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10, by Francis Beaumont et al.**

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## **FRANCIS BEAUMONT**

**Born 1584**

**Died 1616**

## **JOHN FLETCHER**

**Born 1579**

**Died 1625**

***BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER***

**THE SEA-VOYAGE  
WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS  
THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN  
CUPID'S REVENGE  
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN**

**THE TEXT EDITED BY**

**A. R. WALLER, M.A.**



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# THE SEA-VOYAGE.

A Comedy.

## The Persons represented in the Play.

- Albert, a French *Pirat*, in love with Aminta.
- Tibalt du Pont, a merry *Gentleman*, friend to Albert.
- Master of the Ship, an *honest merry man*.
- Lamure, an *usuring Merchant*.
- Franville, a *vain-glorious gallant*.
- Morillat, a *shallow-brain'd Gentleman*.
- Bo[a]tswain, an *honest man*.
- Sebastian, a *noble Gentleman of Portugal*, Husband to Rosellia.
- Nicusa, *Nephew* to Sebastian, both cast upon a *desart Island*.
- Raimond, *brother* to Aminta.
- Surgeon.
- Sailors.

## WOMEN.

- Aminta, *Mistriss* to Albert, a *noble French Virgin*.
- Rosellia, *Governess* of the *Amazonian Portugals*.
- Clarinda, *Daughter* to Rosellia, in love with Albert.
- Hippolita, } *three Ladies, Members*
- Crocale, } *of the Female*
- Juletta. } *Common-wealth*.

## The Scene, First at Sea, then in the desart Islands.

The Principal Actors were

- *Joseph Taylor,*
- *William Eglestone,*
- *Nich. Toolie,*
- *Joh Lowin,*
- *John Underwood.*

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### *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter Master and two Sailors.*

*Master.*

Lay her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,  
How it spits against the clouds, how it capers,  
And how the fiery Element frights it back  
There be Devils dancing in the air I think  
I saw a *Dolphin* hang i'th horns o'th' moon  
Shot from a wave, hey day, hey day,  
How she kicks and yerks!  
Down with the Main Mast, lay her at hull,  
Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

*1 Sailor.* She'll never brook it Master.  
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

*Master.* Hang her.  
Can she not buffet with a storm a little?  
How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

*2 Sail.* We have discover'd the Land, Sir,  
Pray let's make in, she's so drunk else,  
She may chance to cast up all her Lading.

*1 Sail.* Sland in, sland in, we are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

*Mast.* Steer her a Star-board there.

*2 Sail.* Bear in with all the sail we can, see Master  
See, what a clap of Thunder there is,  
What a face of heaven, how dreadfully it looks!

*Mast.* Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying;  
I see't in thy face, thou hast been mumbling,  
When we are split you slave; is this a time,  
To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?  
Call up the Boatswain; how it storms; holla.

*Boats.* What shall we do Master?  
Cast over all her lading? she will not swim  
An hour else;

*Enter* Albert, Franvile, Lamure, Tibalt de pont.  
Morillat.

*Mast.* The storm is loud,  
We cannot hear one another,  
What's the coast?

*Boats.* We know not ye[t]; shall we make in?

*Albert.* What comfort Sailors?  
I never saw, since I have known the Sea,  
(which has been this twenty years) so rude a tempest:  
In what State are we?

*Mast.* Dangerous enough Captain,  
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;  
Still rage; besides, her ribs are open;  
Her rudder almost spent; prepare your selves;  
And have good courages, death comes but once,  
And let him come in all his frights.

*Albert.* Is't not possible,  
To make in to th' Land? 'tis here before us.

*Morill.* Here hard by Sir.

*Mast.* Death is nearer, Gentlemen.  
Yet do not cry, let's dye like men.

*Tib.* Shall's hoise the Boat out,  
And goe all at one cast? the more the merrier.

*Enter* Amint.

*Mast.* You are too hasty Mounsieur,  
Do ye long to be i'th' Fish-market before your time?  
Hold her up there.

*Amint.* Oh miserable fortune,  
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears,  
No minute to promise to my frighted soul.

*Tib.* Peace woman,  
We ha storms enough already; no more howling.

*Amint.* Gentle Master.

*Mast.* Clap this woman under hatches.

*Alb.* Prethe speak mildly to her.

*Amint.* Can no help?

*Mast.* None that I know.

*Amint.* No promise from your goodness.

*Mast.* Am I a God? for heavens sake stow this [woman].

*Tib.* Go: take your gilt [Prayer-Book];  
And to your business; wink and die,  
There's an old Haddock staies for ye.

*Amint.* Must I die here in all the frights[, the] terrors,  
The thousand several shapes death triumphs in?  
No friend to counsel me?

*Alb.* Have peace sweet Mistriss.

*Amint.* No kindreds tears upon me? oh! my country?  
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?

*Alb.* Be comforted, heaven has the same  
Power still, and the same mercy.

*Amint.* Oh, that wave will devour me.

*Mast.* Carry her down Captain;  
Or by these hands I'll give no more direction,  
Let the Ship sink or swim, we ha ne'er better luck,  
When we ha such stowage as these trinkets with us;  
These sweet sin-breeders: how can heaven smile on us,  
When such a burthen of iniquity  
Lies tumbling like a potion in our ship's belly? [Exit.]

*Tib.* Away with her, and if she have a Prayer,  
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly,  
And seriously. [Exit.]

*Alb.* Come, I see it clear Lady, come in,  
And take some comfort. I'll stay with ye.

*Amint.* Where should I stay? to what end should I hope,  
Am not I circled round with misery?  
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me:  
Oh Mounsieur *Albert*, How am I bound to curse ye,  
If curses could redeem me! how to hate ye!  
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends;  
Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me,  
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;  
You forc'd my friends from their peaceful rest,  
Some your relentless sword gave their last groans;  
Would I had there been numbred;  
And to fortunes never satisfied afflictions,  
Ye turn'd my Brother; and those few friends I'd left,  
Like desperate creatures, to their own fears  
And the world's stubborn pitties: Oh merciless!

*Alb.* Sweet Mistriss.

*Amint.* And wh[e]ther they are wandred to avoid ye,  
Or wh[e]ther dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em;  
Was this a Lovers part? but heaven has found ye,  
And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,  
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,  
He tells ye now, ye weep too late:

*Alb.* Let these tears tell how I honor ye;  
Ye know dear Lady, since ye are mine,  
How truly I have lov'd ye, how sanctimoniously  
Observ'd your honor; not one lascivious word,  
Not one touch Lady; no, not a hope that might not render me  
The unpolluted servant of your chastity;  
For you I put to sea, to seek your Brother;  
Your Captain, yet your slave, that his redemption,  
If he be living, where the Sun has circuit,  
May expiate your rigor, and my rashness.

*Amint.* The storm grows greater, what shall we do?

*Alb.* Let's in:  
And ask heavens mercy; my strong mind yet presages,  
Through all these dangers, we shall see a day yet  
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes. [Exit.]

*Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.*

*Mast.* It must all over-board.

*Boats.* It clears to Sea-ward Mast.  
Fling o'er the Lading there, and let's lighten her;  
All the meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone else;  
That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up;  
Yet save some little Bisket for the Lady,  
Till we come to the Land.



*Lam.* Must my Goods over too?  
Why honest Master? here lies all my money;  
The Money I ha wrackt by usury,  
To buy new Lands and Lordships in new Countreys,  
'Cause I was banish'd from mine own  
I ha been this twenty years a raising it.

*Tib.* Out with it:  
The devils are got together by the ears, who shall have it;  
And here they quarrel in the clouds.

*Lam.* I am undone Sir:

*Tib.* And be undone, 'tis better than we [perish].

*Lam.* Oh save one Chest of Plate.

*Tib.* Away with it lustily, Sailors;  
It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;  
Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't.

*Mast.* Over with the Trunks too.

*Enter Albert.*

*Alb.* Take mine and spare not.

*Mast.* We must over with all.

*Fran.* Will ye throw away my Lordship  
That I sold, put it into cloaths and necessaries,  
To goe to sea with?

*Tib.* Over with it; I love to see a Lordship sink;  
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;  
You might ha' sav'd it else.

*Fran.* I am undone for ever.

*Alb.* Why we are all undone; would you be only happy?

*Lam.* Sir, you may loose too.

*Tib.* Thou liest; I ha' nothing but my skin,  
And my cloaths; my sword here, and my self;  
Two Crowns in my pocket; two pair of Cards;  
And three false Dice: I can swim like a fish  
Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

*Boatsw.* In with her of all hands.

*Mast.* Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help all;  
My life now for the Land,  
'Tis high, and rocky, and full of perils.

*Alb.* However let's attempt it.

*Mast.* Then cheer lustily my hearts.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Sebast.* Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship;  
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance;  
Heavens mercy, what a wretched day has here been!

*Nicu.* To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,  
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;  
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,  
That can seem new to us.

*Sebast.* 'Tis true *Nicusa*, if fortune were determin'd  
To be wanton, and would wipe out the stories  
Of mens miseries: yet we two living,  
We could cross her purpose; for 'tis impossible  
She should cure us, we are so excellent in our afflictions;  
It would be more than glory to her blindness,  
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

*Nicu.* Do they live still?

*Sebast.* Yes, and make to harbor:

*Nicu.* Most miserable men; I grieve their fortunes.

*Sebast.* How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd em!  
They leap from one calamity to another;  
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.  
What shouts of joy they make!

*Nicu.* Alas poor wretches, had they but once experience  
Of this Island, they'd turn their tunes to wailings.

*Sebast.* Nay, to curses.  
That ever they set foot on such calamities;  
Here's nothing but Rocks and barrenness,  
Hunger, and cold to eat; here's no Vineyards  
To cheer the heart of man, no Christal Rivers,  
After his labour, to refresh his body,  
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,  
But heavenly hopes, nature that made those remedies,  
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,  
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

*Nicu.* Oh Uncle, yet a little memory of what we were,  
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities;  
When we were seated in our blessed homes,  
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,  
In all our fortunes!

*Sebast.* Curse on those *French* Pirats, that displanted us;  
That flung us from that happiness we found there;  
Constrain'd us to Sea, to save our lives, honors, and our riches,  
With all we had, our kinsmen, and our jewels,  
In hope to find some place free from such robbers,  
Where a mighty storm sever'd our Barks,  
That, where my Wife, my Daughter  
And my noble Ladies that went with her,  
Virgins and loving souls, to scape those Pirats.

*Nicus.* They are yet living; such goodness cannot perish.

*Sebast.* But never to me Cosin;  
Never to me again; what bears their Flag-staves?

*Nicu.* The Arms of *France* sure;  
Nay, doe not start, we cannot be more miserable;  
Death is a cordial, now, come when it will.

*Sebast.* They get to shore apace, they'll flie as fast  
When once they find the place; what's that which swims there?

*Ni.* A strong young man, Sir, with a handsom woman.  
Hanging about his neck.

*Sebast.* That shews some honor;  
May thy brave charity, what e'er thou art,  
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,  
And not dye here.

*Nicus.* The Boat it seems turn'd over,  
So forced to their shifts; yet all are landed:  
They're Pirats on my life.

*Sebast.* They will not rob us;  
For none will take out misery for riches:  
Come Cosin, let's descend, and try their pitities;  
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;  
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island  
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.

[*Ex.*

*Enter* Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure,  
*Master, Franvile, Surgeon, Sailors.*

*Tib.* Wet come ashore my mates, we are safe arrived yet.

*Mast.* Thanks to heavens goodness, no man lost;  
The Ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

*Alb.* The weathers turn'd more courteous;  
How does my Dear?  
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!

*Amint.* I am glad yet, I scap'd with life;  
Which certain, noble Captain, next to heavens goodness,  
I must thank you for, and which is more,  
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love  
To your unworthy Mistriss, and recant too  
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,  
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heapt upon ye;  
Farther than that, I must forget your injuries.  
So far I am ti'd, and fet'red to your service,  
Believe me, I will learn to love.

*Alb.* I thank ye Madam,  
And it shall be my practise to serve.  
What cheer companions?

*Tib.* No great cheer Sir, a piece of souc'd Bisket  
And halfe a hard egg; for the Sea has taken order;  
Being young and strong, we shall not surfet Captain.  
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry;  
Come Surgeon, out with your Clister-pipe,  
And strike a Galliard.

*Alb.* What a brave day again!  
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm!

*La mure.* I, an't pleas'd the Master he might ha seen  
This weather, and ha' say'd our goods.

*Alb.* Never think on 'em, we have our lives and healths.

*Lam.* I must think on 'em, and think  
'Twas most maliciously done to undoe me.

*Fran.* And me too, I lost all;  
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me, nor cloaths  
But these poor rags; I had fifteen fair suits,  
The worst was cut upon Taffaty.

*Tib.* I am glad you ha' lost, give me thy hand,  
Is thy skin whole? art thou not purl'd with scabs?  
No antient monuments of Madam *Venus*?  
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,  
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,  
Till thy executors the Worms, uncase thee,  
They take off glorious sutes *Franvile*: thou art happy,  
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no Brokers;  
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Mettal;  
Nor leather'd Captains, with Ladies to adore 'em;  
Wilt thou see a Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,  
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry,  
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword  
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for?  
A Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worships,  
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruffe?

*Fran.* Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,  
If I be foisted and jeer'd out of my goods.

*Lam.* Nor I, I vow thee.  
Nor Master, nor Mate, I see your cunning.

*Alb.* Oh be not angry Gentlemen.

*Moril.* Yes Sir, we have reason.  
And some friends I can make.

*Mast.* What I did Gentlemen, was for the general safety.  
If ye aim at me, I am not so tame.

*Tib.* Pray take my counsel Gallants.

Fight not till the Surgeon be well,  
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;  
Besides he has lost his Fiddlestick, and the best  
Box of Bores-grease; why do you make such faces,  
And hand your swords?

*Alb.* Who would ye fight with Gentlemen?  
Who has done ye wrong? for shame be better temper'd.  
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,  
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us  
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?  
What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,  
These strong temptations of their holy pitties,  
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful,  
That the singing storms are slumbers to it?

*Tib.* Be men, and rule your minds;  
If you will needs fight, Gentlemen,  
And think to raise new riches by your valours,  
Have at ye, I have little else to do now  
I have said my prayers; you say you have lost,  
And make your loss your quarrel.  
And grumble at my Captain here, and the Master  
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,  
Thou *Galloon* gallant, and *Mammon* you  
That build on golden Mountains, thou Money-Maggot;  
Come all, draw your swords, ye say ye are miserable.

*Alb.* Nay, hold good *Tibalt*.

*Tib.* Captain, let me correct 'em;  
I'll make ye ten times worse, I will not leave 'em;  
For look ye, fighting is as nourishing to me as eating,  
I was born quarrelling.

*Mast.* Pray Sir.

*Tib.* I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em;  
Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye rogues?

*Mast.* Noble *Du-pont*.

*Tib.* Ye have cloaths now: and ye prate.

*Amin.* Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at peace.  
Let it become me to make all friends.

*Fran.* You have stopt our angers Lady.

*Alb.* This shews noble.

*Tib.* 'Tis well: 'tis very well: there's half a Bisket,  
Break't amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.  
This is Cloaths and Plate too; come no more quarrelling.

*Amin.* But ha! what things are these,  
Are they humane creatures?

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Tib.* I have heard of Sea-Calves.

*Alb.* They are no shadows sure, they have Legs and Arms.

*Tib.* They hang but lightly on though.

*Amint.* How they look, are they mens faces?

*Tib.* They have horse-tails growing to 'em.  
Goodly long manes.

*Amint.* Alas what sunk eyes they have!  
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!  
Sure they are wretched men.

*Tib.* Where are their Wardrobes?  
Look ye *Franvile*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

*Amint.* They kneel, alas poor souls.

*Alb.* What are ye? speak; are ye alive,  
Or wandering shadows, that find no peace on earth,  
Till ye reveal some hidden secret?

*Sebast.* We are men as you are;  
Only our miseries make us seem monsters,  
If ever pitty dwelt in noble hearts.

*Alb.* We understand 'em too: pray mark ['em] Gentlemen.

*Sebast.* Or that heaven is pleas'd with humane charity;  
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,  
Or suffered in your selves, the least afflictions,  
Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,  
And Mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,  
Have mercy on our miseries.

*Alb.* Stand up wretches;  
Speak boldly, and have release.

*Nicus.* If ye be Christians,  
And by that blessed name, bound to relieve us,  
Convey us from this Island.

*Alb.* Speak; what are ye?

*Seb.* As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,  
Were but to number up our own calamities,  
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings;  
These many years in this most wretched Island  
We two have liv'd: the scorn and game of fortune;  
Bless your selves from it Noble Gentlemen;  
The greatest plagues that humane nature suffers,  
Are seated here, wildness, and wants innumerable.

*Alb.* How came ye hither?

*Nicus.* In a ship as you do, and [as] you might have been.  
Had not Heaven preserv'd ye for some more noble use;  
Wrackt desperately; our men, and all consum'd,  
But we two; that still live, and spin out  
The thin and ragged threds of our misfortunes.

*Alb.* Is there no meat above?

*Sebast.* Nor meat nor quiet;  
No summer here, to promise any thing;  
Nor Autumn, to make full the reapers hands;  
The earth obdurate to the tears of heaven,  
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds.  
No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;  
All that were made for man's use, flie this desart;  
No airy Fowl dares make his flight over it,  
It is so ominous.  
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of nature,  
Roots of malignant tasts, foul standing waters;  
Sometimes we find a fulsome Sea-root,  
And that's a delicate: a Rat sometimes,  
And that we hunt like Princes in their pleasure;  
And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

*Amint.* For heavens sake let's aboard.

*Alb.* D'ye know no farther?

*Nicu.* Yes, we have sometimes seen the shadow of a place inhabited;  
And heard the noise of hunters;  
And have attempted [t]o find it, [s]o far as a River,  
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,  
We have gone; but not able to atchieve that hazard,  
Return to our old miseries.  
If this sad story may deserve your pities.

*Alb.* Ye shall aboard with us, we will relieve your miseries:

*Sebast.* Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit,  
No Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance;  
Look ye that plough the Seas for wealth and pleasures,  
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,  
Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged quarries;  
Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.

*Mast.* Oh heaven, they are Gold and Jewels.

*Sebast.* Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

*Moril.* And here another,  
All perfect Gold.

*Alb.* Stand farther off, you must not be your own carvers.

*Lam.* We have shares, and deep ones.

*Fran.* Yes Sir, we'll maintain't: ho fellow Sailors.

*Lam.* Stand all to your freedoms;  
I'll have all this.

*Fran.* And I this.

*Tib.* You shall be hang'd first.

*Lam.* My losses shall be made good.

*Fran.* So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't;  
All that will share with us, assist us.

*Tib.* Captain, let's set in.

*Alb.* This money will undo us, undo us all:

*Sebast.* This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness;  
I had command too, when I landed here,  
And lead young, high, and noble spirits under me,  
This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon their Captain,  
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor Gentleman,  
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own;  
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,  
And who Lords over all, turn'd against their own lives,  
First in their rage, consum'd the Ship,  
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first wrack,  
Next their lives by heaps; Oh be you wise and careful:

*Lam.* We'll ha' more: sirrah, come shew it.

*Fran.* Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of.

*Alb.* Nay, and ye will be dogs.

[*Beats 'em out.*

*Tib.* Let me come, Captain:  
This Golden age must have an Iron ending.  
Have at the bunch.

[*He beats 'em off.*  
*Exit.*

*Amint.* Oh *Albert*; Oh Gentlemen, Oh Friends.

[*Exit.*

*Sebast.* Come noble Nephew, if we stay here, we dye,  
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone to th' spoil,  
Let's make a quick use.

*Nicus.* Away dear Uncle.

*Sebast.* This Gold was our overthrow.

[*Exit.*

*Nicus.* It may now be our happiness.

*Enter Tibalt and the rest.*

*Tib.* You shall have Gold: yes, I'll cram it int'ye;  
You shall be your own carvers; yes, I'll carve ye.

*Morill.* I am sore, I pray hear reason:

*Tib.* I'll hear none.  
Covetous base minds have no reason;

I am hurt my self; but whilst I have a leg left,  
I will so haunt your gilded souls; how d'ye Captain?  
Ye bleed apace, curse on the causers on't;  
Ye do not faint?

*Alb.* No, no; I am not so happy.

*Tib.* D'ye howl, nay, ye deserve it:  
Base greedy rogues; come, shall we make an end of 'em?

*Alb.* They are our Countrey-men, for heavens sake spare 'em.  
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

[*Aminta above.*]

*Aminta.* Oh Captain, Captain.

*Alb.* Whose voice is that?

*Tib.* The Ladies.

*Amint.* Look Captain, look; ye are undone: poor Captain,  
We are all undone, all, all: we are all miserable,  
Mad wilful men; ye are undone, your Ship, your Ship.

*Alb.* What of her?

*Amint.* She's under sail, and floating;  
See where she flies: see to your shames, you wretches:  
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

[*Lam. and Franvile goes up to see the  
Ship.*]

*1 Sail.* They have cut the Cables,  
And got her out; the Tide too has befriended 'em.

*Mast.* Where are the Sailors that kept her?

*Boats.* Here, here [in] the mutiny, to take up money,  
And left no creature, left the Boat ashore too;  
This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.

*2 Sail.* How the wind drives her,  
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

*Lam.* Come back good old men:

*Fran.* Good honest men, come back.

*Tib.* The wind's against ye, speak louder.

*Lam.* Ye shall have all your Gold again: they see us.

*Tib.* Hold up your hands, and kneel,  
And howl ye block-heads; they'll have compassion on ye;  
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye have deserv'd it,  
D'ye look like dogs now?  
Are your mighty courages abated?

*Alb.* I bleed apace *Tibalt:*

*Tib.* Retire Sir: and make the best use of our miseries.  
They but begin now.

*Enter Aminta.*

*Amint.* Are ye alive still?

*Alb.* Yes sweet.

*Tib.* Help him off Lady;  
And wrap him warm in your arms,  
Here's something that's comfortable; off with him handsomely,  
I'll come to ye straight; but vex these rascals a little.

[*Exit Albert, Aminta.*]

*Fran.* Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

*Tib.* Here's a Pestle of a *Portigue*, Sir;

'Tis excellent meat, with sour sauce;  
And here's two Chains, suppose 'em Sausages;  
Then there wants Mustard;  
But the fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently:

*Lam.* Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

*Tib.* Faith there he lies in the same pickle too.

*Surg.* My Salves, and all my Instruments are lost;  
And I am hurt and starv'd;  
Good Sir, seek for some herbs.

*Tib.* Here's Herb-graceless, will that serve?  
Gentlemen will ye go to supper?

*All.* Where's the meat?

*Tib.* Where's the meat? what a Veal voice is there?

*Fran.* Would we had it Sir, or any thing else.

*Tib.* I would now cut your throat you dog,  
But that I wo'not doe you such a courtesie;  
To take you from the benefit of starving,  
Oh! what a comfort will your worship have some three days hence!  
Ye things beneath pittie, Famine shall be your harbinger;  
You must not look for Down-beds here,  
Nor Hangings; though I could wish ye strong ones;  
Yet there be many lightsome cool Star-chambers,  
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,  
Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye;  
Your first course is serv'd, expect the second.

[*Exit.*

*Fran.* A vengeance on these Jewels.

*Lam.* Oh! this cursed Gold.

[*Exeunt.*

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### ***Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Albert, Aminta.*

*Alb.*

**A**las dear soul ye faint.

*Amint.* You speak the language  
Which I should use to you, heaven knows, my weakness  
Is not for what I suffer in my self,  
But to imagine what you endure, and to what fate  
Your cruel Stars reserve ye.

*Alb.* Do not add to my afflictions  
By your tender pitties; sure we have chang'd Sexes;  
You bear calamity with a fortitude  
Would become a man; I like a weak girl, suffer.

*Amint.* Oh, but your wounds,  
How fearfully they gape! and every one  
To me is a Sepulchre: if I lov'd truly,  
(Wise men affirm, that true love can [doe] wonders,)  
These bath'd in my warm tears, would soon be cur'd,  
And leave no orifice behind; pray give me leave  
To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up;  
The raw air rankles 'em.

*Alb.* Sweet, we want means.

*Amint.* Love can supply all wants.

*Alb.* What have ye done Sweet?  
Oh sacriledge to beauty: there's no hair  
Of these pure locks, by which the greatest King  
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

*Amint.* Oh *Albert*, I offer this sacrifice of service



To the Altar of your staid temperance, and still adore it,  
When with a violent hand you made me yours,  
I curs'd the doer: but now I consider,  
How long I was in your power: and with what honor;  
You entertain'd me, it being seldom seen,  
That youth, and heat of blood, could e'r prescribe  
Laws to it self; your goodness is the *Lethe*,  
In which I drown your injuries, and now live  
Truly to serve ye: how do you Sir?  
Receive you the least ease from my service?  
If you do, I am largely recompenc'd.

*Alb.* You good Angels,  
That are engag'd, when mans ability fails,  
To reward goodness: look upon this Lady  
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,  
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, methinks  
I'm at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet;  
Speak my bless'd one, art not hungry?

*Amint.* Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

*Alb.* Blush unkind nature,  
If thou hast power: or being to hear  
Thy self, and by such innocence accus'd;  
Must print a thousand kinds of shame, upon  
Thy various face: canst thou supply a drunkard,  
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of Wines,  
Till he cast up thy blessings? or a glutton,  
That robs the Elements, to sooth his palat,  
And only eats to beget appetite,  
Not to be satisfied? and suffer here  
A Virgin which the Saints would make their guest,  
To pine for hunger? ha, if my sence  
Deceive me not, these Notes take Being  
From the breath of men; confirm me my *Aminta*;  
Again, this way the gentle wind conveys it to us,  
Hear you nothing?

[*Horns within.*

*Amint.* Yes, it seems free hunters Musick.

*Alb.* Still 'tis louder; and I remember the *Portugals*  
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,  
But ne'r could touch the shore from whence it came;  
Follow me, my *Aminta*: my good genius,  
Shew me the way still; still we are directed;  
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,  
We shall know further.

[*Exit. And Enter  
above.*

*Alb.* Courteous *Zephyrus*,  
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us;  
The air clears too;  
And now, we may discern another Island,  
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:  
Oh that we could arrive there.

*Amint.* No *Albert*, 'tis not to be hop'd;  
This envious Torrent's cruelly interpos'd;  
We have no vessel that may transport us;  
Nor hath nature given us wings to flie.

*Alb.* Better try all hazards,  
Than perish here remediless; I feel  
New vigor in me, and a spirit that dares  
More than a man, to serve my fair *Aminta*;  
These Arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim;  
And my zeal to save thy innocent self,  
Like wings, shall bear me up above the brackish waves.

*Amint.* Will ye then leave me?

*Alb.* Till now I ne'er was wretched.  
My best *Aminta*, I swear by goodness  
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of my self that invites me  
To this extream; 'tis to supply thy wants; and believe me  
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,

And happiness courted me to entertain her,  
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd  
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

*Amin.* Oh but your absence.

*Alb.* Suppose it but a dream, and as you may,  
Endeavour to take rest; and when that sleep  
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,  
Think you have sent me for discovery  
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,  
Which you are to be Queen of.  
And now ye Powers, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,  
Or cherisht pure affection; look on him  
That is your Votary; and make it known  
Against all stops, you can defend your own.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta.

*Hip.* How did we lose *Clarinda*?

*Cro.* When we believ'd the Stag was spent, and would take soil,  
The sight of the black lake which we suppos'd  
He chose for his last refuge, frighted him more  
Than we that did pursue him.

*Jul.* That's usual; for, death it self is not so terrible  
To any beast of chase.

*Hip.* Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

*Cro.* 'Tis so dreadful,  
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air  
Dare not flie over it: when the Stag turn'd head,  
And we, even tir'd with labor, *Clarinda*, as if  
She were made of Air and Fire,  
And had no part of earth in her, eagerly pursu'd him;  
Nor need we fear her safety, this place yields not  
Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful men;  
Here we live secure,  
And have among our selves a Common-wealth,  
Which in our selves begun, with us must end.

*Jul.* I, there's the misery.

*Cro.* But being alone,  
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts;  
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,  
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,  
Is more than tyranny: for her self, she's past  
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want  
Of that which young maids long for: and her daughter  
The fair *Clarinda*, though in few years  
Improv'd in height and large proportion,  
Came here so young,  
That scarce remembring that she had a father,  
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,  
In my opinion, a would appear a strange beast to her.

*Jul.* 'Tis not so with us.

*Hip.* For my part, I confess it, I was not made  
For this single life; nor do I love hunting so,  
But that I had rather be the chace my self.

*Cro.* By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have sworn  
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too wench;  
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone  
To detest, but never to think of man,  
Every hour something tels me I am forsworn;  
For I confess, imagination helps me sometimes,  
And that's all is left for us to feed on,  
We might starve else, for if I have any pleasure  
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan;  
Then from the Courtier to the Countrey-clown,  
I have strange visions.

*Jul.* Visions *Crocale*?

*Cro.* Yes, and fine visions too;  
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,  
And not forbid by our Canons; the last night  
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)  
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

*Hip.* Upon your back?

*Cro.* How should a young Maid lie, fool,  
When she would be intranc'd?

*Hip.* We are instructed; forward I prethee.

*Cro.* Methought a sweet young man  
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,  
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,  
Stole slylie to my Cabin all unbrac'd,  
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times,  
Yet still I slept.

*Jul.* Fie; thy lips run over *Crocale*.  
But to the rest.

*Cro.* Lord, What a man is this thought I,  
To do this to a Maid!  
Yet then for my life I could not wake.  
The youth, a little danted, with a trembling hand  
Heav'd up the clothes.

*Hip.* Yet still you slept?

*Cro.* Y'faith I did; and when, methoughts, he was warm  
by my side,  
Thinking to catch him, I stretcht out both mine armes;  
And when I felt him not, I shreekt out,  
And wak'd for anger.

*Hip.* 'Twas a pretty dream.

*Cro.* I, if it had been a true one.

*Enter Albert.*

*Jul.* But stay, What's here cast o'th' shore?

*Hip.* 'Tis a man;  
Shall I shoot him?

*Cro.* No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;  
Would we had more o'th' breed; stand close wenches,  
And let's hear if he can speak.

*Alb.* Do I yet live?  
Sure it is ayr I breathe; What place is this?  
Sure something more than humane keeps residence here,  
For I have past the *Stygian* gulph,  
And touch upon the blessed shore? 'tis so;  
This is the *Elizian* shade; these happy spirits,  
That here enjoy all pleasures.

*Hip.* He makes towards us.

*Jul.* Stand, or I'll shoot.

*Cro.* Hold, he makes no resistance.

*Alb.* Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall  
Thus prostrate at your feet: or if not such,  
But Nymphs of *Dian*'s train, that range these groves,  
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know  
I am a man, a wicked sinful man; and yet not sold  
So far to impudence, as to presume  
To press upon your privacies, or provoke  
Your Heavenly angers; 'tis not for my self  
I beg thus poorly, for I am already wounded,  
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath

Is for a Virgin, comes as near your selves  
In all perfection, as what's mortal may  
Resemble things divine. O pity her,  
And let your charity free her from that desert,  
If Heavenly charity can reach to Hell,  
For sure that place comes near it: and where ere  
My ghost shall find abode,  
Eternally I shall powre blessings on ye.

*Hip.* By my life I cannot hurt him.

*Cro.* Though I lose my head for it, nor I.  
I must pity him, and will.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Jul.* But stay, *Clarinda*?

*Cla.* What new game have ye found here, ha!  
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?

*Cro.* Keep off.

*Cla.* Wherefore, I pray? I ne'er turn'd  
From a fell Lioness rob'd of her whelps,  
And, Shall I fear dead carrion?

*Jul.* O but.

*Cla.* But, What is't?

*Hip.* It is infectious.

*Cla.* Has it not a name?

*Cro.* Yes, but such a name from which  
As from the Devil your Mother commands us flie.

*Cla.* Is't a man?

*Clo.* It is.

*Cla.* What a brave shape it has in death;  
How excellent would it appear had it life!  
Why should it be infectious? I have heard  
My Mother say, I had a Father,  
And was not he a Man?

*Cro.* Questionless Madam.

*Cla.* Your fathers too were Men?

*Jul.* Without doubt Lady.

*Cla.* And without such it is impossible  
We could have been.

*Hip.* A sin against nature to deny it.

*Cla.* Nor can you or I have any hope to be a Mother,  
Without the help of Men.

*Cro.* Impossible.

*Cla.* Which of you then most barbarous, that knew  
You from a man had Being, and owe to it  
The name of parent, durst presume to kill  
The likeness of that thing by which you are?  
Whose Arrowes made these wounds? speak, or by *Dian*  
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all.

*Jul.* Not mine.

*Hip.* Nor mine.

*Cro.* 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.  
Restrain your fury Madam; had we kill'd him,  
We had but perform'd your Mothers command.

*Cla.* But if she command unjust and cruel things,  
We are not to obey it.

*Cro.* We are innocent; some storm did cast  
Him shipwrackt on the shore, as you see wounded:  
Nor durst we be Surgeons to such  
Your Mother doth appoint for death.

*Cla.* Weak excuse; Where's pity?  
Where's soft compassion? cruel, and ungrateful  
Did providence offer to your charity  
But one poor Subject to express it on,  
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you  
So carelessly neglect it?

*Hip.* For ought I know, he's living yet;  
And may tempt your Mother, by giving him succor.

*Cla.* Ha, come near I charge ye.  
So, bend his body softly; rub his temples;  
Nay, that shall be my office: how the red  
Steales into his pale lips! run and fetch the simples  
With which my Mother heal'd my arme  
When last I was wounded by the Bore.

*Cro.* Doe: but remember her to come after ye,  
That she may behold her daughters charity.

*Cla.* Now he breathes;  
The ayr passing through the *Arabian* groves  
Yields not so sweet an odour: prethee taste it;  
Taste it good *Crocale*; yet I envy thee so great a blessing;  
'Tis not sin to touch these Rubies, is it?

[*Exit Hippolita.*

*Jul.* Not, I think.

*Cla.* Or thus to live *Camelion* like?  
I could resign my essence to live ever thus.  
O welcome; raise him up Gently. Some soft hand  
Bound up these wounds; a womans hair. What fury  
For which my ignorance does not know a name,  
Is crept into my bosome? But I forget.

*Enter Hippolita.*

My pious work. Now if this juyce hath power,  
Let it appear; his eyelids ope: Prodigious!  
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

*Alb.* Ha, Where am I? What new vision's this?  
To what Goddess do I owe this second life?  
Sure thou art more than mortal:  
And any Sacrifice of thanks or duty  
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short  
Of your immortal bounty: but to shew  
I am not unthankful, th[u]s in humility  
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,  
By bearing of your weight.

*Cla.* No Goddess, friend: but made  
Of that same brittle mould as you are;  
One too acquainted with calamities,  
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever  
Finds in the act reward, and needs no Trumpet  
In the receiver. O forbear this duty;  
I have a hand to meet with yours,  
And lips to bid yours welcome.

*Cro.* I see, that by instinct,  
Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,  
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

*Enter Rosella.*

But here's our Governess;  
Now I expect a storme.

*Ros.* Child of my flesh,  
And not of my fair unspotted mind,  
Un-hand this Monster.

*Cla.* Monster, Mother?

*Ros.* Yes; and every word he speaks, a *Syrens* note,  
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee  
The falshood and the perjuries of Men?  
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,  
Is to be cruel to her self; the Sovereignty  
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,  
We conferr on our selves, and love those fetters  
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,  
Since thy fathers wrack, sought liberty,  
To lose it un-compel'd? Did fortune guide,  
Or rather destiny, our Barke, to which  
We could appoint no Port, to this blest place,  
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,  
That kept men in subjection? Did we then,  
By their example, after we had lost  
All we could love in man, here plant our selves,  
With execrable oaths never to look  
On man, but as a Monster? and, Wilt thou  
Be the first president to infringe those vows  
We made to Heaven?

*Cla.* Hear me; and hear me with justice.  
And as ye are delighted in the name  
Of Mother, hear a daughter that would be like you.  
Should all Women use this obstinate abstinence,  
You would force upon us; in a few years  
The whole World would be peopled  
Onely with Beasts.

*Hip.* We must, and will have Men.

*Cro.* I, or wee'll shake off all obedience.

*Ros.* Are ye mad?  
Can no perswasion alter ye? suppose  
You had my suffrage to your sute;  
Can this Shipwrackt wretch supply them all?

*Alb.* Hear me great Lady!  
I have fellowes in my misery, not far hence,  
Divided only by this hellish River,  
There live a company of wretched Men,  
Such as your charity may make your slaves;  
Imagine all the miseries mankind  
May suffer under: and they groan beneath 'em.

*Cla.* But are they like to you?

*Jul.* Speak they your Language?

*Cro.* Are they able, lusty men?

*Alb.* They were good, Ladies;  
And in their May of youth of gentle blood,  
And such as may deserve ye; now cold and hunger  
Hath lessen'd their perfection: but restor'd  
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear  
Worthy your favors.

*Jul.* This is a blessing  
We durst not hope for.

*Cla.* Dear Mother, be not obdurate.

*Ros.* Hear then my resolution: and labor not  
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless,  
You shall appear as good Angels to these wretched Men;  
In a small Boat wee'll pass o'er to 'em;  
And bring 'em comfort: if you like their persons,  
And they approve of yours: for wee'll force nothing;  
And since we want ceremonies,

Each one shall choose a husband, and injoy  
His company a Month, but that expir'd,  
You shall no more come near 'em; if you prove fruitful,  
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females  
We will reserve our selves: this is the utmost,  
Ye shall e'er obtain: as ye think fit;  
Ye may dismiss this stranger,  
And prepare to morrow for the journey.

[*Exit.*

*Cl.* Come, Sir, Will ye walk?  
We will shew ye our pleasant Bowers,  
And something ye shall find to cheer your heart.

*Alb.* Excellent Lady;  
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd  
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take  
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart  
A Virgin almost pin'd.

*Cl.* Shee's not your Wife?

*Alb.* No Lady, but my Sister ('tis now dangerous  
To speak truth) To her I deeply vow'd  
Not to tast food, or rest, if fortune brought it me,  
Till I bless'd her with my return: now if you please  
To afford me an easie passage to her,  
And some meat for her recovery,  
I shall live your slave: and thankfully  
She shall ever acknowledge her life at your service.

*Cl.* You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing;  
I my self will see you furnisht;  
And with the next Sun visit and relieve thee.

*Alb.* Ye are all goodness—

[*Exit.*

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### ***Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter severally, Lamure, Franvile, Morillat.*

*Lam.*

**O**H! What a tempest have I in my stomach!  
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ake,  
Would they would bleed again, that I might get  
Something to quench my thirst.

*Fran.* O *Lamure*, the happiness my dogs had  
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,  
A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,  
Happy crusts: Oh! how sharp hunger pinches me!

[*Exit Franvile.*

*Mor.* O my importunate belly, I have nothing  
To satisfie thee; I have sought,  
As far as my weak legs would carry me,  
Yet can find nothing: neither meat nor water;  
Nor any thing that's nourishing,  
My bellies grown together like an empty sachel.

*Enter Franvile.*

*Lam.* How now, What news?

*Mor.* Hast any meat yet?

*Fran.* Not a bit that I can see;  
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard  
To gnaw: I ha got some mud, we'll eat it with spoons,  
Very good thick mud: but it stinks damnably;  
There's old rotten trunks of Trees too,  
But not a leafe nor blossome in all the Island.

*Lam.* How it looks!

*Mor.* It stinks too.

*Lam.* It may be poyson.

*Fran.* Let it be any thing;  
So I can get it down: Why Man,  
Poyson's a Princely dish.

*Mor.* Hast thou no Bisket?  
No crumbs left in thy pocket: here's my dublet,  
Give me but three small crumbes.

*Fran.* Not for three Kingdoms,  
If I were master of 'em: Oh *Lamure*,  
But one poor joynt of Mutton: we ha scorn'd (Man).

*Lam.* Thou speak'st of Paradis.

[*Fran.*] Or but the snuffes of those healths,  
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.

*Mor.* Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Fran.* Here comes the Surgeon: What  
Hast thou discover'd? smile, smile, and comfort us.

*Sur.* I am expiring;  
Smile they that can: I can find nothing Gentlemen,  
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.  
Oh that I had my boxes, and my lints now,  
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,  
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em.

*Mor.* Hast ne'er an old suppository?

*Sur.* Oh would I had Sir.

*Lam.* Or, but the paper where such a Cordial  
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd.

*Fran.* Or the best bladder where a cooling-glister.

*Mor.* Hast thou no searcloths left?  
Nor any old pultesses?

*Fran.* We care not to what it hath been ministred.

*Sur.* Sure I have none of these dainties Gentlemen.

*Fran.* Where's the great Wen  
Thou cut'st from *Hugh* the saylers shoulder?  
That would serve now for a most Princely banquet.

*Sur.* I, if we had it Gentlemen.  
I flung it over-board, slave that I was.

*Lam.* A most unprovident villain.

*Sur.* If I had any thing that were but supple now!  
I could make Sallads of your shoos Gentlemen,  
And rare ones: any thing unctious.

*Mor.* I, and then we might fry the soals i'th' Sun.  
The soals would make a second dish.

*Lam.* Or, souce 'em in the salt-water,  
An inner soal well souc'd.

*En. Aminta.*

*Fran.* Here comes the Woman;  
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,  
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,  
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

*Amin.* How weary, and how hungry am I,  
How feeble, and how faint is all my body!  
Mine eyes like spent Lamps glowing out, grow heavy,  
My sight forsaking me, and all my spirits,



As if they heard my passing bell go for me,  
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny,  
Oh! for a little water: a little, little meat,  
A little to relieve me ere I perish:  
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourish me,  
But they are all consum'd for thee dear *Albert*;  
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;  
Merciless fate has swallow'd thee.  
Oh—I grow heavy: sleep is a salve for misery;  
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,  
Or make me once more happy.

*Lam.* Shee's fast asleep already,  
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,  
Wake to our wants?

*Mor.* This thing hath been our overthrow,  
And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us  
Are come through her means.

*Fran.* True, we were bound ye all know,  
For happy places, and most fertile Islands,  
Where we had constant promises of all things,  
She turn'd the Captains mind,  
And must have him go in search, I know not of who,  
Nor to what end: of such a fool her brother,  
And such a coxcomb her kinsman, and we must put in every where,  
She has put us in now yfaith.

*Lam.* Why should we consume thus, and starve,  
Have nothing to relieve us;  
And she live there that bred all our miseries,  
Unrosted, or unsod?

*Mor.* I have read in stories.

*Lam.* Of such restoring meates,  
We have examples;  
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;  
Women that have eate their Children,  
Men their slaves, nay their brothers: but these are nothing;  
Husbands devoured their Wives: (th[ey] are their Chattels,)  
And of a Schoolmaster, that in a time of famine,  
Powdered up all his Scholars.

*Mor.* Shee's young and tydie,  
In my conscience she'll eat delicately;  
Just like young Pork a little lean,  
Your opinion *Surgeon*.

*Sur.* I think she may be made good meat,  
But look we shall want Salt.

*Fran.* Tush, she needs no powdering.

*Sur.* I grant ye;  
But to suck out the humorous parts: by all means,  
Lets kill her in a chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

*Lam.* Let's kill her any way: and kill her quickly,  
That we might be at our meat.

*Sur.* How if the Captain?

*Mor.* Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.  
Wake her *Surgeon*, and cut her throat,  
And then divide her, every Man his share.

*Fran.* She wakes her self.

*Amin.* Holy and good things keep me!  
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?  
O they are my friends; for heavens sake Gentlemen  
Give me some food to save my life: if ye have ought to spare;  
A little to relieve me: I may bless ye;  
For weak and wretched, ready to perish,  
Even now I die.

*Mor.* You'll save a labor then,  
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't;  
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,  
Nor how to pull our selves from these afflictions,  
We are starv'd too, famisht, all our hopes deluded;  
Yet ere we die thus, wee'll have one dainty meal.

*Amin.* Shall I be with ye Gentlemen?

*Lam.* Yes mary shall ye: in our bellies Lady.  
We love you well—

*Amin.* What said you Sir?

*Lam.* Mary wee'll eat your Ladiship.

*Fran.* You that have buried us in this base Island,  
Wee'll bury ye in a more noble Monument.

*Sur.* Will ye say your prayers, that I may perform Lady?  
We are wondrous sharp set; come Gentlemen,  
Who are for the hinder parts?

*Mor.* I.

*Fran.* I.

*Lam.* And I.

*Sur.* Be patient;  
They will not fall to every Man's share.

*Amin.* O hear me;  
Hear me ye barbarous men.

*Mor.* Be short and pithy,  
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.

*Sur.* And be not fearful,  
For I'll kill ye daintily.

*Amin.* Are ye not *Christians*?

*Lam.* Why, do not *Christians* eat Women?

*Enter Tibalt, Master, Saylor.*

*Amin.* Eat one another? 'tis most impious.

*Sur.* Come, come.

*Amin.* Oh, help, help, help.

*Tib.* The Ladies voice! stand off slaves,  
What do you intend villains?  
I have strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul,  
To—

*Ma.* They would have ravisht her upon my life,  
Speak, how was it Lady?

*Amin.* Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.

*Tib.* Ha, their hungers!

*Ma.* They would have eaten her.

*Tib.* O dam'd villains; speak, Is it true?

*Sur.* I confess an appetite.

*Tib.* An appetite, I'll fit ye for an appetite.  
Are ye so sharp set, that her flesh must serve you?  
Murther's a main good service with your Worships;  
Since ye would be such Devils,  
Why did you not begin with one another handsomly,  
And spare the Woman to beget more food on?

*Amin.* Good Sir.

*Tib.* You shall grow mummy rascals;  
I'll make you fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,  
And worry one another like keen bandogs.

*Amin.* Good Sir be merciful.

*Tib.* You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd, Canibals.

*Amin.* O my best friend!

*Enter Albert.*

*Al.* Alas poor heart! here,  
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease you,  
Sit down gentle Sweet.

*Amin.* I am blest to see you.

*Tib.* Stir not within forty foot of this food,  
If you do dogs!

*All.* Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain.

*Alb.* Ye shall have meat all of you.

*Tib.* Captain, hear me first: hark,  
'Tis so inhumane! I would not ha the air corrupted with it.

*Alb.* O barbarous men! sit down *Du-pont*,  
Good Master, and honest Saylor.

*Tib.* But stand you off,  
And waite upon our charity; I'll wait on you else;  
And touch nothing but what's flung ye; as if you were dogs;  
If you do, I'll cut your fingers; friends,  
I'll spoil your carving.

*Amin.* There wretches, there.

*Tib.* Eat your meat handsomely now,  
And give Heaven thanks.

*Alb.* There's more bread.

*Tib.* See, they snarle like dogs;  
Eat quietly you Rascals, eat quietly.

*Alb.* There is drink too.

*Tib.* Come, come, I'll fill you each your cups,  
Ye shall not surfet.

*Amin.* And what have you discover'd?

*Alb.* Sweet, a paradise,  
A paradise inhabited with Angels,  
Such as you are: their pitties make 'm Angels,  
They gave me these viands, and supply'd me  
With these pretious drinks.

*Amin.* Shall not we see 'em?

*Alb.* Yes, they will see you  
Out of their charities, having heard our story,  
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;  
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.

*Amin.* Are they all women?

*Alb.* All, and all in love with us.

*Amin.* How!

*Alb.* Do not mistake: in love with our misfortunes,  
They will cherish and relieve our men.

*Tib.* Do you shrug now,  
And pull up your noses? you smell comfort,  
See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,

Each like a new Saint *Dennis*.

*Alb.* Dear Mistris,  
When you would name me, and the women hear,  
Call me your brother, you I'll call my sister,  
And pray observe this all—  
Why do you change color sweet.

*Amin.* Eating too much meat.

*Alb.* Sawc't with jealousy;  
Fie, fie, dear saint, yfaith ye are too blame,  
Are ye not here? here fixt in my heart?

*All.* Hark, hark;

*Enter* Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hipollitta, Juletta.

*Alb.* They are come, stand ready, and look nobly,  
And with all humble reverence receive 'em,  
Our lives depend upon their gentle pitties,  
And death waits on their anger.

*Mor.* Sure they are *Fairies*.

*Tib.* Be they Devils: Devils of flesh and blood;  
After so long a *Lent*, and tedious voyage,  
To me they are Angels.

*Fran.* O for some *Eringoes*!

*Lam.* *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*.

*Tib.* Peace you Rogues, that buy abilities of your 'pothecaries,  
Had I but took the diet of green Cheese,  
And Onions for a month, I could do wonders.

*Ros.* Are these the Jewels you run mad for?  
What can you see in one of these,  
To whom you would vouchsafe a gentle touch?  
Can nothing perswade you  
To love your selves, and place your happiness  
In cold and chaste embraces of each other.

*Ju.* This is from the purpose.

*Hip.* We had your grant to have them as they were.

*Cla.* 'Tis a beauteous Creature,  
And to my self, I do appear deform'd,  
When I consider her, and yet she is  
The strangers sister; Why then should I fear?  
She cannot prove my rival.

*Ros.* When you repent,  
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add  
To your afflictions, that you were forward;  
Yet leap'd into the Gulfe of your misfortunes,  
But have your wishes.

*Mast.* Now she makes to us.

*Amin.* I am instructed, but take heed *Albert*,  
You prove not false.

*Alb.* Ye are your own assurance,  
And so acquainted with your own perfections,  
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not.

*Ros.* That you are poor and miserable men,  
My eyes inform me: that without our succors,  
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety;  
The present plight you are in, can resolve you  
That to be merciful, is to draw near  
The Heavenly essence: whether you will be  
Thankful, I do not question; nor demand  
What country bred you, what names, what maners;  
To us it is sufficient we relieve

Such as have shapes of men: and I command you,  
As we are not ambitious to know  
Farther of you, that on pain of death  
You presume not to enquire what we are,  
Or whence deriv'd.

*Alb.* In all things we obey you,  
And thankfully we ever shall confess  
Our selves your creatures.

*Ros.* You speak as becomes you;  
First then, and willingly, deliver up  
Those weapons we could force from you.

*Alb.* We lay 'em down  
Most gladly at your feet.

*Tib.* I have had many a combat with a tall wench;  
But never was disarm'd before.

*Ros.* And now hear comfort,  
Your wants shall be supply'd, and though it be  
A debt women may challenge to be sued to,  
Especially from such they may command;  
We give up to you that power, and therefore  
Freely each make his choice.

*Fran.* Then here I fix.

*Mor.* Nay, she is mine: I eyed her first.

*Lam.* This mine.

*Tib.* Stay good rascals;  
You are too forward, sir Gallant,  
You are not giving order to a Taylor  
For the fashion of a new suit;  
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Merchant,  
Stand back, and give your betters leave: your betters;  
And grumble not: if ye do, as I love meat  
I will so swinge the salt itch out on you.  
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,  
That are brothers, and good fellows: we have been  
Too late by the ears: and yet smart for our follies;  
To end therefore all future emulation: if you please,  
To trust to my election, you shall say,  
I am not partial to my self; I doubt not  
Give content to all.

*All.* Agreed, agreed.

*Tib.* Then but observe, how learned and discreetly,  
I will proceed, and as a skilful Doctor  
In all the quirks belonging to the game;  
Read over your complexions: for you Captain  
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,  
I give my judgment thus, for your aspect,  
Y'are much inclin'd to melancholy: and that tells me,  
The sullen *Saturne* had predominance  
At your nativity, a malignant Planet,  
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction  
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,  
It may prove fatal: therefore to your armes,  
I give this rose-cheekt Virgin.

*Cla.* To my wish;  
Till now I never was happy.

*Amin.* Nor I accurs'd.

*Tib.* Master, you are old;  
Yet love the game, that I perceive too,  
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;  
Therefore to help ye here's a *Bradamanta*,  
Or I am cosen'd in my calculation.

*Cro.* A poor old man allotted to my share.

*Ti.* Thou wouldst have two;  
Nay, I think twenty: but fear not wench,  
Though he be old he's tough: look on's making,  
Hee'll not fail I warrant thee.

*Ros.* A merry fellow,  
And were not man a creature I detest,  
I could indure his company.

*Ti.* Here's a fair heard of Does before me,  
And now for a barren one:  
For, though I like the sport: I do not love  
To Father children: like the *Grand Signior*,  
Thus I walk in my *Seraglio*,  
And view 'em as I pass: then draw I forth  
My handkercher, and having made my choice,  
I thus bestow it.

*Ros.* On me.

*Ti.* On you: now my choice is made;  
To it you hungry Rascals.

*Alb.* Excellent.

*Amin.* As I love goodness,  
It makes me smile i'th' height of all my fears.

*Cl.* What a strong contention you may behold  
Between my Mothers mirth and anger.

*Tib.* Nay, no coyness: be Mistriss of your word,  
I must, and will enjoy you.

*Ros.* Be advis'd fool: alas I am old;  
How canst thou hope content from one that's fifty.

*Ti.* Never talk on't;  
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;  
Besides the weathers hot: and men  
That have experience, fear Fevers:  
A temperate diet is the onely Physick,  
Your *Julips*, nor *Guajacum prunello's*,  
*Camphire* pills, nor *Goord-water*,  
Come not near your old Woman;  
Youthful stomachs are still craving,  
Though there be nothing left to stop their mouths with;  
And believe me I am no frequent giver of those bounties:  
Laugh on: laugh on: good Gentlemen do,  
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you  
Dig in the mines till your hearts ake.

*Ros.* A mad fellow;  
[Well,] Sir, I'll give you hearing: and as I like  
Your wooing, and discourse: but I must tell ye Sir,  
That rich Widows look for great sums in present,  
Or assurances of ample Joynters.

*Ti.* That to me is easie,  
For instantly I'll do it, hear me comrades.

*Alb.* What say'st thou *Tibalt*?

*Tib.* Why, that to woo a Wench with empty hands  
Is no good Heraldry, therefore let's to the gold,  
And share it equally: 'twill speak for us  
More than a thousand complements or cringes,  
Ditties stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid*,  
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,  
And if ever fortune friend us with a Barque,  
Largely supply us with all provision.

*Alb.* Well advis'd, defer it not.

*Ti.* Are ye all contented.

*All.* We are!

*Ti.* Lets away then,  
Strait wee'll return,  
And you shall see our riches.

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* Since I knew what wonder and amazement was,  
I nee'r was so transported.

*Cla.* Why weep ye gentle Maid?  
There is no danger here to such as you;  
Banish fear: for with us I dare promise,  
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.

*Cro.* We esteem our selves most happy in you.

*Hip.* And bless fortune that brought you hither.

*Cla.* Hark in your ear;  
I love you as a friend already,  
Ere long you shall call me by a nearer name,  
I wish your brother well: I know you apprehend me.

*Amin.* I, to my grief I do;  
Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me,  
But thanks, to pay ye with.

*Clar.* That's more,  
Than yet you stand ingag'd for.

*Enter* Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with treasure.

*Ros.* So soon return'd!

*Alb.* Here: see the Idol of the Lapidary.

*Ti.* These Pearls, for which the slavish *Negro*  
Dives to the bottom of the Sea.

*Lam.* To get which the industrious Merchant  
Touches at either pole.

*Fran.* The never-fayling purchase  
Of Lordships, and of honors.

*Mor.* The Worlds Mistriss,  
That can give every thing to the possessors.

*Ma.* For which the Saylor's scorn tempestuous Winds.  
And spit defiance in the Sea.

*Ti.* Speak Lady: Look we not lovely now?

*Ros.* Yes, yes, O my Stars,  
Be now for ever blest, that have brought  
To my revenge these Robbers; take your arrowes,  
And naye these Monsters to the earth.

*Alb.* What mean ye Lady?  
In what have we offended?

*Ros.* O my daughter!  
And you companions with me in all fortunes,  
Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels,  
These were our own, when first we put to Sea  
With good *Sebastian*: and these the Pyrats  
That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,  
But also took his life.

*Cro.* Part of my present  
I will remember was mine own.

*Hip.* And these were mine.

*Ju.* Sure, I have worn this Jewel.

*Ros.* Wherefore do ye stay then,  
And not perform my command?

*Al.* O Heaven!

What cruel fate pursues us.

*Ti.* I am well enough serv'd,  
That must be off'ring Joyntures, Jewels,  
And precious stones, more than I brought with me.

*Ros.* Why shoot ye not?

*Cla.* Hear me dear Mother;  
And when the greatest cruelty, is Justice,  
Do not shew mercy: death to these starv'd wretches  
Is a reward, not punishment: let 'em live  
To undergoe the full weight of your displeasure.  
And that they may have sence to feel the torments  
They have deserv'd: allow 'em some small pittance,  
To linger out their tortures.

*Ros.* 'Tis well counsell'd.

*All.* And wee'll follow it.

*Alb.* Hear us speak.

*Ros.* Peace dogs.  
Bind 'em fast: when fury hath given way to reason,  
I will determine of their sufferings,  
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow pac'd,  
At length o'rtakes the guilty; and the wrath  
Of the incensed powers, will fall most sure  
On wicked men, when they are most secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter* Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, Saylor.

*1 Saylor.*

**H**ERE'S nothing, Sir, but poverty and hunger;  
No promise of inhabitation; neither track  
of Beast,  
Nor foot of Man: we have searcht  
All this Rocky desert, yet cannot discover any assurance  
Here is, or hath been such men.

*2 Saylor.* Not a relique of any thing they wore;  
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,  
Or to warn others from the like misfortune.  
Believe it, these fellows are both false,  
And, to get a little succor in their misery,  
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

*Ray.* The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by Pirats,  
If not by *Albert* my arch enemy.  
You told me too there was a woman with 'em.  
A young and handsome Woman.

*Sebast.* There was so Sir.

*Raym.* And such, and such young gallants.

*Nic.* We told you true, Sir,  
That they had no means to quit this Island.

*Raym.* And that amidst their mutiny to save your lives,  
You got their Ship.

*Sebast.* All is most certain, Sir.

*Raym.* Where are they then? Where are these Men  
Or Woman? we are landed where your faiths  
Did assure us, we could not miss their sights.  
For this news we took ye to our mercy,  
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine  
Strove, which should first devour ye;  
Cloath'd, and cherisht ye; us'd ye as those ye say ye are.



Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words,  
And shew us this company, your own free pitties spoke of;  
These men ye left in misery; the Woman.  
Men of those noble breedings you pretend to  
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falshood;  
Come, direct us.

*Sebast.* Alass, Sir, they are gone,  
But by what means, or providence, we know not.

*2 Sayl.* Was not the Captain  
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,  
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?

*Nic.* He was, Sir.

*Raym.* 'Twas *Albert*,  
And my poor wretched sister.

*1 Sayl.* 'Twas he certain,  
I ha been at Sea with him; many times at Sea.

*Raym.* Come, shew us these Men;  
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

*Seb.* We left 'em here; What should we say, Sir?  
Here, in this place.

*2 Sayl.* The earth cannot swallow 'em;  
They have no wings, they cannot fly sure.

*Raym.* You told us too  
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,  
That set their heart[s] a fire; we see no such thing,  
No such sign; What can ye say to purge ye?  
What have ye done with these men?

*Nic.* We, Sir?

*Raym.* You Sir;  
For certain I believe ye saw such people.

*Sebast.* By all that's good,  
By all that's pure and honest,  
By all that's holy.

*Raym.* I dare not credit ye,  
Ye have so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

*1 Sayl.* Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again Captain,  
For certain they are knaves, lets e'en deliver 'em  
To their old fruitful Farm; here let 'em walk the Island.

*Sebast.* If ye do so, we shall curse your mercies.

*Nic.* Rather put us to Sea again.

*Raym.* Not so.  
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are *Christians*,  
Though I hardly credit it: bring in the boat,  
And all aboard again, but these two wretches;  
Yet leave 'em four dayes meat. If in that time,  
(For I will search all nookes of this strange Island)  
I can discover any tract of these men,  
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honor ye;  
If not, ye have found your Graves; so farewell. [Exit.

*Nic.* That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,  
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us.

*Sebast.* Come Cousin, come; old time will end our story:  
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory. [Exit.

*Enter* Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, Juletta.

*Ros.* Use 'em with all the austerity that may be,  
They are our slaves; turn all those pitties,  
Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,

To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,  
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,  
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.  
Some five dayes hence that blessed hour comes  
Most happy to me, that knit this hand to my dear husbands,  
And both our hearts in mutual bands.  
That hour Ladies.

*Cla.* What of that hour?

*Ros.* Why, on that hour daughter,  
And in the height of all our celebrations,  
Our dear remembrances of that dear Man,  
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,  
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to vengeance,  
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.  
I will look glorious in their bloods;  
And the most Noble spirit of *Sebastian*,  
That perisht by the pride of these *French* Pirates,  
Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.  
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;  
For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,  
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage;  
Take heed, I say, she that deceives my trust,  
Again take heed: her life, and that's but light neither;  
Her life in all the tortures my spirit can put on.

*All.* We shall be careful.

*Ros.* Do so.

[*Ex. Rossella.*

*Cla.* You are angry Mother, and ye are old too,  
Forgetting what men are: but we shall temper ye.  
How fare your prisoners, Ladies? in what formes  
Do they appear in their afflictions?

*Jul.* Mine fare but poorly;  
For so I am commanded: 'tis none of their fault.

*Cla.* Of what sort are they?

*Jul.* They say they are Gentlemen.  
But they shew Mungrels.

*Cla.* How do they suffer?

*Jul.* Faith like boyes;  
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile  
They kneel, and beg to have that face continued;  
And like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on.  
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,  
Like fearful sheephounds; shew 'em a crust of bread  
They'll Saint me presently, and skip like Apes  
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like hackneys,  
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

*Cla.* Tush, these are poor things.  
Have they names like *Christians*?

*Jul.* Very fair names: *Franvile*, *Lamure*, and *Morillat*;  
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handsomely,  
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.  
They are sound too o'my conscience,  
Or very near upon't.

*Cla.* Fy, away fool.

*Jul.* They tell me,  
If they might be brought before you,  
They would reveale things of strange consequence.

*Cla.* Their base poor fears.

*Jul.* I, that makes me hate 'em too;  
For if they were but manly to their sufferance,  
Sure I should strain a point or two.

*Cla.* An hour hence I'll take a view of e'm,  
And hear their business. Are your Men thus too?

*Cro.* Mine? No, gentle Madam, mine were not cast  
In such base molds; afflictions, tortures,  
Are names and natures of delight, to my men;  
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.  
I have but two; the one they call *Du-pont*,  
*Tibalt Du-pont*; the other the Ship-master.

*Cla.* Have they not lives, and fears?

*Cro.* Lives they have Madam;  
But those lives never linkt to such companions  
As fears or doubts.

*Cla.* Use 'em Nobly;  
And where you find fit subjects for your pitties  
Let it become ye to be courteous;  
My Mother will not alwayes be thus rigorous.

*Hip.* Mine are Saylor's Madam,  
But they sleep soundly, and seldom trouble me, unless it be when  
They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;  
Then they rore and whistle for Cans of Wine,  
And down they fling me; and in that rage,  
(For they are violent fellows) they play such reaks.  
If they have meat, they thank me;  
If none, they heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.  
And this is all they care.

*Cla.* Look to 'em diligently; and where your pitties tells ye  
They may deserve, give comfort.

*All.* We will.

[*Exit.*

*Cla.* Come hither, be not frighted;

*Enter Aminta.*

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it,  
Your tender innocence assures me, Virgin,  
Ye had no share in those wrongs these men did us;  
I find ye are not hardned in such mischiefs.  
Your brother was mis-led sure,  
Fouly mis-led.

*Amin.* How much I fear these pitie!

*Cla.* Certain he was, so much I pity him;  
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him;  
Nay, for his own sake.

*Amin.* Ha!

*Cla.* For I see about him  
Women have subtill eyes, and look narrowly;  
Or I am much abus'd: many fair promises;  
Nay beyond those, [too] many shadowed virtues.

*Amin.* I think he is good.

*Cla.* I assure my self he will be;  
And out of that assurance take this comfort,  
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.  
I love your brother.

*Amin.* Madam.

*Cla.* Nay, do not take it for a dreamt of favor,  
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes;  
Indeed I love him.

*Amin.* Do ye indeed?

*Cla.* You doubt still, because ye fear his safety;  
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ere saw;  
I think the best. Ye may hear without blushes,

And give me thanks, if ye please, for my curtesie.

*Amin.* Madam, I ever must;  
Yet witness Heaven, they are hard pull'd from me.  
Believe me, Madam, so many imperfections I could find,  
(Forgive me Grace for lying) and such wants,  
('Tis to an honest use) such poverties,  
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too;  
There are a hundred handsomer; (I lie leudly)  
Your noble usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,  
That I must tell ye.

*Cla.* Come, tell your worst.

*Amin.* He is no husband for ye.  
I think ye mean in that fair way.

*Cla.* Ye have hit it.

*Amin.* I am sure ye have hit my heart.  
You will find him dangerous, Madam;  
As fickle as the flying ayr, proud, jealous,  
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful;  
I could say more, and tell ye I have a brother,  
Another brother, that so far excells this,  
Both in the ornaments of Man, and making.

*Cla.* If you were not his sister, I should doubt ye mainly;  
Doubt ye for his love, ye deal so cunningly.  
Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye with more than life,  
With my first love; be careful of me.

*Amin.* In what use, Madam?

*Cla.* In this Lady,  
Speak to him for me, you have power upon him;  
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him:  
It will become your tongue.

*Amin.* Become my grave.  
O fortune, O cursed fortune!

*Cla.* Tell him his liberty,  
And all those with him; all our wealth and Jewels.  
Good sister, for I'll call ye so.

*Amin.* I shall Lady,  
Even die, I hope.

*Cla.* Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,  
And there he lies; give him what liberty you please;  
But still conceal'd. What pleasure you shall please, Sister.  
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'l take it;  
Why do you study thus?

*Amin.* To avoid mischiefs, if they should happen.

*Cla.* Goe, and be happy for me.

*Amin.* O blind fortune;  
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,  
In what strange desolation lives he here now?  
Sure this Curtain will reveale.

*Enter Albert.*

*Alb.* Who's that? ha!  
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort.  
Or if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

*Amin.* Have ye forgot me, Sir?

*Alb.* My *Aminta*?

*Amin.* She Sir,  
That walks here up and down an empty shadow,  
One, that for some few hours  
But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,

Seeking some Desert place to lodge her griefs in.

*Alb.* Sweet sorrow welcome, welcome noble grief;  
How got you this fair liberty to see me?  
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

*Amin.* I come to counsel ye.

*Alb.* Ye are still more welcome;  
For good friends in afflictions give good Councils.  
Pray then proceed.

*Amin.* Pray eat first, ye shew faint;  
Here's Wine to refresh ye too.

*Alb.* I thank ye dear.

*Amin.* Drink again.

*Alb.* Here's to our loves.  
How, turn and weep!  
Pray pledge it: this happiness we have yet left,  
Our hearts are free. Not pledge it? Why?  
And though beneath the Axe this health were holy,  
Why do ye weep thus?

*Amin.* I come to woo ye.

*Alb.* To woo me Sweet? I am woo'd and won already,  
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.  
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.

*Amin.* I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.  
Do ye like your Meat and Wine?

*Alb.* Like it?

*Amin.* Do you like your liberty?

*Alb.* All these I well may like.

*Amin.* Then pray like her that sent 'em.  
Do ye like wealth, and most unequal'd beauty?

*Alb.* Peace, indeed you'l make me angry.

*Amin.* Would I were dead that ask it,  
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

*Alb.* What like, and who? add not more misery  
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions.  
Who is't you would have me like?  
Who sent these comforts?

*Amin.* I must tell.

*Alb.* Be bold.

*Amin.* But be you temperate.  
If you be bold I die. The young fair Virgin;  
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,  
And wisely hark, the Governess daughter:  
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,  
That blooming sweetness.

*Alb.* What of her?

*Amin.* She sent it: and with it,  
It must be out, she dotes on ye,  
And must enjoy ye: else no joy must find ye.

*Alb.* And have you the patience to deliver this?

*Amin.* A sister may say much, and modestly.

*Alb.* A sister?

*Amin.* Yes, that name undid ye;  
Undid us both: had ye nam'd Wife, she had fear'd ye;

And fear'd the sin she follow'd; She had shun'd, yea  
Her Virgin modesty had not touch'd at ye.  
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,  
I fear will hardly be extinguisht.

*Alb.* Indeed I played the fool.

*Amin.* O my best Sir, take heed,  
Take heed of lies. Truth, though it trouble some minds,  
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous:  
Yet it preserves it self, comes off pure, innocent,  
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,  
Must break in glory. O Sir, lie no more.

*Alb.* Ye have read me a fair Lecture,  
And put a spell upon my tongue for fayning.  
But how will you counsel now?

*Amin.* Ye must study to forget me.

*Alb.* How?

*Amin.* Be patient.  
Be wise and patient, it conce[r]ns ye highly.  
Can ye lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?  
Ye are a man, and man may shift affections,  
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point,  
Ye must lose me; many and mighty reasons.

*Alb.* Hear me *Aminta*,  
Have you a man that loves you too, that feeds ye,  
That sends ye liberty? Has this great Governess  
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch ye?  
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,  
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,  
My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?  
Am I for this forsaken? a new love chosen,  
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?  
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;  
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous.  
Take heed, your self, you swore you lov'd me dearly;  
No few, nor little oathes you swore *Aminta*,  
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd my self.  
O seek no new wayes to cozen truth.

*Amin.* I do not.  
By love it self I love thee,  
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it.

*Alb.* Why do you urge me thus then?

*Amin.* For your safety,  
To preserve your life.

*Alb.* My life, I do confess, is hers,  
She gives it,  
And let her take it back, I yield it.  
My loves intirely thine, none shall touch at it;  
None, my *Aminta*, none.

*Amin.* Ye have made me happy,  
And now I know ye are mine. Fortune, I scorn thee.  
Goe to your rest, and I'll sit by ye;  
Whilst I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort ye,  
For only I am trusted: you shall want nothing,  
Not a liberty that I can steal ye.

*Alb.* May we not celebrate our loves *Aminta*?  
And where our wishes cannot meet.

