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FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584
Died 1616

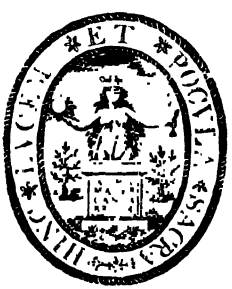
JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579
Died 1625

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE WOMANS PRIZE
THE ISLAND PRINCESS
THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN
THE CORONATION
THE COXCOMB

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.



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THE WOMANS PRIZE, OR THE TAMER TAM'D. A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Moroso, *an old rich doting Citizen, suitor to* Livia.
Sophocles, } *Two Gentlemen, friends*
Tranio, } *to* Petruchio.
Petruchio, *An* Italian *Gent. Husband to* Maria.
Rowland, *A young Gent. in love with* Livia.
Petronius, *Father to* Maria *and* Livia.
Jaques, } *Two witty servants to* Pe-
Pedro, } truchio.
Doctor.
Apothecarie.
Watchmen.
Porters.

WOMEN.

Maria, *A chaste witty Lady,* } *The two masculine daughters*
Livia, *Mistriss to* Rowland. } *of* Petronius.
Biancha, *Their Cosin, and Commander in chief.*
City Wives, } *To the relief of the Ladies, of which,*
Countrey Wives, } *two were drunk.*
Maids.

The Scene London.

PROLOGUE.

Ladies to you, in whose defence and right,
Fletchers *brave Muse prepar'd her self to fight*
A battel without blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
We do present this Comedy, *in which*
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Add Grace and Ornament to a merry Play.
Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our Female War.
We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set Speeches, high Expressions, and what's worse,
In a true Comedy, *politick discourse.*
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
Hear, and observe his Comique strain, and when
Y' are sick of melancholy, see't agen.
'Tis no dear Physick since 'twill quit the cost:
Or his intentions with our pains, are lost.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Moroso, Sophocles, *and* Tranio, *with Rosemary, as from a wedding.*

Mo. GOd give 'em joy.
Tra. Amen.
Soph. Amen, say I too:
The pudding's now i'th' proof, alas poor wench.
Through what a mine of patience must thou work,
E'r thou know'st good hour more!
Tra. 'Tis too true: Certain,
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I protest
I pity the poor Gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.
Soph. This old thief flatters, out of meer devotion,
To please the Father for his second daughter.
Tra. But shall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have *Rome.*
And yet the father's for him.
Mor. I'll assure ye,
I hold him a good man.
Soph. Yes sure a wealthy,
But whether a good womans man, is doubtful.
Tra. Would 'twere no worse.
M[o]r. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she? dos't follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft Maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too:
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be—
Mor. What would you do, Sir?
Tra. I would learn to eat coals with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom.
To be a wife, and his.
Soph. So I should think too.
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her Ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio,*
Than I am *Babylon.*
Soph. He's a good fellow,

And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender soul—
Tra. His very frown, if she but say her prayers
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
The motion of a Dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a Water-work;
She must do nothing of her self; not eat,
Drink, say Sir, how do ye? make her ready, unready,
Unless he bid her.
Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three weeks.
Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques *with a pot of Wine.*

Mor. He loves her most extreamly,
And so long 'twill be Honey-moon. Now *Jaques.*
You are a busie man I am sure.
Jaq. Yes certain,
This old sport must have eggs.
Sop. Not yet this ten daies.
Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadel.
Tra. That's right, Sir.
Mor. This fellow broods his Master: speed ye *Jaques.*
Soph. We shall be for you presently.
Jaq. Your worships
Shall have it rich and neat: and o' my conscience
As welcome as our *Lady-day*: Oh my old Sir,
When shall we see your worship run at Ring?
That hour, a standing were worth money.
Mor. So Sir.
Jaq. Upon my little honesty, your Mistriss,
If I have any speculation, must think
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but even poor sport.
Mor. Y'are merry.
Ja. Would I were wise too: so God bless your worship.
Tra. The fellow tells you true. [*Exit* Jaq.
Soph. When is the day man?
Come, come, you'll steal a marriage.
Mor. Nay, believe me:

But when her Father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.
Mor. There's reason in't.
Soph. Call'd *Rowland*—
Mor. Will ye walk?
They'll think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.
Tra. You have wip'd him now.
Soph. So will he never the wench, I hope.
Tra. I wish it. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Rowland *and* Livia.

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'll go away to night,
If your affections be not made of words.
Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly *Rowland*,
Is there none near us? my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever Sainted you—
Row. Why then take this way.
Liv. 'Twill be a childish, and a less prosperous course,
Than his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Row. Then you flatter.
Liv. Alas, you know I cannot.
Ro[*w*]. What hope's left else
But flying to enjoy ye?
Liv. None so far,
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruine,
Can such a by-way bring us? if your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.
Row. And then *Moroso* h'as ye.

Liv. No such matter
For hold this certain, begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty English *Croacus*;
Switches, or Stones for th' tooth-ache sooner finds me,
Than that drawn Fox *Moroso.*
Row. But his money,
If wealth may win you—
Liv. If a Hog may be
High Priest among the *Jews*? his money *Rowland*?
Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?
Why, can his money kiss me?
Row. Yes.
Liv. Behind,
Laid out upon a Petticoat: or graspe me
While I cry, Oh good thank you? o'my troth
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear: or lie with me.
As you may do? alas, what fools you men are?
His mouldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot sit, but stampt fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.
Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.
Liv. Goe thy ways,
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:
Y'faith I will not fail thee.
Row. I had rather—
Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods—
Row. But—
Liv. What but?
Row. I would tell you.
Liv. I know all you can tell me; all's but this,
You would have me, and lie with me; is't not so?
Row. Yes.
Liv. Why you shall; will that content you? Goe.
Row. I am very loth to goe.

Enter Byancha *and* Maria.

Liv. Now o' my conscience
Thou art an honest fellow: here's my Sister;
Go, prethee go; this kiss, and credit me,
E'r I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do.
Farewel.
Row. Farewel. [*Exit* Rowland.
Liv. Alas poor fool, how it looks!
It would ev'n hang it self, should I but cross it.
For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.
Bya. Nay, never look for merry hour, *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual Anvile to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own council,
You shall not say that I perswaded you.
But if you suffer him—
Mar. Stay, shall I do it?
Bya. Have you a stomach to't?
Mar. I never shew'd it.
Bya. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.
Mar. I am perfect,
Like *Curtius*, to redeem my Countrey, I have
Leap'd into this gulph of marriage, and I'll do it.
Farewel all poorer thoughts, but spight and anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now cosin,
I am no more the gentle, tame *Maria*;
Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me
Made of a North wind, nothing but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruin,
Till I have run my Will out.
Bya. This is brave now,
If you continue it; but your own Will lead you.
Mar. Adieu all tenderness, I dare continue;
Maids that are made of fears, and modest blushes,
View me, and love example.

Bya. Here is your Sister.
Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.
Bya. That loves the young man. (is't?
Mar. I and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart
When *Paphos* Revels should rowze up old night,
To sweat against a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o'th lungs, to rise sport starv'd?
Liv. Dear Sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?
Mar. Why at Church, wench;
Where I am ti'd to talke thus: I am a wife now.
Liv. It seems so, and a modest.
Mar. You are an ass;
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.
Liv. 'Bless me.
Mar. From what?
Bya. From such a tame fool as our cosin *Livia*?
Liv. You are not mad.
Mar. Yes wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance: mark me *Livia*;
Or indeed fit for our sex: 'Tis bed time.
Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant Bridegroom.
Liv. Whither will this woman?
Bya. You may perceive her end.
Liv. Or rather fear it.
Mar. Dare you be partner in't?
Liv. Leave it *Maria*,
I fear I have mark'd too much, for goodness leave it;
Divest you with obedient hands, to bed.
Mar. To bed? no *Livia*, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Must yet before I know that heat (ne'r start wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be *Livia*.
Liv. Never hope it.
'Tis as easie with a Sive to scoop the Ocean, as
To tame *Petruchio*.

Mar. Stay: *Lucina* hear me,
Never unlock the treasure of my womb
For humane fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mothers labor to me; if I do
Give way unto my married Husband's Will,
Or be a Wife in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easie as a child,
And tame as fear, he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another Joynture from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man;
And when I kiss him, till I have my Will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.
Liv. A strange *Exordium.*
Bya. All the several wrongs
Done by Imperious Husbands to their Wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou hast a brave cause.
Mar. And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my life out ever after.
Liv. In what part of the world got she this spirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, look before you truly,
Besides the obedience of a wife;
Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own, it shews
So distant from your sweetness.
Mar. 'Tis I swear.
Liv. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
To work this desperate cure.
Mar. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim at, disobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own noble Will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her Husbands pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.
Liv. His first wife said as much.
Mar. She was a fool,

And took a scurvy course; let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do'em:
I have a new dance for him.
Liv. Are you of this faith?
Bya. Yes truly, and will die in't.
Liv. Why then let's all wear breeches.
Mar. Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman;
Hang these tame hearted Eyasses, that no sooner
See the Lure out, and hear their Husbands hollow,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedom, sail in ev'ry air,
And look out ev'ry pleasure; not regarding
Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundred keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Liv. You are learned, Sister;
Yet I say still take heed.
Mar. A witty saying;
I'll tell thee *Livia*, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse than both.
Liv. Hey, hey boys, this is excellent.
Mar. Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like Bels, to make 'em
Sound to his Will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And, spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
W[a]nting both teeth and spleen, may Master him.
Bya. Thou wilt be chronicl'd.
Mar. That's all I aim at.

Liv. I must confess, I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious Husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.
Bya. To make him cuckold?
Mar. If he deserve it.
Liv. Then I'll leave ye Ladies.
Bya. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.
Mar. Go sleep, go sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd souls, as thou hast *Livia.*
Liv. Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you (presently.
Mar. That's more than you know.
Liv. If ye work upon him,
As you have promised, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.
Mar. So.
Bya. Good night: we'll trouble you no further.
Mar. If you intend no good, pray do no harm.
Liv. None, but pray for you. [*Exit* Livia.
Bya. Cheer wench.
Mar. Now *Byancha*,
Those wits we have, let's wind 'em to the height.
My rest is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are half-builders, all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master forsooth.
Mar. Oh how does thy Master? prethee commend me (to him.
Jaq. How's this? my Master stays forsooth.
Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?
Jaq. The Revel's ended now,
To visit you.
Mar. I am not sick.
Jaq. I mean to see his chamber forsooth.
Mar. Am I his Groom? where lay he last night forsooth?
Ja[*q*]. In the low matted Parlour.
Mar. There lies his way by the long Gallery.
Jaq. I mean your chamber: y'are very merry Mistriss.
Mar. 'Tis a good sign I am sound hearted *Jaques*:
But if you'll know where I lie, follow me;

And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.
Bya. Do gentle *Jaques.* [*Exeunt.*
Ja. Ha, is the wind in that door?
By'r Lady we shall have foul weather then:
I do not like the shuffling of these women,
They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads together:
I have observ'd them all this day; their whispers,
One in anothers ear, their signs and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters:
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery,
Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:
What would these women do in ways of honor?
That are such Masters this way? Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out these toys,
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it. I must follow. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Servants with Lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, Tranio, *and* Sophocles.

Pet. You that are married, Gentlemen; have at ye
For a round wager now.
Soph. Of this nights Stage?
Petru. Yes. (shillings.
Soph. I am your first man, a pair of Gloves of twenty
Petru. Done: who takes me up next? I am for all bets.
Mor. Well lusty *Lawrence*, were but my night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:
I would Gallants. (ha?
Petru. Well said good Will; but where's the staff boy,
Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.
Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.
Petron. See how these boys despise us. Will you to bed
This pride will have a fall. (son?
Petru. Upon your daughter;

But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Eggs, and butter'd Parsnips.

Petro. Will you to bed son, and leave talking?
To morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like *St. George* at *Kingston*,
Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazie.

Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—

Petru. 'Tis well Sir.
What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.

Petru. Well my masters, if I do sink under my business, as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first that has miscarried; So that's my comfort, what may be done without impeach or waste, I can and will do.

Enter Jaques.

How now, is my fair Bride a bed?

Jaq. No truly, Sir.

Petron. Not a bed yet? body o' me: we'll up and rifle her: here's a coil with a Maiden-head, 'tis not intail'd, is it?

Petru. If it be, I'll try all the Law i'th' Land, but I'll cut it off: let's up, let's up, come.

Jaq. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaq. Unless you'll drop through the Chimney like a Daw, or force a breach i'th' windows: you may untile the house, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaq. A moral, Sir, the Ballad will express it:
The wind and the rain, has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is, all the doors Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd'rer in't. She's victuall'd for this month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.

Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunk: ye may go up, ye may Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit* Soph.

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too; and two as desperate tongues planted behind it, as e'er yet batter'd: they stand upon their honors, and will not give up without strange composition, I'll assure you; marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their mouths, will not satisfie them.

Petru. How's this? how's this? they are—
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes marry is there, and an Enginier.

Mor. Who's that for Heavens sake?

Jaq. Colonel *Byancha*, she commands the works: *Spinola*'s but a Ditcher to her, there's a half-moon: I am but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave, I'll venture a years wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ablest Piece of battery, you shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that good *Jaques*.

Soph. Beat back again, she's fortified for ever.

Jaq. Am I drunk now, Sir?

Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd. I have scap'd a pretty scowring.

Petru. What are they mad? have we another *Bedlam*? They do not talke I hope?

Soph. Oh terribly, extreamly fearful, the noise at *London-bridge* is nothing near her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got tail, she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, and I suffer this, I may goe graze:
Come Gentlemen, I'll batter; are these virtues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was: I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, no body answer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing: would have broke in by force; when suddainly a Water-work flew from the window with such violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *cætera quis nescit*? The chamber's nothing but a mere *Ostend*,

in every window Pewter Cannons mounted, you'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.

Soph. And all the lower Works lin'd sure with small shot, long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score blank hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up.

Enter Maria *and* Byanca *above.*

Mor. The window opens, beat a parley first;
I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.

Petron. Why how now Daughter: what intrench'd?

Mar. A little guarded for my safety, Sir.

Petru. For your safety Sweet-heart? why who offends you?
I come not to use violence.

Mar. I think you cannot, Sir, I am better fortified.

Petru. I know your end,
You would fain reprieve your Maiden-head
A night, or two.

Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying; from this present hour,
I never will believe a silent woman.
When they break out they are bonfires. (Madam?

Petro. Till you list lie with him? why who are you

Bya. That trim Gentlemans wife, Sir.

Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?

Mar. Yes marry does she, and in chief.

Bya. I do command, and you shall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)

Mar. And for the next too wench, and so as'[t follows]

Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?

Mar. Yes indeed dear father,
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know for ever.

Soph. Indeed these are Bug[s]-words.

Tra. You hear Sir, she can talk, God be thanked.

Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir.

Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this woman,
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in I hope, for all this jesting.
Mar. Hope still, Sir.
Petron. You will come down I am sure.
Mar. I am sure I will not.
Petron. I'll fetch you then.
Bya. The power of the whole County cannot, Sir,
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.
Mor. Bless me from a chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?
Petru. Prethee *Maria* tell me what's the reason,
And doe it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry, your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have to keep a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a Saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Physick,
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her Husband.
Mar. 'Tis so.
Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.
Mar. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare [ex]cept against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these womens fears,
That were I yet unmarried, free to choose
Through all the Tribes of man, I'll take *Petruchio*
In's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,
Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leap'd out of *Lancashire*, and they are right ones.
Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and stand prating
Out of the window like a broken Miller!
Petru. If you will have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Mar. Stay there, Sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Bya. Play sure wench, the Packs in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die lowsie, if these two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to stock a Kingdom.
Petru. Why this is a Riddle:
I love you, and I love you not.
Mar. It is so:
And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.
Mar. I am glad on't, and I will talk.
Petru. Prethee peace,
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio.*
Mar. And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegeance;
There's a short method for you, now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.
Bya. No, you shall carry it, Sir.
Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.
Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.
Petru. Prethee come *Maria*, I forgive all.
Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another man's, you gave't away
I' th' Church, if you remember, to my Husband:
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petron. This is monstrous:
That blessing that *St. Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were neer thee, I would give thee—
Pull thee down by th' nose.
By. Saints should not rave, Sir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the door, and be obedient: I am quiet yet.

Mar. I do confess that duty, make your best on't.
Petru. Why give me leave, I will.
Bya. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff Jade to trot, you know the moral.
Mar. Yet as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.
Petru. You will not Article?
All I owe, presently, let me but up, I'll pay.
Mar. Y'are too hot, and such prove Jades at length;
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from you again:
That's very near, or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Mar. Then by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy?
Petron. A fine smart Cudgel. Oh that I were near thee.
Bya. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in!
M[o]r. These are the most authentique Rebels, next *Tyrone*, I ever read of.
Mar. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little Rent by composition,
You understand me?
Soph. Thou Boy thou. (my comfort.
Petru. Well there are more Maids than *Maudlin*, that's
Mar. Yes, and more men than *Michael.* (Lady.
Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach, and no meat
Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholsome,
Else live at Livery, for I'll none with you. (carry.
By. You had best back one of the Dairy Maids, they'll
But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise else.
Petru. Now if thou wouldst come down and tender me:
All the delights due to a marriage-bed,
Study such kisses as would melt a man,
And turn thy self into a thousand Figures,
To add new flames unto me, I would stand

Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: all the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your mind's are miserable,
You have no Masques for them: all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter and the Silk-worm by,
The Doctor with his Dyets, and the Tailor,
And you appear like flea'd Cats, not so handsome.
Mar. And we appear like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous nature;
Truly our selves for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husbands stamp upon us, then allays,
And base ones of you men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.
Petru. Then, and never
Till then are women to be spoken of,
For till that time you have no souls I take it:
Good night: come Gentlemen; I'll fast for this night,
But by this hand, well; I shall come up yet.
Mar. No.
Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jury,
Thou shalt neither have meat, Fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easie: do you rebel so soon?
Yet take mercy.
By. Put up your Pipes: to bed Sir, I'll assure you
A months siege will not shake us.
Moro. Well said Colonel.
Mar. To bed, to bed *Petruchio*: good night Gentlemen.
You'll make my Father sick with sitting up:
Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.
Petru. I'll hang first.
Mar. And I'll quarter if I do not,
I'll make you know, and fear a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
And bear the fear'd-name of a brave Wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honors off,

And tame you; nay, never look so bigg, she shall, believe me,
And I am she: what think ye; good night to all,
Ye shall find Centinels.

By. If ye dare sally. [*Exeunt above.*

Petro. The devil's in 'em, ev'n the very devil, the downright devil.

Petru. I'll devil 'em: by these ten bones I will: I'll bring it to the old Proverb, no sport no pie:——taken down i'th' top of all my speed; this is fine dancing: Gentlemen, stick to me. You see our Freehold's touch'd, and by this light, we will beleagure 'em, and either starve 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petro. I'll see all passages stopt, but those about 'em:
If the good women of the Town dare succor 'em,
We shall have wars indeed.

Soph. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My Regiment shall lie before.

Jaq. I think so, 'tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons:
Hear what I say on their bare knees—
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding night am I thus jaded? [*Exeunt omn.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rowland *and* Pedro *at several doors.*

Row. Now *Pedro*?

Ped. Very busie Master *Rowland.*

Row. What haste man?

Ped. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.

Row. Thou art not mad?

Ped. No; but believe me, as hasty—

Row. The cause good *Pedro*?

Ped. There be a thousand Sir; you are not married?

Row. Not yet.

Ped. Keep your self quiet then.

Row. Why?

Ped. You'll find a Fiddle

That never will be tun'd else: from all women— [*Exit.*
Row. What ails the fellow tro? *Jaques*?

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Your friend Sir.
But very full of business.
Row. Nothing but business?
Prethee the reason, is there any dying?
Jaq. I would there were Sir.
Row. But thy business?
Jaq. I'll tell you in a word, I am sent to lay
An Imposition upon Souse and Puddings,
Pasties, and penny Custards, that the women
May not relieve yo[n] Rebels: Fare ye well, Sir.
Row. How does my Mistriss?
Jaq. Like a resty jade.
She's spoil'd for riding. [*Exit* Jaques.
Row. What a devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny Pasties, Fools and Fiddles,
What's this to th' purpose? Oh well met.
Soph. Now *Rowland.*
I cannot stay to talk long.
Row. What's the matter?
Here's stirring, but to what end? whither goe you?
Soph. To view the Works.
Row. What Works?
Soph. The womens Trenches.
Row. Trenches? are such to see?
Soph. I do not jest, Sir.
Row. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Do not you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new Bride
Stands with her Husband?
Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.
Soph. It should be, but by'r Lady
She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortifi'd, such a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent

To view their preparation.
Row. This is news
Stranger than Arms in the air: you saw not
My gentle Mistriss?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business, when she had found it
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun *Moroso.*
Row. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. Farewel. [*Exit* Sophocles.
Row. Farewel, Sir.
What should her musing mean, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? stay ye; may not

Enter Livia *at one door, and* Moroso *at another, hearkning.*

That bob-tail jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes,
And yonder walks the Stallion to discover:
Yet I'll salute her: save you beauteous Mistriss.
Liv. The Fox is kennell'd for me: save you Sir.
Row. Why do you look so strange?
Liv. I use to look Sir
Without examination.
Mor. Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.
Row. Belike then
The object discontents you?
Liv. Yes it does.
Row. Is't come to this? you know me, do you not?
Liv. Yes, as I may know many by repentance.
Row. Why do you break your faith?
Liv. I'll tell you that too,
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Mor. Excellent wench.
Liv. Sue out your understanding,
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle;
(For boys were made for nothing, but dry kisses)
And if you can, more manners.

Mor. Better still.
Liv. And then if I want *Spanish* Gloves, or Stockings,
A ten pound Wastecoat, or a Nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
Row. Farewel, and when I credit women more,
May I to *Smithfield*, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck.
Liv. Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you;
Farewel, and be a man, and I'll provide you,
Because I see y' are desperate, some staid Chamber-maid
That may relieve your youth with wholsome doctrine.
Mor. She's mine from all the world: ha wench?
Liv. Ha Chicken?— [*gives him a box o' th' ear, and Ex.*
Mor. How's this? I do not love these favors: save you.
Row. The devil take thee— [*wrings him by th' nose.*
Mor. Oh!
Row. There's a Love-token for you: thank me now.
Mor. I'll think on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be plaid withal. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Petronius, *and* Moroso.

Petro. A Box o'th' ear do you say?
Mor. Yes sure, a sound one,
Beside my nose blown to my hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
H'as sued his Livery, and is no more a boy.
Petro. You gave her some ill language?
Mor. Not a word.
Petro. Or might be you were fumbling?
Mor. Would I had Sir.
I had been a forehand then; but to be bafflʼd,
And have no feeling of the cause—
Petro. Be patient,
I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.
Mor. No sure it must be afore, Sir.
Petro. O' my conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now

Ne'r shew'd their riding) I was drunk with Bastard,
Whose nature is to form things like it self
Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort: a meer Hobby-horse
She made child *Rowland*: s'foot she would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts, which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within's three days kiss him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petro. There is some trick in this: how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petro. I fear her.
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,
She is as tame as innocency; it may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. I'll be sworn 'twas well tied on then.
Petro. Goe too, pray forget it,
I have bespoke a Priest: and within's two hours
I'll have ye married; will that please you?
Mor. Yes.
Petro. I'll see it done my self, and give the Lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.
Mor. Nay good Sir be not violent.
Petro. Neither—
Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o'th' ear, or so.
Petro. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the best still: this night then
I shall enjoy her.
Petro. You shall handsel her.
Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this twelve-month.
Petro. Where's your Joynture?
Mor. I have a Joynture for her.
Petro. Have your Council perus'd it yet?
Mor. No Council but the night, and your sweet daughter,
Shall e'r peruse that joynture.

Petro. Very well, Sir.
Moro. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoynders.
The other's ready seal'd.
Petro. Come then let's comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That loose their baubles, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petro. Still, and still she shall be,
Till she be starv'd out, you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest,
To tie their husbands shooes, and walk their horses.
Mor. That were a merry world: do you hear the rumor?
They say the women are in insurrection,
And mean to make a—
Petro. They'll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do: Let 'em, let 'em,
We'll ship 'em out in Cuck-stools, there they'll sail
As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
The happy Islands of obedience.
We stay too long, Come.
Mor. Now *St. George* be with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Livia *alone.*

Liv. Now if I can but get in handsomely,
Father I shall deceive you; and this night
For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock;
I have shifted sail, and find my Sisters safety
A sure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
Do not believe too far, what I said to him,
For yon old Foxcase forc'd me, that's my fear.
Stay, let me see, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
Keeps with his Myrmidons, I must be suddain,
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But Marshal-Law; to this place have I scap'd him;
Above there.

Enter Maria *and* Byancha *above.*

Mar. *Cheval' a.*
Liv. A friend.
By. Who are you?
Liv. Look out and know.
Mar. Alas poor wench, who sent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his Orator?
I know you come to parly.
Liv. Y'are deceiv'd,
Urg'd by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.
Mar. Y'are too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: do not we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?
Liv. Believe me.
Mar. No, prethee good *Livia*
Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.
By. Good Cosin
Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palate
Alas we know who sent you.
Liv. O' my word—
By. Stay there; you must not think your word,
Or by your Maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To lose our hand-fast: did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertain our gentle Sister *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the wooden Jade
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Go home, and tell the merry *Greeks* that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did *Æneas*,
Will on my back, spite of the *Myrmidons*,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*
We'll root our se[l]ves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men.
Liv. I'll second ye.
By. How long have you been thus?

Liv. That's all one, Cosin,
I stand for freedom now.
By. Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orange*, will be sport
To what we purpose.
Liv. Let me feel the heaviest. (maiden-head,
Mar. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland* (for by your
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your self.
Liv. I swear.
By. Stay yet,
Swear as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dry'd *Jack*, full of more aches
Than *Autumn* has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than dogs-ditch:
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that Beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a Mares tail eaten off with Fillies:
As you acknowledge that young handsome wench
That lies by such a *Bilboa* blade that bends
With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, [most] miserable,
A dry Nurse to his Coughs, a fewterer
To such a nasty fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all delights youth looks for: and to end,
One cast away on course beef, born to brush
That everlasting Cassock that has worn
As many servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consum'd Sailors: if you swear this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gown
Or any meritorious Petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.
Liv. I do swear it.
Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholsome motion
(Deal truly Sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the Foe?

Liv. Nev'r fear me,
For by that little faith I have in Husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, Sister.
Mar. If we believe, and you prove recreant, *Livia*,
Think what a maim you give the noble Cause
We now stand up for: Think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke as we do 'em wench, shall make new customs.
By. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the City
Confess your self; bring not a sin so hainous
To load thy soul to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honors,
And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.
Mar. If a Mothers daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Find thee, and know thy sin.
By. Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones
Come but i'th' wind-ward of thee, for sure she'll smell thee;
Thou'lt be so rank, she'll ride thee like a night-Mare,
And say her Prayers back-ward to undo thee:
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and when thou marriest,
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
Mar. Children of five year old, like little Fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley: all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys;
And toss their flaming distaffs o'r their heads,
Crying revenge: take heed, 'tis hideous:
Oh 'tis a fearful office, if thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hither,
A false imagination, get thee gone,
And as my learned Cosin said, repent,

This place is sought by soundness.
Liv. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example.
Mar. I do believe thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?
Liv. No, here's Cakes, and cold meat,
And Tripe of proof: behold, here's Wine and Beer,
Be suddain, I shall be surpriz'd else.
Mar. Meet at the low parlour door, there lies a close way:
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man before you enter,
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Off'rings.
By. Be wary as you come.
Liv. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Mai.* How goes your business Girls?
2. A foot, and fair.
3. If fortune favour us: away to your strength,
The Countrey Forces are arriv'd, be gone,
We are discover'd else.
1. Arm, and be valiant.
2. Think of our cause.
3. Our Justice.
1. 'Tis sufficient. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rowland *and* Tranio *at several doors.*

Tra. Now *Rowland*?
Row. How doe you?
Tra. How dost thou man?
Thou look'st ill:
[*R*]*ow.* Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,
Who knew the devil first?
Tra. A woman.
Row. So. Were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,

For they had certain Dialogues together.
Row. He sold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and Cheese
That choak'd all mankind after.
Row. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith
After she had eaten?
Tra. That's a School-question
Row. No,
'Tis no question, for believe me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promises, and chollick vows
That broke out both ways.
[Thou] hast heard I am sure
Of *Esculapius*, a far famed Surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd Traitors
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How dost thou *Rowland*?
Row. Let him but take, (if [h]e dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
There will be credit for him, that will speak him,
A broken woman *Tranio*, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a rack of honor
Let him come here, and practice.
Tra. Now for honors sake,
Why what ail'st thou *Rowland*?
Row. I am ridden *Tranio.*
And spur-gall'd to the life of patience
(Heaven keep my wits together) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your Mistriss has a little frown'd it may be?
Row. She was my Mistriss.
Tra. Is she not?
R[*o*]*w.* No *Tranio.*
She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my Mistriss,
A good Sword, or a Book: and if you see her,
Tell her I [doe] beseech you, even for love sake.—
Tra. I will *Rowland.*

Row. She may sooner
Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married, and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her:
And now I have met a messenger, farewel Sir. [*Exit.*

Tra. Alas poor *Rowland*, I will do it for thee:
This is that dog *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i'th' mouth first, e'r he enjoy her:
I'll watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seize him,
And if my purse or council can, I'll ease him. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, *and* Sophocles.

Petru. For look you Gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you, and all men else know, she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petro. I think not.

Petru. No by —— they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine.
So stiff a *Tom-boy*, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me,
And mark but this too friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear,
She justly can take hold on, and do you think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a Spindle first: no, no my Masters,
Were she as fair as *Nell-a-Greece*, and housewife,
As good as the wise Sailors wife, and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild Mare once a week, she should,
(Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,

Flew out with fire i'th' tails.
Soph. Methinks you err now,
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.
Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.
Mor. Give her a few conditions.
Petru. I'll be hanged first.
Petron. Give her a Crab-tree Cudgel.
Petru. So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a Drum,
She shall be pamper'd with ——
She shall not know a stool in ten months, Gentlemen.
Soph. This must not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Arm, arm, out with your weapons,
For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye;

Enter Pedro.

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.
Ped. Stand to your guard, Sir, all the devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women marching hitherward,
In rescue of my Mistriss, than e'er turn'd tail
At *Sturbridge* Fair, and I believe, as fiery.
Jaq. The forlorn hope's led by a Tanner's wife,
I know her by her Hide, a desperate woman:
She flead her Husband in her youth, and made
Raynes of his Hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus by the boisterous breath of Husbands;
They serve sure, a[n]d are swift to catch occasion,
(I mean their foes or Husbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favours; cry they can
But more for Noble spight, than fear: and crying
Like the old Giants that were foes to heaven,

They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main Pot-lids
Like massie Rocks, dart Ladles, tossing Irons,
And Tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those Emperious [Codsheads] that would tame 'em.
There's ne'r a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Chuse where you will,) but dare attempt the raising,
Against the soveraign peace of Puritans,
A *May*-pole and a Morris, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and Dudgeon-daggers: and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring Ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o'th' parish. (patience.

Soph. Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your im-

Ped. There's one brought in the Bears against the Canons
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaq. Another to her everlasting fame, erected
Two Ale-houses of ease: the Quarter-Sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disanullers lost their night-caps:
A third stood excommunicate by the cudgel;
The Constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Ped. Then are they victualed with Pies and Puddings,
(The trappings of good Stomachs) noble Ale
The true defender, Sausages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Pork,
(Better the Jews ne'r hated:) here and there
A bottle of *Metheglin*, a stout *Britain*
That will stand to 'em; what else they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council.

Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the Kingdom
Will have no other talke but this.

Petron. Away then, and let's advise the best.

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th' head,
With half a Washing-beetle: pray be wise, Sir.

Petru. Come, something I'll do, but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To Council then, and let's avoid their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a Cloak left.

[*Exeunt.*

Scæna [*Sexta.*]

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, *and* Tranio.

Petro. I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.
Tra. No more of that, Sir.
Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.
Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her: if I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions, that's the devil.
Soph. Why, say she do?
Petru. Say, I am made an Ass, then;
I know her aim: may I, with reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honor,
(After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don *Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his Hide) suffer this *Cicely*?
E're she have warm'd my sheets, e're grappell'd with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foist, this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and defie me friends,
A well known man of war? if this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?
Petron. I do not think you may.
Tra. You'll make it worse, Sir.
Soph. Pray hear me good *Petruchio*: but ev'n now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly,
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
E're you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this trick is put into her.
Petron. I should believe so too.
Soph. And not her own.
Tra. You'll find it so.
Soph. Then if she flownder with you,

Clap spurs on, and in this you'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world.

Tra. And loose. [*Musick above.*

Mor. No honor on my life, Sir.

Petru. I will do it.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why [God] hold it.

Mor. Now *Jaques*?

Jaq. They are i'th' flaunt, Sir.

Soph. Yes we hear 'em.

Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firk it,
In wondrous ways, the two grand *Capitano's*,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Dance with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid [them] kiss 'em, that's the burden;
They have got *Metheglin*, and audacious Ale;
And talk like Tyrants.

Petron. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I peept in
At a loose Lansket.

SONG.

A *Health for all this day*
To the woman that bears the sway
And wears the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.

Let this health be a Seal,
For the good of the Common-weal
the woman shall wear the breeches.

Let's drink then and laugh it
And merrily merrily quaff it
And tipple, and tipple a round
here's to thy fool,
and to my fool.
Come, to all fools
though it cost us wench, many a pound.

Tra. Hark.
Petro. A Song, pray silence. [*All the Women above.*
Mor. They look out. *Citizens and Countrey*
Petru. Good ev'n Ladies. *women.*
Mar. Good you good ev'n Sir.
Petru. How have you slept to night?
Mar. Exceeding well Sir.
Petru. Did you not wish me with you?
Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Cun. Is that he?
Bya. Yes.
Cun. Sir?
Soph. She has drank hard, mark her Hood.
Cun. You are—
Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else: let her utter.
Cun. And I must tell you, *viva voce* friend,
A very foolish fellow.
Tra. There's an Ale figure.
Petru. I thank you *Susan Brotes.*
Cit. Forward Sister.
Cun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comly, and courageous.
Petru. Well, I have so.
Cun. And to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Women out-worn in wedlock; and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.
Cun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Cun. For thirteen causes.
Petru. Pray by your patience Mistriss.
Cit. Forward Sister.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?
Cit. Who shall let her?
Petro. Do you hear, Velvet hood, we come not now
To hear your doctrine.
Cun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide it self into seven branches.
Petru. Hark you good *Maria*,

Have you got a Catechiser here?
Tra. Good zeal.
Soph. Good three pil'd predication, will you peace,
And hear the cause we come for?
Cun. Yes bob-tails
We know the cause you come for, here's the cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.
Cit. Give me Sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.
Cun. Swear forward Sister.
Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs and [then] all
That ever yet was chronicl'd of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
His liberal Will, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her self.
Cun. She shall *Tom Tilers*,
And brave ones too, my Hood shall make a Hearse-cloth,
And I'll lie under it like *Jone o' Gaunt*,
E'r I go less, my Distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal Trophy of my conquests;
And loud fame at my head with two main bottles,
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old *Don Gillian*.
Cit. Yet a little further,
We have taken Arms in rescue of this Lady;
Most just and Noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our antient chambring: next that
The Symbols of our secresie, silk Stockings,
Hew of our heels; our petticoats of Arms
Tear off our bodies, and our Bodkins break
Over our coward heads.
Cun. And ever after
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets,
Let Laces hang, and we return again

Into our former titles, Da[y]ry-maids.
Petru. No more wars: puissant Ladies, shew conditions
And freely I accept 'em.
Mar. Call in *Livia*;
She's in the Treaty too.

Enter Livia *above.*

Mor. How, *Livia*?
Mar. Hear you that Sir?
There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.
Petron. Yes, there she is: 't had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off; what think you man?
Mor. Nay nothing.
I have enough o' th' prospect: o' my conscience,
The worlds end, and the goodness of a woman
Will come together.
Petron. Are you there sweet Lady?
Liv. Cry you mercy Sir, I saw you not: your blessing.
Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade, that stumbles with me.
How are the Articles?
Liv. This is for you Sir;
And I shall think upon't.
Mor. You have us'd me finely.
Liv. There's no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, Cassock, Cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.
Petron. I hear you whore.
Liv. It must be his then Sir,
For need will then compel me.
Cit. Blessing on thee.
[*Liv.* He wil undoe me in meere pans of Coles
To make him lustie.]
Petron. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they Sir?
Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes, [*Reads.*
When, and in what way she will: continual moneys,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, why is this? or whether will it;
New Coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here;
Hangings, and Hunting-horses: and for Plate
And Jewels for her private use, I take it,

Two thousand pound in present: then for Musick,
And women to read *French*;
Petron. This must not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That *Livia* shall by no man be importun'd,
This whole month yet, to marry.
Petron. This is monstrous.
Petru. This shall be done, I'll humor her awhile:
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.
Soph. When ye are once a bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.
Mar. Do you like 'em?
Petru. Yes.
And by that faith I gave you 'fore the Priest
I'll ratifie 'em.
Cun. Stay, what pledges?
Mar. No, I'll take that oath;
But have a care you keep it.
Cit. 'Tis not now
As when *Andrea* liv'd.
Cun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of these Articles
We have set down, the self-same persecution.
Mar. Mistrust him not.
Petru. By all my honesty——
Mar. Enough, I yield.
Petron. What's this Inserted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that [command] here
Shall have a Supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.
Petru. That shall be too;
And if a Tun of Wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Pay-masters, Gentlemen.
Tra. Then we shall have sport boys.
Mar. We'll meet you in the Parlor.
Petru. Ne'r look sad, Sir, for I will do it.
Soph. There's no danger in't.

Petr[*u*]. For *Livia*'s Article you shall observe it,
I have ti'd my self.
Petron. I will.
Petru. Along then: now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Tranio *and* Rowland.

Tra. COme you shall take my counsel.
Row. I shall hang first.
I'll no more love, that's certain, 'tis a bane,
(Next that they poison Rats with) the most mortal:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sence; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of some thing that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my state;
No more ay-mees, and [miseries] *Tranio*,
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee, had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ake worser than his horns do;
And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee there is nothing
(It may be thy case *Tranio*, therefore hear me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senceless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy.
Tra. Whether wilt thou *Rowland*?
Row. As 'tis to be in love.
Tra. And why for virtue sake? (me?
Row. And why for virtue's sake? dost thou not conceive
Tra. No by my troth.
Row. Pray then and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't: I'll tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first beginst to worship the gilt calf:

Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a Prentice, flung away thy Freedom,
Forthwith thou art a slave.
Tr[*a*]. That's a new Doctrine.
Row. Next thou art no more man.
Tra. What then?
Row. A Fryppery;
Nothing but braided hair and penny ribbond,
Glove, Garter, Ring, Rose, or at best a Swabber,
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.
Tra. Why?
Row. Oh *Tranio*,
Those things in love, ne'r talk as we do.
Tra. No?
Row. No, without doubt, they sigh, and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.
Tra. No tongue?
Row. Yes *Tranio*, but no truth in't, nor no reason,
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibb'rish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh dear Heavens, in which such constellations
Reign at the births of Lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him.
Tra. A —— on't, this is nothing.
Row. Thou hast hit it:
Then talks she ten times worse, and wryes, and wriggles,
As though she had the Itch (and so it may be.)
Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.
Row. Of mine own follies *Tranio*.
Tra. Wilt thou *Rowland*,
Certain ne'er love again?
Row. I think so, certain,
And if I be not dead drunk I shall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?
Row. Why, as I think of Fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Tra. What strings?
Row. Their modesties,
Faiths, Vows, and Maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but four strings to 'em.
Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?
Row. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my Bond for't.
Tra. But pray hear me,
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye:
Row. Do, do, Give me the money;
Tra. There.
Row. Work *Tranio.*
Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.
Row. Yes straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.
Tra. You would think it strange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, say better.
Row. Well.
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.
Row. That's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, than now she hates you.
Row. 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Row. 'Tis done;
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no Sir.
Row. I am very sorry: now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.
Tra. I must have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.
Row. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tra. No Sir, I am stinted.

Row. Well, take your best way then.
Tra. Let's walk, I am glad
Your sullen Feavor's off.
Row. Shalt see me *Tranio*
A monstrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches and their works.
Tra. I will.
Row. And do thy worst.
Tra. Something I'll do.
Row. Do *Tranio.* [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pedro, *and* Jaques.

Ped. A pair of Stocks bestride 'em, Are they gone?
Ja[*q*]. Yes they are gone; and all the pans i'th Town
Beating before 'em: What strange admonitions
They gave my Master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em?
Ped. O' my Conscience
H'as found his full match now.
Jaq. That I believe too.
Ped. How did she entertain him?
Jaq. She lookt on him.
Ped. But scurvely.
Jaq. With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty, and some copies
Say, but her Cheek.
Ped. Jaques, What wouldst thou give
For such a Wife now?
Jaq. Full as many P[r]ayers
As the most zealous Puritane conceives
Out of the meditation of fat Veal,
Or Birds of prey, cram'd Capons, against Players,
And to as good a tune too, but against her:
That heaven would bless me from her: mark it *Pedro*,

If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those *Amorites*,
That came to back her cause, those Heathen Whores,
Had their Hoods hallowed with Sack.
Ped. How Div'lish drunk they were!
Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro*, Didst thou marke
The Countrey *Cavaliero*?
Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the Bragget!
Jaq. I that sunk her.
Ped. That Drink was well put to her; What a Somer salt
When the chair fel, she fetch'd, with her heels upward!
Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip she discover'd!
Ped. Didst mark her, when her hood fell in the Posset?
Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a *Dutch*-Hoy; the Tumbrel,
When she had got her ballasse.
Ped. That I saw too.
Jaq. How fain she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it—
Ped. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.
Jaq. I'th heat of Summer there had been some hope on't.
Ped. Hang her.
Jaq. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her stomach being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has giv'n him twenty stools since:
Believe my Calculation, these old Women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels, they'l roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greas'd.
Ped. The City *Cinque-a-pace*
Dame Tost and Butter, had the Bob too?
Jaq. Yes,
But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my Master—
I do not like his look, I fear h'as fasted
For all this preparation; lets steal by him. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your courage?
Petru. Where was her obedience? OSMANIA UNIV
Never poor Man was sham'd so; never Rascal
That keeps a stud of Whores was us'd so basely.
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?
Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I past thee half my Land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence?
Some Women love to struggle.
Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,
But to no end: I washt an *Ethiope*;
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite—
Soph. 'Tis strange;
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair termes.
Petru. I shall quit her.
Soph. Us'd you no more art?
Petru. Yes, I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatcht me
Out of the [pain] I was, for I was nettl'd,
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a huntes-up.
Soph. Then she started?
Petru. No more than I do now; marry she answered

If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd *Jaques*, a poor Butler
One that might well content a single woman.
Soph. And he should tilt her.
Petru. To that sence, and last
She bad me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
And so good morrow, and a kiss or two
To close my stomach, for her vow had seal'd it,
And she would keep it constant.
Soph. Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo'd her?
Petru. Nothing *Sophocles*,
More keenely eager, I was oft afraid
She had been light, and easie, she would showre
Her kisses so upon me.
Soph. Then I fear
An other spoke's i'th wheele.
Petru. Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my Devil, *Sophocles*, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boyling, or making verjuice, drying her.
Soph. I hear her.
Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir
Of spight and prodigality, she has studied
A way to begger's both, and by this hand
[Maria *at the dore, and Servant and Woman.*
She shall be, if I live, a Doxy.
Soph. Fy Sir.
Mar. I do not like that dressing, tis too poor,
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich Embroydry,
Line the Gown through with Plush perfum'd, and purffle
All the sleeves down with Pearl.
Petru. What think you *Sophocles.*
In what point stands my state now?
Mar. For those hangings
Let'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak

New Pieces of the Civil Wars of *France*,
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk work,
The borders Gold.
Soph. I marry sir, this cuts it.
Mar. That fourteen yards of Satten give my Woman,
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil:
Ther's too much Silk i'th lace too; tell the *Dutchman*
That brought the Mares, he must with all speed send me
An other suit of Horses, and by all means
Ten cast of Hawkes for th' River, I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next Winter, I am for the Country;
And mean to take my pleasure; where's the Horseman?
Petru. She means to ride a great Horse.
Soph. With a side sadle?
Petru. Yes, and shee'l run a tilt within this twelvemonth.
Mar. To morrow I'll begin to learn, but pray sir
Have a great care he be an easie doer,
'Twill spoil a Scholar else.
Soph. An easie doer,
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes, I shall meet her morals
Ere it be long I fear not.
Mar. O good morrow.
Soph. Good morrow Lady, how is't now.
Mar. Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill ayr.
Petru. Yet more charges?
Mar. Subject to rots, and rheums; out on't, 'tis nothing
But a tild fog.
Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?
Mar. I like the seat, but 'tis too little, *Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgment.
Petru. 'Tis very well.
Mar. What if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petru. And i'th midst
A Colledge for young Scolds.
Mar. And to the Southward

Take in a Garden of some twenty Acres,
And cast it of the *Italian* fashion, hanging.
Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray Lady
Will not this cost much Money?
Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six: I'll have it Battel'd too.
Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearful course you take, pray think on't,
You are a Woman now, a Wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.
Mar. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon't;
Tell me of due obedience? What's a Husband?
What are we married for, to carry Sumpters?
Are we not one peece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?
Petru. Pray hear me.
Mar. Take two small drops of water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?
Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and Credit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.
Mar. That's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true it is so.
Mar. Yes, it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never Man without our molding,
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good Lady understand him.
Mar. I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a most spightful self condition,
Never at peace with any thing but Age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing

His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.
Petru. If I be so sodain
Do not you fear me?
Mar. No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawful, I defie you:
Petru. Do's this become you now?
Mar. It shall become me.
Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful, as thou spightful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.
Mar. Drag me?
Petru. But I am friends again: take all your pleasure.
Mar. Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.
Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature.
Mar. Would I had been so happy when I Married,
But to have met an honest Man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A hansome hurtless man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart; weare this for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me pity me:
I am cast away. [*Exit* Mar.
Soph. Why how now man?
Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.
Soph. The Man's jealous:
Petru. I shall find a time ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.
Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me:
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture it's—
Farewel sir. [*Exit* Soph.
Petru. Pray farewel. Is there no keeping
A Wife to one mans use? no wintering
These cattel without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing:
Now in the name of madness, what Star raign'd,

What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance in the dayes
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love to? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill language,
Louder than *Tom* o'*Lincoln*; and at dinner,
A dyet of the same dish? was there evening
That ere past over us, without thou Knave,
Or thou Whore for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for
But like a Cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame Devils now again? my heart akes;
Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
If I can hansomely, for that's the way
To make a Rascal of her; I am sick,
And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [*Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, *and* Rowland.

Liv. Then I must be content, Sir, with my fortune.
Row. And I with mine.
Liv. I did not think, a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too. (gaws,
Row. Come, come, I know your courses: there's your gew-
Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
The Money's spent in entertaining you
At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.
Liv. There's your Chain too.
But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
I would yet remember you.

Bya. Give him his love wench;
The young Man has imployment for't:
Tra. Fie *Rowland.*
Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot: yet, let me ne'r see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me.
Bya. Young Man, let me talk with you.
Row. Well, young Woman.
Bya. This was your Mistriss once.
Row. Yes.
Bya. Are ye honest?
I see you are young, and hansome.
Row. I am honest. (judgement
Bya. Why that's well said: and there's no doubt your
Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you leave her?
Row. She made a puppy of me.
Bya. Be that granted:
She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.
Row. A witty Woman.
Bya. Had you lov'd me—
Row. I would I had.
Bya. And dearly;
And I had lov'd you so: you may love worse Sir,
But that is not material.
Row. I shall loose.
Bya. Some time or other for variety
I should have call'd you Fool, or Boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have lov'd you still,
Out of all question, and extreamly too;
You are a Man made to be loved:
Row. This Woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.
Bya. I'll tell you one thing, if I were to choose
A Husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your Mothers making would content me,
For o' my Conscience she makes good ones.
Row. Lady,
I'll leave you to your commendations:

I am in again, The Divel take their tongues.
Bya. You shall not goe.
Row. I will: yet thus far *Livia*,
Your Sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound.
Liv. Good Sir, but thus much—
Tra. Turn if thou beest a Man.
Liv. But one kiss of you;
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.
Row. Come,
I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap:
We'll have one more, and then farewel.
Liv. Farewel.
Bya. Well, go thy wayes, thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.
Tra. H'as made a stand.
Bya. A noble, brave young fellow
Worthy a Wench indeed.
Row. I will: I will not. [*Exit* Rowland.
Tra. He's gone: but shot agen; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise: forty Angels
In fair gold, Lady: wipe your eyes: he's yours
If I have any wit.
Liv. I'll pay the forfeit.
Bya. Come then, let's see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish: and be sure, *Moroso*
Be kept in good hand; then all's perfect, *Livia*. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Jaques *and* Pedro.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*, What becomes of us?
Oh my sweet Master.
Jaq. Run for a Physitian,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro*.
He will die, didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,
And bring all People that are skilful
In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbours,
And all the *Aquavite*-bottles extant;

And, O the Parson, *Pedro*; O the Parson,
A little of his comfort, never so little;
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush,
There's the best Ale.
Ped. I fly. [*Exit* Pedro.

Enter Maria, *and* Servants.

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:
Why are you idle? Sirha, up to th' Chamber,
And take the Hangings down, and see the Linnen
Packt up, and sent away within this half hour.
What, Are the Carts come yet? some honest body
Help down the Chests of Plate, and some the Wardrobe,
Alass, we are undone else.
Jaq. Pray forsooth;
And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?
Mar. No, but is drawing on: out with the Armour.
Jaq. Then I'll go see him.
Mar. Thou art undone then Fellow: no Man that has
Been neer him come near me.

Enter Sophocles, *and* Petronius.

Soph. Why how now Lady, What means this?
Petron. Now daughter, How does my Son?
Mar. Save all you can for Heavens sake.

Enter Livia, Byancha, *and* Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort, Sister.
Mar. O my Casket.
Petron. How do's thy Husband Woman?
Mar. Get you gon, if you mean to save your lives: the
Petron. Stand further off, I prethee. (Sickness.
Mar. Is i'th house Sir,
My Husband has it now;
Alas he is infected, and raves extreamly:
Give me some Counsel friends.
Bya. Why lock the doors up,
And send him in a Woman to attend him.
Mar. I have bespoke two Women; and the City
Hath sent a Watch by this time: Meat nor Money

He shall not want, nor Prayers.
Petron. How long is't
Since it first took him?
Mar. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I am frighted from my wits:—O here's the Watch;
Pray doe your Office, lock the doors up Friends,
And patience be his Angel.
Tra. This comes unlook'd for:
Mar. I'll to the lodge; some that are kind and love me,
I know will visit me. [Petruchio *within.*
Petru. Doe you hear my Masters: ho, you that lock the
Petron. 'Tis his voice. (doors up.
Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.
Petru. Will ye starve me here: am I a Traytor, or an
Or am I grown infectious? (Heretick.
Petron. Pray sir, pray.
Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.
Mar. Pray have patience.
You shall want nothing Sir.
Petru. I want a cudgel,
And thee, thou wickedness.
Petron. He speaks well enough.
Mar. 'Had ever a strong heart Sir.
Petru. Will ye hear me?
First be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry Mans several voice: you that spoke first,
I know my father in law; the other *Tranio*,
And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray mark me,
Is my dam'd Wife *Maria*:
If any Man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine Arme, let any Man look on't.

Enter Doctor and Pothecary.

Doct. Save ye Gentlemen.
Petron. O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
What think you of his pulse?

Doct. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general inflammation,
Which is the symptome of a pestilent Feaver,
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petru. Take a Fool;
Take an ounce from mine arme, and Doctor *Deuz-ace*,
I'll make a close-stoole of your Velvet Costard.
—— Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholsome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a Man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.
[*Exit Doctor and Pothecary.*
Petro. Nay, we'll go with you Doctor.
Mar. 'Tis the safest;
I saw the Tokens Sir.
Petro. Then there is but one way.
Petru. Will it please you open?
Tra. His fit grows stronger still.
Mar. Let's save our selves Sir,
He's past all worldly cure.
Petro. Friends do your office.
And what he wants, if Money, Love, or Labor,
Or any way may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray my honest Friends— [*Exeunt*
Petru. Why Rascals,
Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly Wife, *Jaques*;
None hear me? Who at the door there?
1 *Watch.* Think I pray Sir,
Whether you are going, and prepare your self.
2 *Watch.* These idle thoughts disturb you, the good Gentlewoman
Your Wife has taken care you shall want nothing.
Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? answer me,
Or shall I charge a Fowling-Piece, and make
Mine own way; two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three; ye come here to assault me.
I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant—

2 *Watch.* That's an ill sign.
1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead Man.
Petru. And sleep as soundly; Will ye look upon me?
1 *Watch.* Do you want Pen and Ink? while you have (sense sir,
Settle your state.
Petru. Sirs, I am well, as you are;
Or any Rascal living.
2 *Watch.* Would you were Sir.
Petru. Look to your selves, and if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me, for I shoot else;
—I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.
1 *Watch.* Let's quit him,
It may be it is a trick: he's dangerous.
2 *Watch.* The Devil take the hinmost, I cry.
[*Exit Watch running.*

Enter Petruchio *with a Piece.*

Petru. Have among ye;
The door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot;
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old dayes, crackers
Put now upon me? and, by Lady *Green-sleeves*?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deserve, against these Women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive Cuckold,
All their arch-villanies, and all their doubles,
Which are more than a hunted Hare ere thought on:
When a Man has the fairest, and the sweetest
Of all their Sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and I'll speak modestly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing; never cur'd,
Nor never dying; He'as a ship to venture
His fame, and credit in, which if he Man not
With more continual labour than a Gally
To make her tith, either she grows a Tumbrel,
Not worth the Cloth she wears; or springs more leakes
Than all the fame of his posterity
Can ever stop again: I could raile twenty dayes;

Out on 'em, Hedge-hogs,
He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunghill slavery; be a Hang-man,
Ere I would be a Husband: O the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand wayes they have to kill us!
Some fall with t[o]o much stringing of the Fiddles,
And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd,
And those are Maudlin-lovers: some, like Scorpions,
They poyson with their tails, and those are Martyrs;
Some dye with doing good, those Benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away: some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness, and fair usage; but what they are
My Catalogue discovers not: only 'tis thought
They are buried in old Walls, with their heels upward.
I could raile twenty dayes together now.
I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
I'll go a birding yet, and some shall smart for't. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Moroso *and* Petronius.

