

A Collection of Old English Plays, Volume 3 eBook

A Collection of Old English Plays, Volume 3

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Page 1

PREFACE.

I have not been able to give in the present volume the unpublished play of Heywood's to which I referred in the Preface to Vol. I. When I came to transcribe the play, I found myself baffled by the villanous scrawl. But I hope that, with the assistance of some expert in old handwriting, I may succeed in procuring an accurate transcript of the piece for the fourth volume.

One of the plays here presented to the reader is printed for the first time, and the others have not been reprinted. I desire to thank *Alfred Henry Huth*, Esq., for the loan of books from his magnificent collection. It is pleasant to acknowledge an obligation when the favour has been bestowed courteously and ungrudgingly. To my friend F.G. *Fleay*, Esq., I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the great trouble that he has taken in reading all the proof-sheets, and for his many valuable suggestions. Portions of the former volume were not seen by him in the proof, and to this cause must be attributed the presence of some slight but annoying misprints. One serious fault, not a misprint, occurs in the first scene of the first Act of *Barnavelt's Tragedy* (p. 213). In the margin of the corrected proof, opposite the lines,

“And you shall find that the desire of glory
Was the last frailty wise men ere putt of,”

I wrote

“That last infirmity of noble minds,”

a [mis]quotation from *Lycidas*. The words were written in pencil and enclosed in brackets. I was merely drawing Mr. *Fleay's* attention to the similarity of expression between Milton's words and the playwright's; but by some unlucky chance my marginal pencilling was imported into the text. I now implore the reader to expunge the line. On p. 116, l. 12 (in the same volume), for *with* read *witt*; p. 125 l. 2, for *He* read *Ile*; p. 128, l. 18, for *pardue* read *perdue*; p. 232, for *Is* read *In*; p. 272, l. 3, for *baste* read *haste*; p. 336, l. 6, the speaker should evidently be not *Do*. (the reading of the *Ms.*) but *Sis.*, and *noble Sir Richard* should be *noble Sir Francis*; p. 422, l. 12, del. comma between *Gaston* and *Paris*. Some literal errors may, perhaps, still have escaped me, but such words as *anottomye* for *anatomy*, or *dietie* for *deity* must not be classed as misprints. They are recognised though erroneous forms, and instances of their occurrence will be given in the Index to Vol. IV.

5, WILLOW ROAD, HAMPSTEAD, N.W. January 24, 1884.

INTRODUCTION TO SIR GYLES GOOSECAPPE.

Page 2

This clever, though somewhat tedious, comedy was published anonymously in 1606. There is no known dramatic writer of that date to whom it could be assigned with any great degree of probability. The comic portion shows clearly the influence of Ben Jonson, and there is much to remind one of Lyly's court-comedies. In the serious scenes the philosophising and moralising, at one time expressed in language of inarticulate obscurity and at another attaining clear and dignified utterance, suggest a study of Chapman. The unknown writer might have taken as his motto a passage in the dedication of Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*:—"Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shrouded." Chapman's *Gentleman Usher* was published in the same year as *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*; and I venture to think that in a passage of Act III., Scene II., our author had in his mind the exquisite scene between the wounded Strozza and his wife Cynanche. In Strozza's discourse on the joys of marriage occur these lines:—

"If he lament she melts herselfe in teares;
If he be glad she triumphs; if he stirre
She moon's his way: in all things his *sweete Ape*."

The charming fitness of the expression "sweet ape" would impress any capable reader. I cannot think that by mere accident the anonymous writer lighted on the same words:

"Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?
Why, friend, they either are mens soules themselves
Or the most witty imitatrixes of them,
Or prettiest *sweet apes* of humane soules."

From a reference to Queen Elizabeth in Act I., Scene I., it is clear that *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* was written not later than 1603. The lines I have quoted may have been added later; or our author may have seen the *Gentleman Usher* in manuscript.

Chapman's influence is again (*me judice*) apparent in the eloquent but somewhat strained language of such a passage as the following:—

"Alas, my noble Lord, he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The standing lake of *Impudence* corrupts;
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought wood have
To grace him in the prostituted light.
But if a man wood consort with a soule
Where all mans sea of gall and bitternes
Is quite evaporate with her holy flames,
And in whose powers a Dove-like innocence

Fosters her own deserts, and life and death
Runnes hand in hand before them, all the skies
Cleare and transparent to her piercing eyes.
Then wood my friend be something, but till then
A *cipher*, nothing, or the worst of men."

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Sir Gyles Goosecappe is the work of one who had chosen the “fallentis semita vitae”; who was more at home in Academic cloisters than in the crowded highways of the world. None of the characters bears any impression of having been drawn from actual life. The plot is of the thinnest possible texture; but the fire of verbal quibbles is kept up with lively ingenuity, and plenty of merriment may be drawn from the humours of the affectate traveller and the foolish knight by all who are not

“of such vinegar aspect
That they’ll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.”

The romantic friendship between the noble Lord Monford and the thoughtful Clarence is a pleasing study, planned and executed with a grave, sweet sincerity. It is not improbable that Clarence was the prototype of Charles in Fletcher’s *Elder Brother*. The finest passage in the present play, where Clarence’s modesty and Monford’s nobility are portrayed in language of touching charm, was selected by Charles Lamb (whose judgment was never at fault) for quotation in the “Extracts from the Garrick Plays.”