*Amin.* You are wanton,  
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever;  
Look for no more, and that in private too.  
Believe me, I shall blush else.  
But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

*Alb.* Let's in, and prevent fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, Master.*

*Tib.* You do well to ayre us, Ladies, we shall be musty else.  
What are your wise wills now?

*Cro.* You are very crank still.

*Tib.* As crank as a holy Fryer, fed with hail-stones.  
But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bulls?

*Mast.* Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?  
Turn us abroad again, let's jog Ladies;  
We are gross, and course, unfit for your sweet pleasures.

*Tib.* Knock off our shooes, and turn's to grass.

*Cro.* You are determined  
Still to be stubborn then: it well becomes ye.

*Tib.* An humour Lady that contents a prisoner.  
A sullen fit sometimes serves for a second course.

*Jul.* Ye may as well be kind,  
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink,  
And lodging to rest your bones.

*Tib.* My bones have bore me thus long,  
And had their share of pains and recreations;  
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

*Cro.* Are ye thus harsh to all our Sex?

*Mast.* We cannot be merry without a Fidler,  
Pray strike up your Tabors, Ladies.

*Cro.* The fools despise us.

*Jul.* We know ye are very hungry now.

*Tib.* Yes 'tis very wholsom, Ladies;  
For we that have gross bodies, must be careful  
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?  
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

*Jul.* Why slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

*Mast.* Very likely.  
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.  
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.

*Cro.* Come, be more courteous.

*Jul.* Do, and then ye shall be pleas'd, and have all necessaries.

*Tib.* Give me some Ratsbane then.

*Cro.* And why Ratsbane, Mounsieur?

*Tib.* We live like vermine here, and eat up your cheese,  
Your mouldy cheese, that none but Rats would bite at;  
Therefore 'tis just that Ratsbane should reward us.  
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;  
There is no hope of Harvest this year, Ladies.

*Jul.* Ye shall have all content.

*Mast.* I, and we'll serve your uses.  
I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;  
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;  
Just like hungry Camels, sleeping or waking  
You chew the cud still.

*Cro.* By this hand we'll starve ye.

*Mast.* 'Tis a noble courtesie.  
I had as lief ye should famish me, as founder me:  
To be jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.  
Here be certain Tarts of Tarr about me,  
And parcels of potargo in my Jerkin,

As long as these last.

*Jul.* Which will not last ever.

*Tib.* Then we'll eat one another like good fellows.  
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine.

*Jul.* 'Tis excellent.

*Tib.* 'Twill be as we'll dress it Ladies.

*Cro.* Why sure ye are not men?

*Mast.* Ye had best come search us,  
A Seaman is seldom without a salt Eele.

*Tib.* I am bad enough,  
And in my nature a notorious wench;  
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.  
Tell me good Master, didst ever see such things?

*Mast.* I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,  
If they could say no; [but fie on 'em,  
They gape like Oysters.]

*Tib.* Well, ye may hang, or starve us;  
But your commanding impudence shall never fear us.  
Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunings, crept into us,  
And shew'd us your necessities: we had met your purposes,  
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints Ladies;  
I love a good wench, as I love my life,  
And with my life I will maintain my love:  
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.  
Let's to our dens again. Come noble Master.  
You know our minds, Ladies:  
This is the faith in which we'll die.

[*Exit Tib. and Mast.*]

*Cro.* I do admire 'em.

*Jul.* They are noble fellows,  
And they shall not want, for this.

*Cro.* But see, *Clarinda* comes.  
Farewel, I'll to my charge.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Cl.* Bring out those prisoners now,  
And let me see 'em, and hear their business.

*Jul.* I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

*Cl.* I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.  
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness  
My love is ready to fling on him.  
And sure he must be glad, [and certain] wonder,  
And bless the hour that brought him to this Island.  
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

*Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, Lamure.*

*Mor.* Bless thy Divine Beauty.

*Fran.* Mirror of sweetness.

*Lam.* Ever-springing brightness.

*Cl.* Nay, Stand up Gentlemen, and leave your flatteries.

*Mor.* She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have some meat now.

*Cl.* I am a mortal creature,  
Worship Heaven, and give these attributes  
To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.

*Mor.* Oh we are starv'd, immortal beauty.

*Lam.* We are all poor starv'd knaves.



*Fran.* Neither liberty nor meat, Lady.

*Mor.* We were handsome men, and Gentlemen, and sweet men,  
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties,  
But now we look like Rogues;  
Like poor starv'd rogues.

*Cla.* What would ye do if ye were to die now?

*Fran.* Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,  
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,  
To put's in heart.

*Mor.* Or if you'll drown us,  
Let's be drunk first, that we may die merrily,  
And bless the founders.

*Cla.* Ye shall not die so hastily.  
What dare ye do to deserve my favour?

*Lam.* Put us to any service.

*Fran.* Any bondage,  
Let's but live.

*Mar.* We'll get a world of children,  
For we know ye are hainously unprovided that way;  
And ye shall beat us when we offend ye;  
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.

*Cla.* These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.  
What's the great service ye so oft have threatned,  
If ye might see me, and win my favour?

*Jul.* That business of discovery.

*Mor.* Oh, I'll tell ye Lady.

*Lam.* And so will I.

*Fran.* And I,  
Pray let me speak first.

*Mor.* Good, no confusion.  
We are before a Lady that knows manners;  
And by the next meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,  
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us.

*Cla.* Your Captains Sister, she you mean.

*Mor.* I, I, she's the business that we would open to ye.  
You are cousened in her.

*Lam.* { How, what is't you would open?

*Fran.* { She is no Sister.

*Mor.* Good Sirs how quick you are.  
She is no Sister, Madam.

*Fran.* She is his.

*Mor.* Peace I say.

*Cla.* What is she?

*Mor.* Faith, sweet Lady,  
She is, as a man would say, his.

*Cla.* What?

*Lam.* His Mistriss.

*Mor.* Or, as some new Translators read, his.

*Cla.* Oh me!

*Mor.* And why he should delude you thus,  
Unless he meant some villany? these ten weeks  
He has had her at Sea, for his own proper appetite.

*Lam.* His Cabin-mate I'll assure ye.

*Cla.* No Sister, say ye?

*Mor.* No more than I am brother to your beauty.  
I know not why he should juggle thus.

*Cla.* Do not lie to me.

*Mor.* If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.

*Cla.* How am I fool'd!  
Away with 'em *Juletta*, and feed 'em  
But hark ye, with such food as they have given me.  
New misery!

*Fran.* Nor meat nor thanks for all this. [*Exit.*

*Cla.* Make 'em more wretched.  
Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,  
Kill any thing I meet, *Juletta*, follow me,  
And call the rest along.

*Jul.* We follow, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Albert and Aminta.*

*Amint.* I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;  
How shall I answer her?

*Alb.* Tell her directly.

*Amint.* That were too suddain, too improvident;  
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly,  
They'll waste all come near 'em else.  
Farewel once more.

*Alb.* Farewel,  
And keep my love entire.  
Nay, kiss me once again, me thinks we should not part.

*Amint.* Oh be wise, Sir.

*Alb.* Nay, one kiss more.

*Amin.* Indeed you're wanton;  
We may be taken too.

*Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale, Hippolita.*

*Cla.* Out thou base woman.  
[By Heaven] I'll shoot 'em both.

*Cro.* Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;  
A suddain death cuts off a Nobler vengeance.

*Cla.* Am I made Bawd to your lascivious meetings?  
Are ye grown so wise in sin?  
Shut up that villa[ine]: and sirrah,  
Now expect my utmost anger.  
Let him there starve.

*Alb.* I mock at your mischiefs. [*Exit.*

*Cla.* Tie that false witch unto that Tree,  
There let that savage beasts  
Gnaw off her sweetness, and Snakes  
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch  
That none relieve her.

*Hip.* We could wish ye better fortune, Lady,  
But dare not help ye.

*Amin.* Be your own friends, I thank ye.  
Now only my last audit, and my greatest,  
Oh Heaven, be kind unto me,  
And if it be thy Will, preserve.

*Enter Raymond.*

*Ray.* Who is this?  
Sure 'tis a woman, I have trode this place,  
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.  
Ha, let me see! 'tis her face.  
Oh Heaven! turn this way Maid.

*Amin.* Oh *Raymond*, oh Brother.

*Raym.* Her tongue too: 'tis my Sister; what rude hand!  
Nay kiss me first, Oh joy!

*Amin.* Fly, fly dear brother,  
You are lost else.

*Jul.* A man, a man, a new man.

*Raym.* What are these?

*Enter* Juletta, Crocale, Clarinda.

*Cro.* An enemy, an enemy.

*Cla.* Dispatch him,  
Take him off, shoot him straight.

*Raym.* I dare not use my sword, Ladies,  
Against such comely foes.

*Amin.* Oh brother, brother!

*Cla.* Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em.  
One word reply'd, ye die both.  
Now brave mother, follow thy noble anger,  
And I'll help thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter* Rossella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita.

*Ros.*

I am deaf to all your intreaties: she that moves me  
For pity or compassion to these Pirates,  
Digs up her Fathers, or her Brothers Tomb,  
And spurns about their ashes.  
Couldst thou remember what a Father thou hadst once,  
'Twould steel thy heart against all foolish pity.  
By his memory, and the remembrance of his dear embraces,  
I am taught, that in a Noble cause revenge is Noble;  
And they shall fall the sacrifices to appease  
His wandring Ghost, and my incensed fury.

*Cla.* The new come prisoner too!

*Ros.* He too[. Y]et that we may learn  
Whether they are the same, or near ally'd  
To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,  
Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em  
To meet together and confer,  
Within the distance of your ear; perhaps  
They may discover something that may kill  
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em  
From certain ruine.

*C[r]o.* That shall be my charge.

*Ros.* Yet to prevent  
All hope of rescue: for this new-come Captain  
Hath both a Ship and Men not far [off] from us,  
Though ignorant to find the only Port,  
That can yield entrance to our happy Island,  
Guard the place strongly, and e'r the next Sun  
Ends his diurnal progress, I will be  
Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Crocale, Julietta, Hippolita. [A Table furnish'd.*

*Cro.* So serve it plentifully,  
And lose not time to enquire the cause;  
There is a main design that hangs upon this bounty.  
See the Table furnish't with Wine too,  
That discovers secrets which tortures cannot open:  
Open the doors too of the several prisons,  
And give all free entrance into this room.  
Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

*Enter Tib. Mast.*

Here's Captain careless, and the tough Ship-master,  
The slaves are nos'd like Vultures  
How wild they look.

*Tib.* Ha, the mystery of this,  
Some good Hobgoblin rise and reveal.

*Mast.* I'm amazed at it: nor can I sound the intent.

*Tib.* Is not this bread,  
Substantial bread, not painted?

*Mast.* But take heed,  
You may be poisoned.

*Tib.* I am sure I am famish'd;  
And famine, as the wise man says,  
Gripes the guts as much as any Mineral.  
This may be *Treacle* sent to preserve me  
After a long Fast: or be it *Vipers* spittle,  
I'll run the hazard.

*Mast.* We are past all fear, I'll take part with ye.

*Tib.* Do: and now i'faith, how d'ye feel your self?  
I find great ease in't. What's here;  
Wine, and it be thy Will;  
Strong lusty Wine. Well, fools may talk  
Of *Mythridate*, Cordials, and *Elixirs*.  
But from my youth this was my only Physick.  
Here's a colour, what Ladies cheek,  
Though cerus'd over, comes near it?  
It sparkles too: hangs out Diamonds.  
Oh my sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,  
Again, and again! They are poor drunkards,  
And not worth thy favors,  
That number thy moist kisses in these Crystals.

*Mast.* But Mounsieur,  
Here are Suckets, and sweet dishes.

*Tib.* Tush, boys meat,  
I am past it; here's strong food fit for men:  
Nectar, old lad. Mistriss of merry hearts,  
Once more I am bold with you.

*Mast.* Take heed (man)  
Too much will breed distemper.

*Tib.* Hast thou liv'd at Sea  
The most part of thy life, where to be sober  
While we have Wine aboard, is capital Treason;  
And dost thou preach sobriety?

*Mast.* Prethee forbear,  
We may offend in it; we know not for whom  
It was provided.

*Tib.* I am sure for me: therefore *footra*,  
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.

*Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Morrillat,  
Franvile, severally.*

*Mast.* This has been his temper ever.  
See, provoking dishes; candid *Eringoes*,  
And *Potatoes*.

*Tib.* I'll not touch 'em, I will drink;  
But not a bit on a march, I'll be an Eunuch rather.

*Mast.* Who are these?

*Tib.* Marry, who you will;  
I keep my Text here.

*Alb.* *Raymond!*

*Ray.* *Albert!*

*Tib.* Away, I'll be drunk alone;  
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;  
Not a drop here.

*Amint.* Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger;  
Those looks poison'd with fury, shot at him,  
Reflect on me. Oh brother, look milder, or  
The Crystal of his temperance  
Will turn 'em on your self.

*Alb.* Sir, I have sought ye long  
To find your pardon: you have plough'd the Ocean  
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape  
Of this fair Virgin. Now our fortune guides us  
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather  
A mutual pitty of our present state,  
Than to expostulate of breaches past,  
Which cannot be made up. And though it be  
Far from you[r] power, to force me to confess,  
That I have done ye wrong, or such submission  
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger;  
You being your self slav'd, as I to others:  
Yet for you[r] Sisters sake, her blessed sake,  
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd  
For my rash folly; the contagion  
Of my black actions, catching hold upon  
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;  
And wish however several motives kept us  
From being friends, while we had hope to live,  
Let death which we expect, and cannot fly from,  
End all contention.

*Tib.* Drink upon't, 'tis a good motion;  
Ratifie it in Wine, and 'tis authentical.

*Ray.* When I consider  
The ground of our long difference, and look on  
Our not to be avoided miseries,  
It doth beget in me I know not how  
A soft Religious tenderness; which tells me,  
Though we have many faults to answer for  
Upon our own account, our Fathers crimes  
Are in us punish'd. Oh *Albert*, the course  
They took to leave us rich, was not honest,  
Nor can that friendship last, which virtue joyns not.  
When first they forc'd the industrious *Portugals*,  
From their Plantations in the *Happy Islands*.

*Cro.* This is that I watch for.

*Ray.* And did omit no tyranny, which men,  
Inured to spoil, and mischief could inflict,  
On the grie[v]'d sufferers; when by lawless rapine  
They reap'd the harvest, which their Labou[rs] sow'd;  
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,  
But laid for 'em at Sea to ravish from 'em  
The last remainder of their wealth: then, then,  
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,  
As guilty of the *Portugals* escape,  
They did begin to quarrel, like [ill] men;

(Forgive me piety, that I call 'em so)  
No longer love, or correspondence holds,  
Than it is cimented with prey or profit:  
Then did they turn these swords they oft had bloodi'd  
With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,  
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty  
Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colonie,  
By being fatal enemies to each other.  
Thence grew *Amintas* rape, and my desire  
To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue:  
As they for spoil ever forgot compassion  
To women, (who should be exempted  
From the extremities of a lawful War)  
We now, young able men, are fall'n into  
The hands of Women; that, against the soft  
Tenderness familiar to their Sex,  
Will shew no mercy.

*Enter Crocale.*

*Cro.* None, unless you shew us  
Our long lost Husbands.  
We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

*Ray.* Stay,  
I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship  
Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to death.

*Tib.* Our Ship by this Wine.  
And those the rogues that stole her,  
Left us to famish in the barren Islands.

*Ray.* Some such tale they told me,  
And something of a Woman, which I find,  
To be my Sister.

*Cro.* Where are these men?

*Ray.* I left 'em,  
Supposing they had deluded me with forg'd tales,  
In the Island, where they said  
They had liv'd many years the wretched owners  
Of a huge mass of treasure.

*Alb.* The same men: and that the fatal muck  
We quarrell'd for.

*Cro.* They were *Portugals* you say.

*Ray.* So they profess'd.

*Cro.* They may prove such men as may save your lives,  
And so much I am taken with fair hope,  
That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't:  
How came you hither?

*Ray.* My ship lies by the Rivers mouth,  
That can convey ye to these wretched men,  
Which you desire to see.

*Cro.* Back to your prisons,  
And pray for the success: if they be those  
Which I desire to find, you are safe;  
If not, prepare to die to morrow:  
For the world cannot redeem ye.

*Alb.* However, we are arm'd  
For either fortune.

[*Exit.*

*Tib.* What must become of me now  
That I am not dismiss'd?

*Cro.* Oh Sir, I purpose  
To have your company.

*Ti.* Take heed wicked woman,  
I am apt to mischief now.

*Cro.* You cannot be so unkind,  
To her that gives you liberty.

*Ti.* No, I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't;  
I have had store of good wine: and when I am drunk,  
*Joan* is a Lady to me, and I shall  
Lay about me like a Lord: I feel strange motions:  
Avoid me temptation.

*Cro.* Come Sir, I'll help ye in.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.*

*Nicu.* What may that be  
That moves upon the Lake?

*Sebast.* Still it draws nearer,  
And now I plainly can discern it.  
'Tis the *French* Ship.

*Nicu.* In it a woman,  
Who seems to invite us to her.

*Sebast.* Still she calls with signs of Love to hasten to her;  
So lovely hope doth still appear:  
I feel nor age, nor weakness.

*Nicu.* Though it bring death,  
To us 'tis comfort: and deserves a meeting.  
Or else fortune tyr'd with what we have suffer'd,  
And in it overcome, as it may be,  
Now sets a period to our misery.

[*Exeunt.* [*Horid*  
*Musick.*

*Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, Aminta.*

*Ray.* What dreadful sounds are these?

*Amint.* Infernal Musick,  
Fit for a bloody Feast.

*Alb.* It seems prepar'd  
To kill our courages e'r they divorce  
Our souls and bodies.

*Ray.* But they that fearless fall,  
Deprive them of their triumph.

[*An Altar prepar'd.*

*Enter Rossillia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.*

*Amin.* See the furies,  
In their full trym of cruelty.

*Ros.* 'Tis the last  
Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord,  
Set out the Altar, I my self will be  
The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites  
You shake to think on, lead these Captains nearer,  
For they shall have the honor to fall first  
To my *Sebastian's* ashes: and now wretches,  
As I am taught already, that you are,  
And lately by your free confession,  
*French* Pirats, and the sons of those I hate,  
Even equal with the devil; hear with horror,  
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,  
And what you are to suffer, no *Amazons* we,  
But women of *Portugal* that must have from you  
*Sebastian* and *Nicusa*; we are they  
That groan'd beneath your fathers wrongs:  
We are those wretched women,  
Their injuries pursu'd, and overtook;  
And from the sad remembrance of our losses  
We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd  
From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,  
And sought a place of being; as the Seas  
And Winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,  
To load us with afflictions in a storm

That fell upon us; the two ships that brought us,  
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world  
Were severed: the one bore all the able men,  
Our Treasure and our Jewels: in the other,  
We Women were embarqu'd: and fell upon,  
After long tossing in the troubled main,  
This pleasant Island: but in few months,  
The men that did conduct us hither, died,  
We long before had given our Husbands lost:  
Remembring what we had suff' red by the *French*  
We took a solemn Oath, never to admit  
The curs'd society of men: necessity  
Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,  
And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,  
We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*  
To end our lives; but when you arriv'd here,  
And brought as presents to us, our own Jewels;  
Those which were boorn in the other Ship,  
How can ye hope to scape our vengeance?

*Amint.* It boots not then to swear our innocence?

*Alb.* Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?

*Ray.* Or that there are a remnant of that wrack,  
And not far off?

*Ros.* All you affirm, I know,  
Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats,  
The world shall not redeem ye: and that your cries  
May find no entrance to our ears,  
To move pity in any: bid loud Musick sound  
Their fatal knells; if ye have prayers use 'em quickly,  
To any power will own ye; but ha!

*Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, Tibalt.*

Who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?  
Why are their looks  
So full of Joy and Wonder?

*Cro.* Oh! lay by  
These instruments of death, and welcome  
To your arms, what you durst never hope to imbrace:  
This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam:  
Preserv'd by miracle: look up dear *Sir*,  
And know your own *Rosella*: be not lost  
In wonder and amazement; or if nature  
Can by instinct, instruct you what it is,  
To be blessed with the name of Father,  
Freely enjoy it in this fair Virgin.

*Seb.* Though my miseries,  
And many years of wants I have endur'd,  
May well deprive me of the memory  
Of all joys past; yet looking on this building,  
This ruin'd building of a heavenly form  
In my *Rosilla*; I must remember, I am *Sebastian*.

*Ros.* Oh my joyes!

*Seb.* And here,  
I see a perfect model of thy self,  
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine:  
These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with time  
Which Art cannot restore: had equal pureness,  
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:  
Which by fair order and succession,  
I see descend on her: and may thy virtues  
Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower:  
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her.  
I will not now *Rosilla*, ask thy fortunes,  
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;  
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours  
In their relation: All past wrongs forgot;  
I'm glad to see you Gentlemen; but most,



That [it] is in my power to save your lives;  
You say'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,  
And I despair not, for if she be mine,  
*Rosilla* can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

*Ros.* She does give up her self,  
Her power and joys, and all, to you,  
To be discharged of 'em as too burthensom;  
Welcome in any shape.

*Seb.* Sir, in your looks,  
I read your sute of my *Clarinda*: she is yours:  
And Lady, if it be in me to confirm  
Your hopes in this brave Gentleman,  
Presume I am your servant.

*Alb.* We thank you Sir.

*Amin.* Oh happy hour!

*Alb.* O my dear *Aminta*;  
Now all our fears are ended.

*Tib.* Here I fix: she's mettle,  
Steel to the back: and will cut my leaden dagger,  
If not us'd with discretion.

*Cro.* You are still no changling.

*Sebast.* Nay,  
All look chearfully, for none shall be  
Deny'd their lawful wishes; when a while  
We have here refresh'd our selves; we'll return  
To our several homes; and well that voyage ends,  
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends.

[*Exeunt.*

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# Wit at several weapons.

## A COMEDY.

### The Persons represented in the Play.

- Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old Knight, a great admirer of Wit.*
- Witty-pate Oldcraft, *his Fathers own Son.*
- Sir Gregory Fopp, *a witless Lord of Land.*
- Cunningham, *a discreet Gen. Sir Gregories comrade and supplanter.*
- Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decayed Knight, } Two sharking*
- Priscian, *a poor Scholar, } companions.*
- Pompey Doodle, *a clown, Sir Gregories man, a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.*
- Mr. Credulous, *Nephew to Sir Perfido[u]s, a shallow-brain'd Scholar.*

### WOMEN.

- Neece *to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty Heir.*
- Lady Ruinous, *Wife to Sir Ruinous.*
- Guardianess, *to Sir Perfidious his Neece, an old doting Crone.*
- Mirabell, *the Guardianesses Neece.*

### The Scene, London.

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#### *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft an old Knight, and  
Witty-pate his Son.*

*Witty.*

**S**ir, I'm no boy, I'm deep in one and twenty,  
The second years approaching.

*Old K.* A fine time

For a youth to live by his wits then I should think,  
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

*Witty.* Wits, Sir?

*Old K.* I Wits Sir, if it be so strange to thee,  
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,  
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better;  
Thou knowst all that I have, I ha' got by my wits,  
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;  
It grieves me thou art so degenerate  
To trouble me for means, I never offer'd it  
My Parents from a School-boy, past nineteen once,  
See what these times are grown to, before twenty  
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed  
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't  
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,  
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,  
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,  
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;  
Well he may make a padler i'th' world,  
From hand to mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,  
Born up by th' chin, as I bore up my self,  
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;  
For he that lies born up with Patrimonies,  
Looks like a long great Ass that swims with bladders,  
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him  
He sinks, because he never try'd to swim  
When Wit plaies with the billows that choak'd him.

*Witty.* Why is it not a fashion for a Father, Sir,  
Out of his yearly thousands to allow  
His only Son, a competent brace of hundreds;  
Or such a toy?

*Old K.* Yes, if he mean to spoil him,  
Or mar his wits he may, but never I,  
This is my humor, Sir, which you'll find constant;

I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,  
 That I'll give no man power out of my means to hurt it,  
 And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,  
 Which great ones oft forget; I admire much  
 This Ages dulness, when I scarce writ man,  
 The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,  
 I lay intelligencer close for wenching,  
 Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate  
 Of all the Maiden-heads extant, how many lay  
 'Mongst Chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange [Wenches,]  
 Though never many there I must confess  
 They have a trick to utter Ware so fast;  
 I knew which Lady had a mind to fall,  
 Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman breaking,  
 The price of every sinner to a hair,  
 And where to raise each price; which were the Tearmers,  
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,  
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and Half Crowns;  
 I knew how to match, and make my market.  
 Could give intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,  
 And then to see the Letchers shift a point,  
 'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun  
 Their ador'd Mistriss chambers, and run fearfully,  
 Like Rats from burning houses, so brought I  
 My Clyents[a] the game still safe together,  
 And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.  
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,  
 And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.  
 When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then  
 In mens opinions too, and confidences,  
 They put things call'd Executorships upon me,  
 The charge of Orphans, little senseless creatures,  
 Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,  
 To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,  
 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,  
 So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise ungently,  
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,  
 I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,  
 I hold my humor firm, if I can see thee thrive by  
 Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage  
 To trust thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,  
 The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:  
 For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich children  
 Of the City, conclude in beggery, I'de rather  
 Make a wise stranger my Executor, then a foolish  
 Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my  
 Wit, than after my name; and that's my nature.

*Witty.* 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then?  
 I come brave Cheats, once to my trade agen.  
 And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't,  
 You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

*Old K.* Not a jot, Sir.

*Witty.* If I should ask you blessing e'r I goe, Sir,  
 I think you would not give't me.

*Old K.* Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once  
 Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,  
 Then why should I take care for thee?

*Witty.* 'Thank your bounty.

[*Exit.*

*Old K.* So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,  
 As I do love the man that lives by his wits,  
 He comes so near my nature; I'm grown old now,  
 And even arriv'd at my last cheat I fear me,  
 But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,  
 And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,  
 And never trouble any Interest money:  
 I've yet a Neece to wed, over whose steps  
 I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianess,  
 For fear some poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,  
 To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;  
 To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,

*Fop of Fop-Hall*, he writes himself, I take it,  
The antient'st *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately  
Compounded for the third part of her portion.

*Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cuningham.*

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts rest with me,  
He's come; *Sir Gregory*, welcome, what's he *Sir*?

*Sir Greg.* Young *Cuningam*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,  
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my kindred,  
Ever since my remembrance; he's a wit indeed,  
And we all strive to have him, nay, 'tis certain  
Some of our name has gone to Law for him;  
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed  
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are,  
But I will give him over when I list,  
I ha' us'd wits so before.

*Old K.* I hope when y'are married *Sir*, you'll shake him off.

*Sir Greg.* Why what do you take me to be, old Fatheri'Law that shall be, do  
you think I'll have any of the *Wits* hang upon me, after I am married once?  
none of my kindred ever had before me; but where's this Neece? is't a fashion  
in *London*, to marry a woman and never see her?

*Old K.* Excuse the niceness, *Sir*, that care's your frien[d],  
Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her;  
There's many a *spent thing* call'd, *and't like your honor*,  
That lies in wait for her, at first snap she's a Countess,  
Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman,  
Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* buttocks,  
This whets him on.

*Sir Greg.* Pray let's clap up the business, *Sir*,  
I long to see her, are you sure you have her,  
Is she not there already[?] Hark, oh hark.

*Old K.* How now, what's that *Sir*?

*Sir Greg.* Every Caroach goes by,  
Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.

*Old K.* I'll have that doubt eas'd, *Sir*,  
Instantly eas'd, *Sir Gregory*, and now I think on't  
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there,  
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,  
And put a trick upon her, I love Wit pretiously,  
You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your friend first,  
If't please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

*Sir Gr.* Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his supper  
Lies i'my breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

*Old K.* Then come you forth more unexpectedly  
The Mask it self, a thousand a year joynture,  
The cloud, your frien[d] will be then drawn away,  
And only you the beauty of the Play.

*Sir Gr.* For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers,  
Let but your Neece bring White, and we have three colours. [Exit *Sir Greg.*

*Old K.* I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, *Sir*.

*Cuning.* I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, *Sir*.

*Old K.* Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, *Sir*;  
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a *Wit*.

*Cun.* Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know so much.

*Old K.* A pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* spark  
Had rather lose his dinner than his jest,  
I say I love a *Wit* the best of all things.

*Cun.* Always except your self.

*Old K.* Has giv'n't me twice now.

*Enter Neece and Guardianess.*

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit  
I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neece,  
You know the business with her.

*Cun.* With a Woman?  
'Tis ev'n the very same it was I'm sure  
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

*Old K.* This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neece,  
To present to your affection.

*Cun.* ['W]are that Arrow.

*Old K.* Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

*Cun.* I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game  
Should be found out as I am.

*Old K.* Go set to her Sir—ha, ha, ha.

*Cun.* How noble is this virtue in you, Lady,  
Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters  
On your dull servants which truly tasted  
Conclude all in comforts.

*Old K.* Puh.

*Neece.* It rather shews what a true worth can make,  
Such as yours is.

*Old K.* And that's not worth a groat,  
How like you him Neece?

*Neece.* It shall appear how well, Sir,  
I humbly thank you for him.

*Old K.* Hah? ha, good gullery, he does it well i'faith,  
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there:  
Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your part hangs too long.

*Cun.* My joys are mockeries.

*Neece.* Y'have both exprest a worthy care and love, Sir,  
Had mine own eye been set at liberty,  
To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir)  
It could not ha' done better for my heart  
Than your good providence has.

*Old K.* You will say so then,  
Alas sweet Neece, all this is but the scabbard,  
Now I draw forth the weapon.

*Neece.* How?

*Old K.* Sir *Gregory*,  
Approach thou lad of thousands.

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

*Sir Gr.* Who calls me?

*Neece.* What motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

*Old K.* Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

*Sir Gr.* I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

*Neece.* You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counsel;  
You may have good for an Angel, the least cost  
You can bestow upon a woman, Sir  
Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware,  
Y'are over head and ears, e'r you be aware,  
Faith keep a batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir,  
Follow your Mistriss there, and prick and save, Sir;  
For other Mistresses will make you a slave, Sir.

*Sir Gr.* So, so, I have my lerrepopo already.

*Old K.* Why how now *Neece*, this is the man I tell you.

*Neece.* He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,  
This is the man you would say.

*Old K.* The Devil rides I think.

*Cun.* I must use cunning here.

*Old K.* Make me not mad, use him with all respect,  
This is the man I swear.

*Neece.* Would you could perswade me to that;  
Alass, you cannot go beyond me Uncle,  
You carry a Jest well, I must confess,  
For a man of your years, but—

*Old K.* I'm wrought beside my self.

*Cun.* I never beheld comliness till this minute.

*Guar.* Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words  
To an old Gentlewoman.

*Neece.* Sir.

*Cun.* Away fifteen,  
Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

*Neece.* What's the business?

*Cun.* Give me these motherly creatures, come, ne'er smother it,  
I know you are a teeming woman yet.

*Guard.* Troth a young Gent. might do much I think, Sir.

*Cun.* Go too then.

*Guard.* And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

*Neece.* Can you so soon neglect me!

*Cun.* Hence I'm busie.

*Old K.* This cross point came in luckily, impudent baggage.  
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not asham'd  
To be a Widows hind'rance?

*Cun.* Are you angry, Sir?

*Old K.* You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire  
Your honest wise acquaintance; vex me not  
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,  
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,  
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,  
Like a consuming Light in her own socket,  
And not allow'd a male creature about thee;  
A very Monky, thy necessity  
Shall prize at a thousand pound, a Chimney sweeper  
At Fifteen hundred.

*Neece.* But are you serious, Uncle?

*Old K.* Serious.

*Neece.* Pray let me look upon the Gentleman  
With more heed; then I did but hum him over  
In haste, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery sheets;  
Beshrew my blood, a tollerable man,  
Now I distinctly read him.

*Sir Gr.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Neece.* Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch,  
Well ankled, two good confident calves, they look  
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;  
The redness i'th face, why that's in fashion,  
Most of your high bloods have it, sign of greatness marry;

'Tis to be taken down too with *May*-butter,  
I'll send to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.

*Sir Gr.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

*Neece.* He's qualified too, believe me.

*Sir Gr.* Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

*Neece.* Where was my judgement?

*Sir Gr.* Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

*Neece.* Perfections cover'd mess.

*Sir Gr.* Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

*Neece.* It smoaks apparantly, pardon sweet Sir,  
The error of my Sex.

*Old K.* Why, well [s]aid Neece,  
Upon submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

*Sir Gr.* I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an ass, Knight?  
Here's first my hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.

*Old K.* Formally finisht, how goes this Suit forward?

*Cun.* I'm taking measure of the Widows mind, Sir,  
I hope to fit her heart.

*Guard.* Who would have dreamt  
Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes.

*Sir Gr.* Trust him not Widow, he's a younger brother,  
He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

*Guard.* He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,  
Than he that brings his thousands without any thing,  
We have presidents for that amongst great Ladies.

*Old K.* Come, come, no language now shall be in fashion,  
But your Love-phrase, the bell to procreation.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.*

*Witty.* Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth,  
This last illiterate share, there's no conscience in't.

*Ruin.* Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd, and must be.  
Still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the years  
End, and shuffle the Almanack together, vacations and  
Term-times, one with another, though I say't, my wife is a  
Woman of a good spirit, then it is no lay-share.

*Pris.* Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have had  
A hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much  
As I always.

*Witty.* Present, or not present?

*Pris. Residens aut non residens, per fidem.*

*Witty.* And what president's this for me? because your *Hic & hac, Turpis* and  
*Qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never got any thing but by accident and  
uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of  
wit, hereditary rules from my Father to get by—

*Ruin.* Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will 'bate no token of my  
wives share, make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here  
divide company.

*Pris.* A good resolution, *profecto*, let every man beg his own way, and happy  
man be his dole.

*Witty.* Well, here's your double share, and single brains *Pol, œdipol*, here's  
toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by  
these just five ends.—

*Pris.* Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together, or severally, they are all

odd unjust ends.

*Witty. Medius fi[d]jius*, hold your tongue, I depose you from half a share presently else, I will make you a participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo* together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

*Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.*

*Ruin.* Enough, enough, here comes company, we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

*Witty.* My Father, put on *Priscian*, he has *Latine* fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my face with a little more hair and relieve.

*Old K.* Tush Nephew (I'll call you so) for if there be  
No other obstacles than those you speak of  
They are but Powder-charges without pellets,  
You may safely front 'em; and warrant your own danger.

*Sir Gr.* No other that I can perceive i'faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that (if need were) should defend her reputation.

*Old K.* And surely, Sir, that is a principle  
Amongst your principal Ladies, they require  
Valour, either in a friend or a Husband.

*Sir Gr.* And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any womans heart can desire, if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

*Old K.* Breaths, breaths Sir, that's the sweeter phrase.

*Sir Gr.* Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in  
Practise that way.

*Old K.* For a Soldier, I grant it.

*Sir Gr.* 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

*Ruin.* Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd.

*Sir Gr.* And some Scholar she would have me besides,  
Tush, that shall be no bar, 'tis a quality in a  
Gentleman, but of the least question.

*Pris. Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

*Old K. Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere,*  
Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other metall in us too.  
Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.

*Sir Gr.* I could find in my heart to talk with him too,  
If I could understand him.

*Pris. Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia.*  
*Charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me jejunum*  
*Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem.*

*Old K.* A pretty Scholar by my faith, Sir, but I'll to him agen.

*Sir Gr.* Does he beg or steal in this Language, can you tell Sir?  
He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er  
The wiser.

*Old K.* He begs, he begs, Sir.

*Pris. Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore*  
*Fames sitisq; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,*  
*In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.*

*Old K. Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo,*  
*Ego faciam argumentum,* mark now Sir, now I fetch  
Him up.

*Sir Gr.* I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,  
Yet I could never learn half so much.



*Old K. Audi, & responde, hoc est Argumentum, nomen est Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, Responde argumentum meum. Have I not put him to't, Sir?*

*Sir Gr.* Yes Sir, I think so.

*Witty.* Step in, the rascal is put out of his pen'd Speech,  
And he can go no farther.

*Old K. Cur non respondes?*

*Pris. Oh Domine, tanta mea est miseria.*

*Witty.* So, he's almost in agen.

*Pris. Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitat.*

*Old K. Sed quod est tibi nomen: & quis dedit? Responde Argumentum.*

*Pris.* Hem, hem.

*Witty.* He's dry he hems, on quickly.

*Ruin.* Courteous Gentlemen, if the brow of a Military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a Soldier.

*Old K.* How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

*Ruin.* Such is the Post-progress of cold charity now a-days, who (for heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

*Sir G.* Sir, lets reward um I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them, his Iron and Steel tongue is as hard as the t'others *Latine* one.

*Old K.* Stay, stay Sir I will talk a little with him first,  
Let me alone with both, I will try whether they  
Live by their wits or no; for such a man I love,  
And what? you both beg together then?

*Pris. Coniunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.*

*Ruin.* With equal fortunes, equal distribution, there's not the breadth of a swords point uneven in our division.

*Sir Gr.* What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows, if a man had um that could maintain um? what a double man were that, if these two fellows might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

*Old K.* Come Sir, joyn your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence bewixt us.

*Sir Gr.* If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

*Witty.* Save you Gentlemen, how now? what are you encount'red here? what fellows are these?

*Old K.* Faith Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle um a new fire.

*Witty.* Stay, pray you stay Sir, you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice; so many deceivers walk in these shadows now a days; that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

*Ruin.* He that professes his own profession, Sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it, this pair of half score years.

*Witty.* In what services have you been, Sir?

*Ruin.* The first that flesht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell, and where that royal *Portugal Sebastian* ended his untimely days.

*Witty.* Are you sure *Sebastian* died there?

*Ruin.* Faith Sir, there was some other rumour hop't amongst us, that he,

wounded, escap'd, and toucht on his Native shore agen, where finding his Countrey at home more distrest by the invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

*Witty*. By my faith Sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

*Ruin*. Since Sir, I serv'd in *France*, the *Low Countreys*, Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home from his resolution, a double honor to his Countrey.

*Witty*. This should be no counterfeit, Sir.

*Old K*. I do not think he is, Sir.

*Witty*. But Sir, me thinks you do not shew the marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scarrs to be your chronicle?

*Ruin*. Sir, I have wounds, and many, but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

*Witty*. A good Soldier cannot want those badges.

*Sir Greg*. Now am not I of your mind in that, for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best, alwaies at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

*Witty*. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar too,  
To ask you why you should be poor (yet richly learn'd)  
Were no question, at least, you can easily  
Answer it; but whether you have learning enough,  
To deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is  
Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be tryed;  
You have the Languages, I mean the chief,  
As the *Hebrew*, *Syriack*, *Greek*, *Latine*, &c.

*Pris*. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.*

*Old K*. The *Latine* I have sufficiently tried him in,  
And I promise you Sir, he is very well grounded.

*Witty*. I will prove him in some of the rest.  
*Toi[s] miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?*

*Pris*. *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi Asinisoy.*

*Witty*. *Cheateron ton biton?*

*Pris*. *Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo to peeso.*

*Witty*. Certainly Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the *Greek*.

*Old K*. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.

*Sir Greg*. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out ten years siege (as 'tis reported) against the *Greeks*, if *Achilles* spoke but this tongue? I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a seven-night, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

*Witty*. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack*. *Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

*Pris*. *Hashagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.*

*Witty*. *Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.*

[*Pris*.] *Napshamothem Ribs[h]e bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

*Witty*. Gentlemen I have done, any man that can, go farther, I confess my self at a *Nonplus*.

*Sir Greg*. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my farthest in my natural language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard fortune.

*Witty*. Well Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should have such a scarcity of fortune's benefits, we must blame our Ironhearted age for it.

*Old K*. 'Tis pity indeed, and our pity shall speak a little, for 'em; Come Sir, here's my groat.

*Witty*. A Groat Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self, I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my wits to live on.

*Old K.* Troth and I love you the better, Sir.

*Witty.* Yet I'll begin a better example than so, here fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were here heavier for your sakes, there's a pair of Angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

*Pris.* *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.*

*Old K.* This is an ill example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to day.

*Sir Gr.* Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Soldier or Scholar while I live; here friends, there's a piece, that if he were divided, would make a pair of Angels for me too, in the love I bear to the Sword and the Tongues.

*Old K.* My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you, this bounty is a little abatement of my wit, though I feel that.

*Ruin.* May soldiers ever defend such charities.

*Pris.* And Scholars pray for their increase.

*Old K.* Fare you well, Sir, these fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your wits, if you use this bounty, you'll begger your wits, believe it.

*Witty.* Oh Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this seed never wants his harvest, fare you well, Sir. [Exit.]

*Sir Gr.* I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Begger sometimes, I could find in my heart to beg half mine back agen, can you change my piece my friends?

*Pris.* *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

*Sir Gr.* My Gold is turn'd into *Latine*.

*Enter Witty-pate.*

Look you good fellows, here's one round  
Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

*Old K.* Sir, away, we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

*Sir Gr.* A pox of the Fool, he live by his wits? if his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals very shortly, I'll be hang'd for him.

*Ruin.* This breakfast parcel was well fetcht off i'faith. [Exeunt the  
two Knights.]

*Witty.* Tush, a by-blow for mirth, we must have better purchase, we want a fourth for another project that I have ripen'd.

*Ruin.* My wife she shares, and can deserve it.

*Witty.* She can change her shape, and be masculine.

*Ruin.* 'Tis one of the free'st conditions, she fears not the crack of a Pistol, she dares say Stand to a Grazier.

*Pris.* *Probatum fuit, profecto Domine.*

*Witty.* Good, then you Sir *Bacchus*, *Apollo* shall be dispatcht with her share, and some contents to meet us to morrow (at a certain place and time appointed) in the Masculine Gender, my Father has a Nephew, and I an own Cosin coming up from the University, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master *Credulous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meer *Academique* is) your Carrier never misses his hour, he must not be rob'd (because he has but little to lose) but he must joyn with us in a devise that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his profest wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

*Pris.* *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

*Witty.* A male habit, a bag of an hunder'd weight, though it be Counters (for my *Alchemy* shall turn 'em into Gold of my Fathers) the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down, and Father, you shall know, that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by;

And to confirm your self in me renate,  
I hope you'll find my wits legitimate.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Lady and Servants.*

*Serv.*

**N**AY Lady.

*Lady.* Put me not in mind on't, prethee,  
You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,  
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction  
To have that name remembred; 'tis a Title  
That misery mocks us by, and the worlds malice,  
Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work  
On humble Callings; they are safe, and lye  
Level with pittty still, and pale distress  
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when fortune  
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,  
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,  
And our worst enemy than that most abuses us,  
Is that we are call'd by, Lady, Oh my spirit,  
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,  
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,  
Until I look into the world agen,  
Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,  
To see how many muckhils plac'd above me;  
Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghils,  
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,  
Glistring by night like Glow-worms through the High streets  
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans hands  
That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,  
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,  
Nay sometimes danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,  
And earn my supper manfully e'r I get it,  
Many a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

*Enter Priscian.*

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.  
Hah, what are you?

*Pris.* Now you may tell your self, Lady.

*[Pulls off's beard.*

*Lady.* Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the project,  
For you n'er come without one.

*Pris.* First, your Husband,  
Sir *Ruinous Gentry* greets you with best wishes,  
And here has sent you your full share by me  
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

*Lady.* And what comes it too?

*Prisc.* Near upon thirteen pound.

*Lady.* A goodly share,  
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,  
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chambermaid,  
Here's precious lifting.

*Pris.* 'Las you must consider, Lady,  
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha small doings yet,  
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha little,  
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,  
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highgate*,  
But there's a fair hope now for a present hunder'd,  
Here's mans Apparel, your Horse stands at door.

*Lady.* And what's the virtuous plot now?

*Prisc.* Marry Lady,  
You, like a brave young Gallant must be robb'd.

*Lady.* I robb'd?

*Pris.* Nay then—

*Lady.* Well, well, go on, let's hear Sir.

*Pris.* Here's a seal'd bag of a Hunder'd, which indeed

Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats  
Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

*Lady.* So, what Saddle have I?

*Pris.* Monsieur *Laroon's* the *Frenchmans*.

*Lady.* That agen,  
You know so well it is not for my stride,  
How oft have I complain'd on't?

*Pris.* You may have [*Jockey's*] then, the little *Scotch* one,  
You must dispatch.

[*Exit Pris.*

*Lady.* I'll soon be ready, Sir,  
Before you ha shifted Saddles, many Women  
Have their wealth flow to 'em, I was made I see  
To help my fortune, not my fortune me.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Cuningam.*

*Cun.* My ways are Goblin-led, and the night-Elf  
Still draws me from my home, yet I follow,  
Sure, 'tis not altogether fabulous,  
Such Hags do get dominion of our tongues  
So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;  
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,  
As my best wits can hardly clear agen;  
Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,  
With purpose that my harmony shall reach  
And please the Ladies ear, she stops below,  
And ecchoes back my Love unto my Lips,  
Perswaded by most violent arguments  
Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,  
To doat upon her hunder'd wrinkl'd face;  
I could beggar her to accept the gifts  
She would throw upon me; 'twere charity,  
But for pities sake I will be a niggard  
And undo her, refusing to take from her;  
I'm haunted agen, if it take not now  
I'll break the Spell.

*Enter Guardianess.*

*Guard.* Sweet *Cuningam*, welcome;  
What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests  
Have care to keep 'em.

*Cun.* That's granted,  
But not continually to sit upon 'em;  
Less in the youngling season, else they desire  
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours,  
Then they return with fresher appetite  
To work agen.

*Guard.* Well, well, you have built a Nest  
That will stand all storms, you need not mistrust  
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be  
The youngling season too, then I hope  
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

*Cun.* There will be pains,  
I see to shake this Burr off, and sweetest,  
Prethee how fares thy charge? has my good friend  
Sir *Gregory*, the countenance of a Lover?

*Guard.* No by my troth, not in my mind, methinks  
(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a fool.

*Cun.* Nay i'faith, ne'r divide his Worship from him for that  
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such  
Strangers now adaaies, but my meaning is,  
Has he thy Ladies countenance of Love?  
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,  
Have they as good hope of one another,  
As *Cupid* bless us, we have?

*Guard.* Troth I know not,  
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge,  
But I protest I wish the Knight better  
For your sake, Bird.

*Cun.* Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my heart I wish,  
That he had as strong and likely hope of her  
As thou hast of me.

*Guard.* Well, he's like to speed  
Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you  
Bird (for secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)  
My charge thinks well of you.

*Cun.* Of me? for what?

*Guard.* For my sake, I mean so, I have heard her  
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her  
The first bob about you, that she'd doe somewhat  
For my sake, if things went well together,  
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things and things,  
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find  
Some advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

*Cun.* Faith be not sparing, tell me.

*Guard.* By my Lady  
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame  
If men should hear all that women speak behind  
Their backs sometimes.

*Cun.* You must give me leave yet,  
At least to give her thanks.

*Guard.* Nor that neither,  
She must not take [a] notice of my blabbing,  
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,  
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,  
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

*Cun.* How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,  
Not to repay her with my dearest duty.

*Guard.* I, but you must not know it, if you tell  
All that I open to you; you'll shame us both;  
A far off you may kiss your hand, blush or so,  
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

*Cun.* Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.

*Guard.* Jealous? why there's no true love without it, Bird,  
I must be jealous of thee, but for her,  
(Were it within my duty to my Master)  
I durst trust her with the strongest temp[t]er,  
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin  
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage bed;  
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

*Cun.* And where's the cause of your fear then?

*Guard.* Well, well;  
When things are past, and the wedding Torches  
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,  
Then I'll tell you more.

*Cun.* Come, come, I see farther,  
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

*Guard.* I protest I should a little, but not of her  
It is the married woman (if you mark it)  
And not the Maid that longs, the appetite  
Follows the first taste, when we have relisht  
We wish cloying, the taste once pleas'd before,  
Then our desire is whetted on to more,  
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

*Cun.* Not a whit i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,

I am beholding for bettering of my knowledg.

*Guard.* Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd  
But make not things common.

*Cun.* Ud' so, your Lady?

*Guard.* I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,  
Our familiarity is her content.

*Enter Neece and Clown.*

*Nee.* This present from Sir *Greg[o]ry*?

*Clow.* From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir *Greg[o]ry Fop*.

*Nee.* A Ruffe? and what might be his high conceit  
In sending of a Ruff?

*Clow.* I think he had two conceits in it forsooth, too high too Low, Ruff high,  
because as the Ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he desire to  
throw his Knightly Arms.

*Nee.* But then I leave him off a-nights.

*Clow.* Why then he is ruffe low, a ruffian, a bold adventurous errand to do any  
rough service for his Lady.

*Nee.* A witty and unhappy conceit, does he mean  
As he seems to say unto that reverence? [Toward Cuning.]  
He does wooe her sure.

*Clow.* To tell [you] truth, Lady, his conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it  
yet.

*Nee.* Do you think so, Sir?

*Clow.* Nay, I know it forsooth, for it was two days, e'r he compass'd it, to find  
a fitting present for your Ladyship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to  
you.

*Nee.* And that he would have brought himself.

*Clow.* So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his device, and sent this Ruffe;  
requesting withall, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own hands)  
would bestow the starching of it.

*Nee.* Else she wooes him, now his eyes shoots this way;  
And what was the reason for that, Sir? [Toward Cun.]

*Clow.* There lies his main conceit, Lady, for says he, In so doing she cannot  
chuse but in the starching, to clap it often between her hands, and so she  
gives a great liking and applause to my Present, whereas, if I should send a  
Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hist, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace,  
he drew the device from a Play, at the *Bull* tother day.

*Nee.* I marry Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

*Clow.* And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

*Guard.* How now? which way look you, Bird?

*Cun.* At the Fool Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

*Guard.* At the Fool and I here? what need that? pray look this way.

*Nee.* I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake  
His wits (if he have any,) or force him  
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)  
Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true  
That I shall aske you now, Was this device  
Your Masters own? I doubt his wit in it;  
He's not so ingen[i]us.

*Clow.* His own I assure you, Madam.

*Nee.* Nay, you must not lye.

*Clow.* Not with a Lady, I'd rather lye with you, than lie with my Master, by  
your leave in such a case as this.

*Guard.* Yet agen your eye?

*Cun.* The fool makes mirth i'faith,  
I would hear some.

*Guard.* Come, you shall hear none but me.

*Nee.* Come hither, friend, nay, come nearer me; did  
Thy Master send thee to me? he may be wise,  
But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes  
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't;  
Was *Vulcan* ever so unwise to send *Mars*  
To be his spokesman, when he went a wooing?  
Send thee? hey-ho, a pretty rowling eye.

*Clow.* I can turn up the white and the black too, and need be forsooth.

*Nee.* Why, here's an amor[o]us nose.

[*Clow.*] You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

*Nee.* A cheek, how I could put it now in dalliance,  
A pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd,  
I could suck Sugar from 'em, what a beard's here!  
When will the Knight thy Master have such a  
Stamp of manhood on his face? nay, do not blush.

*Clow.* 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

*Cun.* 'Death, she courts the fool.

*Guard.* Away, away, 'tis sport, do not mind it.

*Nee.* Give me thy hand, come, be familiar;  
[I, h]ere's a promising palm; what a soft  
Handful of pleasure's here, here's Down compar'd  
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knights fingers  
Are lean matrice rubbers to these Feathers,  
I prethee let me lean my cheek upon't.  
What a soft pillow's here!

*Clow.* Hum, umh, hu, hum.

*Neece.* Why there's a courage in that lively passion,  
Measure thee all o'r, there's not a limb  
But has his full proportion, it is my voice,  
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,  
The goodlier man [by] half, at once now  
I see thee all over.

*Clow.* If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back, you would have sed  
you had seen, there was two Chambermaids that saw me, and my legs by  
chance were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I was hang'd, they  
cried out, Oh help the man for fear he be drown'd.

*Neece.* They could do no less in pity, come thine arm, we'll walk together.

*Cun.* Blindness of Love and Women, why she dotes upon the fool.

*Guard.* What's that to you, mind her not.

*Cun.* Away you Burr.

*Guard.* How's that?

*Cun.* Hang of Fleshook, fasten thine itchy claspe  
On some dry Toad-stool that will kindle with thee,  
And burn together.

*Guard.* Oh abominable,  
Why do you not love me?

*Cun.* No, never did;  
I took thee down a little way to  
Enforce a Vomit from my offended stomach,  
Now thou'rt up agen, I loath thee filthily.

*Guard.* Oh villain.

*Cun.* Why dost thou not see a sight.  
Would make a man abjure the sight of Women.

*Neece.* Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha.

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha.



*Neece.* Why dost thou laugh?

*Clow.* Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

*Cun.* She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not  
The bosome of my purpose, some other way,  
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit  
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit.

[*Exit.*]

*Neece.* Yes introth, I laught to think of thy Master,  
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

*Clow.* By my troth I laugh at him too, faith sirrah, he's but a fool to say the  
truth, though I say't, that should not say't.

*Neece.* Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee;  
Well, for this time we'll part, you perceive something,  
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness,  
But pray be silent.

*Clow.* As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

*Neece.* Look, we are cut off, there's my hand where my  
Lips would be.

*Clow.* I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

*Neece.* Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.

*Guard.* Oh Lady, never was woman so abus'd.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clow.* Dost thou hear Lady, sweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will, I  
will come back in the evening.

*Neece.* By no means, come not till I send for you.

*Clow.* If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone, I may be  
convey'd into your chamber, I'll lye under the bed while midnight, or so, or  
you shall put me up in one of your little boxes, I can creep in at a small hole.

*Neece.* These are things I dare not venture, I charge you on my love, never  
come till I send for you.

*Clow.* *Verbum insipienti*, 'tis enough to the wise, nor I think it is not fit the  
Knight should know any thing yet.

*Neece.* By no means, pray you go now, we are suspected.

*Clow.* For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

*Neece.* Now I'll make a firm trial of your love,  
As you love me, not a word more at this time,  
Not a syllable, 'tis the seal of love, take heed.

*Clow.* Hum, hum, hum, hum—  
He humhs loath to depart.

[*Exit Clown.*]

*Neece.* So, this pleasant trouble's gone, now Guardianess,  
What? your eyes easing your heart, the cause woman?

*Guard.* The cause is false man, Madam, oh Lady,  
I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle,  
A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't,  
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

*Neece.* And justly serv'd,  
Wouldst thou once think that such an [erring] spring  
Would dote upon thine Autumn?

*Guard.* Oh, had you heard him but protest.

*Neece.* I would not have believ'd him,  
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly.  
In wanton imitation with the Fool,  
Go weep the sin of thy credulity,  
Not of thy loss, for it was never thine,  
And it is gain to miss it; wert thou so dull?  
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable,  
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not

The prey, the stale to catch another Bird with.

*Guard.* Indeed he call'd me Bird.

*Neece.* Yet thou perceiv'st not,  
It is your Neece he loves, wouldst thou be made  
A stalking Jade? 'tis she examine it,  
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path  
Over unbeaten grounds, go level to the mark,  
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing,  
And rare's but seldom in the simple sence,  
But has her *Emphasis* with eminence.

[*Exit.*

*Guard.* My Neece? she the rival of my abuse?  
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

*Enter* Mirabel.

Oh opportunity, thou blessest me  
Now Gentlewoman are you parted so soon?  
Where's your friend I pray? your *Cuningam*?

*Mir.* What say you Aunt?

*Guard.* Come, come, your *Cuningame*?  
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

*Mir.* Dumb I am sure you are not, what ail you Aunt?  
Are you not well?

*Guard.* No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor sleeping, nor waking, nor  
nothing, nor any thing; I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

*Mir.* Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

*Guard.* I mean to be reveng'd.

*Mir.* On whom?

*Guard.* On thee Baggage.

*Mir.* Revenge should follow injury,  
Which never reacht so far as thought in me  
Towards you Aunt.

*Guard.* Your cunning, minion,  
Nor your *Cuningame*; can either blind me,  
The gentle Beggar loves you.

*Mir.* Beseech you,  
Let me stay your error, I begin to hear,  
And shake off my amazement; if you think  
That ever any passage treating love  
Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any  
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,  
So much as Brother and Sister might meet with,  
The Lip-salute, so much as strangers might  
Take a farewell with, the commixed hands,  
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these;  
In troth you wrong your bosom, by that truth  
(Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me,  
If it were offer'd ye) I am as free  
As all this protestation.

*Guard.* May I believe this?

*Mir.* If ever you'll believe truth: why, I thought he had  
spoke love to you, and if his heart prompted his tongue, sure  
I did hear so much.

*Guard.* Oh falsest man, *Ixion's* plague fell on me,  
Never by woman (such a *masculine* cloud)  
So airy and so subtle was embrac'd.

*Mir.* By no cause in me, by my life dear Aunt.

*Guard.* I believe you, then help in my revenge,  
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever,  
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon,  
Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires

With all the Engines of a womans wit,  
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;  
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;  
And when thou hast him by th' amorous gills,  
Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,  
Then let his banquetings be *Tantalisme*,  
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out;  
Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,  
To see him burn to ashes in his love.

*Mir.* This will be a strange taste, Aunt, and an  
Unwilling labour, yet in your injunction  
I am a servant to't.

*Guard.* Thou'lt undertak't?

*Mir.* Yes, let the success commend it self hereafter.

*Guard.* Effect it Girl, my substance is thy store,  
Nothing but want of Will makes woman poor.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.*

*Sir Greg.* Why *Pompey*, thou art not stark mad, art thou? Wilt thou not tell me  
how my Lady does?

*Clow.* Your Lady?

*Sir Greg.* Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no:

*Clow.* The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the thing that you sent, was for  
the things sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly  
receiv'd; first, there is your Indenture, now go seek you a servant: secondly,  
you are a Knight: thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man: and fourthly, fare  
you well.

*Sir Greg.* Why *Pompey*? prethee let me speak with thee, I'll lay my life some  
hare has crost him.

*Clow.* Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as for the Lady, who shall say  
that she is not a fair Lady, a sweet Lady, an honest and a virtuous Lady, I will  
say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these  
fingers ends.

*Sir Greg.* Why, here's no body says so *Pompey*.

*Clow.* Whatsoever things have past between the Lady and the other party,  
whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will  
maintain it, as long as I can maintain my self with bread and water.

*Sir Greg.* Why I know no body thinks otherwise.

*Clow.* Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't  
while he has a thought in his bosom; shall we say that kindnesses from Ladies  
are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment  
betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the Lady  
and the party, which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest,  
whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and  
long tail.

*Sir Greg.* Why I say she is honest.

*Clow.* Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is honest, Knight?

*Sir Greg.* If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts  
and all, I'm an ass, and no Gentleman.

*Clow.* Throw your Dagger at me! do not Knight, I give you fair warning, 'tis  
but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other words of me, the Lady is  
an honest Lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts,  
and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name; this I  
give you to understand, That another man may have as good an eye, as  
amorous a nose, as fair a stamp beard, and be as proper a man as a Knight,  
(I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a  
*Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; so Servingman *Pompey Doodle*, may be respected  
as well with Ladies (though I name no parties) as *Sir Gregory Fop*; so  
farewell: [Exit.

*Sir Greg.* If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more  
wit while I live; either the sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's  
drunk, or else he walks in his sleep, or else [he]'s a fool, or a knave, or both,  
one of the three, I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't, she has not us'd me so  
kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should, but that's all one, he says I shall  
have her, and I dare take his word for the best [h]orse I have, and that's a

weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't.

[Exit.

*Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man) Witty-Pate, Sir  
Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous  
(binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs)  
Credulous finds the bag.*

*Lady Ruin.* Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your pleasure  
How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat,  
You will not make that which is bad enough,  
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,  
When it can render you no second profit;  
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,  
All my store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred)  
My life, or any hurt you give my body,  
Can enrich you no more.

*Witty.* You may pursue.

*L. Ruin.* As I am a Gentleman; I never will,  
Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour  
Till you call out for Bail, and on th' other  
Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace  
Till we be out of hearing, for by that  
We shall be out of danger, if we come back,  
We come with a mischief.

*Lady.* You need not fear me.

*Prisc.* Come, we'll bestow you then.

[Exit Ruin. Prisc.  
and Lady.

*Wit.* Why law you Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue  
than, *Sic probas, ergo's & igitur's* can bring in? why is not this  
one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara? Omne utile est honestum.*

*Cred.* Well Sir, a little more of this acquaintance  
Will make me know you fully, I protest.  
You have (at first sight) made me conscious  
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted, yet  
I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad rob'd me  
Of my Cloak, (for my Purse 'tis a Scholars)  
Than to have made me a robber.  
I had rather have answered three difficult questions,  
Than this one, as easie, as yet it seems.

*Witty.* Tush, you shall never come to farther answer for't;  
Can you confess your penurious Uncle,  
In his full face of love, to be so strict  
A Niggard to your Commons, that you are fain  
To size your belly out with Shoulder Fees?  
With Rumps and Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer,  
And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily,  
At this easier rate? fie Master *Credulous*,  
I blush for you.

*Cred.* This is a truth undeniable.

*Wit.* Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,  
How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

*Cred.* Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,  
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;  
He would have been glad to have shar'd in such  
A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

*Enter Ruinous and Priscian.*

But mum no more—is all safe, Bullies?

*Ruin.* Secure, the Gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,  
With his safe life and limbs, and redoubles  
His first vow, as he is a Gentleman,  
Never to pursue us.

*Wit.* Well away then,  
Disperse you with Master *Credulous*, who still  
Shall bear the purchase, *Priscian* and I,

Will take some other course: You know our meeting  
At the *Three Cups* in *St Gile's*, with this *proviso*,  
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd  
Till all be present, the looser saies a hundred,  
And it can weigh no less.

*Ruin.* Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.

*Cred.* My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,  
All shall be close till our meeting.

[*Exit Cred. and  
Ruin.*]

*Witty.* Tush, I believ't.  
And then all shall out; where's the thief that's robb'd?

*Enter Lady Ruinous.*

*L. Rui.* Here Master *Oldcraft*, all follows now.

*Witty.* 'Twas neatly done, wench, now to turn that bag  
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & *actum est*.

*L. Rui.* You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the fire still,  
If you can mingle the ingredients.

*Witty.* I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram,  
You know the place.

*Pris.* I have told her that, Sir.

*Witty.* Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure  
We want not beards of all sorts, from the  
Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman;  
Because we must have no danger of life,  
But a cleanly cheat, attach *Credulous*,  
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;  
Then fall I in his own Cosins shape  
By mere accident, where finding him distrest,  
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,  
With promise that his Uncle shall shut up all  
With double restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*  
His mouth shall be stopt; you, Mistriss rob-thief,  
Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of;  
Is't plain enough?

*L. Rui.* As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

*Witty.* Father, I come again, and again when this is  
Past too, Father, one will beget another;  
I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren,  
You were best [to] come to composition Father,  
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,  
It will [be] cheaper (Father) than my wit,  
For I will cheat none but you, dear Father.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.*

*Old K.*  
**W**HY now you take the course Sir *Gregory Fop*:  
I could enforce her, and I list, but love  
That's gently won, is a man's own for ever,  
Have you prepar'd good Musick?

*Sir Gr.* As fine a noise, Uncle, as heart can wish.

*O[ld] K.* Why that's done like a Suitor,  
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,  
Before you obtain the right way in a woman,  
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings.  
The Serpent has not more; for sh'as all his,  
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

*Sir Gr.* A fearful portion for a man to venture on.

*Old K.* But the way found once by the wits of men,  
There is no creature lies so tame agen.

*Sir Gr.* I promise you, not a house-Rabbit, Sir.

*Old K.* No sucker on 'em all.

*Sir Gr.* What a thing's that?  
They're pretty fools I warrant, when they'r tame  
As a man can lay his lips [to].

*Old K.* How were you bred, Sir?  
Did you never make a fool of a Tenants daughter?

*Sir Gr.* Never i'faith, they ha' made some fools for me,  
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

*Old [K]* They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,  
To make a fool again.

*Sir Gr.* There's fools enough, Sir,  
'Less they were wiser.

*Old K.* This is wondrous rare,  
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?  
A Gentleman of your rank ride with a Cloak-bag?  
Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with?  
Nor Tapsters Sister? nor head-Ostlers Wife?  
What no body?

*Sir Gr.* Well mock'd old Wit-monger,  
I keep it for your Neece.

*Old K.* Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee,  
A wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a batchelors penny,  
He may giv't to a begger-wench, i'th' progress time,  
And ne'er be call'd to account for't.

[*Ex.*

*Sir Gr.* Would I had known so much,  
I could ha' stopt a beggers mouth by th' way.

*Enter Page and Fidlers boy.*

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing—  
What, are they come?

*Pag.* And plac'd directly, Sir,  
Under her window.

*Sir Gr.* What may I call you, Gentleman?

*Boy.* A poor servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

*Sir Gr.* In good time Master *Voice*?

*Boy.* Indeed good time does get the mastery.

*Sir Gr.* What Countreyman, Master *Voice*.

*Boy.* Sir, born at *Ely*, we all set up in *El[y,]*  
But our house commonly breaks in *Rutland-shire*.

*Sir Gr.* A shrewd place by my faith, it may well break your voice,  
It breaks many a mans back; come, set to your business.

SONG.

*Fain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear  
I should invite you to worse chear;  
In your dreams you cannot fare  
Meaner than Musick; no compare;  
None of your slumbers are compil'd  
Under the pleasure makes a Child;  
Your day-delights, so well compact,  
That what you think, turns all to act:  
I'd wish my life no better play,  
Your dream by night, your thought by day.  
Wake gently, wake,*

*Part softly from your dreams;  
The morning flies  
To your fair eyes,  
To take her special beams.*

*Sir Gr.* I hear her up, here Master *Voice*,  
Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,

*Enter Neece above.*

To keep you when you're crackt.

[*Exit Boy.*

*Neece.* Who should this be?  
That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?  
Pray Heaven it happens right.

*Sir Gr.* Good morrow, Mistriss.

*Neece.* An ill day and a thousand come upon thee.

*Sir Gr.* 'Light, that's six hundred more than any  
Almanack has.

*Neece.* Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick  
That ever woman heard.

*Sir Gr.* Nay, say not so, Lady,  
There's not an itch about 'em.

*Neece.* I could curse  
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't;  
There is no boldness like the impudence  
That's lockt in a fools bloud, how durst you do this?  
In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently  
As woman could a man; insatiate Coxcomb,  
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee,  
Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,  
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.  
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?  
I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts  
Than all thy body's worth, and still a hungred!  
A mischief of that maw, prethee seek elsewhere,  
Introth I am weary of abusing thee;  
Get thee a fresh Mistriss, thou'st make work enough;  
I do not think there's scorn enough in Town  
To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,  
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

*Sir Gr.* Is this in earnest, Lady?

*Neece.* Oh unsatiable!  
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?  
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;  
Thou'lt begger my derision utterly  
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:  
If I knew where to borrow a contempt  
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst then:  
But thou'st no conscience now to extort hate from me,  
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;  
Must I begin to pay thee hire again?  
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

*Sir Gr.* Say you so? I'll know that presently.

[*Exit.*

*Neece.* Now he runs  
To fetch my Uncle to this musty bargain,  
But I have better ware always at hand.  
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

*Enter Cuningam.*

*Cun.* I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn  
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

*Nee.* There's some body set already, I must to't, I see,  
Well, well, Sir *Gregory*?

*Cun.* Hah, *Sir Gregory*?

*Nee.* Where e'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

*Cun.* She's lost y'faith, enough, has fortune then  
Remembred her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.

*Nee.* H' was the unlikeliest man at first, methought,  
To have my love, we never met but wrangled.

*Cun.* A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,  
I never knew it fail yet, where e'er't came;  
It never comes but like a storm of hail,  
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't,  
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,  
It fights i' th' tongue, but sure to agree i' th' haunches.

*Nee.* That man that should ha' told me when time was.  
I should ha' had him, had been laught at piteously,  
But see how things will change!

*Cun.* Here's a heart feels it—Oh the deceitful promises of love!  
What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?  
She kist me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant  
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

*Nee.* I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha been a match once.

*Cun.* I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,  
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes  
Than younger brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,  
Or some old Soap-boilers Widow, without Teeth,  
There waits my fortune for me, seek no farther.

[*Ex. Cun.*]

*Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.*

*Old K.* You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be.  
She will not, nor she dares not.

*Sir Gr.* Would I were whipt then.

*Nee.* I'll make as little shew of love, *Sir Gregory*,  
As ever Woman did, you shall not know  
You have my heart a good while.

*Old K.* Heard you that?

*Nee.* Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,  
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,  
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end  
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,  
They are but frail things till they end in man.

*Old K.* What say you to this, Sir?

*Sir Gr.* This is somewhat handsome.

*Nee.* And by that little wrangling that I fain'd,  
Now I shall try how constant his love is,  
Although't went sore against my heart to chide him.

*Sir Gr.* Alas poor Gentlewoman.

*Old K.* Now y'are sure of truth,  
You hear her own thoughts speak.

*Sir Gr.* They speak indeed.

*Old K.* Go, you're a brainless Coax; a Toy, a Fop,  
I'll go no farther than your name, *Sir Gr[egory]*  
I'll right my self there; were you from this place,  
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you,  
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neece and I?  
Good morrow Neece, good morrow.

*Nee.* Many fair ones to you, Sir.

*Old K.* Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neece this morning?



An idle shallow fool: sleep'st thou well, Girl?  
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,  
For honesty has left thee little manners.

*Sir Gr.* How am I bang'd o'both sides!

*Old K.* Abuse kindnesse? Will't take the air to day Neece?

*Nee.* When you please, Sir,  
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,  
(Which I'd as lieve take, as take him I swear.)

*Old K.* La' you; do you hear't continued to your teeth now?  
A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand  
Have I with you!

[*Neece lets fall her Scarfe.*]

*Sir Gr.* No more y'feck, I ha' done, Sir:  
Lady, your Scarf's fal'n down.

*Nee.* 'Tis but your luck, Sir,  
And does presage the Mistriss must fall shortly,  
You may wear it, and you please.

*Old K.* There's a trick for you,  
You're parlously below'd, you should complain.

*Sir Gr.* Yes, when I complain, Sir,  
Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

*Old K.* You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Gr.* Ah sirrah, Mistriss were you caught, i'faith?  
We overheard you all; I must not know  
I have your heart, take heed o' that, I pray,  
I knew some Scarf would come.

