as I please,  
I being above them, Gisbert! Would you have me  
protect them?

Let them now stretch their extremest rigour,  
And seize upon that traitor; and your tongue  
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;  
And after, under the pretence of safety  
For the sick state, the land's and people's quiet,  
Cut off his head: And I'll give up my sword,  
And fight with them at a more certain weapon  
To kill, and with authority.

*Gis.* Sir, I grant

The laws are useful weapons, but found out  
To assure the innocent, not to oppress.

*Rollo.* Then you conclude him innocent?

*Gis.* The power

Your father gave him must not prove a crime.

*Aub.* Nor should you so receive it.

*Bald.* To which purpose,

All that dare challenge any part in goodness  
Will become suppliants to you.

*Rollo.* They have none,

That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy you!  
Be of his party, bring to it your laws;

[To GIBBERT.

And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,

[To BALDWIN.

Your moral rules of justice, and her balance:  
I stand on my own guard!

*Otto.* Which thy injustice  
Will make thy enemy's. By the memory  
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,  
Whose reverend ashes, with an impious hand,  
Thou throw'st out to contempt, (in thy repining  
At his so just decree) thou art unworthy  
Of what his last will, not thy merit, gave thee!  
That art so swol'n within, with all those mischiefs  
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breast,  
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,  
But that they break forth, and, in thy own word  
Discover what a monster they must serve  
That shall acknowledge thee!

*Rollo.* Thou shalt not live

To be so happy!

[He offers his sword at OTTO, the faction join in

*Aub.* [Getting between the brothers.] Nor you  
Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance, [miseri  
And all respects of what you are, forsake me!  
Do ye stare on? Is this a theatre?  
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencer  
To make ye sport? Keep them asunder, or,  
By Heaven, I'll charge on all!

*Grandp.* Keep the peace!  
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have me,  
I'll act the constable's part.

*Aub.* Live I to see this?  
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,  
And cherish in yourselves those furies, which  
Hell would cast out?—Do (I am ready) kill me,  
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices  
To any power that would restore your reason,  
And make ye men again, which now ye are not!

*Rollo.* These are your bucklers, boy!

*Otto.* My hindrances;  
And, were I not confirm'd, my justice in  
The taking of thy life could not weigh down  
The wrong in shedding the least drop of blood  
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee  
Thou shouldst feel I in act would prove myself  
What thou in words dost labour to appear!

*Rollo.* Hear this, and talk again? I'll brea  
through all,

But I will reach thy heart. [Rushing upon OTTO  
*Otto.* 'Tis better guarded.

Enter SOPHIA.

*Soph.* Make way, or I will force it!—Who a  
these?

My sons? My shames! Turn all your swords c  
me,

And make this wretched body but one wound,  
So this unnatural quarrel finds a grave  
In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!  
Dare you remember that you had a mother,  
Or look on these grey hairs, (made so with tears  
For both your goods, and not with age) and yet  
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had  
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use those weapons  
And dare you raise them against her, to whom  
You owe the means of being what you are?

*Otto.* All peace is meant to you.

*Soph.* Why is this war then?

As if your arms could be advanced, and I  
Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine,  
Your danger's mine; your goodness I shou  
share in,

And must be branded with those impious marks  
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,  
If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore



Though all respects of honour in yourselves  
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your swords,  
(Your duty should be swifter than my tongue)  
And join your hands while they are innocent!  
You have heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,  
To plead an easy pardon for what's past;  
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,  
From gods or men must hope for no excuse.

*Gis.* Can you hear this unmoved?

*Aub.* No syllable

Of this so pious charm, but should have power  
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,  
With which the devil blinds you.

*Otto.* I begin

To melt, I know not how.

*Rollo.* Mother, I'll leave you:—

And, sir, be thankful for the time you live,  
Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)  
To her persuasion for you.

*Soph.* Oh, yet stay,

And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing  
As enemies!—How is my soul divided!  
My love to both is equal, as my wishes,  
But is return'd by neither. My grieved heart,  
Hold yet a little longer, and then break!—  
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this  
Takes from me the authority of a mother's power;  
And therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:  
(And yet observe, son, how thy mother's tears  
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)  
Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now  
The first example of obedience to me,  
And grow the elder in my love.

*Otto.* The means

To be so happy?

*Soph.* This; yield up thy sword,

And let thy piety give thy mother strength  
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force  
Could e'er despoil thee of!—[*Otto gives up his sword.*]  
Why dost thou tremble,

And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,  
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?  
I am thy armour, and will be pierced through  
Ten thousand times, before I will give way  
To any peril may arrive at thee;  
And therefore fear not.

*Otto.* 'Tis not for myself,

But for you, mother: You are now engaged  
In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;  
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,  
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world  
May say it was your practice.

*Soph.* All worlds perish,

Before my piety turn Treason's parent!  
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,  
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:  
And yet this fear is needless; for I know  
My Rollo, though he dares as much as man,  
So tender of his yet untainted valour,  
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.  
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear  
Both, for [the] other's safety, and not mine own.  
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity  
You must deceive or be deceived, 'tis better  
To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;  
And in a war like this, in which the glory  
Is his that's overcome—Consider then  
What 'tis for which you strive! Is it the dukedom?  
Or the command of these so-ready subjects?  
Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else

Fires your ambition, 'tis still desperate madness  
To kill the people which you would be lords of;  
With fire and sword to lay that country waste  
Whose rule you seek for; to consume the treasures,  
Which are the sinews of your government,  
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:  
Far, far be this from you! Make it not question'd  
Whether you can have interest in that dukedom  
Whose ruin both contend for.

*Otto.* I desire

But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

*Rollo.* And rather than posterity shall have cause  
To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:  
I will accept the moiety.

*Otto.* I embrace it.

*Soph.* Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,  
And let them find as many several graves  
As there are villages in Normandy:  
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.  
To hear it mention'd doth already make me  
Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme  
Those powers that heard my prayers for fruitfulness,  
And did not with my first birth close my womb!  
To me alone my second blessing proves  
My first, my first of misery; for if that Heaven,  
Which gave me Rollo, there had staid his bounty,  
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,  
Or, being, had not been so worth my love,  
The stream of my affection had run constant  
In one fair current; all my hopes had been  
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy  
In this division had not lost her glories:  
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,  
Which being preserved entire, exceeds all value,  
But cut in pieces (though these pieces are  
Set in fine gold by the best workman's cunning)  
Parts with all estimation: So this dukedom,  
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,  
But cannot compass; which divided, will  
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe  
That will invade it.

*Gis.* How this works in both!

*Bald.* Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their fire.

*Gis.* And anger,

That but even now wholly possess'd good Otto,  
Hath given place to pity.

*Aub.* End not thus,

Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

*Soph.* I see in both fair signs of reconciliation;  
Make them sure proofs they are so: The fates  
offer

To your free choice, either to live examples  
Of piety, or wickedness: If the latter  
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot  
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover  
That she is all deformity within,  
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,  
And let the last and the worst end of tyrannies,  
The murder of a mother, but begin  
The stain of blood you after are to heighten!  
But if that Virtue, and her sure rewards,  
Can win you to accept her for your guide,  
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you  
The fairest stars in the bright sphere of honour;  
Make me the parent of an hundred sons,  
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,  
And every one a father to his country,  
In being now made mother of your concord!

*Rollo.* Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever  
speak you!

*Bald.* Ay, now they meet like brothers.

[*The Brothers throw down their swords, and embrace.*]

*Gis.* My heart's joy  
Flows through my eyes.

*Aub.* May never woman's tongue  
Hereafter be accused, for this one's goodness!

*Otto.* If we contend, from this hour, it shall be  
How to o'ercome in brotherly affection.

*Rollo.* Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;  
Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.

From this atonement let our lives begin;  
Be all the rest forgotten!

*Aub.* Spoke like Rollo!

*Soph.* And, to the honour of this reconciliation,  
We all this night will, at a public feast,  
With choice wines, drown our late fears, and with  
Welcome our comforts. [music]

*Bald.* Sure and certain ones.

*Soph.* Supported thus, I am secure! Oh, sons,  
This is your mother's triumph!

*Rollo.* You deserve it.

[*Exeunt all but GRANDPREE, VERDON, TREVILLE, and DUPRETE.*]

*Grandp.* Did ever such a hopeful business end  
thus?

*Verd.* 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you, Grandpree,  
Have the least cause to fear.

*Grandp.* Why, what's my hope?

*Verd.* The certainty that you have to be hang'd:  
You know the chancellor's promise.

*Grandp.* Plague upon you!

*Verd.* What think you of a bath, and a lord's  
To entertain you? [daughter,

*Grandp.* Those desires are off;  
Fraud threats! All friends; no Rollians now, nor  
Otto's!

The several courtesies of our swords and servants  
Defer to after-consequence; let's make use  
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,  
In which it will be lawful to walk freely;  
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's  
No usual business to the men o' th' sword.  
Drink deep with me to-night, we shall to-morrow  
Or whip or hang the merrier.

*Trev.* Lead the way then.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter LATORCH and ROLLO.*

*Lat.* Why should this trouble you?

*Rollo.* It does, and must do,  
Till I find ease.

*Lat.* Consider then, and quickly;  
And, like a wise man, take the current with you,  
Which, once turn'd head, will sink you. Blest  
occasion

Offers herself in thousand safeties to you;  
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,  
And Resolution (the true child of Virtue)  
Ready to execute. What dull cold weakness  
Has crept into your bosom, whose mere thoughts,  
Like tempests, ploughing up the sailing forests,  
Even with their swing were wont to shake down  
What is't? your mother's tears? [hazards?

*Rollo.* Pr'ythee be patient.

*Lat.* Her hands held up? her prayers, or her  
curses?

Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman!  
Take heed the soldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,  
In Rollo below miserable; take heed your friends,  
The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,  
Take heed, I say, they find it not; take heed  
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)  
Too late and too loud, tell the world you are  
perish'd!

What noble spirit, eager of advancement,  
Whose employment is his plough; what sword,  
whose sharpness

Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,  
After the world has blown abroad this weakness,  
Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?

*Rollo.* Are we not friends again, by each oath  
Our tongues the heralds of our hearts? [ratified?

*Lat.* Poor hearts then!

*Rollo.* Our worthier friends—

*Lat.* No friends, sir, to your honour;  
Friends to your fall! Where is your understanding,

The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,  
Ribb'd round with honours? where is that? 'tis  
ruin'd,

The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it,  
Friendship (take heed, sir!) is a smiling harlot,  
That, when she kisses, kills! A soldier'd friendship,  
Pieced out with promises? Oh, painted ruin!

*Rollo.* Latorch, he is my brother.

*Lat.* The more doubted;

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,  
May fawn and sport, but never leave his nature.  
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,  
Are like a small stone thrown into a river,  
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten cur-  
And you shall see a thousand angry rings [rent,  
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing:  
So jars circling distrust, distrusts breed dangers,  
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,  
Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.  
There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety,  
In leaning to this league, this piece-patch friend-  
This rear'd-up reconciliation on a billow; [ship,  
Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fortune.  
Is't not your own you reach at, law and nature  
Ushering the way before you? Is not he  
Born and bequeath'd your subject?

*Rollo.* Ha!

*Lat.* What fool

Would give a storm leave to disturb his peace,  
When he may shut the casement? Can that man  
Has won so much upon you by your pity,  
And drawn so high, that like an ominous comet  
He darkens all your light! can this couch'd lion  
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell paws,  
Craftily humming like a cat to cozen you,)  
But (when ambition whets him, and time fits him)  
Leap to his prey, and seized once, suck your heart  
out?

Do you make it conscience?

*Rollo.* Conscience, Latorch! what's that?

*Lat.* A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's coward,

Palling the blood, and chilling the full spirits  
With apprehension of mere clouds and shadows.

*Rollo.* I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows!

*Lat.* Or if you did, if there were conscience,  
If the free soul could suffer such a curb  
To the fiery mind; such puddle to put it out;  
Must it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,  
And twine about the top of all our happiness,  
Honour and Rule, and there sit shaking of us?

*Rollo.* It shall not, nor it must not! I am satisfied, and once more am myself again. [fied,  
My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,  
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be Con-  
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me, [science,  
(Which is my hope of bliss) and I believe it.  
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,  
A bubble for a boy to play withal;  
And all the vows my weakness made, like this,  
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend in pieces.

*Lat.* Now you go right, sir! now your eyes are open.

*Rollo.* My father's last petition's dead as he is,  
And all the promises I closed his eyes with,  
In the same grave I bury.

*Lat.* Now you are a man, sir.

*Rollo.* Otto, thou shew'st my winding-sheet before me,

Which, ere I put it on, like Heaven's blest fire,  
In my descent I'll make it bluish in blood!  
(A crown, a crown! Oh, sacred rule, now fire me!)  
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false brother,  
Although a thousand virgins kneel before me,  
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,  
The same blood with me, nor the reverence  
Due to my mother's blessed womb that bred us,  
Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a wolf here,  
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me;  
No safety else.

*Lat.* But be not too much stirr'd, sir,  
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters  
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,  
And smile in thousand curls, to gild their craft;  
Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edged wit work.

This happy feast, the full joy of your friendship,  
Shall be his last!

*Rollo.* How, my Latorch?

*Lat.* Why thus, sir:

I'll presently go dive into the officers  
That minister at table; gold and goodness,  
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,  
I'll pour into them.

*Rollo.* Canst thou do it neatly?

*Lat.* Let me alone; and such a bait it shall be,  
Shall take off all suspicion.

*Rollo.* Go, and prosper!

*Lat.* Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on, sir. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—*Servants' Hall in the same.*

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a jack of beer and a dish.*

*Cook.* A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day, boys!

Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter!  
[Drinking out of the dish.

Body of me, I am dry still! give me the jack, boy;  
This wooden skiff holds nothing.

*Pant.* And, 'faith, master,  
What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.

*Cook.* Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;

I have ballast for their bellies, if they eat a' god's name.

Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.

*But.* But what new rare munition?

*Cook.* Pho! a thousand:

I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan

Come sailing out of England with a challenge;

I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the canaries,

And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em:  
A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks  
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time:

'Tis nothing, boys. I have framed a fortification  
Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable;  
And against that, for two long hours together,  
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.  
For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,

And pikes come plowing up the plums before them;  
Arion-like on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;  
And brave king herring with his oil and onion  
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepared  
With his strong guard of pilchers.

*Pant.* Ay marry, master!

*Cook.* All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble goose

Turn o' th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently.  
And then sit down again, and cry, "Come eat me!"  
These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of  
I'll bring you in the lady Loins-of-veal, [mourning,  
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orange.

*All.* Thou boy, thou!

*Cook.* I have a trick for thee too,

And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

*Yeo.* What's that, good master?

*Cook.* 'Tis a sacrifice:

A full vine bending, like an arch, and under  
The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hogshead,  
His altar beer; before that, a plump vintner  
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,  
Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.

*But.* This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.

*Cook.* Thou hast it right; and then comes thy

*Pant.* This will be admirable! [song, butler.

*Yeo.* Oh, sir, most admirable!

*Cook.* If you will have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power;

I have fire enough to work it. Come, stand close.

And now rehearse the song, we may be perfect,  
The drinking song; and say I were the brothers.

[They sing.

## SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,  
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.  
Best while you have it use your breath;  
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,  
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.  
It helps the head-ach, cough, and pticak,  
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;  
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.  
And he that will to bed go sober,  
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

*Cook.* Well have you borne yourselves. A red deer pie, boys.

And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues. What friends hast thou to-day? no citizens?

*Pant.* Yes, father, the old crew.

*Cook.* By the mass, true wenches!

Sirrah, set by a chine of beef, and a hot pasty, And let the joll of sturgeon be corrected:

And (do you mark, sir?) stalk me to a pheasant, And see an you can shoot her into th' cellar.

*But.* God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring And with such nectar I will see 'em fill'd, [bottles, That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.—

*Enter LATORCH.*

Monsieur Latorch? What news with him? Save you!

*Lat.* Save you, master! save you, gentlemen!

You are casting for this preparation, This joyful supper for the royal brothers. I am glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge, My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver A bevy of young lasses, that must look on This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes, Or I shall lose my credit: You have stowage?

*But.* For such freight I'll find room, and be your servant.

*Cook.* Bring them; they shall not starve here; I'll send 'em victuals

Shall work you a good turn, though it be ten days

*Lat.* God-a-mercy, noble master! [hence, sir.

*Cook.* Nay, I'll do't.

*Yeo.* And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.

*Lat.* What misery it is that minds so royal, And such most honest bounties, as yours are, Should be confined thus to uncertainties!

*But.* Ay, were the state once settled, then we had places!

*Yeo.* Then we could show ourselves, and help our friends, sir.

*Cook.* Ay, then there were some savour in't, where now

We live between two stools, every hour ready To tumble on our noses; and for aught we know yet,

For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.

*Lat.* I would fain speak unto you, out of pity, Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty, For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.

*Cook.* And we would as fain hear you; pray go forward!

*Lat.* Dare you but think to make yourselves up certainties,

Your places and your credits ten times doubled? The prince's favour? Rollo's?

*But.* A sweet gentleman!

*Yeo.* Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.

*Cook.* By the mass, a royal gentleman, indeed, He'll make the chimnies smोक! [boys!

*Lat.* He would do't, friends;

And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.

What could you want then?—Dare you?

*Cook.* Pray you be short, sir.

*Lat.* And this, my soul upon't, I dare assure you, If you but dare your parts—

*Cook.* Dare not me, monsieur; For I that fear nor fire nor water, sir, Dare do enough, a man would think.

*Yeo.* Believe't, sir,

But make this good upon us you have promised, You shall not find us flinchers.

*Lat.* Then I'll be sudden.

*Pant.* What may this mean? and whither would he drive us? [Aside.

*Lat.* And first, for what you must do (because all danger

Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled, The matter seeming mighty) there's your pardons!

*Pant.* Pardons? is't come to that? Good gods, defend us! [Aside.

*Lat.* And here's five hundred crowns, in bounteous earnest:

And now, behold the matter. [Gives each a paper

*But.* What are these, sir?

*Yeo.* And of what nature? to what use?

*Lat.* Imagine.

*Cook.* Will they kill rats? (they eat my pies abominably)

Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas?

I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers.

May I taste them?

*Lat.* Is your will made? [you

And have you said your prayers? for they'll pay; And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,

And for the good you never shall repent you,

If you be wise men now—

*Cook.* Wise as you will, sir.

*Lat.* These must be put then into the severa meats

Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, sir,

Into his bread by you; by you into his linen.

Now, if you desire, you have found the means

To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have found

Your ruin: Resolve me ere I go.

*But.* You'll keep faith with us?

*Lat.* May I no more see light else!

*Cook.* Why, 'tis done then.

*But.* 'Tis done!

*Pant.* It is done—which shall be undone. [Aside.

*Lat.* About it then! farewell!

Ye're all of one mind?

*Cook.* All.

*All.* All, all.

*Lat.* Why then, all happy! [Exit

*But.* What did we promise him?

*Yeo.* Do you ask that now?

*But.* I would be glad to know what 'tis.

*Pant.* I'll tell you;

It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.

*Cook.* Fine wholesome titles!

*But.* But, if we dare go forward—

*Cook.* We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd

*Pant.* Very true, sir!

*Cook.* Oh, what a goodly swing

I shall give the gallows! Yet I think too

This may be done, and yet we may be rewarded,

Not with a rope, but with a royal master:—

And yet we may be hang'd too.

*Yeo.* Say 'twere done;

Who is it done for? Is it not for Rollo,

And for his right?

*Cook.* And yet we may be hang'd too.

*But.* Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?

*Yeo.* Is not the same man bound still to protect Are we not his? [us

*But.* Sure he will never fail us.

*Cook.* If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us.

And yet, methinks, this prologue to our purpose,  
These crowns should promise more. 'Tis easily  
As easy as a man would roast an egg, [done,  
If that be all : For, look you, gentlemen !  
Here stand my broth's ; my finger slips a little,  
Down drops a dose ; I stir him with my ladle,  
And there's a dish for a duke ; *olla podrida*.  
Here stands a baked meat, he wants a little  
seasoning ;

A foolish mistake ! my spice-box, gentlemen,  
And put in some of this, the matter's ended ;  
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't ;  
Or in a galingale, a little does it.

*Yeo.* Or as I fill my wine—

*Cook.* 'Tis very true, sir,  
Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly  
'Tis past. [first,

*Yeo.* And done once, 'tis as easy  
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

*Pant.* But 'tis a damned sin !

*Cook.* Oh, never fear that.

The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolved,  
*But.* Why then, have with you. [boys.

*Yeo.* The same for me.

*Pant.* For me too.

*Cook.* And now, no more our worships, but our  
lordships.

*Pant.* [*Aside.*] Not this year, on my know-  
ledge : I'll unlord you. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The State Room in the same.— A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter Servant, and Sewer bringing in dishes.*

*Serv.* Perfume the room round, and prepare the  
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places. [table.

*Sewer.* Make room there ;  
Room for the dukes' meat ! Gentlemen, be bare  
there ;

Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by those gapers ;  
And, gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear ;  
The dukes are coming on. [*Hautboys.*

*Enter SOPHIA, between ROLLO and OTTO, AUBREY,  
LATORCH, GISHERT, BALDWIN, Attendants, HAMOND,  
MATILDA, and EDITH.*

*Serv.* [*Whispering to OTTO.*] 'Tis certainly  
*Otto.* Reward the fellow, [inform'd.  
And look you mainly to it.

*Serv.* My life for yours, sir !

*Sophia.* Now am I straight, my lords, and young  
again ;

My long-since blasted hopes shoot out in blossoms,  
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.

Oh ! my blest boys, the honour of my years,  
Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,  
Oh ! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever  
Within a mother's love lock up your friendships !  
And, my sweet sons, once more with mutual  
twinnings,

As one chaste bed begot ye, make one body !  
[*They embrace.*

Blessings from Heaven in thousand show'rs fall  
on ye !

*Aub.* Oh, woman's goodness never to be  
equall'd !

May the most sinful creatures of thy sex,  
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints !

*Soph.* Sit down, my worthy sons ; my lords,  
your places.

Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furnish'd ;  
Now the meat nourishes ; the wine gives spirit ;  
And all the room, stuck with a general pleasure,  
Shews like the peaceful bower of happiness.

*Aub.* Long may it last ! and, from a heart ill'd  
with it

Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.

[*They drink.*

*Bald.* And may that stubborn heart be drunk  
with sorrow,

Refuses it ! Men dying now should take it,  
And, by the virtue of this ceremony,  
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

*Rollo.* You are sad, my noble brother.

*Otto.* No, indeed, sir.

*Soph.* No sadness, my sweet son, this day.

*Rollo.* Pray you eat ;

Something is here you have loved ; taste of this  
It will prepare your stomach. [dish,

*Otto.* Thank you, brother :

I am not now disposed to eat.

*Rollo.* Or that ;

(You put us out of heart, man) come, these baked  
meats

Were ever your best diet.

*Otto.* None, I thank you.

*Soph.* Are you well, noble child ?

*Otto.* Yes, gracious mother.

*Rollo.* Give him a cup of wine, then.—Pledge  
the health ;

Drink it to me ; I'll give it to my mother.

*Soph.* Do, my best child.

*Otto.* I must not, my best mother,

Indeed I dare not ; for, of late, my body  
Has been much weaken'd by excess of diet ;

The promise of a fever hanging on me,  
And even now ready, if not by abstinence—

*Rollo.* And will you keep it in this general  
freedom ?

A little health preferr'd before our friendship ?

*Otto.* I pray you excuse me, sir.

*Rollo.* Excuse yourself, sir ;

Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever, brother.

And you have done me a most worthy kindness !—

My royal mother, and you, noble lords,

Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly :

What faith can be expected from his vows ;  
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friend-  
ship ;

From all his full embraces, what blest issue :

When he shall brand me here for base suspicion ?

He takes me for a poisoner—

*Soph.* Gods defend it, son !

*Rollo.* For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears

*Otto.* I could say something too. [me.

*Soph.* You must not so, sir,

Without your great forgetfulness of virtue :

This is your brother, and your honour'd brother.

Indeed your loving brother.

*Rollo.* If he please so.

*Soph.* One noble father, with as noble thoughts,  
Begot your minds and bodies ; one care rock'd  
you ;

And one truth to you both was ever sacred.

Now fy, my Otto ! whither flies your goodness ?

Because the right hand has the power of cutting.

Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maim'd ?  
They are one, my child, one power, and one per-  
formance,

And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.

*Aub.* I do beseech your grace, take to your thoughts  
More certain counsellors than doubts and fears ;  
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves  
(If once believed) into such fogs and errors  
That the bright truth herself can never sever.  
Your brother is a royal gentleman,  
Full of himself, honour, and honesty ;  
And take heed, sir, how nature bent to goodness,  
So straight a cedar to himself, uprightness,  
Being wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

*Rollo.* Nay, my good brother knows I am too patient.

*Lat.* Why should your grace think him a  
Has he no more respect to piety ? [poisoner ?  
And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,  
Who durst but think that thought ?

*Aub.* Away, thou firebrand !

*Lat.* If men of his sort, of his power, and place,  
The eldest son in honour to this dukedom—

*Bald.* For shame, contain thy tongue, thy  
poisonous tongue,  
That with her burning venom will infect all,  
And once more blow a wildfire through the dukedom !

*Gis.* Latorch, if thou be'st honest, or a man,  
Contain thyself.

*Aub.* Go to ; no more ! by Heaven,  
You'll find you have plaid the fool else ! not a word

*Soph.* Pr'ythee, sweet son ! [more !

*Rollo.* Let him alone, sweet mother.—And, my  
lords,

To make you understand how much I honour  
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,  
And to avoid all further difference  
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,  
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,  
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

*Aub.* Shall we wait on your grace ?

*Rollo.* I dare not break you.—

*Latorch !* [Exit ROLLO and LATORCH.

*Soph.* Do you now perceive your brother's sweetness ! [Apart to OTTO.

*Otto.* Oh, mother, that your tenderness had eyes,

Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then !  
The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him  
To ruin Troy ; with what a cloud of cunning  
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards  
But came like innocence and dropping pity,  
Sighs that would sink a navy, and had tales  
Able to take the ears of saints ; belief too ;  
And what did all these ? blew the fire to Ilium !  
His crafty art (but more refined by study)  
My brother has put on : Oh, I could tell you,  
But for the reverence I bear to nature,  
Things that would make your honest blood move  
backward.

*Soph.* You dare tell me ?

*Otto.* Yes, in your private closet,  
Where I will presently attend you. Rise !  
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

*Soph.* Is this the joy I look'd for !

*Otto.* All will mend ;

Be not disturb'd, dear mother, I'll not fail you.

[Exit SOPHIA and OTTO.

*Bald.* I do not like this.

*Aub.* That's still in our powers ;  
But how to make it so that we may like it—

*Bald.* Beyond us ever !—Latorch, methought,  
was busy ;

That fellow, if not look'd to narrowly,  
Will do a sudden mischief.

*Aub.* Hell look to him !

For if there may be a devil above all yet,  
That rogue will make him. Keep you up this night ;  
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

*Bald.* I will, and in my watches use my prayers.  
[Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Private Room of the Duchess in the same.*

*Enter SOPHIA, OTTO, MATILDA, and EDITH.*

*Otto.* You wonder, madam, that, for all the shows  
My brother Rollo makes of hearty love,  
And free possession of the dukedom 'twixt us,  
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,  
As if, beneath those veils, he did convey  
Intents and practices of hate and treason ?

*Soph.* It breeds indeed my wonder.

*Otto.* Which makes mine,  
Since 'tis so safe and broad a beaten way,  
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.

*Soph.* Though, in remote and further-off affections,  
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him  
They cannot so force nature.

*Otto.* The more near  
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,  
Being better cloaks to cover falsehood ever.

*Soph.* It cannot be, that fruits the tree so  
blasting,  
Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle son,

Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,  
Believed in him by you, provoke the rather  
His tender envies to such foul attempts ;  
Or that your too much love to rule alone  
Breed not in him this jealous passion :  
There is not any ill we might not bear,  
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

*Otto.* So apt is treachery to be excused,  
That innocence is still aloud abused ;  
The fate of Virtue even her friends perverts,  
To plead for Vice oft-times against their hearts :  
Heaven's blessing is her curse, which she must  
bear,

That she may never love [herself too dear].

*Soph.* Alas, my son, nor fate, nor Heaven itself,  
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good  
To any least secureness in your ill :  
What I urge issues from my curious fear,  
Lest you should make your means to 'scape, your  
Doubt of sincerity is the only mean, [snare :  
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

*Otto.* I rest as far from wrong of all sincerity,  
As he flies from the practice. Trust me, madam,  
I know by their confessions he suborn'd

What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented ;

This evening-feast was poison'd : But I fear His open violence more, that treacherous odds, Which he, in his insatiate thirst of rule, Is like to execute.

*Soph.* Believe it, son,  
If still his stomach be so foul to feed  
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule  
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,  
Poisons, and such close treasons, ask more time  
Than can suffice his fiery spirit's haste :  
And, were there in him such desire to hide  
So false a practice, there would likewise rest  
Conscience and fear in him of open force ;  
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

*Mat.* Good madam, stand not so inclined to trust  
What proves his tenderest thoughts to doubt it just.  
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,  
In which my brother Rollo's appetites  
Alter and rage ? with every puff and breath,  
His swelling blood exhales ; and therefore hear,  
What gives my temperate brother cause to use  
His readiest circumspection, and consult  
For remedy 'gainst all his wicked purposes.  
If he arm, arm ; if he strew mines of treason,  
Meet him with countermines : 'Tis justice still  
(For goodness' sake) to encounter ill with ill.

*Soph.* Avert from us such justice, equal Heaven,  
And all such cause of justice !

*Otto.* Past all doubt  
(For all the sacred privilege of night)  
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in :  
Who knows not all things holy are prevented  
With ends of all impiety ? all but  
Lust, gain, ambition.

*Enter ROLLO armed, and LATORCH.*

*Rollo.* Perish all the world  
Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,  
By sleights and colour used by slaves and wretches !  
I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,  
And sit above them in all justice, since  
I sit above in power : Where power is given,  
Is all the right supposed of earth and heaven.

*Lat.* Prove both, sir ; see the traitor !

*Otto.* He comes arm'd ;  
See, mother, now your confidence !

*Soph.* What rage affects this monster ?

*Rollo.* Give me way, or perish !

*Soph.* Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it !

*Otto.* This is a treason like thee !

*Rollo.* Let her go !

*Soph.* Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son ;

And through my breast let his rude weapon run,  
To thy life's innocence !

*Otto.* Play not two parts,  
Traitor and coward both, but yield a word,  
And let thy arming thee be odds enough  
Against my naked bosom !

*Rollo.* Loose his hold !

*Mat.* Forbear, base murderer !

*Rollo.* Forsake our mother !

*Soph.* Mother dost thou name me,  
And put off nature thus ?

*Rollo.* Forsake her, traitor,  
Or, by the spoil of nature, thorough hers,  
This leads unto thy heart !

*Otto.* Hold !

*Soph.* Hold me still.

*Otto.* For twenty hearts and lives, I will not  
One drop of blood in yours. [hazard]

*Soph.* Oh, thou art lost then !

*Otto.* Protect my innocence, Heaven !

*Soph.* Call out murder !

*Mat.* Be murder'd all, but save him !

*Edith.* Murder ! murder !

*Rollo.* Cannot I reach you yet ?

*Otto.* No, fiend. [They wrestle. Rollo falls.]

*Rollo.* Latorch,  
Rescue ! I'm down.

*Lat.* Up then ; your sword cools, sir :

Ply it i' th' flame, and work your ends out.

*Rollo.* Ha !

Have at you there, sir !

*Enter AUBREY.*

*Aub.* Author of prodigies !

What sights are these ?

*Otto.* Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey !

[He is stabbed.]

*Soph.* Oh, part 'em, part 'em !

*Aub.* For Heaven's sake, no more !

*Otto.* No more resist his fury ; no rage can  
Add to his mischief done. [Dies.]

*Soph.* Take spirit, my Otto ;  
Heaven will not see thee die thus.

*Mat.* He is dead,

And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

*Soph.* Oh, he hath slain his brother ; curse him,  
Heaven !

*Rollo.* Curse and be cursed ! it is the fruit of  
cursing.—

Latorch, take off here ; bring too of that blood  
To colour o'er my shirt ; then raise the court,  
And give it out how he attempted us,  
In our bed naked. Shall the name of brother  
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers ?  
Or place affects of blood above our reason,  
That tells us all things good against another,  
Are good in the same line against a brother ?

[Exit ROLLO and LATORCH.]

*Enter GIBBERT and BALDWIN.*

*Gis.* What affairs inform these outcries ?

*Aub.* See, and grieve.

*Gis.* Prince Otto slain ?

*Bald.* Oh, execrable slaughter !  
What hand hath author'd it ?

*Aub.* Your scholar's, Baldwin.

*Bald.* Unjustly urged, lord Aubrey, as if I,  
Forbearing his schoolmaster, must teach this doctrine.  
You are his counsellor ; did you advise him  
To this foul parricide ?

*Gis.* If rule affects this licence, who would live  
To worse than die, in force of his obedience ?

*Bald.* Heaven's cold and lingering spirit, to  
punish sin,

And human blood so fiery to commit it,  
One so outgoes the other, it will never  
Be turn'd to fit obedience.

*Aub.* Burst it then

With his full swing given. Where it brooks no  
bound,

Complaints of it are vain ; and all that rests  
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)  
Is, to conform our wills to suffer freely  
What with our murmurs we can never master.—  
Ladies, be pleased with what Heaven's pleasant  
suffers ;

Erect your princely countenances and spirits,  
And, to redress the mischief now resistless,  
Sooth it in show, rather than curse or cross it;  
Wish all amends, and vow to it your best,  
But, 'till you may perform it, let it rest.

*Giſ.* Those temporizings are too dull and servile  
To breathe the free air of a manly soul,  
Which shall in me expire in execrations,  
Before for any life I sooth a murderer!

*Bald.* Pour lives before him, till his own be dry  
Of all life's services and human comforts!  
None left that looks at heaven is half so base  
To do these black and hellish actions grace!

*Enter ROLLO, LATORCH, HAMOND, and Guard.*

*Rollo.* Haste, Latorch,  
And raise the city, as the court is raised,  
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy  
In plot against my life.

*Lat.* I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Rollo.* You there that mourn upon the justly slain,  
Arise and leave it, if you love your lives!  
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save  
you.

*Mat.* What will the butcher do? I will not stir.

*Rollo.* Stir, and unforced stir, or stir never more!  
Command her, you grave beldam, that know better  
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them  
From the infective fountain of your own;  
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter  
Shall fix the fresh impression on your heart!

*Soph.* Rise, daughter; serve his will in what we  
may,

Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.—  
Is this all you command us?

*Rollo.* This addition  
Only admitted; that, when I endeavour  
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not  
To cross me with a syllable; for your souls  
Murmur nor think against it; but weigh well,  
It will not help your ill, but help to more,  
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my will,  
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.

*Mat.* Fill it, so I consent not; but who sooths it  
Consents, and who consents to tyranny, does it.

*Rollo.* False traitress, die then with him!

*Aub.* Are you mad,  
To offer at more blood, and make yourself  
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,  
It is not as your instrument will publish.

*Rollo.* Do, and take that along with you.—  
[*AUBREY disarms him.*] So nimble!

Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul  
To offer what thou insolently threat'nest,  
One word proclaiming cross to what Latorch  
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.

*Aub.* Well, sir, not for your threats, but for  
your good,

Since more hurt to you would more hurt your  
country,

And that you must make virtue of the need  
That now compels you, I'll consent, as far  
As silence argues, to your will proclaim'd.  
And since no more sons of your princely father  
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish  
You should rule like your father, with the love  
And zeal of all your subjects, this foul slaughter  
That now you have committed, made ashamed  
With that fair blessing, that, in place of plagues,  
Heaven tries our mending disposition with,

Take here your sword; which now use like a prince,  
And no more like a tyrant.

*Rollo.* This sounds well;  
Live, and be gracious with us.

*Giſ. & Bald.* Oh, lord Aubrey!

*Mat.* He flatter thus? [*Aside to SOPHIA.*

*Soph.* He temporizes fitly.

*Rollo.* Wonder invades me!

Do you two think much

That he thus wisely, and with need, consents

To what I author for your country's good,

You being my tutor, you my chancellor?

*Giſ.* Your chancellor is not your flatterer, sir.

*Bald.* Nor is't your tutor's part to shield such

*Rollo.* Sir, first know you, [doctrine.

In praise of your pure oratory that raised you,

That when the people (who I know by this

Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hither

To witness what is done here) are arrived

With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,

Shall fashion an oration to acquit

And justify this forced fact of mine;

Or for the proud refusal lose your head.

*Giſ.* I fashion an oration to acquit you?

Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easy

To excuse a parricide than to commit it.

*Rollo.* I do not wish you, sir, to excuse me,

But to accuse my brother, as the cause

Of his own slaughter, by attempting mine.

*Giſ.* Not for the world; I should pour blood on  
blood!

It were another murder, to accuse

Him that fell innocent.

*Rollo.* Away with him!

Hence, hale him straight to execution!

*Aub.* Far fly such rigour your amendful hand.

*Rollo.* He perishes with him that speaks for him!

Guard, do your office on him, on your lives' pain.

*Giſ.* Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.

[*He is seized.*

*Rollo.* Let it wing it!

He threatens me: villains, tear him piecemeal

*Guard.* Avaunt, sir. [hence!

*Ham.* Force him hence!

*Rollo.* Dispatch him, captain:

And bring me instant word he is dispatch'd,

And how his rhetoric takes it.

*Ham.* I'll not fail, sir.

*Rollo.* Captain, besides remember this in chief;

That, being executed, you deny

To all his friends the rites of funeral,

And cast his carcase out to dogs and fowls.

*Ham.* 'Tis done, my lord.

*Rollo.* Upon your life, not fail!

[*Exit HAMOND, GRABERT, and Guard.*

*Bald.* What impious daring is there here of  
Heaven!

*Rollo.* Sir, now prepare yourself, against the  
people

Make here their entry, to discharge the oration  
He hath denied my will.

*Bald.* For fear of death?

Ha, ha, ha!

*Rollo.* Is death ridiculous with you?

Works misery of age this, or thy judgment?

*Bald.* Judgment, false tyrant!

*Rollo.* You'll make no oration then?

*Bald.* Not to excuse,

But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt;

Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it



(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thyself,  
With such another justly-merited murder.

*Rollo.* I'll answer you anon!

*Enter LATORCH.*

*Lat.* The citizens

Are hasting, sir, in heaps, all full resolved,  
By my persuasion, of your brother's treasons.

*Rollo.* Honest Latorch!

*Enter HAMOND, with GIBBERT's head.*

*Ham.* See, sir, here's Gisbert's head.

*Rollo.* Good speed. Was't with a sword?

*Ham.* An axe, my lord.

*Rollo.* An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would have had

My own fine headsman done it with a sword.  
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head  
Off with a sword.

*Ham.* Your schoolmaster?

*Rollo.* Even he. [BALDWIN is seized.]

*Bald.* For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best  
Of all thy damned justices!—Away,  
Captain; I'll follow.

*Edith.* Oh, stay there, Duke;

[Coming forward, and kneeling.]

And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,  
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,  
The only daughter of a wretched father!  
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy!

*Rollo.* Away with this fond woman!

*Edith.* You must hear me,

If there be any spark of pity in you,  
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!  
I do confess you are a prince, your anger  
As great as you, your execution greater—

*Rollo.* Away with him!

*Edith.* Oh, captain, by thy manhood,  
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, sir,  
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous—  
Good noble prince, look on me!

*Rollo.* Take her from me!

*Edith.* A curse upon his life that hinders me!  
May father's blessing never fall upon him,  
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you,  
Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands  
woo you,

That never yet were heaved but to things holy,  
Things like yourself! You are a god above us;  
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy!  
Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for his sake mercy,  
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you  
Here I must grow. [pity!]

*Rollo.* By heaven, I'll strike thee, woman!

*Edith.* Most willingly; let all thy anger seize me,  
All the most studied torments, so this good man,  
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee!

*Rollo.* Carry him away, I say!

*Edith.* Now, blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,  
I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,  
Even by the prince's power, release my father!  
The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?  
The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug him?  
He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh,  
speak, sir!

Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs, sir,  
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.

'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.

Oh, speak, prince, speak!

*Rollo.* Will no man here obey me?

Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies  
That does not execute my will, and suddenly!

*Bald.* All that thou canst do takes but one short  
*Rollo.* Hew off her hands! [hour from me.]

*Ham.* Lady, hold off!

*Edith.* No, hew 'em;

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!  
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion—

[Edith BALDWIN with the Guard.]

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then!  
Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers  
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus.  
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant; [then:]  
And to thy face, in Heaven's high name, defy thee!  
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it;  
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles.  
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor  
gold,

Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched con-  
science,

Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt  
thee;

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,  
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,  
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee—

*Rollo.* Save him, I say; run, save him, save her  
father;

Fly, and redeem his head!

[Edith LATORCH.]

*Edith.* May then that pity,  
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that  
mercy,

Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings find  
thee,

Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of terror,  
Blood till thou burst again!

*Rollo.* Oh, fair sweet anger!

*Enter LATORCH and HAMOND, with BALDWIN's head.*

*Lat.* I came too late, sir, 'twas dispatch'd be-  
His head is here. [fore:]

*Rollo.* And my heart there! Go, bury him;  
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

*Edith.* Wilt thou not take me, monster? High-  
est Heaven,

Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!

[Falls down.]

*Lat.* I fear thy prayer is heard, and be rewarded.  
Lady, have patience; 'twas unhappy speed;  
Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fate's:  
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded.  
In care of you, the heavy object hence,  
Soon as it came: have better thoughts of him!

*Enter the Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Where's this young traitor?

*Lat.* Noble citizens, here;

And here the wounds he gave your sovereign lord.

1 *Cit.* This prince, of force, must be  
Beloved of Heaven, whom Heaven hath thus pre-  
served.

2 *Cit.* And if he be beloved of Heaven, you know,  
He must be just, and all his actions so.

*Rollo.* Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how great  
A grace of Heaven is a wise citizen!  
For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as it made me just.  
As it preserved me, as I now survive  
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:  
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept  
yours,

That had been else prey to his tyrannous power,  
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me.

In sacred time of peace. My mother here,  
My sister, this just lord, and all had fill'd  
The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy,  
Of which my tutor and my chancellor,  
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest,  
In all my dukedom) were the monstrous heads.  
Oh, trust no honest men for their sakes ever,  
My politic citizens; but those that bear  
The names of cut-throats, usurers, and tyrants,  
Oh, those believe in; for the foul-mouth'd world  
Can give no better terms to simple goodness.  
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous

For saving my own life sought by my brother :  
Yet those that sought his life before by poison  
(Though mine own servants, hoping to please me)  
I'll lead to death for't, which your eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a prince is here !

2 *Cit.* How just !

3 *Cit.* How gentle !

*Rollo.* Well, now, my dearest subjects, or much  
My nerves, my spirits, or my vital blood, [rather  
Turn to your needful rests, and settled peace,  
Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung,  
In Heaven's great help and blessing: but, ere sleep  
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,  
The name and virtue of Heaven's king advance  
For yours (in chief,) for my deliverance !

*Citizens.* Heaven and his king save our most  
pious sovereign ! [Exit Citizens.

*Rollo.* Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and  
kind sister,

And you, my noble kinsman, things borne thus  
Shall make ye all command whatever I  
Enjoy in this my absolute empery.  
Take in the body of my princely brother,  
For whose death, since his fate no other way  
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right,  
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,  
And wash his sepulchre with kindly tears !

*Aub.* If this game end thus, Heaven's will rule  
the set !

What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[Exit all but LATOCH and EDITH.

*Lat.* Good lady, rise ; and raise your spirits  
withal,

More high than they are humbled : you have cause,  
As much as ever honour'd happiest lady ;  
And when your ears are freer to take in  
Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,  
I'll make you drown an hundred helpless deaths  
In sea of one life pour'd into your bosom ;  
With which shall flow into your arms the riches,  
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of princes :  
Which, though death stop your ears, methinks should  
Assay to forget death. [ope 'em.

*Edith.* Oh, slaughter'd father !

*Lat.* Cast off what cannot be redress'd, and bless  
The fate that yet you curse so ; since, for that  
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes  
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire  
The duke's affection, whom you now may rule  
As he rules all his dukedom : Is't not sweet ?  
Does it not shine away your sorrows' clouds ?  
Sweet lady, take wise heart, and bear, and tell me.

*Edith.* I hear no word you speak.

*Lat.* Prepare to hear then,

And be not barr'd up from yourself, nor add  
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment.  
Make me your servant, to attend with all joys

Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it ;  
See how they'll bow to you ; make me wait, com-  
mand me

To watch out every minute. For the stay  
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,  
And do my hopes the honour of your motion  
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.  
Oh, how your touches ravish ! how the duke  
Is slain already, with your flames embraced !  
I will both serve and visit you, and often.

*Edith.* I am not fit, sir.

*Lat.* Time will make you, lady.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.—The Street.

Enter Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook,  
Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, and Pantler, to execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring these fellows on ; away  
with 'em !

2 *Guard.* Make room afore there ! room there  
for the prisoners !

1 *Boy.* Let's run afore, boys ; we shall get no

2 *Boy.* Are these the youths ? [places else.

*Cook.* These are the youths you look for :  
And pray, my honest friends, be not so hasty ;  
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure  
you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wise hanging ! Are there no  
*But.* Do you hear, sir ? [more ?

You may come in for your share, if you please.

*Cook.* My friend, if you be unprovided of a  
hanging,

(You look like a good fellow) I can afford you  
A reasonable pennyworth.

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, boys !

Here's enough to make us sport.

*Yeo.* Pox take you,

Do you call this sport ? are these your recreations ?  
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth ?

*Cook.* Do you hear, sir ?

You custard-pate ! we go to't for high treason,  
An honourable fault ; thy foolish father  
Was hang'd for stealing sheep.

*Boys.* Away, away, boys !

*Cook.* Do you see how that sneaking rogue looks  
now ?

You chip pantler, you peaching rogue, that pro-  
vided us

These necklaces ! you poor rogue, you costive rogue

*Pant.* Pray, pray, fellows ! [you !

*Cook.* Pray for thy crusty soul ? Where's your  
reward now,

Good Goodman manchet, for your fine discovery ?

I do beseech you, sir, where are your dollars ?

Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd !

*Yeo.* He must now ;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his  
comfort :

A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd  
rascal !

*Cook.* Hang handsomely, for shame ! Come, leave  
your praying,

You peaching knave, and die like a good courtier !

Die honestly, and like a man. No preaching,

With " I beseech you, take example by me ;

I lived a lewd man, good people ! " Pox on't,

Die me as thou hadst din'd ; say grace, and God be

*Guard.* Come, will you forward ? [wi' you.

*Cook.* Good master sheriff, your leave too ;

This hasty work was ne'er done well : Give's so much time  
 As but to sing our own ballads, for we'll trust no man,  
 Nor no tune but our own ; 'twas done in ale too,  
 And therefore cannot be refused in justice.  
 Your penny-pot poets are such pelting thieves,  
 They ever hang men twice ; we have it here, sir,  
 And so must every merchant of our voyage ;  
 He'll make a sweet return else of his credit !  
*Yeo.* One fit of our own mirth, then we are for  
*Guard.* Make haste then, and dispatch. [you.  
*Yeo.* There's day enough, sir.  
*Cook.* Come, boys, sing cheerfully ; we shall  
 ne'er sing younger.  
 We have chose a loud tune too, because it should  
 like well.

## SONG.

*Yeo.* Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,  
 Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar,  
 That should by his oath, to any man's thinking,  
 And place, have had a defence for his drinking ;  
 But thus she does still when she pleases to palter,  
 Instead of his wages, she gives him a halter.

*Chorus.* Three merry boys, and three merry boys,  
 And three merry boys are we,  
 As ever did sing in a hempen string  
 Under the gallows tree !

*But.* But I that was so lusty,  
 And ever kept my bottles,  
 That neither they were musty,  
 And seldom less than pottles ;  
 For me to be thus stopt now,  
 With hemp instead of cork, sir,  
 And from the gallows lopt now,  
 Shews that there is a fork, sir,

In death, and this the token ;  
 Man may be two ways killed,  
 Or like the bottle broken,  
 Or like the wine be spilled.  
*Chorus.* Three merry boys, &c.  
*Cook.* Oh, yet but look  
 On the master cook,  
 The glory of the kitchen,  
 In sowing whose fate,  
 At so lofty a rate,  
 No tailor e'er had stitching ;  
 For though he makes the man,  
 The cook yet makes the dishes,  
 The which no tailor can,  
 Wherein I have my wishes,  
 That I who at so many a feast,  
 Have pleased so many tasters,  
 Should now myself come to be drest.  
 A dish for you, my masters.

*Chorus.* Three merry boys, &c.

*Paul.* Oh, man or beast,  
 Or you at least,  
 That wears or brow or antler,  
 Prick up your ears  
 Unto the tears  
 Of me, poor Paul the Pantler.  
 That thus am clipt,  
 Because I chipt  
 The cursed crust of treason  
 With loyal knife.  
 Oh, doleful strife,  
 To hang thus without reason !  
*Chorus.* Three merry boys, &c.

*Cook.* There's a few copies for you. Now, farewell, friends ;  
 And, good master sheriff, let me not be printed  
 With a brass pot on my head.  
*But.* March fair, march fair ! afore, good captain  
 Pantler ! [Exeunt

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter AUBREY and LATORCH.*

*Aub.* Latorch, I have waited here to speak with you,

And you must hearken.—Set not forth your legs  
 Of haste, nor put your face of business on ;  
 An honest affair than this I urge to,  
 You will not easily think on ; and 'twill be  
 Reward to entertain it ; 'Tis your fortune  
 To have our master's ear above the rest  
 Of us that follow him, but that no man envies—  
 For I have well consider'd, truth sometimes  
 May be conveyed in by the same conduits  
 That falsehood is. These courses that he takes  
 Cannot but end in ruin ; empire got  
 By blood and violence must so be held ;  
 And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,  
 That, toiling still to remove enemies,  
 Makes himself more. It is not now a brother,  
 A faithful counsellor of state or two,  
 That are his danger ; they are fair dispatch'd :  
 It is a multitude that begin to fear,  
 And think what began there must end in them,  
 For all the fine oration that was made 'em ;  
 And they are not an easy monster quell'd.  
 Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,  
 And on by one employ 'em to the block ;

But when they once grow formidable to  
 Their clowns, and coblers, 'ware then ! guard them-  
 selves.

If thou durst tell him this, Latorch, the service  
 Would not discredit the good name you hold  
 With men, besides the profit to your master,  
 And to the public.

*Lat.* I conceive not so, sir :  
 They are airy fears ; and why should I object them  
 Unto his fancy ? would what is yet sound ?  
 Your counsels colour not with reason of state,  
 Where all that's necessary still is just.  
 The actions of the prince, while they succeed,  
 Should be made good and glorified, not ques-  
 tion'd.

Men do but shew their ill affections,  
 That—

*Aub.* What ? Speak out !

*Lat.* Do murmur 'gainst their masters.

*Aub.* Is this to me ?

*Lat.* It is to whomsoever  
 Mislikes of the duke's courses.

*Aub.* Ay, is't so ?

At your state-ward, sir ?

*Lat.* I am sorry to hear  
 Nothing may prejudice the prince.

*Aub.* Why, do you ?

Or have you, ha ?

*Lat.* I cannot tell; men's hearts  
Show in their words sometimes.

*Aub.* I ever thought thee  
Knave of the chamber; art thou the spy too?

*Lat.* A watchman for the state, and one that's  
Sir, to be rightly affected. [known,

*Aub.* Bawd of the state,  
No less than of thy master's lusts! I now  
See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'st thou mention  
Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any?  
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,  
As thy prince does't before thee? That dost never  
Wear thy own face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st  
Baits for his ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,  
And ere thou dar'est utter a thought's thine own,  
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him  
As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving  
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;  
Then ring'st his virtue asleep, and stay'st the wheel  
Both of his reason and judgment, that they move  
not;

White'st over all his vices; and at last  
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,  
Till he can neither see thee nor himself?  
Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,  
And love him while I tell him truth! Old Aubrey  
Dares go the straightest way, which still's the  
shortest,

Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,  
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou  
Then let'st a look fall, of the least dislike,  
I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,  
And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight  
Of him thou flatter'st! Unto thee I speak it,  
Slave, against whom all laws should now conspire,  
And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,  
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;  
That creep'st within thy master's ear, and whis-  
per'st

'Tis better for him to be fear'd than loved;  
Bidd'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no  
blood

That may secure him; " 'tis no cruelty  
That hath a specious end; for sovereignty  
Break all the laws of kind; if it succeed,  
An honest, noble, and praiseworthy deed."  
While he that takes thy poisons in, shall feel  
Their virulent workings in a point of time  
When no repentance can bring aid, but all  
His spirits shall melt with what his conscience  
burn'd,

And dying in a flatterer's arms, shall fall unmourn'd.  
There's matter for you now.

*Lat.* My lord, this makes not  
For loving of my master.

*Aub.* Loving? no;  
They hate ill princes most that make them so.

*Enter ROLLO, HAMOND, and ALLAN, guarded.*

*Rollo.* I'll hear no more!

*Ham.* Alas, 'tis for my brother  
I beseech your highness.

*Rollo.* How! a brother?

Had not I one myself? did title move me  
When it was fit that he should die? Away!

*Allan.* Brother, lose no word more; leave my  
good cause

To upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fallen  
Now in those times, that will'd some great example  
To assure men we can die for honesty.

m m 2

*Rollo.* Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you hold  
your neck

As bravely forth anon unto your headsmen.

*Allan.* 'Would he would strike as bravely, and  
thou by!

*Rollo.* 'twould make thee quake to see me die.

*Aub.* What's his offence?

*Ham.* For giving Gisbert burial,  
Who was sometime his master.

*Allan.* Yes, lord Aubrey,  
My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.

*Rollo.* Why bear you him not hence?

*Aub.* My lord—Stay, soldiers!—  
I do beseech your highness, do not lose  
Such men for so slight causes. This is one  
Hath still been faithful to you; a tried soul  
In all your father's battles; I have seen him  
Bestride a friend against a score of foes:  
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred  
For you, sir, were you in some danger.

*Allan.* Till he kill'd

His brother, his chancellor, then his master;  
To which he can add nought to equal Nero,  
But killing of his mother.

*Aub.* Peace, brave fool,  
Thou valiant ass!—Here is his brother too, sir,  
A captain of your guard, hath served you long,  
With the most noble witness of his truth  
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;  
That turns not from an enemy. But view him;  
Oh, do not grieve him, sir, if you do mean  
That he shall hold his place: it is not safe  
To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their  
swords;

You'll make your guards your terrors by these acts,  
And throw more hearts off from you than you hold.  
And I must tell you, sir, (with my old freedom,  
And my old faith to boot) you have not lived so  
But that your state will need such men, such hands,  
Of which here's one, shall in an hour of trial  
Do you more certain service with a stroke,  
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,  
With all the unsavoury unction of their tongues.

*Rollo.* Peace, talker!

*Aub.* One that loves you yet, my lord,  
And would not see you pull on your own ruins.  
Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best;  
Awe and affrights are never ties of love:  
And when men begin to fear the prince, they hate

*Rollo.* Am I the prince, or you? [him.

*Aub.* My lord, I hope

I have not utter'd ought should urge that question.

*Rollo.* Then practise your obedience.—See him

*Aub.* My lord! [dead!

*Rollo.* I'll hear no word more!

*Aub.* I am sorry then.

There is no small despair, sir, of their safety,  
Whose ears are blocked up against truth.—Come,

*Ham.* I thank you, sir. [captain.

*Aub.* For what?

For seeing thy brother die a man, and honest?  
Live thou so, captain; I will, I assure thee,  
Although I die for't too. Come.

[*Exeunt all but ROLLO and LATORCH.*

*Rollo.* Now, Latorch,

What do you think?

*Lat.* That Aubrey's speech and manners  
Sound somewhat of the boldest.

*Rollo.* 'Tis his custom.

*Lat.* It may be so, and yet be worth a fear.

*Rollo.* If we thought so, it should be worth his  
And quickly too. [life,

*Lat.* I dare not, sir, be author

Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous :

But, with your highness' favour and your licence—

*Rollo.* He talks, 'tis true, and he is licensed :  
Leave him.—

We now are duke alone, Latorch, secured ;  
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect ;  
We look right forth, beside, and round about us,  
And see it ours with pleasure : Only one  
Wish'd joy there wants to make us so possess it,  
And that is Edith, Edith, she that got me  
In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,  
As had I not at once felt all the flames  
And shafts of love shot in me, his whole armoury  
I should have thought him as far off as death.

*Lat.* My lord, expect a while, your happiness  
Is nearer than you think it ; yet her griefs  
Are green and fresh ; your vigilant Latorch  
Hath not been idle ; I have leave already  
To visit her, and send to her.

*Rollo.* My life !

*Lat.* And if I find not out as speedy ways,  
And proper instruments to work and bring her  
To your fruition, that she be not watch'd  
Tame to your highness' wish, say you have no ser-  
Is capable of such a trust about you, [vant  
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.

*Rollo.* Oh, my Latorch, what shall I render thee  
For all thy travails, care, and love ?

*Lat.* Sir, one suit, [Kneeling.  
Which I will ever importune till you grant me.

*Rollo.* About your mathematicians ?

*Lat.* Yes, to have

The scheme of your nativity judged by them ;  
I have't already erected. Oh, my lord,  
You do not know the labour of my fears ;  
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope  
Any security but from the stars ;  
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more  
Than all pow'r else, there being no pow'r beyond  
them.

*Rollo.* All thy petitions still are care of us ;  
Ask for thyself.

*Lat.* What more can concern me  
Than this ?

*Rollo.* Well, rise, true honest man, and go then ;  
We'll study ourselves a means how to reward thee.

*Lat.* Your grace is now inspired ; now, now your  
highness

Begins to live ! from this hour count your joys !  
But, sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figured,  
To put in names, such as I like.

*Rollo.* You shall.

*Lat.* They dare not else, sir, offer at your figure.  
Oh, I shall bring you wonders ! there's a friar,  
Rusee, an admirable man ; another,  
A gentleman ; and then la Fiske,  
The mirror of his time ; 'twas he that set it.  
But there's one Norbret (him I never saw)  
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glass,  
In show you would think it no other ; the form  
As I am given to understand by letter, [oval,  
Which renders you such shapes, and those so dif-  
fering,

And some that will be question'd, and give answers ;  
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought  
Unto the revolutions of the stars,  
And so compact by due proportions

Unto their harmony, doth move alone  
A true automaton ; thus Dædalus' statues,  
Or Vulcan's tools—

*Rollo.* Dost thou believe this ?

*Lat.* Sir ?

Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense ?  
He has been about it above twenty years,  
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect  
numbers ;

And art and time, sir, can produce such things.  
What do I read there of Hiabaras' banquet,  
(The great gymnosophist) that had his butlers  
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table ?  
The images of Mercury, too, that spoke ?  
The wooden dove that flew ? a snake of brass  
That hiss'd ? and birds of silver that did sing ?  
All these were done, sir, by the mathematics,  
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

*Rollo.* You are in your own sphere, Latorch ;  
and rather

Than I'll contend with you for't, I'll believe it :  
You have won upon me that I wish to see  
My fate before me now, what'er it be.

*Lat.* And I'll endeavour you shall know't  
with speed ;

For which I should have one of trust go with me  
(If you please, Hamond) that I may by him  
Send you my first dispatches ; after, I  
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,  
And accurate forth from them.

*Rollo.* Take your way,  
Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us :  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—ROURN. *A mean Room in the  
Astrologer's House, which is furnished with  
Astrological Instruments, &c.*

Enter RUSEE, DE BUBE, LA FISKE, NORBRET, and PIRREAU  
the boy.

*Rusee.* Come, bear up, sirs ; we shall have better  
My almanack tells me. [days,

*Bube.* What is that ? your rump ?

*Rusee.* It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid,  
la Fiske,

Throw off thy sluggish face ; I can't abide  
To see thee look like a poor jade i' th' pound,  
That saw no meat these three days.

*Fiske.* 'Slight, to me

It seems thirteen days since I saw any.

*Rusee.* How !

*Fiske.* I can't remember that I ever saw  
Or meat, or money ; you may talk of both  
To open a man's stomach or his purse,  
But feed 'em still with air.

*Bube.* Friar, I fear

You do not say your office well a-days ;  
I cannot hear your beads knack.

*Norb.* Pox, he feeds

With lechery and lives upon th' exchange  
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-  
women !

*Rusee.* And what do you, sir, with the advoca-  
cate's wife,

Whom you persuade, upon your doctoral bed,  
To take the mathematical trance so often ?

*Fiske.* Come, we are stark naught all ; bad's  
the best of us :

Four of the seven deadly spots we are :

Besides our lechery, we are envious,  
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,  
Most covetous now we want it; then our boy,  
He is a fifth spot, sloth, and he undoes us.

*Bube.* 'Tis true the child was wont to be industrious,

And now and then sent in a merchant's wife  
Sick of the husband, or a swearing butler  
That miss'd one of his bowls, a crying maid  
Had lost a silver spoon; the curry-comb  
Sometimes was wanting; there was something  
But now—— [gotten;

*Pip.* What now? Did I not yester-morning  
Bring you in a carden there from the peasant  
Whose ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you  
Might conjure for him? and then, last night,  
Six sous from the cook's wife you shared among you,  
To set a figure for the pestle I stole;  
It is not at home yet. These things, my masters,  
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You  
Talk of your lands and castles in the air,  
Of your twelve houses there; but it is I  
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau  
That is your bird-call.

*Norb.* 'Faith, he does well,  
And cuts through th' elements for us, I must needs  
In a fine dextrous line. [say,

*Fiske.* But not as he did  
At first; then he would sail with any wind,  
Into every creek and corner.

*Pip.* I was light then,  
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you gentlemen;

But now, with often and far venturing for you,  
Here be leaks sprung, and whole planks wanting,  
see you.

If you'll new-sheathe me again, yet I am for you  
To any bay or streights, where-e'er you'll send me;  
For as I am, where can this ragged bark  
Put in for any service, 'less it be  
O' th' isle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you?

*Norb.* 'Faith, he says reason, friar; you must leave

Your neat crisp claret, and fall to your cyder  
A while; and you, la Fiske, your larded capons  
And turkies for a time, and take a good  
Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too must content  
him

With wholesome two-soused pettitoes; no more  
Crown ordinaries, till we have clothed our infant.

*Bube.* So you'll keep  
Your own good motions, doctor, your dear self.

*Fiske.* Yes, for we all know the latitude  
Of your conscience.

*Rusee.* Here about your belly.

*Bube.* You'll pick a bottle open, or a whimsey,  
As soon as the best of us.

*Fiske.* And dip your wrist-bands  
(For cuffs you have none) as comely in the sauce  
As any courtier.—[*Bell rings.*] Hark! the bell!  
who's there?

*Rusee.* Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy, look  
out [Exit PIPEAU, and enter again.

*Pip.* They are gallants, courtiers; one of 'em is  
Of the duke's bed-chamber.

*Rusee.* Latorch.—Down!

On with your gown! [To NORBRET.] there's a  
new suit arrived.

Did I not tell you, sons of hunger? Crowns,  
Crowns are coming toward you; wine and wenches

You shall have once again, and fiddlers!  
Into your studies close; each lay his ear  
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you,  
So come, and put me on that vizard only.

[*Exeunt all but RUSEE and PIPEAU.*

Enter LATORCH and HAMOND.

*Lat.* You'll not be far hence, captain. When  
the business

Is done, you shall receive present dispatch.

*Ham.* I'll walk, sir, in the cloister. [Exit.

*Rusee.* Monsieur Latorch? my son,  
The stars are happy still that guide you hither.

*Lat.* I am glad to hear their secretary say so,  
My learned father Rusee. Where's la Fiske?  
Monsieur de Bube? how do they?

*Rusee.* At their studies; ';  
They are the secretaries of the stars, sir,  
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,  
They stick like cupping-glasses. If ever men  
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

*Lat.* For love's sake, let's salute 'em.

*Rusee.* Boy, go see;  
Tell them who's here; say, that their friends do  
challenge

Some portion of their time; this is our minute,  
Pray 'em they'll spare it.—They are the sun and  
moon [Exit PIPEAU.

Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights  
Should live obscured here in an university,  
Whose beams were fit to illumine any court  
Of Christendom!

Enter LA FISKE, DE BUBE, and PIPEAU.

*Lat.* The duke will shortly know 'em.

*Fiske.* Well, look upon the astrolabe; you'll find  
Four *almucanturies* at least. [it

*Bube.* It is so.

*Rusee.* Still of their learned stuff; they care for  
nothing,

But how to know; as negligent of their bodies  
In diet, or else, especially in their clothes,  
As if they had no change.

*Pip.* They have so little [Aside.  
As well may free them from the name of shifters.

*Fiske.* Monsieur Latorch!

*Lat.* How is it, learned gentlemen,  
With both your virtues?

*Bube.* A most happy hour,  
When we see you, sir.

*Lat.* When you hear me then,  
It will be happier: The duke greets you both  
Thus; and though you may touch no money, father,  
Yet you may take it. [Giving money.

*Rusee.* 'Tis his highness' bounty;  
But yet to me, and these that have put off  
The world, superfluous.

*Fiske.* We have heard of late  
His highness' good success.

*Bube.* And gratulate it.

*Lat.* Indeed he hath 'scaped a strange conspiracy,  
Thanks to his stars; which stars he prays by me,  
You would again consult, and make a judgment  
On what you lately erected for my love.

*Rusee.* Oh, sir, we dare not!

*Fiske.* For our lives!

*Bube.* It is

The prince's scheme!

*Lat.* To encounter with that fear,  
Here's, to assure you, his signet; write your names,  
And be secured all three.

*Bube.* We must entreat some time, sir.

*Lat.* I must then

Entreat, it be as present as you can.

*Fiske.* Have you the scheme here?

*Lat.* Yes.

*Rusee.* I would you had, sir,

Another warrant!

*Lat.* What would that do?

*Rusee.* Marry,

We have a doctor, sir, that in this business

Would not perform the second part.

*Lat.* Not him

That you writ to me of?

*Rusee.* The very same.

*Lat.* I should have made it, sir, my suit to see

Here is a warrant, father. I conceived [him.

That he had solely applied himself to magic.

*Rusee.* And to these studies too, sir; in this field

He was initiated. But we shall hardly draw

Him from his chair.

*Lat.* Tell him he shall have gold——

*Fiske.* Oh, such a syllable would make him to  
Ever to breathe in your sight. [forswear

*Lat.* How then?

*Fiske.* Sir, he, if you do please to give him any  
Must have it convey'd under a paper. [thing,

*Rusee.* Or left behind some book in his study.

*Bube.* Or in some old wall.

*Fiske.* Where his familiars

May tell him of it, and that pleases him, sir.

*Bube.* Or else, I'll go and assay him.

*Lat.* Take gold with you.

*Rusee.* That will not be amiss. Give it the boy,  
sir;

He knows his holes, and how to bait his spirits.

*Pip.* We must lay in several places, sir.

*Rusee.* That's true; that if one come not, the  
other may hit.

[*Exeunt Rusee and Pippeau.*

*Lat.* Well, go then. Is he so learned, gentlemen?

*Fiske.* The very top of our profession, mouth of  
the fates!

Pray heaven his spirits be in good humour to take,  
They'll fling the gold about the house else!

*Bube.* Ay,

And beat the friar, if he go not well

Furnish'd with holy water.

*Fiske.* Sir, you must observe him.

*Bube.* Not cross him in a word; for then he's  
gone.

*Fiske.* If he do come, which is a hazard, yet——  
'Mass, he is here! this is speed!

[*Enter Norrbet, Rusee, and Pippeau.*

*Norb.* Where's your scheme?

Let's see; dispatch; nay, fumbling now? Who's  
this?

*Rusee.* Chief gentleman of the duke's chamber,  
doctor.

*Norb.* Oh, let him be; good even to him! he's  
a courtier;

I'll spare his compliment, tell him. What's here?  
The geniture nocturnal, longitude  
At twenty-one degrees, the latitude  
At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the  
*Cardines*?

*Fiske.* *Libra* in twenty-four, forty-four minutes;  
And *Capricorn*——

*Norb.* I see it; see the planets,  
Where, how they are disposed; the sun and  
*Mercury*,

*Mars* with the *Dragon's tail* in the third house,

And *pars Fortuna* in the *Imo Caeli*,

Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.

*Bube.* And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta*.

*Norb.* I see it; peace! then *Saturn* in the fifth,

*Luna* i' th' seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,

Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th' Ascendent,

And join'd with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,

And *Imum Caeli*, *Mars* his exaltation

In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural house

And where he is now seated, and all these shew him

To be the *Almuten*.