Mor. That I do love her, is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly;
And that I would ev'n now, this present Monday,
Before all others, Maids, Wives, Women, Widows,
Of what degree or calling, Marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a Whim-wham,
A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th first house
For all my kindness to her.

Petron. How you take it?
Thou get a Wench, thou get a dozen night-caps?
Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a Calfe,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she [sh]ould do;
Put on a clean Smock, and to Church, and Marry,
And then to Bed a Gods name, this is fair play,
And keeps the Kings peace, let her leave her bobs,
I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Ee[le];
But in the way she ought to me especially,
A sow of Lead is swifter.

Petron. Quoat your griefs down.

Mor. Give fair quarter, I am old and crasie,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warme, to hatch me:
But understand me I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have; if you allow me
Worthy your Son-in-Law, and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit; let me show so,
And not be troubled in my visitations,
With blows, and bitterness, and down-right railings,
As if we were to couple like two Cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour:

Petron. Thou fond Man.
Hast thou forgot the Ballad, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *January* match together,
And nev'r a storm between 'em? say she abuse thee,
Put case she doe.

Mor. Well.

Petron. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I do believe she do's.

Petron. And div'lishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter,
I know, being old, tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis hansome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticotes,
Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers,

Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, and Ribands,
I am to give her for't.
Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.
Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisit an other bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.
Petron. Go get you gone, and dreame
She's thine within these two dayes, for she is so;
The Boy's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed a pace; think not of worldly business,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And meere fore-runners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o'th top cut like *Verdugoes*;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young Wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eate Onyons, so you'l not be lavish.
Mor. I am glad of that.
Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.
Mor. Shall I hope once again, say't.
Petro. You shall Sir:
And you shall have your hope.
Moro. Why there's a match then.

Enter Byancha *and* Tranio.

Byan. You shall not find me wanting, get you gone.
Here's the old Man, he'l think you are plotting else
Something against his new Son. [*Exit* Tranio.
Moro. Fare ye well Sir. [*Exit* Moroso.

Byan. *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,*
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what sport should we have then, then Boyes then,
Oh what sport should we have then?

Petro. This is the spirit, that inspires 'em all.
By. Give you good ev'n.
Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.

By. I am very hasty, Sir.
Petro. So you were ever.
By. Well, What's your will?
Petro. Was not your skilful hand
In this last stratagem? Were not your mischiefs
Eeking the matter on?
By. In's shutting up?
Is that it?
Petro. Yes.
By. I'll tell you.
Petro. Doe.
By. And truly.
Good old Man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.
Petro. I am sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?
By. There you are wide too.
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Do's any way molest me.
Petro. What then Lady?
By. But that I was not in't, there's my sorrow, there
Now you understand me, for I'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so hansomely,
Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art
I have not known a braver; for conceive me,
When the gross fool her Husband would be sick—
Petro. Pray stay.
By. Nay, good, your patience: and no sence for't,
Then stept your daughter in.
Petro. By your appointment.
By. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning Woman, cur'd me
One madness with another, which was rare,
And to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your husband look not to ye,
I know what will.
By. I humbly thank your worship.

And so I take my leave.
Petro. You have a hand I hear too.
By. I have two Sir.
Petro. In my young daughters business.
By. You will find there
A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.
Petro. I shall watch ye.
By. Do.
Petro. And I shall have Justice.
By. Where?
Petro. That's all one;
I shall be with you at a turne hence forward.
By. Get you a Posset too; and so good ev'n Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, *and* Pedro.

Jaq. And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very look'n-glasses.
Ped. And that that hung for our defence, the Armor,
And the March Beere was going too: Oh *Jaques*
What a sad sight was that!
Jaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadel,
(Better nev'r tongue tript over) those two Cannons,
To batter brawn withal at *Christmass*, Sir,
Ev'n those two lovely Twyns, the Enemy
Had almost cut off clean.
Petru. Goe trim the House up.
And put the things in order as they were.
[*Ex.* Ped. *and* Jaq.
I shall find time for all this: could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business;
Were she a Whore directly, or a Scold,
An unthrift, or a Woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rayne her:
But while she shews all these, and all their losses,
A kind of linsey woolsey, mingled mischief
Not to be ghest at, and whether true, or borrowed,

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither, What a hap had I,
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Bear-whelp! here she comes,
Now, if she have a colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my Conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain, I Married for: her wit: I'll marke her.

Mar. Not let his Wife come near him in his sickness?
Not come to comfort him? she that all Laws
Of heaven, and Nations have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapt in upon him? h'as a little pet,
That all young Wives must follow necessary,
Having their Maiden-heads—

Petru. This is an Axiome
I never heard before.

Mar. Or say Rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, which two fair words
Alas win us from, in an hour, an instant,
We are so easie, make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his Wife a visitation?
His Wife, that (though she was a little foolish,)
Lov'd him, Oh Heaven forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him.

Petru. Though I do know this falser than the Devil,
I cannot choose but love it.

Mar. What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd him,
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender Maid
Would make him faign this Sickness out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of Fourscore
To play at *Billiards*; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together; not come near him?

Petru. This Woman would have made a most rare Jesuite,

She can prevaricate on any thing:
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.
Mar. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knowes whether, all the plate,
And all the houshold-stuffe, had I not crost it,
By a great providence, and my friends assistance
Which he will thank me one day for: alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use, better, and willinger.
The Law commands me to do it, love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.
Petru. Heav'n bless me.
And now I have said my Prayers, I'll go to her:
Are you a Wife for any Man?
Mar. For you Sir.
If I were worse, I were better; That you are well,
At least, that you appear so, I thank Heaven,
Long may it hold, and that you are here, I am glad too;
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of Husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
(Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners.
Petru. Holla, you kick too fast.
Mar. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
Am I not Married to you, tell me that?
Petru. I would I could not tell you.
Mar. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,
If I should say Right worshipful, I ly'd not,
My Grandsire was a Knight.
Petru. O'the Shire?
Mar. A Soldier,
Which none of all thy Family e're heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a Grasier
That ran away with pay: or am I grown
(Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Onely to try your temper) such a dogge-leech

I could not be admitted to your presence?
Petru. If I endure this, hang me.
Mar. And two deaths heads,
Two *Harry* Groats, that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too.
Petru. Now hear me.
For I will stay no longer.
Mar. This you shall:
How ever you shall think to flatter me,
For this offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'l find it so,
What ever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will Sir.
Petru. Thou art the subtlest Woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the Devil,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spiteful Whore: Do you cry?
I'll make you roare, before I leave.
Mar. Your pleasure.
Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou Fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st: thou Devils Broker,
Thou Seminary of all sedition,
Thou Sword of veng'ance, with a thred hung o're us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance? Was it not vexation
At all points, *cap a pe*? nay, I shall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten Rascal to abuse
The name of Heaven, the tye of Marriage,
The honour of thy Friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with Rebellion,
Childish and base Rebellion, but continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief,
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honor

Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well, goe thy wayes.
Mar. Yes.
Petru. You shall hear me out first:
What punishment may'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two hours after, art a Weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the Husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence,
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no Man must come near me,
I must be shut up, and my substance bezel'd,
And an old Woman watch me.
Mar. Well Sir, well,
You may well glory in't.
Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I must undoe my self forsooth: do'st hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy Conscience,
Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?
Mar. I defie you.
And my last loving tears farewell: the first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
Try me, and you shall find it so, for ever,
Never to be recall'd: I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I do turne
Utterly from you, and what Man I meet first
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better.
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
About your foolish sickness, e're you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear, is certain,
And challenge any Man, that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions,
And so farewell for this time. [*Ex.* Mar.
Petru. Grief goe with thee,
If there be any witchcrafts, herbes, or potions,
Saying my Prayers backward, Fiends, or Fayries
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Byancha, *and* Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do it.
By. Are the Writings ready I told you of?
Tra. Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.
By. Y'are an Ass, you must have all things constru'd.
Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too,
Or I find little pleasure.
By. Now you are knavish,
Goe too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
Your Twenty [pound] lies bleeding else: she is married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not,
And see the Papers of one size.
Tra. I have ye.
By. And for disposing of 'em.
Tra. If I fail you
Now I have found the way, use Marshal Law
And cut my head off with a hand Saw:
By. Well Sir.
Petronius and *Moroso* I'll see sent for,
About your business; goe.
Tra. I am gone. [*Ex.* Tra.

Enter Livia.

By. Ho *Livia.*
Liv. Who's that?
By. A friend of yours, Lord how you look now,
As if you had lost a Carrack.
Liv. O *Byancha.*
I am the most undone, unhappy Woman.
By. Be quiet Wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't,
No more of these minc'd passions, they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little Wind,
An Apple will do more: thou fear'st *Moroso.*
Liv. Even as I fear the Gallowes.
By. Keep thee there still.
And you love *Rowland*? say.
Liv. If I say not,

I am sure I lye.

By. What wouldst thou give that Woman,
In spight of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy Fathers policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a Bed together?

Liv. How?

By. Why fairly,
At half sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,
I marry now the matters chang'd.

Liv. *Byancha*,
Methinks you should not mock me.

By. Mock a pudding.
I speak good honest *English*, and good meaning.

Liv. I should not be ungrateful to that Woman.

By. I know thou would'st not, follow but my Councel,
And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune
Let me nev'r know a good night more; you must
Be very sick o'th instant.

Liv. Well, what follows?

By. And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your Father, and your feaver old *Moroso*,
And *Rowland* shall be there too.

Liv. What of these?

By. Do you not twitter yet? of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses, as the Merchants
Doe Dollars to the *East-Indies*: you shall know all,
But first walke in, and practise, pray be sick.

Liv. I do believe you: and I am sick.

By. Doe,
To bed then, come, I'll send away your Servants
Post for your Fool, and Father; and good fortune,
As we meane honesty, now strike an up-shot. [*Ex*[*e*]*unt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Tranio, *and* Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my Money,
But that's all one: I'll never more perswade you,

I see you are resolute, and I commend you.
Row. But did she send for me?
Tra. You dare believe me.
Row. I cannot tell, you have your wayes for profit
Allow'd you *Tranio*, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em [feare].
Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
I deale directly with you.

Enter Servant.

Row. How now fellow,
Whither Post you so fast?
Ser. O sir my Master,
Pray did you see my Master?
Row. Why your Master?
Ser. Sir his Jewel.
Row. With the gilded Button?
Serv. My pretty Mistress *Livia*.
Row. What of her?
Serv. Is falen sick o'th suddain.
Row. How o'th sullens?
Ser. O'th suddain Sir, I say, very sick:
Row. It seems she hath got the toothach with raw Apples.
Ser. It seemes you have got the headach, fare you well Sir.
You did not see my Master?
Row. Who told you so?
Tra. No, no, he did not see him.
Row. Farewell Blew-bottle. [*Ex. Servant.*
What should her sickness be?
Tra. For you it may be.
Row. Yes, when my braines are out, I may believe it,
Never before I am sure: Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of honesty:
Tra. It will so.
Row. It may be not too: you would fain be fing'ring
This old sin-offring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deer to'th toyle, yet I may leap it,
And what's the Woodman then?
Tra. A loser by you.

Speak, Will you go or not? to me 'tis equal.
Row. Come, What goes less?
Tra. Nay, not a penny *Rowland.*
Row. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me if I affect her: yet it may be,
This whorson manners will require a struggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.
Tra. By'r-Lady I'll require my wager then,
For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I have lost my speculation, I'll allow you—
Row. Speak like a Gamster now.
Tra. It may be two.
Row. Under a dozen *Tranio*, there's no setting,
You shall have forty shillings, winck at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest
I do it but to vex her.
Tra. I'll no by-blowes.
If you can love her, doe, if you can, hate her,
Or any else that loves you—
Row. Prethee *Tranio.*
Tra. Why farewell twenty pound, 'twill not undoe me;
You have my resolution.
Row. And your Money,
Which since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
For untag'd Points and Compters: I'll goe with you,
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain;
A parting kiss is lawful?
Tra. I allow it.
Row. Knock out my brains with Apples; yet a bargain:
Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win, and wear it.
Row. Thou art the strangest fellow.
Tra. That's all one.
Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar'st,
I give her not a good word.
Tra. Not a Penny. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, *and* Pedro.

Petru. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
Above a word or two; ere I endure [*Exit* Pedro.
This life, and with a Woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
I'll go to Plough [again], and eate Leeke Porridge;
Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be number'd:
No there be other Countries *Jaques* for me, and other people, yea, and other women.
If I have need, here's Money, there's your ware,
Which is faire dealing, and the Sun, they say,
Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have lost
Either my self, or her, I care not whether
Nor which first.
Jaq. Will your worship hear me?
Petru. And utterly outworne the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.
Jaq. Out alas Sir.
What a strange way doe you run!
Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this Rascal.
Jaq. Me thinks now,
If your good worship could but have the patience.
Petru. The patience, why the patience?
Jaq. Why I'll tell you,
Could you but have the patience.
Petru. Well the patience.
Jaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she railes,
To have a Drum beaten o'th top o'th house,
To give the neighbors warning of her Larme,
As I do when my Wife rebels.
Petru. Thy Wife?
Thy Wife's a Pigeon to her, a meere slumber,
The dead of night's not stiller.
Jaq. Nor an Iron Mill.
Petru. But thy Wife is certain.
Jaq. That's false Doctrine,

You never read of a certain Woman.
Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Jaq. I should doe, I am sure.
I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty year.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningness, the Rayne-bow
When she hangs bent in Heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful Woman

Enter Ped.

Weaves in her dye's of wickedness: what sayes she?
Ped. Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your worship,
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal.
Petru. What ailes the fellow?
Ped. And no doubt she may Sir.
Petru. What may she, or what do's she, or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd.
Ped. She's mad Sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it.
Ped. Amen if't be his pleasure.
Petru. How mad is she?
Ped. As mad as heart can wish Sir: she has drest her self
(Saving your worships reverence) just i'th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i'th Suburbs
For single Money, and as durtily:
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.
Petru. What new way's this?
Ped. There came in Master *Sophocles.*
Petru. And what
Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?
Get my Truncks ready, sirha, I'll be gone straight.
Ped. He's here to tell you
She's horne mad *Jaques.*

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call ye this a Woman?

Petru. Yes sir, she is a Woman.
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I had thought you had made experience.
Soph. Yes, I did so.
And almost with my life.
Petru. You rid too fast, Sir.
Soph. Pray be not mistaken: by this hand
Your wife's as chaste, and honest as a Virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true she gave me
A Ring.
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceiv'd still,
Believe me, I never kist her since, and now
Coming in visitation, like a friend,
I think she is mad, Sir, suddainly she started,
And snatch'd the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.
Petru. Is this certain?
Soph. As I am here, Sir.
Petru. I believe you honest.
And pray continue so.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.
Petru. Now Damsel,
What will your beauty do if I forsake you?
Do you deal by signs, and tokens? as I ghess then,
You'll walk abroad, this Summer, and catch Captains,
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' Suburbs,
And keep a Nest of Nuns?
Soph. Oh do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is?
Petru. She is dogged,
And in a beastly case I am sure: I'll make her,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle. *Sophocles*,
Prethee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.
Soph. I'll tell you

I have seen a sweeter—
Petru. An hundred times cry Oisters.
There's a poor Begger-wench about *Black-Fryers*
Runs on her breech, may be an Empress to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petr[*u*]. Nev'r a whit Sir:
I'll tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping)
I know you're well enough: Now would I give
A million but to vex her: when I chose thee
To make a Bedfellow, I took more trouble,
Than twenty Terms can come to, such a cause,
Of such a title, and so everlasting
That *Adams* Genealogie may be ended
E'r any Law find thee: I took a Leprosie,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession
And had the devil with thee, if not more:
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a Jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and Fox from Fern-bush
That would have married thee?
Soph. She is not so ill.
Petru. She's worse than I dare think of: she's so lewd;
No Court is strong enough to bear her cause,
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wife-hood, nor woman-hood, nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: no
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her
To be a Woman-wolfe by transmigration,
Her first forme was a Ferrets under-ground,
She kils the memories of men: not yet?
Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?
Petru. I care not,
Be what she will: the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point, I untie, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever;

My vanity farewel: yet, for you have been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
(Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
What I ordain'd your Joynture, honestly
You shall have setled on you: and half my house,
The other half shall be imploy'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also
Yet to confirm you *Christian*) your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep I beseech you, it infects our uses,
And now I am for travel.

Mar. Now I love you,
And now I see you are a man, I'll talke to you,
And I forget your bitterness.

Soph. How now man?

Petru. Oh *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous
Make but this woman all thy wonders.

Mar. Sure Sir
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous?

Petru. She'll ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wish'd for,
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back Sir,
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you: you may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you,
Nay, hang about your neck, and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;
And more prefer the honor of your Countrey,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability, and strength of judgement.
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed School-men.

Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas plough
To get his wealth, then dear Sir, what must you
To gather wisdom? go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot: still the farther
The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
One meal a week will serve you, and one sute,
Through all your travels: for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.
Petru. Dost hear her?
Soph. Yes.
Petru. What would this woman do if she were suffer'd,
Upon a new Religion?
Soph. Make us Pagans,
I wonder that she writes not.
Mar. Then when time,
And fulness of occasion have new made you,
And squar'd you from a Sot into a Signior,
Or nearer, from a Jade into a Courser;
Come home an aged man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.
Petru. That must have
As many Lovers as I Languages.
And what she does with one i'th' day, i'th' night
Undoe it with another.
Mar. Much that way, Sir;
For in your absence it must be my honor,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones
Daily and hourly offered me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith, and loyalty of her that loves you.
Petru. What should I do?
Soph. Why by my —— I would travel,
Did not you mean so?
Petr. Alas no, nothing less man:
I did it but to try, Sir, she's the Devil,
And now I find it, for she drives me; I must go:

Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?
Mar. Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind.
Petru. Bring down the money.
Mar. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow: I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the *Indies*, or *Cata*[*ya*],
Those are the climes must make you.
Petru. How's the wind?
She'll wish me out o' th' world anon.
Mar. For *France.*
'Tis very fair; get you aboard to night, Sir,
And loose no time, you know the tide staies no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petru. Fare thee well,
Thou hast fool'd me out o' th' Kingdom with a vengeance,
And thou canst fool me in again.
Mar. Not I Sir,
I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.
Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hanged too,
Were I but half as willing.
Mar. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.
Petru. You'll bear me to the Lands end, *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.
Mar. Nev'r doubt, Sir,
You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you'll kiss me e'r I go; I have business,
And stay long here I must not.
Petru. Get thee going.
For if thou tarriest but another Dialogue
I'll kick thee to thy Chamber.
Mar. Fare you well, Sir,
And bear your self, I do beseech you, once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly, and worthily, 'tis for my credit,
And for those flying fames here of your follies,

Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
Nothing should make me leave you else, I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die: if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the Devil,
That was your first good Master, showre his blessing
Upon ye all: Into whose custody—

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo.* [*Exit* Maria.

Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*
I'll put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then: let's seek my Father out,
And all my friends, to see me fair aboard:
Then women, if there be a storm at Sea,
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken,
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my Keel. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Petronius, *and* Byancha, *with four papers.*

By. NOw whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern, Sir.

Petro. If this motion,
(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good perswasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

By. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you,
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my counsel,

And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sick'ned.
Petro. I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

By. Here comes *Moroso.*
Petro. Oh, you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your happiness.
Mor. I am glad on't.
What makes this Lady here?
By. A dish for you, Sir
You'll thank me for hereafter.
Petro. True *Moroso,*
Go get you in, and see your Mistriss.
By. She is sick, Sir,
But you may kiss her whole.
Mor. How.
By. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I sent for, Sir?
Petro. Will you in, and see?
By. May be she needs confession.
Mor. By *St. Mary,*
She shall have absolution then, and pennance,
But not above her carriage.
Petro. Get you in fool. [*Exit* Mor.
Bya. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland *and* Tranio.

Petro. Now *Tranio.*
Good ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.
Row. Thank you.
Petro. I have a certain Daughter.
Row. Would you had, Sir.
Petro. No doubt you know her well.
Row. Nor never shall, Sir.
She is a woman, and the waies unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep fall'n Snow.
Petro. Well, that's by th' by still.

This Daughter that I tell you of, is fall'n
A little crop sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.
Row. Mine Sir?
Petro. Yes Sir.
Or rather, as it seems, repenting.
And there she lies within, debating on't.
Row. Well Sir.
Petro. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Row. If you please, Sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But, this I'll tell you, she is alter'd much,
You'll find her now another *Livia.*
Row. I have enough o' th' old, Sir.
Petro. No more fool,
To look gay babies in your eyes young *Rowland,*
And hang about your pretty neck.
Row. I am glad on't,
And thank my Fates I have scap'd such execution.
Petron. And buss you till you blush again.
Row. That's hard, Sir;
She must kiss shamefully e're I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what follows?
Petro. She's mine now, as I please to settle her
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farewel of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Row. She shall have 'em
With all my heart, Sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petro. That's the matter,
And you from her, [you] shall have another *Rowland,*
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you.
Row. So be it: Your twenty pound sweats *Tranio.*
Tra. 'Twill not undoe me *Rowland,* do your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her, Sir?
Bya. What e'er she saies
You must bear manly *Rowland,* for her sickness

Has made her somewhat [teatish.]
Row. Let her talk
Till her tongue ake, I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintily mounted; now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I pist it.

Enter Livia *discovered abed, and* Moroso *by her.*

Bya. Pray draw 'em softly, the least hurry, Sir,
Puts her to much impatience.
Petro. How is't daughter?
Liv. Oh very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better I hope; a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; oh my head:
Bya. Well done wench.
Liv. Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously; was never old man humbled (so;
I have scorn'd him, and call'd him nasty names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's beard, and call'd him harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does: contemn'd him,
For methought then, he was a beastly fellow.
(Oh [God] my side) a very beastly fellow:
And gave it out, his Cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a Sculler,
The man yet living: I gave him purging comfits
At a great Christning once,
That spoil'd his Chamblet breeches; and one night
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he past down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for't)
Ev'n with this reverend head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true;
Mist not a step, and as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair Toad-stone, of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his Joynts together, had two stools,
And was translated. All this villany
Did I: I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.
Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.

Liv. Where's *Byancha*?
Bya. Here Cosin.
Liv. Give me drink.
Bya. There.
Liv. Who's that?
Mor. *Rowland.*
Liv. Oh my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer, Sir.
Row. I am sorry for your sickness.
Liv. Be sorry for your self, Sir, you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you; are the Papers ready?
Bya. I have 'em here: wilt please you view 'em?
Petro. Yes.
Liv. Shew 'em the young man too, I know he's willing
To shift his sails too: 'tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have begger'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
We had been undone *Byancha*, had we married,
Undone for ever, I confess I lov'd him,
I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me;
But farewel that, we must be wiser, cosin,
Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?
Row. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.
Liv. Pray stay then:
Give me the papers, and let me peruse 'em,
And so much time, as may afford a tear
At our last parting.
Bya. Pray retire, and leave her,
I'll call ye presently.
Petro. Come Gentlemen, the showre must fall.
Row. Would I had never seen her. [*Exeunt.*
Bya. Thou hast done bravely wench.
Liv. Pray Heaven it prove so.
Bya. There are the other papers: when they come
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As Drapers do their Wares.
Liv. Didst mark *Moroso*,

In what an agony he was, and how he cry'd most
When I abus'd him most?
Bya. That was but reason.
Liv. Oh what a stinking thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed. *Thames-street* to him
Is a meer Pomander.
Bya. Let him be hang'd.
Liv. *Amen.*
Bya. And lie you still;
And once more to your business.
Liv. Call 'em in.
Now if there be a power that pities Lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers.

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.

Petro. Is she ready?
Bya. She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.
Liv. *Rowland*, come near me, and before you seal,
Give me your hand: take it again; now kiss me.
This is the last acquaintance we must have;
I wish you ever happy: there's the paper.
Row. Pray stay a little.
Petro. Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bya. There's Pen and Ink, Sir.
Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. 'Tis a little *Emblem*
How near you have been to me.
Row. There.
Bya. Your hands too,
As witnesses.
Petro. By any means
To th' Book son.
Mor. With all my heart.
Bya. You must deliver it.
Row. There *Livia*, and a better love light on thee,
I can no more.
Bya. To this you must be witness too.
Petro. We will.

Bya. Do you deliver it now.
Liv. Pray set me up;
There *Rowland*, all thy old love back: and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.
Row. Farewel:
Liv. A long farewel. [*Exit* Row.
Bya. Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head: draw all the Curtains close,
A day hence you may see her, 'twill be better,
She is now for little company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight, you must needs along too,
To see my son aboard: were but his wife
As fit for pity, as this wench, I were happy.
Bya. Time must do that too: fare ye well: to morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, *and Porters, with Chest and Hampers.*

Jaq. Bring 'em away Sirs.
Ped. Must the great Trunks go too?
Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay, be speedy Masters;
He'll be at Sea before us else.
Ped. Oh *Jaques*,
What a most blessed turn hast thou!
Jaq. I hope so.
Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this woman,
Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.
Jaq. By your leave,
We'll get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
For on my soul, as far as *Amiens*
She'll carry blank, away to *Lyon-key*
And ship 'em presently, we'll follow ye.
Ped. Now could I wish her in that Trunk:
Jaq. God shield man,
I had rather have a Bear in't.
Ped. Yes, I'll tell ye:
For in the passage, if a Tempest take ye,

As many doe, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the Master,
Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means,
Over-board presently.

Jaq. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us, but believe me *Pedro*,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever.
For none would keep her company but Dog-fish,
As currish as her self; or Porpisces,
Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish-streets
Were she but once arriv'd amongst the Whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri Pedro*,
And mourn in Poor *John*, till her memory
Were cast o' shore agen, with a strong Sea-breach:
She would make god *Neptune*, and his Fire-fork,
And all his demi-gods, and goddesses,
As weary of the *Flemmish Channel*, *Pedro*,
As ever boy was of the School, 'tis certain,
If she but meet him fair, and were well angred,
She would break his god-head.

Ped. Oh her tongue, her tongue.

Jaq. Rather her many tongues.

Ped. Or rather strange tongues.

Jaq. Her lying tongue.

Ped. Her lisping tongue.

Jaq. Her long tongue.

Ped. Her lawless tongue.

Jaq. Her loud tongue.

Ped. And her liquorish—

Jaq. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Than ever *Babel* had to tell his ruines,
Were Women rais'd withal; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuff agen, the journey's ended.

Jaq. What does your worship mean?

Soph. Your Master, Oh *Petruchio*, oh poor fellows.

Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Soph. Oh your Master's dead,
His body coming back, his wife, his devil;
The grief of —— her.
Jaq. Has kill'd him?
Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him.
Ped. Is there no Law to hang her.
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery, I dare not
For fear impatience seize me, see her more,
I must away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,
Even to avoid the shame that follows her.
Cry if she can, your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here within this hour, so tell her;
And all his friends to curse her. Farewel fellows. [*Exit* Soph.
Ped. Oh *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Jaq. Oh my worthy Master.
Ped. Oh my most beastly Mistriss, hang her.
Jaq. Split her.
Ped. Drown her directly.
Jaq. Starve her.
Ped. Stink upon her.
Jaq. Stone her to death: may all she eat be Eggs.
Till she run kicking mad for men.
Ped. And he,
That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto*, lose his [longings.]
Jaq. Let's go discharge our selves, and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A Sedgly curse light on him, which is, *Pedro*;
The Fiend ride through him booted, and spurr'd, with a Sythe at's back. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Rowland, *and* Tranio *stealing behind him.*

Row. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life she loves me still: well Paper,
Thou only monument of what I have had,

Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever: Farewel *Livia.*
Oh bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.
How's this? let me look better on't: A Contract?
—A Contract, seal'd, and ratified,
Her Fathers hand set to it, and *Moroso*'s:
I do not dream sure, let me read again,
The same still, 'tis a Contract.
Tra. 'Tis so *Rowland*;
And by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to morrow.
Row. Art sure *Tranio*,
We are both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.
Row. If this be true, I grant it.
Tra. 'Tis most certain,
There's a Ring for you too, you know it.
Row. Yes.
Tra. When shall I have my money?
Row. Stay ye, stay ye,
When shall I marry her?
Tra. To night.
Row. Take heed now
You do not trifle me; if you do,
You'll find more payment, than your money comes to:
Come swear; I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive my self: swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I *Rowland*?
Tra. Yes.
Row. Am I awake?
Tra. Ye are.
Row. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Row. Was I with *Livia*?
Tra. You were, and had this Contract.
Row. And shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if ye dare.
Row. Swear to all these.

Tra. I will.
Row. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious.
Tra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience;
All this is certain.
Row. Let's remove our places.
Swear it again.
Tra. By —— 'tis true.
Row. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad on't.
Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a Pagan in it.
Tra. I have a Priest too,
And all shall come as even as two Testers. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, *and* Petruchio *born in a Coffin.*

Petro. Set down the body, and one call her out.

Enter Maria *in black, and* Jaques.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
There lies your Husband; there, your loving Husband,
There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him
E'er he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cause begin, and after death
Doe something yet to th' world, to think ye honest.
So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.
Mar. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeinedly I weep it.
Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.
Mar. But what's the cause? mistake me not, not this man,

As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it,
I never was so childish: but his life,
His poor unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.
Petro. Dost thou not shame?
Mar. I doe, and even to water,
To think what this man was, to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here he walk'd amongst us.
He had a happy turn he dyed; I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn Flies. But let him rest,
He was a fool, and farewel he; not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action
By any understanding man that's honest;
But only in's posterity, which I,
Out of the fear his ruines might out-live him,
In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed, born only to preserve him,
Deny'd him means to raise.
Petru. Unbutton me,
—I die indeed else! Oh *Maria*,
Oh my unhappiness, my misery.
Petro. Goe to him whore; —— if he perish,
I'll see thee hang'd my self.
Petru. Why, why *Maria*?
Mar. I have done my worst, and have my end, forgive me;
From this hour make me what you please: I have tam'd ye,
And now am vow'd your servant: Look not strangely,
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
Thus I begin my new love.
Petru. Once again?
Mar. With all my heart.
Petru. Once again *Maria*,
Oh Gentlemen, I know not where I am.
Soph. Get ye to bed then: there you'll quickly know Sir.
Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Mar. Never Sir.
Petru. You shall not need, for as I have a faith
No cause shall give occasion.
Mar. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, since ye make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
Soph. I marry, this goes roundly off.
Petru. Goe *Jaques*,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheads blood, I am born again:
Wéll little *England*, when I see a Husband
Of any other Nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not butter to his bread,
Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Byancha, *and* Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?
Row. Another Morris, Sir.
That you must pipe too.
Tra. A poor married couple
Desire an offering, Sir.
Bya. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
And yours *Moroso*, to confirm the bargain.
Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bya. You'll find it so.
Petro. A trick,
By —— a trick.
Bya. Yes Sir, we trickt ye.
Liv. Father.
P[e]tro. Hast thou lain with him? speak!
Liv. Yes truly Sir.
Petro. And hast thou done the deed, boy?
Row. I have [done], Sir,
That, that will serve the turn, I think.
Petru. A match then,
I'll be the maker up of this: *Moroso*,

There's now no remedy you see, be willing;
[F]or be, or be not, he must have the wench.
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner,
And if I can, I'll drink't away.
Tra. That's well said.
Petro. Well sirrah, you have plaid a trick, look to't,
And let me be a Grandsire within's twelve-month,
Or by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes.
Row. There shall not want my labour, Sir: your money;
Here's one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, I'll trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.
Row. I'll watch ye.
Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial:
I have my Colt again, and now she carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his Text. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THe Tamer's tam'd, *but so, as nor the men*
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives,
They should not reign as Tyrants o'er their wives.
Nor can the Women from this president
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid, and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope, our honest ends
Will keep the Men, and Women too, our friends.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS: A Tragi-Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

King of *Sidore, an Island.*
King of *Bakam,* } *Suitors to the Prin-*
King of *Siana,* } *cess Quisara.*
Governor of *Terna, an Island. An ill man.*
Ruy Dias, *a Captain of* Portugal, *also suitor to the Prin.*
Piniero, *Nephew to* Ruy Dias, *a merry Captain.*
Christophero, } *Soldiers and Friends*
Pedro, } *to* Piniero.
Armusia, *a noble daring* Portugueze, *in love with the Princess.*
Soza, } *companions to* Armusia,
Emanuel, } *and his valiant followers.*
Keeper.
Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens.
Townsmen.

WOMEN.

Quisara, *the Island Princess, Sister to the King of* Sidore.
Quisa[n]a, *Aunt to the Princess.*
Panura, *Waiting-woman to the Princess* Quisara.
Citizens *wives.*

The Scene India.

The Principal Actors were

John Lowin,
John Underwood,
William Eglestone,
Rich. Sharpe,
Joseph Tailor,
Robert Benfield,
George Birch,
Tho. Polard.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Pymero, Christophero, *and* Pedro.

Pymero. OPen the Ports, and see the Watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fixt on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate people, when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel, and crafty souls, believe me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of *Ternata* made surprize
Of our Confederate, the King of *Tidore*,
As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chr. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done; that Governor's a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there's no trusting;
But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures,
As tugging at an Oar, or skill in Steerage,
Should become Princes.

Py. Base breedings, love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a *Baratto*,
A little scurvy boat to row her ti[th]ly,
And have the Art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we *Portugals*, or the *Spaniards* do in riding,
In managing a great horse, which is princely:
The *French* in Courtship, or the dancing *English*,
In carrying a fair presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust: he has paid for't
His Sister yet the fair and great *Quisara*,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler still it appears,
And seasons of more tenderness, because his ruin stiles her
And his imprisonment adds to her profit. (absolute

Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble Treaties,
And propositions for her brothers freedom,
If wealth or honor—
Py. Peace, peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsides *Pedro*,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us;
They that observe her close, shall find her nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
She is a Princess, and she must be fair,
That's the prerogative of being Royal:
Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damn'd else:
Why, all our neighbor Princes are mad for her.
Chr. Is she not fair then?
Py. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Master, the King of *Bakan*,
That lofty Sir, that speaks far more, and louder
In his own commendations, than a Cannon:
He is strucken dumb with her.
Ped. Beshrew me she is a sweet one.
Py. And there's that hopeful man of *Syana*,
That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a Lover too.
Chr. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a compleat one,
The very Sun, I think affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.
Py. She dares not see him,
But keeps her self at distance from his kisses,
And [weares] her complexion in a Case; let him but like it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a Lion;
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder
The Governor of *Ternata*, her mortal enemy,
He that has catcht her brother King, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,

And hostages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a Letter from his prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly delivered
From the poor King, or what else dare be in't.
Chr. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one
For I dare think she'll do the best.
Py. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and sollicites hourly,
Now if he have the trick—
Ped. What trick?
Py. The true one,
To take her too, if he be but skill'd in Bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right.
Chr. I'll be hang'd when that hits,
For 'tis not a compell'd, or forc'd affection
That must take her, I guess her stout and virtuous,
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?
Py. I marry.
He is amongst 'em too.
Ped. A Lover.
Py. Nay,
I know not that, but [sure] he stands in favour,
Or would stand stifly, he is no *Portugal* else.
Chr. The voice says in good favour, in the list too
Of the privy wooers, how cunningly of late
I have observ'd him, and how privately
He has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the Fort farewel
For five or six days, or a month together,
Sure there is something—
Py. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching.
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones.
Ped. You car'd not for it.
Py. I'faith not much, I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my chance, danger is a Soldiers honor;

But that this man, this herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This father of our faculties should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferriting, that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air
To make his bloud obedient, that his youth,
In spight of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love mange on him.

Chr. 'Tis in him, Sir,
But honourable courtship, and becomes his rank too.

Py. In me 'twere abominable Leachery, or would be,
For when our thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
We must hit something.

Ped. Well, he's a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a suitor, may he speed in't.

Py. Let him alone, our family ne'r fail'd yet.

Chr. Our mad Lieutenant still, merry *Pyniero*,
Thus wou'd he do, if the Surgeon were searching of him.

Ped. Especially if a warm wench had shot him.

Py. But hark *Christophero*; come hither *Pedro*;
When saw you our brave Countrey-man *Armusia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt, truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight any where.

Chr. I saw him not of late, a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.

Py. I love him,
And by my troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray let's go seek him.

Ped. We'll attend you Sir.

Py. By that time we shall hear the burst of business.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana; *and* Panura.

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesie,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service, though I be
A Princess, and by that Prerogative stand free

From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.
Quisan. You're wise and noble Lady.
Quisar. Often Aunt
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;
I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor constru'd,
It stands not with my care.
Quisan. You speak most fairly,
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.
Quisar. So mad are mens minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monstrous;
They are thick dreams, bred in fogs that know no fairness.
Quisan. Madam, the House is yours, I am yours, pray (use me,
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield ye honor,
And when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault Lady;
A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honor with your presence—
Quisar. I thank ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.
Quisan. I'll leave ye, [*Exeunt Quis.*
And when you please retire, I'll wait upon you. (*& Pan.*
Quisar. Why, how now Captain, what afraid to speak to (me?
A man of Armes, and danted with a Lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.
Ruy. Madam, the favors you have still showr'd on me,
Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness, no eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal light, and lustre,
Strike me thus mute, you are my royal Mistriss,
And all my services that aime at honor,
Take life from you, the Saint of my devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair ambition,

And well becomes the Man that honors you;
I wou'd I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece, a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet sould Christian.
Quisar. Now you talk Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plain Courtiers;
And could you wish me *Christian*, brave *Ruy Dias*?
Ruy. At all the danger of my life great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all—
Quisar. Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?
Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might—but I dare not speak.
Quisar. I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,
An honorable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?
Ruy. My soul not dearer.
Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
Some thing of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatcht nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you:
'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon,
That inward man I love that's lin'd with virtue,
That well deserving soul works out a favor;
I have many Princes suiters, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you, you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune;
I do not say I dote, nor meane to marry,
Only the hope is, something may be done,
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedome,
And leave opinion fair.
Ruy. Command dear Lady,
And let the danger be as deep as Hell,
As direful to attempt—
Quisar. Y'are too sudden,

I must be rul'd by you, find out a fortune
Wisely, and hansomely, examine time,
And court occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers; you are a Soldier,
I wou'd not talke so else, and I love a Soldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his valor;
Yet for all these which are but Womens follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye weare no Sword.

Ru. Excellent Lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my Nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your favor, if I mistake it,
Or grow a truant in the study of it,
A great correction Lady—

Quisar. Let's toth' banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my general Suiters;
Pray heaven my womans wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
I'll say no more, come be not sad—
I love ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pyniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero, *and* Emanuel.

Py. You are wellcome Gentlemen, most worthy welcom,
And know there's nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir we thank ye,
And rest your servants too.

Py. Ye are worthy *Portugals*,
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits;
The nature of our Country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied soules to seek adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of honor
Where time is, and the Sun gives light, brave Countrymen,

Our names are known, new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;
And we the first of Nations find these wonders.
Arm. These noble thoughts, Sir, have intic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for ease to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater;
We are arriv'd among the blessed Islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an Incence:
The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree
As if it envied the old *Paradice*,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the Spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or suck their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curle their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gemms, and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure;
The people they shew brave too, civil manner'd,
Proportioned like the Masters of great minds,
The Women which I wonder at—
Py. Ye speak well.
Ar. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, sweet and courteous.
Py. And is not that a good thing? brave *Armusia*
You never saw the Court before?
Ar. No certain,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.
Chr. Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such beauties,
Such riches, and such form.

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governor.

Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature sure

Inhabits here.
Arm. These sure are all *Ilanders.*
Py. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty lovers.
Ar. They are goodly persons; What might he be Signior
That bears so proud a state?
Py. King of *Bakam,*
A fellow that farts terror.
Em. He looks highly,
Sure he was begot o'th' top of a Steeple.
Chr. It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Py. That is *Syana,*
And a brave temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soz. What rugged face is that?
Py. That's the great Governor,
The man surpriz'd our Friend, I told ye of him.
Ar. 'Has dangerous eyes.
Py. A perilous Thief, and subtile.
Chr. And to that subtilty a heart of Iron.
Py. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Ar. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.
Ba. Away ye poor ones,
A[m] I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue, and my name rank'd with such trifles?
Sy. Ye speak loud.
Ba. Young-man, I will speak louder;
Can any man but I deserve her favor, [*Princes flie at*
You petty Princes. *one another.*]
Py. He will put 'em all in's pocket.
Sy. Thou proud mad thing be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity.
Ba. How? I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow.
Py. How the Dog looks,
The bandog Governor!
Gov. Ha, Why?
Ba. Away thing,
And keep your rank with those that fit your royalty;
Call out the Princess.

Gov. Dost thou know me bladder,
Thou insolent impostume?
Ba. I despise thee;
Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?
With my revenge for Injuries? darst thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?
Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honors, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command, fortune's my servant,
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she daines at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestowed some Titles on ye,
I should forget your names—
Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blown fool has self affection
Made of this fellow! did not the Queen your Mother
Long for bellows, and bagpipes, when she was great with ye,
She brought forth such a windy birth?
Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd of alarum,
Or else he was swadled in an old saile when he was young.
Sy. He swells too mainly with his meditations;
Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,
But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser,
'Twill well become your mightiness; talk less,
That men may think ye can do more.
Gov. Talk truth,
That men may think ye are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk your self asleep, for I am weary of you.
Ba. Why? I can talk and do.
Gov. That wou'd do excellent.
Ba. And tell you, only I deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you sir,
Or you *Syanas* Prince.
Py. Heres a storm toward,
Methinks it sings already, to him Governor.

Gov. Here lies my proof. [*Draw.*
Sy. And mine.
Gov. I'll be short with ye,
For these long arguments I was never good at.
Py. How white the boaster looks!

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panura.

Ar. I see he lacks faith.
Ru. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and Royalty—
Gov. He's well contented
It seems, and so I have done.
Ar. Is this she Signior?
Py. This is the Princess Sir.
Ar. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form, they have cause to justle.
Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your Love wrapt in Violence to seek us?
Is't fit though you be great, my presence should be
Stain'd, and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your Swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.
Omnes. We are calme as peace.
Ar. What command she carries!
And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her!
Quisar. Is it ye love to do? ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your resolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most
Can carry me, he that deserves my favor,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth; must travel for me;
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well confirmed, a temperate, and true valor.
Omnes. But shew the way.
Quisar. And will, and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.
Py. What task now

Will she turn 'em to? these hot youths,
I fear will find a cooling card, I read in her eyes
Something that has some swinge must flye amongst 'em;
By this hand I love her a little now.
Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal Brother, now miserable,
And Prisoner to that Man; if I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was n're born with me,
There he should lie his miseries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontrol'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death [would] give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all;
Yet all these flattering shews of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness cannot force
To forget nature and my fair affection.
Therefore that Man that would be known my lover,
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him
Either alive or dead to my embraces.
For even his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery,
Or seek another Mistriss, 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.
Chr. How they stand gaping all!
Quisar. *Ruy Dias* cold?
Not flye like fire into it? may be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my husband Prince;
By the bright heavens he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaim it; if I lye,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falshood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?
Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the cause will ask it.
Great Acts require great counsels.
Quisar. Take your pleasure,
I fear the Portugal.

Ba. I'll raise an Army
That shall bring back [h]is Island, Fort and all,
And fix it here.
Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfather's days.
Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise noblest Lady,
My will I am sure stands fair.
Quisar. Faire be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and fair performance.
Gov. These cannot doe,
Their power and arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my will, I have this King your brother,
He is my prisoner, I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that atchiev'd him:
I love ye, and I honor ye, but speak;
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes Lady—
Quisar. No, I scorn ye,
You and your courtesie; I hate your love Sir;
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother;
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.
Py. As I live, a rare Wench.
Ar. She has a noble spirit.
Gov. By force?
Quisar. Yes Sir, by force, and make you glad too
To let him goe.
Gov. How? you may look nobler on me,
And think me no such Boy; by force he must not,
For your love much may be.
Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack ye home, I say, by force, and suddenly.
He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him;
Yet to receive him as thy courtesie,
With all the honor thou couldst add unto him

From his hands that most hate him, I had rather,
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far sunke i'th earth, and there forget him.
Py. Your hopes are gelt good Governor.
Arm. A rare Woman.
Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turne your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will proud Princess; this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a King,
And did those Royal Offices unto him:
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loden with chains and fetters, colds and hunger,
Darkness, and lingring death for his companions;
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool? look toward it; farewel,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewel, and put thy trust in puppits. [*Exit.*
Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I'll live a mourner.
Ba. You cannot want.
Sy. You must not.
Ru. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men wou'd proceed with care and counsel,
Yet some way would I knew—
Walke with me Gentlemen— [*Exeunt.*
Ar. How do you like her spirit? *Manent, Arm.*
Soz. 'Tis a clear one, *and his Comp.*
Clog'd with no dirty stuff, she is all pure honor.
Em. The bravest Wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,
Yet her mind such a mirrour—
Arm. What an action
Wou'd this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.
Soz. To step into it,
Just while they think, and ere they have determin'd

To bring the King off.
Ar. Things have been done as dangerous.
Em. And prosper'd best when they were least consider'd.
Ar. Bless me my hopes,
And you my friends assist me.
None but our companions.
Soz. You deale wisely,
And if we shrink the name of slaves dye with us.
Em. Stay not for second thoughts.
Ar. I am determin'd;
And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,
Worthy the Princess tongue. A Boat, that's all
That's unprovided, and habits like to Merchants,
The rest wee'l councel as we goe.
Soz. Away then,
Fortune looks fair on those, make haste to win her.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moores.

Kee. I Have kept many a Man, and many a great one,
Yet I confess, I nere saw before
A Man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure 'twould kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come near him;
Nor air, nor earth that's wholsome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunk o'th' sudden to the bottome of a dungeon.
Whether should we descend that are poor Rascals
If we had our deserts?
1. *Mo.* 'Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppress him with contempts,
Which are the Governors commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his miseries,
And beares 'em with such strength, as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calamities.

2. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.
Kee. I'll be sworne
He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pitty will compell me,
When other souls, that bear not half his burthen,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their oppressions;
Then will he Sing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.
1. That's more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his Guard, but not so near him,
If we could hear that wonder—
Kee. Many times
I fear the Governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his hour, I have Musick ready,
And it stirs me infinitely, be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.
[*King appears loden with chains, his head, and armes only above.*
2. We will not stir, Sir;
This is a sudden change, but who dares blame it.
Kee. Now hark and melt, for I am sure I shall;
Stand silent, what stubborn weight of chains—
1. Yet he looks temperately.
2. His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,
No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him,
How constantly he smiles, and how undanted!
With what a Majesty he heaves his head up! [*Musick.*
Kee. Now marke, I know he will sing; do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more sir,
Or in my power to make it hansomer.
Kin. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented
Not leaven'd with the glory I am falen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.
Kee. The Governor himself.

Gov. What, at your banquet?
And in such state, and with such change of service?
Kin. Nature's no glutton, Sir, a little serves her.
Gov. This diet's holsome then.
Kin. I beg no better.
Gov. A calm contented mind, give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health, his Grace
Is of a tender, and pure constitution,
And such repletions—
Kin. Mock, mock, it moves not me sir,
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, flie behind me.
Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal Lady
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pitty,
Damn twenty times a day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a Whore, fame might proclame her;
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature;
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mischief;
For giving power to pride, and will to Woman?
Kin. No Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many formes of Death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love [her] more still, and more honor her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the stroke of death, that I despise too:
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And less than those thy prayers, though thou wouldst kneel (to me;
And if she be not Mistriss of this nature,
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemne her.
Gov. Are you so valiant sir?
Kin. Yes, and so fortunate;

For he that holds his constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
And still prefer'd thy fair love to my sister;
But to compell this from me with a misery,
A most inhumane, and unhandsome slavery—
Gov. You will relent for all this talk I fear not,
And put your wits a work agen.
Kin. You are cozen'd;
Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart if she consented!
Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or—
Kin. Do thy utmost,
And e'en in all thy tortures I'll laugh at thee,
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art unhonest;
Nor no way live to build a Name, thou art barbarous.
Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur,
And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high hearted on't, I will coole ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your sister taken down,
Your scornful, cruel sister shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace.
Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessened;
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not sleep, nothing that's dear to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dye not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him.
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance;
And let me see her champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers, keep your guards close,

And as you love your lives be diligent.
And what I charge, observe.
Omnes. We shall be dutiful. [*Exit Gov.*
Gov. I'll pull your courage King, and all your bravery.
1. Most certain he is resolved nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men [to] their sleeps.
Keep. Yes, and sleeps with e'm;
So little he regards them, there's the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps, wou'd I durst pity him,
Or wou'd it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tied unto command.
2. I wish him better,
But much I fear h'as found his tombe already,
We must observe our guards.
1. He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free.
Kee. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.
2. That's as he please;
For that Man that resolves, needs no Phisitian. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel *like Merchants, arm'd underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a fair omen.
Omnes. We believe it.
Ar. The Sea and Wind strove who should most befriend
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us, (us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the Boat that brought us?
Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.
Em. But where have you been, brave sir?
Ar. I have broke the Ice Boyes:
I have begun the game, fair fortune guide it,
Suspectless have I travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchants shape won much acquaintance,

Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the Prison is, and what power guards it.
Soz. These will be strong attempts.
Ar. Courage is strong:
What we beg[a]n with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.
Em. Shame his that hopes it.
Ar. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us worthies.
Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail—
Ar. I am sure ye dare not.
Then farther know, and let no ear be near us,
That may be false.
Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Ar. Hard by the place then
Where all his Treasure lies, his Armes, his Women,
Close by the Prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a Trading Merchant,
A Celler to that too, to stow my Wares in,
The very Wall of which, joynes to his store-house.
Soz. What of all this?
Ar. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.
Em. Ha?
Ar. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
The Match is left a-fire, all, all husht, and lockt close,
No man suspecting what I am but Merchant:

An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take.
Soz. What are our duties?
Ar. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his wits, to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office;
Then flie we to the prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.
Em. Then to our swords and good hearts,
I long for it.
Ar. Certain we shall not find much opposition,
But what is must be forced.
Soz. 'Tis bravely cast Sir,
And surely too I hope.
Ar. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature, some must presently
Upon the first cry of th' amazed people,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant,
And then all's right and fair.
Em. Bless us dear fortune.
Ar. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And fortune must befriend us, come all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises
Let's meet, or either doe, or dye.
Soz. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, and Captain.

Gov. No Captain, for those Troops we need 'em not,
The Town is strong enough to stand their furies;
I wou'd see 'em come, and offer to do something.
They are high in words.
Cap. 'Tis safer Sir then doing.
Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?
Cap. May be by Treaty,
But sure by force they will not prove so froward.
Gov. No faith, I warrant thee, they know me well enough

And know they have no Child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too, I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones, they have reason to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass;
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep and care
To prevent these threatnings, Captain?

Cap. You look well Sir:
Upon my conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:
Well, wou'd I had this Wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge Captain;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance—
Heark, What was that, [*The Train takes.*
That noise there? it went with a violence.

Cap. Some old wall belike Sir,
That had no neighbor help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within. Fire, Fire.

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful,
Look up into the Town, how bright the ayr shewes;
Upon my life some sudden fire. [*Ex. Cap.*
The bell too? [*Bell Rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire.

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchan[t]s house sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help good people.

Gov. Pox o'their paper-houses, how they smother,
They light like Candles, how the rore still rises!

Enter Captain.

Cap. Your Magazine's a fire Sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the people presently,
And all that are your Guard, and all help, all hands Sir,
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the Town perisht;
The Castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes.

Cap. A Merchants house next joyning? shame light on him,
That ever such a neighbour, such a villain—

Gov. Raise all the Garrison, and bring 'em up.

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward—Oh I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes: good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh cursed fortune—
The flame's more violent: arise still, help, help, Citizens,
Freedom and wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, I'll see't recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets; fire, fire, fire. [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Armusia, *and his company.*

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.

Soz. Heark, what a merry cry
These hounds make! forward fairly,
We are not seen in the mist, we are not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our fortune— [*Exit.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Cap. Up Soldiers, up, and deal like men.

Cit. More water, more water, all is consum'd else.

Cap. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your labor bravely.
Up, up, away. [*Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,*

Enter Armusia *and his company breaking open a Doore.*

Ar. So, thou art open, keep the way clear
Behind still. Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here Sir.
Ar. Sure this is it.
Force ope the doore—A miserable creature!
Yet by his manly face— [*The King discover'd.*
Kin. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to afright me:
In death I am a King still, and contemne ye:
Where is that Governor? Methinks his Man-hood
Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,
And come to bath his stern eyes in my sorrows;
I dare him to the sight, bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats: here's a throat, soldiers;
Come, see who can strike deepest.
Em. Break the Chain there.
Kin. What does this mean?
Ar. Come, talke of no more Governors,
He has other business, Sir, put your Legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a Man,
Wee'll carry off your head else: we are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.
Soz. On bravely;
Delayes may lose agen.

Enter Guard.

Ar. The Guard.
Soz. Upon 'em.
Ar. Make speedy, and sure work.
Em. They flie.
Ar. Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now be (speedy;
When this heat's past, wee'll sing our History.
Away, like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
Now sacred chance be ours.
Soz. Pray when we have done, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter 3 *or* 4 *Citizens severally.*

1. What is the fire allaid?

2. 'Tis out, 'tis out,
Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly
I'll assure you neighbours since I was a Man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib:
I liv'd two hours in the fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, my Wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets Boys.

3. We are all meere Martins.

1. I heard a voice at latter end o'th hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said Treason.

2. 'Tis like enough, it might cry Murder too, for there was
Many without a joint, but what's that to us: Let's home
And fright our Wives, for we look like Devils.

Enter 3 *Women.*

3. Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *W.* Mine's alive neighbor—oh sweet hony husband.

2. Thou liest, I think abominably, and thou hadst been
In my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole Tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns; for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth, than would
Blote a hundred Herrings.

2 *Wo.* Art thou come safe agen?

3 *Wo.* I pray you what became of my man, is he in a Well?

2. At hearts ease in a Well, is very well neighbor;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husbands happy, he was through roasted,
And now he's basting of himself at all points:
The Clark and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body [O] me neighbors there's fire in my Codpiece.

1 *Wo.* Bless my Husband.