*Nee.* He's quite gone, sure:  
Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?  
And so abus'd as thou wast?

*Sir Gr.* How?

*Nee.* 'Twould ha' kill'd  
A sensible man, he would ha' gone to his chamber,  
And broke his heart by this time.

*Sir Gr.* Thank you heartily.

*Nee.* Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,  
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood, e'r he had it,  
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' hilts.

*Sir Gr.* Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up to't,  
I never profest running i' my life.

*Nee.* What art thou made on? thou tough villanous vermin.  
Will nothing destroy thee?

*Sir Gr.* Yes, yes, assure your self  
Unkind words may do much.

*Nee.* Why, dost thou want 'em?  
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:  
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?  
I'll see what I can do yet.

*Sir Gr.* I'm much beholding to you,  
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

*Nee.* I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

*Sir Gr.* I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,  
All the while your Uncle was here.

*Neece.* Why there thou betray'st thy house; we of the *Old-Crafts*  
Were born to more wit than so.

*Sir Greg.* I wear your favor here.

*Neece.* Would it might rot thy arme off: if thou knewst  
With what contempt thou hast it, what hearts bitterness,  
How many cunning curses came along with it,  
Thoud'st quake to handle it.

*Sir Greg.* A pox, tak't again then;  
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?

*Neece.* No, wear't still,  
But long I hope thou shalt not, 'tis but cast  
Upon thee, purposely to serve another  
That has more right to't, as in some Countries they convey  
Their treasure upon Asses to their friends;  
If mine be but so wise, and apprehensive,  
As my opinion gives him to my heart,  
It stayes not long on thy desertless arme;  
I'll make thee e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear  
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;  
Kiss it you may, and make what shew you can,  
But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,  
And so good morrow to you. [Exit.

*Sir Greg.* Hu hum, ha hum;  
I han't the spirit now to dash my brains out,  
Nor the audacity to kill my self,  
But I could cry my heart out, that's as good,  
For so't be out, no matter which way it comes,  
If I can dye with a fillip, or depart  
At hot-cockles, What's that to any man?  
If there be so much death that serves my turn there.  
Every one knows the state of his own body,  
No Carrion kills a Kite, but then agen  
There's Cheese will choak a Daw; time I were dead I'faith,  
If I knew which way without hurt or danger.  
I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look  
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,  
Else 'twould go hard with me, and to complain  
To Sir *Perfidious* the old Knight agen,  
Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,  
But ne'er believe me.

*Enter Cuningame.*

And few Men dye o' beating, that were lost too:  
Oh, here's my friend, I'll make my moan to him.

*Cun.* I cannot tear her memory from my heart,  
That treads mine down, was ever man so fool'd  
That profest wit?

*Sir Greg.* O *Cuningame*?

*Cun.* *Sir Gregory*?  
The choice, the Victor, the Towns happy Man?

*Sir Greg.* 'Snigs, What do'st mean? come I to thee for comfort, and do'st  
abuse me too?

*Cun.* Abuse you? How Sir?  
With justifying your fortune, and your joyes?

*Sir Greg.* Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,  
You come with a new way now; strike me merrily,  
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,  
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him;  
Wilt ha the truth? I'm made the rankest ass  
That e'er was born to Lordships.

*Cun.* What? No Sir?

*Sir Greg.* I had not thought my body could a yielded  
All those foul scurvie names that she has call'd me,  
I wonder whence she fetcht 'em?

*Cun.* Is this credible?

*Sir Greg.* She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Uncle,

But his back turn'd, she curst me so for wearing on't,  
The very brawn of mine arme has ak'd ever since,  
Yet in a manner forc't me to wear't still,  
But hop't I should not long; if good luck serve  
I should meet one that has more wit and worth  
Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,  
And sent to him for a token.

*Cun.* I conceit it, I know the Man  
That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,  
In any case, you are way-laid about it.

*Sir Greg.* How Sir? way-laid?

*Cun.* Pox of a Scarf, say I,  
I prize my friends life 'bove a million on 'em,  
You shall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

*Sir Greg.* If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,  
'Lass, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me.

*Cun.* No, no, give me't, the knave shall miss his purpose,  
And you shall live.

*Sir Greg.* I would, as long as I could, Sir.

*Cun.* No more replies, you shall, I'll prevent this,  
*Pompey* shall march without it.

*Sir Greg.* What, is't he?  
My Man that was?

*Cun.* Call him your deadly Enemy;  
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly,  
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, Sir,  
I care not if he heard me.

*Sir Greg.* But, Do you hear, Sir?  
Can't sound with reason she should affect him?

*Cun.* Do you talk of reason? I never thought to have heard  
Such a word come from you; reason in love?  
Would you give that, no Doctor could e'er give?  
Has not a Deputy married his Cook-maid?  
An Aldermans Widow, one that was her turn-broach?  
Nay, Has not a great Lady brought her Stable  
Into her Chamber: lay with her Horse-keeper?

*Sir Greg.* Did ever love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

*Cun.* Oh thousands, thousands: Beware a sturdy Clown e're while you live,  
Sir;  
'Tis like a huswifery in most Shires about us;  
You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen,  
Much like your self, but put'em to no stress;  
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?  
They keep Clowns to stop gaps, and drive in pegs,  
A drudgery fit for Hindes, e'en back agen, Sir,  
Your're safest at returning.

*Sir Greg.* Think you so, Sir?

*Cun.* But, How came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first?

*Sir Greg.* Push, one good-man *Cæsar*, a Pump-maker kersen'd him;  
*Pompey* he writes himself, but his right name's *Pumpey*,  
And stunk too when I had him, now he's crank.

*Cun.* I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, Sir,  
Walk you still that way, I'll make use of this,  
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favor  
On some new Mistriss, only for a try,  
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Greg.* Is *Pompey* grown so malepert? so frampel?  
The onely cutter about Ladies honors?

*Enter Old Knight.*

And his blade soonest out?

*O. K.* Now, What's the news, Sir?

*Sir Gre.* I dare not say but good; oh excellent good, Sir.

*O. K.* I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, Knight?

*Sir Gr.* Cuds me, What else Sir? that's not to do now.

*O. K.* You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,  
When you bely'd her goodness; oh you vext me,  
Even to a Palsey.

*Sir Greg.* What a thing was that Sir?

*Enter Neece.*

*Neece.* 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of sweetness, the Scarfe's gone;  
Worthy wise friend, I doat upon thy cunning,  
We two shall be well matcht, our Issue-male, sure  
Will be born Counsellors; is't possible?  
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;  
Nay, since the way's found, pitty thou shouldst want, y'faith,  
O my best joy, and dearest.

*O. K.* Well said, Neece,  
So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do  
In secret then?

*Sir Greg.* Marry call me slave, and rascal.

*Neece.* Your Scarfe—the Scarfe I gave you—

*O. K.* Mass that's true Neece,  
I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarfe she gave you—Sir?  
What dumb? No answer from you? the Scarfe?

*Sir Greg.* I was way-laid about it, my life threatned;  
Life's life, Scarfe's but a Scarfe, and so I parted from't.

*Neece.* Unfortunate woman! my first favor too?

*O. K.* Will you be still an ass? no reconcilment  
'Twixt you and wit? Are you so far fallen out,  
You'l never come together? I tell you true,  
I'm very lowsily asham'd on you,  
That's the worst shame that can be;  
Thus bayting on him: now his heart's hook't in,  
I'll make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing,  
I love a man that lives by his wits alive;  
Nay leave, sweet Neece, 'tis but a Scarfe, let it go.

*Neece.* The going of it never grieves me, Sir.  
It is the manner, the manner—

*Sir Greg.* O dissembling Marmaset! If I durst speak,  
Or could be believ'd when I speak,  
What a tale could I tell, to make hair stand upright now!

*Neece.* Nay, Sir, at your request you shall perceive, Uncle,  
With what renewing love I forgive this:  
Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long  
You can keep that.

*Sir Greg.* Not very long, you know't too,  
Like a cunning witch as you are.

*Neece.* Y'are best let him ha' that too.

*Sir Greg.* So I were, I think, there were no living else,  
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

*O. K.* Why this is musical now, and Tuesday next  
Shall tune your Instruments, that's the day set.

*Neece.* A match, good Uncle.

*O. K.* Sir, you hear me too?

*Sir Greg.* Oh very well, I'm for you.

*Neece.* What e'er you hear, you know my mind.

[*Exeunt Old Knight and Neece.*]

*Sir Gre.* I, a — on't, too well, if I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a Bear whelp? he talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly, as if we lov'd one another, but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her; I shall try his cunning, it may be he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do't; I look to have this Diamond taken from me very speedily, therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too.

[*Exit.*]

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### ***Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Old Knight, and Witty-pate.*

*O. K.*

**O** H torture! torture! thou carriest a sting i'thy tail,  
Thou never brought'st good news i'thy life yet,  
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

*Witty.* Why you receive a blessing the wrong way, Sir,  
Call you not this good newes? to save at once Sir  
Your credit and your kinsmans life together;  
Would it not vex your peace, and gaule your worth?  
T'have one of your name hang'd?

*O. K.* Peace, no such words, boy.

*Wit.* Be thankful for the blessing of prevention then.

*O. K.* Le' me see, there was none hang'd out of our house since *Brute*,  
I ha' search't both *Stow*, and *Hollinshead*.

*Wit.* O Sir.

*O. K.* I'll see what *Polychronicon* sayes anon too.

*Wit.* 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't.

*O. K.* I would thou'dst never heard on't.

*Wit.* That's true too,  
So it had ne'er been done; to see the luck on't,  
He was ev'n brought to Justice *Aurums* threshold,  
There had flew'n forth a *Mittimus* straight for *Newgate*;  
And note the fortune too, Sessions a Thursday,  
Jury cull'd out a Friday, Judgment a Saturday,  
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburne a Munday,  
Miseries quotidian ague, when't begins once,  
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.

*O. K.* No more, I say, 'tis an ill theam: where left you him?

*Wit.* He's i'th' Constables hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,  
Poor Gentleman, and his accuser with him.

*O. K.* What's he?

*Wit.* A Judges Son 'tis thought, so much the worse too,  
He'l hang his enemy, an't shall cost him nothing,  
That's a great priviledge.

*O. K.* Within there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir?

*O. K.* Call up the folks i'th' Hall. I had such hope on him,  
For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for  
Therefore erected all my joyes in him;

Got a Welch Benefice in reversion for him,  
Dean of *Cardigan*, has his grace already,  
He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a hair on's face;

*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable,) and  
Lady Gentry (as a Man.)*

Like a French Vicar, and, Does he bring such fruits to Town with him?  
A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you.

*Wit.* Nay, sweet Sir, you'r so vext now, you'l grieve him,  
And hurt your self.

*O. K.* Away, I'll hear no counsel;  
Come you but once in seven year to your Uncle,  
And at that time must you be brought home too?  
And by a Constable?

*Wit.* Oh speak low, Sir,  
Remember your own credit, you profess  
You love a Man o'wit, begin at home, Sir,  
Express it i'your self.

*Lady.* Nay, Master Constable,  
Shew your self a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

*Ruin.* Sir, no Dish-porridgment, we have brought home  
As good men as ye.

*O. K.* Out, a *North-Brittain* Constable, that tongue  
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already;  
Are you the Gentleman.

*Lady.* The unfortunate one, Sir,  
That fell into the power of merciless Thieves,  
Whereof this fellow, whom I'd call your kinsman,  
As little as I could (for the fair reverence  
I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.

*O.K.* A wicked prime.

*Wit.* Nay, not so loud, sweet father.

*Lad.* The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em,  
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it,  
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.

*O.K.* A *Cambridge* man for this? these your degrees, Sir?  
Nine years at University for this fellowship?

*Wit.* Take your voice lower, dear Sir.

*O.K.* What's your loss, Sir?

*Lady.* That which offends me to repeat, the Money's whole, Sir,  
'Tis i'th' Constables hands there, a seal'd hundred,  
But I will not receive it.

*O.K.* No? Not the Money, Sir,  
Having confest 'tis all?

*Lady.* 'Tis all the Money, Sir,  
But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me,  
They took a Diamond hung at my shirt string,  
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;  
It being the sparkling witness of a Contract,  
'Twixt a great Lawyers daughter and my self.

*Wit.* I told you what he was; What does the Diamond  
Concern my Cozen, Sir?

*Lady.* No more did the Money,  
But he shall answer all now.

*Wit.* There's your conscience,  
It shewes from whence you sprung.

*Lady.* Sprung? I had leapt a Thief,

Had I leapt some of your alliance.

*Wit.* Slave!

*Lady.* You prevent me still.

*O.K.* 'Slid, Son, Are you mad?

*Lady.* Come, come, I'll take a legal course.

*O.K.* Will you undo us all? What's your demand, Sir?  
Now we're in's danger too.

*Lady.* A hundred Mark, Sir,  
I will not bait a doit.

*Witty.* A hundred Rascals.

*Lady.* Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

*Wit.* Go take your course, follow the Law, and spare not.

*O. K.* Does fury make you drunk? know you what you say?

*Wit.* A hundred dogs dungs, do your worst.

*O. K.* You do I'm sure; Whose loud now?

*Wit.* What his own asking?

*O. K.* Not in such a case?

*Wit.* You shall have but threescore pound; spite a your teeth,  
I'll see you hang'd first.

*O. K.* And what's seven pound more man?  
That all this coyle's about? stay, I say, he shall ha't.

*Wit.* It is your own, you may do what you please with it;  
Pardon my zeal, I would ha' sav'd you money;  
Give him all his own asking?

*O. K.* What's that to you, Sir?  
Be sparing of your own, teach me to pinch  
In such a case as this? go, go, live by your wits, go.

*Wit.* I practise all I can.

*O. K.* Follow you me, Sir,  
And, Master Constable, come from the knave,  
And be a witness of a full recompence.

*Wit.* Pray stop the Constables mouth, what ere you do Sir.

*O. K.* Yet agen? as if I meant not to do that my self,  
Without your counsel? As for you, precious kinsman,  
Your first years fruits in *Wales* shall go to rack for this,  
You lie not in my house, I'll pack you out,  
And pay for your lodging rather.

[*Exeunt* Knight, Ruin, and Lady.]

*Witty.* Oh fie Cozen,  
These are ill courses, you a Scholar too?

*Cred.* I was drawn into't most unfortunately,  
By filthy deboist company.

*Wit.* I, I, I.  
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in *England*.  
What were they Gentlemen?

*Cred.* Faith so like some on 'em,  
They were ev'n the worse agen.

*Wit.* Hum.

*Cred.* Great Tobacco [swivers],  
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.

*Wit.* What, no?

*Cred.* Faith leave it Cozen, because my Rascals use it.

*Wit.* So they do meat and drink, must worthy Gentlemen  
Refrain their food for that? an honest man  
May eat of the same Pig some Parson dines with,  
A Lawyer and a fool feed of one Woodcock,  
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;  
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoak, dish, cup, or pipe,  
Co-operates to the making of a Knave,  
'Tis the condition makes a slave, a slave,  
There's *London* Philosophy for you; I tell you Cozen,  
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,  
In your society here, especially  
When you come raw from the University,  
Before the World has hard'ned you a little,  
For as a butter'd loaf is a Scholars breakfast there,  
So a poach't Scholar is a cheaters dinner here,  
I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meale.

*Cred.* Why a poacht Scholar?

*Wit.* 'Cause he powres himself forth,  
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance,  
Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' shell,  
But is outstript of all he has at first,  
And goes down glib, he's swallowed with sharp wit,  
Stead of Wine Vinegar.

*Cred.* I shall think, Cozen,  
O' your poach't Scholar, while I live.

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Master *Credulous*,  
Your Uncle wills you to forbear the House,  
You must with me, I'm charg'd to see you plac'd  
In some new lodging about Theeving Lane,  
What the conceit's, I know not, but commands you  
To be seen here no more, till you hear further.

*Cred.* Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

*Wit.* This is the World, Cozen;  
When a Man's fame's once poyson'd, fare thee well Lad.

[*Exit* *Cred.* and Servant.]

This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in,  
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coyne,  
And puts him out of grace, that stood between me,  
My fathers *Cambridge* Jewel, much suspected  
To be his Heir, now there's a bar in's hopes.

*Enter* Ruinous, and Lady Gentry.

*Ruin.* It chinks, make haste.

*Lady.* The *Goat at Smithfield Pens*.

*Enter* Cunninggame.

*Wit.* Zo, zo, zufficient. Master *Cuningame*?  
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

*Cun.* A Wit's better to meet, than to follow then,  
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet,  
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,  
Are luckiest to their friends, and so may I be.

*Wit.* I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,  
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

*Cun.* 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes,

*Enter* Mirabell.



Your modesty a top of all your virtues.  
This Gentleman may pleasure me yet agen;  
I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd hat,  
Of the last progress block, with the young hat-band,  
Made for a sucking Devil of two years old,  
I know not where to turn my self.

[Exit Wit.

*Mir.* Sir?

*Cun.* More torture?

*Mir.* 'Tis rumor'd that you love me.

*Cun.* A my troth Gentlewoman,  
Rumor's as false a knave as ever pist then,  
Pray tell him so from me; I cannot fain  
With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal down right.

*Mir.* I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,  
And that makes me more confident.

*Cun.* There's no falshood,  
But payes us our own some way, I confess  
I Fain'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,  
But not with thee, I swear.

*Mir.* Nor I with you then,  
Although my Aunt enjoyn'd me to dissemble,  
To right her splene, I love you faithfully.

*Cun.* Light, this is worse than 'twas.

*Mir.* I find such worth in you,  
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,  
For fear the flame consume me.

*Cun.* Here's fresh trouble,  
This drives me to my conscience, for 'tis foul  
To injure one that deals directly with me.

*Mir.* I crave but such a truth from your love, Sir,  
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

*Cun.* A good Geometrician, 'shrew my heart;  
Why are you out o'your wits, pretty plump Gentlewoman,  
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness,  
Love has made one on's wiser than another,  
We should be both cast away else;  
Yet I love gratitude, I must requite you,  
I shall be sick else, but to give you me,  
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,  
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;  
No wise Physitian will prescribe me for you.  
Alas, your state is weak, you had need of Cordials,  
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son an Heir,  
An elder brother, in a Cullisse, whole,  
'Tmust be some wealthy *Gregory*, boyl'd to a Jelly,  
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,  
French Ruffs, and mutable head-tires.

*Mir.* But, Where is he, Sir?  
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

*Cun.* Then see thy Conscience, and thy wit together,  
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?  
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder?  
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?  
Full satisfaction upon loves record?  
Without any more suit, if I combine you?

*Mir.* Yes, by this honest kiss.

*Cun.* You're a wise Clyent,  
To pay your fee before-hand, but all do so,  
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

*Mir.* I know he's a fool.

*Cun.* You'r shrewdly hurt then;  
This is your comfort, your great wisest Women  
Pick their first Husband still out of that house,  
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

*Mir.* I'm of their minds, that like him for a [first] Husband,  
To run youths race with [him], 'tis very pleasant,  
But when I'm old, I'd alwayes wish for a wiser.

*Cun.* You may have me by that time:  
For this first business,  
Rest upon my performance.

*Mir.* With all thankfulness.

*Cun.* I have a project you must aid me in too.

*Mir.* You bind me to all lawful action, Sir.

*Cun.* Pray wear this Scarf about you.

*Mir.* I conjecture now—

*Cun.* There's a Court Principle for't, one office must help another;  
As for example, for your cast o' Manchits out o'th' Pantry,  
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchin.

*Mir.* 'Tis very sociably done, Sir, farewell performance,  
I shall be bold to call you so.

*Cun.* Do, sweet confidence,

*Enter Sir Gregory.*

If I can match my two broad brim'd hats;  
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his head;  
Now shall I learn newes of him, my precious chief.

*Sir Greg.* I have been seeking for you i'th' bowling-Green,  
Enquir'd at *Nettletons*, and *Anthonies* Ordinary,  
T'ha's vext me to the heart, look, I've a Diamond here,  
And it cannot find a Master.

*Cun.* No? That's hard y'faith.

*Sir Greg.* It does belong to some body, a — on him,  
I would he had it, do's but trouble me,  
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,  
There's no returning to her till't be gone.

*Cun.* Oh, ho, ah sirrah, are you come?

*Sir Greg.* What's that friend?

*Cun.* Do you note that corner sparkle?

*Sir Greg.* Which? which? which Sir?

*Cun.* At the West end o'th' Coller.

*Sir Greg.* Oh I see't now.

*Cun.* 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the stone, Sir,  
That so much blood is threatned to be shed for.

*Sir Greg.* I pray.

*Cun.* A tun at least.

*Sir Greg.* They must not find't i'me then, they must  
Goe where 'tis to be had.

*Cun.* 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir *Gregory*,  
I know where this must go.

*Sir Greg.* Am I discharg'd on't?

*Cun.* My life for yours now.

[*Draws.*

*Sir Greg.* What now?

*Cun.* 'Tis discretion, Sir,  
I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

*Sir Greg.* 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,  
To preserve me alive.

*Cun.* 'Tis a friends duty, Sir,  
Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,  
I'll u[n]dertake to get your Mistriss for you.

*Sir Greg.* Thou wilt not? Wilt?

*Cun.* Contract her by a trick, Sir,  
When she least thinks on't.

*Sir Greg.* There's the right way to't,  
For if she think on't once, shee'l never do't.

*Cun.* She does abuse you still then?

*Sir Greg.* A—damnably,  
Every time worse than other; yet her Uncle  
Thinks the day holds a Tuesday; say it did, Sir,  
She's so familiarly us'd to call me Rascal,  
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name,  
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.

*Cun.* Will you leave all to me?

*Sir Greg.* Who should I leave it to?

*Cun.* 'Tis our luck to love Neeces; I love a Neece too.

*Sir Greg.* I would you did y'faith.

*Cun.* But mine's a kind wretch.

*Sir Greg.* I marry Sir, I would mine were so too.

*Cun.* No rascal comes in her mouth.

*Sir Greg.* Troth, and mine has little else in hers.

*Cun.* Mine sends me tokens,  
All the World knows not on.

*Sir Greg.* Mine gives me tokens too, very fine tokens,  
But I dare not wear 'em.

*Cun.* Mine's kind in secret.

*Sir Greg.* And there mine's a hell-cat.

*Cun.* We have a day set too.

*Sir Greg.* 'Slid, so have we man,  
But there's no sign of ever coming together.

*Cun.* I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old womans Neece.

*Sir Greg.* Is't she?

*Cun.* I would your luck had been no worse for mildness;  
But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.

*Sir Greg.* Foh!

*Cun.* No blabbing, as you love me.

*Sir Greg.* None of our blood  
Were ever bablers.

*Cun.* Prethee convey this Letter to her,  
But at any hand let not your Mistriss see't.

*Sir Greg.* Yet agen Sir?

*Cun.* There's a Jewel in't,  
The very art would make her doat upon't.

*Sir Greg.* Say you so?  
And she shall see't for that trick only.

*Cun.* Remember but your Mistriss, and all's well.

*Sir Greg.* Nay, if I do not, hang me.

[*Exit.*

*Cun.* I believe you;  
This is the onely way to return a token,  
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to 'th' contrary.  
He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing  
Made without substance, that a man can find agen,  
Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,  
Engendring with an old pair of paund hose,  
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the Kitchin:  
Very steame bred him,  
He never came where *Rem in Re* e'er grew;  
The generation of a hundred such  
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,  
For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable  
Pick out a bawdy business for *Bridewell* in't;

*Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)*

A lamentable case, he's got with a Mans Urine, like a *Mandrake*.  
How now? hah? What prodigious bravery's this?  
A most preposterous Gallant, the Doublet sits  
As if it mock't the breeches.

*Clow.* Save you, Sir.

*Cun.* H'as put his tongue in the fine suit of words too.

*Clow.* How does the party?

*Cun.* Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the parties?

*Clow.* Hum, simplicity betide thee—  
I would fain hear of the party; I would be loath to go  
Farther with her; honor is not a thing to be dallied withall,  
No more is reputation, no nor fame, I take it, I must not  
Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my party is not  
To be compell'd with any party in an oblique way;  
'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;  
May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,  
I'll bite my tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.

*Cun.* Upon my life I know her.

*Clow.* Not by me,  
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,  
Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these lips.

*Cun.* The old Knights Neece.

*Clow.* 'Slid he has got her, pox of his heart that told him,  
Can nothing be kept secret? let me entreat you  
To use her name as little as you can, though.

*Cun.* 'Twill be small pleasure, Sir, to use her name.

*Clow.* I had intelligence in my solemn walks,  
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pantridge*, of a Scarfe,  
Sent for a token, and a Jewel follow'd,  
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any,  
How e'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,  
Upon my reputation I receiv'd none.

*Cun.* What, neither Scarfe nor Jewel?

*Clow.* 'Twould be seen  
Some where about me, you may well think that,  
I have an arme for a Scarfe, as others have,  
An Ear, to hang a Jewel too, and that's more  
Then some men have, my betters a great deal,

I must have restitution, where e'er it lights.

*Cun.* And reason good.

*Clow.* For all these tokens, Sir,  
Pass i' my name.

*Cun.* It cannot otherwise be.

*Clow.* Sent to a worthy friend.

*Cun.* I, that's to thee.

*Clow.* I'm wrong'd under that title.

*Cun.* I dare sware thou art,  
'Tis nothing but *Sir Gregories* circumvention,  
His envious spite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,  
He meets the gifts at *Pantridge*.

*Clow.* Ah false Knight?  
False both to honor, and the Law of Arms?

*Cun.* What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?  
Thou sit as Witness?

*Clow.* I should laugh in state then.

*Cun.* I'll fob him, here's my hand.

*Clow.* I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well fob'd, Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the Lady sends not for me according to promise? I ha' kept out o' Town these two dayes, a purpose to be sent for; I am almost starv'd with walking.

*Cun.* Walking gets men a stomach.

*Clow.* 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it agen, as often as a traveller from *Chelsy* shall lose the sight of *Pauls*, and get it agen.

*Cun.* Go to her, Man.

*Clow.* Not for a Million, enfringe my oath? there's a toy call'd a Vow, has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir; Pray do me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet a Footman by the way, in Orange tawny ribbands, running before an empty Coach, with a Buzard i'th' Poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the new River by *Islington*, there they shall have me looking upon the Pipes, and whistling.

[*Exit Clow.*]

*Cun.* A very good note; this love makes us all Monkeyes, But to my work: 'Scarfe first? and now a Diamond? these should be sure signs of her affections truth; Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof: [Exit.

*Enter Neece, and Sir Gregory.*

*Neece.* Is't possible?

*Sir Greg.* Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewel in't, Therefore I brought it to you.

*Neece.* You tedious Mongril! Is't not enough  
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,  
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,  
But you must talk too?

*Sir Greg.* I ha' done.

*Neece.* Fall back,  
Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly puppy,  
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

*Sir Greg.* Nay, these are golden dayes, now I stay by't,  
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all,  
The World mends, I see that.

*Neece.* What an ambiguous Superscription's here!  
*To the best of Neeces.* Why that title may be mine,  
And more than her's:  
Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art;

'Tis certain sent to me, and to requite  
My cunning in the carriage of my Tokens,  
Us'd the same *Fop* for his.

*Sir Greg.* She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.

*Neece.* What's here? an entire *Rubye*, cut into a heart,  
And this the word, *Istud Amoris opus*?

*Sir Greg.* Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that love is the best stone-cutter.

*Neece.* Why thou sawcy issue of some travelling Sow-gelder,  
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing  
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder  
How thou dar'st think on't! hast thou ever hope  
To come i' the same roome where lovers are;  
And scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?

*Sir Greg.* Love tricks break out I see, and you talk of slippers once,  
'Tis not far off to bed time.

*Neece.* Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?  
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider  
With less venome far, than I have spit at thee.

*Sir Greg.* You must conceive,  
A Knight's another manner a piece of flesh.

*Neece.* Back, Owles-face.

*Within.* O. K. Do, do.

*Neece.* 'Tis my Unckles voice, that.  
Why keep you so far off, *Sir Gregory*?  
Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your Mistriss?

*Sir Greg.* Is the proud heart come down? I lookt for this still.

*Neece.* He comes not this way yet: Away, you dog-whelp,  
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?  
I'll make you understand my mind in time;  
[Your running] greedily, like a hound to his breakfast,  
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;  
I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and leisure,  
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you;  
After I have pelted you sufficiently,  
I tro you will learn more manners.

*Sir Greg.* I'm wondring still when we two shall come together?  
Tuesday's at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first, I swear.

*Enter* Gardianess.

*Gard.* Now *Cuningame*, I'll be reveng'd at large:  
Lady, what was but all this while suspition,  
Is truth, full blown now, my Neece wears your Scarfe.

*Neece.* Hah?

*Gard.* Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly  
Where you shall see her courted by *Cuningame*.

*Neece.* I go with greediness; we long for things  
That break our hearts sometimes, there's pleasures misery,

[*Exeunt* Neece and Gard.]

*Sir Greg.* Where are those gad-flies going? to some Junket now;  
That some old *bumble-bee* toles the young one forth  
To sweet meats after kind, let 'em look to't,  
The thing you wot on be not mist or gone,  
I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.

*Which is only a Puppet so drest.*

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* Cunningame (*in discourse with a Mask't  
Gentlewoman in a broad hat, and scarf'd,*) Neece  
*at another door.*

*Cun.* Yes, yes.

*Neece.* Too manifest now, the Scarfe and all.

*Cun.* It cannot be, you're such a fearful soul.

*Neece.* I'll give her cause of fear e'er I part from her.

*Cun.* Will you say so? Is't not your Aunts desire too?

*Neece.* What a dissembling croane's that! she'l forswear't now.

*Cun.* I see my project takes, yonder's the grace on't.

*Neece.* Who would put confidence in wit again,  
I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire  
A wise Man for a husband, and I see  
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint,  
We are allow'd but one dish, and that's Woodcock,  
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of,  
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands;  
Oh that Whores hat o' thine, o' the riding block,  
A shade for lecherous kisses.

*Cun.* Make you doubt on't?  
Is not my love of force?

*Neece.* Yes, me it forces  
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from th' imbraces.

*Cun.* Lady?

*Neece.* Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisit'st love—

*Cun.* What mean you, Lady?

*Neece.* Mine, you'l answer for't.

*Cun.* Alas, What seek you?

*Neece.* Sir, mine own with loss.

*Cun.* You shall.

*Neece.* I never made so hard a bargain.

*Cun.* Sweet Lady?

*Neece.* Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,  
As you owe virtue duty;  
Your cause trips you,  
Now *Minion*, you shall feel what loves rage is,  
Before you taste the pleasure; smile you false, Sir?

[*Cun.* falls on  
purpose.]

*Cun.* How can I chuse? to see what pains you take,  
Upon a thing will never thank you for't.

*Neece.* How?

*Cun.* See what things you women be, Lady,  
When cloaths are taken for the best part of you?  
This was to show you, when you think I love you not,  
How y'are deceiv'd still, there the Moral lies,  
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait  
To take a Lady nibbling, is fine clothes;  
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love,  
I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this fit,  
For a jealous ague always ushers it.

*Neece.* Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine,  
And I have an excellent fortune coming in thee,  
Bring nothing else I charge thee.

*Cun.* Not a groat I warrant ye.

*Neece.* Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't,  
Next opportunity shall make us.

*Cu[n].* The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.

Neece. 'Lass, 'tis her part, she knows her place so well yonder;  
Alwayes when Women jumpe upon threescore,  
Love shoves e'm from the chamber to the door.

*Cun.* Thou art a precious she-wit.

[*Exeunt.*]

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***Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Cunningame (at one door) Witty-Pate,  
Ruinous, L. Ruinous, and Priscian (at the other.)*

*Cun.*

**F**riend, met in the harvest of our designs,  
Not a thought but's busie.

*Wit.* I knew it Man,  
And that made me provide these needful Reapers,  
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home  
With a melodious Horne-pipe; this is the Bond,  
That as we further in your great affair,  
You'l suffer us to glean, pick up for crums,  
And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,  
You will not look a churle on's.

*Cun.* Friend, we'll share  
The sheaves of gold, only the Love Aker  
Shall be peculiar.

*Wit.* Much good do you, Sir,  
Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you  
The Musick ready, while we prepare the dancers.

*Ruin.* We are a consort of our selves.

*Pris.* And can strike up lustily.

*Wit.* You must bring *Sir Fop*.

*Cun.* That's perfect enough.

*Ruin.* Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more, the better fare  
So the proverb runs backwards.

[*Exeunt* *Ruin. and*  
*Pris.*  
[*Exit.*]

*L. Ruin.* I'll bring the Ladies.

*Wit.* Do so first, and then the *Fops* will follow;  
I must to my Father, he must make one.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter two Servants with a Banquet.*

*Cun.* While I dispatch a business with the Knight,  
And I go with you. Well sed, I thank you,  
This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests  
With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown.  
The action craves it rather than the weather.

*1 Serv.* There's one stayes to speak with you, Sir.

*Cun.* What is he?

*1 Serv.* Faith I know not what, Sir, a Fool, I think,  
That some Brokers shop has made half a Gentleman;  
Has the name of a Worthy too.

*Cun.* *Pompey?* Is't not?

*1 Ser.* That's he, Sir.

*Cun.* Alas, poor fellow, prethee enter him, he will need too.

*Enter second Servant with a Gown.*

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy:  
If my friend *Sir Gregory* comes, you know him,

*Enter Clown.*



Entertain him kindly. Oh Master *Pompey*, How is't man?

*Clow*. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and cold, and one thing or other;  
Has not my Lady sent for me yet?

*Cun*. Not that I hear, sure some unfriendly Messenger  
Is imploy'd betwixt you.

*Clow*. I was ne'er so cold in my life, in my Conscience I have been seven mile  
in length, along the New River; I have seen a hundred stickle bags; I do not  
think but there's gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er be a true water.

*Cun*. Why think you so?

*Clow*. I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers thumbs in it, I'll make a little  
bold with your Sweet-meats.

*Cun*. And welcome *Pompey*.

*Clow*. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

*Cun*. Oh, that's Love, that distasts any thing but it self.

*Clow*. 'Tis worse than Cheese in that point, may not a Man break his word  
with a Lady? I could find in my heart and my hose too.

*Cun*. By no means, Sir, that breaks all the Laws of Love.

*Clow*. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed to  
A Lady, while I live agen, I would fain recover my taste.

*Cun*. Well, I have news to tell you.

*Clow*. Good news, Sir?

*Cun*. Happy news, I help you away with a Rival your Master bestow'd.

*Clow*. Where, for this Plumbs sake—

*Cun*. Nay, listen me.

*Clow*. I warrant you, Sir, I have two ears to one mouth,  
I hear more than I eat, I'de ne'er row by Queen Hive  
While I liv'd else.

*Cun*. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the Contract.

*Clow*. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

*Cun*. Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see,  
See him, see him deceiv'd, see the deceit, only  
The injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

*Clow*. I'll simper I'faith, as cold as I am yet, the old one  
I hope.

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv*. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory*.

*Cun*. U'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen,  
All's ravell'd out again; stand there private,  
And you'll find the very opportunity  
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

*Enter* Sir *Gregory*.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve,  
When it is crown'd with such a dainty as you  
Expect, and must have.

*Sir Greg*. 'Tush, these sweet-meats are but sauce to that,  
Well, if there be any honesty, or true word in a dream,  
She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extreamly,  
Not the same Woman.

*Cun*. Who, not the Lady?

*Sir Greg*. No, not to me, the edge of her tongue is taken off,  
Gives me very good words, turn'd up-side-down to me,  
And we live as quietly as two *Tortoises*, if she hold on,  
As she began in my dream.

[*Soft Musick*.

*Cun*. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,

You are bound to believe 'em, there's the watch-word  
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now,  
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis*.

[Both go into the  
Gown.]

*Sir Greg.* I will warrant you, Sir, I will give armes to  
Your Gentry, look you forward to your business,  
I am an eye behind you, place her in that Chair,  
And let me alone to grope her out.

*Enter Mirabell.*

*Cun.* Silence, Lady, your sweet presence illustrates  
This homely roof, and, as course entertainment;  
But where affections are both Host and Guest,  
They cannot meet unkindly; please you sit,  
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,  
To place before you, you know this friend here,  
He's my Guest, and more especially,  
That this our meeting might not be too single,  
Without a witness to't.

*Mirab.* I came not unresolv'd, Sir,  
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith  
Which I expect from you; fame shall be bold  
To speak the loudest on't: oh you grasp me  
Somewhat too hard friend.

*Cun.* That's Love's eager will,  
I'll touch it gentlier.

[Kisses her hand.]

*Mirab.* That's too low in you,  
Less it be doubly recompenc'd in me.

[She kisses his  
hand.]

*Clow.* Puh, I must stop my mouth, I shall be choakt else.

*Cun.* Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays,  
We met to joyn these hands, and willingly  
I cannot leave it till confirmation.

*Mirab.* One word first, how does your friend, kind *Sir Gregory*?

*Cun.* Why do you mention him? you love him not?

*Mir.* I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir,  
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,  
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,  
Now you steal his right from him, and I know  
I shall have hate for't, his hate extreamly.

*Cun.* Why I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd,  
Upon my life the Knight will love you for't,  
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

*Mir.* I, you'll perswade me so.

*Cun.* Why he's my friend,  
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,  
I know, and dare speak it for him.

*Mir.* Oh, this hand betrayes him, you might remember  
him in some courtesie yet at least.

*Cun.* I thank your help in't, here's to his health  
Where e'er he be.

*Mir.* I'll pledge it, were it against my health.

*Clow.* Oh, oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a day, upon a good return, now  
could I walk three hundred mile a foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

*Mir.* You'll take the Knights health, Sir.

*Clow.* Yes, yes forsooth, oh my sides! such a Banquet once a week, would  
make me grow fat in a fortnight.

*Cun.* Well, now to close our meeting, with the close  
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin,  
Here in Heavens eye, and all loves sacred powers,  
(Which in my Prayers stand propitious)

I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand  
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding  
By force of this initiating Contract  
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,  
Rights and honors of a faithful husband,  
And this firm vow, henceforth till death, to stand  
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

*Mir.* Which thus I second, but oh, Sir *Gregory*.

*Cun.* Agen? this interposition's ill, believe me.

*Mir.* Here, in Heavens eye, and all Loves sacred powers,  
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand  
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding  
Both heart and hand in love, honor, loyalty,  
Estate, or what to them belongs in all the dues,  
Rights, and duties of a true faithful Wife;  
And this firm Vow, henceforth till death, to stand,  
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

*Sir Greg.* A full agreement on both parts.

*Cun.* I, here's witness of that.

*Sir Greg.* Nay, I have over-reacht you Lady, and that's much,  
For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.

*Mir.* I rejoyce in my deceit, I am a Lady  
Now, I thank you, Sir.

*Clow.* Good morrow Lady *Fop*.

*Sir Greg.* 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful ass, this is not my Lady.

*Cun.* But it is Sir, and true as your dream told you,  
That your Lady was become another Woman.

*Sir Greg.* I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no more Ladies in *London*,  
blind-man buff is an unlawful Game.

*Cun.* Come, down on your knees first, and thank your Stars.

*Sir Greg.* A fire of my stars, I may thank you, I think.

*Cun.* So you may pray for me, and honor me,  
That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,  
For a perpetual comfort; Did you call me friend?

*Sir Greg.* I pray pardon me for that, I did miscall you, I confess.

*Cun.* And should I, receiving such a thankful name,  
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend  
Bafled, disgrac'd, without any reverence  
To your title, to be call'd slave, rascal?  
Nay curst to your face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down  
With a womans peevish hate, yet I should stand  
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?  
I would have seen you buried quick first,  
Your spurs of Knighthood to have wanted rowels,  
And to be kickt from your heels; slave, rascal?  
Hear this Tongue?

*Mir.* My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my Husband.

*Cun.* So, this is not slave, and rascal then.

*Mir.* What shall your eye command, but shall be done,  
In all the duties of a loyal Wife?

*Cun.* Good, good, are not curses fitter for you? wer't not better  
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,  
Or your nose bor'd with a silver bodkin?

*Mir.* Why, I will be a servant in your Lady.

*Cun.* 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,  
This contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,

And see you better bestow'd.

*Sir Greg.* 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the Civil Law: if you be my friend, keep you so, if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't, that's not the part of a friend.

*Cun.* If you be content—

*Sir Greg.* Content? I was never in better contention in my life. I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old; Come, kiss me boldly.

*Clow.* Give you joy, Sir.

*Sir Greg.* Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did, you are belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-women.

*Clow.* Ladies? let not Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it were a Married Man, and have a family, and for the parties sake that was unnam'd before, being Pese-cod time, I am appeas'd, yet I would wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

*Cun.* Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that,  
And this (friend) I entreat you, and be advis'd,  
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,  
And still support a seeming face of love  
Unto the Lady; mark how it availes you,  
And quits all her scorns, her Unckle is now hot  
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,  
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer  
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,  
And laught your fill at, you shall scorn her off,  
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,  
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,  
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

*Sir Greg.* Good I'faith; I'll continue it, I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his Neece, my Knight-hood's upon the spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can.

[*Exit Sir Greg, and Mirab.*]

*Clow.* I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

*Cun.* The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of, I do not think but 'twill e'r night yet, as near as 'tis.

*Clow.* Well, I will go walk by the New River, in that meditation, I am o'er shoes, I'm sure upon the drie bank, this gullery of my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough; you know my walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't,

Oh Knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at heart,

But oh Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Witty-pate.*

*Witty.* Friend.

*Cun.* Here friend.

*Witty.* All's afoot, and will goe smooth away,  
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,  
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,  
Suggesting that *Sir Gregory* is fall'n off  
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,  
And that he is most violently bent  
On *Gentries* wife (whom I have call'd a widow)  
And that without most sudden prevention  
He will be married to her.

*Cun.* [Fool, all] this is wrong,  
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me; I am lost for ever.

*Witty.* No, stay, you shall not go  
But with my Father, on my wit let it lie,  
You shall appear a friendly assistant,

To help in all affairs, and in execution  
Help your self only.

*Cun.* Would my belief  
Were strong in this assurance.

*Witty.* You shall credit it,  
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you.

*Enter* Old Knight.

My Father—

*Old K.* Oh Sir, you are well met, where's the Knight your friend?

*Cun.* Sir, I think your Son has told you.

*Witty.* Shall I stand to tell't agen? I tell you he loves,  
But not my Kinswoman, her base usage,  
And your slack performance which he accuses most  
Indeed, has turn'd the Knights heart upside down.

*Old K.* I'll curb her for't, can he be but recover'd,  
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,  
And love him as a Wife too.

*Witty.* With that condition, Sir,  
I dare recall him [were] he enter'd the Church,  
So much interest of love I assure in him.

*Old K.* Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

*Witty.* I, but these are words still, will not the deeds  
Be wanting at the recovery, if it should be agen?

*Old K.* Why here fool, I am provided, five hunder'd in earnest,  
Of the thousands in her Dower, but were they married once,  
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.

*Witty.* I, now I perceive some purpose in you, Father.

*Old K.* But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors to him?

*Witty.* To him? oh fie upon your error, she has another object, believe it, Sir.

*Old K.* I never could perceive it.

*Cun.* I did Sir, and to her shame I should speak it,  
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,  
Nay, dotage with a very Clown, a Fool.

*Old K.* Wit and wantons? nothing else? nothing else?  
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a Fool  
Of a wise man.

*Cun.* I, my friend complains so,  
Sir *Gregory* says flatly, she makes a fool of him,  
And these bold circumstances are approv'd:  
Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant  
Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood,  
And taken from him, certain, Sir, there is  
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,  
What, or where e'er he is, these slight neglects  
Could not be of a Knight else.

*Old K.* Well Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him  
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

*Cun.* I'll do my best, Sir.

*Old K.* I shall thank you, costly Sir, and kindly too.

*Witty.* Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come  
behind all your purposes?

*Old K.* Away good Sir.

*Witty.* Then stay a little, good Sir, for my advice,  
Why, Father are you broke? your wit beggar'd,

Or are you at your wits end? or out of  
Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprize  
Those designs, but with open Hue and Cry,  
For all the world to talk on, this is strange,  
You were not wont to slubber a project so.

*Old K.* Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self  
My Son, go too, I leave this to your wit,  
Because I'll make a proof on't.

*Witty.* 'Tis thus then,  
I have had late intelligence, they are now  
Bucksom as *Bacchus* Froes, revelling, dancing,  
Telling the Musicks numbers with their feet,  
Awaiting the meeting of p[re]monish'd friends,  
That's questionless, little dreading you,  
Now Sir, with a dexterous trick indeed, suddain  
And sufficient were well, to enter on um  
As something like the abstract of a Masque;  
What though few persons? if best for our purpose  
That commends the project.

*Old K.* This takes up time.

*Witty.* Not at all, I can presently furnish  
With loose disguises that shall fit that Scene.

*Old K.* Why what wants then?

*Witty.* Nothing but charge of Musick,  
That must be paid, you know.

*Old K.* That shall be my charges, I'll pay the Musick.  
What e'er it cost.

*Witty.* And that shall be all your charge,  
Now on, I like it, there will be wit in't Father.

[*Exit Old K. and Witty.*]

*Cun.* I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship,  
Yet if his Master brain should be o'er-thrown  
My resolution now shall seize mine own.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Neece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Ruinous,  
Priscian, (with instruments masqu'd.)*

*L. Rui.* Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath at least  
Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best  
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield,  
But that most freely.

*Nee.* My welcome follows me,  
Else I am ill, come hither, you assure me  
Still Mr. *Cuningame* will be here, and that it was  
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

*L. Ruin.* Else let me be that shame unto my Sex,  
That all belief may flie um.

*Nee.* Continue still  
The Knights name unto my Guardianess,  
She expects no other.

[*L. Ruin.* He will, he will, assure you  
Lady, *Sir Gregory* will be here, and suddainly  
This Musick fore-ran him, is't not so consorts?

*Ruin.* Yes Lady, he stays on some device to bring along  
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty device.

*Nee.* 'T[w]ill be long e'r he comes then, for wits a great  
Labour to him.

*Guard.* Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

*Nee.* Scarce two I think.

*Guard.* Such a mock-beggar suit of cloaths as led me  
Into the fools pair-of-Dice, with Dewze Ace,  
He that would make me Mistriss *Cun, Cun, Cunnie,*  
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er  
Forget him, while I have a hole in my head;  
Such a one I think would please you better,  
Though he did abuse you.

*Ruin.* Fye, speak well of him now,  
Your Neece has quitted him.

*Guard.* I hope she has,  
Else she loses me for ever; but for *Sir Gregory.*  
Would he were come, I shall ill answer this  
Unto your Uncle else.

*Nee.* You know 'tis his pleasure  
I should keep him company.

*Guard.* I, and should be your own  
If you did well too: Lord, I do wonder  
At the niceness of you Ladies now a days,  
They must have Husbands with so much wit forsooth.  
Worship and wealth were both wont to be  
In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,  
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.

*La. Ruin.* La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain;  
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,  
Let's have a female motion, 'tis in private,  
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.

*Nee.* What say you Guardianess?

*Guard.* 'Las I'm weary with the walk,  
My jaunting days are done.

*L. Ru.* Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else  
She shall pay the Musick.

*Guard.* Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.

[*They Dance, a Cornet is winded.*]

*L. Ru.* Hark! upon my life the Knight; 'tis your friend,  
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

*Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, Cunningame, Masqu'd,*  
*and take them to Dance.*

*L. Ru.* Ha? no words but mum? well then,  
We shall need no counsel-keeping.

*Nee. Cuningam?*

*Cun.* Yes, fear nothing.

*Nee.* Fear? why do you tell me of it?

*Cun.* Your Uncles here.

*Nee.* Aye me.

*Cun.* Peace.

*Old K.* We have caught 'em.

*Witty.* Thank my wit Father.

*Guard.* Which is the Knight think you?

*Nee.* I know not, he will be found when he speaks,  
No Masque can disguise his tongue.

*Witty.* Are you charg'd?

*Old K.* Are you awake?

*Witty.* I'm answer'd in a question.

*Cun.* Next change we meet, we lose our hands no more.

*Nee.* Are you prepar'd to tye 'em?

*Cun.* Yes,  
You must go with me.

*Guard.* Whither Sir? not from my charge believe me.

*Cun.* She goes along.

*Nee.* Will you venture and my Uncle here?

*Cun.* His stay's prepar'd for.

*Guard.* 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.

[*Exit Cun. Nee. Guard.*]

*Old K.* How now, the Musick tir'd before us?

*Ruin.* Yes Sir, we must be paid now.

*Witty.* Oh that's my charge, Father.

*Old K.* But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone?  
Son, where are they?

*Witty.* Only chang'd the room in a change, that's all sure.

*Old K.* I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.

*Ruin.* You must pay for your Musick first, Sir.

*Old K.* Must? are there musty Fidlers? are Beggars choosers now?  
Ha! why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I?

*Witty.* You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, Sir,  
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, Sir?

*Old K.* Death, I may be gull'd to my face, where's my Neece?  
What are you?

*L. Ru.* None of your Neece, Sir.

*Old K.* How now? have you loud instruments too? I'll hear  
No more, I thank you; what have I done to  
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?

*Witty.* Not where you should be, Sir, you [should] be paying  
For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

*Old K.* Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you,  
Here's a crown for you.

*L. Ruin.* Pish, a crown?

*Ruin. Pris.* Ha, ha, ha, a crown?

*Old K.* Which way do you laugh? I have seen a crown  
Has made a Consort laugh heartily.

*Witty.* Father,  
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary  
Musicians, they expect a bounty  
Above their punctual desert.

*Old K.* A — on your Punks, and their deserts too.  
Am I not cheated all this while think you?  
Is not your pate in this?

*Witty.* If you be cheated,  
You are not to be indicted for your own goods,  
Here you trifle time to market your bounty  
And make it base, when it must needs be free  
For ought I can perceive.

*Old K.* Will you know the lowest price, Sir?



*Witty.* That I will Sir, with all my heart.

*Old K.* Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled  
Home agen for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd,  
That's the best can be hop'd for.

*Witty.* Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen.

*Ruin.* There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

*Old K.* Now Sir, how dear is it?

*Witty.* Bate but the t'other ten pound?

*Pris.* Not a Bawbee, Sir.

*Old K.* How? bate ten pound? what's the whole sum then?

*Witty.* Faith Sir, a hundred pound, with much adoe,  
I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to say truth,  
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

*Old K.* La, la, la, down, a hunder'd pound? la, la, la,  
You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not?

*Witty.* No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

*Old K.* Fiddle faddle, is it not a robbery? a plain robbery.

*Witty.* No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd  
For your money, nay and that you cannot give back,  
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?  
If they had been agreed with before-hand,  
'Twas ill forgotten.

*Old [K].* And how many shares have you in this? I see my force,  
Case up your instruments, I yield, here, as robb'd and  
Taken from me, I deliver it.

*Witty.* No Sir, you have perform'd your promise now,  
Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

*Old K.* I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir,  
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

*Witty.* Why Sir, here's witness against you, you have danc'd,  
And he that dances, acknowledges a receipt of Musick.

*Old K.* I denie that, Sir, look you, I can dance without  
Musick, do you see, Sir? and I can sing without it too; you  
are a Consort of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

*Witty.* Pray you take heed, Sir, if you do move the  
Musick agen, it may cost you as much more.

*Old K.* Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid you  
farewel, I think now, so long as that hundred [pound] lasts  
with you.

*Enter Guardianess.*

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

*Guar.* Oh, Sir, *Perfidious.*

*Old K.* I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too  
damnable dear.

*Guard.* Oh Sir, my heart-strings are broke, if I can but live  
to tell you the tale, I care not, your Neece my charge is—

*Old K.* What, is she sick?

*Guard.* No, no Sir, she's lustily well married.

*Old K.* To whom?

*Guard.* Oh, to that cunning dissembler, *Cuningam.*

*Old K.* I'll hang the Priest, first, what was he?

*Guard.* Your kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch* Benefice.

*Old K.* I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good:  
is there any more?

*Guard.* And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

*Old K.* To my Neece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

*Guard.* No Sir, to my Neece, thank *Cupid*; and that's all  
that's likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am One  
of her Aunts, I thank my promotion.

*Enter Credulous, Cuningam, Neece, Sir Gregory,  
and Mirabel.*

*Cred.* I have perform'd your be[he]st, Sir.

*Old K.* What have you perform'd, Sir?

*Witty.* Faith Sir I must excuse my Cosin in this act,  
If you can excuse your self for making him  
A Priest, there's the most difficult answer.  
I put this practise on him, as from your desire,  
A truth, a truth, Father.

*Cred.* I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your nam[e].

*Old K.* I protest, Sir, he told you a lye in my name, and were you so easie, Mr.  
*Credulous*, to believe him?

*Cred.* If a man should not believe his Cosin, Sir, whom should he believe?

*Old K.* Good'en to you, good Mr. Cosin *Cuningam*,  
And your fair Bride, my Cosin *Cuningam* too,  
And how do you Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

*Sir Greg.* A little better than you would have had me, I thank you Sir, the days  
of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are pretty well blown over now, I know  
Crabs from Verjuyce, I have tryed both, and thou'dst give me thy Neece for  
nothing, I'd not have her.

*Cun.* I think so Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not.

*Sir Gr.* I wou'd thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she had died of the Green  
sickness: know this, that I did marry in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in  
spight, and love her in spight, and beget children of her in spight, and when I  
dye, they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my resolution, and now 'tis  
out.

*Nee.* How spiteful are you now, Sir *Gregory*!  
Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband,  
With all the honors, duties, sweet embraces,  
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

*Sir Gr.*—This is afore your Uncles face, but behind his back, in private,  
you'll shew him another tale—

*Cun.* You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these things before you:  
come out of your muse, they have been but Wit-weapons, you were wont to  
love the Play.

*Enter Clown.*

*Old K.* Let me alone in my muse a little, Sir, I will wake to you anon.

*Cun.* U'd so, your friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

*Nee.* Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

*Clow.* I do hear strange stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

*Nee.* Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come.

*Cun.* How now Lady?

*Nee.* Let me come to him, and instead of love  
Let me have revenge.

*Witty.* Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he  
be guilty or no.

*Nee.* He cannot be excus'd,  
How many Messengers (thou perjur'd man)  
Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou  
Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour  
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye  
Drew my heart to it? oh I could tear thee now,  
Instead of soft embraces, pray give me leave—

*Witty.* Faith this was ill done of you Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

*Clow.* By this hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company; that a man should be wrong'd thus!

*Nee.* Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds?  
And thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false heart in't.

*Witty.* Oh fie, to receive favours, return falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand—

*Clow.* Will you believe me, Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this sword might ne'er go through me.

*Witty.* Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

*Nee.* Take him from my sight if I shall see to morrow.

*Witty.* Pray you forbear the place, this discontent may impair her health much.

*Clow.* 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er a griev'd him, Sir, if you'll believe.

*Witty.* Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you,  
But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't;  
She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd,  
Against her Uncles Will, nay, any consent,  
But out of a mere neglect, and spight to her self,  
Married suddainly without any advice.

*Clow.* Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank her self, she might have gone farther and far'd worse; I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come, till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

*Witty.* Truly I believe you.

*Clow.* Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part, that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd: if she be cast away I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoke with a man.

*Witty.* Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

*Clow.* So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

*Nee.* Not gone yet? oh my heart! none regard my health?

*Witty.* Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it.

*Clow.* Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so; I shall think the worse of a Ladies wit, while I live for't—I could almost cry for anger, if she should miscarry now; 'twould touch my conscience a little, and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say, as I go along? there goes he that the Lady died for love on, I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husbands head, and break thine own heart? if thou hadst any wit, I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing, I shall be twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady. [Exit.

*Nee.* So, so, this trouble's well shook off, Uncle, how d'ye? there's a Dowrie due, Sir.

*Cun.* We have agreed it sweetest,  
And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

*Witty.* To all the rest I hope.

*Old K.* Never to thee, nor thee, easie cosin *Credulous*,  
Was your wit so raw?

*Cred.* Faith yours Sir, so long season'd  
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,  
Speaking it with reverence, Uncle.

*Sir Gr.* Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your time, as any man here.

*Witty.* I Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first preface cheat of a pair of pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the example to your bounty there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir, you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cosin, which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but all Cheaters; there was a hunder'd Mark, mark you that: Lastly, this memorable 100 pounds worth of Musick, this was [but] cheats and wit too, and for the assistance of this Gentleman to my Cosin (for which I am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my wit too, Father; will you come to composition yet, Father?

*Cun.* Yes faith Sir, do, two hundr'd a year will be easier than so much weekly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't agen.

*Old K.* Why this was the day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,  
And the next cheat makes it up three hundr'd;  
Live thou upon thy ten pound Vicarage,  
Thou get'st not a penny more, here's thy full  
Hire now.

*Cred.* I thank you, Sir.

*Witty.* Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,  
To shuve him out of your favour, which I fear'd  
Would have disinherited me.

*Old K.* Most certain it had,  
Had not thy wit recover'd it; is there any here  
That had a hand with thee?

*Witty.* Yes, all these, Sir.

*Old K.* Nephew, part a hundr'd pound amongst 'em,  
I'll repay it; wealth, love me as I love wit;  
When I die,  
I'll build an Alms-house for decay'd wits.

*Sir Gr.* I'll entertain one in my life time; Scholar, you shall be my Chaplain, I have the gift of twenty Benefices, simple as I am here.

*Pris.* Thanks my great Patron.

*Cun.* Sir your Gentry and your name shall both be rais'd as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friends sake.

*Witty.* Something will be in my present power, the future more,  
You shall share with me.

*Ruin and Wife.* Thanks worthy Gentlemen.

*Nee.* Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

*Sir Gr.* You can beg nothing of me.

*Witty.* Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

*Sir Gr.* She has begg'd me for a fool already, but 'tis no matter.  
I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been,  
That's one for another.

*Witty.* Nay, but if she beg—

*Sir Gr.* Let her beg agen then.

*Nee.* That your man *Pompey's* Coat may come over his ears back agen, I would not he should be lost for my sake.

*Sir Gr.* Well, 'tis granted, for mine own sake.

*Mirab.* I'll intreat it Sir.

*Sir Gr.* Why then 'tis granted for your sake.

*Old K.* Come, come, down with all weapons now, 'tis Musick time,  
So it be purchas'd at an easie rate;  
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,  
And all concludes in love, there's happy wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

### **The Epilogue at the reviving of this Play.**

*W*E need not tell you Gallants, that this night  
The Wits have jumpt, or that the Scenes hit right  
'Twould be but labor lost for to excuse  
What Fletcher had to do in: his brisk Muse  
Was so Mercurial, that if he but writ  
An Act, or two, the whole Play rose up wit.  
We'll not appeal unto those Gentlemen  
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when  
The Ladies smile, and with their Fanns delight  
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:  
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,  
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

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# The Fair Maid of the Inn.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

### The Persons represented in the Play.

- Duke of Florence.
- Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to Alberto,*
- Albertus, *Father to Cesario, Admiral of Florence.*
- Baptista, *a brave Sea-Commander, antient friend to Albertus, and Father to Mentivole and Biancha.*
- Mentivole, *Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.*
- Prospero, *a noble friend to Baptista.*
- Two Magistrates of Florence.
- Host, *the supposed Father to Biancha.*
- Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*
- Clown, *the Mountebanks man, and setter.*
- Three Gentlemen.
- Secretary *to the Duke.*
- Dancer, } *Four fools and knaves,*
- Taylor, } *who pretend love*
- Mulitteer, } *Biancha, the Fair*
- Pedant, } *Maid of the Inn.*
- Sailors.

### WOMEN.

- Mariana, *Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.*
- Clarissa, *Mariana's Daughter, in love with Mentivole.*
- Juliana, *Neece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second wife.*
- Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Cesario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*
- Hostess, *the supposed Mother of Biancha.*

### The Scene, Florence.

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### PROLOGUE.

*P*lays have their fates, not as in their true sence  
They're understood, but as the influence  
Of idle custom, madly works upon  
The dross of many tongu'd opinion.  
A worthy story, howsoever writ  
For Language, modest Mirth, Conceit or Wit,  
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation  
Of hang't, 'tis scurvy, when for approbation  
A Jigg shall be clapt at, and every rhyme  
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.  
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,  
They are beneath the Muses pity. Hither  
Come nobler Judgements, and to those the strain  
Of our invention is not bent in vain,  
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends  
Her hopes and welcomes, and withal intends  
In th' Entertains to which she doth invite ye,  
All things to please, a[n]d some things to delight ye.

---

### Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Cesario, and Clarissa.*

*Cesario.*

**I**nterpret not *Clarissa*, my true zeal  
In giving you counsel, to transcend the bounds  
That should confine a brother; 'tis your honor,  
And peace of mind (which honor last will leave you)  
I labor to preserve, and though you yet are  
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so:  
Having a Fathers eye, and Mothers care

In all your ways to keep you fair, and upright.  
In which respects my best advices must  
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear Sister  
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,  
Misconstrue not my purpose.

*Claris.* Sir, I dare not:  
But still receive it as a large addition,  
To the much that I already stand engag'd for,  
Yet pardon me, though I profess upon  
A true examination of my self,  
Even to my private thoughts I cannot find  
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)  
On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd  
To render me suspected, I can fall,  
Or from my Fame or Virtue.

*Cæsar.* Far be it from me,  
To nourish such a thought; and yet excuse me,  
As you would do a Lapidary, whose whole fortunes  
Depend upon the safety of one Jewel,  
If he think no case precious enough  
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,  
Though lending strength to Iron doors sufficient  
To guard it, and secure him; you to me are  
A Gemm of more esteem, and priz'd higher  
Than Usurers do their Muck, or great men Title.  
And any flaw (which heaven avert) in you,  
(Whose reputation like a Diamond  
Cut newly from the rock, women with envie,  
And men with covetous desires look up at)  
By prying eies discovered in a moment  
Would render what the braveries of *Florence*  
For want of counterpoize, forbear to cheapen,  
Of little or no value.

*Claris.* I see brother  
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love;  
But for my Virgin Jewel which is brought  
In comparison with your Diamond, rest assur'd  
It shall not fall in such a workmans hands  
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power  
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep  
Her native splendor.

*Cesa.* 'Tis well, I commend you;  
And study your advancement with that care  
As I would do a Sisters, whom I love  
With more than common order.

*Claris.* That from me,  
I hope's return'd to you.

*Cesar.* I do confess it,  
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love,  
I wish to increase between us) that you are  
Observ'd against the gravity long maintain'd  
In *Italy* (where to see a maid unmasqu'd  
Is [h]eld a blemish) to be over-frequent  
In giving or receiving visits.

*Clari.* How?

*Cesar.* Whereas the custom is here to wooe by Picture,  
And never see the substance: you are fair,  
And beauty draws temptations on; You know it,  
I would not live to see a willing grant  
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,  
Feature or fortune; yet there have been Ladies  
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,  
That have prov'd this no miracle.

*Claris.* One unworthy?  
Why, pray you gentle brother, who are they  
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope  
In your strict Criticisme of me, and my manners,

That you will not deny they are your equals.

*Cesar.* Angry?

*Claris.* I have reason, but in cold blood tell me,  
Had we not one Father?

*Cesar.* Yes, and Mother too.

*Claris.* And he a Soldier.

*Cesar.* True.

*Claris.* If I then borrow  
A little of the boldness of his temper,  
Imparting it to such as may deserve it;  
(However indulgent to your selves, you brothers  
Allow no part of freedom to your Sisters)  
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,  
To grant access and speech to noble suitors;  
And you escape for innocent, that descend  
To a thing so far beneath you. Are you touch'd?  
Why did you think that you had *Giges* Ring,  
Or the Herb that gives invisibility?  
Or that *Biancha's* name had ne'er been mention'd;  
The fair Maid of the grand *Osteria*, brother.

*Cesar.* No more.

*Claris.* A little, brother. Your night walks,  
And offer'd presents; which coy she, contemn'd,  
Your combats in disguises with your Rivals,  
Brave *Muletiers*. Scullions perfum'd with grease,  
And such as [cry] meat for Cats must be remembred;  
And all this pother for a common trull,  
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,  
To draw in riotous guests, a thing expos'd  
To every Ruffians rude assault; and subject  
For a poor salary, to a rich mans lust,  
Though made up of diseases.

*Cesar.* Will you end yet?

*Claris.* And this a Mistriss for *Albertus* Son,  
One that I should call Sister?

*Cesar.* Part not with  
Your modesty in this violent heat; the truth is,  
(For you shall be my Confessor) I love her,  
But virtuously; report that gives her out  
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,  
Detracts much from her: for indeed she is,  
Though of a low condition; compos'd  
Of all those graces, dames of highest birth,  
Though rich in natures bounties, should be proud of;  
But leave her, and to you my nearest care,  
My dearest best *Clarissa*. Do not think  
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live  
A barren Virgin life; I rather aim at  
A noble Husband, that may make you mother  
Of many children, one that when I know him  
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue [to]:  
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with  
That man, that happy man; you please to favour.

*Claris.* I ever purpos'd it, for I will like  
With your allowance:

*Cesa.* As a pawn of this;  
Receive this Ring, but e'r you part with it  
On any terms, be certain of your choice;  
And make it known to me.

*Enter Servants with Lights, Alberto, Baptista,  
Mariana, Mentivole.*

*Claris.* You have my hand for't.



*Cesar.* Which were it not my Sisters, I should kiss:  
With too much heat.

*Claris.* My Father and his guests, Sir.

*Alber.* Oh my old friend, my tri'd friend, my *Baptista*:  
These days of rest and feasting, sute not with  
Our tougher natures, those were golden ones,  
Which were enjoy'd at Sea; that's our true Mother:  
The Land's to us a step-dame; there we sought  
Honor, and wealth through dangers: yet those dangers  
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,  
And worth the undertakers: here we study  
The Kitchin Arts, to sharpen appetite,  
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heaven;  
If that the least puff of the rough North-wind,  
Blast our times burthen, rendring to our Palats  
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas there  
If we had Bisket, powder'd flesh, fresh water,  
We thought them *Persian* delicates, and for Musick  
If a strong gale but made the main yard crack,  
We danc'd to the loud Minstrel.

*Bapt.* And fear'd less,  
(So far we were in love with noble action)  
A tempest than a calm.

*Alber.* 'Tis true *Baptista*;  
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,  
And virtuous emulation to exceed  
In manly daring, the true School of friendship,  
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends  
Never to be forgot.

*Baptist.* Never I hope.

*Alber.* We were married there, for bells the roaring Canon,  
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize  
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,  
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife;  
And did enable me to be a Husband,  
Fit to encounter so much wealth, though got  
With blood and horror.

*Maria.* If so got, 'tis fit Sir  
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it  
In peace, and quiet; I, your Son, and Daughter  
That reap the harvest of your winters labour,  
Though debtors for it yet have often trembled,  
When, in way of discourse, you have related  
How you came by it.

*Alber.* Trembled? how the softness  
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue,  
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble  
I should proclaim this boy some cowards bastard,  
And not the Image of *Albertus* youth:  
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth,  
To a brave trial, one weak artery  
Of his, should show a fever, though grim death  
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him;  
The Elements, the Sea, and all the Winds  
We number on our compass, then conspiring  
To make the Scæne more ghastly; I must have thee  
Sirrah, I must, If once you grapple with  
An enemies ship, to board her, though you see  
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire,  
And blow the deck up, or like *Cæsar's* Soldier  
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,  
And die undaunted.

*Maria.* I even die to hear you:  
My son, my lov'd *Cesario* run such hazards?  
Bless'd Saints forbid it: you have done enough  
Already for one family, that rude way;  
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up

A compleat Courtier: may I live to see him,  
By sweet discourse, and gracious demeanor,  
Winn, and bring home a fair Wife, and a rich;  
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.

*Alber.* A Wife!

As if there were a course to purchase one  
Prevailing more than honourable action!  
Or any Intercessors move so far,  
To take a Mistriss of a noble spirit,  
As the true fame of glorious victories,  
Atchiev'd by sweat and blood! Oh the brave dames  
Of warlike *Genoua*! they had eyes to see  
The inward man, and only from his worth,  
Courage, and conquests: the blind Archer knew  
To head his shafts, or light his quenched Torch,  
They were proof against them else.  
No Carpet Knight  
That spent his youth in Groves, or pleasant Bowers;  
Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbs,  
Sung to his Lute such soft and melting Notes,  
As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,  
Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense;  
Though he came so perfum'd as he had robb'd  
*Sabæa*, or *Arabia*, of their wealth;  
And stor'd it in one sute:  
I still remember,  
And still remember it with joy, *Baptista*,  
When from the rescue of the *Genoua* Fleet,  
Almost surpriz'd by the *Venetian* Gallies,  
Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph.  
How lovely in thy honor'd wounds and scars  
Thou didst appear! what worlds of amorous glances  
The beauties of the City (where they stood,  
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars)  
Shot from their windows at thee! how it fir'd  
Their blouds to see the enemies captive streams  
Born through the streets! nor could chaste *Juliana*  
The Duke's fair Neece, though guarded with her greatness  
Resist this gallant charge, but laying by  
Desparity of fortune from the object,  
Yielded her self thy prisoner.

*Bap.* Pray you chuse some other theme.

*Mari.* Can there be one more pleasing?

*Bap.* That triumph drew on me a greater torture,  
And 'tis in the remembrance little less  
Than ever Captive suffer'd.

*Mari.* How? to gain the favour of so great a Lady?

*Bap.* Yes, since it prov'd fatal, t'have been happy, Madam,  
Adds to calamity, and the heavy loss  
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,  
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,  
Which grief would have forgotten.

*Alber.* I am sorry I touch'd upon it.

*Maria.* I burn rather, Sir,  
With a desire to hear the story of  
Your loves, and shall receive it as a favour,  
Which you may grant.