*Rusee.* Yes, he's lord of the geniture,  
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's* way,

Or *Messahalah's*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

*Fiske.* No other planet hath so many dignities,

Either by himself, or in regard of the *cuspes*.

*Norb.* Why, hold your tongue then, if you know  
it; *Venus*

The lady of the horoscope, being *Libra*,

The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,

Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,

None else being in sufficient dignity,

She being in *Aries* in the seventh house,

Where *Sol* exalted, is the *Alchoroden*.

*Bube.* Yes, for you see he hath his *termine*

In the degrees where she is, and enjoys

By that six dignities.

*Fiske.* Which are clearly more

Than any else that view her in the scheme.

*Norb.* Why, I saw this, and could have told you

That he beholds her with a trine aspect [too,

Here out of *Sagittary*, almost quartile,

And how that *Mars* out of the self-same house,

(But another sign) here by a *platique* aspect

Looks at the *hyleg*, with a quartile ruling

The house where the sun is; all this could I

Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and  
more,

That this same quartile aspect to the lady of life,

Here in the seventh, promises some danger,

*Cauda Draconis* being so near *Mars*,

And *Caput Algol* in the house of death.

*Lat.* How, sir? I pray you clear that.

*Norb.* What is the question first?

*Rusee.* Of the duke's life; what dangers threaten  
him?

*Norb.* Apparent, and those sudden, when the  
Or *Alchoroden* by direction come [hyleg

To a quartile opposition of the place

Where *Mars* is in the geniture, (which is now at  
hand)

Or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

*Lat.* But they may be prevented?

*Norb.* Wisdom only,

That rules the stars, may do it; for *Mars* being

Lord of the geniture in *Capricorn*,

Is, if you mark it, now a *Seatile* here,

With *Venus* lady of the horoscope.

So she being in her *exilium*, which is *Scorpio*,

And *Mars* his *gaudium*, is o'er-ruled by him,

And clear debilitated five degrees

Beneath her ordinary power, so

That, at the most, she can but mitigate.

*Lat.* You cannot name the persons bring this  
danger?

*Norb.* No, that the stars tell us not; they name  
That is a work, sir, of another place. [no man;

*Rusee.* Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll  
guess shrewdly.

*Lat.* Sir, we do fear one Aubrey; if 'twere he, I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

*Fiske.* [*Aside to NORBRET.*] I know him; the duke's kinsman; a tall man.

Lay hold oft, Norbret.

*Norb.* Let me pause a little:

Is he not near of kin unto the duke?

*Lat.* Yes, reverend sir.

*Norb.* Fart for your reverence!

Keep it till then.—And somewhat high of stature?

*Lat.* He is so.

*Norb.* How old is he? [*Aside to FISKE.*]

*Fiske.* About seven-and-fifty.—

*Norb.* His head and beard inclining to be grey.

*Lat.* Right, sir.

*Fiske.* And fat. [*Aside to NORBRET.*]

*Norb.* He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?

*Lat.* You speak the man, sir.

*Norb.* Well, look to him! Farewell! [*Exit.*]

*Lat.* Oh, it is Aubrey.—Gentlemen, I pray ye, Let me receive this under all your hands.

*Rusee.* Why, he will shew you him in his magic

If you entreat him, and but gratify [*glass,*

A spirit or two more.

*Lat.* He shall eat gold,

If he will have it; so shall you all. There's that

Amongst you first. [*Giving money.*] Let me have this to send

The duke in the mean time; and then what sights

You please to shew. I'll have you so rewarded

As never artists were; you shall to court

Along with me, and there wait not your fortunes.

[*Exit.*]

*Bube.* We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets.

Boy, we will all be new; you shall along too.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—CAEN.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, and EDITH.*

*Mat.* Good madam, hear the suit that Edith urges,

With such submiss beseeches; nor remain

So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,

That nothing else, though never so befitting,

Obtains your ears or observation.

*Soph.* What would she say? I hear.

*Edith.* My suit is, madam,

That you would please to think as well of justice

Due to your son's revenge, as of more wrong added

To both yourselves for it, in only grieving.

Th' undaunted power of princes should not be

Confined in deedless cold calamity;

Anger, the twin of Sorrow, in your wrongs

Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth

Claims th' air as well, and force of coming forth.

*Soph.* Sorrow is due already; Anger never

Should be conceived, but where it may be born

In some fact fit to employ his active flame,

That else consumes who bears it, and abides

Like a false star that quenches as it glides.

*Edith.* I have such means to employ it, as your

Can think no better, easier, or securer; [*wish*

And such as, but for the honours I intend

To your partakings, I alone could end.

But your parts in all dues to crying blood

For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,  
And therefore should work your hands to his  
slaughter;

For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong

To your severe and most impartial justice,

To move you to forget so false a son

As with a mother's duty made you curse him.

*Mat.* Edith, he is forgot for any son

Born of my mother, or to me a brother;

For, should we still perform our rights to him,

We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be

In blood and damned parricide as he:

And therefore tell the happy means that heaven

Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for freedom

From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.

*Soph.* Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear

To whatsoever heaven puts in her power. [*Exit.*]

*Mat.* How strange she is to what she chiefly  
wishes!

Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more

Discouraged in thy purpose, but assured

Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two

Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

*Edith.* Madam, myself alone, I make no doubt,

Shall be afforded power enough from heaven

To end the murderer. All I wish of you,

Is but some richer ornaments and jewels

Than I am able to provide myself,

To help out the defects of my poor beauty,

That yet hath been enough, as now it is,

To make his fancy mad with my desire.

But you know, madam, women never can

Be too fair to torment an amorous man;

And this man's torments I would heighten still,

Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have all my jewels and my  
mother's;

And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's desire

May make him perish in a painted fire.

Hast thou been with him yet?

*Edith.* Been with him? no;

I set that hour back to haste more his longing:

But I have promised to his instruments,

The admittance of a visit at our house;

Where yet I would receive him with all lustre

My sorrow would give leave to, to remove

Suspicion of my purpose.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have

All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;

I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I

Serve my own love with a contracted husband

More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou

Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections!

Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,

My noblest Edith?

*Edith.* Nought but your kind prayer,

For full effect and speed of my affair.

*Mat.* They are thine, my Edith, as for me my  
own:

For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best

Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear

To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then

The endless love we owe to worthy men?

*Edith.* Love of the worthiest ever bless your  
highness! [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter ROLLO (with a glass), AUBREY, and Servants.*

*Rollo.* I never studied my glass till now ;  
It is exceeding well ; now leave me. Cousin,  
How takes your eye the object ?

*Aub.* I have learn'd  
So much, sir, of the courtier, as to say  
Your person does become your habit ; but,  
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,  
Would grace an armour better.

*Rollo.* You are still  
For that great art of which you are the master :  
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters  
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring  
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring hopes,  
The danger in the service too as great,  
As when we are to charge quite through and through  
The body of an army.

*Aub.* I'll not argue  
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,  
The ends which they arrive at are as distant  
In every circumstance, as far as honour  
Is from shame and repentance.

*Rollo.* You are sour.

*Aub.* I would speak my free thoughts, yet not  
appear so ;

Nor am I so ambitious of the title  
Of one that dares task any thing that runs  
Against the torrent of his own opinion,  
That I affect to speak aught may offend you :  
And therefore, gracious sir, be pleased to think  
My manners of discretion have inform'd me,  
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you,  
And not to check at what concerns me not :  
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,  
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose  
'Tis now employ'd ; I wish it may be good,  
And that, I hope, offends not. For a subject  
Towards his prince, in things indifferent,  
To use th' austereness of a censuring Cato  
Is arrogance, not freedom.

*Rollo.* I commend  
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

*Enter HAMOND, with Letters.*

They come from Roan ? Latorch employ'd you ?

*Ham.* True, sir.

*Rollo.* I must not now be troubled with a thought  
Of any new design. Good Aubrey, read 'em ;  
And as they shall direct you, use my power,  
Or to reply or execute.

*Aub.* I will, sir.

*Rollo.* And, captain, bring a squadron of our  
guard

To the house that late was Baldwin's, and there  
*Ham.* I shall. [wait me.

*Rollo.* Some two hours hence.

*Ham.* With my best care.

*Rollo.* Inspire me, Love, and be thy deity  
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me !  
[Exit.

*Ham.* My stay to do my duty, may-be, wrongs  
Your lordship's privacy.

*Aub.* Captain, your love  
Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience  
While I peruse these.

*Ham.* I attend your pleasure.

*Aub.* [Reads.] How's this ? a plot on me !

*Ham.* What is contain'd [Aside.  
I th' letters that I brought, that thus transports  
him ?

*Aub.* To be wrought on by rogues, and have my  
head

Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for bread ?  
The creatures of a parasite, a slave ?  
I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it ;  
But that this honest captain should be made  
His instrument, afflicts me : I'll make trial  
Whether his will or weakness made him do it.—  
Captain, you saw the duke, when he commanded  
I should do what these letters did direct me ;  
And I presume you think I'll not neglect,  
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,  
How near soe'er that man can be to me  
From whom they should have birth.

*Ham.* It is confirm'd.

*Aub.* Nor would you, captain, I believe, refuse,  
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,  
To use your sword with fullest confidence  
Where he shall bid you strike.

*Ham.* I never have done.

*Aub.* Nor will, I think.

*Ham.* I hope it is not question'd.

*Aub.* The means to have it so is now proposed  
you.

Draw ; so, 'tis well ; and next, cut off my head !

*Ham.* What means your lordship ?

*Aub.* 'Tis, sir, the duke's pleasure ;  
My innocence hath made me dangerous,  
And I must be removed, and you the man  
Must act his will.

*Ham.* I'll be a traitor first,

Before I serve it thus !

*Aub.* It must be done ;

And, that you may not doubt it, there's your  
warrant,

But as you read, remember, Hamond, that  
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession ;  
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve  
That man of whose love I was most ambitious  
Could find no object of his hate but me.

*Ham.* It is no time to talk now. Honour'd sir,  
Be pleased to hear thy servant : I am wrong'd,  
And cannot, being now to serve the duke,  
Stay to express the manner how ; but if  
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs  
Your life is dearer to me than my own,  
May I live base, and die so ! Sir, your pardon.

[Exit.

*Aub.* I am both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd  
for slaughter !

On every side, about, behind, before me,  
My certain fate is fix'd ! Were I a knave now,  
I could avoid this ; had my actions  
But mere relations to their own ends, I could  
'scape now.

Oh, Honesty ! thou elder child of Virtue,  
Thou seed of Heaven, why, to acquire thy good-  
ness,

Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us.  
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards ?  
But Heaven is got by suffering, not disputing !  
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then ?  
Or say he do not know it, where's my loyalty ?

I know his nature, troubled as the sea,  
And as the sea devouring when he's vex'd,  
And I know princes are their own expounders.  
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?  
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?  
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,  
Now on the points of swords, now pitched on  
lances,  
In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,  
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts  
Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him; [me,  
My loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,  
And, though it bear beyond what poets feign  
A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;  
And my most constant heart, to do him good,  
Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* The duchess presently would crave your presence.

*Aub.* I come; and Aubrey, now resolve to keep  
Thy honour living, though thy body sleep! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of BALDWIN.*

*Enter EDITH and a Boy; a Banquet set out.*

*Edith.* Now for thy father's murder and the ruin

All chastity shall suffer if he reign! [*Kneels.*  
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter,

Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,  
And through the bloody clouds behold my piety!  
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,  
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,  
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!  
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,  
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!  
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,  
My rage, like roving billows as they rise,  
Pour'd on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery,  
(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissembling)  
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him  
And lull him in the down of his desires;  
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,  
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,  
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize  
him!— [*Rises.*

I hear him come; go, boy, and entertain him.

SONG by the Boy.

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, like break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.  
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

*Enter ROLLO.*

*Rollo.* What bright star, taking Beauty's form  
upon her,

In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,  
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me:  
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee

My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,  
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,  
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

*Edith.* My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,  
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;  
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

*Rollo.* Can it be flattery to swear those eyes  
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?  
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those  
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls? [sighs  
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

*Edith.* Your grace is full of game.

*Rollo.* By heaven, my Edith,  
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

*Edith.* And thine on brambles, that have prick'd  
her heart out! [*Aside.*

*Rollo.* The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still  
blowing

Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,  
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress!

*Edith.* Will't please you sit, sir?

*Rollo.* So you please sit by me. [*They sit.*

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;  
The excellency that appears upon thee

Ties up my tongue! Pray speak to me.

*Edith.* Of what, sir?

*Rollo.* Of any thing, any thing is excellent.

Will you take my directions? Speak of love then;  
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou  
speak'st,

Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

*Edith.* He has a strange cunning tongue. [*Aside.*]

—Why do you sigh, sir?—

How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

*Rollo.* The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,  
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,  
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.  
Give me thy hand: What dost thou feel!

*Edith.* Your tears, sir;

You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now, jus-  
tice!— [*Aside.*

Why are these sorrows, sir?

*Rollo.* Thou wilt never love me  
If I should tell thee; yet there's no way left  
Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,  
But swimming thither in these tears.

*Edith.* I stagger!

*Rollo.* Are they not drops of blood?

*Edith.* No.

*Rollo.* They are for blood then,  
For guiltless blood! and they must drop, my Edith,  
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mis-  
chiefs.

*Edith.* If this be true, I have no strength to  
touch him. [*Aside.*

*Rollo.* I pr'ythee look upon me; turn not from  
me!

Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,  
Begot with all men's miseries upon me;  
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,  
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,  
Whose true condition tenderness of nature—

*Edith.* My anger melts; oh, I shall lose my  
justice! [*Aside.*

*Rollo.* Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,  
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,  
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.  
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,  
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,  
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,

Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,  
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,  
Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs  
then,

Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.  
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;  
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;  
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,  
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,  
In my fair life hereafter—

*Edith.* He will fool me! [*Aside.*]

*Rollo.* Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and  
bless me!

Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it;  
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;  
Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!

*Edith.* Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am gone  
for ever;

His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity! [*Aside.*]

*Enter HAMOND and Guard.*

*Ham.* Keep the doors safe; and, upon pain of  
Let no man enter till I give the word. [*death,*]

*Guard.* We shall, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Here he is, in all his pleasure:

I have my wish.

*Rollo.* How now? why dost thou stare so?

*Edith.* A help, I hope!

*Rollo.* What dost thou here? who sent thee?

*Ham.* My brother, and the base malicious office  
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!

*Rollo.* Pray?

*Ham.* Pray!

Pray, if thou canst pray; I shall kill thy soul else!  
Pray suddenly!

*Rollo.* Thou canst not be so traitorous!

*Ham.* It is a justice.—Stay, lady!

For I perceive your end: a woman's hand  
Must not rob me of vengeance.

*Edith.* 'Tis my glory!

*Ham.* 'Tis mine; stay, and share with me.—

By the gods, Rollo,

There is no way to save thy life!

*Rollo.* No?

*Ham.* No:

It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!

*Rollo.* Why then, thou shalt kill her first; and  
what this blood [*Seizes EDITH.*]

Will cast upon thy cursed head—

*Ham.* Poor guard, sir!

*Edith.* Spare not, brave captain!

• *Rollo.* Fear, or the devil have thee! [*mother,*]  
*Ham.* Such fear, sir, as you gave your honour'd  
When your most virtuous brother shield-like held  
Such I'll give you. Put her away. [*her,*]

*Rollo.* I will not;

I will not die so tamely.

*Ham.* Murderous villain,

Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee?

*Edith.* Fear not;

Kill him, good captain! any way dispatch him!

My body's honour'd with that sword that through  
me

Sends his black soul to hell! Oh, but for one

*Ham.* Shake him off bravely. [*hand!*]

*Edith.* He is too strong. Strike him!

*Ham.* [*They struggle, ROLLO seizes EDITH'S  
dagger.*] Oh, am I with you, sir? Now  
keep you from him!

What, has he got a knife?

*Edith.* Look to him, captain;  
For now he will be mischievous.

*Ham.* Do you smile, sir?

Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more!

*Edith.* Oh, bravely thrust! Take heed he come  
not in, sir.

To him again; you give him too much respite.

*Rollo.* Yet wilt thou save my life? and I'll for-  
give thee,

And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,  
Call thee my friend!

*Edith.* Strike, strike, and hear him not!

His tongue will tempt a saint.

*Rollo.* Oh, for my soul sake!

*Edith.* Save nothing of him!

*Ham.* Now for your farewell!

Are you so wary? take you that! [*Stabs him.*]

*Rollo.* Thou that too! [*Stabs him.*]

Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely!

[*Dies.*]

*Edith.* The just reward of murder falls upon  
How do you, sir? has he not hurt you? [*thrice!*]

*Ham.* No;

I feel not any thing.

*Aub.* [*Within.*] I charge you let us pass!

*Guard.* [*Within.*] You cannot yet, sir.

*Aub.* I'll make way then.

*Guard.* We are sworn to our captain:

And, till he give the word—

*Ham.* Now let them in there.

*Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, AUBREY, Lords, and Attendants*

*Soph.* Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on sorrow seeks  
Oh, in his blood he lies! [*me!*]

*Aub.* Had you spoke sooner,

This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,  
And lead her off; this is no sight for her eyes.

[*SOPHIA led out.*]

*Mat.* Oh, bravely done, wench!

*Edith.* There stands the noble doer.

*Mat.* May honour ever seek thee for thy justice:

Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,

A justice even for Heaven to envy at!

Farewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce,

My wishes are come round! Oh, bloody brother,

Till this hour never beauteous; till thy life,

Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,

Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous!

Oh, how my eyes are quarried with their joys now!

My longing heart even leaping out for lightness!

But, die thy black sins with thee; I forgive thee!

*Aub.* Who did this deed?

*Ham.* I, and I'll answer it!

[*Dies.*]

*Edith.* He faints! Oh, that same cursed knife

*Aub.* How? [*has kill'd him!*]

*Edith.* He snatch'd it from my hand for whom  
And as they grappled— [*I bore it;*]

*Aub.* Justice is ever equal!

Had it not been on him, thou hadst died too honest.  
Did you know of his death?

*Edith.* Yes, and rejoice in't.

*Aub.* I am sorry for your youth then, for though  
the strictness

Of law shall not fall on you, that of life

Must presently. Go, to a cloister carry her;

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

*Edith.* Best father to my soul, I give you thanks,

And now my fair revenges have their ends. [*sir!*]  
My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends!

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LATORCH and the Jugglers, at the door.*

*Lat.* Stay there ; I'll step in, and prepare the  
*Norb.* We shall have brave rewards ! [duke.

*Fiske.* That's without question.

*Lat.* By this time, where's my huffing friend,  
lord Aubrey !

Where's that good gentleman ? Oh, I could laugh  
now,

And burst myself with mere imagination :  
A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man,  
Should suffer himself to be juggled out o' th' world  
By a number of poor gipsies ! Farewell, swash  
buckler ;

For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time.  
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,  
And ne'er draw blood in show. Now shall my  
honour,

My power, and virtue, walk alone ; my pleasure  
Observed by all ; all knees bend to my worship ;  
All suits to me, as saint of all their fortunes,  
Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place of credit,  
And what style now ? your lordship ? no, 'tis com-  
mon ;

But that I'll think to-morrow on.—Now for my  
business. [Comes forward.

*Aub.* Who's there ?

*Lat.* Ha ! dead ? my master dead ? Aubrey  
*Guard.* Latorch, sir. [alive too ?

*Aub.* Seize his body !

*Lat.* Oh, my fortune !

My master dead ? [He is seized.

*Aub.* And you, within this half-hour,  
Prepare yourself, good devil ! you must to it ;  
Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischiefs.  
Behold the justice of thy practice, villain ;  
The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon us ;  
Behold thy doctrine ! You look now for reward, sir,  
To be advanced, I am sure, for all your labours ;  
And you shall have it.—Make his gallows higher  
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.

*Lat.* Mercy, mercy !

*Aub.* It is too late, fool !

Such as you meant for me.—Away with him !—

[He is led out.

What gaping knaves are those ? Bring 'em in, fel-  
lows.— [They are brought forward.

Now, what are you ?

*Norb.* Mathematicians,  
If't please your lordship.

*Aub.* And ye drew a figure ?

*Fiske.* We have drawn many.

*Aub.* For the duke, I mean, sir.

Latorch's knaves you are !

*Norb.* We know the gentleman.

*Aub.* What did he promise you ?

*Norb.* We are paid already.

*Aub.* But I will see you better paid : Go, whip  
them !

*Norb.* We do beseech your lordship ! we were  
hired.

*Aub.* I know you were, and you shall have your  
hire :

Whip 'em extremely ; whip that doctor there,  
'Till he record himself a rogue.

*Norb.* I am one, sir.

*Aub.* Whip him for being one ; and when they  
are whipt,

Lead 'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd.  
Away with them !

*Norb.* Ah, good my lord ! [They are led out.

*Aub.* Now to mine own right, gentlemen.

1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed ; we all con-  
fess it,

And here stand ready to invest you with it.

2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the  
surer

Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again,  
Behold this lady, sir, this noble lady,  
Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness ;  
How blessed would it be—

*Aub.* I apprehend you ;

And, so the fair Matilda dare accept me,  
Her ever constant servant—

*Mat.* In all pureness,

In all humility of heart and services,  
To the most noble Aubrey I submit me.

*Aub.* Then this is our first tie. Now to our  
business !

1 *Lord.* We are ready all to put the honour on  
you, sir.

*Aub.* These sad rites must be done first : Take  
up the bodies ;

This, as he was a prince, so princely funeral  
Shall wait upon him ; on this honest captain,  
The decency of arms ; a tear for him too.  
So, sadly on, and, as we view his blood,  
May his example in our rule raise good !

[Exeunt with the bodies.

# THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DE GARD, a noble stayed Gentleman, that, bring newly lighted from his Travels, assists his Sister ORIANA, in her Chase of MIRABEL the WILD-GOOSE.

LA CASTRE, the indulgent Father to MIRABEL.

MIRABEL, the WILD-GOOSE, a travelled Monsieur, and great defier of all Ladies in the way of Marriage, otherwise their much loose Servant, at last caught by the despised ORIANA.

PINAC, his Fellow-Traveller, of a lively spirit, and Servant to the no less sprightly LILLIA-BIANCA.

BELLEUR, Companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in Love with ROSALURA.

NANTOLET, Father to ROSALURA and LILLIA-BIANCA.

LUGIER, the rough and confident Tutor to the Ladies, and chief engine to entrap the WILD-GOOSE.

ORIANA, the fair betrothed of MIRABEL, and witty follower of the Chase.

ROSALURA, } the airy Daughters of NANTOLET.  
LILLIA-BIANCA, }

PETELLA, their Waiting-Woman.

MARIANA, an English Courtesan.

A Young Man disguised as a Factor.

Page, Servants, Singing-Boy, Two Merchants, Priest, Four Women.

## SCENE,—PARIS.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—A Room in LA CASTRE'S House.

Enter DE GARD, and a Footboy.

De Ga. Sirrah, you know I have rid hard; stir And let him want no litter. [my horse well,

Boy. I am sure I have run hard; 'Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,

For I think my fellow horse cannot in reason Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me:

But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are our masters.

De Ga. When you have done, step to the ten-crown ordinary—

Boy. With all my heart, sir; for I have a twenty-crown stomach.

De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.

Boy. [Going.] Yes, sir, presently.

De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, sir?

Boy. For myself, I take it, sir.

De Ga. In truth, you shall not take it; 'tis not meant for you;

There's for your provender. Bespeak a dinner For Monsieur Mirabel, and his companions; They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, sirrah,

Make ready all things at my lodgings, for me, And wait me there.

Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?

De Ga. Yes, sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet first:

'Tis the best part of a footman's faith. [Exit Boy.]

De Ga. These youths,

For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift, And seem to wonder at men's lavish ways,

Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French itches;

They must meet sometimes to disport their bodies With good wine, and good women; and good store too.

Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all points,

And then hang saving, let the sea grow high!

This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes.

They must salute their country with old customs.

Enter LA CASTRE and ORIANA.

Ori. Brother!

De Ga. My dearest sister!

Ori. Welcome, welcome!

Indeed, you are welcome home, most welcome!

De Ga. Thank ye!

You're grown a handsome woman, Oriana:

Blush at your faults. I am wond'rous glad to see

Monsieur La Castre, let not my affection [you!—

To my fair sister make me held unmannerly:

I am glad to see you well, to see you lusty,

Good health about you, and in fair company;

Believe me, I am proud—

La Ca. Fair sir, I thank you.

Monsieur De Gard, you are welcome from your journey!

Good men have still good welcome: Give me your hand, sir.

Once more, you are welcome home! You look still younger.

De Ga. Time has no leisure to look after us;

We wander every where; age cannot find us.

La Ca. And how does all?

De Ga. All well, sir, and all lusty.

La Ca. I hope my son be so: I doubt not, sir,

But you have often seen him in your journies,  
And bring me some fair news.

*De Ga.* Your son is a well, sir,  
And grown a proper gentleman; he's well, and lusty.  
Within this eight hours I took leave of him,  
And over-hied him, having some slight business  
That forced me out o' th' way: I can assure you,  
He will be here to-night.

*La Ca.* You make me glad, sir,  
For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him!  
Methinks he has been away—

*De Ga.* 'Tis but your tenderness;  
What are three years? a love-sick wench will  
allow it.

His friends, that went out with him, are come back  
too,

Belleur, and young Pinac: He bid me say little,  
Because he means to be his own glad messenger.

*La Ca.* I thank you for this news, sir. He shall  
be welcome,

And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you heartily!  
And how (for I dare say you will not flatter him)  
Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet  
His wild fantastic toys? They say, that climate  
Is a great purger of those humorous fluxes.  
How is he improved, I pray you?

*De Ga.* No doubt, sir, well.  
He has borne himself a full and noble gentleman;  
To speak him further is beyond my charter.

*La Ca.* I am glad to hear so much good. Come,  
I see

You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must entreat  
Before I go, to sup with me to-night, [you,  
And must not be denied.

*De Ga.* I am your servant.

*La Ca.* Where you shall meet fair, merry, and  
noble company;

My neighbour Nantolet; and his two fair daughters.

*De Ga.* Your supper's season'd well, sir: I shall  
wait upon you.

*La Ca.* Till then I'll leave ye: And you are  
once more welcome! [Exit.

*De Ga.* I thank you, noble sir!—Now, Oriana,  
How have ye done since I went? have ye had your  
And your mind free? [health well?

*Ori.* You see, I am not bated;  
Merry, and eat my meat.

*De Ga.* A good preservative.  
And how have you been used? You know, Oriana,  
Upon my going out, at your request,  
I left your portion in La Castre's hands,  
The main means you must stick to: For that reason,  
And 'tis no little one, I ask you, sister,  
With what humanity he entertains you,  
And how you find his courtesy?

*Ori.* Most ready:  
I can assure you, sir, I am used most nobly.

*De Ga.* I am glad to hear it: But, I pr'ythee  
tell me,

And tell me true, what end had you, Oriana,  
In trusting your money here? He is no kinsman,  
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian;  
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.

*Ori.* No, certain, sir; none of all this provoked  
Another private reason. [me;

*De Ga.* 'Tis not private,  
Nor carried so; 'tis common, my fair sister;  
Your love to Mirabel: Your blushes tell it.  
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;  
And with no little shame I wonder at it.

*Ori.* Is it a shame to love?

*De Ga.* To love indiscreetly:

A virgin should be tender of her honour,  
Close, and secure.

*Ori.* I am as close as can be,  
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;  
Unless this warlike age need a portcullis.  
Yet, I confess, I love him.

*De Ga.* Hear the people.

*Ori.* Now I say, hang the people! he that dares  
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give  
His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.  
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;  
And their best censure's sack, sack in abundance;  
For as they drink, they think: They ne'er speak  
modestly,

Unless the wine be poor, or they want money.  
Believe them? Believe Amadis de Gaul,  
The Knight o' th' Sun, or Palmerin of England;  
For these, to them, are modest and true stories!  
Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,  
As if *in vino veritas* be an oracle,  
What woman is, or has been ever, honest?  
Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear Lucretia  
Died not for want of power to resist Tarquin,  
But want of pleasure that he stay'd no longer:  
And Portia, that was famous for her piety  
To her loved lord, they'll face ye out, died o' th' pox.

*De Ga.* Well, there is something, sister.

*Ori.* If there be, brother,  
'Tis none of their things; 'tis not yet so monstrous:  
My thing is marriage; and, at his return,  
I hope to put their squint eyes right again.

*De Ga.* Marriage? 'Tis true, his father is a  
rich man,

Rich both in land and money; he his heir,  
A young and handsome man, I must confess too;  
But of such qualities, and such wild flings,  
Such admirable imperfections, sister,  
(For all his travel, and bought experience)  
I should be loth to own him for my brother.  
Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent  
Would prove the better fortune.

*Ori.* If he be wild,  
The reclaiming him to good and honest, brother,  
Will make much for my honour; which, if I pro-  
shall be the study of my love, and life too. [per,

*De Ga.* You say well; 'would he thought as  
well, and loved too!

He marry? he'll be hang'd first; he knows no more  
What the conditions and the ties of love are,  
The honest purposes and grounds of marriage,  
Nor will know, nor be ever brought to endeavour,  
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever  
A loose and strong defier of all order;  
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,  
And taste each dish, but are no residents.  
Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage,  
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are stran-  
gers:

I know; there is a labour'd match now follow'd,  
Now at this time, for which he was sent for home  
too:

Be not abused; Nantolet has two fair daughters,  
And he must take his choice.

*Ori.* Let him take freely:  
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me  
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;  
And in that hope I rest.

*De Ga.* Since you're so confident,

Prosper your hope ! I'll be no adversary ;  
Keep yourself fair and right, he shall not wrong  
you.

*Ori.* When I forget my virtue, no man know  
me ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Street before the same House.*

*Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLEUR, and Servants.*

*Mir.* Welcome to Paris, once more, gentlemen !  
We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary,  
And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning !  
And let it go for once ; 'tis a good physic :  
Only the wenches are not for my diet ;  
They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-  
Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and lusty, [fallen.  
That meets me soft and supple ; smiles upon me,  
As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me ;  
These slight things I affect not.

*Pinac.* They are ill-built ;  
Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries,  
And weak i' th' pasterns ; they'll endure no  
hardness.

*Mir.* There's nothing good or handsome bred  
amongst us :  
Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we are  
coxcombs.

You talk of France ; a slight unseason'd country,  
Abundance of gross food, which makes us block-  
heads !

We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses :  
Men say, we are great courtiers ; men abuse us !  
We are wise, and valiant too ; *non credo, signor !*  
Our women the best linguists ; they are parrots ;  
O' this side the Alps they're nothing but mere  
drolleries.

*Ha ! Roma la Santa*, Italy for my money !  
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,  
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserved too,  
As, when you think you are known best, you're a  
stranger ;

Their very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,  
And season of more salt !

*Pinac.* 'Tis a brave country ;  
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies,  
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments  
To scabs and scruples : Hang 'em, capon-  
worshippers !

*Bel.* I like that freedom well, and like their  
women too,

And would fain do as others do ; but I'm so bashful,  
So naturally an ass—Look ye, I can look upon 'em,  
And very willingly I go to see 'em,  
(There's no man willing) and I can kiss 'em,  
And make a shift—

*Mir.* But if they chance to flout you,  
Or say, " You are too bold ! fy, sir, remember !  
I pray, sit further off—"

*Bel.* 'Tis true—I am humbled,  
I am gone ; I confess ingenuously, I am silenced ;  
The spirit of amber cannot force me answer.

*Pinac.* Then would I sing and dance—

*Bel.* You have wherewithal, sir.

*Pinac.* And charge her up again.

*Bel.* I can be hang'd first ;

Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.

*Mir.* Why, thou dar'st fight ?

*Bel.* Yes, certainly I dare fight,  
And fight with any man at any weapon ;

'Would the other were no more ! but a pox on't !  
When I am sometimes in my height of hope,  
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,  
Some scornful jest or other chops between me  
And my desire : What would you have me to do  
then, gentlemen ?

*Mir.* Belleur, you must be bolder : Travel three  
And bring home such a baby to betray you [years,  
As bashfulness ? a great fellow, and a soldier ?

*Bel.* You have the gift of impudence ; be thankful ;  
Every man has not the like talent. I will study,  
And if it may be reveal'd to me—

*Mir.* Learn of me,  
And of Pinac : No doubt, you'll find employment ;  
Ladies will look for courtship.

*Pinac.* 'Tis but fleshing,  
But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou  
any mind to marriage ?

We'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's  
dumb too.

*Mir.* Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee  
in charity.

*Bel.* A dumb woman, or an old woman, that  
were eager,

And cared not for discourse, I were excellent at.

*Mir.* You must now put on boldness (there's no  
avoiding it)

And stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely ;  
They'll say, you went out like an ox, and return'd

*Bel.* I shall make danger, sure. [like an ass else.

*Mir.* I am sent for home now,

I know it is to marry ; but my father shall pardon  
Although it be a weighty ceremony, [me :

And may concern me hereafter in my gravity,  
I will not lose the freedom of a traveller ;

A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor.  
Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes ?

'Tis dull and home-spun ! study several pleasures,  
And want employments for 'em ? I'll be hang'd  
first !

Tie me to one smock ? make my travels fruitless ?  
I'll none of that ; for every fresh behaviour,

By your leave, father, I must have a fresh mistress,  
And a fresh favour too.

*Bel.* I like that passingly ;  
As many as you will, so they be willing,  
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

*Pinac.* There's no reason  
A gentleman, and a traveller, should be clapt up,  
(For 'tis a kind of bilboes to be married)

Before he manifest to the world his good parts :  
Tug ever, like a rascal, at one oar ?

Give me the Italian liberty !

*Mir.* That I study,  
And that I will enjoy. Come, go in gentlemen ;  
There mark how I behave myself, and follow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in LA CASTRE's House.*

*Enter LA CASTRE, NANTOLET, LOGIER, ROSALURA, and  
LULLIA-BIANCA.*

*La Ca.* You and your beauteous daughters are  
most welcome !

Beshrew my blood they are fair ones !—Welcome  
Welcome, sweet birds ! [beauties,

*Nant.* They are bound much to your courtesies.

*La Ca.* I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.

*Nant.* That's my hope too ;

For, certain, sir, I much desire your alliance.

You see 'em; they are no gypsies; for their breeding, It has not been so coarse, but they are able To rank themselves with women of fair fashion. Indeed, they have been trained well.

*Lug.* Thank me!

*Nant.* Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em;

To say more, is to sell 'em. They say, your son, Now he has travell'd, must be wond'rous curious And choice in what he takes; these are no coarse ones.

Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himself; All heart, i'faith!—may chance to startle him; For all his care and travell'd caution, May creep into his eye: If he love gravity, Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.

*La Ca.* So young and so demure?

*Nant.* She is my daughter, Else I would tell you, sir, she is a mistress Both of those manners, and that modesty, You would wonder at: She is no often-speaker. But, when she does, she speaks well; nor noreveler, Yet she can dance, and has studied the court elements,

And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman, With the decency of her sex, may be a scholar, I can assure you, sir, she understands too.

*La Ca.* These are fit garments, sir.

*Lug.* Thank them that cut 'em!

Yes, they are handsome women, they have handsome Pretty becoming parts. [parts too,

*La Ca.* 'Tis like they have, sir.

*Lug.* Yes, yes, and handsome education they have had too,

Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it: I taught it, I'll avouch it.

*La Ca.* You say well, sir.

*Lug.* I know what I say, sir, and I say but right, I am no trumpet of their commendations [sir: Before their father; else I should say farther.

*La Ca.* 'Pray you, what's this gentleman?

*Nant.* One that lives with me, sir;

A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter; Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't: Many fair gifts he has, in some of which, That lie most easy to their understandings He has handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.

*Lug.* I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urged it;

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't. *Nant.* He's wond'rous blunt.

*La Ca.* By my faith, I was afraid of him:

Does he not fall out with the gentewomen sometimes?

*Nant.* No, no; he's that way moderate and discreet, sir.

*Ros.* If he did, we should be too hard for him.

*Lug.* Well said, sulphur!

Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear not armour.

*Nant.* Many of these bickerings, sir.

*La Ca.* I am glad, they are no oracles!

Sure as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant.

*Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, BELLUR, DE GARD, and OMIANA.*

*Ori.* Well, if you do forget—

*Mir.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace!

I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me;

Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,

And a fit place; I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee; Thou seest, I have much to do now.

*Ori.* I am answer'd, sir:

With me you shall have nothing on these conditions.

*De Ga.* Your father and your friends.

*La Ca.* You are welcome home, sir!

'Bless you, you are very welcome! 'Pray know this gentleman,

And these fair ladies.

*Nant.* Monsieur Mirabel,

I am much affected with your fair return, sir;

You bring a general joy.

*Mir.* I bring you service,

And these bright beauties, sir.

*Nant.* Welcome home, gentlemen!

Welcome with all my heart!

*Bel.* Pinac. We thank you, sir.

*La Ca.* Your friends will have their share too.

*Bel.* Sir, we hope

They'll look upon us, though we show like strangers.

*Nant.* Monsieur De Gard, I must salute you also,

And this fair gentlewoman: you are welcome from All welcome, all! [your travel too!

[LA CASTER and MIRABEL speak apart.

*De Ga.* We render you our loves, sir, The best wealth we bring home. By your favours, beauties!—

One of these two. You know my meaning.

*Ori.* Well, sir;

They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it: [it, Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve For, if I die o' th' first fit, I am unhappy, [me; And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

*Mir.* To marry, sir?

*La Ca.* You know, I am an old man, And every hour declining to my grave, One foot already in; more sons I have not, Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy; In you lies all my hope, and all my name, The making good or wretched of my memory; The safety of my state.

*Mir.* And you have provided, Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen,

Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

*La Ca.* I have, dear son.

*Mir.* 'Tis true, you are old, and feeble;

'Would you were young again, and in full vigour! I love a bounteous father's life, a long one; I am none of those, that, when they shoot to ripeness,

Do what they can to break the boughs they grew I wish you many years, and many riches, [on; And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage, I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it, Nor think it fit.

*La Ca.* You'll render me your reasons?

*Mir.* Yes, sir both short and pithy, and these they are:

You would have me marry a maid?

*La Ca.* A maid? what else?

*Mir.* Yes, there be things called widows, dead men's wills,

I never loved to prove those; nor never long'd yet To be buried alive in another man's cold monument.

And there be maids appearing, and maids being: The appearing are fantastic things, mere shadows;



And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads  
Only the world, to cozen misty eyes, [too ;  
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being  
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry,  
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune ;  
And let him take heed how he gather these too ;  
For look you, father, they are just like melons,  
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids ;  
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taste plea-  
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily ; [santly,  
Neglect this present time, and come to-morrow,  
They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone ! their  
sweetness

Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit !

*La Ca.* Why, these are now ripe, son.

*Mir.* I'll try them presently,  
And, if I like their taste—

*La Ca.* 'Pray you please yourself, sir.

*Mir.* That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.  
—Lady, what think you of a handsome man now ?

*Ros.* A wholesome too, sir ?

*Mir.* That's as you make your bargain.

A handsome, wholesome man then, and a kind man,  
To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady ?

*Ros.* Yes, sir, I love rejoicing.

*Mir.* To lie close to you ?

Close as a cockle ? keep the cold nights from you ?

*Ros.* That will be look'd for too ; our bodies ask

*Mir.* And get two boys at every birth ? [it.

*Ros.* That's nothing ;

I have known a cobbler do it, a poor thin cobbler,  
A cobbler out of mouldy cheese perform it,  
Cabbage, and coarse black thread ; methinks, a  
gentleman

Should take foul scorn to have an awl out-name him.  
Two at a birth ? Why, every house-dove has it :  
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,  
I should expect indeed something of worth from.  
You talk of two ?

*Mir.* She would have me get two dozen,  
Like buttons at a birth.

*Ros.* You love to brag, sir ;  
If you proclaim these offers at your marriage,  
(You are a pretty-timber'd man ; take heed !)  
They may be taken hold of, and expected,  
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.

*Mir.* I will take heed, and thank you for your  
Father, what think you ? [counsel.—

*La Ca.* 'Tis a merry gentlewoman ;  
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

*Mir.* Not for me :  
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing ;  
In what a state am I then, father ? I shall suffer,  
For anything I hear to th' contrary, *more majorum* ;  
I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,  
A gentleman of antler—

*La Ca.* Away, away, fool !

*Mir.* As I am sure to fail her expectation.  
I had rather get the pox than get her babies !

*La Ca.* You are much to blame ! If this do not  
affect you,

Pray try the other ; she's of a more demure way.

*Bel.* That I had but the audacity to talk thus !

[*Aside.*

I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admirably ;  
And, certain, I could go as near to please her,  
If down-right doing—She has a perilous counte-  
If I could meet one that would believe me, [nance !  
And take my honest meaning without circum-  
stance—

*Mir.* You shall have your will, sir ; I will try  
the other ;

But 'twill be to small use.—I hope, fair lady,  
(For, methinks, in your eyes, I see more mercy)  
You will enjoin your lover a less penance ;  
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberal,  
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,  
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,  
And thriftiness in love, good huswife's carefulness  
To keep the stock entire—

*Lil.* Good sir, speak louder,  
That these may witness too, you talk of nothing :  
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen  
Of so much indiscretion.

*Mir.* Hark ye, hark ye !  
Ods-bobs, you are angry, lady !

*Lil.* Angry ? 'no, sir ;  
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

*Mir.* But you can love, for all this ; and delight  
For all your set austerity, to hear [too,  
Of a good husband, lady ?

*Lil.* You say true, sir ;  
For, by my troth, I have heard of none these ten  
years,

They are so rare ; and there are so many, sir,  
So many longing women on their knees too,  
That pray the dropping-down of these good hus-  
bands—

The dropping-down from Heaven ; for they are not  
bred here—

That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—  
*Mir.* Why may not I be one ?

*Lil.* You were near 'em once, sir,  
When ye came o'er the Alps ; those are near  
Heaven :

But since you miss'd that happiness, there's no  
*Mir.* Can ye love a man ? [hope of you.

*Lil.* Yes, if the man be lovely ;  
That is, be honest, modest. I would have him  
valiant,

His anger slow, but certain for his honour ;  
Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly,  
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than countries ;  
He must be no vain talker, nor no lover  
To hear himself talk ; they are brags of a wanderer,  
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.

Would you learn more ?

*Mir.* Yes.

*Lil.* Learn to hold your peace then :  
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with  
tempers.

*Mir.* Women, with I know what ; but let that  
vanish :

Go thy way, good wife Bias ! Sure thy husband  
Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he will  
ne'er please thee else.

Here's a starch'd piece of austerity !—Do you hear,  
Do you hear this moral lecture ? [father ?

*La Ca.* Yes, and like it.

*Mir.* Why, there's your judgment now ; there's  
an old bold shot !

This thing must have the strangest observation,  
(Do you mark me, father ?) when she is married  
The strangest custom, too, of admiration [once.  
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance ;  
I must not lie with her in common language,  
Nor cry, " Have at thee, Kate ! " I shall be his'd  
then ;

Nor eat my meat without the sauce of sentences,  
Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet !

My first son monsieur Aristotle, I know it,  
Great master of the metaphysics, or so;  
The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;  
And I must look Egyptian god-fathers,  
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest daughter  
Sappho, or such a fiddling kind of poetess,  
And brought up, *invited Minerva*, at her needle;  
My dogs must look their names too, and all  
Spartan,

Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Baudiface.  
I married to a sullen set of sentences?

To one that weighs her words and her behaviours  
In the gold weights of discretion! I'll be hang'd  
first.

*La Ca.* Pr'ythee reclaim thyself.

*Mir.* Pray ye, give me time then:  
If they can set me anything to play at,

That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!  
Till then, see more and try more!

*La Ca.* Take your time then;  
I'll bar you no fair liberty.—Come, gentlemen;  
And, ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome!  
And now let's in to supper. [Exit.

*Mir.* How dost like 'em?

*Pinac.* They are fair enough, but of so strange  
behaviours—

*Mir.* Too strange for me: I must have those  
have mettle,

And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.

*Bel.* Bless me from this woman! I would stand  
Before ten words of hers. [the cannon,

*De Ga.* Do you find him now?

Do you think he will be ever firm?

*Ori.* I fear not.

[Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, and BELLEUR.

*Mir.* Ne'er tell me of this happiness; 'tis  
nothing;

The state they bring with being sought-to, scurvy!  
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.

My happiness is in mine own content,  
And the despising of such glorious trifles,  
As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,  
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,  
A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty!  
For women, I can have too many of them;  
Good women too, as the age reckons 'em,  
More than I have employment for.

*Pinac.* You're happy.

*Mir.* My only fear is that I must be forced,  
Against my nature, to conceal myself:  
Health and an able body are two jewels.

*Pinac.* If either of these two women were offer'd  
to me now,

I would think otherwise, and do accordingly;  
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, sir,  
And be more tender of opinion,  
And put a little of my travell'd liberty  
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.  
Methinks, this grave-carried wench—

*Bel.* Methinks, the other,

The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be  
fruitful,

That treats of the full manage of the matter,  
(For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,  
If I were but well set on, for she is affable,  
If I were but bounded right, and one to teach me:  
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th'  
point!

Now do I know I have such a body to please her,  
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure  
on't,

If I could but talk myself into her favour.

*Mir.* That's easily done.

*Bel.* That's easily said; 'would 'twere done!  
You should see then how I would lay about me.  
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,  
Or any thing that might justify my modesty;  
But when my nature is prone to do a charity,  
And my calf's tongue will not help me—

*Mir.* Will you go to 'em?

They cannot but take it courteously.

*Pinac.* I'll do my part,  
Though I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e'er play'd  
yet;

A way I never tried too, which will stagger me;  
And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.

*Mir.* Win 'em, and wear 'em; I give up my  
interest.

*Pinac.* What say you, monsieur Belleur?

*Bel.* 'Would I could say,  
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome!  
I would be with her presently!

*Pinac.* Yours is no venture;  
A merry, ready wench.

*Bel.* A vengeance squibber!  
She'll floor me out of faith too.

*Mir.* I'll be near thee;  
Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts.  
Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a little;  
Some women are won that way.

*Bel.* Pray be quiet,  
And let me think: I am resolved to go on;  
But how I shall get off again—

*Mir.* I am persuaded  
Thou wilt so please her, she'll go near to ravish  
thee.

*Bel.* I would 'twere come to that once! Let  
me pray a little.

*Mir.* Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me  
this modesty,  
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a  
conquest

(Although I know thou art a fortunate wench,  
And hast done rarely in thy days) above all thy  
ventures.

*Bel.* You will be ever near?

*Mir.* At all necessities;  
And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy,  
And cherish thee, and stroke thee.

*Bel.* Help me out too;  
For I know I shall stick i' th' mire. If ye see us  
close once,

Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,  
For I am then determined to do wonders.  
Farewell, and fling an old shoe. How my heart  
throbs!

'Would I were drunk ! Farewell, Pinac ! Heaven send us

A joyful and a merry meeting, man !

*Pinac.* Farewell,

And cheer thy heart up ! and remember, Belleur, They are but women.

*Bel.* I had rather they were lions.

*Mir.* About it ; I'll be with you instantly.—  
[*Exeunt BELLEUR and PINAC.*]

*Enter ORIANA.*

Shall I ne'er be at rest ? no peace of conscience ?  
No quiet for these creatures ? am I ordain'd  
To be devour'd quick by these she-cannibals ?  
Here's another they call handsome ; I care not for her,

I ne'er look after her : When I am half tipp'd,  
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her ;  
Or, in my want of women, I might call for her ;  
But to be haunted when I have no fancy,  
No maw to th' matter—Now ! why do you follow me ?

*Ori.* I hope, sir, 'tis no blemish to my virtue :  
Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that question,  
If you remember you, before you travel,  
The contract you tied to me : 'Tis my love, sir,  
That makes me seek you, to confirm your memory ;  
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer.  
I come to give you thanks too.

*Mir.* For what, pr'ythee ?

*Ori.* For that fair piece of honesty you shew'd,  
That constant nobleness. [sir,

*Mir.* How ? for I am short-headed.

*Ori.* I'll tell ye then ; for refusing that free offer  
Of monsieur Nantolet's, those handsome beauties,  
Those two prime ladies, that might well have  
prest ye

If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your  
promise.

I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,  
You slipt 'em off ; your honesty compell'd ye ;  
And let me tell ye, sir, it shew'd most hand-  
somely.

*Mir.* And let me tell thee, there was no such  
matter ;

Nothing intended that way, of that nature :  
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,  
Or venture it in such leak barks as women.

I put 'em off because I loved 'em not,  
Because they are too queasy for my temper,  
And not for thy sake, nor the contract sake,  
Nor vows nor oaths ; I have made a thousand of  
'em ;

They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken ;  
Mere venial slips, that grow not near the con-  
science ;

Nothing concerns those tender parts ; they are  
trifles :

For, as I think, there was never man yet hoped for  
Either constancy or secrecy from a woman,  
Unless it were an ass ordain'd for sufferance ;  
Nor to contract with such can be a tial ;  
So let them know again ; for 'tis a justice,  
And a main point of civil policy,  
Whate'er we say or swear, they being reprobates,  
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,  
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.

*Ori.* You do not mean this, sure ?

*Mir.* Yes, sure, and certain ;  
And hold it positively, as a principle,

As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires  
and fluxes,

So we are allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye,  
But not to hold ; we are all created errant.

*Ori.* You told me other tales.

*Mir.* I not deny it ;

I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,  
And protestations likewise of all sizes,  
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs :  
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,  
I am thankful for it ; if I be made an ass,  
The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's,  
And there's an end on't.

*Ori.* Do not you love me then ?

*Mir.* As I love others ; heartily I love thee ;  
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly :  
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfied  
My senses with all delicacies, come to me,  
And thou shalt see how I love thee.

*Ori.* Will not you marry me ?

*Mir.* No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet :  
I must not lose my liberty, dear lady,  
And, like a wanton slave, cry for more shackles.  
What should I marry for ? do I want any thing ?  
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure ?  
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine  
own,

When other honest married men's will ease me,  
And thank me too, and be beholding to me ?  
Thou think'st I am mad for a maidenhead ; thou  
art cozen'd :

Or, if I were addicted to that diet,  
Can you tell me where I should have one ? Thou  
art eighteen now,

And if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant,  
Sure, 'tis as big as cods-head ; and those grave  
dishes

I never love to deal withal. Dost thou see this  
book here ?

Look over all these ranks ; all these are women,  
Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads ; these are  
my conquests ;

All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,  
With the same reservation, and most righteously :  
Which I need not have done neither ; for, alas, they  
made no scruple,

And I enjoyed 'em at my will, and left 'em :  
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure  
maids again,

Nay, o' my conscience, better than they were bred  
The rest, fine sober women. [for ;

*Ori.* Are you not ashamed, sir ?

*Mir.* No, by my troth, sir ; there's no shame  
belongs to it ;

I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,  
As others do in rotten sheep and pasture.

*Enter DE GARD.*

*Ori.* Are all my hopes come to this ? Is there  
no faith,

No troth, nor modesty, in men ? [Weeps.

*De Ga.* How now, sister ?

Why weeping thus ? Did I not prophesy ?  
Come, tell me why—

*Ori.* I am not well ; pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*

*De Ga.* Now, monsieur Mirabel, what ails my  
sister ?

You have been playing the wag with her.

*Mir.* As I take it,  
She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone ?

Lord, what an age is this ! I was calling for ye ;  
For, as I live, I thought she would have ravish'd

*De Ga.* You are merry, sir. [*me.*]

*Mir.* Thou know'st this book, *De Gard*, this inventory ?

*De Ga.* The debt-book of your mistresses ; I remember it.

*Mir.* Why, this was it that anger'd her ; she was stark mad

She found not her name here ; and cried down-right,  
Because I would not pity her immediately,  
And put her in my list.

*De Ga.* Sure she had more modesty.

*Mir.* Their modesty is anger to be over-done ;  
They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here,  
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,  
Than they will in public meetings ; 'tis their  
natures :

And, alas, I have so many to dispatch yet,  
And to provide myself for my affairs too,  
That, in good faith—

*De Ga.* Be not too glorious foolish ;  
Sum not your travels up with vanities ;  
It ill becomes your expectation !

Temper your speech, sir ! Whether your loose story  
Be true or false, (for you are so free, I fear it)  
Name not my sister in't, I must not hear it ;  
Upon your danger, name her not ! I hold her  
A gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,  
A good man's tongue may be right proud to speak  
her.

*Mir.* Your sister, sir ? do ye blench at that ? do  
ye cavil ?

Do ye hold her such a piece she may not be play'd  
withal ?

I have had an hundred handsomer and nobler,  
Have sued to me too, for such a courtesy ;  
Your sister comes i' th' rear. Since ye are soangry,  
And hold your sister such a strong Recusant,  
I tell ye, I may do it ; and, it may be, will too ;  
It may be, have too ; there's my free confession :  
Work upon that now !

*De Ga.* If I thought ye had, I would work,  
And work such stubborn work should make you  
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye, [*heart ache* !  
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker  
Of idle tales, and trifles ; a depraver  
Of your own truth : their honours fly about ye !  
And so I take my leave ; but with this caution,  
Your sword be surer than your tongue ; you'll  
smart else.

*Mir.* I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee !  
And I'll talk louder, and despise thy sister ;  
Set up a chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,  
And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill  
Go, get thy rents up, go ! [*her.*]

*De Ga.* You are a fine gentleman ! [*Exit.*]

*Mir.* Now, have at my two youths ! I'll see how  
they do ;

How they behave themselves ; and then I'll study  
What wench shall love me next, and when I'll lose  
her. [*Exit.*]

# SCENE II.—A Hall in LA CASTRE's House.

*Enter PINAC and a Servant.*

*Pinac.* Art thou her servant, say'st at thou ?

*Serv.* Her poor creature ;

But servant to her horse, sir.

*Pinac.* Canst thou shew me

The way to her chamber, or where I may convey  
See her, or come to talk to her ? [*niently*]

*Serv.* That I can, sir ;

But the question is, whether I will or no.

*Pinac.* Why, I'll content thee.

*Serv.* Why, I'll content thee then ; now you come  
to me.

*Pinac.* There's for your diligence. [*Gives money.*]

*Serv.* There's her chamber, sir,

And this way she comes out ; stand you but here,  
sir,

You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.

*Pinac.* Is she not very angry ?

*Serv.* You'll find that quickly :

May be she'll call you saucy, scurvy fellow,  
Or some such familiar name ; may be she knows you,  
And will fling a piss-pot at you, or a pantofle,  
According as you are in acquaintance : If she like  
May be she'll look upon you ; may be no ; [*you,*  
And two months hence call for you.

*Pinac.* This is fine.

She is monstrous proud then ?

*Serv.* She is a little haughty ;

Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.

Can you speak Greek ?

*Pinac.* No, certain.

*Serv.* Get you gone then !—

And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes ?  
Do you remember who was Adam's schoolmaster,  
And who taught Eve to spin ? She knows all these,  
And will run you over the beginning o' th' world  
As familiar as a fiddler.

Can you sit seven hours together, and say nothing ?  
Which she will do, and, when she speaks, speak  
oracles,

Speak things that no man understands, nor herself

*Pinac.* Thou mak'st me wonder ! [*neither.*]

*Serv.* Can you smile ?

*Pinac.* Yes, willingly ;

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

*Serv.* She'll ne'er endure you then ; she's never  
merry ;

If she see one laugh, she'll swoon past *aqua vita*.  
Never come near her, sir ; if you chance to venture,  
And talk not like a doctor, you are damn'd too.  
I have told you enough for your crown, and so good  
speed you ! [*Exit.*]

*Pinac.* I have a pretty task if she be thus curious,  
As, sure, it seems she is ! If I fall off now,  
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully ; if I go forward,  
I can but be abused, and that I look for ;  
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.  
Stay ! in what mood and figure shall I attempt her ?  
A careless way ? No, no, that will not waken her ;  
Besides, her gravity will give me line still,  
And let me lose myself ; yet this way often  
Has hit, and handsomely. A wanton method ?  
Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration :  
But there's the doubt : If it but stir her blood once,  
And creep into the crannies of her fancy,  
Set her a-gog—But if she chance to slight it,  
And by the power of her modesty fling it back,  
I shall appear the arrant'st rascal to her,  
The most licentious knave—for I shall talk lewdly.  
To bear myself austere ? rate my words ?  
And fling a general gravity about me,  
As if I meant to give laws ? But this I cannot do,  
This is a way above my understanding :  
Or, if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her ;  
For serious and sad things are ever still

Suspicious. Well, I'll say something :  
But learning I have none, and less good manners,  
Especially for ladies. Well ; I'll set my best face.  
I hear some coming. This is the first woman  
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.

[Stands apart.]

Enter LILIA and PETELLA.

*Lil.* Give me my hat, Petella ; take this veil off,  
This sullen cloud ; it darkens my delights.  
Come, wench, be free, and let the music warble ;  
Play me some lusty measure. [Music.]

*Pinac.* This is she, sure,  
The very same I saw, the very woman,  
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay ;  
Let me be sure. Ne'er trust me, but she danceth !  
Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth.  
I'll go a little nearer.

*Lil.* Quicker time, fellows !  
I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella !

Enter MIRABEL.

*Pinac.* I am amazed ! I am founder'd in my fancy !

*Mir.* Ha ! say you so ? Is this your gravity ?  
This the austerity you put upon you ?  
I'll see more o' this sport. [Stands apart.]

*Lil.* A song now !  
Call in for a merry, and a light song ;  
And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Singing Boy.

*Boy.* Yes, madam.

*Lil.* And be not amazed, sirrah, but take us for  
your own company.

Let's walk ourselves : Come, wench. 'Would we  
had a man or two !

*Pinac.* Sure, she has spied me, and will abuse  
me dreadfully ;

She has put on this for the purpose ; yet I will  
try her.—

Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,  
Which I must crave a pardon for—

*Lil.* Oh, you are welcome,  
You are very welcome, sir ! we want such a one.  
Strike up again. I dare presume you dance well.  
Quick, quick, sir, quick ! the time steals on.

*Pinac.* I would talk with you.

*Lil.* Talk as you dance. [They dance.]

*Mir.* She'll beat him off his legs first.  
This is the finest masque !

*Lil.* Now, how do you, sir ?

*Pinac.* You have given me a shrewd heat.

*Lil.* I'll give you a hundred.

Come, sing now, sing ; for I know you sing well ;  
I see you have a singing face.

*Pinac.* A fine modesty !

If I could, she'd never give me breath.—Madam,  
I might sit and recover. [would]

*Lil.* Sit here, and sing now ;

Let's do things quickly, sir, and handsomely.—

Sit close, wench, close.—Begin, begin !

*Pinac.* I am lesson'd. [Song.]

*Lil.* 'Tis very pretty, i' faith. Give me some

*Pinac.* I would fain speak to you. [wine now.]

*Lil.* You shall drink first, believe me.

Here's to you a lusty health.

*Pinac.* I thank you, lady.—

'Would I were off again ! I smell my misery ;  
I was never put to this rack ! I shall be drunk too.

*Mir.* If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost  
mine aim much :

I thank Heaven, that I have 'scaped thee ! To her,  
Pinac ;  
For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for  
her—

I'll see how my other youth does ; this speeds trimly.  
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour !

[Exit.]

*Lil.* How do you like me, sir ?

*Pinac.* I like you rarely.

*Lil.* You see, sir, though sometimes we are grave  
And put on sadder dispositions, [and silent,  
Yet we're compounded of free parts, and sometimes  
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery metals [too  
Break out, and shew themselves : And what think  
you of that, sir ?

*Pinac.* Good lady, sit, (for I am very weary)  
And then I'll tell you.

*Lil.* Fy ! a young man idle ?  
Up, and walk ; be still in action ;  
The motions of the body are fair beauties :  
Besides, 'tis cold. Odds-me, sir, let's walk faster !  
What think you now of the lady Felicia ?  
And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter ? ha ?  
Are they not handsome things ? There is Duarta.  
And brown Olivia—

*Pinac.* I know none of 'em.

*Lil.* But brown must not be cast away, sir. If  
young Lelia

Had kept herself till this day from a husband.  
Why, what a beauty, sir ! You know Ismena.  
The fair gem of Saint-Germains ?

*Pinac.* By my troth, I do not.

*Lil.* And then, I know, you must hear of Brisc,  
How unlike a gentleman—

*Pinac.* As I live, I heard nothing.

*Lil.* Strike me another galliard !

*Pinac.* By this light, I cannot !

In troth, I have sprain'd my leg, madam.

*Lil.* Now sit you down, sir,  
And tell me why you came hither ? why you chose  
me out ?

What is your business ? your errand ? Dispatch,  
dispatch !

May be you are some gentleman's man, (and I  
mistook you)

That have brought me a letter, or a bunch of  
Sent me from some friend of mine. [reasons.]

*Pinac.* Do I look like a carrier ?

You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.

*Lil.* 'Cry you mercy, sir ! I saw you yesterday :  
You are new come out of travel ; I mistook you.  
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy ?

*Pinac.* Madam, I came with duty, and fair  
Service, and honour to you. [courtesy.]

*Lil.* You came to jeer me !

You see I am merry, sir ; I have changed my copy :  
None of the sages now, and pray you proclaim it ;  
Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, sir,  
Of wantonness, or wildness ; I look for it ;  
And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,  
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it ;  
But not to have you believed : For, mark you, sir,  
I have won a nobler estimation, |  
A stronger tie by my discretion

Upon opinion (howe'er you think I forc'd it)  
Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber,  
And, when I please, I will be what I please, sir,  
So I exceed not mean ; and none shall brand it,  
Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

*Pinac.* Lady, I come to love you.

*Lil.* Love yourself, sir;  
And when I want observers, I'll send for you.  
Heigh-ho! my fit's almost off; for we do all by  
fits, sir.

If you be weary, sit till I come again to you.

[Exit with *PETELLA*.]

*Pinac.* This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but  
Hang me if I know yet either what to think  
Or make of her; she had her will of me,  
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;  
And, I confess, I never was so blurted,  
Nor ever so abused: I must bear mine own sins.  
You talk of travels; here's a curious country!  
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty.

[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter *ROSALURA* and *ORIANA*.

*Ros.* Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; you are a  
fool then.

*Ori.* I am sure I am made so: Yet, before I  
suffer

Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph—

*Ros.* You say right; for as long as he perceives  
you

Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at you:  
For me, secure yourself; and for my sister,  
I partly know her mind too: Howsoever,  
To obey my father, we have made a tender  
Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monsieur,  
Yet two words to a bargain! He slights us  
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.  
May be, my free behaviour turns his stomach,  
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion:  
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.

*Ori.* Why should not you? Are not minds only  
As long as here you stand secure— [measured?]

*Ros.* You say true;

As long as mine own conscience makes no question,  
What care I for report? that woman's miserable,  
That's good or bad for their tongues' sake. Come,  
let's retire,

And get my veil, wench; by my troth, your sorrow,  
And the consideration of men's humorous maddings,  
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter *MIRABEL* and *BELLEUR*, and stand apart.

*Ori.* Come, 'faith, let's sit and think.

*Ros.* That's all my business.

*Mir.* Why stand'st thou peeping here? Thou

*Bel.* She is there; peace! [great slug, forward!]

*Mir.* Why stand'st thou here then,  
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal linen?  
Hast thou not place and time?

*Bel.* I had a rare speech  
Studied, and almost ready; and your violence  
Has beat it out of my brains.

*Mir.* Hang your rare speeches!

Go me on like a man.

*Bel.* Let me set my beard up.

How has *Pinac* perform'd?

*Mir.* He has won already:

He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

*Bel.* Lord, what should I ail!

What a cold I have over my stomach; 'would I  
had some hum!

Certain I have a great mind to be at her,  
A mighty mind.

*Mir.* On, fool!

*Bel.* Good words, I beseech you;  
For I will not be abused by both.

*Mir.* Adieu, then,

(I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant.)

And work your own way.

*Bel.* Hist, hist! I will be ruled;

I will, i' faith; I will go presently:

Will you forsake me now, and leave me i' th' suds?

You know, I am false-hearted this way; I beseech  
you,

Good sweet *Mirabel* (I'll cut your throat if you  
Indeed I will!) sweet-heart! [leave me,

*Mir.* I will be ready,

Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,

And speak thy mind; the plainer still the better.

She is a woman of that free behaviour,

Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot deny  
Go bravely on. [thee;

*Bel.* Madam—keep close about me.

Still at my back.—Madam, sweet madam—

*Ros.* Ha!

What noise is that? what saucy sound to trouble

*Mir.* What said she? [me?

*Bel.* I am saucy.

*Mir.* 'Tis the better.

*Bel.* She comes; must I be saucy still?

*Mir.* More saucy.

*Ros.* Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven  
bless us!

What are we born to?—Would you speak with  
any of my people?

Go in, sir; I am busy.

*Bel.* This is not she, sure:

Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd then!

Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,

Talk'd of those matters that befitted women;

This is a parcel-prayer-book; I'm served sweetly!

And now I am to look too; I was prepared for th'

*Ros.* Do you know that man? [other way.

*Ori.* Sure, I have seen him, lady.

*Ros.* Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow  
Should wander up and down, and want employ-  
ment.

*Bel.* She takes me for a rogue!—You may do  
well, madam,

To stay this wanderer, and set him at work,  
forsooth;

He can do something that may please your lady-  
ship;

I have heard of women that desire good breedings,  
Two at a birth, or so.

*Ros.* The fellow's impudent.

*Ori.* Sure, he is crazed.

*Ros.* I have heard of men too that have had good  
manners;

Sure, this is want of grace; Indeed, 'tis great pity  
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd  
Is full of such examples. [age

*Bel.* I am founder'd,

And some shall rue the setting of me on!

*Mir.* Ha! so bookish, lady? is it possible?

Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then.

Why, this is such a feat, such an activity,

Such fast and loose—

Enter *Servant*, with a veil.

A veil too for your knavery?

O Dio, Dio!

*Ros.* What do you take me for, sir?

*Mir.* An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,

Howe'er you seem, and thus you are to be handled ;  
(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know it.

*Ros.* Stand off, bold sir!

*Mir.* You wear good clothes to this end,  
Jewels ; love feasts, and masques.

*Ros.* Ye are monstrous saucy !

*Mir.* All this to draw on fools ; and thus, thus,  
lady, [Takes hold of her.

Ye are to be lull'd.

*Bel.* Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,  
I will, i' faith ! for though I cannot skill o' this  
matter

Myself, I will not see another do it before me,  
And do it worse.

*Ros.* Away ! you are a vain thing !

You have travell'd far, sir, to return again  
A windy and poor bladder ! You talk of women,  
That are not worth the favour of a common one,  
The grace of her grew in an hospital !  
Against a thousand such blown fooleries,  
I am able to maintain good women's honours,  
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it—

*Mir.* She has almost struck me dumb too.

*Ros.* And declaim

Against your base malicious tongues, your noises,  
For they are nothing else. You teach behaviours ?  
Or touch us for our freedoms ? Teach yourselves  
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly [manners,  
That our lives may shine in ye ; and then task us.  
It seems, ye are hot ; the suburbs will supply ye :  
Good women scorn such gamesters ; so I'll leave ye !  
I am sorry to see this : 'Faith, sir, live fairly.

[Exit.

*Mir.* This woman, if she hold on, may be vir-  
tuous ;

'Tis almost possible : We'll have a new day.

*Bel.* Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this  
foolery ;

I am shamed, I am scorn'd, I am flurled ! yes, I  
am so !

Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,  
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,  
Yet I can fight with any man.

*Mir.* Fy !

*Bel.* I can, sir ;

And I will fight.

*Mir.* With whom ?

*Bel.* With you ; with any man ;

For all men now will laugh at me.

*Mir.* Pr'ythee be moderate.

*Bel.* And I'll beat all men. Come !

*Mir.* I love thee dearly.

*Bel.* I will beat all that love ; love has undone  
Never tell me ! I will not be a history. [me !

*Mir.* Thou art not.

*Bel.* 'Sfoot, I will not ! Give me room,

And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me ;

And I'll begin with you first.

*Mir.* Pr'ythee, Belleur !

If I do not satisfy thee—

*Bel.* Well, look you do.

But, now I think on't better, 'tis impossible !

I must beat somebody ; I am maul'd myself,

And I ought in justice—

*Mir.* No, no, no, ye are cozen'd :

But walk, and let me talk to thee.

*Bel.* Talk wisely,

And see that no man laugh, upon no occasion ;

For I shall think then 'tis at me.

*Mir.* I warrant thee.

*Bel.* Nor no more talk of this.

*Mir.* Dost think I am maddish ?

*Bel.* I must needs fight yet ; for I find it coa-  
cerns me :

A pox on't : I must fight.

*Mir.* I' faith, thou shalt not.

[Exeunt.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—The Garden of the same House.

Enter DE GARD and LUGIER.

*De Ga.* I know you are a scholar, and can do  
wonders.