2. Blow it out Wife—blow, blow, the gable end a'th'
Women. Some water, water, water. (store-house.

3. Peace, 'tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the Town again, 'twill be a great hindrance,

I'm glad 'tis out, and't had ta'en in my Hay-loft?
What frights are [t]hese, marry heaven bless thy modicum.
3 *Wo.* But is a drown'd outright, pray put me out of Fear neighbor.
2. Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred fires More, he'll live to see thee burnt for brewing musty Liquor.
1. Come, let's go neighbor.
2. For I would very fain turn down this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt mary-bone:
Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run wenches, run, and let your Taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry Ale, Ale.
Wom. Away, let's nourish the poor wretches.
2. We'll rallie up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quencht Captain, but the mischief hangs still;
The King's redeem'd, and gone too; a trick, a dam'd one:
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.
Cap. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison?
Sol. Most of'em slain, yet some scap'd, Sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting;
Fighting beyond the force of men.
Gov. I am lost Captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me:
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common sense.
Sol. Hee's gon Sir,
And put to Sea amaine, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valor,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boys (brains
'Gainst every post I meet; fool'd with a fire?
Cap. It was a crafty trick.
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident sluggish lazie, had I but met 'em

And chang'd a dozen blowes, I had forgiv'n 'em,
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
That gildes the world with light, by all our worships,
The hidden ebbes and flowes of the blew Ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonor:
Make ready my *Barrato's* instantly,
And what I shall intend—

Cap. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quisara, Ruy Dyas.

Quisar. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought, you sought my favor:
If not for love of me, for love of armes Sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honor,
Of which you stile your self the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ru. Dear Lady hold me—

Quisar. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint servant.

Ru. By —— I dare doe—

Quisar. In a Ladies chamber
I dare believe ye, there's no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that:
I thought you *Portugals* had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits,
That all things were confin'd within your promises,
The Lords of fate and fortune I believ'd ye,
But well I see I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias*,
And blame, too late, my much beliefe.

Ru. I am asham'd, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in Act as soon, some preparation—

Quisar. And give it out?

Ru. Yes, Lady, and so great too;

In which, the noise of all my Countrey-men—
Quisar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,
And though he be restor'd alive.
Ru. I have ye.
Quisar. For then we are both servants.
Ru. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turn my fancies.
Quis. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you. [*Ex.*
Ru. My self, the Cozen, and the Garrison,
The neighbors of the out-Isles of our Nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humor him:
And proud *Bekamus*, I shall deceive his glory. [*A shout.*
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.

Enter Pyniero, Christoph.

Py. Where are ye?
Ru. Now *Pyniero*, What's the haste you seek me?
Py. Doe you know this sign Sir?
Ru. Ha!
Py. Do you know this embleme:
Your nose is boar'd.
Ru. Boar'd? What's that?
Py. Y'are topt Sir:
The King's come home again, the King.
Ru. The Devil!
Py. Nay sure he came a Gods name home:
He's return'd Sir.
Christ. And all this joy ye hear—
Ru. Who durst attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Chry. They are worthy Princes,
They are special Princes, all they love by ounces.
Believe it Sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
What fortune have ye lost Sir?
What justice have ye now unto this Lady?
Py. How stands your claim?
That ever Man should be fool'd so,
When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favor,

When he should be about his business sweating;
She bid you go, and pickt you out a purpose, (one,
To make your self a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty
A lovely, that now you may go look, she pointed ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a fair flight on't,
You have caught a Goose.

Ru. How dare you thus molest me? [*A shout.*
It cannot be.

Chr. Heark how the general joy rings!

Py. Have you your hearing left? Is not that drunk too?
For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

Ru. Done? Who dares do?

Py. It seems an honest fellow,
That has ended his Market before you be up.

Chr. The shame on't 's a stranger too.

Py. 'Tis no shame,
He took her at her word, and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the Lady:
'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come to know
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed, (him,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight to—

Ru. I am undone.

Py. Like an Oyster:
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings—
They make men cowards.
You are undone as a man would undoe an egge,
A hundred shames about ye.

Enter Quisara, Panura, *and Traine.*

Quisar. Can it be possible,
A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never grac'd; O Captain, Captain,

What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune,
It cannot be, it must not be.
Py. It is Lady,
And by my faith a hansome Gentleman;
'Tis his poor Schollers prize.
Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a Man I never saw, ne're spoke with,
I know not of what Nation?
Py. Is a Portugal,
And of as good a pitch he will be giv'n to you Lady,
For he's given much to hansome flesh.
Quisar. Oh *Ruy Dias*,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth *Ruy Dias.*
Py. Your love sloth; Unckle do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully: [*A shout.*
And then th'other had lyed ready for ye;
Madam, the general joy comes.
Quisar. We must meet it—but with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boyes singing after 'em; Then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; *The Princes and train following.*

Quisar. Oh my dear brother, what a joy runs through me,
To see you safe again, your self, and mighty,
What a blest day is this!
Kin. Rise up fair Sister,
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.
Ru. A general gladness sir flies through the City,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture who so e'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honor;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd great Sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In spight of all his threats.
Kin. I thank ye Gentleman.
Ru. And all his subtilties to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.
Kin. I know ye love me.
Py. This had been good with something done before it,

Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds empty, like
A Barbers bason, pox there's no metall in't, no noble marrow.
Ba. I have an Army Sir, but that the Governor,
The foolish fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peal—
Py. Yes backward,
To make dogs houl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy Army's good for Hawks, there's
Nothing but sheeps hearts in it.
Sy. I have done nothing Sir, therefore
I think it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.
Kin. I like your modesty,
And thank ye royal friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my misery; but this man, Prince[s],
I must thank heartily, indeed, and treuly,
For this Man saw me in't, and redeemed me:
He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This Sister this, this all Man, this all valor,
This pious Man.
Ru. My countenance, it shames me,
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd—
Oh I have boy'd my self.
Kin. This noble bulwark,
This launce and honor of our age and Kingdome;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this Man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new begot my name, and once more made me:
Oh sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompence invented.
Ar. You are too noble Sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recompence so rich and glorious,
I durst not dreame it mine, but that 'twas promised;
But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
Before the face of Heaven, I durst not hope it,

For nothing in the life of man, or merit,
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.
Kin. O speak it, speak it, bless mine ears to hear it,
Make me a happy man, to know it may be,
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.
Ar. Then know it is your sister, she is mine Sir,
I claime her by her own word, and her honor;
It was her open promise to that Man
That durst redeeme ye; Beauty set me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.
Kin. Receive ye, Sir—why Sister—ha—so backward,
Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ventured?
My dearest Sister.
Ar. Good Sir pardon me,
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back; Women are nice to wooe Sir;
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty;
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and flie from their own wishes.
Kin. Look on him my *Quisara*, such another,
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature!
In honor so abundant!—
Quisar. I confess Sir,
Confess my word is past too, he has purchased;
Yet good Sir give me leave to think; but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person;
To make me fit to know it; we are both strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections—
Alas, love has his complements.
Kin. Be sudden
And certain in your way, no woman[s] doubles,
Nor coy delayes, you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;
Respect your word, I know you will, come Sister,
Lets see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend—Oh my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty,
He that frowns this day is an open enemy:

Thus in my armes my dear.
Ar. You make me blush Sir.
Kin. And now lead on—
Our whole Court crown'd with pleasure.
Ru. Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely.
Quisar. O *Ruy Dias.* [*Ex.*
Py. Well, he's a brave fellow, and he has deserv'd her richly;
And you have had your hands full I dare swear Gentlemen.
Soz. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right.
Ch. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty,
So much I think.
Py. Come, let's goe bounce amongst 'em,
To the Kings health, and my brave Country-mans.
My Unckle looks as though he were sick oth'
Worms friends. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pyniero.

MIne Unckle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof melancholy, sometimes swears
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans, as if he had the Bots,
As to say truth, I think h'as little better,
A[n]d wo'd fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis noon, has something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not: still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dyas.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent! I marry,
There was a sigh wou'd a set a ship a sailing:
These winds of love and honor, blow at all ends.
Now speak and't be thy Will: good morrow Uncle.
Ru. Good morrow Sir.
Py. This is a new salute:
Sure h'as forgot me: this is pur-blind *Cupid.*
Ru. My Nephew?
Py. Yes Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ru. I wou'd fain speak with you.
Py. I wou'd fain have ye, Sir,
For to that end I stay.
Ru. You know I love ye,
And I have lov'd ye long, my dear *Pyniero*,
Bred and supply'd you.
Py. Whither walks this Preamble?
Ru. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness.
Py. Sure he would wrap me into something now suddenly,
He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest,
He winds about me so.
Ru. A fathers diligence.
My private benefits I have forgot, Sir,
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men wou'd remember—
Py. I do daily. (one,
Ru. The place which I have put ye in, which is no weak
Next to my self you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your person;
These are small testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.
Pyn. Sure you cannot.
Ru. Oh *Pyniero*—
Pyn. Sir, what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,
(I must confess, in those that understand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.
Ru. Oh my best Nephew—
Pyn. It may be ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her self, or be forc'd from ye.
Ru. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honor;
That murd'ring chain shot at me from my Countrey:
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.
Pyn. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,

Has he not done a brave thing?
Ru. I must confess it Nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And if he rise and blaze, farewel my fortune;
And when that's set, where's thy advancement, Cosin?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were grateful;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.
Pyn. You say true, 'tis worth consideration,
Your reasons are of weight; and mark me Uncle,
For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you.
Say this *Armusia*, then were taken off,
As it may be easily done,
How stands the woman?
Ru. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.
Pyn. Pox on him.
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs, the dogs, the devils pox possess him:
'Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, 'tis a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared Uncle—
Ru. I must perish:
Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth—
Pyn. I understand you now, who set you on too.
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him;
I'll see what may be done then, you shall know
You have a kinsman, but no villain Uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it;
I love and honor virtue; I must have
Access unto the Lady to know her mind too,
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;
A Ladies look at setting on—
Ru. You say well,
Here Cosin, here's a Letter ready for you,

And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
And with what [c]are direct.
Pyn. Farewel then Uncle,
After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant,
To make you honest if I can—else hate you.
Pray ye no more compliments, my head is busie, heaven bless (me;
What a malicious soul does this man carry!
And to what scurvy things this love converts us!
What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us!
Murther's a moral virtue with these Lovers,
A special piece of Divinity, I take it:
I may be mad, or violently drunk.
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murther mens estates, that's base too;
Or proud, but that's a Paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of my self
At others fortunes; I may lye, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cosin, Cutpurses, sit i'th' Stocks for apples.
But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy,
These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the devils Coach.

Enter Quisana, *and* Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh my great Ladies followers,
Her Riddle-founders, and her Fortune-tellers.
Her readers of her Love-Lectures, her Inflamers:
These doors I must pass through, I hope they are wide.
Good day to your beauties, how they take it to 'em!
As if they were fair indeed.
Quisan. Good morrow to you, Sir.
Pyn. That's the old Hen, the brood-bird! how she busles!
How like an Inventory of Lechery she looks!
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has past her hands, I warrant her—I beseech you,
Is the fair Princess stirring?
Pan. Yes marry is she, Sir.
But somewhat private: you have a business with her?
Py. Yes forsooth have I, and a serious business.
Pan. May not we know?

Py. Yes, when you can keep counsel.
Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomly upon him.
Quisan. A good blunt Gentleman.
Py. Yes marry am I:
Yet for a push or two at sharp, and't please you—
Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princesses Aunt,
Py. I like her the better
And she were her Mother (Lady) or her Grandmother,
I am not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what size is your business?
Py[*n*]. Of the long sixteens,
And will make way I warrant ye.
Pan. How fine he talks!
Pyn. Nay in troth I talk but coursely, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding:
How fain they wou'd draw me into ribaldry!
These wenches that live easily, live high,
[And l]ove these broad discourses, as they love possets;
These dry delights serve for preparatives.
Pan. Why do you look so on me?
Pyn. I am guessing (should be,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place,
For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty,
And you another, gravity, under the Princess,
And by my —— I warrant ye good places,
Comly commodious Seats.
Quisan. Prethee let him talk still.
For me thinks he talks handsomely.
Py. And truly
As near as my understanding shall enable me
You look as if you kept my Ladies secrets:
Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly, (end!
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th'
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for it!
Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I guess, to take the Petitions,
And hear the lingring suits in love dispos'd,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place,

You keep the Ay-me Office.
Quisan. Prethee suffer him,
For as I live he's a pretty fellow;
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us:
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice:
Proceed good honest man.
Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to mens states and dignities,
Moneys and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the Nativity of their desires,
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous:
And if he promise place, his dreams are Oracles;
Your antient practique Art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who draws home, yield you no little profit,
For these ye milk by circumstance.
Qui. Ye are cunning.
Pin. And as they oil ye, and advance your Spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your doors too,
The doors of destiny, that men must pass through;
These are fair places.
Pan. He knows all.
Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in it, that have no providence,
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires, through at,
And draw their states and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Postern doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the worlds eye find their knaveries:
Your doors of danger, some men hate a pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears; your hope doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new enco[u]ragement, a new custom;
You have your doors of honor, and of pleasure;
But those are for great Princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases;
There be the doors of poverty and death too:
But these you do the best you can to damm up,
For then your gain goes out.
Qui. This is a rare Lecture.
Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,
I dare not venture on ye, ye cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quisara.

Quisan. We thank you Sir for your good mirth,
You are a good companion.
Here comes the Princess now, attend your business.
Quisar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free? whose there hoe?
Quisan. Troubled? her looks are almost wild:
What ails the Princess?
I know nothing she wants.
Quisar. Who's that there with you?
Oh Signior *Pyniero*? you are most welcome:
How does your noble Uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are Madam:
But he commends his service, and this Letter.
Quisar. Go off, attend within—Fair Sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your own virtues welcome.
Quisan. We are mistaken,
This is some brave fellow sure.
Pan. I'm sure he's a bold fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it. [*Exit.*
Quisar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?
P[*i*]*n.* I ghess it Madam,
And whether it intends: I had not brought it else.
Quis. It is a business of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in.
Quisar. And can you love your Uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?
Pin. Dare you say I to it,
And set me on? 'tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.
Quisar. I wou'd fain—
Pyn. Have it done; say but so Lady.
Quisan. Conceive it so.

Pyn. I will, 'tis that I am bound to:
Your Will that must command me, and your Pleasure,
The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct me:
I am no Uncles Agent, I am mine own, Lady;
I scorn my able youth should plough for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay; I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at, shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to, this desire,
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a virtuous man, my countrey-man, *Armusia*,
The delight of all the *Minions*, (your excellence;
This love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lye a bed, and swear men into Feavers,
Like some of your trim suiters; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world,
Than I am to my word—She turns for millions.

Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.

Pyn. For a Tun of Crowns she turns: she is a woman,
And much I fear, a worse than I expected.
You are the object, Lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his Estate, Father, Mother,
Friends, Wife, and Children,
H'is a fool, and I scorn him,
And 't be but to make clean his sword, a coward;
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy Uncle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
I wou'd find out your commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, e'r you dream't of 'em.

Quis. I admire his boldness.
Pyn. This, or any thing;
Your brothers death, mine Uncles, any mans,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my strength, my faith.
Quis. No more Sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfi'd;
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful:
You are a handsome Gentleman, a fair one,
My servant if you please; I seal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deserve more. [*Exit.*
Pyn. I am rewarded:
This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the face of Heaven, clear and transparent;
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloudy slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd, to what they wish: well Uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonor
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it. [*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, *and* Soza.

Em. Why are you thus sad? what can grieve or vex you
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honor, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?
Ar. I want what beggars are above me in, content;
I want the grace I have merited,
The favor, the due respect.
Soz. Does not the King allow it?
Ar. Yes, and all honors else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his Sister,
The scornful cruelty, forgive me beauty,
That I transgress from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faiths sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.
Soz. And you goe whining up and down for this, Sir?

Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen School-boy,
And cursing good-wife fortune for this favour?
Ar. What would you have me doe?
Soz. Doe what you should do,
What a man would doe in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knows a woman;
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles:
Goe to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her,
Take her and toss her like a barr.
Em. But be sure you pitch her upon a Feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of Sheets, Sir,
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there;
There you may break her Will, and bruise no bone, Sir.
Soz. Goe to her.
Em. That's the way.
Soz. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your self,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deserved, and what she must be.
Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,
With the Princess would be private,
Or that she has taken physick, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.
Ar. It makes me smile.
Em. Now you look handsomly:
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her:
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuce;
A woman held at hard meat, is your Spaniel.
Soz. Pray take our council, Sir.
Ar. I shall do something,
But not your way, it shews too boisterous,
For my affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soz. The King.
King. Why how now friend?
Why do you rob me of the company

I love so dearly, Sir, I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure:
Why sad? thus sad still man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadowed. (him:

Em. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so, come, come, I know your reason,
It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a Kings word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause, I shall be Sir,
And ever your poor servant.

King. Me my self, Sir,
My better self, I shall find time, and suddainly,
To gratifie your loves too, Gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks, no further complement;
Will you go with me friend?

Arm. I beseech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private business with my self, Sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular, I'll take you Gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him,
I shall look for your friend. [*Exeunt. manet* Armusia.

Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir:
What shall I do to make her know my misery,
To make her sensible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me suddenly,
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am, I cannot tumble,
I'll try, what e'er my fate be—Good even fair one.

Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger—A good night to you, Sir.
Now by my Ladies hand, a goodly Gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a Husband!
Wou'd I were so provided too.

Arm. Good pretty one,

Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening.
I am an honest man.
Pan. I dare believe ye:
Or if ye were not, Sir, that's no great matter,
We take mens promises, wou'd ye stay with me, Sir?
Arm. So it please you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princesses Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near.
Pan. 'Tis like I do so.
Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,
If he have business your way.
Pan. I understand ye.
Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman,
Hereafter to be yours; and your way too,
And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.
Pan. Tell me your business,
Yet if I think it be to her, your self, Sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second,
For that but darkens, you wou'd do it better,
The Princess must be pleas'd with your accesses;
I'm sure I should.
Arm. I want a Courtiers boldness,
And am yet but a stranger, I wou'd fain speak with her:
Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, Sir.
Ar. Pray ye wear this, and believe my meaning civil,
My business of that fair respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance. [*Jewel.*
Pan. How close he kisses!
And how sensible the passings of his lips are!
I must do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me, that's all I aim at;
And come what will on't, life or death, I'll do it,
For ten such kisses more, and 'twere high treason.
Arm. I wou'd be private with her.
Pan. So you shall,
'Tis not worth thanks else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.
Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, Sir;
Where you must lock your self that none may see you;
'Tis close to her, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.
Arm. I understand ye, and once more thank ye Lady.
Pan. Thank me but thus.
Arm. If I fail thee—
Come close then. [*Ex.*

Enter Quisara, *and* Quisana.

Quisar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am ev'n unready,
My woman will not be long away.
Quisan. I wou'd have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my instrument.
Quisar. No, no I thank you,
I shall sleep without these, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye wait thus, pray let me intreat ye,
To morrow I'll see ye, I know y'are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here's my woman,

Enter Panura.

Good night, good night, and good rest Aunt attend you.
Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court ye.
Quisar. Come, where have you been wench? make me un-
I slept but ill last night. (ready;
Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope [too] night, Madam.
Quisar. A little rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy bed *Panura.*
Pan. I am not in love Lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils, I sleep soundly.
Quisar. I'll swear thou dost, thy Husband wou'd not take
If thou wert married wench. (it so well
Pan. Let him take, Madam,
The way to waken me, I am no Dormouse,
Husbands have larum bels, if they but
Ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.
Pan. I shall live the longer.
Quisar. Prethee fetch my Book.
Pan. I am glad of that.
Quisar. I'll read awhile before I sleep.
Pan. I will Madam.
Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in.
Pan. I have a better fare for you,
Now least in sight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, *locks the door.*

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I doat upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it? who's there wench?
What are you? or whence come you?
Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement, noble Lady.
Quisar. Who let you in?
Arm. My restless love that serves ye.
Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brothers love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on, my rooms are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours,
And humble fears, shall render their approaches.
Arm. Mine are no less.
Quisar. I am Mistriss of my self, Sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited:
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off, I'll cry out else.
Arm. Oh dear Lady!
Quisar. I see dishonor in your eyes.
Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.
Quisar. I'll dye first;
Before you have your Will, be torn in pieces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd

To that I hate, or suffer—
Arm. You wrong my duty.
Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man; borrow his boldness,
And force my womans fears into a madness,
And e'er you arrive at what you aim at—
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any womans pity;
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous;
Look on me, and believe me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty
A ruffians boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here an impudence?
These forcings, and these fears I bring along with me;
These impudent abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your brothers favour blown me:
Alas dear Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose, rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle,
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it.
Quisar. Now I dare hear you.
Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you,
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honor, and your virtues are such armours;
Your clear thoughts such defences; if you mis-doubt still
And yet retain a fear, I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place;
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish;
How willing shall I sleep to satisfie you.
Quisar. No, I believe now, you speak worthily;
What came you then for?
Arm. To complain me, beauty,

But modestly.
Quisar. Of what?
Arm. Of your fierce cruelty,
For though I dye, I will not blame the doer:
Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me:
A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your scorns, pray pardon me
And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word, a little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
If any thing that love commands may reach ye:
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes,
To have told ye, and by my life ye may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your memory; pray be not angry.
Quisar. I thank you Sir, and let me tell you seriously,
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion,
Yet to try your obedience—
Arm. I stand ready Lady.
Without presuming to ask any thing.
Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles;
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me:
Quit this place presently.
Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ru. Ha?
Arm. Who's this?
What art thou?
Ru. A Gentleman.
Arm. Thou art no more I'm sure: oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he looks, and harsh!
Ru. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow room?
Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.
Ru. Does this become you Princess?

Arm. The Captain's jealous.
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Goe freely, goe, I'll give thee leave.
Ru. Your leave, Sir?
Arm. Yes my leave Sir, I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ake, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspitious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee;
I kiss your fair hand first, then farewel Captain. [*Exit.*
Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here! what innocence!
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fogg still: how he blusters!
Ru. Am I your property? or those your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?
Quisar. Be more temperate.
Ru. Are these the shews of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?
Quisar. You are too forward.
Ru. Why at these private hours?
Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent to task me with those errors.
Do ye know what I am Sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honor? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee!
How have I nourisht thee, and raised thee hourly!
Are these the gratitudes you bring *Ruy Dias*?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid;
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shaddowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee coward?
Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
And with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?
Ruy. I was too blame

Lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durst thou but look amiss at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The meer sign of a Soldier—of a Lover.
The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and jealousie,
I scorn thee; and contemn thee.

Ru. Dearest Lady,
If I have been too free—

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
And go on still, I'll study to forget thee,
I would I could, and yet I pity thee. [*Exit.*

Ru. I am not worth it, if I were, that's misery,
The next door is but death, I must aim at it. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter King and Governor, like a Moor-Priest.

Kin. SO far and truly you have discovered to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions,
Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no lyer,
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbor;
But these are not my ends.

Kin. Pray ye sit good father,
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.

Gov. I, that belief's well now, and let me work then,
I'll make ye curse Religion e'er I leave ye:
I have liv'd a long time Son, a mew'd up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the worlds vanities, bid farewel to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures,
As in a dream these twenty years I have slumber'd,
Many a cold Moon have I, in meditation

And searching out the hidden Wils of heaven
Lain shaking under; many a burning Sun
Has sear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebl'd my knees, and stampt a Meagerness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained to, thanks to heaven,
All for my countreys good too: and many a vision,
Many a mistick vision have I seen Son.
And many a sight from heaven which has been terrible,
Wherein the Goods and Evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover, now I am come Son,
The hour is now appointed,
My tongue is touch'd, and now I speak.

Kin. Do Holy man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these *Portugals*; I say beware 'em,
These smooth-fac'd strangers; have an eye upon 'em.
The cause is now the God's, hear, and believe King.

King. I do hear, but before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to 'em,
I mean to some for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. Oh Son, the future aims of men, observe me,
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at, the Stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but with my eyes, pupil;
These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long sute for traffique, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens toys, cure their diseases:
They had their sute, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suckt the fat, and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They have clapt upon the neck of your *Tidore*,
This happy Town, till that she knew these strangers,
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed Father.
Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair-fac'd Prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end good King, the pin he shoots at
That was the man deliver'd ye; the mirror,
Your Sister is his due; what's she, your heir, Sir?
And what's he a kin then to the kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they do?
King. He points at truth directly.
Gov. Think of these Son:
The person, nor the manner I mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the Faith we are,
In our Devotions learn'd.
King. You say right Father.
Gov. To change our Worships now, and our Religion?
To be traytor to our God?
King. You have well advised me,
And I will seriously consider Father,
In the mean time you shall have your fair access
Unto my Sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine.
Gov. I will, but my main end is to advise
The destruction of you all, a general ruine,
And when I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, *and* Pyniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
Upon the person of *Armusia*,
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me.
Py. 'Twas not a fair thing, Uncle,
It shew'd not handsome, carried no man in it.
Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill; and I abhor it,

Only this good has risen from this evil;
I have tried your honesty, and find proof,
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honor it.
Py. This Bell sounds better.
Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick honor cur'd the right and straight way;
My Sword's in my hand now Nephew, my cause upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his.
Py. Why? this is like *Ruy Dias*?
This carries something of some substance in it;
Some mettle and some man, this sounds a Gentleman;
And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye;
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a Rat-catchers occupation—
Ru. It is no better,
But *Pyniero*, now—
Py. Now you do bravely.
Ru. The difference of our States flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomly aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods—
Py. In a service, Sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave thoughts were wont to wait upon you;
I am glad to see 'em call'd home agen.
Ruy. They are Nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them,
Here, you guess what this means. [*Shews a challenge.*
Py. Yes very well, Sir,
A portion of Scripture that puzles many an interpreter.
Ruy. As soon as you can find him—
Py. That will not be long Uncle,
And o' my conscience he'll be ready as quickly.
Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so

If you can possible, that we may fight.
Py. Nay you shall fight, assure your self.
Ru. Pray ye hear me
In some such place where it may be possible
The Princess may behold us.
Py. I conceive ye,
Upon the sand behind the Castle, Sir,
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her Lodgings too, or I am mistaken.
Ruy. Y'are i'th' right, if ye can work that handsomly—
Py. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd
Some three hours hence.
Ruy. I will not fail.
Py. Get you home,
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant I'll bring him on.
Ruy. Farewel Nephew,
And when we meet again—
Py. I, I, fight handsomly;
Take a good draught or two of Wine to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience, Uncle;
I am glad to see this mans conversion,
I was afraid fair honor had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' Island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses? he will fight now;
And I believe too bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellows carkasse handsomely:
And in the head of a troop, stand as if he had been rooted there,
Dealing large doles of death; what a rascal was I
I did not see his Will drawn!
What does she here?

Enter Quisara.

If there be any mischief towards, a woman makes one still;
Now what new business is for me?
Quisar. I was sending for ye,
But since we have met so fair,
You have sav'd that labour; I must intreat you, Sir—

Py. Any thing Madam,
Your Wils are my Commands.
Quisar. Y'are nobly courteous;
Upon my better thoughts Signior *Pyniero*,
And my more peaceable considerations,
Which now I find the richer ornaments;
I wou'd desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
In truth I am asham'd of my share in't;
Nor be incited farther by your Uncle,
I see it will sit ill upon your person;
I have considered, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;
Good Sir desist—
Py. You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderness becomes ye;
But this you must remember—your command
Was laid on with a kiss, and seriously
It must be taken off the same way, Madam,
Or I stand bound still.
Quisar. That shall not endanger ye,
Look ye fair Sir, thus I take off that duty.
Py. By th' mass 'twas soft and sweet,
Some bloods would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you think bright beauty;
You have done me in this kiss, a mighty favour,
And that [I stand] bound by virtue of this honor,
To do what ever you command me?
Quisar. I think Sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so; there are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly blest to taste of such a bounty.
Py. I know there are, that wou'd do many unjust things
For such a kiss, and yet I hold this modest;
All villanies, body and soul dispense with,
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their Parents;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with, most certain Madam,
The appurtenance of this kiss wou'd not provoke me

To do a mischief, 'tis the devils own dance,
To be kiss'd into cruelty.
Quisar. I am glad you make that use Sir.
Py. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel,
For by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common slave might have been set upon it else;
That willingly I wou'd not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman,
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that plaid the best game at it,
And 'fore a womans anger, prefer her fancy.
Quisar. I take it in you well.
Py. I thank ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirm it.
Quisar. Do Sir,
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it,
Most holy Sir.

Enter Governor, Quisana, *and* Panura.

Gov. Bless ye my Royal Daughter,
And in you, bless this Island Heaven.
Quisar. Good Aunt,
What think ye of this man?
Quisan. Sure h' is a wise man,
And a Religious, he tells us things have hapened
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.
Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?
Pan. He tells me Madam,
Marriage, and mouldy Cheese will make me tamer.
Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your share.
Pan. Bir Lady, a sharp prophet, when this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a skin to make ye a Hood.
Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quisar. Do reverend Sir.
Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern ye,
And give ear wisely to me.
Quisar. I shall father.
Gov. You are a Princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that Angel-like fair feature,
Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the gods bestow'd these on ye,
The gods that love ye.
Quisar. I confess their bounty.
Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their honor,
To them, and to their service give this sweetness;
They have an instant great use of your goodness;
You are a Saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart—
Quisar. I seek no fealty,
Nor will I blemish that, heaven has seal'd on me,
I know my worth, indeed the *Portugals*
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay, even their lives, so much I think my handsomness,
That what I shall enjoyn—
Gov. Use it discreetly.
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your help, and suddainly;
The *Portugals*, like sharp thorns (mark me Lady)
Stick in our sides, like Razors, wound Religion,
Draw deep, they wound, till the Life-bloud follows,
Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our government,
These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
Which as you may endeavour will be easie,
Remember whose great cause you have to execute,
To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions,
Which will be blessed, and for which you sainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me buzle.
Quisar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converse more privately;

I'll shew ye shortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chain thir souls.
Gov. Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our gods, and their fair worships.
Or Daughter, pinch their hearts apieces with it,
I'll wait upon your grace.
Quisar. Come reverend father.
Wait you below. [*Ex.* Quisar. *and Gov.*
Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy Coats are long, and hide iniquities.
Quisan. Away, away fool, a poor wretch.
Pan. These poor ones
Warm but their stomachs once—
Quisan. Come in, thou art foolish.
[*Ex.* Quisania *and* Panura.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, *and* Pyniero.

Arm. I am sorry, Sir, my fortune is so stubborn,
To court my sword against my Countreyman;
I love my Nation well, and where I find
A *Portugal* of noble Name and Virtue,
I am his humble servant, Signior *Pyniero*,
Your person, nor your Uncles am I angry with,
You are both fair Gentlemen in my opinion,
And I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences, than against your safeties;
'Tis methinks a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among our selves.
Em. You are injured,
And you must make the best on't now, and readiest—
Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and arm'd
To his desire that call'd me.
Py. Ye speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more friendly,
But it cannot now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Em. Turn Sir, and see.

Py. I have kept my word with ye Uncle,
The Gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor, and Quisara *above.*

Arm. Ye are welcome.
Ru. Bid those fools welcome, that affect your courtesie,
I come not to use compliment, ye have wrong'd me,
And ye shall feel, proud man, e'r I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not fool me;
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.
Arm. That's a proud word,
More than your faith can justifie.
Quisar. Sure they will fight.
Ruy. She's there, I am happy.
Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the main posts, if they fall, the buildings
Will tumble quickly.
Quisar. How temperate *Armusia*!
No more, be quiet yet.
Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.
Ruy. Fight home *Armusia*,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st—
Arm. Do ye make all vantages?
Ruy. Always; unto thy life I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand still I charge ye Nephew, as ye honor me.
Arm. And good *Emanuel* stir not—
Py. Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.
Gov. I am sorry for't.
Em. But since you will have it so—
Ruy. Come Sir.
Arm. I wait ye.
Py. I marry, this looks handsomely,
This is warm work.
Gov. Both fall and't be thy Will. [Ruy *falls.*

Py. My Uncle dead?
Em. Stand still, or my swords in—
Arm. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,
Now where's your confidence, your prayers? quickly
Your own spite has condemn'd ye.
Quisar. Hold *Armusia*.
Ar. Most happy Lady.
Quisar. Hold, and let him rise,
Spare him for me.
Ar. A long life may he enjoy, Lady.
Gov. What ha you done? 'tis better they had all perisht.
Quisar. Peace father, I work for the best; *Armusia*,
Be in the Garden an hour hence. [*Ex.* Qu. *and Gov.*
Ar. I shall Madam.
Py. Now as I live, a Gentleman at all inches,
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Ar. Why are ye sad Sir? how would this have griev'd you,
If ye had fall'n under a profest enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray ye be at peace, I am so far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve ye, pray look chearfully. (Gentleman
Py. Do you hear this Sir? this love Sir? do you see this
How he courts ye? why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high Treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th field, no sin, that's mortal;
Come, come, thank fortune and your friend.
Ar. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy;
And though restrain'd sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a License to disable ye:
Believe me Sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a strangers tongue, 'twill prove an injury,
And I shall right you in't.
Py. Can you have more, Uncle?
Ru. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.
Ar. Sir, I must leave ye,

But with so hearty love; and pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye.
[*Exit* Arm. *and* Em.

Py. Come, come, you are right agen, Sir, love your honor,
And love your friend, take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends, good heaven is angry with ye;
Make your fair virtues, and your fame your Mistriss,
And let these trinkets go.

Ru. You teach well Nephew,
Now to be honourabl[e] even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my business, and my ends his.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir, you must do something suddainly,
To stop his pride so great and high, he is shot up,
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave Sister, privately,
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will Father.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear contempt too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust;
It may be that also;
A little force must be applyed upon him,
Now, now applyed, a little force to humble him.
These sweet intreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed ye wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarn ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come un-sent—

King. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,

Take pleasure in your Will, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy;
I study new humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrows:
Pray Madam but consider—
Quisar. Yes, I do Sir,
And to that honest end I drew thee hither;
I know ye have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.
Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a greatness to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foyls too:
'Tis equity that man aspires to heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor, and King.

Gov. Now stand close King and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer.
Quisar. I dare believe your worth without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your love Sir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou'd not win me
At such an easie rate.
Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrink—
Quisar. I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmost trial of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife Sir;
You hold there's nothing dear that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.
Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight flie to it.
Quisar. I'll tell you then, change your Religion.
And be of one belief with me.
Arm. How?
Quisar. Mark,

Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd;
Get from me, I despise ye; and know woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortal life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemn your Deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your *Mahumet* gods, I'll swing 'em
Thus o'r my head, and kick 'em into puddles,
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your Temples.
And with those hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear Sir.

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State storm.

King. Enter and take him;
I am sorry friend that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you fair, but to our gods Sir—

Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious
To threaten them.

Arm. Use all your violence,
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words:
I spit at your best powers; I serve one,
Will give me strength to scourge your gods.

Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloudy memories—

Gov. Clap him close up.

King. Good friend be cooler.

Arm. Never;
Your painted Sister I despise too.

King. Softly.

Arm. And all her devilish Arts laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate;
Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.
Quisar. Oh how I love this man, how truly honor him.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Christophero, *and* Pedro (*at one door*) Emanuel, *and* Soza, (*at another*).

Chr. DO you know the news Gentlemen?
Em. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it.
Soz. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close? is that the thanks they render?
Ch. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly,
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong.
Ped. I know,
They may think to doe wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance, out o'th' Islands:
But if we be our selves, honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our antient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villanies—
Soz. Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be markt for misery;
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound too?
To cancel his deserts? what must we look for
If they can carry this?
Em. I'll carry coals then;
I have but one life, and one fortune, Gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves.
Ch. Shall we go charge 'em presently?
Soz. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-hardy,
We must have grounds, that promise safety, friends,
And sure offence, we lose our angers else,
And worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Py. Did you see mine Uncle? plague o' these *Barbarians*,
How the rogues stick in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry, Gentlemen,
I am angry, that I choak agen.
You hear *Armusia's* up, honest *Arm*:
Clapt up in prison, friends, the brave *Arm*:
Here are fine boys.

Em. We hope he shall not stay there.

Py. Stay, no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,
These are no times to stay; are not these rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not Rogues?
Think some abominable names—are they not devils?
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em—fusty villains.

Ch. They are a kind of hounds.

Py. Hounds were their fathers;
Old blear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds—Lord, where's my Uncle?

Soz. But what shall be done, Sir?

Py. Done?

Soz. Yes, to relieve him;
If it be not sudden they may take his life too.

Py. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glisters:
His life, why 'tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the Town stink,
And shake and stink, I have physick in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins such a purge—

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Uncle.

Ru. I hear strange news, and have been seeking ye;
They say *Armusia*'s prisoner.

Py. 'Tis most certain.

Ru. Upon what cause?

Py. He has deserv'd too much, Sir;
The old heathen policie has light upon him.
And paid him home.

Ru. A most unnoble dealing.

Py. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,

He has deserved of all.
Ru. I must confess it,
Of me so nobly too.
Py. I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your confession,
Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesie,
Now to make those believe that held you backward,
And an ill instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your Natio[n],
Dare stick to virtue, though she be opprest,
And for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:
If you live ages, Sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem, and vindicate your honor
Your life will be a murmure, and no man in't.
Ru. I thank ye nephew, come along with me Gentlemen,
We'll make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
What that can do.
Py. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it;
And caper in the air.
Ru. Come, we'll do something
Shall make 'em look about, we'll send 'em plums,
If they be not too hard for their teeth.
Py. And fine Potatoes
Rosted in Gunpowder, such a Banquet, Sir
Will prepare their unmannerly stomachs.
Ru. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villany;
Come, be high-hearted all.
Omnes. We are all on fire, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, perswade me not,
Forgetful of the mercy he shew'd me,
The timely noble pity—why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true courtesie,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?

Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?
Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your power, and your discretion
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely, and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concerns the honor of our gods, and their Title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
A little your own safety, if you saw it too,
If your too fond indulgence did not dazle you,
It cannot now admit a private pitty;
'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges,
And these revolts in you, shew mere rebellions.
King. They are mild and pittiful.
Gov. To those repent.
King. Their nature's soft and tender.
Gov. To true hearts.
That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their Arms and Worship,
Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their dishonor;
They use no common justice.
King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man—
Gov. If ye more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse ye from the gods, call up their vengeance.

Enter Quisara *with her hands bound*, Quisana, Panura.

And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge [for't;]
I hope to wrack you all.
King. What ails my Sister?
Why, is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who does do this?
Quisan. We did it, pardon Sir,
And for her preservation—She is grown wild,
And raving on the strangers love and honor,
Sometimes crying out help, help, they will torture him,

They will take his life, they will murder him presently,
If we had not prevented violently
Have laid hands on her own life.
Gov. These are tokens,
The gods displeasure is gone out, be quick,
And e'r it fall, doe something to appease 'em.
You know the sacrifice—I am glad it works thus.
Quisa. How low and base thou lookst now, that wert noble!
No figure of a King, methinks shews on you.
No face of Majesty, foul, swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness, base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devil:
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence;
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose least merit,
Pois'd with thy main Estate, thou canst not satisfie,
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still:
What hast thou done?
Gov. Goe for him presently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly:
If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly—Do that the gods command ye,
Do you know what ye say Lady?
Quisar. I could curse thee too,
Religion and severity has steel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel: (too,
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty?
King. Pray be patient.
Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind [ye]?
What monuments of man?

Enter Armusia *and Guard.*

King. Once more *Armusia*,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart I wish and wooe ye—
Ar. What Sir,

Take heed how ye perswade me falsly, then ye hate me:
Take heed how ye intrap me.
King. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your souls health, and your safety.
Ar. Stay,
And name my soul no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for you[r] flatteries, too secure too.
Gov. Consider the reward, Sir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.
Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd when souls are question'd;
They are vain and flying vapors—touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest
You may remove Rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a Mountain out o' th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith; use no more arguments.
Gov. We must use tortures then.
Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I am joyful to accept.
Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment which is your life, Sir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it:
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian bloud,
It will be ask'd again, and so far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your Altars and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshipers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads, and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye;
Your mothers womb agen—
Gov. Make the fires ready,

And bring the several tortures out.
Quisar. Stand fast, Sir,
And fear 'em not, you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious Trial, start not now,
Keep on your way, a Virgin will assist ye,
A Virgin won by your fair constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will dye by ye:
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without vain-glory, modest, stayed,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honor.
Arm. Whether will she?
What do you infer by this fair argument, Lady?
Quisar. Your Faith, and your Religion must be like ye,
They that can shew you these, must be pure mirrors,
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the fountains?
I do embrace your faith, Sir, and your fortune;
Go on, I will assist ye, I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me;
And if I follow not—
Arm. Oh blessed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come clap your terrors on.
Quisar. All your fell tortures.
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
I swear by a new faith, which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spight of all your gods without prevention.
Gov. Death! she amazes me.
King. What shall be done now?
Gov. They must dye both,
And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;
This woman makes me weary of my mischief,
She shakes me, and she staggers me, go in Sir,

I'll see the execution.
Kin. Not so suddain:
If they go, all my Friends and Sisters perish.
Gov. Wou'd I were safe at home agen.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, Sir,
Seek for defence, the Castle plays and thunders,
The Town Rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people dye for fear—Captain *Ruy Dias*,
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here;
No, not the memory, here has stood a City,
Unless *Armusia* be deliver'd fairly.
King. I have my fears: what can our gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient, but keep him still: he is a cure, Sir,
Against both Rage and Cannon: goe and fortifie,
Call in the Princess, make the Palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a King: look nobly;
And take you[r] courage to ye; keep close the prisoner,
And under command, we are betraid else.
Ar. How joyfully I goe!
Quisar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a Wolf by the ear now:
Fortune free me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Towns-men.

1. Heaven bless us,
What a thund'ring's here! what fire-spitting!
We cannot drink, but our Cans are mauld amongst us.
2. I wou'd they would mall our scores too:
Shame o' their Guns, I thought they had been bird-pots,
Or great Candle-cases, how devilishly they bounce,
And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a house here,
There another, and mend those up agen
With another Parish; here flies a poudring-tub,
The meat ready rosted, and there a barrel pissing vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly slic'd off for a Sallet.
3. A vengeance fire 'em.
2. Nay, they fire fast enough;

You need not help 'em.
4. Are these the *Portugal* Bulls—
How loud they bellow!
2. Their horns are plaguy strong, they push down Palaces
They toss our little habitations like whelps,
Like grindle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i'th Town dance a new Trenchmore,
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for Glasiers,
I met a hand, and a Letter in't, in great haste,
And by and by, a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand,
Heads flie like Foot-balls every where.
1. What shall we do?
2. I care not, my shop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots, and earthen Pans in't vanish't:
There was a single Bullet, and they together by the ears;
You would have thought *Tom Tumbler* had been there,
And all his troop of devils.
3. Let's to the King,
And get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomly:
By this hand, there's no walking above ground else.
2. By this leg—let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it,
If I were out o'th' Town once, if I came in agen to
Fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave to cramm me
With a *Portugal* Pudding: Come; let's doe any thing
To appease this thunder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pyniero *and* Panura.

Py. Art sure it was that blind Priest?
Pan. Yes most certain,
He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cools, enrages him, I know it:
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce justice
When he but looks with fair eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistriss,
She has entertain'd a *Christian* hope.
Py. Speak truly.
Pan. Nay, 'tis most true, but Lord! how he lies at her,

And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed,
Py. I'll kiss thee for this news, nay more *Panura*,
If thou wilt give me leave I'll get thee with *Christian*,
The best way to convert thee.
Pan. Make me believe so?
Py. I will y'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The Pallace is close guarded, and barricado'd.
Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there (know of;
It rises in a Temple not far hence,
Close by the Castle here.
Py. How—To what end?
Pan. A good one:
To give ye knowledge of my new-born Mistriss;
And in what doubt *Armusia* stands,
Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also.
Py. The damn'd Priest—
Pan. Sure he's a cruel man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate Lessons.
Py. He the fire-brand?
He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall prophesie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye?
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?
Pa. Any good I am able. (virtuous,
Py. And by thine own white hand, I'll swear thou art
And a brave wench, durst thou but guide me presently,
Through the same vault thou cam'st, into the Pallace
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit.
Pa. Yes I will do it, and suddainly, and truly.
Py. I wou'd fain behold this Prophet.
Pa. Now I have ye:
And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences:
That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.
Py. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves, rogues?
Pa. I do not:

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for ye.
Py. I must needs steal that Priest,
Steal him, and hang him.
Pa. Do any thing to remove his mischief, strangle him—
Py. Come prethee love.
Pa. You'll offer me no foul play?
The Vault is dark.
Py. 'Twas well remember'd.
Pa. And ye may—
But I hold ye honest.
Py. Honest enough I warrant thee. (place,
Pa. I am but a poor weak wench; and what with the
And your perswasions Sir—but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozen'd.
Py. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?
Pa. To let you know Sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true Gent—
Py. I know what he'll do:
Come and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
I'll answer thee to the full; we'll call at th' Castle,
And then my good guide, do thy Will; sha't find me
A very tractable man.
Pa. I hope I shall Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Syana, *and Soldiers.*

Bak. Let my men guard the Gates.
Syan. And mine the Temple,
For fear the honor of our gods should suffer,
And on your lives be watchful.
Ba. And be valiant;
And let's see, if these *Portugals* dare enter;
What their high hearts dare do: Let's see how readily,
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countrey-men;
He speaks proud words, and threatens.
Sy. He is approv'd, Sir,
And will put fair for what he promises;
I could wish friendlier terms,
Yet for our liberties and for our gods,

We are bound in our best service
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King above.

King. Come up Princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps: the Fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
Ba. Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue. [*Exit* Ba. *and* Sy. *then*,

Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, *with Sold.*

Ru. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are
Strong enough to look upon 'em,
And return at pleasure; it may
Be on our view they will return him.
Chr. We will return 'em such thanks else,
Shall make 'em scratch where it itches not.
Em. How the people stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King—

Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, *with Soldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms.
They are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too?
Oh, these are tha[n]kful Squires.
Ba. Hear us *Ruy Di*[*a*]*s*,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddainly *Armusia*'s head goes off;
As suddainly as said.
Em. Stay Sir, be moderate.
Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable *Ruy Dyas*
Let not the fear of me, master thy valour;
Pursue 'em still, they are base malicious people.
King. Friend, be not desperate.
Ar. I scorn your courtesies;

Strike when you dare, a fair arm guide the Gunner,
And may he let flie still with fortune: friend,
Do me the honor of a Soldiers funerals,
The last fair *Christian* right, see me i'th' ground,
And let the Palace burn first, then the Temples,
And on their scorn'd gods, erect my monument:
Touch not the Princess, as you are a Soldier.
Quisar. Which way you goe, Sir,
I must follow necessary.
One life, and one death.
King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Pyniero, Soza, *and Soldiers, with the Governor.*

Py. No, no, go on:
Look here, your god, your prophet.
King. How came he taken?
Py. I conjur'd for him, King.
I am a sure Curr at an old blind Prophet.
I'll haunt ye such a false knave admirably,
A terrier I; I eartht him, and then snapt him.
Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him,
E'en out of the next chamber to ye.
Py. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloudy matter when you dare;
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal,
I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha?
What art thou? { *Pulls his Beard and hair off.*
King. How's this!
Art thou a Prophet?
Ru. Come down Princes.
King. We are abus'd—
Oh my most dear *Armusia*—
Off with his chains. And now my noble Sister,
Rejoyce with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.
Py. This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governor,
What make you here, how long have you taken Orders?
Ruy. Why what a wretch
Art thou to work this mischief?
To assume this holy shape to ruine honor,
Honor and chastity?

Enter King, and all from above.

Gov. I had paid you all,
But fortune plaid the slut. Come,
Give me my doom.
King. I cannot speak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis I Sir,
And here I stay your sentence.
King. Take her friend,
You have half perswaded me to be a *Christian*,
And with her all the joyes, and all the blessings.
Why what dream have we dwelt in?
Ru. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye,
Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.
Py. And Kings at least.
Ar. Good Sir, forget my rashness.
And noble Princess[e], for I was once angry,
And out of that, might utter some distemper,
Think not 'tis my nature.
Sya. Your joy is ours, Sir.
And nothing we find in ye, but most noble.
King. To prison with this dog, there let him houl,
And if he can repent, sigh out his villanies:
His Island we shall seize into our hands,
His Father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression; the Town and Castle,
In which I lay my self most miserable,
Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signior *Pyniero*, I bestow on you,
The rest of next command upon these Gentlemen,
Upon ye, all my love.
Arm. Oh brave *Ruy Dias*,
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,
And thank ye for my life, my wife and honor.
Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, Sir.
King. Come Princes,
Come Friends and Lovers all, come noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor hates, but joyes and triumphs,
An universal gladness fly about us:
And know however subtle men dare cast,
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last. [*Exeunt.*

THE
NOBLE GENTLEMAN.
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Monsieur Marine, *the Noble Gent. but none of the wisest.*
Jaques, *an old servant to* Marine's *family.*
Clerimont, *a Gull, Cosin to Monsieur* Marine.
A Gentleman, *Servant to* Marine's *wife.*
Lo[n]gueville, } *two Courtiers that plot*
Beaufort, } *to abuse* Marine.
Shattillion, *a Lord, mad for Love.*
Doctor.
Page.
Gentlemen.
Servants.
Duke.

WOMEN.

Marine's *Wife, a witty wanton.*
Clerimont's *Wife, a simple countrey Gentlewoman.*
Shattillion's *Mistriss, a virtuous Virgin.*
Maria, *Servant to* Marine's *wife.*

The Scene France.

PROLOGUE.

WIT is become an Antick, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the times applause, as the times dare,
Change several fashions, nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd, yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years agoe,
Comes into grace again, and we pursue
That custom, by presenting to your view
A Play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death, live in their fame.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gentleman a[n]d Jaques.

Gent. WHat happiness waits on the life at Court,
What dear content, greatness, delight and ease!
What ever-springing hopes, what tides of honor!
That raise their fortunes to the height of wishes!
What can be more in man, what more in nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A Courtier,
A noble Courtier, 'Tis a name that draws
Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.

Jaq. And so your Worships Land within the Walls,
Where you shall have it all inclos'd, and sure.

Gent. Peace knave; dull creature, bred of sweat and smoke,
These mysteries are far above thy faith:
But thou shalt see—

Jaq. And then I shall believe;
Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair suits;
I shall believe your Tenant's bruis'd and rent
Under the weight of Coaches, all your state
Drawn through the streets in triumph, suits for places
Plied with a Mine of Gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream. I shall believe all this.

Gent. You shall believe, and know me glorious.
Cosin, good day and health.

Enter Cosin.

Cosin. The same to you, Sir,
And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwels in a private house:
Yet look into your self, retire: this place
Of promises, and protestations, fits
Minds only bent [t]o ruin, you should know this,
You have their language perfect, you have tutors
I do not doubt, sufficient: but beware.

Gent. You are merry Cosin:

Cosin. Yet your patience,
You shall learn that too, but not like it self,
Where it is held a virtue; tell me Sir,

Have you cast up your State, rated your Land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? is it always harvest?
Always vintage? have you Ships at Sea,
To bring you Gold and Stone from rich *Peru*,
Monthly returning Treasure? doth the King
Open his large Exchequer to your hands
And bid ye be a great man? can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day? and know no ebb in honor?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a Courtier still, and still be wasting.

Gent. Cosin, pray give me leave:

Cos. I have done.

Gent. I could requite your gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of Rubarb, preach
Against your Countrey life, but 'tis below me
And only subject to my pitty, know
The eminent Court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a Sun
That draws men up from course and earthly Being,
I mean these men of merit that have power
And reason to make good her benefits,
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of Language, makes them apt to please;
Files of all rudeness, and uncivil haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage, as in cloaths;
Cosin, have you ever seen the Court?

Cos. No Sir,
Nor am I yet in travel with that longing.

Gent. Oh the state and greatness of that place
Where men are found
Only to give the first creation glory!
Those are the models of the antient world
Left like the *Roman* Statues to stir up
Our following hopes, the place it self puts on
The brow of Majesty, and flings her lustre
Like the air newly light'ned; Form, and Order,
Are only there themselves, unforc'd, and sound,
As they were first created to this place.

Cos. You nobly came, but will goe from thence base.
Gent. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;
You have a wit good Cosin, I do joy in't,
Keep it for Court: but to my self again,
When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
And with some taste of superstition,
Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
Beauties, that light the Court, and make it shew
Like a fair heaven, in a frosty night:
And 'mongst these mine, not poorest, 'tis for tongues
Of blessed Poets, such as *Orpheus* was,
To give their worth and praises; Oh dear Cosin:
You have a wife, and fair, bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the Mistriss of a Farmers heir
And be confin'd ever to a searge,
Far courser than my horse-cloth.
Let her have Velvets, Tiffinies, Jewels, Pearls,
A Coach, an Usher, and her two Lacquies,
And I will send my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of Court to her.
Cos. Sir, I had rather send her to *Virginia*
To help to propagate the *English* Nation.

Enter Servant.

Gent. Sirrah, how slept your Mistriss, and what visitants
Are to pay service?
Serv. As I came out,
Two Counts were newly ent'red.
Gent. This is greatness,
But few such servants wait a Countrey beauty.
Cos. They are the more to thank their modesty,
God keep my Wife, and all my Issue Female
From such uprisings.

Enter a Doctor.

Gent. What? my learned Doctor?
You will be welcome, give her health and youth
And I will give you gold. [*Exit Doctor.*
Cosin, how savors this? is it not sweet
And very great, tasts it not of Nobleness?

Cos. Faith Sir, my pallat is too dull and lazie
I cannot taste it, 'tis not for my relish,
But be so still.
Since your own misery must first reclaim ye,
To which I leave you, Sir,
If you will, yet be happy, leave the humor
And base subjection to your Wife, be wise,
And let her know with speed, you are her Husband,
I shall be glad to hear it.
My horse is sent for. [*Exit.*

Gent. Even such another countrey thing as this
Was I, such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an ass: such musty cloaths wore I,
So old and thred-bare, I do yet remember
Divers young Gallants lighting at my Gate,
To see my honoured Wife, have offered pence,
And bid me walk their horses, such a slave
Was I in shew then: but my eyes are open'd.

Enter Gent. Wife.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy Wife.

Wife. 'Tis well, and aptly given, as much for you,
But to my present business, which is money—

Gent. Lady, I have none left. (low,

Wife. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine so base and
A thought: I have none left?
Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For, you? and your advancement?

Gent. Yes my dearest.