*Bap.* You must not be deny'd,  
Yet with all brevity I must report it;  
'Tis true, fair *Juliana* (*Genoua's* pride)  
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person;  
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection;  
Since it was lawful, for my first wife dead;  
We were closely married, and for some few months  
Tasted the fruits of't; but malicious fate,  
Envyng our too much happiness, wrought upon  
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,

And Cabinet-Counselor to *Juliana*,  
Who either for hope, or reward, or fear,  
Discover'd us to the incensed Duke:  
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd  
On me perpetual banishment: some three years  
I wander'd on the Seas, since entertain'd  
By the great Duke of *Florence*; but what fate  
Attended her? or *Prospero* my friend,  
That staid at *Genoua*, to expect the issue,  
Is yet uncertain.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Alber.* From the Duke:

*Bap.* He's welcome, to end my forc'd relation.

*Alber.* Signior *Baptista*;  
The Great Dukes Will commands your present [e]are.

*Gent.* It points indeed at both of you.

*Bap.* I wait it.

*Alber.* In *Mariana*, to your rest.

*Bap.* Nay leave us, we must be private.

*Maria.* Stay not long *Cesario*:

[—*Exeunt Manet Cesario, Mentivole.*

*Mentivo.* So these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd  
That we may speak, and howsoe'r they take  
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,  
It cannot hinder us to treat a little  
Of present pleasures.

*Cesario.* Which if well injoy'd,  
Will not alone continue, but increase  
In us their friendship.

*Ment.* How shall we spend the night?  
To snore it out like drunken *Dutchmen*, would  
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made  
Of other metall, fiery, quick, and active;  
Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers  
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead,)  
Talk much of *Mars*, serve under *Venus* Ensigns,  
And seek a Mistriss.

*Cesar.* That's a game dear friend,  
That does admit no rival in chase of it.  
And either to be undertook alone,  
Or not to be attempted.

*Ment.* I'll not press you;  
What other sports to entertain the time with  
The following morning?

*Cesar.* Any that may become us.

*Ment.* Is the *Neapolitan* horse the Viceroy sent you,  
In a fit plight to run?

*Cesar.* So my Groom tells me.  
I can boast little of my horsemanship;  
Yet upon his assurance, I dare wager  
A thousand Crowns, 'gainst any horse in *Florence*,  
For an eight mile course.

*Ment.* I would not win of you,  
In respect you are impatient of loss:  
Else I durst match him with my *Barbary*  
For twice the sum.

*Cesar.* You do well to excuse it, being certain to be beaten.

*Ment.* Tush. You know the contrary.

*Cesar.* To end the controversie  
Put it to trial, by my life I'll meet you

*Enter Clarissa.*

With the next rising Sun.

*Ment.* A match. But here  
Appears a *Cynthia*, that scorns to borrow  
A beam of light from the great eye of Heaven,  
She being her self all brightness; how I envy  
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones  
Which she vouchsafes her brother!

*Claris.* You are wanton:  
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;  
My Mother will not sleep before she see you,  
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness;  
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,  
You are not equal to her.

*Cesar.* I must leave you; but will not fail to meet you.

*Ment.* Soft sleeps to you.

*Within. Mariana: Cesario.*

*Claris.* You are call'd again.

*Cesar.* Some Sons  
Complain of too much rigor in their Mothers;  
I of too much indulgence; you will follow.—

[*Exit.*

*Claris.* You are her first care, therefore lead the way.

*Ment.* She staies: blest opportunity, she staies:  
As she invited conference, she was ever  
Noble, and free: but thus to tempt my frailty,  
Argues a yielding in her; or contempt  
Of all that I dare offer; stand I now  
Consulting? No, I'll put it home.

*Claris.* Who waits there? more Lights.

*Ment.* You need them not, they are as useless,  
As at noon-day; can there be darkness, where  
Nature then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd  
To lend two Suns.

*Claris. Hyperboles:*

*Ment.* No, truths:  
Truths beauteous Virgin, so my love-sick heart  
Assures me, and my understanding tells me  
I must approach them wisely, should I rashly  
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me  
And on the contrary, should your disdain  
Keep me at too much distance, and I want  
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death  
Would seize on all my faculties.

*Cla.* Pray you pause, Sir.  
This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you.  
These gay words take not me, 'tis simple faith  
Honest integrity, and lawful flames  
I am delighted with:

*Ment.* Such I bring with me, and therefore Lady.

*Cla.* But that you took me off  
E're I came to a period; I had added  
A long experience must be requir'd  
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a Virgin  
Trafficks for, what's dearest in this life,  
Her liberty, and honor; I confess  
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour,

And with your generous parts the many tenders  
Of doing me all fair offices, have won  
A good opinion from me.

*Ment.* Oh speak ever, I never heard such Musick.

*Cla.* A plain tune, Sir:  
But 'tis a hearty one; when I perceive  
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,  
And that you bring the Engines of fair Love,  
Not of foul Lust, to shake and undermine  
My Maiden-fortress: I may then make good  
What now I dare not promise.

*Ment.* You already  
In taking notice of my poor deservings,  
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear  
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this  
Yet qualifie, though not excuse my error,  
Though now I am ambitious to desire  
A confirmation of it.

*Cla.* So it wrong not my modesty to grant it.

*Ment.* 'Tis far from me,  
I only am a suitor, you would grace me  
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,  
To warrant to the world that I usurp not  
When I presume to stile my self your servant,  
A ribond from your shooe:

*Cla.* You are too humble,  
I'll think upon't; and something of more value  
Shall witness how I prize you, it grows late,  
I'll bring you to the door.

*Ment.* You still more bind me.—

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke of Florence, Alberto, Baptista,  
Magistrates, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* You find by this assur'd intelligence  
The preparation of the *Turk[e]* against us.  
We have met him oft and beat him; now to fear him  
Would argue want of courage, and I hold it  
A safer policie for us and our signiories  
To charge him in his passage o'er the Sea,  
Than to expect him here.

*Alb.* May it please your Highness  
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of  
This great imployment, if I may deliver  
My judgement freely, 'tis not flattery  
Though I say my opinion waits on you,  
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent  
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it  
Worth the great speaker, though that the denial  
Call'd on your heavy anger. For my self  
I do profess thus much, if a blunt Soldier,  
May borrow so much from the oyl'd tongu'd Courtier,  
(That ecchoes whatsoe'er the Prince allows of)  
All that my long experience hath taught me  
That have spent three parts of my life at Sea,  
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)  
Could not have added reasons of more weight  
To fortifie your affections, than such  
As your grace out of observation meerly  
Already have propounded.

*Bap.* With the honor to give the daring enemy an affront  
In being the first opposer it will teach  
Your Soldiers boldness: and strike fear in them  
That durst attempt you.

*1 Magi.* Victuals and Ammunition,  
And Money too, the sinews of the War, are stor'd up in the

Magazine.

*2 Magi.* And the Gallies new rig'd and train'd up,  
And at two dayes warning fit for the service.

*Duke.* We commend your care,  
Nor will we e'er be wanting in Our counsels,  
As we doubt not your action; you *Baptista*  
Shall stay with us; that Merchant is not wise,  
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.

*Albert.* Be our Admiral, spare your thanks,  
'Tis Merit in you that invites this honor,  
Preserve it such; ere long you shall hear more,  
Things rashly undertaken end as ill,  
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.

—*Exeunt. Enter 3 Gentlemen.*

*1.* No question 'twas not well done in *Cæsario*,  
To cross the horse of young *Mentivole*  
In the midst of this course.

*2.* That was not all, the switching him dull'd him.

*3.* Would that both the jades  
Had broke their necks, when they first started; 'Slight,  
We stand here prating, give them leave to whisper,  
And when they have cut one anothers throats

*Enter Mentivole, and Cæsario.*

Make in to part 'em.

*2.* There is no such hazard,  
Their Fathers friendship, and their love forbid it;  
See where they come!

*1.* With fury in their looks.

*Ment.* You have the wager, with what foul play got  
I'll not dispute:

*Cæsar.* Foul play?

*Ment.* I cannot speak it  
In a fairer language, and if some respects  
Familiar to my self chain'd not my tongue,  
I should say no more. I should, but I'll sit down,  
With this disgrace; how e'er press me no farther.  
For if once more provok'd, you'll understand  
I dare no more suffer an Injury,  
Than I dare do one.

*Cæsar.* Why Sir are you injur'd  
In that I take my right which I would force,  
Should you detain it?

*Ment.* Put it to judgment.

*Cæsar.* No; my will in this shall carry it.

*Ment.* Your will? nay, farewell softness then.

[*They suddenly  
draw*

*3.* This I foresaw.

*2.* Hold, hold.

*Cæsar.* I am hurt.

*2.* Shift for your self, 'tis death.

*Men.* As you respect me, bear him off with care,  
If he miscarry since he did the wrong,  
I'll stand the shock of't.

*2.* Gently, he will faint else.—

[*Exeunt Gent. with  
Cæsario.*

*Ment.* And speedily, I beseech you; my rage over,

That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,  
I see my folly, and at what dear loss  
I have exchang'd a real innocence,  
To gain a meer fantastical report,  
Transported only by vain popular wind,  
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy Man.

*Enter Baptista.*

But could I satisfie my self within here,  
How should I bear my fathers frown? They meet me,  
My guilt conjures him hither.

*Bap.* Sirrah:

*Mentiv.* Sir:

*Bap.* I have met the trophies of your ruffian sword:  
Was there no other Anvile to make triall  
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosome  
Of him, which under the adulterate name  
Of friendship, thou hast murder'd.

*Ment.* Murder'd Sir?  
My dreams abhor so base a fact; true valour  
Imploy'd to keep my reputation fair  
From the austere Judge, can never merit  
To be branded with that title; you begot me  
A man, no coward; and but call your youth  
To memory, when injur'd, you could never  
Boast of the Asses fortitude, slave-like patience:  
And you might justly doubt I were your son,  
If I should entertain it; if *Cæsario*  
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,  
A second tryal of what I dare doe  
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me  
I am the true heir to *Baptista's* courage,  
As to his other fortunes.

*Baptist.* Boy, to neither:  
But on this strict condition, which intreaties  
From Saints, nay Angels, shall not make me alter.  
A friendship so began, and so continu'd  
Between me and *Alberto* my best friend,  
Your brawls shall not dissolve; it is my will,  
And as I am thy Father, I command thee,  
That instantly, on any termes, how poor  
So e'er, it skills not, thou desire his pardon,  
And bring assurance to me, he has sign'd it,  
Or by my Fathers soul I'll never know thee:  
But as a stranger to my blood; perform it,  
And suddenly, without reply, I have said it.

*Ment.* And in it given a heavier sentence on me  
Than the most cruel death; you are my father  
And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed  
By me, that am your Son: But I'll obey,  
And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,  
When you command, my faculties are your own.

[*Exeunt.*

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## Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Alberto, Physitian, and a Chirurgion.*

*Phys.*

**H**AVE patience, Noble Sir; your son *Cæsario*  
Will recover without question.

*Surgeon.* A slight wound.  
Though it pierc't his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.

*Phys.* My life for't, he shall take the air again within these ten dayes.

*Alber.* O but from a friend,

To receive this bloody measure from a friend!  
If that a man should meet a violent death,  
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,  
Would it not grieve him? such all *Florence* held  
Their friendship, and 'tis that which multiplies  
The injury.

*Physi.* Have patience worthy Signior.

*Alber.* I do protest, as I am Man and Soldier,  
If I had buried him in a wave at Sea,  
(Lost in some honorable action)  
I would not, to the saltness of his grave,  
Have added the least tear; but these quarrels

*Enter Mariana, and Clarissa.*

Bred out of game and wine, I had as live  
He should have died of a Surfet.

*Maria.* Oh what comfort! How is it with our Son Sir?

*Alber.* His Work-masters  
Bear me in hand here, as my Lawyer does,  
When I have a crackt Title, or bad Sute in Law,  
All shall go well.

*Maria.* I pray you Gentlemen, what think you of his wound.

*Physi.* 'Tis but a scratch, nothing to danger.

*Claris.* But he receiv'd it from a friend,  
And the unkindness ta'en at that, may kill him.

*Mari.* Let me see him:

*Physi.* By no means, he slumbers.

*Mari.* Then I cannot believe you,  
When you tell me there's hope of him.

*Alber.* Yet many Ladies  
Do give more faith to their Physitian  
Than to their Confessor.

*Claris.* O my poor lost brother,  
And friend more dear than Brother.

*Alber.* More loud instruments  
To disturb his slumbers! goe, goe, take Caroch:  
And as you love me, you and the Girle retire  
To our Summer house, i'th' Country; I'll be with you  
Within these two days.

*Maria.* I am yours in all things,  
Though with much sorrow to leave him.

[*Exeunt* Maria,  
Clariss.

*Alber.* I pray you Gentlemen,  
With best observance tend your Patient;  
The loss of my heir-male, lies now a bleeding.

*Enter Mentivole.*

And think what payment his recovery  
Shall show'r upon you,  
Of all men breathing;  
Wherefore do you arrive here? Are you mad?  
My injury begins to bleed afresh  
At sight of you; why this affront of yours  
I receive more malitious than the other.  
Your hurt was only danger to my son:  
But your sight to me is death; Why come you hither?  
Do you come to view the wounds, which you have made?  
And glory in them?

[*Exeunt* Physitian,  
Chirur.

*Menti.* Rather worthy Sir, to pour Oyl into them.

*Alber.* I am a Soldier Sir,



Least part of a Courtier, and understand  
By your smooth Oyl,  
Your present flattery.

*Menti.* Sir, for my Fathers sake acknowledge me  
To be born a Gentleman, no slave; I ever  
Held flatterers of that breed; do not misconstrue  
In your distaste of me, the true intent  
Of my coming hither, for I do protest  
I do not come to tell you I am sorry  
For your sons hurt.

*Alber.* Not sorry?

*Menti.* No not sorry; I have to the lowest ebbe, lost all my fury:  
But I must not lose my honesty; 'twas he  
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd  
(Like a Petar, ill lighted, into 'th' bosome  
Of him, gave fire to't) yet I hope his hurt,  
Is not so dangerous, but he may recover;  
When if it please him, call me to account,  
For the loss of so much blood, I shall be ready  
To do him noble reason.

*Alber.* You are arm'd me thinks with wondrous confidence.

*Menti.* O with the best Sir;  
For I bring penitence, and satisfaction.

*Alber.* Satisfaction? Why I heard you say but now,  
You were not sorry for his wounds.

*Menti.* Nor am I: the satisfaction which I bring Sir, is to you;  
You are a Gentleman ne'er injur'd me;  
One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,  
And most approv'd of noble amity.  
Yet I have run my sword quite through your heart,  
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be [f]ear'd,  
A grief ta'en at these years for your sons loss,  
May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent  
By him that has most interest in your sorrow;  
Who having chid me almost to the ruin  
Of a disheritance, for violating  
So continued and so sacred a friendship  
Of 50 Winters standing: such a friendship,  
That ever did continue like the spring;  
Ne'er saw the fall o'th' leaf; by him I am sent  
To say the wrong I have done Sir, is to you:  
And that I have quite lost him for a Father,  
Until I find your pardon; nay there follows  
A weightier deprivation; his Estate  
I could with a less number of sighs part with.  
Fortune might attend my youth, and my deservings  
In any Climate: but a Fathers blessing,  
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where;  
But only here. Your pardon, give me that;  
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that  
Takes from me the effect of excommunication;  
A Fathers heavy curse.

*Alber.* Nay, may that curse  
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute:  
When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,  
As the cruellest Sea-fight, or most horrid tempest.  
That I had drown'd i'th' Sea a thousand duckets,  
Thou hadst not made this visit: rash young man,  
Thou tak'st me in an ill Planet, and hast cause  
To curse thy Father; for I do protest,  
If I had met thee in any part o'th' World,  
But under my own roofe, I would have kill'd thee.

*Within there.—Enter* Physitian, Chirurgion, *and*  
Servants.

Look you!  
Here's a triumph sent for the death of your young Master.

*Serv.* Shall we kill him?

*Alber.* No, I'll not be so unhostitable; but Sir,  
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,  
That right hand never more shall strike my son.

*Menti.* That will be easily protested.

*Alber.* Not easily, when it must be exacted, and a bloody seal to't.  
Bind him, and cut off's right hand presently:  
Fair words shall never satisfie foul deeds.  
Chop's hand off.

*Menti.* You cannot be so unrighteous, to your own honor.

*Phy.* O Sir, collect your self;  
And recall your bloody purpose.

*Alber.* My intents of this nature, do ever come to action.

*Chirur.* Then I must fetch another stickler.—

[*Exit.*

*Alber.* Yet I do grieve at heart;  
And I do curse thy Father heartily,  
That's the cause of my dishonor; sending thee  
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief:  
Apt, as a Dutchman after a Sea-fight,  
When his enemy kneels afore him; come dispatch.

*Phys.* Intreat him, Noble Sir.

*Menti.* You shall excuse me;  
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

*Enter Cæsario, and Chirurgion.*

*Cæsar.* Oh Sir, for honors sake stay your foul purpose,  
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,  
There is no question in the wound you give him,  
I shall bleed to death for't.

*Alber.* Thou art not of my temper,  
What I purpose, cannot be alter'd.

*Serv.* Sir; the Duke  
With all speed expects you. You must instantly  
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

*Alber.* My blessing stay with thee upon this condition,  
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st  
To be accounted for my son, perform't.—

[*Exit.*

*Cesar.* You hear what I am injoy'n'd to.

*Menti.* Pray thee take it,  
Only this ring, this best esteem'd Jewel:  
I will not give't to'th' hangman chops it off;  
It is too dear a relique. I'll remove it nearer my heart.

*Cæsar.* Ha, that Ring's my Sisters.  
The Ring I injoy'n'd her never part withal  
Without my knowledge; come, Sir, we are friends  
Pardon my fathers heat, and melancholy;  
Two violent Fevers which he caught at Sea,  
And cannot yet shake off: only one promise  
I must injoy'n you to, and seriously.  
Hereafter you shall never draw a Sword  
To the prejudice of my life.

*Menti.* By my best hopes I shall not.

*Cæsar.* I pray deliver me your sword  
On that condition.

*Menti.* I shall Sir, may it hereafter  
Ever fight on your part.

*Cæsar.* Noble Sir, I thank you;

But for performance of your vow, I intreat  
Some gage from you.

*Menti.* Any Sir.

*Cæsar.* Deliver me that ring.

*Menti.* Ha, this Ring? indeed this Jewel binds me,  
If you knew the vertue of it, never more  
To draw my sword against you.

*Cæsar.* Therefore I will have it.

*Menti.* You may not.

*Cæsar.* Come: you must.  
I that by violence could take your hand,  
Can inforce this from you; this is a token Sir,  
That we may prove friends hereafter. *Fare you well.*

*Phys.* Why did you cease his Sword Sir?

*Cesar.* To perform what my Father bade me,  
I have for the present ta'en away his  
Use of fighting.

*Phys.* Better so,  
Than take that which your Father meant.

[*Exeunt* Manet,  
Mentivole.]

*Menti.* Was ever the like usage? O that Ring!  
Dearer than life, Whither is honor fled?

*Cesario.* Thou art unmanly in each part,  
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* Host, and Clown.

*Host.* Thy Master that lodges here in my Osteria,  
Is a rare man of art, they say he's a Witch.

*Clow.* A Witch? Nay, he's one step of the Ladder to preferment higher, he is a  
Conjurer.

*Host.* Is that his higher title?

*Clow.* Yes, I assure you, for a Conjurer is the Devils Master, and commands  
him; whereas a Witch is the Devils Prentice, and obeys him.

*Host.* Bound Prentice to the Devil!

*Clow.* Bound and inroll'd I assure you, he cannot start; and therefore I would  
never wish any Gentleman to turn Witch.

*Host.* Why Man?

*Clow.* Oh he loses his Gentility by it, the Devil in this case cannot help him, he  
must go to the Herald for new Armes believe it.

*Host.* As I am true Inkeeper, yet a Gentleman born,  
I'll ne'er turn Witch for that trick;  
And thou hast been a great Traveller?

*Clow.* No indeed, not I Sir.

*Host.* Come, you are modest.

*Clow.* No, I am not modest, for I told you a lye, that you might the better  
understand I have been a Traveller.

*Host.* So Sir, they say your Master is a great Physitian too.

*Clow.* He was no fool told you that, I assure you.

*Host.* And you have been in *England*? but they say,  
Ladies in *England* take a great deal of Physick.

*Clow.* Both wayes on my reputation.

*Host.* So 'tis to be understood:  
But they say, Ladies there take Physick for fashion.

*Clow.* Yes Sir, and many times dye to keep fashion.

*Host.* How? dye to keep fashion!

*Clow.* Yes, I have known a Lady sick of the small Pocks, onely to keep her face from Pitholes, take cold, strike them in again, kick up the heels, and vanish.

*Host.* There was kicking up the heels with a witness.

*Clow.* No Sir; I confess a good face has many times been the motive to the kicking up of the heels with a witn[e]ss: but this was not.

*Enter Hostess, and Bianca.*

*Host.* Here comes my wife and daughter.

*Clow.* You have a prety commodity of this night-worm?

*Host.* Why Man?

*Clow.* She is a pretty lure to draw custom to your ordinary.

*Host.* Do'st think I keep her to that purpose?

*Clow.* When a Dove-house is empty, there is cuminseed used to purloine from the rest of the neighbors; in *England* you have several Adamants, to draw in spurs and rapiers; one keeps silk-worms in a Gallery: A Milliner has choice of Monkeys, and Paraketoos; another shewes bawdy East-Indian Pictures, worse than ever were *Aretines*: a Goldsmith keeps his Wife wedged into his shop like a Mermaid, nothing of her to be seen (thats Woman) but her upper part.

*Host.* Nothing but her upper part?

*Clow.* Nothing but her upper bodies, and he lives at the more hearts ease.

*Host.* What's the reason?

*Clow.* Because her nether part can give no temptation; by your leave, Sir, I'll tend my Master, and instantly be with you for a cup of *Cherally* this hot weather.

*Host.* A nimble pated Rascal, come hither Daughter, When was *Cesario* here?

*Bian.* Sir, not this fortnight.

*Host.* I do not like his visits, commonly  
He comes by Owl-light, both the time and manner  
Is suspitious; I do not like it.

*Bian.* Sir, the Gentleman  
Is every way so noble, that you need not  
Question his intent of coming, though you did;  
Pray Sir preserve that good opinion of me,  
That though the custome of the place I was born in,  
Makes me familiar to every guest,  
I shall in all things keep my self a stranger  
To the vices they bring with them.

*Hostis.* Right my daughter:  
She has the right strain of her Mother.

*Host.* Of her Mother?  
And I would speak, I know from whence she took it;  
When I was as young, I was as honest.

*Hostess.* Leave your prating.  
And study to be drunk; and abuse your guests over and over.

*Enter Forobosco, and Clown.*

*Host.* Peace Wife. My honorable guest.

*Foro.* My indear'd Landlord?  
And the rest o'th' complements o'th' house.

*Host.* Breakfast is ready Sir;  
It waites only the tide of your stomach.

*Clow.* And mine gapes for't like a stale Oyster.  
Ere you go to bed, fail not of that I pray.

[—*Exeunt all but*  
*Forobosco,*  
*and Clown.*

*Foro.* We will instantly be with you;  
Now we are all fellows.  
Nine a Clock, and no Clyents come  
Yet, sure thou do'st not set up bills enough.

*Clow.* I have set up bills in abundance.

*Foro.* What Bills?

*Clow.* Marry for curing of all diseases,  
Recovery of stoln goods,  
And a thousand such impossibilities.

*Foro.* The place is unlucky.

*Clow.* No certain, 'tis scarcity of mony; do not you hear  
the Lawyers complain of it? Men have as much Malice as  
ever they had to wrangle, but they have no Mony: Whither  
should this Mony be travell'd?

*Foro.* To the Devil I think.

*Clow.* 'Tis with his Cofferer I am certain, that's the Usurer.

*Foro.* Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was wont to do.

*Clow.* No sure, why in *England* we coo'd cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had  
travell'd with a Brief, or a Lottery.

*Foro.* I'th' Low-countries we did pretty well.

*Clow.* So so: as long as we kept the Mop-headed butter-boxes sober; marry  
when they were drunk, then they grew buzards: You should have them reel  
their heads together, and deliberate; your *Dutchman* indeed, when he is foxt,  
is like a Fox; for when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to a Mans thinking, 'tis  
full Exchange time with him, then he's subtlest; but your *Switzer*, 'twas  
nothing to cheat him.

*Foro.* Nothing?

*Clow.* No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since nature afore-hand  
cozen'd him of his wit, 'twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his Mony.

*Foro.* But these *Italians* are more nimble-pated, we must have some new trick  
for them; I protest but that our Hostess's daughter is a sweet Lass, and draws  
great resort to'th' house, we were as good draw teeth a horseback.

*Clow.* I told 'em in the Market-place you could conjure, and no body would  
believe me: but ere long I will make 'em believe you can conjure with such a  
figuary.

*Foro.* What language shall's conjure in? high *Dutch* I think, that's full i'th'  
mouth.

*Clow.* No, no, *Spanish*, that roars best; and will appear more dreadful.

*Foro.* Prethee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

*Clow.* No, no, I will not stael it; but my dear Jews-trump, for thou art but my  
instrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozen'd 'em most titely, thou  
shalt steal away the Inn-keepers daughter, I'll provide my self of another  
moveable: and we will most purely retire our selves to *Geneva*.

*Foro.* Thou art the compass I sail by.

*Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*

*Bap.* Was ever expectation of so Noble  
A requital answered with such contumely!  
A wild *Numidian* that had suck'd a Tigress,  
Would not have been so barbarous; Did he threat  
To cut thy hand off?

*Ment.* Yes Sir, and his slaves were ready to perform't.

*Bapt.* What hind'red it?

*Ment.* Only his sons intreaty.

*Bapt.* Noble youth,  
I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pittty  
Gives me a hope thou art not.

*Ment.* You mistake Sir,  
The injury that followed from the son,  
Was worse than the fathers; he did first disarme  
And took from me a Jewel, which I prize  
Above my hand or life.

*Bap.* Take thy sword from thee?  
He stole it like a Thief rather, he could not

I'th' Field deprive thee of it.

*Ment.* He took it from me,  
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade up,  
As if I had been a Foot-boy.

*Bap.* O my fury!  
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness,  
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee  
To so eminent a danger; which I vow  
I will revenge on the whole Family:  
All the calamities of my whole life,  
My banishment from *Genoa*, my wifes loss  
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;  
Their Family shall repair't; it shall be to them  
Like a plague, when the Dog-star reigns most hot:  
An *Italian's* revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot.

[*Exit.*

*Ment.* I would I had conceal'd this from my Father,  
For my interest in *Clarissa*; my care now  
Must be to untangle this division,  
That our most equal flames may be united;  
And from these various and perturbed streames,  
Rise, like a sweet Morn, after terrible dreams.—

[*Exit.*

*Enter Clarissa and Cæsario.*

*Clar.* Brother, I am happy in your recovery.

*Cæs.* And I Sister, am ever best pleased in your happiness:  
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

*Clar.* My Ring; this morning when I wash't  
I put it off, 'tis in my Window.

*Ces.* Where's your Looking-glass?

*Clar.* Here, Sir.

*Ces.* 'Tis a fair one.

*Clar.* 'Tis pure Chrystal.

*Ces.* Can a Diamond cut in Crystal? let me see,  
I'll grave my name in't.

*Clar.* Oh, you'll spoyl my glass.  
Would you not have your brother in your eye?

*Ces.* I had thought he had been Planted in your heart,  
Look you, the Diamond cuts quaintly, you are cozen'd,  
Your Chrystal is too brittle.

*Clar.* 'Tis the Ring  
I gave unto *Mentivole*, sure the same.  
You put me to amazement Sir, and horror;  
How came you by that Ring?

*Ces.* Does the blood rise?

*Clar.* Pray Sir resolve me, O for pittty do;  
And take from me a trembling at the heart,  
That else will kill me: for I too much fear  
Nothing but Death could ravish it from his hand  
That wore it.

*Cesar.* Was it given to *Mentivola* on that condition?

*Clar.* Tell me of his health first.  
And then I'll tell you any thing.

*Cesar.* By my life he's well,  
In better health than I am.

*Clar.* Then it was Sir.

*Cesar.* Then shall I ever hate thee, Oh thou false one;  
Hast thou a Faith to give unto a friend,

And break it to a brother? Did I not,  
By all the tyes of blood importune thee  
Never to part with it without my knowledge?  
Thou might'st have given it to a Muliter,  
And made a contrail with him in a stable,  
At as cheap a price of my vengeance: never more  
Shall a Womans trust beguile me; You are all  
Like Relicks: you may well be look't upon,  
But come a Man to'th' handling of you once,  
You fall in pieces.

*Clar.* Dear Sir, I have no way  
Look't either beneath reason, or my self,  
In my election; there's parity in our blood,  
And in our fortunes, antient amity  
Betwixt our parents: to which wants nothing,  
But the Fruit of blest Marriage between us,  
To add to their posterities: nor does now  
Any impeachment rise, except the sad  
And unexpected quarrel, which divided  
So noble, and so excellent a friendship,  
Which as I ne'er had Magick to foresee,  
So I could not prevent.

*Cæsar.* Well, you must give me leave  
To have a hand in your disposing, I shall,  
In the absence of my Father, be your Guardian;  
His Suit must pass through my office. *Mentivole,*  
He has too much of my blood already; he has,  
And he get's no more of't—  
Wherefore weep you Mother?

*Enter Mariana, and a Sailor.*

*Marian.* 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow,  
Wherein you have a Child's part, and the mainest,  
Your Father's dead.

*Cæsar.* Dead?

*Marian.* There's one can relate the rest.

*Sailor.* I can Sir, your Father's drown'd,  
Most unfortunately drown'd.

*Cæsar.* How? In a tempest?

*Sailor.* No Sir, in a calm,  
Calm as this evening; the Gunner being drunk,  
Forgot to fasten the Ordnance to their ports,  
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them  
All to the Starboord side, o'erturn'd the Ship,  
And sunk her in a moment, some six men  
That were upon the deck were sav'd: the rest  
Perish'd with your Father.

*Claris.* O my dearest Father—

*Cesar.* I pray thee leave us.

*Maria.* I have a sorrow of another nature, equal to the former.

*Cesar.* And most commonly they come together.

*Maria.* The Family of the *Baptisti*  
Are grown to faction, and upon distast  
Of the injury late offer'd in my house,  
Have vow'd a most severe, and fell revenge  
'Gainst all our family, but especially  
'Gainst you my dear *Cæsario.*

*Cæsar.* Let them threat, I am prepar'd to oppose them.

*Maria.* And is your loss then  
Of so easie an estimation? What comfort  
Have I but in your life, and your late danger  
Presents afore me what I am to suffer,

Should you miscarry; therefore I'll advise you  
When the Funeral is over, you would travel,  
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out th' injury.

*Cæsar.* No Mother, I will not travel,  
So in my absence he may marry my Sister,  
I will not travel certain.

*Maria.* O my *Cesario*,  
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,  
Indeed with a kind of dotage, he shall never  
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction  
Will indanger's life, and then am I most wretched.  
I am thinking of a strange prevention,  
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye,  
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty.—

[*Exeunt.*]

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### Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Host, Hostess, and Bianca.*

*Host.*

**H** haunted, my house is haunted with goblins. I shall be frighted out of my wits, and set up a sign only to invite Carriers and Foot-posts; scar-crows to keep off the Cavalry, and Gentry of the best rank. I will nail up my doors, and wall up my Girle (wife) like an Anchoress; or she will be ravisht before our faces, by rascalls and cacafugo's (wife) cacafugo's.

*Hostess.* These are your In-comes, remember your own proverb, the savor of every gain smelt sweet; thank no body but your self for this trouble.

*Host.* No gauling (dear Spouse) no gauling, every days new vexation abates me two inches in the waste, terrible pennance for an Host, Girle, girle, girle, Which of all this gally-maufry of Mans flesh appears tolerable to thy choice; speak shortly, and speak truely: I must and will know, must and will; Hear ye that?

*Bian.* Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty;  
I am so far from entertaining thoughts  
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects  
Than any of such course contents as these are,  
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart;  
Conceive a wish of any dearer happiness  
Than your direction warrant's. I am yours Sir.

*Hostess.* What thinks the Man now? Is not this strange at 13.

*Host.* Very good words, there's a tang in e'm, and a sweet one, 'tis musick (wife) and now I come t'ee. Let us a little examine the several conditions of our Paragraphistical suitors. The first, a travelling Tailor, who by the mystery of his Needle and Thimble, hath survey'd the fashions of the French, and English; this Signior Ginger-bread, sticht up in the shreds of a g[a]ludy outside, sows Linings with his cross-leg'd complement, like an Ape doing tricks over a staffe, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his forefinger.

*Hostess.* Out upon him.

*Host.* A second, a lavolteteere, a saltatory, a dancer with a Kit at his Bum, one that, by teaching great *Madonnas* to foot it, has miraculously purchast a ribanded Wastcote, and four clean pair of socks; a fellow that skips as he walkes, and instead of sensible discourse, vents the curious conceit of some new tune stolen from a Mask, or a bawdy dittie, elevated for the *Pole Artick* of a Ladies chamber, in that file stands another of your inamoratoes.

*Hostess.* Hang him and his Fiddle together, he never fiddles any child of ours.

*Host.* The third, a Mongrel, got by a *Switzer* on an *Italian*; this puppy, being left well estated, comes to *Florence*, that the world may take notice, how impossible it is for experience to alter the course of nature; a fool (wife) and indeed, a Clown turn'd Gallant, seldom or never proves other than a gallant fool, this toy prates to little purpose other than What's a Clock? Shall's go drink? De'e forsooth? and thank ye heartily; I fear no art in him to catch thee, and yet we must be tormented with this buzard amongst the rest.

*Hostess.* 'Tis your own folly, forbid him the House.

*Host.* The fourth, a Mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh knave: the fifth a School-Master, a very amorous Pedant, run almost mad with study of Sonnets,



and Complements out of old Play-ends, the last an Advocates Clerk, that speaks pure Fustian in Law-terms: excellent Courtiers all, and all as neate as a *Magnifio's* post new painted, at his entrance to an office; thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do. I say thou shalt have none of 'em.

*Bian.* Still your command to me shall stand a Law.

*Host.* Now they throng like so many horse-coursers at a fair, in clusters about the Man of Art, for Love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels, postures, complements, philters: the Devil and the—How now? Tumults? Batteries, Noise? ha, get from my sight.

[*Clown cries within.*

*Enter Forobosco, and Clown, his head bloody.*

*Clow.* Murther me, do, pound me to Mummy, do; see what will come on't.

*Foro.* Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out, Thou un[l]ickt Bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury, My generous rage? yet! by the sulphurous damp That feed the hungry and incessant darkness, Which curls around the grim *Alastors* back, Mutter again, and with one powerful word, I'll call an Host up from the *Stygian* Lakes, Shall waft thee to the *Acherontick* fens; Where choak't with Mists as black as thy impostures, Thou shalt live still a dying.

*Clow.* Conjure me to the Devil and you can, I live in Hell upon earth already, and you had any mercy, you would not practice upon a kind heart thus.

*Host.* You have drawn blood from him Signior, Is his offence unpardonable?

*Foro.* A lump of ignorance, pray speak not for him, A drowsie grossness, in all Christian Kingdoms, The mention of my art, my name, my practise, Merit and Glory hath begot at once Delight and wonder; I'll not be entreated; Spare intercession for him,—O thou scorn Of learning, shame of duty; must thy sloth Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee From my service; see me no more henceforth.

*Clow.* Discharge me! Is that my years wages? I'll not be so answer'd.

*Foro.* Not Camel? Sirrah I am liberal to thee; Thou hast thy life, be gone.

*Clow.* Vengeance, sweet vengeance.

*Foro.* De'e mumble?

*Clow.* I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, suddenly, and insatiably; my bulk begins to swell.

*Foro.* *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax.*

*Clo.* Call up your Spirits, I defie 'em; well, I'll have Law for my broken pate, twelve ounces of pure blood; *Troy-weight*. In despite of thee my Master, and thy Master the grand Devil himself, *vindicta, vindicta.*—[*Exit.*

*Host.* Signior, you are exceeding mov'd.

*Hostess.* Mercy upon us, What terrible words thou talk'st?

*Foro.* A slave, a curr—but be not you afrighted Young Virgin, 'twere an injury to sweetness: Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks, The pretious tincture which makes nature proud Of her own workmanship.

*Host.* Wife, Mark, mark that Wife.

*Bian.* Shake then your anger off Sir.

*Foro.* You command it Fair one, mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves I have a motion joyntly to you all.

*Hostess.* An honest one I hope.

*Host.* Well put in Wife.

*Foro.* A very necessary one, the Me[s]s  
And half of suitors, that attend to usher  
Their Loves sir-reverence to your daughter, wait  
With one consent, which can best please her eye;  
In offering at a Dance, I have provided  
Musick. And, 'twill be something I dare promise  
Worthy your laughter, Shall they have admittance?

*Host.* By any means, for I am perswaded the manner will be so  
Ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their  
Miserable fooleries, but no longer trouble with 'em here,  
Than they are in these May-games.

*Foro.* So I am resolv'd.

*Hostess.* Nor any wise word of senceless love.

*Foro.* Not any; I have charm'd them, Did you see  
How they prepar'd themselves? how they stroak up  
Their foretops, how they justle for the Looking-glass,  
To set their faces by it; [See they Muster.  
You would look for some most impossible antick.

*Enter* Tailor, Dancer, Mule-driver, School-Master,  
Clark: (*all with several papers, and present 'em  
to Forobosco.*)

*Host.* So, so, so, so, here flutter the nest of Hornets, the hotch-potch of  
rascallity; now, now, now, now, the dung-hill of corruption hath yawn'd forth  
the burthen of abhominaton. I am vext, vext to the soul, will rid my house of  
this unchristen'd fry, and never open my doors again.

*Foro.* Some other time, I'll give no answer now,  
But have preferred your suits, here shew your cunning.  
First, every one in order do his honor  
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,  
Convey your several loves in lively measure:  
Come, let us take our seates, some sprightly Musick.

*Host.* Dance all and part, 'tis a very necessary farewell.

*Enter Cæsario, They all make ridiculous conges to  
Bianca: rank themselves, and dance in several  
postures: during the dance, Enter Cæsario, and  
stands off.*

*Host.* Well done my lusty bloods, precisely well done,  
One lusty rouse of Wine, and take leave on all sides.

*Cesar.* Thanks for your Revels Gentlemen; accept  
This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

*Host.* My noble Lord *Cesario*, clear the rooms Sirs.

*Foro.* Away. Attend your answers. [—*Exeunt Foro,  
and those that  
danc'd.*

*Cesar.* With your favor *Rolando*, I would change a word or  
two with your fair daughter.

*Host.* At your Lordships pleasure, come Wife, no muttering, have a care Girle,  
my love, service, and duty to your good Lordship. [—*Exeunt and  
Wife.*

*Cesar.* My often visits (sweet *Bianca*) cannot  
But constantly inform thy judgment, wherein  
Thy happiness consists, for to steal minutes  
From great imployments, to converse with beauty,  
Lodg'd in so mean a fortune, to lay by  
Consideration of the unequal distance  
Between my blood and thine, to shun occasions  
Of courtship with the Ladies of the time:  
Noble, and fair, only for love to thee,  
Must of necessity invite a tenderness;  
As low as nature could have stamp'd a Bondwomans.  
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude  
For my uncommon favors.

*Bian.* 'Deed my Lord, as far as my simplicity can lead me,

I freely thank your curtesies.

*Cesar.* To thank them, is to reward them pretty one.

*Bian.* Then teach me  
How I may give them back again; in truth  
I never yet receiv'd a pair of Gloves:  
A trifling Ring from any that expected  
An equall satisfaction, but as willingly  
I parted with the guift unto the owner, as he bestow'd it.

*Cæsar.* But I pour before thee  
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability  
Of thy whole kindred, to return proportionable  
One for a thousand.

*Bian.* You my Lord conclude  
For my instruction, to ingage a debt  
Beyond a possibility of paiment,  
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly  
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,  
I must refuse your bounty.

*Cesar.* Canst thou love?

*Bian.* Love! Is there such a word in any Language  
That carries honest sence?

*Cesar.* Never dwelt ignorance  
In so sweet-shap't a building: love, *Bianca*,  
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:  
Shall ours be tied so?

*Bian.* Use a plainer word,  
My Lord. In stead of tyes, say marries hearts,  
Then I may understand.

*Cæsar.* Their hearts are married  
Whose enterchange of pleasures, and embraces,  
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,  
Keeps constant league together, when temptation  
Of great mens oathes and gifts, shall urge contempt,  
Rather than batter resolution, novelty  
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,  
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any  
Reserv'd to noble vowes; my excellent Maid,  
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,  
Mine only, that no partner may partake  
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,  
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance  
Of all varieties, and more triumph  
In such a Mistris, than great Princes doating  
On truth-betraying Wives.

*Bian.* Thus to yield up then  
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd  
By some hard-neighbouring Landlord, such as you are,  
Is in effect to love, a Lord so vicious!  
O where shall innocence find some poor dwelling,  
Free from temptations tyranny.

*Cesar.* Nay prethee.

*Byan.* Gay clothes, high feeding, easie beds of lust,  
Change of unseemly sights; with base discourse,  
Draw curses on your Pallaces; for my part,  
This I will be confirm'd in, I will eate  
The bread of labour, know no other rest  
Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more  
Lend ear to your vile toyles; Sir, would you were  
As noble in desires, as I could be in knowing virtue.  
Pray do not afflict a poor soul thus.

*Cesar.* I swear --- to me?—

[*Bianca steales off.*]

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* The Duke my Lord commands your speedy presence  
For answering agrievances lately urg'd  
Against you by your Mother?

*Cesar.* By my Mother.

*Gent.* The Court is near on sitting.

*Cesar.* I wait on it Sir.—

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, Magistrate, Secretary, Baptista,  
Attendants, Mentivole: (they sit) Mentivole  
stands by.*

*Duke.* What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,  
What outrages, what uprores in a State,  
Factions, though issuing from mean springs at first,  
Have (not restrain'd) flowed to, the sad example  
At *Rome*, between the *Ursins* and *Columni's*:  
Nay, here at home, in *Florence*, 'twixt the *Neers*  
And the *Bianchi*, can too mainly witness.  
I sit not at the Helm (my Lords) of Sovereignty  
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,  
To sleep while others steere (as their wild fancies  
Shall counsel) by the compass of disorders.  
*Baptista*, This short Preface is directed  
Chiefly to you, the petty brawls and quarrels  
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your family;  
Must, yes, and shall, like tender unknit joynts,  
Fasten again together of themselves:  
Or like an angry Chyrurgion, we will use  
The roughness of our justice, to cut off  
The stubborn rancour of the limbes offending.

*Bap.* Most gracious *Florence*.

*Duke.* Our command was signified,  
That neither of the followers of each party  
Should appear here with weapons.

*Bap.* 'Tis obey'd Sir, on my side.

*Duke.* We must leave the general cause  
Of State employments, to give ear to brawls  
Of some particular grudges, pollitick government  
For tutor'd Princes, but no more henceforth.

*Enter Mariana, and Clarissa at one door, Cesario at  
the other.*

Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency.

*Mari.* All blessings due to impartial Princes,  
Crown *Florence* with eternity of happiness.

*Cesar.* If double Prayers can double blessings (great Sir)  
Mine joy for your prosperity with my Mothers.

*Duke.* Rise both; now briefly (Lady) without circumstance  
Deliver those agrievances, which lately  
Your importunity possest our Counsel,  
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd,  
You might be heard without an Advocate,  
Which boon you find is granted.

*Mari.* Though divided.  
I stand between the Laws of truth and modesty,  
Yet let my griefs have vent: Yet the clearness  
Of strange necessity requires obedience  
To nature and your Mercy, in my weeds  
Of mourning, emblems of too dear misfortunes,  
Badges of griefs, and Widdowhood, the burthen  
Of my charg'd soul, must be laid down before you;  
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,  
My frailty is my plea;  
Stand forth young Man,  
And hear a story that will strike all reason

Into amazement.

*Cesar.* I attend.

*Mar. Alberto* (peace dwell upon his ashes) still the husband  
Of my remembrance and unchanging vowes,  
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession  
Of fair renew, which this young man claimes  
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,  
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage  
Of this estate to her who ownes it all,  
This his supposed Sister.

*Bap.* How supposed?

*Cesar.* Pray *Madam* recollect your self.

*Mar.* The relish  
Of a strange truth begins to work like Physick  
Already: I have bitterness to mingle  
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome;  
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it  
*Cesario*, for I dare not rob unjustly  
The poor soul of his name; this, this *Cesario*  
Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me  
For Mother, nor *Clarissa* for his Sister.

*Claris.* Mother, O Mother.

*Ment.* I am in a Dream sure.

*Duke.* No interruptions. Lady on.

*Mari.* Mistake not,  
Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or the beginning  
Or process of this novelty; my husband  
The now deceas'd *Alberto*, from his youth  
In-ur'd to an impatiency, and roughness  
Of disposition, when not many months  
After our Marriage were worn out, repin'd  
At the unfr[u]itful barrenness of youth,  
Which, as he pleas'd to terme it, cut our hopes off  
From blessing of some issue; to prevent it  
I grew ambitious of no fairer honor  
Than to preserve his love, and as occasions  
Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence  
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.  
At last I fain'd my self with Child; the Message  
Of freedome, or relief, to one half starv'd  
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness  
Of expectation, and delight, as this was  
To my much affected Lord; his care, his goodness;  
(Pardon me that I use the word) exceeded  
All former fears, the hour of my deliverance  
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd  
My birth-rights at a Country Garden-house,  
Where then my Faulk'ners Wife was brought a bed  
Of this *Cesario*; him I own'd for mine;  
Presented him unto a joyful Father.

*Duke.* Can you prove this true?

*Mari.* Proofs I have most evident;  
But oh the curse of my impatiency; shortly,  
E'r three new Moons had spent their borrow'd Lights,  
I grew with Child indeed, so just is Heaven,  
The issue of which burthen was this Daughter;  
Judge now most gracious Prince, my Lords and you,  
What combats then, and since, I have indur'd,  
Between a Mothers piety, and weakness  
Of a Soul trembling Wife; to have reveal'd  
This secret to *Alberto*, had been danger  
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict  
Of his distractions; now to have suppress it,  
Were to defeat my Child, my only Child,  
Of her most lawful honors, and inheritance.

*Cæsario*, th'art a Man still, Education  
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue so;  
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower  
Than worthy thoughts may warrant, yet disclaim  
All interest in *Alberto's* blood, thou hast not  
One drop of his or mine.

*Duke*. Produce your witness.

*Marian*. The Faulconers Wife his Mother,  
And such women as waited then upon me,  
Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

*Duke*. Give them all their Oaths.

*Cesar*. O let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir,  
Vouchsafe me hearing.

*Duke*. Speak *Cæsario*.

*Cesar*. Thus long  
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness,  
Attended the relation of my fall,  
From a fair expectation; what I fear'd  
(Since the first syllable this Lady utter'd  
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates  
Have eas'd me off; for to be basely born,  
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty  
Of natures freedom, or an honest birth.  
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,  
Shewes chiefly, that our Ancestors desir'd  
What we inherit; but that Man whose actions  
Purchase a real merit to himself,  
And rancks him in the file of praise and honor,  
Creates his own advancement; let me want  
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,  
Lordly possessions, yet shall still my gratitude  
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,  
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance  
To that large debt I owe your favours (Madam)  
And great *Alberto's* memory and goodness;  
O that I could as gently shake off passion  
For the loss of that great brave Man, as I can shake off  
Remembra[n]ce of that once I was reputed;  
I have not much to say, this Princely presence  
Needs not too strictly to examine farther  
The truth of this acknowledgment; a Mother  
Dares never disavow her only son,  
And any woman must come short of Piety,  
That can, or dis-inherit her own issue,  
Or fears the voice of rumor for a stranger.  
Madam, you have confest, my Father was  
A servant to your Lord and you: by interest  
Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly  
The honor of continuing still my service  
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave  
I may for this time be dismiss.

*Duke*. Bold spirit.

*Bap*. I love thee now with pittie.

*Duke*. Go not yet—  
A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,  
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me,  
He, not *Alberto's* son, and she a Widdow,  
And she a Widdow,—Lords your ear.

*Omnes*. Your pleasure.—

[*Whispers*.

*Duke*. So, Lady, what you have avouch'd is truth.

*Mari*. Truth only, gracious Sir.

*Duke*. Hear then our Sentence.  
Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd  
*Cæsario* as your Son, and train'd him up

To hopes of greatness; which now in a moment  
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way  
We with our Counsel are resolv'd, you being  
A Widdow, shall accept him for a husband.

*Maria.* Husband to me, Sir?

*Duke.* 'Tis in us to raise him  
To honors, and his vertues will deserve 'em.

*Maria.* But Sir, 'tis in no Prince, nor his Prerogative,  
To force a Womans choice against her heart.

*Duke.* True, if then you appeale to higher Justice,  
Our Doom includes this clause upon refusal,  
Out of your Lords revenues shall *Cæsario*  
Assure to any, whom he takes for Wife,  
The inheritance of three parts; the less remainder  
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;  
And we, by our Prerogative, which you question,  
Will publickly adopt him into th'name  
Of your deceas'd *Alberto*, that the memory  
Of so approv'd a Peer may live in him  
That can preserve his memory; 'less you find out  
Some other means, which may as amply satisfie  
His wrong, our Sentence stands irrevocable:  
What think you Lords?

*Omnes.* The Duke is just and honorable.

*Bap.* Let me embrace *Cæsario*, henceforth ever  
I vow a constant friendship.

*Mentivole.* I remit all former difference.

*Cesar.* I am too poor  
In words to thank this Justice. *Madam*, alwayes  
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

*Duke.* Replies we admit none. *Cæsario* wait on us.

[*Exeunt. Manent, Mentivole, Bap. Mari.*  
*Clariss.*

*Bap. Mentivole.*

*Menti.* My Lord.

*Bap.* Look on *Clarissa*, she's noble, rich, young, fair.

*Mentivole.* My Lord, and virtuous.

*Bap. Mentivole* and virtuous.—*Madam.*

*Maria.* Tyranny of Justice, I shall live reports derision,  
That am compell'd to exchange a graceful Widdowhood  
For a continual Martyrdome in Marriage,  
With one so much beneath me.

*Bap.* I'll plead for ye  
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only  
Admit my son her servant, at next visit,  
*Madam*, I'll be a messenger of comfort.  
*Mentivole*, be confident and earnest.

[*Exit.*

*Maria.* Married again, to him too! better 'thad been  
The young Man should have still retain'd the honors  
Of old *Alberto's* son, than I the shame  
Of making him successor of his bed; I was too blame.

*Ment.* Indeed without offence,  
Madam I think you were.

*Clariss.* You urge it fairly, and like a worthy friend.

*Maria.* Can you say any thing  
In commendation of a Mushroom withered  
Assoon as started up?

*Ment.* You scorn an Innocent  
Of noble growth, for whiles your husband liv'd  
I have heard you boast *Cesario* in all actions  
Gave matter of report of Imitation,  
Wonder and envy; let not discontinuance  
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion  
Of virtue, ch[ie]fly when, in such extremity,  
Your pittie not contempt will argue goodness.

*Maria.* O Sir.

*Cla.* If you would use a thriving courtship,  
You cannot utter a more powerfull language  
That I shall listen to with greater greediness  
Than th'argument you prosecute; this speaks you  
A man compleat and excellent.

*Ment.* I speak not, they are his own deserts.

*Maria.* Good Sir forbear,  
I am now fully sensible of running  
Into a violent Lethargy, whose deadliness  
Locks up all reason, I shall never henceforth  
Remember my past happiness.

*Ment.* These clouds may be disperst.

*Maria.* I fear continuall night  
Will over-shroud me, yet poor youth his trespass  
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty  
Of the Duke's sentence.

*Cla.* I dare think it does.

*Maria.* If all fail I will learn thee to conquer  
Adversity with sufferance.

*Ment.* You resolve Nobly.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Cesario and a Servant.*

*Cesar.*

**L**et any friend have entrance.

*Servant.* Sir a'shall.

*Cesar.* Any, I except none.

*Serv.* We know, your mind Sir.

[*—Exit.*]

*Cesar.* Pleasures admit no bounds.  
I am pitcht so high  
To such a growth of full prosperities  
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury  
To gratefulness, and those more liberall favours  
By whom my glories prosper. He that flowes  
In gracious and swolne tydes of best abundance,  
Yet will be Ignorant of his own fortunes,  
Deserves to live contemn'd, and dye forgotten;  
The harvest of my hopes is now already  
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten youth  
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts,  
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

*Enter 2 Servants and Biancha.*

1 'Tis my place.

2 Yours? here fair one, I'll acquaint my Lord.

1 He's here, go to him boldly.

2 Please you to let him understand how readily



I waited on your errand?

*1* Saucy fellow, you must excuse his breeding.

*Cesar.* What's the matter?

*Biancha,* my *Biancha,* to your offices.

[*Exit Ser.*

This visit (Sweet) from thee (my pretty dear)

By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes

So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,

What ere occasion led thee.

*Bian.* You must guess Sir,

Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.

*Ces.* Prethee speak it, my honest virtuous maid.

*Bian.* Sir I have heard

Of your misfortunes, and I cannot tell you

Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,

To know they are a truth.

*Ces.* What truth *Biancha?* misfortunes, how, wherein?

*Bian.* You are disclaym'd

For being the Lord *Alberto's* Son, and publicly

Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is,

It cannot chuse but greive ye.

*Ces.* Greive me? Ha ha ha ha? Is this all?

*Bian.* This all?

*Ces.* Thou art sorry for't

I warrant thee: alas good soul, *Biancha,*

That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness,

My happiness *Biancha.*

*Bian.* If you love me, it may prove mine too.

*Ces.* May it? I will love thee.

My good, good maid,

If that can make thee happy,

Better and better love thee.

*Bian.* Without breach then

Of modesty I come to claime the Interest

Your protestations, both by vows and letters,

Have made me owner of: from the first hour

I saw you, I confess I wisht I had been

Or not so much below your rank and greatness,

Or not so much above those humble flames

That should have warm'd my bosome with a temperate

Equality of desires in equal fortunes.

Still as you utter'd Language of affection,

I courted time to pass more slowly on

That I might turn more fool to lend attention

To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for:

Yet still as more I heard, I wisht to hear more.

*Ces.* Didst thou introth wench?

*Bian.* Willingly betraid

My self to hopeless bondage.

*Ces.* A good girl,

I thought I should not miss

What ere thy answer was.

*Biancha.* But as I am a maid Sir, and I'faith

You may believe me, for I am a maid,

So dearly I respected both your fame

And quality, that I would first have perisht

In my sick thoughts than ere have given consent

To have undone your fortunes by inviting

A marriage with so mean an one as I am.

I should have dyed sure, and no creature known

The sickness that had kill'd me.

*Ces.* Pretty heart, good Soul, alas, alas.

*Bian.* Now since I know  
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,  
Not much 'twixt our estates, if any be,  
The advantage is on my side, I come willingly  
To tender you the first fruits of my heart,  
And am content t'accept you for my husband,  
Now when you are at lowest.

*Ces.* For a husband?  
Speak sadly, dost thou mean so?

*Bian.* In good deed Sir,  
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.

*Ces.* I believe thee,  
What counsail urg'd thee on, tell me, thy Father  
My worshipfull smug Host? wast not he wench?  
Or mother Hostess? ha?

*Bian.* D'ee mock my parentage?  
I doe not scorn yours.  
Mean folks are as worthy  
To be well spoken of if they deserve well,  
As some whose onely fame lies in their blood,  
O y'are a proud poor man: all your oaths falshood,  
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd, and wicked.

*Ces.* Thou'dst be my wife, I dare swear.

*Bian.* Had your heart,  
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed  
This courtesy a benefit.

*Ces.* Simplicity,  
How prettily thou mov'st me! why *Biancha*,  
Report has coz'ned thee, I am not fallen  
From my expected honors, or possessions,  
Though from the hope of birthright.

*Bian.* Are you not?  
Then I am lost again, I have a suit too;  
You'll grant it if you be a good man.

*Ces.* Any thing.

*Bian.* Pray doe not talk of ought what I have said t'ee.

*Ces.* As I wish health I will not.

*Bian.* Pitty me, but never love me more.

*Ces.* Nay now y'are cruell,  
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.

*Bian.* I'll pray for ye  
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one,  
And when I am dead—

*Ces.* Fy, fy.

*Bian.* Think on me sometimes,  
With mercy for this trespass.

*Ces.* Let us kiss  
At parting as at coming.

*Bian.* This I have  
As a free dower to a virgins grave,  
All goodness dwell with ye.—

[*Exit.*

*Ces.* Harmeless *Biancha*! unskill'd;  
What handsome toyes are maids to play with!

*Enter Mariana and Clarissa.*

How innocent! But I have other thoughts

Of nobler meditation.—my felicity,  
Thou commest as I could wish, lend me a lip  
Soft as melting as when old *Alberto*  
After his first nights triall taking farewell  
Of thy youth's conquest tasted.

*Maria.* You are uncivill.

*Ces.* I will be Lord of my own pleasures, Madam  
Y'are mine, mine freely,  
Come, no whimpering henceforth  
New con the lessons of loves best experience,  
That our delights may meet in equal measure  
Of resolutions and desires; this sulleness  
Is scurvy, I like it not.

*Mar.* Be modest.  
And do not learn *Cesario* how to prostitute  
The riot of thy hopes to common folly;  
Take a sad womans word, how ere thou doat'st  
Upon the present graces of thy greatnes.  
Yea I am not falen so below my constancy  
To virtue, nor the care which I once tend'red  
For thy behoof that I prefer a sentence  
Of cruelty before my honor.

*Ces.* Honor!

*Maria.* Hear me, thou seest this girl! now the comfort  
Of my last days. She is the onely pledge  
Of a bed truely noble: shee had a father  
(I need not speak him more than thou remembrest)  
Whom to dishonor by a meaner choice,  
Were injury and infamy.

*Clariss.* To goodnes,  
To time and virtuous mention.

*Mar.* I have vow'd,  
Observe me now *Cesario*, that how ere  
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,  
Persuasions, flattery, guifts, intreats, or tortures,  
Shall draw me to a second bed.

*Clar.* Tis just too.

*Maria.* Yes and 'tis just *Clarissa*. I allow  
The Duke's late sentence, am resolv'd young man  
To be thy wife, but when the ceremony  
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,  
Though not in name, a widdow.

*Ces.* Pray a word t'ee,  
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?

*Maria.* Never, O never; and 'tis for your good too.

*Ces.* Prove that.

*Mar.* Alas too many years are numbred  
In my account to entertain the benefit  
Which youth in thee *Cesario*, and ability  
Might hope for and require, it were Injustice  
To rob a gentleman deserving memory  
Of Issue to preserve it.

*Ces.* No more herein,  
You are an excellent pattern of true piety,  
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into  
The order of the Duke. Injoyn'd, admit  
I satisfie the sentence without mariage  
With you, how then?

*Mar. Cesario.*

*Ces.* If I know  
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th'injunction

In every clause whole and entire, your charity  
Will call me still your servant.

*Mar.* Still my son.

*Ces.* Right Madam, now you have it, still your son.  
The *Genius* of your blessings hath instructed  
Your tongue oraculously, we will forget  
How once I and *Clarissa* enterchang'd  
The ties of brother and of sister, henceforth  
New stile us man and wife.

*Cla.* By what authority?

*Ces.* Heavens great appointment, yet in all my dotage  
On thy perfections, when I thought *Clarissa*  
We had been pledges of one womb, no lose  
No wanton heat of youth, desir'd to claime  
Priority in thy affections, other  
Than nature might commend. Chastly I tend'red  
Thy welfare as a brother ought; but since  
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract  
A long life-lasting unity, for this way  
The sentence is to be observ'd or no way.

*Mar.* Then no way.

*Ces.* I expected other answer Madam from you.

*Mar.* No, every age shall curse me,  
The monster, and the prodigie of nature,  
Horrors beyond extremity.

*Cla.* Pray mother confine the violence of greif.

*Ces.* Yes mother, pray do.

*Mar.* Thus some catch at a matrons honor  
By flying lust to plot Incestuous witchcrafts.  
More terrible than whoredomes; cruell mercy!  
When to preserve the body from a death  
The soul is strangled.

*Ces.* This is more than passion,  
It comes near to distraction.

*Mar.* I am quieted.

*Cesario*, thou mayest tell the Duke securely  
*Alberto's* titles, honors and revenues,  
The Duke may give away, enjoy them thou.  
*Clarissas* birthright, *Marianas* dower  
Thou shalt be Lord of; turn us to the world  
Unpittied and unfriended, yet my bed  
Thou never sleep'st in; as for her; she hears me,  
If she as much as in a thought consent;  
That thou may'st call her wife, a Mothers curse  
Shall never leave her.

*Clar.* As a brother once  
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honor ye,  
But for a husband sir, I dare not own you,  
My faith is given already.

*Ces.* To a Villain, I'll cut his throat.

*Mar.* Why this is more than passion!  
It comes near a distraction.

*Clar.* Call to mind Sir.  
How much you have abated of that goodness  
Which once reign'd in ye, they appear'd so lovely  
That such as friendship led to observation

*Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*

Courted the great example.

*Ces.* Left, and flatter'd into a broad derision?

*Mar.* Why d'ee think so?  
My Lord *Baptista*, is your Son grown cold  
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows  
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?

*Bap.* We come Lady, to consummate the contract.

*Ces.* With *Mentivole*? is he the man?

*Ment.* *Clarissas*, troth and mine,  
*Cesario*, are recorded in a character  
So plain and certain, that except the hand  
Of heaven, which writ it first, would blot it out again,  
No humane power can raze it.

*Ces.* But say you so too young Lady?

*Cla.* I should else betray  
My heart to falshood, and my tongue to perjury.

*Ces.* Madam, you know the sentence.

*Bap.* From the Duke,  
I have particular comforts which require  
A private [e]are.

*Mar.* I shall approve it gladly  
We are resolv'd *Cesario*.

*Bap.* Be not insolent upon a Princes favor.

*Cla.* Loose no glory,  
Your younger years have purchast.

*Ment.* And deserved too, y'have many worthy freinds.

*Bap.* Preserve and use them.

[*Exeunt. Manet  
Cesar.*]

*Ces.* Good, very good, why here's a complement  
Of mirth in desperation, I could curse  
My fate: O with what speed men tumble down  
From hopes that soar too high. *Biancha* now  
May scorn me justly too, *Clarissa* married,  
*Alberto's* widdow resolute, *Biancha*  
Refus'd, and I forsaken: let me study,  
I can but die a Batchelor that's the worst on't.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Host, Taylor, Muliter, Dancer, Pedant,  
Coxcombe.*

*Host.* Come Gentlemen,  
This is the day that our great artist hath  
Promis'd to give all your severall suits satisfaction.

*Dancer.* Is he stirring?

*Host.* He hath been at his book these t[w]o hours.

*Pedant.* He's a rare Physitian.

*Host.* Why I'll tell you,  
Were *Paracelsus* the German now  
Living, he'd take up his single rapier against his  
Terrible long sword, he makes it a matter of nothing  
To cure the gout, sore eyes he takes out as familiarly,  
Washes them, and puts them in again,  
As you'd blanch almonds.

*Tay.* They say he can make gold.

*Host.* I, I, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany.  
There's not a Chymist  
In christendome can goe beyond him for multiplying.

*Pedant.* Take heed then;  
He get not up your daughters belly my Host.

*Host.* You are a merry Gentleman

And the man of art will love you the better.

*Dancer.* Does he love mirth and crotchets?

*Host.* O he's the most courteous Physitian,  
You may drink or drab in's company freely,  
The better he knows how your disease grows,  
The better he knows how to cure it.

*Danc.* But I wonder my Host  
He has no more resort of Ladyes to him.

*Host.* Why Sir?

*Dan.* O divers of them have great beleif in conjurers:  
Lechery is a great help to the quality.

*Host.* He's scarce known to be in town yet,  
Ere long we shall have 'em come  
Hurrying hither in Fetherbeds.

*Dan.* How? bedridden?

*Host.* No sir, in fetherbeds that move upon 4 wheels in  
Spanish caroches.

*Ped.* Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

*Host.* I shall gentlemen; I would fain be rid  
Of these rascalls, but that they raise profit  
To my wine cellar.  
When I have made use of them sufficiently,  
I will intreat the conjurer to tye crackers to their tails,  
And send them packing.

*Enter Forobosco as in his Study. (A paper)*

*Foro.* Come hither mine Host, look here.

*Host.* What's that?

*Foro.* A challenge from my man.

*Host.* For breaking's pate?

*Foro.* He writes here if I meet him not  
I'th' Feild within this half hour,  
I shall hear more from him.

*Host.* O sir, minde your profit,  
Ne'er think of the rascall, here are the gentlemen.

*Foro.* 'Morrow my worthy clients,  
What are you all prepar'd of your questions;  
That I may give my resolution upon them?

*Omnes.* We are Sir.

*Pedant.* And have brought our mony.

*Foro.* Each then in order,  
And differ not for precedency.

*Dan.* I am buying of an office Sir,  
And to that purpose I would fain learn  
To dissemble cunningly.

*Foro.* Doe you come to me for that? you should rather  
Have gone to a cunning woman.

*Danc.* I sir but their Instructions are but like wom[e]n,  
Pretty well but not to the depth, as I'd have it:  
You are a conjurer, the devils Master,  
And I would learn it from you so exactly.

*Foro.* That the devill himself  
Might not go beyond you.

*Dane.* You are i'th' right Sir.

*Foro.* And so your mony for your purchase  
Might come in again within a 12 month.

*Danc.* I would be a Graduate sir, no freshman.

*F[e]ro.* Here's my hand sir,  
I will make you dissemble so methodically,  
As if the divell should be sent from the great Turk,  
In the shape of an Ambassador  
To set all the Christian princes at variance.

*Danc.* I cannot with any modesty desire any more.  
There's your mony sir.

*Foro.* For the art of dissembling.

*Cox.* My suit sir will be news to you when I tell it.

*Foro.* Pray on.

*Cox.* I would set up a press here in Italy,  
To write all the Corantos for Christendome.

*Foro.* That's news indeed,  
And how would you imploy me in't?

*Cox.* Marry sir, from you  
I would gain my intelligence.

*Foro.* I conceive you, you would have me furnish you  
With a spirit to informe you.

*Cox.* But as quiet a Divell as the woman,  
The first day and a half after she's married,  
I can by no means indure a terrible one.

*Foro.* No, no, I'll qualifie him,  
He shall not fright you,  
It shall be the ghost of some lying Stationer,  
A Spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his  
mouth. A new *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus*.

*Cox.* O there was a captain was rare at it.

*Foro.* Ne'er thinke of him,  
Though that captain writ a full hand gallop,  
And wasted indeed more harmeless paper than  
Ever did laxative Physick,  
Yet will I make you to out-scribble him,  
And set down what you please,  
The world shall better believe you.

*Cox.* Worthy sir I thank you, there's mony.

*Foro.* A new office  
For writing pragmaticall Curranto's.

*Pedant.* I am a school-master sir,  
And would fain conferre with you  
About erecting 4 new sects of religion at *Amsterdam*.

*Foro.* What the Divell should  
New sects of religion doe there?

*Pedant.* I assure you I would get  
A great deal of money by it.

*Foro.* And what are the 4 new sects  
Of religion you would plant there?

*Ped.* Why that's it I come about sir,  
'Tis a Divel of your raising must invent 'em,  
I confess I am too weak to compass it.

*Foro.* So sir, then you make it a matter of no difficulty  
To have them tolerated.

*Pedant.* Trouble not your self for that,

Let but your Divel set them a foot once.  
I have Weavers, and Ginger-bread makers,  
And mighty *Aquavitæ-men*, shall set them a going.

*Foro*. This is somewhat difficult,  
And will aske some conference with the divell.

*Ped*. Take your own leasure sir,  
I have another business too, because I mean  
To leave *Italy*, and bury my self in those neather parts  
Of the low countries.

*Foro*. What's that sir.

*Ped*. Marry I would fain make 9 dayes to the week,  
for the more ample benefit of the captain.

*Foro*. You have a shrewd pate sir.

*Ped*. But how this might be compass'd?

*Foro*. Compass'd easily; tis but making  
A new Almanack, and dividing the compass  
Of the year into larger penny-worths,  
As a Chandler with his compass makes  
A Geometrick proportion of the *Holland* cheese  
He retails by stivers.  
But for getting of it licenc'd?

*Ped*. Trouble not your self with that sir,  
There's your mony.

*Foro*. For four new sects of religions,  
And 9 dayes to the week.

*Ped*. To be brought in at general pay-dayes,  
Write I beseech you.

*Foro*. At generall pay-dayes.

*Taylor*. I am by profession a Taylor,  
You have heard of me.

*Foro*. Yes sir, and will not steal from you  
The least part of that commendation I have heard utter'd.

*Taylor*. I take measure of your worth sir,  
And because I will not afflict you with any large bill  
Of circumstances, I will snip off particulars.  
I would fain invent some strange  
And exquisite new fashions.

*Foro*. Are you not travel'd sir.

*Tay*. Yes sir, but have observ'd all we can see  
Or invent, are but old ones with new names to'em,  
Now I would some way or other grow more curious.

*Foro*. Let me see; to devise new fashions—  
Were you never in the Moon?

*Tay*. In the Moon tavern! yes sir, often.

*Foro*. No, I do mean in the new world,  
In the world that's in the Moon yonder.

*Tay*. How? a new world 'ith' moon?

*Foro*. Yes I assure you.

*Tay*. And peopled?

*Foro*. O most fantastically peopled.

*Tay*. Nay certain then there's work for taylors?

*Foro*. That there is I assure you.

*Tay*. Yet I have talked with a Scotch taylor



That never discover'd so much to me,  
Though he has travell'd far, and was a pedlar in *Poland*.

*Foro*. That was out of his way,  
This lies beyond *China*:  
You would study new fashions you say?  
Take my councill, make a voyage,  
And discover that new world.

*Tay*. Shall I be a moon-man?

*Foro*. I am of opinion, the people of that world  
(If they be like the nature of that climate they live in)  
Do vary the fashion of their cloaths oftener than any  
Quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

*Tay*. Not unlikely, but what should that be we call  
The man in the moon then?