*Lug.* There's no great scholarship belongs to  
this, sir ;

What I am, I am : I pity your poor sister,  
And heartily I hate these travellers,  
These gim-cracks, made of mops and motions :  
There's nothing in their houses here but hummings ;  
A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too  
The insolent licentious carriage  
Of this out-facing fellow Mirabel ;  
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

*De Ga.* His wrongs you partly know.

*Lug.* Do not you stir, sir ;

Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it :  
Keep your sword close ; we'll cut his throat a new  
I am ashamed the gentlewoman should suffer [way.  
Such base, lewd wrongs.

*De Ga.* I will be ruled ; he shall live,  
And left to your revenge.

*Lug.* Ay, ay, I'll fit him :

He makes a common scorn of handsome women ;  
Modesty and good manners are his may-games ;

He takes up maidenheads with a new commis-  
sion ;

The church-warrant's out of date. Follow my  
counsel,

For I am zealous in the cause.

*De Ga.* I will, sir,

And will be still directed ; for the truth is,

My sword will make my sister seem more mon-  
strous :

Besides, there is no honour won on reprobates.

*Lug.* You are i' th' right. The slight he has  
shew'd my pupils

Sets me a-fire too. Go ; I'll prepare your sister,

And, as I told you—

*De Ga.* Yes ; all shall be fit, sir.

*Lug.* And seriously and handsomely.

*De Ga.* I warrant you.

*Lug.* A little counsel more.

[Whispers.

*De Ga.* 'Tis well.

*Lug.* Most stately !

See that observed ; and then !

*De Ga.* I have you every way.

*Lug.* Away then, and be ready.

*De Ga.* With all speed, sir.

[Exit.

*Lug.* We'll learn to travel too, may be, beyond  
him.

*Enter LILLIA, ROSALURA, and ORIANA.*

Good day, fair beauties!

*Lil.* You have beautified us,  
We thank you, sir; you have set us off most gal-  
With your grave precepts. [lantly

*Ros.* We expected husbands  
Out of your documents and taught behaviours,  
Excellent husbands; thought men would run stark  
mad on us,

Men of all ages, and all states; we expected  
An inundation of desires and offers,  
A torrent of trim suitors; all we did,  
Or said, or purposed, to be spells about us,  
Spells to provoke.

*Lil.* You have provoked us finely!  
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,  
We were stately, coy, demure, careless, light, giddy,  
And play'd at all points: This, you swore, would  
carry.

*Ros.* We made love, and condemn'd love; now  
seem'd holy,

With such a reverend put-on reservation  
Which could not miss, according to your principles;  
Now gave more hope again; now close, now public,  
Still up and down we beat it like a billow;  
And ever those behaviours you read to us,  
Subtle, and new: But all this will not help us!

*Lil.* They help to hinder us of all acquaintance,  
They have frighted off all friends! What am I better  
For all my learning, if I love a dunce,  
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my reading?  
You should have taught me what belongs to horses,  
Dogs, dice, hawks, banquets, masques, free and  
fair meetings,

To have studied gowns and dressings.

*Lug.* Ye are not mad, sure!

*Ros.* We shall be, if we follow your encourage-  
I'll take mine own way now! [ments:

*Lil.* And I my fortune;

We may live maids else till the moon drop mill-  
stones.

I see, your modest women are taken for monsters;  
A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.

*Lug.* Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray ye  
give me leave yet,

And you shall see how I'll convert this heretic:  
Mark how this Mirabel—

*Lil.* Name him no more;

For, though I long for a husband, I hate him,  
And would be married sooner to a monkey,  
Or to a Jack of Straw, than such a juggler.

*Ros.* I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,  
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly,  
For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth on't.  
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;

[Pointing to ORIANA.

And reason why. No, no, we will not trouble you  
Nor him at this time: May he make you happy!  
We'll turn ourselves loose now, to our fair fortunes;  
And the down-right way—

*Lil.* The winning way we'll follow;  
We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not be  
frighted;

Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither; we'll  
have some sport,  
Some mad-morris or other for our money, tutor.

*Lug.* 'Tis like enough: Prosper your own de-  
vices!

Ye are old enough to chuse: But, for this gentle-  
So please her give me leave— [woman,

*Ori.* I shall be glad, sir,

To find a friend whose pity may direct me.

*Lug.* I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;  
But then ye must be ruled.

*Ori.* In all, I vow to you.

*Ros.* Do, do: He has a lucky hand sometimes,  
I'll assure you;

And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly.

*Lug.* You must away straight.

*Ori.* Yes.

*Lug.* And I'll instruct you:

Here you can know no more.

*Ori.* By your leave, sweet ladies;

And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!

*Lil.* Amen, amen!

*Lug.* I must borrow your man.

*Lil.* Pray take him;

He is within: To do her good, take any thing,  
Take us and all.

*Lug.* No doubt, ye may find takers;

And so we'll leave ye to your own disposes.

[Exit LUGIA and ORIANA.

*Lil.* Now, which way, wench?

*Ros.* We'll go a brave way, fear not;

A safe and sure way too; and yet a bye-way.

I must confess, I have a great mind to be married.

*Lil.* So have I too a grudging of good-will that  
way;

And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this  
monsieur Quicksilver—

*Ros.* No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main: Let  
him trample:

There is no safety in his surquedry:

An army-royal of women are too few for him;

He keeps a journal of his gentleness,

And will go near to print his fair dispatches,

And call it his triumph over time and women:

Let him pass out of memory! What think you  
Of his two companions?

*Lil.* Pinac, methinks, is reasonable;

A little modesty he has brought home with him,  
And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.

*Ros.* They say, he is a wench too.

*Lil.* I like him better;

A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,

And sets him seemly off: So he exceed not,

But keep his compass clear, he may be look'd at.

I would not marry a man that must be taught,

And conjured up with kisses; the best game

Is play'd still by the best gamesters.

*Ros.* Fy upon thee!

What talk hast thou?

*Lil.* Are not we alone, and merry?

Why should we be ashamed to speak what we think?

Thy gentleman,

The tall fat fellow, he that came to see thee—

*Ros.* Is't not a goodly man?

*Lil.* A wondrous goodly!

He has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy  
upon me,

What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St.  
George!

*Ros.* Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings  
mettle,

Brings substance with him, needs no broths to  
lure him.

These little fellows shew like fleas in boxes,

Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us:

Give me the puissant pike; take you the small  
shot.



*Lil.* Of a great thing, I have not seen a duller :  
Therefore, methinks, sweet sister—

*Ros.* Peace, he's modest ;  
A bashfulness ; which is a point of grace, wench :  
But, when these fellows come to moulding, sister,  
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him ;  
And, methinks, I could form him.

*Enter MIRABEL.*

*Lil.* Peace ! the fire-drake.

*Mir.* Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incom-  
parable ladies,  
Sweet wits, sweet humours ! Bless you, learned  
lady !

And you, most holy nun ! Bless your devotions !

*Lil.* And bless your brains, sir, your most preg-  
nant brains, sir !

They are in travel ; may they be deliver'd  
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose !

*Ros.* Bless your manhood !  
They say you are a gentleman of action,  
A fair accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer ;  
You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,  
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

*Mir.* I have, lady.

*Ros.* And often glory in their ruins.

*Mir.* Yes, forsooth ;

I have a speedy trick, please you to try it :  
My engine will dispatch you instantly.

*Ros.* I would I were a woman, sir, fit for you,  
As there be such, no doubt, may engine you too ;  
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour.  
But, in good faith, sir, we are both too honest ;  
And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded :  
For, look you, if we thought it were a glory  
To be the last of all your lovely ladies—

*Mir.* Come, come ; leave prating : This has  
spoil'd your market !

This pride and puffed-up heart will make ye fast,  
Fast, when ye are hungry too. [ladies,

*Ros.* The more our pain, sir.

*Lil.* The more our health, I hope too.

*Mir.* Your behaviours

Have made men stand amazed ; those men that  
loved ye ;

Men of fair states and parts. Your strange con-  
versions

Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore ;  
Your scorns of those that came to visit ye ;  
Your studied whim-whams, and your fine set faces :  
What have these got ye ? Proud and harsh opinions !  
A travell'd monsieur was the strangest creature,  
The wildest monster to be wonder'd at ;  
His person made a public scoff, his knowledge  
(As if he had been bred 'mongst bears or bandogs)  
Shunn'd and avoided ; his conversation snuff'd at :  
What harvest brings all this ?

*Ros.* I pray you proceed, sir.

*Mir.* Now ye shall see in what esteem a traveller,  
An understanding gentleman, and a monsieur,  
Is to be held ; and to your griefs confess it,  
Both to your griefs and galls !

*Lil.* In what, I pray ye, sir ?

We would be glad to understand your excellence.

*Mir.* Go on, sweet ladies ; it becomes ye rarely !  
For me, I have blest me from ye ; scoff on seriously,  
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady Learning,  
Note the poor traveller that came to visit ye,  
That flat unfurnish'd fellow ; note him thoroughly !  
You may chance to see him anon.

*Lil.* 'Tis very likely.

*Mir.* And see him courted by a travell'd lady,  
Held dear, and honour'd by a virtuous virgin ;  
May be a beauty not far short of yours neither ;  
It may be, clearer.

*Lil.* Not unlikely.

*Mir.* Younger :

As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant ;  
May be, a state too that may top your fortune :  
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him ;  
His good parts, in what precious price already ;  
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him ;  
A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes on him ;  
Enquire of this ; be sick to know : Curse, lady,  
And keep your chamber ; cry, and curse ! A sweet  
one,

A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well friended,  
Travell'd, and highly follow'd for her fashions !

*Lil.* Bless his good fortune, sir.

*Mir.* This scurvy fellow,  
I think they call his name Pinac, this serving-man  
That brought you venison, as I take it, madam,  
Note but this scab ! 'Tis strange, that this coarse  
creature,

That has no more set-off but his jugglings,  
His travell'd tricks—

*Lil.* Good sir, I grieve not at him,  
Nor envy not his fortune : Yet I wonder !  
He's handsome, yet I see no such perfection.

*Mir.* 'Would I had his fortune ! for it is a woman  
Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that judgment,  
Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,  
And such a wife to bless him—

*Ros.* Pray you whence is she ?

*Mir.* Of England, and a most accomplish'd lady ;  
So modest that men's eyes are frighted at her,  
And such a noble carriage—How now, sirrah ?

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, the great English lady—

*Mir.* What of her, sir ?

*Boy.* Has newly left her coach, and coming this  
way,

Where you may see her plain : Monsieur Pinac  
The only man that leads her.

*Enter PINAC, MARIANA, and Attendants.*

*Mir.* He is much honour'd ;  
'Would I had such a favour !—Now vex, ladies,  
Envy, and vex, and rail !

*Ros.* You are short of us, sir.

*Mir.* Bless your fair fortune, sir !

*Pinac.* I nobly thank you.

*Mir.* Is she married, friend ?

*Pinac.* No, no.

*Mir.* A goodly lady ;  
A sweet and delicate aspect !—Mark, mark, and  
Hast thou any hope of her ? [wonder !—

*Pinac.* A little.

*Mir.* Follow close then ;

Lose not that hope.

*Pinac.* To you, sir. [MARIANA courtesies to him.

*Mir.* Gentle lady !

*Ros.* She is fair, indeed.

*Lil.* I have seen a fairer ; yet

She is well.

*Ros.* Her clothes sit handsome too.

*Lil.* She dresses prettily.

*Ros.* And, by my faith, she's rich ; she looks still  
A well-bred woman, I warrant her. [sweeter.

*Lil.* Do you hear, sir?  
May I crave this gentlewoman's name?

*Pinac.* Mariana, lady.

*Lil.* I will not say I owe you a quarrel, monsieur,  
For making me your stale! A noble gentleman  
Would have had more courtesy, at least more faith,  
Than to turn off his mistress at first trial:  
You know not what respect I might have shew'd  
you;

I find you have worth.

*Pinac.* I cannot stay to answer you;  
You see my charge. I am beholding to you  
For all your merry tricks you put upon me,  
Your bobbs, and base accounts: I came to love  
you,

To woo you, and to serve you; I am much indebted  
to you

For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking  
me,

For telling me strange tales I never heard of,  
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,  
When you both knew I was a gentleman,  
And one deserved as rich a match as you are!

*Lil.* Be not so bitter, sir.

*Pinac.* You see this lady:  
She is young enough, and fair enough, to please me;  
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,  
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves  
her;

I am content with this, and bless my fortune:  
Your curious wits, and beauties—

*Lil.* 'Faith, see me once more.

*Pinac.* I dare not trouble you.

*Lil.* May I speak to your lady?

*Pinac.* I pray you content yourself: I know you  
are bitter,

And, in your bitterness, you may abuse her;  
Which, if she comes to know, (for she understands  
you not)

It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,  
And such an indiscretion fling on you too  
(For she is nobly friended)—

*Lil.* I could eat her!

[*Aside.*]

*Pinac.* Rest as ye are, a modest noble gentle-  
woman,

And afford your honest neighbours some of your  
prayers.

[*Exeunt PINAC, MARIANA, and Attendants.*]

*Mir.* What think you now?

*Lil.* 'Faith, she's a pretty whiting;  
She has got a pretty catch too!

*Mir.* You are angry,  
Monstrous angry now, grievously angry;  
And the pretty heart does swell now!

*Lil.* No, in troth, sir.

*Mir.* And it will cry anon, 'A pox upon it!'  
And it will curse itself, and eat no meat, lady;  
And it will sigh!

*Lil.* Indeed you are mistaken;  
It will be very merry.

*Ros.* Why, sir, do you think  
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer,  
Than he, or you? By this light, there be ten  
thousand,

Ten thousand thousand! Comfort yourself, dear  
monsieur!

Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abilitments:  
There are so many we regard 'em not.

*Mir.* That such a noble lady—I could burst now!  
So far above such trifles—

*Enter BELLEUR, and two Gentlemen.*

*Bel.* You did laugh at me;  
And I know why ye laugh'd!

*2 Gent.* I pray ye be satisfied  
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,  
And not at you.

*2 Gent.* Alas, we know you not, sir.

*Bel.* I'll make you know me! Set your faces  
soberly;

Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no may-game!  
Sadder, demurer yet!

*Ros.* What is the matter?

What ails this gentleman?

*Bel.* Go off now backward, that I may behold ye:  
And not a simper, on your lives!

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Lil.* He's mad, sure.

*Bel.* Do you observe me too?

*Mir.* I may look on you.

*Bel.* Why do you grin? I know your mind.

*Mir.* You do not.

You are strangely humorous: Is there no mirth,  
But you must be the object?

[*nor pleasure,*]

*Bel.* Mark, and observe me: Wherever I am  
named,

The very word shall raise a general sadness,  
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me,  
This proud pert thing! Take heed you laugh not  
Provoke me not; take heed!

[*at me;*]

*Ros.* I would fain please you;

Do any thing to keep you quiet.

*Bel.* Hear me:

Till I receive a satisfaction

Equal to the disgrace and scorn you gave me,  
You are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st at me,  
And I scorn thee as much, as seriously  
Jeer and abuse thee; ask, what Gill thou art,  
Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee,  
I will so sing thy virtue, so be-paint thee—

*Ros.* Nay, good sir, be more modest.

*Bel.* Do you laugh again?

Because you are a woman, you are lawless,

And out of compass of an honest anger.

*Ros.* Good sir, have a better belief of me.

*Lil.* Away, dear sister.

[*Exeunt ROSALURA and LILLIA.*]

*Mir.* Is not this better now, this seeming  
Than falling out with your friends?

[*madness,*]

*Bel.* Have I not frightened her?

*Mir.* Into her right wits, I warrant thee: Follow  
this humour,

And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide  
thee.

*Bel.* I am glad I have found a way to woo yet;  
I was afraid once

I never should have made a civil suitor.

Well, I'll about it still.

*Mir.* Do, do, and prosper.— [*Exit BELLEUR.*]

What sport do I make with these fools! what  
pleasure

Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor-innocence!

Wooing and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,

Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love, sure,

With mine own happy head.

*Enter LUGIA.*

Who's this?—To me, sir?—

What youth is this?

*Lug.* Yes, sir, I would speak with you,  
If your name be monsieur Mirabel.

*Mir.* You have hit it :  
Your business, I beseech you ?

*Lug.* This it is, sir ;  
There is a gentlewoman hath long time affected you,  
And loved you dearly.

*Mir.* Turn over, and end that story ;  
'Tis long enough : I have no faith in women, sir.

*Lug.* It seems so, sir : I do not come to woo  
for her,

Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em ;  
I come to tell you, you have been cruel to her,  
Unkind and cruel, false of faith, and careless ;  
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,  
Wrestling her honour to your wild disposes,  
Than noble in requiting her affection :  
Which, as you are a man, I must desire you  
(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in,  
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.

*Mir.* Why, I beseech you, sir ?

*Lug.* Good sir, I'll tell you.  
And I'll be short ; I'll tell you, because I love  
you ;  
Because I would have you shun the shame may  
follow.

There is a nobleman, new come to town, sir,  
A noble and a great man, that affects her,  
(A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan,  
Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours her,  
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,  
To touch at anything concerns her honour,  
Believe, most dangerous : Her name is Oriana,  
And this great man will marry her. Take heed,  
sir ;

For howso'er her brother, a staid gentleman,  
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lord, sir,  
Is of that fiery and that poignant metal,  
(Especially provoked on by affection)  
That 'twill be hard—But you are wise.

*Mir.* A lord, sir ?

*Lug.* Yes, and a noble lord.

*Mir.* 'Send her good fortune!  
This will not stir her lord?—A baroness ?  
Say you so ? say you so ? By'r lady, a brave title !  
Top, and top-gallant now ! Save her great ladyship !  
I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, sir,  
And in those days I thought I might be jovy,  
And make a little bold to call in to her ;  
But, *basta* ! now, I know my rules and distance ;  
Yet, if she want an usher, such an implemant,  
One that is thoroughly paced, a clean-made gentle-  
man hold a hanging up with approbation, [man,  
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,  
I do beseech you, sir—

*Lug.* Sir, leave your scoffing,  
And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly :  
I have given you a friend's counsel ; so I'll leave  
you.

*Mir.* But, hark ye, hark ye, sir ! Is't possible  
I may believe what you say ?

*Lug.* You may choose, sir.

*Mir.* No baits ? no fish-hooks, sir ? no gins ?  
No pitfalls to catch puppies ? [no nooses ?

*Lug.* I tell you certain :

You may believe ; if not, stand to the danger !  
[Exit.

*Mir.* A lord of Savoy, says he ? the duke's  
nephew ?

A man so mighty ? By'r lady, a fair marriage !  
By my faith a handsome fortune ! I must leave  
prating ;

For, to confess the truth, I have abused her,  
For which I should be sorry, but that will seem  
scurry.

I must confess she was, ever since I knew her,  
As modest as she was fair ; I am sure she loved  
me ;

Her means good, and her breeding excellent ;  
And for my sake she has refused fair matches :  
I may play the fool finely.—Stay ! who are these ?

*Enter DE GARD disguised, ORIANA, and Attendants.*

'Tis she, I am sure ; and that the lord, it should  
seem ;

He carries a fair port, is a handsome man too.  
I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.

*Ori.* Good my lord, chuse a nobler ; for I know  
I am so far below your rank and honour,  
That what you can say this way, I must credit  
But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, sir,  
I am so far off from deserving you,  
My beauty so unfit for your affection,  
That I am grown the scorn of common railers,  
Of such injurious things, that, when they cannot  
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation.  
I am poor, besides.

*De Ga.* You are all wealth and goodness ;  
And none but such as are the scum of men,  
The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,  
That live on poison only, like swoln spiders,  
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

*Mir.* This man speaks loud indeed.

*De Ga.* Name but the men, lady ;  
Let me but know these poor and base depravers,  
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,  
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully,  
For your most beautiful sake, how direfully,  
I'll handle their despites. Is this thing one ?  
Be what he will—

*Mir.* Sir !

*De Ga.* Dare your malicious tongue, sir—

*Mir.* I know you not, nor what you mean.

*Ori.* Good my lord !

*De Ga.* If he, or any he—

*Ori.* I beseech your honour !

This gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge ;  
And, no doubt, sir, a worthy man.

*De Ga.* Your mercy !

But, had he been a taintor of your honour,  
A blaster of those beauties reign within you—  
But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady,  
As soon as I have freed you from your guardian,  
And done some honour'd offices unto you,  
I'll take you, with those faults the world sings on  
you,

And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem you !  
[Exit.

*Mir.* This is a thundering lord : I am glad I  
'scaped him.

How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villainy !  
I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have her ;  
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her,  
But that this bilbo-lord shall reap that maidenhead  
That was my due ; that he shall rig and top her !  
I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might miss  
her.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your  
counsel,  
You have good luck, sir : I'll teach you to strike  
lighter.

*Mir.* Come hither, honest fellow: Canst thou tell me  
Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord? Thou  
He now went by thee, certain. [met 'st him;  
*Serv.* Yes, he did, sir;  
I know him, and I know you are fool'd.  
*Mir.* Come hither; [Gives money.  
*Serv.* Here's all this, give me truth.  
*Serv.* Not for your money,  
(And yet that may do much) but I have been  
beaten,  
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and I'll  
This is no lord, no Savoy lord. [tell you.  
*Mir.* Go forward.  
*Serv.* This is a trick, and put upon you grossly  
By one Lugier: The lord is monsieur De Gard,  
An honest gentleman, and a neighbour here: [sir,  
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.  
*Mir.* Now I know him;  
Know him now plain!  
*Serv.* I have discharged my choler; so God be  
wi' you, sir! [Exit.  
*Mir.* What a purblind puppy was I! Now I re-  
member him;  
All the whole cast on's face, though it were umber'd,  
And mask'd with patches. What a dunder-whelp,  
To let him domineer thus! How he strutted,  
And what a load of lord he clapt upon him!  
'Would I had him here again! I would so bounce  
him,  
I would so thank his lordship for his lewd plot——

Do they think to carry it away, with a great band  
made of bird-pots,  
And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha!

*Enter DE GARD, ORIANA, and Attendants.*

'Tis he again; he comes, he comes, he comes!  
have at him.— [Sings.  
My Savoy lord, why dost thou frown on me?  
And will that favour never sweeter be?  
Wilt thou, I say, for ever play the fool?  
De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school!  
My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antick;  
My lady bright, that will be sometimes frantic;  
You worthy train that wait upon this pair,  
—'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing bair!  
And so I take my humble leave of your honours!  
[Exit.

*De Ga.* We are discover'd, there's no remedy.  
Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life.

In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected him—  
A shameless slave! plague on him for a rascal!

*Ori.* I was in perfect hope. The bane on't is  
now,

He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

*De Ga.* We must be patient; I am vex'd to th'  
proof too.

I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one speaks.  
[Puts his hand on his sword.

*Ori.* Let me be lost, and scorn'd first!

*De Ga.* Well, we'll consider.

Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.

[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Street before the House of PINAC.

*Enter LUGIER, LILLIA, and Servant, with a willow garland.*

*Lug.* Faint not, but do as I direct ye; trust me.  
Believe me too, for what I have told you, lady,  
As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;  
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a poor courage  
Flies off for one repulse. These travellers  
Shall find, before we have done, a home-spun wit,  
A plain French understanding, may cope with 'em.  
They have had the better yet, thank your sweet  
squire here!

And let 'em brag. You would be revenged?

*Lil.* Yes, surely.

*Lug.* And married too?

*Lil.* I think so.

*Lug.* Then be counsell'd;  
You know how to proceed. I have other irons  
Heating as well as yours, and I will strike  
Three blows with one stone home. Be ruled, and  
happy;

And so I leave you. Now's the time. [Exit.

*Lil.* I am ready,

If he do come to do me.

*Serv.* Will you stand here,  
And let the people think you are God knows what  
mistress?

Let boys and prentices presume upon you?

*Lil.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Serv.* Stand at his door that hates you?

*Lil.* Pr'ythee leave prating.

*Serv.* Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give you a  
pint of wine there.

If any of the mad-cap gentlemen should come by,  
That take up women upon special warrant,  
You were in a wise case now.

*Lil.* Give me the garland;  
And wait you here.

*Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, MARIANA, Priest, and  
Attendants.*

*Mir.* She is here to seek thee, sirrah:  
I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee!  
Shew, and advance. So early stirring, lady?  
It shews a busy mind, a fancy troubled.  
A willow garland too? Is't possible?  
'Tis pity so much beauty should lie musty;  
But 'tis not to be help'd now.

*Lil.* The more's my misery.  
Good fortune to you, lady, you deserve it;  
To me, too-late repentance, I have sought it.  
I do not envy, though I grieve a little,  
You are mistreas of that happiness, those joys,  
That might have been, had I been wise.—But for-  
tune—

*Pinac.* She understands you not; pray you do  
not trouble her!

And do not cross me like a hare thus; 'tis as omin-  
*Lil.* I come not to upbraid your levity, [ous.  
(Though you made show of love, and though I  
liked you)

To claim an interest, (we are yet both strangers;  
But what we might have been, had you persevered,  
To be an eye-sore to your loving lady: [sir!]  
This garland shews, I give myself forsaken,  
(Yet, she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly!)  
And all the power and interest I had in you

(As I persuade myself, somewhat you loved me !)  
Thus patiently I render up, I offer  
To her that must enjoy you, and so bless you !  
Only, I heartily desire this courtesy,  
And would not be denied, to wait upon you  
This day, to see you tied, then no more trouble you.

*Pinac.* It needs not, lady.

*Lil.* Good sir, grant me so much.

*Pinac.* 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.

*Lil.* My presence, sir, shall not proclaim it public.

*Pinac.* May be, 'tis not in town.

*Lil.* I have a coach, sir,

And a most ready will to do you service.

*Mir.* Strike, now or never ! make it sure ! I tell thee, [Aside to *PINAC.*  
She will hang herself, if she have thee not.

*Pinac.* Pray you, sir,  
Entertain my noble mistress : Only a word or two  
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve you.—  
Now you see what your flings are, and your fancies,  
Your states, and your wild stubbornness ; now  
you find

What 'tis to gird and kick at men's fair services,  
To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory,  
That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under you,  
'Tis ugly, naught ; a self-will in a woman,  
Chain'd to an overweening thought, is pestilent,  
Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion :  
There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern,  
Humble, and sweet.

*Lil.* I can but grieve my ignorance.  
Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice ;  
For sure, sir, if my chance had been so happy  
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)  
As to have arrived at you, (I will not prophesy,  
But certain, as I think) I should have pleased you ;  
Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,  
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd of you.  
Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly ;  
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,  
And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

*Pinac.* Now you talk reason.

*Lil.* But being yolk'd and govern'd,  
Married, and those light vanities purged from us,  
How fair we grow ! how gentle, and how tender,  
We twine about those loves that shoot up with us !  
A sullen woman fear, that talks not to you ;  
She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully :  
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,  
Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,  
Believe her excellent, though she despise you ;  
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll shew to you  
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd :  
Such had I been, had you believed !

*Pinac.* Is't possible ?

*Lil.* And to your happiness I dare assure you,  
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,  
Your will, and your command, had tied my motions :  
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and  
giddy,

And, till you have a wife can govern with you,  
You sail upon this world's sea, light and empty ;  
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name  
neither

Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,  
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience ;  
She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,  
That knows and reckons every rib he is built on.  
But this I tell you to my shame.

*Pinac.* I admire you ;

And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.—

*Mir.* So, so, so ! fair and softly ! She is thine  
own, boy ; [Apart to him

She comes now without lure.—

*Pinac.* But that it must needs  
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,  
Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing,  
A blessing of that hope—

*Lil.* I dare not urge you :

And yet, dear sir—

*Pinac.* 'Tis most certain, I had rather,  
If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my coun-  
try-woman,

A neighbour, here born by me ; she a stranger,  
And who knows how her friends—

*Lil.* Do as you please, sir ;  
If you be fast, not all the world—I love you.

It is most true, and clear, I would persuade you :  
And I shall love you still.

*Pinac.* Go, get before me :  
So much you have won upon me—do it presently :  
Here's a priest ready—I'll have you.

*Lil.* Not now, sir ;  
No, you shall pardon me !—Advance your lady ;  
I dare not hinder your most high preferment :  
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd you.

*Pinac.* How's that ?

*Lil.* I have caught you, sir ! Alas, I am no  
stateswoman,

Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you :  
I have found your lady too, your beauteous lady :  
I have found her birth and breeding too, her dis-  
cipline,

Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,  
And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nunner  
Received her in ; I have found all these ! Are you  
blank now ?

Method, such travel'd wisdoms should not lose  
Such excellent indiscretions— [thas :

*Mir.* How could she know this ?

*Lil.* 'Tis true, she is English born, but most  
part French now,  
And so I hope you will find her to your comfort.  
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost you !  
The price of these hired clothes I do not know.  
gentlemen ! [for 'em !

Those jewels are the broker's, how you stand bound  
*Pinac.* Will you make this good ?

*Lil.* Yes, yes ; and to her face, sir,  
That she's an English whore ! a kind of fling—dast.  
One of your London light o' loves, a right one !  
Came over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat,  
One faith, and one smock, with a broken haberdashery.  
I know all this without a conjurer. [dasher :  
Her name is Jumping-Joan, an ancient sin-weaver :  
She was first a lady's chambermaid, there shipp'd,  
And broke her leg above the knee ; departed,  
And set up shop herself ; stood the fierce conflicts  
Of many a furious term ; there lost her colours,  
And last shipp'd over hither.

*Mir.* We are betray'd !

*Lil.* Do you come to fright me with this mystery ?  
To stir me with a stink none can endure, sir ?  
I pray you proceed ; the wedding will become you !  
Who gives the lady ? you ? An excellent father !  
A careful man, and one that knows a beauty !  
Send you fair shipping, sir ! and so I'll leave you.  
Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love you !

[Exit

*Mir.* As I live, I am ashamed this wench has reach'd me,  
Monstrous ashamed; but there's no remedy.  
This skew'd-eyed carrion—

*Pinac.* This I suspected ever.  
Come, come, uncase; we have no more use of you;  
Your clothes must back again.

*Mariana.* Sir, you shall pardon me;  
'Tis not our English use to be degraded.  
If you will visit me, and take your venture,  
You shall have pleasure for your properties;  
And so, sweetheart— [Exit.

*Mir.* Let her go, and the devil go with her!  
We have never better luck with these preludiums.  
Come, be not daunted; think she's but a woman,  
And let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach her! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Grove near NANTOLET's House.*

*Enter ROSALURA and LUGIER.*

*Ros.* You have now redeem'd my good opinion,  
And you stand fair again. [tutor,

*Lug.* I can but labour,  
And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur  
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,  
His wonted harshness.

*Ros.* I hope he will not beat me.

*Lug.* No, sure, he has more manners. Be you ready!

*Ros.* Yes, yes, I am; and am resolved to fit him,  
With patience to out-do all he can offer.  
But how does Oriana?

*Lug.* Worse, and worse still;  
There is a sad house for her; she is now,  
Poor lady, utterly distracted.

*Ros.* Pity!  
Infinite pity! 'Tis a handsome lady.  
That Mirabel's a beast, worse than a monster,  
If this affliction work not.

*Enter LILLIA-BIANCA.*

*Lil.* Are you ready?  
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me:  
I have no leisure to relate my fortune;  
Only I wish you may come off as handsomely.  
Upon the sign you know what. [Exit.

*Ros.* Well, well; leave me!

*Enter BELLEUR.*

*Bel.* How now?

*Ros.* You are welcome, sir.

*Bel.* 'Tis well ye have manners!  
That court'sy again, and hold your countenance  
staidly!

That look's too light; take heed! so, sit ye down  
And to confirm me that your gall is gone, [now;  
Your bitterness dispersed, (for so I'll have it)  
Look on me stedfastly, and, whatsoe'er I say to you,  
Move not, nor alter in your face; you are gone then!  
For if you do express the least distaste,  
Or shew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman!)  
We are now alone) I will so conjure thee,  
The third part of my execution  
Cannot be spoke.

*Ros.* I am at your dispose, sir.

*Bel.* Now rise, and woo me a little; let me hear  
that faculty:  
But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge you!  
Begin now.

*Ros.* If so mean and poor a beauty  
May ever hope the grace—

*Bel.* You cog, you flatter!  
Like a lewd thing, you lie! 'May hope that grace?'  
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not;  
For if thou dost, and liest again, I'll swinge thee!  
Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman?

A proud at both ends? Be not angry,  
Nor stir not o' your life!

*Ros.* I am counsell'd, sir.

*Bel.* Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have  
the truth out)

As much unworthy of a man of merit,  
Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,  
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him,  
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure,  
As devils are of mercy?

*Ros.* We are unworthy.

*Bel.* Stick to that truth, and it may chance to  
save thee.

And is it not our bounty that we take ye?  
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortured with ye,  
Our mere and special bounty?

*Ros.* Yes.

*Bel.* Our pity,  
That for your wickedness we swinge ye soundly;  
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we  
Answer to that! [labour you ye?

*Ros.* I do confess your pity.

*Bel.* And dost not thou deserve in thine own  
person,

Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change  
*Ros.* I dare not, sir. [countenance!

*Bel.* For if you do—

*Ros.* I am settled.

*Bel.* Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;  
I am a gentleman.

*Ros.* It seems no less, sir.

*Bel.* And darest thou in thy surquedry—

*Ros.* I beseech you!

It was my weakness, sir, I did not view you,  
I took not notice of your noble parts,  
Nor called your person, nor your proper fashion.

*Bel.* This is some amends yet.

*Ros.* I shall mend, sir, daily,  
And study to deserve.

*Bel.* Come a little nearer!  
Canst thou repent thy villainy?

*Ros.* Most seriously.

*Bel.* And be ashamed!

*Ros.* I am ashamed.

*Bel.* Cry!

*Ros.* It will be hard to do, sir.

*Bel.* Cry now instantly;  
Cry monstrously, that all the town may hear thee;  
Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy monkey;  
And, as I like thy tears—

*Ros.* Now!

*Enter LILLIA, and four Women laughing.*

*Bel.* How! how! do you jeer me?  
Have you broke your bounds again, dame?

*Ros.* Yes, and laugh at you,  
And laugh most heartily.

*Bel.* What are these? whirlwinds?  
Is hell broke loose, and all the furies flutter'd?  
Am I greased once again?

*Ros.* Yes, indeed are you;  
And once again you shall be, if you quarrel!  
Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?  
Is this your manhood, sir?

1 *Wom.* Let him do his best;  
Let's see the utmost of his indignation;  
I long to see him angry. Come; proceed, sir.  
Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of timber!

2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy  
bull-faces?

To threaten gentlewomen! Thou a man? a maypole!  
A great dry pudding!

3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worst, sir;  
Be angry if thou darest.

*Bel.* The Lord deliver me!

4 *Wom.* Do but look scurvily upon this lady,  
Or give us one foul word—We are all mistaken:  
This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's clothes.

*Lil.* I am of that mind too.

*Bel.* What will they do to me?

*Lil.* And hired to come and abuse us: A man  
has manners;

A gentleman, civility and breeding.  
Some tinker's trull, with a beard glew'd on.

1 *Wom.* Let's search him,  
And as we find him—

*Bel.* Let me but depart from ye,  
Sweet Christian women!

*Lil.* Hear the thing speak, neighbours.

*Bel.* 'Tis but a small request: If e'er I trouble ye,  
If e'er I talk again of beating women,  
Or beating anything that can but turn to me;  
Of ever thinking of a handsome lady  
But virtuously and well, of ever speaking  
But to her honour—This I'll promise ye,  
I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,  
Abundantly I'll purge.

*Lil.* I'll send you broths, sir.

*Bel.* I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;  
I will do anything!

*Ros.* I'll be your bail then.

When you come next to woo, pray you come not  
And furnish'd like a bear-ward. [boisterously,

*Bel.* No, in truth, forsooth.

*Ros.* I scented you long since.

*Bel.* I was to blame, sure;  
I will appear a gentleman.

*Ros.* 'Tis the best for you,

For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.  
Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear seriously?

*Bel.* Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear you,  
And honour you, and anything!

*Ros.* Farewell then!

*Wom.* And when you come to woo next, bring  
more mercy!

[*Exeunt ROSALURA and Women.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*Bel.* A dairy-maid! a tinker's trull! Heaven  
bless me!

Sure, if I had provoked 'em, they had quarter'd me.  
I am a most ridiculous ass, now I perceive it;  
A coward, and a knave too.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad gentleman;  
Let's set our faces right.

*Bel.* No, no; laugh at me,  
And laugh aloud.

2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, sir.

*Bel.* I do deserve it; call me patch, and puppy,  
And beat me, if you please.

1 *Gent.* No, indeed; we know you.

*Bel.* 'Death, do as I would have ye!

2 *Gent.* You are an ass then,  
A coxcomb, and a calf!

*Bel.* I am a great calf.

Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.  
[*They kick him.*]  
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so God b' wi' ye!  
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.

1 *Gent.* We will, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—A Room in LA CASTRE'S House.

*Enter NANTOLET, LA CASTRE, DE GARD, LUGINE, and  
MIRABEL.*

*Mir.* Your patience, gentlemen! Why do ye  
bait me?

*Nant.* Is't not a shame you are so stubborn—  
So stony and so dull, to such a lady, [hearted,  
Of her perfections and her misery?

*Lug.* Does she not love you? Does not her  
distraction

For your sake only, her most pitied lunacy  
Of all but you, shew ye? Does it not compel ye?

*Mir.* Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye proceed  
temperately.

*Lug.* If you have any feeling, any sense in you,  
The least touch of a noble heart—

*La Ca.* Let him alone:

It is his glory that he can kill beauty.  
You bear my stamp, but not my tenderness;  
Your wild unsavoury courses set that in you!  
For shame, be sorry, though you cannot cure her;  
Shew something of a man, of a fair nature.

*Mir.* You make me mad!

*De Ga.* Let me pronounce this to you;  
You take a strange felicity in slighting  
And wronging women, which my poor sister feels  
now;

Heaven's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, sir,  
That very hour she dies, (there's small hope  
otherwise)

That minute, you and I must grapple for it;  
Either your life or mine!

*Mir.* Be not so hot, sir;  
I am not to be wrought on by these policies,  
In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,  
Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan.  
I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)  
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.  
This let me tell ye, howsoever I shew to ye,  
Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd,  
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,  
Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

*Enter ROSALURA and LILLIA.*

*Ros.* Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand pities!  
*Lil.* Alas, poor soul! she will die! she is grown  
She will not know, nor speak now. [senseless;  
*Ros.* Die for love?

And love of such a youth? I would die for a dog  
first!

He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!  
I'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em.

*Lil.* Ye have done a worthy act, sir, a most  
famous;

You have kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a  
conqueror!

*Ros.* A conqueror? a cobbler! Hang him, sowter!  
Go hide thyself, for shame! go lose thy memory!  
Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a monster,  
A blatant beast!

*Lil.* If you have yet any honesty,  
Or ever heard of any, take my counsel;

Off with your garters, and seek out a bough,  
A handsome bough; for I would have you hang  
like a gentleman;

And write some doleful matter to the world,  
A warning to hard-hearted men.

*Mir.* Out, kittlings!

What catterwauling's here! what gibing!

Do you think my heart is soften'd with a black  
Shew me some reason. [santis?]

*ORIANA is brought in, lying on a bed.*

*Rds.* Here then, here is a reason.

*Nant.* Now, if ye be a man, let this sight shake ye!

*La Ca.* Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you know

*Lug.* How she looks up, and stares! [me, lady?]

*Ori.* I know you very well;

You are my godfather: and that's the monsieur.

*De Ga.* And who am I?

*Ori.* You are Amadis de Gaul, sir.

Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love, sweet  
lady?

And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?

I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It comes now.

Who's that? Pray stand away. I have seen that

How light my head is! [face sure.]

*Ros.* Take some rest.

*Ori.* I cannot;

For I must be up to-morrow to go to church,

And I must dress me, put my new gown on,

And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!

Will not you tell me where my love lies buried?

*Mir.* He is not dead.—Beshrew my heart, she

*Ori.* He is dead to me. [stirs me! *Aside.*]

*Mir.* Is't possible my nature

Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?—

Give me your hand.

*Ori.* How soft you feel, how gentle!

I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

*Mir.* How she stares on me!

*Ori.* You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;

I warrant you may have a hundred sweethearts.

Will ye pray for me? I shall die to-morrow;

And will ye ring the bells?

*Mir.* I am most unworthy,

I do confess, unhappy. Do you know me?

*Ori.* I would I did!

*Mir.* Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!

*Ori.* Do ye weep too? You have not lost your  
lover?

You mock me; I'll go home and pray.

*Mir.* Pray you pardon me;

Or, if it please you to consider justly,

Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame me,  
Sweet Oriana!

*Lil.* Let her alone; she trembles:

Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke her.

*La Ca.* Certain she knows you not, yet loves to  
How she smiles now! [see you.]

*Enter BELLEUR.*

*Bel.* Where are ye? Oh, why do not you laugh?

Come, laugh at me!

Why 'a devil art thou sad, and such a subject,

Such a ridiculous subject, as I am,

Before thy face?

*Mir.* Pr'ythee put off this lightness;

This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have used  
too much on't:

I have undone myself, and a sweet lady,

By being too indulgent to my foolery,

Which truly I repent. Look here!

*Bel.* What ails she?

*Mir.* Alas, she is mad.

*Bel.* Mad?

*Mir.* Yes, too sure; for me too.

*Bel.* Dost thou wonder at that? By this good  
light, they are all so;

They are cozening mad, they are brawling mad,  
they are proud mad;

They are all, all mad. I came from a world of mad  
women,

Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then deal  
with 'em.

There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is  
Is she dead, dost think? [dog-mad.]

*Mir.* Dead? Heaven forbid!

*Bel.* Heaven further it!

For, till they be key-cold dead, there's no trusting  
of 'em.

Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry it,  
Till they be chap-fall'n, and their tongues at peace,  
Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.

Shall I talk with her?

*Mir.* No, dear friend, be quiet,

And be at peace a while.

*Bel.* I'll walk aside,

And come again anon. But take heed to her:

You say she is a woman?

*Mir.* Yes.

*Bel.* Take great heed;

For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.

Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee!  
[Exit.]

*Mir.* Away, wild fool!—How vile this shews in  
him now!

Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it)

And with it my repentant love.

*La Ca.* This seems well.

*Mir.* Were but this lady clear again, whose  
sorrows

My very heart melts for, were she but perfect,  
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries)

Before the richest and the noblest beauty,  
France, or the world could shew me, I would take  
her:

As she now is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

*De Ga.* This makes some small amends.

*Ros.* She beckons to you:

To us too, to go off.

*Nant.* Let's draw aside all.

[*Exeunt all but ORIANA and MIRABEL.*]

*Ori.* Oh, my best friend! I would fain—

*Mir.* What! She speaks well,

And with another voice.

*Ori.* But I am fearful,

And shame a little stops my tongue—

*Mir.* Speak boldly.

*Ori.* Tell you, I am well. I am perfect well;  
(pray you mock not)

And that I did this to provoke your nature;

Out of my infinite and restless love,

To win your pity. Pardon me!

*Mir.* Go forward:

Who set you on?

*Ori.* None, as I live, no creature;

Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.

Will you be mine?

*Mir.* 'Tis true, I pity you;

But when I marry you, you must be wiser.

Nothing but tricks? devices?

*Ori.* Will you shame me?



*Mir.* Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a miracle!  
The woman's well; she was only mad for marriage, Stark mad to be stoned to death; give her good counsel.—  
Will this world never mend?—Are you caught, damsel?

*Enter BELLEUR, LA CASTRE, LUGIER, NANTOLET, DE GARD, ROSALUNA, and LILLIA.*

*Bel.* How goes it now?

*Mir.* Thou art a kind of prophet;  
The woman's well again, and would have gull'd me; Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.

*Bel.* Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what can be, Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us. Thou wert an ass to believe her so long, a coxcomb;

Give 'em a minute, they'll abuse whole millions.

*Mir.* And am not I a rare physician, gentlemen, That can cure desperate mad minds?

*De Ga.* Be not insolent.

*Mir.* Well, go thy ways: From this hour I disclaim thee,  
Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll love thee.

You owe me for your cure.—Pray have a care of her,  
For fear she fall into a relapse.—Come, Belleur; We'll set up bills to cure diseased virgins.  
*Bel.* Shall we be merry?

*Mir.* Yes.

*Bel.* But I'll no more projects:

If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Lil.* I am glad she is well again.

*Ros.* So am I, certain.—

Be not ashamed.

*Ori.* I shall never see a man more.

*De Ga.* Come, you're a fool! had you but told me this trick,

He should not have gloried thus.

*Lug.* He shall not long, neither.

*La Ca.* Be ruled, and be at peace: You have And what power I can work with. [my consent,

*Nant.* Come, leave blushing;

We are your friends: An honest way compell'd you.

Heaven will not see so true a love unrequited. Come in, and slight him too.

*Lug.* The next shall hit him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter DE GARD and LUGIER.*

*De Ga.* 'Twill be discover'd.

*Lug.* That's the worst can happen:  
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him, Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him—That he loves,

Though he dissemble it and would shew contrary, And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;  
Nay, more, my life.

*De Ga.* Is she won?

*Lug.* Yes, and ready,  
And my designments set.

*De Ga.* They are now for travel;

All for that game again; they have forgot wooing.

*Lug.* Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

*De Ga.* Where's his father?

*Lug.* Within; he knows my mind too, and allows it,

Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely;  
And has appointed, for our more assistance, Some of his secret friends.

*De Ga.* 'Speed the plough!

*Lug.* Well said:

And be you serious too.

*De Ga.* I shall be diligent.

*Lug.* Let's break the ice for one, the rest will drink too

(Believe me, sir) of the same cup: My young gentlewomen

Wait but who sets the game a-foot; though they seem stubborn,

Reserved, and proud now, yet I know their hearts, Their pulses how they beat, and for what cause, sir, And how they long to venture their abilities In a true quarrel. Husbands they must and will have,

Or nunneries, and thin collations To cool their bloods. Let's all about our business; And, if this fail, let Nature work!

*De Ga.* You have armed me.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—Before LA CASTRE'S House.

*Enter MIRABEL, NANTOLET, and LA CASTRE.*

*La Ca.* Will you be wilful then?

*Mir.* Pray, sir, your pardon;  
For I must travel. Lie lazy here, Bound to a wife? chain'd to her subtleties, Her humours, and her wills, which are mere fetters?

To have her to-day pleased, to-morrow peevish, The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?

You see, before they are married, what moriscoes, What masques and mummeries they put upon us: To be tied here, and suffer their lavoltas!

*Nant.* 'Tis your own seeking.

*Mir.* Yes, to get my freedom.

Were they as I could wish 'em—

*La Ca.* Fools and meacocks,  
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em! Come, change your mind.

*Mir.* Not before I have changed air, father. When I know women worthy of my company, I will return again and wait upon 'em; Till then, dear sir, I'll amble all the world over. And run all hazards, misery, and poverty, So I escape the dangerous bay of matrimony!

*Enter BELLEUR and PINAO.*

*Pinao.* Are you resolved?

*Mir.* Yes, certain; I will out again.

*Pinao.* We are for you, sir; we are your servants once more:

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange countries :

Ours is too scornful for us.

*Bel.* Is there ne'er a land

That you have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,

Nor under what pestiferous star it lies)

A happy kingdom, where there are no women ?

Nor have been ever ? nor no mention

Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities ?

For thither would I travel ; where 'tis felony

To confess he had a mother ; a mistress, treason.

*La Ca.* Are you for travel too ?

*Bel.* For any thing,

For living in the moon, and stopping hedges,

Ere I stay here to be abused, and baffled.

*Nant.* Why did you not break your minds to me ? they are my daughters ;

And sure I think I should have that command over 'em,

To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are gentlemen,

Men of fair parts and states ; I know your parents ;

And had ye told me of your fair affections—

Make but one trial more, and let me second ye.

*Bel.* No ; I'll make hob-nails first, and mend old kettles !

Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,

And two or three field-pieces to defend me ?

The king's guard are mere pigmies.

*Nant.* They'll not eat you.

*Bel.* Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter mon-sieurs,

If their high stomachs hold : They came with chopping-knives,

To cut me into rands and sirloins, and so powder me.—

Come, shall we go ?

*Nant.* You cannot be so discourteous,

If ye intend to go, as not to visit 'em,

And take your leaves.

*Mir.* That we dare do, and civilly,

And thank 'em too.

*Pinac.* Yes, sir, we know that honesty.

*Bel.* I'll come i' th' rear, forty foot off, I'll assure you,

With a good gun in my hand ; I'll no more Amazons,

I mean no more of their frights : I'll make my three legs,

Kiss my hand twice, and if I smell no danger,

If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her ;

I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,

To make those parts secure, a bandog.

*La Ca.* You are a merry gentleman.

*Bel.* A wary gentleman, I do assure you ;

I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.

*La Ca.* Well, son,

These are your hasty thoughts ; when I see you are bent to it,

Then I'll believe, and join with you ; so we'll leave ye.

There is a trick will make ye stay.

[Exit.

*Nant.* I hope so.

[Exit.

*Mir.* We have won immortal fame now, if we leave 'em.

*Pinac.* You have, but we have lost.

*Mir.* Pinac, thou art cozen'd ;

o o

I know they love you ; and to gain you handsomely, Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions :

Their father's willingness, that must needs shew you.

*Pinac.* If I thought so—

*Mir.* You shall be hang'd, you recreant !

Would you turn renegado now ?

*Bel.* No ; let's away, boys,

Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.

Though I were married to that grasshopper,

And had her fast by th' legs, I should think she would cozen me.

*Enter a young Man, disguised as a Factor.*

*Fac.* Monsieur Mirabel, I take it ?

*Mir.* You are i' th' right, sir.

*Fac.* I am come to seek you, sir ; I have been at your father's,

And understanding you were here—

*Mir.* You are welcome.

May I crave your name ?

*Fac.* Foase, sir, and your servant.

That you may know me better, I am factor

To your old merchant, Leverdure.

*Mir.* How does he ?

*Fac.* Well, sir, I hope ; he is now at Orleans, About some business.

*Mir.* You are once more welcome.

Your master's a right honest man, and one

I am much beholding to, and must very shortly

Trouble his love again.

*Fac.* You may be bold, sir.

*Mir.* Your business, if you please now ?

*Fac.* This it is, sir.

I know you well remember, in your travel,

A Genoa merchant—

*Mir.* I remember many.

*Fac.* But this man, sir, particularly ; your own benefit

Must needs imprint him in you ; one Alberto,

A gentleman you saved from being murder'd

A little from Bologna :

I was then myself in Italy, and supplied you ;

Though happily you have forgot me now.

*Mir.* No, I remember you,

And that Alberto too ; a noble gentleman.

More to remember were to thank myself, sir.

What of that gentleman ?

*Fac.* He's dead.

*Mir.* I am sorry.

*Fac.* But on his death-bed, leaving to his sister

All that he had, beside some certain jewels,

(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeathed to you,

In grateful memory) he commanded strictly

His sister, as she loved him and his peace,

To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd,

And, with them, his last love. She, as tender to

Observe this will, not trusting friend nor servant

With such a weight, is come herself to Paris,

And at my master's house.

*Mir.* You tell me a wonder.

*Fac.* I tell you a truth, sir. She is young and handsome,

And well attended ; of much state and riches ;

So loving and obedient to her brother,

That, on my conscience, if he had given her also,

She would most willingly have made her tender.

*Mir.* May not I see her ?

*Fac.* She desires it heartily.

*Mir.* And presently?

*Fac.* She is now about some business,  
Passing accounts of some few debts here owing,  
And buying jewels of a merchant.

*Mir.* Is she wealthy?

*Fac.* I would you had her, sir, at all adventure:  
Her brother had a main state.

*Mir.* And fair too?

*Fac.* The prime of all those parts of Italy,  
For beauty and for courtesy.

*Mir.* I must needs see her.

*Fac.* 'Tis all her business, sir. You may now  
see her;

But to-morrow will be fitter for your visitation,  
For she's not yet prepared.

*Mir.* Only her sight, sir:

And, when you shall think fit, for further visit.

*Fac.* Sir, you may see her, and I'll wait your  
coming.

*Mir.* And I'll be with ye instantly. I know the  
house;

Meantime, my love, and thanks, sir!

*Fac.* Your poor servant. [Exit.]

*Pinac.* Thou hast the strangest luck! What  
was that Alberto?

*Mir.* An honest noble merchant, 'twas my  
chance

To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him;  
And he in kindness to remember this!

*Bel.* Now we shall have you

(For all your protestations, and your forwardness)  
Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes,  
And new enticements to put off your journey;  
And who shall have honour then?

*Mir.* No, no, never fear it:

I must needs see her, to receive my legacy.

*Bel.* If it be tied up in her smock, Heaven help  
thee!

May not we see too?

*Mir.* Yes, afore we go:

I must be known myself ere I be able  
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see more  
women?

I thought you had been out of love with all.

*Bel.* I may be,

(I find that) with the least encouragement;

Yet I desire to see whether all countries

Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits,

For if they be, I'll take a monastery,

And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,

And live mewed up, than be a fool, and flouted.

*Mir.* Well, well, I'll meet you anon, then tell  
you more, boys;

However, stand prepared, prest for our journey;

For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen  
her,

And viewed her well.

*Pinac.* Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;

Your fortune directs ours.

*Bel.* You shall find us i' th' tavern,

Lamenting in sack and sugar for our losses.

If she be right Italian, and want servants,

You may prefer the properest man: How I could  
Worry a woman now!

*Pinac.* Come, come, leave prating:

You may have enough to do, without this boasting.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Room in LA CASTRE's House.

Enter LUGIER, DE GARD, ROSALURA, and LILLIA-BIANCA.

*Lug.* This is the last adventure.

*De Ga.* And the happiest,

As we hope, too.

*Ros.* We should be glad to find it.

*Lil.* Who shall conduct us thither?

*Lug.* Your man is ready,

For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentleman;

That may beget suspicion; all the rest

Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies,

Keep your old liberties, and do as we instruct ye.

Come, look not pale, ye shall not lose your  
wishes,

Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourselves and happy.

*Ros.* I tell you true, I cannot hold off longer.

Nor give no more hard language.

*De Ga.* You shall not need.

*Ros.* I love the gentleman, and must now shew  
it:

Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?

*Lug.* There's none advises you.

*Lil.* 'Faith, I repent me too.

*Lug.* Repent and spoil all;

Tell what you know, you had best!

*Lil.* I'll tell what I think;

For if he ask me now, if I can love him,

I'll tell him, yes, I can. The man's a kind man.

And out of his true honesty affects me.

Although he play'd the fool, which I requited.

Must I still hold him at the stove's end?

*Lug.* You are two strange women.

*Ros.* We may be, if we fool still.

*Lug.* Dare ye believe me?

Follow but this advice I have set you in now.

And if ye lose—Would ye yield now so basely?

Give up without your honours saved?

*De Ga.* Fy, ladies!

Preserve your freedom still.

*Lil.* Well, well, for this time.

*Lug.* And carry that full state—

*Ros.* That's as the wind stands;

If it begin to chop about, and scant us,

Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct  
us;

I make no doubt, we shall do handsomely.

*De Ga.* Some part o' th' way, we'll wait upon  
you, ladies;

The rest your man supplies.

*Lug.* Do well, I'll honour ye. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in a neighbouring House with a Gallery.

Enter the young Man disguised as a Factor and MIRABEL  
above; ORIANA disguised, and two disguised as Mer-  
chants.

*Fac.* Look you, sir, there she is; you see how  
busy.

Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her  
journey.

*Mir.* How gloriously she shews! She's a tall  
woman.

*Fac.* Of a fair size, sir. My master not being  
at home,

I have been so out of my wits to get her company!  
I mean, sir, of her own fair sex and fashion—

*Mir.* Afar off, she's most fair too.  
*Fac.* Near, most excellent.—  
 At length, I have entreated two fair ladies,  
 (And happily you know 'em) the young daughters  
 Of monsieur Nantolet—

*Mir.* I know 'em well, sir.

What are those? jewels?

*Fac.* All.

*Mir.* They make a rich show.

*Fac.* There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too

Was owing here: You see those merchants with her;

They have brought it in now.

*Mir.* How handsomely her shape shews!

*Fac.* Those are still neat; your Italians are most curious.

Now she looks this way.

*Mir.* She has a goodly presence!

How full of courtesy! Well, sir, I'll leave you;  
 And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two,  
 Good noble gentlemen—

*Fac.* No doubt, you may, sir;

For you have most command.

*Mir.* I have seen a wonder!

[*Exit.*]

*Ori.* Is he gone?

*Fac.* Yes.

*Ori.* How?

*Fac.* Taken to the utmost:

A wonder dwells about him.

*Ori.* He did not guess at me?

*Fac.* No; be secure, you shew another woman.

He is gone to fetch his friends.

*Ori.* Where are the gentlewomen?

*Enter below ROSALURA, LILLIA, and Servant.*

*Fac.* Here, here; now they are come,

Sit still, and let them see you.

*Ros.* Pray you, where's my friend, sir?

*Fac.* She is within, ladies; but here's another  
 gentwoman,

A stranger to this town: So please you visit her,  
 'Twill be well taken.

*Lil.* Where is she?

*Fac.* There, above, ladies.

*Enter ROSALURA, LILLIA, and Servant.*

*Serv.* Bless me! what thing is this? Two pin-  
 nacles

Upon her pate! Is't not a glade to catch wood-  
 cocks?

*Ros.* Peace, you rude knave!

*Serv.* What a bouncing bum she has too!

There's sail enough for a carrack.

*Ros.* What is this lady?

For, as I live, she is a goodly woman.

*Fac.* Guess, guess.

*Lil.* I have not seen a nobler presence.

*Serv.* 'Tis a lusty wench! Now could I spend  
 my forty-pence,

With all my heart, to have but one fling at her,  
 To give her but a swashing blow.

*Lil.* You rascal!

*Serv.* Ay, that's all a man has for's good will:

'Twill be long enough

Before you cry, "Come, Anthony, and kiss me."

*Lil.* I'll have you whipt.

*Ros.* Has my friend seen this lady?

*Fac.* Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

*Ros.* I much admire her presence.

*Lil.* So do I too;

For, I protest, she is the handsomest,  
 The rarest, and the newest to mine eye,  
 That ever I saw yet.

*Ros.* I long to know her;  
 My friend shall do that kindness.

*Ori.* So she shall, ladies:

Come, pray you come up.

*Ros.* Oh me!

*Lil.* Hang me, if I knew her!  
 Were I a man myself, I should now love you;  
 Nay, I should dote.

*Ros.* I dare not trust mine eyes;  
 For, as I live, you are the strangest alter'd—  
 I must come up to know the truth.

*Serv.* So must I, lady;  
 For I'm a kind of unbeliever too.

*Lil.* Get you gone, sirrah;  
 And what you have seen be secret in; you are paid  
 else!

No more of your long tongue.

*Fac.* Will ye go in, ladies,  
 And talk with her? These ventures will come  
 straight.

Away with this fellow.

*Lil.* There, sirrah; go, disport you.

*Serv.* I would the trunk-hosed woman would go  
 with me. [*Exit.*]

# SCENE V.—The Street before the same House.

*Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, and BELLEUR.*

*Pinac.* Is she so glorious handsome?

*Mir.* You would wonder;  
 Our women look like gipsies, like Gills to her;  
 Their clothes and fashions beggarly, and bankrupt,  
 Base, old, and scurvy.

*Bel.* How looks her face?

*Mir.* Most heavenly;  
 And the becoming motion of her body  
 So sets her off!

*Bel.* Why, then we shall stay.

*Mir.* Pardon me,  
 That's more than I know; if she be that woman  
 She appears to be—

*Bel.* As 'tis impossible.

*Mir.* I shall then tell you more.

*Pinac.* Did you speak to her?

*Mir.* No, no, I only saw her, she was busy:  
 Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentle-  
 men,

If she appear not to you one of the sweetest,  
 The handsomest, the fairest, in behaviour—  
 We shall meet the two wenches there too; they  
 come to visit her,

To wonder, as we do.

*Pinac.* Then we shall meet 'em.

*Bel.* I had rather meet two bears.

*Mir.* There you may take your leaves, dispatch  
 that business,

And, as ye find their humours—

*Pinac.* Is your love there too?

*Mir.* No, certain; she has no great heart to set  
 out again.

This is the house; I'll usher you.

*Bel.* I'll bless me,

And take a good heart, if I can.

*Mir.* Come, nobly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the same House.**Enter FACTOR, ROSALURA, LILLIA, and ORIANA.*

*Fac.* They are come in. Sit you two off, as strangers.

*Enter Boy.*

There, lady.—Where's the boy? Be ready, sirrah, And clear your pipes; the music now; they enter.

*[Music.]**Enter MIRABEL, PINAC, and BELLEUR.*

*Pinac.* What a state she keeps! How far off they sit from her!

How rich she is! Ay, marry, this shews bravely!

*Bel.* She is a lusty wench, and may allure a good man;

But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.

There sits my fury; how I shake to see her!

*Fac.* Madam, this is the gentleman.

*Mir.* How sweet she kisses!

She has a spring dwells on her lips, a Paradise! This is the legacy.

## SONG.

From the honour'd dead I bring  
Thus his love and last off'ring.  
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,  
From a friendship ever true.  
From a faith, &c.

*Ori.* Most noble sir,  
This from my now-dead brother, as his love,  
And grateful memory of your great benefit;  
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.  
Till I am more acquainted, I am silent;  
Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.

*Mir.* What should I think?

*Pinac.* Think you've a handsome fortune:  
'Would I had such another!

*Ros.* Ye are well met, gentlemen;  
We hear ye are for travel?

*Pinac.* You hear true, lady;  
And come to take our leaves.

*Lil.* We'll along with ye:

We see you're grown so witty by your journey,  
We cannot chuse but step out too. This lady  
We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.

*Bel.* I'll travel into Wales, amongst the moun-  
tains,  
In hope they cannot find me.

*Ros.* If you go further,  
So good and free society we hold ye,  
We'll jog along too.

*Pinac.* Are you so valiant, lady?

*Lil.* And we'll be merry, sir, and laugh.

*Pinac.* It may be  
We'll go by sea.

*Lil.* Why, 'tis the only voyage;  
I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;  
And let all split!

*Pinac.* This is a dainty damosel!  
I think 'twill tame you.—Can you ride post?

*Lil.* Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:

A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.

*Bel.* I'll travel under ground. Do yo  
sweet lady?

I find it will be dangerous for a woman.

*Ros.* No danger, sir, I warrant; I love to be under.

*Bel.* I see she will abuse me all the world over!—

But say we pass through Germany, and drink hard?

*Ros.* We'll learn to drink and swagger too.

*Bel.* She'll beat me!—

Lady, I'll live at home.

*Ros.* And I'll live with thee;

And we'll keep house together.

*Bel.* I'll keep hounds first;  
And those I hate right heartily.

*Pinac.* I go for Turkey!

And so it may be up into Persia.

*Lil.* We cannot know too much; I'll travel with you.

*Pinac.* And you'll abuse me?

*Lil.* Like enough.

*Pinac.* 'Tis dainty!

*Bel.* I will live in a bawdy-house.

*Ros.* I dare come to you.

*Bel.* Say I'm disposed to hang myself?

*Ros.* There I'll leave you.

*Bel.* I am glad I know how to avoid you.—

*Mir.* May I speak yet?

*Fac.* She beckons to you.

*Mir.* Lady, I could wish I knew to recompense,  
Even with the service of my life, those pains,  
And those high favours you have thrown upon me:

Till I be more desertful in your eye,  
And till my duty shall make known I honour you,

Noblest of women, do me but this favour,  
To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

*Ori.* I must have you too with 'em; else the will,

That says they must rest with you, is infringed, sir;

Which, pardon me, I dare not do.

*Mir.* Take me then,  
And take me with the truest love.

*Ori.* 'Tis certain,  
My brother loved you dearly, and I ought  
As dearly to preserve that love: But, sir,  
Though I were willing, these are but your ceremonies.

*Mir.* As I have life, I speak my soul!

*Ori.* I like you:

But how you can like me, without I have testimony,  
A stranger to you—

*Mir.* I'll marry you immediately;

A fair state I dare promise you.

*Bel.* Yet she'll cozen thee.

*Ori.* 'Would some fair gentleman durst promise for you!

*Mir.* By all that's good—

*Enter LA CASTLE, NANTOLET, LOGIER, and DE GARD.*

*All.* And we'll make up the rest, lady.

*Ori.* Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, she has caught you!

If you start now, let all the world cry shame on you!  
I have out-travell'd you.

*Bel.* Did not I say she would cheat thee?

*Mir.* I thank you! I am pleased you have deceived me,  
'tingly I swallow it, and joy in't:  
perhaps, I knew you. Whose plot was his?

*Lug.* He's not ashamed that cast it: He that executed,

Follow'd your father's will.

*Mir.* What a world's this!

Nothing but craft and cozenage?

*Ori.* Who begun, sir?

*Mir.* Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion;

And I do think I shall love thee. As a testimony, I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.

But these fine clothes you shall wear still.

*Ori.* I obey you, sir, in all.

*Nant.* And how, how, daughters? What say you to these gentlemen?

What say ye, gentlemen, to the girls?

*Pinac.* By my troth—if she can love me.

*Lil.* How long?

*Pinac.* Nay, if once you love—

*Lil.* Then take me,

And take your chance.

*Pinac.* Most willingly! You are mine, lady;

And if I use you not, that you may love me—

*Lil.* A match, i' faith.

*Pinac.* Why, now you travel with me.

*Ros.* How that thing stands!

*Bel.* It will, if you urge it.

Bless your five wits!

*Ros.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay; I'll have thee.

*Bel.* You must ask me leave first.

*Ros.* Wilt thou use me kindly, And beat me but once a week?

*Bel.* If you deserve no more.

*Ros.* And wilt thou get me with child?

*Bel.* Dost thou ask me seriously?

*Ros.* Yes, indeed do I.

*Bel.* Yes, I will get thee with child. Come presently,

An't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that courtesy. Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee!

*Ros.* I'll love you, and I'll honour you.

*Bel.* I am pleased then.

*Mir.* This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we have won o' both sides.

Brother, your love, and now to church of all hands; Let's lose no time.

*Pinac.* Our travelling lay by.

*Bel.* No more for Italy; for the Low Countries, I. [Exeunt.]

# A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, *King of Naples.*  
 FREDERICK, *Unnatural and Libidinous, Brother to*  
*ALPHONSO, and Usurper of his Kingdom.*  
 SORANO, *a Lord, Brother to EVANTHE, FREDERICK'S*  
*wicked instrument.*  
 VALERIO, *a noble young Lord, Servant to EVANTHE.*  
 CAMILLO,  
 CLEANTHES, } *Three honest Court Lords.*  
 MENALLO,  
 RUGIO, *an honest Lord, Friend to ALPHONSO.*  
 MARCO, *a Friar, ALPHONSO'S Friend.*  
 PODRAMO, *a necessary creature to SORANO.*  
 TONY, *FREDERICK'S knavish Fool.*  
 CASTRUCCIO, *Captain of the Citadel, an Honest Man.*  
 Lawyer.  
 Physician.  
 Captain.  
 Cutpurse.  
 Friars.

Suitors.  
 Citizens and Attendants.

MARIA, *Queen, Wife to FREDERICK, a virtuous Lady.*  
 EVANTHE, *Sister to SORANO, the Chaste Wife of*  
*VALERIO; or A WIFE FOR A MONTH.*  
 CASSANDRA, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to*  
*EVANTHE.*  
 Ladies and City Wives.

*Persons in the Masque.*

CUPID.  
 THE THREE GRACES.  
 FANCY.  
 DESIRE.  
 DELIGHT.  
 HOPE.  
 FEAR.

DISTRUST.  
 JEALOUSY.  
 CARE.  
 IRE.  
 POVERTY.  
 DESPAIR.

SCENE,—NAPLES.

## PROLOGUE.

You are welcome, gentlemen ; and 'would our feast  
 Were so well season'd to please every guest !  
 Ingenuous appetites, I hope we shall,  
 And their examples may prevail in all.  
 Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,  
 He had rather dress, upon a triumph-day,  
 My lord-mayor's feast, and make him sauces too,  
 Sauce for each several mouth ; nay, further go,  
 He had rather build up those invincible pies  
 And castle-custards that affright all eyes,

Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,  
 Than dress for such a curious company  
 One single dish : Yet he has pleased ye too,  
 And you have confess'd he knew well what to do :  
 Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring  
 Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,  
 And he dare yet, he says, prepare a table  
 Shall make you say, well drest, and he well able.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter FREDERICK, SORANO, VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES,*  
*MENALLO, and Attendants.*

*Sor.* Will your grace speak ?

*Fred.* Let me alone, Sorano :  
 Although my thoughts seem sad, they are welcome  
 to me.

*Sor.* You know I am private as your secret  
 Ready to fling my soul upon your service, [wishes,  
 Ere you command me on't.