A second edition of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* was issued, after the author’s death, in 1636; and the following dedication was appended by Hugh Perry, the publisher:—

To the Worshipfull RICHARD YOUNG of Woolleyfarme in the County of Berks, Esquire.

WORTHY SIR,

The many favours, and courtesies, that I have Received from you, and your much Honor’d Father, have put such an obligation upon me, as I have bin long cogitateing how to expresse myselfe by the requitall of some part of them; Now this Play having diverse yeeres since beene thrust into the world to seeke its owne entertainment, without so much as an epistle, or under the Shelter of any generous spirit, is now almost become worne out of memory: and comming to be press’d to the publique view againe, it having none to speake for it (the Author_ being dead) I am bold to recommend the same to your Worships protection, I know your studies are more propense to more serious subjects, yet vouchsafe, I beseech you, to recreate your selfe with this at some vacant time when your leasure will permit you to peruse it, and daigne mee to bee_,

Your Worships bounden Servant,

HVGH PERRY.

SIR GYLES GOOSECAPPE, *Knight*,

A Comedy presented by the Chil. of the Chappell.

AT LONDON: Printed by *Iohn Windet*, for *Edward Blunt*. 1606.



Eugenia, A widowe and a Noble Ladie.

Hippolyta, |

Penelope, | Ladie-virgines, and Companions to *Eugenia*.

Wynnifred, gentlewoman to *Eugenia*.

Monford, A Noble Man, uncle to *Eugenia*.

Clarence, Gentleman, friend to *Monf*.

Fowlweather, A french affected Travayler, and a Captaine.

Sir Gyles Goosecap, a foolish Knight.



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Sir Cuthbert Rudsbie, a blunt Knight.

Sir Clement Kingcob, a Knight,

Lord Tales.

Lord Furnifall.

Bullaker, a french Page.

Iack, |

Will, | Pages.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe, *Knight*.

Actvs Primvs.

SCAENA PRIMA.

Enter Bullaker with a Torche.

Bullaker. This is the Countesse *Eugenias* house, I thinke. I can never hit of theis same English City howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in any City in *Fraunce*, I could find any house there at midnight.

Enter Iack, and Will.

Iack. Theis two strange hungry Knights (*Will*) make the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on.

Will. A plague on them *Iack*; they leave us no fees at all, for our attendance. I thinke they use to set their bones in silver they pick them so cleane.—See, see, see, *Iack*, whats that.

Iack. A my word (*Will*) tis the great *Baboone*, that was to be seen in *Southwarke*.

Will. Is this he? Gods my life what beastes were we, that we wood not see him all this while, never trust me if he looke not somewhat like a man: see how pretely he holds the torche in one of his forefeete: wheres his keeper trowe, is he broke loose?

Iack. Hast ever an Apple about thee (*Will*)? Weele take him up; sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mony with him.

Will. That we shall yfath, boy! and looke thou here, heres a red cheeckt apple to take him up with.

Ia. Excellent fit a my credit; lets lay downe our provant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while.



Ia. Give me the apple to take up *lack*, because my name is *lack*.

Will. Hold thee, *lack*, take it.

Ia. Come, *lack*, come, *lack*, come, *lack*.

Bul. I will come to you sir, Ile *lack* ye a my word, Ile *lack* ye.

Will. Gods me he speakes, *lack*. O pray pardon us, Sir.

Bul. Out, ye *mopede monckies*, can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmasett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours? nay, ile *lackefie* you a little better yet.

Both. Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon us.

Bul. Pardon us! out ye home-bred peasants, plain English, pardon us? if you had parled, & not spoken, but said *Pardonne moy*, I wood have pardon'd you, but since you speake and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo. O *pardonne moy, mounsieur*.

Bul. *Bien je vous remercy*; thers *pardonne four vous*, sir, now.

Will. Why I thanke ye for it, Sir; you seeme to bee a Squire of our order Sir.

Ia. Whose page might you be Sir.

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Bul. I am now the great French Travalers page.

Will. Or rather the *French* Travalers great page, Sir; on, on.

Bul. Hight Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Commendations; whose valours within here at super with the Countes *Eugenia*, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

Will. You mistake us not Sir.

Ia. This Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Commendations—

Will. Is the Gallant that will needs be a sutor to our Countes.

Bul.[1] Faith, and if Fouleweather be a welcome suter to a faire Lady, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can showre into the lapps of Ladies. Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their joyntes that give him cause to worke uppon them so heauylie, that he will make their hartes ake I warrant him. Captaine Fowleweather? why he will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so dominere, and raigne over women.

Will. A plague of Captaine Fowleweather, I remember him now *Iack*, and know him to be a dull moist-braind Asse.

Ia. A Southerne man I thinke.

Will. As fearefull as a Haire, and will lye like a Lapwing,[2] and I know how he came to be a Captain, and to have his Surname of Commendations.

Ia. How I preethee *Will*?

Will. Why Sir he served the great Lady Kingcob and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a cood brush up her silkes lustely, she thought he would curry the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

Ia. Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was ever after surnamd Captaine Commendations?

Will. Right.

Bul. I, Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine should have taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neyther, I can tell ye.

Ia. What are those two Knights names, that are thy Captaines *Comrades*, and within at Supper with our Lady?

Bul. One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Goosecappe, the others Sir *Cutt Rudseby*.

Will. Sir Gyles Goosecappe? what's he? a gentleman?