*Foro*. Why 'tis nothing but an Englishman  
That stands there stark naked,  
With a pair of sheers in one hand,  
And a great bundle of broad cloath in the other  
(Which resembles the bush of thorns)  
Cutting out of new fashions.

*Taylor*. I have heard somewhat like this,  
But how shall I get thither?

*Foro*. I'll make a new compass shall direct you.

*Tay*. Certain?

*Foro*. Count me else for no man of direction.

*Tay*. There's 20 duckats in hand, at my return  
I'll give you a 100.

*Foro*. A new voyage to discover new fashions.

*Mul*. I have been a traveller too sir,  
That have shewed strange beasts in Christendome,  
And got money by them, but I find the trade to decay.  
Your Camelion, or East-Indian hedg-hog  
Gets very little mony, and your Elephant devours  
So much bread, brings in so little profit,  
His keeper were better every morning  
Cram 15 Taylors with white manchet:  
I would have some new spectacle,  
And one that might be more attractive.

*Foro*. Let me see, were you ever in *Spain*?

*Mule*. Not yet Sir.

*Foro*. I would have you go to *Madrill*, and against some great festivall, when  
the court lies there, provide a great and spacious Eng[li]sh Oxe, and rost him  
whole, with a pudding in's bely; that would be the eighth wonder of the world  
in those parts I assure you.

*Mule*. A rare project without question.

*Foro*. Goe beyond all their garlike *olle padridoes*, though you sod one in  
*Garguentuas* couldron, bring in more money, then all the monsters of *Affrick*.

*Host*. Good Sir do your best for him; he's of my acquaintance, and one if ye  
knew him—

*Foro*. What is he?

*Host*. He was once a man of infinite letters.

*Foro*. A Scholar?

*Host*. No sir, a packet carrier, which is alwaies a man of many letters, you  
know: then he was Mule-driver, now he's a gentleman, and feeds monsters.

*Foro*. A most ungratefull calling.

*Mule*. There's money for your direction; the price of the Oxe Sir?

*Foro*. A hundred French crowns, for it must be a *Lincolne*-shire Oxe, and a  
prime one: For a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at *Madrill*.

*Enter Clown, Hostess, and Bianca.*

*Hostes.* Pray forbear sir, we shall have a new quarrell.

*Clow.* You durst not meet me 'ith field, I am therefore come to spoyl your market.

*Foro.* What's the newes with you sir.

*Clow.* Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your planet will suffer you, keep your mony, be not gul'd, be not laught at.

*Pedant.* What means this? would I had my mony again in my pocket.

*Host.* The fellow is full of malice, do not mind him.

*Clow.* This profest cheating rogue was my master, and I confess my self a more preternotorious rogue than himself, in so long keeping his villainous counsell.

*Foro.* Come, come, I will not hear you.

*Clow.* No couz'ner, thou wouldest not hear me, I do but dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou and all thy divells spit fire, and spout *Aqua fortis*.

*Foro.* Speak on, I freely permit thee.

*Clow.* Why then know all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calf; if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit to this jugling rascal, you are worse than simple widgeins, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy duck, this tame cheater.

*Foro.* Ha, ha, ha, pray mark him.

*Clow.* He does profess Physicke, and counjuring; for his Physick; he has but two medicines for all manner of diseases; when he was i'th' low countryes, he us'd nothing but butter'd beer, colour'd with Allegant, for all kind of maladies, and that he called his catholick med'cine; sure the Dutch smelt out it was butter'd beer, else they would never have endur'd it for the names sake: then does he minister a grated Dogs turd instead of Rubarb, many times of Unicornes horn, which working strongly with the conceit of the Patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

*Foro.* The rogue has studied this invective.

*Clow.* Now for his conjuring, the witches of *Lapland* are the divells chare-women to him, for they will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he sells wind, and tells you fortie lyes over and over.

*Hostess.* I thought what we should find of him.

*Host.* Hold your prating, be not you an heretick.

*Clow.* Conjure! I'll tell you, all the divells names he calls upon are but fustion names, gather'd out of welch heraldry; in breif, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ* to the Virginalls of a carts tail, h'as five times been in the *Gallies*, and will never truely run himself out of breath, till he comes to the gallowes.

*Foro.* You have heard worthy gentlemen, what this lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

*Tay.* Yes certain, but we have a better trust in you, for you have ta'en our money.

*Foro.* I have so, truth is he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does practise thus upon me; speak truely sirra, are you certain I cannot conjure?

*Clow.* Conjure! ha, ha, ha.

*Foro.* Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

*Clow.* Sure of it? why I'll make a bargain with thee, before all these gentlemen, use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before al this company I have not a mind to, I'll first give thee leave to claime me for thy bond slave, and when thou hast done hang me.

*Foro.* 'Tis a match, sirra, I'll make you caper i'th' air presently.

*Clow.* I have too solid a body, and my belief is like a Puritans on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

*Foro.* I will first send thee to Green-land for a haunch of venison, just of the thickness of thine own tallow.

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha, I'll not stir an inch for thee.

*Foro.* Thence to *Amboyna* i'th' *East-Indies*, for pepper to bake it.

*Clow.* To *Amboyna*? so I might be pepper'd.

*Foro.* Then will I convey thee stark naked to *Develing* to beg a pair of *brogs*, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

*Clow.* And no doublet to 'em?

*Foro.* No sir, I intend to send you of a sleeveless errand; but before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and are so stupid, and opinionated a slave, that neither I, nor my art can compell you to do any thing that's beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport, you cannot endure a cat sirra?

*Clow.* What's that to thee Jugler?

*Foro.* Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

*Clow.* I'll be hang'd first.

*Foro.* Sit Gentlemen, and whatsoever you see, be not frighted.

*Hostess.* Alas I can endure no conjuring.

*Host.* Stir not wife.

*Bian.* Pray let me go sir, I am not fit for these fooleries.

*Host.* Move not daughter.

*For.* I wil make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog.

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha.

*For.* And as naked as a frog.

*Clow.* Ha, ha, ha, I defie thee.

[*Forobosco looks in a book, strikes with his wand, Musick playes.*

*Enter 4. Boyes shaped like Frogs, and dance.*

*P[e]dant.* Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs.

*Tay.* He has fisht fair believe me.

*Mule.* See, see, he sweats and trembles.

*Foro.* Are you come to your quavers?

*Clow.* Oh, ho, ho.

*Foro.* I'll make you run division on that o'r ere I leave you; looke you, here are the playfellowes that are so indear'd to you; come sir, first uncase, and then dance, nay I'll make him dance stark naked.

*Host.* Oh let him have his shirt on and his *Mogols* breeches, here are Women ith' house.

*Foro.* Well for their sakes he shall.

[*Clown teares off his doublet, making strange faces as if compel'd to it, falls into the Dance.*

*Tay.* He dances, what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure!

*Foro.* He does prettily well, but 'tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

*Clow.* As you are a Counjurer, and a rare Artist, free me from these couplets; of all creatures I cannot endure a Frog.

*Foro.* But your dancing is voluntary, I can compell you to nothing.

*Hostes.* O me, daughter, lets take heed of this fellow, he'll make us dance naked, an' we vex him.

*Foro.* Now cut capers sirra, I'll plague that chine of yours.

[—*Exeunt Hostess and Bianca.*

*Clow.* Ho, ho, ho, my kidneys are roasted. I drop away like a pound of butter roasted.

*Tayl.* He will dance himself to death.

*Foro.* No matter I'll sell his fat to the Pothecaries, and repair my injury that way.

*Host.* Enough in conscience.

*Foro.* Well, at your entreaty vanish. And now I wil only make him break his neck in doing a *sommerset*, and that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

*Clow.* O gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belye so an approved Master in the noble dark science? you can witness, this I did only to spoyle his practise and deprive you of the happyness of enjoying his worthy labors; rogue that I was

to do it, pray sir forgive me.

*Foro.* With what face canst thou ask it?

*Clow.* With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging look, as all here can testify.

*Foro.* Well gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodness of my temper, I will entertain this rogue againe in hope of amendment, for should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.

*Clow.* You may read that in this foul copy.

*Foro.* Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

*Clow.* Never.

*Foro.* And remember hence forward, that though I cannot conjure, I can make you dance sirra, go get your self into the cottage again.

*Enter Cæsario.*

*Clow.* I will never more dance leap-Frog: now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance.

*Foro.* Oh rare rascal.

[—*Exit Clown.*

*Cesar.* How now, a *Frankford* mart here, a Mountebank, and his worshipfull auditory?

*Host.* They are my guests Sir.

*Cesar.* A — upon them, shew your juggling tricks in some other room.

*Host.* And why not here Sir?

*Cesar.* Hence, or sirra I shall spoil your figure flinging, and all their radical questions.

*Omnes.* Sir we vanish.

[*Exeunt. Manet Host. & Cesar.*

*Host.* Signior *Cesario*, you make bold with me,  
And somewhat I must tell you to a degree  
Of ill manners: they are my guests, and men I live by,  
And I would know by what authority  
You command thus far.

*Cesar.* By my interest in your daughter.

*Host.* Interest do you call't? as I remember I never put her out to Usury on that condition.

*Cesar.* Pray thee be not angry.

*Enter Bianca and Hostess.*

I am come to make thee happy, and her happy:  
She's here; alas my pretty soul, I am come  
To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,  
Or thy beleif, I bring repentance 'bout me,  
And satisfaction, I will marry thee.

*Bianca.* Ha?

*Cesar.* As I live I will, but do not entertain't  
With too quick an apprehension of joy,  
For that may hurt thee, I have heard some dye of't.

*Bian.* Do not fear me.

*Cesar.* Then thou think'st I feign  
This protestation, I will instantly  
Before these testify my new alliance,  
Contract my self unto thee, then I hope  
We may be more private.

*Host.* But thou shalt not sir,  
For so has many a maiden-head been lost, and many a bastard gotten.

*Ces.* Then to give you the best of any assurance in the world,  
Entreat thy father to go fetch a Priest  
Wee will instantly to bed, and there be married.

*Bian.* Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see,  
Though prosperity has.

*Host.* Sir you are too confident  
To fashion to your self a dream of purchase  
When you are a begger.

*Ces.* You are bold with me.

*Hostes.* Doe we not know your value is cried down  
Fourscore i'th' hundred.

*Bian.* Oh sir I did love you  
With such a fixed heart, that in that minute  
Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,  
I took a vow to obey your last decree,  
And never more look up at any hope  
Should bring me comfort that way: and though since  
Your Foster-mother, and the fair *Clarissa*  
Have in the way of marriage despis'd you,  
That hath not any way bred my revenge,  
But compassion rather. I have found  
So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock  
That here I will set down, and never wish  
To come to'th' journies end. Your suit to mee  
Henceforth be ever silenc'd.

*Cesar.* My *Bianca*.

*Hostes.* Henceforward pray forbear her and my house:  
She's a poor virtuous wench, yet her estate  
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

*Host.* Yes, and her birth in any Heralds office in  
Christendom.

*Hostes.* It may prove so:  
When you'll say, you have leapt a Whiting.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Baptista and Mentivole.*

*Ces.* How far am I grown behind hand with fortune!

*Bap.* Here's *Cesario*!  
My son Sir, is to morrow to be married  
Unto the fair *Clarissa*.

*Ces.* So.

*Ment.* Wee hope you'll be a guest there.

*Ces.* No I will not grace your triumph so much.

*Bap.* I will not tax your breeding.  
But it alters not your birth Sir, fare you well.

*Ment.* Oh Sir, doe not greive him,  
He has too much affliction already.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Ces.* Every way scorn'd and lost,  
Shame follow you  
For I am grown most miserable.

*Sail.* Sir do you know a Ladies son in town here  
They cal *Cesario*?

*Cesar.* There's none such I assure thee.

*Sail.* I was told you were the man.

*Cesar.* What's that to thee?

*Sail.* A — on't. You are melancholy, will you drink Sir?

*Cesar.* With whom?

*Sail.* With me Sir; despise not this pitch'd Canvas; the  
time was we have known them lin'd with Spanish Duckets;  
I have news for you:

*Cesar.* For me!

*Sail.* Not unless you'll drink;  
We are like our Sea provision, once out of pickle,  
We require abundance of drink; I have news to tell you,  
That were you Prince,  
Would make you send your mandate  
To have a thousand bonfires made i'th' City  
And pist out agen with nothing but Greek wine.

*Cesar.* Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.

*Sail.* And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you.

[*Exeunt.*

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***Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Alberto, Prospero, Juliana and Sailors.*

*Sail.*

**S**hall we bring your necessaries ashore my Lord?

*Alb.* Do what you please, I am land-sick, worse by far  
Than ere I was at sea.

*Pros.* Collect your self.

*Alber.* O my most worthy *Prospero*, my best friend,  
The noble favor I receiv'd from thee  
In freeing me from the Turks I now accompt  
Worse than my death; for I shall never live  
To make requital; what do you attend for?

*Sail.* To understand your pleasure.

*Alber.* They do mock me;  
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure  
In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendship,  
I must ever except that.

*Pros.* Pray leave him, leave him.—

[*Exeunt Sailors.*

*Alber.* The news I heard related since my landing  
Of the division of my Family,  
How is it possible for any man  
To bear't with a set patience?

*Pros.* You have suffer'd  
Since your imprisonment more waighy sorrows.

*Alber.* I, then I was man of flesh and blood,  
Now I am made up of fire, to the full height  
Of a deadly Calenture; O these vild women  
That are so ill preservers of mens honors,  
They cannot govern their own honesties.  
That I should thirty and odd winters feed  
My expectation of a noble heir,  
And by a womans falshood find him now  
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was;  
And yet I love him still.

*Pros.* In my opinion  
The sentence (on this tryall) from the Duke  
Was noble, to repair *Cesario's* loss  
With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.

*Alber.* By your favor but it was not, I conceive  
T'was disparagement to my name, to have my widdow  
Match with a Faulkeiners son, and yet beli've't  
I love the youth still, and much pitty him.  
I do remember at my going to Sea,  
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd  
From young *Mentivole*, my rage so far  
Oretopt my nobler temper, I gave charge  
To have his hand cut off, which since I heard,  
And to my comfort, brave *Cesario*,  
Worthly prevented.

*Pros.* And 'twas nobly done.

*Albert* Yet the revenge, for this intent of mine  
Hath bred much slaughter in our families,  
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me)  
Intends to marry my sole heir *Clarissa*  
To the head branch of the other faction.

*Pros.* 'Tis the mean to work reconciliation.

*Alber.* Between whom?

*Pros.* Your self and the worthy *Baptista*.

*Alber.* Never.

*Pros.* O you have been of a noble and remarkable friendship,  
And by this match 'tis generally in *Florence*  
Hop'd, 'twill fully be reconcil'd; to me  
'Twould be absolute content.

*Julia.* And to my self, I have main interest in it.

*Alb.* Noble Sir, you may command my heart to break for you  
But never to bend that way; poor *Cesario*,  
When thou put'st on thy mournfull willow-garland,  
Thy enemy shall be suted (I do vow)  
In the same livery, my *Cesario*  
Loved as my foster child, though not my Son,  
Which in some countryes formerly were barbarous,  
Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,  
Unfortunate young man, not only slighted  
Where thou received'st thy breeding, but since scorn'd  
I th' way of marriage, by the poor *Bianca*  
The In-keepers daughter.

*Pros.* I have heard of that too;  
But let not that afflict you: for this Lady  
May happily deliver at more leasure  
A circumstance may draw a fair event,  
Better than you can hope for.  
For this present we must leave you,  
And shall visit you again within these two hours.

----*Enter Cesario.*

*Albert.* Ever to me most welcome,——O my *Cesario*.

*Cesar.* I am none of yours Sir, so 'tis protested;  
And I humbly beg,  
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me  
Any longer in a noble course of life,  
Give me a worthy death.

*Alber.* The youth is mad.

*Cesar.* Nay Sir, I will instruct you in a way  
To kill me honorably.

*Alber.* That were most strange.

*Cesar.* I am turning Pirate, You may be employed  
By the Duke to fetch me in; and in a Sea-fight  
Give me a noble grave.

*Alber.* Questionless he's mad: I would give any Doctor  
A thousand crowns to free him from this sorrow.

*Cesar.* Here's the Physitian.——*Shewes a Poniard.*

*Alber.* Hold Sir, I did say  
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.

*Cesar.* Why life and sorrow are unseparable.

*Alber.* Be comforted *Cesario*, *Mentivole*  
Shall not marry *Clarissa*.

*Cesar.* No Sir, ere he shall, I'll kill him.

*Alb[e]jr.* But you forfeit your own life then.

*Cesar.* That's worth nothing.

*Alber. Cesario, be thy self, be mine Cesario:*  
Make not thy self incapable of that portion  
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,  
By falling into madness: bear thy wrongs  
With noble patience, the afflicted's friend  
Which ever in all actions crowns the end.

*Ces.* You well awak'd me; nay recover'd me  
Both to sence and full life, O most noble sir,  
Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you  
For a worthy Father: yet I will not lose  
My former virtue, my integrity  
Shall not yet forsake me; but as the wild Ivy,  
Spreads and thrives better in some pittious ruin  
Of tower, or defac'd Temple, than it does  
Planted by a new building; so shall I  
Make my adversity my instrument  
To winde me up into a full content.

*Alber.* 'Tis worthily resolv'd; our first adventure  
Is to stop the marriage; for thy other losses,  
Practis'd by a womans malice, but account them  
Like conjurers winds rais'd to a fearfull blast,  
And do some mischeif, but do never last.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Forobosco and Clown.*

*Clow.* Now sir, will you not acknowledge that I have mightily advanc'd your practice?

*Forobos.* 'Tis confest, and I will make thee a great man for't.

*Clow.* I take a course to do that my self, for I drink sack in abundance.

*Foro.* O my rare rascall! We must remove.

*Clow.* Whither?

*Foro.* Any whither: *Europe* is too little to be coz'ned by us, I am ambitious to go to the *East-Indies*, thou and I to ride on our brace of Elephants.

*Clow.* And for my part I long to be in *England* agen; you will never get so much as in *England*, we have shifted many countryes, and many names: but trance the world over you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in *England*, and call'd your self Doctor *Lambe-stones*.

*Foro.* 'Twas an attractive name I confess, women were then my only admirers.

*Clow.* And all their visits was either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.

*Foro.* You should have forty in a morning beleaguer my closet, and strive who should be cozen'd first, amongst four-score love-sick waiting women that has come to me in a morning to learn what fortune should betide them in their first marriage, I have found above 94 to have lost their maiden-heads.

*Clow.* By their own confession, but I was fain to be your male midwife, and work it out of them by circumstance.

*Foro.* Thou wast, and yet for all this frequent resort of women and thy hand[l]jing of their urinalls and their cases, thou art not given to lechery, what should be the reason of it? thou hast wholesome flesh enough about thee; me thinks the divell should tempt thee to't.

*Clow.* What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others.

*Foro.* Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good parts; thou wast an excellent baud I acknowledge.

*Clow.* Well, and what I have done that way, I will spare to speak of all you and I have done sir, and though we should—

*Foro.* We will for *England*, that's for certain.

*Clow.* We shall never want there.

*Foro.* Want? their Court of Wards shall want money first: for I profess my self Lord Paramount over fools a[n]d madfolkes.

*Clow.* Do but store your self with lyes enough against you come thither.



*Foro.* Why that's all the familiarity I ever had with the Divell, my guift of lying, they say he's the Father of lyes; and though I cannot conjure, yet I profess my self to be one of his poor gossips. I will now reveale to thee a rare peece of service.

*Clow.* What is it my most worshipful Doctor *Lamb*-stones?

*Foro.* There is a Captain come lately from Sea,  
They call *Prosper*, I saw him this morning  
Through a chink of wainscote that divides my lodging,

And the Host of the house, withdraw my Host, and Hostess, the fair *Biancha*, and an antient gentlewoman into their bedchamber; I could not overhear their conference, but I saw such a mass of gold & Jewels, & when he had done he lock't it up into a casket; great joy there was amongst them, & forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth he thought he should not return till after supper: now Sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the Jewels, make an escape from *Florence*, and we are made for ever.

*Clow.* But if they should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirlwind?

*Foro.* Do not believe there is any such fetch in *Astrology*, and this may be a means to make us live honest hereafter.

*Clow.* 'Tis but an ill road to't that lyes through the high way of theeving.

*Foro.* For indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling; and mean to give all over, when I come into *England*, for it is a very ticklish quality.

*Clow.* And i'th' end will hang by a twine thred.

*Foro.* Besides the Island has too many of the profession, they hinder on[e] anothers market.

*Clow.* No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

*Foro.* You know there the jugling captain.

*Clow.* I there's a sure card.

*Foro.* Only the fore-man of their jury is dead, but he dyed like a Roman.

*Clow.* Else 'tis thought he had made work for the hangman.

*Foro.* And the very *Ball*, of your false prophets, he's quasht too.

*Clow.* He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travail to *Rome*, with a mortar on's head to see if he can recover his money that way.

*Foro.* Come, come, lets fish for this casket, and to Sea presently.

*Clow.* We shall never reach *London*, I fear;  
My mind runs so much of hanging, landing at *Wapping*. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Mariana.*

This well may be a day of joy long wish'd for  
To my *Clarissa*, she is innocent.  
Nor can her youth but with an open bosome  
Meet *Hymens* pleasing bounties, but to me  
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror  
It does appear a funeral though promising much  
In the conception were hard to mannage  
But sad in [the] event, it was not hate  
But fond indulgence in me to preserve  
*Cesario's* threatn'd life in open court  
Then forc'd me to disclaime him, choosing rather  
To rob him of his birthright, and honor  
Than suffer him to run the hazard of  
Inrag'd *Baptista's* fury, while he lives;  
I know I have a Son, and the Dukes sentence  
A while deluded, and this tempest over,  
When he assures himself despair hath seiz'd him.

[Knock within.]

*Enter Baptista.*

I can relieve and raise him—speak, who is it  
That presses on my privacies? Sir your pardon.  
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were  
To read my secret thoughts.

*Bap.* Lady to you

Mine shall be ever open; Lady said I,  
That name keeps too much distance, sister rather  
I should have stil'd you, and I now may claime it,  
Since our divided families are made one  
By this blessed marriage; to whose honor comes  
The Duke in person, waited on by all  
The braveries of his Court, to witness it,  
And then to be our ghests, is the bride ready  
To meet and entertain him?

*Maria.* She attends the comming of your Son.

*Bap.* Pray you bring her forth.  
The Duke's at hand—Musick, in her loud voyce,  
Speaks his arrivall.

*Maria.* She's prepar'd to meet it.

[—*Exit.*

*Enter Mariana, Clarissa, led by two Maids: at the  
other door, Baptista meets with Mentivole, led  
by two Cour[t]iers, the Duke, Bishop; divers  
Attendants: (A Song) whilst they salute.*

*Duke.* It were impertinent to wish you joy,  
Since all joyes dwell about you, *Hymens* torch  
Was never lighted with a luckier *Omen*.  
Nor burnt with so much splendor, to defer  
With fruitless compliment, the means to make  
Your certain pleasures lawful to the world;  
Since in the union of your hearts they are  
Confirm'd already: would but argue us  
A boaster of our favours; to the Temple,  
And there the sacred knot once ti'd, all triumphs  
Our Dukedom can afford, shall grace your Nuptials.

*Enter Alberto and Cesario.*

*Bap.* On there.

*Ment.* I hope it is not in the power  
Of any to cross us now.

*Alber.* But in the breath  
Of a wrong'd Father I forbid the Banes.

*Cesar.* What, do you stand at gaze?

*Bap.* Risen from the dead!

*Maria.* Although the Sea had vomited up the Figure  
In which thy better part liv'd long imprison'd,  
True love despising fear, runs thus to meet it.

*Clariss.* In duty I kneel to it.

*Alber.* Hence vile wretches,  
To you I am a substance incorporeal,  
And not to be prophan'd, with your vile touch?  
That could so soon forget me, but such things  
Are neither worth my Anger, nor reproof.  
To you great Sir, I turn my self and these  
Immediate Ministers of your Government,  
And if in my rude language I transgress;  
Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of  
My services, and not my rugged temper.

*Duke.* Speak freely, be thy language ne'er so bitter,  
To see thee safe *Alberto*, signes thy pardon.

*Alber.* My pardon? I can need none, if it be not  
Receiv'd for an offence. I tamely bear  
Wrongs, which a slave-born *Muscovite* would check at.  
Why if for Treason I had been deliver'd  
Up to the Hangmans Axe, and this dead trunk  
Unworthy of a Christian Sepulchre;  
Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous Vulture,  
The memory of the much I oft did for you,

Had you but any touch of gratitude,  
Or thought of my deservings, would have stopp'd you  
From these unjust proceedings.

*Duke.* Hear the motives that did induce us.

*Alber.* I have heard them all,  
Your Highness sentence, the whole Court abus'd,  
By the perjuries and practice of this woman.  
(Wepest thou *Crocodile*) my hopeful son,  
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of  
The honors that descend to him from me:  
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature  
Whose base birth, though made eminent by her beauty,  
Might well have mark'd her out *Cesario's* servant,  
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot;  
But that my daughter with my whole Estate  
So hardly purchas'd, is assign'd a Dower;  
To one whose Father, and whose Family  
I so detest; that I would lose my essence  
And be transformed to a Basiliske  
To look them dead, to me's an injury  
Admits no satisfaction.

*Bap.* There's none offer'd.

*Alber.* Nor would not be accepted,  
Though upon thy knees 'twere tender'd.

*Maria.* Now the storm grows high.

*Bap.* But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death  
The brinie Ocean had entomb'd thy name;  
I would have sought a Wife in a *Bordello*  
For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugg'd  
Her spurious issue as my lawful Nephews,  
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine;  
So much I scorn it.

*Alber.* I'll not bandy words, but thus dissolve the contract.

*Bap.* There I meet thee, and seize on what's mine own.

*Alber.* For all my service,  
Great Sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,  
That I may scourge his insolence.

*Bap.* I kneel for it.

*Cesar.* And to approve my self *Alberto's* Son,  
I'll be his second upon any odds,  
'Gainst him that dare most of *Baptista's* race.

*Menti.* Already upon honourable terms,  
In me thou hast met thy better, for her sake  
I'll add no more.

*Alber.* Sir, let our swords decide it.

*Maria.* Oh stay Sir, and as you would hold the Title  
Of a just Prince, e'r you grant licence to  
These mad-mens fury, lend your private ear  
To the most distress'd of Women.

*Duke.* Speak, 'tis granted.

[*He takes Mariana  
aside.*]

*Clar.* In the mean time, let not *Clarissa* be  
A patient looker on, though as yet doubtful,  
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all  
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash  
The dust of fury with my Virgin tears,  
From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful  
That would move to conditions of peace,  
Though with a snail-like pace, they all are wing'd  
To bear you to destruction: reverend Sirs,  
Think on your antient friendship cemented  
With so much bloud, but shed in noble action,

Divided now in passion for a brawl;  
The Makers blush to own, much lov'd *Cesario*.  
Brother, or friend, (each Title may prevail,)  
Remember with what tenderness from our childhood  
We lov'd together, you preferring me  
Before your self, and I so fond of you  
That it begot suspicion in ill minds  
That our affection was incestuous.  
Think of that happy time, in which I know  
That with your dearest blood you had prevented  
This shower of tears from me; *Mentivole*,  
My Husband, registred in that bright star-chamber,  
Though now on earth made strangers, be the example  
And offer in one hand the peaceful *Olive*  
Of concord, or if that can be denied  
By powerful intercession in the other  
Carry the *Hermian* rod, and force attonement,  
Now we will not be all marble. Death's the worst then  
And he shall be my Bridegroom.

[Offers to kill her  
self.

*Ment.* Hold *Clarissa*, his loving violence needs must  
Offer in spite of honor.—

[He snatches away  
her knife, and  
sets it to his  
own breast,  
she stais his  
hand.

*Duke.* Was it to that end then on your Religion?

*Mar.* And my hope in Heaven, Sir.

*Duke.* We then will leave intreaties, and make use  
Of our authority, must I cry ai-me  
To this unheard of insolence? in my presence  
To draw your swords, and as all reverence  
That's due to Majesty were forfeited,  
Cherish this wildeness! sheath them instantly,  
And shew an alteration in your looks, or by my power.

*Alber.* Cut off my head.

*Bap.* And mine, rather than hear of peace with this bad man.  
I'll not alone, give up my throat, but suffer  
Your rage to reach my family.

*Enter Prospero, Juliana, Biancha.*

*Alb.* And my name to be no more remembred.

*Duke.* What are these?

*Ces. Biancha*, 'tis *Biancha*, still *Biancha*: but strangely  
alter'd.

*Bapt.* If that thirteen years  
Of absence could raze from my memory  
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;  
But if thy Image be graven on my heart,  
Thou art my *Prospero*.

*Pros.* Thou my *Baptista*?

*Duke.* A suddain change!

*Bap.* I dare not ask, dear friend  
If *Juliana* live! for that's a blessing  
I am unworthy of, but yet denie not  
To let me know the place she hath made happy  
By having there her Sepulchre.

*Pros.* If your Highness please to vouchsafe a patient  
Ear, we shall make a true relation of a story  
That shall call on your wonder.

*Duke.* Speak, we hear you.

*Pros. Baptista's* fortune in the *Genoua* Court,  
His banishment, with his fair Wife's restraint  
You are acquainted with; what since hath follow'd  
I faithfully will deliver. E'r eight Moons  
After *Baptista's* absence were compleat,

Fair *Juliana* found the pleasures, that  
They had injoy'd together, were not barren,  
And blushing at the burthen of her womb,  
No father near to own it, it drew on  
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion  
From the angry Duke, then careful of her health.  
Physitians were enquir'd of, and their judgment  
Prescrib'd the Baths of *Luca* as a means  
For her recovery; to my charge it pleas'd her  
To be committed; but as on the way  
We journey'd, those throws only known to Women  
Came thick upon her, in a private Village.

*Bap.* She died?

*Pros.* Have patience, she brought to the world  
A hopeful Daughter; for her bodies sickness  
It soon decay'd, but the grief of her mind  
Hourly increas'd, and life grew tedious to her,  
And desperate e'er to see you; she injoy'n'd me  
To place her in a *Greekish* Monastery,  
And to my care gave up her pretty Daughter.

*Bapt.* What Monastery? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,  
I'll search it out.

*Pros.* Pray you interrupt me not,  
Now to my fortunes; the girl well dispos'd of  
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate  
Made me a prisoner to the *Turkish* Gallies,  
Where for 12 years, these hands tugg'd at the Oar,  
But fortune tyr'd at length with my afflictions,  
Some Ships of *Maltha* met the *Ottoman* Fleet,  
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.  
With my deliverers I serv'd, and got  
Such reputation with the great Master  
That he gave me command over a tall  
And lusty ship, where my first happy service  
Was to redeem *Alberto* rumour'd dead,  
But was like me surpriz'd by *Cortugogly*.

*Alber.* I would I had died there.

*Pros.* And from him learning  
*Baptista* liv'd, and their dissolv'd friendship,  
I hois'd up sails for *Greece*, found *Juliana*  
A votary at her Beads; having made known  
Both that you liv'd, and where you were: she borrow'd  
So much from her devotion, as to wish me  
To bring her to you; if the object please you,  
With joy receive her.

*Bapt.* Rage and fury leave me.  
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left  
To entertain you, oh my long lost Jewel,  
Light of mine eyes, my souls strength.

[ *Throws away his  
sword.*

*Julia.* My best Lord, having embrac'd you thus,  
Death cannot fright me.

*Bapt.* Live long to do so, though I should fix here.  
Pardon me *Prospero*, though I enquire my daughters fortune.

*Pros.* That your happiness  
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!

*Ces. Biancha*, daughter to a Princess.

*Pros.* True with my faithful Host I left her,  
And with him till now she hath resided,  
Ignorant both of her birth and greatness.

*Bap.* Oh my blest one. Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me.

*Duke.* Above wonder.

*Alb.* I do begin to melt too, this strange story

Works much upon me.

*Duke.* Since it hath pleas'd heaven  
To grace us with this miracle, I that am  
Heavens instrument here, determine thus; *Alberto*  
Be not unthankful for the blessings shown you,  
Nor you *Baptista*; discord was yet never  
A welcome sacrifice; therefore rage laid by,  
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference  
Be as a dream forgotten.

*Bap.* 'Tis to me.

*Alber.* And me, and thus confirm it.

*Duke.* And to tye it  
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage  
Of young *Mentivole*, and fair *Clarissa*,  
So you consent great Lady, your *Biancha*  
Shall call *Cæsario* Husband.

*Julia.* 'Tis a motion I gladly yield to.

*Cesar.* One in which you make a sad man happy. [Offers to kneel.]

*Bian.* Kneel not, all forgiven.

*Duke.* With the Duke your Uncle I will make attonement, and will have no denial.

*Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown and Officers.*

*Mar.* Let this day be still held sacred.

*Host.* Now if you can conjure, let the Devil unbind you.

*Foro.* We are both undone.

*Clow.* Already we feel it.

*Host.* Justice Sir.

*Duke.* What are they?

*Pros.* I can resolve you, slaves freed from the Gallies  
By the Viceroy of *Sicilia*.

*Duke.* What's their offence?

*Host.* The robbing me of all my Plate and Jewels, I mean the attempting of it.

*Clow.* Please your Grace I will now discover this Varlet in earnest, this honest pestilent rogue, profest the Art of Conjuring, but all the skill that ever he had in the black Art, was in making a Seacole fire; only with wearing strange shapes, he begot admiration amongst Fools and Women.

*Foro.* Wilt thou peach thou varlet?

*Duke.* Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalke so?

*Clow.* This is one of his Magical raptures.

*Foro.* I do vilifie your censure, you demand if I am guilty, whir says my cloak by a trick of Legerdemain, now I am not guilty, I am guarded with innocence, pure Silver Lace I assure you.

*Clow.* Thus have I read to you your virtues, which notwithstanding I would not have you proud of.

*Foro.* Out thou concealment of Tallow, and counterfeit *Mummia*.

*Duke.* To the Gallies with them both.

*Clow.* The only Sea-physick for a knave, is to be basted in a Gally, with the oil of a Bulls Peesel.

*Foro.* And will not you make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah? I hope to find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou mayst be drawn by the ears through the hoop of [a] firkin.

*Duke.* Divide them, and away with them to th' Gallies.

*Clow.* This will take down your pride, Jugler.

*Duke.* This day that hath given birth to blessings beyond hope, admits no criminal sentence: to the Temple, and there with humbleness, praise heavens bounties;

For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when  
A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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# CUPID'S REVENGE.

## The Persons represented in the Play.

- Cupid.
- Leontius, *the old Duke of Lycia.*
- Leucippus, *Son to the Duke.*
- Ismenus, *Nephew to the Duke.*
- Telamon, *a Lycian Lord.*
- Dorialus, }
- Agenor, } *Courtiers.*
- Nisus, }
- Timantus, *a villainous Sycophant.*
- The Priest of Cupid.
- *Four young Men and Maids.*
- Nilo, *sent in Commission to pull down Cupid's Image.*
- Zoilus, *Leucippus's Dwarf.*
- *Four Citizens.*

## WOMEN.

- Hidaspes, *Daughter to the Duke.*
- Cleophila, *and Hero her Attendants.*
- Bacha, *a Strumpet.*
- Urania, *her Daughter.*
- Bacha's Maid.
- Urania's Maid.
- *Servants and Attendants.*

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## *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.*

*Agenor.*

**T**rust me my Lord *Dorialus*, I had mist of this, if you had not call'd me;  
I thought the Princesses birth-day had been to morrow.

*Nisus.* Why, did your Lordship sleep out the day?

*Dor.* I marvel what the Duke meant to make such an idle vow.

*Nis.* Idle, why?

*Dor.* Is't not idle, to swear to grant his Daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray heaven she do not ask an unfit thing at one time or other; 'tis dangerous trusting a mans vow upon the discretion on's Daughter.

*Age.* I wonder most at the Marquis her Brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

*Dor.* He's acquainted with 'em before.

*Age.* She's doubtless very chaste and virtuou.

*Dor.* So is *Leucippus* her brother.

*Nis.* She's twenty year old, I wonder  
She aske not a Husband.

*Dor.* That were a folly in her; having refus'd all the  
Great Princes in one part of the world;  
She'll die a Maid.

*Age.* She may ask but one, may she?

*Nis.* A hundred times this day if she will;  
And indeed, every day is such a day, for though  
The Duke has vow'd it only on this day,  
He keeps it every day: he can deny  
Her nothing.

[*Cornets.*

*Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantas,  
Tellamon.*

*Leon.* Come fair *Hidaspes*, thou art  
Duchess to day,



Art thou prepar'd to aske, thou knowest  
My oath will force performance.  
And *Leucippus*, if she now ask ought that shall,  
Or would have performance  
After my death, when by the help of heaven,  
This Land is thine, accursed be thy race,  
May every one forget thou art my Son,  
And so their own obedience.

*Leucip.* Mighty Sir,  
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,  
That is to make me King, but if I do,  
I shall most hastily, (and like a Son)  
Perform your grant[s] to all, chiefly to her:  
Remember that you aske what we  
Agreed upon.

*Leon.* Are you prepar'd? then speak.

*Hida.* Most Royal Sir, I am prepar'd,  
Nor shall my Will exceed a Virgins bounds,  
What I request shall both at once bring  
Me a full content.

*Leon.* So it ever does:  
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,  
Make known thy good desire,  
For I dare swear thou lov'st me.

*Hidas.* This is it I beg,  
And on my knees. The people of your Land,  
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations  
That know their name, noted to have in use  
A vain and fruitless superstition;  
So much more hateful, that it bears the shew  
Of true Religion, and is nothing else  
But a false-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

*Leon.* What is it?

*Hidas.* Many ages before this,  
When every man got to himself a Trade,  
And was laborious in that chosen course,  
Hating an idle life, far worse than death:  
Some one that gave himself to Wine and Sloth,  
Which breed lascivious thoughts;  
And found himself conjoyn'd  
For that by every painful man,  
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself  
A *god*, whom he pretended to obey,  
In being thus dishonest, for a name  
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created *god*,  
Mans nature being ever credulous  
Of any vice that takes part with his blood,  
Had ready followers enow: and since  
In every age they grew, especially  
Amongst your Subjects, who do yet remain  
Adorers of that drowsie Deitie:  
Which drink invented: and the winged Boy,  
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.  
These loose naked statues through the Land,  
And in every Village, nay the palace  
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,  
That these erect[ed] obscene Images  
May be pluckt down and burnt: and every man  
That offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

*Leon.* But be advis'd my fairest daughter, if he be  
A god, he will express it upon thee my child:  
Which heaven avert.

*Leucip.* There is no such power:  
But the opinion of him fills the Land  
With lustful sins: every young man and maid  
That feel the least desire to one another,  
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is

Blind *Cupid's* motion: and he is a god.

*Leon.* This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd:  
Nephew *Ismenus*, break the Statues down  
Here in the Palace, and command the City  
Do the like, let proclamations  
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the Land  
To the same purpose.

*Ismen.* Sir, I will break down none my self,  
But I will deliver your command:  
Hand I will have none in't, for I like it not.

*Leon.* Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life,  
Wouldst thou ought else? make many thousand suits,  
They must and shall be granted.

*Hid.* Nothing else.

[*Exit Ismenus.*

*Leon.* But go and meditate on other suits,  
Some six days hence I'll give thee Audience again,  
And by a new oath, bind my self to keep it:  
Ask largely for thy self, dearer than life  
In whom I may be bold to call my self,  
More fortunate than any in my age,  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Leu.* 'Twas well done, Sister.

[*Exeunt all but  
these three  
Lords.*

*Nis.* How like you this request my Lord[s]?

*Dor.* I know not yet, I am so full of wonder,  
We shall be gods our selves shortly,  
And we pull 'em out of Heaven o' this fashion.

*Age.* We shall have wenches now when we can  
Catch 'em, and we transgress thus.

*Nis.* And we abuse the gods once, 'tis a Justice  
We should be held at hard meat: for my part,  
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection,  
I know the god incenst must send a hardness  
Through all good Womens hearts, and then we have  
Brought our Eggs and Muskadine to a fair Market:  
Would I had giv'n a 100 l. for a tolleration,  
That I might but use my conscience in mine  
Own house.

*Dor.* The Duke he's old and past it, he would  
Never have brought such a plague upon the Land else,  
'Tis worse than Sword and Famine:  
Yet to say truth, we have deserv'd it, we have liv'd  
So wickedly, every man at his Livery, and wou'd that  
Wou'd have suffic'd us: we murmur'd at this  
Blessing, that was nothing; and cry'd out to the  
God for endless pleasures, he heard us,  
And supp[l]ied us, and our Women were new still  
As we need 'em: yet we like beasts still cry'd,  
Poor men can number their woers, give us  
Abundance: we had it, and this curse withal.

*Age.* Berlady we are like to have a long *Lent* on't,  
Flesh shall be flesh: now Gentlemen I had rather  
Have anger'd all the gods, than that blind Gunner.  
I remem[b]ler once the people did but slight him  
In a sacrifice: and what followed?  
Women kept their houses, grew good huswives  
Honest forsooth! was not that fine?  
Wore their own faces,  
Though they wear gay cloaths without surveying,  
And which was most lamentable,  
They lov'd their Husbands.

*Nis.* I do remember it to my grief,  
Young Maids were as cold as Cowcubmers  
And much of that complexion:  
Bawds were abolisht: and, to which misery

It must come again,  
There were no Cuckolds,  
Well, we had need pray to keep these  
Divels from us,  
The times grow mischievous.  
There he goes, Lord!

*Enter one with an Image.*

This is a sacriledge I have not heard of:  
Would I were gelt, that I might not  
Feel what follows.

*Age.* And I too. You shall see within these  
Few years, a fine confusion i'the Countrey: mark it:  
Nay, and we grow for to depose the Powers,  
And set up Chastity again, well, I have done.  
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings  
Are hunger and hard beds.

*Nis.* This comes of fulness, a sin too frequent with us  
I believe now we shall find shorter commons.

*Dor.* Would I were married, somewhat has some favour;  
The race of Gentry will quite run out now,  
'Tis only left to Husbands, if younger Sisters  
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.

*Age.* Well, let come what will come,  
I am but one, and as the plague falls,  
I'll shape my self: If Women will be honest, I'll be sound.  
If the *god* be not too unmerciful,  
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,  
And thank him, and say nothing.

*Nis.* This ill wind yet may blow the City good,  
And let them, (if they can) get their own children,  
They have hung long enough in doubt, but howsoever, the  
old way was the surer, then they had 'em.

*Dor.* Farewel my Lords, I'll e'en take up what Rent I can  
before the day, I fear the year will fall out ill.

*Age.* We'll with you Sir: And love so favour us,  
As we are still thy servants. Come my Lords;  
Let's to the Duke, and tell him to what folly  
His doting now has brought him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Priest of Cupid, with four young men and Maids.*

*Priest.* Come my children, let your feet,  
In an even measure meet:  
And your chearful voices rise,  
For to present this Sacrifice;  
Lo great *Cupid*, in whose name,  
I his *Priest* begin the same.  
Young men take your Loves and kiss,  
Thus our *Cupid* honour'd is  
Kiss again, and in your kissing,  
Let no promises be missing:  
Nor let any Maiden here,  
Dare to turn away her ear,  
Unto the whisper of her Love,  
But give Bracelet, Ring or Glove,  
As a token to her sweeting,  
Of an after secret meeting:  
Now boy sing to stick our hearts  
Fuller of great *Cupid's* darts.

SONG.

*Lovers rejoyce, your pains shall be rewarded,  
The god of Love himself grieves at your crying:  
No more shall frozen honor be regarded,  
Nor the coy faces of a Maids denying.  
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,  
For men are false, and what they do they care not,*

*All shall be well again, then do not grieve,  
Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.*

*Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth.  
When you have caught your Sweet-hearts in your arms,  
It shall be accounted Oracle, and Worth:  
No more faint-hearted Girls shall dream of harms,  
And cry they are too young, the god hath said,  
Fifteen shall make a Mother of a Maid:  
Then wise men, pull your Roses yet unblown,  
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.*

The Measure.

*After the Measure, Enter Nilo and others.*

*Nilo.* No more of this: here break your Rights for ever,  
The Duke commands it so; Priest do not stare,  
I must deface your Temple, though unwilling,  
And your god *Cupid* here must make a Scare-crow  
For any thing I know, or at the best,  
Adorn a Chimney-piece.

*Priest.* Oh Sacrilege unheard of!

*Nilo.* This will not help it, take down the Image[s]  
And away with 'em.  
*Priest,* change your coat you had best, all service now  
Is given to men: Prayers above their hearing  
Will prove but babblings: learn to lye and thrive,  
'Twill prove your best profession: for the gods,  
He that lives by 'em now, must be a beggar.  
There's better holiness on earth they say,  
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice. Go home,  
And if [y]our god be not deaf as well as blind,  
He will [make] some smoak for it.

*Gent.* Sir—

*Nilo.* Gentlemen, there is no talking,  
This must be done and speedily;  
I have commission that I must not break.

*Gent.* We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

*Nilo.* On to the next Temple.

[*Exeunt.*

*Cornets. Descendit Cupid.*

*Cupid.* Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing Will  
And Power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,  
Now look'd into by less than gods? and weak'ned  
Am I, whose Bow struck terror through the earth,  
No less than Thunder, and in this, exceeding  
Even gods themselves; whose knees before my Altars  
Now shook off; and contemn'd by such, whose lives  
Are but my recreation! anger rise  
My sufferance and my self are made the subject  
Of sins against us. Go thou out displeasure,  
Displeasure of a great god, flying thy self  
Through all this Kingdom: sow what ever evils  
Proud flesh is [taking of], amongst these Rebels:  
And on the first heart that despise my Greatness,  
Lay a strange misery, that all may know  
*Cupid's* revenge is mighty; with his Arrow  
Hotter than plagues or mine own anger, will I  
Now nobly right my self: nor shall the prayers  
Nor [sweete] smoaks on my Altars hold my hand,  
Till I have left this a most wretched Land.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Hidaspes, and Cleophila.*

*Hidas.* *Cleophila,* what was he that went hence?

*Cleo.* What means your Grace now?

*Hidas.* I mean that handsome man,

That something more than man I met at door.

*Cleo.* Here was no handsome man.

*Hidas.* Come, he's some one  
You would preserve in private, but you want  
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper  
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance,  
See all the graces of a man. Who was't?

*Cleo.* That went hence now?

*Hidas.* That went hence now, I, he.

*Cleo.* Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks.  
*Zoylous* your Brothers Dwarf went out but now.

*Hidas.* I think 'twas he: how bravely he past by:  
Is he not grown a goodly Gentleman?

*Cleo.* A goodly Gentleman, Madam?  
He is the most deformed fellow i'the Land.

*Hidas.* Oh blasphemy: he may perhaps to thee  
Appear deform'd, for he is indeed  
Unlike a man: his shape and colours are  
Beyond the Art of Painting; he is like  
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble  
*Apollo*, as I oft have fancied him,  
When rising from his bed, he stirs himself  
And shakes day from his hair.

*Cleo.* He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

*Hidas.* *Cleophila*, go send a Page for him,  
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent. [Exit Cleo.  
Alas, what do I feel, my blood rebels,  
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn,  
My Maiden-thoughts are fled against my self,  
I harbor Traitors in my Virginitie,  
That from my Childhood kept me company,  
Is heavier than I can endure to bear:  
Forgive me *Cupid*, for thou art a god,  
And I a wretched creature; I have sinn'd,  
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet  
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.

*Enter Cleo. and Zoy.*

[*Cleo.*] *Zoylous* is here Madam.

*Hida.* He's there indeed.  
Now be thine own Judge; see thou worse than mad,  
Is he deformed? look upon those eyes,  
That let all pleasure out into the world,  
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves;  
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,  
Streaking the *East*, shoot light o'er half the world,  
Look on him altogether, who is made  
As if two Natures had contention  
About their skill, and one had brought forth him.

*Zoy.* Ha, ha, ha: Madam, though Nature  
Hath not given me so much  
As others in my outward shew;  
I bear a heart as loyal unto you  
In this unsightly body (which you please  
To make your mirth) as many others do  
That are far more befriended in their births;  
Yet I could wish my self much more deformed  
Than yet I am, so I might make your Grace  
More merry than you are, ha, ha, ha.

*Hidas.* Beshrew me then if I be merry;  
But I [am] content whilst thou art with me:  
Thou that art my Saint:  
By hope of whose mild favour I do live

To tell thee so: I pray thee scorn me not;  
Alas what can it add unto thy worth  
To triumph over me, that am a Maid,  
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue,  
Drown'd in my passions; yet I will take leave  
To call it reason that I dote on thee.

*Cleo.* The Princess is besides her Grace I think,  
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly  
Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.

*Hida.* What answer wilt thou give me?

*Zoy.* If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

*Hida.* If it be jest, not to esteem my life,  
Compar'd with thee: If it be jest in me,  
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour  
Upon those Lips, and take 'em off again:  
If it be jest for me to marry thee,  
And take obedience on me whilst I live:  
Then all I say is jest:  
For every part of this, I swear by those  
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do,  
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,  
(Which pardon me, that I am bold to kiss  
With so unworthy Lips) that thou wilt swear  
To marry me, as I do here to thee,  
Before the face of heaven.

*Zoy.* Marry you? ha, ha, ha.

*Hida.* Kill me or grant, wilt thou not speak at all?

*Zoy.* Why I will do your Will for ever.

*Hida.* I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth  
That is so merciful; that is my will:  
Next go with me before the King in haste,  
That is my Will; where I will make our Peers  
Know, that thou art their better.

*Zoy.* Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

*Cleo.* Madam, what means your Grace?  
Consider for the love of Heaven to what  
You run madly; will you take this Viper  
Into your bed?

*Hida.* Away, hold off thy hands:  
Strike her sweet *Zoylous*, for it is my Will,  
Which thou hast sworn to doe.

*Zoy.* Away for shame.  
Know you no manners: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*

*Cleo.* Thou know'st none I fear,  
This is just *Cupid's* Anger, *Venus* look down mildly on us:  
And command thy Son to spare this Lady once, and let me  
be in love with [all]: and none in love with me.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Ismenus, and Timantus.

*Timan.* Is your Lordship for the Wars this Summer?

*Ismen.* *Timantus*, wilt thou go with me?

*Timan.* If I had a Company, my Lord.

*Ismen.* Of Fidlers: Thou a company?  
No, no, keep thy Company at home, and cause cuckolds:  
The Wars will hurt thy face, there's no Semsters,  
Shoomakers, nor Taylors, nor Almond-milk i'th' morning,  
Nor poach'd Eggs to keep your worship soluble,  
No man to warm your Shirt, and blow your Roses:  
Nor none to reverence your round lace Breeches:  
If thou wilt needs goe, and goe thus,

Get a Case for thy Captainship, a shower will spoil thee else.  
Thus much for thee.

*Tim.* Your Lordship's wondrous witty, very pleasant believe't.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, Leonti.

*Leon.* No news yet of my Son?

*Tela.* Sir, there be divers out in search:  
No doubt they'll bring the truth where he is,  
Or the occasion that led him hence.

*Tim.* They have good eyes then.

*Leon.* The gods goe with them:  
Who be those that wait there?

*Tele.* The Lord *Ismenus*, your General, for his dispatch.

*Leon.* Oh Nephew: we have no use to imploy your  
Virtue in our War: now the Province is well settled.  
Hear you aught of the Marquis?

*Ismen.* No Sir.

*Leon.* 'Tis strange he should be gone thus:  
These five days he was not seen.

*Tim.* I'll hold my [life], I could bolt him in an hour:

*Leon.* Where's my Daughter?

*Dori.* About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

*Leon.* She's chaste and virtuous; fetch her to me,  
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now  
Her last request, without repenting me.  
Be it what it will: she is wise, *Dorialus*  
And will not press me farther than a Father.

[*Exit* Nis.

*Dor.* I pray the best may follow; yet if your Grace  
Had taken the opinions of your people,  
At least of such, whose wisdoms ever wake  
About your safety, I may say it, Sir,  
Under your noble pardon: that this change  
Either had been more honor to the gods,  
Or I think not at all. Sir, the Princess.

*Enter* Hidaspes, Nisus, and Zoylus.

*Leon.* Oh my Daughter, my health!  
And did I say my soul, I ly'd not;  
Thou art so near me, speak, and have whatever  
Thy wise Will leads thee too: had I a Heaven,  
It were too poor a place for such a goodness.

*Dor.* What's here?

*Agen.* An Apes skin stuff I think, 'tis so plump.

*Hida.* Sir, you have past your word,  
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it.  
Wonder not I press you, my life lies in your word:  
If you break that, you have broke my heart, I must ask  
That's my shame, and your Will must not deny me:  
Now for Heaven be not forsworn.

*Leon.* By the gods I will not,  
I cannot, were there no other power,  
Than my love call'd to a witness of it.

*Dor.* They have much reason to trust,  
You have forsworn one of 'em out o'th' countrey already.

*Hida.* Then this is my request: This Gent.  
Be not ashamed, Sir:  
You are worth a Kingdom.

*Leon.* In what?

*Hida.* In the way of marriage.

*Leon.* How?

*Hida.* In the way of marriage, it must be so,  
Your oath is ti'd to Heaven: as my love to him.

*Leon.* I know thou dost but try my age,  
Come ask again.

*Hida.* If I should ask all my life-time, this is all still.  
Sir, I am serious, I must have this worthy man without  
enquiring why; and suddenly, and freely:  
Doe not look for reason or obedience in my words:  
My love admits no wisdom:  
Only haste, and hope hangs on my fury,  
Speak Sir, speak, but not as a Father,  
I am deaf and dull to counsel: inflamed blood  
Hears nothing but my Will;  
For Gods sake speak.

*Dor.* Here's a brave alteration.

*Nis.* This comes of Chastity.

*Hida.* Will not you speak Sir?

*Agen.* The god begins his vengeance; what a sweet youth  
he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!

*Leon.* Oh let me never speak,  
Or with my words let me speak out my life;  
Thou power abus'd: great Love, whose vengeance now we  
feel and fear, have mercy on this Land.

*Nis.* How does your Grace?

*Leon.* Sick, very sick I hope.

*Dor.* Gods comfort you.

*Hida.* Will not you speak? is this your Royal word?  
Do not pull perjurie upon your soul.  
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment; remember.

*Leon.* Away base woman.

*Hidas.* Then be no more my Father, but a plague,  
I am bound to pray against: be any sin  
May force me to despair, and hang my self,  
Be thy name never more remembred King  
But in example of a broken faith,  
And curst even to forgetfulness:  
May thy Land bring forth such Monsters as thy Daughter is!  
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,  
And let me have him, will you Noble Sir?

*Leon.* Mercy, mercy heaven:  
Thou heir of all dishonor, shamest thou not to draw  
This little moisture left for life, thus rudely from me?  
Carry that slave to death.

*Zoy.* For heavens sake Sir, it is no fault of mine,  
That she will love me.

*Leon.* To death with him, I say.

*Hida.* Then make haste Tyrant, or I'll be for him:  
This is the way to Hell.

*Leon.* Hold fast, I charge you away with him.

*Hida.* Alas old man, Death hath more doors than one,  
And I will meet him.

[Exit Hida.]

*Leon. Dorialus,* Pray see her in her chamber,



And lay a guard about her:  
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties,  
Is Will and Disobedience in our Issues,  
Which we beget as well as them to plague us,  
With our fond loves; Beasts you are only blest  
That have that happy dulness to forget  
What you have made, your young ones grieve not you  
They wander where they list, and have their ways  
Without dishonor to you; and their ends,  
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their Parents,  
Or after ill remembrance: Oh this Woman  
Would I had made my self a Sepulcher,  
When I made her: Nephew, where is the Prince?  
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness  
Than of her bloud about him.  
Gentlemen: where is he?

*Ism.* I know not Sir.  
H'as his ways by himself, is too wise for my company.

*Leon.* I do not like this hiding of himself,  
From such society as his person:  
Some of it ye needs must know.

*Isme.* I am sure not I: nor have known twice this ten  
days, which if I were as proud as some of 'em, I should take  
scurvily, but he is a young man.  
Let him have [his] swinge, 'twill make him.

[Timantus *whispers to the Duke.*

There's some good matter now in hand:  
How the slave jeers and grins; the Duke is pleas'd,  
There's a new pair of Scarlet Hose now, and as much  
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn, a Hat and  
a Cloak to goe out to morrow:  
Garters and Stockings come by nature.

*Leon.* Be sure of this.

*Tima.* I durst not speak else, Sir.

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## ***Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.***

*Cornets. Descend Cupid.*

*Cupid.*

**L** *Eucippus* thou art shot through with a shaft  
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough  
To sow a world of helpless misery—  
In this [happie] Kingdom, dost thou think  
Because thou art a Prince, to make a part  
Against my power, but it is all the fault  
Of thy old Father, who believes [his] age  
Is cold enough to quench my burning Darts,  
But he shall know e'r long, that my smart loose,  
Can thaw Ice, and inflame the wither'd heart  
Of *Nestor*; thou thy self art lightly struck,  
But his mad love, shall publish that the rage  
Of *Cupid*, has the power to conquer Age.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Bacha, and Leucippus, Bacha, a Handkerchief.*

*Leu.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bacha.* Have you got the spoil  
You thirsted for? Oh tyrannie of men!

*Leu.* I pray thee leave.

*Bacha.* Your envy is, Heaven knows,  
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:  
What pain alas, could it have been to you,  
If I had kept mine honor? you might still

Have been a Prince, and still this Countreys Heir,  
That innocent Guard which I till now had kept,  
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem  
So dangerous in a State, that your self came to suppress it?

*Leu.* Drie thine eyes again, I'll kiss thy tears away,  
This is but folly, 'tis past all help.

*Bacha.* Now you have won the treasure,  
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus:  
And never see these empty Walls again,  
I know you will do so, and well you may:  
For there is nothing in 'em that's worth  
A glance, I loath my self, and am become  
Another Woman; One methinks with whom  
I want acquaintance.

*Leu.* If I do offend thee, I can be gone,  
And though I love thy sight, so highly do I prize thine own  
content, that I will leave thee.

*Bac.* Nay, you may stay now;  
You should have gone before: I know not now  
Why I should fear you: All I should have kept  
Is stol'n: Nor is it in the power of man  
To rob me farther: if you can invent,  
Spare not; No naked man fears robbing less  
Than I doe: now you may for ever stay.

*Leu.* Why, I could do thee farther wrong.

*Bac.* You have a deeper reach in evill than I:  
'Tis past my thoughts.

*Leu.* And past my will to act: but trust me I could do it.

*Bac.* Good Sir do, that I may know there is a wrong  
beyond what you have done me.

*Leu.* I could tell all the world what thou hast done.

*Bac.* Yes you may tell the world  
And do you think I am so vain to hope  
You will not? you can tell the world but this,  
That I am a widow, full of tears in shew,  
My Husband dead: And one that lov'd me so,  
Hardly a week, forgot my modestie,  
And caught with youth and greatness,  
Gave my self to live in sin with you;  
This you may tell: And this I do deserve.

*Leu.* Why dost thou think me so base to tell!  
These limbs of mine shall part  
From one another on a wrack,  
Ere I disclose; But thou dost utter words  
That much afflict me: you did seem as ready  
Sweet *Bacha*, as my self.

*Bac.* You are right a man: when they have 'witcht us  
into miserie, poor innocent souls,  
They lay the fault on us:  
But be it so; for Prince *Leucippus* sake  
I will bear any thing.

*Leucip.* Come weep no more,  
I wrought thee to it, it was my fault:  
Nay, see if thou wilt leave? Here, take this pearl,  
Kiss me sweet *Bacha*, and receive this purse.

*Bacha.* What should I do with these? they will not  
deck my mind.

*Leucip.* Why keep 'em to remember me.  
I must be gone, I have been absent long:  
I know the Duke my Father is in rage,  
But I will see thee suddenly again.  
Farewell my *Bacha*.

*Bacha.* Gods keep you,  
Do you he[a]re Sir: pray give me a point to wear.

*Leu.* Alas good *Bacha*, take on[e], I pray thee where thou wilt.

*Bac.* Coming from you. This Point is of as high  
Esteem with me, as all pearl and gold: nothing but good  
be ever with or near you.

*Leu.* Fare thee well mine own good *Bacha*;  
I will make all haste.

[*Exit.*

*Bacha.* Just as you are a Dosen I [e]steem you:  
No more, does he think I would prostitute  
My self for love? it was the love of these pearls  
And gold that won me, I confess  
I lust more after him than any other,  
And would at any rate if I had store,  
Purchase his fellowship: but being poor,  
I'll both enjoy his bodie and his purse,  
And he a *Prince*, nere think my self the worse.

*Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.*

*Leon.* Nay, you must back and shew us what it is,  
That 'witches you out of your Honor thus.

*Bacha.* Who's that?

*Tima.* Look there Sir.

*Leon.* Lady, never flye you are betray'd.

*Bacha.* Leave me my tears a while,  
And to my Just rage give a little place:  
What saucy man are you, that without leave,  
Enter upon a Widows mournfull house?  
You hinder a dead man from many tears.  
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,  
Though they should weep themselves to Images.  
If not for love of me, yet of your self  
Away, for you can bring no [comfort] to me.  
But you may carry hence, you know not what.  
Nay sorrow is infectious.

*Leon.* Thou thy self  
Art grown infectious: wouldst thou know my name?  
I am the Duke, father to this young-man  
Whom thou corrupt'st.

*Bacha.* Has he th[e]n told him all?

*Leuc.* You do her wrong Sir.

*Bacha.* O he has not told. Sir I beseech you pardon  
My wild tongue, directed by a weak distemper'd head  
Madded with grief: Alas I did not know  
You were my Sovereign; but now you may  
Command my poor unworthy life,  
Which will be none I hope ere long.

*Leon.* All thy dissembling will never hide thy shame:  
And wer't not more respecting Womanhood in  
General, than any thing in thee, thou shouldst  
Be made such an example, that posteritie,  
When they would speak most bitterly, should say,  
*Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.*

*Bacha.* Sir, though you be my King, whom I will  
Serve in all just causes: yet when wrongfully  
You seek to take my Honor, I will rise  
Thus, and defie you; for it is a Jewell  
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,  
(Though in this lowly house) I shall esteem  
My self above the Princes of the earth  
That are without it. If the Prince your son,  
Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak

Dishonor of me, if he do not do it,  
The plagues of hell light on him, may he never  
Govern this Kingdome: here I challenge him  
Before the face of heaven, my Liege, and these,  
To speak the worst he can: if he will lye,  
To lose a womans fame, I'll say he is  
Like you (I think I cannot call him worse.)  
He's dead, that with his life would have defended  
My reputation and I forct to play  
(That which I am) the foolish woman,  
And use my liberal tongue.

*Leu.* Is't possible! we men are children in our  
Carriages, compar'd with women: 'wake thy self  
For shame, and leave not her whose honor thou  
Shou'dst keep safe as thine own, alone to free her self:  
But I am prest I know not how, with guilt,  
And feel my conscience (never us'd to lye)  
Loth to allow my tongue to add a lye  
To that too much I did: but it is lawfull  
To defend her, that only for my Love lov'd evill.

*Leon.* Tell me, why did you *Leucip*: stay here so long?

*Leu.* If I can urge ought from me but a truth,  
Hell take me.

*Leon.* What's the matter, why speak you not?

*Tima.* Alas good Sir, forbear  
To urge the Prince, you see his shamefastness.

*Bacha.* What does he say Sir? if thou be a Prince  
Shew it, and tell the truth.

*Ismen.* If you have lain with her tell your Father  
No doubt but he has done as ill before now:  
The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

*Bacha.* For God's sake speak.

*Leu.* Have you done prating yet?

*Ismen.* Who prates?

*Leu.* Thou know'st I do not speak to thee *Ismenus*:  
But what said you *Tima*; concerning my shamefastness?

*Tima.* Nothing I hope that might displease your  
Highness.

*Leu.* If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers  
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,  
It would have made thee honest, I stay'd  
To he[a]re what you wou'd say: she is by heaven  
Of the most strict and blameless chastitie  
That ever woman was: (good gods forgive me)  
Had *Tarquin*, met with her, she had been kil'd  
With a Slave by her ere she had agreed:  
I lye with her! wou'd I might perish then.  
Our Mothers, whom we all must reverence,  
Could nere exceed her for her chastitie,  
Upon my soul: for by this light she's  
A most obstinate modest creature.

*Leon.* What did you with her then so long *Leucippus*?

*Leu.* I'll tell you Sir: You see she's beautifull.

*Leon.* I see it well.

*Leu.* Mov'd by her face,  
I came with lustful thoughts,  
Which was a fault in me:  
But telling truth, something more pardonable,  
(And for the world I will not lye to you:)  
Proud of my self, I thought a Princes name

Had power to blow 'em down flat of their backs;  
But here I found a Rock not to be shook:  
For as I hope for good Sir, all the battery  
That I could lay to her, or of my person,  
My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her.

*Leon.* 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

*Leu.* She's almost thirty Sir.

*Leon.* How do you know her age so just?

*Leu.* She told it me her self  
Once when she went about to shew by reason  
I should leave wooing her.

*Leon.* She stains the ripest Virgins of her age.

*Leu.* If I had sin'd with her, I would be loth  
To publish her disgrace: but by my life  
I would have told it you, because I think  
You would have pardon'd me the rather:  
And I will tell you father: By this light Sir,  
(But that I never will bestow my self  
But to your liking) if she now would have me,  
I now would marry her.

*Leon.* How's that *Leucippus*!

*Leu.* Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet  
I have not done, but had a will to do, and I will tell it?

*Leon.* Be't what it will I pardon thee.

*Leu.* I offered marriage to her.

*Leon.* Did she refuse it?

*Leucip.* With that earnestness, and almost scorn  
To think of any other after her lost Mate, that she  
Made me think my self unworthy of her.

*Leon.* You have stay'd too long *Leucippus*.

*Leu.* Yes Sir, forgive me Heaven, what multitude  
Of oaths have I bestow'd on lies, and yet they were  
Officious lyes, there was no malice in 'em.

*Leon.* She is the fairest creature that ever I beheld;  
And then so chaste, 'tis wonderfull: the more I look  
On her, the more I am amaz'd.  
I have long thought of a wife, and one I would have  
Had, but that I was afraid to meet a woman  
That might abuse my age: but here she is  
Whom I may trust to; of a chastitie  
Impregnable, and approved so by my son:  
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her  
In due obedience; and her beauty is  
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.  
My son once sent away, whose rivall-ship  
I have just cause to fear, if power, o[r] gold,  
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.  
Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence,  
Your Province is unquiet still.

*Ismen.* [Ime] glad on't.

*Leon.* And so dangerously, that I must send the  
Prince in person with you.

*Ismen.* [Ime] glad of that too: Sir, will you dispatch us  
We shall wither here for ever.

*Leon.* You shall be dispatcht within this hour:  
*Leucippus*, never wonder, nor ask, it must be thus.  
Lady I ask your pardon, whose virtue I have  
Slubberd with my tongue, and you shall ever be  
Chast in my memory hereafter;

But we old men often doat: to make amends for  
My great fault, receive that Ring:  
I'm sorry for your grief, may it soon leave you:  
Come my Lords lets begon.

[*Exeunt.*

*Bacha.* Heaven bless your Grace.  
One that had but so much modestie left, as to blush,  
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,  
Had been undone; where I come off with honor,  
And gain too: they that never wou'd be tract  
In any course, by the most subtle sense  
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.*

*Dor.* Gentlemen this is a strange peece of Justice,  
To put the wretched Dwarf to death because  
She doated on him; Is she not a woman, and  
Subject to those mad figaries her whole Sex  
Is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you, or I,  
Or all on's (as indeed the more the merryer still  
With them) must we therefore have our heads par'd  
With a Hatchet? So she may love all the Nobility  
Out o'th Dukedome in a month, and let the raskals in.

*Nis.* You will not, or you do not see the need  
That makes this just to the world?

*Dor.* I cannot tell, I would be loth to feel it:  
But the best is, she loves not proper men, we three  
Were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

[*Nis.* Why yes: He being taken away, this base incontinence dyes presently,  
and she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

*Dor.* Pray God she do: but was the Sprat beheaded, Or did they swing him  
about like a chickin, and so break his neck?

*Agen.* Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemn Justice made of it.

*Dor.* That might have been deducted.

*Agenor.* Why how would you have had him dyed?

*Dori.* Faith I would have had him rosted like a warden in a brown paper, and  
no more talk on't: or a feather stuck in's head, like a Quail: or a hanged him in  
a Dog-coller: what should he be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base  
shortly, Gentlemen will be out of love with it.

*Nis.* I wonder from whence this of the Dwarf's first sprung?

*Dor.* From an old leacherous pair of breeches that lay upon a wench to keep  
her warm: for certainly they are no mans work: and I am sure a Monkey  
would get one of the guard to this fellow, he was no bigger than a small  
Portmanteu, and much about that making if'tad legs.

*Age.* But Gentlemen, what say you to the *Prince*?

*Nis.* I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

*Dorialus.* Why then he will come home I know not when: you shall pardon me,  
I'll talk no more of this subject, but say, gods be with him where ere he is, and  
send him well home again: For why, he is gone, or when he will return, let  
them know that directed him: Only this, there's mad Morisco's in the state;  
but what they are, I'll tell you when I know. Come, let's go, hear all, and say  
nothing.

*Agen.* Content.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Timantus, and Telamon.*

*Tela.* *Timantus*, is the *Duke* ready yet?

*Tima.* Almost.

*Tela.* What ails him?

*Tima.* Faith I know not, I think he has dreamt he's but eighteen: has been  
wors[e] since he sent you forth for the frizling iron.

*Tel.* That cannot be, he lay in Gloves all night, and this morning I brought him  
a new *Periwig*, with a lock at it, and knockt up a swing in's chamber.

*Tim.* O but since, his Taylor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion  
on's cloaths: and yonders a fellow come, has board a hole in's ear; and he has  
bespoke a Vaulting-horse, you shall see him come forth presently: he looks

like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

*Tela.* Will he not Tilt think you?

*Tima.* I think he will.

*Tela.* What does he mean to doe?