*Fred.* Bid those depart.

*Sor.* You must retire, my lords.

*Cam.* What new design

Is hammering in his head now ?

*Cle.* Let's pray heartily

None of our heads meet with it : My wife's old,  
 That's all my comfort.

*Men.* Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,  
 And I think honest too ; 'twould make me sta  
 else.

*Cam.* Mine's troubled in the country with  
 fever,

And some few infirmities else. He looks again ;  
 Come, let's retire : Certain 'tis some she-business  
 This new lord is employ'd.

[*Exit CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, and MENALLO.*]

*Val.* I'll not be far off,  
 Because I doubt the cause.

[*Retire*]

*Fred.* Are they all gone ?

*Sor.* All but your faithful servant.

*Fred.* I would tell thee,  
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.

*Sor.* Pray you speak it:  
Is it my head? I have it ready for you, sir:  
Is't any action in my power? my wit?  
I care not of what nature, nor what follows.

*Fred.* I am in love.

*Sor.* That's the least thing of a thousand,  
The easiest to achieve.

*Fred.* But with whom, Sorano?

*Sor.* With whom you please, you must not be  
denied, sir.

*Fred.* Say, it be with one of thy kinswomen?

*Sor.* Say, with all;

I shall more love your grace, I shall more honour  
you;

And 'would I had enough to serve your pleasure!

*Fred.* Why, 'tis thy sister then, the fair Evanthe;  
I'll be plain with thee.

*Sor.* I'll be as plain with you, sir;  
She brought not her perfections to the world,  
To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her;  
The use is all she breeds 'em for: she's yours, sir.

*Fred.* Dost thou mean seriously?

*Sor.* I mean my sister;  
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours.  
Some aunts I have, they have been handsome  
women;

My mother's dead indeed; and some few cousins,  
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.

*Fred.* No; 'tis Evanthe.

*Sor.* I have sent my man unto her,  
Upon some business to come presently  
Hither; she shall come; your grace dare speak  
unto her?

Large golden promises, and sweet language, sir,  
You know what they work; she's a complete  
Besides, I'll set in. [courtier:]

*Fred.* She waits upon my queen:  
What jealousy and anger may arise,  
Incensing her—

*Sor.* You have a good sweet lady,  
A woman of so even and still a temper,  
She knows not anger: Say, she were a fury,  
I had thought you had been absolute, the great  
king,

The fountain of all honours, place, and pleasures,  
Your will and your commands unbounded also:  
Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, your servant stays.

*Sor.* Bid him come hither,  
And bring the lady with him. [Exit Servant.]

*Fred.* I will woo her;

And either lose myself, or win her favour.

*Sor.* She is coming in.

*Fred.* Thy eyes shoot through the door;  
They are so piercing, that the beams they dart  
Give new light to the room!

*Enter PODRANO and EVANTHE.*

*Evan.* Whither dost thou go?

This is the king's side, and his private lodgings;  
What business have I here?

*Pod.* My lord sent for you.

*Evan.* His lodgings are below; you are mistaken!  
We left them at the stair-foot.

*Pod.* Good sweet madam!

*Evan.* I am no counsellor, nor important suitor,

Nor have no private business through these  
chambers,

To seek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt drunk,  
Or worse than drunk, hired to convey me hither  
To some base end! Now I look on thee better,  
Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,  
A beastly bawdy face! I'll go no further.

*Sor.* Nay, shrink not back; indeed you shall,  
good sister.

Why do you blush? the good king will not hurt  
He honours you, and loves you. [you;]

*Evan.* Is this the business?

*Sor.* Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at,  
If you be wise.

*Evan.* My father was no bawd, sir,  
Nor of that worshipful stock, as I remember.

*Sor.* You are a fool!

*Evan.* You are that I shame to tell you!

*Fred.* Gentle Evanthe!

*Evan.* The gracious queen, sir,  
Is well and merry, Heaven be thanked for it;  
And, as I think, she waits you in the garden.

*Fred.* Let her wait there; I talk, not of her  
I talk of thee, sweet flower. [garden;]

*Evan.* Your grace is pleasant,

To mistake a nettle for a rose.

*Fred.* No rose,  
Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,  
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,  
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,  
As my Evanthe.

*Evan.* Your grace speaks very feelingly:  
I would not be a handsome wench in your way, sir,  
For a new gown.

*Fred.* Thou art all handsomeness;  
Nature will be ashamed to frame another  
Now thou art made; thou hast robb'd her of her  
cunning:

Each several part about thee is a beauty.

*Sor.* Do you hear this, sister?

*Evan.* Yes, unworthy brother!

But all this will not do.

*Fred.* But love, Evanthe,  
Thou shalt have more than words; wealth, ease,  
My tender wench. [and honours,]

*Evan.* Be tender of my credit,  
And I shall love you, sir, and I shall honour you.

*Fred.* I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,  
To give thee the content of love.

*Evan.* Hold, hold, sir,  
You are too fleet: I have some business this way,  
Your grace can ne'er content.

*Sor.* You stubborn toy!

*Evan.* Good my lord bawd, I thank you!

*Fred.* Thou shalt not go. Believe me, sweet  
Evanthe,

So high I will advance thee for this favour,  
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,  
And thy friends mighty.

*Evan.* Good your grace, be patient;  
I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever  
was,

Shame your discretion, and your choice.

*Fred.* Thou shalt not.

*Evan.* Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,  
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties,  
And mighty in command?

*Fred.* Thou shalt be any thing.

*Evan.* Let me be honest too, and then I'll  
thank you.



Have you not such a title to bestow too?  
If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, sir;  
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,  
But tie men's tongues up from discoursing of me,  
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,  
Time that shall come, from wond'ring at my  
impudence,

And they that read my wanton life, from curses?  
Can you do this? have you this magic in you?  
This is not in your power, though you be a prince,  
No more than evil is in holy angels, [sir,  
Nor I, I hope. Get wantonness confirm'd  
By act of parliament an honesty,  
And so received by all, I'll hearken to you.  
Heaven guide your grace! [Going.

*Fred.* Evanthe, stay a little!  
I'll no more wantonness; I'll marry thee.  
*Evan.* What shall the queen do?  
*Fred.* I'll be divorced from her.  
*Evan.* Can you tell why? What has she done  
against you?

Has she contrived a treason 'gainst your person?  
Abused your bed? Does disobedience urge you?

*Fred.* That's all one; 'tis my will.  
*Evan.* 'Tis a most wicked one,  
A most absurd one, and will shew a monster!  
I had rather be a whore, and with less sin,  
To your present lust, than queen to your injustice.  
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,  
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it.  
Some hellish flame abuses your fair body,  
And hellish furies blow it. Look behind you:  
Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,  
Of her integrity, her piety,  
Her love to you, to all that honours you,  
Her chaste and virtuous love? are these fit causes?  
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd you?  
You may find time out in eternity,  
Deceit and violence in heavenly justice,  
Life in the grave, and death among the blessed,  
Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.

*Sor.* You have fool'd enough; be wise now,  
and a woman!  
You have shew'd a modesty sufficient,  
If not too much, for court.

*Evan.* You have shew'd an impudence  
A more experienced bawd would blush and shake  
You will make my kindred mighty? [at!

*Fred.* Pr'ythee hear me!  
*Evan.* I do, sir, and I count it a great offer.  
*Fred.* Any of thine.

*Evan.* 'Tis like enough you may clap honour  
on them,

But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,  
Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll  
say, sir,

What the report will be, and 'twill be true too;  
(And it must needs be comfort to your master!)  
"These are the issues of her impudence."

I'll tell your grace, so dear I hold the queen,  
So dear that honour that she nursed me up in,  
I would first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,  
One of your galley-slaves, that cold and hunger,  
Decrepid misery, had made a mock-man,  
Than be your queen!

*Fred.* You are bravely resolute.  
*Evan.* I had rather be a leper, and be shunn'd,  
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,  
Leaving no memory behind to know me,  
Than be a high whore to eternity!

*Fred.* You have another gamester, I perceive by  
You durst not slight me else. [ye;

*Sor.* I'll find him out;  
Though he lie next thy heart hid, I'll discover  
him;

And, ye proud peat, I'll make you curse your in-  
solence!

*Val.* [Apart.] Tongue of an angel, and the  
truth of Heaven,

How am I blest! [Exit.

*Sor.* Podramo, go in haste [Apart to him.  
To my sister's gentlewoman (you know her well);  
And bid her send her mistress presently  
The lesser cabinet she keeps her letters in,  
And such-like toys, and bring it to me instantly.  
Away!

*Pod.* I am gone. [Exit.

*Enter MARIA, with two Ladies.*

*Sor.* The queen!

*Fred.* Let's quit the place; she may grow  
jealous.

[Exit FREDERICK AND SORANO.]

*Mar.* So suddenly departed! what's the reason?  
Does my approach displease his grace? are my  
So hateful to him? or my conversation [eyes  
Infected, that he flies me?—Fair Evanthe!  
Are you there? then I see his shame.

*Evan.* 'Tis true, madam,  
'T has pleased his goodness to be pleasant with me.

*Mar.* 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this  
place!

Does the king offer fair? does thy face take him?  
Ne'er blush, Evanthe, 'tis a very sweet one.  
Does he rain gold, and precious promises,  
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?  
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?

*Evan.* Never mock, madam;  
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,  
At least revenged. I can be mighty, lady.  
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are.

*Mar.* He'll marry thee?

*Evan.* Who would not be a queen, madam?

*Mar.* 'Tis true, Evanthe, 'tis a brave ambition,  
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.  
What shall become of me?

*Evan.* You must learn to pray;  
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.

*Mar.* Wilt thou remember me? [Weeps.

*Evan.* She weeps!—Sweet lady, [Kneels.

Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,  
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet mis-  
If e'er there were ambition in Evanthe, [tress.  
It was and is to do you faithful duties.

'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,  
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,  
To violate the chaste joys of your bed;

And, those not taking hold, to usurp your state;  
But she that has been bred up under ye,  
And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,  
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,  
Having no errant motion from obedience,  
Flies from these vanities, as mere illusions,  
And, arm'd with honesty, defies all promises!  
In token of this truth, I lay my life down  
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

*Mar.* Rise, my true friend, thou virtuous bud of  
beauty!

Thou virgins' honour, sweetly blow and flourish!  
And that rude nipping wind that seeks to blast  
thee,

Or taint thy root, be cursed to all posterity !  
To my protection from this hour I take ye ;  
Yes, and the king shall know——

*Evan.* Give his heat way, madam,  
And 'twill go out again ; he may forget all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, and MENALLO.*

*Cam.* What have we to do with the times ? we cannot cure 'em.

Let 'em go on : When they are swoln with surfeits,  
They'll burst and stink ; then all the world shall smell 'em.

*Cle.* A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.

*Men.* Yes, and a wise man too ; 'tis a virtuous calling.

*Cam.* To his own wife especially, or to his sister,  
The nearer to his own blood, still the honestier :  
There want such honest men : 'would we had more of 'em !

*Men.* To be a villain is no such rude matter.

*Cam.* No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect ;  
Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,  
In a good cause to kill a dozen coxcombs,  
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots ?  
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

*Men.* 'Tis e'en as much,  
As easy too, as honest, and as clear,  
To ravish matrons, and deflower coy wenches :  
But here they are so willing, 'tis a compliment.

*Cle.* To pull down churches with pretension  
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour ;  
And all this time believe no God.

*Cam.* I think so ;

'Tis faith enough if they name him in their angers,  
Or on their rotten tombs engrave an angel.  
Well, brave Alphonsio, how happy had we been,  
If thou hadst reign'd !

*Men.* 'Would I had his disease,  
Tied, like a leprosy, to my posterity,  
So he were right again.

*Cle.* What is his malady ?

*Cam.* Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,  
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows  
why neither.

The good Brandino, father to the princes,  
Used all the art and industry that might be,  
To free Alphonsio from this dull calamity,  
And seat him in his rule ; he was his eldest,  
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in him,  
For which cause this was chosen to inherit,  
Frederick the younger.

*Cle.* Does he use his brother  
With that respect and honour that befits him ?

*Cam.* He is kept privately, as they pretend,  
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness ;  
But he has honest servants, the grave Rugio,  
And friar Marco, that wait upon his person,  
And in a monastery he lives.

*Men.* 'Tis full of sadness,  
To see him when he comes to his father's tomb,  
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,  
Whilst in devotion the choir sings an anthem.)  
How piously he kneels, and, like a virgin,  
That some cross fate had cozen'd of her love,  
Weeps till the stubborn marble sweats with pity,  
And to his groans the whole choir bears a chorus !

*Enter FREDERICK, SORANO with the Cabinet, and PODRANO.*

*Cam.* So do I too.—The king, with his contrivers !  
This is no place for us.

[*Exeunt CLEANTHES, CAMILLO, and MENALLO.*]

*Fred.* This is a jewel !

Lay it aside. What paper's that ?

*Pod.* A letter ;

But 'tis a woman's, sir, I know by the hand,  
And the false orthography ; they write old Saxon.

*Fred.* May be her ghostly mother's that instructs  
her.

*Sor.* No, 'tis a cousin's, and came up with a  
*Fred.* What's that ? [great cake.

*Sor.* A pair of gloves the duchess gave her ;

For so the outside says.

*Fred.* That other paper ?

*Sor.* A charm for the tooth-ach ; here's nothing  
but saints and crosses.

*Fred.* Look in that box ; methinks that should  
hold secrets.

*Pod.* 'Tis paint, and curls of hair ; she begins to  
exercise.

A glass of water too ; I would fain taste it,  
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me ;  
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water ?

*Sor.* These are all rings, deaths' heads, and such  
memento's,

Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,  
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.

*Fred.* That, that ?

*Pod.* They are written songs, sir, to provoke  
young ladies.

Lord, here's a prayer-book ! how these agree !  
Here's a strange union !

*Sor.* Ever by a surfeit

You have a julep set, to cool the patient.

*Fred.* Those, those ?

*Sor.* They are verses : "To the blest Evanthe."

*Fred.* Those may discover. Read them out,  
Sorano. [*SORANO reads.*]

"To the blest EVANTHE.

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,  
And in sad legends write their woes ;  
With roses gently he has corrected me,  
My war is without rage or blows :  
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,  
And hope springs up inflamed with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,  
With folded arms, and sighs all day,  
Reck'ning the torments of my bell,  
And flinging my sweet joys away :  
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,  
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,  
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,  
If these no other joys imply ?  
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong :  
To be your own but one poor moment, I'd give  
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live ! "

*Fred.* This is my rival ; that I knew the hand  
now !

*Sor.* I know it, I have seen it ; 'tis Valerio's,  
That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up  
With you, and, by your charge, nourish'd and fed  
At the same table, with the same allowance.

*Fred.* And all this courtesy to ruin me ?  
Cross my desires ? He had better have fed humbler,  
And stood at greater distance from my fury !  
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,



Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler !  
Better have loved Despair, and safer kiss'd her !

[*Exeunt SORANO and PODRAMO.*]

*Enter EVANTRE and CASSANDRA.*

*Evan.* Thou old weak fool ! dost thou know to what end,

To what betraying end, he got this casket ?  
Durst thou deliver him, without my ring,  
Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet  
That holds my heart ? You unconsiderate ass,  
You brainless idiot !

*Cas.* I saw you go with him,  
At the first word commit your person to him,  
And make no scruple ; he's your brother's gentle-  
And, for anything I know, an honest man ; [man,  
And might not I upon the same security  
Deliver him a box ?

*Evan.* A bottle-head !

*Fred.* [*Apert.*] You shall have cause to chafe,  
as I will handle it.

*Evan.* I had rather thou hadst deliver'd me to  
Betray'd me to incurable diseases, [*pirates,*  
Hung up my picture in a market-place,  
And sold me to vile bawds !

*Cas.* As I take it, madam,  
Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet ;  
You have a closer, and you keep the key too :  
Why are you vex'd thus ?

*Evan.* I could curse thee wickedly,  
And wish thee more deform'd than age can make  
thee !

Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it,  
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it !  
Those hands that gave the casket, may the palsy  
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee !  
Long winters, that thy bones may turn to icicles,  
No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee !  
Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedness ?  
How scurvily thou criest now ! like a drunkard !  
I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout.  
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,  
Swear and be damn'd, thou half witch !

*Cas.* These are fine words !  
Well, madam, madam !

*Evan.* 'Tis not well, thou mummy !

'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——

*Fred.* Has your young sanctity done railing,  
madam,

Against your innocent 'squire ? Do you see this  
sonnet,

This loving script ? Do you know from whence it  
came too ?

*Evan.* I do, and dare avouch it pure and honest.

*Fred.* You have private visitants, my noble lady,  
That in sweet numbers court your goodly virtues,  
And to the height of adoration.

*Evan.* Well, sir,

There's neither heresy nor treason in it.

*Fred.* A prince may beg at the door, whilst these  
feast with ye ;

A favour or a grace, from such as I am,  
Coarse common things——

*Enter VALERIO and PODRAMO.*

You are welcome ! Pray come near, sir :  
Do you know this paper ?

*Val.* [*Aside.*] I am betray'd !—I do, sir ;  
'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for her,  
I am thy martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.

*Cas.* You saucy sir, that came in my lady's name

For her gilt cabinet, you cheating sir too,  
You scurvy usher, with as scurvy legs,  
And a worse face, thou poor base hanging-holder,  
How durst thou come to me with a lie in thy mouth !  
An impudent lie——

*Pod.* Holla, good Gill ! you hobble.

*Cas.* A stinking lie, more stinking than the teller !  
To play the pilfering knave ? There have been  
rascals

Brought up to fetch and carry, like your worship,  
That have been hang'd for less ; whipt there an  
daily ;

And if the law will do me right——

*Pod.* What then, old maggot ?

*Cas.* Thy mother was carted younger.—I'll have  
thy hide,

Thy many hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip,  
As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.

*Fred.* Peace, good antiquity ! I'll have your  
bones else

Ground into gunpowder to shoot at cats with.  
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond  
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness  
As the powder of a dried bawd's skin. Besilent !—  
You are very prodigal of your service here, sir ;  
Of your life more, it seems.

*Val.* I repent neither ;

Because, your grace shall understand, it comes  
From the best part of love, my pure affection ;  
And, kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly from  
If it be error to desire to marry, [*it*  
And marry her that sanctity would dote on,  
I have done amiss ; if it be a treason  
To graft my soul to virtue, and to grow there,  
To love the tree that bears such happiness,  
(Conceive me, sir ; this fruit was ne'er forbidden  
Nay, to desire to taste too, I am traitor.  
Had you but plants enough of this blest tree, sir  
Set round about your court, to beautify it,  
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approacher  
The ground would scarce yield graves to nob  
lovers.

*Fred.* 'Tis well maintain'd. You wish and pray  
to Fortune,  
Here in your sonnet, (and she has heard your  
prayers)

So much you dote upon your own undoing,  
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,  
Though at the expiring of that time you die for't

*Val.* I could wish many, many ages, sir ;  
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,  
If Heaven would grant it, and you smile upon it  
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish  
I would not pull my heart back.

*Fred.* You have your wish :  
To-morrow I will see you nobly married ;

Your Month take out in all content and pleasure  
The first day of the following Month you die for  
Kneel not ! not all your prayers can divert me.  
Now mark your sentence ; mark it, scornful lad !  
If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,  
(For that's your latest time) you find not out  
Another husband, on the same condition  
To marry you again, you die yourself too !

*Evan.* Now you are merciful ! I thank you  
grace.

*Fred.* If, when you are married, you but seek  
to 'scape

Out of the kingdom, you, or she, or both,  
Or to infect men's minds with hot commotions,

You die both instantly !—Will you love me now, lady?

My tale will now be heard ; but now I scorn you !  
[*Exeunt all but VALERIO and EVANTHE.*]

*Evan.* Is our fair love, our honest, our entire, Come to this hazard?

*Val.* 'Tis a noble one,  
And I am much in love with Malice for it ;  
Envy could not have studied me a way,  
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,  
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes.  
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthe,  
And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,  
I have done my journey here, my day is out :  
All that the world has else is foolery,

Labour, and loss of time. What should I live for ?  
Think but man's life a Month, and we are happy.  
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing :  
A Paradise, as thou art, my Evanthe,  
Is only made to wonder at a little,  
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.  
Come, do not weep, sweet ; you dishonour me !  
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,  
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?

*Evan.* You know I do.

*Val.* Then grudge not my felicity.

*Evan.* I'll to the queen.

*Val.* Do anything that's honest ;

But, if you sue to him, in death I hate you !

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, and MENALLO.*

*Cam.* Was there ever heard of such a marriage ?

*Men.* Marriage and hanging go by destiny ;  
'Tis the old proverb ; now they come together.

*Cle.* But a Month married, then to lose his life for't ? [soldiers.]

I would have a long Month sure, that pays the  
*Cam.* Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that were  
And have no Month remember'd. [a rare trick]

*Enter TONY, with an Urinal.*

How now, Tony ?

Whose water are you casting ?

*Tony.* A sick gentleman's,  
Is very sick, much troubled with the stone ;  
He should not live above a Month, by his urine :  
About St. David's Day it will go hard with him ;  
He will then be troubled with a pain in his neck too.

*Men.* A pestilent fool !—When wilt thou marry, Tony ?

*Tony.* When I mean to be hang'd ; and 'tis the surer contract.

*Cle.* What think you of this marriage of Valerio's ?

*Tony.* They have given him a hot custard,  
And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I known  
He had been given to die honourably,  
I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare one,  
Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and saved the sentence.

*Cam.* There be them would have spared ten days of that too.

*Tony.* It may be so ; you have women of all virtues :

There be some guns that I could bring him to,  
Some mortar-pieces that are placed i' th' suburbs,  
Would tear him into quarters in two hours ;  
There be also of the race of the old cockatrices,  
That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

*Men.* What Month wouldst thou chuse, Tony,  
If thou hadst the like fortune ?

*Tony.* I would chuse

A mull'd sack Month, to comfort my belly ; for sure  
My back would ache for't ; and, at the Month's end,

I would be most dismally drunk, and scorn the  
*Men.* I would chuse March, for I would come in like a lion.

*Tony.* But you'd go out like a lamb, when you went to hanging.

*Cam.* I would take April, take the sweet o' th' year,

And kiss my wench upon the tender flowrets,  
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds sung,  
Embrace, and melt away my soul in pleasure.

*Tony.* You would go a-maying gaily to the  
*Cle.* Pr'ythee tell us some news. [gallows.]

*Tony.* I'll tell ye all I know :

You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,  
And blow your fingers' ends.

*Cam.* That's no news, fool.

*Tony.* You may be knaves then when you please,  
stark knaves,

And build fair houses ; but your heirs shall have  
*Men.* These are undoubted. [none of 'em.]

*Tony.* Truth's not worth the hearing !

I'll tell you news then : There was a drunken sailor,  
That got a mermaid with child as she went a-milking,

And now she sues him in the bawdy-court for it ;  
The infant monster is brought up in Fish-street.

*Cam.* Ay, this is something !

*Tony.* I'll tell you more ; there was a fish taken,  
A monstrous fish, with a sword by his side, a long sword,

A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,  
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the duke of

*Cle.* This is a monstrous lie ! [Florence.]

*Tony.* I do confess it :

Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em ?

You are honest things, we courtiers scorn to converse with. [Exit.]

*Cam.* A playg fool ! But let's consider, gentlemen,

Why the queen strives not to oppose this sentence ;  
The kingdom's honour suffers in this cruelty.

*Men.* No doubt the queen, though she be virtuous,

Winks at the marriage ; for by that only means  
The king's flame lessens to the youthful lady,  
If not goes out ; within this Month, I doubt not,  
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also.

Shall we go see the preparation ?

'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder.

*Cam.* Come, let's away. Send my friends happier weddings ! [Exeunt.]



SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter MARIA and EVANTHE.*

*Mar.* You shall be merry; come, I'll have it so:  
Can there be any nature so unnooble,  
Or anger so inhuman, to pursue this?

*Evan.* I fear there is.

*Mar.* Your fears are poor and foolish.  
Though he be hasty, and his anger death,  
His will like torrents not to be resisted,  
Yet law and justice go along to guide him;  
And what law, or what justice, can he find  
To justify his will? what act or statute,  
By human or divine establishment,  
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?  
Honest fair wedlock? 'Twas given for increase,  
For preservation of mankind, I take it;  
He must be more than man then that dare break it.  
Come, dress you handsomely; you shall have my  
jewels,

And put a face on that contemns base fortune;  
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful:  
Outlook his anger.

*Evan.* Oh, my Valerio!

Be witness, my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for!  
*Mar.* But shew it not. I would so crucify him  
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,  
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him!  
Pat all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,  
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;  
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,  
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus  
Were now again to catch the God of War,  
In his most rugged anger. When thou hast him  
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)  
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,  
Then shew thy virtue, then again despise him,  
And all his power; then with a look of honour  
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead!

*Evan.* Good madam, dress me;  
You arm me bravely.

*Mar.* Make him know his cruelty  
Begins with him first; he must suffer for it;  
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,  
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.  
Stamp such a deep impression of thy beauty  
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,  
That when Valerio and Evanthe sleep  
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,  
He may run mad, and curse his act. Be lusty;  
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'st it.

*Evan.* I thank your grace! you have prepared  
And my weak mind—— [me strongly;

*Mar.* Death is unwelcome never,  
Unless it be to tortured minds and sick souls,  
That make their own hells; 'tis such a benefit  
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so  
sweet too!

Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,  
For every living thing would love it else,  
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;  
The rest we have from labour and from trouble  
Is some incitement; every thing alike,  
The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,  
As amply as his master, in that tomb  
The earth as light upon him, and the flowers  
That grow about him smell as sweet, and flourish;  
But when we love with honour to our ends,  
When memory and virtues are our mourners,

What pleasures there! they are infinite, Evanthe!  
Only, my virtuous wench, we want our senses,  
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud  
And lazy to look up to happier life, [else  
The blessings of the people would so swell us.

*Evan.* Good madam, dress me; you have dress'd  
my soul:

The merriest bride I'll be, for all this misery,  
The proudest to some eyes too.

*Mar.* 'Twill do better;

Come, shrink no more.

*Evan.* I am too confident. [Exit

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.**Enter FREDERICK and SORANO.*

*Sor.* You are too remiss and wanton in your  
angers;

You mould things handsomely, and then neglect  
'em:

A powerful prince should be constant to his power  
still,

And hold up what he builds; then people fear him  
When he lets loose his hand, it shews a weakness  
And men examine or condemn his greatness:  
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up  
A revenge equal, not a pity in you.

*Fred.* She is thy sister.

*Sor.* An she were my mother,  
Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate  
And shake her nearness off. I study, sir, [to  
To satisfy your angers that are just,  
Before your pleasures.

*Fred.* I have done that already,  
I fear, has pull'd too many curses on me!

*Sor.* Curses, or envies, on Valerio's head  
(Would you take my counsel, sir) they should  
light,

And with the weight not only crack his skull,  
But his fair credit. The exquisite vexation  
I have devised, (so please you give way in't,  
And let it work) shall more afflict his soul,  
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,  
Than fear of death in all the frights he carries.  
If you sit down here, they will both abuse you,  
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and scorn you  
What satisfaction can their deaths bring to you,  
That are prepared, and proud to die, and willing  
And at their ends will thank you for that honour  
How are you nearer the desire you aim at?  
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,  
How can their single deaths give you content, or  
Petty revenges end in blood, slight angers;  
A prince's rage should find out new diseases  
Death were a pleasure to, to pay proud fools with

*Fred.* What should I do?

*Sor.* Add but your power unto me,  
Make me but strong by your protection,  
And you shall see what joy and what delight,  
What infinite pleasure this poor Mouth shall yield  
him.

I'll make him wish he were dead on his marriage  
day,

Or bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curse,  
And cry and curse, give me but power.

*Fred.* You have it:

Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.  
*Sor.* It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it  
He shall live after this to beg his life too:

Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave it,  
Evanthe shall be yours.

*Fred.* Take all authority,  
And be most happy!

*Sor.* Good sir, no more pity! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Gate of the Palace.*

*Enter TONY, three Citizens, and three Wives.*

1 *Wife.* Good master Tony, put me in.

*Tony.* Where do you dwell?

1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the Great  
Shoulder of Mutton.

*Tony.* A hungry man would hunt your house  
out instantly;

Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettuce ruff  
A fine sharp salad to your sign. [your husband?

2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?

3 *Wife.* And me, good master Tony?

*Tony.* Put ye all in?

You had best come twenty more; you think 'tis  
A trick of legerdmain, to put ye all in: [easy,

'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,  
Though it were all made into chines and fillets.

2 *Wife.* Put's into th' wedding, sir! we would  
fain see that.

1 *Wife.* And the brave masque too.

*Tony.* You two are pretty women:  
Are you their husbands?

2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.

*Tony.* I think so too; you would not be so mad  
else

To turn 'em loose to a company of young courtiers,  
That swarm like bees in May, when they see young  
You must not squeak. [wenches.

3 *Wife.* No, sir; we are better tutored.

*Tony.* Nor, if a young lord offer you the cour-

2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, sir. [tesy—

*Tony.* Nor you must not grumble,

If you be thrust up hard; we thrust most furiously.

1 *Wife.* We know the worst.

*Tony.* Get you two in then quietly.

[Suffers 1 and 2 Woman to pass in.

And shift for yourselves.—We must have no old  
women,

They are out of use, unless they have petitions;  
Besides, they cough so loud, they drown the  
music.—

You would go in too? but there's no place for ye;

I am sorry for't; go, and forget your wives;

Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently:

You may have heirs may prove wise aldermen.

Go, or I'll call the guard.

3 *Cit.* We will get in;

We'll venture broken pates else!

*Tony.* 'Tis impossible,  
You are too securely arm'd.—[Exit Citizens and

3 Woman.]—How they flock hither,

And with what joy the women run by heaps

To see this marriage! They tickle to think of it;

They hope for every Month a husband too.

Still how they run, and how the wittols follow 'em,

The weak things that are worn between the legs,

That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend,

How they post to see their own confusion!

This is a merry world.

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Fred.* Look to the door, sirrah;  
Thou art a fool, and mayst do mischief lawfully,

*Tony.* Give me your hand! you are my brother  
fool;

You may both make the law, and mar it presently.

Do you love a wench?

*Fred.* Who does not, fool?

*Tony.* Not I,

Unless you'll give me a longer lease to marry her.

*Fred.* What are all these that come? what busi-  
ness have they?

*Tony.* Some come to gape, those are my fellow  
fools;

Some to get home their wives, those be their own  
fools;

Some to rejoice with thee, those be the time's fools;

And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,  
A set, people call them honest.

*Enter CASSANDRA, passing over.*

Look, look, king, look!

A weather-beaten lady new careen'd!

*Fred.* An old one.

*Tony.* The glasses of her eyes are new rubb'd  
And the worm-eaten records in her face [over,

Are daub'd up neatly:

She lays her breasts out too, like two poach'd eggs

That had the yulks suck'd out: They get new  
heads also,

New teeth, new tongues, (for the old are all worn  
And, as 'tis hoped, new tails. [out)

*Fred.* For what?

*Tony.* For old courtiers;

The young ones are too stirring for their travels.

*Fred.* Go, leave your knavery, and help to keep  
I will have no such press. [the door well;

*Tony.* Lay thy hand o' thy heart, king!

*Fred.* I'll have you whipp'd!

*Tony.* The Fool and thou art parted. [Exit.

*Fred.* Sorano, work, and free me from this  
spell;

'Twixt love and scorn, there's nothing felt but  
hell! [Exit.

SCENE V.—*A Room in the same.*

*Enter VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLEANTHUS, MENALLO, and  
Servants dressing him.*

*Val.* Tie on my scarf; you are so long about me!  
Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;

That hat and feather. Lord, what a tailor's this,  
To make me up thus strait! one sigh would burst  
me;

I have not room to breathe; come, button, button,  
Button apace!

*Cam.* I am glad to see you merry, sir.

*Val.* 'Twould make you merry, had you such a  
And such an age to enjoy her in. [wife,

*Men.* An age, sir?

*Val.* A Month's an age to him that is contented;  
What should I seek for more?—Give me my  
sword.—

Ha, my good lords! that every one of you now  
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty  
To bless yourselves this night with! would ye not?  
Pray ye speak uprightly—

*Cle.* We confess you happy,

And we could well wish such another banquet;  
But on that price, my lord—

*Val.* 'Twere nothing, else;

No man can ever come to aim at Heaven,



But by the knowledge of a hell.—These shoes are heavy,  
And, if I should be call'd to dance, they'll clog me;  
Get me some pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Camillo,  
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd me,  
Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd me,  
To limit me my time; for who would live long?  
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,  
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us.  
As it increases, so vexations,  
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,  
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we are but our living  
coffins:

Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous;  
Which shews all honour is departed from us,  
And we are earth again!

*Cle.* You make fair use, sir.

*Val.* I would not live to learn to lie, Cleanthes,  
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.  
Thou that hast been a soldier, Menallo,  
A noble soldier, and defied all danger,  
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;  
Wouldst thou live so long till thy strength forsook  
Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story [thee?  
Of what thou hadst been? till thy sword hang by,  
And lazy spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?

*Men.* No, sure, I would not.

*Val.* 'Tis not fit you should;

To die a young man is to be an angel;  
Our great good parts put wings unto our souls!—  
Pray you tell me, is't a handsome masque we have?

*Cam.* We understand so.

*Val.* And the young gentlemen dance?

*Cle.* They do, sir, and some dance well.

*Val.* They must, before the ladies.

We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,  
A lusty one; 'twill make my blood dance too.

[*Music within.*]

*Cam.* Ten, if you please.

*Val.* And we'll be wondrous merry.

They stay sure! Come; I hear the music; forward!  
You shall have all gloves presently. [*Exit.*]

*Men.* We attend, sir,

But first we must look to the doors, the king has  
charged us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another in the same, with a drawn  
Curtain in the back-ground.*

*Enter two Servants.* [*Knocking within.*]

1 *Serv.* What a noise do you keep there? Call  
my fellows o' th' guard!  
You must cease now until the king be enter'd;  
He is gone to the temple now.

2 *Serv.* Look to that back door,  
And keep it fast; they swarm like bees about it.

*Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, MENALLO; TONY at the door.*

*Cam.* Keep back those citizens; and let their  
Their handsome wives. [*Wives in,*]

*Tony.* They have crowded me to verjuice;

I sweat like a butter-box.

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

*Men.* Take the women aside, and talk with 'em  
Give 'em that they came for. [*in private;*]

*Tony.* The whole court cannot do it;  
Besides, the next masque, if we use 'em so,  
They'll come by millions to expect our largess.  
We have broke an hundred heads.

*Cle.* Are they so tender?

*Tony.* But 'twas behind; before they have all  
murrions.

*Cam.* Let in those ladies; make 'em room, for  
shame there!

*Tony.* They are no ladies; there's one bald  
before 'em,

A gentlewoman bald! they are curtail'd queens in  
hired clothes.

They come out of Spain, I think; they are very  
sultry.

*Men.* Keep 'em in breath for an ambassador.

Methinks, my nose shakes at their memories.

What bouncing's that?

[*Knocks within.*]

1 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I am one o' th' music, sir.

2 *Cit.* [*Within.*] I have sweet-meats for the

*Cam.* Let 'em in. [*banquet*]

*Tony.* They lie, my lord! they come to see  
Two broken citizens. [*their wives*]

*Cam.* Break 'em more; they are but brused yet  
Bold rascals! offer to disturb your wives?

*Cle.* Lock the doors fast! the music; hark! the  
king comes. [*Music*]

*A curtain drawn. Enter FREDERICK, MARIA, VALERIO,  
EVANTIE, Ladies, Attendants, CAMILLO, CLEANTHES,  
SORANO, MENALLO.*

*A Masque.* CUPID descends in a chariot, the GRACES  
sing by him. CUPID, his eyes bound, the GRACES  
unbind them; he speaks.

*Cupid.* "Unbind me, my delight; this night  
mine!

Now let me look upon what stars here shine,

Let me behold the beauties, then clap high

My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.

I am satisfied; bind me again, and fast;

My angry bow will make too great a waste

Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in,

Call with a song, and let the sports begin;

Call all my servants, the effects of love,

And to a measure let them nobly move."

[*The GRACES sing*]

Come, ye servants of proud Love,

Come away:

Fairly, nobly, gently move!

Too long, too long you make us stay;

Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,

Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;

Consuming Care, and raging Ire,

And Poverty in poor attire,

March fairly in, and last Despair.

Now full music strike the air.

*Enter the Masquers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,  
Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Despair; all  
dance, after which CUPID speaks.*

*Cupid.* "Away! I have done; the day begins  
to light.

Lovers, you know your fate; good night, go  
night!"

[*Exeunt Masquers. CUPID and the GRACES ascend in  
chariot.*]

*Fred.* Come, to the banquet! when the  
ended, sir,

I'll see you a-bed, and so good-night. Be merry  
You have a sweet bed-fellow.

*Val.* I thank your grace,

And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.

*Fred.* I pray I may deserve your thanks. 8  
forward! [*Exeunt*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Cathedral. A Tomb in the Background.*

*Enter divers Monks, ALPHONSO going to the tomb, RUGIO and Friar MARCO.*

*Marco.* The night grows on; lead softly to the And sing not till I bid ye; let the music [tomb, Play gently as he passes.

*Rug.* Oh, fair picture,  
That wert the living hope of all our honours!  
How are we banish'd from the joy we dream'd of!  
Will he ne'er speak more?

*Marco.* 'Tis full three months, Lord Rugio,  
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue.  
Set him down gently. [ALPHONSO sits in a chair.

*Rug.* What should the reason be, sir?

*Marco.* As 'tis in nature with those loving husbands,

That sympathise their wives' pains and their throes,  
When they are breeding, (and 'tis usual too;  
We have it by experience) so in him, sir,  
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;  
For when his honour'd father, good Brandino,  
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them;  
His fits, and his disease he still inherited,  
Grew the same thing, and, had not Nature check'd  
him,

Strength and ability, he had died that hour too.

*Rug.* Emblem of noble love!

*Marco.* That very minute

His father's breath forsook him, that same instant,  
(A rare example of his piety,  
And love paternal) the organ of his tongue  
Was never heard to sound again; so near death  
He seeks to wait upon his worthy father,  
But that we force his meat, he were one body.

*Rug.* He points to the tomb.

*Marco.* That is the place he honours;  
A house I fear he will not be long out of.  
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your  
hand. [ALPHONSO is led to the tomb.

Now sing the funeral song, and let him kneel,  
For then he's pleased. [A song.

*Rug.* Heaven lend thy powerful hand,  
And ease this prince!

*Marco.* He will pass back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter VALERIO.*

*Val.* They drink abundantly; I am hot with  
wine too,

Lustily warm. I'll steal now to my happiness;  
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me:  
But she is up still, and attends the queen.  
Thou dew of wine and sleep, hang on their eye-lids,  
Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,  
That I may quickly find my loved Evanthe!  
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;  
Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's blessedness!  
If I had forty heads, I would give all for it.  
Is not the end of our ambitions,  
Of all our human studies, and our travels,  
Of our desires, the obtaining of our wishes?  
Certain, it is; and there man makes his centre.  
I have obtained Evanthe, I have married her:  
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?—

*Enter SORANO.*

I have my wish: what's left me to accuse now?  
I am friends with all the world, but thy base  
malice:

Go, glory in thy mischiefs, thou proud man,  
And cry it to the world, thou hast ruined virtue!  
How I contemn thee, and thy petty malice!  
And with what scorn I look down on thy practice!

*Sor.* You'll sing me a new song anon, Valerio,  
And wish these hot words—

*Val.* I despise thee, fellow!

Thy threats, or flatteries, all I fling behind me!  
I have my end, I have thy noble sister,  
A name too worthy of thy blood! I have married  
And will enjoy her too. [her,

*Sor.* 'Tis very likely.

*Val.* And that short Month I have to bless me  
with her

I'll make an age: I'll reckon each embrace  
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee,  
Every quick kiss a spring; and when I mean  
To lose myself in all delightfulness,  
Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.

In spite of thee, and thy malignant master,  
I will die old in love, though young in pleasure!

*Sor.* But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity  
Thou art the poorest miserable thing [thee:  
This day on earth I'll tell thee why, Valerio:  
All thou esteem'st, and build'st upon for happi-  
ness,

For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,  
And, like a wanton dream, already vanish'd!

*Val.* Is my love false?

*Sor.* No, she is constant to thee;  
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,  
And curse thee too.

*Val.* Is my strong body weaken'd,  
Charm'd or abused with subtle drink? Speak, vil-  
lain!

*Sor.* Neither; I dare speak, thou art still as  
lusty  
As when thou lovedst her first, as strong and  
hopeful.

The Month thou hast given thee is a Month of  
misery,  
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield a  
pleasure,

Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it:  
Before thou diest, each minute shall prepare it,  
And ring so many knells to sad afflictions;  
The king has given thee a long Month to die in,  
And miserably die!

*Val.* Undo thy riddle;

I am prepared, whatever fate shall follow.

*Sor.* Dost thou see this ring?

*Val.* I know it too.

*Sor.* Then mark me:

By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to thee.

It is the king's will—

*Val.* Let me know it suddenly!

*Sor.* If thou dost offer to touch Evanthe's body,  
Beyond a kiss, though thou art married to her,  
And lawfully, as thou think'st, may'st enjoy her,  
That minute she shall die!

*Val.* Oh, devil!

*Sor.* If thou discover this command unto her,  
Or to a friend that shall importune thee,



And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye  
all perish,

Upon the self-same forfeit!—Are you fitted, sir?  
Now, if you love her, you may preserve her life  
still;

If not, you know the worst. How falls your  
Month out?

*Val.* This tyranny could never be invented  
But in the school of hell, earth is too innocent!  
Not to enjoy her when she is my wife?  
When she is willing too?

*Sor.* She is most willing,  
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,  
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it,  
(There are such women that will die with pleasure)  
The ax will follow else, that will not fail  
To fetch her maidenhead, and dispatch her quickly;  
Then shall the world know you are the cause of  
murder,

And as 'tis requisite, your life shall pay for't.

*Val.* Thou dost but jest; thou canst not be so  
monstrous

As thou proclaim'st thyself; thou art her brother,  
And there must be a feeling heart within thee  
Of her afflictions: Wert thou a stranger to us,  
And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,  
Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,  
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourish'd thee,  
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble  
When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,  
They that are senseless things shake at a tempest;  
Thou art a man—

*Sor.* Be thou too then; 'twill try thee,  
And patience now will best become thy nobleness.

*Val.* Invent some other torment to afflict me,  
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,  
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none,  
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,  
Nor of what length.

*Sor.* This is enough to vex you.

*Val.* The tale of Tantalus is now proved true,  
And from me shall be register'd authentic!  
To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,  
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even as  
Thou hatest me, brother, let no young man know  
this,

As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most  
need'st it,

Peace in thy soul! Desire the king to kill me,  
Make me a traitor, any thing I'll yield to it,  
And give thee cause, so I may die immediately!  
Lock me in prison where no sun may see me,  
In walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,  
Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, I'll  
bless thee!

Give me some damned potion to deliver me,  
That I may never know myself again, forget  
My country, kindred, name, and fortune; last,  
That my chaste love may ne'er appear before me,  
This were some comfort!

*Sor.* All I have I have brought you,  
And much good may it do you, my dear brother!  
See you observe it well; you'll find about you  
Many eyes set, that shall o'erlook your actions:  
If you transgress, you know—and so I leave you.  
[Exit.]

*Val.* Heaven be not angry, and I have some  
hope yet;

To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,  
Look on my harmless youth, Angels of pity,

And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows!  
The power, the pride, the malice and injustices  
Of cruel men are bent against mine innocence:  
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,  
And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weak-  
ness,

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries!  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.—A Bed-Chamber in the same.

*Enter FREDERICK and SORANO.*

*Fred.* Hast thou been with him?

*Sor.* Yes, and given him that, sir,  
Will make him curse his birth; I told you which  
way.

Did you but see him, sir, but look upon him  
With what a troubled and dejected nature  
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,  
As if he were the shroud he wrapt himself in,  
And no more of Valerio but his shadow,  
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in.  
You would wonder and admire, for all you know it.  
His jollity is down, valed to the ground, sir,  
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures  
Are turn'd tormentors to him, strong diseases.

*Fred.* But is there hope of her?

*Sor.* It must fall necessary  
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,  
(For women once deluded are next devils)  
And, in the height of that opinion, sir,  
You shall put on again, and she must meet you.

*Fred.* I am glad of this.

*Sor.* I'll tell you all the circumstance  
Within this hour. But sure I heard your grace,  
To-day as I attended, make some stops,  
Some broken speeches, and some sighs between;  
And then your brother's name I heard distinctly,  
And some sad wishes after.

*Fred.* You are i' th' right, sir;  
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,  
Sad as the earth!

*Sor.* Would you have it so?

*Fred.* Thou hear'st me.  
Though he be sick, with small hope of recovery,  
That hope still lives, and men's eyes live upon it,  
And in their eyes their wishes: My Sorano,  
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,  
(As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy)  
My court should be another Paradise,  
And flow with all delights.

*Sor.* Go to your pleasures;  
Let me alone with this: Hope shall not trouble  
Nor he, three days. [You.]

*Fred.* I shall be bound unto thee.

*Enter VALERIO, CAMILLO, CLARANTIES, and MESALLO.*

*Sor.* I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

*Fred.* Be gone. They are going to bed; I'll bid  
good night to 'em.

*Sor.* And mark the man! you'll scarce know 'em  
Valerio. [Exit.]

*Cam.* Cheer up, my noble lord; the minute's  
come,

You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness.

We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm  
you,

Desire shoots through your eyes like sudden wild-  
fires.

*Val.* Beshrew me, lords, the wine has made me  
I am I know not what. [Exit.]

*Fred.* Good pleasure to ye !  
Good-night and long too ! As you find your appetite,

You may fall to.

*Val.* I do beseech your grace,

[*Aside to FREDERICK.*]

For which of all my loves and services  
Have I deserved this ?

*Fred.* I am not bound to answer you.

*Val.* Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.

*Fred.* Do as you please ; you know the penalty,  
And, as I have a soul, it shall be executed !  
Nay, look not pale ; I am not used to fear, sir.  
If you respect your lady—Good-night to you !

[*Exit.*]

*Val.* But for respect to her, and to my duty,  
That reverend duty that I owe my sovereign,  
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,  
The good-night should be thine, good-night for ever !—

The king is wanton, lords ; he would needs know  
of me

How many nick-chaces I would make to-night.

*Men.* My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect  
gamester.

*Val.* 'Faith, no ; I am unacquainted with the  
pleasure ;

Bungle a set I may.—How my heart trembles,

[*Aside.*]

And beats my breast as it would break his way  
out !—

Good night, my noble friends.

*Cle.* Nay, we must see you  
Toward your bed, my lord.

*Val.* Good faith, it needs not ;  
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

*Cam.* No, no ;  
Till the bride come, sir—

*Val.* I beseech you leave me ;  
You will make me bashful else, I am so foolish ;  
Besides, I have some few devotions, lords,  
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms—

*Cam.* We'll leave you then ; and a sweet night  
wait upon ye !

*Men.* And a sweet issue of this sweet night  
crown ye !

*Cle.* All nights and days be such till you grow  
old, sir !

[*Exit CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, and MENALLO.*]

*Val.* I thank ye ;—'tis a curse sufficient for me,  
A labour'd one too, though you mean a blessing.  
What shall I do ? I'm like a wretched debtor,  
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit  
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.  
Other men see the sun, yet I must wink at it,  
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it.  
My veins are all on fire, and burn like Ætna,  
Youth and desire beat 'larums to my blood,  
And add fresh fuel to my warm affections.  
I must enjoy her ; yet, when I consider,  
When I collect myself, and weigh her danger,  
The tyrant's will, and his power taught to murder,  
My tender care controls my blood within me,  
And, like a cold fit of a peevish ague,  
Creeps to my soul, and flings an ice upon me,  
That locks all powers of youth up : But prevention—

Oh, what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,  
To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,  
Or halt on crutches to meet holy Hymen ;

P P

What a rare benefit ! But I am curst !  
That that speaks other men most freely happy,  
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,  
Must prove the bane of me, Youth and Ability.

[*Enter MARIA, EVANTHE, Ladies, and TONY.*]

She comes to bed ; how shall I entertain her ?

*Tony.* Nay, I come after too ; take the Fool  
with ye,

For lightly he is ever one at weddings.

*Mar.* Evanthe, make you unready, your lord  
stays for you,

And pry'three be merry !

*Tony.* Be very merry, chicken ;

Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee  
dance too.

*Lady.* Will he so, Goodman Ass ?

*Tony.* Yes, goody filly :

Am you had such a pipe, that piped so sweetly,  
You would dance to death ; you have learnt your  
sinque-a-pace.

*Evan.* Your grace desires that, that's too free  
in me ;

I am merry at the heart.

*Tony.* Thou wilt be anon ;

The young smug boy will give thee a sweet cordial.

*Evan.* I am so taken up in all my thoughts,

So posset, madam, with the lawful sweets

I shall this night partake of with my lord,

So far transported (pardon my immodesty) —

*Val.* Alas, poor wench, how shall I recompence  
thee !

*Evan.* That though they must be short, and  
snatched away too

Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em  
Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

*Val.* Oh, how my heart aches !

*Evan.* Take off my jewels, ladies,

And let my ruff loose ; I shall bid good-night to ye,  
My lord stays here.

*Mar.* My wench, I thank thee heartily,  
For learning how to use thy few hours handsomely ;  
They will be years, I hope. Off with your gown  
now.—

Lay down the bed there.

*Tony.* Shall I get into it,

And warm it for thee ? A fool's fire is a fine thing !  
And I'll so buss thee !

*Mar.* I'll have you whipp'd, you rascal !

*Tony.* That will provoke me more. I'll talk  
with thy husband :

He's a wise man, I hope.

*Evan.* Good night, dear madam !

Ladies, no further service ; I am well.

I do beseech your grace to give us this leave ;

My lord and I to one another freely,

And privately, may do all other ceremonies ;

Woman and page we'll be to one another,

And trouble you no farther.

*Tony.* Art thou a wise man ?

*Val.* I cannot tell thee, Tony ; ask my neigh-  
bours.

*Tony.* If thou be'st so, go lie with me to-  
night,

(The old fool will lie quieter than the young one,  
And give thee more sleep) thou wilt look to-mor-  
row else

Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks of,  
That was squeak'd through a horn.

*Val.* I shall take thy counsel !

*Mar.* Why then, good-night, good-night, my best Evanthe!

My worthy maid, and, as that name shall vanish,  
My worthy wife, a long and happy.—Follow, sirrah!

*Evan.* That shall be my care. Goodness rest with your grace!

*Mar.* Be lusty, lord, and take your lady to you! And that power that shall part you be unhappy!

*Val.* Sweet rest unto you! to ye all sweet ladies! Tony, good night!

*Tony.* Shall not the Fool stay with thee?

*Mar.* Come away, sirrah!

[*Exit MARIA and Ladies.*]

*Tony.* How the fool is sought for!

Sweet malt is made of easy fire;  
A hasty horse will quickly tire;  
A sudden leaper sticks i' th' mire;  
Phlebotomy, and the word "lie nigher,"  
Take heed of, friend, I thee require.  
This from an Almanack I stole,  
And learn this lesson from a Fool.

Good-night, my bird!

[*Exit TONY.*]

*Evan.* Good-night, wise master Tony.—Will you to bed, my lord? Come let me help you.

*Val.* To bed, Evanthe? art thou sleepy?

*Evan.* No;

I shall be worse, if you look sad upon me.

Pray you let's to bed!

*Val.* I am not well, my love.

*Evan.* I'll make you well; there's no such physic for you

As your warm mistress' arms.

*Val.* Art thou so cunning?

*Evan.* I speak not by experience; (pray you mistake not)

But, if you love me—

*Val.* I do love so dearly,

So much above the base bent of desire,

I know not how to answer thee.

*Evan.* To bed then;

There I shall better credit you. Fy, my lord!

Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what to do?

An innocent maid? Are you so cold a lover?

In truth, you make me blush! 'Tis midnight too,

And 'tis no stolen love, but authorised openly,

No sin we covet. Pray let me undress you;

You shall help me. Pr'ythee, sweet Valerio,

Be not so sad; the king will be more merciful.

*Val.* May not I love thy mind?

*Evan.* And I yours too;

'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with virtue;

But if we love not one another really,

And put our bodies and our minds together,

And so make up the concord of affection,

Our love will prove but a blind superstition.

This is no school to argue in, my lord,

Nor have we time to talk away allowed us:

Pray let's dispatch. If any one should come

And find us at this distance, what would they think?

Come, kiss me, and to bed!

*Val.* That I dare do,

And kiss again.

*Evan.* Spare not; they are your own, sir.

*Val.* But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,

Too sensual in my love, and too ambitious!—

Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the stalk

Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beautiful,

And bear't at the prime and honour of the garden,

Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.

*Evan.* To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger you.

*Val.* Let's sit together thus, and, as we sit,  
Feed on the sweets of one another's souls.

The happiness of love is contemplation,

The blessedness of love is pure affection,

Where no alloy of actual dull desire,

Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,

Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,

And leaves the body but a poor repentance,

Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Evanthe;

That's everlasting, the other casual;

Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,

Blind as herself, and full of all afflictions:

Shall we love virtuously?

*Evan.* I ever loved so.

*Val.* And only think our love: The rarest pleasure  
(And that we most desire, let it be human) [sure.

If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloyours appetites.

I would not lessen in my love for any thing;

Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,

For my love's safety.

*Evan.* Now I see I am old, sir,

Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despised,

And am not worth your noble fellowship,

Your fellowship in love; you would not else

Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,

A maid that honours you thus piously,

Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you.

Farewell, my lord; since you have a better mistress.

(For it must seem so, or you are no man)

A younger, happier, I shall give her room,

So much I love you still.

*Val.* Stay, my Evanthe!

Heaven bear me witness, thou art all I love,

All I desire! And now, have pity on me!—

I never lied before; forgive me, Justice!

Youth and Affection, stop your ears unto me!

[*Aside.*]

*Evan.* Why do you weep? If I have spoke too harshly,

And unbecoming, my beloved lord,

My care and duty, pardon me!

*Val.* Oh, hear me,

Hear me, Evanthe!—I am all on torture. [Aside.

And this lie tears my conscience as I vent it!—

I am no man.

*Evan.* How, sir?

*Val.* No man for pleasure;

No woman's man.

*Evan.* Goodness forbid, my lord!

Sure you abuse yourself.

*Val.* 'Tis true, Evanthe;

I shame to say you'll find it. [Weeps.

*Evan.* He weeps bitterly: [Aside.

'Tis my hard fortune; bless all young maids from it!—

Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?

*Val.* I hope there is.

*Evan.* How long have you been destitute?

*Val.* Since I was young.

*Evan.* 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—

Now you shall know, 'tis not the pleasure, sir,

(For I'm compell'd to love you spiritually)

That women aim at, I affect you for;

'Tis for your worth: And kiss me; be at peace.

Because I ever loved you, I still honour you,

And with all duty to my husband follow you.

Will you to bed now? You are ashamed, it seems:

Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took life.

You do not know with what zeal I shall ask, sir,  
And what rare miracle that may work upon you.  
Still blush? Prescribe your law.

*Val.* I pr'ythee pardon me!

To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,  
Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.  
Do not despise me; make me not more wretched!  
I pray to Heaven, when I am gone, Evanthe,

(As my poor date is but a span of time now)  
To recompence thy noble patience,  
Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful husband,  
Honest and honourable.

*Evan.* Come, you have made me weep now.  
All fond desire die here, and welcome chastity,  
Honour and chastity! Do what you please, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber to the Dwelling of ALPHONSO in the Monastery.*

*Enter at one door RUGIO and Friar MARCO, at the other door SORANO, with a little glass phial.*

*Rug.* What ails this piece of mischief to look  
He seems to weep too. [sad?]

*Marco.* Something is a-hatching,  
And of some bloody nature too, Lord Rugio,  
This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

*Sor.* Hail, holy father!

And good-day to the good Lord Rugio!  
How fares the sad prince, I beseech you, sir?

*Rug.* 'Tis like you know; you need not ask  
that question:

You have your eyes and watches on his miseries  
As near as ours; I would they were as tender!

*Marco.* Can you do him good? As the king and  
you appointed him,

So he is still; as you desired I think too,  
For every day he is worse: Heaven pardon all!  
Put off your sorrow; you may laugh now, lord;  
He cannot last long to disturb your master:  
You have done worthy service to his brother,  
And he most memorable love.

*Sor.* You do not know, sir,  
With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness  
I groan and bow under this load of honour;  
And how my soul sighs for the beastly services  
I have done his pleasures, these be witness with me!  
And from your piety believe me, father,  
I would as willingly uncloath myself  
Of title, (that becomes me not, I know:  
Good men and great names beat agree together)  
Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings  
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,  
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weakness,  
And chuse to serve my country's cause and virtue's,  
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins,  
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.

*Rug.* Old and experienced men, my lord Sorano,  
Are not so quickly caught with guilt hypocrisy.  
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon us,  
As lions do to entice poor foolish beasts;  
And beasts we should be too, if we believed you:  
Go, exercise your art—

*Sor.* For Heaven sake, scorn me not,  
Nor add more hell to my afflicted soul  
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,  
As you are charitable, look gently on me!  
I will no more to court, be no more devil;  
I know I must be hated even of him  
That was my love now; and the more he loves me  
For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to  
him,

Muster before his conscience, and accuse him,

p p 2

The fouler and the more falls his displeasure:  
Princes are fading things, so are their favours.

*Marco.* He weeps again;  
His heart is touch'd, sure, with remorse.

*Sor.* See this,  
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,  
And worthy father, see; within this phial,  
The remedy and cure of all my honour,  
And of the sad prince, lie.

*Rug.* What new trick's this?

*Sor.* 'Tis true, I have done offices abundantly  
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonso;  
And, whilst I was a knave, I sought his death too.

*Rug.* You are too late convicted to be good yet.

*Sor.* But, father, when I felt this part afflict me,  
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit  
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs—

*Marco.* Well; go on, sir.

*Sor.* Oh, then, then, then! what was my glory  
then, father!

The favour of the king, what did that ease me?  
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?  
Worship, and courted? what did this avail me?  
I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch!

*Marco.* Still better.

*Sor.* Till, in the midst of all my grief, I found  
Repentance; and a learned man to give the means  
A Jew, an honest and a rare physician: [to it;  
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel,  
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought it.  
If the king knew it, I must lose my head;  
And willingly, most willingly, I would suffer.  
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.

*Marco.* To whom would you apply it to?

*Sor.* To the sick prince;  
It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.  
*Rug.* I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.  
What impudence is this, and what base malice,  
To make us instruments of thy abuses!

Are we set here to poison him?

*Sor.* Mistake not;

Yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,  
And worthy virtuous servants. If you'll see  
A flourishing estate again in Naples,  
And great Alphonso reign, that's truly good,  
And like himself able to make all excellent,  
Give him this drink; and this good health unto  
him!

[*Drinks.*]

I am not so desperate yet to kill myself.  
Never look on me as a guilty man,  
Nor on the water as a speedy poison:  
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,  
My conscience and my credit, to abuse ye.  
How nimbly and how cheerfully it works now  
Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!  
There is no sadness that I feel within me,

But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour  
How it flies off! Here, give it him with speed:  
You are more guilty than I ever was,  
And worthier of the name of evil subjects,  
If but an hour you hold this from his health.

*Rug.* 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure; he is  
a good man!

It must be so; come, let's apply it presently,  
And may it sweetly work!

*Sor.* Pray let me hear on't;

And carry it close, my lords.

*Marco.* Yes, good Sorano.

[*Exeunt Rugio and Marco.*]

*Sor.* Do, my good fools, my honest pious cox-  
combs,

My wary fools too! Have I caught your wisdoms?  
You never dream'd I knew an antidote,  
Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;  
I am an ass! Go, give him the fine cordial,  
And when you have done, go dig his grave, good  
friar.

Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawl-  
And roaring up and down for *aqua viva*, [ing,  
Such rubbing, and such 'nointing, and such cool-  
ing!

I have sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly:  
If he recover it, there is no heat in hell sure.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace.

[*Enter FREDERICK and PODRAMO.*]

*Fred.* Podramo!

*Pod.* Sir.

*Fred.* Call hither Lord Valerio;  
And let none trouble us.

*Pod.* It shall be done, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Fred.* I know he wants no additions to his  
tortures,

He has enough for human blood to carry;  
(Yet I must vex him further)  
So many, that I wonder his hot youth  
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;  
I must yet torture him a little further,  
And make myself sport with his miseries;  
My anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

[*Enter VALERIO.*]

Now, my young-married lord, how do you feel  
yourself?

You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,  
The joy and pleasure.

*Val.* 'Would you had the like, sir!

*Fred.* You tumble in delights with your sweet  
lady,

And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;  
You live a right lord's life.

*Val.* 'Would you had tried it,  
That you might know the virtue but to suffer!  
Your anger, though it be unjust and insolent,  
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn;  
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,  
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.

*Fred.* Hast thou not found a loving and free  
prince?

High in his favours too? that has conferr'd  
Such hearts-ease, and such heaps of comfort on  
All thou couldst ask?

[*thee,*]

*Val.* You are too grown a tyrant,  
Upon so suffering and so still a subject!

You have put upon me such a punishment,  
That if your youth were honest it would blush at:  
But you're a shame to nature, as to virtue.  
Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis so just,  
It will give way to no respect. My life,  
My innocent life (I dare maintain it, sir),  
Like a wanton prodigal you have flung away;  
Had I a thousand more, I would allow 'em,  
And be as careless of 'em as your will is:  
But to deny those rights the law hath given me,  
The holy law, and make her life the penance,  
Is such a studied and unheard-of malice,  
No heart that is not hired from hell dare think of:  
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,  
High as my blood, all my desires upon me,  
My free affections ready to embrace her,  
And she mine own—Do you smile at this? is't  
done well?

Is there not Heaven above you that sees all? [*Exit.*]

[*Enter CASSANDRA.*]

*Fred.* Come hither, Time. How does your  
noble mistress?

*Cas.* As a gentlewoman may do in her case  
That's newly married, sir; sickly sometimes,  
And fond on't, like your majesty.

*Fred.* She's breeding then?

*Cas.* She wants much of her colour,  
And has her qualms as ladies use to have, sir,  
And her disgusts.

*Fred.* And keeps her chamber?

*Cas.* Yes, sir.

*Fred.* And eats good broths and jellies?

*Cas.* I am sure she sighs, sir,  
And weeps, good lady!

*Fred.* Alas, good lady, for it!

She should have one could comfort her, Cassandra.  
Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty comforter.

*Cas.* A comfortable man does well at all hours.  
For he brings comfortable things.

*Fred.* Come hither;

And hold your fan between, you have eaten  
onions.—

Her breath stinks like a fox, her teeth are con-  
tagious; [*Aside.*]

These old women are all elder-pipes.—Do you  
mark me? [*Gives a purse.*]

*Cas.* Yes, sir; but does your grace think I am  
That am both old and virtuous? [*Exit.*]

*Fred.* Therefore the fitter, the older still the  
I know thou art as holy as an old cope, [*better;*  
Yet, upon necessary use—

*Cas.* 'Tis true, sir.

*Fred.* Her feeling sense is fierce still; speak  
unto her,

(You are familiar) speak, I say, unto her,  
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.

[*Whisperers.*]

*Cas.* Alas, she is honest, sir, she is very honest,  
And would you have my gravity—

*Fred.* Ay, ay;

Your gravity will become the cause the better.  
I'll look thee out a knight shall make thee a lady  
too,

A lusty knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee:  
And add to these, I'll make 'em good. No mincing,  
Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,  
But do it home. We'll all be friends too, tell her.  
And such a joy—

*Cas.* That's it that stirs me up, sir;

I would not for the world attempt her chastity,  
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.

*Fred.* For that I urge it too.

*Cas.* A little evil

May well be suffer'd for a general good, sir.

I'll take my leave of your majesty.

*Fred.* Go fortunately :

Be speedy too. [Exit CASSANDRA.]

*Enter VALERIO.*

Here comes Valerio :

If his afflictions have allay'd his spirit,  
My work has end.—Come hither, Lord Valerio ;  
How do you now ?

*Val.* Your majesty may guess,  
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,  
That can tie up men's honest wills and actions.

*Fred.* You clearly see now, brave Valerio,  
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,  
To interpose against a raging lion :  
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,  
And with a kind of pity I behold it ;  
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,  
I can yet heal you (yield up your Evanthe),  
Take off my sentence also.

*Val.* I fall thus low, sir, [Kneels.]  
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,  
And all the service of my life.

*Fred.* Do this then,  
For without this 'twill be impossible :  
Part with her for a while.

*Val.* You have parted us ;

What should I do with that I cannot use, sir ?

*Fred.* 'Tis well consider'd : Let me have the lady,  
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee.  
How all this difference—

*Val.* Will she come, do you think, sir ?

*Fred.* She must be wrought (I know she is too  
modest),

And gently wrought, and cunningly.

*Val.* 'Tis fit, sir.

*Fred.* And secretly it must be done.

*Val.* As thought.

*Fred.* I'll warrant you her honour shall be fair  
still ;

No soil nor stain shall appear on that, Valerio.

You see a thousand that bear sober faces,

And shew off as inimitable modesties ;

You would be sworn too that they were pure  
matrons,

And most chaste maids ; and yet, to augment their  
And get them noble friends— [fortunes,

*Val.* They are content, sir,

In private to bestow their beauties on 'em.

*Fred.* They are so, and they are wise ; they know  
no want for't,

For no eye sees they want their honesties.

*Val.* If it might be carried thus ?

*Fred.* It shall be, sir.

*Val.* I'll see you dead first ! [Aside.]—With  
this caution,

Why, sure, I think it might be done.

*Fred.* Yes, easily.

*Val.* For what time would your grace desire her  
body ?

*Fred.* A month or two. It shall be carried still  
As if she kept with you, and were a stranger,  
Rather a biter, of the grace I offer ;  
And then I will return her, with such honour—

*Val.* 'Tis very like ; I dote much on your honour !

*Fred.* And load her with such favour too, Valerio—

*Val.* She never shall claw off : I humbly thank  
you !

*Fred.* I'll make ye both the happiest, and the  
And the mightiest too— [richest,

*Val.* But who shall work her, sir ?

For, on my conscience, she is very honest,  
And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.

*Fred.* Why, you must work her ; any thing from  
your tongue,

Set off with golden and persuasive language,  
Urging your dangers too—

*Val.* But all this time

Have you the conscience, sir, to leave me nothing,  
Nothing to play withal ?

*Fred.* There be a thousand ;

Take where thou wilt.

*Val.* May I make bold with your queen ?

She is useless to your grace, as it appears, sir,

And but a loyal wife, that may be lost too :

I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.

*Fred.* How, sir ?

*Val.* 'Tis so, sir. Thou most glorious impudence,  
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,

But thou must pick me out to make a monster ?

A hated wonder to the world ? Do you start

At my entrenching on your private liberty,

And would you force a highway through mine  
honour,

And make me pave it too ? But that thy queen

Is of that excellence in honesty,

And guarded with divinity about her,

No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhal-

I would so right myself— [low'd,

*Fred.* Why, take her to you ;

I am not vex'd at this ; thou shalt enjoy her :

I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courtesy.

*Val.* I will not be your bawd, though for your  
royalty.

Was I brought up and nourish'd in the court,

With thy most royal brother, and thyself,

Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,

And suck'd the sweetness of all human arts,  
Learn'd arms and honour, to become a rascal ?

Was this the expectation of my youth,

My growth of honour ? Do you speak this truly,

Or do you try me, sir ? for I believe not,

At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible,

There should be such a devil in a king's shape,

Such a malignant fiend !

*Fred.* I thank you, sir !

To-morrow is your last day, and look to it—

Get from my sight, away !

*Val.* You are— Oh, my heart's too high

And full to think upon you ! [Exeunt severally.]

### SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter EVANTHE and CASSANDRA.*

*Evan.* You think it fit then, mortified Cassandra,  
That I should be a whore ?

*Cas.* Why a whore, madam ?

If every woman that upon necessity

Did a good turn (for there's the main point, mark it)

Were term'd a whore, who would be honest, madam ?

Your lord's life, and your own, are now in hazard ;

Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,

Little or nothing ; say, an hour's or day's sport,



Or such a toy; the end to it is [not] wantonness,  
That we call lust, that maidens lose their fame for,  
But a compell'd necessity of honour,  
Fair as the day, and clear as innocence;  
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way—

*Evan.* To be a rascal.

*Cas.* 'Tis a kind of rape too;  
That keeps you clear; for where your will's  
compell'd,

Though you yield up your body, you are safe still.