Bul. I, that he is, at least if he be not a noble man; and his chiefe house is in Essex.

Ia. In Essex? did not his Auncestors come out of London.

Bul. Yes that they did Sir, the best *Gosecappes* in England, come out of London I assure you.

Will. I, but, Sir, these must come into it before they come out ont I hope; but what countriman is Sir *Cutt Rudesby*?

Bul. A Northern man, or a Westernman I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him: for tis a very forcible word in troth, and yet he forces it too much by his favour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicity often times he travailes himselfe out of all good company.

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Iack. Like enough; he travaild for nothing else.

Will. But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Goosecappe* now Sir.

Bul. Sir *Gyles Goosecap* has always a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for everything is, because we are all mortall; and therefore he is generally cald the mortall Knight; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will “tickle the vanity ant” still in everything; and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

Ia. Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they have land enough, but now muster your third person afore us I beseech you.

Bul. The third person and second Knight, blunt Sir *Cutt Rudesby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit; a good bustling Gallant, talkes well at Rovers; he is two parts souldier; as slovenlie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard, will dead a Cannan shot better then a wool-packe: he will come into the presence like yor *Frenchman* in foule bootes, and dares eat Garlike as a preparative to his Courtship. You shall know more of him hereafter; but, good wags, let me winne you now for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

Will. That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographical too and you will; first my Lady the widowe, and Countes *Eugenia*, is in earnest, a most worthy Lady, and indeede can doe more than a thousand other Ladies can doe I can tell you.

Bul. What's that I pray thee?

Ia. Mary Sir, he meanes she can doe more than sleepe, and eate, and drinke; and play at noddy[3], and helpe to make hir selfe ready[4].

Bul. Can she so?

Will. She is the best scholler of any woman but one[5] in England; she is wise and vertuous.

Ia. Nay she has one strange quality for a woman besides, tho these be strange enough that he has rekoned.

Bul. For Gods sake whats that?

Ia. She can love reasonable constantly, for she loved her husband only, almost a whole yeere together.

Bul. Thats strange indeed, but what is your faire Lady Sir?



Ia. My Lady Sir, the Lady *Hippolita*—

Will. That is as chaste as ever was *Hippolitus*.

Ia. (True, my pretty *Parenthesis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdow.

Bul. Strange tale to tell; how canst thou make this good, my good *Assumpsit*.

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Ia. Thus Sir: she was betroathed to a gallant young gentleman that loude hir with such passion, and admiration that he never thought he could be so blessed as to enjoy her in full marriage, till the minister was marrying them; and even then when he was saying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita* with extreame joy, he began to looke pale, then going forwards saying, to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall live, he lookt extreame pale. Now, sir, when she comes to speake her parte, and said, I *Hippolyta* take thee *Charles*, he began to faint for joy, then saying to my wedded husband, he began to sinke, but then going forth too, for better for worse, he could stand no longer, but with very conceit, it seemd, that she whom he tendred as the best of all things, should pronounce the worst, and for his sake too, he suncke down right, and died sodenly: And thus being halfe married, and her halfe husband wholly dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceive me Sir?

Bul. O Lord Sir, I devoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open unto me your tother Lady, what is shee?

Will. Ile answere for her, because I know her Ladiship to be a perfect maide indeed.

Bul. How canst thou know that?

Will. Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

Ia. By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and slip over her nose?

Will. No Sir no, by a rule that will not slip so I warrant you, which for her honours sake I will let slip unto you. Gods so *Iack*, I thinke they have supt.

Ia. Bir Lady we have waited well the while.

Will. Well though they have lost their attendance, let not us lose our supper, *Iack*.

Ia. I doe not meane it; come Sir you shall goe in, and drinke with us yfaith.

Bul. Pardonne moy, mounsieur.

both. No pardoning in truth Sir.

Bul. *Je vous remercie de bon Ceur.*

[Exeunt.]



SCAENA 2.

Enter Goosecappe, Rudesby, Fouleweather, Eugenia, Hippol., Penelope, Wynne.

Rud. A plague on you, sweet Ladies, tis not so late; what needed you to have made so short a supper?

Goos. In truth Sir *Cutt.* we might have tickled the vanity ant an howre longer, if my watch be trustible.

Foul. I but how should theis beauties know that Sir *Gyles?* your watch is mortall, and may erre.

Go. Thats sooth Captaine, but doe you heare honest friend, pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I have a Sunne Diall will resolute presently.

Fo. Howsoever beleieve it, Ladies, tis unwholesome, uncourtly, unpleasant to eate hastily, and rise sodainly; a man can shew no discourse, no witt, no stirring, no variety, no pretty conceits, to make the meate goe downe emphatically.



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Eu. Wynnefred.

Wyn. Madam.

Eu. I prethee goe to my uncle the Lord *Monford*, and intreat him to come quicken our Eares with some of his pleasant Spirit; This same *Fowleweather* has made me so melancholly, prethie make haste.

Wyn. I will Madam. [*Exit.*

Hip. We will bid our guests good night, Madam; this same *Fowleweather* makes me so sleepy.

Pen. Fie uppon it; for Gods sake shut the Casements, heres such a fulsome Aire comes into this Chamber; in good faith Madame you must keepe your House in better reparations, this same *Fowlweather* beats in so filthily.

Eug. Ile take order with the Porter for it, Lady: good night, gentlemen.