*Tim.* I know not: but by this light I think he is in love; he wou'd ha' bin shav'd but for me.

*Tela.* In love with whom?

*Tim.* I could guess, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him some-whither.

*Tela.* I overheard him ask your opinion of some bodies beauty.

*Tima.* Yes, there it goes, that makes him so youthfull, and h'as layd by his Crutch, and halts now with a leading staff.

*Enter Leontine with a staff and a looking glass.*

*Leon.* *Timantus.*

*Tim.* Sir.

*Leon.* This Feather is not large enough.

*Tim.* Yes faith, 'tis such [a] one as the rest of the young Gallants wear.

*Leon.* *Telamon,* does it doe well?

*Tela.* Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rareliest—

*Leon.* Away, dost think so?

*Tela.* Think Sir? I know it. Sir, the *Princess,* is past all hope of life since the Dwarf was put to death.

*Leon.* Let her be so, I have other matters in hand: but this same Taylor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide: and see, the knave has put no points at my arme.

*Tima.* Those will be put to quickly Sir, upon any occasion.

*Leon.* *Telamon,* have you bid this Dancer come a mornings?

*Tela.* Yes Sir.

*Leon.* *Tijmantus,* let me see the glass again: look you how careless you are grown, is this tooth well put in?

*Tima.* Which Sir?

*Leon.* This Sir.

*Tima.* It shall be.

*Telam.* Me thinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years: and *Timantus,* stands as if (seeing the *Duke,* in such a youthfull habit) he were looking in's mouth how old he were.

*Leon.* So, so.

*Tela.* Will you have your Gown sir?

*Leon.* My Gown? why, am I sick? bring me my Sword. *[Exit Tela.*

*[Timantus,]* Let a couple of the great horses be brought out for us.

*Tima.* He'll kill himself. Why, will you ride Sir:

*Leon.* Ride? Dost thou think I cannot ride?

*Timan.* O yes Sir, I know it: but as I conceive your journey, you wou'd have it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

*Leon.* These Coaches make me sick: yet 'tis no matter, let it be so.

*Enter Telamon with a sword.*

*Tel.* Sir, here's your sword.

*Leon.* O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinks Why *Telamon,* bring me another: what, thinkst thou I will wear a sword in vain?

*Tela.* He has not strength enough to draw it, A yোক of Fleas ty'd to a hair would have drawn it. 'Tis out sir now, the Scabbard is broke.

*Leon.* O put it up again, and on with it; me thinks I am not drest till I feel my sword on.

*Telamon,* if any of my counsell aske for me,

Say I am gone to take the air.

*Tima.* He has not been drest this twenty years then, If  
this vain hold but a week, he will learn to play o'th base  
violl and sing to't: He's poetical alreadie;  
For I have spide a Sonnet on's making lye by's beds side,  
I'll be so unmannerly to read it.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Hidaspes, Cleophila, and Hero, Hidaspes in a  
Bed.*

[*Hida.*] He's dead, he's dead, and I am following.

*Cleo.* Ask *Cupid* mercie Madam.

*Hida.* O my heart.

*Cleo.* Help!

*Hero.* Stir her:

*Hida.* O, O!

*Cleo.* She's going, wretched wom[e]n that we are:  
Look to her, and I'll pray the while.

*Hero.* Why Madam?

[*Shee kneels.*

*Cleo.* *Cupid*, pardon what is past,  
And forgive our sins at last,  
Then we will be coy no more,  
But thy Deity Adore,  
Troths at fifteen we will plight,  
And will tread a Dance [each] night.  
In the fields, or by the Fire,  
With the youths that have desire. (*How does she yet?*)

*Hero.* O ill:

*Cleo.* Given Ear-rings we will wear,  
Bracelets of our Lovers hair,  
Which they on our Arms shall twist,  
With their Names carv'd on our wrist:  
All the money that we owe,  
We in Tokens will bestow:  
And learn to write, that when 'tis sent,  
Onely our Loves know what it meant:  
O then pardon what is past,  
And forgive our Sins at last. (*What, Mends she?*)

*Hero.* Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you shou'd sing.

[*Cleo.* Why?

*Hero.* Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.  
Shee is dead: Her last is breathed.]

*Cleo.* What shall we doe.

*Hero.* Go run,  
And tell the *Duke*; And whilst I'll close her eyes.  
Thus I shut thy faded light,  
And put it in eternall night.  
Where is she can boldly say  
Though she be as fresh as *May*:  
She shall not by this Corps be laid,  
Ere to morrows light doe fade.  
Let us all now living be,  
Warn'd by thy strict Chastitie;  
And marry all fast as we can,  
Till then we keep a piece of man,  
Wrongfully from them that owe it  
Soon may every Maid bestow it.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bacha and a Maid.*

*Bac.* Who is it?

*Maid.* Forsooth there's [a] gallant Coach at the dore,  
And the brave old man in't, that you said was the *Duke*.



*Bacha.* Cupid, grant he may be taken. Away:

*Maid.* He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringst, and has such glorious cloaths.

*Bac.* Let all the house see me sad, and see all handsome.

*Enter Leontius, and Timantus, a Jewell and a Ring.*

*Leon.* Nay widow flie not back, we come not now to chide, stand up and bid me welcome.

*Bac.* To a poor widows house that knows no end of her ill fortune: your Highness is most welcome.

*Leon.* Come kiss me then, this is but manners widow: Nere fling your head aside, I have more cause of grief than you: my Daughters dead: but what? 'Tis nothing. Is the rough *French* horse brought to the dore? They say he is a high goer, I shall soon try his mettle.

*Tim.* He will be Sir, and the gray *Barbary*, they are fiery both.

*Leon.* They are the better: Before the gods I am lightsome, very lightsome: How doest thou like me widow?

*Bach.* As a person in whom all graces are.

*Leon.* Come, come, ye flatter: I'll clap your cheek for that, and you shall not be angry.

Hast no *Musick*: Now could I cut three times with ease, and do a cross point, should shame all your gallants.

*Bacha.* I do believe you, and your self too: Lord what a fine old *Zany* my Love has made him! 'Is mine, I am sure: Heaven make me thankful for him.

[*Leon.*] Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweet heart?

*Timantus.* Your Grace will not buy her, she may trip Sir?

*Bacha.* My sorrow showes me elder then I am by many years.

*Leon.* Thou art so witty I must kiss agen.

*Tima.* Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: nere look it there Sir, she has a better Register, if it be not burnt.

*Leon.* I will kiss thee, I am a fire *Timantus.*

*Tima.* Can you chuse Sir, having such heavenly fire before you?

*Leon.* Widow, guess why I come, I prethee do.

*Bacha.* I cannot Sir, unless you be pleas'd to make a mirth out of my rudeness: and that I hope your pity will not let ye, the subject is so Barren: Bite King, Bite, I'll let you play a while.

*Leon.* Now as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truely, how many foot did I Jump yesterday *Timantus*?

*Tim.* Fourteen of your own, and some three fingers.

*Bacha.* This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in cut Taffata.

Alas good Almanack get thee to Bed, and tell what weather we shall have to morrow.

*Leon.* Widow I am come in short to be a Suiter.

*Bacha.* For whom?

*Leon.* Why by my troth, I come to woee thee wench: And win thee for my self: Nay, look upon me: I have about me that will do it.

*Bac.* Now Heaven defend me, your Whore [you] shall never: I thank the Gods, I have a little left me to keep me warm, and honest: if your grace take not that, I seek no more.

*Leon.* I am so far from taking any thing, I'll add unto thee.

*Bach.* Such Additions may be for your ease Sir, Not my honestie: I am well in being single, good Sir seek another, I am no meat for money.

*Leon.* Shall I fight for thee?  
This sword shall cut his throat, that dars lay claim  
But to a Finger of thee, but to a look, I would

See such a fellow.

*Bac.* It would be but a cold sight to you:  
This is the father of *S. George* a foot-back,  
Can such dry mumming talk.

*Tim.* Before the gods, your grace looks like *Aeneas*.

*Bac.* He looks like his old father upon his back,  
Crying to get Aboard.

*Leon.* How shall I win thy love, I pray thee tell me?  
I'll marry thee if thou desirest that: That is an honest  
Course, I am in good earnest, and presently within this hour,  
[I] am mad for thee: prethee deny me not,  
For as I live I'll pine thee, but I'll have thee.

*Bacha.* Now he's in the Toyl, I'll hold him fast.

*Tima.* You do not know what 'tis to be a Queen,  
Go too you Maid, else what the old man falls short of,  
there's others can eech out, when you please to call on 'em.

*Bacha.* I understand you not, Love I adore thee,  
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks, for so much  
Honoring your humble Hand-mayd above her birth:  
Far more her weak deservings, I dare not trust the Envious  
tongues of all that must repine at my unworthy rising.  
Beside, you have many fair ones in your Kingdome  
Born to such worth: O turn your self about  
And make a Noble choice.

*Leon.* If I do, let me famish: I will have thee,  
Or break up house, and boord here.

*Bac.* Sir, you may command an unwilling woman to obey ye: but heaven  
knows—

*Leon.* No more: these half a dozen kisses, and this Jewell, and every thing I  
have, and away with me, and clap it up; and have a boy by morning *Timantus*.  
let one be sent post for my son again: and for *Ismenus*, they are scarce twenty  
miles on their way yet, by that time we'll be married.

*Tima.* There shall Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Tertii. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.*

*Nisus.*

**I**s not this a fine marriage?

*Agenor.* Yes, yes, let it alone.

*Dor.* I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talk of other matters.

*Nis.* Is the *Prince* coming home certainly?

*Dor.* Yes, yes, he was sent post for yesterday, lets make haste we'll see how  
his new Mother-in-law will entertain him.

*Nis.* Why well I warrant you: did you not mark how humbly she carried her  
self to us on her marriage day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and  
that she would be our servant.

*Dor.* But mark what's done.

*Nis.* Regard not shew.

*Age.* O God! I knew her when I have been off'red her to be brought to my bed  
for five [pound]: whether it could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

*Nis.* Her Daughters a pretty Lady.

*Dor.* Yes: and having had but mean bringing up, it talks the pretilest and  
innocentliest, the Queen will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by  
her language: but I am perswaded she's well dispos'd.

*Agenor.* I think better than her Mother.

*Nis.* Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Leucippus, and Ismenus.*

*Isme.* How now man, strook dead with a tale?

*Leu.* No, but with a truth.

*Isme.* Stand [of] your self: can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

*Leu.* Thou knowst I have told thee all.

*Isme.* But that all's nothing to make you thus: your Sisters dead.

*Leu.* That's much, but not the most.

*Isme.* Why, for the other let her marry and hang, 'tis no purpos'd fault of yours: and if your Father will needs have your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good doe his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it; let her go: what, there are more wenches man, we'll have another.

*Leu.* O thou art vain, thou knowst I doe not love her:  
What shall I doe? I would my tongue had led me  
To any other thing, but blasphemy,  
So I had mist commending of this woman,  
Whom I must reverence now: she is my Mother,  
My sin *Ismenus* has wrought all this ill:  
And I beseech thee, to be warn'd by me,  
And doe not lye, if any man should aske thee  
But *How thou dost*, or *What a clock 'tis now*.  
Be sure thou doe not lye, make no excuse  
For him that is most near thee: never let  
The most officious falsehood scape thy tongue,  
For they above (that are intirely truth)  
Will make that seed, which thou hast sown  
Of lyes, yield miseries a thousand fold  
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Tim.* Sir, your Highness is welcome home, the *Duke* and *Queen* will presently come forth to you.

*Leu.* I'll wait on them.

*Tima.* Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you, have you sped in your wars?

*Isme.* This Rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, Pray how have you sped here at [home] at shovelboard?

*Tim.* Faith reasonable. How many Towns have you taken in this Summer?

*Isme.* How many Stags have you been at the death of this grass?

*Tima.* A number: 'Pray how is the Province settled?

*Isme.* Prethee how does the dun Nag?

*Tim.* I think you mock me my Lord.

*Isme.* Mock thee? Yes by my troth doe I: why what wouldst thou have me doe with thee? Art good for any thing else?

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus,  
Telamon.*

*Leu.* My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the wrist:  
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,  
For I shall swoon again else.—

[*Kneels.*

*Leon.* Welcome my son; rise, I did send for thee  
Back from the province, by thy Mothers counsell,  
Thy good Mother here, who loves thee well:  
She would not let me venture all my joy  
Amongst my enemies: I thank thee for her,  
And none but thee, I took her on thy word.

*Leucip.* Pinch harder.

*Leon.* And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now  
Some near affairs, but I will drink a Health  
To thee anon: Come *Telamon*, [Ime] grown  
Lustier, I thank thee for't, since I married;  
I can stand now alone, why *Telamon*,  
And never stagger.

[*Exit Leontius,  
Telamon.*

*Bac.* Welcome most noble Sir, whose fame is come

Hither before you: out alas you scorn me,  
And teach me what to doe.

*Leu.* No, you are my Mother.

*Bacha.* Far unworthy of that name God knows:  
But trust me, here before these Lords,  
I am no more but Nurse unto the *Duke*;  
Nor will I breed a faction in the State,  
It is too much for me that I am rais'd  
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant  
Of you that did it.

*Leu.* Madam I will serve you  
As shall become me. O dissembling woman!  
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy  
Quiver, sure-aim'd *Apollo*; one of thy swift darts,  
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,  
And let it melt this body into mist,  
That none may find it.

*Bac.* Shall I beg my Lords  
This Room in private for the *Prince* and me?

[*Exeunt all but Leu.  
and Bach.*]

*Leu.* What will she say now?

*Bach.* I must still enjoy him:  
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,  
That wishes he [w]ould move it, but he stands,  
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth,  
Sir, you and I when we were last together  
Kept not this distance as we were afraid  
Of blasting by our selves.

*Leu.* Madam 'tis true, Heaven pardon it.

*Bach.* Amen Sir.  
You may think that I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

*Leu.* 'Tis past now.

*Bach.* But it was no fault of mine:  
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd  
The King: nor layd I any train to catch him,  
It was your own Oaths did it.

*Leu.* 'Tis a truth: that takes my sleep away, but  
Would to Heaven, if it had so been pleas'd, you had  
Refus'd him, though I had gratifi'd that courtesie  
With having you my self: But since 'tis thus,  
I doe beseech you that you will be honest  
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous Age,  
Which you may easily doe. As for my self  
What I can say, you know alas too well  
Is ty'd within me, here it will sit like lead,  
But shall offend no other, it will pluck me  
Back from my ent'rance into any mirth,  
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me  
Of some friends death, but I will bear my self,  
To you, with all the due obedience  
A son owes to a Mother: more than this,  
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest to the  
Just gods: who in their blessed time,  
When they have given me punishment enough,  
For my rash Sin, will mercifully find  
As unexpected means to ease my grief  
As they did now to bring it.

*Bac.* Grown so godly? this must not be.  
And I will be to you, no other than a natural Mother ought;  
And for my honesty, so you will swear  
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe from any other.

*Leu.* Bless me I should urge you?

*Bacha.* Nay but swear then that I may be at peace,  
For I doe feel a weakness in my self,

That can denie you nothing, if you tempt me,  
I shall embrace Sin as it were a friend, and run to meet it.

*Leu.* If you knew how far  
It were from me, you would not urge an Oath.  
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you.

*Bac.* Swear not: I cannot move him, this sad talk  
Of things past help, does not become us well.  
Shall I send one for my *Musicians*, and we'll dance?

*Leu.* Dance Madam?

*Bac.* Yes, *Alavalta*.

*Leu.* I cannot dance Madam.

*Bac.* Then lets be merry.

*Leu.* I am as my *Fortunes* bid me.  
Do not you see me sowr?

*Bac.* Yes.  
And why think you I smile?

*Leu.* I am so far from any joy my self,  
I cannot fancie a cause of mirth.

*Bac.* I'll tell you, we are alone:

*Leu.* Alone?

*Bac.* Yes.

*Leu.* 'Tis true: what then?

*Bac.* What then? you make my smiling now  
Break into laughter: what think you is to be done then?

*Leu.* We shou'd pray to Heaven for mercy.

*Bacha.* Pray? that were a way indeed  
To pass the time: but I will make you blush,  
To see a bashfull woman teach a man  
What we should doe alone: try again  
If you can find it out.

*Leu.* I dare not think I understand you.

*Bac.* I must teach you then; Come, kiss me.

*Leu.* Kiss you?

*Bac.* Yes, be not asham'd:  
You did it not your self, I will forgive you.

*Leuc.* Keep you displeas'd gods, the due respect  
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,  
As she is now my Mother, Haste within me,  
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance will cure me.

*Bac.* Leave these melancholly moods,  
That I may swear thee welcome on thy Lipps  
A thousand times.

*Leuc.* Pray leave this wicked talk,  
You doe not know to what my Fathers wrong  
May urge me.

*Bac.* I'm careless, and doe weigh  
The world, my life, and all my after hopes  
Nothing without thy Love, mistake me not:  
Thy Love, as I have had it, free and open  
As wedlock is, within it self, what say you?

*Leu.* Nothing.

*Bac.* Pitty me, behold a Duchess  
Kneels for thy mercie, and I swear to you

Though I should lye with you, it is no Lust,  
For it desires no change, I could with you  
Content my self; what answer will you give?

*Leuc.* They that can answer must be less amaz'd,  
Than I am now: you see my tears deliver  
My meaning to you.

*Bac.* Shall I be contem'd? thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,  
To let a Lady kneel, to beg that thing  
Which a right man would offer.

*Leu.* 'Tis your will Heaven: but let me bear me like  
My self, how ever she does.

*Bac.* Were you made an *Eunuch*, since you went hence?  
Yet they have more desire than I can find in you:  
How fond was I to beg thy love! I'll force thee to my will  
Dost thou not know that I can make the King  
Dote as my list? yield quickly, or by Heaven  
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose,  
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee fed  
With such meats as best shall fit my ends  
And not thy health, why dost not speak to me?  
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown  
Less able to perform; then I will have thee  
Kill'd and forgotten: Are you striken dumb?

*Leu.* All you have nam'd but making of me sin  
With you, you may command, but never that;  
Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me,  
If you speak, I will not follow your counsell,  
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,  
But give you the just honor  
That is due from me to my Father's wife.

*Bac.* Lord how full of wise formality you [are] grown  
Of late: but you were telling me  
You could have wisht that I had marry'd you,  
If you will swear so yet, I'll make away the King.

*Leuc.* You are a strumpet.

*Bacha.* Nay, I care not  
For all your Railings: They will Batter walls  
And take in Towns, as soon as trouble me:  
Tell him, I care not, I shall undoe you only, which is no matter.

*Leu.* I appeal to you still, and for ever, that are  
And cannot be other, Madam, I see 'tis in your power  
To work your will on him: And I desire you  
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,  
But suffer him to find his quiet grave  
In peace; Alas he never did you wrong,  
And farther I beseech you pardon me,  
For the ill word I gave you, for how ever  
You may deserve, it became not me  
To call you so, but passion urges me  
I know not whither: my heart break now, & ease me ever.

*Bacha.* Pray you get you hence  
With your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamely:

*Leu.* Trust me, so am I of my self too:  
Madam, I'll take my leave; gods set all right.

*Bacha.* Amen, Sir, get you gon;  
Am I deny'd? it does not trouble me  
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:  
I have lost my patience: I will make him know  
Lust is not Love, for Lust will find a mate  
While there are men, and so will I: and more

*Enter Timantus.*

Than one, or twenty: yonder is *Timantus*,  
A fellow void of any worth, to raise himself,

And therefore like to catch at any evil  
That will but pluck him up: him will I make  
Mine own: *Timantus*.

*Timantus*. Madam?

*Bac*. Thou know'st well  
Thou wert by chance, a means of this my raising:  
Brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance  
I must reward thee.

*Tim*. I shall bend my service unto your Highness.

*Bacha*. But do it then entirely, and in every thing,  
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing  
Thou wouldst not do for me?

*Timant*. No by my soul Madam.

*Bacha*. Then thou art right.  
Go to my Lodging, and I'll follow thee.  
With my instruction I do see already,  
This Prince that did but now contemn me, dead:  
Yet will I never speak an evil word  
Unto his Father of him, till I have won  
A belief, I love him, but I'll make  
His virtues his undoing, and my praises  
Shall be so many swords against his breast,  
Which once perform'd, I'll make *Urania*  
My Daughter, the Kings heir, and plant my issue  
In this large Throne: nor shall it be withstood,  
They that begin in Lust, must end in Blood.

[*Exit Timantus*.

[*Exit*.

*Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus*.

*Doria*. We live to know a fine time, Gentl.

*Nis*. And a fine Duke, that through his doting age  
Suffers him to be a child again  
Under his Wives tuition.

*Agen*. All the Land holds in that tenor too: in womans  
service? sure we shall learn to spinn.

*Dor*. No, that's too honest: we shall have other  
Liberal Sciences taught us too soon;  
Lying, and flattering, those are the studies now:  
And Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gent.  
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.

*Nisus*. I cannot tell my Lord *Dorialus*, though my  
Own nature hate it, if all determine to be knaves,  
I'll try what I can do upon my self: that's certain,  
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness,  
The virtue will not quit the pain.

*Age*. But pray you tell me,  
Why is the *Prince*, now ripe and full experient,  
Not made a dore in the State?

*Nis*. Because he is honest.

*Enter Timantus*.

*Tim*. Goodness attend your Honors.

*Dor*. You must not be amongst us then.

*Tim*. The *Dutchess*, whose humble servant I am proud to be, would speak with  
you.

*Age*. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait: when is it?

*Tim*. An hour hence my good Lords, and so I leave my service.

*Dor*. This is one of her Ferrets that she bolts business out withall: this fellow,  
if he were well ript, has all the linings of a knave within him: how slye he  
looks!

*Nis*. Have we nothing about our cloaths that he may catch at?

*Agenor.* O my conscience, there's no treason in my dublet, if there be, my elbows will discover it, they are out.

*Dor.* Faith, and all the harm that I can find in mine is, that they are not pay'd for; let him make what he can of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's go.

*Enter Bach, Leontius, Tella.* *[Exeunt.*

*Bac.* And you shall find Sir what [a] blessing heaven gave you in such a son.

*Le.* Pray *gods*, I may, Let's walk & change our subject.

*Bac.* O Sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper joy into your heart than your son's virtue?

*Leon.* I allow his virtues: but 'tis not handsome thus to feed my self with such moderate praises of mine own.

*Bac.* The subject of our comendations is it self grown so infinite in goodness, that all the glory we can lay upon it, though we should open volumes of his praises, is a mere modesty in his expression, and shews him lame still, like an ill wrought peece wanting proportion.

*Leo.* Yet still he is a man, and subject still to more inordinate vices, than our love can give him blessing.

*Bac.* Else he were a *god*: yet so near as he is, he comes to heaven, that we may see so far as flesh can point us things only worthy them, and only these in all his actions.

*Leon.* This is too much my Queen.

*Bach.* Had the *gods* lov'd me; that my unworthy womb had bred this brave man.

*Leon.* Still you run wrong.

*Bach.* I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him; fed on his growing hopes.

*Leo.* This touches me.

*Bach.* I know no friends, nor Being, but his virtues.

*Le.* You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

*Bach.* But words cannot express him Sir: why what a shape Heaven has conceiv'd him in, oh Nature made him up!

*Leon.* I wonder *Dutchess*.

*Bach.* So you must: for less than admiration loses this godlike man.

*Leon.* Have you done with him?

*Bach.* Done with? O good gods what frailties thus pass by us without reverence!

*Leon.* I see no such perfection.

*Bac.* O dear Sir: you are a father, and those joys  
To you, speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

*Leo.* This leaves a tast behind it worse than physick.

*Bac[h].* Then for all his wisdom, valour,  
Good fortune, and all those friends of honor,  
They are in him as free and natural, as passions  
In a Woman.

*Leon.* You make me blush at all these years  
To see how blindly you have flung your praises  
Upon a Boy, a very child, and worthless,  
Whilst I live, of these Honors.

*Bac.* I would not have my love Sir, make my tongue  
Shew me so much a woman: as to praise  
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,  
Or generall allowance of the people.

*Leon.* Allowance of the people, what allow they?

*Bac.* All, I have sed for truth, and they must do it,  
And doat upon him: love him, and admire him.

*Leon.* How's that?

*Bac.* For in this youth and noble forwardness  
All things are bound together that are kingly,  
A fitness to bear rule:



*Leon.* No more.

*Bac.* And Sovereignty not made to know command.

*Leon.* I have sed, no more.

*Bac.* I have done Sir, though unwilling, and pardon me.

*Leon.* I do, not a word more.

*Bac[h].* I have gi'n thee poyson  
Of more infection than the Dragons tooth,  
Or the gross Air o'er heated.

*Leon.* *Timantus* when saw you the Prince?

*Tim.* I left him now Sir.

*Leon.* Tell me truly, out of your free opinion without  
courting. How you like him.

*Tim.* How I like him?

*Leon.* Yes: for you in conversation may see more  
Than a Father.

*Bac.* It works.

*Timantus.* Your Grace has chosen out an ill observer.

*Leon.* Yes, I mean of his ill: you talk rightly.

*Tim.* But you take me wrong: All I know by him  
I dare deliver boldly: He is the storehouse  
And head of virtue; your great self excepted,  
That feeds the Kingdome.

*Leon.* These are flatteries: speak me his vices, there you  
do a service worth a Fathers thanks.

*Tim.* Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure they are the  
times which I could wish less dangerous.  
But pardon me, I am too bold.

*Leon.* [You] are not, forward and open what these dangers are.

*Timan.* Nay, good Sir.

*Leon.* Nay, fall not off again, I will have all.

*Timan.* Alas Sir, what am I, you should believe  
My eyes or ears, so subtle to observe  
Faults in a State: all my main business  
Is service to your Grace, and necessaries  
For my poor life.

*Leon.* Do not displease me Sirrah,  
But that you know tell me, and presently.

*Timan.* Since your Grace will have it  
I'll speak it freely: Always my obedience  
And love preserv'd unto the Prince.

*Leon.* Prethee to the matter.

*Tim.* For Sir, if you consider  
How like a Sun in all his great employments,  
How full of heat.

*Leon.* Make me understand what I desire.

*Tim.* And then at his return.

*Leon.* Do not anger me.

*Tim.* Then thus Sir: All mislike ye,  
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

*Leon.* What?

*Tim.* Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages  
Leads 'em without Alleageance or Religion.  
For Heavens sake have a care of your own person:  
I cannot tell, their wickedness may lead  
Farther than I dare think yet.

*Leo.* O base people.

*Tim.* Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may  
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will: virtue is ever watchfull,  
But be you still secur'd and comforted.

*Leon.* Heaven how have I offended, that this rod  
So heavy and unnaturall, should fall upon me  
When I am old and helpless.

*Tim.* Brave Gentl. that such a madding love should follow  
thee, to rob thee of a Father:  
All the Court is full of dangerous whispers.

*Leon.* I perceive it, and 'spight of all their strengths  
Will make my safety: I'll cut him shorter.  
I'll cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

*Bach.* What a foul Age is this, when Virtue is made a  
sword to smite the virtuous! Alas, alas:

*Leon.* I'll teach him to fly lower.

*Tim.* By no means Sir, rather, make more your love,  
And hold your favor to him: for 'tis now  
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,  
As I must ne'er believe, run with their rages,  
He never was so innocent, but what reason  
His Grace has to withdraw his love from me,  
And other good men that are near your person,  
I cannot yet find out: I know my duty  
Has ever been attending.

*Leon.* 'Tis too plain: He means to play the villain,  
I'll prevent him, not a word more of this, be private.

[*Exit Leontius.*]

*Tim.* Madam 'tis done.

*Bac.* He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with the noble men?

*Tim.* Yes Madam they are here: I wait a farther service.

*Bac.* Till [you see] the Prince, you need no more  
instructions.

*Tim.* No, I have it.

[*Exit Timantus.*]

*Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.*

*Bac.* That fool that willingly provoks a woman,  
Has made himself another evill Angell,  
And a new Hell, to which all other torments  
Are but mere pastime: Now my noble Lords,  
You must excuse me, that unmannerly  
We have broke your private business.

*Agen.* Your good Grace may command us, and that.

*Bac.* Faith my Lord *Agenor*: 'Tis so good a cause  
I am confident, you cannot loose by it.

*Dorialus.* Which way does she fish now?  
The devill is but a fool to a right woman.

*Nisus.* Madam, we must needs win in doing service to  
such a gracious Lady.

*Bac.* I thank you, and will let you know the business:  
So I may have your helps, never be doubtfull,  
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you  
Upon the knowledge seem so honorable,  
That I assure my self your willing hearts

Will strait be for me in it.

*Age.* If she should prove good now, what wer't like?

*Dorial.* Thunder in *Januarie*, or a good woman,  
That's stranger than all *Affrick*.

*Bac.* It shall not need your wonder, this it is:  
The Duke you know is old, and rather subject  
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,  
Cares, and continuall watchings, that attend  
A Kingdomes safety, therefore to prevent  
The fall of such a flourishing Estate  
As this has [ever] been, and to put off  
The murmure of the people that encrease  
Against my government, which the gods knows  
I onely feel the trouble of: I present  
The Prince unto your loves, a Gent.  
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,  
All peeces of a true man, let your prayers  
Win from the Duke half his Vexation,  
That he may undertake it, whose discretion  
I must confess, though it be from the Father,  
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.  
'Tis not my own desire, but all the Lands,  
I know the weakeness of it.

*Nisus.* Madam, this noble care and love has won us  
For ever to your lives, we'll to the King,  
And since your Grace has put it in our mouths,  
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.

*Dorial.* I was never cousen'd in a woman before.  
For commonly they are like Apples: If once they bruise  
They will grow rotten thorow, and serve for nothing but to  
asswage swellings.

*Bac.* Good Lords delay no time, since 'tis your good  
Pleasures to think my counsell good, and by no means  
Let the Prince know it, whose affections  
Will stir mainly against it: besides his Father  
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried  
So that his forward will appear not in it,  
Go, and be happy.

*Dorial.* Well, I would not be Chronicl'd as thou  
Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

*Nisus.* Madam, we kiss your hand, and so inspire.  
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Quart[us]. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Leucippus, Ismenus.*

*Leu.*

**A**nd thus she has us'd me, is't not a good mother?  
*Ismenus.* Why kill'd you her not?

*Leu.* The gods forbid it.

*Ismenus.* S'light, if all the women i'th' world were barren, shee had dy'd.

*Leuc.* But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.

*Ismen.* Then have I none at all, for all I have in me  
Directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage.

*Leucippus.* Why?

*Ismenus.* Nay, 'tis well, if he know himself, but some of the Nobility have  
deliver'd a petition to him: what's in't, I know not, but it has put him to his  
trumps: he has taken a months time to answer it, and chafes like himself.

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Tellamon.*

*Leu.* He's here *Ismenus.*

*Leon.* Set me down *Tellamon*. *Leucippus*.

*Leu.* Sir.

*Bach.* Nay good Sir, be at peace, I dare swear he kn[ew] not of it.

*Leon.* You are foolish: peace.

*Bach.* All will go ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me he cannot prove it by you.

*Leu.* What?

*Bach.* You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

*Leuc.* What is the matter?

*Leon.* Know'st thou that petition?  
Look on it well: wouldst thou be joyn'd with me  
(Unnaturall child to be weary of me)  
E'r Fate esteem me fit for other worlds.

*Bac.* May be he knows not of it.

*Leu.* Oh strange carriages!  
Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing  
To reward doing well, my usages  
Which have been (but 'tis no matter what)  
Have put me so far from the thought of Greatness,  
That I should welcome it like a disease  
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.  
They are my enemies that gave you this,  
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves  
I fear abus'd. I am weary of my life,  
For Gods sake take it from me: it creates  
More mischief in the State than it is worth,  
The usage I have had, I know would make  
Wisdom her self run frantick through the streets,  
And Patience quarrel with her shadow.  
Sir, this sword—

*Bac.* Alas! help for the love of Heaven,  
Make way through me first, for he is your Father.

*Leon.* What, would he kill me?

*Bac.* No Sir, no.

*Leon.* Thou always [mak'st] the best on't, but I fear—

*Leu.* Why do you use me thus? who is't can think  
That I would kill my Father, that can yet  
Forbear to kill you? Here Sir, is my sword;  
I dare not touch it, lest she say again  
I would have kill'd you: let me not have mercy  
When I most need it, if I would not change  
Place with my meanest servant. Let these faults  
Be mended Madam: if you saw how ill  
They did become you, you would part with them.

*Bac.* I told the Duke as much before.

*Leu.* What? what did you tell him?

*Bac.* That it was only an ambition,  
Nurst in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,  
Which age would take away.

*Leon.* It was his doing then? come hither Love.

*Bac.* No indeed, Sir.

*Leu.* How am I made, that I can bear all this?  
If any one had us'd a friend of mine [nere] this,  
My hand had carried death about it.

*Leon.* Lead me hence *Tellamon*: come my dear  
*Bacha*, I shall find time for this.

*Ism.* Madam, you know I dare not speak before  
The King; but you know well, if not, I'll tell [it] you,

You are the most wicked'st, and most murderous  
Strumpet, that ever was call'd Woman.

*Bac.* My Lord, what can I do for him? he shall command me.

*Leon.* I know thou art too kind; away I say.

[*Exit Leon. Bac.*  
*Tima. Telia.*

*Isme.* Sir, I am sure we dream, this cannot be.

*Leu.* Oh that we did, my wickedness has brought  
All this to pass, else I should bear my self.

*Enter Urania.*

*Isme.* Look, doe you see who's there? your virtuous Mothers issue: kill her,  
yet take some little pidling revenge.

*Leu.* Away, the whole Court calls her virtuous; for they say, she is unlike her  
Mother, and if so, she can have no vice.

*Ism.* I'll trust none of 'em that come of such a breed.

*Leu.* But I have found  
A kind of love in her to me: alas,  
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,  
She is as free from any hate to me  
As her bad Mother's full. She was brought up  
I'th' Countrey, as her tongue will let you know

*Enter Urania.*

If you but talk with her, with a poor Uncle,  
Such as her Mother had.

*Ism.* She's come again.

*Ura.* I would fene speak to the good Marquess my brother, if I but thought he  
could abaid me.

*Leu.* Sister, how do you?

*Ura.* Very well I thank you.

*Ism.* How does your good Mother?

*Leu.* Fie, fie, *Ismenus* for shame, mock such an innocent soul as this.

*Ura.* Feth a she be no good, [G]od may her so.

*Leu.* I know you wish it with your heart dear Sister, but she is good I hope.

*Ism.* Are you so simple, to make so much of this?  
Do you not know,  
That all her wicked Mother labours for, is but to raise  
Her to your right, and leave her this Dukedom?

*Ura.* I, but ne'r Sir be afred;  
For though she take th' ungain'st weas she can,  
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

*Leu.* I should hate my self *Ismenus*;  
If I should think of her simplicity,  
Ought but extreamly well.

*Ism.* Nay, as you will.

*Ura.* And though she be my Mother,  
If she take any course to do you wrong,  
If I can see't, youst quickly hear on't Sir:  
And so I'll take my leave.

*Leu.* Farewel good Sister, I thank you.

[*Exit Urania.*

*Ism.* You believe all this.

*Leu.* Yes.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Ism.* A good faith doth well, but methinks  
It were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her:  
Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.

*Leu.* So I will, if he can shew me as apparent signs  
Of truth as she did; Does he weep *Ismenus*?

*Ism.* Yes, I think so: some good's happen'd I warrant:  
Do you hear, you? What honest man has scap'd misery, that  
[you are] crying thus?

*Tim.* Noble *Ismenus*, where's the Prince?

*Ism.* Why there! hast wept thine eyes out?

*Tim.* Sir, I beseech you hear me.

*Leu.* Well, speak on.

*Ism.* Why, will you hear him?

*Leu.* Yes *Ismenus*, why?

*Ism.* I would hear blasphemy as willingly.

*Leu.* You are [to] blame.

*Tim.* No Sir: he is not to blame:  
If I were as I was.

*Ism.* Nor as thou art, yfaith awhit [to] blame.

*Leu.* What's your business?

*Tim.* Faith Sir, I am ashamed to speak before you,  
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,  
And by the earnest instigation  
Of others, have not done you to the King  
Always the best and friendliest offices;  
Which pardon me, or I will never speak.

*Ism.* Never pardon him and silence a knave.

*Leu.* I pardon thee.

*Tim.* Your Mother sure is naught.

*Leu.* Why shouldst thou think so?

*Tim.* Oh noble, Sir, your honest eyes perceive not  
The dangers you are led to; shame upon her,  
And what fell miseries the gods can think on  
Shower down upon her wicked head, she has plotted  
I know too well your death: would my poor life  
Or thousand[s] such as mine is, might be offer'd  
Like sacrifices up for your preserving,  
What free oblations would she have to glut her,  
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin;  
If heaven and good men step not to your rescue,  
And timely, very timely: Oh this Dukedom!  
I weep, I weep for the poor Orphans i'th' Countrey  
Left with but Friends or Parents.

*Leu.* Now *Ismenus*, what think you of this fellow?  
This was a lying knave, a flatterer,  
Does not this Love still shew him so.

*Ism.* This Love? this Halter: if he prove not yet  
The cunning'st rankest rogue that ever Canted,  
I'll never see man again: I know him to bring,  
And can interpret every new face he makes;  
Look how he wrings like a good stool for a tear:  
Take heed, Children and Fools  
First feel the smart, Then weep.

*Leu.* Away, away, such an unkind distrust,  
Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,  
And sooner leads to mischief, I believe it,  
And him an honest man: he could not carry  
Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.

*Ism.* Take heed, this is your Mothers scorpion,

That carries stings even in his tears,  
Whose soul is a rank poison through: Touch  
Not at him, if you do, you are gone, if you had twenty  
Lives: I knew him for a Roguish boy, when  
He would poison Dogs, and keep tame Toads,  
He lay with his Mother, and infected her, and now  
She begs i'th' Hospital, with a patch of Velvet,  
Where her Nose stood: like the Queen of Spades.  
And all her teeth in her purse, the Devil and this  
Fellow are so near, 'Tis not yet known which is the eviler Angel.

*Leu.* Nay, then I see 'tis spite: Come hither friend.  
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd my Mother  
to my death, for I protest I feel none in my self?

*Tim.* Her Will Sir, and Ambition, as I think,  
Are the provokers of it, as in Women,  
Those two are ever powerful to destruction,  
Beside a hate of your still growing virtues,  
She being only wicked.

*Leu.* Heavens defend me as I am innocent,  
And ever have been from all immoderate thoughts and  
Actions, that carry such rewards along w[i]th 'em.

*Tim.* Sir, all I know, my duty must reveal,  
My Countrey and my Love command it from me,  
For whom I'll lay my life down: this night coming,  
A Counsel is appointed by the Duke,  
To sit about your apprehension:  
If you dare trust my faith: which by all good things  
Shall ever watch about you: goe along,  
And to a place I'll guide you: where no word  
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot  
Without discovering to you, which once known, you have your  
answers and prevention.

*Ism.* You are not so mad to goe; shift off this fellow, you shall be rul'd once by  
a wise man: Ratsbane get you gone, or—

*Leu.* Peace, peace for shame, thy love is too suspitious, 'tis a way offer'd to  
preserve my life, and I will take it: be my Guide *Timantus* and do not mind  
this angry man, thou know'st him: I may live to requite thee.

*Tim.* Sir, this service is done for virtues sake, not for reward, however he may  
hold me.

*Ism.* The great pox on you: but thou hast that curse so much, 'twill grow a  
blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wisdoms sake court not your death, I am your  
friend and subject, and I shall lose in both: if I lov'd you not, I would laugh at  
you, and see you run your neck into the noose, and cry a Woodcock.

*Leu.* So much of man, and so much fearful; fie, prethee have peace within  
thee: I shall live yet many a golden day to hold thee here dearest and nearest  
to me: Go on *Timantus*, I charge you by your love no more, no more.

*Ism.* Goe, and let your own rod whip you:  
I pity you. And dog, if he miscarry thou shalt pay for't,  
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last  
Longer and sharper than a tedious Winter,  
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st.

[*Exeunt* *Leu.*  
*Tim.*  
[*Exit.*

*Enter* *Leontius* and *Tellamon.*

*Leon.* I wonder the Dutchess comes not.

*Tel.* She has heard, Sir, your Will to speak with her:  
But there is something leaden at her heart;  
(Pray God it be not mortal) that even keeps her  
From conversation with her self.

*Enter the Dutchess.*

*B.* Oh whither will you my cross affections pull me?  
Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions,  
And dwell within us: you that are Angels  
Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given  
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd  
A Temple of your own, you Deities

Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your goodness  
Thus to be soyl'd with sin?

*Leon.* Heaven bless us all.  
From whence comes this distemper? speak my fair one.

*Bac.* And have you none, Love and Obedience,  
You[r] ever faithful Servants to employ  
In this strange story of impiety,  
But me a Mother; Must I be your strumpet?  
To lay black Treason upon, and in him,  
In whom all sweetness was: in whom my love  
Was [proud] to have a Being, in whom Justice,  
And all the gods for our imaginations  
Can work into a man, were more than virtues,  
Ambition down to hell, where thou wert foster'd,  
Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,  
And meerest innocent'st it self that ever  
Mens greedy hopes gave life to.

*Leon.* This is still stranger: lay this treason  
Open to my correction.

*Bac.* Oh what a combat duty and affection  
Breeds in my blood!

*Leon.* If thou conceal'st him, may,  
Beside my death, the curses of the Countrey,  
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,  
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave.

*Bach.* My Being: for another tongue to tell it,  
Cease, a Mother! some good man that dares  
Speak for his King and Countrey: I am full  
Of too much womans pity: yet oh Heaven,  
Since it concerns the safety of my Sovereign,  
Let it not be a cruelty in me,  
Nor draw a Mothers name in question,  
Amongst unborn people, to give up that man  
To Law and Justice, that unrighteously  
Has sought his Fathers death: be deaf: be deaf Sir,  
Your Son is the offender: Now have you all,  
Would I might never speak again.

*Leon.* My Son! Heaven help me.  
No more! I thought it, and since  
His life is grown so dangerous: Let them that  
Gave him, take him: he shall dye,  
And with him all my fears.

*Bac.* Oh use your mercy: you have a brave subject  
To bestow it on. I'll forgive him, Sir; and for his  
Wrong to me, I'll be before ye.

*Leon.* Durst his villany extend to thee?

*Bac.* Nothing but heats of youth, Sir.

*Leon.* Upon my life he sought my bed.

*Bacha.* I must confess he loved me  
Somewhat beyond a Son: and still pursu'd it  
With such a Lust, I will not say *Ambition*:  
That clean forgetting all obedience,  
And only following his first heat unto me,  
He hotly sought your death, and me in Marriage.

*Leon.* Oh Villain!

*Bac.* But I forget all: and am half asham'd  
To press a man so far.

*Enter Timantus.*

*Tim.* Where is the Duke? for Gods sake bring me to him:

*Leon.* Here I am: each corner of the Dukedom



Sends new affrights forth: what wouldst thou? speak.

*Tim.* I cannot Sir, my fear ties up my tongue:

*Leon.* Why, what's the matter? Take thy courage  
To thee, and boldly speak, where are the Guard?  
In the gods name, out with it:

*Tim.* Treason, treason.

*Leon.* In whom?

*Bacha.* Double the Guard.

*Tim.* There is a fellow, Sir.

*Leon.* Leave shaking man.

*Timan.* 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

*Leon.* Well.

*Timan.* There is a fellow, Sir, close i'th' Lobby:  
You o'the Guard, look to the door there.

*Leon.* But let me know the business.

*Tima.* Oh that the hearts of men should be so hard'ned  
Against so good a Duke, for Gods sake, Sir,  
Seek means to save your self; This wretched slave  
Has his sword in his hand, I know his heart:  
Oh it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

*Leon.* Where is he?

*Enter the Guard, and bring him in.*

*Timan.* I'th' Lobby Sir, close in a corner:  
Look to your selves for Heavens sake,  
Me thinks he is here already.  
Fellows of the Guard be valiant.

*Leon.* Goe Sirs, and apprehend him; Treason shall  
Never dare me in mine own Gates.

*Tim.* 'Tis done.

*[There they bring  
the Prince in.]*

*Bacha.* And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

*Leon.* Are these the comforts of my age?  
They're happy that end their daies contented  
With a little, and live aloof from dangers, to a King  
Every content doth a new peril bring.  
Oh let me live no longer, shame of Nature,  
Bastard to Honor: Traytor, Murderer,  
Devil in a humane shape. Away with him,  
He shall not breathe his hot [inf]ection here.

*Leu.* Sir, hear me.

*Leon.* Am I or he your Duke? away with him  
To a close prison: your Highness now shall know,  
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

*Leu.* Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome,  
My innocency is my Armor: gods preserve you.

*[Exit.]*

*Bacha.* Fare thee well, I shall never see so brave a Gent.  
Would I could weep out his offences.

*Tim.* Or I could weep out mine eyes.

*Leon.* Come Gentlemen, we'll determine presently  
About his death: we cannot be too forward in our  
Safety: I am very sick, lead me unto my bed.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Citizen and his Boy.*

*Cit.* Sirrah, goe fetch my Fox from the Cutlers: There's money for the

scowring: Tell him I stop a groat since the last great Muster: he had in stone Pitch for the bruise: he took with the recoyling of his Gun.

*Boy.* Yes Sir.

*Cit.* And do you hear? when you come, Take down my Buckler, and sweep the Cobwebs off: and grind the pick of n't, and fetch a Nail or two: and tack on bracers: your Mistriss made a pot-lid ont't, I thank her, at her Ma[yd]s Wedding, and burnt off the Handle.

*Boy.* I will Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Cit.* Who's within here, hoe Neighbor, not stirring yet?

*2 Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow: what news, what news?

*1 Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.

*2 Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolv'd.

*1 Cit.* And so am I, and forty more good fellows, That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

*2 Cit.* 'Sfoot man, who would not hang in such good company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children; 'Tis such a jest that men should look behind 'em to the world: and let their honors, their honors neighbor, slip.

*1 Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of *Bastard* and a Roll for that bare word.

*2 Cit.* They say, that we Tailors, are things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us: I'll make some of 'em feel they are Geese o'th' game then.

I'fack, take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I use it. Take a good heart man, all the low ward is ours, with a wet finger. An[d] lay my cut-fing'red Gantlet ready for me, That, that I us'd to work in, when the Gentl. were Up against us, and beaten out of Town, and almost out o' Debt too: for a plague on 'em they never paid well since: And take heed sirrah, your Mistriss hears not of this Business, she's near her time: yet if she do, I care not, she may long for Rebellion, For she has a devilish spirit.

*1 Cit.* Come, let's call up the new Iremonger, he's as tough as steel, and has a fine wit in these resurrections; Are you stirring neighbor?

*3. Within.* Oh, Good morrow neighbors, I'll come to you presently.

*2.* Goe to, this is his Mothers doing; she's a *Polecat*.

*1.* As any is in the world.

*2.* Then say, I have hit it, and a vengeance on her, let her be what she will.

*1. Amen* say I, she has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom: do you mark it?

*2.* One thing I am sure she has, the good old Duke, she gives him pap again they say, and dandles him, and hangs a corral and bells about his neck, and makes him believe his teeth will come agen; which if they did, and I he, I would worry her as never Curr was worried: I would neighbor, till my teeth met I know where, but that's counsel.

*Enter [third] Citizen.*

*3.* Good morrow neighbors: hear you the sad news?

*1.* Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

*3.* I cannot tell, methinks 'twere no great matter, if men were men: but—

*2.* You do not twit me with my calling neighbor?

*3.* No surely: for I know your spirit to be tall; pray be not vext.

*2.* Pray forward with your counsel: I am what I am, and they that prove me shall find me to their cost: do you mark me neighbor, to their cost I say.

*1.* Nay, look how soon you are angry!

*2.* They shall neighbors: yes, I say they shall.

*3.* I do believe they shall.

*1.* I know they shall.

*2.* Whether you do or no I care not two pence, I am no beast, I know mine own strength neighbors; God bless the King, your companies is fair.

1. Nay neighbor, now ye erre, [I] tell you so, and ye [were] twenty Neighbors.
3. You had best goe peach, doe, peach.
2. Peach; I scorn the motion.
3. Doe, and see what follows: I'll spend an hundred pound, and be two I care not: but I'll undoe thee.
2. Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in thy face, and doe the worst thou canst: I am a true-man, and a free-man: peach!
1. Nay, look, you will spoil all.
2. Peach!
1. Whilst you two brawl together, the Prince will lose his life.
3. Come, give me your hand, I love you well, are you for the action?
2. Yes: but Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold fruit, I feel it cold in my stomach still.
3. No more, I'll give you Cake to digest it.

*Enter the Fourth.*

4. Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call boys, and one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes, 'tis grown odious with toasting Cheese: and burn a little Juniper in my Murrin, the Maid made it her Chamber-pot: an hour hence I'll come again; and as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt.
3. The Chandler by th[e] Wharf, and it be thy Will.
2. Gossip, good morrow.
4. Oh good morrow Gossip: good morrow all, I see ye of one mind you cleave so close together: come 'tis time, I have prepared [a] hundred if they stand.
1. 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?
3. First, let's to the Tavern, and a pint a piece will make us Dragons.
2. I will have no mercy, come what will of it.
4. If my tuck hold, I'll spit the Guard like Larks with sage between 'em.
2. I have a foolish Bill to reckon with 'em, will make some of their hearts ake, and I'll lay it on: now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.
3. Come, I'll do something for the Town to talk of when I am rotten: pray God there be enough to kill, that's all. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.*

*Age.* How black the day begins!

*Dor.* Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?

*Nis.* Does the Prince suffer to day?

*Dor.* Within this hour they say.

*Agen.* Well, they that are most wicked are most safe: 'twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable, gods keep us from the too soon feeling of it.

*Doria.* I care not if my throat were next: for to live still, and live here, were but to grow [f]at for the Shambles.

*Nis.* Yet we must do it, and thank 'em too, that our lives may be accepted.

*Age.* Faith I'll go starve [my] self, or grow diseas'd to shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my Herald, and quarter me.

*Dor.* I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at Arms.

*Nisus.* Will you go see this sad sight, my Lord *Agenor*?

*Age.* I'll make a mourner.

*Dor.* If I could do him any good, I would goe,  
The bare sight else will but afflict my spirit,  
My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes:  
As you find him settled, remember my love and service to his Grace.

*Nis.* We will weep for you, Sir: farewell.

*[Exeunt.*

*Dor.* Farewell to all our happiness, a long farewell.  
Thou angry power, whether of Heaven or Hell,  
Thou laist this sharp correction on our Kingdom  
For our offences, infinite and mighty!  
Oh hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd  
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,

Too heavy for our weakness; and accept,  
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly Wisdoms,  
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,  
That now is flying to your happiness,  
Only for you most fit: let all our sins suffer in him.  
Gods, what's the matter? I hope 'tis joy;  
How now my Lords?

[*A shout within.*]

*Enter Agenor and Nisus.*

*Nis.* I'll tell you with that little breath I have;  
More joy than you dare think, The Prince is safe from danger.

*Dor.* How!

*Age.* 'Tis true, and thus it was; his hour was come  
To lose his life, he ready for the stroke,  
Nobly, and full of Saint-like patience,  
Went with his Guard: which when the people saw,  
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,  
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,  
To do some worthy kindness for the Prince,  
And e'r they understood well how to do,  
Fury stept in, and taught them what to do,  
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,  
As a white innocent: then flew the roar  
Through all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him:*  
And as they cry'd, they did; for catching up  
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew them  
In short, they beat the Guard, and took him from 'em,  
And now march with him like a royal Army.

*Dor.* Heaven, heaven I thank thee,  
What a slave was I to have my hand so far from  
This brave rescue, 't 'ad been a thing to brag on  
When I was old. Shall we run for a wager to the  
Next Temple, and give thanks?

*Nis.* As fast as wishes.

*Enter Leucippus and Ismenus: the people within stops.*

*Leu.* Good friends goe home again, there's not a man shall goe with me.

*Isme.* Will you not take revenge? I'll call them on.

*Leuc.* All that love me, depart:  
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves:  
But I will thank you more to suffer me  
To govern 'em: once more, I do beg ye,  
For my sake to your houses.

*All within.* Gods preserve you.

*Ism.* And what house will you goe to?

*Leu.* *Ismenus,* I will take the wariest courses that I can think of to defend my  
self, but not offend.

*Isme.* You may kill your Mother, and never offend your Father, an honest  
man.

*Leu.* Thou know'st I can scape now, that's all I look for: I'll leave.

*Isme.* *Timantus,* a pox take him, would I had him here, I would kill him at his  
own weapon single, sithes we have built enough on him: plague on't, I'm out  
of all patience: discharge such an Army as this, that would have followed you  
without paying, Oh gods!

*Leu.* To what end should I keep 'em? I am free.

*Isme.* Yes, free o'th' Traitors, for you are proclaim'd one.

*Leu.* Should I therefore make my self one?

*Isme.* This is one of your moral Philosophy, is it?  
Heaven bless me from subtilties to undoe my self with:  
But I know, if reason her self were here,  
She would not part with her own safety.

*Leu.* Well, pardon *Ismenus,* for I know

My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em  
With one bad action; for thy self thou know'st,  
That though I may command thee, I shall be  
A ready servant to thee if thou needst: and so I'll take my  
leave.

*Isme.* Of whom?

*Leu.* Of thee.

*Isme.* Heart, you shall take no leave of me.

*Leu.* Shall I not?

*Isme.* No, by the gods shall you not: nay, if you have no more wit but to goe  
absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

*Leu.* Nay, prethee good *Ismenus* part with me.

*Isme.* I wonnot i'faith, never move it any more; for by this good light I wonnot.

*Leu.* This is an ill time to be thus unruly: *Ismenus*. You must leave me.

*Isme.* Yes, if you can beat me away: else the gods refuse me if I will leave you  
till I see more reason; you sha'nt undoe your self.

*Leu.* But why wilt not leave me?

*Isme.* Why I'll tell you: Because when you are gone, then—life, if I have not  
forgot my reason—hell take me: you put me out of patience so: Oh! marry  
when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pox confound her) she never  
comes in my head, but she spoils my memory too: there are a hundred  
reasons.

*Leu.* But shew me one.

*Isme.* Shew you; what a stir here is; why I will shew you: Do you think; well,  
well, I know what I know, I pray come, come. 'Tis in vain: but I am sure.  
Devils take 'em; what do I meddle with 'em? You know your self. Soul, I think  
I am: is there any man i'th' world? as if you knew not this already better than  
I. Pish, pish, I'll give no reason.

*Leu.* But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay:

I have not one friend in the Court but thou,  
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me  
Any intelligence: and if thou lov'st me  
Thou wilt do this, thou needst not fear to stay,  
For there are new-come Proclamations out,  
Where all are pardon'd but my self.

*Isme.* 'Tis true, and in the same Proclamation, your fine Sister *Urania*, whom  
you us'd so kindly, is proclaim'd Heir apparent to the Crown.

*Leu.* What though, thou mayst stay at home without danger.

*Isme.* Danger, hang danger, what tell you me of danger?

*Leu.* Why if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

*Isme.* I dare not: if you speak it in earnest, you are a Boy.

*Leu.* Well Sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

*Isme.* Why so you shall, I will stay.

*Leu.* Why God-a-mercy.

*Isme.* You know I love you but too well.

*Leu.* Now take these few directions: farewell, send to me by the wariest ways  
thou canst: I have a soul tells me we shall meet often. The gods protect thee.

*Isme.* Pox o' my self for an ass, I'm crying now, God be with you, if I never see  
you again: why then pray get you gone, for grief and anger wonnot let me  
know what I say, I'll to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new Heir  
apparrant. [Exeunt.]

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### ***Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Urania and her Woman.*

*Uran.*

**W**HAT hast thou found him?

*Wo.* Madam, he is coming in.

*Uran.* Gods bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is:  
And I beseech you keep me fro the bed  
Of any naughty Tyrant, whom my Mother  
Would ha me have to wrong him.

*Enter Ismenus.*

*Isme.* What would her new Grace have with me?

*Ura.* Leave us a while. My Lord *Ismenus*, [*Exit*[Wom.]]  
I pray for the love of Heaven and God,  
That you would tell me one thing, which I know  
You can do weell.

*Isme.* Where's her fain Grace?

*Ura.* You know me well inough, but that you mock, I am she my sen.

*Isme.* God bless him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st [breeches] thus  
soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy Mother.

*Ura.* But will you tell me this one thing?

*Ism.* What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.

*Ura.* Yes faith, 'tis matter.

*Ism.* And what is't?

*Ura.* I pray you let me know whaire the Prince my Brother is.

*Ism.* I'faith you shan be hang'd first, is your Mother so foolish to think your  
good Grace can sift it out of me?

*Ura.* If you have any mercy left i' you to a poor wench, tell me.

*Ism.* Why wouldst [not thou] have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy  
Mothers steps so young?

*Ura.* But believe me, she knows none of this.

*Ism.* Believe you? why do you think I never had wits? or that I am run out of  
them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

*Ura.* Why I will tell you, and if I speak false  
Let the devil ha me: yonder's a bad man,  
Come from a Tyrant to my Mother, and what name  
They ha' for him, good faith I cannot tell.

*Isme.* An Ambassador.

*Ura.* That's it: but he would carry me away,  
And have me marry his Master; and I'll day  
E'r I will ha' him.

*Ism.* But what's this to knowing where the Prince is?

*Ura.* Yes: for you know all my Mother does:  
Agen the Prince is but to ma me great.

*Ism.* Pray, I know that too well, what ten?

*Ura.* Why I [w]ould goe to the good Marquis my  
Brother, and put my self into his hands, that so  
He may preserve himself.

*Ism.* Oh that thou hadst no seed of thy Mother in thee, and couldst mean this  
now.

*Ura.* Why feth I do, wou'd I might ne'er stir more if I do not.

*Ism.* I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else: hang me if I do not half  
believe thee.

*Ura.* By my troth you may.

*Ism.* By my troth I doe: I know I'm an Ass for't, But I cannot help it.

*Ura.* And won you tell me then?

*Ism.* Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th' world: for I think thou art as good a  
creature as ever was born.

*Ura.* But ail goe i' this ladst [reparrell]: But you mun help me to Silver.

*Ism.* Help thee? why the pox take him that will not help thee to any thing i'th'  
world, I'll help thee to Money, and I'll do't presently too, and yet soul, If you  
should play the scurvy Harlotry little pocky baggage now and cosin me, what

then?

*Ura.* Why, an I do, wou'd I might ne'r see day agen.

*Ism.* Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee Money and a Letter. [*Exit* *Ism.*]

*Ura.* I, but I'll ne'er deliver it.

When I have found my Brother, I will beg

To serve him; but he shall never know who I am:

For he must hate me then for my bad mother:

I'll say I am a Countrey Lad that want a service,

And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me;

I know I must not live long, but that taim

I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.

And though my Mother seek to take his life away,

In ai day my brother shall be taught

That I was ever good, though she were naught. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Bacha and Timantus: Bacha reading a Letter.*

*Bac.* Run away, the Devil be her guide.

*Tim.* Faith she's gone: there's a Letter, I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, she's a handsome Lady, a plague upon my bashfulness, I had bobb'd her long ago else.

*Bach.* What a base whore is this, that after all My ways for her advancement, should so poorly Make virtue her undoer, and choose this time, The King being deadly sick, and I intending A present marriage with some forreign Prince, To strengthen and secure my self. She writes here Like a wise Gentlewoman, She will not stay: And the example of her dear brother, makes her Fear her self, to whom she means to flie.

*Tim.* Why, who can help it?

*Bac.* Now Poverty and Lechery, which is thy end, rot thee, where e'er thou goest with all thy goodness.

*Timan.* Berlady they'll bruze her: and she were of brass. I am sure they'll break stone Walls: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate: but there's a messenger, Madam, come from the Prince with a Letter to *Ismenus*, who by him returns an answer.

*Bac.* This comes as pat as wishes: thou shalt presently away *Timantus*.

*Tim.* Whither Madam?

*Ba.* To the Prince, and take the Messenger for guide.

*Tim.* What shall I do there? I have done too much mischief to be believ'd again; or indeed, to scape with my head on my back, if I be once known.

*Bac.* Thou art a weak shallow fool: get thee a disguise, and withal, when thou com'st before him, have a Letter fain'd to deliver him: and then, as thou hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me, strike one home stroke that shall not need another: dar'st thou speak, dar'st thou? if thou fall'st off, go be a Rogue again, and lie and pander to procure thy meat: dar'st thou speak to me?

*Tim.* Sure I shall never walk when I am dead: I have no spirit, Madam, I'll be drunk but I'll do it, that's all my refuge. [*Exit.*]

*Bac.* Away, no more, then I'll raise an Army whilst the King yet lives, if all the means and power I have can do it, I cannot tell.

*Enter Ismenus and three Lords.*

*Ism.* Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

*Bac.* Why how now saucy Lords?

*Ism.* Nay, I'll shake ye; yes devil, I will shake ye.

*Bac.* Do not you know me Lords?

*Nis.* Yes deadly sin we know ye, would we did not.

*Ism.* Doe you hear whore, a plague a God upon thee, the Duke is dead.

*Bach.* Dead!

*Ism.* I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection-like; like a disease flungst upon his head. Dost thou hear, and 'twere not more respect [to] Womanhood in general than

thee, because I had a Mother, who I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near thy time, I would have thee in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heaven by this time, tied to a post; and dried i' th' sun, and after carried about, and shewn at Fairs for money, with a long story of the devil thy father, that taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.

*Bac.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ism.* You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry Sumpsters. Come Lords, bring her along, we'll to the Prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare the[e] she-Goat, may he lie with thee again: and beside, maist thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch. Lead you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip: away to the Prince.

*Bac.* [Ha] ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.

*Cornets.* Cupid from above.

*Enter Leucippus, Urania: Leucippus with a bloody Handkerchief.*

*Leu.* Alas poor boy, why dost thou follow me?  
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

*Ura.* In good feth I shall be weel and rich enough  
If you will love me, and not put me from you.

*Leu.* Why dost thou choose out me Boy to undo thee?  
Alas, for pittie take another Master,  
That may be able to deserve thy love  
In breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowest not,  
More than my misery: and therefore canst not  
Look for rewards at my hands: would I were able  
My pretty knave, to doe thee any kindness: truly  
Good Boy, I would upon my faith, thy harmless  
Innocence moves me at heart: wilt thou goe  
Save thy self; why dost thou weep?  
Alas, I do not chide thee.

*Ura.* I cannot tell if I go from you; Sir, I shall ne'er dawn day more: Pray if you can, I will be true to you: Let me wait on you: if I were a man, I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-willers, I would slay [u]m.

*Leu.* Such harmless souls are ever Prophets: well, I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still: But prethee eat, [then] my good boy: Thou wilt die my child if thou fast one day more. This four daies thou hast tasted nothing: Goe into the Cave and eat: thou shalt find something for thee, to bring thy bloud again, and thy fair colour.

*Ura.* I cannot eat, God thank you. But I'll eat to morrow.

*Leu.* Thou't be dead by that time.

*Ura.* I should be well then, for you will not love me.

*Leu.* Indeed I will. This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet: why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

*Ura.* You have fair eyes Master.

*Leu.* Sure the boy dotes: why dost thou sigh my child?

*Ura.* To think that such a fine man should live, and no gay Lady love him.

*Leu.* Thou wilt love me?

*Ura.* Yes sure till I die, and when I am in heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.

*Leu.* And I'll come to thee boy. This is a Love I never yet heard tell of: come, thou art sleepy child; goe in, and I'll sit with thee: heaven what portends this?

*Ura.* You are sad, but I am not sleepy, would I could do ought to make you merry: shall I sing?

*Leu.* If thou wilt good Boy. Alas my boy, that thou shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

*Enter Timantus with a Letter disguised.*

*Ura.* Law Master, there's one, look to your [sen.]

*Leu.* What art thou that in this dismal place,  
Which nothing could find out but misery,  
Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never here,  
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house



Built by a better Architect than beasts;  
And e'r you get dwelling from one of them,  
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,  
He is your meat: if not, you must be his.

*Tim.* I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the  
Prince) from that most Noble Lord *Ismenus* with a Letter.

*Ura.* Alas, I fear I shall be discover'd now.

*Leu.* Now I feel my self the poorest of all mortal things.  
Where is he that receives such courtesies  
But he has means to shew his gratefulness  
Some way or other? I have none at all:  
I know not how to speak so much as well  
Of thee, but to these trees.

[*Leucippus opening the Letter, the whilst Timantus runs at him, and Urania steps before.*

*Tim.* His Letters speak him, Sir—

*Ura.* Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die: aye me, sure I cannot live  
a day, Oh thou foul Traitor: How do you Master?

*Leu.* How dost thou my child? alas, look on [t]his, it may make thee repentant,  
to behold those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

*Ura.* 'Tis nothing Sir, and you be well.

*Tim.* Oh pardon me, know you me now, Sir?

*Leu.* How couldst thou find me out?

*Tima.* We intercepted a Letter from *Ismenus*, and the bearer directed me.

*Leu.* Stand up *Timantus* boldly,  
The world conceives that thou art guilty  
Of divers treasons to the State and me:  
But oh far be it from the innocence  
Of a just man, to give a Traitor death  
Without a tryal: here the Countrey is not  
To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore  
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,  
Rather than none at all, here I accuse thee  
Before the face of Heaven, to be a Traitor  
Both to the Duke my Father and to me, and the  
Whole Land: speak, is it so or no?

*Tima.* 'Tis true Sir, pardon me.

*Leu.* Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast away thy self, I must proceed to  
execution hastily if thou confess it: speak once againe, is it so or no?

*Tima.* I am not guilty, Sir.

[*Fight here: the Prince gets his  
sword, and gives it him.*

*Leu.* Gods and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

*Tima.* I will not use any violence against your Highness.

*Leu.* At thy peril then, for this must be thy trial: and from henceforth look to  
thy self.

[*Timantus draws his sword, and  
runs at him when he turns  
aside.*

*Tim.* I do beseech you, Sir, let me not fight.

*Leu.* Up, up again *Timantus*,  
There is no way but this, believe me.  
Now if—Fie, fie *Timantus*, is there no  
Usage can recover thee from baseness? wert thou  
Longer to converse with men, I would have chid  
Thee for this: be all thy faults forgiven.

*Tim.* Oh spare me Sir, I am not fit for death.

*Leu.* I think th[o]u art not, yet trust me, fitter than for life: Yet tell me e'r thy  
breath be gone, know'st of any other plots against me?

*Tim.* Of none.

*Leu.* What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst kill'd me?

*Tim.* I would have ta'en your Page, and married her.

*Leu.* What Page?

*Tim.* Your boy there.

[*Dies.*

[*Urania sounds.*

*Leu.* Is he fall'n mad in death, what does he mean?  
Some good god help me at the worst: how dost thou?  
Let not thy misery vex me, thou shalt have  
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a Prince,  
And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,  
And the finest things, that ever pretty boy had given him.

*Ura.* I know you well enough,  
Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

*Leu.* But stir up thy self; look what a Jewel here is,  
See how it glisters: what a pretty shew  
Will this make in thy little ear? ha, speak,  
Eat but a bit, and take it.

*Ura.* Do you not know me?

*Leu.* I prethee mind thy health: why that's well said my good boy, smile still.

*Ura.* I shall smile till death an I see you, I am *Urania*, your Sister-in-law.

*Leu.* How?

*Ura.* I am *Urania*.

*Leu.* Dulness did seize me, now I know thee well;  
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

*Ura.* Feth for love, I would not let you know till I was dying; for you could not love me, my Mother was so naught.

*Leu.* I will love thee, or any thing: what? wilt  
Thou leave me as soon as I know thee?  
Speak one word to me: alas she's past it,  
She will ne'er speak more.  
What noise is that? it is no matter who

*Enter Ismenus with the Lords.*

Comes on me now. What worse than mad are you  
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights  
Begone from hence.

*Isme.* Sir, for you we come, as Soldiers to revenge the wrongs you have suffer'd under this naughty creature: what shall be done with her? say, I am ready.

*Leu.* Leave her to Heaven, brave Cosin, they shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em, my hand shall never be stain'd with such base blood: live wicked Mother: that reverend Title be your pardon, for I will use no extremity against you, but leave you to Heaven.

*Bacha.* Hell take you all, or if there be a place  
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither:  
And till the devils have you, may your lives  
Be one continued plague, and such a one,  
That knows no friends nor ending.  
May all ages that shall succeed, curse you as I do:  
And if it be possible, I ask it heaven,  
That your base issues may be ever Monsters,  
That must for shame of nature and succession,  
Be drown'd like dogs.  
Would I had breath to [poyson] you.

*Leu.* Would you had love within you, and such grief  
As might become a Mother: look you there,  
Know you that face? that was *Urania*:  
These are the fruits of those unhappy Mothers,  
That labour with such horrid births as you do:  
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,  
Your wickedness has kill'd her: I'll weep for you.

*Isme.* Monstrous woman,  
*Mars* would weep at this, and yet she cannot.

*Leu.* Here lies your Minion too, slain by my hand,  
I will not say you are the cause: yet certain,  
I know you were [to] blame, the gods forgive you.

*Isme.* See, she stands as if she were inventing  
Some new destruction for the world.

*Leu.* *Ismenus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad company.

*Isme.* I come to make you somewhat sadder, Sir.

*Leu.* You cannot, I am at the height already.

*Isme.* Your Fathers dead.

*Leu.* I thought so, Heaven be with him: Oh woman, woman, weep now or  
never, thou hast made more sorrows than we have eyes to utter.

*Bac.* Now let Heaven fall, I am at the worst of evils, a thing so miserably  
wretched, that every thing, the last of humane comforts hath left me: I will  
not be so base and cold, to live and wait the mercies of these men I hate, no,  
'tis just I die, since fortune hath left me, my step discent attends me: hand,  
strike thou home, I have soul enough to guide; and let all know, as I stood a  
Queen, the same I'll fall, and one with me.

[*She stabs the  
Prince with a  
knife.*]

*Leu.* Ho.

*Isme.* How do you, Sir?

*Leu.* Nearer my health, than I think any here, my tongue begins to falter:  
what is man? or who would be one, when he sees a poor weak woman can in  
an instant make him none.