*Evan.* Thou art grown a learned bawd; I ever  
Thy great sufficiency would break out. [look'd]

*Cas.* You may,  
You that are young and fair, scorn us old creatures;  
But you must know my years are you be wise, lady,  
And my experience too. Say the king loved you?  
Say it were nothing else?

*Evan.* Ay, marry, wench,  
Now thou com'st to me.

*Cas.* Do you think princes' favours are such  
slight things,  
To fling away when you please? There be young  
ladies,

Both fair and honourable that would leap to reach  
And leap aloft too. [I'm,

*Evan.* Such are light enough;  
I am no vaulter, wench. But canst thou tell me,  
Though he be a king, whether he be sound or no?  
I would not give my youth up to infection.

*Cas.* As sound as honour ought to be, I think,  
lady.

Go to! be wise; I do not bid you try him;  
But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,  
Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it—  
If you be so wilful proud—

*Evan.* Thou speak'st to the point still;  
But, when I have lain with him, what am I then,  
gentlewoman?

*Cas.* What are you? why, the same you are now,  
A virtuous woman, and a noble woman; [a woman,  
Touching at what is noble, you become so.  
Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for Tarquin?  
She was before a simple unknown woman;  
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend saint.  
And do you think she yielded not a little,  
And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?  
Believe it, yes. There are a thousand stories  
Of wond'rous loyal women that have slipp'd,  
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,  
That kept them cool still to the world. I think  
you are blest,

That have such an occasion in your hands  
To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.

*Evan.* It must needs be much honour!

*Cas.* As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;  
And when 'tis done, your lord and you may live  
So quietly, and peaceably together,  
And be what you please!

*Evan.* But suppose this, wench,  
The king should so delight me with his company,  
I should forget my lord, and no more look on him.

*Cas.* That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly,  
I have heard Report speak he's an infinite pleasure,  
Almost above belief. There be some ladies,  
And modest to the world too, wond'rous modest,  
That have had the blessedness to try his body,  
That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules.

*Evan.* So strongly able?

*Cas.* There will be the danger,  
You being but a young and tender lady,

Although your mind be good, yet your weak body,  
At first encounter too, to meet with one  
Of his unconquer'd strength—

*Evan.* Peace, thou rude bawd,  
Thou studied old corruptness! tie thy tongue up,  
Your hired base tongue! Is this your timely  
counsel?

Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness,  
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?  
To be a whore, because he has sufficiency  
To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence!  
Have I relieved thy age to mine own ruin?  
And worn thee in my bosom to betray me?  
Can years and impotence win nothing on thee  
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still  
And where thy blood wants heat to sin thyself,  
Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?

*Cas.* I did but tell you—

*Evan.* What the damned'st woman,  
The cunning'st and the skilful'st bawd, come  
short of!

If thou hadst lived ten ages to be damn'd in,  
And exercis'd this art the devil taught thee,  
Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.

*Cas.* I did not bid you sin.

*Evan.* Thou wooed'st me to it;  
Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave,  
Thy body earth already, and corruption,  
Thou taught'st the way. Go, follow your fin  
function:

There are houses of delight, that want good matrons  
Such grave instructors; get thee thither, monster!  
And read variety of sins to wantons;  
And when they roar with pains, learn to make

*Cas.* This we have for our good wills. [plaister

*Evan.* If e'er I see thee more,  
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,  
By this fair light, I'll spoil thy bawdery!  
I'll leave thee neither eyes nor nose to grace thee  
When thou want'st bread and common pity toward  
And art a-starving in a ditch, think of me: [the  
Then die, and let the wand'ring bawds lament thee  
Be gone; I charge thee leave me!

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Cas.* You'll repent this. [Exit

*Fred.* She's angry, and t'other crying too; as  
suit's cold:

I'll make your heart ache, stubborn wench, for this  
Turn not so angry from me; I will speak to you.  
Are you grown proud with your delight, good lady  
So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?

*Evan.* I scorn you not; I would you scorn  
not me, sir,

And forced me to be weary of my duty!  
I know your grace; 'would I had never seen you

*Fred.* Because I love you, because I dote upon  
Because I am a man that seek to please you. [Exit

*Evan.* I have man enough already to content me  
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,  
As all the world can yield.

*Fred.* That's but your modesty:

You have no man—nay, never look upon me;  
I know it, lady—no man to content you;  
No man that can, or, at the least, that dare,  
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.

*Evan.* Be nobler, sir, inform'd.

*Fred.* I'll tell thee, wench,  
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,  
And make thee blush for shame at thine own error

He never tender'd yet a husband's duty  
To thy warm longing bed.

*Evan.* How should he know that ? [*Aside.*

*Fred.* I am sure he did not, for I charged him no,  
Upon his life I charged him, but to try him.  
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here ?  
Was life to be preferr'd before affection ?  
Lawful and long'd-for too ?

*Evan.* Did you command him ?

*Fred.* I did, in policy, to try his spirit.

*Evan.* And could he be so dead-cold to observe it ?  
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me ?

*Fred.* Why, that is it that makes me scorn to  
name him.

I should have lov'd him, if he had ventur'd for't ;  
Nay, doted on his bravery.

*Evan.* Only charged ?

And with that spell sit down ! Dare men fight  
bravely,

For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation,  
And there endanger both their lives and fortunes,  
And for their lawful loves fly off with fear ?

*Fred.* 'Tis true ; and with a cunning base fear  
too to abuse thee,

Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe,  
Wretched young girl, it was his impotency :  
Was it not so ? deny it.

*Evan.* Oh, my anger !

At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man !

*Fred.* A strong man too ; certain he loved you  
dearly !

*Evan.* To have my shame and love mingled  
together,

And both flung on me like a weight to sink me !  
I would have died a thousand times !

*Fred.* So would any,  
Any that had the spirit of a man :  
I would have been kill'd in your arms.

*Evan.* I would he had been,  
And buried in mine arms ! that had been noble :  
And what a monument would I have made him !  
Upon this breast he should have slept in peace,  
Honour and everlasting Love his mourners ;  
And I still weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd me,  
And pitying powers above, into pure crystal.

*Fred.* Hadst thou loved me, and had my way  
been stuck

With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars,  
I would have ventured.

*Evan.* Sure there is some trick in't :  
Valerio ne'er was coward. [*Aside.*

*Fred.* Worse than this too,  
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,  
He set your woman on you to betray you,  
Your bawdy woman, or your sin-solicitor ;  
(I pray but think what this man may deserve now)  
I know he did, and did it to please me too.

*Evan.* Good sir, afflict me not too fast ! I feel  
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,  
And sensible I am of my abuses.

Sir, you have loved me—

*Fred.* And I love thee still,  
Pity thy wrongs, and dote upon thy person.

*Evan.* To set my woman on me ! 'twas too base.

*Fred.* Abominable vile. [*sir.*

*Evan.* But I shall fit him.

*Fred.* All reason and all law allows it to you ;  
And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.

*Evan.* You may speak now, and happily prevail  
And I beseech your grace be angry with me. [too ;

*Fred.* I am at heart.—She staggers in her faith  
And will fall off, I hope ; I'll ply her still. [*Aside*  
Thou abused innocence, I suffer with thee !  
If I should give him life, he would still betray thee  
That fool that fears to die for such a beauty,  
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.

I do not say he would have been bawd himself too

*Evan.* Follow'd thus far ? nay, then I smell the  
malice ; [*Aside*

It tastes too hot of practised wickedness :

There can be no such man, I am sure no gentle-  
man.

Shall my anger make me whore, and not my plea-  
My sudden unconsiderate rage abuse me ? [sure  
Come home again, my frighted faith, my virtue,  
Home to my heart again !—He be a bawd too ?

*Fred.* I will not say he offer'd, fair Evanthe.

*Evan.* Nor do not dare ! 'Twill be an impudence  
And not an honour, for a prince to lie.

Fy, sir, a person of your rank to trifle !

I know you do lie.

*Fred.* How ?

*Evan.* Lie shamefully ;

And I could wish myself a man but one day,

To tell you openly, you lie too basely !

*Fred.* Take heed, wild fool !

*Evan.* Take thou heed, thou tame devil !

Thou all Pandora's box, in a king's figure !  
Thou hast almost whored my weak belief already,  
And like an engineer blown up mine honour :  
But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief  
This little fort you seek I shall man nobly,  
And strongly too, with chaste obedience  
To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that scorn  
you.

Victorious Thamyris never won more honour

In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,  
Than I shall do in conquering thee. Farewell !  
And, if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too ;  
'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eye  
do.

My poor lord and myself are bound to suffer ;  
And when I see him faint under your sentence,  
I'll tell you more ; it may be, then I'll yield too.

*Fred.* Fool unexampled, shall my anger follow  
thee ? [*Exeun*

#### SCENE IV.—An Apartment in ALPHONSO Monastery.

*Enter RUOIO and Friar MARCO.*

*Rug.* Curse on our sights ! our fond credulities  
A thousand curses on the slave that cheated us,  
The damned slave !

*Marco.* We have e'en shamed our service,  
Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing :  
'Tis the most fearful poison, the most potent—  
Heaven give him patience ! Oh, it works me  
And tears him—Lord ! [*strongl*

*Rug.* That we should be so stupid  
To trust the arrant villain that e'er flatter'd,  
The bloodiest too ! to believe a few soft words fro  
And give way to his prepared tears ! [*his*

*Alph.* [*Within.*] Oh, oh, oh !

*Rug.* Hark, friar Marco ;

Hark, the poor prince ! That we should be su  
blockheads,

As to be taken with his drinking first,  
And never think what antidotes are made for !



Two wooden skulls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd for't :

For certainly it will be laid to our charge ;  
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily.

Which way to turn or what to——

*Marco.* Let us pray !

Heaven's hand is strong.

*Rug.* The poison's strong, you would say.

'Would anything—He comes ; let's give him comfort.

*ALPHONSO is brought on a couch by two Friars.*

*Alph.* Give me more air, air, more air ! blow, blow !

Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me !

Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,

And rivers run through my afflicted spirit !

I am all fire, fire, fire ! The raging Dog-star  
Reigns in my blood ! Oh, which way shall I  
turn me ?

*Ætna*, and all his flames, burn in my head.

Fling me into the ocean, or I perish !

Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,

The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,

And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling  
pleasures !

Or shoot me up into the higher region,

Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,

And banquets of sweet hail !

*Rug.* Hold him fast, friar ;

Oh, how he burns !

*Alph.* What, will ye sacrifice me ?

Upon the altar lay my willing body,

And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense ;

And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,

Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you are ashes !

*Rug. and Marco.* Most miserable wretches !

*Alph.* Bring hither Charity,

And let me hug her, friar : They say she's cold,  
Infinite cold ; devotion cannot warm her.

Draw me a river of false lovers' tears

Clean through my breast ; they are dull, cold, and  
forgetful,

And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me

Forsaken souls ; their sighs are precious ;

Let them all sigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell ! oh, horror !

*Marco.* To bed, good sir.

*Alph.* My bed will burn about me :

Like Phæton, in all-consuming flashes

I am enclosed ! Let me fly, let me fly, give room !

Between the cold bear, and the raging lion,

Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now,

To clap unto my heart to comfort me !

Decepid Winter, hang upon my shoulders,

And let me wear thy frozen icicles

Like jewels round about my head, to cool me !

My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,

And my infected brain like brimstone boils !

I live in hell, and several furies vex me !

Oh, carry me where no sun ever show'd yet

A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,

Never to be dissolved ! where nought inhabits

But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds

That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver :

Set me there, friends !

*Rug.* Hold fast : he must to bed, friar.

What scalding sweats he has !

*Marco.* He'll scald in hell for't,

That was the cause.

*Alph.* Drink, drink, a world of drink !

Fill all the cups, and all the antique vessels,  
And borrow pots ; let me have drink enough !  
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,  
The experienced drunkards, let me have them all,  
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them  
I'll lie upon my back, and swallow vessels, [idiots !  
Have rivers made of cooling wine run through me,  
Not stay for this man's health, or this great prince's,  
But take an ocean, and begin to all ! Oh, oh !

*Marco.* He cools a little : now away with him,  
And to his warm bed presently.

*Alph.* No drink ?

No wind ? no cooling air ?

*Rug.* You shall have anything.—

His hot fit lessens ; Heaven put in a hand now,  
And save his life !—There's drink, sir, in your  
And all cool things. [chamber,

*Alph.* Away, away ; lets fly to 'em !

[*Exeunt, carrying him out.*

#### SCENE V.—A Room in the Palace.

*Enter VALERIO and EVANTHE.*

*Evan.* To say you were impotent ! I am ashamed  
on't !

To make yourself no man ? to a fresh maid too,

A longing maid ? upon her wedding-night also,

To give her such a dor ?

*Val.* I pry'thee pardon me !

*Evan.* Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable ;

Or, like a gentleman, under the surgeon's hands,

And so not able, there had been some colour ;

But wretchedly to take a weakness to you,

A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,

And let a lie work like a spell upon you,

A lie to save your life——

*Val.* Will you give me leave, sweet ?

*Evan.* You have taken too much leave, and too  
base leave too,

To wrong your love ! Hast thou a noble spirit ?

And canst thou look up to the people's loves ?

That call thee worthy, and not blush, Valerio ?

Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,  
And no shame touch thee ?

*Val.* Shame attend the sinful !

I know my innocence.

*Evan.* Ne'er think to face it, that's a double  
weakness,

And shows thee falser still ! The king himself,

Though he be wicked, and our enemy,

But juster than thou art, in pity of my injuries,

Told me the truth.

*Val.* What did he tell, Evanthe ?

*Evan.* That, but to gain thy life a fortnight  
longer,

Thy loved poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.

*Val.* I swear 'tis false ! my life and death are  
equal ;

I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one  
fortune.

But kings are men, and live as men, and die too,

Have the affections men have, and their falsehoods ;

Indeed, they have more power to make 'em good.

The king's to blame ; it was to save thy life, wench,

Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,

For if I had touch'd thee thou hadst died ; he  
swore it.

*Evan.* And was not I as worthy to die nobly,

To make a story for the time that follows,  
As he that married me? What weakness, sir,  
Or disability, do you see in me,  
Either in mind or body, to defraud me  
Of such an opportunity? Do you think I married  
Only for pleasure, or content in lust? [you  
To lull you in my arms, and kiss you hourly?  
Was this my end? I might have been a queen, sir,  
If that had caught me, and have known all delic-  
ates:

There's few that would have shunn'd so fair an  
offer.

Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, thou hast kill'd  
me!

In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,  
Robb'd me of that thy love can never give more!  
To be unable, to save me? Oh, misery!  
Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,  
I would have lain with thee under a gallows,  
Though the hangman had been my Hymen, and  
the furies,

With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me;  
I would have hugged thee too, though hell had  
gaped at me.

Save my life! that expected to die bravely,  
That would have woo'd it too. 'Would I had  
An eunuch, that had truly no ability, [married  
Than such a fearful liar! Thou hast done me  
A scurvy courtesy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; since you're so nobly  
fashion'd,

Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with you;  
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;  
My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;  
And if I have offended, be more angry:  
It was a woman's flash, a sudden valour,  
That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;  
By all the rights of holy marriage,  
And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at you!  
You appear the vision of a Heaven unto me,  
Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,  
And all the motions of your mind celestial!  
Man is a lump of earth; the best man spiritless,  
To such a woman; all our lives and actions  
But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.

Chide me again; you have so brave an anger,  
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,  
That I could suffer like a child to hear you,  
Nay, make myself guilty of some faults to honour  
you.

Evan. I'll chide no more; you have robb'd me  
of my courage,

And with a cunning patience check'd my impu-  
dence.

Once more, forgiveness! [She kneels.

Val. Will this serve, Evanthe? [Kisses her.

And this, my love? Heaven's mercy be upon us!  
But did he tell no more?

Evan. Only this trifle;

You set my woman on me, to betray me:

'Tis true, she did her best; a bad old woman!

It stirr'd me, sir.

Val. I cannot blame thee, jewel.

Evan. And methought, when your name was  
sounded that way—

Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no  
name, sweet.

Though, as I am a man, I am full of weakness,

And may slip happily into some ignorance,

Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen

Mine own hopes with my doctrine—

Evan. I believe not,

Nor never shall.—Our time is out to-morrow.

Val. Let's be to-night then full of fruitfulness;

Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy!

I am no more a wanting man, Evanthe,

Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,

And my cold lie shall vanish with thy kisses.

You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena

Lay by the lusty side of Jupiter;

Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams

Where the chaste watchful morning may not find

Old doting Tython, hold Aurora fast, [I'm:

And though she blush the day-break from her  
cheeks,

Conceal her still: Thou, heavy wain, stand firm,

And stop the quicker revolutions;

Or, if the day must come to spoil our happiness,

Thou, envious sun, peep not upon our pleasure!

Thou, that all lovers curse, be far off from us!

Evan. Then let's to bed; and this night, in all  
And chaste delights— [joys

Enter CASTRUCCIO, with a guard.

Cast. Stay! I must part ye both;

It is the king's command, who bids me tell you,

To-morrow is your last hour.

Val. I obey, sir:

In Heaven we shall meet, captain, where king

Dare not appear to part us. [Frederick

Cast. Mistake me not;

Though I am rough in doing of my office,

You shall find, sir, you have a friend to honour

Val. I thank you, sir. [you.

Evan. Pray, captain, tell the king,

They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.

[Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—ALPHONSO'S Apartment in the Monastery.

Enter Friar MARCO and RUSSO.

Rug. Have you writ to the captain of the castle?

Marco. Yes, and charged him,

Upon his soul's health, that he be not cruel;

Told him Valerio's worth among the people,

And how it must be punish'd in posterity,

Though he 'scape now.

Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,  
Betray this to the king?

Marco. Though he be stubborn,  
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honest,  
And honours much Valerio.

Rug. How does Alphonso?

For now, methinks, my heart is light again,  
And pale fear fled.

Marco. He is as well as I am;

The rogue, against his will, has saved his life :  
A desperate poison has re-cured the prince.

*Rug.* To me, 'tis most miraculous.

*Marco.* To me too,  
Till I consider why it should do so ;  
And now I have found it a most excellent physic :  
It wrought upon the dull, cold, misty parts,  
That clogg'd his soul, (which was another poison,  
A desperate too) and found such matter there,  
And such abundance also to resist it,  
And wear away the dangerous heat it brought  
with it,

The pure blood and the spirits 'scaped untainted.

*Rug.* 'Twas Heaven's high hand, none of Sorano's pity.

*Marco.* Most certain 'twas ; had the malicious villain  
Given him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

*Enter CASTRUCCIO.*

*Rug.* The captain of the castle !

*Marco.* Oh, you are welcome.

How does your prisoner ?

*Cast.* He must go for dead ;

But when I do a deed of so much villainy,  
I'll have my skin pull'd o'er mine ears, my lord !  
Though I'm the king's, I am none of his abuses.  
How does your royal charge ? That I might see  
once—

*Enter ALPHONSO and FRIARS.*

*Marco.* I pray see now ; you are a trusty gentleman.

*Alph.* Good fathers, I thank Heaven, I feel no

*Cast.* He speaks again ! [sickness—

*Alph.* Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit.  
Methinks the air is sweet to me, and company  
A thing I covet now. *Castuccio ?*

*Cast.* Sir.—

He speaks and knows ! For Heaven's sake, break  
That I may be sure I sleep not ! [my pate, lord,

*Alph.* Thou wert honest,

Ever among the rank of good men counted.  
I have been absent long out of the world,  
A dream I have lived. How does it look, Cas-  
What wonders are abroad ? [truccio ?

*Cast.* I fling off duty

To your dead brother, (for he is dead in goodness)  
And to the living hope of brave Alphonso,  
The noble heir of Nature, and of Honour,  
I fasten my allegiance.

*Marco.* Softly, captain ;

We dare not trust the air with this bleas'd secret.—  
Good sir, be close again ; Heaven has restored you,  
And by miraculous means, to your fair health,  
And made the instrument your enemies' malice,  
Which does prognosticate your noble fortune ;  
Let not our careless joy lose you again, sir,  
Help to deliver you to a further danger.

I pray you pass in, and rest awhile forgotten ;  
For if your brother come to know you are well  
And ready to inherit, as your right, [again,  
Before we have strength enough to assure your life,  
What will become of you ? and what shall we  
Deserve in all opinions that are honest,  
For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty ?

*Rug.* Dear sir, pass in. Heaven has begun the  
work,

And bleas'd us all ; let our endeavours follow,  
To preserve this blessing to our timely issues,  
And bring it to the noble end we aim at :

Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out  
An hour to shew you safely to your subjects,  
A secure hour !

*Alph.* I am counsell'd : Ye are faithful.

*Cast.* Which hour shall not be long, as we shall  
handle it.

Once more, the tender of my duty.

*Alph.* Thank ye.

*Cast.* Keep you the monastery.

*Rug.* Strong enough, I'll warrant you. [Exit.

## SCENE II.—An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter TONY and PODRANO.*

*Pod.* Who are all these that crowd about the  
Those strange new faces ? [court, Fool !

*Tony.* They are suitors, coxcomb,  
Dainty fine suitors to the widow-lady.  
Thou hadst best make one of 'em ; thou wilt be  
hang'd as handsomely

At the month's end, and with as much joy follow'd.  
(An't were to-morrow) as many mourning bewls  
for thee,

And holy nuns, whose vestal fire ne'er vanishes.  
In sackcloth smocks, as if thou wert heir apparent  
To all the impious suburbs and the sink-holes.

*Pod.* Out, you base rogue !

*Tony.* Why dost abuse thyself ?

Thou art to blame ; I take thee for a gentleman.

But why does not thy lord and master marry her ?

*Pod.* Why, she's his sister.

*Tony.* 'Tis the better, fool ;

He may make bold with his own flesh and blood.  
For, o' my conscience, there's none else will trust  
him ;

Then he may pleasure the king at a dead pinch too.  
Without a Mephistophilus, such as thou art.

And engross the royal disease like a true subject.

*Pod.* Thou wilt be whipp'd.

*Tony.* I am sure thou wilt be hang'd ;

I have lost a ducat else, which I would be loth  
To venture without certainty. They appear. [Suitors pass by.

*Pod.* Why, these are rascals.

*Tony.* They were meant to be so ;

Does thy master deserve better kindred ?

*Pod.* There's an old lawyer,  
Trimm'd up like a gally-foist ; what would he do  
with her ?

*Tony.* As usurers do with their gold ; he would  
look on her,

And read her over once a day, like a hard report,  
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching :  
For anything else she may appeal to a parliament :  
*Sub penas* and *postea* have spoiled his codpiece.  
There's a physician too, older than he,  
A Gallen Gallinaceus, but he has lost his spurs ;  
He would be nibbling too.

*Pod.* I mark'd the man,

If he be a man.

*Tony.* He has much ado to be so ;

Scarcloths and sirrups glew him close together,  
He would fall a-pieces else : Mending of she-  
patients,

And then trying whether they be right or no  
In his own person, (there's the honest care on't)  
Has mollified the man : If he do marry her,  
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's bon-  
He will bulge so subtly and suddenly, [fire.

You may snatch him up by parcels, like a sea-wreck.

Will your worship go, and look upon the rest, sir, And hear what they can say for themselves?

*Pod.* I'll follow thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Another in the same.*

*Enter CAMILLO, MENALLO, CLEANTHES, and CASTRUCCIO.*

*Cam.* You tell us wonders!

*Cast.* But I tell you truths;

They are both well.

*Men.* Why are not we in arms then?

And all the island given to know——

*Cast.* Discreetly

And privately it must be done; 'twill miss else, And prove our ruins. Most of the noble citizens Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it. Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be right And keep about the king, to avoid suspicion. [too, When you shall hear the castle bell, take courage, And stand like men. Away! the king is coming.

*[Exeunt all but CASTRUCCIO.]*

*Enter FREDERICK and SORANO.*

*Fred.* Now, captain! What have you done with your prisoner?

*Cast.* He is dead, sir, and his body flung i' th' To feed the fishes; 'twas your will, I take it; [sea, I did it from a strong commission, And stood not to capitulate.

*Fred.* 'Tis well done, And I shall love you for your faith. What anger Or sorrow did he utter at his end?

*Cast.* 'Faith, little, sir, that I gave any car to: He would have spoke, but I had no commission To argue with him, so I flung him off. His lady would have seen; but I lock'd her up, For fear her woman's tears should hinder us.

*Fred.* 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my Sorano, We hear not from the monastery: I believe They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.

*Cast.* Did you name the monastery?

*Fred.* Yes, I did, captain.

*Cast.* I saw the friar this morning, and Lord Rugio, Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands; And all the holy men hung down their heads.

*Sor.* 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.

*Cast.* I ask'd the reason.

*Fred.* What answer hadst thou?

*Cast.* This in few words, sir: Your brother's dead; this morning he deceased. I was your servant, and I wept not, sir; I knew 'twas for your good.

*Fred.* It shall be for thine too, Captain; indeed it shall.—Oh, my Sorano, Now we shall live!

*Sor.* Ay, now there's none to trouble you.

*Fred.* Captain, bring out the woman; and give To any suitor that shall come to marry her, [way Of what degree soever.

*Cast.* It shall be done, sir. *[Exit CASTRUCCIO.]*

*Fred.* Oh, let me have a lusty banquet after it; I will be high and merry!

*Sor.* There be some lords

That I could counsel you to fling from court, sir; They pry into our actions. They are such The foolish people call their country's honours,

(Honest brave things) and style them with such titles,

As if they were the patterns of the kingdom; Which makes them proud, and prone to look into And talk at random of our actions. [us, They should be lovers, sir, of your commands, And followers of your will, bridles and curbs To the hard-headed commons that malign us.

*Enter CAMILLO, CLEANTHES, and MENALLO.*

They come here to do honour to my sister, To laugh at your severity, and fright us: If they had power, what would these men do! Do you hear, sir, how privily they whisper?

*Fred.* I shall silence 'em, And to their shames, within this week, Sorano; In the meantime, have patience.

*Sor.* How they leer, And look upon me as I were a monster! And talk and jeer!—How I shall pull your plumes, lords, How I shall humble you within these two days! Your great names, nor your country, cannot save ye.

*Fred.* Let in the suitors.—Yet submit, I'll pardon you.

*Enter EVANTHE, Lawyer, Physician, Captain, Cutpurse, and TONY.*

You are half undone already; do not wind My anger to that height, it may consume you, And utterly destroy thee, fair Evanthé! Yet I have mercy.

*Evan.* Use it to your bawds; To me use cruelty, it best becomes you, And shews more kingly! I contemn your mercy! It is a cozening and a bawdy mercy. Can anything be hoped for, to relieve me? Or is it fit I thank you for a pity, When you have kill'd my lord?

*Fred.* Who will have her?

*Evan.* My tears are gone, My tears of love unto my dear Valerio, But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger; Oh, were it but so powerful to consume you! My tongue with curses I have arm'd against you, (With maiden curses, that heaven crowns with horrors)

My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny. Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of heaven, Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge with, That like stern justice I might fling it on thee! Thou art a king of monsters, not of men, And shortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!

*Fred.* I'll make you one first, and a wretched Come, who will have her? *[devil.—*

*Law.* I, an't like your majesty. I am a lawyer, I can make her a jointure of any man's land in Naples,

And she shall keep it too; I have a trick for it.

*Tony.* Canst thou make her a jointure of thine Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment? [honesty, Those are nonsuited and flung o'er the bar.

*Phy.* An't please your majesty to give me leave, I dare accept her; and though old I seem, lady, Like Æson, by my art I can renew Youth and ability.

*Tony.* In a powdering-tub Stew thyself tender again, like a cock-chicken; The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for dogs, sure.

*Capt.* Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine honour :

I am a poor captain, as poor people call me,  
Very poor people ; for my soldiers, they  
Are quarter'd in the outsidcs of the city,  
Men of ability to make good a highway ;  
We have but two grand enemies that oppose us,  
The don Gout, and the gallows.

*Tony.* I believe you ;  
And both these you will bind her for a jointure.—  
Now, Signor Firk !

*Cutpurse.* Madam, take me, and be wise :  
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one  
Every man's pocket is my treasury, [man ;  
And no man wears a suit but fits me neatly.  
Clothes you shall have, and wear the purest linen :  
I have a tribute out of every shop, lady.  
Meat you shall eat, (I have my caters out too,  
The best and lustiest,) and drink good wine, good  
lady,

Good quickening wine, wine that will make you  
And at the worst—— [caper.

*Tony.* It is but capering short, sir.  
You seldom stay for agues or for surfeits ;  
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'ertakes ye.  
Marry, you die most commonly of choakings ;  
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever :  
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to  
live on.

*Evan.* Poor wretched people, why do you wrong  
yourselves ?

Though I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times  
more ;

You are every one a new death, and an odious !  
The earth will purify corrupted bodies ;  
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.  
Go home, go home, and get good nurses for you ;  
Dream not of wives.

*Fred.* You shall have one of 'em,  
If they dare venture for you.

*Evan.* They are dead already,  
Crawling diseases that must creep into  
The next grave they find open : Are these fit hus-  
bands

For her you have loved, sir ? Though you hate me  
And hate me mortally, as I hate you, [now,  
Your nobleness, (in that you have done otherwise,  
And named Evanthe once as your poor mistress,)  
Might offer worthier choice.

*Fred.* Speak, who dare take her  
For one month, and then die ?

*Phy.* Die, sir ?

*Fred.* Ay, die, sir !

That's the condition.

*Phy.* One month is too little  
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,  
[And] to go still on, unless I were sure she would  
And kill me delicately before my day. [kill me,  
Make it up a year ; for by that time I must die,  
My body will hold out no longer.

*Fred.* No, sir ;

It must be but a month.

*Law.* Then farewell, madam !  
This is like to be a great year of dissention  
Among good people, and I dare not lose it ;  
There will be money got.

*Capt.* Bless your good ladyship !  
There's nothing in the grave but bones and ashes ;  
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,  
And surgeons while we live.

*Cutpurse.* Adieu, sweet lady !

Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alderman,  
I cannot pick his purse : No, I'll no dying ;  
Though I steal linen, I'll not steal my shroud yet.

*All.* Send you a happy match ! [Exeunt

*Tony.* And you all halters !

You have deserved 'em richly. These do all vil-  
lanies,  
And mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they fear not :  
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake !

*Evan.* Come, your sentence ! let me die ! You  
see, sir,

None of your valiant men dare venture on me ;  
A Month's a dangerous thing.—Will you then be  
willing

To die at the time prefix'd ? That I must know too.  
And know it beyond doubt.

*Fred.* What if I did, wench ?

*Evan.* On that condition, if I had it certain,  
I would be your any thing, and you should enjoy  
However in my nature I abhor you, [me  
Yet, as I live, I would be obedient to you ;  
But when your time came, how I should rejoice !  
How then I should bestir myself to thank you !  
To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap.  
sir !

I would die with you ; but first I would so torture  
And cow you in your end, so despise you, [you.  
For a weak and wretched coward, you must end  
sure !

Still make you fear, and shake, despised, still laugh  
at you——

*Fred.* Away with her ! let her die instantly !

*Enter VALERIO, disguised.*

*Cam.* Stay ; there's another, and a gentleman ;  
His habit shews no less. May be his business  
Is for this lady's love.

*Fred.* Say why you come, sir,  
And what you are.

*Val.* I am descended nobly,  
A prince by birth, and by my trade a soldier,  
A prince's fellow ; Abydos brought me forth ;  
My parents, Duke Agenor and fair Egla ;  
My business hither, to renew my love  
With a young noble spirit, call'd Valerio :  
Our first acquaintance was at sea, in fight  
Against a Turkish man of war, a stout one,  
Where lion-like I saw him shew his valour,  
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,  
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him——

*Evan.* Thou art a brave gentleman, and bravely  
speak'st 'st him !

*Val.* The vessel dancing under him for joy.  
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view  
him,

I saw the child of honour, for he was young,  
Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,  
(His towering sword flew like an eager falcon)  
And round about his reach invade the Turks ;  
He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries ;  
The silver crescents on the tops they carried  
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,  
And from his fury suffer'd sad eclipses ;  
The game of death was never play'd more nobly ;  
The meagre thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,  
And his shrunk hollow eyes smiled on his ruins.

*Evan.* Heaven keep this gentleman from being  
a suitor,

For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so noble !

*Val.* But what can last long? Strength and spirit wasted,  
And fresh supplies flew on upon this gentleman:  
Breathless and weary with oppression,  
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance  
(In a tall ship I had) to view the fight;  
I set into him, entertain'd the Turk,  
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,  
He clapp'd all linen up he had to save him,  
And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:  
There first I saw the man I loved, Valerio;  
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,  
And his to me; we were the twins of friendship.

*Evan.* Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruin him!

*Val.* I made this voyage to behold my friend,  
To warm my love anew at his affection;  
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:  
My father's had not been to me more cruel.  
I have lamented too, and yet I keep  
The treasure of a few tears, for you, lady;  
For, by description, you were his Evanthe.

*Evan.* Can he weep that's a stranger to my story,  
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank you!  
If noble spirits after their departure  
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too.

There are your tears again; and when yours fail,  
sir,  
Pray you call to me, I have some store to lend you.  
Your name?

*Val.* Urbino.

*Evan.* That I may remember,  
That little time I have to live, your friendships,  
My tongue shall study both.

*Fred.* Do you come hither  
Only to tell this story, prince Urbino?

*Val.* My business now is, sir, to woo this lady.

*Evan.* Blessing defend you! do you know the danger?

*Val.* Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my play-fellow;

Since I was man, 't has been my best companion.—  
I know your doom; 'tis for a month you give her,  
And then his life you take that marries her.

*Fred.* 'Tis true; nor can your being born a  
If you accept the offer, free you from it. [prince,

*Val.* I not desire it; I have cast the worst,  
And even that worst to me is many blessings.  
I loved my friend, not measured out by time,  
Nor hired by circumstance of place and honour;  
But for his wealthy self and worth I loved him,  
His mind and noble mold he ever moved in;  
And woo his friend, because she was worthy of  
The only relic that he left behind, sir, [him,  
To give his ashes honour.—Lady, take me,  
And in me keep Valerio's love alive still.

When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me:  
Heaven must want light, before you want a husband,

To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,  
To your unfortunate—

*Evan.* Am I still hated?

Hast thou no end, oh, fate of my affliction?  
Was I ordain'd to be a common murderess?  
And of the best men too? Good sir—

*Val.* Peace, sweet!

Look on my hand.

*Evan.* I do accept the gentleman.—

I faint with joy!

[*Apart.*

[*Aside.*

*Fred.* I stop it! None shall have her!

Convey this stranger hence.

*Val.* I am no stranger! [*Throws off his disguise.*]

Hark to the bell that rings!

Hark, hark, proud Frederick, that was king of mischief!

Hark, thou abhor'd man! dost thou hear thy sentence?

Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?

*Fred.* What bell is this?

*Cam.* The castle-bell. Stand sure, sir,

And move not; if you do, you perish.

*Men.* It rings your knell!—Alphonso! king

*All.* Alphonso! king Alphonso! [Alphonso!

*Fred.* I am betray'd!—

Lock fast the palace.

*Cam.* We have all the keys, sir,

And no door here shall shut without our licence.

*Cle.* Do you shake now, lord Sorano? no new trick?

Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?

No bawdy meditation now to fly to?

*Fred.* Treason, treason, treason!

*Cam.* Yes, we hear you,

And we have found the traitor in your shape, sir;  
We'll keep him fast too. [*They seize him.*

*Enter ALPHONSO, RUBIO, MARCO, CASTRUCCIO, and MARIA, with Guards.*

*Fred.* Recovered! Then I am gone;  
The sun of all my pomp is set and vanish'd.

*Alph.* Have you not forgot this face of mine,  
king Frederick?

Brother, I am come to see you and have brought  
A banquet, to be merry with your grace:

[*Showing the phial.*

I pray sit down, I do beseech your majesty,

And eat, eat freely, sir. Why do you start?

Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?

Dare you not taste? have ye no antidotes?

You need not fear; Sorano's a good apothecary.

Methinks you look not well; some fresh wine for

Some of the same he sent me by Sorano; [him,

I thank you for't, it saved my life, I am bound to you;

But how 'twill work on you—I hope your lordship

Will pledge him too: methinks you look but scur-  
And would be put into a better colour; [vily,

But I have a candied toad for your good lordship.

*Sor.* 'Would I had anything that would dispatch  
So it were down, and I out of this fear once! [me,

*Fred.* Sir, thus low, as my duty now compels me, [*He and MARIA kneel.*

I do confess my unbounded sins, my errors,  
And feel within my soul the smart already.

Hide not the noble nature of a brother,

The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;

Let me a while lament my misery,

And cast the load off of my wantonness,

Before I find your fury; then strike home;

(I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice)

And then how willingly, oh death, I'll meet thee!

*Alph.* Rise, madam; those sweet tears are  
potent speakers:—

And, brother, live; but in the monastery

Where I lived, with the self-same silence too:

I'll teach you to be good against your will, brother!

Your tongue has done much harm; that must be  
dumb now:

The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb



(Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your days with,

And true ones too) you shall perform, dear brother ; Your diet shall be slender to enforce these ;

Too light a penance, sir !

*Fred.* I do confess it.

*Alph.* Sorano, you shall—

*Sor.* How he studies for it !

[*Aside.*

Hanging's the least part of my penance, certain.

[*EVANTHE kneels.*

*Alph.* What lady's that that kneels ?

*Cast.* The chaste Evanthe.

*Alph.* Sweet, your petition ?

*Evan.* 'Tis for this bad man, sir, Abominable bad, but yet my brother.

*Alph.* The bad man shall attend as bad a master, And both shall be confined within the monastery : His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting ; But once a-week he shall smell meat, he'll surfeit else ;

And his immodest mind compell'd to prayer ;

On the bare boards he shall lie, to remember

The wantonness he did commit in beds ;

And drink fair water ; that will ne'er enflame him :

He saved my life, though he purposed to destroy me,

[*rable.—*

For which I'll save his, though I make it mise-

Madam, at court I shall desire your company ;

You are wise and virtuous ; when you please to visit

My brother Frederick, you shall have our licence.—

My dear best friend Valerio !

*Val.* Save Alphonso !

*All.* Long live Alphonso, king of us, and Naples !

*Alph.* Is this the lady that the wonder goes on ?

Honour'd sweet maid ! Here, take her, my Valerio ;

The king now gives her, she is thine own without fear.—

Brother, have you so much provision that is good, Not season'd by Sorano and his cooks,

That we may venture on with honest safety,

We and our friends ?

*Fred.* All that I have is yours, sir.

*Alph.* Come then ; let's in, and end this nap-

Then to our coronation with all speed !— [*trial*]

My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-man

And see you bedded to your own desires too.—

Beshrew me, lords, who is not merry hates me !

Only Sorano shall not bear my cup.

Come, now forget old pains and injuries,

As I must do, and drown all in fair healths :

That kingdom's blessed, where the king begins

His true love first, for there all loves are twins.

[*Exeunt*]

#### EPILOGUE.

WE have your favours, gentlemen, and you  
Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge not now.)  
There's none of you, but when you please can sell  
Many a lame horse, and many a fair tale tell ;  
Can put off many a maid unto a friend,  
That was not so since th' action at Mile-end :  
Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love  
Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.

# THE PILGRIM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor of Segovia.

VERDUGO, a Captain under him.

ALPHONSO, an old angry Gentleman.

CURIO,

SEBASTO, } Two Gentlemen, Friends to ALPHONSO.

PEDRO, the PILGRIM, a noble Gentleman, Servant to ALINDA.

An Old Pilgrim.

RODERIGO, Rival to PEDRO, Captain of the Outlaws.

LOPEZ, } Two Outlaws under RODERIGO.

JAGUES,

Four other Outlaws.

A Gentleman of the Country.

Master and Keepers of the Mad Folks.

A Scholar,

A Parson,

An Englishman,

JENKIN, a Welshman,

Courtiers, Porter, Three Gentlemen, and Four Peasants.

ALINDA, Daughter to ALPHONSO.

JULETTA, ALINDA's Maid, a Witty Lass.

Fool.

Ladies.

SCENE,—SEGOVIA, ALPHONSO'S NEIGHBOURING CASTLE, AND THE CIRCUMJACENT COUNTRY.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in the Castle of ALPHONSO.*

*Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBASTO.*

Curio. Signior Alphonso, you are too rugged to Believe, too full of harshness. [her,

Alph. Yes, it seems so!

Seb. A father of so sweet a child, so happy, (Fy, sir!) so excellent in all endowments, In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror!

Alph. She is a fool; away!

Seb. Can you be angry?

Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom So fair and tender? Can a father's nature, A noble father too—

Alph. All this is but prating:

Let her be ruled; let her observe my humour; With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen: I am her father; I begot her, bred her, And I will make her—

Curio. No doubt, you may compel her; But what a mischievous unhappy fortune May wait upon this will of yours, as commonly Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins!

Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong man?

What can she have? what could she have? a gentleman?

A young man? and an able man? a rich man? A handsome man? a valiant man? do you mark me? None of your pieced companions, your pined galleants,

That fly to fitters, with every flaw of weather; None of your impud bravadoes: What can she Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman? [ask more? A strong-chin'd man? I'll not be fool'd, nor fluried!

Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all these, And a brave gentleman: Must it therefore follow Upon necessity she must dote upon him? Will you allow no liberty in choosing?

Curio. Alas! she's tender yet.

Alph. Enough, enough, enough, sir; She's malleable, she'll endure the hammer: And why not that strong workman that strikes deepest?

Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the vantage, And if she be not ready now for manage—

Seb. You know he is a banish'd man, an outlaw, And how he lives; his nature rough and bloody By customary rapines: Now, her sweet humour, That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful; All her affections, like the dew on roses; Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle; How would you have these meet?

Alph. A-bed, a-bed, sir:

Let her be the fairest rose, and the sweetest, Yet I know this fair rose must have her prickles. I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw; An easy composition calls him in again. He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man, And loves the fool; a little rough by custom; She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote upon him;

If e'er they come to grappling, run mad for him: But there's another in the wind, some castrel, That hovers over her, and dares her daily; Some flick'ring slave!

Curio. I dare not think so poorly.

Alph. Something there is, and must be; but I shall scent it, And hunt it narrowly.

Seb. I never saw her yet



Make offer at the least glance of affection,  
But still so modest, wise——

*Alph.* They are wise to gull us.

There was a fellow, old Ferando's son,  
(I must confess handsome, but my enemy,  
And the whole family I hate,) young Pedro;  
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,  
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers  
As if she would shoot her eyes like meteors at him:  
But that cause stands removed.

*Curio.* You need not doubt him,  
For long since (as 'twas thought, on a grieved  
conscience)

He left his father and his friends; more pity!  
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.

*Alph.* Let him be what he will, he was a beggar!  
And there I'll leave him.

*Seb.* The more the court must answer.  
But certainly I think, though she might favour  
him,

And love his goodness, (as he was an honest man,)  
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.

*Alph.* She is so full of conscience too, and  
charity,

And outward holiness, she will undo me;  
Relieves more beggars than an hospital;  
And all poor rogues, that can but say their prayers,  
And turn their pipes to lamentations,  
She thinks she's bound to dance to.

*Enter ALINDA and JULETTA.*

Good morrow to you!  
And that's as you deserve too. You know my mind,  
And study to observe it; do it cheerfully,  
And readily, and home!

*Alin.* I shall obey you;  
But, noble sir,——

*Alph.* Come, come, away with your flatteries,  
And your fine phrases——

*Curio.* Pray you be gentle to her.

*Alph.* I know 'em, and know your feats! If  
you will find me

Noble and loving, seek me in your duty;

You know I am too indulgent——

*Seb.* Alas, poor lady!

*Alph.* To your devotions; I take no good thing  
from you——

Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moaning of her,  
And praising of her virtues, and her whim-whams:  
It makes her proud and sturdy. [*Exit.*]

*Seb. Curio.* Good hours wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]  
*Alin.* I thank ye, gentlemen: I want such com-  
forts.

I would thank you too, father, but your cruelty  
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty;  
Yet still I must know——'would I had known  
nothing!

What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?

*Jul.* Of all sorts, madam; your open-handed  
bounty

Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your  
pity,

But others that have made a trade of begging.

*Alin.* Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:  
It takes away the holy use of charity  
To examine wants.

*Jul.* I would you would be merry!  
A cheerful-giving hand, as I think, madam,  
Requires a heart as cheerful.

*Alin.* Alas, Julietta,

What is there to be merry at? what joy now.  
Unless we fool our own afflictions,  
And make them shew ridiculous?

*Jul.* Sure, madam,

You could not seem thus serious, if you were  
Thus sad and full of thoughts. [*married.*]

*Alin.* Married? to whom, wench?

Thou think'st if there be a young handsome  
fellow,

As those are plentiful, our cares are quench'd then.

*Jul.* Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow.  
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,  
Is even as good a pill to purge this melancholy,  
As ever Galen gave; I am sure more natural.  
And merrier for the heart, than wine and saffron.  
Madam, a wanton youth is such a cataplasm!

*Alin.* Who has been thy tutor, wench?

*Jul.* Even my own thoughts, lady;  
For though I be barr'd the liberty of talking,  
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark.

'Faith, marry, and be merry. [*madam*]

*Alin.* Who will have me?  
Who will be troubled with a tattish girl?  
(It may be proud, and to that vice expensful)  
Who can assure himself I shall live honest?

*Jul.* Let every man take his fortune.

*Alin.* And, o' my conscience,

If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom  
Will not contain my stock.

*Jul.* The more the merrier:

'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.

*Alin.* Why, I should bury a hundred husbands.

*Jul.* 'Tis no matter,  
As long as you leave sufficient men to stock you.

*Alin.* Is this thy mirth? are these the joys of  
marriage?

Away, light-headed fool! are these contentments?  
If I could find a man——

*Jul.* You may, a thousand.

*Alin.* Mere men I know I may: And there's  
Has liberty (at least she'll venture for it) [woman]  
To be a monaster, and become the time too;  
But to enjoy a man, from whose example,  
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes.  
Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at  
A memory that shall become our ashes,  
Such things are few (and far to seek; to find one  
That can but rightly manage the wild beast  
Woman,

And sweetly govern with her)——But no more of  
this, wench;

'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see  
What poor afflicted wait our charity. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Before the Castle-gate.

*Enter a Porter, four Beggars, PEDRO, and Old Pilgrim.*

*Por.* Stand off, and keep your ranks! Twenty  
foot further;

There louse yourselves with reason and discretion.  
The sun shines warm; the further still the better:  
Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1 *Beg.* Heaven bless our mistress!

*Por.* Does the crack go that way?

'Twill be o' the other side anon.

2 *Beg.* Pray you, friend——

*Por.* Your friend? and why your friend? Why,  
goodman Turncoat,

What dost thou see within me, or without me,

Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,  
That I should be thy friend? What do I look like?  
Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets?

Hast thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,  
Or any higher ambition than an alms-basket?

2 Beg. I would be your worship's friend.

Por. So you shall, sirrah,  
When I quarter the same louse with you.

3 Beg. 'Tis twelve o'clock.

Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast  
done scratching,

For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon.

Oh, the infinite seas of porridge thou hast swal-  
low'd!

And yet thou look'st as if they had been but  
glisters:

Thou feed'st abundance, thou hadst need of sus-  
tenance.

Alms do you call it to relieve these rascals?

Nothing but a general rot of sheep can satisfy 'em!

*Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SERENITO.*

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would undo  
What marts of rogues and beggars! [me?

Seb. It is charity,  
Methinks, you are bound to love her for.

Alph. Yes, I warrant you!

If men could sail to Heaven in porridge-pots,  
With masts of beef and mutton, what a voyage  
should I make!—

What are all these?

1 Beg. Poor people, an't like your worship!

2 Beg. Wretched poor people!

3 Beg. Very hungry people!

Alph. And very lousy.

Seb. Yes, forsooth, so, so.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,  
And that's no needy grasier;

Alph. What are you?

Old Pil. Strangers that are come to wonder at  
your charity,

Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Curio. Use them with favour, sir; their shows  
are reverend.

It seems ye are holy pilgrims?

Old Pil. You guess right, sir;

And bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no  
relics here,

Nor holy shrines.

Old Pil. The holiest we e'er heard of;

You keep a living monument of goodness,  
A daughter of that pious excellence,

The very shrines of saints sink at her virtues,  
And sweat they cannot hold pace with her pieties.)

We come to see this lady; not with prophane eyes,  
Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beauties,

But, through our tedious ways, to beg her blessings.

Alph. This is a new way of begging, and a neat  
one,

And this cries money for reward; good store too:  
These commendations beg not with bag and bottle)

Well, well, the sainting of this woman, gentlemen,  
I know what it must come to; these women-saints

Are plaguy heavy saints, they out-weigh a he-saint  
Three thousand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. You are more afraid than hurt, sir.

Alph. Have you your commendations ready too?

[To PEDRO.

He bows and nods.

Curio. A handsome well-built person.

Alph. What country-craver are you?—Nothing  
A puppet-pilgrim? [but motion?

Old Pil. He's a stranger, sir;

This four days I have travell'd in his company,  
But little of his business, or his language,  
As yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome;  
Only the sun has been too saucy with him.

Alph. Would you have money, sir, or meat?  
what kind of blessing

Does your devotion look for?—Still more ducking!  
Be there any saints that understand by signs only?

More motion yet?—This is the prettiest Pilgrim,  
The pink of Pilgrims! (I'll be for you, sir:

Do you discourse with signs? You're heartily  
welcome.) [Offers him a piece of gold.

A poor *vaticum*!—Very good gold, sir;

But holy men affect a better treasure:

I kept it for your goodness; but, ne'ertheless,  
Since it can prove but burthensome to your holi-  
ness,

And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,

I'll put this up again.

Curio. You are too unreverent.

Alph. You talk too broad. Must I give way,  
and wealth too,

To every toy that carries a grave seeming?

Must my good angels wait on him?—[If the proud  
hilding

Would yield but to my will, and know her duty,

I know what I would suffer.

Seb. Good sir, be patient!

The wrongs you do these men may light on you.

(Too heavy too; and then you'll wish you had said  
less.)

A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alph. We shall have half the kingdom strangers  
shortly,

An this fond prodigality be suffer'd;

But I must be an ass! See 'em relieved, sirrah.

If I were young again, I would sooner get bear-  
whelps,

And safer too, than any of these she-saints!

But I will break her.)

Curio. Such a face, for certain!

Seb. Methinks I have seen it too; but we are  
cozen'd.

But fair befall thee, Pilgrim! thou look'st lovely.

[Exit ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SERENITO.

Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge regiment?

Captain Poor's-quarter, will you move?

*Enter ALINDA and JULETTA.*

Alin. 'You dull knave,

Are not these wretches served yet?

Beggars. 'Bless my mistress!

Alin. Do you make sport, sir, with their mise-  
You drowsy rogue! [rics?

Por. They are too high fed, madam;

Their stomachs are asleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,

Or I'll serve you out next; even out o' doors,  
And serve 'em quickly too.) [sirrah!

Beggars. Heaven bless the lady!

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.

Jul. I would I knew it!

If it be for any man's sake, I'll cry "amen" too.

Well, madam, you have e'en as pretty a port of  
pensioners—

*Alin.* Vain glory would seek more, and handsomer ;

But I appeal to Virtue what my end is—  
[*Exeunt Beggars.*]

What men are these ?

*Jul.* It seems they are holy Pilgrims.  
That handsome youth should suffer such a penance !  
Would I were e'en the saint they make their vows to !

How easily I would grant !

*Old Pil.* Heaven's grace in-wheel you,  
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you !

Abundance be your friend ! and holy Charity  
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious !

*Alin.* I thank you, sir. Peace guide your travels too,

And what you wish for most, end all your troubles !  
Remember me by this ; and in your prayers,  
When your strong heart melts, mediate my poor fortunes. [*Gives money.*]

*Old Pil.* All my devotions wait upon your service !

*Alin.* Are you of this country, sir ?

*Old Pil.* Yes, worthiest lady,  
But far off bred ; my fortunes farther from me.

*Alin.* Gentle, I dare believe ?

*Old Pil.* I have lived free.

*Alin.* I am no inquisitor ; that were too curious.  
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, sir,  
Conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience,  
The saint you kneel to, hear, and ease your travels !

*Old Pil.* Yours ne'er begin ! and thus I seal my prayers. [*Exit.*]

*Alin.* How constantly this man looks ! how he sighs !

Some great affliction hatches his devotions.—  
Right holy sir—How young, and sweet he suffers !

*Jul.* 'Would I might suffer with him !

*Alin.* He turns from us.

Alas, he weeps too ! Something presses him  
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted ;  
You come for that, and take it. If it be want,  
sir,

To me you appear so worthy of relieving,  
I am your steward : Speak, and take.—He's dumb still !

Now, as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,  
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespass'd.

*Jul.* 'Would he would stir me too ! I like his shape well.

*Alin.* May-be he would speak alone : Go off, Juletta.

Afflicted hearts fear their own motions,  
Be not far off.

*Jul.* 'Would I were nearer to him !

A young smug handsome holiness has no fellow.  
[*Exit.*]

*Alin.* Why do you grieve ? Do you find your penance sharp ?

Or are the vows you have made too mighty for you ?

Does not the world allure you to look back,  
And sorrow for the sweet time you have lost ?  
You are young and fair : Be not deluded, sir ;  
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,  
And yours appears no less : Grievs for your fears,

For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,  
Become tears well ;—I dare not task your goodness—

And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,  
When the whole heart is excellently sorry.  
I pray you be comforted.

*Pedro.* I am, dear lady ;

And such a comfort you have cast upon me,  
That, though I struggle with mine own calamities  
(Too mighty and too many for my manage)  
And though, like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,  
Contending proudly who should first devour me,  
Yet I would stem their danger.

*Alin.* He speaks nobly ! [*Apert.*]

What do you want ?

*Pedro.* All that can make me happy ;

I want myself !

*Alin.* Yourself ? Who robb'd you, Pilgrim ?—  
Why does he look so constantly upon me ? [*Apert.*]  
"I want myself."—Indeed, you holy wanderer  
Are said to seek much ; but to seek yourselves—

*Pedro.* "I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow ;"

Have lost myself, and now am not so noble.

*Alin.* "I seek myself." Something I yet remember

That bears that motto. 'Tis not he ; he is younger,  
And far more tender.—For that self sake, Pilgrim,  
Be who it will, take this ! [*Offers him money.*]

*Pedro.* Your hand I dare take ;  
(That be far from me, lady !) thus I kiss it.

And thus I bless it too. "Be constant, fair, still :  
Be good," and live to be a great example ! [*Exit.*]

*Alin.* One word more, Pilgrim !—(He has amazed me strangely !)

"Be constant, fair, still ?" 'Tis the post here ;  
And here without, "Be good." He wept to see Juletta !

*Enter JULETTA.*

*Jul.* Madam.

*Alin.* Take this key, and fetch me  
The marygold-jewel that lies in my little cabinet :  
I think 'tis that.—(What eyes had I to miss him !)

Oh me, what thoughts ! He had no beard then, and,  
As I remember well, he was more ruddy,  
If this be he, he has a manly face yet,  
A goodly shape.

*Enter JULETTA, with the jewel.*

*Jul.* Here, madam.

*Alin.* Let me see it !—

'Tis so (too true) ! It must be he, or nothing :  
He spake the words just as they stand engraven here ;

"I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow."  
Alas, poor man ! Didst thou not meet him, Juletta ?  
The Pilgrim, wench ?

*Jul.* He went by long ago, madam.

*Alin.* I forgot to give him something.

*Jul.* 'Twas ill done, lady ;  
For, o'my troth, he is the handsomest man  
I saw this many a day : (Would he had all my wealth,  
And me to boot !—What ails she, to grow sullen ?)

*Alin.* Come, I forgot ; but I will recompense it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, SEBASTO, JULETTA, Porter, and Servants.

*Alph.* Can she slip through a cat-hole? tell me  
Resolve me, [that!  
Can she fly i' th' air? is she a thing invisible?  
Gone, and none know it?

*Seb.* You amaze your servants.

*Alph.* Some pelting rogue has watch'd her hour  
of itching,  
And claw'd her, claw'd her; do ye mark me?  
[Some that I foster up. [claw'd her!

*Curio.* They are all here, sir.

*Alph.* Let 'em be where they will, they are arrant  
rascals,

And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all!

*Seb.* Deal calmly:

You will not give 'em time to answer you.

*Alph.* I'll choke 'em, famish 'em!—What say  
you, wagtail?

You knew her mind, you were of council with her;  
Tell me, and tell me true.

*Curio.* Ask with discretion.

*Alph.* Discretion? hang discretion! hang ye all!  
Let me know where she is.

*Jul.* Would you know o' me, sir?

*Alph.* O' thee, sir! ay, o' thee, sir! What art  
thou, sir?

*Jul.* Her woman, sir, an't like your worship, sir.

*Alph.* Her bawd, her fiddle-stick,  
Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights,  
That they may open with discretion,  
(Her gin, her nut-crack!)

*Jul.* 'Tis very well, sir.

*Alph.* Thou liest! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most  
Will you confess, thing? [abominable!

*Jul.* Say I were guilty, sir,  
I would be hang'd before I would confess:  
Is this a world to confess in?

*Curio.* Deal directly.

*Jul.* Yes, if my matter lie direct before me;  
But when I am forced and ferreted—

*Alph.* Tell me the truth,  
And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.

*Jul.* An you would give me ten, I would not tell  
you;

Truths bear a greater price than you're aware of.

*Seb.* Deal modestly.

*Jul.* I do not pluck my clothes up.

*Alph.* What say you, sirrah? you? or you? are  
ye dumb all?

*Por.* I saw her last night, an't shall like your  
When I served in her livery. [worship,

*Alph.* What's that, sirrah?

*Por.* Her chamber-pot, an't please you.

*Seb.* A new livery,

*Alph.* Where lay she? who lay with her?

*Por.* In truth, not I, sir:  
I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea-chamber;  
An't like your worship, we are almost worried.

*Jul.* I left her by herself, in her own closet,  
And there I thought she had slept.

*Alph.* Why lay you from her?

*Jul.* It was her will I should; she is my mistress,  
And my part is obedience.

*Alph.* Were all the doors lock'd?

*Por.* All mine.

*Serv.* And mine: She could not get out those  
ways

Unless she leap'd the walls; and those are higher  
Than any woman's courage dare aspire at.

*Alph.* Come, you must know!

*Curio.* Conceal it not, but deal plain!

*Jul.* If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,  
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries,  
Should make me speak; but having no more interest  
Than I may well deliver to the air,

I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally.

I think she is gone, because we cannot find her;

I think she is weary of your tyranny,

And therefore gone; may-be, she is in love;

May-be, in love where you shew no great liking;

And therefore gone; may-be, some point of  
Or vow'd devotion— [conscience,

*Alph.* These are nothing, minion!

You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.

*Jul.* Any more truth than this, if I know, hang  
Or where to search for it! If I make a lie [me,  
To gain your love, and envy my best mistress,  
Pin me against a wall, with my heels upwards.

*Alph.* Out of my doors!

*Jul.* That's all my poor petition;

For if your house were gold, and she not in it,

Sir, I should count it but a cage to whistle in.

*Alph.* Whore! If she be above ground, I will  
have her.

*Jul.* I would live in a coal-pit, then, were I your

*Seb.* Certain she does not know, sir. [daughter.

*Alph.* Hang her, hang her,

She knows too much! Search all the house, all  
And where 'tis possible she may go out! [corners,  
[Exit Servants.

If I do find your tricks—

*Jul.* Reward me for 'em.

Or, if I had such tricks you could discover,  
So weak and slightly woven, you might look through,  
All the young girls should hoot me out o' th' parish.  
You are my master, but you own an anger  
Becomes a school-boy, that hath lost his apples!  
Will you force things into our knowledges?

*Alph.* Come hither, Julietta; thou didst love me.

*Jul.* And do still;

You are my lady's father, and I reverence you.

*Alph.* Thou wouldst have pleased my humour.

*Jul.* Any good way,

That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,

Or fail of trust.

*Alph.* Come, come, thou wouldst have—

*Jul.* Stay, sir!

*Alph.* And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and  
Dost thou want clothes, or money? [shalt do.

*Jul.* Both.

*Alph.* 'Shalt have both.

*Jul.* But not this way; I had rather be an  
And bring fig-leaves into fashion again. [Adamite,  
If you were young, sir,  
Handsome, and fitted to a woman's appetite,  
And I a giddy-headed girl, that cared for nothing,  
Much might be done; then you might fumble  
with me,

And think to grope out matters of some moment,  
Which now you will put too short for:

For what you have seen hitherto,

And known by me, has been but honest service,

Which I dare pin i' th' market-place to answer ;  
And let the world, the flesh, and devil examine it,  
And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.  
And so, much good may do you with your dreams  
Of courtesy !

*Alph.* This is most monstrous !

*Enter Porter drunk, and Servants.*

*Seb.* Sure she does not know, sir ;  
She durst not be so confident, and guilty.

*Alph.* How now ? what news ? what hopes and  
steps discover'd ?

Speak anything that's good, that tends to th' matter.  
Do you stand staring still ?

*1 Serv.* We are no gods, sir,  
To say she is here, or there, and what she is doing ;  
But we have search'd.

*Por.* I am sure she is not i' th' cellar ;  
For, look you, sir, if she had been i' th' cellar—

*Alph.* I am sure thou hast been there.

*Por.* As I carried the matter,  
For I search'd every piece of wine ; yes, sure, sir,  
And every little tierce that could but testify ;  
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

*Alph.* Away with him !

Fling him i' th' hay-mow, let him lie a-mellowing ;  
He stinks of muskadel like an English Christmas.  
Are these your cares ? your services ?

*2 Serv.* Pray you hear, sir ;

We have found where she went out ; her very footing.

*Alph.* Where ? where ? go on.

*Curio.* Observe then with more staidness.

*2 Serv.* Searching the garden, at the little  
postern

That opens to the park, we first discover'd it.

*Alph.* A little foot ?

*1 Serv.* It must be hers, or none, sir.

*Alph.* How far beyond that ?

*2 Serv.* To the park it leads us ;

But there the ground being hard, we could not  
mark it.

*Alph.* She always kept that key ; I was a  
coxcomb,

A fool, an ass, to give a girl that liberty !—  
Saddle my horses, rogues ! ye drunken varlets,  
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots,  
Your brains in butts ! My horses, ye pin-buttocks !  
—You'll bear me company ?

*Seb.* We dare not leave you,  
Unless we found a quieter soul within you.

*Curio.* If we may do the lady any service,  
Sweet, gentle soul !—

*Alph.* I say again, my horses !—

Are you so hot ? have you your private pilgrimages ?  
Must you be Jumping-Joan ? I'll wander with you,  
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you !—My horses !  
And keep me this young lirry-poop within doors.  
I will discover, dame—

*Jud.* 'Tis fit you should, sir,

If you knew what.—Well, love, if thou be'st with  
her, *[Aside.]*

Or what power else that arms her resolution,  
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this madman ;  
Direct her to her wishes, dwell about her,  
That no dishonourable end o'er-take her,  
Danger, or want ; and let me try my fortune !

*Alph.* You know the place we meet in ?

*Seb.* We shall hit it.

*Alph.* And, as you are honest gentlemen,  
endeavour—

*Curio.* We'll search the best we can ; if she  
light in our hands—

*Alph.* Tie her to th' horse-tail !

*Seb.* We know how to use her ;

But not your way, for all your state.

*Alph.* Make haste there !—

And get you in, and look to th' house. If you  
stir out, damsel,

Or set o' foot any new motion this way.  
When I come home, (which shall be suddenly.)

You know my mind—if you do play the rascal—

I have my eyes and ears in sundry places ;

If you do prance—

*Jud.* I shall do that that's fit, sir—

And fit to cross your fooleries ; I'll fail else.

And so I'll to my chamber.

*Alph.* To your prayers,  
And leave your stubborn tricks !—She is not far  
yet,

She cannot be ; and we dividing suddenly—

*Curio.* Keep her from thy hands, I beseech !

*Alph.* Our horses !—

Come, cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gadding  
*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE II.—A Forest.

*Enter RODRIGO and four Outlaws.*

*1 Out.* Captain, you are not merry.

*Rod.* We get nothing.

We have no sport ; whoring and drinking spoils us.  
We keep no guards.

*2 Out.* There come no passengers,  
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whosoever,  
But we have tribute.

*Rod.* And whilst we spend that idly,  
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.

I'll have all search'd and brought in. Rogues and  
beggars

Have got the trick now to become bank-masters.  
I'll have none 'scape ; only my friends and neigh-  
bours,

That may deliver to the king my innocence.  
Those I would have regarded ;—it is policy—

But otherwise, nor gravities, nor shadows,  
Appear they how they will, that may have purses,

For they shall pay.

*3 Out.* You speak now like a captain ;  
And if we spare, flay us, and coin our cassocks !

Will you look blithe ?

*Rod.* You hear no preparation

The king intends against us yet ?

*4 Out.* Not a word, sir :

Good man, he's troubled with matter of more  
moment ;

Humming of higher nature vex his brains, sir.

Do we not see his garrisons ?

*Rod.* Who are out now ?

*4 Out.* Good fellows, sir, that, if there be any  
purchase stirring,

Will strike it dead ; Jaques and Lopez, lads  
That know their quarters, as they know their

And will not off. *[Knapsacks.]*

*Rod.* Where is the boy you brought me ?

A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,

And bred up neatly.

*1 Out.* He's within at meat, sir ;

The knave is hungry ; yet he seasons all

He eats or drinks with many tears and sighs.

(The saddest appetite I ever look'd on!)

*Rod.* The boy is young; 'tis fear, and want of company

He knows and loves; use him not rough nor harshly,

He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him:

I want a pretty boy to wait upon me,

(And, when I am sad or sleepy, to prate to me.)

Besides, there's something in his face I like well;

And still the more I look, more like. Let him

And use him gently, all. [want nothing]

2 *Out.* Here's a small box, sir,

We took about him, which he grieved to part with; May be, some wealth.

*Rod.* Alas, some little money

The poor knave carried to defray his lodgings:

I'll give it him again, and add unto it.

'Twere sin to open such a petty purchase.)

*Enter LOPEZ and JACQUES, with PEDRO.*

How now? who's this? what have you brought me, soldiers?

*Lopez.* We know not well what; a strange Sullen enough, I am sure. [staving fellow;

*Rod.* Where took ye him?

*Jac.* Upon the skirt o' the wood, viewing, and gaping,

And some time standing still, as if he had meant To view the best accesses to our quarters.

Money, he has enough; and, when we threaten'd him, He smiled and yielded, but not one word utter'd.

*Lopez.* (His habit says he's holy; if his heart Keep that proportion too, 'tis best you free him.)

We'll keep his wallet here; I am sure 'tis heavy.

*Rod.* Pilgrim! come hither, sir! Are you a Pilgrim?

A piece of pretty holiness! Do you shrink, sir?

A smug young saint! What country were you born in?

(You have a Spanish face. In a dumb province?)

And had your mother too this excellent virtue?

No tongue, do you say? sure she was a matchless woman!—

What a fine family is this man sprung from!

Certain, he was begotten in a calm,

(When all was hush; the midwife was dumb Mid-night.—

Are you seal'd up? or do you scorn to answer?

You are in my hands, and I have medicines for you Can make you speak.—Pull off his bonnet, soldiers!

—You have a speaking face.

*Lopez.* I am sure a handsome:

This Pilgrim cannot want she-saints to pray to.

*Rod.* Stand nearer.—Ha!

*Pedro.* Come, do your worst! I am ready.

*Rod.* Is your tongue found?—Go off, and let

And keep your watches round. [me talk with him;

*All.* We are ready, captain. [Exeunt Outlaws.

*Rod.* So; now what are you?

*Pedro.* Am I?

My habit shews me what I am.

*Rod.* Thy heart,

A desperate fool, and so thy fate shall tell thee.

What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.

*Pedro.* I know thou dost; and since it is my

To light into thy fingers, I must think too [fortune The most malicious of all devils brought me:

Yet some men say thou art noble.

*Rod.* Not to thee;

That were a benefit to mock the giver.

Thy father hates my friends and family,

And thou hast been the heir of all his malice:

Can two such storms meet then, and part with

*Pedro.* You have the mightier hand. [kissing?

*Rod.* And so I'll use it.

*Pedro.* I cannot hinder you; less can I beg

Submissive at his knees that knows not honour;

That bears the stamp of man, and not his nature.

You may do what you please.

*Rod.* I will do all.

*Pedro.* And when you have done all, which is my poor ruin,

(For farther your base malice cannot venture,)

Dishonour's self will cry you out a coward.)

Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,

Thou wouldst have fought me whilst I carried arms,

Whilst my good sword was my profession,

And then have cried out, "Pedro, I defy thee!"

Then stuck Alphonso's quarrel on the point,

The mercenary anger thou servest under

To get his daughter; (then thou shouldst have braved me,

And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon me

Done something-worthy feat.) Now, poor and basely

Thou set'st toils to betray me; and, like the

That dare not meet the lion in the face, [peasant Dig'st crafty pit-falls! thou shamest the Spanish

honour;

(Thou hast neither point of man, nor conscience in thee.)