Wife. And do you pop me off with this slight answer,
In troth I have none left? in troth you must have;
Nay stare not, 'tis most true, send speedily
To all that love you, let your people flye
Like thunder, through the City,
And not return under five thousand Crowns.
Try all, take all, let not a [wealthy] Merchant be untempted
Or any one that hath the name of Money,

Take up at any Use, give Band, or Land,
Or mighty Statutes, able by their strength,
To tye up *Sampson*, were he now alive,
There must be money gotten; for be perswaded,
If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink,
Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
And then good night to all, (but our disgrace)
Farewel the hope of coming happiness,
And all the aims we levied at so long.
Are ye not mov'd at this? no sense of want,
Towards your self yet breeding? be old,
And common; jaded to the eyes
Of Grooms, and Pages, Chamber-maids, and Guarders,
And when you have done, put your poor house in order
And hang your self, for such must be the end
Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
All that I say is certain, if ye fail
Do not [impute] me with it, I am clear.
Gent. Now heaven forbid I should do wrong to you
My dearest Wife, and Madam; yet give leave
To your poor creature to unfold himself.
You know my debts are many more than means,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with these expences, my poor Tenants
More full of want than we, then what new course
Can I beget, to raise those crowns by? speak,
And I shall execute.
Wife. Pray tell me true,
Have you not Land in the Countrey?
Gent. Pardon me, I had forgot it.
Wife. Sir, you must remember it,
There is no remedy, this Land must be,
In *Paris* e'r to morrow night.
Gent. It shall, let me consider, some 300 acres
Will serve the turn.
Wife. 'Twill furnish at all points,
Now you speak like your self, and know like him,
That means to be a man, suspect no less
For the return will give ye five for one,

You shall be great to morrow, I have said it.
Farewel, and see this business be a-foot,
With expedition. [*Exit Wife.*
Gent. Health, all joy, and honor
Wait on my lovely Wife. What? *Jaques, Jaques.*

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, did you call?
Gent. I did so, hie thee *Jaques.*
Down to the Bank, and there to some good Merchant
(Conceive me well, good *Jaques*, and be private)
Offer 300 acres of my Land:
Say it is choice and fertile, ask upon it
Five thousand Crowns, this is the business
I must employ thee in, be wise and speedy.
Jaq. Sir, do not do this.
Gent. Knave, I must have money.
Jaq. If you have money thus, your knave must tell ye
You will not have a foot of Land left, be more wary,
And more friend to your self, this honest Land
Your Worship has discarded, has been true,
And done you loyal service.
Gent. Gentle *Jaques*,
You have a merry wit, employ it well
About the business you have now in hand.
When ye come back, enquire me in the Presence,
If not in the Tennis-Court, or at my house. [*Exit.*
Jaq. If this vain hold, I know where to enquire ye.
Five thousand Crowns! this, with good husbandry,
May hold a month out, then 5000 more,
And more Land a bleeding for't, as many more,
And more Land laid aside. God and *St. Dennis*
Keep honest minded young men batchelors.
'Tis strange, my Master should be yet so young
A puppy, that he cannot see his fall
And got so near the Sun. I'll to his Cosin.
And once more tell him on't, if he fail,
Then to my Mortgage, next unto my sale. [*Exit.*

Enter Longovile, Bewford, *and the Servant.*

Serv. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while,
I shall return with knowledge how and where
We shall have best access unto my Mistriss
To tender your devotions. [*Exit.*
Long. Be it so:
Now to our first discourse.
Bew. I prethee peace;
Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know
Such things are living, do not give thy self
So common and so idle, so open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, so low,
I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.
Lon. Now by this light I am a whoremaster,
An open, and an excellent whormaster,
And take a special glory that I am so:
I thank my Stars I am a whoremaster,
And such a one as dare be known and seen,
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.
Bew. Do not let all ears hear this, hark [y]e Sir,
I am my self a whoremaster, I am
Believe it Sir (in private be it spoken)
I love a whore directly, most men are wenchers,
And have profest the Science, few men
That look upon ye now, but whoremasters,
Or have a full desire to be so.
Lon. This is noble.
Bew. It is without all question, being private,
And held as needful as intelligence,
But being once discover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common senses, 'tis no more
Than geometrical rules in Carpenters,
That only know some measure of an Art,
But are not grounded: be no more deceived,
I have a conscience to reclaim you, Sir.
Mistake me not: I do not bid you leave your whore
Or less to love her; forbid it,
I should be such a villain to my friend,
Or so unnatural: 'twas never harbor'd here,

Learn to be secret first, then strike your Deer.
Lon. Your fair instructions, *Mo*[*n*]*sieur*, I shall learn.
Bew. And you shall have them; I desire your care.
Lon. They are your servants.
Bew. You must not love.
Lon. How Sir?
Bew. I mean a Lady, there's danger.
She hath an Usher and a Waiting Gentlewoman,
A Page, a Coach-man, these are fee'd and fee'd
And yet for all that will be prating.
Lon. So.
Bew. You understand me Sir, they will discover't,
And there is a loss of credit, Table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worse, than that;
Will this be worthy of a Gentleman?
Long. Proceed good Sir.
Bew. Next leave your City Dame;
The best of that Tribe, are most meerly coy,
Or most extreamly foolish, both which vices
Are no great stirrers up, unless in Husbands
That owe this Cattle, fearing her that's coy
To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.
Lon. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest,
I mean in knowledge, that e'r wore a Codpiece,
H'as found out that will pass all *Italy*,
All *France* and *England*; to their shames I speak,
And to the griefs of all their Gentlemen,
The noble Theory of Luxury.
Bew. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a course
That I my self found out, 'tis excellent,
Easie, and full of freedome.
Long. O good Sir,
You rack me till I know it.
Bew. This it is,
When your desire is up, your blood well heated
And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
And with the night your Wench, the streets have store,
There seize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecew, 'tis royal payment;

When ye are dull, dismiss her, no man knows,
Nor she her self, who hath encountred her.
Lon. O but their faces.
Bew. Nere talke of faces:
The night allows her equal with a Dutchess,
Imagination doth all think her fair,
And great, clapt in Velvet, she is so,
Sir, I have tryed those, and do find it certain
It never failes me, 'tis but twelve nights since
My last experience.
Lon. O my meiching Varlet, I'll fit ye as I live.
'Tis excellent, I'll be your Scholar Sir.

Enter Lady *and* Servant.

Wife. You are fairly welcome both: troth Gentlemen
You have been strangers, I could chide you for't,
And taxe ye with unkindness, What's the news?
The Town was never empty of some novelty;
Servant, What's your intelligence?
Ser. Faith nothing.
I have not heard of any worth relating.
Bew. Nor I sweet Lady.
Lon. Then give me attention,
Monsieur Shattillion's mad.
Wife. Mad?
Lon. Mad as May-butter,
And which is more, mad for a Wench.
Lady. 'Tis strange, and full of pity.
Lon. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpose to betray him,
Being full of strange conceit: the wench he loved
Stood very near the Crown.
Lady. Alass good *Monsieur*;
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd,
A Person worthy of a better temper.
Lon. He is strong opinion'd that the Wench he lov'd
Remains close prisoner by the Kings command:
Fearing her title, when the poor grieved Gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,

Nor any else that comes to visit him.
Lady. Let's walk in Gentlemen, and there discourse
His further miseries, you shall stay dinner,
In truth you must obey.
Om. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Couzen.

Cous. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my desperate Kinsman: I'll to horse
And leave him to the fools whip, misery.
I shall recover twenty miles this night,
My horse stands ready, I'll away with speed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Cous. Yes Sir you may:
My name is *Cleremont.*
Shat. 'Tis well, your faction?
What party knit you with?
Cous. I know no parties,
Nor no Factions, Sir.
Shat. Then weare this Cross of white:
And where you see the like they are my friends,
Observe them well, the time is dangerous.
Cous. Sir keep your cross, I'll weare none, sure this fellow
Is much beside himself, grown mad.
Shat. A word Sir;
You can pick nothing out of this, this cross
Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,
Plain, without spell, or witchcraft, search it,
You may suspect, and well, there's poyson in't,
Powder, or wild-fire, but 'tis nothing so.
Cous. I do believe you, Sir, 'tis a plain cross.
Shat. Then do your worst, I care not, tell the King,
Let him know all this, as I am sure he shall;
When you have spit your venome, then will I
Stand up a faithful, and a loyal Subject,
And so God save His Grace, this is no Treason.
Cous. He is March mad, farewell *Monsieur.* [*Exit Couzen.*
Shat. Farewel;

I shall be here attending, 'tis my life
They aime at, there's no way to save it, well
Let 'em spread all their nets: they shall not draw me
Into any open Treason, I can see,
And can beware, I have my wits about me,
I thank heaven for't.

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,
That was the fairest hope the *French* Court bred,
The worthiest and the sweetest temper'd spirit,
The truest, and the valiantest, the best of judgment,
Till most unhappy I: sever'd those virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial,
Which heaven forgive me, and be pleas'd, O heaven
To give again his senses: that my love
May strike off all my follies.

Shat. Lady.

Love. I Sir.

Shat. Your will with me sweet Lady.

Love. Sir, I come.

Shat. From the dread sovereign King, I know it Lady,
He is a gracious Prince, long may he live,
Pertain you to his chamber?

Lov. No indeed Sir,
That place is not for women, Do you know me?

Shat. Yes, I do know you.

Lov. What's my name? pray you speak.

Shat. That's all one, I do know you and your business,
You are discover'd Lady, I am wary,
It stands upon my life; pray excuse me,
The best man of this Kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me, have I toucht you? ha?

Lov. You are deceiv'd Sir, I come from your love,
That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Shat. Alass, poor soul, How does she? Is she living?
Keeps she her bed still?

Lov. Still Sir, She is living,
And well, and shall do so.

Shat. Are ye in counsel?

Lov. No Sir, nor any of my sex.
Shat. Why so,
If you had been in counsel, you would know,
Her time to be but slender; she must die.
Lov. I do believe it, Sir.
Shat. And suddenly,
She stands too near a fortune.
Lov. Sir?
Shat. 'Tis so,
There is no jesting with a Princes Title,
Would we had both been born of common parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life,
In homely cottage, we had then enjoyed,
Our loves, and our embraces, these are things,
That cannot tend to Treason—
Lov. I am wretched.
Shat. O I pray as often for the King as any,
And with as true a heart, for's continuance,
And do moreover pray his heirs may live;
And their fair issues, then as I am bound
For all the states and commons: if these prayers
Be any wayes ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down, let 'em take it off;
You may informe against me, but withall
Remember my obedience to the Crown,
And service to the State.
Lov. Good Sir, I love ye.
Shat. Then love the gracious King, and say with me.
Lov. Heaven save his Grace.
Shat. This is strange—
A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open, and betray my self;
It was a subtile and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly followed, farewel Lady,
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest Man. Heaven save the King. [*Exit.*
Love. I'll never leave him, till, by art or prayer,
I have restor'd his senses, If I make

Him perfect Man again, he's mine, till when,
I here abjure all loves of other men. [*Exit.*

Enter Cozen, *and* Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good Sir be perswaded, go but back,
And tell him hee's undone, say nothing else;
And you shall see how things will work upon't.
Cozen. Not so good *Jaques*, I am held an asse,
A Countrey Fool, good to converse with dirt,
And eate course bread, weare the worst Wooll,
Know nothing but the high-way to *Paris*,
And wouldst thou have me bring these stains,
And imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy Master?
They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths
Soft Velvet, and the *Tyrian* Purple
Like the *Arabian* gums, hung like the Sun,
Their golden beames on all sides;
Such as these may come and know
Thy Master, I am base, and dare not speak unto him,
Hee's above me.
Ja. If ever you did love him, or his state,
His name, his issue, or your self, go back:
'Twill be an honest and a noble part
Worthy a Kinsman; save 300 Acres
From present execution; they have had sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be merciful.
Co. Have I not urg'd already all the reasons,
I had to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain, no counsel will prevail;
H'as fixt himself, there's no removing, *Jaques*,
'Twill prove but breath and labor spent in vain,
I'll to my horse, farewell.
Ja. For Gods sake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back;
I'll be your slave for ever, do but go,
And I will lay such fair directions to you
That if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger,
And ye shall tell him of his Wives abuses,

I fear, too foul against him; how she plots,
With our young Mounsiers, to milk-dry her husband,
And lay it on their backs; the next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his Tenants, this will work
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries away,
I'll to my house in the Countrey.
Co. Come, I'll go, and once more try him,
If he yield not, so,
The next that tryes him shall be want and woe. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gentleman, Solus.

Gent. Jaques.
Jaq. Sir. [*Within.*
Gent. Rise *Jaques* 'tis grown day,
The Country life is best, where quietly,
Free from the clamor of the troubled Court,
We may enjoy our own green shadowed walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my house, and bring my Wife,
To know the manner of this subtile place?
I would, when first the lust to fame and honor,
Possest me, I had met with any evil,
But that; had I been tied to stay at home,
And earn the bread for the whole family,
With my own hand, happy had I been.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home,
When did ye there keep such inordinate hours?
Goe to bed late? start thrice? and call on me?
Would you were from this place; our Countrey sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily work,
Yet were they sound and sweet. (together;
Gent. I *Jaques*, there we dreamt not of our Wives, we lay
And needed not; now at length my Cozens words,

So truly meant, mixt with thy timely prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.
Ja. 'Twas not your fathers course:
He liv'd and dy'd in *Orleance*, where he had
His Vines as fruitful as experience
(Which is the art of Husbandry) could make;
He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
Were held the best, and out-sold other Mens,
His corn and cattel serv'd the neighbor Towns
With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one Beast amongst the heard;
He rul'd more where he liv'd, than ever you will here.
Gent. 'Tis true, why should my Wife then, 'gainst my (good,
Perswade me to continue in this course?
Ja. Why did you bring her hither at the first,
Before you warm'd her blood with new delights?
Our Countrey sports could have contented her;
When you first married her a puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought her self brave in a bugle chain,
Where Orient pearl will scarce content her now.
Gent. Sure *Jaques*, she sees something for my good
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of Offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
To get a place shall many times outweigh
Our great expences, and if this be so—
Ja. Think better of her words, she doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and sensual ends
Perswade ye thus. Let me be set to dwell
For ever naked in the barest soil,
So you will dwell from hence.
Gent. I see my folly,
Pack up my stuffe, I will away this morne.
Haste—haste.
Ja. I, now I see your Father's honors
Trebling upon you, and the many prayers
The Countrey spent for him, which almost now
Begun to turn to curses, turning back,

And falling like a [timely] shower
Upon ye.
Gent. Goe, call [up] my Wife.
Ja. But shall she not prevail,
And sway you, as she oft hath done before?
Gent. I will not hear her, but raile on her,
Till I be ten miles off.
Ja. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse Sir:
Gent. Call her up.
Ja. I will Sir. [*Exit.*
Gent. Why what an Ass was I that such a thing
As a Wife is could rule me!
Know not I that woman was created for the man,
That her desires, nay all her thoughts should be
As his are? is my sense restor'd at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,

Enter Wife.

If her desires leads me against my will;
Are you come?
Wife. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last-night.
Gent. O you shall goe to bed sooner hereafter,
And be rais'd again at thrifty hours:
In Summer time wee'l walk
An hour after our Supper, and to bed,
In Winter you shall have a set at Cards,
And set your Maids to work.
Wife. What do you mean?
Gent. I will no more of your new tricks, your honors,
Your Offices, and all your large preferments,
Which still you beat into my ears, hang o'er me,
I'll leave behind for others, the great sway
Which I shall bear at Court: my living here
With countenance of your honoured friends,
I'll be content to lose: for you speak this
Only that you may still continue here

In wanton ease: and draw me to consume,
In cloaths and other things idle for shew,
That which my Father got with honest thrift.
Wife. Why, who hath been with you Sir,
That you talk thus out of Frame.
Gent. You make a fool of me:
You provide one to bid me forth to supper,
And make me promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth, if you have born your self
Loosely to any Gentleman in my sight
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage,
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all: talk not, we'll away.
Wife. Why Sir, you'll stay till the next triumph
Day be past?
Gent. I, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven years, and I have ridden through the streets,
And bought embroyder'd hose and foot-cloths too,
To shew a subjects zeal, I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted
All the acquaintance I could espie
From any window, these are wayes ye told me
To raise me; I see all: make you ready straight,
And in that Gown which you came first to Town in,
Your safe-guard, cloak, and your hood sutable:
Thus on a double gelding shall you amble,
And my man *Jaques* shall be set before you.
Wife. But will you goe?
Gent. I will.
Wife. And shall I too?
Gent. And you shall too.
Wife. But shall I by this light?
Gent. Why by this light you shall.
Wife. Then by this light
You have no care of your Estate, and mine.
Have we been seven years venturing in a Ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,
And a calm Sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
Laden with wealth and honor to the brim,

And shall we flye away and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
With pain and charge a long and tedious winter,
And when we see the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the Morn and the full eare,
That promises to stuffe our spacious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?

Gent. Wife talke no more, your Rhetorick comes too late,
I am inflixible; and how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of life?
Was not the husband made to rule the Wife?

Wife. 'Tis true: but where the man doth miss his way,
It is the Womans part to set him right;
So Fathers have a power to guide their Sons
In all their courses, yet you oft have seen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind Fathers.

Gen. She has a plaguy wit,
I say you'r but a little piece of man.

Wife. But such a piece, as being tane away,
Man cannot last: the fairest and tallest ship,
That ever sail'd, is by a little piece of the same
Wood, steer'd right, and turn'd about.

Gen. 'Tis true she sayes, her answers stand with reason.

Wife. But Sir, your Cozin put this in your head,
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Because I should not take place of his wife;
Cõme, by this kiss, thou shalt not go sweet heart.

Gen. Come, by this kiss I will go Sweet-heart,
On with your riding stuffe: I know your tricks,
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome, else adieu the City life.

Wife. Well, Sir, I will obey.

Gent. About it then.

Wife. To please your humor I would dress my self,
In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whether o're the World,
If you command me, it shall ne'r be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind,
Is often set on loose delights, and shews,

Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.
Gen. About it then, women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.
Wife. But hark you Sir, because I will be sure,
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; when you see
What honors were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away,
I tell you I did look for present honor,
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner least they should)
When I am once set in a countrey life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me,
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me speak
The least words to my honorable friends,
To do you any grace.
Gent. I will not wish it.
Wife. And never more hope to be honorable.
Gent. My hopes are lower.
Wife. As I live you shall not,
You shall be so far from the name of noble
That you shall never see a Lord again;
You shall not see a Maske, or Barriers,
Or Tilting, or a solemn Christning,
Or a great Marriage, or new Fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own lov'd durt,
In scurvy cloaths, as you were wont to doe,
And to content you, I will live so too.
Gen. Tis all I wish, make haste, the day draws on,
It shall be my care to see your Stuffe packt up.
Wife. It shall be my care to gull you: you shall stay. [*Ex. Gen.*
And more than so, intreat me humbly too,
You shall have honors presently; *Maria.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam.
Wife. Bring hither, pen, ink, and paper.

Ma. 'Tis here.
Wife. Your Master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.
Mar. Let him command one of the City gates,
In time of mutiny, or you may provide him,
To be one of the counsel for invading,
Some savage Countrey to plant Christian faith.
Wife. No, no, I have it for him, call my page;
Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you. [*Ex.* Maria.
And when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any Wife,
To make an Ass of her beloved husband,
Without good ground, but if they will be drawn
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine Gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publish them to the World, 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood,
Go bear these Letters to my servant,
And bid him make haste, I will dress my self,
In all the Journey-Cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the Laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman, *and* Jaques.

Gent. Is all packt up?
Ja. All, all Sir, there is no tumbler
Runs through his hoop with more dexterity,
Then I about this business: 'Tis a day,
That I have long long'd to see.
Gent. Come, Where's my Spurs?
Ja. Here, Sir, and now 'tis come.
Gent. I, *Jaques*, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my Wife.
Ja. I am glad to see it, Sir.
Gent. I do not love alwayes,
To be made a puppie, *Jaques.*
Ja. But, yet me thinks your Worship does not look,
Right like a Countrey Gentleman.
Gent. I will, give me my t'other hat.
Ja. Here.

Gent. So, my Jerkin.
Ja. Yes, Sir.
Gent. On with it *Jaques*, thou and I
Will live so finely in the Countrey, *Jaques*,
And have such pleasant walks into the Woods
A mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking staves—
Ja. And I will bear them, Sir,
And Skurdge-sticks for the children.
Gent. So thou shalt,
And thou shalt do all, over-see my Work-folkes,
And at the weeks end pay them all their wages.
Ja. I will, Sir, so your Worship give me Money.
Gent. Thou shalt receive all too: give me my Drawers.
Ja. They are ready, Sir.
Gent. And I will make thy Mistriss,
My wife, look to her landrie, and her dairy,
That we may have our linnen clean on Sundayes.
Ja. And Holy-dayes.
Gent. I, and ere we walk about the Grounds
Provide our break-fast,
Or she shall smoke, I'll have her a good huswife;
She shall not make a voyage to her Sisters,
But she shall live at home,
And feed her pullen fat, and see her Maides
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.
Ja. Why that will be a life for Kings and Queens.
Gen. Give me my Scarfe with the great Button quickly.
Ja. 'Tis done, Sir.
Gen. Now my Mittens.
Ja. Here they are, Sir.
Gen. 'Tis well: now my great dagger.
Ja. There.
Gen. Why so; thus it should be, now my riding rod.
Ja. There's nothing wanting, Sir.
Gen. Another, man, to stick under my girdle.
Ja. There it is.
Gent. All is well.
Ja. Why now methinks your Worship looks
Like to your self, a Man of means and credit,

So did your grave and famous Ancestors,
Ride up and down to Fairs, and cheapen cattel.
Gent. Goe, hasten your Mistriss, Sirra.
Ja. It shall be done. [*Ex.* Jaques.

Enter Servant *and* Page.

Ser. Who's that? who's that Boy?
Page. I think it be my Master. (rod?
Ser. Who, he that walkes in gray, whisking his riding
Pag. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.
Ser. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepar'd
For his new journey; when I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the Gentleman 'tis time—
Monsieur good day.
Gen. *Monsieur*, your Mistriss is within, but yet not ready.
Ser. My business is with you, Sir; 'tis reported,
I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his Majesty, and you, or truely,
Which on my faith I would be sorry for,
That you intend to leave the Court in haste.
Gen. Faith, Sir, within this half hour. *Jaques*?
Jaques within: Sir?
Gent. Is my Wife ready?
Ja. Presently.
Ser. But Sir,
I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.
Gen. Why Sir, I hope it is no Treason, is it?
Ser. 'Tis true, Sir, but 'tis grown the common talk,
There's no discovery else held, and in the presence
All the Nobility and Gentry,
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
Monsieur Marine, that noble Gentleman,
Is now departing hence: every Mans face
Looks ghastly on his fellows; such a sadness
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in Court,
Mens hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,

In expectation of the great event
That needs must follow it, pray Heaven it be good!
Gen. Why, I had rather all their hearts should fail,
Than I stay here until my purse fail me.
Ser. But yet you are a Subject, and beware,
I charge you by the love I bear to you,
How you do venture rashly on a course,
To make your Sovereign jealous of your deeds,
For Princes jealousies, where they love most,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.
Gen. Come, these are tricks, I smell 'em, I will goe.
Ser. Have I not still profest my self your friend?
Gen. Yes, but you never shewd it to me yet.
Ser. But now I will, because I see you wise,
And give ye thus much light into a business,
That came to me but now, be resolute,
Stand stifly to it that you will depart,
And presently.
Gen. Why so I mean to doe.
Ser. And by this light you may be what you will;
Will you be secret, Sir?
Gen. Why? What's the matter?
Ser. The King does fear you.
Gent. How?
Ser. And is now in Counsel;
Gent. About me?
Ser. About you, and you be wise,
You'll find he's in Counsel about you:
His Counsellors have told him all the truth.
Gent. What truth?
Ser. Why, that which now he knows too well.
Gent. What is't?
Ser. That you have followed him seven years,
With a great train: and though he have not grac't you,
Yet you have div'd into the hearts of thousands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unprefer'd,
All discontented, and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action:
With whose help, and your Tenants, who doth not know

(If you were so dispos'd :)
How great a part of this yet fertile peaceful Realm of *France*
You might make desolate? but when the King
Heard this—
Gent. What said he?
Ser. Nothing, but shook,
As never Christian Prince did shake before.
And to be short, you may be what you will
But be not ambitious Sir, sit down
With moderate honors, least you make your self
More fear'd.
Gent. I know, Sir, what I have to doe
In mine own business.

Enter Longavile.

Long. Where's *Monsieur Mount Marine*?
Ser. Why there he stands, will you ought with him?
Long. Yes: Good day *Monsieur Marine.*
Gent. Good day to you.
Long. His Majesty doth commend himself,
Most kindly to you Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favor: kneel down, rise a Knight.
Gent. I thank his Majesty.
Long. And he doth further request you,
Not to leave the Court so soon,
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no Office fall;
Worthy your spirit, as he doth confess
There's none so great, but you shall surely have it.
Ser. Do you hear? if you yield yet you are an ass.
Gent. I'll shew my service to his Majesty
In greater things than these, but for this small one
I must intreat his Highness to excuse me.
Long. I'll bear your Knightly words unto the King,
And bring his Princely answer back again. [*Exit* Long.
Ser. Well said, be resolute a while, I know
There is a tide of honors coming on.
I warrant you.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where is this new made Knight?
Gent. Here, Sir.
Bew. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you Lord, the King will have it so,
Who doth entreat your Lordship to remember
His Message sent to you by *Longavile.*
Ser. If ye be durty, and dare not mount aloft;
You may yield now, I know what I would do.
Gent. Peace, I will fit him; tell his Majesty
I am a Subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious Prince, that thus hath heapt
Honors on me without desert, but yet
As for the Message, business urgeth me,
I must be gone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand Kings and Emperors.
Bew. I'll tell him so.
Ser. Why, this was like your self.
Bew. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow
That e're was Christmas Lord, he carries it
So truely to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [*Exit* Bewf.
Ser. Why so, you sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the King, I swear, my honored friend,
That ever any Subject sent his Liege.
Gent. Nay now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter Longavile.

Long. My honorable Lord,
Give me your noble hand right courteous Peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly Earl;
The King so wills, and Subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.
Ser. Why faith you'r well my Lord, yield to him.
Gent. Yield? why 'twas my plot.
Ser. Nay, 'twas your Wives plot.
Gent. To get preferment by it,

And thinks he now to pop me i'th' mouth
But with an Earldome? I'll be one step higher.
Ser. 'Tis the finest Lord, I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the Kingdom with him.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Where's this Courtly Earl?
His Majesty commends his love unto you;
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a Duke, and chuse of whence.
Ser. Why if you yield not now, you are undone,
What can you wish to have more, but the Kingdom?
Gent. So please his Majesty, I would be D. of *Burgundy*,
Because I like the place.
Bew. I know the King is pleas'd.
Gent. Then will I stay and kiss his Highness hand.
Bew. His Majesty will be a glad man when he hears it.
Lon. But how shall we keep this from the world's ear,
That some one tell him not, he is no Duke?
Ser. Wee'l think of that anon.
Why Gentlemen, Is this a gracious habit for a Duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to
To pluck the clouds of this his riding weeds
From off the orient Sun of his best cloaths;
I'll pluck one Boot and spur off.
Long. I another.
Bew. I'll pluck his Jerkin off.
Ser. Sit down my Lord;
Both his spurs off at once good *Longavile*,
And *Bewford*, take that Scarfe off, and that Hat,
Doth not become his largely sprouting fore-head.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine,
One pluck will do it, so, off with the other.
Lon. Loe, thus your servant *Longavile* doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.
Off with his Jerkin *Bewford*.
Ser. Didst thou never see
A nimble footed Taylor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his Jerkin off,
To dance a Jigg?

Enter Jaques.

Lon. Here's his man *Jaques* come,
Booted and ready still.
Jaq. My Mistriss stayes;
Why how now Sir? What do's your Worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off.
Gent. My slippers, *Jaques.*
Lon. O thou mighty Duke,
Pardon this Man,
That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.
Gent. I pardon him.
Lon. His Graces slippers, *Jaques.*
Ja. Why what's the matter?
Lon. Foot-man, he's a Duke:
The King hath rais'd him above all his Land.
Ja. I'll to his Cozen presently, and tell him so;
O what a dung-hill Countrey rogue was I. [*Exit* Jaques.

Enter Wife.

Ser. See, see, my Mistriss.
Lon. Let's observe their greeting.
Wife. Unto your will, as every good Wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.
Gent. O Wife, I am not worthy to kiss the least
Of all thy toes, much less thy Thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with; all thy counsel
Hath been to me Angelical, but mine to thee
Hath been most dirty, like my mind:
Dear Duchess I must stay.
Wife. What are you mad, to make me
Dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me plyant? said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
I were resolv'd? and now you call me Duchess:
Why what's the matter?
Gent. Loe a Knight doth kneel.
Wife. A Knight?
Gent. A Lord.
Wife. A Fool.

Gent. I say doth kneel an Earl, a Duke.
Long. In Drawers.
Bew. Without shoes.
Wife. Sure you [are] lunatick.
Ser. No, honoured Duchess,
If you dare but believe your servants truth,
I know he is a Duke.
Long. God save his Grace.
Wife. I ask your Graces pardon.
Gent. Then I rise,
And here, in token that all strife shall end,
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them:
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches,
From this time forth, my Wife shall wear the breeches.
Ser. An honorable composition. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cozen, *and* Jaques.

Coz. SHall I believe thee, *Jaques*?
Ja. Sir you may.
Coz. Didst thou not dreame?
Ja. I did not.
Coz. Nor imagine?
Ja. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty,
I saw the *Monsieurs* bow, and heard them cry,
Good health and fortune to my Lord the Duke.
Coz. A Duke art sure? a Duke?
Ja. I am sure a Duke,
And so sure, as I know my self for *Jaques.*
Coz. Yet the Sun may dazel; *Jaques*, Was it not
Some leane Commander of an angry Block-house
To keep the Fleemish Eele-boats from invasion,
Or some bold Baron able to dispend
His fifty pounds a year, and meet the foe
Upon the Kings command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as Clerk to the great Band

Of maribones, that people call the *Switzers*?
Men made of Beufe, and Sarcenet? (presence?
Ja. Is a Duke his chamber hung with Nobles like a
Coz. I am something wavering in my faith;
Would you would settle me, and swear 'tis so,
Is he a Duke indeed?
Ja. I swear he is.
Coz. I am satisfied, he is my Kinsman. *Jaques*,
And I his poor unworthy Cozen.
Ja. True, Sir.
Coz. I might have been a Duke too, I had means,
A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his;
And could have brookt the Court as well as his,
And laid about her for her husbands honor:
O *Jaques*, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.
Ja. Faith Sir it came
Above our expectation, we were wise
Only in seeking to undoe this honor,
Which shewed our dung-hill breeding and our durt.
Coz. But tell me *Jaques*,
Why could we not perceive? what dull Divel
Wrought us to cross this noble course, perswading
'Twould be his overthrow? 'fore me a Courtier
Is he that knows all, *Jaques*, and does all,
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often said,
And very wisely, *Jaques*, we are fools,
And understand just nothing.
Ja. I, as we were, I confess it.
But rising with our great Master,
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places,
'Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there,
There's not the least of the billet dealers,
Nor any of the Pastry, or the Kitchin,
But have it in measure delicate.
Coz. Methinks this greatness of the Dukes my Cozens,
(I ask you mercy, *Jaques*, that near name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.
Ja. I have a suit my self, and it is sure,

Or I mistake my ends much.
Coz. What is't *Jaques*,
May I not crave the place?
Ja. Yes, Sir, you shall,
'Tis to be but his Graces Secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
Till my known worth shall take me by the hand,
And set me higher; how the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain;
I was not born I take it for a Trencher,
Nor to espouse my Mistriss Dairy-maid.
Couz. I am resolv'd my Wife shall up to Court;
I'll furnish her, that is a speeding course,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune;
What a fine youth was I, to let him start,
And get the rise before me! I'll dispatch,
And put my self in Moneys.
Ja. Mass 'tis true,
And now you talke of Money; Sir, my business
For taking those Crowns must be dispatcht:
This little plot in the Countrey lies most fit
To do his Grace such serviceable uses,
I must about it.
Couz. Yet, before you goe,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
To the great Duke your Master, and his Duchess,
And live your self in favor: say my Wife
Shall there attend them shortly, so farewell.
Ja. I'll see you mounted, Sir.
Couz. It may not be,
Your place is far above it, spare your self,
And know I am your servant, fare ye well. [*Exit Couzen.*
Ja. Sir I shall rest to be commanded by you,
This place of Secretary will not content me,
I must be more and greater: let me see;
To be a Baron is no such great matter
As people take it: for say I were a Count,
I am still an under-person to this Duke,
Which methinks sounds but harshly: but a Duke?
O I am strangely taken, 'tis a Duke

Or nothing, I'll advise upon't, and see
What may be done by wit and industry. [*Exit.*

Enter Wife, Longoveil, Bewford, Servants.

Wife. It must be carried closely with a care
That no man speak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Afore-hand to our practice:
My good husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb.
Gentlemen,
Your counsel and advice about this carriage.

Ser. Alas good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire Massacre: what a persecution
Is pouring down upon him! sure he is sinful.

Long. Let him be kept in's chamber under shew
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are Conspirators. (his Tenants,

Bew. Or else down with him into the Countrey amongst
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows.

Wife. No, he shall play the fool in the City, and stay,
I will not lose the greatness of this jest,
That shall be given to my wit, for the whole Revenues.

Ser. Then thus wee'll have a guard about his person,
That no man come too near him, and our selves
Alwayes in company; have him into the City
To see his face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry heaven bless your Grace, long live your Grace.

Wife. Servant, your counsel's excellent good,
And shall be follow'd, 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as though he went
A shroving through the City, or intended
To set up some new [stake]:
I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
Come hither my sweet Duchess: let me kiss

Thy gracious lips: for this will be his phrases?
I fear me nothing but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.
Bew. Now me thinks dearest Lady you are too cruel;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.
Wife. No, no, the man was never of such deepness,
To make conceit his Master: Sir, I'll assure ye
He will out-live twenty such pageants.
Were he but my Cozen, or my Brother,
And such a desperate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should dye, though it cost me
A thousand Crowns a day to hold it up;
Or were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thus till all the Boyes i'th' Town
Made sute to weare his badges in their hats,
And walk before his Grace with sticks and nose-gayes,
We Married Women hold—
Ser. 'Tis well, no more.
The Duke is entring, set you[r] faces right,
And bow like Countrey Prologues: here he comes.
Make room afore, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke.

Long. The choisest fortunes wait upon our Duke.
Ser. And give him all content and happiness.
Bew. Let his great name live to the end of time.
Duke. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
We shall at fitter times wait on your Loves,
Till when, be near Us.
Longv. 'Tis a valiant purge, and works extreamly;
'Thas delivered him
Of all Right worshipful and gentle humors,
And left his belly full of nobleness.
Du. It pleased the King my Master,
For sundry vertues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this Eminence, how this
May seem to other Men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow Peers, I know not,

I would desire their loves in just designs.
Wife. Now by my faith he does well, very well:
Beshrew my heart I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehearst his state: 'tis marvellous well.
Ser. Is he not Duke indeed, see how he looks
As if his spirit were a last, or two
Above his veins, and stretcht his noble hide. (not.
Long. Hee's high-brac't like a Drum, pray God he break
Bew. Why let him break, there's but a Calves-skin lost.
Long. May it please your Grace to see the City,
'Twill be to the minds and much contentment
Of the doubtful people.
Du. I am determin'd so, till my return
I leave my honour'd Dutchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health, I pray you be so.
Ser. Your Grace shall suffer us your humble servants
To give attendance, fit so great a person
Upon your body.
Du. I am pleased so.
Long. Away good *Bewford*, raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of Tongues, be quick;
And do you hear, remember how the streets
Must be dispos'd with, for cries, and salutations.
Your Grace determines not to see the King—
Du. Not yet, I shall be ready ten dayes hence
To kiss his Highness hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should for his great bounty.
Set forward Gentlemen.
Groom. Room for the Duke there. [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*
Wife. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his mightiness,
He swells so with his poyson,
'Tis better to reclaim ye thus, than make
A sheeps-head of you, It had been but your due;
But I have mercy Sir, and mean to reclaim you
By a directer course.
That Woman is not worthy of a Soul
That has the sovereign power to rule her husband,
And gives her title up, so long provided
As there be fair play, and his state not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new Duke
The people buz abroad; or by what title (springs,
He receiv'd his dignity, 'tis very strange
There should be such close jugling in the State,
But I am ty'd to silence, yet a day
May come, and soon to perfect all these doubts.
Wife. It is the mad *Shattillion* by my Soul,
I suffer much for this poor Gentleman;
I'll speak to him, may be he yet knows me.
Monsieur Shattilion.
Shat. Can you give me reason from whence
This great Duke sprang that walks abroad?
Wife. Even from the King himself.
Shat. As you are a Woman, I think you may be cover'd?
Yet your prayer would do no harm good Woman.
Wife. God preserve him.

Enter Shattillions *Love.*

Shat. I say Amen, and so say all good Subjects.
Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or shall,
As you have hope of heaven lend your hand,
And wit, to draw this poor distracted man
Under your roofe, from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the streets.
Wife. With all my heart;
My feeling of his grief and loss is much.
Love. Sir, now you are come so near the prison, will ye
Goe in, and visit your fair Love: poor soul
She would be glad to see you.
Shat. This same Duke is but
Apocryphal, there's no creation
That can stand where titles are not right.
Lov. 'Tis true, Sir.
Shat. That is another draught upon my life;
Let me examine well the words I spake.
The words I spake were, that this novel Duke
Is not o'th' true making, 'tis to me most certain.
Wife. You are as right, Sir, as you went by line.

Shat. And to the grief of many thousands more.
Wife. If there be any such, God comfort them.
Shat. Whose mouths may open when the time shall please;
I'm betray'd, commend me to the King,
And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice;
You shall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am sure are plac'd for my attachment;
Lead on; I'm obedient to my bonds.
Lov. Good Sir be not displeased with us;
We are but servants to his Highness will,
To make that good.
Shat. I do forgive you even with my heart;
Shall I entreat a favor?
Wife. Any thing.
Shat. To see my love before that fatal stroak,
And publish to the world my christian death,
And true obedience to the Crown of *France.*
Lov. I hope it shall not need Sir, for there is mercy
As well as Justice in his Royal heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Every man take his corner, here am I,
You there, and you in that place, so be perfect,
Have a great care your cries be loud; and faces
Full of dejected fear and humbleness.
He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Fye, how these streets are charg'd and swell'd
With these same rascally people! give more room,
Or I shall have occasion to distribute
A martial almes amongst you; as I am a Gentleman
I have not seen such rude disorder,
They follow him like a prize, there's no true gaper
Like to your Citizen, he will be sure
The Beares shall not pass by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.
Room there afore: Sound:

Enter Duke and his company.

Ja. Give room, and keep your places,
And you may see enough; keep your places.
Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your Graces way with multitudes.
Du. Rebuke them not, good *Monsieur*, 'tis their loves
Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.
2 *Gen.* Bless your Grace.
Du. And you with all my heart.
1 *Gen.* Now heaven preserve your happy dayes:
Du. I thank you too.
3. *Gen.* Now Heaven save your Grace;
Du. I thank you all.
Bew. On there before.
Du. Stand Gentlemen, stay yet a while.
For I am minded to impart my love
To these good people, and my friends,
Whose love and prayers for my greatness,
Are equal in abundance, note me well,
And with my words; my heart? for as the Tree—
Long. Your Grace had best beware, 'twill be inform'd
Your greatness with the people.
Duke. I had more,
My honest, and ingenious people.—But
The weight of business hath prevented me.
I am call'd from you: but this tree I spake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content,
And so I share my bowels amongst you all.
Omnes. A noble Duke, a very noble Duke.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. Afore there Gentlemen.
Gen. You'r faithfully met good *Monsieur Mount Marine.*
Ser. Be advis'd, the time is alter'd.
Gen. Is he not the same man he was afore?
Duke. Still the same man to you, Sir.
Long. You have received mighty Grace, be thankful.
Gen. Let me not dye in ignorance;

Long. You shall not.
Then know, the King out of his love, hath pleas'd
To stile him Duke of *Burgundy.*
Gen. O great Duke,
Thus low, I plead for pardon, and desire
To be enrol'd amongst your poorest slaves.
Du. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Ser. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people.
Du. Every Man to his house in peace and quiet. (Duke.
Peop. Now heaven preserve the Duke, heaven bless the
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. This Letter came this morn from my Cosin
To the great Lady, high and mighty Duchess
Of *Burgundy*, be these delivered. Oh,
For a stronger lace to keep my breath
That I may laugh the nine days till the wonder
Fall to an ebb: the high and mighty Duchess?
The high and mighty God? what a stile is this!
Methinks it goes like a Duchy lope-man,
A ladder of 100 rounds will fail
To reach the top on't: well my gentle Cosin
I know by these contents, your itch of honor;
You must to the Court you say, and very shortly:
You shall be welcome; and if your wife have wit
I'll put her in a thriving course, if not
Her own sin on her own head, not a blot
Shall stain my reputation, only this
I must for healths sake sometimes make an ass
Of the tame moil my Husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him fresher brains, Me fresher bloud.
Now for the noble Duke, I hear him coming.

Enter Duke, his train.

Your Grace is well return'd.
Duke. As well as may be:
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bed-fellow this night,

Let me have good encounter.
Bew. Bless me heaven
What a hot meat this greatness is!
Long. It may be so,
For I'll be sworn he hath not got a snap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for swearing it.
Duke. I thank you Gentlemen for your attendance
And also your great pains, pray know my Lodgings
Better and oftner, do so Gentlemen.
Now by my honor, as I am a Prince,
I speak sincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not strangers, I shall see your service
And your deservings, when you least expect.
Om. We humbly thank your grace for this great favor.
Du. Jaques?
Jaq. Your Grace.
Du. Be ready for the Countrey,
And let my Tenants know the Kings great love:
Say I would see them, but the weight at Court
Lies heavy on my shoulders: let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
Against the next feast, wait for my coming
To take up Post-horse, and be full of speed. [*Exit* Jaq.
Wife. I would desire your Grace—
Du. You shall desire, and have your
Full desire: sweet Duchess speak.
Wife. To have some conference with a Gentleman
That seems not altogether void of reason.
He talks of Titles, and things near the Crown,
And knowing none so fit as your [good] Grace,
To give the difference in such points of State—
Du. What is he? if he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converse, we do accept him.
Wife. I can assure your Grace, his strain is noble,
But he's very subtle.
Duke. Let him be so.
Let him have all the brains, I shall demonstrate
How this most Christian Crown of *France* can bear
No other shew of Title than the Kings.

I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him presently,
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.
Serv. Is mad *Shattillion* here?
Wife. Is here, and's Lady,
I prethee servant fetch him hither.
Serv. Why, what do you mean to put him to?
Wife. To chat with the mad lad my Husband;
'Twill be brave to hear them speak, babble,
Stare, and prate.
Bew. But what shall be the end of all this, Lady?

Enter Shattillion *and Lady.*

Wife. Leave that to me, now for the grand dispute,
For see, here comes *Shattillion*: as I live, methinks
All *France* should bear part of his griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my Lord the Duke.
Shat. Where am I now, or whether will you lead me?
To my death? I crave my priviledge,
I must not dye, but by just course of Law.
Serv. His Majesty hath sent by me your pardon,
He meant not you should dye; but would intreat you
To lay the full state of your Title open,
Unto a grave and Noble Gentleman.

Enter Duke *and* Longovile.

The Duke of *Burgundy* who here doth come,
Who, either by his wisdom will confute you,
Or else inform and satisfie the King.
Bew. May't please your grace, this is the Gentleman.
Duke. Is this he that chops Logick with my Liege?
Shat. D'ye mock me? you are great, the time will come,
When you shall be as much contemn'd as I,
Where are the antient compliments of *France*,
The upstarts brave the Princes of the bloud?
Duke. Your Title Sir, in short.
Shat. He must Sir,
Be a better States-man than your self, that can
Trip me in any thing, I will not speak
Before these witnesses.

Duke. Depart the room, for none shall stay,
No, not my dearest Duchess.
Wife. We'll stand behind the Arras and hear all. [*Exeunt.*
Duke. In that chair take your place, I in this,
Discourse your Title now.
Shat. Sir, you shall know,
My Loves true Title, mine by Marriage,
Setting aside the first race of *French* Kings,
Which will not here concern us, as *Pharamond*,
With *Clodian*, *Meroveus*, and *Chilperick*,
And to come down unto the second Race,
Which we will likewise slip—
Duke. But take me with you.
Shat. I pray you give me leave, of *Martel Charles*,
The Father of King *Pippin*, who was, Sire
To *Charles* the Great, and famous *Charlemain.*
And to come to the third Race of *French* Kings,
Which will not be greatly pertinent in this cause,
Betwixt the King and me, of which you know
HUGH CAPET was the first,
Next his Son *Robert*, *Henry* then, and *Philip*
With *Lewis*, and his Son a *Lewis* too,
And of that name the Seventh, but all this
Springs from a Female, as it shall appear.
Duke. Now give me leave, I grant you this your Title
At the first sight, carries some shew of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his Majesty possest in peace,
And justice executed in his name,
And can you think the most Christian King
Would do this if he saw not reason for it?
Shat. But had not the Tenth *Lewis* a sole Daughter?
Duke. I cannot tell.
Shat. But answer me directly.
Duke. It is a most seditious question.
Shat. Is this your justice?
Duke. I stand for my King.
Shat. Was ever Heir-apparant thus abus'd?
I'll have your head for this.
Duke. Why, do your worst.

Shat. Will no one stir to apprehend this Traitor?
A guard about my person, will none come?
Must my own royal hands perform the deed?
Then thus I do arrest you.
Duke. Treason, help.

Enter Wife, Long. Bew. *and Serv.*

Wife. Help, help, my Lord and Husband.
Duke. Help the Duke.
Long. Forbear his grace's person.
Shat. Forbear you to touch him that
Your Heir-apparent weds,
But by this hand, I will have all your heads. [*Exit.*
Serv. How doth your Grace?
Duke. Why? well.
Serv. How do you find his Title?
Duke. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.
Serv. I, 'tis true,
But the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beseech your Grace, how stands his Title?
Duke. Pew, nothing; the Law *Salique* cuts him off from all.
Wife. My gracious Husband, you must now prepare,
In all your Graces pomp to entertain
Your Cosin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here, this night he will be here.
Duke. Be ready all in haste, I do intend,
To shew before my Cosin's wondring face,
The greatness of my pomp, and of my place. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cosin and his Wife.

Cos. SIrrah, is all things carried to the Tailor?
The measure, and the fashion of the Gown,
With the best trim?
Man. Yes Sir, and 'twill be ready within this two days.
Cos. For my self I care not,
I have a suit or two of antient Velvet;

Which with some small correcting and addition,
May steal into the presence. (my life,
Wife. Would my Gown were ready; Husband, I'll lay
To make you something e'r to morrow night.
Cos. It must not be
Before we see the Duke, and have advice,
How to behave our selves: lets in the while,
And keep our selves from knowledge, till time shall call us.

Enter Long. *and* Bew.

Long. I much admire the fierce *masculine* spirit,
Of this dread *Amazon.*
Bew. This following night I'll have a wench in solace.
Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you if I live, no more.

Enter Maria.

Ma. My Lady would intreat your presence, Gentlemen.
Bew. We will obey your Lady, she is worthy.
Long. You, light alone, a word, or two.
Ma. Your Will, Sir. (wilt thou marry?
Long. Hark in your ear; wilt thou be married? speak,
Ma. Married? to whom Sir?
Long. To a proper fellow, landed, and able bodied.
Ma. Why do you flout me, Sir? (be free?
Long. I swear I do not; I love thee for thy Ladies sake,
Ma. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,
I were a very child to lose my time, Sir.
Long. What saist thou to Monsieur *Bewford*?
Ma. Sir, I say he's a proper Gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.
Long. Dost thou like him?
Ma. Yes Sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Ma. You are too great in promises.
Long. Be rul'd, and follow my advice, he shall be thine.
Ma. Would you would make it good, Sir.
Long. Do but thus,
Get thee a cushion underneath thy cloaths,
And leave the rest to me.

Ma. I'll be your scholar,
I cannot lose much by the venture sure.
Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my rogue,
Or I am much o'th' bow hand, you'll remember
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deserve for such a kindness.
Ma. Yours Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques *and* Shattillion *severally.*

Jaq. Save ye Sir.
Shat. Save the King.
Jaq. I pray you Sir, which is the nearest way.
Shat. Save the King, this is the nearest way.
Jaq. Which is the nearest way to the Post-house?
Shat. God save the King and his Post-house.
Jaq. I pray Sir direct me to the house.
Sh[*a*]*t.* Heaven save the King, you cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaq. I do not understand you, Sir.
Shat. You do not, I say you cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaq. Not catch you, Sir?
Shat. No Sir, nor can the King,
With all his stratagems, and his forced tricks,
Although he put his Nobles in disguise;
Never so oft to sift into my words,
By course of Law, lay hold upon my life.
Jaq. It is business that my Lord the Duke
Is by the King imployed in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.
Shat. I shall not need to rip the cause up,
From the first, to you,
But if his Majesty had suffer'd me
To marry her, though she be after him,
The right heir general to the Crown of *France.*
I would not have convey'd her into *Spain,*
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have joyn'd,
With the reformed Churches, to make them,
Stand for my cause.
Jaq. I do not think you would.
Shat. I thank you Sir,
And since I see you are a favourer

Of virtues, kept in bondage;
Tell directly to my soveraign King,
For so I will acknowledge him for ever,
How you have found my staid affections
Setled for peace, and for the present state.
Jaq. Why Sir?
Shat. And good Sir, tell him further this,
That notwithstanding all suggestions
Brought to him against me, and all his suspitions,
Which are innumerable to my treasons,
If he will warrant me but publique trial,
I'll freely yeild my self into his hands;
Can he have more than this?
Jaq. No by my troth.
Shat. I would his Majesty would hear but reason,
As well as you.
Jaq. But Sir, you do mistake me,
For I never saw the King.
In all my life but once, therefore good Sir,
May it please you to shew me which is the Post-house.
Sha. I cry you mercy, Sir, then you are my friend.
Jaq. Yes Sir.
Sha. And such men are very rare with me,
The Post-house is hard by, farewel;
Jaq. I thank you, Sir, I must ride hard to night,
And it is dark already.
Sha. I am cruel, to send this man directly to his death
That is my friend, and I might easily save him,
He shall not dye, come back, my friend, come back.
Jaq. What is your Will?
Sha. Do you not know?
Jaq. Not I.
Sha. And do you gather nothing by my face?
Jaq. No Sir.
Sha. Virtue is ever innocent,
Lay not the fault on me, I grieve for you,
And wish that all my tears might win your safety.
Jaq. Why Sir?
Sha. Alas good friend you are undone,
The more ill fortune, mine to be the means

Of your sad overthrow, you know not me.
Jaq. No truly Sir.
Sha. Would you had never seen me,
I am a man pursu'd by the whole state
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.
Jaq. Yes, divers Sir.
Sha. Why then your head is gone.
Jaq. I'll out of town.
Sha. Would it were soon enough,
Stay if you love your life, or else you are taken.
Jaq. What shall I do?
Sha. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than to cast away an innocent,
Take courage friend, I will preserve thy life,
With hazard of mine own.
Jaq. I thank you, Sir.
Sha. This night thou shalt be lodg'd within my doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast, and in the morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access,
To the Sea-side, and so be shipt away,
E'r any know it.
Jaq. Good Sir, suddainly, I am afraid to dye.
Sha. Then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shatillion's *Love.*

Love. This way he went, and there's the house, I hope,
His better Angel hath directed him,
To leave the wandring streets, poor Gentleman.
Would I were able with as free a heart,
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve,
The ruine of his fame, which God forgive me;
Sir, if you be within, I pray Sir speak to me.
Sha. I am within, and will be; what are you?
Love. A friend.
Sha. No Sir, you must pardon me,
I am acquainted with none such: be speedy,
Friend, there is no other remedy.
Love. A word Sir, I say, I am your friend.
Sha. You cannot scape by any other means,
Be not fearful, God save the King,

What's your business, Sir?
Lov. To speak with you.
Sha. Speak out then.
Lov. Shall I not come up?
Sha. Thou shalt not: flie if thou be'st thine own friend,
There lies the suit and all the furniture
Belonging to the head, on with it friend.
Lov. Sir do you hear?
Sha. I do, God bless the King,
It was a habit I had laid aside,
For my own person, if the state had forced me.
Love. Good Sir, unlock your door. (ambush
Sha. Be full of speed, I see some 20 Musquetiers in
Whate'r thou art, know I am here and will be,
Seest thou this bloody sword that cries revenge?
Shake not my friend, through millions of these foes
I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.
Lov. Dare you not trust me, Sir?
Sha. My good sword before me,
And my allegeance to the King I tell thee
Captain (for so I ghess thee by thy Arms)
And the loose flanks of Halberdiers about thee,
Thou art too weak, and foolish to attempt me.
If you be ready, follow me, and hark you
Upon your life speak to no living wight,
Except my self.
Love. Monsieur *Shattillion*?
Sha. Thou shalt not call agen; thus with my sword,
And the strong faith I bear unto the King;
Whom God preserve, I will de[sc]end my chamber,
And cut thy throat, I swear I'll cut thy throat,
Steal after me and live.
Love. I will not stay.
The fury of a man so far distracted. [*Exit* Love.

Enter Shattillion.

Where's the Officer that dares not enter,
To intrap the life of my distressed friend?
I, have you hid your self? you must be found,
What do you fear? is not authority on your side

Nay, I know the Kings command
Will be your warrant, why then fear you? speak
What strange designs are these? *Shattillion*,
Be resolute and bear thy self upright,
Though the whole world despise thee: soft, methinks.
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discovered Officer, I'll search
The whole street over, but I'll find thee out. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaques *in womans apparel.*

Jaq. How my joynts do shake, where had I been
But for this worthy Gentleman, that
Hath some touch of my infortunes; would I were
Safe under hatches once, for *Callicut*,
Farewel the pomp of Court, I never more
Can hope to be a Duke or any thing,
I never more shall see the glorious face
Of my fair spreading Lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
But would not follow you; I was too wise,
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick;
Where you may catch me; poor *Shattillion*;
Hath the Kings anger left thee never a friend?
No, all mens loves move by the breath of Kings.

Jaq. It is the Gentleman that sav'd my life, Sir.

Shat. Bless *Shattillion*, another plot.

Jaq. No Sir, 'tis I.

Shat. Why, who are you?

Jaq. Your friend whom you preserv'd.

Shat. Whom I preserv'd?

My friend? I have no woman friend but one,
Who is too close in prison to be here;
Come near, let me look on you.

Jaq. 'Tis I.

Shat. You should not be a woman by your stature.

Jaq. I am none, Sir.

Shat. I know it, then keep off,
Strange men and times! how I am still preserv'd!

Here they have sent a yeoman of the guard,
Disguis'd in womans clothes, to work on me,
To make love to me; and to trap my words,
And so insnare my life, I know you, Sir,
Stand back, upon your peril, can this be
In *Christian* Common-weals, from this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me,
I'll ne'er stir from my house: and keep my doors
Lockt day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next shops by Signs, out of my window,
And having bought it, draw it up in my garters.