*Dor.* She is dead already.

*Isme.* Let her be damn'd already as she is: post all for Surgeons.

*Leu.* Let not a man stirr, for I am but dead:  
I have some few words which I would have you hear,  
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em:  
First to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is  
Undoubtedly Heir of *Lycia*, I do beseech you all,  
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

*Lords.* We vow to do't.

*Leu.* I thank you.  
Next to you Cosin *Ismenus*, that shall be the Duke,  
I pray you let the broken Image of *Cupid*  
Be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

*Isme.* It shall be so.

*Leu.* Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-law may have a burial according  
to—

[*Dies.*]

*Isme.* To what, Sir?

*Dor.* There is a full point.

*Isme.* I will interpret for him; she shall have burial according to her own  
deserts, with dogs.

*Dor.* I would your Majesty would haste for setting of the people.

*Isme.* I am ready.

*Age.* Goe, and let the Trumpets sound  
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body  
Of this unhappy Prince unto the Court,  
And of that virtuous Virgin to a Grave:  
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,  
Accurst, whilst one man has a memory.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cupid's Speech.*

*The time now of my Revenge draws near.  
Nor shall it lessen as I am a god,  
With all the cries and prayers that have been;  
And those that be to come, though they be infinite,  
In need and number.*



# The Two Noble Kinsmen.

## The Persons represented in the Play.

- Hymen,
  - Theseus,
  - Hippolita, }
  - Emelia, } *Sisters to Theseus*
  - Nymphs,
  - Three Queens,
  - Three valiant Knights,
  - Palamon, } *The two Noble Kinsmen, in*
  - Arcite, } *love with fair Emelia.*
  - Perithous,
  - Jaylor,
  - His Daughter, *in love with Palamon,*
  - Countrey-men,
  - Wenches,
  - A Taborer,
  - Gerrold, *A Schoolmaster.*
- 

## PROLOGUE.

Florish.

**N***EW Plays and Maiden-heads are near a-kin,  
Much follow'd both; for both much money gi'n,  
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play  
(Whose modest Scenes blush on his marriage day,  
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir  
That after holy Tie, and first nights stir  
Yet still is Modesty, and still retains  
More of the Maid to sight, than Husbands pains;  
We pray our Play may be so; for I'm sure  
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,  
A Learned, and a Poet never went  
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent.  
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,  
There constant to eternity it lives:  
If we let fall the Nobleness of this,  
And the first sound this Child hear, be a hiss,  
How will it shake the bones of that good man  
And make him cry from under-ground. Oh fan  
From me the witless chaff of such a writer  
That blasts my Bayes, and my fam'd Works makes lighter  
Than Robin Hood, this is the fear we bring  
For to say Truth, it were an endless thing:  
And too ambitious to aspire to him;  
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim  
In this deep water. Do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,  
And something do to save us: You shall hear  
Scænes, though below his Art, may yet appear  
Worth two hours travel. To his bones sweet sleep:  
Content to you. If this Play do not keep,  
A little dull time from us, we perceive  
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.* Florish.

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## *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

*Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before, singing, and strewing Flowers: after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolita the Bride lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia*

*holding up her Train.*

The SONG. Musick.

*Roses their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hew,  
Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,  
Daizies smell-less, yet most quaint  
And sweet Time true.*

*Primrose first born, child of Ver,  
Merry Spring time's Harbinger,  
With her bells dimm.  
Oxlips in their Cradles growing,  
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
Larks-heels trim.  
All dear natures children sweet,  
Lie fore Bride and Bridegrooms feet,  
Blessing their sence.  
Not an Angel of the Air,  
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,  
Is absent hence.*

[Strew Flowers.]

*The Crow, the slanderous Cuckooe, nor  
The boading Raven, nor Clough h[ee]  
Nor chatt'ring Pie,  
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,  
Or with them any discord bring  
But from it fly.*

*Enter three Queens in Black, with vails stain'd, with  
Imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at  
the foot of Theseus; The second falls down at the  
foot of Hippolita. The third before Emilia.*

*1 Qu.* For pities sake, and true gentilities,  
Hear and respect me.

*2 Qu.* For your Mothers sake.  
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,  
Hear and respect me.

*3 Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Jove* hath mark'd  
The honor of your Bed, and for the sake  
Of clear Virginitie, be Advocate  
For us, and our distresses: This good deed  
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Trespasses  
All you are set down there.

*Thes.* Sad Lady rise.

*Hip.* Stand up.

*Emil.* No knees to me.  
What Woman I may steed that is distrest,  
Does bind me to her.

*Thes.* What's your request? Deliver you for all?

*1 Qu.* We are three Queens, whose Sovereigns fell before  
The wrath of cruel *Creon*; who endur'd  
The Beaks of Ravens, Tallents of the Kites,  
And pecks of Crows in the foul field[s] of *Thebs*.  
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,  
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence  
Of mortal loathsomness from the blest eye  
Of holy *Phæbus*, but infects the winds  
With stench of our slain Lords. Oh pity Duke,  
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd Sword  
That does good turns to th' world; give us the Bones  
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappel them;  
And of thy boundless goodness take some note  
That for our crowned heads we have no roof;  
Save this which is the Lions and the Bears,  
And vault to every thing.

*Thes.* Pray you kneel not,  
I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd  
Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes  
Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting  
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em:  
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day  
That he should marry you, at such a season,  
As now it is with me, I met your Groom,  
By *Mars's Altar*; you were that time fair;  
Not *Juno's Mantle*, fairer than your Tresses,  
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath  
Was then not thrash'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you  
Dimpled her Cheek with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman  
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his Club,  
He tumbled down upon his Nenuan hide  
And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh grief, and time,  
Fearful consumers, you will all devour.

*1 Qu.* Oh I hope some God,  
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood  
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth  
Our undertaker.

*Thes.* Oh no knees, none Widow,  
Unto the Helmeted-*Belona* use them,  
And pray for me your Soldier.  
Troubl'd I am.

[*Turns away.*]

*2 Qu.* Honoured *Hippolita*  
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that hast slain  
The Sith-tusk'd-Bore; that with thy Arm as strong  
As it is white, was't near to make the male  
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord  
Born to uphold Creation, in that honor  
First nature stil'd it in, shrunk thee into  
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing; at once subduing  
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldieress  
That equally canst poize sternness with pity,  
Whom now I know hast [much] more power on him  
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,  
And his Love too: who is a Servant for  
The Tenor of the Speech. Dear Glass of Ladies.  
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,  
Under the shadow of his Sword, may cool us:  
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;  
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman  
As any of us three; weep e'r you fail; lend us a knee;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
Than a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:  
Tell him if he i'th' blood-ciz'd field, lay swoln  
Shewing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the Moon  
What you would do.

*Hip.* Poor Lady say no more:  
I had as leif trace this good action with you  
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet  
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken  
Heart deep with your distress: Let him consider;  
I'll speak anon.

*3 Qu.* Oh my petition was,  
Set down in Ice, which by hot grief uncandied  
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form  
Is prest with deeper matter.

[*Kneel to Emilia.*]

*Emil.* Pray stand up,  
Your grief is written in your cheek.

*3 Qu.* Oh woe,  
You cannot read it there; there through my tears,  
Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a Glass stream  
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alack)  
He that will all the treasure know o'th' earth  
Must know the Center too; he that will fish  
For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
To catch one at my heart. Oh pardon me;

Extremity that sharpens sundry wits  
Makes me a fool.

*Emil.* Pray you say nothing, pray you,  
Who cannot feel, nor see the rain being in't,  
Knows neither wet, nor dry, if that you were  
The ground-piece of some Painter, I would buy you  
T'instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed  
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration; but alas  
Being a natural Sister of our Sex  
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me:  
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst  
My Brothers heart, and warm it to some pity  
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort:

*Thes.* Forward to th' Temple, leave not out a jot  
O' th' sacred ceremony.

*1 Qu.* Oh this celebration  
Will long last, and be more costly than  
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame  
Knowls in the ear o'th' world: what you do quickly,  
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more,  
Than others laboured medittance: your premeditating  
More than their actions: But oh *Jove*, your actions,  
Soon as they move, as Asprays do the fish,  
Subdue before they touch: think, dear Duke think  
What beds our slain Kings have.

*2 Qu.* What griefs our beds  
That our dear Lords have none.

*3 Qu.* None fit for th' dead:  
Those that with Cords, Knives, Drams precipitance,  
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves  
Been deaths most horrid Agents, humane grace  
Affords them dust and shadow.

*1 Qu.* But our Lords  
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating Sun,  
And were good Kings, when living.

*Thes.* It is true, and I will give you comfort,  
To give your dead Lords graves:  
The which to do must make some work with *Creon*.

*1 Qu.* And that work presents it self to th' doing:  
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone to morrow,  
Then bootless toil must recompence it self,  
With its own sweat; Now he's secure,  
Not dre[a]ms, we stand before your puissance  
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes  
To make petition clear.

*2 Qu.* Now you may take him,  
Drunk with his victory.

*3 Qu.* And his Army full  
Of Bread, and sloth.

*Thes.* *Artesis* that best knowest  
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize,  
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a business, forth and levy  
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we dispatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deed  
Of Fate in wedlock.

*1 Qu.* Dowagers, take hands  
Let us be Widows to our woes, delay  
Commends us to a famishing hope.

*All.* Farewell.

*2 Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could grief  
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'st time  
For best solicitation.



*Thes.* Why good Ladies,  
This is a service, whereto I am going,  
Greater than any was; it more imports me  
Than all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or futurely can cope.

*1 Qu.* The more proclaiming  
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Arms,  
Able to lock *Jove* from a Synod, shall  
By warranting Moon-light corslet thee, oh when  
Her twining Cherries shall their sweetness fall  
Upon thy tastful Lips, what wilt thou think  
Of rotten Kings, or blubber'd Queens, what care  
For what thou feel'st not? what thou feel'st being able  
To make *Mars* spurn his Drom. Oh if thou couch  
But one night with her, every hour in't will  
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and  
Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what  
That Banquet bids thee too.

*Hip.* Though much unlike  
You should be so transported, as much sorry  
I should be such a Suitor; yet I think  
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy  
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit  
That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck  
All Ladies scandal on me. Therefore Sir  
As I shall here make trial of my Prayers,  
Either presuming them to have some force,  
Or sentencing for ay their vigor dumb,  
Prorogue this business, we are going about, and hang  
Your Shield afore your heart, about that neck  
Which is my Fee, and which I freely lend  
To do these poor Queens service.

*All Queens.* Oh help now  
Our Cause cries for your knee.

*Emil.* If you grant not  
My Sister her petition in that force,  
With that Celerity, and nature which  
She makes it in: from henceforth I'll not dare  
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy  
Ever to take a Husband.

*Thes.* Pray stand up.  
I am intreating of my self to do  
That which you kneel to have me; *Pyri*  
Lead on the Bride; get you and pray the gods  
For success, and return; omit not any thing  
In the pretended Celebration; Queens  
Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you  
And at the banks of *Anly* meet us with  
The forces you can raise, where we shall find  
The moiety of a number, for a business,  
More bigger look't; since that our Theme is haste  
I stamp this kiss uppon thy currant Lip,  
Sweet keep it as my token; set you forward  
For I will see you gone.  
Farewel my beauteous Sister; *Pyri*  
Keep the Feast full, bate not an hour on't.

[*Exeunt towards the  
Temple.*]

*Pyri.* Sir,  
I'll follow you at heels; The Feasts solemnity  
Shall want till your return.

*Thes.* Cosin I charge you  
Budge not from *Athens*; we shall be returning  
E'r you can end this Feast; of which I pray you  
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

*1 Qu.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o'th' world.

[*2 Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with *Mars*.

*3 Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortal, makest affections bend  
To godlike honors; they themselves some say  
Groan under such a Mast'ry.

*Thes.* As we are men  
Thus should we doe, being sensually subdu'd  
We loose our humane Title; good cheer Ladies. *Florish.*  
Now turn we towards our Comforts.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ***Scæna Secunda.***

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood  
And our prime Cosin, yet unhard'ned in  
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City  
*Thebs*, and the temptings in't, before we further  
Sully our gloss of youth,  
And here to keep in abstinence we shame  
As in Incontinence; for not to swim  
I' th' aid o'th' current, were almost to sink,  
At least to frustrate striving, and to follow  
The common stream, 't would bring us to an Eddy  
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,  
Our gain but life, and weakness.

*Pal.* Your advice  
Is cry'd up with example; what strange ruins  
Since first we went to School, may we perceive  
Walking in *Thebs*! Skars, and bare weeds  
The gain o'th' Martialist, who did propound  
To his bold ends, honor, and golden Ingots,  
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurled  
By peace, for whom he fought, who then shall offer  
To *Mars's* so scorn'd Altar? I doe bleed  
When such I meet, and wish great *Juno* would  
Resume her antient fit of *jealousie*  
To get the Soldier work, that peace might purge  
For her repletion, and retain anew  
Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher  
Than strife, or war could be.

*Arcite.* Are you not out?  
Meet you no ruin, but the Soldier in  
The crancks and turns of *Thebs*? you did begin  
As if you met decaies of many kinds:  
Perceive you none, that do arouse your pity  
But th' unconsider'd Soldier?

*Pal.* Yes, I pity  
Decaies where-e'er I find them, but such most  
That sweating in an honourable toil  
Are paid with Ice to cool 'em.

*Arcite.* 'Tis not this  
I did begin to speak of, this is virtue  
Of no respect in *Thebs*, I spake of *Thebs*  
How dangerous if we will keep our honors,  
It is for our residing, where every evil  
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's  
A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump  
As they are, here were to be strangers, and  
Such things to be meer Monsters.

*Pal.* 'Tis in our power,  
(Unless we fear that Apes can Tutor's) to  
Be Masters of our manners: what need I  
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching  
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon  
Anothers way of speech, when by mine own  
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,  
Speaking it truly; why am I bound  
By any generous bond to follow him  
Follows his Taylor, haply so long, until  
The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,

Why mine own Barber is unblest, with him  
My poor Chinn too, for 'tis not Cizard just  
To such a Favorites glass: What Cannon is there  
That does command my Rapier from my hip  
To dangle't in my hand, or to goe tip toe  
Before the street be foul? either I am  
The fore-horse in the Team, or I am none  
That draw i' th' sequent trace: these poor slight sores,  
Need not a Plantain; That which [r]ips my bosome  
Almost to th' heart's.

*Arcite.* Our Uncle *Creon*.

*Pal.* He,  
A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes  
Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villany assured  
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts  
Faith in a Feavor, and deifies alone  
Voluble chance, who only attributes  
The faculties of other Instruments  
To his own Nerves and act; Commands men service,  
And what they win in't, boot and glory on;  
That fears not to [do] harm; good, dares not; Let  
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt  
From me with Leeches, let them break and fall  
Off me with that corruption.

*Arc.* Clear spirited Cosin  
Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share,  
Of his loud infamy: for our milk,  
Will relish of the pasture, and we must  
Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen  
In blood, unless in quality.

*Pal.* Nothing truer:  
I think the ecchoes of his shames have deaf't  
The ears of heav'nly Justice: widdows cries  
Descend again into their throats, and have not  
Due audience of the gods: *Valerius*.

*Enter Valerius.*

*Val.* The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed  
Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when  
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against  
The Horses of the Sun, but whisper'd to  
The loudness of his fury.

*Pal.* Small winds shake him,  
But what's the matter?

*Val.* *Theseus* (who where he threats appals,) hath sent  
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces  
Ruin to *Thebs*, who is at hand to seal  
The promise of his wrath.

*Arc.* Let him approach:  
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not  
A jot of terror to us; yet what man  
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)  
When that his actions dregg'd, with mind assur'd  
'Tis bad he goes about.

*Pal.* Leave that unreason'd.  
Our services stand now for *Thebs*, not *Creon*,  
Yet to be neutral to him, were dishonor;  
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must  
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,  
Who hath bounded our last minute.

*Arc.* So we must;  
Ist sed this wars afoot? or it shall be  
On fail of some condition.

*Val.* 'Tis in motion  
The intelligence of state came in the instant

With the defier.

*P[all]*. Let's to the King, who, were he  
A quarter carrier of that honor, which  
His enemy came in, the blood we venture  
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,  
Rather laid out for purchase: but alas  
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will  
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

*Arci*. Let th' event,  
That never-erring Arbitrator, tell us  
When we know all our selves, and let us follow  
The becking of our chance.

[*Exeunt.*

***Scena Tertia.***

*Enter* Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

*Pir*. No further.

*Hip*. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes  
To our great Lord, of whose success I dare not  
Make any timerous question; yet I wish him  
Excess, and overflow of power, and't might be  
To dure ill-dealing fortune; speed to him,  
Store never hurts good Governors.

*Pir*. Though I know  
His Ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they  
Must yield their tribute there: My precious Maid,  
Those best affections that the heavens infuse  
In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd  
In your dear heart.

*Emil*. Thanks Sir; remember me  
To our all-Royal Brother, for whose speed  
The great *Bellona* I'll solicite; and  
Since in our terrene State, petitions are not  
Without gifts understood: I'll offer to her  
What I shall be advis'd she likes; our hearts  
Are in his Army, in his Tent.

*Hip*. In's bosom:  
We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep  
When our Friends do'n their helms, or put to Sea,  
Or tell of Babes broach'd on the Launce, or Women  
That have sod their Infants in (and after eat them)  
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if  
You stay to see of us such Spinsters, we  
Should hold you here for ever.

*Pir*. Peace be to you  
As I pursue this war, which shall be then  
Beyond further requiring.

[*Exit Pir.*

*Emil*. How his longing  
Follows his friend; since his depart, his sports  
Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly  
His careless execution, where nor gain  
Made him regard, or loss consider, but  
Playing o'er business in his hand, another  
Directing in his head, his mind, nurse equal  
To these so diff'ring Twins; have you observ'd him,  
Since our great Lord departed?

*Hip*. With much labour:  
And I did love him for't, they two have Cabin'd  
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,  
Peril and want contending, they have skift  
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power  
I'th' least of these was dreadful, and they have  
Fought out together, where Death's-self was lodg'd,  
Yet Fate hath brought them off: their knot of love  
Ti'd, weav'd, intangl'd, with so true, so long,  
And with a finger of so deep a cunning

May be out-worn, never undone. I think  
*Theseus* cannot be umpire to himself  
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing  
Each side like Justice, which he loves best.

*Emil.* Doubtless  
There is a best, and reason has no manners  
To say it is not you: I was acquainted  
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a Play-fellow;  
You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,  
Who made too proud the Bed, took leave o' th' Moon  
(Which then lookt pale at parting) when our count  
Was each eleven.

*Hip.* 'Twas *Flavia*.

[*Two Hearses ready with Palamon, and  
Arcite:  
The three Queens. Theseus, and his  
Lords ready.*

*Emil.* Yes,  
You talk of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;  
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,  
More buckled with strong judgement, and their needs  
The one of th' other may be said to water  
Their intertangled roots of love, but I  
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,  
Lov'd for we did, and like the Elements  
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect  
Rare issues by their operance; our souls  
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,  
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd  
No more arraignment, the flower that I would pluck  
And put between my breasts, oh (then but beginning  
To swell about the blossom) she would long  
Till she had such another, and commit it  
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix*-like  
They di'd in perfume: on my head no toy  
But was her pattern, her affections pretty  
Though happily, her careless, were, I followed  
For my most serious decking, had mine ear  
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on  
From musical Coynage, why, it was a Note  
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)  
And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearsal  
(Which fury innocent wots well) comes in  
Like old importments-bastard, has this end;  
That the true love 'tween Maid, and Maid, may be  
More than in sex individual.

*Hip.* Y'are out of breath  
And this high speeded-pace, is but to say  
That you shall never (like the Maid *Flavina*)  
Love any that's call'd Man.

*Emil.* I'm sure I shall not.

*Hip.* Now alack weak Sister,  
I must no more believe thee in this point  
(Though in't I know thou dost believe thy self)  
Then I will trust a sickly appetite,  
That loaths even as it longs, but sure my Sister  
If I were ripe for your perswasion, you  
Have said enough to shake me from the Arm  
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,  
I will now in, and kneel with great assurance,  
That we, more than his *Pirathous*, possess  
The high Throne in his heart.

*E[m]il.* I am not against your faith,  
Yet I continue mine.

[*Exeunt Cornets.*

#### **Scena Quarta.**

*A Battel struck within: then a Retreat: Florish. Then*

*Enter Theseus (victor) the three Queens meet  
him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1 *Qu.* To thee no Star be dark.

2 *Qu.* Both Heaven and Earth  
Friend thee for ever.

3 *Qu.* All the good that may  
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *Amen* to't.

*Thes.* Th'impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens  
View us their mortal Herd, behold who erre,  
And in their time chastise: goe and find out  
The bones of your dead Lords, and honor them  
With treble ceremony, rather than a gap  
Should be in their dear rights, we would supply't.  
But those we will depute, which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and even each thing  
Our haste does leave imperfect; So adieu  
And heavens good eyes look on you, what are those?

[*Exeunt* Queens.]

*Herald.* Men of great quality, as may be judg'd  
By their appointment; some of *Thebs* have told's  
They are Sisters children, Nephews to the King.

*Thes.* By th' Helme of *Mars*, I saw them in the War,  
Like to a pair of Lions, smear'd with prey,  
Make lanes in troops agast. I fixt my note  
Constantly on them; for they were a mark  
Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me  
When I enquir'd their names?

*Herald.* We leave, they'r called  
*Arcite* and *Palamon*.

*Thes.* 'Tis right, those, those  
They are not dead?

[*Three Hearses*  
*ready.*

*Her.* Nor in a state of life, had they been taken  
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible  
They might have been recover'd; Yet they breathe  
And have the name of men.

*Thes.* Then like men use 'em  
The very lees of such (millions of rates)  
Exceed the Wine of others, all our Surgeons  
Convent in their behoof, our richest balmes  
Rather than niggard waste, their lives concern us,  
Much more than *Thebs* is worth, rather than have 'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state  
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,  
But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em  
Prisoners to us, than death; bear 'em speedily  
From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister  
What man to man may do for our sake more,  
Since I have known frights, fury, friends, beheasts,  
Loves, provocations, zeal, a Mistriss taske,  
Desire of liberty, a feavor, madness,  
Hath set a mark which nature could not reach too  
Without some imposition, sickness in Will  
Or wrestling strength in reason, for our Love  
And great *Apollo's* mercy, all our best,  
Their best [skill] tender. Lead into the City,  
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post.  
To *Athens* for o[u]r Army.

[*Florish.*  
[*Exeunt. Musick.*

### ***Scena Quinta.***

*Enter the Queens, with the Hearses of their Knights,  
in a Funeral Solemnity, &c.*

*Urns and Odours, bring away,  
Vapors, sighs, darken the day;  
Our dole more deadly looks, than dying  
Balmes, and Gumms, and heavy cheers,*

*Sacred vi[al]s fill'd with tears,  
And clamors, through the wild air flying:*

*Come all sad and solemn Shows,  
That are quick-ey'd pleasures foes;  
We convent nought else but woes.  
We convent, &c.*

*3 Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your household[s] grave[:]  
Joy seize on you again: peace, sleep with him.

*2 Qu.* And this to yours.

*1 Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend  
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

*3 Qu.* This world's a City full of straying streets,  
And Death's the Market-place, where each one meets.      [*Exeunt severally.*]

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## ***Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Jaylor and Wooer.*

*Jail.*

**I** may depart with little, while I live, something I  
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I  
Keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom  
Come; before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number  
Of Minnows: I am given out to be better lin'd  
Than it can appear, to me report is a true  
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am  
Deliver'd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what  
It will) I will assure upon my daughter at  
The day of my death.

*Wooer.* Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,  
And I will estate your Daughter, in what I  
Have promised.

*Jail.* Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity  
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

*Enter Daughter.*

When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

*Wooer.* I have Sir; here she comes.

*Jail.* Your friend and I have chanced to name  
You here, upon the old business: but no more of that.  
Now, so soon as the Court-hurry is over, we will  
Have an end of it: I' th' mean time look tenderly  
To the two prisoners. I can tell you they are Princes.

*Daugh.* These strewings are for their Chamber; 'tis pity they  
Are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out: I  
Do think they have patience to make any adversity  
Asham'd; the prison it self is proud of 'em; and  
They have all the world in their Chamber.

*Jail.* They are fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.

*Daugh.* By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they  
Stand a grief above the reach of report.

*Jail.* I heard them reported in the battel, to be the only doers.

*Daugh.* Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I  
Marvel how they would have look'd, had they been  
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce  
A freedom out of bondage, making misery their  
Mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

*Jail.* Doe they so?

*Daugh.* It seems to me, they have no more sence of their Captivity, than I of ruling *Athens*: they eat Well, look merrily, discourse of many things, But nothing of their own restraint, and disasters: Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere I 'th' deliverance, will break from one of them, When the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, That I could wish my self a sigh to be so chid, Or at least a sigher to be comforted.

*Wooer.* I never saw 'em.

*Jail.* The Duke himself came privately in the night.

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.*

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I Know not: Look, yonder they are; that's *Arcite* looks out.

*Daugh.* No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the Lower of the twain; you may perceive a part Of him.

*Jail.* Go to, leave your pointing; they would not Make us their object; out of their sight.

*Daugh.* It is a holliday to look on them: Lord, the Difference of men.

[*Exeunt.*

### ***Scæna Secunda.***

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

*Pal.* How do you, Noble Cosin?

*Arcite.* How do you, Sir?

*Pal.* Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war yet, we are prisoners I fear for ever Cosin.

*Arcite.* I believe it, And to that destiny have patiently Laid up my hour to come.

*Pal.* Oh Cosin *Arcite*, Where is *Thebs* now? where is our noble Countrey? Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more Must we behold those comforts, never see The hardy youths strive for the Games of honor (Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies) Like tall Ships under Sail: then start amongst 'em And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behind us, Like lazy Clouds, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands, E'r they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh never Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor, Our Arms again, and feel our fiery horses, Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now (Better the red-ey'd god of War nev'r were) Bravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust, And deck the Temples of those gods that hate us, These hands shall never draw 'em out like light'ning To blast whole Armies more.

*Arcite.* No *Palamon*, Those hopes are prisoners with us, here we are And here the graces of our youths must wither Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us, And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried, The sweet embraces of a loving wife Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand *Cupids* Shall never claspe our necks, no issue know us, No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,



To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach 'em  
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say  
Remember what your Fathers were, and conquer.  
The fair-ey'd Maids, shall weep our banishments,  
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune  
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done  
To youth and nature; This is all our world;  
We shall know nothing here, but one another,  
Hear nothing, but the clock that tels our woes.  
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:  
Summer shall come, and with her all delights;  
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

*Pal.* 'Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban hounds,  
That shook the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,  
No more now must we hollo, no more shake  
Our pointed Javelins, whilst the angry Swine  
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,  
Struck with our well-steel'd Darts: All valiant uses,  
(The food and nourishment of noble minds,)  
In us two here shall perish; we shall die  
(Which is the curse of honor) lastly,  
Children of grief, and Ignorance.

*Arc.* Yet Cosin,  
Even from the bottom of these miseries  
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,  
I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings,  
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,  
And the enjoying of our griefs together.  
Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish  
If I think this our prison.

*Pala.* Certainly,  
'Tis a main goodness, Cosin, that our fortunes  
Were twin'd together; 'tis most true, two souls  
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer  
The gaul of hazard, so they grow together,  
Will never sink, they must not, say they could,  
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

*Arc.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place  
That all men hate so much?

*Pal.* How gentle Cosin?

*Arc.* Let's think this prison, Holy Sanctuary,  
To keep us from corruption of worse men,  
We are young, and yet desire the wayes of honour,  
That liberty and common conversation,  
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,  
Woove us to wander from. What worthy blessing  
Can be but our imaginations  
May make it ours? And here being thus together,  
We are an endless mine to one another;  
We are one anothers Wife, ever begetting  
New births of love; we are Father, Friends, Acquaintance,  
We are, in one another, Families,  
I am your Heir, and you are mine: This place  
Is our Inheritance: no hard oppressor  
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience  
We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seek us:  
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the Seas  
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,  
A Wife might part us lawfully, or business,  
Quarrels consume us: Envy of ill men  
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken Cosin,  
Where you should never know it, and so perish  
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,  
Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chances  
Were we from hence, would sever us.

*Pal.* You have made me  
(I thank you Cosin *Arcite*) almost wanton  
With my Captivity: what a misery  
It is to live abroad! and every where:

'Tis like a Beast me thinks: I find the Court here,  
I 'm sure a more content, and all those pleasures  
That wooe the Wills of men to vanity,  
I see through now; and am sufficient  
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,  
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him,  
What had we been old in the Court of *Creon*,  
Where sin is Justice, Lust, and Ignorance,  
The virtues of the great ones: Cosin *Arcite*  
Had not the loving gods found this place for us  
We had di'd as they doe, ill old men unwept,  
And had their Epitaphs, the peoples Curses,  
Shall I say more?

*Arc.* I would hear you still.

*Pal.* Ye shall.  
Is there record of any two that lov'd  
Better than we two *Arcite*?

*Arc.* Sure there cannot.

*Pal.* I doe not think it possible our friendship  
Should ever leave us.

*Arc.* Till our deaths it cannot.

*Enter Emilia and her Woman.*

And after death our spirits shall be led  
To those that love eternally. Speak on Sir.  
This Garden has a world of pleasures in't.

*Emil.* What Flower is this?

*Wom.* 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, Madam.

*Emil.* That was a fair Boy certain, but a fool,  
To love himself, were there not Maids enough?

*Arc.* Pray forward.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Emil.* Or were they all hard-hearted?

*Wom.* They could not be to one so fair.

*Emil.* Thou wouldst not.

*Wom.* I think I should not, Madam.

*Emil.* That's a good wench:  
But take heed to your kindness though.

*Wom.* Why Madam?

*Emil.* Men are mad things.

*Arcite.* Will ye go forward, Cosin?

*Emil.* Canst not thou work such Flowers in Silk wench?

*Wom.* Yes.

*Emil.* I'll have a Gown full of 'em, and of these,  
This is a pretty colour, wil't not do  
Rarely upon a skirt wench?

*Wom.* Dainty Madam.

*Arc.* Cosin, Cosin, how do you, Sir? Why *Palamon*?

*Pal.* Never till now, I was in prison *Arcite*.

*Arc.* Why, what's the matter man?

*Pal.* Behold, and wonder.  
By heaven she is a Goddess.

*Arcite.* Ha.

*Pal.* Do reverence.  
She is a Goddess *Arcite*.

*Emil.* Of all Flowers,  
Methinks a Rose is best.

*Wom.* Why gentle Madam?

*Emil.* It is the very Emblem of a Maid.  
For when the West wind courts her gently  
How modestly she blows, and paints the Sun,  
With her chaste blushes! When the North comes near her,  
Rude and impatient, then like Chastity  
She locks her beauties in her bud again,  
And leaves him to base briers.

*Wom.* Yet good Madam,  
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far  
She falls for't: a Maid  
If she have any honor, would be loth  
To take example by her.

*Emil.* Thou art wanton.

*Arc.* She is wondrous fair.

*Pal.* She is all the beauty extant.

*Emil.* The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these flowers,  
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours;  
I'm wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now.

*Wom.* I could lie down I am sure.

*Emil.* And take one with you?

*Wom.* That's as we bargain, Madam.

*Emil.* Well, agree then.

[*Exeunt Emilia and  
Woman.*]

*Pal.* What think you of this beauty?

*Arc.* 'Tis a rare one.

*Pal.* Is't but a rare one?

*Arc.* Yes, a matchless beauty.

*Pal.* Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

*Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done, I have,  
Beshrew mine eyes for't, now I feel my Shackles.

*Pal.* You love her then?

*Arc.* Who would not?

*Pal.* And desire her?

*Arc.* Before my liberty.

*Pal.* I saw her first.

*Arc.* That's nothing.

*Pal.* But it shall be.

*Arc.* I saw her too.

*Pal.* Yes, but you must not love her.

*Arc.* I will not as you do; to worship her;  
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess;  
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)  
So both may love.

*Pal.* You shall not love at all.

*Arc.* Not love at all;  
Who shall denie me?

*Pal.* I that first saw her; I that took possession  
First with mine eye of all those beauties  
In her reveal'd to mankind: if thou lov'st her;  
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,  
Thou art a Traitor *Arcite*, and a fellow  
False as thy Title to her: friendship, bloud  
And all the ties between us I disclai[m]  
If thou once think upon her.

*Arc.* Yes, I love her,  
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,  
I must do so, I love her with my soul,  
If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*.  
I say again, I love, and in loving her, maintain  
I am as worthy and as free a Lover  
And have as just a title to her beauty  
As any *Palamon*, or any living  
That is a mans Son.

*Pal.* Have I call'd thee friend?

*Arc.* Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?  
Let me deal coldly with you, am not I  
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me  
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* Am not I liable to those affections,  
Those joyes, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

*Pal.* Ye may be.

*Arc.* Why then would you deal so cunningly,  
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman  
To love alone? speak truly, do you think me  
Unworthy of her sight?

*Pal.* No, but unjust,  
If thou pursue that [si]ght.

*Arc.* Because another  
First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still  
And let mine honor down, and never charge?

*Pal.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Arc.* But say that one  
Had rather combat me?

*Pal.* Let that one say so,  
And use thy freedom: else if thou pursuest her,  
Be as that cursed man that hates his Countrey,  
A branded villain.

*Arc.* You are mad.

*Pal.* I must be.  
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,  
And in this madness, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

*Arc.* Fie Sir.  
You play the child extreamly: I will love her,  
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,  
And all this justly.

*Pal.* Oh that now, that now  
Thy false-self, and thy friend, had but this fortune  
To be one hour at liberty, and graspe  
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee  
What 'twere to filch affection from another:  
Thou art baser in it than a Cutpurse;  
Put but thy head out of this window more,

And as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.

*Arc.* Thou dar'st not fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.  
Put my head out? I'll throw my Body out,  
And leap the Garden, when I see her next.

*Enter Keeper.*

And pitch between her Arms to anger thee.

*Pal.* No more; the Keepers coming; I shall live  
To knock thy brains out with my Shackles.

*Arc.* Doe.

*Keep.* By your leave, Gentlemen.

*Pala.* Now honest Keeper?

*Keep.* Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to th' Duke;  
The cause I know not yet.

*Arc.* I am ready Keeper.

*Keep.* Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you  
Of your fair Cosins company.

[*Exeunt Arcite, and  
Keeper.*

*Pal.* And me too,  
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?  
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,  
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice  
Both of his Bloud and Body: but his falshood,  
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that  
Get him a Wife so noble, and so fair;  
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more  
I would but see this fair one: blessed Garden,  
And Fruit, and Flowers more blessed that still blossom  
As her bright eies shine on ye. Would I were  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter  
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricock;  
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms  
In at her window; I would bring her fruit  
Fit for the gods to feed on: youth and pleasure  
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,  
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her  
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

*Enter Keeper.*

And then I'm sure she would love me: how now Keeper,  
Where's *Arcite*?

*Keep.* Banish'd: Prince *Pirithous*  
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more  
Upon his oath and life must he set foot  
Upon this Kingdom.

*Pal.* He's a blessed man,  
He shall see *Thebes* again, and call to Arms  
The bold young men, that when he bids 'em charge,  
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,  
If he dare make himself a worthy Lover,  
Yet in the Field to strike a battel for her;  
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;  
How bravely may he bear himself to win her  
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand ways.  
Were I at liberty, I would do things  
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this Lady,  
This blushing Virgin should take manhood to her  
And seek to ravish me.

*Keep.* My Lord for you  
I have this charge too.

*Pal.* To discharge my life.

*Keep.* No, but from this place to remove your Lordship,

The windows are too open.

*Pal.* Devils take 'em  
That are so envious to me; prethee kill me.

*Keep.* And hang for't afterward.

*Pal.* By this good light  
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

*Keep.* Why my Lord?

*Pal.* Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually  
Thou art not worthy life; I will not go.

*Keep.* Indeed you must my Lord.

*Pal.* May I see the Garden?

*Keep.* No.

*Pal.* Then I am resolv'd, I will not go.

*Keep.* I must constrain you then: and, for you are dangerous  
I'll clap more irons on you.

*Pal.* Doe good Keeper.  
I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep,  
I'll make ye a new Morri[ss]e, must I goe?

*Keep.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Farewel kind window.  
May rude wind never hurt thee. Oh my Lady,  
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,  
Dream how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

[*Exeunt* Palamon  
and Keeper.]

### ***Scæna Tertia.***

*Enter* Arcite.

*Arcite.* Banish'd the Kingdom? 'tis a benefit,  
A mercy I must thank 'em for, but banish'd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
Oh 'twas a studded punishment, a death  
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance  
That were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never pluck upon me, *Palamon*;  
Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see  
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee; Thou shalt feed  
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,  
That nature never exceeded, nor never shall:  
Good gods! what happiness has *Palamon*!  
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,  
And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,  
I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame  
Tempests, and make the wild Rocks wanton. Come what can come,  
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdom,  
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,  
And no redress there, if I go, he has her,  
I 'm resolv'd an other shape shall make me,  
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I 'm happy:  
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

*Enter* 4. Country people, & one with a garland  
before them.

1. My Masters, I'll be there that's certain.

2. And I'll be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boys; 'Tis but [a] chiding,  
Let the plough play to day, I'll tick[lt] out  
Of the jades tails to morrow.

1. I 'm sure  
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:  
But that's all one, I'll goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,  
And all's made up again.

3. I, do but put a fesku in her fist, and you shall see her  
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.  
Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should ail us?

3. *Arcas*, will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.  
And *Rycas*, and 3. Better lads never danc'd under green Tree,  
And yet know what wenches: ha?  
But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolemaster keep touch  
Doe you think: For he do's all ye know.

3. He'll eat a hornbook ere he fail: goe too, the matter's too far driven  
between him, and the Tanners daughter, to let slip now, and she must see the  
Duke, and she must dance too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boys in Athens blow wind i'th' breech on's, and here I'll be and there  
I'll be, for our Town, and here again, and there again: Ha, Boys, heigh for the  
weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any means our thing of learning sees so: Where he himself will edifie  
the Duke most parlously in our behalves: He's excellent i'th' woods, bring him  
to'th' plains, his learning makes no cry.

3. We'll see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and  
Sweet Companions lets rehearse by any means, before  
The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what  
May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, we'll perform. Away  
Boys and hold.

*Arc*. By your leaves honest friends: Pray you w[h]ither goe you.

4. Whither? Why, what a question's that!

*Arc*. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games*, my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc*. Not far Sir,  
Are there such *Games*, to day?

1. Yes marry are there:  
And such as you never saw; The *Duke*, himself  
Will be in person there.

*Arc*. What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; 'Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc*. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir  
Take your own time, come Boys.

1. My mind misgives me  
This fellow has a veng'ance trick o'th hip,  
Marke how his Bodi's made for't.

2. I'll be hang'd though  
If he dare venture, hang him plumb-porredge,

He wrestle? He rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads.

[*Exeunt 4.*]

*Arc.* This is an offer'd oportunity  
I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,  
The best men call'd it excellent, and run  
Swifter, than wind upon a feild of Corn  
(Curling the wealthy ears) never flew: I'll venture,  
And in some poor disguise be there, who knows  
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands?  
And happiness prefer me to a place,  
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her.

[*Exit Arcite.*]

#### **Scæna [4].**

*Enter Jailors Daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* Why should I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds  
He never will affect me; [I am] base,  
My Father the mean Keeper of his Prison,  
And he a Prince; To marry him is hopeless;  
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;  
What pushes are we wenchs driven to  
When fifteen once has found us? First I saw him,  
I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;  
He has as much to please a woman in him,  
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever  
These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,  
And so would any young wench o'my Conscience  
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead  
To a young hansom Man; Then I lov'd him,  
(Extremely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;  
And yet he had [a] Cosen, fair as he too.  
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there  
Lord, what a coyl he keepes! To hear him  
Sing in an evening, what a Heaven it is!  
And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,  
Was never Gentleman. When I come in  
To bring him water in a morning, first  
He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:  
Fair, gentle Mayd, good morrow, may thy goodness,  
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,  
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,  
Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,  
And me as much to see his misery:  
What should I doe, to make him know I love him,  
For I would fain enjoy him? Say I ventur'd  
To set him free? What saies the Law then? Thus much  
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,  
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me.

[*Exit.*]

[*This short florish of Cornets and Showtes  
within.*]

#### **Scæna [5].**

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite  
with a Garland, &c.*

*Thes.* You have done worthily; I have not seen  
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher sinews;  
What ere you are, you run the best, and wrestle,  
That these times can allow.

*Arcite.* I'm proud to please you.

*Thes.* What Countrie bred you?

*Arcite.* This; But far off, Prince.

*Thes.* Are you a Gentleman?

*Arcite.* My father said so;  
And to those gentle uses gave me life.

*Thes.* Are you his heir?



*Arcite.* His youngest Sir.

*Thes.* Your Father  
Sure is a happy S[ir]e, then: What proves you?

*Arcite.* A little of all noble Qualities:  
I could have kept a Hawk, and well have hollow'd  
To a deep crie of Dogs; I dare not praise  
My feat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me  
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,  
I would be thought a Soldier.

*Thes.* You are perfect.

*Pirith.* Upon my soul, a proper man.

*Emilia.* He is so.

*Per.* How doe you like him Ladie?

*Hip.* I admire him,  
I have not seen so young a man, so noble  
(If he say true,) of his sort.

*Emil.* Believe,  
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,  
His face me thinks, goes that way.

*Hip.* But his Body  
And firie mind, illustrate a brave Father.

*Per.* Mark how his virtue, like a hidden Sun,  
Breaks through his baser garments.

*Hip.* He's well got sure.

*Thes.* What made you seek this place Sir?

*Arc.* Noble *Theseus*.  
To purchase name, and doe my ablest service  
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,  
For only in thy Court, of all the world  
Dwells fair-ey'd honor.

*Per.* All his words are worthy.

*Thes.* Sir, we are much endebedt to your travell,  
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Perithous*  
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

*Perith.* Thanks *Theseus*.  
What ere you are y'are mine, and I shall give you  
To a most noble service, to this Lady,  
This bright young Virgin; Pray observe her goodness;  
You have honour'd her fair birth-day, with your virtues,  
And as your due y'are hers: kiss her fair hand Sir.

*Arc.* Sir, y'are a noble Giver: dearest Beautie,  
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: when your Servant  
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

*Emil.* That were too cruell.  
If you deserve well Sir; I shall soon see't:  
Y'are mine, and somewhat better than your ranck I'll use you.

*Per.* I'll see you furnish'd, and because you say  
You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you  
This after noon to ride, but 'tis a rough one.

*Arc.* I like him better (Prince) I shall not then  
Freeze in my Saddle.

*Thes.* Sweet, you must be readie,  
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all  
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance  
To flowry May, in *Dian's* wood: wait well Sir,  
Upon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope

He shall not goe a foot.

*Emil.* That were a shame Sir,  
While I have horses: take your choice, and what  
You want at any time, let me but know it;  
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You'll find a loving Mistris.

*Arc.* If I doe not,  
Let me find that my Father ever hated,  
Disgrace, and blows.

*Thes.* Go lead the way; You have won it:  
It shall be so; You shall receive all dues  
Fit for the honor you have won; 'Twere wrong else.  
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,  
That if I were a woman, would be Master,  
But you are wise.

[*Florish.*

*Emil.* I hope too wise for that Sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

### ***Scæna 6.***

*Enter Jaylors Daughter alone.*

*Daughter.* Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,  
He is at liberty: I have ventur'd for him:  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar,  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane  
Fast by a Brook, and there he shall keep close,  
Till I provide him Fyles, and food; for yet  
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love  
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father  
Durst better have indur'd cold iron, than done it:  
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it  
I care not, I am desperate: If the Law  
Find me, and then condemne me for't; Some wenches,  
Some honest hearted Maids, will sing my Dirge.  
And tell to memory, my death was noble,  
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,  
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot  
Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,  
If he doe, Maids will not so easily  
Trust men again: And yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,  
And that (me thinks) is not so well; Nor scarcely  
Could I persuade him to become a Freeman,  
He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope  
When he considers more, this love of mine  
Will take more root within him: Let him doe  
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,  
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,  
And to his face, no man: I'll presently  
Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,  
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture  
So he be with me; By him, like a shadow  
I'll ever dwell; Within this hour the whoobub  
Will be all o'er the prison: [I am] then  
Kissing the man they look for: Farewell Father,  
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,  
And shortly you may keep your self. Now to him:

[*Cornets in sundry places. Noise and  
hollowing as people a Maying.*

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### ***Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Arcite alone.*

*Arcite.*

**T**he Duke has lost Hypolita; Each took  
 A severall land. This is a solemn Right  
 They owe bloom'd May, and the *Athenians* pay it  
 To 'th' heart of Ceremony: O Queen *Emilia*  
 Fresher than May, sweeter  
 Then her gold Buttons on the bows, or all  
 Th'enamell'd knacks o'th' Mead, or garden, ye[a]  
 (We challenge too) the banck of any Nymph  
 That makes the stream seem flowers; Thou o Jewell  
 O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace  
 With thy sole presence, in thy rumination  
 That I poor man might eftsoones come betwen  
 And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance  
 To drop on such a Mistris, expectation  
 Most guiltless on't: tell me O Lady Fortune  
 (Next after *Emely* my Sovereign) how far  
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,  
 Hath made me near her; and this beauteous Morn  
 (The prim'st of all the year) presents me with  
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well  
 Be by a pair of Kings backt, in a Field  
 That their crowns titles tried: Alas, alas  
 Poor Cosen *Palamon*, poor prisoner, thou  
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that  
 Thou thinkst thy self, the happier thing, to be  
 So near *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebs*,  
 And therein wretched, although free; But if  
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breath'd on me, and that  
 I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye; O Coz  
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles:  
 bends his fist at Arcite.*

*Palamon.* Traytor kinsman,  
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs  
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand  
 But owner of a Sword: By all oaths in one  
 I, and the justice of my love would make thee  
 A confest Traytor: O thou most perfidious  
 That ever gently look'd the voydes of honor.  
 That ev'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen  
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou her thine?  
 I'll prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,  
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art  
 A very thief in love, a Chaffy Lord  
 Nor worth the name of villain: had I a Sword  
 And these house cloggs away.

*Arc.* Dear Cosin *Palamon*.

*Pal.* Cosoner *Arcite*, give me language, such  
 As thou hast shew'd me feat.

*Arc.* Not finding in  
 The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff  
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer; 'tis your passion  
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie  
 I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r  
 You skip them in me, and with them fair Coz  
 I'll maintain my proceedings; pray be pleas'd  
 To shew in generous terms, your griefs, since that  
 Your question's with your equall, who professes  
 To clear his own way, with the mind and Sword  
 Of a true Gentleman.

*Pal.* That tho[u] durst *Arcite*.

*Arc.* My Coz, my Coz, you have been well advertis'd  
 How much I dare, y'ave seen me use my Sword  
 Against th' advice of fear: sure of another  
 You would not hear me doubted, but your silence  
 Should break out, though i'th' Sanctuary.

*Pal.* Sir,  
I have seen you move in such a place, which well  
Might justifie your manhood, you were call'd  
A good knight and a bold; But the whole week's not fair  
If any day it rayn: Their valiant temper  
Men loose when they encline to trecherie,  
And then they fight like coupel'd Beeres, would fly  
Were they not ty'd.

*Arc.* Kinsman, you might as well  
Speak this, and act it in your Glass, as to  
His ear, which now disdains you.

*Pal.* Come up to me,  
Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword  
Though it be rustie, and the charity  
Of one meal lend me; Come before me then,  
A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say  
That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive  
The trespass thou hast done [me, yea] my life  
If then thou carry't, and brave souls in shades  
That have di'd manly, which will seek of me  
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,  
That thou art brave, and noble.

*Arc.* Be content,  
Again betake you to your hawthorn house,  
With counsel of the night, I will be here  
With wholesome viands; these impediments  
Will I file off, you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison, after  
When you shall stretch your self, and say but *Arcite*  
[I am] in plight, there shall be at your choice  
Both Sword, and Armor.

*Pal.* Oh you heavens, dare any  
So noble bear a guilty business! none  
But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*  
In this kind is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweet *Palamon*.

*Pal.* I doe embrace you, and your offer, for  
Your offer do't I only, Sir your person  
Without hypocrisy I may not wish  
More than my Swords edge ont.

[*Wind horns of  
Cornets.*]

*Arc.* You hear the Horns;  
Enter your Musick least this match between's  
Be crost e'r met, give me your hand, farewell.  
I'll bring you every needfull thing: I pray you  
Take comfort and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray hold your promise;  
And doe the deed with a bent brow, most certain  
You love me not, be rough with me, and pour  
This oil o[u]t of your language; by this ay  
I could for each word, give a Cuff: my stomach  
Not reconcil'd by reason.

*Arc.* Plainly spoken,  
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur  
My horse, I chide him not; content, and anger  
In me have but one face. Hark Sir, they call  
The scatter'd to the Banket; you must guess  
I have an office there.

[*Wind horns.*]

*Pal.* Sir your attendance  
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office  
Unjustly is atcheiv'd.

*Arc.* If a good title,  
I'm persuaded this question sick between's,  
By bleeding must be cur'd. I'm a Suitor,  
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,  
And talk of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:  
You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,  
For note you, mine she is.

*Arc.* Nay then.

*Pal.* Nay pray you,  
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength  
You are going now to look upon a Sun  
That strengthens what it looks on, there  
You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

### ***Scæna Secunda.***

*Enter Jaylors daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* He has mistook; the Beak I meant, is gone  
After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,  
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,  
And darkness Lord o'th' world, Hark 'tis a wolf:  
In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing  
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.  
I wreak not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this Fi[l]e; what if I hollow'd for him?  
I cannot hollow: if I whoop'd; what then?  
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,  
And doe him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howls this live-long night, why may't not be  
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,  
He cannot run, the Jengling of his Gives  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sence to know a man unarm'd, and can  
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down  
He's torn to peeces, they howl'd many together  
And then they fed on him: So much for that,  
Be bold to ring the Bell; How stand I then?  
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,  
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,  
My self to beg, if I priz'd life so much  
As to deny my act, but that I would not,  
Should I try death by dussons: I am mop't,  
Food took I non[e] these two daies.  
Sipt some water, I have not clos'd mine eyes  
Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas  
Dissolve my life, Let not my sence unsettle  
Least I should drown, or stab or hang my self.  
O state of Nature, fail together in me,  
Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?  
The best way is, the next way to a grave:  
Each errant step beside is torment. Loe  
The Moon is down, the Cr'ckets chirpe, the Schreich-owl  
Calls in the dawn; all offices are done  
Save what I fail in: But the point is this  
An end, and that is all.

[*Exit.*

### ***Scæna Tertia.***

*Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.*

*Arc.* I should be near the place, hoa. Cosen *Palamon*.

*Enter Palamon.*

*Pal.* *Arcite?*

*Arc.* The same: I have brought you food and files,  
Come forth and fear not, here's no *Theseus*.

*Pal.* Nor none so honest *Arcite*.

*Arc.* That's no matter,  
We'll argue that hereafter: Come take courage,  
You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drink:  
I know you're faint, then I'll talk further with you.

*Pal.* *Arcite*, thou mightst now poyson me.

*Arc.* I might.

But I must fear you first: Sit down, and good now  
No more of these vain parlies; let us not  
Having our ancient reputation with us  
Make talk for Fools, and Cowards, To your health. &c.

*Pal.* Doe.

*Arc.* Pray sit dow[n] then, and let me entreat you  
By all the honesty and honor in you,  
No mention of this woman, 't will disturb us,  
We shall have time enough.

*Pal.* Well Sir, I'll pledge you.

*Arc.* Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood man.  
Doe not you feel it thaw you?

*Pal.* Stay, I'll tell you after a draught or two more.

*Arc.* Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* [I am] glad you have so good a stomach.

*Pal.* [I am] gladder I have so good meat to't.

*Arc.* Is't not mad lodging here in the wild woods Cosen?

*Pal.* Yes, for them that have wild Consciences.

*Arc.* How tastes your victuals? your hunger needs no sawce I see.

*Pal.* Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: sweet Cosen: what is this?

*Arc.* Venison.

*Pal.* 'Tis a lusty meat:  
Give me more wine; here *Arcite* to the wenches  
We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.  
Doe you remember her?

*Arc.* After you Cuz.

*Pal.* She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

*Arc.* She did so; well Sir.

*Pal.* And I have heard some call him *Arcite*; an.

*Arc.* Out with't faith.

*Pal.* She met him in an Arbor:  
What did she there Cuz? play o'the virginals?

*Arc.* Something she did Sir.

*Pal.* Made her groan a Month for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

*Arc.* The Marshals Sister,  
Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,  
Else there be tales abroad, you'll pledge her?

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* A pretty brown wench 'tis: There was a time  
When young men went a hunting, and a wood,  
And a broad beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

*Pal.* For *Emily*, upon my life, fool  
A way with this strain'd mirth; I say again  
That sigh was breath'd for *Emily*; base Cosen,  
Dar'st thou break first?

*Arc.* You are wide.

*Pal.* By heaven and earth, there's nothing in thee honest.

*Arc.* Then I'll leave you: you are a Beast now:

*Pal.* As thou mak'st me, Traytor.

*Arc.* There's all things needfull, files and shirts, and perfumes.  
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all.

*Pal.* A Sword and Armor.

*Arc.* Fear me not; you are now too fowl; farewell.  
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought.

*Pal.* Sir ha:

*Arc.* I'll here no more.

[*Exit.*

*Pal.* If he keep touch, he dies for't.

[*Exit.*

### ***Scæna Quarta.***

*Enter Jaylors daughter.*

*Daugh.* I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,  
The little Stars, and all, that look like aglets:  
The Sun has seen my Folly: *Palamon*;  
Alas no; he's in heaven; where am I now?  
Yonder's the sea, and there's a Ship; how't tumbles  
And there's a Rock lies watching under water;  
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,  
There's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry!  
Upon her before the wind, you'll loose all els:  
Up with a course or two, and tack about Boys.  
Good night, good night, y'are gone; I'm very hungry,  
Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me  
News from all parts o'th' world, then would I make  
A Careck of a Cockle-shell, and sayll  
By East and North East to the King of *Pigmies*,  
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father  
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice  
To morrow morning, I'll say never a word.

*Sing.*

*For I'll cut my green coat, afoot above my knee,  
And I'll clip my yellow locks; an inch below mine eie.  
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*

*He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride  
And I'll goe seek him, throw the world that is so wide.  
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.*

O for a prick now like a Nightingale, to put my brest  
Against. I shall sleep like a Top else.

[*Exit.*

### ***Scæna [5].***

*Enter a Schoolmaster 4. Countrymen: and Baum. 2.  
or 3., with a Taborer.*

*Sch.* Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensanity is here among ye? have my  
Rudiments bin labour'd so long with ye? milk'd unto ye, and, by a figure, even  
the very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you  
still cry where, and how, & wherefore? you most course freeze capacities, ye  
jave Judgements, have I said thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and  
no man understand me, *prob deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why  
here stand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the  
Duke appears, I meet him, and unto him I utter learned things, and many  
figures, he hears, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward,  
at length I fling my Cap up; mark there; then do you as once did *Meleager*,  
and the *Bore* break comely out before him: like true lovers, cast your selves in  
a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and turn Boys.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold*.

2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborer?

3. Why *Timothy*?

*Tab.* Here my mad boys, have at ye.

*Sch.* But I say where's their wom[e]n?

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.

2. And little *Luce*, with the white legs, and bouncing *Barbary*.

1. And freckled *Nel*; that never fail'd her Master.

*Sch.* Where be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies  
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly  
And now and then a favor, and a friske.

*Nel.* Let us alone Sir.

*Sch.* Where's the rest o'th' Musick.

3. Dispers'd as you commanded.

*Sch.* Couple then  
And see what's wanting; where's the *Bavian*?  
My friend, carry your tail without offence  
Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure  
You tumble with audacity, and manhood,  
And when you bark doe it with judgement.

*Bau.* Yes Sir.

*Sch.* *Quo usque tandem?* Here is a woman wanting.

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th' fire.

*Sch.* We have,  
As learned Authors utter, wash'd a Tile,  
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding  
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,  
*Cicely* the Sempsters daughter:  
The next gloves that I give her shall be dogs-skin;  
Nay and she fail me once, you can tell *Arcas*,  
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not break.

*Sch.* An E[e]l and woman,  
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th' tail  
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail,  
In manners this was false position.

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What  
Shall we determine Sir?

*Sch.* Nothing,  
Our business is become a nullity  
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credit of our Town lay on it,  
Now to be frampall, now to piss o'th' nettle,  
Goe thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.

*Enter Jaylor's daughter.*

Daughter,

*The George alow, came from the South, from  
The coast of Barbary a.*

*And there he met with brave gallants of war*

*By one, by two, by three, a.*

*Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants,*

*And whither now are you bound a?*

*O let me have your company till come to the sound a.*

*There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:*

*The one sed it was an owl*

*The other he sed nay,*

*The third he sed it was a hawk, and her bels were cut away.*

[Chair and stools  
out.]



3. There's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th' Nick, as  
mad as a march Hare; If we can get her dance, we are made  
again: I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boys.

*Sch.* And are you mad good woman?

*Daugh.* I would be sorry else,  
Give me your hand.

*Sch.* Why?

*Daugh.* I can tell your fortune.  
You are a fool: tell ten, I have poz'd him: Buz  
Friend you must eat no white bread, if you do  
Your teeth will bleed extremely, shall we dance ho?  
I know you, y'are a Tinker: Sir, ha Tinker  
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

*Sch. Dii boni.* A Tinker Damzell?

*Daug.* Or a Conjuror: raise me a devill now; and let him play.  
*Quipassa, o'th' bells and bones.*

*Sch.* Go take her, and fluently persuade her to a peace:  
*Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis.*  
Strike up, and lead her in.

2. Come Lass, lets trip it.

*Daugh.* I'll lead.

[*Wind Horns.*

3. Doe, doe.

*Sch.* Persuasively, and cunningly: away boys,

[*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I hear the horns: give me some  
Meditation, and mark your Cue;  
*Pallas* inspire me.

*Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and train.*

*Thes.* This way the Stag took.

*Sch.* Stay, and edifie.

*Thes.* What have we here?

*Per.* Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

*Thes.* Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.  
Ladies sit down, we'll stay it.

*Sch.* Thou doughtie Duke all hail: all hail sweet Ladies.

*Thes.* This is a cold beginning.

*Sch.* If you but favor; our Country pastime made is,  
We are a few of those collected here  
That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,  
And to say veritie, and not to fable;  
We are a merry rout, or else a rable  
Or company, or by a figure, *Chorus*  
That for thy dignitie will dance a Morris.  
And I that am the rectifier of all  
By title Pedagogus, that let fall  
The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,  
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,  
Doe here present this Machine, or this frame  
And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame  
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar  
Is blown abroad; help me thy poor well willer,  
And with thy twinckling eyes, look right and straight  
Upon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight  
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together

Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hither  
The body of our sport of no small study  
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,  
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenner:  
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.  
The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,  
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night  
That seek out silent hanging: Then mine Host  
And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their cost  
The gauled Traveller, and with a beck'ning  
Informs the Tapster to inflame the reck'ning:  
Then the beast eating Clown, and next the fool,  
The *Bavian*, with long tail, and eke long tool  
*Cum multis aliis*, that make a dance,  
Say I, and all shall presently advance.

*Thes.* I, I by any means, dear *Domine*.

*Per.* Produce.

[*Musick Dance.*

*Intrate filii*, Come forth, and foot it.

Knock for Schoolm. Enter The Dance.

*Ladies, if we have been merry  
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,  
And a derry, and a down  
Say the Schoolmaster's no Clown.  
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too  
And have done as good Boys should doe  
Give us but a tree or twaine  
For a Maypole, and again  
Ere another year run out  
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.*

*Thes.* Take 20. *Domine*; how does my sweet heart?

*Hip.* Never so pleas'd Sir.

*Emil.* 'Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface  
I never heard a better.

*Thes.* Schoolmaster, I thank you, One see'em all rewarded.

*Per.* And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

*Thes.* Now to our sports again.

*Sch.* May the Stag thou huntst stand long,  
And thy dogs be swift and strong:  
May they kill him without lets,  
And the Ladies eat his dowsets: Come we are all made.

[*Wind Horns.*

*Dii Deæq; Omnes*, ye have danc'd rarely wenches.

[*Exeunt.*

### ***Scæna [6].***

*Enter Palamon from the Bush.*

*Pal.* About this hour my Cosen gave his faith  
To visit me again, and with him bring  
Two Swords, and two good Armors; If he fail  
He's neither man, nor Soldier; When he left me  
I did not think a week could have restor'd  
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low,  
And Crest-fal'n with my wants: I thank thee *Arcite*,  
Thou art yet a fair Foe; And I feel my self  
With this refreshing, able once again  
To out-dure danger: To delay it longer  
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,  
That I lay fattig like a Swine, to fight  
And not a Soldier: Therefore this blest morning  
Shall be the last; And that Sword he refuses,  
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis Justice:  
So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

*Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.*

*Arc.* Good morrow noble kinsman.

*Pal.* I have put you  
To too much pains Sir.

*Arc.* That too much fair Cosen,  
Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.

*Pal.* Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye  
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find  
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces  
Might thank ye, not my blows.

*Arc.* I shall think either  
Well done, a noble recompence.

*Pal.* Then I shall quit you.

*Arc.* Defy me in these fair terms, and you show  
More than a Mistris to me, no more anger  
As you love any thing that's honorable:  
We were not bred to talk man, when we are arm'd  
And both upon our guards, then let our fury  
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,  
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty  
Truely pertains (without obbraidings, scorns,  
Dispisings of our persons, and such powtings  
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be seen  
And quickly, yours, or mine: Wilt please you arme Sir?  
Or if you feel your self not fitting yet  
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay Cosen  
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,  
As I'm spar'd, your person I 'm friends with  
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her  
Though I had [dide]; But loving such a Lady  
And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

*Pal.* *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy  
That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,  
I'm well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

*Arc.* Choose you Sir.

*Pal.* Wilt thou exceed in all, or do'st thou doe it  
To make me spare thee?

*Arc.* If you think so Cosen,  
You are deceiv'd, for as I 'm a Soldier,  
I will not spare you.

*Pal.* That's well said.

*Arc.* You'll find it.

*Pal.* Then as [I am] an honest man and love,  
With all the justice of affection  
I'll pay thee soundly: This I'll take.

*Arc.* That's mine then,  
I'll arme you first.

*Pal.* Do: Pray thee tell me Cosen,  
Where gotst thou this good Armor?

*Arc.* 'Tis the Dukes,  
And to say true, I stole it, doe I pinch you?

*Pal.* No.

*Arc.* Is't not too heavie?

*Pal.* I have worn a lighter,  
But I shall make it serve.

*Arc.* I'll buckl't close.

*Pal.* By any means.

*Arc.* You care not for a Grand guard?

*Pal.* No, no, we'll use no horses, I perceive  
You would fain be at that Fight.

*Arc.* I'm indifferent.

*Pal.* Faith so am I: Good Cosen, thrust the buckle  
Through far enough.

*Arc.* I warrant you.

*Pal.* My Cask now.

*Arc.* Will you fight bare-arm'd?

*Pal.* We shall be the nimbler.

*Arc.* But use your Gantlets though; those are o'th' least,  
Prethee take mine good Cosen.

*Pal.* Thank you *Arcite*.  
How doe I look, am I falen much away?

*Arc.* Faith very little; Love has us'd you kindly.

*Pal.* I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

*Arc.* Doe, and spare not;  
I'll give you cause sweet Cosen.

*Pal.* Now to you Sir,  
Me thinks this Armor's very like that, *Arcite*,  
Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

*Arc.* That was a very good one, and that day  
I well remember, you out-did me Cosen,  
I never saw such valour: When you charg'd  
Upon the left wing of the Enemie,  
I spur'd hard to come up, and under me  
I had a right good horse.

*Pal.* You had indeed  
A bright Bay I remember.

*Arc.* Yes but all  
Was vainly labour'd in me, you out-went me,  
Nor could my wishes reach you; Yet a little  
I did by imitation.

*Pal.* More by virtue,  
Yo[u] are modest Cosen.

*Arc.* When I saw you charge first,  
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder  
Break from the Troop.

*Pal.* But still before that flew  
The lightning of your valour: Stay a litt[l]e,  
Is not this peece too streight?

*Arc.* No, no, 'tis well.

*Pal.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,  
A bruise would be dishonor.

*Arc.* Now I'm perfect.

*Pal.* Stand off then.

*Arc.* Take my Sword, I hold it better.

*Pal.* I thank ye: No, keep it, your life lyes on it,  
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,  
For all my hopes: My Cause and honor guard me.

*[They bow severall wayes: then advance  
and stand.]*

*Arc.* And me my love: Is there ought else to say?

*Pal.* This only, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.  
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall.  
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword  
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me  
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be  
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honor,  
I wish his wearie soul, that falls may win it:  
Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

*Arc.* Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more  
Come near thee with such friendship.

*Pal.* I commend thee.

*Arc.* If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,  
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.  
Once more farewell my Cosen.

*Pal.* Farewell *Arcite*.

[*Fight.* [*Horns*  
*within: they*  
*stand.*

*Arc.* Loe Cosen, loe, our Folly has undone us.

*Pal.* Why?

*Arc.* This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,  
If we be found, we're wretched, O retire  
For honors sake, and safely presently  
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall find  
Too many hours to dye in, gentle Cosen:  
If you be seen you perish instantly  
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,  
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorn us,  
And say we had a noble difference,  
But base disposers of it.

*Pal.* No, no, Cosen  
I will no more be hidden, nor put off  
This great adventure to a second Tryall  
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,  
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy self  
Upon thy present guard.

*Arc.* You are not mad?

*Pal.* Or I will make th'advantage of this hour  
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me,  
I fear less then my fortune: Know weak Cosen  
I love *Emilia*, and in that I'll bury  
Thee, and all crosses else.

*Arc.* Then come, what can come  
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well  
Die, as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,  
The law will have the honor of our ends,  
Have at thy life.

*Pal.* Look to thine own well *Arcite*.

[*Fight again.* *Horns.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous and*  
*train.*

*Theseus.* What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,  
Are you? That 'gainst the tenor of my Laws  
Are making Battail, thus like Knights appointed,  
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?  
By *Castor* both shall dye.

*Pal.* Hold thy word *Theseus*,  
We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers  
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I'm *Palamon*  
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,  
Think well, what that deserves; And this is *Arcite*  
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground,  
A Falser never seem'd friend: This is the man  
Was beg'd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee

And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise  
Against this own Edict follows thy Sister,  
That fortunate bright Star, the fair *Emilia*  
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,  
And first bequeathing of the soul to) justly  
[I am], and which is more, dares think her his.  
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,  
I call'd him now to answer; If thou be'st  
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,  
The true decider of all injuries,  
Say, Fight again, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*  
Doe such a Justice, thou thy self wilt envie  
Then take my life, I'll wooe thee to't.

*Per.* O Heaven,  
What more than man is this!

*Thes.* I have sworn.

*Arc.* We seek not  
Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me  
A thing as soon to dye, as thee to say it,  
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,  
Let me say thus much; If in love be Treason,  
In service of so excellent a Beautie,  
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,  
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,  
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,  
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,  
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:  
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady  
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me  
Stay here to love her. And if she say Traytor,  
I'm a villain fit to lye unburied.

*Pal.* Thou shalt have pity of us both, O *Theseus*,  
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop  
(As thou art just) thy noble ear against us,  
As thou art valiant; For thy Cosens soul  
Whose 12. strong labors crown his memory,  
Let's die together, at one instant, Duke,  
Only a little let him fall before me,  
That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

*Thes.* I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cosen  
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him  
More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences  
Being no more than his: None here speak for 'em  
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

*Hippol.* Alas the pity, now or never Sister  
Speak not to be denied; That face of yours  
Will bear the curses else of after ages  
For these lost Cosens.

*Emil.* In my face dear Sister  
I find no anger to'em; Nor no ruin,  
The misadventure of their own eyes kill'em;  
Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,  
My knees shall grow to'th' ground but I'll get mercie.  
Help me dear Sister, in a deed so virtuous,  
The powers of all women will be with us,  
Most royall Brother.

*Hippol.* Sir by our tye of Marriage.

*Emil.* By your own spotless honor.

*Hip.* By that faith,  
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

*Emil.* By that you would have pittie in another,  
By your own virtues infinite.

*Hip.* By valor,  
By all the chast nights I have ever pleas'd you.

*Thes.* These are strange Conjurations.

*Per.* Nay then I'll in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all our dangers,  
By all you love most, wars; And this sweet Lady.

*Emil.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing Maid.

*Hip.* By your own eyes: By strength  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yielded *Theseus*.

*Per.* To crown all this; By your most noble soul  
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

*Hip.* Next hear my prayers.

*Emil.* Last let me intreat Sir.

*Per.* For mercy.

*Hip.* Mercy.

*Emil.* Mercy on these Princes.

*Thes.* Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt  
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

*Emil.* Upon their lives: But with their banishments.

*Thes.* You are a right woman, Sister; You have pittie,  
But want the understanding where to use it.  
If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer than banishment: Can these two live  
And have the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another? Every day  
They'd fight about you; Hourly bring your honor  
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then  
And here forget 'em; It concerns your credit,  
And my [oth] equally: I have said they die,  
Better they fall byth' Law, than one another.  
Bow not my honor.

*Emil.* O my noble Brother,  
That [oth] was rashly made, and in yo[u]r anger,  
Your reason will not hold it, if such vows  
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.  
Beside, I have another oath, gainst yours  
Of more authority, I'm sure more love,  
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

*Thes.* What is it Sister?

*Per.* Urge it home brave Lady.