*Rod.* Sir, sir, you are brave! you plead now in a sanctuary,

You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend you:

You will not find it so.

*Pedro.* I look not for't:

The more unhallow'd soul hast thou to offer it!

*Rod.* When you were bravest, sir, and your sword sharpest,

I durst affront you; when the court-sun gilded you,

And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,

Fernando's sprightly son! then durst I meet you,

When you were master of this fame and fashion,)

And all your glories in the full meridian,

The king's proof-favour buckled on your body:

Had we then come to competition,

Which I have often sought—

*Pedro.* And I desired too.

*Rod.* You should have seen this sword, (howe'er you slight it.)

And felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it,

In execution quicker than thy scorns;

Thou shouldst have seen all this, and shrunk to see it!)

Then, like a gentleman I would have used thee,

And given thee the fair fortune of thy being;

Then, with a soldier's arm I had honour'd thee:

But since thou steal'st upon me like a spy,

And thief-like think'st that holy case shall carry

Through all my purposes, and so betray me, (thee Base as the act, thy end be, and I forget thee.

*Pedro.* What poor evasions thou build'st on, to abuse me!

The goodness of a man ne'er taught these principles I come a spy! Durst any noble spirit [plea.

Put on this habit, to become a traitor?

Even in an enemy shew me this antipathy,

Where there is Christian faith, and this not

I come a spy! No, Roderigo, no. [reverenced.



A hater of thy person, a maligner !  
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,  
But rather, when I meet thee, tears to soften thee.  
When I put on this habit, I put off  
All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth  
That clapt too rank a bias to my being,  
And drew me from the right mark all should  
aim at ;

Instead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers ;  
For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance ;  
Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.  
Oh, Roderigo !

*Rod.* If thy tongue could save thee,  
Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit !  
Soldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye.—  
I'll forgive your holy habit, sir, but I'll hang you.

*Enter Outlaws, LOPEZ, and JAGUES.*

1 *Out.* Wherefore this halter, captain ?

*Rod.* For this traitor.

Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1 *Out.* Do you want a band, sir ? *(This is a coarse wearing ; [Puts the halter on him.]*

'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar :  
But patience is as good as a French pickadel.)

*Lopez.* What's his fault, captain ?

*Rod.* 'Tis my will he perish,  
And that's his fault.

*Pedro.* A captain of good government !  
Come, soldiers, come ; ye are roughly bred, and  
bloody ;

Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take  
In executing impious commands ;

Ye have a captain seals your liberal pardons.

Be no more Christians, put religion by,

'Twill make ye cowards ; feel no tenderness,

Nor let a thing call'd Conscience trouble ye ;

Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect

To what I seem ; were I a saint indeed,

Why should that stagger ye ? ye know not holiness ;

To be excellent in evil, is your goodness ;

And be so, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,

For fear you should repent ; that will be dan-  
gerous ;

For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,  
And that pulse beat back to your considerations,  
How ye have laid a stiff hand on religion——

*Rod.* Truss him, I say !

*Pedro.* And violated faith——

*Rod.* Hear him not prate !

*Pedro.* Why, what a thing will this be !

What strange confusion then will breed among

*Rod.* Will none of ye obey ? *[ye——*

*Pedro.* What devils vex ye !

The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers,

Will be delights to these ; those have their ends,

But these out-live all time, and all repentance :

And if it creep into your conscience once,

Be sure ye lock that close.

*Rod.* Why stand ye gazing ?

*Pedro.* Farewell, sleep, peace, all that are human  
comforts !

Better ye had been trees, or stones, and happier ;

For those die here, and seek no further being,

Nor hopes, nor punishments.

*Rod.* Rots take ye, rascals !

*Jaq.* What would you have us do ?

*Rod.* Dispatch the prater.

*Jaq.* And have religious blood hang on our con-  
sciences !

We are bad enough already ; sins enough

To make our graves even loath us.

*Rod.* No man love me ?

*Lopez.* Although I be a thief, I am no hangman ;

They are two men's trades, and let another execute.

Lay violent hands on holy things !

*Rod.* Base cowards !

Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye !

Holy, or unholy, if I say it,

I'll have it done.

1 *Out.* If I do't, let me starve for't.

2 *Out.* Or I.

3 *Out.* Or I. We will obey things handsome,

And bad enough, and over-do obedience ;

But to be made such instruments of mischief——

*Jaq.* I have done as many villainies as another,

And with as little reluctance ;

*(Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.*

*Put me upon a felt and known perdition ?)*

*Rod.* Have ye conspired, ye slaves ?

*Pedro.* How vilely this shews,

In one that would command another's temper,

And bear no bound in his own !

*Rod.* Am I thus jaded ?

*Pedro.* Is it my life thou long'st for, Roderigo ?

And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,

But my blood spilt ? Do it thyself, dispatch it ;

And, as thou takest the whole revenge upon thee,

Take the whole sin upon thee, and be mighty,

Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger ;

And let not these poor wretches howl for thy sake.

*(Those things that in thine own glass seem most  
monstrous,*

*Wouldst thou abuse their weak sights with, for  
amiable ?)*

Is it, thou think'st to fear me with thy terrors,

And into weak condition draw my virtue ?

If I were now to learn to die, I would sue to thee ;

Or did I fear death, then I would make thee  
glorious ;

But knowing what and how far I can suffer,

And all my whole life being but death's preface,

My sleep but at next door——

*Rod.* Are you so valiant ?

I'll make you feel, I'll make you know and feel too !

—And, rascals, ye shall tremble ! Keep him here,

And keep him safe too ; if he 'scape your guards——

*Pedro.* Fear not, I will not.

*Rod.* As I live, ye die for't !

I will not be thus baffled. *[Exit.]*

*Jaq.* What a devil have ye done, Pilgrim ? or  
what mischief

Have you conspired, that he should rage and rave

Have you kill'd his father, or his mother ? *[thus ?]*

Or strangled any of his kindred ?

*Lopez.* Has he no sisters ? have you not been

About their belly-pieces ? *[bouncing]*

*Jaq.* Why should that be dangerous,

Or any way deserve death ? is it not natural ?

Bar us the Christian liberty of women,

And build us up with brick, take away our free-  
stone.)

1 *Out.* Because thou art holier than he, upon  
my conscience,

He does not envy thee ; that's not his quarrel ;

For, look you, that might be compounded without  
prayers.

*Lopez.* Nor that thou seem'st an honest man ;  
for here

We have no trading with such tinsel-stuff ;

To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.  
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou  
canst out-run us?

*Pedro.* I scorn to shift his fury; keep your  
obedience;

For though your government admit no precedent,  
Keep yourselves careful in't.

*Jag.* Thou wilt he hang'd then?

*Pedro.* I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 *Out.* 'Tis ten to one he'll shoot him; for the  
devil's in him

If he hang him himself.

*Lopez.* He has too proud a nature;

He will compel some one.

*Jag.* I am confident.

*Lopez.* And so are all, I think.

*Pedro.* Be not molested;

If I must die, let it not trouble you;  
It stirs not me; it is the end I was born for.

Only this honest office I desire ye,

If there be courtesy in men of your breed,

To see me buried; not to let his fury

Expose my body to the open violence

Of beasts and fowls; so far I urge humanity.

*Jag.* He shall not deny us that; we'll see you  
under ground,

And give you a volley of as good cups of sack,  
For that's our discipline—

*Enter RODRIGO, and ALINDA in boy's dress.*

*Lopez.* He comes again,

As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.

1 *Out.* Will he compel the child?

*Lopez.* He is bent to do it,

And must have somebody.

*Rod.* If thou lovest me, do it!

Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it!

Stare not, nor stagger, sirrah! if ye deny me—

Do you see this, rogue?

*Alin.* What would you have me do, sir?—

Heaven's goodness bless me! [*Apart.*]

*Rod.* Do? why, hang a rascal,

That would hang me.

*Alin.* I am a boy, and weak, sir.

*Rod.* Thou art strong enough to tie him to a  
bough,

And turn him off. Come, thou shalt be my jewel,

And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,

And twenty gallant things; I'll teach thee arms  
Make thee mine heir. [*too;*]

*Alin.* Let me inherit death first!

*Rod.* Make me not angry, sirrah!

*Alin.* Which is the man, sir?

I'll pluck up the best heart I can; yet—

*Rod.* Fear not;

It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there,  
That devil in the saint's skin.

*Alin.* Guard me, goodness!

*Rod.* Dispatch him presently. [*Apart.*]

*Pedro.* I wait your worst, sir.

*Jag.* Will the boy do it? is the rogue so con-  
fident?

So young, so deep in blood?

*Lopez.* He shakes and trembles.

*Pedro.* Dost thou seek more coals still to sear  
thy conscience?

Work sacred innocence to be a devil?

Do it thyself for shame, thou best becomest it.

*Rod.* Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be 'fild  
with thee;

And yet I'll have it done; this child shall strangle  
thee:

A crying girl, if she were here, should master thee.

*Alin.* How should I save him? how myself  
from violence? [*Aside.*]

*Pedro.* Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch  
your hate, sir;

The patience of my death shall more torment thee,  
Thou painted honour, thou base man made back-  
Than all my life has fear'd thee. [*ward!*]

*Rod.* Gag him, sirrah!

*Jag.* The boy looks cheerfully now; sure he

*Lopez.* He will man him else. [*will do it.*]

*Alin.* Are you prepared to die, sir!

*Pedro.* Yes, boy, and ready; prythee to thy  
business.

*Alin.* Why are you then so angry? so perplex'd,  
sir?

Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.

Why do you rail?

*Lopez.* The boy's a pretty priest.

*Pedro.* I thank you, gentle child; you teach me

*Alin.* You seem to fear too. [*truly.*]

*Pedro.* Thou seest more than I feel, boy.

*Alin.* You tremble, sure.

*Pedro.* No, sure, boy; 'tis thy tenderness.

Prythee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.

*Alin.* Are you so willing to go to't?

*Pedro.* Most willing:

I would not borrow from his courtesy

One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

*Alin.* And is your reckoning straight, sir?

*Pedro.* As straight as truth, boy;

I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.

*Alin.* Then to your prayers; I'll dispatch you  
presently.—

Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness! [*Aside.*]

*Rod.* A good boy!

*Alin.* But hark you, sir, one word; and pray  
you resolve me.

Let me speak privately. [*They walk apart.*]

*Rod.* What wouldst thou have, child?

*Alin.* Shall this man die?

*Rod.* Why dost thou make that question?

*Alin.* Pray you be not angry; if he must, I'll  
But must he now? [*do it.*]

*Rod.* What else? who dare reprove him?

*Alin.* Pray you think again; and as your injuries

Are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow,

Do not you purpose so to suit your vengeance?

*Rod.* I do, and must.

*Alin.* You cannot, if he die now.

*Rod.* Cannot?

*Alin.* No, cannot; be not vex'd; you'll find it.

I have consider'd, and I know it certain,

You suffer below him; lose all your angers.

*Rod.* Why, my best boy?

*Alin.* I love and tender you,

I would not tell you else. Is that revenge,

To slight your cause, and saint your enemy?

Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto him,

And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are sighing?

Is this revenge?

*Rod.* I would have him die.

*Alin.* Prepared thus?

The blessing of a father never reach'd it!

His contemplation now scorns you, contemns you,

And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,

And these that know and love revenge will laugh  
at you.



Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,  
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,  
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.  
This man you rock asleep, and all your rages  
Are requiems to his parting soul, mere anthems.

*Rod.* Indeed he is strongly built.

*Alin.* You cannot shake him;

And the more weight you put on his foundation,  
Now as he stands, you fix him still the stronger.  
If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him  
Friendships and benefits beyond example,  
Hope him a star in Heaven, and there would stick  
Now take his life. [him,

*Rod.* I had rather take mine own, boy.

*Alin.* I'll ease him presently,

*Rod.* Stay, be not hasty.

*Alin.* Bless my tongue still! [Aside.

*Lopez.* What has the boy done to him?

How dull and still he looks!

*Alin.* You are a wise man,

And long have buckled with the world's extremities,

A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;  
And would you work your master-piece thus madly,  
Take the bare name of honour? that will pity you,  
When the world knows you have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.

*Rod.* The boy has stagger'd me: What wouldst thou have me—

*Alin.* Have you? do you not feel, sir? does it not stir you?

Do you ask a child? I would have you do most bravely,

(Because I most affect you,) like yourself, sir;  
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,

And, now you have made him shake, seal him his pardon.

When he appears a subject fit for anger,

And fit for you, his pious armour off,

His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,

Then strike, and then you know revenge, then take it.

I hope I have turn'd his mind. [Aside.

*Rod.* Let the fool go there!—

I scorn to let loose so base an anger

May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;

And when we meet again—

*Pedro.* I'll thank you, captain. [Exit.

*Alin.* Why, this was like yourself.—But which way goes he?

Shall we ne'er happy meet! [Aside.

*Rod.* I am drowsy, boy;

Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company;

Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [Exit.

*Alin.* I shall wait on you. [Exit.

*Lopez.* The boy has done't; a plaguy witty rascal!

And I shall love him terribly.

*Jaq.* 'Twas he, most certain:

For, if you mark, how earnest he was with him,

And how he labour'd him!

*Lopez.* A cunning villain!

But a good rogue. This boy will make us all honest.

*I Out.* I scarce believe that; but I like the boy well.

Come, let's to supper; then upon our watches.

*Lopez.* This Pilgrim 'scaped, a joyful one.

*Jaq.* Let's drink round

To the boy's health, and then about our business. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—The same.

Enter RODRIGO, JAKES, LOPEZ, and three Outlaws.

*Rod.* None of you know her?

*Jaq.* Alas, sir, we ne'er saw her,  
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.

*Rod.* No happy eye?

*Lopez.* I do not think 'tis she, sir;

Methinks, a woman dares not—

*Rod.* Thou speak'st poorly;

What dares not woman, when she is provoked?

Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?

That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,

These jewels here, a part of which I sent her,

And, though unwilling, yet her father wrought her  
To take and wear.

*Lopez.* A wench, and we not know it?

(And among us? Where were our understandings?  
I could have guess'd unhappily, have had some  
feeling

In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,

At the discovery of such a jigambob!

A handsome wench too? Sure we have lost our  
faculties,

We have no motions. What should she do here,  
sir?

*Rod.* That's it that troubles me. Oh, that base  
rascal! [him,

There lies the misery! How cunningly she quit

And how she urg'd! Had ye been constant to me,  
I ne'er had suffer'd this.

*I Out.* You might have hanged him;

And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all we care  
So our hands had not done't. [for't.

*Rod.* She is gone again too;

And what care have ye for that? gone, and con-  
temn'd me;

Master'd my will and power, and now laughs at me.

*Lopez.* The devil, that brought her hither, sir, I  
Has carried her back again invisible, [think

For we ne'er knew nor heard of her departure.

*Jaq.* No living thing came this night through  
She went with you. [our watches;

*Rod.* Was by me till I slept,

But when I waked, and call'd—Oh, my dull pate  
If I had open'd this when it was given me, [here!

This roguy box—

*Lopez.* We could but give it you.

*Rod.* Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the  
game goes,

There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feel it!

Enter ALPHONSO and two Outlaws.

*Alph.* Bring me unto thy captain! where's thy  
captain?

I am founder'd, melted; some fairy thing or other  
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted me

I' th' likeness of a voice.—Give me thy captain!

2 Out. He's here, sir; there he stands.

Alph. How dost thou, captain?

I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt!  
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted too;  
I have lost my horse; I am hungry, and out of my wits also.

Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know; strange things!

And take your ease; I'll follow her recovery:  
These shall be yours the whilst, and do you service.

Alph. Let me have drink enough; I am almost choak'd too.

Rod. You shall have anything. — What think you now, soldiers?

Jaq. I think a woman is a woman, (that's any thing.)

The next we take, we'll search a little nearer;  
(We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of breeches.)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Dwelling of the Outlaws in the Forest.*

*Enter JULETTA in boy's clothes.*

Jul. He's gone in here: This is Roderigo's quarter,

And I'll be with him soon; I'll startle him  
A little better than I have done. All this long night

I have led him out o' th' way, to try his patience,  
And made him swear, and curse, and pray, and swear again,

And cry for anger; I made him leave his horse too,  
Where he can never find him more; whistled to him,

And then he would run through thick and thin to reach me;

And down in this ditch, up again, and shake him,  
And swear some certain blessings; then into that bush

Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,  
And I sit laughing: A hundred tricks I have served him,

And I will double 'em, before I leave him:  
I'll teach his anger to dispute with women.  
But all this time I cannot meet my mistress,  
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,  
For sure she is much afflicted; till I do,  
I'll haunt, thy ghost, Alphonso; I'll keep thee waking.

Yes, I must get a drum: I am villainous weary,  
And yet I'll trot about these villages  
Till I have got my will, and then have at you!  
I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows, ere I leave you,

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter SEBERTO and CURIO.*

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have ridden,

We cannot cross her; no way light upon her.

Curio. I do not think she is gone thus far, or this way;

For certain, if she had, we should have reach'd her,  
Made some discovery, heard some news; we have seen nothing.

Seb. Nor pass'd by any body that could promise anything.

She is certainly disguised; her modesty  
Durst never venture else.

Curio. Let her take any shape,  
(And let me see it once) I can distinguish it.

Seb. So should I think too. Has not her father found her?

Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no patience

(Unless she light in his teeth) to look about him;  
He guesses now, and chafes, and frets like tinsel.

Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it;  
But keep her from him, Heaven! Where are we,

Curio?

Curio. In a wood I think! hang me, if I know else!

And yet I have ridden all these coasts at all hours,  
(And had an aim.)

Seb. I would we had a guide.

Curio. And if I be not much awry, Seberto,  
Not far off should be Roderigo's quarter;  
For in this fastness, if I be not cozen'd,  
He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the place then

We appointed him to meet in.

Curio. Yes, I think so.

Seb. 'Would we could meet some living thing!

*Enter ALINDA disguised.*

What's that there?

Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why may not he direct us?

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.

Keep my wits, Heaven! I feel 'em wavering.

Oh, God, my head!

Seb. Boy! dost thou hear? thou stripling!

Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me! now  
Will hang him without mercy!—Ha! [Roderigo]

Curio. Come hither!—

A very pretty boy.—What place is this, child?

And whither dost thou travel?—(How he stares!)

Some stubborn master has abused the boy,

And beaten him: How he complains!—Whither goest thou?

Alin. I go to Segovia, sir, to my sick mother;  
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,  
And—oh, my bones!—I have been beaten, sir,  
Misused and robb'd; extremely beaten, gentlemen.  
Oh, God, my side!

Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?

Look up, and be of good cheer.

Alin. Oh, I cannot.

My back, my back, my back!

Curio. What thieves?

Alin. I know not,

But they call the captain, Roderigo.

Curio. Look you!

I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want anything?

Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, sir.

Curio. There's some money,

And get thee to thy mother.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Seb. 'Tis was extremely foul, to vex a child thus.  
Come, let's along; we cannot lose our way now.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alin. Though ye are honest men, I fear your fingers,

And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble!  
Send me but once within his arms, dear Fortune,



And then come all the world!—What shall I do now?

'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me  
Or get me meat, or anything, I know not.  
These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,  
Will run me mad.

*Enter JULETTA with a drum.*

*Jul.* Boy! boy!

*Alin.* More set to take me?

*Jul.* Dost thou hear, boy? thou pointer!

*Alin.* 'Tis a boy too,

A lacky-boy: I need not fear his fierceness.

*Jul.* Canst thou beat a drum?

*Alin.* A drum?

*Jul.* This thing, a drum here.

Didst thou never see a drum? Canst thou make  
this grumble?

*Alin.* Julietta's face and tongue! Is she run mad  
too?

Here may be double craft. [*Aside.*]—I have no  
skill in't.

*Jul.* I'll give thee a ryal but to go along with me.

*Alin.* I care not for thy ryal: I have other bu-  
drum to myself, and dance to it. [*siness.*]

*Jul.* Sirrah, sirrah!

Thou scurvy sirrah! thou snotty-nosed scab! dost  
If I lay down my drum— [thou hear me?

*Alin.* Here comes more company!

I fear a plot; Heaven send me fairly from it. [*Exit.*]

*Enter RODRIGO and two Outlaws.*

*Jul.* Basta! who's here? [*Retires.*]

*Lopez.* Captain, do you need me farther?

*Rod.* No, not a foot. Give me the gown; the  
sword now.

*Jul.* This is the devil thief; and, if he take me,  
Woe be to my gally-gaskins!

*Lopez.* Certain, sir,

She'll take her patches off, and change her habit.

*Rod.* Let her do what she please. No, no, Alinda,  
You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure,  
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,  
But I shall know it.

*Jul.* A boy? his face in patches?

*Rod.* Nor shall your tongue again bewitch mine  
anger.

If she be found i' th' woods, send me word presently,  
And I'll return; she cannot be far gone yet:

If she be not, expect me when you see me.

Use all your service to my friend Alphonso,  
And have a care to your business. Farewell!

No more: Farewell! [*Exit severally.*]

*Jul.* I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.

This boy in patches was the boy came by me,  
The very same; how hastily it shifted!

What a mope-eyed ass was I, I could not know her!

This must be she, this is she, now I remember her;

How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me!

I could now piss my eyes out for mere anger.

I'll follow her—But who shall vex her father then?

One flurt at him, and then I am for the voyage.

If I can cross the captain, too—Come, tabor! [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Cabin of the Outlaws.

*Enter JACQUES and First Outlaw.*

*Jaq.* Are they all set?

1 Out. All, and each quarter quiet.

*Jaq.* Is the old man asleep?

1 Out. An hour ago, sir.

*Jaq.* We must be very careful in his absence,  
And very watchful.

1 Out. It concerns us nearly.

He will not be long from us.

*Jaq.* No, he cannot.

1 Out. A little heat of love, which he mus-  
wander out;

And then again—Hark!

[*Drum afar off.*]

*Jaq.* What?

1 Out. 'Tis not the wind, sure;

That's still and calm; no noise, nor flux of waters

*Jaq.* I hear a drum, I think.

2 Out. That, that; it beats again now. [*Drum.*]

*Jaq.* Now it comes nearer. Sure we are sur-  
prised, sir;

Some from the king's command. We are lost, we  
are dead all!

1 Out. Hark, hark! a charge now! my capital  
has betray'd us,

And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

*Enter two Outlaws.*

*Lopez.* Another beats o' that side.

2 Out. Fly, fly, Jaques!

We are taken in a toil, snapt in a pitfall;

Methinks I feel a sword already shave me.

3 Out. A thousand horse and foot, a thousand  
pioneers,

If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;  
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.

*Lopez.* This is the dismal'st night— [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

*Alph.* Where is my nag now?

And what make I here to be hang'd? what devil  
Brought me into this danger! Is there ne'er a horse

That I may creep in deep enough, and die quick?  
Ne'er an old ditch to choke me? I shall be tak-

For their commander now, their general,  
And have a commanding gallows set up for me.

As high as a may-pole, and nasty songs made on me  
Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.

They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?  
Let me see that first—I have too much fear to

faithful.

Where's all my state now? I must go hunt  
daughters,

Daughters, and damsels of the lake, dams-  
daughters!

A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,  
Or a fine hollow tree, that would contain me.

I hear 'em coming; I feel the noose about me!

*Enter SEBASTO, CURIO, Outlaws, and JACQUES.*

*Seb.* Why do you fear, and fly? here are  
None from the king to vex you. [*Soldier.*]

1 Out. The drum, the drum, sir!

*Curio.* I never saw such pigeon-hearted people  
What drum? what danger?—Who's that that

shakes behind there?

Mercy upon me, sir, why are you fear'd thus?

*Alph.* Are we all kill'd? no mercy to be had

Am I not shot, do you think? [*He falls.*]

*Seb.* You are strangely frighted;  
Shot with a fiddle-stick! Who's here to shoot you

A drum we saw indeed; a boy was beating it,  
And hunting squirrels by moon-light.

*Lopez.* Nothing else, sir?

*Curio.* Not anything: no other person stirr'd

*Alph.* Oh, that I had that boy! this is that de-

That fairy rogue, that haunted me last night!  
He has sleeves like dragon's wings.

*Seb.* A little foot-boy.

*Alph.* Come, let's go in, and let me get my clothes on.

If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd —  
Did ye not meet the wench?

*Seb.* No, sure, we met her not. [*clermen,*

*Alph.* She has been here in boy's apparel, gen-  
[A gallant thing, and famous for a gentlewoman,  
And all her face patch'd over for discovery;  
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,  
That she hath play'd her master-prize, a rare one.  
I came too short.

*Curio.* Such a young boy we met, sir.

*Alph.* In a grey hat?

*Curio.* The same; his face all patch'd too.

*Alph.* 'Twas she, a rot run with her! she, that rank she!

Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again;  
But get some store of wine; this fright sits here yet.

[*Exeunt into the Cabin.*

*Enter JULIETTA.*

*Jul.* What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry!

If this do bolt him, I'll be with him again  
With a new part, was never play'd; I'll ferk him;  
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him; I'll claw him.  
Now will I see if I can cross her footing.  
Yet still I'll watch his water, he shall pay for't;  
And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,  
I'll make him know the mare's the better horse.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE V.—SEGOVIA. A Street.

*Enter PEDRO, and the third Gentleman.*

*Gent.* You are a stranger, sir; and, for humanity,

Being come within our walls, I would shew you  
You have seen the castle? [*something.*

*Pedro.* Yes, sir; 'tis a strong one,  
And well maintain'd.

*Gent.* Why are you still thus sad, sir?  
How do you like the walks?

*Pedro.* They are very pleasant;  
Your town stands cool and sweet.

*Gent.* But that I would not  
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew you  
A place worth view.

*Pedro.* Shows seldom alter me, sir;  
Pray you speak it, and then shew it.

*Gent.* 'Tis a house here  
Where people of all sorts, that have been visited  
With lunacies and follies, wait their cures:  
Their fancies, of a thousand stamps and fashions,  
Like flies in several shapes, buzz round about ye,  
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,  
That it would make you melt to see their passions;  
And some as light again, that would content you.  
But I see, sir, your temper is too modest,  
Too much inclined to contemplation,  
To meet with these.

*Pedro.* You could not please me better;  
And I beseech you, sir, do me the honour  
To let me wait upon you.

*Gent.* Since you are willing,  
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct you.

*Pedro.* I ne'er had such a mind yet to see misery!  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VI.—A Mad-house in the same City; Madmen are seen in their Cells.

*Enter two Keepers.*

1 *Keep.* Carry Mad Bess some meat, she roars  
like thunder;  
And tie the parson short, the moon's i' th' full,  
He has a thousand pigs in's brains. Who looks to  
the prentice?

Keep him from women, he thinks he has lost his  
mistress;  
And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn-mad.

2 *Keep.* The justice keeps such a stir yonder  
with his charges,  
And such a coil with warrants!

1 *Keep.* Take away his statutes;  
The devil has possess'd him in the likeness  
Of penal laws; keep him from *aqua-vitæ*,  
For if that spirit creep into his quorum,  
He will commit us all. How is it with the scholar?

2 *Keep.* For anything I see, he's in his right  
wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an ass! in his right wits,  
goodman coxcomb?  
As though any man durst be in's right wits, and  
be here:

It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em;

*Enter English Madman.*

*Eng.* Give me some drink!

1 *Keep.* Oh, there's the Englishman.

*Eng.* Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em,  
froth 'em!

Down o' your knees, you rogues, and pledge me  
roundly!

[*Sings.*

One, two, three, and four;

We shall all be merry within this hour.

To the great Turk!

1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen drunkard!  
These English are so malt-mad, there's no med-  
dling with 'em;

When they have a fruitful year of barley there,  
All the whole island's thus.

*Eng.* A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,  
A lewd notorious snuff! give't him again, boy.

*Enter She-Fool.*

*Fool.* God ye good even, gaffer!

2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose!

1 *Keep.* If any of the madmen take her, she is  
They'll bounce her loins. [*pepper'd;*

*Fool.* Will you walk into the coal-house?

1 *Keep.* She is as lecherous too as a she-ferret.

2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her?—Go  
I'll give thee a fine apple. [*in, Kate.*

*Fool.* Will you buss me,

And tickle me and make me laugh?

1 *Keep.* I'll whip you.

*Eng.* Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.

*Fool.* Are you peeping?

*Eng.* I'll get thee with five fools.

*Fool.* Oh, fine, oh, dainty!

*Eng.* And thou shall lie-in in a horse-cloth,  
*Fool.* And shall I have a coach? [*like a lady.*

*Eng.* Drawn with four turkies;

And they shall tread thee too.

*Fool.* We shall have eggs then!

And shall I sit upon 'em!

*Eng.* Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle,  
And make an admirable tansey for the devil.



Come, come away ; I am taken with thy love, Fool,  
And will mightily belabour thee.

1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles ! how she twitters  
at him !

These Englishmen would stagger a wise woman.  
If we should suffer her to have her will now,  
We should have all the women in Spain as mad as  
she here.

2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most  
fool.—Away with her !

*Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Scholar, and PEDRO.*

*Fool.* Pray ye stay a little ! let's hear him sing ;  
he has a fine breast.

1 *Keep.* Here comes my master.—To the spit,  
you whore,

And stir no more abroad, but tend your business ;  
You shall have no more sops i' th' pan else, nor  
Besides, I'll whip your breech. [no porridge :

*Fool.* I'll go in presently.

1 *Gent.* I'll assure you, sir, the Cardinal's angry  
For keeping this young man. [with you

*Master.* I am heartily sorry.

If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.

3 *Gent.* [To PEDRO.] This is the place, and now  
observe their humours.

2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor  
tainted ;

No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers ;  
In all his letters, nothing but discretion,  
Learning, and handsome style.

*Master.* Be not deceived, sir ;  
Mark but his look.

1 *Gent.* His grief, and his imprisonment,  
May stamp that there.

*Master.* Pray talk with him again then.

2 *Gent.* That will be needless ; we have tried  
him long enough.

And if he had a taint we should have met with it.

[Yet to discharge your care—

*Pedro.* A sober youth !

Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.

2 *Gent.* You find no sickness ?

*Schol.* None, sir, I thank Heaven,  
Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.

1 *Gent.* Do you sleep o' nights ?

*Schol.* As sound, and sweet, as any man.

2 *Gent.* Have you no fearful dreams ?

*Schol.* Sometimes, as all have  
That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs ;  
Else, I am all one piece.

1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness

You have conceived from any friend, or parent ?  
Or scorn from what you loved ?

*Schol.* No, truly, sir :

I never yet was master of a faith  
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred !  
And what love is, unless it lie in learning,  
I think I am ignorant.

1 *Gent.* This man is perfect ;

A civiler discourser I ne'er talk'd with.

*Master.* You'll find it otherwise.

2 *Gent.* I must tell you true, sir,

I think you keep him here to teach him madness !  
Here's his discharge from my lord cardinal.—  
And come, sir, go with us.

*Schol.* I am bound unto ye ;

And farewell, master.

*Master.* Farewell, Stephano.

Alas, poor man !

1 *Gent.* What flaws and whirls of weather,  
[Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days  
How dark, and hot, and full of fouting !  
And still grows louder.]

*Master.* It has been stubborn weather.

2 *Gent.* Strange work at sea ; I fear me there  
old tumbling.

1 *Gent.* Bless my old uncle's bark ! I have  
venture.

2 *Gent.* And I, more than I would wish to lose  
*Schol.* Do you fear ?

2 *Gent.* Ha ! how he looks !

*Master.* Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his eyes are altered  
*Master.* Now tell me how you like him ; what

He be that perfect man ye credited ?

*Schol.* Does the sea stagger ye ?

*Master.* Now you have hit the nick.

*Schol.* Do ye fear the billows ?

1 *Gent.* What ails him ? who has stirr'd him

*Schol.* Be not shaken,

Nor let the singing of the storm shoot through y  
Let it blow on, blow on ! let the clouds wrestle,

And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,  
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble,

Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble,

For I am Neptune !

*Master.* Now what think ye of him ?

2 *Gent.* Alas, poor man !

*Schol.* Your bark shall plough through all,

And not a surge so saucy to disturb her ;

I'll see her safe, my power shall sail before her !

*Down, ye angry waters all ;*

*Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall ;*

*Down, ye proud waves ; ye storms, cease ;*

*I command ye, be at peace.*

*Fright not with your churlish notes,*

*Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats ;*

*No devouring fish come nigh,*

*Nor monster in my empery*

*Once shew his head, or terror bring ;*

*But let the weary sailor sing :*

*Amphitrite with white arms*

*Strike my lute, I'll sing [thy] charms.*

*Master.* He must have music now : I must of  
His fit will grow too full else. [serve him

[Music, a song within]

2 *Gent.* I must pity him.

*Master.* Now he will in himself, most quietly,  
And clean forget all, (as he had done nothing)

1 *Gent.* We are sorry, sir, and we have seen  
wonder.

From this hour we'll believe ; and so will leave y  
[Exeunt two Gentlemen]

*Pedro.* This was a strange fit.

*Master.* Did you mark him, sir ?

*Pedro.* He might have cozen'd me with his be  
haviour.

*Master.* Many have sworn him right, and I have  
thought so ;

Yet, on a sudden, from some word or other,  
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out  
I dare not give him will.

*Enter ALINDA as a Boy.*

*Pedro.* Pray Heaven recover him !

*Alin.* Must I come in too ?

*Master.* No, my pretty lad ;

Keep in thy chamber, boy ; 'shalt have thy supper

*Pedro.* I pray you what is he, sir ?

*Mast.* A strange boy, that last night  
Was found i' th' town, a little crazed, distracted,  
And so sent hither.

*Pedro.* How the pretty knave looks,  
And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure such eyes  
I have seen and loved!—What fair hands!—

Certainly—

*Mast.* Good sir, you'll make him worse.

*Pedro.* I pray believe not:

Alas, why should I hurt him!—How he smiles!  
The very shape and sweetness of Alinda!—  
Let me look once again: Were it in such clothes  
As when I saw her last—This must be she!  
How tenderly it strokes me!

*Mast.* (Pray you be mild, sir!)

I must attend elsewhere.

[*Exit.*]

*Pedro.* Pray you be secure, sir.—

What would you say?—How my heart beats and  
trembles!

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her  
flesh too!

I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,  
Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little  
one!

*Alin.* Oh, Pedro, Pedro!

*Pedro.* Oh, my soul!

*3 Gent.* What fit's this?

[*Aside.*]

The Pilgrim's off the hooks too!

*Alin.* Let me hold thee;

And now come all the world, and all that hate me!

*Pedro.* Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how  
How do you now? [I love you!]

*Alin.* I have been miserable;  
But your most virtuous eyes have cured me, Pedro.  
Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you.  
My head's wild still!

*Pedro.* Be not so full of passion,  
Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;  
'Twill be ill taken.

*Alin.* Are you weary of me?  
I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,  
And weep away for joy.

*Enter Master.*

*Mast.* I told you, sir,  
What you would do! For shame, do not afflict him:  
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully.  
Either depart, and presently, I'll force you else.  
Who waits within?

*Enter two Keepers.*

*Pedro.* Alas, good sir—

*Mast.* This is the way never to hope recovery.  
Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th'  
governor.

Bring in the boy. Do you see how he swells and  
tears himself?

(Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy miscarry,  
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll so hamper you!)

*3 Gent.* You were to blame, too rash.

*Pedro.* Farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A High-Road before the City.

*Enter ALPHONSO, a Gentleman, and JULETTA apart.*

*Gent.* You are now within a mile o' th' town,  
sir; if my business

Would give me leave, I would turn and wait upon  
But for such gentlemen as you inquire of, [ye,  
Certain, I saw none such; but for the boy ye spoke  
(I will not say 'tis he, but such a one, [of,  
Just of that height—

*Alph.* In such clothes?

*Gent.* I much mistake else—

Was sent in the other night, a little maddish,  
And where such people wait their cures.

*Alph.* I understand you.

*Gent.* There you may quickly know.

*Alph.* I thank you, sir—

*Jul.* So do I too; and if there be such a place,  
I ask no more: but you shall hear more of me.  
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;  
I'll see what I can do. I am almost founder'd  
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,  
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,  
And come what can come!—

*Gent.* All you have told me's certain,  
Complexion, and all else.

*Alph.* It may be she then;

And I'll so fumble her! Is she grown mad now?  
Is her blood set so high? I'll have her madd'd!  
I'll have her worm'd!

*Jul.* Mark but the end, old master! [*Apart.*]  
If thou be'st not sick o' th' bots within these five  
hours, [signior,

And kick'st and roar'st—I'll make ye fart fire,

*Enter ALINDA, disguised as the She-fool.*

*Gent.* Here's one o' th' house, a fool, an idiot,  
sir:

May-be, she is going home; she'll be a guide to ye,  
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*]

*Alph.* I am your servant.

*Alin.* Oh, now I am lost, lost, lost! Lord, how  
I tremble! [*Apart.*]

My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers!  
(This is more misery than I have 'scap'd yet!)

*Alph.* Fool! Fool!

*Alin.* He knows me not.—Will you give me  
twopence?

And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daisy;  
I have some pie in my pocket too.

*Alph.* This is an arrant fool,  
An ignorant thing.

*Alin.* Believe so, and I am happy. [*Aside.*]

*Alph.* Dost thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?

*Alin.* No, no, I dwell in Heaven;

And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,  
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter;  
I have a hundred little children, and they sing  
psalms with me.

*Alph.* 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want  
understanding.

But why do I stand talking with a coxcomb?

If I do find her, if I light upon her—

I'll say no more.—Is this the way to the town,  
Fool?

*Alin.* You must go o'er the top of that high  
steepie, gaffer—

*Alph.* A plague o' your fool's face!

*Jul.* No; take her counsel.

[*Aside.*]



*Alin.* And then you shall come to a river  
twenty mile over,  
And twenty mile and ten, and then you must pray,  
And still you must pray, and pray— [gaffer,

*Alph.* Pray Heaven deliver me  
From such an ass as thou art!

*Alin.* Amen, sweet gaffer!

And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;

And then you must leap in naked—

*Jul.* 'Would he would believe her!

*Alin.* And sink seven days together: Can you  
sink, gaffer?

*Alph.* (Yes, coxcomb, yes. Pr'ythee, farewell!)  
a pox on thee!

A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee!

*Alin.* (And then I'll bring you a sup of milk  
I am going to get apples. [shall serve you:

*Alph.* Go to the devil!

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?

Thou tell me news! thou be a guide!

*Alin.* And then, nuncle—

*Alph.* Pr'ythee keep on thy way, good naunt.—  
I could rail now

These ten hours at mine own improvidence.—

Get apples and be choak'd! farewell! [Exit.

*Alin.* Farewell, nuncle!

*Jul.* I rejoice in anything that vexes him,  
And I shall love this fool extremely for't.

Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her

How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,

How I have worn myself away to serve her—

Fool, there's a ryal for the sport thou mad'st me  
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.

*Alin.* [Apart.] Thou'rt honest sure, but yet  
thou must not see me.—

I thank you, little gentleman! Heaven bless you,  
And I'll pray for you too. Pray you keep this  
nutmeg;

'Twas sent me from the lady of the Mountain,  
A golden lady.

*Jul.* How prettily it prattles!

*Alin.* 'Tis very good to rub your understanding;  
And so good night; the moon's up.

*Jul.* Pretty innocent!

*Alin.* Now, Fortune, if thou darest do good,  
protect me! [Exit.

*Jul.* I'll follow him to yond town; he shall not  
'scape me.

Stay; I must counterfeit a letter by the way first,  
And one that must carry some credit with it; I  
am wide else,

And all this to no purpose that I aim at.

A letter must be had, and neatly handled;

And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,

Have at his skirts! I shall worse anger him

Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.

It does me good to think how I shall conjure him,

And crucify his crabbedness: He's my master;

But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.

He would now persecute my harmless mistress;

A fault without forgiveness, as I take it,

And under that bold banner flies my vengeance;

A meritorious war, and so I'll make it.—

I' th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool  
gave me?

She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.

What strange concealment? bread, or cheese, or  
a chestnut?

Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one;

A ring I know too! the very same ring!

Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, base eyes!

A ring my mistress took from me, and wore it;

I know it by the posy, "Prick me, and heal me.

None could deliver this but she herself too.

Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the blessing

I would arrive at, and block-like never know it!

I am vengeance angry; but that shall light on the

And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.

There are so many cross-ways, there's no following  
her,—

And yet I must—not now. I hope she is right still

For all her outward show, for sure she knew me

And, in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her  
[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—Near the out-skirts of a Village

*Enter RODERIGO, in a Pilgrim's habit.*

*Rod.* She is not to be recover'd, which I vex

And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me

(Oh, I am fool'd and slighted, made a rascal;

My hopes are flutter'd, as my present fortunes!

Why should I wander thus, and play the coxcomb

Tire out my peace and pleasure for a girl?

A girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me

And, consider'd at the best, is but a short break

For a hot appetite. Why should I walk, and w

And fret myself, and travel like a carrier, [th

And peep, and watch; want meat and wine—  
cherish me,

When thousand women may be had, ten thousand

And thank me too, and I sit still? Well, to  
beauty

And chastity, and all that seem to ruin me,

Let me not take you, let me not come near you,

For I'll so trim you, I'll so bustle with you—

'Tis not the name of virgin shall redeem you,

(I'll change that property,) nor tears, nor anger

I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.

To find this villain too (for there's my main pris

And if he snap me then—

*Enter ALINDA.*

*Alin.* Is not that Pedro?

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!

*Rod.* What art thou?

*Alin.* Ha! now, now, now,

Oh, now, most miserable!

*Rod.* What, a devil, art thou?

*Alin.* No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?

*Rod.* What antic?

Speak, puppet, speak!

*Alin.* That habit to betray me?

Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?

*Rod.* It danceth!

The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd innocent

What mops and mows it makes! heigh, how  
frisketh!

Is't not a fairy? or some small hobgoblin?

It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to

But if it should prove the devil then?

*Alin.* Come hither.

*Rod.* I think 'twill ravish me.

It is a handsome thing, but horribly sun-burnt.

What's that it points at?

*Alin.* Dost thou see that star there?

That, just above the sun?

Pr'ythee go thither, and light me this tobacco;

And stop it with the horns o' th' moon.

*Rod.* The thing's mad,

(Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.)  
Go sleep, fool, sleep.

*Alin.* Thou canst not sleep so sweetly ;  
For so I can say my prayers, and then slumber.

*I am not proud, nor full of wine,  
(This little flower will make me fine,)  
Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,  
If I see a sparrow die : )  
I am not watchful to do ill,  
Nor glorious to pursue it still :  
Nor pitiless to those that weep ;  
Such as are, bid them go sleep.*

Do, do, do, and see if they can.

*Rod.* It said true ;

I feel it sink into me forcibly.

Sure 'tis a kind of sybil, some mad prophet.

I feel my wildness bound and fetter'd in me.

*Alin.* Give me your hand, and I'll tell you  
what's your fortune.

*Rod.* Here ; pr'ythee speak.

*Alin.* Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy !

Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look  
finely ;

You shall never kiss the king's daughter else.

*Rod.* I wash 'em daily.

*Alin.* But still you foul 'em faster.

*Rod.* This goes nearer.

*Alin.* You'll have two wives.

*Rod.* Two wives ?

*Alin.* Ay, two fine gentlewomen ;

(Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to you,  
And these two, in two days. [sir])

*Rod.* That's a fine riddle.

*Alin.* To-day you shall wed Sorrow,  
And Repentance will come to-morrow.

*Rod.* Sure she's inspired !

*Alin.* I'll sing you a fine song, sir.

*He called down his merry men all,*

*By one, by two, by three ;*

*William would fain have been the first,*

*But now the last is he.*

*Rod.* 'Tis the mere chronicle of my mishaps.

*Alin.* I'll bid you good even : for my boat stays  
for me yonder,

And I must sup with the moon to-night in the  
Mediterranean. [Exit.]

*Rod.* When fools and mad-folks shall be tutors  
And feel my sores, yet I unsensible— [to me,

Sure it was set by Providence upon me,  
To steer my heart right. I am wondrous weary ;  
My thoughts too, which add more burden to me—  
I have been ill, and, which is worse, pursued it,  
And still run on : I must think better, nobler,  
And be another thing, or not at all.  
Still I grow heavier, heavier ; Heaven defend me !  
I'll lie down, and take rest, and goodness guard me !

[Lies down on one side of the stage.]

Enter four Peasants.

1 *Pea.* We have 'scaped to-day well ; certain,  
if the Outlaws

Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.

2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me

3 *Pea.* And me five times ; [thrice.

Beside, they made my daughter one of us too,

An arrant drum : Oh, they are the lowdest rascals ;

The captain such a damn'd piece of iniquity—

But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best

They cannot hear. [on't.]

4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly,  
And eat up all I have ; drink up my wine too,  
And if there be a servant that contents 'em,  
Let her keel hold, they'll give her stowage enough.  
We have no children now, but thieves and Outlaws :  
The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their  
They'll steal into the world. [qualities,

1 *Pea.* 'Would we had some of 'em here !

2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that condition we could master  
(They are sturdy knaves. [em ;

3 *Pea.* A devil take their sturdiness !

We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor our  
states ;

We pay the rent, and they possess the benefit.)

1 *Pea.* What is this lies here ? is it drunk or  
It sleeps, and soundly too. [sober ?

2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old woman,

That keeps sheep hereabouts. It turns and stretches.

4 *Pea.* Does she keep sheep with a sword ?

3 *Pea.* It has a beard too.

1 *Pea.* Peace, peace ! It is the devil Roderigo !  
Peace of all hands, and look.

2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.

3 *Pea.* Speak softly.

4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.

3 *Pea.* Stay, stay ! let's be provident.

1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.

4 *Pea.* Let me come to him ;  
Even one blow at his pate ; if e'er he wake more—

3 *Pea.* So, so, so ! lay that by. [Takes his sword.

2 *Pea.* I must needs kill him ;

It stands with my reputation.

3 *Pea.* Stand off, I say,

And let us some way make him sure ; then torture  
To kill him presently has no pleasure in't ; [him :

He has been tormenting of us at least this twelve-  
*Rod.* Oh, me ! [month.

*All.* He comes, he comes.

4 *Pea.* Has he no guns about him ?

3 *Pea.* Softly again ! No, no ; take that hand  
easily,

And tie it fast there ; that to th' other bough there.  
Fast, fast, and easy, least he wake !

[They tie him to a tree.

2 *Pea.* Have we got you ?

This was a benefit we never aim'd at.

3 *Pea.* Out with your knives, and let us carve  
Daintily carve him ! [this cock-thief,

1 *Pea.* I would he had been used thus  
Ten years ago ! we might have thought we had  
children.

3 *Pea.* Oh, that Sir Nicholas now, our priest,  
were here,

What a sweet homily would he say over him,  
For ringing all in, with his wife i' th' bellfry !

He would stand up stiff girt. Now pounce him  
lightly ;

And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.  
Come near ; you are dim-eyed ; on with your  
spectacles.

*Rod.* Oh, what torments me thus ! what slaves,  
what villains ?

Oh, spare me ; do not murder me !

3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle you :

You have tickled us at all points.

4 *Pea.* Where are his emblems ?

Enter Drum.

*Rod.* As ye are men, and Christians—

2 *Pea.* Yes, we hear you ;

And you shall hear of us too.



*Rod.* Oh! no mercy?

*Pedro.* What noise is this? what roar?—I cannot find her,

She is got free again; but where, or which way?

*Rod.* Oh, villains, beasts!

*Pedro.* Murdering a man, ye rascals?

Ye inhuman slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,

Or as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me?

Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards!

Take up that sword, and stand. [*To RODRIGO.*]

Ye cut-throat rogues— [*Stay, ye base rascals,*

*All.* Away, away! [*Exit Peasants.*]

*Pedro.* Ye dog-whelps!

*Rod.* Oh! I am now more wretched far than ever.

*Ped.* A violence to that habit?—Ha! Roderigo?

What makes he here, thus clad? Is it repentance, Or only a fair show to guide his mischiefs?

*Rod.* This benefit has made me shame to see him; To know him, blush.

*Pedro.* You are not much hurt?

*Rod.* No, sir;

All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience;

That pricks and tortures me.

*Pedro.* Have you consider'd

The nature of these men, and how they used you? Was it fair play? did it appear to you handsome?

*Rod.* I dare not speak; or, if I do, 'tis nothing Can bring me off, or justify me.

*Pedro.* Was it noble

To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence?

Manly, or brave, in these thus to oppress you?

Do you blush at this, in such as are mere rudeness?

That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle?

And dare you glorify worse in yourself, sir?

You used me with much honour, and I thank you;

In this, I have requited some. You know me:

Come, turn not back; you must and you shall know me.

Had I been over-season'd with base anger,

And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,

Bore no respect to honesty, religion;

No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,

Had I had in me; but given reins and licence

To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,

This day, know, Roderigo, I had set

As small a price upon thy life and fortunes

As thou didst lately on mine innocence;

But I reserve thee to a nobler service.

*Rod.* I thank you, and I'll study more to honour you:

You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,

And are the greater master of your goodness.

Though it be impossible I should now recover,

And my rude will grow handsome, in an instant,

Yet, touching but the pureness of your metal,

Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glisten;

That men may hope, although the mine be rugged, Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.

*Pedro.* I'll try that; and to th' purpose. You told me, sir,

In noble emulation,—so I take it;

I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it—

You had a fair desire to try my valour;

You seem'd to court me to it: You have found a A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy. [*Time.* That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries, And only now for honour's sake defies you!

Now, as you are a man,—I know you are valiant— As you are gentle bred, a soldier fashion'd—

*Rod.* His virtue startles me!—I dare fight. *Pedro.*

*Pedro.* And as you have a mistress that you Mark me! a mistress— [*howe.*]

*Rod.* Ha!

*Pedro.* A handsome mistress:

As you dare hold yourself deserving of her—

*Rod.* Deserving? what a word was that to fire me!

*Pedro.* I could compel you now without the circumstance;

(But I'll deal free and fairly, like a gentleman:

As you are worthy of the name you carry,

A daring man—

*Rod.* Oh, that I durst not suffer!

For all I dare do now implies but penance.

*Pedro.* Now do me noble right.

*Rod.* I'll satisfy you;

But not by th' sword. Pray you bear me, and allow me.

I have been rude; but shall I be a monster,

And teach my sword to hurt that that preserves me?

(Though I be rough by nature, shall my name

Inherit that eternal stain of barbarous?

Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,

That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodness.

That is one main antipathy to sweetness,

And set me on! You cannot hold me coward.

If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard,

The temper of my sword starts at your virtue,

And will fly off, nay, it will weep to light [on] you:

Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,

Hold sacred love and peace with one another.

See how it turns!

*Pedro.* This is a strange conversion!—

And can you fail your mistress? can you grow cold In such a case?

*Rod.* Those heats that they add to us,

Oh, noble Pedro! let us feel 'em rightly,

And rightly but consider how they move us.

*Pedro.* Is not their honour ours?

*Rod.* If they be virtuous;

And then their sword adds nothing to their lustre.

But rather calls in question what's not doubted:

If they be not, the best swords and best valours

Can never fight 'em up to fame again,

No, not a Christian war; and that's held pious.

*Pedro.* How bravely now he's temper'd! I must fight,

And rather make it honourable, than angry.

I would not task those sins to me committed.

*Rod.* You cannot, sir; you have cast those by, discarded 'em;

And, in a noble mind, so low and loosely

To look back, and collect such lumps, and lick 'em Into new horrid forms again—

*Pedro.* Still braver!

*Rod.* To fight because I dare, were worse and

Than if I had a woman in my cause, sir, [*weaker*

And more proclaim'd me fool; yet I must confess

I have been covetous of all occasions,

And this I have taken upon trust for noble,

The more shame mine! Devise a way to fight thus,

That, like the wounded air, no blood may issue,  
Nor, where this sword shall enter, no lost spirit,  
And set me on ! I would not scar that body,  
That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,  
To make the kingdom mine. If one must bleed,  
Let me be both the sacrifice and altar,  
And you the priest ; I have deserved to suffer.

*Pedro.* The noble Roderigo now I call you,  
And thus my love shall ever count and hold you.

*Rod.* I am your servant, sir ; and now this habit,  
Devotion, not distrust, shall put upon me.  
I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now,)   
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a partner.

*Pedro.* I thank you, sir ; I shall be too proud of  
Oh, I could tell you strange things ! [you.

*Rod.* I guess at 'em ;  
And I could curse myself, I made 'em stranger.  
Yet my mind says, you are not far from happiness.

*Pedro.* It shall be welcome. Come, let's keep  
us thus still,

And be as we appear, Heaven's hand may bless us.   
[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.—*The Mad-house in Segovia.*

*Enter ALPHONSO, Master, and Keepers.*

*Master.* Yes, sir, here be such people ; but how  
They will appear to you— [pleasing

*Alph.* Pray let me see 'em ;  
I come to that end ; pray let me see 'em all.

*Master.* They will confound you, sir ; like bells  
rung backward,

They are nothing but confusion, and mere noises.

*Alph.* May-be I love a noise. But, hark ye, sir !  
Have you no boys ? handsome young boys ?

*Master.* Yes, one, sir ;  
A very handsome boy.

*Alph.* Long here ?

*Master.* But two days ;  
A little crazed, but much hope of recovery.

*Alph.* Ay, that boy let me see ; may-be, I know  
him ;

That boy, I say.—This is the boy he told me of,   
[*Aside.*

And it must needs be she !—That boy, I beseech  
That boy I come to see. [ye, sir !

*Master.* And you shall see him,  
Or any else ; but pray be not too violent.

*Alph.* I know what to do, I warrant you ; I am  
for all fancies ;

I can talk to 'em, and dispute—  
1 *Keep.* As madly ?

For they are very mad, sir.

*Alph.* Let 'em be horn-mad.

1 *Keep.* We have few citizens ; they have bed-  
lams of their own, sir,  
And are mad at their own charges.

*Alph.* Who lies here ?

*Master.* Pray you do not disturb 'em, sir ; here lie  
such youths

Will make you start if they but dance their trench-  
mores.

Fetch out the boy, sirrah.—Hark ! [Exit Keeper.

*Alph.* Heigh, boys ! [Shaking of irons within.

*Enter English Madman, Scholar, and Parson.*

*Eng.* Bounce !  
Clap her o' th' star-board ! bounce ! top the can.

*Schol.* Dead, ye dog, dead ! do you quarrel in  
Give me my trident ! [my kingdom ?

*Eng.* Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,  
Loaden with mackrels ! Oh, brave meat !

*Schol.* My sea-horses !

I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his  
bladder !

*Par.* I'll sell my bells, before I be out-braved  
thus.

*Alph.* What's he ? what's he ?

*Master.* A parson, sir, a parson,  
That run mad for tithe-goslings.

*Alph.* Green sauce cure him !

*Par.* I'll curse ye all ! I'll excommunicate ye !  
Thou English heretic, give me the tenth pot.

*Eng.* Sue me ; I'll drink up all. Bounce, I say  
once more.

Oh, have I split your mizen ? Blow, blow, thou  
west-wind,

Blow till thou rive, and make the sea run roaring ;  
I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.

*Schol.* Triton ! why, Triton !

*Eng.* Triton's drunk with metheglin.

*Schol.* Strike, strike the surges, strike !

*Eng.* Drink, drink ; 'tis day-light ;  
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, Parson, proud

Parson :  
A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee !

*Par.* Give me some porridge, or I'll damn thee,  
English.

*Alph.* How comes this English madman here ?

*Master.* Alas,  
That is no question ; they are mad every where)  
Their fits are cool now ; let 'em rest. [sir.—

*Enter Keepers, and She-Fool in ALPHONSO's boy's clothes.*

*Alph.* Mad gallants,  
Most admirable mad ; I love their fancies.

1 *Keep.* You stinking whore !—Who knew of  
this ? who look'd to him ?

Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.

2 *Keep.* Certain, he made the Fool drunk.

*Master.* How now ? who's this here ;  
Where is the boy ?

1 *Keep.* The boy, sir ?

*Master.* Ay, the boy, sir.

1 *Keep.* Here's all the boys we found.

*Master.* These are his clothes ;

But where's the boy ?

*Fool.* The boy is gone a-maying ;  
He'll bring me home a cuckoo's nest. Do you  
hear, master ?

I put my clothes off, and I dizen'd him,  
And pinn'd a plumb in's forehead, and a feather,  
And buss'd him twice, and bid him go seek his  
fortune :

He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,  
And bid me sop, and gave me these trim clothes  
And put 'em on. [too,

*Alph.* Is this the boy you would shew ?

*Fool.* I'll give you twopence, master.

*Alph.* Am I fool'd of all sides ?

I met a fool i' th' woods, (they said she dwelt here)  
In a long pied coat.

*Master.* That was the very boy, sir.

*Fool.* Ay, ay, ay ; I gave him leave to play for-  
sooth :

He'll come again to-morrow, and bring pascods.

*Master.* I'll bring your bones !

*Alph.* Pox o' your fools, and bedlams !

Plague o' your owls and apes !

*Master.* Pray you, sir, be tamer ;

We cannot help this presently; but we shall know—  
I'll recompense your cares too! *[To the Keepers.]*

*Alph.* Know me a pudding!  
You juggle, and you fiddle; fart upon you!  
I am abused!

*Mast.* Pray you, sir—

*Enter Welsh Madman.*

*Alph.* And I will be abused, sir!  
And you shall know I am abused!

*Welsh.* Whaw, Master Keeper.

*Alph.* Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,  
Pox o' thy urship!

*Welsh.* Give me some ceeze and onions, give  
me some wash-brew;

I have — in my bellies; give me abundance.  
Pendragon was a shentleman, marg you, sir;  
And the organs at Rixum were made by revelations:  
There is a spirit blows, and blows the bellows,  
And then they sing!

*Alph.* What moon-calf's this? what dream?

*Mast.* Pray you, sir, observe him;

He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.

*Welsh.* I will beat thy face as black as a blue  
clout;

I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes—

*Mast.* He will not hurt you.

*Welsh.* Give me a great deal of guns: Thou art  
the devils,

I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hungry!

I will pig thy bums full of bullets.

*Alph.* This is the rarest rascal!

He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.

Is this any thing akin to th' English?

*Mast.* The elder brother, sir.

He run mad because a rat eat up's cheese.

*Alph.* He had a great deal of reason, sir.

*Welsh.* *Besar las manos*, is for an old cod-  
piece, marg you.

I will borrow thy urship's whore to seal a letter.

*Mast.* Now he grows villainous.

*Alph.* Methinks he's best now.

*Mast.* Away with him.

*Alph.* He shall not.

*Mast.* Sir, he must.

*Welsh.* I will sing and dance, do any thing!

*Alph.* Wilt thou declaim in Greek?

*Mast.* Away with the Fool;

And whip her soundly, sirrah.

*Fool.* I'll tell no more tales.

*Alph.* Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?

*Eng.* Do; and I'll catch thee,

And, like a wisp of hay, I'll whirl and whirl thee,

And puff thee up, and puff thee up!

*Schol.* I'll save thee,

And thou shalt fall into the sea, soft, softly.

*Welsh.* I'll get upon a mountain, and call my  
countrymen.

*Mast.* They all grow wild. Away with him, for  
Heaven's sake!—

Sir, you are much to blame.

*Alph.* No, no, 'tis brave, sir!

You have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.

*Mast.* In with him,

And lock him fast.

*Alph.* I'll see him in his lodging.

*Mast.* What means this gentleman?

*Enter JULIETTA.*

*Jul.* He's in; have at him.—

Are you the master, sir?

*Mast.* What would you with him?

*Jul.* I have a business from the Duke of Medina;  
Is there not an old gentleman come lately in?

*Mast.* Yes, and a wild one too; but not a  
prisoner.

*Jul.* Did you observe him well? 'tis like he  
may be.

*Mast.* I have seen younger men of better  
temper.

*Jul.* You have hit the cause I come for—  
There's a letter;

Pray you peruse it well.—I shall be with you,  
*[Aside.]*

And suddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily;

I shall so feed your fierce vexation,

And raise your worship's storms; I shall so niggle  
you,

And juggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you,

I'll make you curse the hour you vex'd a woman;

I'll make you shake, when our sex are but sounded!

"For the Lord's sake," we shall have him at: I  
long to see it,

As much as for my wedding-night; I gape after it.

*Mast.* This letter says, the gentleman is lunatic;  
I half suspected it.

*Jul.* 'Tis very true, sir;

And such pranks he has play'd!

*Mast.* He is some great man,

The duke commands me with such care to look to

And if he grow too violent, to correct him, *[him];*

To use the speediest means for his recovery;

And those he must find sharp.

*Jul.* The better for him.

*Mast.* How got you him hither?

*Jul.* With a train I tole'd him:

He is in love with a boy, there lies his melancholy.

*Mast.* Hither he came to seek one.

*Jul.* Yes, I sent him;

Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought

*Mast.* Here was a boy. *[him.]*

*Jul.* He saw him not.

*Mast.* He was gone first.

*Jul.* It is the better. Look you to your charge  
well;

I'll see him lodged, for so the duke commanded  
He will be very rough. *[me.]*

*Mast.* We are used to that, sir;

And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.

*Jul.* You will find him gainful, but be sure you  
curb him.

And get him if you can fairly to his lodging;

I am afraid you will not.

*Enter ALPHONSO, with a Keeper.*

*Mast.* We must sweat then.

*Alph.* What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'll  
have more noise,

I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes;

Thy master has let loose the boy I look'd for,

Basely convey'd him hence.

*Keep.* Will you go out, sir?

*Alph.* I will not out, I will have all out with me,  
I'll have thy master in; he's only mad here!

*[Shaking of irons.]*  
And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt! Heigh, mad  
boys, mad boys!

*Jul.* Do you perceive him now?

*Mast.* 'Tis too apparent.

*Jul.* I am glad she is gone, he raves thus. *[Aside.]*

*Mast.* Do you hear, sir?

Pray will you make less stir, and see your chamber?—

Call in more help, and make the closet ready.

*Keep.* I thought he was mad; I'll have one long lash at you.

*Alph.* My chamber! where? my chamber! why Where's the young boy? [my chamber?

*Mast.* Nay, pray you, sir, be more modest, For your own credit sake; the people see you, And I would use you with the best.

*Alph.* Best? hang you!

What, dost thou think me mad?

*Mast.* Pray, and be civil;

Heaven may deliver you.

*Alph.* Into a rogue's hands?

*Mast.* You do but draw more misery upon you, And add to your disease.

*Alph.* Get from me!

*Mast.* No, sir;

You must not be left so; bear yourself civilly, And 'twill be better for you; swell not, nor chafe not.

*Alph.* I am a gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.

*Mast.* A great deal the more pity; I have heard of you.

*Jul.* Excellent master! [Aside.

*Mast.* The duke is very tender too.

*Alph.* Am I a lunatic? am I run mad?

What dost thou talk to me of dukes and devils?

Why do the people gape so?

*Mast.* Do not anger 'em, But go in quietly, and slip in softly, They will so tew you else; I am commanded, sir.

*Alph.* Why, pr'ythee, why?

*Mast.* You are dog-mad, yet perceive it not; Very far mad, and whips will scant recover you.

*Alph.* Ha! whips?

*Mast.* Ay, whips, and sore whips, an you were a If you be stubborn here. [lord, sir,

*Alph.* Whips? What am I grown?

*Jul.* Oh, I could burst! Hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends! [Apart.

How he looks! pray Heaven he be not mad indeed.

*Alph.* I do not perceive I am so, but if you think it—

Nor I'll be hang'd if't be so.

*Mast.* Do you see this, sir? [Irons brought in. Down with that devil in ye!

*Alph.* Indeed I am angry,

But I'll contain myself: Oh, I could burst now, And tear myself! but these rogues will torment me.

Mad in mine old days? make mine own afflictions?

*Mast.* What do you mutter, sir?

*Alph.* Nothing, sir, nothing;

I will go in, and quietly, most civilly:

And, good sir, let none of your tormentors come about me;

You have a gentle face, they look like dragons.

*Mast.* Be civil and be safe. Come, for these two days,

You must eat nothing neither; 'twill ease your fits, sir.

*Alph.* 'Twill starve me, sir; but I must bear it joyfully.

I may sleep?

*Mast.* Yes, a little. Go in with these men.

*Alph.* Oh, miserable me!

[He is led off by the Keepers.

*Mast.* I'll follow presently.—

You see 'tis done, sir.

*Jul.* Ye have done it handsomely, And I'll inform the duke so. Pray you attend him; Let him want nothing, but his will.

*Mast.* He shall not;

And if he be rebellious—

*Jul.* Never spare him:

He has flesh, and hide enough; he loves a whipping.

*Mast.* My service to his grace! [Exit.

*Jul.* I shall commend it.—

So, thou art fast; I must go get some fresh room To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles me!

Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's stopt:

Now if I can do my mistress good, I am satisfied.)

[Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Forest.

Enter SEBASTO and CURIO.

*Seb.* Now, o' my conscience, we have lost him utterly!

He's not gone home; we heard from thence this morning,

And since our parting last at Roderigo's, You know what ground we have travell'd.

*Curio.* He's asleep sure;

For if he had been awake, we should have met with him.

'Faith, let's turn back, we have but a fruitless journey;

And to hope further of Alinda's recovery, (For sure she'll rather perish than return.)

Is but to seek a moth i' th' sun.

*Seb.* We'll on sure;

Something we'll know, some cause of all this fooling, Make some discovery.

*Curio.* Which way shall we cast then?

For all the champaign country, and the villages, And all those sides—

*Seb.* We'll cross these woods a while then:

Here if we fail, we'll gallop to Segovia,

And if we light of no news there, hear nothing,

We'll even turn fairly home, and coast the other side.

*Curio.* He may be sick, or fall'n into some danger;

He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

*Seb.* He's well enough; he has a travell'd body,

And, though he be old, he's tough, and will endure But he's so violent to find her out, [well;

That his anger leads him a thousand wild-geese I'll warrant he is well. [chases:

*Curio.* Shall we part company?

*Seb.* By no means; no; that were a sullen business,

No pleasure in our journey. Come, let's cross here first;

And where we find the paths, let them direct us.

[Exeunt.



SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter JULETTA and ALINDA.*

*Jul.* Why are you still so fearful of me, lady ?  
So doubtful of my faith and honest service,  
To hide yourself from me, to fly my company ?  
Am I not yours ? all yours ?—By this light, you  
shake still !

Do you suspect me false ? did I e'er fail you ?  
Do you think I am corrupted, base, and treacherous ?  
Lord, how ye look ! Is not my life tied to ye ?  
And all the power I have, to serve and honour ye ?  
Still do you doubt ? still am I terrible ?  
I will not trouble ye : Good Heaven preserve ye,  
And send ye what ye wish ! I will not see ye,  
Nor once remember I had such a mistress !  
I will not speak of ye, nor name Alinda,  
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye :  
Goodness and peace conduct ye !

*Alin.* Pr'ythee pardon me !  
I know thou art truly faithful ; and thou art  
A welcome partner to my miseries : [welcome,  
Thou know'st I love thee too.

*Jul.* I have thought so, lady.

*Alin.* Alas, my fears have so distracted me,  
I durst not trust myself.

*Jul.* Come, pray ye think better,  
And cast those by ; at least consider, lady,  
How to prevent 'em : Pray ye put off this fool's coat ;  
Though it have kept ye secret (for a season),  
'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your arch  
enemy

Roderigo is abroad ; many are looking for ye.

*Alin.* I know it, and those many I have cozen'd.

*Jul.* You cannot still thus.

*Alin.* I have no means to shift it.

*Jul.* I have, and shift you too. I lay last night  
At a poor widow's house here in the thicket,  
Whither I will conduct ye, and new-shape ye ;  
Myself too, to attend ye.

*Alin.* What means hast thou ?

For mine are gone.

*Jul.* Fear not, enough to serve you ;

I came not out so empty.

*Alin.* Pr'ythee tell me,  
For thou hast struck a kind of comfort through me,  
When saw'st thou Roderigo ?

*Jul.* Even this morning,  
And in these woods : Take heed ; he has got a new  
shape.

*Alin.* The habit of a pilgrim ? Yes, I know it,  
And I hope shall prevent it. Was he alone ?

*Jul.* No, madam ; and, which made me wonder  
mightily,

He was in company with that handsome Pilgrim,  
[That sad, sweet man.

*Alin.* That I forgot to give to ?

*Jul.* The same, the very same, that you so pitied ;  
A man as fit to suit his villainies—

*Alin.* And did they walk together ?

*Jul.* Wond'rous civilly.

*Alin.* Talk, and discourse ?

*Jul.* I think so ; for I saw 'em  
Make many stands, and then embrace each other.

*Alin.* The Pilgrim is betray'd ! a Judas dwells  
with him,

A Sinon, that will seem a saint to choke him !  
Canst thou but shew me this ?

*Jul.* Lord, how she trembles !—

Not thus, for all the world ; ye are undone then,  
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free ;  
And then I'll shew ye anything.