Ru. Why good night, and be hangd, and you'l needs be gon.

Goos. God give you good night Madams, thanke you for my good cheere, wee le tickle the vanity ant no longer with you at this time but ile indite your La. to supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

Eu. Light the Lady *Penelope*, and the Lady *Hippolyta* to their Chambers; good night faire Ladies.

Hip. Good night, Madam; I wish you may sleep well after your light supper.

Eug. I warrant you, Lady, I shall never be troubled with dreaming of my *French* Suter.
[*Exeunt.*

Ru. Why how now my *Frenchified* captain *Fowlweather*? by Cods ludd thy Surname is never thought upon here, I perceive heeres nobody gives thee any commendations.

Fo. Why this is the untravailld rudnes of our grose English Ladies now; would any *French* Lady use a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so uncivill, and fulsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes; I say they lie, and I will die int.

Rud. I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.



Foul. Their smockes, quoth you? a my word you shall take them up so white, and so pure, so sweet, so Emphaticall, so mooving—

Rud. I marry Sir, I thinke they be continually moving.

Foul. But if their smockes were course or foule.

Rud. Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

Foul. S'death they put not all their virtues in their smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

Rud. But in their stewd pox, thers all their gentilitie.

Goos. Nay, good Sir *Cutt.*, doe not agravate him no more.

Foul. Then they are so kinde, so wise, so familiar, so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shall have cause to descourse or sometimes to come neerer them; if your breath be ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kinde sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath, Sir, thus it is with your teeth, Sir, this is your disease, and this is your medicine.

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Goos. As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superlatively good, this.

Foul. Why this is courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of *France*, our peevish dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainfull, and so subtile, as the *Pomonian* Serpent, *mort dieu* the Puncke of *Babylon* was never so subtile.

Rud. Nay, doe not chafe so, Captaine.

Foul. Your *Frenchman* would ever chafe, sir *Cutt.*, being thus movde.

Rud. What? and play with his beard so?

Foul. I and bristle, it doth expresse that passion of anger very full, and emphaticall.

Goos: Nay good Knight if your *French* wood bristle, let him alone, in troth our Ladies are a little too coy, and subtile, Captaine, indeed.

Foul. Subtile, sir *Gyles Goosecappe*? I assure your soule, they are as subtile with their suters, or loves, as the latine Dialect, where the nominative Case, and the Verbe, the Substantive, and the Adjective, the Verbe, and the [ad]Verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another, and you shall hardly find them out; but then learne to Conster, and perse them, and you shall find them prepared and acquainted, and agree together in Case, gender, and number.

Goos. I detest[6], Sir *Cutt*, I did not thinke he had bin halfe the quintessence of a scholler he is.

Foul. Slydd there's not one of them truly emphaticall.

Goos. Yes, I'll ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truly emphaticall: but all your *French* Ladies are not fatt? are they sir?

Foul. Fatt sir? why doe ye thinke emphaticall is fatt, sir *Gyles*?

Rud. Gods my life, brother Knight, didst thou thinke so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I never thought it was fatt, Ile be sworne to thee.

Foul. Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, to entertaine anything indifferently stuffed, why you should have had her more respective by farre.

Rud. Nay, theres some reason for that, Captaine, me thinks a true woman should perpetually doate upon a new fashion.

Foul. Why y'are i'thright sir *Cutt.* *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*[7]. Tis the mind of man, and woman to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatives[8] for sooth, if he



come like to your *Besognio*,[9] or your bore, so he be rich, or emphaticall, they care not; would I might never excell a dutch Skipper in Courtship, if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should not please them. *Lacquay? allume le torche.*

Rud. Slydd, heres neyther Torch, nor Lacquay, me thinks.

Foul. *O mon dieu.*

Rud. O doe not sweare Captaine.

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Foul. Your Frenchman ever sweares, Sir *Cutt*, upon the lacke of his Lacquay, I assure you.

Goos. See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages, they have been tickling the vanity ont yfaith.

SCAENA TERTIA.

Enter to them Iack, Bullaker, Will.

Ia. Captaine *Fowleweather*, my Lady the Countes *Eugenia* commends her most kindly to you, and is determined to morrowe morning earely, if it be a frost, to take her Coach to Barnet to bee nipt; where if it please you, to meete her, and accompany her homewarde, joyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nip her, She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will have a joyfull breakefast.

Foul. I shall indeed, my deare youth.

Rud. Why Captaine I abus'd thee, I see: I said the Ladies respected thee not, and now I perceive the widow is in love with thee.

Foul. Sblood, Knight, I knew I had strucke her to the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extravagant fashion: I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship upon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the *French* Ladies like a Culvering shot, Ile be sworne; and I thinke, Sir *Gyles*, you saw she fell under it.

Goos. O as cleare as candlelight, by this daylight.

Rud. O good Knight a the post[10], heele sweare anything.

Will. The other two Ladies commend them no lesse kindly to you two Knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Captaine.

Foul. *Goos.* *Rud.* O good Sir.

Goos. Our worships shall attend their Ladiships thether.

Ia. No Sir *Gyles* by no meanes, they will goe privately thether, but if you will meet them there.

Rud. Meet them? weele die fort, but weele meet them.

Foul. Let's goe thether to night, Knights, and you be true Gallants.



Rud. Content.

Ia. How greedely they take it in, Sirra?