*Emil.* That you would never deny me any thing  
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:  
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,  
Think how you maim your honor;  
(For now I'm set a begging Sir, I'm deaf  
To all but your compassion) how, their lives  
Might breed the ruin of my name; Opinion,  
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?  
That were a cruell wisdom, doe men proyn  
The straight young Bows that blush with thousand Blossoms  
Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Theseus*  
The goodly Mothers that have groan'd for these,  
And all the longing Maids that ever lov'd,  
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,  
And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosens  
Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,  
Till I'm nothing but the scorn of women;  
For Heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

*Thes.* On what conditions?

*Emil.* Swear'em never more

To make me their Contention, or to know me,  
To tread upon the Dukedome, and to be  
Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

*Pal.* I'll be cut a peeces  
Before I take this oath, forget I love her?  
O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy Banishment  
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry  
Our Swords, and cause along: Else never trifle,  
But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,  
And for that love, must and dare kill this Cosen  
On any peece the earth has.

*Thes.* Will you *Arcite*  
Take these conditions?

*Pal.* He's a villain then.

*Per.* These are men.

*Arcite.* No, never Duke: 'Tis worse to me than begging  
To take my life so basely, though I think  
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve  
The honor of affection, and dye for her,  
Make death a Devill.

*Thes.* What may be done? For now I feel compassion.

*Per.* Let it not fall again Sir.

*Thes.* Say *Emilia*  
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you  
Content to take th'other to your husband?  
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes  
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble  
As ever fame yet spoke of: Look upon'em,  
And if you can love, end this difference,  
I give consent, are you content too, Princes?

*Both.* With all our souls.

*Thes.* He that she refuses  
Must dye then.

*Both.* Any death thou canst invent Duke.

*Pal.* If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor.  
And Lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

*Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,  
And Soldiers sing my Epitaph.

*Thes.* Make choice then.

*Emil.* I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent  
For me, a hayr shall never fall of these men.

*Hip.* What will become of 'em?

*Thes.* Thus I ordain it,  
And by mine honor, once again it stands,  
Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,  
And each within this month accompanied  
With three fair Knights, appear again in this place,  
In which I'll plant a Pyramid; And whether  
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen  
By fair and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,  
He shall enjoy her: The other loose his head,  
And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,  
Nor think he dies with interest in this Lady:  
Will this content ye?

*Pal.* Yes: Here Cosen *Arcite*  
I'm friends again, till that hour.

*Arc.* I embrace ye.

*Thes.* Are you content Sister?



*Emil.* Yes, I must Sir,  
[Els] both miscarry.

*Thes.* Come shake hands again then,  
And take heed, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell  
Sleep till the hour p[re]fixt, and hold your course.

*Pal.* We dare not fail thee *Theseus*.

*T[h]es.* Come, I'll give ye  
Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:  
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here,  
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his Beer.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ***Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter Jailor and his Friend.*

*Jail.*

**H**EAR you no more? was nothing said of me  
Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?  
Good Sir remember.

*1 Fr.* Nothing that I heard,  
For I came home before the business  
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive  
E'r I departed, a great likelihood  
Of both their pardons: for *Hippolita*,  
And fair-ey'd *Emilia*, upon their knees,  
Begg'd with such handsome pitty, that the Duke  
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow  
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion  
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,  
That truly noble Prince *Perithous*  
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope  
All shall be well: neither heard I one question  
Of your name, or his scape.

*Enter 2 Friends.*

*Jail.* Pray Heaven it hold so.

*2 Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you news  
Good news.

*Jail.* They are welcome.

*2 Fr.* *Palamon* has clear'd you,  
And got your pardon, and discover'd  
How, and by whose means he scap'd, which was your Daughter's,  
Whose pardon is procured too, and the prisoner  
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,  
Has given a sum of money to her Marriage,  
A large one I'll assure you.

*Jail.* Ye are a good man  
And ever bring good news.

*1 Fr.* How was it ended?

*2 Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that ne'er begg'd  
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.  
The prisoners have their lives.

*1 Fr.* I knew 'twould be so.

*2 Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of  
At better time.

*Jail.* I hope they are good.

*2 Fr.* They are honourable,  
How good they'll prove, I know not.

*Enter Wooer.*

*1 Fr.* 'Twill be known.

*Woo.* Alas Sir, where's your Daughter?

*Jail.* Why do you ask?

*Woo.* Oh Sir, when did you see her?

*2 Fr.* How he looks!

*Jail.* This morning.

*Woo.* Was she well? was she in health Sir? when did she sleep?

*1 Fr.* These are strange questions.

*Jail.* I do not think she was very well, for now  
You make me mind her, but this very day  
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me  
So far from what she was, so childishly,  
So sillily, as if she were a fool,  
An Innocent, and I was very angry.  
But what of her Sir?

*Woo.* Nothing but my pity, but you must know it, and as good by me  
As by another that less loves her:

*Jail.* Well Sir.

*1 Fr.* Not right?

*2 Fr.* Not well?—

[*Woo.*] No Sir, not well.  
'Tis too true, she is mad.

*1 Fr.* It cannot be.

*Woo.* Believe, you'll find it so.

*Jay.* I half suspected  
What you told me: the gods comfort her:  
Either this was her love to *Palamon*,  
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,  
Or both.

*Woo.* 'Tis likely.

*Jay.* But why all this haste, Sir?

*Woo.* I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling  
In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,  
From the far shore, thick set with Reeds and Sedges.  
As patiently I was attending sport,  
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive  
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive  
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it  
A Boy or Woman. I then left my angle  
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not  
Who made the sound; the Rushes, and the Reeds  
Had so encompass it: I laid me down  
And listned to the words she sung, for then  
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher-men,  
I saw it was your Daughter.

*Jail.* Pray goe on Sir?

*Woo.* She sung much, but no sence; only I heard her  
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,  
Is gone to th' wood to gather Mulberries,  
I'll find him out to morrow.

*1 Fr.* Pretty soul.

*Woo.* His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,  
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,  
A hundred black-ey'd Maids that love as I do  
With Chaplets on their heads [of] Daffadillies,

With cherry lips, and cheeks of Damask Roses,  
And all we'll dance an Antique 'fore the Duke,  
And beg his pardon; then she talk'd of you, Sir;  
That you must lose your head to morrow morning  
And she must gather Flowers to bury you,  
And see the house made handsome, then she sung  
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between  
Ever was, *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,  
And *Palamon*, was a tall young man. The place  
Was knee deep where she sate; her careless Tresses,  
A wrea[th] of Bull-rush rounded; about her stuck  
Thousand fresh Water Flowers of several colours.  
That methought she appear'd like the fair Nymph  
That feeds the lake with waters, or as *Iris*  
Newly dropt down from heaven; Rings she made  
Of Rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
The prettiest posies: thus our true love's ty'd,  
This you may loose, not me, and many a one:  
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,  
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 Fr. Alas what pity it is?

*Woo*. I made in to her,  
She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,  
And set her safe to land: when presently  
She slipt away, and to the City made,  
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me  
She left me far behind her; three, or four,  
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em  
I knew to be your brother, where [she] staid,  
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

*Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.*

And hither came to tell you: Here they are.

*Daugh*. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.  
Is not this a fine Song?

*Bro*. Oh, a very fine one.

*Daugh*. I can sing twenty more.

*Bro*. I think you can.

*Daugh*. Yes truly can I, I can sing the *Broom*,  
And *Bonny Robbin*. Are not you a Tailor?

*Bro*. Yes.

*Daugh*. Where's my wedding-Gown?

*Bro*. I'll bring it to morrow.

*Daugh*. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else  
To call the Maids, and pay the Minstrels  
For I must loose my Maiden-head by cock-light  
'Twill never thrive else.

*Oh fair, oh sweet, &c.*

[*Sings.*

*Bro*. You must ev'n take it patiently.

*Jay*. 'Tis true.

*Daugh*. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever hear  
Of one young *Palamon*?

*Jay*. Yes wench, we know him.

*Daugh*. Is't not a fine young Gentleman?

*Jay*. 'Tis Love.

*Bro*. By no mean cross her, she is then distemper'd  
For worse than now she shows.

1 Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.

*Daugh.* Oh, is he so? you have a Sister.

*1 Fr.* Yes.

*Daugh.* But she shall never have him, tell her so,  
For a trick that I know, y'had best look to her,  
For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,  
And undone in an hour. All the young Maids  
Of our Town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em  
And let 'em all alone, is't not a wise course?

*1 Fr.* Yes.

*Daugh.* There is at least two hundred now with child by him,  
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,  
Close as a Cockle; and all these must be boys,  
He has the trick on't, and at ten years old  
They must be all gelt for Musicians,  
And sing the wars of *Theseus*.

*2 Fr.* This is strange.

*Daugh.* As ever [you] heard, but say nothing.

*1 Fr.* No.

*Daugh.* They come from all parts of the Dukedom to him,  
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night  
As twenty, to dispatch, he'll tickle't up  
In two hours, if his hand be in.

*Jay.* She's lost  
Past all cure.

*Bro.* Heaven forbid man.

*Daug.* Come hither, you are a wise man.

*1 Fr.* Does she know him?

*2 Fr.* No, would she did.

*Daugh.* You are master of a Ship?

*Jay.* Yes.

*Daugh.* Where's your Compass?

*Jay.* Here.

*Daugh.* Set it to th' North.  
And now direct your course to th' wood, where *Palamon*  
Lies longing for me; for the Tackling  
Let me alone; come weigh my hearts, cheerly.

*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh, 'tis up, the wind's fair, top the  
Bowling; out with the main sail, where's your  
Whistle Master?

*Bro.* Let's get her in.

*Jay.* Up to the top Boy.

*Bro.* Where's the Pilot?

*1 Fr.* Here.

*Daugh.* What ken'st thou?

*3 Fr.* A fair wood.

*Daugh.* Bear for it master: tack about:  
*When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c.*

[*Sings.*  
[*Exeunt.*

### ***Scæna Secunda.***

*Enter Emilia alone, with two Pictures.*

*Emil.* Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open

And bleed to death for my sake else; I'll choose,  
 And end their strife: two such young handsome men  
 Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,  
 Following the dead cold ashes of their Sons  
 Shall never curse my cruelty: Good Heaven;  
 What a sweet face has *Arcite*, if wise nature  
 With all her best endowments, all those beauties  
 She [sowes] into the births of noble bodies,  
 Were here a mortal woman, and had in her  
 The coy denials of young Maids, yet doubtless,  
 She would run mad for this man: what an eye!  
 Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness:  
 Has this young Prince! here Love himself sits smiling,  
 Just such another wanton *Ganimead*,  
 Set Love a fire with, and enforc'd the god  
 Snatching up the goodly Boy, and set him by him  
 A shining constellation: what a brow,  
 Of what a spacious Majesty he carries!  
 Arch'd like the great ey'd *Juno's*, but far sweeter,  
 Smoother than *Pelops* Shoulder! Fame and Honor  
 Methinks from hence, as from a Promontory  
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing  
 To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights  
 Of gods, and such men near 'em. *Palamon*,  
 Is but his foil, to him, a mere dull shadow,  
 He's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy  
 As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,  
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,  
 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;  
 Yet these that we count errors, may become him:  
*Narcissus* was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:  
 Oh who can find the bent of womans fancy?  
 I'm a fool, my reason is lost in me,  
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly  
 That Women ought to beat me. On my knees  
 I ask thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,  
 And only beautiful, and these th[e] eyes,  
 These the bright lamps of Beauty that command  
 And threaten Love, and what young Maid dare cross 'em  
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting  
 Has this brown manly face! Oh Love, this only  
 From this hour is complexion: lye there *Arcite*,  
 Thou art a changling to him, a mere Gipsie.  
 And this the noble Bodie: I am sotted,  
 Utterly lost: My Virgins faith has fled me.  
 For if my Brother, but even now had ask'd me  
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*.  
 Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*.  
 Stand both together: now, come ask me Brother,  
 Alas, I know not: ask me now sweet Sister,  
 I may go look; what a mere child is *Fancie*,  
 That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both.

*Enter Emil. and Gent.*

*Emil.* How now Sir?

*Gent.* From the Noble Duke your Brother  
 Madam, I bring you news: the Knights are come.

*Emil.* To end the quarrel?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emil.* Would I might end first:  
 What sins have I committed, chaste *Diana*,  
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd  
 With bloud of Princes? and my Chastity  
 Be made the Altar, where the Lives of Lovers,  
 Two greater, and two better never yet  
 Made Mothers joy, must be the sacrifice  
 To my unhappy Beauty?

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and Attendants.*

*Thes.* Bring 'em in quickly,  
By any means I long to see 'em.  
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,  
And with them their fair Knights: Now my fair Sister,  
You must love one of them.

*Emil.* I had rather both,  
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

*Enter Messenger.* Curtis.

*Thes.* Who saw 'em?

*Per.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Thes.* From whence come you, Sir?

*Mess.* From the Knights.

*Thes.* Pray speak  
You that have seen them, what they are.

*Mess.* I will Sir,  
And truly what I think: six braver spirits  
Than those they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)  
I never saw, nor read of: he that stands  
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming  
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,  
(His very looks so say him) his complexion,  
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,  
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers:  
The circles of his eyes, shew fair within him,  
And as a heated Lion, so he looks:  
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining  
Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,  
Arm'd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword  
Hung by a curious Bauldrick: when he frowns  
To seal his Will with, better o' my conscience  
Was never Soldiers friend.

*Thes.* Thou hast well describ'd him.

*Per.* Yet, a great deal short  
Methinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

*Thes.* Pray speak him friend.

*Per.* I gness he is a Prince too,  
And if it may be, greater; for his show  
Has all the ornament of honor in't:  
He's somewhat bigger than the Knight he spoke of,  
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion  
Is (as a ripe Grape) ruddy: he has felt  
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter  
To make this cause his own: in's face appears  
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes,  
And when he's angry, then a settled valour  
(Not tainted with extreams) runs through his body,  
And guides his arm to brave things: Fear he cannot,  
He shews no such soft temper, his head's yellow,  
Hard hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like Ivy tops,  
No[t] to undoe with thunder; in his face  
The Livery of the warlike Maid appears,  
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him.  
And in his rowling eyes sits victory,  
As if she ever meant to correct his valour:  
His Nose stands high, a Character of honor,  
His red Lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

*Emil.* Must these men die too?

*Per.* When he speaks, his tongue  
Sounds like a Trumpet; all his lineaments  
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean,  
He wears a well-steel'd Axe, the staffe of Gold,

His age some five and twenty.

*Mess.* There's another,  
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming  
As great as any, fairer promises  
In such a Body yet I never look'd on.

*Per.* Oh he that's freckle fac'd?

*Mess.* The same my Lord,  
Are they not sweet ones?

*Per.* Yes, they are well.

*Mess.* Methinks,  
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew  
Great, and fine Art in nature, he's white hair'd,  
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour  
Next to an aborn, tough, and nimble set,  
Which shows an active soul: his arms are brawny  
Lin'd with strong sinews: to the shoulder-piece,  
Gently they swell, like Women new conceiv'd,  
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting  
Under the weight of Arms, stout-hearted still,  
But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's grey ey'd,  
Which yields compassion where he conquers: sharp  
To spie advantages, and where he finds 'em,  
He's swift to make 'em his: He does no wrongs,  
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles  
He shows a Lover, when he frowns, a Soldier:  
About his head he wears the winners oak,  
And in it stuck the favour of his Lady:  
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand  
He bears a Charging Staffe, emboss'd with Silver.

*Thes.* Are they all thus?

*Per.* They are all the sons of honor.

*Thes.* Now as I have a soul, I long to see 'em,  
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

*Hip.* I wish it,  
But not the cause my Lord; They would shew  
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdoms;  
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous:  
Oh my soft-hearted Sister, what think you?  
Weep not, till they weep blood: Wench it must be.

*Thes.* You have steel'd 'em with your Beauty: honor'd friend,  
To you I give the Field; pray order it,  
Fitting the persons that must use it.

*Per.* Yes Sir.

*Thes.* Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay,  
Their fame has fir'd me so; till they appear,  
Good friend be royal.

*Per.* There shall want no bravery.

*Emil.* Poor wench go weep, for whosoever wins,  
Looses a noble Cosin, for thy sins.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ***Scæna Tertia.***

*Enter Jailor, Wooer, Doctor.*

*Doct.* Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon,  
Than at other some, is it not?

*Jay.* She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps  
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,  
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what  
Broken piece of matter so e'er she's about, the name  
*Palamon* lards it, that she farces ev'ry business

*Enter Daughter.*

Withal, fits it to every question; Look where  
She comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.

*Daugh.* I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down*  
*A down a:* and penn'd by no worse man, than  
*Giraldo, Emilius* Schoolmaster; he's as  
Fantastical too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,  
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and  
Then will she be out of love with *Aeneas*.

*Doct.* What stuff's here? poor soul.

*Jay.* Ev'n thus all day long.

*Daugh.* Now for this Charm, that I told you of, you must  
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,  
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where  
The blessed spirits, as there's a sight now; we Maids  
That have our Livers, perisht, crackt to pieces with  
Love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long  
But pick Flowers with *Proserpine*, then will I make  
*Palamon* a Nosegay, then let him mark me,—then.

*Doct.* How prettily she's amiss! note her a little farther.

*Da[u].* Faith I'll tell you, sometime we goe to Barly-break,  
We of the blessed; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th'  
Other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing,  
Howling, chatt'ring, cursing, oh they have shrowd  
Measure, take heed; if one be mad, or hang, or  
Drown themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* bless  
Us, and there shall we be put in a Cauldron of  
Lead, and Usurers grease, amongst a whole million of  
Cut-purses, and there boil like a Gamon of Bacon  
That will never be enough. [*Exit.*

*Doct.* How her brain coins!

*Daugh.* Lords and Courtiers, that have got Maids with child, they are in this  
place, they shall stand in fire up to the Navel, and in Ice up to th' heart, and  
there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth a very  
grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a Trifle, believe me one  
would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't I'll assure you.

*Doct.* How she continues this fancie! 'Tis not an engrafted madness but a  
most thick, and profound melancholly.

*Daugh.* To hear there a proud Lady, and a proud City wife, howl together: I  
were a beast, and Il'd call it good sport: one cries, oh this smoak, another this  
fire; one cries oh that I ever did it behind the Arras, and then howls; th' other  
curses a suing fellow and her Garden-house.

*Sings.* *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate, &c.*

[*Exit Daugh.*

*Jay.* What think you of her, Sir?

*Doct.* I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

*Jay.* Alas, what then?

*Doct.* Understand you, she ever affected any man, e'r  
She beheld *Palamon*?

*Jay.* I was once, Sir, in great hope she had fix'd her  
Liking on this Gentleman my friend.

*Woo.* I did think so too, and would account I had a great  
Pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both  
She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the  
Same terms.

*Doct.* That intemperate surfet of her eye, hath distemper'd the  
Other sences, they may return and settle again to  
Execute their preordained faculties, but they are  
Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you  
Must doe, confine her to a place, where the light  
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted; take  
Upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name of



*Palamon*; say you come to eat with her, and to  
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for  
This her mind beats upon; other objects that are  
Inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks  
And frisks of her madness; sing to her such green  
Songs of Love, as she says *Palamon* hath sung in  
Prison; Come to her, stuck in as sweet Flowers as the  
Season is mistriss of, and thereto make an addition of  
Some other compounded odors, which are grateful to the  
Sense: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can  
Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing, desire  
To eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still  
Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance  
Into her favour: learn what Maids have been her  
Companions, and Play-pheers; and let them repair to  
Her with *Palamon* in their mouths, and appear with  
Tokens, as if they suggested for him, it is a falshood  
She is in, which is with falshoods to be combated.  
This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's  
Now out of square in her, into their former Law, and  
Regiment; I have seen it approved, how many times  
I know not, but to make the number more, I have  
Great hope in this. I will between the passages of  
This project, come in with my aplyance: Let us  
Put it in execution; and hasten the success, which doubt not  
Will bring forth comfort. [Florish. *Exeunt.*

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### ***Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.***

*Enter* Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, *Attendants.*

*Thes.*

**N**ow let 'em enter, and before the gods  
Tender their holy Prayers: Let the Temples  
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the Altars  
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense  
To those above us: Let no due be wanting, [*Florish of Cornets.*  
They have a noble work in hand, will honor  
The very powers that love 'em.

*Enter* *Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.*

*Per.* Sir, they enter.

*Thes.* You valiant and strong-hearted enemies  
You royal German foes, that this day come  
To blow that nearness out, that flames between ye;  
Lay by your anger for an hour, and Dove-like  
Before the holy Altars of your helpers  
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies,  
Your Ire is more than mortal; So your help be,  
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Justice,  
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye  
I part my wishes.

*Per.* Honor crown the worthiest.

[*Exit* Theseus and his train.

*Pal.* The glass is running now that cannot finish  
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,  
That were there ought in me which strove to shew  
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye  
Against another: Arm opprest by Arm:  
I would destroy th' offender, Coz. I would  
Though parcel of my self: then from this gather  
How I should tender you.

*Arc.* I am in labour  
To push your name, your antient love, our kindred  
Out of my memory; and i' th' self-same place  
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we  
The sails, that must these vessels port, even where

The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

*Pal.* You speak well;  
Before I turn, let me embrace thee Cosin  
This I shall never do agen.

*Arc.* One farewell.

*Pal.* Why let it be so: Farewel Coz.

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*]

*Arc.* Farewel Sir;  
Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices  
True worshipers of *Mars*, whose spirit in you  
Expells the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension  
Which still is farther off it, goe with me  
Before the god of our profession: There  
Require of him the hearts of Lions, and  
The breath of Tygers, yea, the fierceness too,  
Yea, the speed also, to go on, I mean  
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize  
Must be dragg'd out of bloud, force and great fea[te]  
Must put my Garland on, where she sticks  
The Queen of Flowers: our intercession then  
Must be to him that makes the Camp, a Cestron  
Brim'd with the b[l]ood of men: give me your aid  
And bend your spirits towards him.  
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
Green *Neptune* into purple.  
Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast Field  
Unearthed skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down,  
The teeming C[e]res foyzon, who dost pluck  
With hand armenipotent from [forth] blew clouds,  
The mason'd Turrets, that both mak'st and break'st  
The stony girths of Cities: me thy pupil,  
Youngest follower of thy Drum, instruct this day  
With military skill, that to thy laud  
I may advance my streamer, and by thee,  
Be stil'd the Lord o' th' day, give me great *Mars*  
Some token of thy Pleasure.

[*They kneel.*]

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly,  
and there is heard clanging of Armor,  
with a short Thunder, as the burst of a  
battel, whereupon they all rise, and  
bow to the Altar.*]

Oh great Corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider  
Of dusty, and old Titles, that heal'st with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and curst the world  
O' th' pl[u]resie of people; I do take  
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my design; march boldly, let us goe.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former  
observance.*

*Pal.* Our stars must glister with new fire, or be  
To day extinct; our argument is love,  
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives  
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,  
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause  
Your personal hazard; to the goddess *Venus*  
Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
Her power unto our partie.  
Hail Sovereign Queen of secrets, who hast power  
To call the fiercest Tyrant from his rage;  
And weep unto a Girl; that hast the might  
Even with an eye-glance, to choak *Marsis* Drum  
And turn th' allarm to whispers, that canst make  
A Cripple florish with his Crutch, and cure him  
Before *Apollo*; that may'st force the King  
To be his subjects vassal, and induce  
Stale gravity to [daunce], the pould Batchelor

[*Here they kneel as  
formerly.*]

Whose youth like wanton boys through Bonfires  
 Have skipt thy flame, at seventy, thou canst catch  
 And make him to the scorn of his hoarse throat  
 Abuse young lays of Love; what godlike power  
 Hast thou not power upon? To *Phœbus* thou  
 Add'st flames, hotter than his the heavenly fires  
 Did scorch his mortal Son, thine him; the huntress  
 All moist and cold, some say, began to throw  
 Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace  
 Me thy vow'd Soldier, who do bear thy yolk  
 As 'twere a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier  
 Than Lead it self, stings more than Nettles;  
 I have never been foul-mouth'd against thy Law,  
 Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none; would not  
 Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd  
 Upon mans wife, nor would the Libels read  
 Of liberal wits: I never at great feasts  
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd  
 At simpring Sirs that did: I have been harsh  
 To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em  
 If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,  
 And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man  
 Of eighty winters, this I told them, who  
 A Lass of fourteen bridged, 'twas thy power  
 To put life into dust, the aged Cramp  
 Had screw'd his square foot round,  
 The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,  
 Torturing Convulsions from his globy eies,  
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life  
 In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie  
 Had by his young fair [pheare] a Boy, and I  
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
 And who would not believe her? brief I am  
 To those that prate, and have done, no Companion;  
 To those that boast and have not, a defyer;  
 To those that would and cannot, a Rejoycer.  
 Yea him I do not love, that tells close offices  
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in  
 The boldest language, such a one I am,  
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
 Truer than I. Oh then most soft sweet goddess  
 Give me the victory of this question, which  
 Is true loves merit, and bless me with a sign  
 Of thy great pleasure.

*[Here Musick is heard, Doves are seen to  
 flutter, they fall again upon their faces,  
 then on their knees.*

*Pal.* Oh thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st  
 In mortal bosoms, whose Chase is this world  
 And we in Herds thy Game; I give thee thanks  
 For this fair Token, which being laid unto  
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance  
 My body to this business; Let us rise  
 And bow before the goddess: Time comes on.

*[They bow.*

*[Exeunt. Still  
 Musick of  
 Records.*

*Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her  
 shoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white,  
 holding up her train, her hair stuck with  
 Flowers: One before her carrying a silver Hynd,  
 in which is conveyed Incense and sweet odors,  
 which being set upon the Altar, her Maids  
 standing aloof, she sets fire to it, then they  
 curt'sy and kneel.*

*Emil.* Oh sacred, shadowy, cold and constant Queen,  
 Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,  
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
 As wind-fan'd Snow, who to thy femal Knights  
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,  
 Which is their Orders Robe. I here thy Priest  
 Am humbled for thine Altar, oh vouchsafe  
 With that thy rare green eye, which never yet  
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy Virgin,

And sacred silver Mistriss, lend thine ear  
(Which ne'r heard scurril term, into whose port  
Ne'er entred wanton sound,) to my petition  
Season'd with holy fear; this is my last  
Of vestal office, I'm Bride-habited,  
But Maiden-hearted: a Husband I have pointed,  
But do not know him, out of two, I should  
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I  
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes,  
Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,  
I could doome neither, that which perish'd should  
Goe to't unshentenc'd: Therefore most modest Queen,  
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me  
And has the truest Title in't, let him  
Take off my wheaten Garland, or else grant  
The file and quality I hold, I may  
Continue in thy Band.

[*Here the Hind vanishes under the Altar:  
and in the place ascends a Rose-Tree,  
having one Rose upon it.*

See what our General of Ebbs and Flows  
Out from the bowels of her holy Altar  
With sacred Act advances: But one Rose,  
If well inspir'd, this Battel shall confound  
Both these brave Knights, and I a Virgin Flower  
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sodain twang of  
Instruments, and the Rose falls from  
the Tree.*

The Flower is fall'n, the Tree descends: oh Mistriss  
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,  
I think so, but I know not thine own Will;  
Unclaspe th[y] Mistery: I hope she's pleas'd,  
Her Signs were gracious.

[*They curt'sey, and Exeunt.*

### ***Scæna Secunda.***

*Enter Doctor, Jaylor, and Woo[e]r, in habit of  
Palamon.*

*Doct.* Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

*Woo.* Oh very much; the Maids that kept her company  
Have half perswaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this  
Half hour she came smiling to me, and ask'd me what I  
Would eat, and when I would kiss her: I told her,  
Presently, and kist her twice.

*Doct.* 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Woo.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew  
What hour my fit would take me.

*Doct.* Let her do so,  
And when your fit comes, fit her home,  
And presently.

*Wooer.* She would have me sing.

*Doct.* You did so?

*Woo.* No.

*Doct.* 'Twas very ill done then,  
You should observe her ev'ry way.

*Woo.* Alas  
I have no voice Sir, to confirm her that way.

*Doct.* That's all one, if ye make a noise,  
If she intreat again, do any thing,  
Lie with her if she ask you.

*Jail.* Hoa there Doctor.

*Doct.* Yes, in the way of cure.

*Jail.* But first, by your leave  
I' th' way of honesty.

*Doct.* That's but a niceness,  
Nev'r cast your child away for honesty;  
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,  
She has the path before her.

*Jail.* Thank ye Doctor.

*Doct.* Pray bring her in  
And let's see how she is.

*Jail.* I will, and tell her  
Her *Palamon* staires for her: but Doctor,  
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.

[*Exit Jaylor.*

*Doct.* Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine fools: her honesty?  
And we should give her physick till we find that:

*Woo.* Why, do you think she is not honest, Sir?

*Doct.* How old is she?

*Woo.* She's eighteen.

*Doct.* She may be,  
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose,  
What ev'r her Father saies, if you perceive  
Her Mood inclining that way that I spoke of  
*Videlicet, The way of flesh*, you have me.

*Woo.* Yes very well Sir.

*Doct.* Please her appetite  
And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto*,  
The melancholly humor that infects her.

*Woo.* I am of your mind, *Doctor*.

*Enter Jailor, Daughter, Maid.*

*Doct.* You'll find it so; she comes, pray honor her.

*Jail.* Come, your Love *Palamon* stays for you child,  
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

*Daugh.* I thank him for his gentle patience,  
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,  
Did you never see the horse he gave me?

*Jail.* Yes.

*Daugh.* How do you like him?

*Jail.* He's a very fair one.

*Daugh.* You never saw him dance?

*Jail.* No.

*Daugh.* I have often,  
He dances very finely, very comely,  
And for a Jigg, come cut and long tail to him,  
He turns ye like a Top.

*Jail.* That's fine indeed.

*Daugh.* He'll dance the *Morris* twenty mile an hour.  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse  
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,

And gallops to the turn of *Light a'love*,  
What think you of this horse?

*Jail.* Having these virtues  
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.

*Daugh.* Alas that's nothing.

*Jail.* Can he write and read too?

*Daugh.* A very fair hand, and casts himself th' accounts  
Of all his Hay and Provender: that Hostler  
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know  
The Chesnut Mare the Duke has?

*Jail.* Very well.

*Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,  
But he is like his Master, coy and scornful.

*Jail.* What Dowry has she?

*Daugh.* Some two hundred Bottles,  
And twenty strike of Oats; but he'll ne'er have her;  
He lisps, in's neighing, able to entice  
A Millers Mare,  
He'll be the death of her.

*Doct.* What stuff she utters!

*Jail.* Make curt'sie, here your love comes.

*Woo.* Pretty soul  
How doe ye? that's a fine Maid, there's a curt'sie.

*Daugh.* Yours to command i'th' way of honesty;  
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world my Masters?

*Doct.* Why a days journey wench.

*Daugh.* Will you go with me?

*Woo.* What shall we do there wench?

*Daugh.* Why play at Stool-ball.  
What is there else to do?

*Woo.* I am content  
If we shall keep our wedding there.

*Daugh.* 'Tis true  
For there I will assure you, we shall find  
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture  
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;  
Besides, my Father must be hang'd to morrow  
And that would be a blot i'th' business.  
Are not you *Palamon*?

*Woo.* Do not you know me?

*Daugh.* Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing  
But this poor Petticoat, and two course Smocks.

*Woo.* That's all one, I will have you.

*Daugh.* Will you surely?

*Woo.* Yes, by this fair hand will I.

*Daugh.* We'll to bed then.

*Woo.* Ev'n when you will.

*Daugh.* Oh Sir, you would fain [b]e nibling.

*Woo.* Why do you rub my kiss off?

*Daugh.* 'Tis a sweet one,  
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your *Cosin Arcite*?

*Doct.* Yes Sweet heart,  
And I am glad my *Cosin Palamon*  
Has made so fair a choice.

*Daugh.* Do you think he'll have me?

*Doct.* Yes without doubt.

*Daugh.* Do you think so too?

*Jail.* Yes.

*Daugh.* We shall have many children: Lord, how y'are [growne]  
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely  
Now he's at liberty: alas poor Chicken,  
He was kept down with hard Meat, and ill Lodging,  
But I'll kiss him up again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight,  
That e'er was see[ne].

*Jail.* Are they i'th' field?

*Mess.* They are  
You bear a charge there too.

*Jail.* I'll away straight  
I must ev'n leave you here.

*Doct.* Nay, we'll goe with you,  
I will not loose the Fight.

*Jail.* How did you like her?

*Doct.* I'll warrant you within these three or four days  
I'll make her right again. You must not from her  
But still preserve her in this way.

*Woo.* I will.

*Doct.* Let's get her in.

*Woo.* Come Sweet, we'll go to dinner  
And then we'll play at Cards.

*Daugh.* And shall we kiss too?

*Woo.* A hundred times.

*Daugh.* And twenty.

*Woo.* I, and twenty.

*Daugh.* And then we'll sleep together.

*Doct.* Take her offer.

*Woo.* Yes marry will we.

*Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me.

*Woo.* I will not Sweet.

*Daugh.* If you do (Love) I'll cry.

[*Florish Exeunt.*]

***Scæna Tertia.***

*Enter* Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous: *and*  
*some Attendants,* T. Tuck: Curtis.

*Emil.* I'll no step further.

*Per.* Will you loose this sight?

*Emil.* I had rather see a Wren hawk at a Fly

Than this decision; ev'ry blow that falls  
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments  
The place wheron it falls, and sounds more like  
A Bell, than Blade, I will stay here,  
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd,  
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is  
No deafing, but to hear; not taint mine eye  
With dread sights, it may shun.

*Per.* Sir, my good Lord  
Your Sister will no further.

*Thes.* Oh she must.  
She shall see deeds of Honor in their kind,  
Which sometime shew well pencill'd. Nature now  
Shall make, and act the Story, the belief  
Both seal'd with eye, and ear; you must be present,  
You are the victors meed, the price, and garland  
To crown the Questions Title.

*Emil.* Pardon me,  
If I were there, I'd wink.

*Thes.* You must be there;  
This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you  
The only Star to shine.

*Emil.* I am extinct,  
There is but envy in that light, which shows  
The one the other: darkness which ever was  
The [dam] of horror; who does stand accurst  
Of many mortal Millions, may even now  
By casting her black mantle over both  
That neither could find other, get her self  
Some part of a good name, and many a murther  
Set off whereto she's guilty.

*Hip.* You must go.

*Emil.* In faith I will not.

*Thes.* Why the Knights must kindle  
Their valour at your eye: know of this war  
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by  
To give the Service pay.

*Emil.* Sir, pardon me,  
The Title of a Kingdom may be try'd  
Out of it self.

*Thes.* Well, well then, at your pleasure,  
Those that remain with you, could wish their office  
To any of their enemies.

*Hip.* Farewel Sister,  
I am like to know your Husband 'fore your self  
By some small start of time, he whom the gods  
Doe of the two, know best, I pray them, he  
Be made your Lot.

[*E[xeunt]*] Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous,  
&c.

*Emil.* *Arcite* is gently visag'd; yet his eye  
Is like an Engine bent, or a sharp weapon  
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage  
Are bedfellows in his visage: *Palamon*  
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow  
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on,  
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to  
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye  
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholly  
Becomes him nobly; so does *Arcite's* mirth,  
But *Palamon's* sadness is a kind of mirth,  
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad.  
And sadness, merry; those darker humors that  
Stick mis-becomingly on others, on them



Live in fair dwelling.  
Hark how yo[n] spurs to spirit doe incite  
The Princes to their proof, *Arcite* may win me,  
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite*, to  
The spoiling of his figure. Oh what pity  
Enough for such a chance; if I were by  
I might do hurt, for they would glance their eies  
Toward my Seat, and in that motion might  
Omit a Ward, or forfeit an offence  
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better

[*Cornets. Trumpets  
sound as to a  
Charge.*

[*Cornets. A great cry, and noise within,  
crying a Palamon.*

I am not there, oh better never born  
Than minister to such harm, what is the chance?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* The cry's a *Palamon*.

*Emil.* Then he has won: 'twas ever likely,  
He look'd all grace and success, and he is  
Doubtless the prim'st of men: I prethee run  
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and  
Cornets:  
crying a  
Palamon.*

*Ser.* Still *Palamon*.

*Emil.* Run and enquire, poor Servant thou hast lost,  
Upon my right side still I wore thy Picture,  
*Palamon's* on the left, why so I know not,  
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.  
On the sinister side the heart lies; *Palamon*  
Had the best boding chance: this burst of clamor  
Is sure th' end o'th' combat.

[*Another cry and  
shout within,  
and Cornets.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* They said that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body  
Within an inch o'th' Pyramid, that the cry  
Was general a *Palamon*: but anon,  
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and  
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are  
Hand to hand at it.

*Emil.* Were they metamorphos'd  
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman  
Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,  
[Their noblenes peculier to them, gives]  
The prejudice of disparity values shortness  
To any Lady breathing—More exulting?  
*Palamon* still?

[*Cornets. Cry  
within, Arcite,  
Arcite.*

*Ser.* Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.

*Emil.* I prethee lay attention to the Cry.  
Set both thine ears to th' business.

[*Cornets. A great  
shout, and  
cry, Arcite,  
victory.*

*Ser.* The cry is  
*Arcite*, and victory, hark *Arcite*, victory,  
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd  
By the wind Instruments.

*Emil.* Half sights saw  
That *Arcite* was no babe, god's lyd, his richness  
And costliness of spirit lookt through him; it could  
No more be hid in him, than fire in flax,  
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,  
That drift winds, force to raging: I did think  
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not  
Why I did think so; Our reasons are not prophets  
When oft our fancies are: they are coming off:  
Alas poor *Palamon*.

[*Cornets.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as Victor  
and Attendants, &c.*

*Thes.* Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,  
Yet quaking, and unsettled: fairest *Emilia*,  
The gods by their Divine arbitrament  
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one  
As ever struck at head: Give me your hands;  
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with  
A love that grows, as you decay.

*Arcite. Emily.*  
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,  
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,  
As I do rate your value.

*Thes.* Oh loved Sister,  
He speaks now of as brave a Knight as e'er  
Did spur a noble Steed: surely the gods  
Would have him die a batchelor, lest his race  
Should show i'th' world too godlike: his behaviour  
So charm'd me, that methought *Alcides* was  
To him a Sow of Lead: if I could praise  
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your *Arcite*  
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good  
Encountred yet his Better, I have heard  
Two emulous Philomels, beat the ear o'th' night  
With their contentious throats, now on[e] the higher,  
Anon the other, then again the first,  
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense  
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd  
Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did  
Make hardly one the winner: wear the Garland  
With joy that you have won: for the subdu'd,  
Give them our present Justice, since I know  
Their lives but pinch 'em, let it here be done:  
The Scene's not for our seeing, goe we hence,  
Right joyful, with some sorrow. Arm your prize,  
I know you will not lose her: *Hippolita*  
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear  
The which it will deliver.

[*Florish.*

*Emil.* Is this winning?  
Oh all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?  
But that your wills have said it must be so,  
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,  
This miserable Prince that cuts away  
A life more worthy from him, than all women;  
I should, and would die too.

*Hip.* Infinite pity  
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one  
That two must needs be blind for't.

*Thes.* So it is.

[*Exeunt.*

### ***Scena Quarta.***

*Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd: Jailor  
Executioner, &c. Gard.*

[*Pal.*] There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd  
The love o' th' people, yea, i'th' self-same state  
Stands many a Father with his child; some comfort  
We have by so considering: we expire  
And not without mens pity. To live still,  
Have their good wishes, we prevent  
The lothsome misery of age, beguile  
The Gout and Rheum, that in lag hours attend  
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods  
Young, and unwapper'd, not halting under Crimes  
Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods  
Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,  
For we are more clear Spirits. My dear kinsmen.  
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,  
You have sold 'em too too cheap.

1 K. What ending could be

Of more content? o'er us the victors have  
Fortune, whose Title is as momentary,  
As to us death is certain: a grain of honor  
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 K. Let us bid farewell;  
And, with our patience, anger tott'ring Fortune,  
Who at her certain'st reels.

3 K. Come: who begins?

*Pal.* Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall  
Taste to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,  
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;  
You'll see't done now for ever: pray how does she?  
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill  
Gave me some sorrow.

*Jail.* Sir, she's well restor'd,  
And to be married shortly.

*Pal.* By my short life  
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing  
I shall be glad of, prethee tell her so:  
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion  
Tender her this.

1 K. Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 K. Is it a maid?

*Pal.* Verily I think so,  
A right good creature, more to me deserving  
Than I can quight or speak of.

All K. Commend us to her.

[*They give their  
purses.*]

*Jail.* The gods requite you all,  
And make her thankful.

*Pal.* Adieu; and let my life be now as short,  
As my leave taking.

[*Lies on the Block.*]

1 K. Lead courageous Cosin.

1, 2 K. We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying, run, save,  
hold.*]

*Enter in haste a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Hold, hold, oh hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithous in haste.*

*Pir.* Hold, hoa: It is a cursed haste you made  
If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,  
The gods will shew their glory in a life  
That thou art yet to lead.

*Pal.* Can that be,  
When *Venus* I have said is false? How do things fare?

*Pir.* Arise great Sir, and give the tidings ear  
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

*Pal.* What  
Hath wak't us from our dream?

*Pir.* List then: your Cosin  
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*  
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing  
Not a hayr worth of white, which some will say  
Weakens his price, and many will not buy  
His goodness with this note: Which superstition  
Hear finds allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*  
Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*

Did rather tell, than trample; For the horse  
 Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider  
 To put pride in him: as he thus went counting  
 The flinty pavement, dancing as t'were to'th' Musick  
 His own hoofs made; (For as they say from iron  
 Came Musicks origen) what envious Flint,  
 Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him possest  
 With fire malevolent, darted a Spark,  
 Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,  
 I comment not; The hot horse, hot as fire,  
 Took Toy at this, and fell to what disorder  
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,  
 Forgets school dooing, being therein train'd,  
 And of kind mannage, pig-like he whines  
 At the sharp Rowell, which he frets at rather  
 Than any jot obeyes; Seeks all foul means  
 Of boystrous and rough Jad'rie, to dis-seat  
 His Lord, that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,  
 When neither Curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges  
 Dis-root his Rider whence he grew, but that  
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands  
 That *Arcites* legs being higher than his head  
 Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victors wreath  
 Even then fell off his head: And presently  
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poyze  
 Becomes the Riders load: Yet is he living,  
 But such a vessell 'tis that floats but for  
 The surge that next approaches: He much desires  
 To have some speech with you: Loe he appears.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chair.*

*Pal.* O miserable end of our alliance  
 The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,  
 Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:  
 Give me thy last words, I'm *Palamon*,  
 One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arc.* Take *Emilia*  
 And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,  
 Farewell: I have told my last hour; I was false,  
 Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cosen:  
 One kiss from fair *Emilia*: 'Tis done:  
 Take her: I die.

*Pal.* Thy brave soul seek *Elizium*.

*Emil.* I'll close thine eyes, Prince; Blessed souls be with thee  
 Thou art a right good man, and while I live,  
 This day I give to tears.

*Pal.* And I to honor.

*These.* In this place first you fought: Even very here  
 I sundred you, acknowledg to the gods  
 Our thanks that you are living:  
 His part is play'd, and though it were too short  
 He did it well: your day is length'ned, and  
 The blissfull dew of heaven do's arouse you:  
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,  
 And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*,  
 Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite*, gave  
 The grace of the Contention: So the Deities  
 Have shew'd due justice: Bear this hence.

*Pal.* O Cosen,  
 That we should things desire, which doe cost us  
 The loss of our desire; That nought could buy  
 Dear love, but loss of dear love.

*Thes.* Never Fortune  
 Did play a subtler Game: The conquer'd triumphs,  
 The victor has the Loss: yet in the passage,  
 The gods have been most equall: *Palamon*,  
 Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th' Lady  
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and

Even then proclaim'd your fancie: He restor'd her  
As your stolen Jewell, and desir'd your spirit  
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice  
Take from my hand, and they themselves become  
The Executioners: Lead your Lady off;  
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,  
Whom I adopt my Friends. A day or two  
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto  
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end  
The visages of Bridegroomes we'll put on  
And smile with *Palamon*; For whom an hour,  
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,  
As glad of *Arcite*: And am now as glad,  
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,  
What things you make of us? For what we lack  
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,  
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankfull  
For that which is, and with you leave dispute  
That are above our question: Let's goe off,  
And bear us like the time.

[*Florish. Exeunt.*]

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### EPILOGUE.

*I would now aske ye how ye like the Play,  
But as it is with School Boys, cannot say,  
I 'm cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,  
And let me look upon ye: No man smile?  
Then it goes hard I see; He that has  
Lov'd a young handsome wench then, show his face:  
'Tis strange if none be here, and if he will  
Against his Conscience let him hiss and kill  
Our Market: 'Tis in vain, I see to stay ye,  
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?  
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold  
We have no such cause. If th' tale we have told  
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye  
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)  
We have our end; And ye shall have ere long  
I dare say many a better, to prolong  
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,  
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.*

[*Florish.*]

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## 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.

### THE SEA-VOYAGE.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. 1, ll. 3 to end of page. Not in A. l. 15. B] Bortswain
- p. 2, l. 20. A] drunk;
- p. 3, l. 3. B] ye l. 36. B] stow this. l. 37. Prayer-Book woman; l. 39. A] There
- p. 4, l. 1. B] frights and terrors l. 23. A] Am I not ll. 38, 39. B] whither ... whither
- p. 5, l. 1. A] lowd l. 5. A] ye were l. 19. A] *Gentlemen, Boat-swayne and Surgeon.* l. 37. B *omits*] perish
- p. 7, l. 37. A] living yet
- p. 11, l. 28. B] 'emt l. 30. A and B] friendship?
- p. 12, l. 11. B *omits*] as l. 29. B] delicate? l. 36. B] ro find it, to
- p. 14, l. 33. A] Those l. 38. B] in in
- p. 16, l. 5. A] Yea things beneath pittty shall l. 7. A] strong on's l. 29. B] do no l. 30. A] This bath'd l. 31. B] leave.
- p. 18, l. 28. B] wants and
- p. 24, l. 11. B] this
- p. 28, l. 3. B *omits*] *Fran.*
- p. 29, l. 15. A] hath l. 35. B] miseries.
- p. 30, l. 4. B] thye
- p. 32, l. 14. A] Sir, not l. 24. A] flung t'ee
- p. 33, l. 23. A] Sawce with
- p. 37, l. 19. B *repeats*] *Ros.* l. 30. A] *Patrick*
- p. 39, l. 28. A *omits*] *Alb.*
- p. 40, l. 21. A] ye
- p. 41, l. 19. B] heart
- p. 43, l. 23. A] i'my
- p. 44, l. 37. B] two
- p. 48, l. 21. B] concens
- p. 51, ll. 15, 16. B *omits*] but ... Oysters l. 36. B] will. l. 40. B] glad, for certain, wonder
- p. 54, l. 20. B *omits*] By Heaven l. 25. B] villany l. 28. A] I,
- p. 55, l. 34. A *omits*] all l. 35. B] memory'and
- p. 56, l. 5. A] Him to. Yet B] He too yet l. 14. B] *Cro.* l. 17. B *omits*] off
- p. 57, l. 1. A] I am l. 7. A *omits*] famine l. 17. A] Metridate
- p. 58, ll. 31, 35. B] you
- p. 59, l. 22. B] griex'd l. 23. B] Labourers l. 29. B] in l. 33. A] those
- p. 64, l. 3. A] deprave l. 22. A] I am l. 23. B *omits*] it

### WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. 66, ll. 3-28. A *omits.* l. 19. B] Perfidions

p. **67**, l. 9. B] once.

p. **68**, l. 3. B *omits*] Wenches, l. 17. B *omits*] a l. 20. A] And never l. 39. A] Wit, thou after

p. **69**, l. 24. A] i'me l. 38. A *omits*] I

p. **70**, l. 5. B] friend's l. 14. B] already, Hark? Hark, l. 29. B] friends

p. **71**, l. 14. B] W'are l. 19. B] Lady? l. 20. A *omits*] a l. 24. A] truth

p. **72**, l. 3. B] *Neece?* l. 33. A] those

p. **74**, l. 6. B] faid l. 24 A] Pax l. 36. B] present;

p. **75**, l. 4. A] rules for my l. 15. B] *filius* l. 26. B] Priscian he l. 36. A] were) I[?I]

p. **76**, l. 22. A]*poopitii in me junenem [? juvenem]*

p. **77**, l. 8. A] *Paupertat* l. 29. B] then;

p. **79**, l. 19. B] *Toia*. l. 26. B] reported against l. 28. A] seventh l. 34. A and B *omit*] *Pris*. B] *Ribsie* l. 35. B] can go

p. **80**, l. 9. A] have little l. 13. A] were heavier

p. **82**, l. 2. A] *Lady, Gentry, and* l. 8. A] misery workes us l. 15. B] that, most

p. **83**, l. 14. A] Wee'ne l. 32. B] *Jocke's*

p. **85**, l. 21. B] sake' I l. 36. B *omits*] a

p. **86**, l. 10. B] temper ll. 36,37. B] Gregery

p. **87**, l. 11. B] you you

p. **88**, l. 1. B] ingenuous l. 19. B] amorus l. 20. B *omits*] *Clow*. l. 30. B *omits*] I,

p. **89**, l. 1. B] behalf l. 28. A *omits*] *Clow*. l. 29. A] *Gard*. Why l. 30. B *omits*] *Clow*.

p. **90**, l. 27, *Probably a stage direction*. l. 31. A] gub'd. l. 35. B] early

p. **91**, l. 11. A] stakling l. 26. A] ayld

p. **92**, l. 18. A] spake

p. **94**, l. 19. B *omits*] he l. 23. B] worse

p. **95**, ll. 14-18. A *gives these ll. to Wit*. l. 39. A *omits*] *Ruin. and reads* Secure?

p. **97**, l. 5. B *omits*] to l. 7. B] be the cheaper l. 12. B] list but l. 16. B] *Old* l. 29. B] too l. 34. B] R.

p. **98**, l. 12. A] never call'd l. 15. A *omits*] *and Fidlers boy* l. 25. B] *Ela*

p. **99**, l. 9. B] can. l. 30. A] a' my l. 32. A] You gluten l. 37. A] thou't

p. **100**, l. 7. A] Thou't l. 29. A] He was

p. **101**, l. 9. B] nothing. l. 35. B] *Gr*

p. **102**, l. 6. A] a' both l. 26. A] a that

p. **104**, l. 15. A] a beating l. 27. A] been bold l. 29. A] a both

p. **107**, l. 26. A and B] this? l. 28. A and B] that?

p. **108**, l. 9. A] a my

p. **109**, l. 30. A] a' wit l. 38. A] Gentlewoman

p. **112**, l. 1. B] whiffers l. 5. B] Gentlemen. l. 29. A] A' your

p. **113**, l. 11. A *adds*] (*with a Letter.*) l. 26. A] yeare

p. **114**, l. 17. A] a' your

p. **115**, l. 9. B *omits*] first l. 10. B *omits*] him l. 11. A *omits*] for l. 12. A *omits*] *Cun*. l. 18. A *omits*] *Cun*. l. 19. A *omits*] *Mir*. l. 21. A] a Manchits out a'th Pantry l. 22. A] a'th Kitchin

p. **116**, l. 4. A] a' the l. 23. B] unndertake

p. **119**, l. 2. A] And dare to hang l. 22. A] I should l. 24. A] a Towne

p. **120**, l. 32. A] love? thy

p. **121**, l. 15. B] You run in l. 38. A *omits this line*.

p. **122**, l. 8. A] groane's l. 17. A] a' thine, a' the l. 33. A *omits stage direction*.

p. **123**, l. 11. A] I' me an l. 16. B] *Cuu*.

p. **125**, l. 6. A *omits*] *Cun*. l. 14. A *omits*] A l. 23. A *omits*] I

p. **126**, l. 36. A] *Kisse*

p. **130**, l. 3. B] Knighthoods l. 23. B] Alls l. 32. B *omits*] Foot,

p. **131**, l. 6. B] Sir? l. 17. B] where l. 21. B] agen; l. 22. B] *Old* l. 31. A *gives this speech to Witty*.

p. **132**, l. 21. B] self? l. 28. B] permonish'd

- p. **133**, l. 24. B *omits*] L. l. 29. B] 'Till l. 39. A] did not abuse
- p. **135**, l. 15. A *adds stage direction*] *Exeunt they two.* l. 36. B] shall
- p. **136**, l. 39. B] C.
- p. **137**, l. 14. B] pounds l. 17. A *gives this line as well as the next to Guardianess.* l. 38. B] best
- p. **138**, l. 8. B] namh
- p. **139**, l. 14 A] false dye l. 34. A] have griev'd
- p. **140**, l. 30. A] with 't
- p. **141**, l. 12. B] both l. 12. A] assistance, this

### THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. **143**, ll. 4 *to end of page.* Not in A.
- p. **144**, l. 19. B]aud l. 33. A] Misconster
- p. **145**, l. 18. *Full-stop added after* Title
- p. **146**, l. 6. B] beld l. 12. A] to say l. 29. B] temper. l. 31. A] How ere
- p. **147**, l. 6. B] want l. 31. B] too
- p. **150**, l. 23. B] appear what l. 29. A] with their greatnesse
- p. **151**, l. 33. B] care
- p. **152**, l. 14. A] our youthfull l. 39. B] you.
- p. **153**, l. 4. A] *Cynthian*
- p. **155**, l. 11. B] Turks l. 13. B] it. l. 27. A] the old l. 33. B] affections'
- p. **156**, l. 12. A] His merit l. 22. A] light l. 31. A wages
- p. **158**, l. 23. A *omits*] he
- p. **159**, l. 33. A] give him more
- p. **160**, l. 23. A *omits*] a
- p. **161**, l. 14. B] sear'd
- p. **163**, l. 8. A] too l. 13. B] Rings
- p. **164**, ll. 9, 10. A] fled Cesario?
- p. **165**, l. 6. A] Pockets l. 11. B]witnss l. 26. B] part?
- p. **166**, l. 38. A] be tralaunct
- p. **167**, l. 14. A] Switzert, was l. 31. A] steale
- p. **168**, l. 39. A] *Cæsar.* I am
- p. **169**, l. 1. A *omits*] *Cæs.* l. 2. A] I wish a
- p. **171**, l. 25. A] a doores
- p. **172**, l. 26. B] gudy
- p. **173**, l. 28. B *omits*] I l. 33. B] Ill l. 35. A] impostors l. 38. A] earth 'em already
- p. **174**, l. 21. A] well have l. 39. B] Mefs l. 40. A *adds stage direction*] *Stooles out.*
- p. **178**, l. 6. A *omits stage direction.* l. 24. A] whiles
- p. **180**, l. 14. A *adds*] *Maria.* How ever *Bap.* A Faulknerns sonne: l. 22. B] unfritful l. 26. A] her love
- p. **182**, l. 13 B] Remembrance
- p. **184**, l. 22. B] cheifly
- p. **186**, l. 1. A] may gusse l. 12. A] greive thee l. 20. A *gives this line to Bian.* l. 35. A] food
- p. **187**, l. 35. A] vow
- p. **188**, l. 19. A] mercy so this
- p. **191**, l. 13. A] thoughts
- p. **192**, l. 8. B] care l. 29. B] to
- p. **194**, l. 13. B] woman l. 23. B] *Faro.* l. 34. A] Caranta
- p. **196**, l. 36. A] see to
- p. **198**, l. 10. B] Engilsh l. 14. A] Podrithoes
- p. **199**, l. 14. A *omits*] to
- p. **200**, l. 19. A] Greeke-land



- p. **201**, l. 10. B] *Padant* l. 15. A] that o's
- p. **203**, l. 22. A] testimony,
- p. **208**, l. 9. B] *Albar*. l. 13. B] thee? l. 15. A] thee; l. 15. A] afflicted l. 17 A] awake
- p. **209**, l. 23. B] handing l. 37. B] aud
- p. **210**, l. 32. B] on
- p. **211**, l. 17. B *omits*] the
- p. **212**, l. 11. B] *Couriers* l. 16. A] slighted
- p. **219**, l. 6. A] preach l. 22. B] a a

### CUPID'S REVENGE.

A = the 1615 quarto. B = the 1630 quarto. C = the  
1635 quarto. D = the 2nd folio.

Mrs Arnold Glover has kindly collated the three quartos in the Dyce collection, for the purpose of the following notes; and Mr R.F. Towndrow has kindly collated the three in the Bodleian.

(A) CUPIDS | REVENGE. |(✱)| As it hath beene divers times Acted by | the Children of her Majesties | Revels. ¶ By *John Fletcher*. | LONDON / Printed by *Thomas Creede* for *Josias Harison*, and are to bee solde at the *Golden Anker* in | *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1615.

The Printer to the Reader.

*I* *τ* is a custome used by some Writers in this Age to Dedicate their Playes to worthy persons, as well as their other works; and there is reason for it, because they are the best *Minervaes* of their braine, and expresse more puritie of conceit in the ingenious circle of an Act or *Scæne*, then is to be found in the vast circumference of larger Volumnes; and therefore worthy an answerable *Mecænas*, to honour and bee honoured by them. But not [h]aving any such Epistle from the Authour (in regard I am not acquainted with him) I have made bolde my selfe, without his consent to dedicate this Play to the Juditious in generall, of what degree soever; not insinuating herein with any, be they never so great, that want judgement, for to them it belongs not, though they pay for it, more then in this respect, that like *Æsops Cocke*, having met with a precious Stone by accident, they knew not the true use thereof, but had rather have a *Barlie-corne* to their humour, then a perfect Diamond. But leaving them to their ignorance, I once againe dedicate this Booke to the Juditious, some whereof I have heard commend it to be excellent, who, because they saw it Acted, and knew what they spake, are the better to be beleevd: and for my part I censure it thus, That I never red a better.

(B) CUPIDS | REVENGE. | AS IT WAS OFTEN | Acted (with great applause) | by the Children of | the Revells. Written by FRAN. BEAUMONT & JO. FLETCHER *Gentlemen*. | *The second Edition*. | LONDON: | Printed for *Thomas Jones*, and are to be sold | at his Shop in Saint *Dunstanes* Churchyard | in *Fleetstreet*. 1630.

(C) CUPIDS | REVENGE. | AS IT WAS OFTEN | Acted (with great aplause) by | *the Children of the Revels*. | Written by FRAN: BEAUMONT, and JO: FLETCHER, *Gentlemen*. | *The third Edition*. | LONDON, | Printed by A.M. 1635.

- p. **220**, ll. 2-25. *Not in A*. l. 2. *Not in B*. C] The Actors are these. l. 18. *Not in B or C*. l. 31. D] day.
- p. **221**, l. 33. D] grant
- p. **222**, l. 38. B-D] erect
- p. **223**, l. 20. D] suits. l. 32. B-D] Lord l. 40. C] affection. D] affection [*comma added, as in A and B*]
- p. **224**, l. 15. D] supplied l. 20. A] Flesh will l. 22. D] remember l. 24. C] and grew
- p. **225**, l. 33. D] men. l. 37. D] rise.
- p. **226**, l. 1. C] To great l. 18. A] be rewarded l. 27. B and D] *harms*. l. 34. C] Rites
- p. **227**, l. 4. D] of? l. 5. D] Image l. 14. D] our l. 15. A, B and D] will some l. 33. C] fly l. 35. D] taken off l. 36. C] despis'd
- p. **228**, l. 2. D] Nor smoaks l. 36. B and D] selfe? C] selfe;
- p. **229**, l. 6. D *omits*] *Cleo*. l. 28. D] I'm l. 34. A] does. l. 37. D] think.
- p. **230**, l. 40. D] withal
- p. **231**, l. 18. A] yet my l. 31. A—C] This five l. 32. D] hold
- p. **234**, l. 4. A] And will l. 23. A and B] Has l. 26. C] ye must needs l. 30. D] this
- p. **235**, l. 6. C and D] unhappy l. 9. D] this l. 11. C] my dart
- p. **236**, l. 12. A] you doe l. 15. A] thought l. 19. A] tell the
- p. **237**, l. 12. D] here l. 13. D] on l. 19. D] steem
- p. **238**, l. 2. A *omits*] love l. 9. D] corrupt'st? l. 10. D] than l. 26. A—C] mine

p. 239, l. 34. D] here

p. 240, l. 34. B and C] my one l. 39. D] earnestness

p. 241, l. 3. A] multitudes l. 12. A—C] trust too l. 18. D] of l. 22. D] I am l. 25. D] I am ll. 25,26. A, B and D]

dispatch Us

C] dispatch us l. 35. A] lets goe

p. 242, l. 12. A] Out ath l. 18. D] *Eis*. l. 26. C] dye l. 29. C] or hanged

p. 243, l. 16. D] worss l. 23. A—C] bespake l. 36. A—C] has

p. 244, l. 5. D] an one l. 9. D] A way l. 10. D] Think Sir, l. 18. D] *Temantus* l. 31. B—D] *Leon*.

p. 245, l. 11. A, B and D *print Leon. before Telamon* l. 20. B and D *print this line above the stage direction, omitting Hida*. ll. 23-25. A] *Cleo*. Helpe! stirre her: *Hero, Hida, ô, ô*. l. 26. B and D] woman l. 34. B—D] at

p. 246, l. 4. A] on wrist ll. 11-14. A and B *omit full-point at sing and read*

*Hero*. Leave, leave, tis now too late: *Cleo*. Why  
Shee is dead: *Hero*. Her last is breathed.

C *prints as in text bracketed*.

D] *Hero*. Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.

*Cleo*. Why?  
Shee is dead:

*Hero*. Her last is breathed

l. 32. D] there's gallant l. 34. C *omits*] *Away*: l. 37. A *possibly*] seeme

p. 247, l. 22. C] He's mine l. 23. A, B and D] *Leu*. l. 26. A, B and D] years?

p. 248, l. 11. A, B and D] Whore shall l. 28. D] A boord l. 32. B and D *omit*] I l. 33. C] pine for thee. l. 36. A] Goe to your l. 37. A] eche

p. 249, l. 12. D] morning. *Timantus* let l. 14. A] mile. l. 32. D] pounds

p. 250, l. 6. D] off l. 35. C] the King and

p. 251, l. 4. D] whom l. 13. D] thee; l. 25. D] thee, l. 29. D] I am l. 31. C] Why *Telamon*, I can stand now alone

p. 252, l. 18. D] should l. 30. C] oathes that did

p. 255, l. 22. C] are you grown D] you'r grown

p. 256, l. 11. A—D] more. l. 25. C] Thou couldst

p. 257, l. 19. B—D] *Prince* now. C] experienc't

p. 258, l. 4. D] what blessing l. 22. D] *gods*, lov'd

p. 259, l. 4. D] *Baca*. l. 8. C] blush for all l. 16. A] they B] they. C] they? D] they! l. 25. A] sed no l. 28. D] *Baca*. l. 30. C *adds stage direction*] *Enter Timantus*. l. 39. C] chose

p. 260, l. 10. D] Your l. 25. C] Son

p. 261, l. 29. A, B and D] yet be

p. 262, l. 15. C] all the Monsters in *Affricke* l. 22. C] hath been B and D] has beene

p. 263, l. 14. A, B and D] *Quarti*. l. 16. C *omits*] And l. 22. A] Then gave I l. 33. D] knows

p. 264, l. 29. D] makes mak'st

p. 265, l. 7. C] neere D] ne'r l. 12. B—D] tell you l. 15. A—C] what I can do for him he shall command me

p. 267, l. 5. D] too l. 8. D] too l. 16. B and D] silence, a l. 23. A] Shewe down l. 25. A, B and D] thousand l. 26. A] your presuming l. 32. C] friends, not parents

p. 268, l. 29. D] with l. 38. A, B and D] plot.

p. 269, l. 5. D] *Timantus*.

p. 270, l. 4. A, B and D] You l. 9. A] proud'de B] prou'd D] prov'd

p. 272, l. 17. D] breathe, his hot affection A and D] out

p. 273, l. 3. D] Mans l. 7. A] God morrow, god morrowe l. 16. C] Neighbours l. 21. A—C] ath game l. 24. D] An l. 26. A] and a beaten A—C] out a Debt l. 32. C] Ironmonger A] is as B] h' is as

p. 274, l. 8. D] 3 l. 27. C] now you erre, I must tell ye D] erre, now I must l. 28. D] are

p. 275, l. 6. C *adds*] *Citizen* l. 12. D] thy l. 16. D] an l. 38. D] sat

p. 276, l. 3. D] my my

p. 277, l. 6. A—D] them. l. 22. A, B and D] em once: more, C] 'um once more,

- p. **279**, l. 8. C] unto the l. 35. D] *Ismenus*. A, B and D] *Exit M*.
- p. **280**, l. 6. D] wear'st the breeches l. 18. D] thou not
- p. **282**, l. 10. A] weare a brass l. 28. B and D] thou?
- p. **283**, l. 8. A, B and D] respect in Womanhood l. 19. B—D] the l. 22. A] draw gode l. 24. D] I la, ha, ha,
- p. **284**, l. 9. D] em l. 11. B—D] eat, my l. 12. A—C] fasts
- p. **285**, l. 6. C] get a dwelling l. 25. A, B and D] his
- p. **286**, l. 8. D] speak: l. 22. D] baseness,? l. 26. D] thau
- p. **287**, l. 22. *Full-point supplied after more, as in A, B and C.*
- p. **288**, l. 8. A, B and D] please l. 20. A, B and D] too
- p. **289**, l. 5. A and B] Surgeants

## THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

A = 1634 quarto. B = 2nd folio.

(A) THE | TWO | NOBLE | KINSMEN: Presented at the Blackfriars | by the Kings Majesties servants, | with great applause: | Written by the memorable Worthies | of their time; {M<sup>r</sup>. *John Fletcher*, and M<sup>r</sup>. *William Shakspeare*.} Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Waterson*: | and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crowne* | in *Pauls Churchyard*. 1634.

- p. **291**, l. 9. A] take about l. 30. B] smell less
- p. **292**, l. 8. B] h l. 37. B] field
- p. **294**, l. 7. B] much much
- p. **296**, l. 3. B] dretms l. 10. A] *Artesuis*
- p. **297**, l. 28. B] return omit
- p. **298**, l. 8. B] 1
- p. **300**, l. 6. B] tips l. 18. B] to harm
- p. **301**, l. 24. B] *Pol*. l. 37. B] him.
- p. **304**, l. 2. A and B *both omit the 2nd parenthesis*. l. 29. B] *Ewil*.
- p. **306**, l. 10. B] skill l. 12. B] onr l. 20. B] viols l. 26. B] household graver
- p. **308**, l. 6. B] merrily discourse
- p. **309**, l. 7. B] *Arcite*.
- p. **310**, l. 14. B] please to
- p. **314**, l. 6. B] disdain l. 31. B] fight
- p. **317**, l. 16. B] Morriffe
- p. **318**, l. 15. B] but chiding l. 16. B] ticktl'
- p. **319**, l. 15. B] wither
- p. **320**, l. 6. B] *Secunda* l. 9. B] I'm l. 23. B] had Cosen
- p. **321**, l. 5. A] 4 B] *Secunda* A *adds stage direction*] This short florish of Cornets and Showtes within. l. 21. B] Suie
- p. **324**, l. 15. B] I'm l. 29. B] ye
- p. **325**, l. 14. B] Coz.
- p. **326**, l. 3. B] Coz. l. 5. B] griefs since l. 9. B] thon l. 10. B] Coz. l. 32. B] my, ye
- p. **327**, l. 4. B] I'm l. 23. B] ont
- p. **328**, l. 19. B] FiIe l. 37. B] non
- p. **329**, l. 32. B] dowu
- p. **330**, ll. 4,5. B] I'm
- p. **331**, l. 20. A] take about
- p. **332**, l. 1. A] 6 B] *Sexta* l. 8. B] wherefore, l. 23. B] woman;
- p. **333**, l. 10. A] dog skin l. 13. B] Eeel
- p. **334**, l. 10. B] Buz. l. 34. *Full-point added after edifie, as in A.*
- p. **336**, l. 3. B] *'twaine* l. 4. B] and' l. 20. A] 7 B] *Septima*
- p. **337**, l. 28. A] I am ... I am l. 30. B] did l. 39. A and B] Soldier.
- p. **338**, l. 4 B]I'm l. 38. B] *Arcite*.

p. 339, l. 13 B] Yor l. 18. B] little  
p. 341, l. 17. B] I'm  
p. 343, l. 23. B] o'th l. 27. B] o'th B] your  
p. 345, l. 34 B] Ecel l. 37. B] perfixt l. 39. B] *Toes*.  
p. 346, l. 18. B] *Perithous*.  
p. 347, l. 25. B] Sir: ll. 31, 32 A and B *repeat Woo. before each line*.  
p. 348, l. 26. B] with l. 37 A and B] wreak  
p. 349, l. 15. B] we  
p. 350, l. 21. B] your  
p. 351, l. 10. A] take about l. 22. B] shews  
p. 352, l. 7. B] him? l. 14. B] thy l. 25. B] *Palamon*,  
p. 353, l. 31. B] him.  
p. 354, l. 19. B] Nor l. 40. B] Methinks.  
p. 356, l. 9. B] business. l. 30. B] *Dan*.  
p. 358, l. 7. B] thing desire l. 8. A] crave  
p. 360, l. 1. B] fear l. 5. B] blood l. 11. B] Cores l. 12. B] both l. 29. B] pleuresie  
p. 361, l. 11. B] to, the  
p. 362, l. 2. B] Sphere  
p. 363, l. 33. B] the  
p. 364, l. 2. B] *Wooer*  
p. 365, l. 11. B] of.  
p. 367, l. 6. B] he l. 18. B *omits*] growne l. 25. B] see  
p. 369, l. 6. B] dame l. 29. B] *Enter*  
p. 370, l. 7 B] your  
p. 371, l. 8. B *omits this line*.  
p. 372, l. 12. B] all; I l. 16. B] on  
p. 373, l. 4. A and B *omit*] *Pal*.  
p. 374, l. 21. B] life. l. 28. *Query mark supplied as in A*.  
p. 375, l. 11. B] Forgets-school l. 20. B] *Arcites*, legs l. 32. A] I am  
p. 377, l. 20. B] ye)

END OF VOL. IX.

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## Transcriber's Notes:

This text has been preserved as in the original, including archaic and inconsistent spelling, punctuation and grammar, except that obvious printer's errors have been silently corrected.

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