*Alin.* Come, good watch,  
And speedily, for I have strange faiths working,  
As strange fears too ; I'll tell thee all my life then.

*Jul.* (Come quick ; I will conduct ye, and still  
serve ye :

And do not fear ; hang fear, it spoils all projects.  
This way ! I'll be your guide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—SEGOVIA. *An open Place.**Enter Governor, VERDUGO, and Citizens.*

*Gov.* Use all your sports,  
All your solemnities ; 'tis the king's day to-morrow,  
His birth-day, and his marriage ; a glad day,  
A day we ought to honour, all.

*1 Cit.* We will, sir,  
And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.

*Gov.* Be sumptuous, but not riotous ; be  
bounteous,

But not in drunken bacchanals ; free to all strangers,  
Easy and sweet in all your entertainments ;  
For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeness.

*2 Cit.* Your lordship will do us the honour to  
Be here yourself, and grace the day ?

*Gov.* It is  
A main part of my service.

*3 Cit.* I hope your honour  
Has taken into your consideration  
The miseries we have suffer'd by these Outlaws :  
The losses, hourly fears, the rude abuses,  
Strangers that travel to us are daily laden with,  
Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.

*Gov.* I am sorry for't,  
And have commission from the king to ease it :  
You shall not be long vex'd.

*1 Cit.* Had we not walls, sir,  
And those continually mann'd too with our watches,  
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us ;  
And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,  
And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,  
And send them laden home too ; we are lost else.

*2 Cit.* They'll come to church among us, *As we*  
hope, Christians,

When all their zeal is bent to steal the chalices.  
At this good time now, if your lordship were not  
To awe their violence with your authority, [here,  
They would play such gambols !

*Gov.* (Are they grown so heady ?)

*2 Cit.* They would drink up all our wine, just  
out our bonfires,

Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the  
fairest,

Nay, have at all ; fourscore and ten's a goddess ;  
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.

*Gov.* Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance ?  
I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly—

Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,  
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,

(To see what house these knaves keep), of good  
soldiers,

As sturdy as themselves ; that dare dispute with  
them,

Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,  
But with a better faith labour 'em :

I'll know what claim they have to their possession,  
'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo,

A well-bred gentleman, and a good soldier,  
And one his majesty has some little reason  
To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;  
That long neglect bred this: I am sorry for him.

*Verd.* The hope of his estate keeps back his  
pardon;  
(There's divers wasps that buz about that honey-  
box,

And long to lick themselves full.)

*Gov.* True, Verdugo;

'Would he had but the patience to discern it,  
And policy to wipe their lips!

*Verd.* To fetch him in, sir,  
By violence, he being now no infant,  
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people  
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter  
Nor blench much at a bullet; I know his order:  
And though he have no multitude, he has man-  
hood;

The elder twin to that too, staid experience.

But if he must be forced, sir—

*Gov.* There's no remedy,  
Unless he come himself.

*Verd.* That will be doubtful,  
Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro?

*Gov.* I cannot, by no means; I think he's  
dead, sure;

The court bewails much his untimely loss;  
The king himself laments him.

*Verd.* He was sunk;

And, if he be dead, he died happily;  
He buried all he had in the king's service,  
And lost himself.

*Gov.* Well, if he be alive, captain,  
(As hope still speaks the best,) I know the king's  
mind

So inwardly and full, he will be happy.  
Come, to this preparation! (when that's done,  
The Outlaws' expedition is begun.

*Cit.* We'll contribute all to that, and help our-  
selves too. (Exeunt.)

#### SCENE IV.—The Forest.

RODERIGO AND PEDRO, discovered lying under a Tree.

*Rod.* How sweet these solitary places are! How  
wantonly

The wind blows through the leaves, and courts and  
plays with 'em!

Will you sit down and sleep? The heat invites  
you.

Hark, how yon purling stream dances and mur-  
murs;

The birds sing softly too; Pray take some rest,  
sir.—

I would fain woo his fancy to a peace; (Aside.)  
It labours high and hastily upon him.—

Pray you sit, and I'll sit by.

*Pedro.* I cannot sleep, friend;  
I have those watches here admit no slumbers.  
Saw you none yet?

*Rod.* No creature.

*Pedro.* What strange music  
Was that we heard afar off?

*Rod.* I cannot guess:

'Twas loud, and shrill; sometimes it shew'd hard  
by us,  
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does,  
Here's no inhabitants.

*Pedro.* It much delighted me.

*Rod.* They talk of fairies, and such demi-devils;  
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols—

*Pedro.* Methought I heard a voice.

[Music and birds.]

*Rod.* They can sing admirably;  
They never lose their maidenheads.—I would fool  
any way, [Apart.]

To make him merry now!—Methinks yon rocks  
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhabit.

[Music afar off. Birds.]

*Pedro.* 'Tis here again. Hark, gentle Roderigo,  
(Hark, hark! oh, sweet, sweet! how the birds  
record too!

Mark how it flies now every way!—Oh, love!  
In such a harmony art thou begotten;  
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd.  
Oh, my best mistress!

*Rod.* How he weeps! Dear Heaven,  
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive too!  
I must melt too.

*Pedro.* The birds sing louder, sweeter,  
And every note they emulate one another:  
Lie still and hear.—These, when they have done  
their labours,

Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em:  
Nothing rocks love asleep but death.

Enter ALINDA and JULETTA, like old women.

*Rod.* Who are these?

*Pedro.* What?

*Rod.* Those there, those, those things that come  
upon us,

Those grandam things, those strange antiquities.  
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders?  
*Jul.* Now you may view 'em.

*Alin.* Ha!

*Jul.* The men you long'd for;  
Here they are both. Now you may boldly talk  
with 'em,

And ne'er be guess'd at; be not afraid, nor faint  
not.

They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder.  
Shake not; but what you purpose, do discretely;  
And from your tongue I'll take my part.

*Alin.* Ha!

*Jul.* There,  
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, mistress!  
If you do love, carry your love out handsomely.

*Alin.* 'Tis he and Roderigo: What a peace  
Dwells in their faces! what a friendly calm  
Crowns both their souls!

*Rod.* They shew as if they were mortal.  
They come upon us still.

*Pedro.* Be not afraid, man;  
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.

*Rod.* That thing i' th' button'd cap looks ter-  
ribly:

She has guns in her eyes; the devil's engineer!

*Pedro.* Come, stand: and let's go meet 'em.

[Rises.]

*Rod.* Go you first;  
I have less faith: When I have said my prayers—

*Pedro.* There needs no fear.—Hail, reverend  
dames!

*Alin.* Good even!

What do ye seek?

*Pedro.* We would seek happier fortunes.

*Rod.* That little devil has main need of a barber!  
What a trim beard she has! [Aside.]



*Alin.* Seek 'em, and make 'em !  
Lie not still, nor linger here ;  
Here inhabits nought but fear.  
Be constant, good : in faith be clear ;  
Fortune will wait ye every where.

*Pedro.* Whither should we go ? for we believe  
thy reverence,

And next obey.

*Alin.* Go to Segovia ;

And there before the altar pay thy vows,  
Thy gifts, and pray'rs : unload thy heaviness ;  
To-morrow shed thy tears, and gain thy suit :  
Such honest noble showers ne'er wanted fruit.

*Jul.* Stand you out too ! [To RODRIGO.]

*Rod.* I shall be hang'd, or whipp'd now ;  
These know and these have power.

*Jul.* See how he shakes !

A secure conscience never quakes :  
Thou hast been ill, be so no more ;  
A good retreat is a great store,  
Thou hast commanded men of might ;  
Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.  
*Alin.* Command thy will, thy foul desires ;  
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd fires ;  
Command thy mind, and make that pure ;  
Thou'rt wise then, valiant, and secure ;  
A blessing then thou may'st beget.

*Jul.* A curse else, that shall never set,  
Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers ;  
Thou hast as many sins as hairs.  
Thou art a captain, let thy men  
Be honest, have good thoughts, and then  
Thou mayst command, and lead in chief ;  
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.

*Rod.* What shall I do ? I do confess.

*Alin.* Retire,

And purge thee perfect in his fire :  
His life observe ; live in his school,  
And then thou shalt put off the fool.

*Jul.* Pray at Segovia too, and give  
Thy offerings up ; repent, and live !

[Music within.]

*Alin.* Away, away ! inquire no more :

Do this, ye're rich ; else, fools, and poor.—

What music's this ?

[Aside.]

*Jul.* Retire ; 'tis some neat joy,

In honour of the king's great day. They wonder :  
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.

Away, away ! let them admire ; it makes  
For our advantage. How the captain shakes !

[Exeunt.]

*Pedro.* This was the music.

*Rod.* Yes, yes. How I sweat !

I was never so deserted ! Sure these woods are  
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.

I would not be a knave again, a villain—

Lord, how I loath it now ! for these know all, sir,  
And they would find me out.

*Pedro.* They are excellent women ;  
Deep in their knowledge, friend.

*Rod.* I would not be traitor,

And have these of my jury—How light I am,  
And how my heart laughs now methinks within me !  
Now I am catechized, I would ever dwell here,  
For here's a kind of court of reformation :

Had I been stubborn, friend—

*Pedro.* They would have found it.

*Rod.* And then they would have handled me a  
new way ;

The devil's dump had been danced then.

*Pedro.* Let's away,  
And do their great commands, and do 'em hand-  
somerly,

Contrite, and true ; for I believe. Rodrigo,  
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.

*Rod.* So you do well ; fall edge or flat o' my side,  
All I can stagger at is the king's anger ;  
Which, if it come, I am prepared to meet it.

*Pedro.* The king has mercy, friend, as well as  
justice.

And when you fall—

*Rod.* No more ; I hope the fairest. [Exeunt.]

# SCENE V.—SEGOVIA. An Ante-chamber in the Mad-house.

*Enter Master, SEBASTO, and CURIO.*

*Curio.* We have told ye what he is, what time  
we have sought him,

His nature, and his name ; the seeming boy too,  
Ye had here, how, and what ; by your own relation  
All circumstances we have clear'd ; that the duke  
sent him

We told ye how impossible ; he knows him not :  
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit  
To be your prisoner, we dare swear against it.

*Seb.* Take heed, sir ; be not madder than you  
would make him !

Though he be rash, and sudden, (which is all his  
wildness,)

Take heed ye wrong him not : He is a gentleman,  
And so must be restored and clear'd in all points ;  
The king shall be a judge else.

*Curio.* 'Twas some trick

That brought him hither ; the boy and letter  
counterfeit,

Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.

*Mast.* I dare not, sir, nor will not ; I believe ye,  
And will restore him up : Had I known sooner  
He had been a neighbour, and the man you speak  
him,

(Though, as I live, he carried a wild seeming,)  
My service and myself had both attended him.

How I have used him, let him speak.

*Seb.* Let's in, and visit him ;

Then to the holy temple, there pay our duties ;  
And so we'll take our leaves.

*Mast.* I'll wait upon ye.

[Exeunt.]

# SCENE VI.—The Cathedral in the same City. An Altar prepared. Solemn Music.

*Enter GOVERNOR, VERDUGO, COURTIER, LADIES, &c., kneeling  
at the Altar, and offering Oblations.*

*Gov.* This to devotion sacred be ;

This to the king's prosperity ;

This to the queen, and chastity. [Music.]

*Verd.* These oblations first we bring

To purge ourselves ; these to the king ;

To love and beauty these : Now sing. [Music.]

*Ladies.* Holy altar, deign to take  
These for ourselves, for the king's sake,

And honour, these ; these sacred lie

To virtue, love, and modesty, [Music.]

Our wishes to eternity.

*Enter PEDRO and RODRIGO, and kneel before the Altar.*

*Pedro.* For ourselves first, thus we bend;  
 Forgive us, Heaven, and be our friend!  
*Rod.* And happy fortune to us send!  
*Pedro.* To the king, honour and all joy,  
 Long, and happy from annoy.  
*Rod.* Prosperous be all his days,  
 Every new hour a new praise!  
*Pedro.* Every minute thus be seen,  
*Both.* And thousand honours crown the queen.

[*Music.*]

*Enter ALPHONSO, CURIO, and SEBASTO.*

*Seb.* Come to the altar; let us do our duties.

*Alph.* I have almost forgot a church.

*Curio.* Kneel reverently.

*Alph.* For my lost wits (let me see)  
 First I pray; and secondly,  
 To be at home again, and free;  
 And if I travel more, hang me!  
 For the king, and for the queen,  
 That they may be wise, and seen  
 Never in the madman's inn,  
 For my daughter I would pray;  
 But she has made a holiday,  
 And needs not my devotion now:  
 Let her take her own course, Heaven,  
 Whether it be odd or even,  
 And if that please not, take her you!

[*Music.*]

*Seb.* A short and sweet meditation!—What are these here?

*Enter ALINDA and JULETTA, habited like shepherdesses, with garlands of flowers.*

*Alin.* (Hail to this sacred place)

*Jul.* They are all here, madam;

No violence dare touch here; be secure!

My bilbo-master too? How got he loose again?

How lamentably he looks! he has had discipline.

I dare not let him know my pranks. [*They kneel.*]

*Seb.* 'Tis she sure.

*Curio.* 'Tis certainly.

*Pedro.* Ha! do I dazzle?

*Rod.* 'Tis the fair Alinda.

*Gov.* What wonder stand these strangers in?

*Rod.* Her woman by her!

The same, sir, as I live.

*Alph.* I had a daughter

With such a face once, such eyes, and nose too.

Ha, let me see! 'tis wondrous like Alinda.

Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.

And she had a filly too that waited on her,

Just with such a favour: Do they keep goats now?

*Alin.* Thus we kneel, and thus we pray

A happy honour to this day;

Thus our sacrifice we bring

Ever happy to the king.

*Jul.* These of purple, damask, green,

Sacred to the virtuous queen,

Here we hang.

*Alin.* As these are now,

Her glories ever spring, and shew!

These for ourselves, our hopes, and loves,

Full of pinks, and lady-gloves,

Of heart's-ease too, which we would fain,

As we labour for, attain:

Hear me, Heaven, and, as I bend,

Full of hope, some comfort send!

*Jul.* Hear her, hear her! if there be  
 A spotless sweetness, this is she.

[*Music.*]

*Pedro.* Now, Rodrigo, stand.

*Rod.* He that divides ye

Divides my life too.

*Gov.* Pedro! noble Pedro!

Do not you know your friend?

*Pedro.* I know, and honour you.

*Gov.* Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray be not angry.)

I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,  
 Would all the court be now, might they behold thee,  
 Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace you!  
 The king will be a joyful man, believe it,  
 Most joyful, Pedro.

*Pedro.* I am his humble servant.—

Nay, good sir, speak your will; I see you wonder;  
 One easy word from you—

*Alph.* I dare say nothing;

My tongue's a new tongue, sir, and knows his  
 tether:

Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing;  
 I have been damn'd for doing.—Will the king  
 know him,

That fellow there? will he respect and honour him?  
 He has been look'd upon, they say; will he own  
 him?

*Gov.* Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour  
 him,

Restore him every way: he has much lamented him.

*Alph.* Is't your will too? This is the last time  
 of asking.

*Rod.* I am sure, none else shall touch her, none  
 If this, and this hold. [*else enjoy her,*]

*Alph.* You had best begin

The game then; I have no title in her;

Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me  
 to her,

And let me get me home, and hope I am sober:

Kiss, kiss; it must be thus. Stand up, Alinda!

I am the more child, and more need of blessing.

You had a waiting-woman, one Julietta,

(A pretty desperate thing, just such another

As this sweet lady;) we call'd her Nimble-chaps:

I pray is this the party?

*Jul.* No, indeed, sir,

She is at home: I am a little foot-boy,

That walk o' nights, and fright old gentlemen;

Make 'em lose hats and cloaks.

*Alph.* And horses too?

*Jul.* Sometimes I do, sir; teach 'em the way  
 through ditches,

And how to break their worships' shins and noses  
 Against old broken stiles and stumps.

*Alph.* A fine art!

I feel it in my bones yet.)

*Jul.* I am a drum, sir,

A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, sir

Do you take me for Julietta? I am a page, sir,

That brought a letter from the duke of Medina

To have one signior Alphonso, (just such another

As your old worship,) worm'd for running mad, sir

Alas, you are mistaken!

*Alph.* Thou art the devil,

(And so thou hast used me)

*Jul.* I am anything;

An old woman, that tells fortunes—

*Rod.* Ha!

*Jul.* And frights good people,

And sends them to Segovia for their fortunes;



*music*  
 I am strange airs and excellent sweet voices ;  
 I am anything, to do her good, believe me.  
 She now recover'd, and her wishes crown'd,  
 I am Juletta again ; Pray, sir, forgive me !

*Alph.* I dare not

Do otherwise, for fear thou shouldst still follow me ;

Pr'ythee be forgiven, and I pr'ythee forgive me too,

And if any of you will marry her——

*Jul.* No, I beseech you, sir ; my mistress is my husband ;

With her I'll dwell still ; And when you play  
 Any more pranks, you know where to have me.

*Pedro.* You know him, sir ?

*Gov.* Know him, and much lament him ;

The king's incensed much, much, sir, I can assure

*Pedro.* Noble governor—— [you.

*Gov.* But since he is your friend, and now appears,

In honour of this day, and love to you, sir,

I'll try the power I have ; to the pinch I'll put it.  
 Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll set you fair again.

*Rod.* And here's mine, to be true and full of service.

*Gov.* Your people too shall have their general  
 We'll have all peace and love. [pardons ;

*Rod.* All shall pray for you.

*Gov.* To my house now, and suit you to your worths ;

Off with these weeds, and appear glorious :

Then to the priest that shall attend us here,

And this be styled Love's new and happy year !

*Rod.* The king's and queen's ; two noble honours meet

To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.

*Alph.* Well, well, since wedding will come after wooing,

Give me some rosemary, and let's be going.

[Exeunt,

# THE CAPTAIN.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO, a noble Gentleman, in Love with LELIA.  
 ANGELO, a Gentleman, Friend to JULIO.  
 LODOVICO, } Two cowardly Gulls.  
 PISO, }  
 FREDERICK, a Gentleman, Brother to FRANK.  
 JACOMO, an angry Captain, a Woman-Hater.  
 FABBITIO, a merry Soldier, Friend to JACOMO.  
 Father to LELIA, an old poor Gentleman.  
 Host.  
 Vintner.

Drawers.  
 Servants.

FRANK, Sister to FREDERICK, a Lady passionately  
 in Love with JACOMO.  
 CLORA, Sister to FABBITIO, a witty Companion to  
 FRANK.  
 LELIA, a cunning Wanton Widow.  
 Waiting-Woman.  
 Maid-Servants.

SCENE,—VENICE.

## PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be  
 (So does the author too) a mystery  
 Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,  
 Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.  
 For, to say truth, and not to flatter ye,  
 This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,  
 Nor history, nor anything that may  
 (Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:  
 Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think  
 Twelve-pence goes further this way than in drink,

Or damsels, if they mark the matter through,  
 May stumble on a foolish toy, or two,  
 Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake,  
 (That likely am your first man) do not take  
 A distaste before you feel it; for ye may,  
 When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,  
 And here, to out-hiss this: Be patient then.  
 My honour done, you're welcome, gentlemen!

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter LODOVICO and PISO.*

*Lod.* The truth is, Piso, so she be a woman,  
 And rich and wholesome, let her be of what  
 Condition and complexion it please,  
 She shall please me, I am sure: Those men are  
 fools

That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

*Piso.* Methinks, I would have her honest too,  
 and handsome.

*Lod.* Yes, if I could have both; but since they  
 Wishes so near impossibilities, [are  
 Let me have that that may be.

*Piso.* If it were so,  
 I hope your conscience would not be so nice  
 To start at such a blessing.

*Lod.* No, believe me,  
 I do not think I should.

*Piso.* But thou wouldst be,  
 I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,  
 Unmercifully jealous.

*Lod.* No, I should not;

For I believe those mad that seek vexations:  
 A wife, though she be honest, is a trouble.  
 Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,  
 That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,  
 These eyes should see another in my saddle  
 Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

*Piso.* So should not I, by'r lady! and I think  
 My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.  
 Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

*Lod.* Report? you are unwise; report is no-  
 For if there were a truth in what men talk, [thing;  
 (I mean of this kind) this part of the world  
 I am sure would be no more call'd Christendom.

*Piso.* What then?

*Lod.* Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose  
 Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:  
 If talk would make me sweat, before I would marry,  
 I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.  
 I tell thee, there was never woman yet,  
 (Nor never hope there shall be) though a saint,  
 But she has been a subject to men's tongues,  
 And in the worst sense: And that desperate hus-  
 band,

That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours,  
(Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em)  
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,  
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.

*Piso.* Having these antidotes against opinion,  
I would marry any one; an arrant whore.

*Lod.* Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;  
Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,  
But, where they are, to stop them.

*Piso.* I conceive you:

What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?

*Lod.* 'Faith, thou hast found out one, I must  
confess,

Would stagger my best patience; From that wo-  
man,

As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,  
From men-of-war at sea, from storms, and quick-  
From hearing treason and concealing it, [sands,  
From daring of a madman, or a drunkard,  
From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-horse,  
So would I pray each morning, and each night,  
(And if I said each hour, I should not lie)  
To be deliver'd of all these in one,  
The woman thou hast named.

*Piso.* Thou hast set her in a pretty lityny.

*Enter JULIO, ANGELO, and Father.*

*Ang.* Pray take my counsel.

*Jul.* When I am myself,  
I'll hear you any way; love me though thus,  
As thou art honest, which I dare not be,  
Lest I despise myself. Farewell! [Exit.

*Piso.* [To the Father.] Do you hear, my friend?

Sir! are you not a setter

For the fair widow here, of famous memory?

*Father.* [Apart.] Ha! am I taken for a bawd?  
Oh, God!

To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,  
That keep'st me from their knowledge.—Sir, be-  
I understand you not. [lieve me,

*Lod.* You love plain-dealing:

Are you not parcel bawd? Confess your function;  
It may be, we would use it.

*Father.* Were she worse,  
(As I fear strangely she is ill enough)  
I would not hear this tamely.

*Piso.* Here's a shilling,  
To strike good luck withal.

*Father.* Here is a sword, sir,  
To strike a knave withal: Thou liest, and basely,  
Be what thou wilt! [Strikes him.

*Ang.* Why, how now, gentlemen?

*Father.* You are many: I shall meet you, sir,  
again,

And make you understand, you have wrong'd a  
woman

Compared with whom thy mother was a sinner.  
Farewell! [Exit.

*Piso.* He has amazed me.

*Ang.* With a blow?

By'r lady, 'twas a sound one! Are ye good  
At taking knocks? I shall know ye hereafter.  
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,  
Before you knew him certain. He has not hurt ye?

*Piso.* No, I think.

*Lod.* We were to blame indeed to go so far;  
For men may be mistaken: If he had strung us,  
He had served us right. Beshrew my heart, I think,  
We have done the gentlewoman as much wrong  
too;

For hang me if I know her,  
In my particular.

*Piso.* Nor I. This 'tis to credit  
Men's idle tongues: I warrant they have said  
As much by our two mothers.

*Lod.* Like enough.

*Ang.* I see a beating now and then does more  
Move and stir up a man's contrition  
Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est*.

*Enter FREDERICK and Servant.*

*Serv.* What shall I tell your sister?

*Fred.* Tell her this;

Till she be better conversation'd,  
And leave her walking by herself, and whining  
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep  
As far from her as the gallows. [Exit Servant.

*Ang.* Who's that? Frederick?

*Fred.* Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost  
thou?

*Ang.* Save you, sir! How does my mistress?

*Fred.* She is in love, I think; but not with you.  
I can assure you. Saw you Fabritio?

*Ang.* Is he come over?

*Fred.* Yes, a week ago:

Shall we dine?

*Ang.* I cannot.

*Fred.* Pr'ythee do.

*Ang.* Believe me, I have business.

*Fred.* Have you too, gentlemen?

*Piso.* No, sir.

*Fred.* Why then, let's dine together.

*Lod.* With all my heart.

*Fred.* Go then. Farewell, good Angelo.  
Commend me to your friend.

*Ang.* I will. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Room in FREDERICK'S House.

*Enter FRANK and CLORA.*

*Clora.* Do not dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are  
quicker

Than such observers, that do ground their faith  
Upon one smile or tear: You are much alter'd,  
And are as empty of those excellencies  
That were companions to you, (I mean mirth,  
And free disposal of your blood and spirit)  
As you were born a mourner.

*Frank.* How, I pr'ythee?

For I perceive no such change in myself.

*Clora.* Come, come, this is not wise, nor pro-  
to halt before a cripple. If you love, (videt,  
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:  
I see the way you run, and know how tedious  
'Twill prove without a true companion.

*Frank.* Sure thou wouldst have me love.

*Clora.* Yes, marry would I;

I should not please you else.

*Frank.* And who, for God's sake?

For I assure myself, I know not yet:  
And pr'ythee, Clora, since thou'lt have it so  
That I must love, and do I know not what,  
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,  
And young; and if he be a little valiant,  
'Twill be the better; and a little wise,  
And, 'faith, a little honest.

*Clora.* Well, I will sound you yet, for all your  
craft. [Aside.

*Frank.* Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.

*Clora.* Than one; and him  
You shall love, Frank.

*Frank.* Which him? Thou art so wise,  
People will take thee shortly for a witch.  
But, pr'ythee tell me, Clora, if I were  
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of  
Wouldst thou imagine him? [man

*Clora.* 'Faith, some pretty fellow,  
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,  
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.

*Frank.* Oh, God!  
What pretty commendations thou hast given him!  
'Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank God,  
I do not think I am) this short epistle  
Before my love, would make me burn the legend.

*Clora.* You are too wild: I mean, some gentleman.

*Frank.* So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser.  
Some gentleman? No, Clora, till some gentleman  
Keep some land, and fewer whores, believe me,  
I'll keep no love for him: I do not long  
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.

*Clora.* What think you then of an adventurer?  
I mean some wealthy merchant.

*Frank.* Let him venture  
In some decay'd crare of his own: He shall not  
Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!  
What young thing of my years would endure  
To have her husband in another country,  
Within a month after she is married,  
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining  
At home, under the mercy of his foreman? No;  
Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,  
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

*Clora.* I see you are hard to please: yet I will  
please you.

*Frank.* 'Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd  
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.  
But why do we bestow our time so idly?  
Pr'ythee, let's entertain some other talk;  
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

*Clora.* Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:  
What think you of a courtier?

*Frank.* Faith, so ill,  
That if I should be full, and speak but truth,  
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.  
Pr'ythee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;  
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:  
I have no mercy of these infidels,  
Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with me.

*Clora.* Can no man fit you? I will find him out.

*Frank.* This summer-fruit, that you call courtier,  
While you continue cold and frosty to him,  
Hangs fast, and may be sound; but when you fling  
Too full a heat of your affections  
Upon this root, and make him ripe too soon,  
You'll find him rotten in the handling:  
His oaths and his affections are all one  
With his apparel, things to set him off;  
He has as many mistresses as faiths,  
And all apocrypha; his true belief  
Is only in a private surgeon:  
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture  
A new conversion of the Indies,  
Than to make courtiers able men, or honest.

*Clora.* I do believe you love no courtier;  
And, by my troth, to guess you into love  
With any I can think of, is beyond  
Either your will, or my imagination:  
And yet I am sure you're caught, and I will know  
him.—

There's none left now worthy the thinking of,  
Unless it be a soldier; and, I am sure,  
I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.

*Frank.* Why, pr'ythee?

*Clora.* Out upon 'em, firelocks!  
They are nothing in the world but buff and scarlet,  
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;  
I had as lieve be courted by a cannon,  
As one of those.

*Frank.* Thou art too malicious;  
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.

*Clora.* Say you so? I'll pull you on a little further. [Aside.

What worth can be in those men, whose profession  
Is nothing in the world but drink and damn me?  
Out of whose violence they are possess'd  
With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels?  
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,  
There is no understanding, nor can be,  
In a soused soldier.

*Frank.* Now 'tis ignorance,  
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,  
And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,  
If God had made thee man, thou hadst been a coward.

*Clora.* If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,  
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;  
I am sure with less sin.

*Frank.* This heresy  
Must be look'd to in time; for if it spread,  
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,  
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,  
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit  
With all the world, and make thee not believed  
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee  
A reprobate, out of the state of honour.

By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions  
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)  
Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,  
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint  
Had she conceived a soldier! They are people  
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)  
Of all the old world, only left to keep  
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.  
They are the model of those men, whose honours  
We weave our hands at when we hear recited.

*Clora.* They are,  
And I have all I sought for: 'Tis a soldier [self!  
You love (hide it no longer); you have betray'd your-  
Come, I have found your way of commendations,  
And what I said was but to pull it from you.

*Frank.* 'Twas pretty! Are you grown so cunning, Clora?

I grant I love a soldier; but what soldier  
Will be a new task to you. But all this,  
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me  
Out of my melancholy.

*Clora.* I will have the man,  
Ere I forsake you.

*Frank.* I must to my chamber.

*Clora.* May not I go along?

*Frank.* Yes; but, good wench,  
Move me no more with these fond questions;  
They work like rhubarb with me.

*Clora.* Well, I will not. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A Room in the House of LELIA.

Enter LELIA and her Waiting-Woman.

*LeLIA.* How now! who was that you stay'd to  
Woman. The old man, forsooth. [speak withal?

*Lelia.* What old man?

*Woman.* The poor old man,  
That uses to come hither; he that you call father.

*Lelia.* Have you dispatch'd him?

*Woman.* No; he would fain speak with you.

*Lelia.* Wilt thou never learn more manners,  
than to draw in

Such needy rascals to disquiet me?

Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.

*Woman.* He will needs speak with you; and,  
good old man!

He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not

The heart to deny him. Pray let him speak with

*Lelia.* Lord! [you.]

How tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!

You are not in love with him, are you? If you be,

Strike up the match; you shall have three pounds

And a pair of blankets! Will you go answer him?

*Woman.* Pray let him speak with you; he'll not  
away else.

*Lelia.* Well, let him in then, if there be no re-  
medy. [Exit Woman.]

I thank God, I am able to abuse him;

I shall ne'er come clear else of him.—

*Re-enter Woman with Father.*

Now, sir; what is your business? Pray be short;  
For I have other matters of more moment,  
To call me from you.

*Father.* If you but look upon me like a daughter,  
And keep that love about you that makes good  
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,  
And what I would say to you, and, before  
I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep,  
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within you,  
The nature of my want is such a searcher,  
And of so mighty power, that, where he finds  
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,  
That if the least heat of a child's affection  
Remain unperish'd, like another nature,  
It makes all new again! Pray do not scorn me,  
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business  
Than my relieving.

*Lelia.* If you were not old,  
I should laugh at you! What a vengeance ails you,  
To be so childish to imagine me  
A founder of old fellows?—Make him drink, wench;  
And if there be any cold meat in the battery,  
Give him some broken bread, and that, and rid him.

*Father.* Is this a child's love? or a recompense  
Fit for a father's care? Oh, *Lelia*,  
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;  
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible  
Nature should die so utterly within thee,  
And lose her promises: Thou art one of those  
She set her stamp more excellently on,  
Than common people, as foretelling thee  
A general example of her goodness.  
Or, say she could lie, yet Religion  
(For love to parents is religious)  
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me;  
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,  
And made thee spring fair: do not let me perish,  
Now I am old and sapless.

*Lelia.* As I live,  
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy!  
I grant you are my father; am I therefore  
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar  
Still in relieving you? I do not feel  
Any such mad compassion yet within me.

*Father.* I gave up all my state, to make your's  
thus!

*Lelia.* 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you  
As children do for babies, back again. [cry for't,

*Father.* How wouldst thou have me live?

*Lelia.* I would not have you;

Nor know no reason fathers should desire

To live and be a trouble, when [their] children

Are able to inherit; let them die;

'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.

*Father.* Is this your comfort?

*Lelia.* All that I feel yet.

*Father.* I will not curse thee!

*Lelia.* If you do, I care not.

*Father.* Pray you give me leave to weep.

*Lelia.* Why, pray take leave,

If it be for your ease.

*Father.* Thy mother died

(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.

*Lelia.* She did, sir, as she ought to do; 'would  
you

Would take the pains to follow! What should you,

Or any old man do, wearing away

In this world with diseases; and desire

Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks,

And hoard up mill-money? Methinks, a marble

Lies quieter upon an old man's head

Than a cold fit o' th' palsy.

*Father.* Oh, good God!

To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,

Hast thou begot thyself again! Well, Justice

Will punish disobedience.

*Lelia.* You mistake, sir;

'Twill punish beggars. Fy for shame! go work,

Or serve; you are grave enough to be a porter

In some good man of worship's house, and give

Sententious answers to the comers-in;

(A pretty place!) or be of some good consort,

You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once,

If idleness have not bereft you of it:

Be anything but old and beggarly,

Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.

If I might see you offer at a course

That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,

I would not stick for ten groats, or a noble.

*Father.* Did I beget this woman?

*Lelia.* Nay, I know not;

And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:

However, he that got me had the pleasure,

And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.

*Father.* I am so strangely stricken with amazement.

I know not where I am, nor what I am. [murmur.]

*Lelia.* You had best take fresh air somewhere  
else; 'twill bring you

Out of your trance the sooner.

*Father.* Is all this

As you mean, *Lelia*?

*Lelia.* Yes, believe me, is it;

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,

As to imagine you are young enough

To be my heir, or I so old to make

A nurse at these years for you, and attend

While you sup up my state in penny pots

Of malmsey. When I am excellent at caudles,

And cullices, and have enough spare gold

To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;

'Till when, I'd have you be as merry, sir,

As you can make yourself with that you have,

And leave to trouble me with these relations,

Of what you have been to me, or you are;

For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,  
For aught I know yet, is my resolution. [end]

*Father.* Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy  
Will be a strange example. [Exit.]

*Lelia.* Fare you well, sir!—  
Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have  
wept,

Relented, and have been undone: Such children  
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly;  
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears  
Than feel their pities! My desires and ends  
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.—

*Enter Woman.*

Is he departed?

*Woman.* Yes; but here's another.

*Lelia.* Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me no  
more,

I would wish you, such as he is. If thou seest  
They look like men of worth, and state, and carry  
Ballast of both sides, like tall gentlemen,  
Admit 'em; but no snakes to poison us  
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule;  
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,  
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,  
(Though they strike suddenly and sweet as music)  
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and say them fair too,  
But ever keep thyself without their distance,  
Unless the love thou swallow'st be a pill,  
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings;  
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet so wisely  
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise  
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies:  
Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever  
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,  
That men may fairly see  
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;  
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,  
And draw on more compassion, which includes  
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:  
This is enough at once; digest it well.  
Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,  
Not else.—

*Enter JULIO.*

Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant!  
Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.

*Woman.* This, by her rule, should be a liberal  
man:

I see, the best on's may learn every day. [Exit.]

*Lelia.* There's none come with you?

*Julio.* No.

*Lelia.* You do the wiser;

For some that have been here (I name no man),  
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me  
Some few ill offices.

*Julio.* How, sweet?

*Lelia.* Nay, nothing;

Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,  
As their unruly youth directed 'em;  
Which, though they bite me not, I would have  
wish'd

Had lit upon some other that deserved 'em.

*Julio.* Though she deserve this of the loosest  
tongue,

(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;  
Such is my misery. [Aside.]—I would I knew him!

*Lelia.* No, no; let him go;

He is not worth your anger.—I must chide you  
For being such a stranger to your mistress;  
Why would you be so, servant?

*Julio.* I should chide,  
If chiding would work anything upon you,  
For being such a stranger to your servant;  
I mean, to his desires: When, my dear mistress,  
Shall I be made a happy man? [Kisses her.]

*Lelia.* Fy, servant!  
What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heaven,  
I shall be very angry! This is rudeness.

*Julio.* 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends  
you.

*Lelia.* 'Twas more, I think, than you have  
warrant for.

*Julio.* I am sorry I deserved no more.

*Lelia.* You may;  
But not this rough way, servant: We are tender,  
And ought in all to be respected so.  
If I had been your horse, or whore, you might  
Back me with this intemperance! I thought  
You had loved as worthy men, whose fair affections  
Seek pleasures warrant'd, not pull'd by violence.  
Do so no more.

*Julio.* I hope you are not angry?

*Lelia.* I should be with another man, I am sure,  
That durst appear but half thus violent.

*Julio.* I did not mean to ravish you.

*Lelia.* You could not.

*Julio.* You are so willing?

*Lelia.* How!

*Julio.* Methinks this shadow,  
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,  
(At least, of your way, mistress) long ere this  
Had been laid off to me that understand you.

*Lelia.* That understand me? Sir, you under-  
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty [stand,  
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger:  
You understand I am honest; else, I tell you,  
(Though you were better far than Julio)  
You and your understanding are two fools.  
But, were we saints, thus we are still rewarded:  
I see that woman had a pretty catch on't,  
That had made you the master of a kindness,  
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me!  
How easily we women may be cozen'd!  
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,  
(This young dissembler, with the sober vizard)  
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,  
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,  
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman—

*Julio.* You have wish'd me ill enough o' con-  
science;

Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more  
I work by way of service to obtain you,  
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly  
(While I am able to believe a woman,  
For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)  
What is your end? and whither will you pull me?  
Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at,  
And have a cause to curse you.

*Lelia.* Bless me, goodness!  
To curse me, did you say, sir? Let it be  
For too much loving you then; such a curse  
Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.  
You have found a new way to reward my doting,  
And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;  
For you yourself, if you have good within you,  
And dare be master of it, know how dearly  
This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,  
That I had never seen that false man's eyes,  
That dares reward me thus with fears and curses!  
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,



That will, when this is known, yet cozen women !  
 Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly ;  
 (I do deserve it for my confidence)  
 And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness  
 Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,  
 Curse me to earth ! for what should I do here,  
 Like a decaying flower, still withering  
 Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat  
 Should give my poor heart life ? No, curse me,  
 Julio !

Thou canst not do me such a benefit  
 As that, and well done, that the Heavens may  
 hear it.

*Julio.* [*Aside.*] Oh, fair tears ! were you but as  
 chaste as subtle,

Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.  
 What were these women to a man that knew not  
 The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving ?  
 What riches had he found ? Oh, he would think  
 Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,  
 That, like continual spring, should flourish ever :  
 For if she were as good as she is seeming,  
 Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,  
 Nature had made another world of sweetness.—  
 Be not so grieved, sweet mistress ; what I said,  
 You do, or should know, was but passion :  
 Pray wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these  
 trifles,

And wear them for me, which are only rich  
 When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you :  
 Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for you !

*Lelia.* Will you dissemble still ? I am a fool,  
 And you may easily rule me. If you flatter,  
 The sin will be your own.

*Julio.* You know I do not.

*Lelia.* And shall I be so childish once again,  
 After my late experience of your spite,  
 To credit you ? You do not know how deep  
 (Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)  
 This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.

*Julio.* I pray, no more.

*Lelia.* Thus you would do, I warrant,  
 If I were married to you.

*Julio.* Married to me ?

Is that your end ?

*Lelia.* Yes ; is not that the best end,  
 And, as all hold, the noblest way of love ?  
 Why do you look so strange, sir ? Do not you  
 Desire it should be so ?

*Julio.* Stay !

*Lelia.* Answer me.

*Julio.* Farewell !

*Lelia.* Ay ! are you there ? are all these tears  
 lost then ?

Am I so overtaken by a fool,  
 In my best days and tricks ? My wise fellow,  
 I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman !  
 And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee.

*Enter Woman.*

And is he gone ?

*Woman.* Yes.

*Lelia.* He's not so lightly struck,  
 To be recovered with a base repentance ;  
 I should be sorry then. Fortune, I pr'ythee  
 Give me this man but once more in my arms,  
 And, if I lose him, women have no charms !

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter JACOMO and FARRITTO.*

*Jac.* Signor, what think you of this sound of  
 wars ?

*Fab.* As only of a sound : They that intend  
 To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,  
 Leaving no trace of what they were behind 'em.  
 This rumour is too common, and too loud,  
 To carry truth.

*Jac.* Shall we ne'er live to see  
 Men look like men again, upon a march ?  
 This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear  
 Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows  
 Of what we should be. 'Would to God my mother  
 Had given but half her will to my begetting,  
 And made me woman, to sit still and sing,  
 Or be sick when I list, or anything  
 That is too idle for a man to think of !  
 Would I had been a whore ! 't had been a course  
 Certain, and (of my conscience) of more gain  
 Than two commands, as I would handle it.  
 'Faith I could wish I had been anything,  
 Rather than what I am, a soldier,  
 A carrier, or a cobbler, when I knew  
 What 'twas to wear a sword first ! for their trades  
 Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,  
 While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.

*Fab.* Thou art a little too impatient,  
 And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation

Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,  
 Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,  
 Though I could wish a breach with all the world,  
 If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious  
 To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.  
 But thou want'st money, and the first supply  
 Will bury these thoughts in thee.

*Jac.* 'Pox o' peace !

It fills the kingdom full of holidays,  
 And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers.  
 And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.  
 'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,  
 And almost clothes too ; of which if I had both  
 In full abundance, yet against all peace  
 (That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower)  
 I would speak louder than a lawyer.  
 By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,  
 That makes the toughness and the strength of  
 nations.

Melt into women ; 'tis an ease that broods  
 Thieves and bastards only.

*Fab.* This is more

(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open.  
 And seasons only of an indiscretion.  
 Believe me, captain, such distemper'd spirits,  
 Once out of motion, though they be proof-valiant,  
 If they appear thus violent and fiery,  
 Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer  
 Doubt and suspect in princes, than rewards.

*Jac.* 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.

But call you those true spirits ill-affected,  
That, whilst the wars were, served like walls and  
To girdle in the kingdom, and now, fall'n [ribs  
Through a faint peace into affliction,  
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabritio,  
You may pretend what patience you please,  
And seem to yoke your wants like passions;  
But, while I know thou art a soldier,  
And a deserter, and no other harvest  
But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,  
You shall be pleased to give me leave to tell you,  
You wish a devil of this musty peace:  
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,  
And all that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

*Fab.* Pr'ythee no more; we shall live well enough:

There's ways enough besides the wars, to men  
That are not logs, and lie still for the hands  
Of others to remove 'em.

*Jac.* You may thrive, sir;  
Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough  
To please a widow; thou canst sing, and tell  
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,  
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,  
And dedicate it to the Honourable;  
Which may awaken his compassion,  
To make you clerk o' th' kitchen, and at length  
Come to be married to my lady's woman,  
After she's crack'd i' th' ring.

*Fab.* 'Tis very well, sir.

*Jac.* But what dost thou think shall become of  
With all my imperfections? Let me die, [me,  
If I think I shall ever reach above  
A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,  
That stinks of stale beer!

*Fab.* Captain Jacomo,

Why should you think so hardly of your virtues?

*Jac.* What virtues? By this light, I have no virtue

But downright buffeting! What can my face  
(That is no better than a ragged map now,  
Of where I have march'd and travell'd) profit me?  
Unless it be for ladies to abuse,  
And say 'twas spoil'd for want of a *bongrace*  
When I was young, and now 'twill make a true  
Prognostication of what man must be?

Tell me of a fellow that can mend noses? and com-plain,

So tall a soldier should want teeth to his stomach?  
And how it was great pity, that it was,  
That he that made my body was so busied  
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was  
To clap a pair of cat-sticks to my knees, [driven  
For which I am indebted to two school-boys?  
This must follow necessarily.

*Fab.* There's no such matter.

*Jac.* Then for my morals, and those hidden  
That art bestows upon me, they are such, [pieces  
That, when they come to light, I am sure will  
shame me;

For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,  
That any man shall hope to profit by me;  
And for my languages, they are so many,  
That, put them all together, they will scarce  
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,  
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,  
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:  
This is my virtue, and if this will do,  
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

*Fab.* 'Tis your way

To be thus pleasant still; but fear not, man,  
For though the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves  
Into some course of life yet.

*Jac.* Good Fabritio,

Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear  
This peace will make me something that I love not:  
For, by my troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,  
I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels,  
I can as soon be hang'd. Pr'ythee bestow me,  
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

*Enter Father, disguised as an old Soldier, on one side of the Stage.*

*Fab.* Come, we'll consider more. Stay! this  
Should be another windfall of the wars.

*Jac.* He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,  
That every wind would borrow from the staff:  
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.  
They have not cast his tongue too?—

*Father.* They that say

Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,  
I think are either patient fools, or liars;  
I am sure I find it so! for I am master'd  
With such a misery and grief together,  
That that stay'd anchor men lay hold upon  
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,  
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.  
I could now question Heaven (were it well  
To look into their justice) why those faults,  
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,  
Should be rewarded on the heads of us  
That hold the least alliance to their vices:  
But this would be too curious: for I see  
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end  
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.

*Jac.* Twenty such holy hermits in a camp  
Would make 'em all Carthusians: I'll be hang'd  
If he know what a whore is, or a health,  
Or have a nature liable to learn,  
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.  
I do not think he has the spleen to swear  
A greater oath than sempsters utter socks with.  
Spar him a question.

*Father.* They are strangers both

To me as I to them, I hope. I would not have  
Me and my shame together known by any:  
I'll rather lie myself unto another.

*Fab.* I need not ask you, sir, your country;  
I hear you speak this tongue: Pray what more are  
Or have you been? if it be not offensive [you?  
To urge you so far. Misery in your years  
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

*Father.* Sir, though I could be pleased to make  
my ills

Only mine own, for grieving other men,  
Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,  
That promises compassion, at worst pity,  
I will relate a little of my story.  
I am a gentleman, however thus  
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, sir,  
Was not born with me; for I well have tried  
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found  
Both dangerous. My younger years provoked me,  
(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,  
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness)  
To see far countries, and observe their customs:  
I did so, and I travell'd till that course  
Stored me with language, and some few slight  
manners,

Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd  
Of making arms my active end of travel. [me



*Fab.* But did you so?

*Father.* I did; and twenty winters I wore the Christian cause upon my sword, Against his enemies. At Buda siege, Full many a cold night have I lodged in armour, When all was frozen in me but mine honour; And many a day, when both the sun and cannon Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk, And this parch'd body ready to consume As soon to ashes, as the pike I bore. Want has been to me as another nature; Which makes me with this patience still profess it. And, if a soldier may, without vainglory, Tell what he has done, believe me, gentlemen, I could turn over annals of my dangers! With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach, And made it firm with so much blood, that all I had to bring me off alive was anger. Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd At price of all I had; the miseries Of which times, if I had a heart to tell, Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare

*Jac.* Fabritio, we two have been soldiers [ye. Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience, All we have seen, compared to his experience, Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting! By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence The very poverty of this brave fellow; Which were enough itself, and his, to strengthen The weakest town against half Christendom. I was never so ashamed of service In all my life before, now I consider What I have done; and yet the rogues would I was a valiant fellow: I do find [swear

The greatest danger I have brought my life through, Now I have heard this worthy, was no more Than stealing of a may-pole, or, at worst, Fighting at single billet with a bargeman. *Fab.* I do believe him, Jacomo. *Jac.* Believe him? I have no faith within me, if I do not. *Father.* I see they are soldiers, [Aside. And, if we may judge by affections, Brave and deserving men. How they are stirr'd But with the mere relation of what may be! Since I have won belief and am not known, Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee. *Fab.* Sir, 'would I were a man or great or able, To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue. *Jac.* Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.— Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay; be And get thee handsome clothes. [merry,

*Fab.* What mean you, Jacomo?

*Jac.* You are a fool!

The very story's worth a hundred pounds. Give him more money. *Father.* Gentlemen, I know not How I am able to deserve this blessing; But if I live to see fair days again, Something I'll do in honour of your goodness, That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

*Fab.* If you please, sir, till we procure you place, To eat with us, or wear such honest garments As our poor means can reach to, you shall be A welcome man: To say more, were to feed you Only with words. We honour what you have been, For we are soldiers, though not near the worth You spake of lately.

*Father.* I do guess ye so; And knew, unless ye were a soldier, Ye could not find the way to know my wants.

*Jac.* But methinks all this while you are to temperate:

Do you not tell men sometimes of their dullness, When you are griped, as now you are, with need I do; and let them know those silks they wear, The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger. I tell them boldly, they are masters of Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares, Defend their pleasures. I am angry too, And often rail at these forgetful great men That suffer us to sue, for what we ought To have flung on us, ere we ask.

*Father.* I have Too often told my griefs that way, when all I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour: In their opinions, men of war that thrive, Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

*Fab.* Come, sir; I see your wants need most relieving,

Then looking what they are: Pray go with us.

*Father.* I thank you, gentlemen! Since you at pleased

To do a benefit, I dare not cross it: And what my service or endeavours may Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray

*Jac.* So you shall us. I'll to the tailor's with you bodily. [Exeunt

## SCENE II.—Night.—Street before FREDERICK'S House.

Enter FREDERICK, LODOVICO, and PISO.

*Lod.* Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman When I have nothing else to do.

*Piso.* 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth In blushes, smiles, and commendations; For, by this light, I have heard her praise you fellow In such a pitch, as if she had studied To crowd the worths of all men into him; And I imagine these are seldom used Without their special ends, and by a maid Of her desires and youth.

*Fred.* It may be so. She's free, as you, or I am, and may have, By that prerogative, a liberal choice In the bestowing of her love.

*Lod.* Bestowing? If it be so, she has bestow'd herself Upon a trim youth! Piso, what do you call him?

*Piso.* Why, Captain Jacomo.

*Lod.* Oh, Captain Jack-boy;

That is the gentleman.

*Fred.* I think he be A gentleman at worst.

*Lod.* So think I too;

Would he would mend, sir!

*Fred.* And a tall one too.

*Lod.* Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more, If the buffe meet him fairly.

*Fred.* Very well!

*Piso.* Now do I wonder what she means to do When she has married him.

*Lod.* Why, well enough;

Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman  
Of the brave captain's company.

*Fred.* Do you hear me?

This woman is my sister, gentlemen.

*Lod.* I'm glad she's none of mine. But, Frederick,  
Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry,  
Unless it be with her: We are thy friends, man.

*Fred.* I think ye are.

*Lod.* Yes, 'faith! and do but tell thee  
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,  
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.

*Piso.* I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or  
blind;

She would ne'er have taken such a scare-crow else  
Into protection. O' my life, he looks  
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion,  
Than an old arming doublet!

*Lod.* I would send

His face to th' cutler's then, and have it sanguined;  
'Twill look a great deal sweeter. Then his nose  
I would have shorter; and my reason is,  
His face will be ill-mounted else.

*Piso.* For his body,

I will not be my own judge, lest I seem  
A railer; but let others look upon't,  
And if they find it any other thing  
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,  
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.  
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker  
Than the Moscow-leather, and grain'd like it;  
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten  
Between a stubborn pair of winter boots;  
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.

*Lod.* He's poor and beggarly, besides all this,  
And of a nature far uncappable  
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot  
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,  
He's so uncivil. You may do a part  
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister  
From her undoing: If she prove so foolish  
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,  
Within a month, where you, or any good man,  
Would blush to know her; selling cheese and  
prunes,

And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,  
Because I loved her, what a march this captain  
Will set her into.

*Fred.* You are both, believe me,  
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking  
So just an execution from his hands  
You have belied thus, I would swaddle ye,  
Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.  
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to  
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy, [me  
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,  
The very wearing of his clothes, would make  
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;  
For there is virtue in his outward things.

*Lod.* Belike you love him then?

*Fred.* Yes, marry do I.

*Lod.* And will be angry for him?

*Fred.* If you talk,

Or pull your face into a stitch again,  
As I love truth, I shall be very angry!  
Do not I know thee (though thou hast some land,  
To set thee out thus among gentlemen)  
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass?  
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.  
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgel'd coward,  
That has no cure for shame but cloth of silver?

And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit  
Hides all disgraces?

*Lod.* I understand you not; you hurt not me,  
Your anger flies so wide.

*Piso.* Signior Frederick,  
You much mistake this gentleman.

*Fred.* No, sir.

*Piso.* If you would please to be less angry,  
I would tell you how—

*Fred.* You had better study, sir,  
How to excuse yourself, if you be able;  
Or I shall tell you once again—

*Piso.* Not me, sir;

For, I protest, what I have said was only  
To make you understand your sister's danger.

*Lod.* He might, if it pleased him, conceive it so.

*Fred.* I might, if it pleased me, stand still and  
hear

My sister made a May-game, might I not?

And give allowance to your liberal jests  
Upon his person, whose least anger would  
Consume a legion of such wretched people,  
That have no more to justify their actions  
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,  
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce  
All part of fellowship that may hereafter  
Make me take knowledge of you, but for knaves;  
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and cox-  
combs,

How, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this time,  
I care not if I spare ye: Do not shake;  
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it  
Richly.

*Lod.* This is a strange course, Frederick!  
But sure you do not, or you would not, know us.  
Beat us?

*Piso.* 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentleman.

*Fred.* I'll speak but few words, but I'll make  
'em truths:

Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmur—  
Or looking big; and yet, before you go, [ing,  
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,  
That you two are two rascals.

*Lod.* How!

*Fred.* Two rascals.

Come, speak it from your hearts; or, by this light,  
My sword shall fly among ye! Answer me,  
And to the point, directly.

*Piso.* You shall have  
Your will for this time, since we see you're grown  
So far untemperate: Let it be so, sir,  
In your opinion.

*Fred.* Do not mince the matter,  
But speak the words plain. And you, Lodovic,  
That stand so tally on your reputation,  
You shall be he shall speak it.

*Lod.* This is pretty!

*Fred.* Let me not stay upon't!

*Lod.* Well, we are rascals;

Yes, Piso, we are rascals.

*Fred.* Get ye gone now!

Not a word more! you are rascals.

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO and PISO.]

*Enter* FABRITIO and JACOPO.

*Fab.* That should be Frederick.

*Jac.* 'Tis he.—Frederick!

*Fred.* Who's that?

*Jac.* A friend, sir.

*Fred.* It is so, by the voice.

I have sought you, gentlemen; and, since I have found you

So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while :  
I pray let it be so.

*Fab.* It is too late ;  
We'll come and dine to-morrow with your sister,  
And do our services.

*Jac.* Who were those with you ?

*Fab.* We met two come from hence.

*Fred.* Two idle fellows,  
That you shall beat hereafter ; and I'll tell you,  
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.

*Fab.* But, Frederick, tell me truly ; do you think  
She can affect my friend ? *[Aside to FREDERICK.]*

*Fred.* No certainer  
Than when I speak of him, or any other,  
She entertains it with as much desire  
As others do their recreations.

*Fab.* Let not him have this light by any means :  
He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow angry,  
Even to a quarrel, he's so much distrustful  
Of all that take occasion to commend him,  
Women especially ; for which he shuns  
All conversation with 'em, and believes  
He can be but a mirth to all their sex.—

*[Lute within.]*

Whence is this music ?

*Fred.* From my sister's chamber.

*Fab.* The touch is excellent ; let's be attentive.

*Jac.* Hark ! are the waits abroad ?

*Fab.* Be softer, pr'ythee :  
'Tis private music.

*Jac.* What a din it makes ?

I had rather hear a Jew's trumpet than these lutes ;  
They cry like school-boys.

*Fab.* Pr'ythee, Jacomo !

*Jac.* Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not  
whether. *[Lies down.]*

FRANK and CLORA appear at the Window.

#### THE SONG.

1. Tell me, dearest, what is love ?

2. 'Tis a lightning from above ;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire.

*Both.*

'Tis a grave,

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true ?

2. Yea, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change.

*Both.*

And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?

2. Yea, and sicken sore, but live :

And be wise, and delay,

When you men are as wise as they.

*Both.*

Then I see,

Faith will be,

Never till they both believe.

*Frank.* Clora ! come hither ! who are these  
below there ?

*Clora.* Where ?

*Frank.* There.

*Clora.* Ha ! I should know their shapes,  
Though it be darkish. There are both our brothers :

What should they make thus late here ?

*Frank.* What's the other ?

*Clora.* What t'other ?

*Frank.* He that lies along there.

*Clora.* Oh, I see him,  
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree  
Grew out on's belly.

*Frank.* Yes.

*Clora.* That should be,  
If I have any knowledge in proportion—

*Fab.* They see us.

*Fred.* 'Tis no matter.

*Fab.* What a log's this,  
To sleep such music out !

*Fred.* No more ; let's hear 'em.

*Clora.* The Captain Jacomo ; those are his legs.  
Upon my conscience.

*Frank.* By my faith, and neat ones !

*Clora.* You mean the boots ; I think they are  
neat by nature.

*Frank.* As thou art knavish. 'Would I saw his  
face !

*Clora.* 'Twould scare you in the dark.

*Frank.* A worse than that  
Has never scared you, Clora, to my knowledge.

*Clora.* 'Tis true, for I have never seen a worse.  
Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,  
I hope I shall not.

*Frank.* Well, I am no tell-tale :  
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,  
That such a brave deserving gentleman,  
As every one delivers this to be,  
Should have no more respect and worth than  
him

By able men ? Were I one of these great ones,  
Such virtue should not sleep thus.

*Clora.* Were he greater,

He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.

*Frank.* Away, you fool !

*Clora.* Is he not dead already,  
And they two taking order  
About his blacks ? Methinks they are very busy.  
A fine clean corpse he is ! I would have him buried.  
Even as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' the  
Templars

(If his Westphalia gammons will hold crossing)  
And on his breast a buckler, with a pike in't,  
In which I would have some learned cutler  
Compile an epitaph ; and at his feet  
A musquet, with this word upon a label  
(Which from the cock's mouth thus should be  
deliver'd),

"I have discharged the office of a soldier."

*Frank.* Well, if thy father were a soldier,  
Thus thou wouldst use him.

*Clora.* Such a soldier,  
I would indeed.—

*Fab.* If he hear this, not all  
The power of man could keep him from the  
windows,  
Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.  
For God's sake, make her cooler ; I dare not  
venture

To bring him else : I know he'll go to buffets  
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.  
Let's waken him, and away : we shall hear worse  
else.

*Frank.* Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,  
Let me be hang'd, for this ! I know thou dost it  
Only to anger me, and purge your wit,  
Which would break out else.

*Clora.* I have found ye ;  
I'll be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.

*Frank.* No, no ;  
They shall not know we have seen 'em. Shut the window. [*Exit FRANK and CLOWA.*]

*Fab.* Will you get up, sir ?

*Jac.* Have you paid the fiddlers ?

*Fab.* You are not left to do it. Fy upon thee !  
Hast thou forsworn manners ?

*Jac.* Yes ; unless they

Would let me eat my meat without long graces,  
Or drink without a preface to the pledger,  
Of "Will it please you?" "Shall I be so bold,  
sir?"

"Let me remember your good bed-fellow!"

And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress

As often as an ape does for an apple.

These are mere schisms in soldiers ; (where's my

These are to us as bitter as purgations : [friend?]

We love that general freedom we are bred to ;

Hang these faint fooleries ! they smell of peace.  
Do they not, friend ?

*Fab.* 'Faith, sir, to me they are  
As things indifferent ; yet I use 'em not,  
Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

*Fred.* Come, shall we go ? 'Tis late.

*Jac.* Yes, any whither :

But no more music ; it has made me dull.

*Fab.* 'Faith, anything but drinking disturbs  
We'll even to bed. [*thee, Jacomo.*]

*Jac.* Content.

*Fab.* Thou'lt dream of wenches.

*Jac.* I never think of any (I thank God)

But when I am drunk ; and then, 'tis but to cast

A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd,

Like vermin. Let's away ; I am very sleepy.

*Fab.* Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter JULIO and ANGELO.*

*Julio.* I will but see her once more, Angelo,  
That I may hate her more, and then I am  
Myself again.

*Ang.* I would not have thee tempt lust ;

'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,

Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.

*Julio.* Having her sins before me, I dare see  
her,

Were she as catching as the plague, and deadly,

And tell her she is fouler than all those,

And far more pestilent, if not repentant ;

And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave  
her.

*Ang.* 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is  
she ?

*Julio.* Make but a curious frame unto thyself,

As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought ;

Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,

Imagine Juno is, or fair-eyed Pallas ;

And one more excellent than all those figures

Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a sweetness

(If such a poor word may express her beauty),

Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief

With a forced smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,

With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,

And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.

*Ang.* Of what age is she ?

*Julio.* As a rose at fairest,

Neither a bud, nor blown ; but such a one,

Were there a Hercules to get again

With all his glory, or one more than he,

The god would chuse out 'mongst a race of women

To make a mother of. She is outwardly

All that bewitches sense, all that entices ;

Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.

And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then music

(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul

To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts

Lay by their rages ; and tall trees, that knew

No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,

And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges

Shook their white heads in Heaven, to be as mid-  
night

Still and attentive) steals into our souls  
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are  
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases !

*Ang.* Why look, how far you have thrust your-  
self again

Into your old disease ! Are you that man,

With such a resolution, that would venture

To take your leave of folly, and now melt

Even in repeating her ?

*Julio.* I had forgot me.

*Ang.* As you will still do.

*Julio.* No ; the strongest man

May have the grudging of an ague on him ;

This is no more. Let's go ; I would fain be fit

To be thy friend again, for now I am no man's !

*Ang.* Go you : I dare not go, I tell you truly ;

Nor were it wise I should.

*Julio.* Why ?

*Ang.* I am well,

And, if I can, will keep myself so.

*Julio.* Ha ?

Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,

To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee :

Art thou not strong enough to see a woman ?

*Ang.* Yes, twenty thousand ; but not such a  
one

As you have made her : I'll not lie for th' matter ;

I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too,

By such a syren.

*Julio.* 'Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo !

*Ang.* 'Faith, but I will not ! No ; I know how

I'm able to hold out, and will not venture [far, sir,

Above my depth. I do not long to have

My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,

Like a poor wench had lost her market-money ;

And, when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,

And call for small beer, and consume my wit

In making anagrams, and faithful posies :

I do not like that itch ; I am sure I had rather

Have the main pox, and safer.

*Julio.* Thou shalt go ;

I must needs have thee as a witness with me

Of my repentance. As thou lov'st me, go !

*Ang.* Well, I will go, since you will have it so ;

But if I prove a fool too, look to have me

Curse you continually, and fearfully.



*Julio.* And if thou seest me fall again, good Angelo,  
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.  
*Ang.* Pray God, I have enough to save myself!  
For, as I have a soul, I had rather venture  
Upon a savage island than this woman! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

*Enter Father, in brave Apparel, and Servant, with a Letter.*

*Father.* From whom, sir, comes this bounty?  
You are mistaken. [*for I think*

*Serv.* No, sir; 'tis to you,  
I'm sure, my mistress sent it.

*Father.* Who's your mistress,  
That I may give her thanks?

*Serv.* The virtuous widow.

*Father.* The virtuous widow, sir? I know none  
Pray what's her name? [*such.*

*Serv.* Lelia.

*Father.* I knew you err'd;  
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir;  
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours;  
I am a stranger to her.

*Serv.* Good sir, take it,  
And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you;  
For I am sure mine eye never went off you  
Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with  
Just at her door.

*Father.* Indeed, I talk'd with two,  
Within this half hour, in the street.

*Serv.* 'Tis you, sir,  
And none but you, I am sent to. Wiser men  
Would have been thankful sooner, and received it;  
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,  
And from a woman of her excellence.

*Father.* Well, sir, I am catechised. What more  
belongs to't?

*Serv.* This only, sir; she would entreat you come  
This evening to her without fail.

*Father.* I will.

*Serv.* You guess where.

*Father.* Sir, I have a tongue else. [*Exit Servant.*]  
She is downright devil; or else my wants  
And her disobedience have provoked her  
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.  
I wonder how she knew me! I had thought  
I had been the same to all I am to them  
That changed me thus: God pardon me for lying!  
For I have paid it home: Many a good man,  
That had but found the profit of my way,  
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

*Enter Lodovico and Piso.*

Here are my praters: Now, if I did well,  
I should belabour 'em; but I have found  
A way to quiet 'em worth a thousand on't.

*Lod.* If we could get a fellow that would do it!

*Father.* What villainy is now in hand? [*Retires.*]  
*Piso.* 'Twill be hard to be done, in my opinion,  
Unless we light upon an Englishman  
With seven score surfeits in him.

*Lod.* Are the Englishmen  
Such stubborn drinkers?

*Piso.* Not a leak at sea  
Can suck more liquor: You shall have their children  
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,  
Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Englishman,  
And cry "St. George!" and give him but a rasher,

And you shall have him upon even terms  
Defy a hog'shead. Such a one would do it  
Home, boy, and like a workman.

*Lod.* At what weapon?

*Piso.* Sherry sack: I would have him drink  
stark dead,

If it were possible; at worst, past pottage.

*Lod.* What is the end then?

*Piso.* Dost thou not perceive it?

If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.

If not, this is my end, or by enticing,  
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where  
The fool is that admires him; and if sober  
His nature be so rugged, what will't be  
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about it:  
If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn  
My head she hath done with soldiers.

*Lod.* This may do well.

*Father.* Here's a new way to murder men alive!  
I'll choak this train.—[*Coming forward.*—God  
save ye, gentlemen!  
It is to you—stay!—yes, it is to you.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

*Lod.* What's to me?

*Father.* You are fortunate: I cannot stand to  
tell you more now;

Meet me here soon, and you'll be made a man. [*Exit.*]

*Lod.* What vision's this?

*Piso.* I know not.

*Lod.* Well, I'll meet it;  
Think you o' th' other, and let me awhile  
Dream of this fellow.

*Piso.* For the drunkard, Lodovic,  
Let me alone.

*Lod.* Come, let's about it then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in FREDERICK'S House.*

*Enter CLORA and FRANK.*

*Clora.* Ha, ha, ha! Pray let me laugh extremely.

*Frank.* Why? pr'ythee why? hast thou such

*Clora.* Yes, 'faith; [*cause?*]

My brother will be here straightway, and—

*Frank.* What?

*Clora.* The other party. Ha, ha, ha!

*Frank.* What party?

Wench, thou art not drunk?

*Clora.* No, 'faith.

*Frank.* 'Faith, thou hast been among the bottles,  
Clora.

*Clora.* 'Faith, but I have not, Frank. Pr'ythee  
be handsome!

The captain comes along too, wench.

*Frank.* Oh, is that it

That tickles ye?

*Clora.* Yes, and shall tickle you too;

You understand me?

*Frank.* By my troth, thou art grown  
A strange lewd wench! I must e'en leave thy  
Thou wilt spoil me else. [*company?*]

*Clora.* Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.

Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,  
When I went first a-birding for thy love,  
And roundly said, that is the man must do it,  
I had done laughing many an hour ago.

*Frank.* And what dost thou see in him, now  
thou know'st his him,  
To be thus laugh'd at?

*Clora.* Pr'ythee be not angry,  
And I'll speak freely to thee.

*Frank.* Do; I will not.

*Clora.* Then, as I hope to have a handsome  
husband,

This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I am held  
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)  
Appears a strange thing.

*Frank.* Why, how strange, for God's sake?  
He is a man, and one that may content  
(For anything I see) a right good woman:  
And sure I am not blind.

*Clora.* There lies the question;  
For (but you say he is a man, and I  
Will credit you) I should as soon have thought him  
Another of God's creatures: Out upon him!  
His body, that can promise nothing  
But laziness and long strides,—

*Frank.* These are your eyes!

Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love  
With the old footman, for singing of Queen Dido,  
And swore he look'd in his old velvet trunks,  
And his sliced Spanish jerkin, like Don John?  
You had a parlous judgment then, my Clora.

*Clora.* Who told you that?

*Frank.* I heard it.

*Clora.* Come, be friends!

The soldier is a Mars. No more; we are all  
Subject to slide away.

*Frank.* Nay, laugh on still.

*Clora.* No, faith; thou art a good wench, and  
'tis pity

Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy entering,  
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

*Enter FABRITIO and JACOPO at the Door.*

*Jac.* Pr'ythee, go single; what should I do  
Thou know'st I hate these visitations, [there?  
As I hate peace or perry.

*Fab.* Wilt thou never  
Make a right man?

*Jac.* You make a right fool of me,  
To lead me up and down to visit women,  
And be abused and laugh'd at. Let me starve  
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em  
What their shoes cost!

*Fab.* Fy upon thee, coward!  
Canst thou not sing?

*Jac.* Thou know'st I can sing nothing  
But Plumpton-Park.

*Fab.* Thou wilt be bold enough,  
When thou art enter'd once.

*Jac.* I had rather enter  
A breach: If I miscarry, by this hand,  
I will have you by the ears for't!

*Fab.* [Entering.] 'Save ye, ladies!

*Clora.* Sweet brother, I dare swear you're wel-  
So is your friend. [come hither;

*Fab.* Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

*Frank.* Good sir, believe your sister; you are  
most welcome!

So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues  
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

*Jac.* She has found me out already, and has  
Shall we be going? [paid me.—

*Fab.* Peace!—Your goodness, lady,  
Will ever be afore us. For myself  
I will not thank you single, lest I leave  
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.

*Jac.* More of me yet?