Goos. No it is too farre to goe to night, weelee be up betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

Foul. Why its but ten miles, and a fine cleere night, sir *Gyles*.

Goos. But ten miles? what do ye talke, Captaine?

Rud. Why? doost thinke its any more?

Goos. I, Ile lay ten pounds its more than ten miles, or twelve eyther.

Rud. What, to *Barnet*.

Goos. I, to *Barnet*.

Rud. Slydd, Ile lay a hundred pound with thee, if thou wilt.

Goos. Ile lay five hundred, to a hundred. Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know: I am sure it was foure yeeres agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now. Slydd doe not miles grow thinke you, as well as other *Animals*?



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Ia. O wise Knight!

Goos. I never innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of these Ridiculous Fleas, that I was fain to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the Candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

Foul. A pretty project.

Bul. Intruth Captaine, if I might advise you, you should tarry, and take the morning afore you.

Foul. How? *O mon Dieu!* how the villaine *poultroune*, dishonours his travaille! You *Buffonly Mouchroun*, are you so mere rude, and English to advise your Captaine?

Rud. Nay, I prethee *Fouleweather*, be not tempesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

Foul. Tempesteous, Sir *Cutt?* will your *Frenchman*, thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to advise him?

Goos. O God you must take heed Lacquy how you advise your Captaine; your French lacquay would not have done it.

Foul. He would have bin poxt first. *Allume le torche*, sweet Pages commend us to your Ladies, say we kisse their white hands, and will not faile to meete them; Knights, which of you leades?

Goos. Not wee, sir; you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

Foul. Why? what tho I be Captain Commendations?

Rud. Why and Captaine Commendations, is harty commendations, for Captaines are harty I am sure, or else hang them.

Foul. Why, what if I be harty Commendations? come, come, sweete Knights, lead the way.

Rud. O Lorde Sir, alwayes after my harty Commendations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer me with precedent, by the autentically forme of all Iustice letters.

[*Alloun.* *Exeunt.*



Ia. Here's a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there not?

Will. I but how will they disgest it, thinkest thou when they shall finde our Ladies not there?

Ia. I have a vaunt-currying[11] devise shall make them digest it most healthfully.

[Exeunt.]

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter Clarence, Musicians.

Cla. Worke on, sweet love; I am not yet resolved
T'exhaust this troubled spring of vanities
And Nurse of perturbations, my poore life,
And therefore since in every man that holds
This being deare, there must be some desire,
Whose power t'enjoy his object may so maske
The judging part, that in her radyant eyes
His estimation of the World may seeme
Vpright, and worthy, I have chosen love
To blind my Reason with his misty hands
And make my estimative power beleive
I have a project worthy to imploy
What worth so ever my whole man affordes:
Then sit at rest, my soule, thou now hast found
The end of thy infusion; in the eyes
Of thy divine *Eugenia* looke for Heaven.
Thanks gentle friends. *[A song to the Violls.]*
Is your good Lord, and mine, gon up to bedd yet?

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Enter Momford.

Mom. I do assure ye not, sir, not yet, nor yet, my deepe, and studious friend; not yet, musically *Clarence*.

Cla. My Lord?

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole divider of my Lordshippe.

Cla. That were a most unfit division, And farre above the pitch of my low plumes; I am your bold, and constant guest my Lord.

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long
Almost these twenty yeeres, and halfe those yeeres
Hast bin my bed-fellow; long time before
This unseene thing, this thing of naught indeed,
Or *Atome* cald my Lordshippe shind in me,
And yet thou mak'st thy selfe as little bould
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indissolable love,
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday;
Such is thy gentle, and too tender spirit.

Cla. My *Lord*, my want of Courtship makes me feare
I should be rude, and this my meane estate
Meetes with such envie, and detraction,
Such misconstructions and resolut misdoomes
Of my poore worth, that should I be advaunce'd
Beyond my unseene lowenes, but one haire,
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That fly in ill-lungd tempests through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.
Twixt whom and me, and every worldly fortune
There fights such sowre, and curst *Antipathy*,
So waspish and so petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are ravisht from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes,
And must not thinke of any place with men.

Mom. O harke you Sir, this waiward moode of yours
Must sifted be, or rather rooted out.
Youle no more musick Sir?

Cla. Not now, my Lord.

Mom. Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

Cla. I thanke you, honest friends.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Mo. Hence with this book, and now, *Mounsieur Clarence*, me thinks plaine and prose friendship would do excellent well betwixt us: come thus, Sir, or rather thus, come. Sir, tis time I trowe that we both liv'd like one body, thus, and that both our sides were slit, and concorporat with *Organs* fit to effect an individuall passage even for our very thoughts; suppose we were one body now, and I charge you beleeeve it; whereof I am the hart, and you the liver.

Cla. Your Lordship might well make that division[12], if you knew the plaine song.

Mo. O Sir, and why so I pray?

Cla. First because the heart, is the more worthy entraile, being the first that is borne, and moves, and the last that moves, and dies; and then being the Fountaine of heate too: for wheresoever our heate does not flow directly from the hart to the other *Organs* there, their action must of necessity cease, and so without you I neither would nor could live.

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Mom. Well Sir, for these reasons I may be the heart, why may you be the liver now?

Cla. I am more then asham'd, to tell you that my *Lord*.