Jaq. Sir, will you help me?

Shat. Do not follow me,
I'll take a course to live, despight of men. [*Exit* Shat.

Jaq. He dares not venture for me, wretched *Jaques*!
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again? what shall I do?

Enter Bewfort.

Where shall I hide me? here's one to take me,
I must stand close, and not speak for my life.

Bew. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my Wastcoatiers,
It is not very dark, no, I shall spie 'em,
I have walk't out in such a pitchy night.
I could not see my fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home venison by the smell,
I hope they have not left their old walk, ah?
Have I spied you sitting by this light?
To me there's no such fine sight in the world,
As a white apron 'twixt twelve and one;
See how it glisters! do you think to scape?
See now I have you fast; come, and do not strive,
It takes away the edge of appetite;
Come, I'll be liberal every way. [*Exeunt.*
Take heed you make no noise, for waking of the Watch.

Enter Cosin and his Wife.

Cos. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the Duke, and we are ready.

Enter Long. *and Servant.*

Come forward, see the door is open'd,
And two of his Gent. I'll speak to them,
And mark how I behave my self, God save ye;
For less I cannot wish to men of sort, and of your seeming:
Are you of the Dukes?

Long. We are, Sir, and your servants, your salutes,
We give you back again with many thanks.

Cos. When did you hear such words before Wife? peace,
Do you not dare to answer yet; is't fit
So mean a Gentleman as my self should crave,
The presence of the great Duke your Master?

Serv. Sir you may.

Long. Shall we desire your name, and business, Sir?
And we will presently inform him of you.

Cos. My name is *Cleremont.*

Serv. You are his Graces kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken?

Cos. You are right,
Some of his noble bloud runs through these veins,
Though far unworthy of his graces knowledge.

Long. Sir, we must all be yours; his graces kinsman,
And we so much forgetful? 'twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon, thus I crave it:
First to this beauteous Lady, whom I take
To be your Wife, Sir, next your mercy.

Cos. You have it, Sir, I do not like this kissing,
It lies so open to a world of wishes.

Serv. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That must be noble too.

Long. And so he shall.
If all the Art I have can make him noble,
I'll dub him with a Knight-hood; if his wife
Will be but forward, and joyn issue,
I like her above excellent.

Serv. Wil't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the Duke
We make your comming known? [*Exit Serv. and* Long.

Cos. I shall attend, Sir.

Wife. These Gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted.
For goodness-sake husband, let us never more
Come near the Countrey, whatsoe'er betide us;
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dung-hil.

Cos. Why now you are my chicken and my dear,
Love where I love, hate where I hate: now
You shall have twenty Gowns, and twenty Chains,
See, the door is opening.

Groom. Room afore there, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Wife, Long. *Servant,* Maria.

Cos. 'Tis the Duke, even he himself, be merry,
This is the golden age the Poet speaks on.

Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces,
And yet methinks they are the neatest Pieces
For shape, and cutting that e'er I beheld.

Cos. Most gracious Duke, my poor Spouse and my self,
Do kiss your mighty foot, and next to that
The great hand of your Dutchess, ever wishing
Your honors ever springing, and your years.

Duke. Cosin?

Cos. Your Graces vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.

Duke. Correct me not, I know the word I speak,
And know the person.
Though I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion, and descending
Down with my eye, their forms are lessened to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
From millions of those men that have no mark,
And in my fearful stoop, can make them stand,
When others feel my feet, and perish: Cosin,
Be comforted, you are very welcome, so
Is your fair Wife: the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest, and best beloved.
Tell me, you have resolv'd your self for Court,
And utterly renounc'd the slavish Countrey,
With all the cares thereof?

Cos. I have, Sir.
Duke. Have you dismist your eating houshold,
Sold your hangings of *Nebuchadnezar*, for such they were,
As I remember, with the Furnitures
Belonging to your Beds and Chambers?
Cos. I Sir.
Duke. Have you most carefully ta'en off the Lead,
From you[r] roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house, and clapt him
In a summer suit of thatch to keep him cool?
Cos. All this I have perform'd. (Cosin
Duke. Then lend me all your hands, I will embrace my
Who is an understanding Gentleman,
And with a zeal mighty, as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the Court;
My state again.
Duch. As I was telling you, your Husband
Must be no more Commander, look to that,
Be several at meat, and lodging, let him have
Board-wages, and Diet, 'mongst his men i'th' Town
For pleasure, if he be given to't, let him have it,
Else as your own fancy shall direct you.
Cosin, you see this mighty man here: he was an ass
When he came first to Town: indeed he was
Just such another coxcomb as your Husband,
God bless the mark, and every good mans child!
This must not stir you Cosin.
Wif. Heaven forbid!
Long. Sweet *Maria*; provide the cushion ready for it.
Mar. It shall be done.
Duke. Receive all your advices from our self,
Be once a day with us, and so farewel
For this time, my fair Cosin, Gentlemen
Conduct him to his Lodging.
Duch. Farewel, and think upon my words.
Wife. I shall observe them. [*Exit Duke and Duchess.*
Cos. Health, and the Kings continual love, attend you.
Serv. Oh for a private place to ease my Lungs!
Heaven give me patience, such a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour,

Pray heaven they hold out to the journeys end.
Long. Twitch him aside good *Monsieur*, whilst I break
Upon the body of his strength, his wife,
I have a constant promise: she is my own.
Serv. Ply her to wind-ward *Monsieur*, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise your self,
That could have been delivered by a Counsel.
Cos. I have some certain aims, Sir: but my wife—
Serv. Your wife, you must not let that trouble you.
Cos. It will Sir, to see her in a strangers arms.
Serv. What mean you? let her alone, be wise, stir not a foot
For if you do, all your hopes are buried:
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.
Cos. I thank you Sir, I will be more advis'd.
Serv. But what great Office do you level at?
Cos. Sir, they are kissing.
Serv. Let them kiss,
And much may do their good hearts; they must kiss
And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the post for any rising:
Had your noble kinsman ever mounted
To these high Spheres of honor, now he moves in,
But for the kisses of his wife?
Cos. I know not.
Serv. Then I do; credit me, he had been lost,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute.
Had not his wife kist soon, and very sweetly:
She was an excellent woman, and dispatcht him
To his full being, in a moment, Sir— [*Exit* Long. *and Wife.*
Cos. But yet methinks he [sh]ould not take her, Sir,
Into a private room.
Serv. Now stand and flourish,
You are a mad[e] man for ever.
I do envy you if you stand your fortunes up,
You are the happiest man, but your great Cosin,
This day in Court: well, I will marry surely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.
'Tis time to be mine own friend, I live
In town here, and direct the readiest way,
To other men, and be a slave my self.

Cos. Nay, good Sir be not mov'd, I am your servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.
Serv. Will you be walking home?
Cos. I would desire to have my wife along.
Serv. You are too raw,
Begone, and take no notice where you left her,
Let her return at leasure, if she stay
A month, 'twill be the better, understand me
This Gentleman can do't. [*Exit Cosin.*
Cos. I will Sir, and wife remember me, a Duke, a Duke wife.
Serv. Aboard her *Longaveile*, she's thine own,
To me the fooling of this fool is venery. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bewford *and* Jaques.

Bew. Come, prethee come, have I not crowns? behold
And follow me, here; not a word, go in
Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed,
Lie down there, see, see, a turn or two, to give
My blood some heats, and I am presently
For action: darkness, by thy leave, I come. [*Exit* Bew.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I am perfect in my lesson, be my speed,
Thou god of marriage, this is the door, I'll knock.
Bew. *within.* Whose there, I cannot come yet.
Ma. Monsieur *Bewford*?
Bew. Stay till I light a candle, who are ye?
Ma. Sir? a poor Gentlewoman.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Oh come in, I'll find a time for you too, be not loud.
Ma. Sir, you have found that time already, shame
On my soul therefore.
Bew. Why? what's the matter?
Ma. Do you not see, Sir, is your light so dim?
Bew. Do you not wait on the Lady Mount *Marine*?
Ma. I do Sir, but my love on you.
Bew. Poor soul! how cam'st thou by this big belly?
Ma. By your self.
Bew. By heaven I ne'er touch'd your body.

Ma. Yes, unswear that oath again, I'll tell you all;
These two years I have lov'd you, but the means
How to enjoy you, I did never know
Till Twelf-night last, when hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended straight this course to make
My self as one of them, and wait your coming;
I did so, and enjoyed you, and now this child
That now is quick within me, hide my shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forc'd—
Long. within. Monsieur *Bewford*, Monsieur *Bewford.*
Bew. Whose that calls?
Long. Are you a bed?
Bew. No Sir, the hangings.

Enter Longaveil.

Long. Nay *Monsieur*, I'll forbid that, we'll have fair play,
Lend me your candle, are you taken *Bewford*?
A lecher of your practice, and close carriage
To be discovered thus? I am asham'd
So great a master in his art should fail,
And stagger in his grounds.
Bew. You're wide,
This woman and my self are man and wife,
And have been so this half year,
Where are you now? have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, Sir,
I am too wary to be open'd by you.
Long. But these are but illusions, to give colour
To your most mystick leachery, but Sir,
The belly hath betraid you all, it must out.
Bew. Good *Longaveil* believe me on my faith,
I am her husband.
Long. On my faith I cannot, unless I saw
Your hands fast, and your hearts.
Bew. Why *Longavile*, when did I give that to your ears,
That was not truth? by all the world she's mine,
She is my wife, and to confirm you better
I give my self again, here take my hand
And I yours, we are once more married,

Will this content you?
Long. Yes I am believing, and God give you joy.
Bew. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee,
Since I am thine and only loved of thee
From this hour I vow my self a new man,
Be not jealous: for though I had a purpose,
To have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,
And was provided for it, yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood,
Come out thou woman of unwholsome life,
Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend,
Nay, never hide your face, you shall be seen.
Long. *Jaques*, why *Jaques*, art thou that *Jaques*,
The very staffe, and right hand of our Duke?
Speak, thou bearded *Venus*.
Jaq. I am he, by miracle preserv'd to be that *Jaques*,
Within this two hours Gentlemen, poor *Jaques*
Was but as coarse in grave: a man of wisdom,
That of my conscience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty State, but that's all one
That Noble Gentleman did save this life,
I keep it for him, 'tis his own. (the Duke
Long. Oh *Bacchus*! is all the world drunk? come we'll to
And give thanks for this delivery.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke and Jaques.

Duke. NOt gone unto my Tenants to relate
My Grace and Honor; [and] the mightiness
Of my new name, which would have struck a terror
Through their course doublets, to their very hearts?
Jaq. Alas, great Lord and Master, I could scarce
With safety of my life return again
Unto your graces house, and but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.
Duke. My house?
J[*a*]*q.* Yes Sir, this house, your house i' th' Town.
Duke. *Jaques* we are displeas'd, hath it no name?

Jaq. What name?
Duke. Dull rogue; what hath the King bestow'd
So many honors, open'd all his springs,
And show'red his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy house you ass.
Jaq. Your graces mercy,
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night for fear of pursevants
In *Burgundy* privie house.
Duke. Oh Sir, 'tis well,
Can you remember now? but *Jaques* know
Since thy intended journey is so crost,
I will go down my self this morning.
Jaq. Sir?
Duke. Have I not said this morning?
Jaq. But consider,
That nothing is prepared yet for your journey,
Your graces teams not here to draw your cloaths;
And not a Carrier yet in town to send by.
Duke. I say once more go about it,
You're a wise man, you'd have me linger time,
Till I have worn these cloaths out: will ye go? [*Ex.* Jaq
Make ye ready Wife.

Enter Wife.

Duc. I am so, mighty Duke.
Duke. Nay, for the Countrey.
Duc. How? for the Countrey?
Duke. Yes I am resolv'd to see my Tenants in this bravery,
Make them a sumptuous feast, with a slight shew,
Of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and a squib or two,
And so return.
Duc. Why Sir? you are not mad?
Duke. How many Dukes have ye known mad? I pray speak.
Duc. You are the first, Sir, and I hope the last,
But you are stark horn-mad.
Duke. Forbear good wife.
Duc. As I have faith you're mad: your horns

Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces: If you be in earnest.
Duke. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are whole
E'r I have done, and yet I am in earnest.
Duc. Why, do you think I'll go?
Duke. I know you shall.
Duc. I shall? by what authority shall I?
Duke. I am your Husband.
Duc. True, I confess it,
And by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me; but Sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegeance to the King, has he not heapt
Those honors on you to no other end,
But to stay you here, and shall I have a hand
In the offending such a gracious Prince?
Besides, our own undoings lies upon't,
Were there no other cause, I do not see,
Why you should go: If I should say you should not.
Duke. Do you think so?
Duc. Yes faith.
Duke. Now good wife make me understand that point.
Duc. Why that you shall, did I not bring you hither?
Duke. Yes. (fire by me?
Duc. And were not all these honors wrought out of the
Duke. By you?
Duc. By me? how strange you make it!
When you came first, did you not walk the Town,
In a long Cloak half compass? an old Hat,
Lin'd with Vellure, and on it for a band,
A skein of crimson Cruil?
Duke. I confess it.
Duc. And took base courses?
Duke. Base? (strous base.
Duc. Base, by this light, extream base, and scurvie, mon-
Du[k]e. What were these courses, wife?
Duc. Why, you shall know,
Did you not thus attir'd, trot up and down,
Plotting for vild and lowsie Offices,
And agreed with the Sergeant of the Bears,

To buy his place? deny this, if you can.
Duke. Why it is true.
Duc. And was not that monstrous base?
Duke. Be advis'd wife, a Bear's a Princely beast.
Duc. A Bear?
Duke. Yes wife, and one side venison.
Duc. You're more than one side fool, [I'm] sure of that.
Duke. But since you have vext me wife, know you shall go;
Or you shall never have penny from me.
Duc. Nay, I have done, and though I know 'twill be
Your overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.
Duke. Be ready then. [*Exit Duke.*
Duc. I will.

Enter Bewf. Long. *Serv.* Maria.

Long. What are you married *Bewford*? (can make us.
Bew. I, as fast as words, and hearts, and hands, and Priest
Duc. Oh Gentlemen, we are undone.
Long. For what?
Duc. This Gentleman, the Lord of *Lor*[*n*]*e*, my Husband,
Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.
Bew. What, down into [the] Countrey?
Duc. Yes faith, was ever fool but he so cross?
I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me, but he will not let me;
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?
Long. According to his merits he should wear,
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.
Duc. If there be any woman that doth know,
The duties 'twixt a Husband and his wife,
Will speak but one word for him, he shall scape;
Is not that reasonable? but there's none,
Be ready therefore, to pursue the plot
We had against a pinch, for he must stay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I goe
And make the King acquainted with your sport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting
Places of so great honor. [*Exit* Long.
Duc. Go, be speedy.

Enter Duke, Cosin, Wife, Jaques, *Man.*

Duke. Come let me see how all things are dispos'd of.
Jaq. One Cart will serve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to ease the Footman,
A capcase for you[r] linnen, and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with *Amen*,
For my young Lord, because of easie portage,
A quiver of your graces lin'd with Cunney,
Made to be hang'd about the Nurses neck,
Thus, with a Scarfe or Towel.
Duke. Very good.
Jaq. Nay, 'tis well, but had you staid another week,
I would have had you furnisht, in such pomp,
As never Duke of *Burgundy* was furnisht,
You should have had a Sumpter, though 't had cost me
The laying on my self, where now you are fain,
To hire a Rippers mare, and buy new dossers,
But I have got them painted with your Arms,
With a fair darnex Carpet of my own
Laid cross for the more state.
Duke. *Jaques* I thank you: your Carpet shall be brusht
And sent you home; what, are you ready wife?
Duc. An hour ago.
Duke. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal Lips,
Dear *Duchess* mine, thou art so good a woman.
Bew. Youl'd say so if you knew all, goodman Duckling.
Cos. This was the happiest fortune could befal me
Now in his absence will I follow close
Mine own preferment, and I hope e'r long,
To make my mean and humble name so strong,
As my great Cosins, when the world shall know,
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next Spring will I down, my wife and houshold,
I'll have my Ushers, and my four Lacquies,
Six spare Caroches too, but mum, no more,
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.
Duke. Mountey, mountey, *Jaques*, be our Querry.
Groom. To horse there Gentlemen, and fall in couples.
Duke. Come honoured Duchess.

Enter Longavile.

Long. Stand thou proud man.
Duke. Thieves, *Jaques*, raise the people.
Long. No, raise no people, 'tis the Kings command,
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man,
Thou art a monster, for thou art ungrateful,
And like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces: and for
His honors given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks, and to oppose his Will,
Resolv'd to leave the Court, and set the Realm
A fire, in discontent, and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honors off: this first sad whisk
Takes off thy Dukedom, thou art but an Earl.
Duke. You are mistaken, *Longavile.*
Long. Oh would I were: this second whisk divides
Thy Earldom from thee, thou art yet a Baron.
Duke. No more whisks if you love me *Longavile.*
Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come, but not to linger time.
With these two whisks I end, now mount *Marine*,
For thou art now no more, so says the King,
And I have done his Highness Will with grief.
Duke. Degraded from my honors?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Duke. I am no Traitor sure, that I know of;
Speak *Jaques*, hast thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to Treason, or to bring in the enemy?
Jaq. Alas Sir, I know nothing,
Why should your Worship bring me in to hang me?
[God's my judge Gentlemen] I never medled
But with the brushing of his cloaths, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.
Cos. Are these the honors of this place? *Anthony*
Help me to take her Gown off quickly,
Or I'll so swinge ye for't—
Wife. Why Husband? Sir?

Cos. I'll not loose a penny by this town.
Long. Why what do you mean, Sir, have her to her lodging,
And there undress her, I will wait upon her.
Cos. Indeed you shall not, your month is out I take it,
Get you out before me wife:
Cosin farewel, I told you long agoe,
That pride begins with pleasure, ends with woe.
[*Exit with's Wife.*
Bew. Goe thy way sentences, 'twill be thy fortune,
To live and dye a Cuckold, and Churchwarden.
Duc. Oh my poor Husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him!
Bew. Methinks 'tis strange,
That heaven fore-warning great men of their falls,
With such plain tokens, they should not avoid 'em:
For the last night betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Drest like a Duke, the other like a King;
Till at the last the crowned Star o'er-came.
Serv. Why do ye stand so dead, Monsieur *Marine*?
Duke. So *Cæsar* fell, when in the Capitol
They gave his body two and thirty wounds.
Be warned all ye Peers, and by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all.
Serv. Monsieur *Marine*, pray let me speak with you;
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party,
It stands upon my utter overthrow;
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir afoot,
For if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.
And have an eye to *Bewford*, he'll tempt you.
Bew. Come, come, for shame go down;
Were I *Marine*, [by heaven] I would go down:
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.
Duke. Good Monsieur *Bewford*, peace
Leave these rebellious words,
Or by the honors which I once enjoyed,
And yet may swear by,

I'll tell the King of your proceedings;
I am satisfied.
Wife. You talkt of going down when 'twas not fit,
But now let's see your spirit,
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.
Duke. Why wife, are ye mad? (strength.
Wife. No, nor drunk, but I'd have you know your own
Duke. You talke like a most foolish woman, wife;
I tell you I will stay, yet I have a
Crotchet troubles me.
Long. More crotchets yet?
Duke. Follow me *Jaques*, I must have thy counsel,
I will return again, stay you there wife. (stools.
Long. I fear this loss of honor will give him some few
Wif. No, no, he is resolv'd, he will not
Stir a foot, I'll lay my life.
Bew. I, but he's discontented, how shall we resolve that,
And make him stay with comfort?
Wife. Faith *Bewford* we must even let nature work,
For he's the sweetest temper'd man for that
As one can wish, for let men but go about to fool him,
And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best;
But see where he comes frowning, bless us all!

Enter Duke.

Duke. Off with your hats, for here doth come
The high and mighty Duke of *Burgundy*.
What ever you may think, I have thought
And thought, and thought upon't, and I find it plain,
The King cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of Law.
Not all the water in the River *Seine*,
Can wash the blood out of these Princely veins.
Wife. God-a-mercy Husband, thou art the best
To work out a thing at a pinch in *France*.
Duke. I will ascend my State again,
Duchess, take your place,
And let our Champion enter.
Long. Has he his Champion? that's excellent.

Duke. And let loud Musick sound before his entrance.
Sound Trumpet.

Enter Jaques *in Armor, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.*

Wife. How well our Champion doth demean himself,
As if he had been made for such an action?
Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth weild,
Like *Mars* approaching to a bloody field.
Duke. I think there's no man so desperate
To dare encounter with our Champion,
But trust me, *Jaques*, thou hast pleas'd us well;
Once more our warlike Musick, then proceed.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. What wondrous age is this! what close proceedings!
I hear the clang of Trumpets in this house,
To what intent do not our States-men search?
Oh no, they look not into simple truth;
For I am true, and they regard not me,
A man in Armor too: God save the King,
The world will end, there's nought but treachery.
Jaq. I *Jaques*, servant to the high and mighty *Godfrey*, Duke of *Burgundy*, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of sorcery, inchantment, or negromancy, that the said *Godfrey*, late of *Mount Marine*, and now of *Burgundy*, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the Kings command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: and in token that I will be ready to make good the same: I throw down my gage, which is my honor, pronounced the 37 of *Feb. Stilo novo*, *God save the* Duke.
Shat. Of all the plots the King hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest, 'tis my life they seek
And they shall have it: if I should refuse
To accept the challenge in the Kings behalf,
They have some cause to take away my life,
And if I do accept it, who can tell,
But I may fall by doubtful chance of War?
'Twas shrew'd, but I must take the least of evils,

I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
That stands in armed Coat against the King.
Whom God preserve, and with my single sword,
Will justifie whatever he commands;
I'll watch him for catching of my words.
Duke. *Jaques* go on, defend our Princely Title.
Shat. Why shrink'st thou back? thou hast an evil cause;
Come forward man, I have a rock about me,
I fight for my true Liege.
Duke. Go forward *Jaques.*
Jaq. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
I will not fight with him, with any else
I'll shew my resolution speedily.
Shat. Come, do thy worst, for the King shall see
All is not true, that is reported of me.
Jaq. I may not fight with him by Law of Arms.
Duke. What? shall my Title fall? wilt thou not fight?
Jaq. Never with him that once hath sav'd my life.
Shat. Dar'st thou not fight? behold then, I do go
Strong with the zeal I bear my Sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty man himself.
Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the King and State,) down to the ground,
And if thou do utter but a syllable
To cross the Kings intent, thou art but dead;
There, lye upon the earth, and pine, and dye.
Did ever any man wade through such storms
To save his life, as poor *Shattillion*?
Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.
Duc. Ne'er fear it, he'll work it out again, servant.
See where *Shattillion*'s Love, poor Lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Duke. *Jaques.* (he's gone,
Jaq. Lie still, Sir, if you love your life, I'll whistle when
Love. Oh Gentlemen, I charge you by the Love
Which you bear to women, take some pitty
On this distressed man, help to restore
That precious Jewel to him he hath lost.
Bew. Lady, what ever power doth lie in us

By Art, or Prayer, or danger, we are yours.
Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady,
Conceits again must bring him to himself,
My strict denial to his Will wrought this:
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts
To know me, he would sure recover sense.
Long. That charge I'll undertake.
Duke. Look *Jaques*, look, for Gods sake let me rise,
This greatness is a jade, I cannot sit it.
Jaq. His sword is up, and yet he watcheth you.
Du. I'll down again, pray for thy Master, *Jaques.* (true,
Shat. Now the King may see all the suggestions are not
He hath receiv'd against my loyalty;
When all men else refuse, I fight his battels,
And thrust my body into dangers mouth;
I am become his Champion, and this sword
Has taught his enemies to know themselves;
Oh that he would no more be jealous of me!
Long. Monsieur *Shattillion*, the King ass[ign]s you,
That for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealousies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.
Shat. But how shall I believe this, what new token
Of reconcilement will he shew me?
Let him release my poor Love from her torment,
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.
Long. He hath done this to win your after-love,
And see your Lady sent you from the King
By these two Gentlemen: be thankful for her.
Shat. She lives, she lives, I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes.
Love. Rise dear *Shattillion.*
Shat. I know my duty,
Next unto my King, I am to kneel to you.
Love. I'll have you rise, fetch me a chair, sit down *Shat.*
Shat. I am commanded, and faith tell me Mistriss,
What usage have you had? pray be plain!
Love. Oh my most lov'd *Shattillion*, pain enough,
But now I am free, thanks to my God and King.
Long. His eyes grow very heavy, not a word,

That his weak senses may come sweetly home.
Shat. The King is honourable.
Duke. When do you whistle *Jaques*?
Jaq. By and by.
Long. Come hither Monsieur, canst thou laugh a little?
Serv. Yes Sir.
Long. So thou shalt then. *Bewford*, how dost thou?
Bew. Why well.
Long. I'm glad on't, and how does thy wife?
Bew. Why, you may see her, Sir, she stands behind you.
Long. By the mass she's there indeed, but where's her belly?
Bew. Belly?
Long. Her great belly, man; what hast thou sent thee?
Serv. A Boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.
Bew. Catcht by this light.
Long. I'll be a Gossip *Bewford.*
Serv. And I.
Long. I have an odd Apostle spoon.
Bew. S'foot, catcht.
Duc. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman.
Duc. And I not know it?
Serv. 'Twas a venial sin.
Bew. Gall, gall, gall.
Duc. Forgive her, Monsieur *Bewford*, 'twas her love.
Bew. You may rise if you please, I must endure it.
Long. See how my great Lord lies upon the ground
And dare not stir yet!
Jaques whistles?
Duke. *Jaques*, *Jaques*, is the Kings Champion gon yet?
Jaq. No, but he's asleep.
Duke. Is he asleep art sure?
Jaq. I am sure he is, I hear him snore.
Duke. Then by your favours Gentlemen I rise,
And know I am a Duke still.
Jaq. And I am his Champion.
Duc. Hold thee there, and all *France* cannot mend thee.
Duke. I am a Prince as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adorn my person;
What trial can be made to try a Prince?
I will [o]ppose this noble corps of mine

To any danger that may end the doubt.
Duc. Great Duke, and Husband, there is but one way
To satisfie the world of our true right,
And it is dangerous.
Duke. What may it be?
Were it to bring the great Turk bound in chains
Through *France* in triumph: or to couple up
The *Sophie*, and great *Prestor John* together,
I would attempt it Duchess, tell the course.
Duc. There is a strong opinion through the world,
And no doubt, grounded on experience,
That Lions will not touch a lawful Prince,
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the Lions bear your naked body,
And if you come off clear, and never winch,
The world will say you are a perfect Prince.
Duke. I thank you Duchess, for your kind advice,
But now we do not affect those ravenous beasts.
Long. A Lion is a beast to try a King;
But for the trial of such a state like this
Pliny reports a mastive dog will serve.
Duke. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.
Serv. You shall not need to deal with them at all,
Hark you Sir, the King doth know you are a Duke:
Duke. No, does he?
Serv. Yes, and is content you shall be, but with this caution,
That none know it but your self:
For if ye do, he'll take it away by Act of Parliament.
Duke. Here's my hand, and whilst I live or breath,
No living wight shall know I am a Duke.
Serv. Mark me directly, Sir, your wife may know it.
Duke. May not *Jaques*.
Serv. Yes, he may.
Duke. May not my Countrey Cosin?
Serv. By no means, Sir, if you love your life and state.
Duke. Well then, know all, I am no Duke.
Serv. No, I'll swear it.
Long. See, he wakes.
Shat. Where am I, or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not sate so sound upon mine eyes
But I remember well that face;

Oh thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
Him that but looking on thy beauty, dies,
Either receive me, or put out my eyes.
Love. Dearest *Shattillion*, see upon my knees,
I offer up my love, forget my wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By heaven I am.
Shat. Then all the world is mine.
Love. I have stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love.
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.
Bew. Well wife, though 'twere a trick that made us wed,
We'll make our selves merry soon in bed.
Duke. Know all, I am no Duke.
Wife. What [saye]?
Duke. *Jaques*?
Jaq. Sir.
Duke. I am a Duke.
Both. Are ye?
Duke. Yes faith, yes faith.
But it must only run among our selves,
And *Jaques*, thou shalt be my Secretary still.
Wife. Kind Gentlemen, lead in *Shattillion*,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end, as I could wish,
Let all young sprightly wives that have
Dull foolish coxcombs to their Husbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THe Monuments of virtue, and desert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of Art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
We'ave done our best, for your contents to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

THE CORONATION. A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Philocles.
Lisander.
Cassander.
Lisimachus.
Antigonu.
Arcadius.
Macarius.
Seleucus.
Queen.
Charilla.
Polidora.
Nestorius.
Eubulus.
A Bishop.
Polianus.
Sophia.
Demetrius.
Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.
Servants and Attendants.

PROLOGUE.

SInce 'tis become the Title of our Play,
A woman once in a [*Coronation may*]
With pardon, speak the Prologue, *give as free*
A welcome to the Theatre, as he
That with a little Beard, a long black Cloak,
With a starch'd face, and supple leg hath spoke
Before the Plays the twelvemonth, let me then
Present a welcome to these Gentlemen,
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my Petticote:
But to the Play, the Poet bad me tell
His fears first in the Title, lest i[*t*] *swell*
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a Kings Reign,
This Coronation, he hopes you may
See often, while the genius of his Play,

Doth prophesie, the Conduits may run Wine,
When the days triumph's ended, and divine
Brisk Nectar swell his Temple[s] to a rage,
With something of more price t' invest the Stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No undermirth, such as doth lard the Scene
For course delight the language here is clean.
And confident, our Poet bade me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a Play.
For which, although dull souls his Pen despise,
Who thinks it yet too early to be wise.
The nobler will thank his Muse, at least
Excuse him, cause his thought aim'd at the best,
But we conclude not, it does rest in you.
To censure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.
But what have I omitted? is there not
A blush upon my cheeks that I forgot
The Ladies, and a Femal Prologue too?
Your pardon noble Gentlewomen, you
Were first within my thoughts, I know you sit
As free, and high Commissioners of wit,
Have clear, and active souls, nay, though the men
Were lost in your eyes, they'll be found agen,
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of Love,
Be you propitious then, our Poet says,
Our wreath from you, is worth their grove of Bayes:

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Philocles *and* Lisander.

Phi. MAke way for my Lord Protector.
Lisan. Your graces servants.

Enter Cassander, *and* Lisimachus.

Cas. I like your diligent waiting, where's *Lisimachus*?
Lisi. I wait upon you, Sir.
Cas. The Queen looks pleasant

This morning, does she not?
Lis. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.
Cas. She does consult
Her safety in't, for I must tell thee boy,
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in *Epire*, to
Settle our own, and uncontrouled greatness;
But since she carries her self so fairly,
I am content to expect, and by her marriage
Secure thy fortune, that's all my ambition
Now, be still careful in thy applications
To her, I must attend other affairs,
Return, and use what Art thou canst to lay
More charms of love upon her.
Lis. I presume
She always speaks the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happiness on earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.
Cas. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her Father to engage
A tye between our Families, and she
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it;
But we lose time in conference, wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, King of *Epire*,
I must away. [*Exit.*
Lis. Success ever attend you.
Is not the Queen yet coming forth?
Lisa. Your servant,
You may command our duties,
This is the Court Star, *Philocles.*
Phi. The Star that we must sail by.
Lisa. All must borrow
A light from him, the young Queen directs all
Her favours that way.
Phi. He's a noble Gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the son of such a Father.

Lisa. Peace, remember he is Lord Protector.
Phil. We have more need of Heavens Protection
I' th' mean time, I wonder the old King
Did in his life, design him for the office.
Lisa. He might expect his faith, I have heard when
The King, who was no *Epirote*, advanc'd
His claim, *Cassander*, our Protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction,
But forc'd to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declar'd by the whole State, next heir;
If the King wanted issue, our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.
Phi. Whom but for her smiles
And hope of marriage with *Lisimachus*,
His Father, by some cunning, had remov'd
E'r this.
Lisa. Take heed, the Arras may have ears
I should not weep much if his grace would hence
Remove to Heaven.
Phi. I prethee what should he do there?
Lisa. Some Offices will fall.
Phi. And the Skie too, e'r I get one stair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Lisander*, *Philocles*,
How looks the day upon us? where's the Queen?
Phi. In her bed-chamber.
Ant. Who was with her?
Lisa. None but the young Lord *Lisimachus.*
Ant. 'Tis no treason
If a man wish himself a Courtier
Of such a possibility: he has
The mounting fate.
Phi. I would his Father were
Mounted to th' gallows.
Ant. He has a path fair enough,
If he survive by title of his Father.
Lisa. The Queen will hasten his ascent.
Phi. Would I were Queen.

Ant. Thou wou'dst become rarely the petticoat,
What wou'dst thou do?
Phi. Why, I wou'd marry
My Gentleman usher, and trust all the strength
And burden of my State upon his legs,
Rather than be call'd wife by any son
Of such a Father.
Lisa. Come, let's leave this subject,
We may find more secure discourse; when saw
You young *Arcadius*, Lord *Macarius*'s Nephew?
Ant. There's a spark, a youth moulded for a Favourite,
The Queen might do him honor.
Phi. Favourite, 'tis too cheap a name, there were a match
Now for her Virgin blood.
Lisa. Must every man
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such
Ambition: I confess I honor him,
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope
To be no woman-hater, dances handsomly,
Can court a Lady powerfully, but more goes
To th' making of a Prince. He's here
And's Uncle.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, Seleucus.

Sel. Save you Gentlemen, who can direct me
To find my Lord Protector?
Lisa. He was here
Within this half hour, young *Lisimachus*
His Son is with the Queen.
Sel. There let him compliment,
I have other business, ha, *Arcadius*! [*Exit.*
Phi. Observ'd you, with what eyes *Arcadius*
And he saluted, their two families
Will hardly reconcile.
Ant. *Seleucus* carries
Himself too roughly; with what pride and scorn
He past by 'em.
Lisa. Th'other with less shew
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul,
I wish 'em all at peace, *Macarius* looks

Are without civil war, a good old man,
The old King lov'd him well, *Seleucus* Father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honest Lord through *Epire*: that two men
So lov'd of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another.
Arc. The Queen was not wont to send for me.
Mac. The reason's to her self,
It will become your duty to attend her.
Arc. Save you Gentlemen, what novelty
Does the Court breathe to day?
Lisa. None Sir, the news
That took the last impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the Kingdom, and those men,
That honor you, take no delight to hear it.
Arc. I have ambition to see the difference
Of Courts, and this may spare; the delights
At home do surfet, and the Mistriss, whom
We all do serve, is fixt upon one object,
Her beams are too much pointed, but no Countrey
Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Macarius, Charilla.

Qu. Arcadius.
Mac. Your Lordship honor'd me,
I have no blessing in his absence.
Lis. 'Tis done like a pious Uncle.
Qu. We must not
Give any licence.
Arc. If your Majesty
Would please.
Qu. We are not pleas'd, it had become your duty,
To have first acquainted us, e'r you declar'd
Your resolution publick, is our Court
Not worth your stay?
Arc. I humbly beg your pardon.
Qu. Where's *Lysimachus*?
Lis. Your humble servant, Madam.
Qu. We shall find
Employment at home for you, do not lose us.

Arc. Madam, I then write my self blest on earth
When I may do you service.
Qu. We would be private, *Macarius.*
Mac. Madam, you have blest me,
Nothing but your command could interpose to
Stay him.
Qu. *Lisimachus,*
You must not leave us.
Lisa. Nothing but *Lisimachus*? has she not
Ta'en a philter?
Qu. Nay, pray be cover'd, Ceremony from you,
Must be excus'd.
Lisi. It will become my duty.
Qu. Not your love?
I know you would not have me look upon
Your person as a Courtier, not as Favorite;
That Title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.
Lis. The least of all
These names from you, Madam, is grace enough.
Qu. Yet here you wou'd not rest?
Lis. Not if you please:
To say there is a happiness beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine,
Although the honors you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit; I have a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make i[f] possible
Your favor's mine by justice, with your pardon.
Qu. We are confident this needs no pardon, Sir,
But a reward to cherish your opinion,
And that you may keep warm your passion,
Know we resolve for marriage, and if
I had another gift, beside my self,
Greater, in that you should discern, how much
My heart is fixt.
Lis. Let me digest my blessing.
Qu. But I cannot resolve when this shall be.
Lis. How Madam? do not make me dream of Heaven,
And wake me into misery, if your purpose

Be, to immortalize your humble servant,
Your power on earth's divine, Princes are here
The copies of Eternity, and create,
When they but will our happiness.
Qu. I shall
Believe you mock me in this argument,
I have no power.
Lis. How, no power?
Qu. Not as a Queen.
Lis. I understand you not.
Qu. I must obey, your Father's my Protector.
Lis. How?
Qu. When I am absolute, *Lisimachus*,
Our power and Titles meet, before, we are but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.
Lis. Excellent Queen,
My love took no original from State,
Or the desire of other greatness,
Above what my birth may challenge modestly,
I love your virtues; mercenary souls
Are taken with advancement, you've an Empire
Within you, better than the worlds, to that
Looks my ambition.
Qu. T'other is not, Sir,
To be despis'd, Cosmography allows
Epire, a place i' th' Map, and know till I
Possess what I was born to, and alone
Do grasp the Kingdoms Scepter, I account
My self divided, he that marries me
Shall take an [a]bsolute Queen to his warm bosom,
My temples yet are naked, until then
Our Loves can be but compliments, and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.
Lis. I apprehend.
Qu. Your Father.

Enter Cassander *and* Seleucus.

Cas. Madam, a Gentleman has an humble suit.
Qu. 'Tis in your power to grant, you are Protector,
I am not yet a Queen.

Cas. How's this?
Lis. I shall expound her meaning.
Qu. Why kneel you, Sir?
Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families
That may unite, both Counsels and their blood
To serve your Crown.
Qu. *Macarius*, and *Eubulus*
That beare inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
Which some of either family had made
Which of their Fathers was the best Commander:
If we believe our stories, they have both
Deserved well of our state, and yet this quarrel
Has cost too many lives, a severe faction.
Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torn
With their dissentions, and lose the glory
Of their great names, my blood speaks my relation
To *Eubulus*, and I wish my veins were emptied
To appease their war.
Qu. Thou hast a noble soul,
This is a charity above thy youth,
And it flows bravely from thee, name the way.
Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little stream
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts
If you'll prevent a deluge.
Qu. Be particular.
Sel. Let but your Majesty consent that two
May with their personal valour, undertake
The honor of their family, and determine
Their difference.
Qu. This rather will inlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the stream.
Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear—
Qu. And who shall be the Champions?
Sel. I beg the honor, for *Eubulus* cause
To be ingag'd, if any for *Macarius*,
Worthy to wager heart with mine, accept it,

I am confident, *Arcadius*,
For honor would direct me to his sword,
Will not deny, to stake against my life
His own, if you vouchsafe us priviledge.
Qu. You are the expectation, and top boughs
Of both your houses, it would seem injustice,
To allow a civil war to cut you off,
And your selves the instruments, besides
You appear a soldier; *Arcadius*
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
More fit to drill a Lady, than expose
His body to such dangers: a small wound
I'th' head, may spoil the method of his hair,
Whose curiosity exacts more time,
Than his devotion, and who knows but he
May lose his ribond by it in his lock,
Dear as his Saint, with whom he would exchange
His head, for her gay colours; then his band
May [b]e disorder'd, and transform'd from Lace
To Cutwork, his rich cloaths be discomplexioned
With bloud, beside the infashionable slashes:
And at the next Festival take Physick,
Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches:
His hands cas'd up in gloves all night, and sweet
Pomatum: the next day may be endanger'd
To blisters with a sword, how can he stand
Upon his guard, who hath Fidlers in his head,
To which, his feet must ever be a dancing?
Beside a falsify may spoil his cringe,
Or making of a leg, in which consists
Much of his Court-perfection.
Sel. Is this Character
Bestow'd on him?
Qu. It something may concern the Gentleman,
Whom if you please to challenge
To Dance, play on the Lute, or Sing.
Sel. Some [catch]?
Qu. He shall not want those will maintain him
For any sum.
Sel. You are my Sovereign,

I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat,
I shall burst else, I have no skill in Jiggs,
Nor Tumbling.
Qu. How Sir?
Sel. Nor was I born a Minstrel, and in this you have
So infinitely disgrac'd *Arcadius*.
But that I have heard another Character,
And with your royal Licence do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing.
Qu. Your killing?
Sel. Does she not jeer me;
I shall talk treason presently, I find it
At my tongues end already, this is an
Affront, I'll leave her.
Qu. Come back, do you know *Arcadius*?
Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him; our persons
Admit no familiarity; we were
Born to live both at distance, yet I ha' seen him
Fight, and fight bravely.
Qu. When the spirit of Wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.
Sel. Although he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buzze about the Court,
Sit to catch trouts i'th' summer, tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your own.
Qu. What?
Sel. Tell him he were not honest.
Qu. I see *Sele*[*u*]*cus*, thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd *Arcadius*, your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First place and honor to his Family:
Is it not this you plead for?
Sel. You are gracious.
Qu. *Lisimachus*.
Lis. Madam.
Cas. She has granted then?
Sel. With much ado.
Cas. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veins, *Macarius* is too popular,

And has taught him to insinuate.
Qu. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage, *Seleucus.* [*Exit cum* Sel.
Lis. As I guest,
It cannot be too soon.
Cas. To morrow then we crown her, and invest
My Son with Majesty, 'tis to my wishes,
Beget a race of Princes, my *Lisimachus*.
Lis. First, let us marry, Sir.
Cas. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle, I'm transported,
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.
Lis. Although you be my Father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lisander, *and* Antigonus.

Gentlemen,
Prepare your selves for a solemnity
Will turn the Kingdom into triumph, *Epire*
Look fresh to morrow, 'twill become your duties
In all your glory, to attend the Queen
At her Coronation, she is pleased to make
The next day happy in our Calendar,
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.
Phi. How's this?
Ant. Crown'd to morrow.
Lisa. And he so joyful to resign his Regency,
There's some trick in't, I do not like these hasty
Proceedings, and whirls of state, they have commonl[y]
As strange and violent effects; well, heaven save the Queen.
Phi. Heaven save the Queen, say I, and send her a sprightly
Bed-fellow, for the Protector, let him pray for
Himself, he is like to have no benefit of my devotion.
Cas. But this doth quicken my old heart, *Lisimachus*,
There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy own state;
Come Gentlemen.
Lisa. We attend your grace.

Cas. *Lisimachus.*
Lisi. What heretofore could happen to mankind
Was with much pain to climb to heaven, but in
Sophias marriage of all Queens the best,
Heaven will come down to earth, to make me blest. [*Exe.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Arcadius *and* Polydora.

Pol. INdeed you shall not go.
Arc. Whither?
Pol. To travel,
I know you see me, but to take your leave,
But I must never yield to such an absence.
Arc. I prethee leave thy fears, I am commanded
To th' contrary, I wonot leave thee now.
Pol. Commanded? by whom?
Arc. The Queen.
Pol. I am very glad, for trust me, I could think
Of thy departure with no comfort, thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul,
But I must thank the Queen now for thy company,
I prethee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?
Arc. Only to get an appetite
To thee *Polidora.*
Pol. Then you must provoke it.
Arc. Nay, prethee do not so mistake thy servant.
Pol. Perhaps you surfeit with my Love.
Arc. Thy love?
Pol. Although I have no beauty to compare
With the best faces, I have a heart above
All competition.
Arc. Thou art jealous now,
Come let me take the kiss I gave thee last,
I am so confident of thee, no Lip
Has ravisht it from thine; I prethee come
To Court.
Pol. For what?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.
Pol. 'Tis safer dwelling here.
Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to *Polydora*,
The greatest will be proud to honor thee.
Thy luster wants the admiration here:
There thou wot shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.
Pol. You can flatter too.
Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so, thy virtue
Will deserve all, I must confess, we Courtiers
Do oftentimes commend to shew our Art,
There is necessity sometimes to say,
This Madam breaths *Arabian* Gumms,
Amber and Cassia; though while we are praising,
We wish we had no nostrils to take in
Th' offensive steam of her corrupted Lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their Mistriss,
Would hazard lives and fortunes, to preserve
One of her hairs brighter than *Berinices*;
Or young *Apollo's*, and yet after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.
Pol. Fine men.
Arc. I am none of these,
Nay, there are women *Polidora*, too
That can do pretty well at flatteries;
Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a Jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet of Diamonds from another,
Weep into th' bosome, of a third, and make
Him drop as many Pearls; they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable heir within ten days
Out of his whole Estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.
Pol. You'll teach me
To think I may be flattered in your promises,
Since you live where this Art is most profest.
Arc. I dare not be so wicked *Polidora*,

The Infant errors of the Court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a goodness, nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of Court,
To practise for base ends; be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my *Polydora*,
It is not in the power of time or distance
To cancel it, by all that's blest I love thee:
Love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.

Pol. Let it be some
Gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath I prethee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any suspition of my faith, or else
Direct me in some horrid imprecation:
When I forsake thee for the love of other
Women, may heaven reward my apostacy
To blast my greatest happiness on earth,
And make all joys abortive.

Pol. Revoke these hasty syllables, they carry
Too great a penalty for breach of Love
To me, I am not worth thy suffering,
You do not know, what beauty may invite
Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye
And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
In one, and she should court [me], with a Dowry,
Able to buy a Kingdom, when I give
My heart from *Polidora*.

Pol. I suspect not,
And to requite thy constancy, I swear.

Arc. 'Twere sin to let thee waste thy breath
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your Uncle hath been every where
I' th' Court inquiring for you, his looks speak
Some earnest cause.

Arc. I am more acquainted with
Thy virtue, than to imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now, one kiss dismisses him
Whose heart shall wait on *Polidora*, prethee
Let me not wish for thy return too often,
My Father.

Enter Nestorius, *and a servant.*

Nes. I met *Arcadius* in strange haste, he told me
He had been with thee.
Pol. Some affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence, his Uncle sent for him
You came now from Court: how looks the Queen
This golden morning?
Nes. Like a Bride, her soul
Is all on mirth, her eyes have quick'ning fires,
Able to strike a spring into the earth,
In winter.
Pol. Then *Lisimachus* can have
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.
Nes. His politick Father the Protector smiles too,
Resolve to see the ceremony of the Queen
'Twill be a day of state.
Pol. I am not well.
Nes. How! not well? retire then, I must return
My attendance is expected, *Polidora*,
Be careful of thy health.
Pol. It will concern me. [*Exit.*

Enter Arcadius, *and* Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, Sir.
Mac. Dear Nephew, if thou respect thy safety
My honor, or my age, remove thy self,
Thy life's in danger.
Arc. Mine? who's my enemy?
Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the City,
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling,
Obscure thy self, stay not to know the reason.
Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon, which i' th' number
Of my offences unto any, should

Provoke this dishonourable flight?
Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy banishment, thou knowst not
What threatens thee.
Arc. I would desire to know it,
I am in no conspiracy of treason,
Have ravish'd no mans Mistriss, not so much
As given the lye to any, what should mean
Your strange and violent fears, I will [n]ot stir
Until you make me sensible I have lost
My innocence.
Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds, it were less sin
To rip thy Fathers Marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault, his ashes, and disperse them
By some rude winds, where none should ever find
The sacred dust: it was his Legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven
I [sh]ould preserve *Arcadius*, whose fate
He prophesied in death, would need protection,
Thou wot disturb his ghost, and call it to
Affright my dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.
Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the cause
Of your distraction, and you'll arm me better
Than any coward flight by acquainting me
Whose malice aims to kill me, good Sir tell me.
Mac. Then prayers and tears assist me.
Arc. Sir.
Mac. *Arcadius*,
Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit
Of him that trusted me so much, I bleed,
Till I prevent this mischief. [*Exit.*

Enter Philocles, Lisander.

Arc. Ha, keep off.
Phi. What mean you, Sir?
Lis. We are your friends.
Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not secure, I would not be betraid.
Lis. You wrong our hearts, who truly honor you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd.
Phi. By whom?
Arc. I know not, nor wou'd I part with life so tamely.
Phi. We dare engage ours in your quarrel, hide
Your sword, it may beget suspition,
It's enough to question you.
Arc. I am confident;
Pray pardon me, come, I despise all danger:
Yet a dear friend of mine, my Uncle told me
He would not see my body full of wounds.
Lis. Your Uncle, this is strange.
Arc. Yes, my honest Uncle,
If my unlucky Stars have pointed me
So dire a fate.
Phi. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. *Arcadius*, the Queen would speak with you,
You must make haste.
Ar[*c*]. Though to my death, I flie
Upon her summons I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me.
Phi. This does a little trouble me.
Lis. I know not
What to imagine, something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus Arcadius, *Ladies*, *Attendants and Gent.*

Qu. We have already granted to *Seleucus*
And they shall try their valour, if *Arcadius*
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge,
Our Royal word is past.
Phi. This is strange.
Eub. Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,
And you were cruel to consent so soon.
Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be rob'd
At once, of all the wealth I have, *Arcadius*
Is part of me.

Eub. *Seleucus*'s life and mine
Are twisted on one thred, both stand or fall
Together, hath the service for my Countrey
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough
When I was young, to lose my bloud in wars,
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm
And faintly creeping through my wither'd veins
Must be let out to make you sport.
Mac. How can
We, that shall this morn see the sacred oyl,
Fall on your Virgin tresses, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this day
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you.
Arcadius, I prethee speak thy self,
It is for thee I plead.
Eub. *Seleucus*, kneel
And say thou hast repented thy rash suit;
If e'er I see thee fight, I be thus wounded,
How will the least drop forc'd from thy veins,
Afflict my heart.
Mac. Why, that's good;
Arcadius, speak to her; hear him Madam.
Arc. If you call back this honor you have done me
I shall repent I live, doe not perswade me:
Seleucus, thou art a noble enemy,
And I will love thy soul, though I despair
Our bodies friendly conversation:
I would we were to tugg upon some cliffe,
Or like two prodigies i'th' air, our conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our bloud
Appease our grandsires ashes.
Mac. I am undone.
Sel. Madam, my father says I have offended,
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you
For your own glory, call not back your word.
Eub. They are both mad.
Qu. No more, we have resolv'd,
And since their courage is so nobly flam'd,
This morning we'll behold the Champions

Within the List, be not afraid, their strife
Will stretch so far as death, so soon as we
Are Crown'd, prepare your selves, *Seleucus.* [*Kisses her hand.*
Sel. I have receiv'd another life in this high favour,
And may lose what nature gave me.
Qu. *Arcadius*, to encourage thy young valour,
We give thee our Fathers sword.
Command it from our Armory; *Lisimachus*,
To our Coronation. [*Exeunt.*
Sel. I'll forfeit
My head for a rebellion, than suffer it. [*Exit.*
Arc. I am circled with confusions, I'll do somewhat
My brains and friends assist me. [*Exit.*
Phi. But do you think they'll fight indeed?
Lis. Perhaps
Her Majesty will see a bout or two.
And yet 'tis wondrous strange, such spectacles
Are rare i'th' Court, and they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is gimcracks in't, the Queen is wise
Above her years.
Phi. *Macarius* is perplex'd.

Enter Eubulus.

Lis. I cannot blame him, but my Lord *Eubulus*
Returns, they are both troubled, 'las good men,
But our duties are expected, we forget. [*Ex.* Phil. Lis.
Eub. I must resolve, and yet things are not ripe,
My brains upon the torture.
Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood, is worth more than our families.
My Lord *Eubulus*, I have thought a way
To stay the young mens desperate proceedings,
It is our cause they fight, let us beseech
The Queen, to grant us two the priviledge
Of Duel, rather than expose their lives
To eithers fury; it were pity they
Should run upon so black a destiny,
We are both old, and may be spar'd, a pair

Of fruitless trees, mossie, and wither'd trunks,
That fill up too much room.
Eub. Most willingly,
And I will praise her charity to allow it;
I have not yet forg[o]t to use a sword,
Let's lose no time, by this act, she will licence
Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an hour the sooner; they may live
To do her better service, and be friends
When we are dead, and yet I have no hope
This will be granted, curse upon our faction.
Mac. If she deny us—
Eub. What?
Mac. I wou'd do somewhat—
Eub. There's something o' th' suddain struck upon
My imagination that may secure us.
Mac. Name it, if no dishonor wait upon't
To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.
Eub. There is no other way, and yet my heart
Would be excus'd, but 'tis to save his life.
Mac. Speak it *Eubulus.*
Eub. In your ear I shall,
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it.
Mac. Hum? though it stir my bloud, I'll meet *Arcadius*,
If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another mistery. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen, Lisimachus, Cassander, Charilla,
Lisander, Philocles, Antigonus.

Qu. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve
At least by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers, my Lord Protector.
Cas. Madam, I have no
Such Title now, and am blest to lose
That name so happily: I was but trusted
With a glorious burden.
Qu. You have prov'd
Your self our faithful Counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing state: a Kingdoms Scepter
Weighs down a womans arm, this Crown sits heavy

Upon my brow already, and we know
There's something more than mettal in this wreath,
Of shining glory, but your faith, and counsel,
That are familiar with mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Doe loyal service, and reward your Duties.
Cas. Heaven preserve your Highness.
Qu. But yet my Lords and Gentlemen, let none
Mistake me, that because I urge your wisdoms,
I shall grow careless, and impose on you
The managing of this great Province, no,
We will be active too, and as we are
In dignity above your persons, so,
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your several places
Relieving us with your experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance; for although
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our royal priviledge, or encourage any
Too unreverent boldness; as it will become
Our honor to consult, e'r we determine
Of the most necessary things of state,
So we are sensible of a check,
But in a brow, that saucily controuls
Our action, presuming on our years
As few, or frailty of our sex; that head
Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.
Phi. She has a brave spirit, look how the Protector
Grows pale already.
Qu. But I speak to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
This Theme, yet 'twas no immat[eriall]
Part of our character, since I desire
All should take notice, I have studied
The knowledge of my self, by which I shall
Better distinguish of your worth and persons
In your relations to us.
Lis. This language

Is but a threatening to some body.
Qu. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their duties from us, where's *Macarius*?
Cas. Retir'd to grieve, your Majesty hath given
Consent, *Arcadius* should enter the List
To day with young *Seleucus*.
Qu. We purpose

Enter Gentleman.

They shall proceed, what's he?
Phil. A Gentleman belonging to *Seleucus*, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleasure.
Qu. He was compos'd for action, give notice
To *Arcadius*, and admit the challenger:
Let other Princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles, but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour.

Enter Seleucus, Arcadius, *at several doors, their Pages before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have
Two kingdoms staked upon their swords, *Lisimachus*
Do not they excellently become their arms?
'Twere pity but they should do something more
Then wave their plumes. [*A shout within.*
What noise is that?

Enter Macarius, *and* Eubulus.