*Frank.* 'Would I were able, sir,  
From either of your worths to merit thanks!

*Clora.* But, brother, is your friend thus sad still?  
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier. [Methinks,  
*Jac.* What hath she to do with me, or my  
behaviour?

*Fab.* He does but shew so; Pr'ythee to him,  
sister!

*Jac.* If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,  
If I get off once!

*Clora.* Sir, we must entreat you  
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry:  
'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion,  
Should have a soul of sorrow.

*Jac.* Very well!—

Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say?

*Clora.* Do not you know, sir?

*Jac.* Not so well as you,  
That talk continually.

*Frank.* You have hit her, sir.

*Clora.* I thank him, so he has;  
Fair fall his sweet face for it!

*Jac.* Let my face

Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion  
To bring a worse in question.

*Clora.* Meaning mine?—

Brother, where was your friend brought up? He  
has sure

Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,  
They lie so dull upon his understanding.

*Fab.* No more of that; thou'lt anger him at  
heart.

*Clora.* Then let him be more manly; for he  
looks

Like a great school-boy, that had been blown up  
Last night at Dust-Point.

*Frank.* You will never leave,  
Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clora!—  
Sir, will it please you sit?

*Clora.* And I'll sit by you.

*Jac.* Woman, be quiet, and be ruled, I would

*Clora.* I have done, Sir Captain. [wish you.

*Fab.* Art thou not ashamed?

*Jac.* You are an ass! I'll tell you more anon;  
You had better have been hang'd than brought me  
hither!

*Fab.* You are grown a sullen fool! Either be  
handsome,

Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee!  
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,  
And hold your head up! what?

*Jac.* By this light, I'll brain thee!

*Frank.* Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does  
nothing

But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look  
How well this little anger, if it be one,  
Shews in his face.

*Clora.* Yes, it shews very sweetly.

*Frank.* Nay, do not blush, sir; o' my troth, it  
I would be ever angry to be thus.— [does!

Fabritio, o' my conscience, if I ever  
Do fall in love, (as I will not forswear it,  
Till I am something wiser) it must be,  
I will not say directly with that face:

But certainly such another as that is,  
And thus disposed, may chance to hamper me.

*Fab.* Dost thou hear this, and stand still?

*Jac.* You will prate still!

I would you were not women; I would take  
A new course with ye.

*Clora.* Why, Courageous?

*Jac.* For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.

*Clora.* Pr'ythee, sweet Captain!

*Jac.* Go, go spin, go hang!

*Clora.* Now could I kiss him.

*Jac.* If you long for kicking,  
You're best come kiss me; do not though, I'd wish ye.

I'll send my footman to thee; he shall leap thee,  
An thou want'st horsing.—I will leave ye, ladies.

*Frank.* Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly  
To offer this unto a gentleman  
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily  
To visit me! I cannot take it well.

*Jac.* I come to visit you, you foolish woman?

*Frank.* I thought you did, sir, and for that I thank you;

I would be loth to lose those thanks. I know  
This is but some odd way you have,—and, 'faith,  
It does become you well,—to make us merry:  
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

*Fab.* What wouldst thou ask more?

*Jac.* Pray, thou scurvy fellow!

Thou hast not long to live.—Adieu, dear damsels!  
You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,  
And keep your chambers!

*Clora.* Farewell, old Don Diego!

*Frank.* Away, away!—You must not be so angry,  
To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me  
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars  
May breed men something plain, I know; but not  
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir:  
I know 'tis white, and—

*Jac.* If I were not patient,  
What would become of you two prating house-  
wives?

*Clora.* For anything I know, we would in to supper,

And there begin a health of lusty claret,  
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be—

*Fab.* 'Faith, to whom?—Mark but this, Jacomo.

*Clora.* Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.

*Fab.* Do you know such a one?

*Frank.* He may be guess'd at  
Without much travel.

*Fab.* There's another item.

*Clora.* And he should be a soldier.

*Frank.* 'Twould be better.

*Clora.* And yet not you, sweet Captain.

*Frank.* Why not he?

*Jac.* Well! I shall live to see your husbands  
beat you,  
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.

*Clora.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Green sicknesses and serving-men light  
on ye,

With greasy codpieces, and woollen stockings! |  
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)  
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plaisterers! [*Exit.*]

*Clora.* This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,  
Without all doubt.

*Fab.* I think so too.

*Frank.* I am sorry

He's gone in such a rage. But sure, this holds him  
Not every day?

*Fab.* 'Faith, every other day,  
If he come near a woman.

*Clora.* I wonder how his mother could endure  
To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.

*Frank.* He's to be made more tractable, I don't  
not.

*Clora.* Yes, if they taw him, as they do wit-  
leather,  
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in the House of LELLIA.

*Enter LELLIA and her Waiting-Woman, with a Fri.*

*Leilia.* Art sure 'tis he?

*Woman.* Yes, and another with him.

*Leilia.* The more the merrier. Did you give the  
money,

And charge it to be deliver'd where I shew'd you  
*Woman.* Yes, and what else you bade me.

*Leilia.* That brave fellow,  
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews tough-  
ness;

And such a one I long for, and must have  
At any price; these young soft melting gristles  
Are only for my safer ends.

*Woman.* They are here.

*Leilia.* Give me my veil; and bid the boy go sing  
That song above, I gave him; the sad song.—  
Now if I miss him, I am curs'd.—Go, wench,  
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn  
All company of men; yet make a venture  
At last to let 'em in: Thou know'st these things:  
Do 'em to th' life.

*Woman.* I warrant you; I am perfect. [*Exit.*]  
*Leilia.* Some ill woman, for her use, would give  
A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

*Enter, to the Door, JULIO and ANGELO.*

*Woman.* Good sir, desire it not; I dare not do it:  
For since your last being here, sir, believe me,  
She has grieved herself out of all company,  
And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.

*Julio.* Pr'ythee,  
Let me but speak one word.

*Woman.* You will offend, sir;  
And yet your name is more familiar with her  
Than anything but sorrow. Good sir, go.

*Ang.* This little varlet hath her lesson perfect;  
These are the baits they bob with.

*Jul.* 'Faith, I will not.

*Woman.* I shall be chidden cruelly for this;  
But you are such a gentleman—

*Julio.* No more.

*Ang.* There's a new tire, wench. Peace; thou  
art well enough. [*Music.*]

*Julio.* What, has she music?

*Woman.* Yes; for God's sake, stay;  
'Tis all she feeds upon.

*Julio.* [*Entering.*] Alas, poor soul!

*Ang.* Now will I pray devoutly; for there's need  
on't.

#### THE SONG.

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling.

For I must die:

Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling  
Lie after lie.

For ever let me rest now from thy snarls;

Alas, for pity go,  
And fire their hearts

That have been hard to thee; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,

For I will die;

And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,  
 Shall be as I :  
 For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,  
 " Alas, for pity stay,  
 And let us die  
 With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay."

*Julio.* Mistress! not one word, mistress? If I  
 I can depart again. [grieve you,

*Ang.* Let's go then quickly;  
 For if she get from under this dark cloud,  
 We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.

*Julio.* Do but speak,  
 Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,  
 And I am gone; for that I think will please you.  
*Ang.* Oh, that all women were thus silent ever.  
 What fine things they were!

*Julio.* You have look'd on me,  
 When, if there be belief in women's words,  
 Spoken in tears, you swore you loved to do so.

*Lelia.* Oh, me, my heart!

*Ang.* Now, Julio, play the man,  
 Or such another "oh, me!" will undo thee.  
 'Would I had anything to keep me busy,  
 I might not hear her; think but what she is,  
 Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i' th' mesh too.

*Julio.* Pray, speak again.

*Lelia.* Where is my woman? [Unveils.

*Woman.* Here.

*Ang.* Mercy upon me! what a face she has!  
 'Would it were veil'd again!

*Lelia.* Why did you let  
 This flattering man in to me? Did not I  
 Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,  
 As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?  
 Thou hast brought me poison in a shape of Heaven,  
 Whose violence will break the hearts of all,  
 Of all weak women, as it hath done mine,  
 That are such fools to love, and look upon him.  
 Good sir, be gone; you know not what an ease  
 Your absence is.

*Ang.* By Heaven, she is a wonder!  
 I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish.

*Julio.* Though I desire to be here more than  
 As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you, [Heaven,  
 So much I love to be commanded by you,  
 That I will go. Farewell! [Weeps.

*Lelia.* I should say something  
 Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me.  
 But why should I speak to a man that hates me,  
 And will but laugh at anything I suffer?

*Julio.* If this be hate——

*Lelia.* Away, away, deceiver!

*Julio.* Now help me, Angelo!

*Ang.* I am worse than thou art.

*Lelia.* Such tears as those might make another  
 Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me, [woman  
 That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.

*Ang.* What will become of me? I cannot go  
 now,

If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave eye!  
 Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.

*Julio.* Alas, poor man! I am lost again too,  
 strangely.

*Lelia.* No, I will sooner trust a crocodile  
 When he sheds tears, (for he kills suddenly,  
 And ends our cares at once) or anything  
 That's evil to our natures, than a man:  
 I find there is no end of his deceivings,  
 Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.  
 I was requesting you to come no more,

And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,  
 Nor honest, to abuse us so far: You may love too;  
 For though, I must confess, I am unworthy  
 Of your love every way, yet I would have you  
 Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.

*Julio.* Will you believe me?

*Lelia.* For your vows and oaths,  
 And such deceiving tears as you shed now,  
 I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

*Julio.* Let me be most despised of men——

*Lelia.* No more!

There is no new way left, by which your cunning  
 Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou false  
 I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all [man,  
 That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love!  
 For I am open-eyed again, and know thee.  
 Go, make some other weep, as I have done,  
 That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her  
 That is a stranger to thy cruelty,  
 And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,  
 How thou diest daily for her; pour it out  
 In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,  
 As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,  
 And vow thyself into her heart, that when  
 I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,  
 Still a forsaken woman may be found  
 To call to Heaven for vengeance!

*Ang.* [Aside.] From this hour,  
 I heartily despise all honest women:  
 (I care not if the world took knowledge on't)  
 I see there's nothing in them, but that folly  
 Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,  
 (Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,  
 If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim at.

*Julio.* Mistress, the most offending man is heard  
 Before his sentence: Why will you condemn me  
 Ere I produce the truth to witness with me,  
 How innocent I am of all your angers?

*Lelia.* There is no trusting of that tongue; I  
 know't,

And how far, if it be believed, it kills: No more,  
*Julio.* It never lied to you yet; if it did, [sir!  
 'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

*Lelia.* Good sir, no more! Make not my under-  
 standing,

(After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you)  
 So poor to think I have not reach'd the end  
 Of all your forced affections: Yet, because  
 I once loved such a sorrow, too, too dearly,  
 As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,  
 Even heartily as I would be forgiven,  
 For all your wrongs to me (my charity  
 Yet loves you so far, though again I may not);  
 And wish, when that time comes you will love truly,  
 (If you can ever do so) you may find  
 The worthy fruit of your affections,  
 True love again, not my unhappy harvest;  
 Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,  
 So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,  
 From these two eyes continually raining,  
 Could never ripen.

*Julio.* You have conquer'd me!  
 I did not think to yield; but make me now  
 Even what you will, my Lelia, so I may  
 Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

*Lelia.* No, no; those fond imaginations  
 Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest!

*Julio.* I'll marry you.

*Ang.* The devil thou wilt, Julio?

[Aside to JULIO.



How that word waken'd me! Come hither, friend!  
Thou art a fool! Look steadfastly upon her:  
Though she be all that I know excellent,  
As she appears; though I could fight for her,  
And run through fire; though I am stark mad too,  
Never to be recover'd; though I would  
Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,  
Even to my naked soul (I am so far gone);  
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away  
That, that is something more than ours, our  
honours.

I would not have thee marry her by no means—  
(Yet I should do so):—Is she not a whore?

*Julio.* She is; but such a one—

*Ang.* 'Tis true, she's excellent;

And, when I well consider, Julio,  
I see no reason we should be confined  
In our affections; when all creatures else  
Enjoy still where they like.

*Julio.* And so will I then.

*Lelia.* He's fast enough I hope, now, if I hold  
him. *[Aside.]*

*Ang.* You must not do so though, now I con-  
sider

Better what 'tis. *[Aside to JULIO.]*

*Julio.* Do not consider, Angelo;

For I must do it.

*Ang.* No; I'll kill thee first:

I love thee so well, that the worms shall have thee  
Before this woman, friend.

*Julio.* It was your counsel.

*Ang.* As I was a knave; not as I loved thee.

*Julio.* All this is lost upon me, Angelo;

For I must have her.—I will marry you

When you please: Pray look better on me.

*Ang.* Nay then, no more, friend; farewell, Julio!  
I have so much discretion left me yet

To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

*Julio.* Stay; thou art more than she, and now I

*Lelia.* Is he so? *[find it.]*

*Julio.* Mistress!

*Lelia.* No; I'll see thee starved first! *[Exit.]*

*Julio.* Friend!

*Ang.* Fly hear as I do, Julio; she's a witch.

*Julio.* Beat me away then; I shall grow here  
still else.

*Ang.* That were the way to have me grow there  
with thee.

Farewell, for ever! *[Exit.]*

*Julio.* Stay! I am uncharm'd.

Farewell, thou cursed house! from this hour be  
More hated of me than a leprosy! *[Exit.]*

*Enter LELIA.*

*Lelia.* Both gone? A plague upon 'em both!  
Am I deceived again? Oh, I would rail,  
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,  
Till I have emptied all my gall.  
The next I seize upon shall pay their follies  
To the last penny; this will work me worse;  
He that comes next, by Heaven, shall feel their  
curse! *[Exit.]*

#### SCENE V.—A Room in FABRITIO'S Lodgings.

*Enter JACOMO at one Door, and FABRITIO at another.*

*Fab.* Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly  
To rail, and run away!

*Jac.* Oh! are you there, sir?

I am glad I have found you! You have not now  
To shew your wit before. *[your ladies,]*

*Fab.* Thou woult not, woult a?

*Jac.* What a sweet youth I am, as you have  
made me, *[Droves.]*

You shall know presently.

*Fab.* Put up your sword;

I have seen it often; 'tis a fox.

*Jac.* It is so;

And you shall feel it too. Will you dispatch, sir,  
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion  
To beat you, and disgrace you too.

*Fab.* Well; since

There is no other way to deal with you,  
(Let's see your sword; I am sure you scorn all odds)  
I will fight with you.

*[They measure, and FABRITIO gets his sword.]*

*Jac.* How now?

*Fab.* Nay, stand out;

Or, by this light, I'll make you!

*Jac.* This is scurvy,

And out of fear done.

*Fab.* No, sir; out of judgment;

For he that deals with thee (thou art grown so  
boisterous)

Must have more wits, or more lives, than another,  
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,  
Or he is miserable.

*Jac.* Your end of this, sir?

*Fab.* My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,  
Which now I'll do in safety; Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* 'Sheart! then I am grown ridiculous!

*Fab.* Thou art;

And wilt be shortly sport for little children,  
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

*Jac.* Oh, God, for anything that had an edge!

*Fab.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Jac.* Fy, what a shame it is,

To have a lubber shew his teeth!

*Fab.* Ha, ha!

*Jac.* Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched  
fellow?

Speak, with a pox! and look you render me  
Just such a reason—

*Fab.* I shall die with laughing!

*Jac.* As no man can find fault with. I shall have  
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy!

*Fab.* Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?  
Once more, take heed of children! If they find  
thee,

They'll break up school to bear thee company,  
(Thou wilt be such a pastime) and hoot at thee,  
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade, and Spit-  
fire,

And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo,

And Will with a Whip, and Come-Aloft, and  
Crack-Rope,

And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,  
And twenty such names.

*Jac.* No, I think they will not.

*Fab.* Yes, but they will; and nurses still their  
children

Only with thee, and "Here take him, Jacomo!"

*Jac.* God's precious, that I were but over thee  
One steeple height! I would fall and break thy  
neck.

*Fab.* This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,  
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.

*Jac.* I wonder how thou durst thus question me!  
Pr'ythee restore my sword.

*Fab.* Tell me but one thing,  
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.

*Jao.* Well, I will be your fool now; speak your  
mind, sir.

*Fab.* Art thou not breeding teeth?

*Jao.* How! teeth?

*Fab.* Yes, teeth;

Thou wouldst not be so froward else.

*Jao.* Teeth?

*Fab.* Come; 'twill make thee  
A little rheumatic, but that's all one;  
We'll have a bib, for spoiling of thy doublet,  
And a fringed muckender hang at thy girdle;  
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,  
And a fine ring of bells.

*Jao.* 'Faith, this is somewhat

Too much, Fabritio, to your friend that loves  
you:

Methinks, your goodness rather should invent  
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.  
I should have been more moderate to you;  
But I see you despise me.

*Fab.* Now I love you.

There, take your sword; continue so. I dare not  
Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet  
you:

And, as you love your honours, and your state,  
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman,  
Farewell, till soon! [Exit.

*Jao.* Well, I shall think of this.

[Exit.

## SCENE VI.—A Room in a Tavern.

*Enter Host, Piso, and Boy, with a Glass of Wine.*

*Piso.* Nothing i' th' world but a dried tongue or  
*Host.* Taste him, and tell me. [two.

*Piso.* He's a valiant wine;  
This must be he, mine Host.

*Host.* This shall be *ipso*.

Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a tyrant  
Where he lays hold, sir; this is he that scorns  
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle  
Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll shame him,  
And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.

*Piso.* There is a soldier, I would have thee batter  
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man  
Can give him drink enough.

*Host.* What kind of man?

*Piso.* That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's  
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing, [one  
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,  
To hunt a match.

*Host.* Has he no beard to shew him?

*Piso.* Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,  
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:  
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one  
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.

*Host.* That note's enough; he's mine; I'll fuddle  
Or lie i' th' suds. You will be here too? [him,

*Piso.* Yes.

Till soon, farewell, and bear up.

*Host.* If I do not,  
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Street.

*Enter JULIO and ANGELO.*

*Julio.* 'Tis strange thou shouldst be thus, with  
*Ang.* I am sure I am so. [thy discretion.

*Julio.* I am well, you see.

*Ang.* Keep yourself warm then, and go home  
and sleep,

And pray to God thou mayst continue so.  
'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,  
When I was made a fool to see her! Leave me;  
I am not fit for conversation.

*Julio.* Why thou art worse than I was.

*Ang.* Therefore leave me;

The nature of my sickness is not eased  
By company or counsel: I am mad;  
And, if you follow me with questions,  
Shall shew myself so.

*Julio.* This is more than error.

*Ang.* Pray be content that you have made me  
And do not wonder at me. [thus,

*Julio.* Let me know

But what you mean to do, and I am gone:  
I would be loth to leave you thus else.

*Ang.* Nothing

That needs your fear; that is sufficient.  
Farewell, and pray for me.

*Julio.* I would not leave you.

*Ang.* You must and shall.

*Julio.* I will then. 'Would yon woman  
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first  
I saw her eyes!

*Ang.* Yet she had been dangerous;  
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,  
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body  
Might have been turn'd; which once found out  
by labour,

And brought to use, having her spells within it,  
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;  
Which had been fearful, friend. Go: when I see  
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more. [thee  
Pray do not follow me: you'll make me angry.

*Julio.* Heaven grant you may be right again!

*Ang.* Amen! [Exit. severally.

### SCENE II.—A Room in the Tavern.

*Enter Tavern Boys, &c.*

*Boy.* Score a gallon of sack, and a pint of olives,  
Above within. Why, drawer! [to the Unicorn.

*Boy.* Anon, anon!

*Another Boy.* Look into the Nag's-head there.

*2 Boy.* Score a quart of claret to the Bar;  
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.

*Enter First Servant, with Wine.*

*1 Serv.* The devil's in their throats. Anon, anon!

*Enter Second Servant.*

*2 Serv.* Mull a pint  
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,  
And put in ginger enough; they belch like pot-guns:  
And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;



They will not be drunk till midnight else. How  
How does my master? [now!]

2 Boy. 'Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.

1 Boy. That's an ill sign.

2 Boy. And fumbles with the pots too.

1 Boy. Then there's no way but one with him.

2 Boy. All the rest,

Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrám*,  
Where they lie sod in sack.

1 Boy. Does he bear up still?

2 Boy. Afore the wind still, with his lights up  
All he takes in I think he turns to juleps, [bravely:  
Or he has a world of stowage in his belly:  
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie scatter'd  
Like rushes round about the room. My master  
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground—

1 Boy. 'Would he were always drunk then!

Within. Drawer!

2 Boy. Anon, anon, sir!

1 Boy. And swears I shall be free to-morrow;  
And calls upon my mistress! [and so weeps,

2 Boy. Then he's right.

1 Boy. And swears the Captain must lie this  
night with her,

(And bade me break it to her with discretion)

That he may leave an issue after him,  
Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador:  
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,  
And how he stole her from her friends i' th' country,  
And brought her up disguised with the carriers,  
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,  
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter Host, Lodovico, and Piso, drunk; and Jacomo.

Within. Drawer!

1 Boy. Anon, anon! Speak to the Tiger, Peter.

Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.

Piso. 'Would he were hang'd

As high as I could ring him!

Host. Captain.

Jac. Ho, boy?

Lod. Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold

As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.

1 Boy. I am gone, sir.

Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I  
love thee!

Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee! By this hand,  
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,

Of all things transitory.

Jac. I love thee too,

As far as I can love a fat man.

Host. Dost thou, Captain?

Sweetly? and heartily?

Jac. With all my heart, boy.

Host. Then, welcome, Death!—Come, close  
Thou shalt have all. [mine eyes, sweet Captain;

Jac. What shall your wife have then?

Host. Why, she shall have

(Besides my blessing, and a silver spoon)

Enough to keep her stirring in the world,

Three little children; one of them was mine,

Upon my conscience; th' other two are Pagans!

Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,  
To rub the time away with.

Host. Not a rag,

Not a denier: No; let her spin, a' God's name,  
And raise her house again.

Jac. Thou shalt not die though.—

Boy, see your master safe delivered;

He's ready to lie in.

Host. Good night!

Jac. Good morning!

Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.

Lod. A pox of sack!

Host. Marry, God bless my butts! Sack is a  
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen. [jewel;

Jac. More beer, boy;

Very sufficient single beer.

Boy. Here, sir.

How is it, gentlemen?

Jac. But even so so.

Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare  
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come,  
And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use [boy.  
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not;  
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.—  
Captain, adieu! adieu, sweet bully Captain!  
One kiss before I die, one kiss!

Jac. Farewell, boy!

Host. All my sweet boys, farewell! [Exit.

Lod. Go sleep; you are drunk.

Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your  
You look not lustily; a quart more? [lodging,

Lod. No, boy.

Piso. Get us a torch.

Boy. 'Tis day, sir.

Jac. That's all one.

Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?

Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that!

Jac. Yes.— [there;

I have paid 'em truly.—Do not vex him, sirrah.

Piso. Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat  
Midnight into thy brains.

Boy. I do confess it.

Piso. Then live; and draw more small beer  
presently.

Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be  
loving,

And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!

A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,

And turn the world about upon my finger.

Come, ye shall love me; I'm an honest fellow;

Hang care and fortune! we are friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting  
captain,

And kill up such poor people as we are by th' dozens.

Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, sir?

Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain seems  
To be a very merciful young man.

And pr'ythee Piso, let me have thy opinion.

Piso. Then he shall have mercy that merciful is.  
Or all the painters are Apocrypha.

Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet. Will  
ye go?

Piso. You had best say we are drunk.

Lod. Ye are.

Jac. You lie!

Jac. Ye are rascals, drunken rascals!

Piso. 'Tis sufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:  
You have been tampering any time these three  
Thus to disgrace me. [days,

Piso. That's a lie too.

Jac. Well, sir!

Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your points on  
you;

For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.

*Piso.* I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand.  
*An ye provoke—Do not provoke, I'd wish you.*  
*Jac.* How do you like this? *[Beats them.]*  
*Lod.* Sure I am enchanted.  
*Piso.* Stay till I draw—  
*Jac.* Dispatch then; I am angry.  
*Piso.* And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.  
*Jac.* Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,  
 Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?  
 Not wine, nor beating?  
*Lod.* If this way be suffer'd—  
 'Tis very well!  
*Jac.* Go; there's your way; go and sleep!  
 I have pity on you; you shall have the rest  
 To-morrow when we meet.  
*Piso.* Come, Lodovic:  
 He's monstrous drunk now; there's no talking  
 with him.  
*Jac.* I am so; when I am sober, I'll do more.  
 Boy, where's mine host?

*[Exeunt Lodovico and Piso.]*

*Boy.* He's on his bed, asleep, sir. *[Exit.]*  
*Jac.* Let him alone then. Now am I high proof  
 For any action; now could I fight bravely,  
 And charge into a wildfire; or I could love  
 Any man living now, or any woman,  
 Or indeed any creature that loves sack,  
 Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,  
 Just at this instant, that I might be brought,  
 (I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk  
 With a justice of peace, that to my nature  
 I hate next an ill sword. I will do  
 Some strange brave thing now; and I have it here:  
 Pray God the air keep out! I feel it buzzing.

*[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.—A Room in FREDERICK'S House.

*Enter FREDERICK, CLORA, and FRANK, walking alone.*

*Clora.* She loves him too much; that's the plain  
 truth, Frederick;  
 For which, if I might be believed, I think her  
 A strange forgetter of herself: There's Julio,  
 Or twenty more—  
*Fred.* In your eye, I believe you;  
 But, credit me, the Captain is a man,  
 Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy—  
*Clora.* So is a reasty jade a horse of service,  
 If he would leave his nature. Give me one,  
 By your leave, sir, to make a husband of,  
 Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:  
 Methinks, a man is misery enough.  
*Fred.* You are too bitter. I would not have him  
 worse;  
 Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,  
 I do not doubt it, for this heresy.  
*Clora.* I'll burn before!—*[To FRANK.]*—Come,  
 pr'ythee leave this sadness,  
 This walking by thyself to see the devil,  
 This mumps, this *lachryma*, this love in sippets;  
 It fits thee like a French hood.  
*Frank.* Does it so?  
 I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,  
 And nothing to the purpose: Take up quickly;  
 Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,  
 If thou hold'st this pace: take up, when I bid thee.

*Clora.* Before your brother? fy!

*Fred.* I can endure it.

*Enter JACOBO, drunk.*

*Clora.* Here's Raw-head come again. Lord,  
 how he looks!  
 Pray God we 'scape with broken pates!  
*Frank.* Were I he,  
 Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been  
 Has he not, Frederick? *[drinking;]*  
*Fred.* Yes; but do not find it.  
*Clora.* Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.  
*Fred.* You will mad him.  
*Jac.* I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.  
*Clora.* A short  
 And pithy saying of a soldier.  
*Frank.* As I live,  
 Thou art a strange mad wench!  
*Clora.* To make a parson.  
*Jac.* Ladies, I mean to kiss you—  
*Clora.* How he wipes  
 His mouth, like a young preacher! We shall have it.  
*Jac.* In order as you lie before me: First,  
 I will begin with you.  
*Frank.* With me, sir?  
*Jac.* Yes.  
*Frank.* If you will promise me to kiss in ease,  
 I care not if I venture.  
*Jac.* I'll kiss according to mine own inventions,  
 As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish you.  
 I love you. *[Kisses her.]*  
*Frank.* Do you, sir?  
*Jac.* Yes, indeed do I;  
 'Would I could tell you how!  
*Frank.* I would you would, sir!  
*Jac.* I would to God I could; but 'tis sufficient,  
 I love you with my heart.  
*Frank.* Alas, poor heart!  
*Jac.* And I am sorry,—but we'll talk of that  
 Hereafter, if't please God.  
*Frank.* Even when you will, sir.  
*Clora.* He's dismal drunk; would he were  
*Jac.* You, *[muzzled!]*  
 I take it, are the next.  
*Frank.* Go to him, fool.  
*Clora.* Not I; a' will bite me.  
*Jac.* When, wit? when?  
*Clora.* Good Captain!  
*Jac.* Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,  
 But catch as catch may.  
*Fred.* Nay, I'll not defend you.  
*Clora.* Good Captain, do not hurt me! I am sorry  
 That e'er I anger'd you.  
*Jac.* I'll tew you for't,  
 By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly. *[Kisses her]*  
*Clora.* No more, sir.  
*Jac.* Yes, a little more, sweet wit;  
 One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways,  
 With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience  
 Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.  
*Clora.* He smells just like a cellar: Fy upon him  
*Jac.* Sweet lady, now to you. *[Going to FREDERICK]*  
*Clora.* For love's sake, kiss him.  
*Fred.* I shall not keep my countenance.  
*Frank.* Try, pr'ythee.  
*Jac.* Pray be not coy, sweet woman; for I'  
 I am blunt; but you must pardon me. *[kiss you]*  
*Clora.* Oh, God, my sides!  
*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!



*Jac.* Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?  
 Why all this noise, sweet ladies?  
*Clora.* Lusty Lawrence,  
 See what a sweet gentwoman you have saluted:  
 Pray God, she prove not quick!  
*Fred.* Where were thine eyes,  
 To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!  
*Jac.* Who art'a? art'a mortal?  
*Fred.* I am Frederick.  
*Jac.* Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,  
 To laugh at me.

*Frank.* Sweet Captain!  
*Jac.* Away, woman!  
 Go stitich, and serve God; I despise thee, woman!  
 And Frederick shall be beaten.—'Sblood, you rogue,  
 Have you none else to make your puppies of  
 But me?

*Fred.* I pr'ythee be more patient;  
 There's no hurt done.  
*Jac.* 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab! [*Draws.*  
*Clora.* Help, help, for love's sake!  
*Frank.* Who's within there?  
*Fred.* So!

Now you have made a fair hand.  
*Jac.* Why?  
*Fred.* You have kill'd me. [*Falls as killed.*  
*Clora.* Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!  
*Jac.* You shall not need.  
*Clora.* This is your drunkenness!  
*Frank.* Oh, me, unhappy brother Frederick!  
 Look but upon me; do not part so from me!  
 Set him a little higher. He is dead!  
*Clora.* Oh, villain, villain!

*Enter FABRITIO, and Servants.*

*Fab.* How now! what's the matter?  
*Frank.* Oh, sir, my brother! Oh, my dearest  
 brother!  
*Clora.* This drunken trough has kill'd him.  
*Fab.* Kill'd him?  
*Clora.* Yes.

For Heaven's sake, hang him quickly! he will do  
 Every day such a murder else. There's nothing  
 But a strong gallows that can make him quiet;  
 I find it in his nature too late.

*Fab.* Pray be quiet;  
 Let me come to him.  
*Clora.* Some go for a surgeon!  
*Frank.* Oh, what a wretched woman has he  
 Let me alone, good sir! [*made me!*

*Fab.* To what a fortune  
 Hast thou reserved thy life!  
*Jac.* Fabritio.

*Fab.* Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,  
 Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be  
 To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more  
 temperate!

*Jac.* I have a sword still, and I am a villain!  
 [*Offers to kill himself.*  
*Clora, &c.* Hold, hold, hold!  
*Jac.* Ha!

[*Servants lay hold on him; he struggles.*  
*Clora.* Away with him, for Heaven's sake!  
 He is too desperate for our enduring.

*Fab.* Come, you shall sleep; come, strive not;  
 I'll have it so. Here, take him to his lodging;  
 And see him laid before you part.  
*Serv.* We will, sir.

[*Exeunt JACOMO and Servants.*

*Fred.* Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.

I thank you, sister, for your grief; pray keep it.  
 Till I am fitter for it.

*Fab.* Do you live, sir?  
*Fred.* Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, ha  
 To such a madness in his wine. [*was grow*

*Fab.* 'Twas well, sir,  
 You had that good respect unto his temper,  
 That no worse followed.

*Fred.* If I had stood him,  
 Certain one of us must have perish'd. How now  
 Frank?

*Frank.* Beshrew my heart, I tremble like a  
 aspen!

*Clora.* Let him come here no more, for Heaven's  
 Unless he be in chains. [*sake*

*Frank.* I would fain see him  
 After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try  
 How he will be. Chide him, and bring him back.

*Clora.* You'll never leave, till you be worrie  
 with him.

*Frank.* Come, brother; we'll walk in, and laugh  
 To get this fever off me. [*a little*

*Clora.* Hang him, squib!  
 Now could I grind him into priming powder.

*Frank.* Pray will you leave your fooling?  
*Fab.* Come, all friends.

*Frank.* Thou art enough to make an age of me  
 Thou art so cross and peevish. [*so*

*Fab.* I will chide him;  
 And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.

*Clora.* I would go a mile (to see him cry) in  
 slippers,

He would look so like a whey-cheese.  
*Frank.* 'Would we might see him once more!

*Fab.* If you dare  
 Venture a second trial of his temper,  
 I make no doubt to bring him.

*Clora.* No, good Frank,  
 Let him alone: I see his vein lies only  
 For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,  
 That may express him sturdy.

*Fab.* Now, indeed,  
 You are too sharp, sweet sister; for unless  
 It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,  
 I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,  
 As forward, and as understanding else,  
 As any he that lives.

*Frank.* I do believe you;  
 And, good sir, when you see him, if we have  
 Distasted his opinion any way,  
 Make peace again.

*Fab.* I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.  
*Clora.* Take heed! you had best; he has sworn  
 to pay you else.

*Fab.* I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.  
*Clora.* When he comes next, I have the cough,  
 or tooth-ach,

Or something that shall make me keep my chamber;  
 I love him so well.

*Frank.* 'Would you would keep your tongue!  
 [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—The Street before LELIA's House.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,  
 This Lelia! whom I know too, yet am caught;  
 Her looks are nothing like her: 'Would her faults  
 Were all in Paris print upon her face,  
 Cum privilegio to use 'em still!

I would write an epistle  
 Before it, on the inside of her mask,  
 And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon;  
 With a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader:  
 And they should be to be sold  
 At the sign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pottage-  
 pot,  
 In what street you please. But all this helps not  
 me!  
 I am made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,  
 With a thing I condemn too. I have read Epictetus  
 Twice over against the desire of these outward  
 things;  
 And still her face runs in my mind: I went  
 To say my prayers, and they were so laid out o'  
 That if I could find any prayers I had, [th' way,  
 I am no Christian. This is the door, and the short is,  
 I must see her again. [He knocks.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* Who's there?

*Ang.* 'Tis I:

I would speak with your mistress.

*Maid.* Did she send for you?

*Ang.* No; what then? I would see her. Pr'y-  
 thee, by thy leave!

*Maid.* Not by my leave; for she will not see  
 you, but doth hate  
 You and your friend, and doth wish you both  
 hang'd;

Which, being so proper men, is great pity  
 That you are not.

*Ang.* How is this?

*Maid.* For your sweet self in particular,  
 Who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect  
 her,

She deemeth whipcord the most convenient unction,  
 For your back and shoulders.

*Ang.* Let me in, I'll satisfy her.

*Maid.* And if it shall happen that you are in  
 doubt

Of these my speeches, insomuch that you  
 Shall spend more time in arguing at the door,  
 I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person  
 from above,

Will utter her mind more at large, by way  
 Of urine upon your head, that it may sink  
 The more soundly into your understanding faculties.

*Ang.* This is the strangest thing! Good pretty  
 Why dost thou use me so? I pray thee [soul,  
 Let me in, sweet-heart!

*Maid.* Indeed I cannot, sweet-heart!

*Ang.* Thou art a handsome one, and this cross-  
 Does not become thee. [ness

*Maid.* Alas, I cannot help it.

*Ang.* Especially to me: Thou know'st when I  
 was here,

I said I liked thee of all thy mistress' servants.

*Maid.* So did I you; though it be not my fortune  
 To express it at this present; for truly,  
 If you would cry, I cannot let you in.

*Ang.* [Apart.] Pox on her! I must go the down-  
 right way.—Look you,

Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with her.

*Maid.* I like your gold well, but it is a thing,  
 By Heaven, I cannot do! She will not speak with  
 Especially at this time; she has affairs. [you,

*Ang.* [Apart.] This makes her leave her jesting  
 yet.—But take it,

And let me see her; bring me to a place

Where, undiscerned of herself, I may  
 Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.

*Maid.* Why, 'faith, I think I can; and I will  
 stretch

My wits and body too for gold. If you will swear,  
 As you are gentle, not to stir or speak,  
 Whatever you shall see or hear, now or hereafter—  
 Give me your gold: I'll plant you.

*Ang.* Why, as I am a gentleman,  
 I will not.

*Maid.* Enough. Quick! follow me. [Exit.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Why, where's this maid? She has much  
 care of her business!

Nell! I think she be sunk! Why, Nell! whiew!

*Maid.* [Within.] What's the matter?

*Enter Maid.*

*Serv.* I pray you heartily come away!  
 Oh, come, come. The gentleman my mistress in-  
 vited

Is coming down the street, and the banquet  
 Not yet brought out! [They bring in the banquet.

*Lelia.* [Within.] Nell, sirrah!

*Maid.* I come forsooth. [Exit.

*Serv.* Now must I walk:  
 When there is any fleshly matters in hand,  
 My mistress sends me of a four hours' errand:  
 But if I go not about mine own bodily business  
 As well as she, I am a Turk. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room within the House, with a  
 Gallery: a banquet set out.

*Enter Father, in his disguise as a soldier.*

*Father.* What! all wide open? 'Tis the way to  
 sin,

Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell  
 Are not more passable than these: How they  
 Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.  
 'Tis very strange! If there be any life  
 Within this house, 'would it would shew itself!  
 What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,  
 Or bid me do it? This is something like  
 The entertainment of adventurous knights  
 Entering enchanted castles; for the manner,  
 Though there be nothing dismal to be seen,  
 Amazes me a little. What is meant,  
 By this strange invitation? I will sound  
 My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,  
 If it be possible; for by my voice [Music.  
 She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

THE SONG.

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing  
 Of joys still growing,  
 Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,  
 And ever blowing.  
 Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know  
 What is desire,  
 And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow  
 One spark of fire.  
 And with the power of my enchanting song,  
 Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

*Enter ANGELO on the Gallery.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;  
 Leave off complaining;  
 Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,  
 Are here remaining.

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long  
From being blest,  
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong.  
Yet seek no rest.  
And in an hour, with my enchanting song,  
You shall be ever pleased, and young maids long.

*Enter LELIA and Maid, with Night-gown and Slippers.*

*Lelia.* Sir, you are welcome hither ! as this kiss,  
Given with a larger freedom than the use  
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—  
Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit down.—  
Give him his slippers.—Be not so amazed : [*Drinks.*  
Here's to your health ! and you shall feel this wine  
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—  
Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet, sir ;  
And let us grow in mirth. Though I am set  
Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,  
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods  
Shoot up and down to find a passage out ;  
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,  
And undress one another as we go ;  
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,  
Are yours to be disposed of.

*Father.* Umh ! umh !

[*Makes signs of his white head and beard.*

*Lelia.* You are old ?

Is that your meaning ? Why, you are to me  
The greater novelty ; all our fresh youth  
Are daily offer'd me. Though you perform,  
As you think, little, yet you satisfy  
My appetite ; from your experience  
I may learn something in the way of lust  
I may be better for. But I can teach  
These young ones : But this day I did refuse  
A pair of them, Julio and Angelo,  
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools  
And whelps. [*ANGELO makes discontented signs.*

*Maid.* Pray God he speak not !

[*Maid lays her finger across her mouth to him.*

*Lelia.* Why speak you not,

Sweet sir ?

*Father.* Umh !

[*Slopes his ears ; shows he is troubled with the Music.*

*Lelia.* Peace there, that music !—Now sir,  
Speak to me.

*Father.* Umh !

[*Points at the Maid.*

*Lelia.* Why ? would you have her gone ?

You need not keep your freedom in for her ;  
She knows my life, that she might write it ; think  
She is a stone : She is a kind of bawdy confessor,  
And will not utter secrets.

*Father.* Umh !

[*Points at her again.*

*Lelia.* Be gone then,

Since he needs will have it so. 'Tis all one.

[*Exit Maid. Father locks the door.*

Is all now as you would ? Come, meet me then ;  
And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,  
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave  
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

*Father.* [*Discovering himself.*] Yes, all is as I  
would, but thou !

*Lelia.* By Heaven,

It is my father !

[*Starts.*

*Father.* And I do beseech thee

Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become  
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes [thee  
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold  
How loathed black it is ; and whereas now  
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,  
Go but into thy closet, and there cry

Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt see  
How excellent a change thou wilt have made,  
For inward beauty.

*Lelia.* Though I know him now

[*Aside.*

To be my father, never let me live  
If my lust do abate ! I'll take upon me  
To have known him all this while.

*Father.* Look ! dost thou know me ?

*Lelia.* I knew you, sir, before.

*Father.* What didst thou do ?

*Lelia.* Knew you : And so unmovedly have you  
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you, [borne  
With such a noble temper, which indeed  
I purposely cast on you, to discern  
Your carriage in calamity, and you  
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,  
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child  
Into the hot affection of a lover :  
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,  
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

*Father.* A woman ?

Thou art not, sure !

*Lelia.* Look and believe.

*Father.* Thou art

Something created to succeed the devil,  
When he grows weary of his envious course,  
And compassing the world. But I believe thee ;  
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,  
And dost so still : But better be advised,  
And make thy trial with some other things  
That safer will admit a dalliance :  
And if it should be earnest, understand  
How curs'd thou art ! so far from Heaven, that thou  
Believ'et it not enough to damn alone,  
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins  
Unnatural upon this aged head ;  
And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell !

*Lelia.* You are deceived, sir ; 'tis not against  
For us to lie together : if you have [nature  
An arrow of the same tree with your bow,  
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there  
Than in another ? 'Tis our general nature  
To procreate, as fire's is to consume ;  
And it will trouble you to find a stick  
The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will  
We should not mix, she will discover to us  
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs  
Will not be fit ; which if we do perceive  
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure  
That we should deal with others.

*Father.* The doors are fast ;

Thou shalt not say a prayer ! 'tis not God's will  
Thou shouldst. When this is done, I'll kill myself,  
That never man may tell me I got thee.

[*Father draws his sword ; ANGELO discovers himself.*

*Lelia.* I pray you, sir !—Help there !—for God's  
sake, sir !

*Ang.* Hold, reverend sir ! for honour of your age !

*Father.* Who's that ?

*Ang.* For safety of your soul, and of the soul  
Of that too-wicked woman yet to die !

*Father.* What art thou ? and how cam'st thou to  
that place ?

*Ang.* I am a man so strangely hither come,  
That I have broke an oath in speaking this ;  
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,  
And I desire your patience. Let me in,  
And I protest I will not hinder you  
In any act you wish, more than by word.  
If so I can persuade you, that I will not

Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.  
This house holds none but I, only a maid,  
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

*Father.* I do not know thee; but thy tongue  
doth seem

To be acquainted with the truth so well  
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy sword.

*Ang.* There 'tis! [*Throws down his sword, and exits.*]

*Lelia.* How came he there? I am betray'd  
to shame!

The fear of sudden death struck me all over  
So violently, that I scarce have breath  
To speak yet: But I have it in my head,  
And out it shall, that, Father, may perhaps  
O'er-reach you yet.

[*Father lets in ANGIOLO, and locks the door.*]

*Father.* Come, sir; what is't you say?

*Lelia.* My Angelo! By all the joys of love,  
Thou art as welcome, as these pliant arms  
Twined round, and fast about thee, can persuade  
thee!

*Ang.* Away!

*Lelia.* I was in such a fright before thou cam'st!  
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,  
Though it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here!  
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore  
He was my father, and, I think, believed it:  
But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,  
I'faith he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,  
That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?

*Father.* Are you her companion? and with these  
fair words,

Got in to rescue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*]

*Ang.* Hold, sir!

I swear I do not harbour such a thought:  
I speak it not for that you have two swords,  
But for 'tis truth.

*Lelia.* Two swords, my Angelo?

Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms  
And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords  
And ne'er an arm to use 'em: Rush upon him!  
I could have beaten him with this weak body,  
If I had had the spirit of a man.

*Ang.* Stand from me, and leave talking, or by  
Heaven

I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee!

*Father.* Why do you hinder me then? stand  
And I will rid her quickly. [*away,*]

*Lelia.* 'Would I were  
Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.

*Ang.* Oh, be advised! Why, you were better  
kill her,

If she were good. Convey her from this place,  
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,  
May visit her; where let her hear of nought  
But death and damning, (which she hath deserved)  
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;  
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know  
But she may mend?

*Father.* But whither should I bear her?

*Ang.* To my house;

'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.

*Father.* I thank you, sir; and happily it fits  
With some design I have. But how shall we  
Convey her—

*Lelia.* Will they carry me away?

*Father.* For she will scratch and kick, and  
scream so loud

That people will be drawn to rescue her.

*Ang.* Why none can hear her here, but her own  
Who is as fast as she. [*maid,*]

*Father.* But in the street?

*Ang.* Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,  
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw  
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door, [*'em*  
And hurry 'em away.

*Father.* It shall be so.

I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:  
There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly.

—This way with me, thou disobedient child!

Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?

Let it be still; for I will have it search'd

Till I have found a well of living tears

Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,

And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,

Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.

*Lelia.* Help! help! ah! ah! Murder! I shall be  
murder'd! [*They drag her.*]

I shall be murdered!

*Father.* This helps thee not.

*Lelia.* Basely murder'd, basely!

*Father.* I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter LOLOVICO and PISO.*

*Lod.* This roguish Captain has made fine work  
with us.

*Piso.* I would the devil in a storm would carry  
Home to his garrison again. I ache all over, [*him*  
That I am sure of! Certainly my body  
Is of a wildfire, for my head rings backward,  
Or else I have a morris in my brains.

*Lod.* I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well re-  
did not the vision promise to appear [*member'd*];  
About this time again?

*Piso.* Yes. Here he comes:  
He's just on's word.

*Enter Father.*

*Father.* Oh, they be here together.  
She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger

Whether, as now she is, either of these  
Two fools be worthy of her: Yet, because  
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,  
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em  
(And Piso, since I understand him abler)  
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,  
And willingly, as I will handle it.  
I have a ring here, which he shall believe  
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of:  
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his  
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose  
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is;  
I am too old.

*Lod.* It moves again; let's meet it.

*Father.* Now, if I be not out, we shall have  
fine sport.—

I am glad I have met you, sir, so happily;  
You do remember me, I am sure.



*Lod.* I do, sir.

*Piso.* This is a short prelude to a challenge.

*Father.* I have a message, sir, that much concerns you,

And for your special good. Nay, you may hear

*Piso.* What should this fellow mean? [too.]

*Father.* There is a lady—

How the poor thing begins to warm already—

[*Aside.*]

Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, sir)

Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions,

And all the graces that make up a woman,

A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works;

He needs no broth upon't.

[*Aside.*]

*Lod.* What of her, sir?

*Father.* No more but this; she loves you.

*Lod.* Loves me?

*Father.* Yes;

And with a strong affection, but a fair one.

If you be wise and thankful, you are made:

There's the whole matter.

*Lod.* I am sure I hear this.

*Father.* Here is a ring, sir, of no little value;

Which, after she had seen you at a window,

She bade me haste, and give it; when she blush'd  
Like a blown rose.

*Lod.* But pray, sir, by your leave—

Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.

*Father.* I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser  
Of broken-winded women: If you fear me,

I'll take my leave, and let my lady use

A fellow of more form; an honest

I am sure she cannot.

*Lod.* Stay! you have confirm'd me:

Yet let me feel; you are in health?

*Father.* I hope so;

My water's well enough, and my pulse.

*Lod.* Then

All may be excellent. Pray pardon me;

For I am like a boy that had found money,  
Afraid I dream still.

*Piso.* Sir, what kind of woman,

Of what proportion, is your lady?

*Lod.* Ay?

*Father.* I'll tell you presently her very picture:

Do you know a woman in this town they call—

Stay; yes; it is so—Lelia?

*Piso.* Not by sight.

*Father.* Nor you, sir?

*Lod.* Neither.

*Father.* These are precious rogues, [*Aside.*]

To rail upon a woman they ne'er saw:

So they would use their kindred.

*Piso.* We have heard, though,

She is very fair and goodly.

*Father.* Such another,

Just of the same complexion, making, speech,

(But a thought sweeter) is my lady.

*Lod.* Then

She must be excellent indeed.

*Father.* Indeed she is,

And you will find it so. You do believe me?

*Lod.* Yes, marry do I; and I am so alter'd—

*Father.* Your happiness will alter any man.

Do not delay the time, sir: At a house

Where Don Velasco lay, the Spanish signor,

Which now is signor Angelo's, she is.

*Lod.* I know it.

*Father.* But before you shew yourself,

Let it be night by all means; willingly

By day she would not have such gallants seen

Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.

*Lod.* I'll go and fit myself.

*Father.* Do; and be sure

You send provision in, in full abundance,

Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,

She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token

Of worth to send her back again? You must;

She will expect it.

*Lod.* Yes; pray give her this, [Gives a ring.]

And with it, all I have. I am made for ever!

[*Exit.*]

*Piso.* Well, thou hast fool's luck. Should I live  
as long

As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,

I should not be the better of a penny.

I think the devil be my ghostly father!

Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;

I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,

Which is a pretty matter.

*Father.* Do you think, sir,

That your friend, Signor Piso, will be constant

Unto my lady? you should know him well.

*Piso.* Who? Signor Piso?

*Father.* Yes, the gentleman.

*Piso.* Why, you are wide, sir.

*Father.* Is not his name Piso?

*Piso.* No; mine is Piso.

*Father.* How!

*Piso.* It is indeed, sir;

And his is Lodovic.

*Father.* Then I'm undone, sir!

For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal

Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!

*Piso.* Peace;

There is no harm done yet.

*Father.* Now 'tis too late,

I know my error: At turning of a street,

(For you were then upon the right-hand of him)

You changed your places suddenly; where I

(Like a cross blockhead) lost my memory.

What shall I do? My lady utterly

Will put me from her favour.

*Piso.* Never fear it;

I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!

Am I at length reputed? For the ring,

I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him;

He had better keep tame devils than that ring.

Art thou not steward?

*Father.* No.

*Piso.* Thou shalt be shortly.

*Father.* Lord, how he takes it!

[*Aside.*]

*Piso.* I'll go shift me straight.

Art sure it was to Piso?

*Father.* Oh, too sure, sir.

*Piso.* I'll mount thee, if I live, for't.—Give me  
patience,

Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!

I am but man!—I pr'ythee break my head,

To make me understand I am sensible.

*Father.* Lend me your dagger, and I will, sir.

*Piso.* No;

I believe now, like a good Christian.

*Father.* Good sir, make haste; I dare not go

without you,

Since I have so mistaken.

*Piso.* 'Tis no matter:

Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's.—

Well, go thy ways, old leg! thou hast the trick  
on't.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ANGELO and JULIO.*

*Ang.* How now! the news?

*Father.* Well, passing well; I have 'em Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.

*Julio.* I am glad on't. I must leave you.

*Ang.* Whither, man?

*Julio.* If all go right, I may be fast enough too.

*Ang.* I cry you mercy, sir! I know your mean-  
Clora's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow. [ing:  
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,  
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:  
They'll serve for witnesses.

*Julio.* I will. Farewell!

[*Exeunt JULIO at one Door; ANGELO and Father at another.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in FREDERICK'S House.

*Enter CLORA, FRANK, FREDERICK, and Maid.*

*Fred.* Sister, I brought you Jacomo to th' door:  
He has forgot all that he said last night;  
And shame of that makes him more loth to come.  
I left Fabritio persuading him;  
But 'tis in vain.

*Frank.* Alas, my fortune, Clora!

*Clora.* Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you  
That loves you when he's drunk. [love,

*Frank.* If so,

'Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,  
Would make him drink.

*Clora.* 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,  
He has such pretty humours then. Besides,  
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you  
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for then  
He will be sure to love you the greatest part on's  
life.

*Frank.* And were not I a happy woman then?

*Clora.* That ever was born, Frank, i'faith.

*Fred.* How now, what says he?

*Enter FABRITIO.*

*Fab.* 'Faith, you may

As well 'tice a dog up with a whip and bell,  
As him by telling him of love and women:  
He swears they mock him.

*Fred.* Look how my sister weeps.

*Fab.* Why, who can help it?

*Fred.* Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.

*Fab.* Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths  
Arithmetic can make, ere he believe me;  
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous  
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him  
She loved, he would embrace it.

*Fred.* She herself

Shall bate so much of her own modesty,  
To swear it to him, with such tears as now  
You see rain from her.

*Fab.* I believe 'twould work;  
But would you have her do't i' th' open street?  
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.  
How shall we get him hither?

*Fred.* By entreaty.

*Fab.* 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could  
Anger him hither, (as there is no way  
But that to bring him) and then hold him fast,  
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him  
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant  
As a pleased child. He walks below for me,  
Under the window.

*Clora.* We'll anger him, I warrant ye:

††

Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of water,  
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.

*Fab.* Content! Hang me, if I like not  
To cast on't rarely: for no question

'Tis an approved receipt to fetch such a fellow.  
Take all the woman-kind in this house, betwixt  
The age of one and one hundred, and let them  
Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing  
Seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave  
Till the above-named pot or bowl become full;  
Then let one of them stretch out her arm, and  
pour it

On his head, and, *probatum est*, 'twill fetch him;  
For in his anger he will run up, and then  
Let us alone.

*Clora.* Go you and do it.

[*Exit Maid.*

*Frank.* Good Clora, no.

*Clora.* Away, I say, and do it. Never fear;  
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.

*Frank.* Why, this will make him mad, Fabritio;  
He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.

*Fab.* I warrant you. What, is the wench come  
up?

*Enter Maid above.*

*Clora.* Art thou there, wench?

*Maid.* Ay.

*Fab.* Look out then

If thou canst see him.

*Maid.* Yes, I see him; and by my troth  
He stands so fair, I could not hold, were he  
My father. His hat's off too, and he's scratching  
His head.

*Fab.* Oh, wash that hand, I pr'ythee.

*Maid.* God send thee good luck!

'Tis the second time I have thrown thee out to-day.  
—Ha, ha, ha! just on's head.

*Frank.* Alas!

*Fab.* What does he now?

*Maid.* He gathers stones; God's light, he breaks  
all the street-windows!

*Jac.* [Within.] Whores! bawds! your windows,

*Maid.* Now he is breaking [your windows!  
All the low windows with his sword: Excellent  
sport!

Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him;  
Truly the man takes it patiently: Now he goes  
Down the street gravely, looking on each side;  
There's not one more dare laugh.

*Frank.* Does he go on?

*Maid.* Yes.

*Frank.* Fabritio, you have undone a maid

[*Kneels.*

By treachery; know you some other better,  
You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,  
Bring him again! I have no other hope  
But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail me,  
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out  
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.

*Fab.* This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.  
If I have any truth, let what will happen,

[*Lifts her up.*

I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand  
At the street-door, the maids, and all, to watch  
When I come back, and have some private place  
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow  
In fury, but I know I can outrun him:  
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,  
And use your own discretions.

*Fred.* We will do it.



*Fab.* But suddenly; for I will bring him hither, With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over All that's in's way: And though my life be ven- 'Tis no great matter, I will do't. [tured,  
*Frank.* I thank you,  
Worthy Fabricio. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Street.**Enter JACOBO.*

*Jac.* I ever knew no woman could abide me; But am I grown so contemptible, By being once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin To throw piss on my head? for surely it was piss: Huh, huh! [Smells.

*Enter FABRITIO.*

*Fab.* Jacomo, how dost thou?  
*Jac.* Well, something troubled With wat'rish humours.  
*Fab.* Foh! how thou stink'st!  
Pr'ythee stand further off me. Methinks these humours Become thee better than thy dry cholerick humours, Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!  
*Jac.* You are pleasant;  
But, Fabricio, know I am not in the mood Of suffering jests.  
*Fab.* If you be not i' th' mood, I hope you will not be moody. But truly I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you stood eves-dropping Under their window, and would not come up.  
*Jac.* Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk, Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe, Be sure you shall account to me.  
*Fab.* The gentlewomen and the maids have counted To you already; the next turn I see is mine.  
*Jac.* Let me die, but this is very strange! Good Do not provoke me so. [Fabricio,  
*Fab.* Provoke you? You're grown The strangest fellow! there's no keeping company Pish! take you that. [with you.

[FABRITIO gives him a box o' th' ear. JACOBO draws his sword.  
*Jac.* Oh, all the devils! Stand, slave!  
*Fab.* Follow me if thou dar'st. [Exit.  
*Jac.* Stay, coward, stay! [Exit running.

SCENE IV.—*The Room in FREDERICK'S House.**Enter FREDERICK, FRANK, CLORA, SERVANT, and Maid.*

*Clora.* Be ready; for I see Fabricio running, And Jacomo behind him.

*Enter FABRITIO.*

*Fab.* Where's the place?  
*Fred.* That way, Fabricio. [Exit FABRITIO.

*Enter JACOBO.*

*Jac.* Where art thou, traitor?  
[FREDERICK, CLORA, and Maid lay hold on JACOBO.  
What's the matter, sirs?  
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd!  
Torture and hell be with you! let me go!  
[They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.  
*Fred.* Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear

What I can say: You know I am your friend; If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

*Jac.* 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my breath were poison!

*Fred.* As I have life, that which was thrown on you, And this now done, were but to draw you hither For causes weighty, that concern yourself, Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister, Shall tell you.

*Jac.* Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me

For ever here; and, till you let me go, I'll talk no more.

*Frank.* As you're a gentleman, [Exeunt.  
Let not this boldness make me be believed To be immodest! If there were a way More silently to be acquainted with you, God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is, Take it in plainness: I do love you more Than you do your content. If you refuse To pity me, I'll never cease to weep; And when mine eyes be out, I will be told How fast the tears I shed for you do fall; And if they do not flow abundantly, I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap, As if the fire were under.

*Jac.* Fine mocking, fine mocking!

*Fred.* Mocking? Look how she weeps.

*Jac.* Does she counterfeit crying too?

*Fred.* Behold how the tears flow! Or pity her, Or never more be call'd a man.

*Jac.* How's this?

Soft you, soft you, my masters! Is't possible, She should be in earnest? [think you,

*Clora.* Earnest? Ay, in earnest: She is a fool to break so many sleeps, That would have been sound ones, And venture such a face, and so much life, For e'er an humorous ass i' th' world.

*Frank.* Why, Clora, I have known you cry as much for Julio, That has not half his worth. All night you write And weep, too much, I fear; I do but what I should.

*Clora.* If I do write, I am answer'd, Frank.

*Frank.* I would I might be so!

*Jac.* Good Frederick, let me go; I would fain try if that thing do not counterfeit.

*Fred.* Give me your sword then.

*Jac.* No; but take my word, As I am man, I will not hurt a creature Under this roof, before I have deliver'd Myself, as I am now, into your hands, Or have your full consent.

*Fred.* It is enough. [They let him loose.

*Jac.* Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your I am an infidel, if she do not weep! [face:— Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe The old wet off: The fresh tears come! Pox on't, I am

A handsome gracious fellow amongst women, And knew't not.—Gentlewoman, how should I know

These tears are for me? Is not your mother dead?  
*Frank.* By Heaven, they are for you!

*Jac.* 'Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and powder'd

To-morrow by break of day. If you love me, I pray you kiss me; for if I love you,

It shall be such love as I will not be  
Ashamed of.—If this be a mock, [Kisses.  
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock  
That e'er I tasted. Mock me so again!

[Kisses again.  
*Fred.* Fy, Jacomo! why do you let her kneel  
So long?

*Jac.* It's true; I had forgot it, and should have  
done [Lifts her up.

This twelvemonth: Pray you rise.—Frederick,  
If I could all this while have been persuaded  
She could have loved me, dost thou think I had  
Not rather kiss her than another should?  
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;  
But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut  
All your throats sleeping!

*Fred.* Oh, do not think of such a thing.

*Jac.* Otherwise, if she be in earnest, the short is,  
I am.

*Frank.* Alas, I am.

*Jac.* And I did not think it possible any woman  
Could have liked this face: It's good for nothing,  
*Clora.* Yes, [is it?

It is worth forty shillings to pawn, being lined  
Almost quite through with velvet.

*Frank.* 'Tis better than your Julio's.

*Jac.* Thou thinkest so;  
But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.  
[Kisses her.

*Enter FABRITIO.*

*Fab.* Hist, Jacomo! How dost thou, boy, ha?

*Jac.* Why, very well,  
I thank you, sir.

*Fab.* Dost thou perceive the reason  
Of matters and passages, yet, sirrah, or no?

*Jac.* 'Tis wond'rous good, sir.

*Fab.* I have done simply for you:  
But now you are beaten to some understanding,  
I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,  
But dispatch your matrimony with all convenient  
speed.

*Fred.* He gives good counsel.

*Jac.* And I'll follow it.

*Fab.* And I you. Pr'ythee do not take it un-  
kindly;

For, trust me, I box'd thee for thy advancement:  
A foolish desire I had to joggle thee  
Into preferment.

*Jac.* I apprehend you, sir;  
And if I can study out a course how a bastinadoing  
May any ways raise your fortunes in the state,  
You shall be sure on't.

*Fab.* Oh, sir, keep your way.  
God send you much joy!

*Clora.* And me my Julio! [JULIO speaks within.  
Oh, God, I hear his voice! Now he is true,  
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you!

[Exeunt all but FREDERICK.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, I would speak with you.

*Fred.* What is your hasty business, friend?

*Mess.* The duke commands your present attend-  
ance at court.

*Fred.* The cause?

*Mess.* I know not in particular: but this;  
Many are sent for more, about affairs  
Foreign, I take it, sir.

*Fred.* I will be there  
Within this hour. Return my humble service.

*Mess.* I will, sir. [Exit.

*Fred.* Farewell, friend. What news with you?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My mistress would desire you, sir, to  
follow

With all the haste you can: She is gone to church,  
To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,  
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,  
Fair mistress Clora.

*Fred.* Julio marry Clora?

Thou art deceived, I warrant thee.

*Serv.* No sure, sir;

I saw their lips as close upon the bargain  
As cockles.

*Fred.* Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;  
The duke hath sent for me in haste.

*Serv.* This note, sir,  
When you are free, will bring you where they are.  
[Exit.

*Fred.* [Reading.] "You shall find us all at  
Signor Angelo's,  
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia  
Of famous memory, are to be married;  
And we not far behind." 'Would I had time  
To wonder at this last couple in hell.

*Enter Messenger again.*

*Mess.* You are stay'd for, sir.

*Fred.* I come. Pray God the business  
Hold me not from this sport! I would not lose it.  
[Exeunt.

# SCENE V.—An Apartment in ANGELO's House.

*Enter FATHER, PISO, ANGELO, and LELIA.*

*Ang.* God give you joy, and make you live  
together

A happy pair!

*Piso.* I do not doubt we shall. There was never  
Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune!

I could thrust my head betwixt two pales, and  
strip me

Out of my old skin like a snake. Will the guests  
come,

Thou saidst thou sentest for to solemnise the  
nuptials?

*Father.* They will; I look'd for 'em ere this.

*Enter JULIO, JACOMO, FABRITIO, FRANK, and CLORA.*

*Julio.* By your leave all.

*Father.* They are here, sir.

*Julio.* Especially, fair lady,  
I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed  
I wish all good success! I have here brought you  
Such guests as can discern your happiness,  
And best do know how to rejoice at it  
(For such a fortune they themselves have run):  
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;  
Noble Fabritio, (whom this age of peace  
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars);  
And his true friend, this lady, who is but  
A piece of me.

*Lelia.* Sir, you are welcome all!—

Are they not, sir? [Exit Father.

*Piso.* Bring in some wine;

Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither.  
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.

*Lelia.* An unexpected honour you have done  
To our too hasty wedding.

*Jac.* 'Faith, madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours :

We're glad to run up and down any whither,  
To see where we can get meat to our wedding.

*Piso.* That Lodovic hath provided too, good ass!

*Ang.* I thought you, Julio, would not thus have stolen

A marriage, without acquainting your friends.

*Julio.* Why, I did give thee inkings.

*Ang.* If a marriage

Should be thus slubber'd up in a play,  
Ere almost any body had taken notice  
You were in love, the spectators would take it  
To be but ridiculous.

*Julio.* This was the first, and I

Will never hide another secret from you.

*Enter Father.*

*Father.* Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: Hide  
And it will be the best sport—— [yourself,

*Piso.* Gentlemen,

I pray you take no notice I am here :

The coxcomb Lodovic is coming in. [Retires.

*Enter Lodovic.*

*Lod.* Is that the lady?

*Father.* That is my lady.

*Lod.* As I live, she's a fair one!

What make all these here?

*Father.* Oh, Lord, sir, she's so pester'd——

*Fab.* Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio  
Told us.

*Lod.* Fair lady, health to you! Some words  
I have, that require an utterance more private  
Than this place can afford.

*Lelia.* I'll call my husband;

All business I hear with his ears now.

*Lod.* Good madam, no; (but I perceive your jest)  
You have no husband; I am the very man  
That walk'd the streets so comely.

*Lelia.* Are you so?

*Lod.* Yes, 'faith; when Cupid first did prick  
I am not cruel; but the love begun [your heart.  
I' th' street I'll satisfy i' th' chamber fully.

*Lelia.* To ask a madman whether he be mad  
Were but an idle question; if you be,  
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,  
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps  
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

*Lod.* Good madam, stay; do not you know this  
ring?

*Lelia.* Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man  
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,  
And this he brought me for it: Did you change it?  
Are you a goldsmith?

*Lod.* Sure the world is mad!—

Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your  
lady?

*Father.* Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your worship  
must

Even bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it;  
And so, as I was saying to your worship,  
My lady is now married.

*Lod.* Married? to whom?

*Father.* To your worship's friend Piso.

*Lod.* 'Sdeath! to Piso?

*Piso.* [Within.] Ha, ha, ha!

*Ang.* Yes, sir, I can assure you  
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey  
eyes.

*Lod.* Why, what a rogue art thou then? Then  
Send in provision too. [hast made me

*Father.* Oh, a gentleman  
Should not have such foul words in's mouth;  
But your worship's provision  
Could not have come in at a fitter time.

Will it please you to taste any of your own wine?  
It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.

*Lod.* Pox, I am mad!

*Ang.* You have always plots, sir; and see how  
they fall out!

*Jac.* You had a plot upon me: How do you  
like this?

*Lod.* I do not speak to you.

*Fab.* Because you dare not.

*Lod.* But I will have one of that old rogue's  
teeth  
Set in this ring.

*Father.* Dost not thou know  
That I can beat thee?—Dost thou know it now?  
[Discovers him.

*Lod.* He beat me once indeed.

*Father.* And if you have  
Forgot it, I can call a witness.—Come forth, Piso  
Remember you it?

*Piso.* 'Faith, I do call to mind  
Such a matter. [Coming forward

*Father.* And if I cannot still do't,  
You are young, and will assist your father-in-law.

*Piso.* My father-in-law?

*Ang.* Your father-in-law,  
As sure as this is widow Lelia.

*Piso.* How? widow Lelia?

*Father.* 'Faith, 'tis she, son.

*Lod.* Ha, ha, ha! let my provision go!  
I am glad I have miss'd the woman.

*Piso.* Have you put  
A whore upon me?

*Lelia.* By heaven, you do me wrong!  
I have a heart as pure as any woman's;  
And I mean to keep it so for ever.

*Father.* There is  
No starting now, son; if you offer it,  
I can compel you; her estate is great,  
But all made o'er to me, before this match:  
Yet if you use her kindly, (as I swear  
I think she will deserve) you shall enjoy it  
During your life, all, save some slender piece  
I will reserve for my own maintenance;  
And if God bless you with a child by her,  
It shall have all.

*Piso.* So I may have the means,  
I do not much care what the woman is.—  
Come, my sweetheart! as long as I shall find  
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,  
Let people talk their tongues out.

*Lelia.* They may talk  
Of what is pass'd; but all that is to come  
Shall be without occasions.

*Julio.* Shall we not make  
Piso and Lodovic friends?

*Jac.* Hang 'em, they dare not be enemies;  
Or, if they be, the danger is not great.  
Welcome, Frederick!

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Fred.* First, joy unto you all!  
And next, I think we shall have wars.

*Jac.* Give me some wine!  
I'll drink to that.

*Fab.* I'll pledge.

*Frank.* But I shall lose you then.

*Jac.* Not a whit, wench;

I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.

*Fred.* Fabritio's command, and yours,  
Are both restored.

*Jac.* Bring me four glasses then!

*Fab.* Where are they?

*Ang.* You shall not drink 'em here. 'Tis supper  
time!

And from my house no creature here shall stir  
These three days; mirth shall flow as well as wine.

*Father.* Content. Within, I'll tell you more at  
large

How much I am bound to all, but most to you,  
Whose undeserved liberality  
Must not escape thus unrequited.

*Jac.* 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:  
Of every noble action the intent  
Is to give Worth reward, Vice punishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be  
Your own free judges) this play utterly,  
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss!  
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,  
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be  
Never in cold blood! O' my honesty,  
(If I have any) this I'll say for all;  
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

KND OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

BRADSHAW AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.