Mom. Nay, nay, be not too suspitious of my judgement in you I beseech you: asham'd friend? if your love overcome not that shame, a shame take that love, I saie. Come sir, why may you be the liver?

Cla. The plaine, and short truth is (my *Lord*) because I am all liver, and turn'd lover.

Mom. Lover?

Cla. Lover, yfaith my *Lord*.

Mom. Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for joy: why thou wilt not now revive the sociable mirth of thy sweet disposition? wilt thou shine in the World anew? and make those that have sleighted thy love with the Austeritie of thy knowledge, dote on thee againe with thy commanding shaft of their humours?

Cla. Alas, my Lord, they are all farre out of my aime; and only to fit my selfe a little better to your friendshippe, have I given these wilfull raynes to my affections.

Mom. And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldly desires ouer taken with the hart of the World, Love? I shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees every way a most rare woman, that I know thy spirit, and judgement hath chosen; is she wise? is she noble? is she capable of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with judiciall lipps where somuch judgement and vertue deserves it? Come brother Twin, be short, I charge you, and name me the woman.

Cla. Since your Lordship will shorten the length of my follies relation, the woman that I so passionately love, is no worse Lady then your owne Neece, the too worthy Countesse *Eugenia*.

Mom. Why so, so, so, you are a worthy friend, are you not, to conceale this love-mine in your head, and would not open it to your hart? now beshrow my hart, if my hart danse not for joy, tho my heeles do not; and they doe not, because I will not set that at my heeles that my friend sets at his heart? friend, and Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confesse, but I will preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) and leave their friends woorse then they found them.

Cla. But, my noble Lord, it is almost a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman, and farre short of that state and wealth that a Ladie of her greatnesse in both will expect in her husband—



Mom. Hold thy doubt friend, never feare any woman, unlesse thyselfe be made of straw, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning. *Audacitie* prospers above probability in all Worldly matters. Dost not thou know that Fortune governes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile? why should a man desiring to aspire an unreasonable creature, which is a woman, seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes? because thy

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selfe binds upon reason, wilt thou looke for congruity in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false *Latine*, and breake *Priscians* head. Attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing. I tell thee, friend, the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely witch-craft of this World, Spirits wrastling with spirits as bodies with bodies: this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are ravisht with Coaches, and upper hands,[13] and brave men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason evermore *Ad optima hortatur*: to like that which is best, not that which is bravest, or rightest, or greatest, and so consequently worst. But prove what shee can, wee will turne her, and winde her, and make her so plyant, that we will drawe her thorough a wedding ring yfaith.

Cla. Would to God we might, my Lord.

Mom. He warrant thee, friend.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Here is Mistris *Wynnifred* from my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordshippe.

Mom. Marrie, enter, Mistris *Wynnifred*, even here I pray thee;—from the Lady *Eugenia*, doe you heare, friend?

Cla. Very easily on that side, my Lord.

Mom. Let me feelee. Does not thy heart pant apace? by my hart, well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours, sir. God! and upon a very honourable composition. I am sent for now I am sure, and must even trusse, and to her.

Enter Wynnifred.

Witty Mistris *Wynnifred*, nay come neere, woman. I am sure this Gentleman thinkes his Chamber the sweeter for your deare presence.

Wyn. My absence shall thanke him, my Lord.

Mom. What, rude? Mistris *Wynnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kindenesse.

Wyn. Nay good, my Lord, I'll never goe to the market for that ware, I can have it brought home to my Dore.



Mom. O *Wynnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

Wyn. So you may, my Lord, but I know few Lords that thinke score to go to that market themselves.

Mom. To goe to it *Wynnifred*? nay to ride to it yfaith.

Wyn. Thats more then I know my Lord.

Mom. Youle not beleeve it till you are then a horsebacke, will ye?

Wyn. Come, come, I am sent of a message to you, will you heare it?

Mom. Stoppe, stoppe, faire *Wynnifred*, would you have audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith. This faire gentlewoman sir—

Wyn. Now we shall have a fiction I beleive.



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Mom. Had three Suiters at once.

Wyn. Youle leave out none my Lord.

Mom. No more did you, *Wynnifred*: you enterferde with them all in truth.

Wyn. O Monstrous Lord by this light!

Mom. Now sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not; vz. leave out the two first. The third comming, the third night for his turne—

Wyn. My Lord, my Lord, my Lady does that that no body else does, desires your company; and so fare you well.

Mom. O stay a little sweet *Wynnifred*, helpe me but to trusse my Poynts againe, and have with you.

Wyn. Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see your hose about your heeles, then I would helpe you to trusse a poynt.

Mom. O witty *Wynnifred*? for that jest, take thy passeport, and tell thy Ladie[14], thou leftst me with my hose about my heeles.

Wyn. Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. [*Exit*].

Mom. She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters, but is not this very fit my sweet *Clarence*? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleepe without me; but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her earely; when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare (but art sure to see) in what subtile, and farre-fetcht manner Ile sollicite her about thee.

Cla. Thank's, worthy Lord.

[*Exeunt*].

Finis Actus Primi.

Actvs Secvndi.

SCENA PRIMA.

Clarence Solus.