Mac. The peoples joy to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the jubile of the day,
We have no more a faction but one heart,
Peace flow in every bosom.
Eub. Throw away
These instruments of death, and like two friends
Embrace by our example.
Qu. This unfein'd?
Mac. By our duties to your self, dear Madam
Command them not advance, our houses from
This minute are incorporated; happy day
Our eyes at which before revenge look'd forth,

May clear suspition, oh my *Arcadius*!
Eub. We have found a nearer way to friendship, Madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.
Qu. If this be faithful, our desires are blest.
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your bloud this way, and we did prophesie
This happy chance, spring into eithers bosom,
Arcadius and *Seleucus*, what can now
Be added to this days felicity?
Yes, there is something, is there not my Lord?
While we are Virgin Queen.
Cas. Ha, that string
Doth promise Musick.
Qu. I am yet my Lords
Your single joy, and when I look upon,
What I have took, to manage the great care
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to my self,
If I choose one, whose strength and virtue may
Assist my undertaking, think you Lords,
A Husband would not help?
Lis. No question, Madam,
And he that [you purpose to make] so blest
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty,
It is the general vote.
Qu. We will not then
Trouble Ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad, within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honor, we shall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over long
In th[e] imagination, from this circle, we
Have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a King and Husband.
Lisa. Now my Lord *Lisimachus*.
Que. Nor shall we in this action be accus'd
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection, hath been early
In our opinion, which had reason first
To guide it, and his known nobility
Long marry'd to our thoughts, will justifie

Our fair election.

Phi. *Lisimachus* blushes.

Cas. Direct our duties, Madam, to pray for him.

Que. *Arcadius*, you see from whence we come,
Pray lead us back, you may ascend. [*She comes from the State.*

Cas. How's this? o're-reach'd?

Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest creature,
Doe not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the Court-mirth, a mockery for Pages,
'Twere Treason in me but to think you meane thus.

Que. *Arcadius*, you must refuse my love,
Or shame this Kingdom.

Phi. Is the wind in that corner?

Cas. I shall run mad *Lisimachus.*

Lisi. Sir, contain your self.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd?

Mac. What dream is this?

Phi. He kisses her, now by this day I am glad on't.

Lisa. Mark the Protector.

Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings.

Que. Is the day cloudy on the sudden?

Arc. Gentlemen,
It was not my ambition, I durst never
Aspire so high in thought, but since her Majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honor, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.

Que. The Church to morrow shall
Confirme our marriage, noble *Lisimachus*;
We'll find out other wayes to recompence
Your love to us, set forward, come *Arcadius.*

Mac. It must be so, and yet let me consider.

Cas. He insults already, policy assist me,
To break his neck.

Lisi. Who would trust Woman?
Lost in a pair of minutes, lost, how bright
A morning rose, but now, [and now] 'tis night? [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Polidora, *and a Servant.*

Pol. OH where shall Virgins look for faith hereafter?
If he prove false, after so many vowes?
And yet if I consider, he was tempted
Above the strength of a young Lover, two
Such glorious courting his acceptance, were
Able to make disloyalty no sin,
At least not seem a fault, a Lady first,
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen
Than the *Alps*, quicken a soul more dead than Winter,
Add to her beauty and perfection,
That she's a Queen, and brings with her a Kingdom
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.
What could the frailty of *Arcadius*
Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not
To fly to her embraces, you were present
When she declar'd her self.
Ser. Yes Madam.
Pol. Tell me,
Did not he make a pause, when the fair Queen
A full temptation stood him?
Ser. Very little
My judgment could distinguish, she did no sooner
Propound, but he accepted.
Pol. That was ill,
He might with honor stand one or two minutes,
Me thinks it should have startled him a little,
To have remember me, I have deserv'd
At least a cold thought, well, pray give it him.
Ser. I shall.
Pol. When?
Ser. Instantly.
Pol. Not so,
But take a time when his joy swels him most,
When his delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his Soul dance in his eyes,
When she that must be his hath drest her beauty,

With all her pride, and sends a thousand *Cupids*
To call him to the tasting of her lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.
Ser. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassander, *and* Lisimachus.

Cas. There is no way but death.
Lisi. That's black, and horrid,
Consider, Sir, it was her sin, not his;
I cannot accuse him, what man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such
A happiness?
Cas. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool? see so vast an injury
And not revenge it? make me not suspect
Thy Mother for this sufferance, my Son.
Lis. Pray hear me, Sir.
Cas. Hear a patient gull,
A property, thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not, how canst
Be charitable to thy self, and let him live
To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;
He had before crept slily into her bosome,
And practised thy dishonor.
Lisi. You begin to stir me, Sir.
Cas. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee? and in the eye
Of all the Kingdom, they conspir'd this stain,
When they had cunning meetings, shall thy love
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and *Lisimachus*
Stand idle gazer?
Lisi. What, Sir, will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious, and to touch her person—
Pause, we may be observed.

Enter Philocles, *and* Lisander.

Lisa. 'Tis the Protector

And his son.
Phi. Alas, poor Gentleman, I pitty
His neglect, but am not sorry for his Father.
['Tis] a strange turne.
Lisa. The whirligigs of Women.
Phi. Your Graces servant.
Cas. I am yours Gentlemen,
And should be happy to deserve your loves.
Phi. Now he can flatter.
Lisa. In't Sir, to inlarge your sufferings, I have
A heart doth wish
The Q[u]een had known better to reward
Your love and merit.
[*Lisi.*] If you would express
Your love to me, pray do not mention it,
I must obey my fate.
Phi. She will be married
To t'other Gentleman for certain then?
Cas. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.
Phi. Indeed I will, Sir.
Lisa. Your Graces servant. [*Exit.*
Cas. We are grown
Ridiculous, the pastime of the Court:
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your Son, my Lord?
Cas Like a neglected servant of his Mistress.
Sel. I would ask him a question.
Cas. What?
Sel. Whether the Queen,
As 'tis reported, lov'd him, he can tell
Whether she promis'd what they talke of, marriage.
Cas. I can resolve you that, Sir.
Sel. She did promise?
Cas. Yes.
Sel. Then shee's a Woman, and your Son;
Cas. What?
Sel. Not worthy his blood, and expectation,
If he be calme.

Cas. There's no opposing destiny.
Sel. I would cut the Throat.
Cas. Whose throat?
Sel. The destinies, that's all, your pardon, Sir,
I am *Seleucus* still, a poor shadow
Oth' World, a walking picture, it concerns
Not me, I am forgotten by my stars.
Cas. The Queen, with more discretion, might ha chosen
Thee.
Sel. Whom?
Cas. Thee, *Seleucus.*
Sel. Me? I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity,
My body is lead, I have too much phlegme, what should
I do with a Kingdome? no, *Arcadius*
Becomes the cushion, and can please, yet setting
Aside the trick that Ladies of Blood look at,
Another Man might make a shift to weare
Rich Clothes, sit in the chair of state, and nod,
Dare venture on discourse, that does not trench
On compliment, and think the study of Armes
And Arts, more commendable in a Gentleman,
Than any Galliard.
Cas. *Arcadius*,
And you, were reconcil'd.
Sel. We? yes, oh yes,
But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends,
At our equality there had been reason,
But now subjection is the word.
Cas. They are not
Yet married.
Sel. I'll make no Oath upon't,
My Lord *Lisimachus*,
A word, you'll not be angry if I love you,
May not a Batchellor be made a Cuckold?
Lisi. How, Sir?
Cas. *Lisimachus*, this Gentleman
Is worth our embrace, hee's spirited,
And may be useful.
Sel. Hark you, can you tell
Where's the best Dancing-master? and you mean

To rise at Court, practise to caper, farewel
The noble science, that makes work for cutlers,
It will be out of fashion to weare swords,
Masques, and devices welcome, I salute you,
Is it not pitty any division
Should be heard out of Musick? Oh 'twill be
An excellent age of crotchets; and of Canters.
Buy Captains, that like fools will spend your blood
Out of your Country, you will be of less
Use than your feathers, if you return unman'd
You shall be beaten soon to a new march,
When you shall think it a discretion
To sell your glorious buffes to buy fine pumps,
And pantables, this is I hope no treason.

Enter Arcadius *leading the* Queen, Charia, Eubulus, Lisander, Philocles, Polidora, *servant.*

Cas. Wot stay *Lisimachus*?
Lisi. Yes, Sir,
And shew a patience above her injury.
Arc. This honor is too much, Madam, assume
Your place, and let *Arcadius* waite still:
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.
Cas. Now he dissembles.
Que. Sir, you must sit.
Arc. I am obedient.
Que. This is not Musick
Sprightly enough, it feeds the soul with melancholy.
How sayes *Arcadius?*
Arc. Give me leave to think
There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,
But strikes me into rapture, I incline
To think, the tale of *Orpheus* no fable,
'Tis possible he might inchant the Rocks,
And charme the Forrest, soften hell, hell it self,
With his commanding Lute, it is no miracle
To what you work, whose very breath conveyes
The hearer into Heaven, how at your lips,
Day-winds gather Perfumes, proudly glide away,

To disperse sweetness round about the world.
Sel. Fine stuff.
Que. You cannot flatter.
Arc. Not, if I should say,
Nature had plac'd you here the creatures wonder,
And her own spring, from which all excellence
On Earth's deriv'd, and copyed forth, and when
The character of fair, and good in others
Is quite worne out, and lost, looking on you
It is supply'd, and you alone made mortal
To feed, and keep alive all beauty.
Sel. Ha, ha, Can you indure it Gentlemen?
Lisa. What do you meane?
Sel. Nay, ask him what he meanes, mine is a down
Right laugh.
Que. Well, Sir, proceed.
Arc. At such bright eyes the stars do light themselves,
At such a forehead Swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.
Sel. The morning is more modest than thy praises,
What a thing does he make her?
Arc. And when you flie to Heaven and leave this world
No longer maintenance of goodness from you:
Then Poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a Verse.
Sel. Ha, ha.
Que. Whose that?
Sel. 'Twas I, Madam.
Arc. *Seleucus?*
Cas. Ha?
Sel. Yes, Sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.
Arc. At what?
Sel. At nothing.
Lisa. Contain your self, *Seleucus.*
Eub. Are you mad?
Que. Have you ambition to be punish'd, Sir?
Sel. I need not, 'twas punishment
Enough to hear him make an Idol of you, he left
Out the commendation of your patience, I was a little

Mov'd in my nature, to hear his Rodomontados, and
Make a monster of his Mistress, which I pitty'd first,
But seeing him proceed, I guest he brought you
Mirth with his inventions, and so made bold to laugh at it.
Que. You are sawcy,
We'll place you where you sha'not be so merry,
Take him away.
Lisa. Submit your self.
Arc. Let me plead for his pardon.
Sel. I wo'd not owe my life so poorly, beg thy own,
When you are King you cannot bribe your destiny.
Eub. Good Madam hear me, I fear he is distracted,
Brave boy, thou should'st be Master of a soul
Like his: thy honors more concern'd.
Sel. 'Tis charity,
A way wo' mee, 'boy Madam?
Cas. He has a daring spirit. [*Ex.* Sel. Eub. Cas.
Arc. These, and a thousand more affronts I must
Expect: your favors draw them all upon me;
In my first state I had no enemies,
I was secure, while I did grow beneath
This expectation, humble valleys thrive with
Their bosomes full of flowers, when the Hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds,
Let me retire.
Que. And can *Arcadius*
At such a breath be mov'd, I had opinion
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
Our love, can you for this incline to leave
What other Princes should in vain have sued for?
How many Lovers are in *Epire* now
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect
One enemy, but empty their own veins,
And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,
To have one smile of us when they are dying?
And shall this murmur shake you?
Arc. Not dear Madam,
My life is such a poor despised thing,
In value your least graces, that
To lose it were to make my self a victory,

It is not for my self, I fear: the envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your goodness should be check'd
So daringly.
Que. Let not those thoughts afflict thee,
While we have power to correct the offences,
Arcadius be mine, this shall confirm it.
Arc. I shall forget,
And lose my way to heaven, that touch had been
Enough to have restor'd me, and infus'd
A spirit of a more celestial nature,
After the tedious absence of my soul,
Oh bless me not too much, one smile a day
Would stretch my life to mortality;
Poets that wrap divinity in tales,
Look here, and give your coppies forth of angels,
What blessing can remain?
Que. Our Marriage.
Arc. Place then some horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass, the journeys end
Holds out such glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it,
What's that, some petition? a Letter to me.
You had a Polidora, ha, that's all.
Ith' minu[t]e when my vessels new lanch'd forth,
With all my pride, and silken wings about me
I strike upon a Rock: What power can save me?
You had a *Polidora*; there's a name
Kill'd with grief, I can so soon forget her.
Ser. She did impose on me this service, Sir,
And while she lives she sayes, shee'll pray for you.
Arc. She lives,
That's well, and yet 'twere better, for my fame,
And honor, she were dead; What fate hath plac'd me
Upon this fearful precipice?
Ser. He's troubled.
Arc. I must resolve, my faith is violated
Already, yet poor loving *Polidora*
Will pray for me, she sayes, to think she can
Render me hated to my self, and every

Thought's a tormentor, let me then be just.
Que. *Arcadius.*
Arc. That voice prevailes agen, oh *Polidora*,
Thou must forgive *Arcadius*, I dare not
Turn rebel to a Princess, I shall love
Thy vertue, but a Kingdom has a charme
To excuse our f[r]ailty, dearest Madam.
Que. Now set forward.
Arc. To perfect all our joyes.

Enter Macarius, *and a* Bishop, Casander.

Mac. I'll fright their glories.
Cas. By what means?
Mac. Observe.
Arc. Our good Unckle, welcome.
Que. My Lord *Macarius*, we did want your person,
There's something in our joyes wherein you share.
Mac. This you intend your highness wedding day.
Que. We are going.
Mac. Save you labor
I have brought a Priest to meet you.
Arc. Reverend Father.
Que. Meet us, Why?
Mac. To tell you, that you must not Marry.
Cas. Didst thou hear that, *Lisimachus?*
Lisi. And wonder what will follow.
Que. We must not marry.
Bish. Madam, 'tis a rule
First made in heaven, and I must needs declare
You and *Arcadius* must tie no knot
Of Man and Wife.
Arc. Is my Unckle mad?
Que. Joy has transported him,
Or age has made him dote, *Macarius*
Provoke us not too much, you will presume
Above our mercy.
Mac. I'll discharge my duty,
Could your frown strike me dead, my Lord, you know
Whose character this is.
Cas. It is *Theodosius*,

Your graces Father.
Bis. I am subscrib'd a witness.
Phi. Upon my life 'tis his.
Mac. Fear not, I'll cross this Match.
Cas. I'll bless thee for't.
Arc. Unckle, d'ee know what you do, or what we are
Going to finish? you will not break the neck of my glorious
Fortune, now my foots ith' stirrup, and mounting,
Throw me over the saddle? I hope you'll let one
Be a King, Madam, 'tis as you say,
My Unckle is something craz'd, there's a worm
In's brain, but I beseech you pardon him, he is
Not the first of your counsel, that has talk'd
Idly, d'ee hear my Lord Bishop, I hope
You have more Religion than to joyn with him
To undoe me.
Bis. Not I Sir, but I am commanded by oath,
And conscience to speak truth.
Arc. If your truth should do me any harm, I shall never
Be in charity with a Croziers staffe, look too't.
Que. My youngest Brother.
Cas. Worse and worse, my brains. [*Exit.*
Mac. Deliver['d] to me an Infant with this writing,
To which this reverend Father is a witness.
Lisa. This he whom we so long thought dead, a childe?
Que. But what should make my Father to trust him
To your concealment? give abroad his death, and bury
An empty coffin?
Mac. A jealousie he had
Upon *Cassander*, whose ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His son, to make *Lisimachus* King of *Epire*.
Que. He made no scruple to expose me then
To any danger?
Mac. He secur'd you, Madam,
By an early Engagement of your affection
To *Lisimachus*, exempt this testimony,
Had he been *Arcadius*, and my Nephew,
I needed not obtrude him on the state,
Your love and marriage had made him King

Without my trouble, and sav'd that ambition,
There was necessity to open now
His birth, and title.
Phi. *Demetrius* alive.
Arc. What riddles are these, Whom do they talk of?
Omn. Congratulate your return to life, and honor,
And as becomes us, with one voice salute you,
Demetrius King of *Epire.*
Mac. I am no Uncle, Sir, this is your Sister,
I should have suffer'd incest to have kept you
Longer ith' dark: love, and be happy both,
My trust is now discharg'd.
Lisa. And we rejoyce.
Arc. But do not mock me, Gentlemen,
May I be bold upon your words to say
I am Prince *Theodosius* Son?
Mac. The King.
Arc. You'll justifie it?
Sister, I am very glad to see you.
Sop. I am to find a brother, and resign my glory,
My triumph is my shame. [*Exit.*

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Thine ear *Lisimachus.*
Arc. Gentlemen I owe
Unto your loves, as large acknowledgment
As to my birth, for this great honor, and
My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both.
Cas. Thou art turn'd Marble.
Lisi. There will be the less charge for my Monument.
Cas. This must not be, sit fast young King. [*Exit.*
Lisa. Your sister, Sir, is gone.
Arc. My sister should have been my Bride, that name
Puts me in mind of *Polidora*, ha?
Lisander, *Philocles*, Gentlemen,
If you will have me think your hearts allow me
Theodosius son, oh quickly snatch some wings,
Express it in your haste to *Polidora*,
Tell her what title is new dropt from heaven

To make her rich; onely created for me:
Give her the ceremony of my Queen,
With all the state that may become our Bride,
Attend her to this throne; Are you not there?
Yet stay, 'tis too much pride to send for her,
Wee'll go our self, no honor is enough
For *Polidora*, to redeem our fault,
Salute her gently from me, and, upon
Your knee, present her with this Diadem,
'Tis our first gift, tell her *Demetrius* follows
To be her guest, and give himself a servant
To her chast bosome, bid her stretch her heart
To meet me, I am lost in joy and wonder. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cassander, Eubulus, Soldier.

Cas. WHere's the Captain of the Castle?
Sol. Hee'll attend your honors presently.
Cas. Give him knowledge we expect him.
Sol. I shall, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Cas. He is my creature, fear not,
And shall run any course that we propound.
Eub. My Lord, I like the substance of your plot,
'Tis promising, but matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect, and it does
Concern our heads to build upon secure
Principles, though *Seleucus*, I confess,
Carry a high, and daring spirit in him,
'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new setled
Any impostor, and we know not yet
Whether hee'll undertake to play the Prince;
Or if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.
Cas. My Lord, affairs
Of such a glorious nature, are half finish'd,
When they begin with confidence.
Eub. Admit
He want no art, [n]or courage, it must rest

Upon the people to receive his title,
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter ours, *Demetrius* scarcely warm
In the Kings seat, I may suspect.
Cas. That reason
Makes for our part, for if it be so probable,
That young *Demetrius* should be living, Why
May not we work them to believe, *Leonatus*,
The eldest son was, by some trick, preserv'd,
And now would claim his own: there were two sons,
Who in their Fathers life we supposed dead,
May not we find a circumstance to make
This seem as clear as t'other, let the vulgar
Be once possest, wee'll carry *Epire* from
Demetrius, and the World.
Eub. I could be pleas'd
To see my Son a King.

Enter Poleanus.

The Captain's here.
Pol. I waite your Lordships pleasure.
Cas. We come to visit your late prisoner:
I will not doubt, but you intreat him fairly,
He will deserve it for himself, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion,
To have exprest your service.
Pol. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honorable Lord his Father, will
Instruct me to behave my self with all
Respects becoming me, to such a son.
Cas. These things will least
Oblige you, but how bears he his restraint?
Pol. As one whose soul's above it.
Eub. Patiently?
Pol. With contempt rather of the great command
Which made him prisoner, he will talke sometimes
So strangely to himself.
Eub. Hee's here.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a subject? 'tis
Soon answer'd, sure my Father was no Prince,
That's all: the same ingredients use to make
A Man, as active, though not royal blood
Went to my composition, and I
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,
And my birth cost my Mother as much sorrow,
As I had been born an Emperor.
Cas. While I look
Upon him, something in his face presents
A King indeed.
Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.
Cas. Whose son we would pretend him,
This will advance our plot.
Sel. 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another, I'll imagine then
I am a Prince, or some brave thing on Earth,
And see what follows: but it must not be,
My single voice will carry it, the name
Of King must be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whose ayrie wings
He mounts, and once exalted, threatens Heaven,
And all the stars: how to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talke of, men have rise[n]
From a more cheap nobility to Empires,
From dark originals, and sordid blood,
Nay some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,
And flying people, have aspir'd to Kingdoms,
Made nations tremble, and have practis'd frowns
To awe the world, their memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their shades, but what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in expectation?
Pol. Are you serious?
Cas. Will you assist, and run a fate with us.
Pol. Command my life, I owe it to your favor.

Sel. *Arcadius* was once as far from being
As I, and had we not so cunningly
Been reconcil'd, or one, or both had gone
To seek our fortunes in another world;
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale.
Cas. Chide your too vain suspitions, we bring
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happy, th'ast a glorious flame,
We come to advance it.
Sel. How?
Cas. Have but a will,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A King.
Sel. You do not mock me Gentlemen?
You are my Father, Sir.
Eub. This minute shall
Declare it, my *Seleucus*, our hearts swell'd
With joy, with duty rather, oh my boy!
Sel. What's the mistery?
Pol. You must be a King.
Cas. *Seleucus*, stay, thou art too incredulous,
Let not our faith, and study to exalt thee,
Be so rewarded.
Eub. I pronounce thee King,
Unless thy spirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint to accept it.
Sel. King of what?
Cas. Of *Epire*.
Sel. Although the Queen, since she sent me hither,
Were gone to Heaven I know not how,
That title could devolve to me.
Cas. We have
No Queen, since he that should have married her,
Is prov'd her youngest brother, and now King
In his own title.
Sel. Thank you Gentlemen,
There's hope for me.
Cas. Why, you dare fight with him
And need be, for the Kingdom.

Sel. With *Arcadius?*
If you'll make stakes, my life against his crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine Son,
And all the Courtiers one after another.
Cas. 'Two'not come to that.
Sel. I am of your Lordships mind, so fare you well.
Cas. Yet stay and hear—
Sel. What? that you have betray'd me:
Do, tell your King, my life is grown a burden,
And I'll confess, and make your souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement
Of flesh, and dying, laugh at your poor malice.
Omnes. No more, long live *Leonatus* King of *Epire.*
Sel. *Leonatus*, Who's that?
Cas. Be bold, and be a King, our brains have been
Working to raise you to this height, here are
None but friends, dare you but call your self
Leonatus, and but justifie with confidence
What we'll proclaime you, if we do not bring
The Crown to your head, we [w]ill forfeit ours.
Eub. The state is in distraction, *Arcadius*
Is prov'd a King, there was an elder brother,
If you dare but pronounce, you are the same,
Forget you are my son.
Pol. These are no trifles, Sir, all is plotted,
To assure your greatness; if you will be wise,
And take the faire occasion that's presented.
Sel. *Arcadius*, you say, is lawful King,
And now to depose him, you would make me
An elder brother, is't not so?
Cas. Most right.
Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning.
Omnes. Upon our lives.
Sel. I'll venture mine, but with your pardon,
Whose brain was this? from whom took this plot life?
Eub. My Lord *Cassander.*
Sel. And you are of his mind? and you? and think
This may be done?
Eub. The destinies shall not cross us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?
I am not us'd to compliment, I'll owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your Lordship,
Compose me as you please, and when y'ave made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally: one word, my Lord, I had rather
Live in the prison still, than be a propency
To advance his politick ends.
Eub. Have no suspition.
Cas. So, so, I see *Demetrius* heels already
Trip'd up, and I'll dispatch him out oth' way,
Which gone, I can depose this at my leasure,
Being an Impostor, then my Son stands fair,
And may piece with the Princess, we lose time,
What think you, if we first surprize the Court?
While you command the Castle, we shall curbe
All opposition.
Eub. Let's proclaim him first,
I have some faction, the people love me,
They gain'd to us, wee'll fall upon the Court.
Cas. Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.
Sel. Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds?
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Sophia, *and* Charilla.

Cha. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatness of your soul, with the expence
Of too much grief, for that which providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a state
Above your tender bearing.
Sop. Thour't a fool,
And canst not reach the spirit of a Lady,
Born great as I was, and made onely less
By a too cruel destiny, above
Our tender bearing: What goes richer to
The composition of Man, than ours?
Our soul as free, and spatious; our heart's
As great, our will as large, each thought as active,
And in this onely Man more proud than we,
That would have us less capable of Empire,

But search the stories, and the name of Queen
Shines bright with glory, and some precedents
Above Mans imitation.
Cha. I grant it
For the honor of our sex, nor have you, Madam,
By any weakness, forfeited command,
He that succeeds, in justice, was before you,
And you have gain'd more, in a royal brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of *Epire.*
Sop. This I allow *Charilla*, I ha done;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me,
At the same time I feel a joy to know
My Brother living: no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.
Cha. Virtue forbid.
Sop. Canst find me out a Surgeon for that?
Cha. For what?
Sop. My bleeding fame.
Cha. Oh do not injure
Your own clear innocence.
Sop. Do not flatter me,
I have been guilty of an act, will make
All love in women question'd, is not that
A blot upon a Virgins name? my birth
Cannot extenuate my shame, I am
Become the stain of *Epire.*
Cha. 'Tis but
Your own opinion, Madam, which presents
Something to fright your self, which cannot
Be in the same shape so horrid to our sense.
Sop. Thou wod'st, but canst not appear ignorant:
Did not the Court, nay, the whole Kingdom, take
Notice, I lov'd *Lisimachus?*
Cha. True, Madam.
Sop. No, I was false,
Though counsel'd by my Father to affect him,
I had my politick ends upon *Cassander*,
To be absolute Queen, flattering his son with hopes
Of love and marriage, when that very day
I blush to think I wrong'd *Lisimachus*,

That noble Gentleman, but heaven punish'd me;
For though to know *Demetrius* was a blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my dishonor.
Cha. Madam, you yet may recompence *Lisimachus*,
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him, whom then you lov'd not, if you can
Find any gentle passion in your soul
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Though sad retains a noble will to meet it,
His love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one storme.
Sop. He will not sure
Trust any language from her tongue that mock'd him,
Although my soul doth weep for't, and is punish'd
To love him above the world.

Enter Lisimachus.

Cha. Hee's here
As fate would have him reconcil'd, be free,
And speak your thoughts.
Lisi. If, Madam, I appear
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the duty of an humble visit.
Sop. You do not mock me, Sir.
Lisi. I am confident
You think me not so lost to manners, in
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me
Such rudeness, I have nothing to present,
But a heart full of wishes for your health,
And what else may be added to your happiness.
Sop. I thought you had been sensible.
Lisi. How Madam?
Sop. A man of understanding, can you spend
One prayer for me, remembring the dishonor
I have done *Lisimachus*?
Lisi. Nothing can deface that part of my
Religion in me, not to pray for you.
Sop. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too, indeed I have a soul

Is full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to give't a name.
Lisi. What Madam?
Sop. Love, a love that should redeem
My past offence, and make me white again.
Lisi. I hope no sadness can possess your thoughts
For me, I am not worthy of this sorrow,
But if you mean it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of Charity,
To keep me still alive, be your self Madam,
And let no cause of mine, be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes, my name's not worth
The least of all your tears.
Sop. You think 'em counterfeit.
Lisi. Although I may
Suspect a Womans smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes, and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.
Sop. I waite it.
Lisi. I have now
Another Mistress.
Sop. Stay.
Lisi. To whom I have made
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate, and she deserves it, Madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you
Her vertue, if she but maintain what now
She is Mistress of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
At least in my esteem, I may offend,
But truth shall justifie, I have not flatter'd her,
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Upon your hand, all that is good flow in you. [*Exit.*
Sop. Did he not say, *Charilla*, that he had
Another Mistress?
Cha. Such a sound, methought,

Came from him.

Sop. Let's remove, here's too much ayre,
The sad note multiplies.

Cha. Take courage, Madam,
And my advice, he has another Mistress,
If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
With entertaining twice as many servants,
And when he sees your humor he'll return.
And sue for any Livery, grieve for this.

Sop. It must be she, 'tis *Polidora* has
Taken his heart, she live my rival,
How does the thought inflame me!

Cha. Polidora?

Sop. And yet she does but justly, and he too;
I would have rob'd her of *Arcadius* heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me,
But something will rebel. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, Lisander.

De. The house is desolate, none comes forth to meet us,
Shee's slow to entertain us: *Philocles*,
I prethee tell me, did she weare no cloud
Upon her brow, was't freely that she said
We should be welcome.

Phi. To my apprehension,
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

Lisa. She, nor any other,
Sure there's some conceit
To excuse it.

Dem. Stay, Who's this? observe what follows?

Phi. Fortune? some maske to entertain you, Sir.

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health, and Pleasure.

For. Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome!
Fortune, the genious of the World, have we
Descended from our pride, and state to come,
So far attended with our darlings, Youth,

Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place? call hither Fame.

Enter Fame.

Fa. What would great Fortune?
For. Know,
Who dwells here.
Fa. Once more I report great Queen,
This is the house of Love.
For. It cannot be,
This place has too much shade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the Spring,
And Sun-beames Love, affect society,
And heat, here all is cold as the hairs of Winter,
No harmony, to catch the busie eare
Of passengers, no object of delight,
To take the wandring eyes, no song, no grone
Of Lovers, no complaint of Wil[l]ow garlands,
Love has a Beacon upon his palace top,
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrime
To rest, and dwell with him, I see no fire
To threaten, or to warme: Can Love dwell here?
Fa. If there be noble love upon the World,
Trust Fame, and find it here.
For. Make good your boast,
And bring him to us.
De. What does mean all this?
Lisa. I told you, Sir, we should have some device.

Enter Love.

There's *Cupid* now, that little Gentleman,
Has troubled every Masque at Court this seven year.
Dem. No more.
Love. Welcome to Love, how much you honor me!
It had become me, that, upon your summons,
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune,
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me;
All the delights Love can invent, shall flow
To entertain you, Musick through the ayre
Shoot your inticing harmony.

For. We came to dance and revel with you.
Lov. I am poor
In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honor Love. [*Dance.*

Enter Honor.

Hon. What intrusion's this?
Whom do you seek here.
Lov. 'Tis honor.
For. He my servant.
Lov. Fortune is come to visit us.
Hon. And has
Corrupted Love: Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both waite, to betray her thus
To Fortunes triumph? take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to honor;
I blush to know thee, Who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?
Lov. I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it, this
Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charmes,
I flye agen to Honor, be my guard,
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast,
The merit of a name.
For. Despis'd? I shall
Remember this affront.
Dem. What Moral's this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Honor *with the Crown upon a mourning Cushion.*

What melancholly object strikes a sudden
Chillness through all my veines; and turns me Ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first pledge of her insuing greatness:
Why in this mourning livery, if she live
To whom I sent it? ha, What shape of sorrow?

Enter Polidora *in mourning.*

It is not *Polidora*, she was faire
Enough, and wanted not the setting off

With such a black: if thou beest *Polidora*,
Why mournes my love? it neither does become
Thy fortune, nor my joyes.
Pol. But it becomes
My griefs, this habit fits a funeral,
And it were sin, my Lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.
Dem. And I yet living? can
A sorrow enter but upon thy Garment,
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece
Of all this Ceremony? give him a name.
Pol. He was *Arcadius*.
Dem. *Arcadius?*
Pol. A Gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,
And does compel these poor, and fruitless drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,
To imbalme him twice.
Dem. And are you sure hee's dead?
Pol. As sure as you'r living, Sir, and yet
I did not close his eyes, but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same *Arcadius:*
He was a Man so rich in all that's good,
At least I thought him so, so perfect in
The rules of honor, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a Prince, Nature her self,
Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but tryal of the rest,
To mould him excellent.
Dem. And is he dead?
Come, shame him not with praises, recollect
Thy scatter'd hopes, and let me tell my best,
And dearest *Polidora*, that he lives,
Still lives to honor thee.
Pol. Lives, Where?
Dem. Look here.
Am not I worth your knowledge?
Pol. And my duty,
You are *Demetrius*, King of *Epire*, Sir.

I could not easily mistake him so,
To whom I gave my heart.
Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But still hath fed upon thy memory,
These honors, and additions of state
Are lent me for thy sake, be not so strange,
Let me not lose my entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height,
Beneath which, I did blush to ask thy love.
Pol. Give me your pardon, Sir, *Arcadius*,
At our last meeting, without argument,
To move him more than his affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me; love me above all Women,
And to confirm his heart, was truely mine,
He wish'd, I tremble to remember it,
When he forsook his *Polidora*'s love,
That Heaven might kill his happiness on Earth:
Was not this nobly said? did not this promise
A truth to shame the Turtles?
Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant Lover.
Pol. Give me your leave, I pray, I would not say,
Arcadius was perjur'd, but the same day
Forgetting all his promises, and oathes,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,
D'ee not remember this too, gave his faith
From me, transported with the noise of greatness,
And would be married to a Kingdom.
Dem. But Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordain'd for thee.
Pol. It was not virtue
In him, for sure he found no check, no sting
In his own bosome, but gave freely all
The reines to blind ambition.
Dem. I am wounded,
The thought of thee ith' throng of all my joyes,
Like poyson powr'd in Nectar, turnes me frantick:
Dear, if *Arcadius* have made a fault,
Let not *Demetrius* be punish'd for't,
He pleads that ever will be constant to thee.

Pol. Shall I believe Mans flatteries agen,
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought agen,
Be drawn by you, from the streight paths of virtue,
Into the maze of Love.

Dem. I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me,
If I have either soul, but what's contain'd
Within these words, or if one syllable
Of their full force, be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled, from thy pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that hour
Fix with a rubrick in my Calendar,
As an auspicious time, to entertain
Affairs of weight with Princes; think who now
Intreats thy mercy, come, thou sha't be kind,
And divide Titles with me.

Pol. Hear me, Sir,
I lov'd you once for virtue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be won
From my truth, and innocence with any
Motives of state to affect you,
Your bright temptation mourns while it stayes here;
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me, so court my opinion back,
Were you no King, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you, but 'tis now too late,
A low obedience shall become me best:
May all the joyes I want
Still wait on you, if time hereafter tell you,
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,
May one soft tear drop from your eye, in pitty
Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely:
I have but one word more for goodness sake,
For your own honor, Sir, correct your passion,
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you. [*Exit.*

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm prayers
Thaw it to any softness.

Phi. I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

Dem. Perswade her not.

Phi. You give your passion too much leave to triumph.

Seek in another what she denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where's the King? oh, Sir, you are undone,
A dangerous treason is a foot.
Dem. What Treason?
Mac. *Cassander*, and *Eubulus* have proclaim'd
Another King, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder Brother, he that was,
But this morning prisoner in the Castle.
Dem. Ha?
Mac. The easie *Epirotes*
Gather in multitudes to advance his Title,
They have seised upon the Court, secure your person,
Whilst we raise power to curbe this Insurrection.
Ant. Lose no time then.
Dem. We will not Arme one Man,
Speak it agen, have I a brother living?
And must be no King.
Mac. What means your Grace?
Dem. This newes doth speak me happy, it exalts
My heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty Kingdoms.
Phi. Will you not, Sir, stand
Upon your guard?
Dem. I'll stand upon my honor,
Mercy relieves me.
Lisa. Will you lose the Kingdom?
Dem. The World's too poor to bribe me: leave
Me all, lest you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counsel,
You shall not share one scruple in the honor;
Titles may set a gloss upon our Name,
But Virtue onely is the soul of Fame.
Mac. He's strangely possest Gentlemen. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Philocles, *and* Lisander.

Phi. HEres a strange turne, *Lisander.*
Lisa. 'Tis a Kingdom
Easily purchas'd, who will trust the faith
Of multitudes?
Phi. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his Title to their Mercy,
The new King has possession.
Lisa. And is like
To keep't, we are alone, what dost think of
This innovation? Is't not a fine Jigge?
A precious cunning in the late Protector
To shuffle a new Prince into the state.
Phi. I know not how they have shuffled, but my head on't,
A false card is turn'd up trump, but fates look to't.

Enter Cassander *and* Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely?
Cas. Excellently.
Philocles, Lisander.
Phi. Lis. Your Lordships servants,
Are we not bound to heaven, for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.
Phi. Heaven alone
Works miracles, my Lord.
Lisa. I think your Lordship
Had as little hope once to see these Princes
Revive.
Phi. Here we must place our thanks,
Next providence, for preserving
So dear a pledge.

Enter Leonatus *attended.*

Eub. The King.
Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our guard be doubled, give
A Largess to the Soldiers; but dismiss not

The Troops till we command.
Cas. May it please.
Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my Lord,
We have try'd your faith.
Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?
Leo. My Lords and Gentlemen, to whose faith we must
Owe next to Heaven our fortune, and our safety,
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honors,
Our bloud, and birth did challenge.
Cas. May no time
Be registred in our annals, that shall mention
One that had life to oppose your sacred person.
Leo. Let them, whose Titles forg'd and flaw'd, suspect
Their states security, our right to *Epire*,
Heaven is oblig'd to prosper, treason has
No face so black to fright it, all my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily
Manage the province, and advance the honor
Of our dear Countrey, and be confident,
If an expence of bloud, may give addition
Of any happiness to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoyce
To make my self a ghost, to have inscrib'd
Upon my marble, but whose cause I died for.
Eub. May Heaven avert such danger.
Cas. Excellent Prince,
In whom we see the Copy of his Father,
None but the Son of *Theodosius*,
Could have spoke thus.
Leo. [You] are pleas'd to interpret well,
Yet give me leave to say in my own justice,
I have but exprest the promptness of my soul
To serve you all, but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfie our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an *Atlas* double, a Kings name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance;
And those who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark, and out-skin of a Common-wealth,
Or state, have eyes, but ravish'd with the Ceremony

That must attend a Prince, and understand not
What cares allay the glories of a Crown,
But good Kings find and feel the contrary,
You have try'd, my Lord, the burden, and can tell
It would require a Pilot of more years
To steer this Kingdom, now impos'd on me,
By justice of my birth.
Cas. I wish not life,
But to partake those happy days, which must
Succeed these fair proceedings, we are blest,
But Sir, be sparing to your self, we shall
Hazard our joyes in you too soon, the burden
Of state affairs, impose upon your counsel.
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives than you,
Call age too soon upon you with the trouble,
And cares that threaten such an undertaking,
Preserve your youth.
Leo. And choose you our Prote[c]tor,
Is't that you would conclude my Lord? We will
Deserve our subjects faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

Enter Messenger.

Phi. How observ'd you that,
Mark how *Cassander*'s Planet struck.
Eu. He might have look'd more calmly for all that,
I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.
Leo. With what news travels his haste? I must secure
My self betimes, not be a King in jest,
And wear my Crown a Tenant to their breath.
Cas. Demetrius, Sir, your brother,
With other Traitors that oppose your claims,
Are fled to the Castle of *Nestorius*,
And fortifie.
Mes. I said not so my Lord.
Cas. I'll have it thought so, hence. [*Exit Messen.*
Leo. Plant forces to batter
The walls, and in their ruin bring us wor[d]
They live not.
Eub. Good Sir hear me.

Cas. Let it work,
Were *Demetrius* dead, we easily might uncrown
This swoln Impostor, and my Son be fair
To piece with young *Sophia*, who I hear
Repents her late affront.
Eub. Their lives may do
You service, let not blood stain your beginnings
The people not yet warm in their allegeance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it
With hazard of your self.
Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet offer first our mercy, if they yield,
Demetrius must not live, my Lord your counsel,
What if he were in heaven?
Cas. You have my consent,
You sha'not stay long after him.
Leo. *Sophia* is
Not my Sister,
To prevent all that may indanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter though we stand discover'd,
For in her Title then we are King of *Epire*,
Without dispute.
Cas. Hum; in my judgement, Sir,
That 'wonot do so well.
Leo. What's your opinion?
Cas. He countermines my plot: are you so cunning.
Leo. What's that you mutter; Sir?
Cas. I mutter, Sir?
Leo. Best say I am no King, but some impostor
Rais'd up to gull the state.
Cas. Very fine to have said within
Few hours you'd been no King, nor like to be,
Was not in the compass of High Treason
I take it.
Eub. Restrein your anger, the Kings mov'd, speak not.
Cas. I will speak louder, do I not know him?
That self-same hand that rais'd him to the throne
Shall pluck him from it, is this my reward?
Leo. Our guard, to prison with him.
Cas. Me to prison?

Leo. Off with his head.
Cas. My head?
Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me, great Sir.
Cas. How dares he be so insolent?
I ha' wrought my self into a fine condition,
Do'e know me Gentlemen?
Phi. Very well my Lord;
How are we bound to heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the Kingdom.
Leo. We allow it.
Eub. Counsel did never blast a Princes ear.
Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of Rebels,
Nestorius house, where our proud brother has
Enscons'd himself, they'll entertain him lovingly,
He will be a good addition to the Traitors,
Obey me, or you dye for't, what are Kings
When subjects dare affront 'em?
Cas. I shall vex
Thy soul for this.
Leo. Away with him: when Kings
Frown, let offenders tremble, this flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an Usurper: he that will
Be confirm'd great without just title to't,
Must lose compassion, know what's good, not do't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Polidora *and her servant.*

Serv. Madam, the Princess *Sophia.*
Pol. I attend her Highness.

Enter Sophia.

How much your grace honors your humble servant.
Sop. I hope my brother's well.
Pol. I hope so too, Madam.
Sop. Do you but hope? he came to be your guest.
Pol. We are all his, whilst he is pleas'd to honor
This poor roof with his royal presence, Madam.
Sop. I came to ask your pardon *Polidora.*
Pol. You never, Madam, trespass'd upon me,
Wrong not your goodness.

Sop. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfie.
Pol. Dear Madam, do not mock me.
Sop. There [is] no injury like that to love,
I find it now in my own sufferings:
But though I would have rob'd thee of *Arcadius*
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And punish[d] me in those joys you have found:
I read the story of my loss of honor,
Yet can rejoyce, and heartily, that you
Have met your own agen.
Pol. Whom do you mean?
Sop. My brother.
Pol. He is found to himself and honor,
He is my King, and though I must acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, Madam, with desire
To be made his, reason, and duty since,
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his subject.
Sop. Has he made
Himself less capable by being King?
Pol. Of what?
Sop. Of your affection.
Pol. With your pardon, Madam.
Love in that sense you mean, left *Polidora*
When he forsook *Arcadius*, I disclaim
All ties between us, more than what a name
Of King must challenge from my obedience.
Sop. This does confirm my jealousie, my heart,
For my sake, Madam, has he lost his value?
Pol. Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other cause, or person:
This argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed afresh; we may change this
Discourse: I would elect some subject, whose
Praises may more delight your ear than this
Can mine; let's talk of young *Lisimachus.*

Sop. Ha? my presaging fears.
Pol. How does your grace?
Sop. Well, you were talking of *Lisimachus*,
Pray give me your opinion of him.
Pol. Mine?
It will be much short of his worth: I think him
A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,
That if there be one in the world deserves
The best of women, heaven created him,
To make her happy.
Sop. You have, in a little, Madam,
Exprest a volume of mankind, a miracle;
But all have not the same degree of faith,
He is but young.
Pol. What Mistriss would desire
Her servant old? he has both Spring to please
Her eye and Summer to return a harvest.
Sop. He is black.
P[o]l. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him; faint complexions
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change:
Two beauties in a bed, compound few men;
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet so black, but blushes may betray
His modesty.
Sop. His proportion exceeds not.
Pol. That praises him, and a well compacted frame
Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements:
Vast buildings are more oft for shew than use:
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, e'r I could examine
A man from head to foot; he has no great,
But he may boast, an elegant composition.
Sop. I'll hear no more, you have so far out-done
My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence, and must tell *Polidora*,
This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soul to hear, and forgive this?
In what shade do I live? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,

Setting aside my birth, to poize with yours:
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up
In my own defence, and tell this unjust Lady
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there [is] something nature planted,
That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't,
As yours. What flame is in your eye, but may
Find competition here? (forgive agen
My Virgin honor,) what is in your lip
To tice the enamour'd soul, to dwell with more
Ambition, than the yet unwither'd blush
That speaks the innocence of mine?

Enter Demetrius.

Oh brother?

Dem. I'll talk with you anon, my *Polidora*,
Allow thy patience till my breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richest news
Thy ear was ever blest with.

Sop. Both your looks,
And voice express some welcome accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish could make me fortunate
And heaven hath dropt that on *Demetrius*.

Sop. What means this extasie?

Dem. 'Twere sin to busie
Thy thoughts upon't, I'll tell thee that I could
Retein some part; 'tis too wide a joy
To be exprest so soon, and yet it falls
In a few syllables, thou wot scarce believe me,
I am no King.

Sop. How's that!

Pol. Good Heaven forbid.

Dem. Forbid? Heaven has reliev'd me with a mercy
I knew not how to ask, I have, they say,
An elder brother living, crown'd already,
I only keep my name *Demetrius*,
Without desire of more addition,
Than to return thy servant.

Pol. You amaze me,
Can you rejoyce to be deposed:

Dem. It but
Translates me to a fairer and better Kingdom
In *Polidora.*
Pol. Me?
Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no King, you could be drawn to love
Me agen, that was consented to in Heaven:
A Kingdom first betraid my ambitious soul
To forget thee, that, and the flattering glories,
How willingly *Demetrius* does resign,
The Angels know: thus naked without Titles
I throw me on thy charity, and shall
Boast greater Empire to be thine agen, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not so careless of your self, the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But see you Sir, and hear you speak to 'em,
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.
Sop. Be not desperate, 'tis counsel.
Dem. You trouble me with noise, speak *Polidora.*
Pol. For your own sake preserve your self,
My fears distract my reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord *Lisimachus,*
With something that concerns your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.
Mac. His soul is honest, be not, Sir, a mad man,
And for a Lady, give up all our freedoms. [*Exit.*
Pol. I'll say any thing here, *Lisimachus.*
Sop. Dear brother hear him.

Enter Lisimachus.

Lis. Sir, I come to yield
My self your prisoner, if my father have
Rais'd an Impostor to supplant your Title

Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for,
I shall not only, by the tender of
My self, declare my innocence, but either,
By my unworthy life, secure your person,
Or by what death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected Treason.

Sop. Brave young man,
Did you not hear him Brother?

Lis. I am not minded.

Pol. Be witness Madam, I resign my heart
It never was anothers, you declare
Too great a satisfaction, I hope
This will destroy your jealousie,
Remember now your danger.

Dem. I despise it,
What fate dares injure me?

Lis. Yet hear me Sir.

Sop. Forgive me *Polidora*, you are happy,
My hopes are remov'd farther, I had thought
Lisimachus had meant you for his Mistriss,
'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousie.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late,
You may be deafe, until the Cannon make,
You find your sense, we are shut up now by
A troop of Horse, thank your self.

Pol. They will
Admit conditions.

Sop. And allow us quarter. [*A shout within.*

Pol. We are all lost.

Dem. Be comforted.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. News my Lord *Cassander* sent by the new King.
To bear us company.

Dem. Not as prisoner?

Ant. It does appear no otherwise, the soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise

Of scorn, and joy to see him so rewarded.
Dem. It cannot be.
Ant. You'll find it presently,
He curses the new King, talks treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's shirt, he's here.

Enter Cassander.

Cas. Oh let me beg untill my knees take root
I' th' earth, Sir, can you pardon me?
Dem. For what?
Cas. For Treason, desperate, most malicious Treason:
I have undone you Sir.
Dem. It does appear
You had a Will.
Cas. I'll make you all the recompence I can,
But e'r you kill me, hear me, know the man,
Whom I to serve my unjust ends, advanc'd
To your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' Son. [*Exit*] Anti.
Dem. It is not then our brother?
Cas. An insolent usurper, proud, and bloudy;
Seleucus, is no leprosie upon me?
There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act, I have not in
My stock of blood, to satisfie with weeping,
Nor could my soul, though melted to a flood
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.
Dem. How? an Impostor, what will become on's now?
We are at his mercy.
Cas. Sir, the peoples hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse my self, and suffer for it,
Have courage then young King, thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.
Dem. Rise, our misfortune
Carries this good, although it lose our hopes,
It makes you friend with virtue, we'll expect
What providence will do.
Cas. You are too merciful.
Lis. Our duties shall beg heaven still to preserve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley, Sir.
Lis. 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.
Pol. I'll wait upon you.
Dem. Thou art my Angel, and canst best instruct me,
Boldly present our selves, you'll with *Cassander*.
Cas. And in death be blest
To find our charity. [*Exit.*
Sop. *Lisimachus*.
Lis. Madam.
Sop. They will not miss your presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.
Lis. I wait your pleasure.
Sop. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Lis. To me? it must be granted.
Sop. If you have
Cancell'd your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know, who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart, I beg the name
Of your new Mistriss.
Lis. You shall know her, Madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the Court agen, I hope you'll bring
No mutiny against her, but this is
No time to talk of Love, let me attend you.
Sop. I must expect, till you are pleas'd to satisfie
My poor request, conduct me at your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Bishop, Lisander, *and* Philocles.

Leo. They are too slow, dispatch new messengers,
To intreat 'em fairly hither, I am extasi'd,
Were you witness for me too? is it possible
I am what this affirms, true *Leonatus*,
And were you not my Father, was I given
In trust to you an Infant?
Eub. 'Tis a truth,
Our soul's bound to acknowledge, you supply'd
The absence and opinion of my Son.

Who died, but to make you my greater care
I know not of *Demetrius*, but suppos'd
Him dead indeed, as *Epire* thought you were,
Your Fathers character doth want no testimony,
Which but compar'd with what concerns *Demetrius*
Will prove it self King *Theodosius* act,
Your Royal Father.

Bish. I am subscrib'd to both his Legacies
By oath oblig'd to secresie, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.

Eub. *Cassander* had no thought you would prove thus,
To whose policie I gave this aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his Engine
To batter young *Demetrius*, for it was
Your Fathers prudent jealousie, that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul
Prophecy'd his own first, and fear'd to leave
Either of you, to the unsafe protection,
Of one, whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make himself the King of *Epire*.

Bish. Your Sister, fair *Sophia*, in your Fathers
Life, was design'd to marry with *Lisimachus*
That guarded her; although she us'd some Art
To quit her pupillage, and being absolute,
Declar'd love to *Demetrius*, which enforc'd
Macarius to discover first your brother.

Leo. No more, lest you destroy agen *Leonatus*
With wonder of his fate, are they not come yet?
Something it was, I felt within my envy
Of young *Demetrius*'s fortune, there were seeds
Scattered upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of Empire, Princes I see cannot
Be totally eclips'd, but wherefore stays
Demetrius and *Sophia*, at whose names
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood.

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, *Cassander*, *Lisima.*

Eub. They are here.

Leo. Then thus I flie into their bosoms,

Nature has rectifi'd in me, *Demetrius*,
The wandrings of ambition, our dear Sister
You are amaz'd, I did expect it, read
Assurance there, the day is big with wonder.
Mac. What means all this?
Leo. *Lisimachus*, be dear to us,
Cassander, you are welcome too.
Cas. Not I,
I do not look for't, all this sha'not bribe
My conscience to your faction, and make
Me false agen, *Seleucus* is no son
Of *Theodosius*, my dear Countrey-men
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful King, prostrate your selves, *Demetrius*
Doth challenge all your knees.
Dem. All Love and Duty,
Flow from me to my Royal King, and Brother
I am confirm'd.
Cas. You are t[o]o credulous,
What can betray your faith so much?
Leo. *Sophia*, you appear sad, as if your Will
Gave no consent to this days happiness.
Sop. No joy exceeds *Sophia*'s for your self.
Lis. With your pardon, Sir, I apprehend
A cause that makes her troubled, she desires
To know, what other Mistriss, since her late
Unkindness I have chosen to direct
My faith and service.
Leo. Another Mistriss?
Lis. Yes, Sir.
Leo. And does our Sister love *Lisimachus*?
Sop. Here's something would confess.
Leo. He must not dare
To affront *Sophia*.
Cas. How my shame confounds me,
I beg your justice, without pity on
My age.
Leo. Your pennance shall be, to be faithful
To our state hereafter,
Omnes. May you live long and happy,

Leonatus, King of *Epire*.

Leo. But where's your other Mistriss?

Lis. Even here, Sir.

Leo. Our Sister? is this another Mistriss, Sir?

[*L*]*is.* It holds
To prove my thoughts were so when she began
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness
Deserv'd, I should esteem her another Mistriss,
Then when she cruelly forsook *Lisimachus*,
Your pardon Madam, and receive a heart
Proud with my first devotions to serve you.

Sop. In this I am crown'd agen, now mine for ever.

Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily,
Joy to you both.

Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes,
Polidora's part of me.

Pol. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heaven pour full joys upon you.

Mac. We are all blest,
There wants but one to fill your arms.

Leo. My Mistriss,
And Wife shall be my Countrey, to which I
Was in my birth contracted, your love since
Hath plaid the Priest to perfect what was ceremony
Though Kingdoms by just Titles prove our own,
The subjects hearts do best secure a Crown.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THere is no Coronation to day,
Unless your gentle votes do crown our Play,
If smiles appear within each Ladies eye,
Which are the leading Stars in this fair skie,
Our solemn day sets glorious, for then
We hope by their s[*oft*] *influence, the men*

Will grace what they first shin'd on, make't appear,
(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous ear
With your applause, more welcome than the Bells
Upon a triumph, Bonfires, or what else
Can speak a Coronation. And though I
Were late depos'd, and spoil'd of Majesty,
By the kind aid of your hands, Gentlemen,
I quickly may be Crown'd a Queen agen.

THE
COXCOMB
A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Ricardo, *a young Gentleman, in love with* Viola.
Antonio, *the Coxcomb Gentleman.*
Mercurie, *fellow-traveller with* Antonio.
Uberto, Pedro, Silvio, } *three merry Gentlemen, friends to* Ricardo.
Valerio, *a Countrey Gentleman.*
Curio, *Kinsman to* Antonio.
Justice, *a shallow one.*
Andrugio, *Father to* Viola.
Alexander, *servant to* Mercurie's *Mother.*
Marke, *the Justice's Clerk.*
Rowland, *servant to* Andrugio.
Tinker.
Constable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Musicians.

WOMEN.

Viola, *Daughter to* Andrugio.
Maria, *Wife to* Antonio.
A Countrey-woman, *Mother to* Mercurie.
Nan *and* Madge. } *Milk-maids.*
Dorothie, *the Tinkers Trull.*

The Scene England, France.

The Principal Actors were

Nathan Field,
Giles Gary,
Rich. Allen,
Robert Benfeild.
Joseph Taylor,
Emanuel Read,
Hugh Atawell,
Will. Barcksted.