Cla. I that have studied with world-skorning thoughts
The way of Heaven, and how trew Heaven is reacht



To know how mighty, and how many are
The strange affections of enchanted number;
How to distinguish all the motions
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what power
Doth separate in such forme this massive Rownd;
What is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames,
Foot-steps, and Shadowes; what Eternesse[15] is,
The World, and Time, and Generation;
What Soule, the worlds Soule is, what the blacke Springs
And unreveald Originall of Things,
What their perseverance; what's life, and death,
And what our certaine Restauration;
Am with the staid-heads of this Time imploy'd
To watch with all my Nerves a Female shade.

*Enter Wynnifred, Anabell, with their sowing workes
and sing: After their song Enter Lord Momford.*

Mom. Witty Mistrisse *Wynnifred*, where is your Countesse, I pray?

Wyn. Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke her out, if she were at her urinall?

Mom. Then sh'as done, it seemes, for here she comes to save me that labour; away,
wenches, get you hence wenches.

[Exeunt.]

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Eu. What, can you not abide my maides, unkle?

Mom. I never cood abide a maide in my life Neece, but either I draw away the maide, or the maidenhead with a wet finger[16].

Eug. You love to make your selfe worse then you are still.

Mom. I know few mend in this World, Madam. For the worse the better thought on, the better the worse spoken on ever amongst women.

Eu. I wonder where you have binne all this while with your sentences.

Mom. Faith where I must be againe presently. I cannot stay long with you my deere Neece.

Eu. By my faith but you shall, my Lord. Cods pittie what will become of you shortly, that you drive maids afore you, and offer to leave widowes behind you, as mankindelie as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke?

Mom. Cods my life, she abuses her best unkle; never trust me if it were not a good revenge to helpe her to the losse of her widow-head.

Eu. That were a revenge, and a halfe, indeed.

Mom. Nay twere but a whole revenge Neece, but such a revenge as would more then observe the true rule of a revenger.

Eu. I know your rule before you utter it, *Vlciscere inimico* [sic] *sed sine tuo incommodo*.

Mom. O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to be a scholler now; learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent.

Eug. But say deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me?

Mom. Why, alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull widdows three-yeeres blacke weede, that I never come to you, but I dreame of Coarses, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

Eug. Beshrew my heart my Lord, if you goe theis three houres.

Mom. Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her Chamber) with any Lady so neere alide to me, I am very idle yfaith—Mary with such an other I would daunce, one, two, three, foure, and five, tho it cost me ten shillings. And now I am in, have at it! my head must devise something, while my feet are pidling thus,



that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is onely a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his minde.

Eu. Come, come, pray tell me uncle, how does my cosen *Momford*?

Mom. Why, well, very well Neece, and so is my friend *Clarence* well too, and then is there a worthy gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye. [*He daunceth speaking.*]

Eug. But when did you see my Cosen?

Mom. And tis pitty but he should do well, and he shall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

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Eug. What meanes he by this, tro? your Lord is very dancitive me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tell you a thing would make your Ladyship very dancitive, or else it were very dunsative yfaith. O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moves the block-head heart of a woman and indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the minde.

Eug. But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance say you?

Mom. Well, farewell sweet Neece, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

Eu. Lord blesse us, heres such a stir with your farewels.

Mom. I will see you againe within these two or three dayes a my word Neece.

Eug. Cods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a maruallous strange humor. Sit downe, sweet Vnkle; yfaith I have to talke with you about greate matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, be short utter your minde quickly now.

Eug. But I pray tell me first, what's that would make me daunce yfaith?

Mom. Daunce, what daunce? hetherto your dauncers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and jerke, and Firke, and dandle the body above them, as it were their great childe; though the speciall jerker be above this place I hope here lies that shud fetch a perfect woman over the Coles yfaith.

Eug. Nay good Vnkle say what's the thing you could tell me of?

Mom. No matter, no matter: But let me see a passing prosperous fore-head of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate, and fresh bloud in both the cheekes: excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

Eug. Why, how now Vnkle did you never see me before?

Mom. Yes Neece; but the state of these things at this instant must be specially observed, and these outward signes being now in this cleere elevation, show your untroubled minde is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a little, deere Neece.

Eug. This is excellent.



Mom. The Crises here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptness of it to sticke out good; and the wart above it most exceeding good. Never trust me, if all things be not answerable to the prediction of a most Divine fortune towards her; now if she have the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

Eug. Well my Lord, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discovery, you may much pleasure me, and whose concealment may hurt my estate. And if you be no kinder then to see me so indangered; ile be very patient of it, I assure you.

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Mom. Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kinde conjuration even fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your judgment together, for here it comes. Neece, *Clarence, Clarence*, rather my soule then my friend *Clarence*, of too substantiall a worth, to have any figures cast about him (notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreamely in love; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the World of you both.

*Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior aequi
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum*[17].

Eug. Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vncle, Is this the wondrous fortune you presage? What man may miserable women trust?

Mom. O peace good Lady, I come not to ravish you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my motion: I perceive (how upon true triall) you esteeme me. Have I rid all this Circuite to levie the powers of your Iudgment, that I might not proove their strength too sodainly with so violent a charge; And do they fight it out in white bloud, and show me their hearts in the soft Christall of teares?

Eug. O uncle you have wounded your selfe in charging me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it would not weepe; I place the poore felicity of this World in a woorthy friend, and to see him so unworthily revolted, I shed not the teares of my Brayne, but the teares of my soule. And if ever nature made teares th'effects of any worthy cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily.