PROLOGUE.

THis Comedy long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head.
And to your noble censures does present,
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers that confest it for their own
Were this way skilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries I may say did please the time;
The work it self too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among th' ignorant multitude,
(That relish gross food, better than a dish,
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd into the wish,
Of curious pallats) wanting wit and strength,
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length,
That fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be try'd
Before such Judges 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble hearing: nor fear I,
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good, that did revive this Play.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Richardo *and* Viola.

Rich. LEt us make use of this stolen privacy,
And not loose time in protestation, Mistriss,
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To say again I love you.
Vio. Sweet, speak softly
For though the venture of your love to me,
Meets with a willing, and a full return:
Should it arrive unto my Fathers knowledge;
This were our last discourse.

Rich. How shall he know it?
Vio. His watching cares are such, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much intreaty of
The Mistriss of the House, was hardly given me:
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me: yet I know not
You have so won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (though to entertain
Another thought of you, would be my death)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.
Rich. Why do you think I can be false?
Vio. No faith,
You [h]ave an honest face, but if you should—
Rich. Let all the stor'd vengeance of heaven's justice—
Vio. No more, I do believe you, the dance ended,
Which this free womans ghests have vow'd to have
E'r they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the Jewels, Chains, and Gold are trusted
Unto my custody, and at the next corner,
To my Fathers house, before one at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.
Rich. I desire
No bond beyond your promise, let's go in,
To talk thus much, before the door, may breed
Suspition.

Enter Mercury *and* Antonio *talking.*

Vio. Here are company too.
Rich. Away,
Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.
Vio. 'Tis my wish, Sir. [*Exit* Rich. *and* Viol.
Mer. Nay, Sir, excuse me, I have drawn you to
Too much expence already in my travel:
And you have been too forward in your love;
To make my wants your own, allow me manners
Which you must grant I want, should I increase,
The bond in which your courtesies have ti'd me:

By still consuming you, give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I shall often,
With willingness, come to visit you, and then thank you.
Ant. By this hand I could be angry, what do you think me?
Must we that have so long time been as one
Seen Cities, Countreys, Kingdoms, and their wonders;
Been bedfellows, and in our various journey
Mixt all our observations, part (as if
We were two Carriers at two several ways,
And as the fore-horse guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In Travellers, that know transalpine garbs,
Though our designs are nee'r so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime, it must not be:
Nay, what is more, you shall not; you e'r long,
Shall see my house, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your service.
Mer. 'Tis this tires me,
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my Will lay in the choice: but 'tis not so,
My friends and kindred that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel: then mine own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire anothers bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty, pardon me.
Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
Be burthensome to me? for this excuse
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me,
By a travellers faith you should not, I have said,
And then you know my humor, there's no contending.
Mer. Is there no way to 'scape this Inundation?
I shall be drown'd with folly if I go:
And after nine days, men may take me up,
With my gall broken.
Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?
Mer. Wou'd you would spare me.

Ant. By this light I cannot
By all that may be sworn by.
Mer. Patience help me,
And heaven grant his folly be not catching:
If it be, the Town's undone, I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any Sheriff,
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company; while he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb?
But *Balaam*'s Asse will speak now, without spurring.
Ant. Speak, have I won you?—

Enter Servant and Musician.

Mer. You are not to be resisted.
Ser. Be ready I intreat you, the dance done,
Besides a liberal reward I have,
A bottle of Sherry in my power shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.
Musi. Tush, fear not us, we'll do our parts.
Serv. Go in.
Ant. I know this fellow.
Belong you to the house?
Serv. I serve the Mistriss.
Ant. Pretty, and short, pray you Sir then inform her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honor'd,
With her fair presence.
Serv. She shall know so much,
This is a merry night with us, and forbid not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.
Ant. Nay, follow, I have a trick in't. [*Exit.*

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Richardo, Maria, Pedro,
Portia, Viola, *with others.*

Uber. Come, where's this Masque? fairest, for our chear,
Our thanks and service, may you long survive,
To joy in many of these nights.
Mar. I thank you.
Uber. We must have Musick too, or else you give us,
But half a welcome.

Mar. Pray you Sir, excuse me.
Silv. By no means, Lady.
Uber. We'll crown our liberal feast,
With some delightful strain fitting your love:
And this good company.
Mar. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill
Or be, or nice, or curious, every year
I celebrate my marriage night; and will
Till I see my absent Husband.
Uber. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silv. *Richardo* thou art dull—

Enter Servant.

Rich. I shall be lighter,
When I have had a heat.
Mar. Now Sir, the news?
Serv. Mistriss, there are two Gentlemen.
Mar. Where?
Serv. Complimenting who should first enter.
Mar. What are they?
Serv. Heaven knows, but for their strangeness, have you never seen a Cat wash her face?
Uber. Yes.
Serv. Just such a stir they keep. if you make but haste, You may see 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonia *and* Mercurie.

Mer. Let 'em be what they [will,] we'll [give] them fair Entertain, and gentle welcome.
Ant. It shall be so.
Mer. Then let it be your pleasure.
Ant. Lets stand aside, and you shall see us have Fine sport anon.
Mer. A fair society, do you know these Gentlewomen?
Ant. Yes.
Mer. What are they?
Ant. The second is a neighbors Daughter, her name is *Viala.* There is my kinsmans wife, *Portia* her name, and a Friend too.

Mer. Let her—what's she that leads the dance?
1 *Serv.* A Gentlewoman.
Mer. I see that.
1 *Serv.* Indeed?
Mer. What?
1 *Serv.* A Gentlewoman.
Mer. Udsfoot, good Sir, what's she that leads the dance?
2 *Serv.* My Mistriss.
Mer. What else?
2 *Serv.* My Mistriss, Sir.
Mer. Your Mistriss? a pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here? I see 'tis treason to understand in this house: if nature were not better to them, than they can be to themselves, they would scant hit their mouths; my Mistriss? is there any one with so much wit in's head, that can tell me at the first fight, what Gentlewoman that is that leads the dance?
[*Ant.*] 'Tis my wife.
Mer. Hum.
Ant. How dost thou like her?
Mer. Well, a pretty Gentlewoman.
Ant. Prethee be quiet.
Mer. I would I could
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him, and free passions,
Receive the least tye from such a fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a wife, 'tis lamentable to consider truly
What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of such a Gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty, is no longer hers,
Than men will please to make it so, and use it
Neither of which lies freely in a Husband,
Oh what have I done, what have I done, Coxcomb?
If I had never seen, or never tasted
The goodness of this kix, I had been a made man,
But now to make a Cuckold is a sin
Against all forgiveness, worse than a murther;
I have a Wolf by the ears, and am bitten both ways.
Ant. How now friend, what are you thinking of?
Mer. Nothing concerning you, I must be gone.

Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, Sir.
Mer. Then good Sir, give me leave to go to bed,
I am very weary, and ill-temper'd.
Ant. You shall presently, the dance is done.
1 *Serv.* Mistriss, these are the Gentlemen.
Mar. My Husband's welcome home, dear Sir. (one,
Mer. She's fair still, oh that I were a knave, or durst be
For thy sake coxcomb; he that invented honesty, undid me.
Ant. I thought you had not known me, y'are merry 'tis well;
And how ist with these worthy Gentlemen? (thought,
Ub. & Sil. We are glad to see you here again.
Ant. Oh Gent, what ha' you lost? but get you into travels,
There you may learn, I cannot say what hidden virtues.
Mer. Hidden from you I am sure,
My blood boils like a furnace,
She's a fair one.
Ant. Pray entertain this Gent. with all the courtesie,
Fitting my most especial friend.
Mar. What this poor house may yield,
To make you welcome, dear Sir, command
Without more compliment.
Mer. I thank you:
She's wise, and speaks well too, oh what a blessing
Is gone by me, ne'er to be recovered!
Well, 'twas an old shame the Devil laid up for me, and now has hit me home; if there be any ways to be dishonest, and save my self yet, —— No, it must not be, why should I be a fool too——Yet those eyes would tempt another *Adam*, how they call to me, and tell me——S'foot, they shall not tell me any thing, Sir, will you walk in?
Ant. How is't, Signior?
Mer. Crazie a little.
Mar. What ail you, Sir?
What's in my power, pray make use of, Sir. (sure?
Mer. 'Tis that must do me good, she does not mock me
And't please you nothing, my disease is only weariness.
Ub. Come Gentlemen, we'll not keep you from your beds too long.
Rich. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you far from your lodging.

Sil. Well. [*Exit manent*, Ant. Mar. *and* Mer.

Ant. Come my dear *Mercury*, I'll bring you to your chamber, and then I am for you *Maria*, thou art a new wife to me now, and thou shalt find it e'r I sleep.

Mer. And I, an old ass to my self, mine own rod whips me,—good Sir, no more of this, 'tis tedious, you are the best guide in your own house—go Sir—

[*Exit* Ant. *and* Mer.

This fool and his fair Wife have made me frantick
From two such Physicks for the soul, deliver me. [*Exit.*

Enter Richardo, Uberto, Pedro, *and* Silvio.

Ub. Well you must have this wench then.

Ric. I hope so, I am much o'th' bow-hand else.

Ped. Wou'd I were hang'd, 'tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture her self upon a coast she never knew yet, but these women, when they are once thirteen, god speed the plough.

Sil. Faith they'll venture further for their lading, than a Merchant, and through as many storms, but they'll be fraughted, they are mad[e] like *Carrecks*, only strength and storage.

Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk.

Sil. We do so, but tell me *Richardo*, wot thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? why, what should I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we should have [had] all shares in her, like lawful prize.

Ric. No by my faith, Sir, you shall pardon me, I lanch'd her at my own charge, without partners and so I'll keep her.

Ub. What's the hour?

Rich. Twelve.

Ub. What shall we do the while? 'tis yet scarce eleven.

Sil. There's no standing here, is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her fathers house, may breed suspition,
Let's slip into a Tavern, for an hour, 'tis very cold.

Ub. Content, there is one hard by, a quart of burnt sack will recover us, I am as cold as Christmas, this stealing

flesh in the frosty weather, may be sweet i'th' eating, but sure the Woodmen have no great catch on't; Shall's go?

Rich. Thou art the strangest lover of a Tavern, What shall we do there now? lose the hour and our selves too.

Ub. Lose a pudding; What do'st thou talk of the hour; Will one quart muzle us? have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask the Drawers, but we must stand here like bawds to watch the minutes?

Sil. Prethee content thy self, we shall scout here, as though we went a haying, and have some mangey prentice, that cannot sleep for scratching, over-hear us; Come, Will you go Sirs? when your love fury is a little frozen, you'll come to us.

Ric. Will you drink but one quart then?

Ped. No more i'faith.

Sil. Content.

Ric. Why then, have with you, but lets be very watchful.

Ub. As watchful as the Belman, come, I'll lead, because I hate good manners, they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viola *with a Key, and a little Casket.*

The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my vertue and my self hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some company, and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to night
Than ever did, the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers; the house will rise
When I unlock the dore, were it by day
I am bold enough, but then a thousand eyes
Warne me from going, might not [God] have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the Sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough, to steal this key
Out of my fathers Chamber, and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend
Alas how valiant, and how fraid at once
Love makes a Virgin! I will throw this key
Back through a window, I had wealth enough

In Jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal e'm for; farewell my place of birth,
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These houshold gods, I do beseech them look
To this my charge, bless it from theeves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my Father in. [*Exit.*

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, *and* Drawer *with a Candle.*

Ric. No more for Gods sake, how is the night boy?

Draw. Faith Sir, 'tis very late.

Ub. Faith, Sir, you lie, is this your jack i'th' clock-house? will you strike, Sir? gi's some more sack, you varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good *Uberto* goe,
I am monstrous hot with Wine.

Ub. Quench it again with love, Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then if my legs say me not shamefully nay, I will go with you, give me a singular quart.

Draw. Of what Wine Sir?

Uber. Of Sack, you that speak confusion at the bar, of Sack, I say, and every one his quart, what a Devil lets be merry.

Draw. You shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Ped. We will, Sir, and a dryed tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fidlers, my head swims plaguely, 'uds pretious I shall be clawd.

Enter Drawer *with four quarts of wine.*

Ric. Pray go, I can drink no more, think on your promise, 'tis midnight Gentlemen.

Ub. O that it were dum midnight now, not a word more, every man on's knees, and betake himself to his saint, here's to your wench, seignior, all this, and then away.

Rich. I cannot drink it.

Ped. 'Tis a toy, a toy, away wo't.

Uber. Now dare I speak any thing, to any body living, come, Where's the fault? off with it.

Ric. I have broke my wind, Call you this Sack?—I

wonder who made it? he was a sure workman, for 'tis plaguy strong work, Is it gone round?

Ub. 'Tis at the last, out of my way, good boy, Is the Moon up yet?

Draw. Yes, Sir.

Ub. Where is she boy?

Draw. There, Sir.

Ub. We shall have rain and thunder, boy.

Draw. When Sir?

Ub. I cannot tell, but sure we shall boy.

Draw. The Gentleman is Wine-wise.

Uber. Drawer?

Draw. Here, Sir.

Ub. Can you procure?

Draw. What Sir?

Uber. A Whore, or two or three, as need shall serve, boy?

Sil. I, a good Whore were worth money, boy.

Draw. I protest Sir, we are all together unprovided.

Ric. The mor's the pitty, boy, Can you not 'vize us where my Child?

[*Draw.* Neither, in troth sir.]

Ped. Why where were you brought up, boy? no inckling of a Whore? no aym my boy?

Uber. It cannot sink in my head now, that thou shouldst marry, Why shouldst thou marry, tell me?

Rich. I marry? I'll be hang'd first: some more wine boy.

Sil. Is she not a Whore translated? and she be, lets repair to her.

Ric. I cannot tell, she may be an offender; but signior *Silvio*, I shall scratch your head, indeed I shall.

Sil. Judge me, I do but jest with thee, what an she were inverted with her heeles upward, like a traitor's Coat? what care I.

Ub. I, hang her, Shall we fall out for her?

Rich. I am a little angry, but these wenches, Did you not talke of wenches?

Sil. Boy, lend me your Candle.

Draw. Why Sir?

Sil. To set fire to your rotten seeling, you'll keep no Whores, Rogue, no good members.

Draw. Whores, Sir.

Silv. I, Whores Sir, Do you think we come to lye with your hogsheads?

Rich. I must beat the watch, I have long'd for't any time this three weeks.

Silv. Wee'll beat the Town too, and thou wilt, we are proof boy; Shall [wee] kill any body?

Rich. No, but wee'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Uber. Silv. Now must I kill one, I cannot avoid it, boy, easily afore there with your candle; Where's your Mistriss?

Draw. A bed, Sir.

Sil. With whom?

Draw. With my Master.

Uber. You lye Boy, shee's better brought up than to lye with her husband, Has he not cast his head yet? next year he will be a velvet-headed Cuckold. [*Exeunt.*

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman, there Sir, take hold.

Enter Viola.

Viola. This is the place, I have out-told the Clock,
For haste, he is not here. *Richardo*? no;
Now every power that loves and is belov'd:
Keep me from shame to night, for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent, and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold: I cannot back;
I threw the Key within, and ere I raise
My Father up, to see his daughters shame,
I'll set me down, and tell the Northern Wind,
That it is gentler than the curling West;
If it will blow me dead, but he will come;
I'faith 'tis cold; if he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a Man. Hark, What's that?

Sil. within. Th'art over long at thy pot, tom, tom, thou art over long at the pot tom.

Viol. Bless me! Whose that?

Pedro within. Whoo!

Uber. within. There Boyes.

Viol. Darkness be thou my cover, I must fly,
To thee I haste for help—

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Uberto, Drawer *with a Torch.*

Viol. They have a light,
Wind, if thou lov'st a Virgin, blow it out,
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Rich. Boy?

Draw. Sir.

Rich. Why Boy?

Draw. What say you, Sir?

Rich. Why Boy? Art thou drunk Boy?

Draw. What would you, Sir?

Rich. Why very good, Where are we?

Uber. I, that's the point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your Lodging presently.

Rich. I'll go to no lodging Boy.

Draw. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Rich. I'll go no farther.

Draw. For Gods sake, Sir, do not stay here all night.

Rich. No more I will not, Boy, lay me down, and rowle me to a Whore.

Uber. And me.

Ped. There spoke an—

Silvio. Then set your foot to my foot, and up tailes all.

Viola. That is *Richardo*, what a noise they make! 'Tis ill done on 'em: here, Sirs, *Richardo*?

Rich. What's that Boy?

Draw. 'Tis a Wench, Sir, pray Gentlemen come away.

Viol. O my dear love! How doest thou?

Rich. [My] sweet heart? even as thou seest.

Ped. Where's thy Wench?

Uber. Where's this bed worme?

Viol. Speak softly for the love of heaven.

Draw. Mistriss, get you gone, and do not entice the Gentlemen, now you see they'r drunk, or I'll call the Watch, and lay you fast enough.

Vio. Alas, What are you? or, What do you mean? Sweet love, Where's the place?

Ric. Marry sweet love, e'en here, lye down, I'll feese [you].

Vio. Good God! What mean you?

Ped. I'll have the Wench.
Uber. If you can get her.
Sil. No, I'll lye with the Wench to night, and she shall be yours to morrow.
Ped. Let go the Wench.
Sil. Let you go the Wench.
Viol. O Gentlemen, as you had mothers!
Uber. They had no mothers; they are the Sons of bitches.
Ric. Let that be maintain'd.
Sil. Marry then.
Viol. Oh bless me heaven!
Uber. How many is there on's?
Ric. About five.
Uber. Why then lets fight three to three.
Sil. Content. [*Draw and fall down*
Draw. The Watch! the watch! the watch! Where are you? [*Exit*
Ric. Where are these Cowards?
Ped. There's the W[h]ore.
Viol. I never saw a drunken man before,
But these I think are so.
Sil. Oh!
Ped. I mist you narrowly there.
Viol. My state is such, I know not how to think,
A prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never Maiden more might be in love. [*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Constable *and* Watch.

Watch. Where are they, Boy?
Draw. Make no such haste, Sir, they are no runners.
Ub. I am hurt, but that's all one, I shall light upon some of ye.
Pedro, thou art a tall Gentleman, let me kiss thee.
Watch. My friend.
Uber. Your friend? you lie.
Ric. Stand further off, the watch, you are full of fleas.
Con. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.
Rich. Nay, good Mr. Constable, be not so Rigorous.
Uber. Mr. Constable, lend me thy hand of Justice.

Const. That I will Sir. (so blind

Uber. Fy Mr. Constable, What golls you have! is Justice [She] cannot see to wash your hands? I cry you Mercy, Sir; Your gloves are on.

Draw. Now you are up, Sir, Will you go to bed?

Ped. I'll truckle here, Boy, give me another pillow.

Draw. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on then?

Ped. Yes. (be going Mr. Constable.

Draw. There hold him two of ye, now they are up,

Rich. And this way, and that way, tom.

Uber. And here away, and there away, tom.

Silv. This is the right way, the others the wrong.

Ped. Th' others the wrong.

All. Thou art over-long at the pot, tom, tom.

Rich. Lead valiantly, sweet Constable, whoop! ha Boyes.

Const. This Wine hunts in their heads.

Rich. Give me the bill, for I'll be the Sergeant.

Const. Look to him, Sirs.

Rich. Keep your Ranks, you Rascalls, keep your Ranks. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. I Cannot sleep for thinking of this Asses Wife, I'll be gon presently, there's no staying here, with this Devil about me; hoe, this is the house of sleep, hoe! again there, 'sfoot, the darkness, and this love together, will make me lunatick; ho!

Enter a Servingman above unready.

Ser. Who calls there?

Mer. Pray take the pains to rise and light a candle.

Ser. Presently.

Mer. Was ever man but I in such a stocks? well, this shall be a warning to me, and a fair one too, how I betray my self to such a Dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray do me the kindness, Sir, to let me out, and not [to] enquire why, for I must needs be gone.

Ser. Not to night, I hope, Sir.

Mer. Good Sir to night, I would not have troubled you else, pray let it be so.

Ser. Alas, Sir, my Master will be offended.

Mer. That I have business? no I warrant ye.

Ser. Good Sir take your rest.

Mer. Pray my good friend let me appoint my own rest.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Mer. Then shew me the way out, I'll consider you.

Ser. Good Lord, Sir.

Mer. If I had not an excellent temper'd patience, now should I break this fellows head, and make him understand 'twere necessary; the onely plague of this house is the unhandsome love of servants, that ne'er do their duty in the right place, but when they muster before dinner, and sweep the Table with a wodden dagger, and then they are troublesome too, to all mens shoulders, the Woodcocks flesht agen, now I shall have a new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Why how now friend? What do you up so late? are you well? Do you want any thing? pray speak.

Mer. Onely the cause I rise for.

Ant. What knaves are these? What do you want? why Sirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'th' World, but the keyes to let me out of dores; I must be gon, be not against it, for you cannot stay me.

Ant. Be gon at this time? that were a merry jest.

Mer. If there be any mirth in't, make you use on't, but I must go.

Ant. Why for loves sake?

Mer. 'Twill benefit your understanding nothing to know the cause, pray go to bed, I'll trouble your Man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reason to curse you, and you knew all, my Wifes up, and coming down too.

Mer. Alas, it will be a trouble, pray go up to her, and let me disturbe no more, 'tis unmannerly.

Enter Wife *as out of her* [*b*]*ed.*

Ant. Shee's here already; sweet heart: How say you by this Gentleman? he would away at midnight.

Wife. That I am sure he will not.

Mer. Indeed I must.

Mar. Good Sir let not your homely entertainment press you to leave your bed at midnight; if you want, what my house or our town may afford you, make it your own fault if you call not for it; pray go to bed again; let me compel you, I am sure you have no power to deny a Woman; the ayr is piercing, and to a body beaten with long travel, 'twill prove an ill Physitian.

Mer. If she speak longer I shall be a knave, as rank as ever sweat for't; Sir, if you will send your Wife up presently, I will either stay with you, d'ye mark me, or deliver you, so just a cause, that you your self, shall thrust me out of dores, both suddenly, and willingly.

Ant. I would fain hear that 'faith, pray thee go up sweet heart, I have half perswaded him, besides, he hath some private business with me.

Mar. Good night, Sir, and what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*

Mer. Could any man that had a back ask more! O me! O me!

Ant. Now deal directly with me: Why should you go?

Mer. If you be wise do not enquire the cause, 'twill trouble you:

Ant. Why? prithee why?

Mer. 'Faith I would not have you know it, let me go, 'twill be far better for you.

Ant. Who's that, that knocks there? i'st not at the street door?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Ant. Who's there, cannot you speak?

Within Vio. A poor distressed Maid, for gods sake let me in.

Mer. Let her in and me out together, 'tis but one labor, tis pity she should stand i'th' street, it seems she knows you.

Ant. There she shall stand for me, you are ignorant; this s a common custome of the Rogues that lie about the loose parts of the City.

Mer. As how?

Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night, and use ome feigned voice to raise compassion, and when the doors re open, in they rush, and cut the throats of all, and take he booty, we cannot be too careful.

Within Vi. As ever you had pity let me in, I am undone else.

Ant. Who are you?

Vio. My name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman, that ill chance ath distressed, you know my Father.

Mer. Alas of god we'll let her in, 'tis one of the Gentlewomen were here i'th' evening, I know her by her name, poor soul) shee's cold I warrant her, let her have my warme Bed, and I'll take her fortune; come, pray come.

Ant. It is not *Viola*, that's certain, she went home to her Fathers, I am sure.

Vio. Will not you be so good to let me in?

Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away if you stay a ittle longer: Shee's gone I warrant her, now let me know your cause, for I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you, I love your Wife extreamly.

Ant. Very well.

Mer. And so well that I dare not stay.

Ant. Why?

Mer. For wronging you, I know I am flesh and blood, and you have done me friendships infinite and often, that must require me honest, and a true Man, and I will be so, or I'll break my heart.

Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.

Mer. No, though I wood be good, I am no saint, nor is it safe to try me, I deal plainly.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the best you can.

Mer. You shall not, when I am right agen, I'll come and see you, till when, I'll use all Countryes, and all means, but I will lose this folly, 'tis a Divel.

Ant. Is there no way to stay you?

Mer. No, unless you will have me such a villain to you, as all men shall spit at me.

Ant. Do's she know you love her?

Mer. No, I hope not, that were recompence fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend, I am that Man, and I may glory in't, this is he, that *ipse*, he that passes all Christendome for goodness, he shall not over goe me in his friendship, 'twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first, I am resolv'd, go thy wayes, a Wife [shall] never part us: I have consider'd, and I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art; I'll speak a bold world, take your time and woe her, you have overcome me clearly, and do what's fitting with her, you conceive me, I am glad at heart you love her: by this light, ne're stare upon me, for I will not flye from it, if you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd; Sir, you are not every Man, now to your taske, I give you free leave, and the sin is mine if there be any in it.

Mer. He will be hang'd before he makes this good, he cannot be so innocent a Coxcombe, he can tell ten sure, if I had never known you as I have done, I might be one, as others perhaps sooner, but now 'tis impossible, there's too much good between us.

Ant. Well, thou art e'en the best man——I can say no more, I am, so over-joy'd, you must stay this night, and in the morning go as early as you please, I have a toy for you.

Mer. I thought this pill would make you sick.

Ant. But where you mean to be I must have notice,
And it must be hard by too, do you mark me?

Mer. Why, What's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Mer. Why? What thing?

Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not peevish. We two will be—you would little think it; as famous for our friendship—

Mer. How?

Ant. If [God] please, as ever *Damon* was, and *Pytheas*, or *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, or any two that ever were: do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No, by my troth, Sir; he will not help me up sure.

Ant. You shall anon, and for our names, I think they shall live after us, and be remember'd while there is a story; or [I] lose my aime.

Mer. What a vengeance ailes he? How do you?

Ant. Yes faith, we two will be such friends, as the world shall ring of.

Mer. And why is all this?

Ant. You shall enjoy my wife.

Mer. Away, away.

Ant. The wonder must begin, so I have cast it, 'twill be scurvy else, you shall not stir a foot in't, pray be quiet till I have made it perfect.

Mer. What shall a Man do with this wretched fellow? there is no mercy to be used towards him, he is not capable of any pitty, he will in spight of course be a Cuckold, And who can help it? must it begin so needs Sir?—think agen.

Ant. Yes marry must it, and I my self will woe this woman for you, Do you perceive it now? ha?

Mer. Yes, now I have a little sight ith' matter; O that thy head should be so monstrous, that all thy Servants hats may hang upon't! but do you meane to do this?

Ant. Yes certain, I will woe her, and for you, strive not against it, 'tis the overthrow of the best plot that ever was then.

Mer. Nay, I'll assure you, Sir, I'll do no harm, you have too much about you of your own.

Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?

Mer. A place?

Ant. I a place where you will bide, prethee no more of this modesty, 'tis foolish, and we were not determin'd to be absolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you shall hear from me.

Ant. Why, this will gain me everlasting glory; I have he better of him, that's my comfort, good night. [*Exit.*

Mer. Good night, well go thy wayes, thou art the tydiest wittall this day I think above ground, and yet thy end for all this must be mottly. [*Exit.*

Enter a Tinker *with a Cord, and* Dorothy.

Tink. 'Tis b[i]tter cold; a plague upon these Rogues, how wary they are grown! not a door open now, but double barr'd; not a Window, but up with a case of wood like a spice box, and their locks unpickable, the very Smiths that were half venture[r]s, drink penitent,
single Ale, this is the Iron age, the Ballad sings of; well, I shall meet with some of our loose Linnen yet, good fellows must not starve; here's he shall shew God a mighties dog bolts, if this hold.

Dorothy. Faith thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault, thou art as sweet a Thief, that sin excepted, as ever suffer'd, that's a proud word, and I'll maintain it.

Tinck. Come, prethee let's shogg off, and browze an hour or two, there's Ale will make a Cat speak, at the harrow, we shall get nothing now, without we batter, 'tis grown too near morning, the Rogues sleep sober, and are watchful.

Dorit. We want a Boy extreamly for this function, kept under for a year, with milk, and knot-grass; in my time I have seen a boy do wonders; *Robbin* the red Tinker had a Boy, Rest his Soul, he suffer'd this time 4 years, for two Spoons, and a Pewter Candlestick, that sweet Man had a Boy, as I am Curstend Whore, would have run through a Cat hole, he would have boulted such a piece of Linen in an evening—

Tinck. Well, we will have a Boy, prethee lets go, I am vengeance cold I tell thee.

Dorothy. I'll be hang'd before I stir without some purchase, by these ten bones, I'll turn she-ape, and untile a house, but I'll have it, it may be I have a humor to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tinck. Peace, you flead Whore, thou hast a mouth like a Bloodhound, here comes a night-shade.

Dorit. A Gentlewoman Whore, by this darkness I'll case her to the skin.

Tinck. Peace, I say.

Viola. What fear have I endur'd this dismal night!
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!
In which this darkness onely is my friend,
That onely has undone me; a thousand curses
Light on my easie, foolish, childish love,
That durst so lightly lay a confidence
Upon a Man, so many being false;
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy, I must lie down.

Tinck. What's this? a Prayer, or a Homily, or a Ballad of good councel? she has a Gown, I am sure.

Dor. Knock out her brains, and then shee'll nee'r bite.

Tinck. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet, you? woman?

Viol. For Gods sake what are you?

Tinck. One of the groomes of your wardrobe, come, uncase, uncase; byr Lady a good Kersey.

Vio. Pray do not hurt me, Sir.

Dor. Let's have no pitty, for if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.

Viol. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable as you can make me any way.

Dor. That shall be try'd.

Vio. Here, take my Gown, if that will do you pleasure.

Tink. Yes marry will it, look in the Pockets *Doll*, there may be birds.

Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them, I'll have this Hat, and this Ruffe too, I like it, now will I flourish like a Lady, brave, I faith boy.

Vio. Y'are so gentle people to my seeming,
That by my truth I could live with you.

Tin. Could you so? a pretty young round wench, well bloudded, I am for her, Theeves.

Dor. But by this I am not, coole your Codpiece, Rogue, or I'll clap a spell upon't, shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.

Tin. Peace, horse-flesh, peace, I'll cast off my Amazon, she has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious, shee'll fight and scould, and drink like one of the worthies.

Dort. Uds, pretious you young contagious Whore, must you be ticing? and, Is your flesh so wranck, Sir, that two may

live upon't? I am glad to hear your Cortalls grown so lusty; he was dry founder'd t'other day, wehee my pamper'd Jade of *Asia*.

Vio. Good Woman do not hurt me, I am sorry that I have given any cause of anger.

Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by this steel I'll [tell], though I truss for company; now could I eate her broyl'd, or any way, without Vinegar, I must have her Nose.

Vio. By any thing you love best, good Sir, good Woman.

Tin. Why her Nose, *Dorothy*?

Dor. If I have it not, and presently [and] warm, I lose that I go withal.

Tin. Wood the Devil had that thou goest withall, and thee together, for sure he got thy whelps if thou hast any, shees thy deere dad, Whore! put up your cutpurse; an I take my switch up, 'twill be a black time with you else, sheth your bung Whore.

Dor. Will you bind her? we shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.

Tin. Come, I must bind you, not a word, no crying.

Vio. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tin. Hurt her not, if thou dost, by Ale and Beer, I'll clout thy old bald brain pan, with a piece of Brass, you Bitch incarnate. [*Exeunt* Tinker *and* Dorothy.

Viola. O [God], to what am I reserv'd, that knew not
Through all my childish hours and actions,
More sin, than poor imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless Man?
For which I'm paid, and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From theeves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspition—

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down the horses easily, I'll walke a foot till I be down the hill, 'tis very early, I shall reach home betimes. How now, whose there?

Vio. Night, that was ever friend to Lovers, yet

Has rais'd some weary Soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude heart that did this.

Vio. Gentle Sir,
If you have that which honest men call pitty,
And be as far from evil as you shew;
Help a poor Maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus us'd by Robbers.

Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee, this Thief was half a Lawyer by his bands, How long have you been tyed here?

Viol. Alas, this hour, and with cold and fear am almost perisht.

Val. Where were the watch the while? good sober Gent. they were like careful members of the City, drawing in diligent Ale, and singing catches, while Mr. Constable contriv'd the Tosts: these fellows would be more severely punisht than wandring Gipsies, that every statute whips; for if they had every one two eyes a piece more, three pots would put them out.

Viol. I cannot tell, I found no Christian to give me succor.

Val. When they take a Thief, I'll take *Ostend* agen; the whorsons drink Opium in their Ale, and then they sleep like tops; as for their bills, they only serve to reach down Bacon to make Rashers on; now let me know whom I have done this courtesie too, that I may thank my early rising for it.

Viol. Sir, All I am, you see.

Val. You have a name I'm sure, and a kindred, a Father, friend, or something that must own you; shee's a handsome young Wench; What Rogues were these to Rob her?

Vio. Sir, you see all I dare reveale,
And as you are a Gentleman press me no further;
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me,
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing,
For your own goodness sake desire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire that, How do you live then?

Viol. How I have liv'd, is still one question,
Which must not be resolv'd—

How I desire to live, is in your liking,
So worthy an opinion I have of you.

Val. Is in my liking? How I pray thee? tell me, i'faith I'll do you any good lies in my power; she has an eye would raise a bedrid man; come, leave your fear, and tell me, that's a good Wench.

Viol. Sir, I would serve—

Val. Who would'st thou serve? do not weep and tell me.

Viol. Faith, Sir, even some good woman, and such a wife if you be married, I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender, let me see thy hand, this was ne'er made to wash, or wind up water, beat cloaths, or rub a floor, by this light, for one use that shall be nameless, 'tis the best wanton hand that e're I lookt on.

Vio. Dare you accept me, Sir, my heart is honest,
Among your vertuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.

Val. Thou canst in a Chamber?

Vio. In a Chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean wait there upon a Gentlewoman,
How quick she is, I like that mainly too;
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength like a besieged Town, for I know I shall have the Enemy afore me within a week.

Viol. Sir, I can sow too, and make pretty laces,
Dress a head handsome, teach young Gentlewomen,
For in all these I have a little knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well, no doubt I shall encrease that knowledge; I like her better still, how she provokes me; pritty young Maid, you shall serve a good Gentlewoman, though I say't, that will not be unwilling you should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viol. I am the happier.

Val. My man shall make some shift to carry you behind him, Can you ride well?

Viola. But I'll hold fast for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you, I'll work her as I go, I know shee's wax, now, now, at this time could I beget a Worthy on this Wench.

Viol. Sir, for this Gentleness, may Heaven requite you tenfold.

Val. 'Tis a good Wench, however others use thee, be sure I'll be a loving Master to thee, come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio *like an Irish Footman, with a Letter.*

Ant. I hope I am wild enough, for being known, I have writ a Letter here, and in it have abus'd my self most bitterly, yet all my fear is not enough, for that must do it, that must lay it on, I'll win her out i'th' flint, 'twill be more famous, now for my language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now, Sir, Who would you speak with?

Ant. Where be thy Mastres Man? I would speak with her,
I have a Letter.

Ser. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot, and fait, can'st thou not Man.

Ser. Well, Sir, I'll call her to you, pray shake your ears without a little. [*Exit* Servingman.

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly; this rebbel tonge sticks in my teeth worse than a tough Hen, sure it was ne'er known at Babel, for they sould no Apples, and this was made for certain at the first planting of Orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter Wife, *and* Servingman.

Mar. What's he wood speak with me?

Ser. A kill kenny ring, there he stands Madam.

Mar. What would you have with me, friend?

Ant. He has a Letter for other Women, Wilt thou read it.

Mar. From whence?

Ant. De Crosse creest from my Master.

Mar. Who is your Master?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Mar. Do you know this fellow?

Ser. No Maddam, not I; more than an *Irish* Footman, stand further friend, I do not like your roperunners, What stallion Rogues are these, to weare such dowsetts, the very Cotton may commit adultery.

Mar. I cannot find whose hand this should be, I'll read, To the beauteous wife of *Don Antonio*, sure this is some blind scribe—well now, What follows?

Ant. Pray God it take, I have given her that, will stir her conscience, how it works with her; hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it.

Mar. This is the most abhor'd, intollerable knavery, that ever slave entertain'd, sure there is more than thine own head in this villany, it goes like practic'd mischiefe; disabled in his body? O good God, as I live he lies fearfully, and basely, ha? I should know that Jewel, 'tis my husband, come hither shat, Are you an Irish Man?

Ant. Sweete Woman a Cree I am an Irish man.

Mar. Now I know it perfectly; is this your trick, Sir? I'll trick you for it; How long have you serv'd this Gentleman.

Ant. Please thee a little day, O my *Mac dermond* put me to my Mastree, 'tis don I know.

Mar. By my faith he speaks as well as if he had been lousy for the language a year or two; well, Sir, you had been better have kept your own shape as I will use you, What have I done that should deserve this tryal? I never made him Cuckold, to my knowledge, Sirrah come hither.

Ant. Now will she send some Jewel, or some Letter, I know her mind as well; I shall be famous.

Mar. Take this Irish bawde here.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kick him till his breeches and breech be of one colour, a bright blew both.

Ant. I may be well swing'd thus, for I dare not reveale my self, I hope she does not mean it, O hone, O hone, O St. *Patricke*, O a Cree, O sweet Woman.

Mar. No, turn him, and kick him o' t'other side, that's well.

Ant. O good waiting Man, I beseech thee good waiting man, a pox fyre your Legs.

Mar. You Rogue, you enemy to all, but little breeches, How dar'st thou come to me with such a Letter?

Ant. Prethee pitty the poor Irishman, all this makes for me, if I win her yet, I am still more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I have done, but I'll harden my heart agen, go shut him up, 'till my husband comes home, yet thus much ere ye go, sirrah thach'd head, Would'st not thou be whipt, and think it Justice? well *Aquavitæ* Barrel, I will bounce you.

Ant. I pray do, I beseech you be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby headed Rascal, I'll have you flead, and trossers made of thy skin to tumble in, go a way with him, let him see no sun, till my husband come home, Sir, I shall meet with you for your knavery, I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Servingman. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack a lent hair, go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack.

Mar. And do you hear me, Sirrah? and when you have done, make my Coach ready.

Serving. Yes forsooth. [*Exit* Servingman *with* Antonio.

Mar. Lock him up safe enough, I'll to this Gentleman, I know the reason of all this business, for I do suspect it, If he have this plot, I'll ring him such a peal, shall make his eares deaf for a month at least. [*Exit.*

Enter Richardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a Virgin, and my Love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beate
The walls and trees, down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in;
But sure I never lov'd fair *Viola*,
I never lov'd my Father, nor my Mother,
Or any thing but drink; had I had love;
Nay, had I known so much charity,
As would have sav'd an Infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street;
With halfe a face, gashing my self with knives,
Two houres ere this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, Uberto.

Ped. Good morrow Sir.

Rich. Good morrow Gentlemen, shall we go drink agen? I have my wits.

Ped. So have I, but they are unsetled ones, would I had some porrige.

Rich. The Tavern boy was here this morning with me
And told me, that there was a Gentlewoman,
Which he took for a Whore, that hung on me:
For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. I faith nor I.

Ube. I have a glimmering of some such thing.

Rich. Was it you, *Silvio*,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who.

Sil. We [were] all apt enough.

Rich. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated, come *Silvio*,
Shall we go drink agen, come Gentlemen,
Why do you stay, let's never leave off now,
Whil'st we have Wine, and Throats, I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For [Gods] sake come and drink; when I am nam'd,
Men shall make answer, Which *Richardo* mean you?
The excellent drinker? I will have it so,
Will you go drink?

Silv. We drunk too much too lately.

Rich. Why there is then the less behind to drink,
Let's end it all, dispatch that, wee'l send abroad,
And purchase all the Wine the world can yield,
And then drink it off, then take the fruits o'th' earth,
Distil the Juice from them, and drink that off;
Wee'l catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that that never more may grow;
Wee'l set our mouths to Springs, and drink them off,
And all this while wee'l never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink, but when we see them weep,
Wee'l run to them, and drink their tears off too,
Wee'l never leave whilst there is heat or moisture,

OSMANIA COLLEGE

In this large globe, but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it Elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.

Ped. Is't flattery to tell you, you are mad?

Rich. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a Man;
He that will have me, lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more, but say,
Richardo thou art mad, and then all these
Are at his service, then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had vertue in me,
That I had love, and tenderness of heart,
That though I have committed such a fault,
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have exprest some worth, though it be late:
But I alas have none of these in me,
But keep my wits still like a frozen Man,
That had no fire within him.

Sil. Nay, good *Richardo* leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her, I'll deliver it.

Rich. 'Tis to no purpose; perhaps she's lost last night,
Or she got home agen, she's now so strictly
Look'd to, the wind can scarce come to her, or admit
She were her self; if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were so foolish, that she were no more
To be belov'd.

Enter Andrugio *and* Servant *with a Night-gown.*

Ser. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.

[*An.* Where?]

Rich. Where? where? speak quickly.

Ser. Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker and his Whore that had it in a Tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they confest they stole it from her.

Rich. And murthered her?

Sil. What aile you man?

Rich. Why all this doth not make me mad.

Sil. It does, you would not offer this else, good *Pedro* look to his sword.

Ser. They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left her tyed to a Tree, in the fields, next those Suburbs that are without our Ladies gate, near day, and by the Rode, so that some passinger must needs unty her quickly.

And. The will of Heaven be done! Sir, I will only entreat you this, that as you were the greatest occasion of her loss, that you will be pleased to urge your friends, and be your self earnest in the search of her; if she be found, she is yours, if she please, I my self only, see these people better examin'd, and after follow some way in search, God keep you Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Sil. Alas good man!

Ric. What think you now of me, I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of fleagme congeal'd
Without a soul, for where there's so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow, and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every sin,
Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.
Shall I intreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?

Ped. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide your selves till you come there,
Where they say she was ty'd, I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword good *Pedro*, I will do
No harm, believe me, with it, I am now
Farr better temper'd; if I were not so,
I have enow besides, God keep you all,
And send us good success. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mercury, *and* Servant.

Mer. WHo is it? can you tell?

Ser. By my troth, Sir, I know not, but 'tis a Gentlewoman.

Mer. A Gentleman, I'll lay my life, you puppy, h'as sent his Wife to me: if he have, fling up the bed.

Ser. Here she is, Sir.

Enter Wife *with a Letter.*

Wife. I am glad I found you Sir, there, take your Letter, and keep it till you have another friend to wrong, 'tis too malicious false to make me sin, you have provoked me to be that I love not, a talker, and you shall hear me.
Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a huswife, that from four hours knowledge
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian tryal, I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concern assurance, you are a fool.

Mer. I cannot blame you now, I see this letter,
Though you be angry, yet with me you must not,
Unless you'l make me guilty of a wrong,
My worst affections hate—

Wife. Did not you send it?

Mer. No, upon my faith, which is more, I understand it not; the hand is as far from my knowledge, as the malice.

Wife. This is strange.

Mer. It is so, and had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies, and owe so many Thanks, done this base office.

Wife. Your name is at it.

Mer. Yes, but not my nature, and I shall hate my name worse than the manner, for this base broking; you are wise and vertuous, remove this fault from me; for on the love I bear to truth and goodness, this Letter dare not name me for the author.

Wife. Now I perceive my husbands knavery, if [my] man can but find where he has been, I will goe with this Gentleman whatsoever comes on't: and as I mean to carry it, both he and all the World shall think it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I must confess I loved you, at first, however this made me leave your house unmannerly, that might provoke me to do something ill, both to your honor and my faith, and not to write this Letter, which I hold so truly wicked, that I will not think on't.

Wife. I do believe you, and since I see you are free, my words were not meant to you, but this is not the half of my affliction.

Mer. 'Tis pitty you should know more vexation; may I enquire?

Wife. Faith, Sir, I fear I have lost my husband.

Mer. Your husband? it cannot be: I pitty her, how she's vext!

Enter Servant.

Wife. How now? What news? nay speak, for we must know.

Ser. Faith I have found at length, by chance, where he has been.

Wife. Where?

Ser. In a blind out-house in the Suburbs, pray God all be well with him.

Wife. Why?

Serv. There are his cloaths, but, What's become of him, I cannot yet enquire.

Wife. I am glad of this; sure they have murther'd him, What shall I do?

Mer. Be not so grieved, before you know the truth, you have time enough to weep, this is the sodain'st mischief; Did you not bring an Officer to search there, where you say you found his cloaths.

Ser. Yes, and we searcht it, and charg'd the fellow with him: but he, like a Rogue, stubborn Rogue, made answer, he knew not where he was; he had been there, but where he was now, he could not tell: I tell you true, I fear him.

Wife. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him, After this 3 years travel, come to this?

Ser. It is the rankest house in all the City, the most cursed roguy Bawdy-house. Hell fire it.

Mer. This is the worst I heard yet; Will you go home? I'll bear you company, and give you the best help I may: this being here will wrong you.

Wife. As you are a Gentleman, and as you lov'd your

lead friend, let me not go home, that will but heap one sorrow on another.

Mer. Why propose any thing and I'll perform't; I am at my wits end too.

Ser. So am I, O my dear Master!

Mer. Peace you great fool.

Wife. Then good Sir carry me to some retir'd place, far from the sight of this unhappy City, whether you will indeed, so it be far enough.

Mer. If I might Councel you, I think 'twere better to go home,
And try what may be done yet, he may be at home afore you, Who can tell?

Wife. O no, I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd; tell me not of going home, you murder me too.

Mer. Well, since it pleases you to have it so, I will no more perswade you to go home, I'll be your guide in the Countrey, as your grief doth command me, I have a Mother dwelling from this place some 20 miles: the house though homely, yet able to shew something like a welcome; thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.

Wife. With all the speed that may be thought upon; I have a Coach here ready, good Sir quickly; I'll fit you my fine husband.

Mer. It shall be so; if this fellow be dead, I see no band of any other Man, to tye me from my will, and I will follow her with such careful service, that she shall either be my Love, or Wife; Will you walk in?

Wife. I thank you, Sir, but one word with my Man, and I am ready; keep the *Irish* fellow safe, as you love your life, for he I fear has a deep hand in this, then search agen, and get out warrants for that naughty man, that keeps the bad house, that he may answer it, if you find the body, give it due burial; farewel. You shall hear from me, keep all safe. [*Exeunt.*

Ser. O my sweet Master!

Antonio *knocking within.*

Ant. within. Man-a-cree, the Devil take thee, Wilt thou kill me here? I prethee now let me goe seek my Master, I shall be very cheel else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you hear man-a-cree, I'll cree your coxcombe, and you keep not still, down you rogue.

Ant. Good sweet fact serving-man, let me out I beseech de, and by my trot I will give dye Worship 2 shillings in good argott, to buy dy Worship pippines.

Ser. This rogue thinks all the worth of man consists in Peepins; by this light I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever.

Ant. Wilt thou not hear me Man? is fet; I'll give thee all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you, Sir, so I may have picking work.

Ant. Here is five shillings Man.

Serv. Here is a cudgel, a very good one.

Enter two Serving-men.

2. *Ser.* How now, What's the matter? Where's the *Irishman.*

1. *Ser.* There, a wyth take him, he makes more noise alone there, than ten Lawyers can do with double, and a scurvy Case.

2. *Ser.* Let him out, I must talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink, O hone? I am very dry Man.

2 *Ser.* You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.

Ant. Fate dost thou mean man.

2 *Ser.* Even a good tough halter.

Ant. A halter? O hone!

2 *Ser.* Sirrah, you are a mischievous Rogue, that's the truth.

Ant. No, fet I am not.

1 *Ser.* Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs have been worth three of him for all uses.

2 *Ser.* Sirrah, the truth on't is, you must with me to a Justice. O *Roger*, *Roger.*

1 *Ser.* Why, what's the matter *William*?

2 *Ser.* Heavy news *Roger*, heavy newes; god comfort us.

1 *Ser.* What is't Man?

Ant. What's the matter now? I am e'en weary of this way, would I were out on't.

1 *Ser.* My Master sure is murder'd, *Roger*, and this cursed rogue
I fear, has had a hand in't.

Ant. No fet not.

1 *Ser.* Stand away, I'll kickt out of him: come, sirrha, mount, I'll make you dance, you Rascal, kill my Master? If thy breech were cannon proof, having this good cause on my side, I would encounter it; hold fair, *Shamrocke.*

Ant. Why how now Sirs? you will not murder me indeed.

2 *Ser.* Bless us *Roger*!

Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.

2 *Ser.* How do you Sir, this is my very Master.

Ant. Why well enough yet, but you have a heavy foot of your own; Where's my Wife.

1 *Ser.* Alas poor sorrowful Gentlewoman, she thinks you are dead, and has given o're house-keeping.

Ant. Whether is she gone then?

1 *Ser.* Into the Countrey with the Gentleman your Friend Sir, to see if she can wear her sorrows out there; she weeps and takes on too too—

Ant. This falls out pat; I shall be everlasting for a name: Doe you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me, not one word I am living, but let the same report pass along, that I am murther'd still; I am made for ever.

1 *Ser.* Why Sir?

Ant. I have a Cause Sir, that's enough for you; well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much; for any thing I know I will not trouble him this week at least, no, let them take their way one of another.

1 *Ser.* Sir, Will you be still an *Irish-man*?

Ant. Yes a while.

2 *Ser.* But your Worship will be beaten no more?

Ant. No, I thank you *William.*

1 *Ser.* In truth, Sir, if it must be so, I'll do it better than a stranger.

Ant. Goe, you are Knaves both, but I forgive you, I am almost mad with the apprehension of what I shall be, not a word I charge you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio, *and* Viola.

Val. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home,
And whilst our horses are walkt down the hill,
Let thou and I walke here over this Close:
The foot-way is more pleasant, 'tis a time
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou so too? ha?

Vio. Nay, there are living things empty of love,
Or I had not been here, but for my self,
Alas, I have too much.

Val. It cannot be, that so much beauty, so much youth and grace should have too much of love. (know.

Vio. Pray what is love? for I am full of that I do not

Val. Why, love fair Maid is an extream desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd,
To ask the reason why thou art in love,
Or what might be the noblest end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'r the heart,
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be,
Like a thrice married Widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion, and to fright thee
From such enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen; the knowing what love is,
Would make thee six and forty.

Vio. Would it would make me nothing, I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by Love,
But I believe, women maintain all this,
For there's no love in men.

Val. Yes, in some men.

Vio. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is love in me.

Vio. There's charity I am sure towards me. (maid,

Val. And love; which I will now express, my pretty
I dare not bring thee home, my wife is foul,
And therefore envious, she is very old,
And therefore jealous: thou art fair and young.

A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon, she never will endure thee.
Vio. She may endure
If she be ought, but Devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you; can she endure
I should be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her, will she be brought to think.
That all the honest industry I have,
Deserves brown bread? if this may be endur'd
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
E'r she fall out with me.
Val. But trust me, she does hate all handsomness.
Vio. How fell you in love with such a creature?
Val. I never lov'd her.
Vio. And yet married her?
Val. She was a rich one. (then too.
Vio. And you swore I warrant you, she was a fair one
Val. Or believe me, I think I had not had her. (place
Vio. Are you men all such? wou'd you wou'd wall us in a
Where all we women that are innocent,
Might live together.
Val. Do not weep at this,
Although I dare not for some weighty reason
Displease my Wife, yet I forget not thee.
Vio. What will you do with me?
Val. Thou shalt be plac'd
At my mans house, and have such food and raiment
As can be bought with money: these white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they shall play
As thou say'st they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order, or what else thou wilt.
Vio. I thank you, Sir, but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my labor get me means to live.
Val. But fair one, you, I know do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.
Vio. I will work as much out as I can, and take as little,
That you shall have as duely paid to you
As ever servant did.
Val. But give me now a trial on't, I may believe

We are alone, shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stolen away
From my too clamorous wife that watches me,
To spend a blessed hour or t[w]o with thee.

Vio. Is this the love you mean? you would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have lust.

Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis Lust I wish indeed.

Vio. And by my troth I have it not: for heavens sake use me kindly.
Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes.

Val. I do
But speak to thee, thy answers are thy own,
I compel none, but if [thou] refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me, alas good soul;
What profit can thy work bring me?

Vio. But I fear, I pray goe, for lust they say, will grow
Outragious, being deni'd, I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a Jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers, pray you leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bless you for it.

Val. Pretty maid, I am no Robber, nor no Ravisher,
I pray thee keep thy Jewel, I have done
No wrong to thee, though thou beest virtuous
And in extremity, I do not know,
That I am bound to keep thee.

Vio. No Sir, for gods sake, if you know an honest man in all these Countreys, give me some directions to find him out.

Val. More honest than my self, good sooth I do not know; I would have lain with thee, with thy consent, and who would not in all these parts, is past my memory, I am sorry for thee, farewel gentle maid, God keep thee safe. [*Exit.*

Vio. I thank you Sir, and you;
Woman they say, was only made of man,
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike,

It may be all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him, I'll sit me down and weep,
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth;
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter two Milk-maids with pails.

Nan. Good *Madge* lets rest a little, by my troth I am weary, this new pail is a plaguy heavy one, would *Tom* were hang'd for choosing it, 'tis the untoward'st fool in a Countrey.

Madg. With all my heart, and I thank you too, *Nan.*

Vio. What true contented happiness dwels here,
More than in Cities! wou'd to God my Father
Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up
To milk: and do as they do: methinks
'Tis a life that I wou'd choose, if I were now
To tell my time agen, above a Princes; maids, for charity
Give a poor wench one draught of Milk,
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd.

Nan. If I had but one Cows Milk in all the world, you should have some on't; there, drink more, the Cheese shall pay for it, alas poor heart, she's drie.

Madge. Do you dwell here abouts?

Vio. No, would I did.

Nan. *Madge*, if she does not looke like my cosin *Sue* o'th' *Moor lane*, as one thing can look like another—

Madge. Nay, *Sue* has a hazle eye, I know *Sue* well, and by your leave, not so trim a body neither, this is a feat bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces close by the mass I warrant you, and so does *Sue* too.

Vio. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.

Nan. Drink agen pray thee.

Vio. I am satisfied, and heaven reward thee for't, yet thus far I will compell you to accept these trifles, toys only that express my thanks, for greater worth, I'm sure they have not in them; indeed you shall, I found 'em as I came.

Nan. *Madge*, look you here *Madge.*

Madg. Nay, I have as fine a one as you, mine's all gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't; I warrant it cost a crown wench.

Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one, that e'r I saw.

Vio. One favour you must do me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindness, Sister.

Vio. Only to send me to some honest place, where I may find a service.

Nan. Uds me, our *Dorothy* went away but last week, and I know my Mistriss want's a maid, and why may she not be plac'd there? this is a likely wench, I tell you truly, and a good wench I warrant her.

Madg. And 'tis a hard case if we that have serv'd four years apiece, cannot bring in one servant, we will prefer her; hark you sister, pray what's your name?

Vio. Melvia.

Nan. A feat name i'faith; and can you milk a Cow? and make a merry-bush? that's nothing.

Vio. I shall learn quickly.

Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig? this you must do, for we deal in the Dary, and make a bed or two?

Vio. I hope I shall.

Nan. But be sure to keep the men out, they will mar all that you make else, I know that by my self; for I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days, come you shall e'en home with us, and be our fellow, our house is so honest, and we serve a very good woman, and a Gentlewoman, and we live as merrily, and dance a good daies after even-song: our Wake shall be on Sunday; do you know what a Wake is? we have mighty cheer then, and such a coil, 'twould bless ye; you must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.

Madg. Let's home for Gods sake, my Mistriss thinks by this time we are lost, come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you; but you must tell my Mistriss where you were born, and every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things you can devise, for she loves those extreamly, 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, she's not so scrupulous;

you must be our Sister, and love us best, and tell us every thing, and when cold weather comes, we'll lye together, will you do this?

Vio. Yes.

Nan. Then home again o' gods name, can you go apace.

Vio. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pedro *and* Uberto, *severally.*

Ped. HOw now, any good news yet?

Silvio. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes o' tipling; would 'twere treason and't pleas['d] God, to drink more than three draughts at a meal.

Sil. When did you see *Richardo*?

Ped. I crost him twice to day.

Sil. You have heard of a young wench that was seen last [night].

Ped. Yes.

Sil. Has *Richard* heard of this?

Ped. Yes, and I think he's ridden after, farewel, I'll have another round.

Sil. If you hear any thing, pray spare no horse-flesh, I'll do the like.

Ped. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richardo *and* Valerio.

Rich. Sir, I did think 'twas you by all descriptions.

Val. 'Tis so,
I took her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
As Jewels, Gold, and other trifling things:
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i'th' fields.

Rich. Left i'th' fields? could any but a Rogue
That had despis'd humanity and goodness,
[God,] law and credit; and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue,
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?

Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my house,
I do not use to have such language given
Within my doors to me; for your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience,
She's tame enough, I warrant you.
Rich. Pray forgive me.
I do confess my much forgetfulness;
And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,
Then a mere madness, for such a grief has seiz'd me
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter; yet let me tell you thus much,
'Twas a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.
Val. Sir, I will think so now, and credit me,
You have so wrought me with your grief, that I
Do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here;
To morrow I'll bring you where I left her.
Rich. I thank you, [no,] shall I be so unworthy:
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day? shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? *God* forbid.
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks, (prime
Showrs, Hails, Snows, Frosts, and two edged Winds that
The maiden blossoms, I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a Land-mark.
Val. Will you then stay and eat with me?
Rich. Y'are angry with me, I know y'are angry,
You would not bid me eat else; my poor Mistriss,
For ought I know thou'rt famish'd, for what else

Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season,
That yet holds in the fruit? good gentle Sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat, for sure I cannot eat
While I do think she wants; well I'm a rascal;
A villain, slave, that only was begotten,
To murder women, and of them the best.
Val. This is a strange affliction.
If you'll accept no greater courtesie, yet drink Sir.
Ric. Now I am sure you hate me, and you knew
What kind of man I am, as indeed 'tis fit,
That every man should know me to avoid me.
If you have peace within you, Sir, or goodness
Name that abhord word Drink, no more unto me,
You had safer strike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me do not.
Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it.
Ric. It may be so,
Nor let me see
None Sir, if you love heaven;
You know not what offence it is unto me,
Nor good now do not ask me why:
And I warn you once again, let no man else speak of't,
I fear your servants will be prating to me.
Val. Why Sir, what ail you?
Rich. I hate drink, there's the end on't,
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd
Without an age of prayers and repentance,
And there's a hazard too; good Sir, no more
If you will do me a free courtesie;
That I shall know for one: go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where you left her:
Val. Since you are so impo[r]tunate, I will;
But I will wish Sir, you had staid to night
Upon my credit you shall see no drink.
Rich. Be gone, the hearing of it makes me giddy,
Sir, will you be intreated to forbear it,
I shall be mad else.
Val. I pray no more of that, I am quiet,
I'll but walk in, and away straight.

Rich. Now I thank you,
But what you do, do in a twinkling, Sir.
Val. As soon as may be. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother, Viola, *and two Milk-maids.*

Moth. Is this the wench you have brought me? some catch I warrant.
How daringly she looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes forsooth, this is the maiden.
Moth. Come hither, wou'd you serve?
Vio. If it shall please you to accept my service, I hope I shall do something that shall like you, though it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Moth. You are very curious of your hand methinks,
You preserve it so with gloves, let me see it;
I marry, here's a hand of march-pane, wenches,
This pretty palme never knew sorrow yet;
How soft it is I warrant you, and supple:
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket to filch withal
Than to [work], I fear me little one,
You are no better than you should be; goe to.
Vio. My Conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that heaven knows, is of mine innocence,
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led, yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.
Moth. You can say well: if you be mine, wench, you must doe well too, for words are but slow workers, yet so much hope I have of you, that I'll take you, so you'll be diligent, and do your duty: how now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is return'd from travel,
And will be here this night.
Moth. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings, there, drink that:
In troth thou hast much contented me, my Son!
Lord how thou hast pleas'd me, shall I see my Son
Yet e'r I dye? take care my house be handsome,

And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,
And flowers for the window, and the *Turky* Carpet,
And the great parcel Salt, *Nan*, with the Cruets,
And prethee *Alexander* goe to the Cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come home,
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a Gentlewoman.

Moth. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not, but such a one there is, he says.

Moth. Pray God he have not cast away himself
Upon some snout-fair piece, I do not like it.

Alex. No sure, my Master has more discretion.

Moth. [Well,] be it how it will, he shall be welcome.
Sirs to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir her self, I'll sort out things. [*Exit.*

Madge. We will forsooth, I can tell you, my Mistriss is a stirring woman.

Nan. Lord how she'll talk sometimes! 'tis the maddest cricket—

Vio. Methinks she talks well, and shews a great deal of good huswivery, pray let me deck the chambers, shall I?

Nan. Yes, you shall, but do not scorn to be advis'd, Sister, for there belongs more to that, than you are aware on; why [w]ould you venture so fondly upon the strowings? there's mighty matters in them I'll assure you, and in the spreading of a bough-pot, you may miss, if you were ten years elder, if you take not a special care before you.

Vio. I will learn willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah where is't they say my young Master hath been?

Madg. Faith I know not, beyond the Sea, where they are born without noses.

Nan. [Jesse blesse] us! without noses? how do they do for handkerchiefs?

Madg. So *Richard* says, and sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.

Nan. That's fine by my troth, these men have pestilent running heads then; do they speak as we do?

Mag. No, they never speak.

Nan. Are they cursend?

Mag. No, they call them Infidels, I know not what they are.

Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting now my young master is come home, were you never courted Sister?

Vio. Alas, I know it not.

Mag. What is that courting, sirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted chamber, you know the party *Madge*, faith he courted finely.

Madg. Pray thee what is't?

Na[*n*]. Faith, nothing but he was somewhat figent with me, faith 'tis fine sport, this courting.

Alex. within. Where be the Maids there?

Madg. We shall be hang'd anon, away good wenches, and have a care you dight things handsomly, I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercury *and* Maria.

Mer. If your sorrow will give you so far leave, pray think your self most welcome to this place, for so upon my life you are, and for your own fair sake, take truce awhile with these immoderate mournings.

Wife. I thank you Sir, I shall doe what I may;
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Presently,
Before your blessing Mother, I intreat ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The virtuous wife of him that was my self
In all my travels.

Moth. Indeed she is most welcome, so are you son [*kneel.*
Now all my blessing on thee; thou hast made me
Younger by 20 years, than I was yesterday,
Will you walk in? what ails this Gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good Gen[t]lewoman.

Mer. You fear right.

Moth. She has fasted over long,
You shall have supper presently o'th' board.

Mer. She will not eat; I can assure you Mother,
For Gods sake let your Maid conduct her up

Into some fair becoming Chamber
Fit for a woman of her Being, and
As soon as may be,
I know she's very ill, and wou'd have rest.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blew chamber.

Mer. 'Tis well, I'll lead you to your chamber door
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, Mistriss.

Wife. I thank you, Sir, good rest to every one,
You'll see me once again to night, I hope. [*Exit.*

Mer. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, Lady.

Moth. Where are these maids, attend upon the Gentlewoman, and see she want no good thing in the house? goodnight with all my heart forsooth, good Lord how you are grown, is he not *Alexander*?

Alex. Yes truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked.

Mer. An ill weed, Mother, will do so.

Alex. You say true, Sir, an ill weed grows apace.

Mer. *Alexander* the sharp, you take [me] very quickly.

Moth. Nay, I can tell you, *Alexander* will do it, do you read madcap still?

Alex. Sometimes forsooth.

Moth. But faith Son, what Countreys have you travell'd?

Mer. Why many, Mother, as they lay before me, *France*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *Germany*, and other Provinces that I am sure, you are not better'd by, when you hear of them.

Moth. And can you these tongues perfectly?

Mer. Of some a little, Mother.

Moth. Pray spout some *French* Son.

Mer. You understand it not, and to your ears 'twill goe like an unshod cart upon the stones, only a rough unhandsome sound.

Moth. [Faith] I would fain hear some *French*.

Alex. Good Sir, speak some *French* to my Mistriss.

Mer. At your intreaty *Alexander*, I will, who shall I speak to?

Alex. If your worship will do me the favour Sir, to me.

Mer. *Mounseir*, *Poultron*, *Coukew*, *Cullione*, *Besay*, *Man cur*.

Alex. *Awe Mounseir*.

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this fine indeed, gods blessing 'on thy heart Son, by my troth thou art grown a proper Gentleman,

cullen and pullen, good god what [saucey] words they use beyond the seas, ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not [you sweare] right.

Mer. Yes good *Alexander*, if you had done so too,
But good Mother, I am very hungry, and have rid far to day, and am fasting.

Moth. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet Son.

Mer. As soon as you please, which once ended,
I'll go and visit yo[n] sick Gentlewoman.

Moth. Come then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio *like a Post, with a Letter.*

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this work, and I will do it bravely, e'r I leave it; this is the house I am sure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Ant. Marry Sir, I would speak with a Gentlewoman, came this night late here from the City, I have some Letters of importance to her, I am a Post Sir, and would be dispa[t]ch'd in haste.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em? for the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me, I must needs speak with her, my business is so weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.

Ant. Pray do so, and I'll attend her, pray god the grief of my imagined death, spoil not what I intend, I hope it will not.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet if your business be so urgent, you may come up and speak with her.

Ant. I thank you Sir, I follow you. [*Exit* Alex.

Enter Wife.

Wife. What should this fellow be i'th' name of Heaven, that comes with such post business? sure my Husband hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me, are you the Post my friend?

Enter Anto[n]io.

Ant. Yes forsooth Mistriss.

Wife. What good news hast thou brought me gentle Post? For I have woe and grief too much already.

Ant. I would you had less, Mistriss, I could wish it, beshrew my heart she moves me cruelly.

Wife. Have I found you once more Jugler? well Jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee, of all I read of yet; what ears has this ass to betray him with? well, what's your business then?

Ant. I have brought a Letter from your servant, Mistriss, in haste.

Wife. Pray give it me, I hope the best still.

Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it,
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk, I shall
Hear more of this one hundred years hence.

Wife. By any means you must have special care, for now the City is possest for certain, my Master is made away, which for ought I know is [a] truth indeed; good Mistriss leave your grief, and see your danger, and let that wise and noble Gentleman with whom you are, be your right hand in all things.

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't, by the languishing of her eye at this near instant, 'tis still simming in her blood, in coyning somewhat to turn *Mercury*, I know it.

Wife. He is my Husband, and 'tis reasonable he should command in all things, since he will be an ass against the hair, at his own peril be it, in the morn you shall have a pacquet, till when, I must intreat you stay, you shall not lose by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, Mistriss; I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.

Wife. Do, and seek out the Gentleman of the house, bid him come to me presently.

Ant. Who, Mr. *Mercury*?

Wife. Do you know him, Post?

Ant. Only by sight forsooth, now I remember your servant will'd me to let you know he is the only man, you [and] your fortunes, are now to rest upon.

Wife. Prethee no more, I know all this already.
Ant. I'll take my leave now, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*
Wife. Good night, I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother, beating Viola, Alexander *with a broken Glass.*

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.
Viola. Good Mistriss pardon me.
Moth. Thou'lt ne'r be good I warrant thee, can your fine fingers hold no faster?
Viola. Indeed it was against my will.
Moth. *Alexander*, let's see the glass, as I am true kirsome woman, it is one of the chrystal glasses my Cosin sent me, and the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended, *Alexander*, can *Humphrey* mend this think you?
Alex. No truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Vio. Truly I meant but to wash it for the Gentlewoman that is sick above, and shaking out the water, knockt it against the pail side.
Moth. Did you so? be sure I'll stop it, 'twill make a good gap in your quarters wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray forgive me, and let me have no wages this first quarter.
Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating loaves out of the Kitching, to make Ginger-bread of, 'tis such an untoward thing. [*Exit* Viola.
Alex. She's somewhat simple indeed, she knew not what a kimnel was, she wants good nurture mightily.
Moth. My Son tells me, *Alexander*, that this young widow means to sojourn here, she offers largely for her board, I may offer her good cheer, prethee make a step i'th' morning down to the Parsonage for some Pigeons; what are you mad there? what noise is that? are you at bowls within? why do you whine?

Enter Viola *weeping.*

Vio. I have done another fault, I beseech you sweet Mistriss forgive me.
Moth. What's the matter?

Vio. As I was reaching for the bread that lay upon the 'shelf, I have thrown down the minc'd meat, that should have made the pies to morrow.

Moth. Get thee out of my house, thou filthy destroying Harlot, thou, I'll not keep thee an hour longer.

Vio. Good Mistriss, beat me rather for my fault, as much as it deserves, I do not know whither to go.

Moth. No I warrant thee, out of my doors.

Vio. Indeed I'll mend, I pray speak you for me.

Alex. If thou hadst hurl'd down any thing but the Pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee, but I cannot find in my heart now.

Moth. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an Officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I?

Vio. Why, you may stop this in my wages too,
For God's sake do, I'll find my self this year;
And let me stay.

Mer. Thou't spoil ten times as much, I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.

Vio. I am assur'd you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

Moth. Dost thou dispute with me, *Alexander* carry the prating hilding forth.

Vio. Good Mistriss hear me, I have here a Jewel,
My Mother left me, and 'tis something worth:
Receive it, and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth,
Till then I pray you keep me.

Moth. What giggombob have we here? pray god you have not pilfred this somewhere, th'art such a puling thing, wipe your eyes, and rise, go your ways, *Alexander*, bid the Cook mince some more meat, come, and get you to bed quickly, that you may up betime i'th' morning a milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet. [*Exit Moth. and* Alex.

Vio. She has hurt my arm; I am afraid she is a very angry woman, but bless him heaven that did me the most wrong, I am afraid *Antonio*'s wife should see me, she will know me.

Mother within. Melvia.

Vio. I am coming, she's not angry agen I hope. [*Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman that I lov'd so? all I find,
That I before imagined to be happy:
Now I have done, it turns to nothing else
But a poor pitied, and a base repentance,
Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with my self:
Why should a man that has discourse and reason,
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied;
Which when they are, are nothing but the shame
I do begin to loath this woman strangely,
And I think justly too, that durst adventure,
Flinging away her modesty to take
A stranger to her bed, her Husbands body
Being scarce cold in the earth for her content,
It was no more to take my senses with
Than if I had an idle dream in sleep
Yet I have made her promises: which grieves me,
And I must keep 'em too, I think she hunts me:
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are fletched once.

Enter Wife in night attire.

Wife. To bed for gods sake Sir, why do you stay here
Some are up i'th' house, I heard the wife,
Good dear sweet-heart to bed.

Mer. Why, I am going! why do you follow me?
You would not have it known I hope, pray get you
Back to your chamber, the doors hard by for me,
Let me alone, I warrant you this it is
To thresh well, I have got a customer,
Will you go to bed?

Wife. Will you?

Mer. Yes, I am going.

Wife. Then remember your promise you made to marry me

Mer. I will, but it was your fault, that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance:
For out of honesty I offer'd you

To marry you first, why did you slack that offer?
Wife. Alas I told you the inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to the world
If I had married [you] in such post-haste
After his death: beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain together in his time, and like enough imagin'd
We two had murther'd him.
Mer. I love her tongue yet,
If I were a Saint
A gilded Saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my Holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o'th' Kalender,
And if I stay longer talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall forget my self again;
I feel the Devil
Ready to hold my stirrop; pray to bed, good night.
Wife. This kiss, good night sweet Love,
And peace goe with thee: thou hast prov'd thy self
The honestest man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet sin as people please to call it,
Of lying with anothers wife, and I,
I think the honestest woman without blushing,
That ever lay with another man, I sent my Husband
Into a Cellar, post, fearing, and justly
He should have known him, which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't. [*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Justice and Curio *with a Paper.*

Just. BIrlady Sir, you have rid hard that you have.
Cur. They that have business, must do so, I take it.
Just. You say true, when set you out my friend?
Cur. About ten a clock, and I have rid all night.

Just. By the mass you are tough indeed, I have seen the day, I would have rid too with the proudest of them, and fling dirt in their faces, and I have don't with this foolish boy, Sir, many a time; but what can last always? 'tis done, 'tis done now, Sir, age, care, and office, brings us to our footcloaths, the more the pity.

Curio. I believe that, Sir, but will it please you to read the business?

Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Cur. Would I could too Sir, for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it do you say?

Cur. Sir from the City.

Just. Oh from the City, 'tis a reverent place.

Curio. And his justice be as short as his memory,
A Dudgion Dagger will serve him to mow down sin withal,
What clod-pole Commissioner is this?

Just. And by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Discreet and upright.

Cur. Sir, they are beholding to you, you have given some of them a commendations, they were not worthy of this twenty years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning, I have found you Sir, i' faith, you are a wag, away, fie now I'll read Your Letter.

Cur. Pray do Sir; what a misery 'tis
To have an urgent business wait the Justice
Of such an old Tuff-taffata that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more sence,
Than how to restore supprest Alehouses,
And have his man compound small trespasses,
For ten groats.

Just. Sir, it seems here your business is of a deeper circumstance than I conceiv'd it for; what do you mean, Sir?

Cur. 'Tis for mine own ease I'll assure your Worship.

Just. It shall not be i' faith friend, here I have it,
That one *Antonio* a Gentleman, I take it so,
Yes, it is so, a Gentleman is lately thought to
Have been made away, and by my faith, upon a
Pearls ground too, if you consider; well, there's
Knavery in't, I see that without spectacles.

Cur. Sure this fellow deals in revelation, he's so hidden, Goe thy ways, thou wilt stick a bench spit as formally, And shew thy Agot, and hatch'd chain As well as the best of them.

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Cur. What Sir?

Just. That he was murdered.

Cur. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Cur. Nor how it is suppos'd.

Just. No, nor I care not two-pence, those are toys and yet I verily believe he was murdered, as sure as I believe thou art a man, I never fail'd in these things yet, w'are a man that's beaten to these matters, experience is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not: pray let me ask you one thing, why do you come to me?

Cur. Because the Letter is addrest to you, being the nearest Justice.

Just. The nearest? is that all?

Cur. I think it be Sir, I would be loth you should be the wisest.

Just. Well Sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it; yet if it had come to me by name, I know not, but I think it had been as soon dispatcht as by another, and with as round a wisdom, I, and as happily, but that's all one: I have born this place this thirty years, and upwards, and with sufficient credit, and they may when they please, know me better; to the nearest? well.

Cur. Sir, it is not my fault, for had I known you sooner—

Just. I thank you Sir, I know it.

Cur. I'll be sworn you should have plaid for [any] business now.

Just. And further, they have specified unto me, his Wife is sorely suspected in this matter, as a main cause.

Cur. I think she be Sir, for no other cause can be yet found.

Just. And one *Mercury* a traveller, with whom they say directly she is run away, and as they think this way.

Cur. I knew all this before.

Just. Well Sir, this *Mercury* I know, and his breeding, a neighbors child hard by, you have been happy, Sir, in coming hither.

Cur. Then you know where to have him, Sir?

Just. I do Sir, he dwells near me.

Cur. I doubt your Worship dwels near a knave then.

Just. I think so; pray put on: but 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless people are now given,
And how base virtue is accounted with them
That should be all in all, as says a wise man.

I tell you Sir, and it is true, that there have been such murthers, and of late days, as 'twould make your very heart bleed in you, and some of them as I shall be enabled, I will tell you, it fell out of late days.

Cur. It may be so, but will it please you to proceed in this?

Just. An honest Weaver, and as good a workman, as e'er shot shuttle, and as close: but every man must dye; this honest Weaver being a little mellow in his Ale, that was the evidence *verbatim*, Sir, God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place: well *Jarvis*, thou hadst wrongs, and if I live some of the best shall sweat for't, then a wench—

Cur. But Sir, you have forgot my business.

Just. A sober pretty maid about 17. they say, certainly, howsoever 'tis shuffled, she burst her self, and fondly, if it be so, with Furmety at a Churching, but I think the Devil had another agent in't: either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.

Cur. This is a mad Justice that will hang the Devil; but I would you would be short in this, before that other notice can be given.

Just. Sir, I will doe discreetly what is fitting; what, *Antonio*?

Ant. within. Your Worship.

Just. Put on your best coat, and let your fellow *Mark* goe to the Constable, and bid him aid me with all the speed he can, and all the power, and provide Pen and Ink to take their confessions, and my long sword: I cannot tell what danger we may meet with; you'll go with us?

Cur. Yes, what else? I came to that end to accuse both parties.

Just. May I crave what you are?

Cur. Faith Sir, one that to be known would not profit you, more than a near kinsman of the dead *Antonio*'s.

Just. 'Tis well, I am sorry for my neighbor, truly, that he had no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother; she's a good old woman, will you walk in? I'll but put my cloak on, and my chain off, and a clean band, and have my shooes blackt over, and shift my Jerkin, and we'll to our business, and you shall see how I can bolt these matters.

Cur. As soon as't please you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio, *and* Richardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the Maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.

Rich. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of *Civil* to our selves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous;
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory, that the spring
Has deckt the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down, and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake.
What time left you her there?

Val. I left her, when the Sun had so much to sett,
As he is now got from his place of rise.

Rich. So near the night she could not wander far;
Fair *Viola*!

Val. It is in vain to call, she sought a house
Without all question.

Rich. Peace, fair *Viola*?
Fair *Viola*? who should have left her here
On such a ground? if you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no ecchos here
To take her name, and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighboring valleys and the hills,

Resounded *Viola*,—
And such a place,
You should have chose—
You pity us because
The dew a little wets our feet,
Unworthy far to seek her in the wet;
And what becomes of her? where wandred she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her;
Will you go with me to travel?
Val. Whither?
Rich. Over all the world.
Val. No by my faith, I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.
Rich. But there's no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.
Val. Why, what's your end?
Rich. It is to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men,
As wicked as our selves.
Val. 'Twere not so hard to find out those.
Rich. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better, for what brave villany,
Might we four do? we wou'd not keep together:
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countreys, one should trouble *Asia*,
Another should sow strife in *Africa*;
But you should play the knave, in at home in *Europe*,
And for *America* let me alone.
Val. Sir, I am honester,
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I shall find my self aright.
Rich. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that honester than I,
Were a praise high enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in Calendars for Saints;
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much

There is betwixt me, and the vilest else—
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter two Milk-maids and Viola *with pails.*

Val. That last is she, 'tis she.

Rich. Let us away, we shall infect her, let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.

Vio. Wenches away, for here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you stay.

Vio. Alas, agen? (go.

Rich. Why do you lay hold on her? I pray heartily let her

Val. With all my heart, I do not mean to hurt her.

Rich. But stand away then for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection, stand away,
But for infecting her my self, by heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Vio. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad, g[o]dbwy Sir, now you are here together, I'll leave [y]ou so, god send you good luck, both; when you are soberer, you'll give me thanks. [*Exit.*

Madg. Wilt thou go milk? come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What wert up so early?

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there, nay [come] away, uds body, *Nan*, help, she looks black i'th face, She's in a sound.

Nan. And you be a man, come hither, and help a woman.

Rich. Come thither? you are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast that you are.

Rich. Come hither, 'twas my being now so near,
That made [her] swound, and you are wicked people,
Or you wou'd do so too; my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance,
Here I'll kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Th'art a prating ass, there's no goodness in thee, I warrant, how dost thou?

Vio. Why? well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Vio. No, pray go you and milk, if I be able to come ,
I'll follow you, if not, I'll sit here,
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.

Vio. I know him well, I warrant thee he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come then *Nan.* [*Exeunt Maids.*

Rich. How do you? be not fearfull, for I hold my hands
Before my mouth, and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Vio. 'Twas enough to use me ill, though you had never sought me to mock me, why kneel you so far off, were not that gesture better us'd in prayer, had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep, till [God] and you had both forgiven me.

Rich. I do not mock, nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you, but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend,
One too much wrong'd already.

Vio. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come,
So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come,
To you to grant, good Sir if you have
A better love, may you be blest together.
She shall not wish you better than I will,
I but offend you, there are all the Jewels
I stole, and all the love I ever had,
I leave behind with you, I'll carry none
To give another may the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I.

Rich. Do not leave me yet for all my fault,
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Vio. I will set no pennance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire:

But to come hither and take me and it,
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant,
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Rich. Nay, I will come since you [will] have it so,
And since you please to pardon me I hope
Free from infection, here I am by you;
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A lothsome drunkard; and in that wild fury:
A hunter after whores: I do beseech you,
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man.

Vio. For [gods] sake, urge your faults no more, but mend,
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you, which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again, which if I have not
Yet I will love you still.

Rich. Oh Women, that some one of you will take,
An everlasting pen into your hands:
And grave in paper which the writ shall make,
More lasting than the marble Monuments,
Your matchless virtues to posterities:
Which the defective race of envious man,
Strive to conceal.

Vio. Methinks I would not now for any thing,
But you had mist me, I have made a story,
Will serve to waste many a winters fire
When we are old, I'll [tell] my daughters then,
The miseries their Mother had in love:
And say, my girls be wiser, yet I would not
Have had more wit my self, take up those Jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter the Milk-maids with their pails.

Madge. How dost thou now? (home?

Vio. Why, very well I thank you, 'tis late, shall I haste

Nan. I prethee we shall be shent soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man goe with us?

Vio. I prethee speak well of him, on my word,
He's an honest man.

Nan. There was never any so one's complexion, a Gentleman?
I'de be asham'd to have such a foul mouth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, *and his man* Rowland.

Moth. How now *Alexander*, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed forsooth I know not, I found him at the market full of woe, crying a lost daughter, and telling all her tokens to the people; and what you wot? by all subscription in the world, it should be our new Maid *Melvia*, one would little think it, therefore I was bold to tell him of her Mistriss.

Moth. Melvia? It cannot be, fool, alas you know she is a poor wench, and I took her in upon mere charity.

And. So seem'd my daughter when she went away, as she had made her self.

Moth. What stature was your child of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her Hair aborn, a round face, which some friends that flattered me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still *Melvia*, Mistriss, that's the truth on't.

Moth. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, goe thy ways, the flower of our Town, for a hand and a foot, I shall never see thy fellow.

Moth. But had she not such toyes, as Bracelets, Rings, and Jewels?

And. She was something bold indeed, to take such things that night she left me.

Moth. Then belike she run away?

And. Though she be one I love, I dare not lye, she did indeed.

Moth. What think you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine, you have made me a new man, I thank you for it.

Moth. Nay, and she be given to filching, there is your Jewel, I am clear on't: but by your leave, Sir, you shall answer me for what is lost since she came hither, I can tell you, there lye things scattering in every place about the house.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingst old Gentle-

woman to my Mistriss, and the most malicious, the devil a good word will she give a servant, that's her old rule; and God be thanked, they'll give her as few, there is perfect love on both sides, it yearns my heart to [heare] the wench misconstrued, a careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her, and when she's gone, let them say what they will, they may cast their caps at such another.

And. What you have lost by her, with all my heart
I'll see you double paid for, you have sav'd
With your kind pity, two that must not live
Unless it be to thank you; take this Jewel,
This strikes off none of her offences, Mistriss,
Would I might see her.

Moth. Alexander, run, and bid her make haste home, she's at the milking Close; but tell her not by any means who's here, I know she'll be too fearful.

Alex. Well, we'll have a posset yet at parting, that's my comfort, and one round, or else I'll lose my Will. [*Exit.*

And. You shall find *Silvio*, *Uberto*, and *Pedro* enquiring for the Wench at the next Town, tell them she is found, and where I am, and with the favor of this Gentlewoman, desire them to come hither.

Moth. I pray do, they shall be all welcome. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Justice, Curio, *and* Mark.

Just. By your leave forsooth, you shall see me find the parties by a slight.

Moth. Who's that, Mr. Justice? how do you, Sir?

Just. Why, very well, and busie, where's your Son?

Moth. He's within, Sir.

Just. Hum, and how does the young woman my Cosin, that came down with him.

Moth. She's above, as a woman in her case may be.

Just. You have confest it? then sirrah call in the Officers: she's no Cosin of mine; a mere trick to discover all.

Moth. To discover? what?

Enter Mark *and Officers.*

Just. You shall know that anon: I think [you] have overreached you; oh welcome, enter the house, and by virtue

of my warrant which you have there, seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names are there written, to wit, one *Mercury*, and the wife of one *Antonio*.

Moth. For what.

Just. Away I say,
This Gentleman shall certifie you for what. [*Ex. Officer.*

Moth. He can accuse my Son of nothing, he came from travel but within these two days.

Just. There hangs a tale.

Moth. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time: but especially now Sir; will you favour me so much, as to let me know of what you accuse him?

Cur. Upon suspition of murther.

Moth. Murther? I defie thee.

Cur. I pray God he may prove himself innocent.

Just. Fie, say not so, you shew your self to be no good Common-wealths man: for the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Moth. By this rule you were best hang your self.

Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever: Oh welcome, welcome *Mark*.

Enter Mark *and Officers, with* Mercury *and the Wife.*

Your Pen, Ink, and Paper, to take their examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.

Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examin'd?

Wife. What will you examine us of?

Just. Of *Antonio*'s murther.

Mer. Why, he was my friend.

Wife. He was my Husband.

Just. The more shame for you both; *Mark*, your Pen and Ink.

Moth. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of these travellers come to good; I beseech you, Sir, be favourable to my Son.

Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content, I would it were come to that!

Mer. For gods sake mother, why kneel you to such a

pig-brib'd fellow? he has surfeited of Geese, and they have put him into a fit of Justice; let him do his worst.

Just. Is your paper ready?

Mark. I am ready, Sir.

Enter Antonio.

Just. Accuse them, Sir, I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the State, and first look upon the parties to be accus'd, and deliver your name.

Cur. My name is *Curio*, my murthered kinsman
If he were living now, I should not know him,
'Tis so long since we saw one another.

Ant. My Cosin *Curio*?

Cur. But thus much from the mouths of his servants, and others, whose examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuse them of; this *Mercury*, the last night, but this last, lay in *Antonio*'s house, and in the night he rose, raising *Antonio*, where privately they were in talk an hour, to what end I know not: but of likelyhood, finding *Antonio*'s house not a fit place to murder him in, he suffered him to go to bed again, but in the morning early, he train'd him I think forth, after which time he never saw his home; his cloaths were found near the place where *Mercury* was, and the people at first denyed they saw him: but at last he made a friv[o]lous tale, that there he shifted himself into a Footmans habit: but in short, the next hour this woman went to *Mercury*, and in her Coach they posted hither; true accusations, I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more? we need no more, sirrah, be drawing their Mittimus before we hear their answer. What say you Sir? are you guilty of this murther?

Mer. No Sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess, it will be the better for you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetorick could not fetch it forth: but though I am innocent, I confess, that if I were a stander by, these circ[u]mstances urg'd, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused parties, to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a stander by; for so you see he is, doth doubtlesly believe the accused parties, which is himself to be guilty.

Mer. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down I say, we'll try that.

Mer. I care not what you write, pray God you did not kill him for my love, though I am free from this, we both deserve—

Wife. Govern your tongue I pray you, all is well, my Husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper, sever them quickly I say, Officers, why do you let them prompt one another, Gentlewoman, what say you to this, are not you guilty?

Wife. No, as I hope for mercy.

Just. But are not those circumstances true, that this Gentleman hath so shortly and methodically deliver'd?

Wife. They are, and what you do with me, I care not,
Since he is dead, in whom was all my care:
You knew him not.

Just. No, an't been better for you too, and you had never known him.

Wife. Why then you did not know the worlds chief joy,
His face so manly as it had been made,
To fright the world, yet he so sweetly temper'd;
That he would make himself a natural fool,
To do a noble kind[n]ess for a friend.
He was a man whose name I'll not out-live,
Longer than heaven, whose Will must be obey'd;
Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy kindness.

Just. Before me, she has made the tears stand in mine eyes, but I must be austere, Gentlewoman; you must confess this murder.

Wife. I cannot, Sir, I did it not, but I desire to see those examinations which this Gentleman acknowledges to have about him, for but late last night I receiv'd Letters from the City, yet I heard of no confession, then.

Just. You shall see them time enough I warrant you, but Letters you say you had, where are those Letters?

Wife. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you dispos'd of 'em?

Wife. Why Sir, they are for womens matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Wife. A man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Wife. A Post.

Just. A Post? there is some great haste sure, aha, where is that Post?

Wife. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? bring hither that Post, I am afraid that Post will prove a knave; come hither Post, what? what can you say concerning the murder of *Antonio*?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. Oh Post, you have no answer ready, have you? I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have; you examine an honest Gentleman and Gentlewoman here, 'tis pitty such fools as you should be i'th Commission.

Just. Say you so Post, take away that Post, whip him and bring him again quickly, I'll hamper you Post.

Mer. 'Tis *Antonio*, I know him now as well; what an irregular fool is this!

Ant. Whip me? hold off.

Wife. Oh good Sir whip him, by his murmuring he should know something of my Husbands death; that may quit me, for gods sake fetch't out.

Just. Whip him I say.

Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?

Wife. Oh my lov'd Husband.

Mer. My most worthy friend? where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now, and shall not Law then have her course?

Andra. It shall h[a]ve no other course than it has I think.

Just. It shall have other course before I go, or I'll beat my brains, and I say it was not honestly done of him to discover himself before the parties accus'd were executed,

that Law might have had her course, for then the kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a wife as thou, had never any man, and such a friend as he, believe me wife, shall never be [a] good wife, love my friend, friend love my wife, hark friend.

Just. *Mark*, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the peace of some body.

Mark. Yes Sir.

Ant. By my troth I am sorry my wife is so obstinate, sooth, if I could yet do thee any good, I wou'd, faith I wou'd.

Mer. I thank you Sir, I have lost that passion.

Ant. Cosin *Curio*, you and I must be better acquainted.

Cur. It is my wish, Sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw, we were but children then: but you have shew'd your self an honest man to me.

Cur. I would be ever so.

Enter Richardo *and* Viola.

Moth. Look you, who's there.

And. Say nothing to me, for thy peace is made.

Rich. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her Father, you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you have most injury.

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year, there's A Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer said, that rob'd her, and are in prison, I hope they shall be hang'd.

And. No truly Sir, they have broke prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter, then [t]he Jaylor shall be hang'd.

And. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir, 'twas known to be against his will, and he hath got his pardon, I think for nothing, but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. *Mark*, up with your papers, away.

Mer. Oh you shall stay dinner, I have a couple of brawling neighbors, that I'll assure you will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their matter.

Just. With all my heart.

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Rich. Oh *Viola*, that no succeeding age,
Might loose the memory of what thou wert,
But such an overswayed Sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do,
Are but as men will call them; and I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways;
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended, but my hopes and fears begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour, if this night,
To the Judicious it hath giv'n delight.
I have my ends, and may such for their grace,
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place.

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear. Altered punctuation is shown, usually, by printing the old punctuation between the preceding and following words.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

THE WOMANS PRIZE.

p. 1, ll. 5–29. *Not in* A
p. 3, l. 13. B] *Mar.* l. 36. B] breeches out of fear,
p. 5, l. 27. B] *Rom.*
p. 6, l. 6. A] Fox and *Moroso*
p. 7, l. 26. A] have I
p. 8, l. 5. A] up rowse l. 7. A] o' th longs
p. 10, l. 38. B] Wonting
p. 11, l. 19. A] 'Cheere l. 35. B] *Jap.*
p. 12, l. 22. A] home at
p. 14, l. 13. A] Spinala's
p. 15, l. 20. B] saying from l. 23. B] list, lie l. 29. B] as' tfol wols l. 34. B] Bug-words
p. 16, l. 28. B] accept l. 32. A] i'ld

APPENDIX

p. 18, l. 20. B] *Mar.*

p. 19, l. 2. A] all thy l. 23. A] Jewry

p. 20, l. 1. A *and* B] shall believe l. 9. B] speed? l. 18. B] so.

p. 21, l. 13. B] you

p. 22, l. 3. B] Stranger, than

p. 23, l. 26. A *omits*] is

p. 24, l. 8. B] him. l. 10. B] it;

p. 25, l. 14. A *omits*] *Mor.*

p. 26, l. 36. B] seIves

p. 27, l. 26. B *omits*] most l. 27. B] Coughs.

p. 28, l. 10. A] doe th'em l. 21. A] Found

p. 29, l. 32. B] *Bow.* l. 35. A]

Row. Thou hast heard I am sure of Esculapius.
So were etc.

p. 30, l. 14. B] *Row.* Thou l. 19. B] be l. 34. B] *Raw.* l. 39. B *omits*] doe

p. 32, l. 33. B] aad

p. 33, l. 5. B] Godheads l. 40. A *repeats here* ll. 16–25 *on* p. 29, *with the following alterations*]

Enter three mayds, at severall doors.
goes the busmesse

p. 34, l. 1. B] *Tertia.*

p. 35, l. 8. B] Heaven l. 16. B] the Kingdom ll. 22–36. *Not in* A

p. 36, ll. 3, 4. A *omits*] *Citizens and Countrey women.*

p. 37, l. 14. B *omits*] then l. 22. A] I lie l. 40. A *and* B] Plackets.

p. 38, l. 1. B] Dary ll. 30, 31. *Not in* B

p. 39, l. 5. A *and* B] importun'd. l. 24. B] down the l. 29. B] commanded

p. 40, l. 1. B] *Petro.* l. 17. B] Mistrisses

p. 41, l. 4. B] *Tro.*

p. 42, l. 35. A *and* B] leave.

p. 43, l. 15. B] *Jac.* l. 31. B] Payers

p. 44, l. 7. B] *Jac.* l. 10. A] Bagget l. 12. A] a sober l. 31. A]

Cinque-pace

Dame tosse and Butter, had he Bob too?

p. 45, l. 33. B] pains

p. 46, l. 34. A] plush, perfum'd, and purffle B] purffle, l. 38. B] hangings.

p. 47, l. 31. A *omits*] you l. 36. A] built

p. 50, l. 7. A] love too l. 31. A] there's no gewgaws

p. 51, l. 33. B] Woman.

p. 53, l. 23. A] Heaven

p. 56, l. 14. A *omits*] a
p. 57, l. 5. A] dunhill l. 8. B] two l. 33. A] get dozen
p. 58, l. 1. B] would l. 6. B] Eeel
p. 61, l. 24. A] these
p. 62, l. 34. B] Maid. l. 39. B *omits bracket* l. 40. A] dogge-latch
p. 66, l. 11. B] pounds
p. 67, l. 34. B] *Exunt*
p. 68, l. 6. B *omits*] feare
p. 69, l. 18. A] by-lowes l. 19. A] can hate l. 26. A *omits*] my
p. 70, l. 7. B *omits*] again
p. 71, l. 8. B] Woman. l. 24. B] 'cut
p. 72, l. 26. B] signs.
p. 73, l. 6. B] *Petru.* l. 29. A] morall
p. 75, l. 15. A] new adventure l. 16. A] us nothing
p. 76, l. 9. B] *Catayna*
p. 78, l. 4. A] Ha's
p. 79, l. 34. B *omits*] , you
p. 80, l. 1. B] pettish l. 23. B *omits*] God
p. 81, l. 33. A *omits*] *Exeunt*
p. 83, l. 4. B] come, exceed
p. 85, l. 28. B] Fadding l. 31. A] seagly
p. 86, l. 12. B] same. l. 37. A] had his
p. 89, l. 6. A] home since, since ye l. 15. A] thy bread l. 16. A] thy teeth l. 33. B] *Petro* l. 36. B *omits*] done
p. 90, l. 2. B] *M*or

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

p. 91, ll. 3–42. *Omitted in* A
p. 92, l. 7. B] find. l. 12. B] surprize. l. 24. B] tightly
p. 93, l. 35. B *omits*] weares
p. 94, l. 23. B] since
p. 95, l. 14. A] 'is a
p. 98, l. 18. A] a tenant
p. 100, l. 24. B] And ll. 28, 29. B *omits stage direction*
p. 101, l. 5. A] Let my
p. 103, l. 9. A] There they should lye as miseries l. 13. B] will
p. 104, l. 2. B] this l. 14. A] accept your prisoner
p. 105, l. 31. A] Clod with
p. 107, l. 20. A *omits*] and
p. 108, l. 31. B *omits*] her

APPENDIX

p. 109, l. 1. A] holds my

p. 110, l. 10. B] men do to

p. 111, l. 6. B] begun l. 30. A *omits one*] that

p. 113, l. 35. B] Merchans

p. 114, l. 33. B] *Then.*

p. 116, l. 34. B] Body, oh me

p. 117, l. 2. B] rhese

p. 118, l. 37. B] preparation?

p. 122, l. 17. B] Princess

p. 123, l. 21. A *omits*] him l. 33. B] woman

p. 124, l. 23. B] Aud

p. 125, l. 5. A] you

p. 126, l. 8. B] kinsman. l. 14. A] wert

p. 127, l. 2. B] dare l. 24. B] followers. l. 37. A] have you

p. 128, l. 8. A] Princesse l. 13. B] *Pyu.* l. 20. B] Love these l. 28. A] feates

p. 129, l. 32. B] enconragement

p. 130, l. 25. B] *Pen.*

p. 131, l. 13. A] Is love l. 33. A] And be but to make cleane his sword: coward

p. 132, l. 23. A *omits*] *and*

p. 135, l. 8. A] Princesse

p. 136, l. 28. B] hope no night

p. 138, l. 40. A] complaine, me

p. 143, l. 30. A] And then

p. 144, l. 12. A *omits*] is l. 20. A] Now I

p. 145, l. 35. A] toward

p. 146, l. 27. B] Island

p. 147, l. 1. B] dance. l. 20. A] I'low

p. 148, l. 16. A] And may l. 33. B] endeavour;

p. 149, l. 12. A] hide in iniquities l. 18. A *omits*] *and*

p. 150, l. 30. A] *Emanuel*—not—

p. 151, l. 12. B] Armusia.

p. 152, l. 6. A] with'm l. 10. B] honourably l. 27. B] him [*full point supplied*]

p. 153, l. 1. A] wils

p. 154, l. 1. A] you

p. 155, l. 7. B] knowledge; l. 8. B] swellings, A] maine aire l. 16. A] doe performe

p. 157, l. 25. A] bound to?

p. 158, l. 2. A] plague 'a l. 26. A] stinch

p. 159, l. 10. B] Nations

p. 160, l. 31. B *omits*] for 't;
p. 161, l. 32. B *omits the second*] ye
p. 162, l. 8. B] you
p. 163, l. 31. A *omits*] a
p. 164, l. 18. B] you
p. 165, l. 11. A] his arrant
p. 168, l. 25. B] thakful l. 26. B] Dios
p. 170, l. 17. B] Princesses

There is an edition of *The Island Princess* in the British Museum (161. c. 70) dated 1669, 'As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesties Servants. With the Alterations and New Additional Scenes. Licensed May 31. 1669. Roger L'Estrange.' It does not appear to be desirable to record here more than the following readings from a collation kindly made by Mrs Arnold Glover:

p. 92, l. 22. pleasures
p. 96, l. 6. alone as a mask
p. 103, l. 27. *Dias* could
p. 104, l. 21. your countrey
p. 105, l. 31. Clad
p. 106, l. 34. next to nothing
p. 108, l. 18. thou wish her
p. 116 to p. 117, l. 15. *Re-written*
p. 117, l. 29. without courage l. 35. boyish brains out
p. 140, l. 24. to tax
pp. 164, 165. *Re-written A prologue and an epilogue are added*

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

p. 171, ll. 3–28. *Not in* A *The Prologue is printed at the end of the play* l. 13. B] Lougueville
p. 172, l. 2. B] aud l. 31. B] ro
p. 173, l. 8. A] you be l. 16. A] preacht l. 30. A] travaile
p. 174, l. 8. A] lights...makes
p. 175, l. 38. B] worthy
p. 176, l. 19. B] upbraid l. 39. A *omits*] a
p. 177, l. 26. A] not, in
p. 178, l. 20. B] he l. 25. A] looks
p. 179, l. 2. B] *Mousieur*
p. 184, l. 1. A] mine still, when l. 15. A] trojan purple
p. 185, l. 11. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.*
p. 186, ll. 18, 19. A] contented her,
When you first married her; a
p. 187, l. 1. B] mighty l. 3. B *omits*] up

p. 189, l. 5. A *omits the second*] the
p. 196, l. 23. A *omits*] answer
p. 198, l. 5. A] do your
p. 199, l. 4. B *omits*] are l. 17. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.*
p. 200, l. 24. A] for me
p. 202, l. 36. B] Wake
p. 203, l. 20. B] you
p. 209, l. 31. B *omits*] good
p. 211, l. 10. A] Meron
p. 212, l. 8. A] thy Duke l. 29. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.* A *omits*] *and*
p. 213, l. 3. A] ready husband
p. 214, l. 5. B] you? l. 14. A] post horse l. 16. B] *Shyt.*
p. 215, l. 10. A] innumerall l. 21. A] you'r
p. 217, l. 19. A *omits*] sword l. 30. B] defend
p. 218, l. 16. A] see thy
p. 221, l. 33. A] my soule
p. 222, l. 8. B] you
p. 223, l. 29. A] full, being in l. 30. B] would l. 33. B] mads
p. 224, l. 7. B] leasure.
p. 226, l. 25. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.* l. 28. B *omits*] and l. 36. B] *Jrq.*
p. 228, l. 25. A] those l. 36. B] *Duste.*
p. 229, l. 7. B] I am l. 9. A] Nor shall you l. 19. B] Lorgue l. 22. B *omits*] the
p. 230, l. 5. B] you l. 13. A] you, furnisht in
p. 231, l. 26. A] Disgraced l. 33. B *omits*] God's . . Gentlemen
p. 232, l. 15. A] them? B] 'em? l. 34. B *omits*] by heaven
p. 236, l. 19. B] assures
p. 237, l. 29. *So, both in* A *and* B l. 41. B] appose
p. 239, l. 17. A] say'e?

THE CORONATION.

A = the quarto of 1640. **B** = the 2nd folio.

Mrs Arnold Glover has kindly collated a copy of the quarto in the Dyce collection; Mr R. F. Towndrow has kindly collated a copy of the quarto in the Bodleian.

The title page of the quarto is as follows:

'The | Coronation | A Comedy. | As it was presented by her | Majesties Servants at the private | House in *Drury* Lane. | Written by *John Fletcher*. Gent. | *LONDON*, | Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and | *William*

Cooke and are to be sold at the signe | of the *Greene Dragon*, in *Pauls* | *Church-yard*. 1640.

p. 240, l. 4. A] The Actors Names. l. 24. A] The Prologue l. 26. B] a Corporation day l. 36. B] in

p. 241, l. 3. B] Temple l. 16. B] Prologue too? l. 29. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.*

p. 244, l. 10. A] *Macarius* l. 21. B] Prince?

p. 246, l. 28. B] it

p. 247, l. 30. B] obsolute

p. 249, l. 19. B] he l. 37. B] Ketch

p. 250, l. 28. B] *Selecus*

p. 251, l. 30. B] commonl

p. 252, l. 6. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.*

p. 254, l. 29. B] court, with A] dower

p. 256, l. 8. A] gives l. 9. B] hot l. 19. A] should

p. 257, l. 19. B] *Are.* l. 28. A] *Ladies and attendants, Gent.*

p. 258, l. 1. A] *Seleucus*

p. 260, l. 5. B] forget

p. 261, l. 34. B] immatrial

p. 262, l. 5. A *omits*] the l. 7. B] purpose.

p. 263, l. 23. B] that purpose to make you so l. 31. B] tho

p. 264, l. 34. B] me. l. 38. B *omits*] and now

p. 267, l. 4. A *and* B *read*] *Phi.* [*before* 'Tis] l. 5. A *gives this line to*] *Phi.* l. 6. A *gives this line to*] *Lisa.* l. 12. B] Qeeen l. 14. A *and* B *read*] *Lisa.*

p. 272, l. 25. B] mnure

p. 273, l. 7. B] failty

p. 274, l. 11. A] there is l. 23. A *and* B *read*] Deliver

p. 276, l. 14. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.* l. 37. B] or

p. 278, l. 27. A *and* B *read*] rise

p. 280, l. 20. B] 'ill

p. 285, l. 10. A *omits*] *Sop.*

p. 286, l. 17. B] Wiliow

p. 287, l. 9. A] He'e my

p. 289, l. 13. A] bove all

p. 292, l. 1. A *omits*] *Scæna Prima.*

p. 293, l. 31. B] We

p. 294, l. 18. B] Protestor l. 37. B] work

p. 296, l. 24. A] to it l. 25. A] doe it

p. 297, l. 5. B] There's l. 9. B] punish

p. 298, l. 19. B] *Pil.*

p. 299, l. 3. A *omits*] In l. 5. B] there's l. 9. B] honor, what

p. 300, l. 10. A] doe

APPENDIX

p. 302, l. 18. A] *Eubulus* B] *Etxi* l. 20. A *omits*' *semicolon*
p. 303, l. 29. A *omits*] and
p. 304, l. 30. A] *Demetrius*
p. 305, l. 19. B] two
p. 306, l. 5. B] *Sis.* l. 28. A] The Epilogue l. 34. B] sad

THE COXCOMB.

A = 1st folio. **B** = 2nd folio.

p. 308, ll. 3–43. *Not in* A
p. 309, l. 1. A] The Prologue l. 13. A] the
p. 310, l. 15. B] You'ave
p. 311, l. 1. A] Be
p. 313, l. 27. B] they we'll, Ill keep them
p. 314, l. 14. B] mouths my l. 18. A *and* B *omit*] *Ant.* l. 29. A *and* B] Gentlewoman?
p. 315, l. 6. A] Husband will come l. 9. A] I had you had l. 28. A] foole to—
p. 316, l. 10. A *omits*] *Exit.* l. 18. A] so their l. 20. B] mad l. 23. B] her? her? l. 25. B *omits*] had
p. 317, l. 1. A] be sure l. 30. B] heaven
p. 319, l. 21. *Omitted in* B l. 22. A] no jugling l. 31. A] do most jest
p. 320, l. 6. B] she
p. 321, l. 29. B] Faith sweet l. 38. B] thee
p. 322, l. 18. B *adds*] *Exit.* l. 19. B] Wore
p. 323, l. 3. B] Y'cannot l. 25. A *and* B] me?
p. 324, l. 2. B *omits*] to
p. 325, l. 3. B] *hed* l. 10. A] your towne
p. 327, l. 11. B] will l. 38. B] Heaven
p. 328, l. 3. B] I'll
p. 329, l. 2. B] better l. 6. B] ventures l. 12. A] excepted, ever l. 31. A] an humour
p. 331, l. 7. B] tell thee l. 12. B *omits*] and l. 20. A] hang l. 26. B] Heaven l. 30. A] I am
p. 337, l. 14. B] are l. 22. B] Heaven
p. 338, l. 29. A *omits*] Andrugio *and* l. 31. B *omits this line* l. 34. A] had in it a sap-house
p. 340, l. 30. B] if any
p. 342, l. 3. A] purpose
p. 343, l. 13. A *omits*] *Serv.*
p. 344, l. 5. A *omits*] I

THE COXCOMB

p. 345, l. 29. A] world is

p. 347, l. 4. B] too l. 15. B *omits*] thou

p. 348, l. 10. A] antowardst l. 26. A] do

p. 349, l. 2. A] and pretious

p. 350, l. 5. A] a gods l. 11. A] a tipling...an' l. 12. B] please l. 15. B *omits*] night? l. 33. B] Heavens

p. 351, l. 21. B] now l. 40. A] thou art

p. 352, l. 33. B] impotunate

p. 353, l. 3. A] *Exeunt.* l. 7. A] How injuringly l. 10. A] shalt l. 19. B] work withal l. 20. A] goe too

p. 354, l. 13. B] We'll l. 24. B] should l. 33. B *omits*] Jesse

p. 355, l. 10. B] *Nay.* l. 14. A *omits*] have l. 33. B] Genlewoman

p. 356, l. 18. B *omits*] me l. 32. B *omits*] Faith l. 39. B] blessing on

p. 357, l. 1. B] awkeward l. 3. B] I answer l. 10. ? visit yon l. 21. B] dispach'd

p. 358, l. 1. B] *Antouio* l. 6. A] beshiow l. 19. B *omits*] a l. 38. B] and and

p. 359, l. 21. A *omits*] I l. 32. A *and* B] Pigeons?

p. 361, l. 3. A] lov'd? so all

p. 362, l. 4. B *omits*] you

p. 363, l. 9. A] read an I l. 32. A *omits*] a

p. 364, l. 32. B] for my

p. 365, l. 21. A *omits*] I

p. 366, l. 3. A] a meere l. 35. A] no Inches

p. 368, l. 18. B] goodbwy l. 19. B] oou l. 25. B] come come l. 26. A] ves body l. 32. B] her her

p. 369, l. 4. A] with you l. 12. A] too mocke me to, l. 14. B] heaven l. 31. A] carry now

p. 370, l. 4. B] you'll l. 12. B] heavens l. 27. B *omits*] tell

p. 371, l. 9. A] wot you what?

p. 372, l. 4. B] see l. 9. A] paid, for you l. 37. B] I

p. 374, l. 24. B] frivilous l. 37. B] circmstances

p. 375, l. 26. B] kindess

p. 376, l. 37. B] heve

p. 377, l. 4. B *omits*] a l. 30. B] rhe

p. 378, l. 9. A] The Epilogue

END OF VOL. VIII.

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