Mom. Her sensuall powers are up yfaith, I have thrust her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes vacans* when her subjects are priviledged to libell against her, and her friends. But weeps my kinde Neece for the wounds of my friendship? And I toucht in friendship for wishing my friend doubled in her singular happinesse?

Eug. How am I doubl'd? when my honour, and good name, two essentiall parts of me; would bee lesse, and loste?

Mom. In whose Iudgment?

Eug. In the judgment of the World.

Mom. Which is a fooles bould. *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotius, quam vulgaris opinio*: But my deare Neece, it is most true that your honour, and good name tendred, as they are the species of truth, are worthily two esentiall parts of you; But as they consist only in ayrie titles, and corruptible bloud (whose bitternes *sanitas & non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base, and execrable acts they commit, they



touch you no more then they touch eternity. And yet shall no nobility you have in eyther, be impaired neither.

Eug. Not to marry a poore Gentleman?

Mom. Respect him not so; for as he is a Gentleman he is noble; as he is wealthily furnished with true knowledge, he is rich, and therein adorn'd with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting noblenesse.



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Eug. Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such kinde of noblenesse gives no cotes of honour nor can scarce gette a cote for necessity.

Mom. Then is it not substantiall knowledge (as it is in him) but verball, and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet*.

Eug. Why seekes he me then?

Mom. To make you joynt partners with him in all things, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that universall joynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neere our eye keepes it from the whole Spheare of the Sun; but could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt us, and it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

Eug. Good Vnckle be content, for now shall I never dreame of contentment.

Mom. I have more then done Lady, and had rather have suffer'd an alteration of my being, then of your Judgment; but (deere Neece) for your own honours sake repaire it instantly.

Enter Hippolyta. Penelope. Iacke. Will.

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day on't[18], deare love, and bee sodainly cheerefull. God save you, more then faire Ladies, I am glad your come, for my busines will have me gone presently.

Hip. Why my Lord *Momford* I say? will you goe before Dinner?

Mom. No remedy, sweet Beauties, for which rudnesse I lay my hands thus low for your pardons.

Pen. O Courteous Lo. *Momford*![19]

Mom. Neece?—*Mens est quae sola quietos,
Sola facit claros, mentemque honoribus ornat*.[20]

Eug. *Verus honos juvat, at mendax infamia terret*.[21]

Mom. Mine owne deare nephew?

Cla. What successe my Lord?

Mom. Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee all.—*Exeunt*.

Hip. Doe you heare Madam, how our youthes here have guld our three suiters?



Eug. Not I, Lady; I hope our suiters are no fit meat for our Pages.

Pe. No Madam, but they are fit sawce for any mans meat, Ile warrent them.

Eug. What's the matter *Hippolyta*?

Hip. They have sent the Knights to *Barnet*, Madam, this frosty morning to meet us there.

Eug. I'st true, youths? are Knights fit subjects for your knaveries?

Will. Pray pardon us, Madam, we would be glad to please anie body.

Ia. I indeed, Madam, and we were sure we pleased them highly, to tell them you were desirous of their company.

Hip. O t'was good, *Eugenia*, their livers were too hot, you know, and for temper sake they must needs have a cooling carde[22] plaid upon them.

Wil. And besides Madam we wood have them know that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe then two leaves, have more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

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Ia. I yfaith *Will*, and put their great pagicall index to them, too.

Hip. But how will ye excuse your abuses, wags?

Wil. We doubt not, Madam, but if it please your Ladiship to put up their abuses.

Ia. Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you may.

Wil. We shall make them gladly furnishe their pockets with them.

Hip. Well, children and foules, agree as you will, and let the World know now, women have nothing to doe with you.

Pe. Come, Madam, I thinke your Dinner bee almost ready.

Enter Tales, Kingcob.

Hip. And see, here are two honourable guests for you, the Lord *Tales*, and sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

Ta. Lacke you any guests, Madam?

Eu. I, my Lord, such guests as you.

Hip. Theres as common an answere, as yours was a question, my Lord.

King. Why? all things shood be common betwixt Lords, and Ladies, you know.

Pe. Indeed sir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I have heard, you are either of the familie of Love[23], or of no religion at all.

Eug. He may well be said to be of the family of love, he does so flow in the loves of poore over-throwne Ladies.

King. You speake of that I wood doe, Madam, but in earnest, I am now suing for a new Mistres; looke in my hand sweet Lady, and tell me what fortune I shall have with her.

Eug. Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

King. Pardon me Madam, but I know you to bee learned in all things.

Eug. Come on, lets see.

Hip. He does you a speciall favour Lady, to give you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.



King. What find you in it, Madam?

Eug. Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

King. What now Lady?

Eug. Y'ave the worst hand that ever I saw Knight have; when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shut one can get nothing out ont.

King. The age of letting goe is past, Madam; we must not now let goe, but strike up mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

Eug. A good Cornish principle beleeve it sir *Cutberd*.

Tales. But I pray tell me, Lady *Penelope*, how entertaine you the love of my Cosen sir *Gyles Goosecappe*.

Pene. Are the *Goosecaps* a kin to you, my Lord?

Ta. Even in the first degree, Madam. And, Sir *Gyles*, I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is compos'd of as many good parts as any Knight in England.

Hip. He shood be put up for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts, my Lord?

Ta. Ile doe the best I can, Lady; first, he dances as comely, and lightly as any man, for upon my honour, I have seene him danse upon Egges, and a has not broken them.

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Pene. Nor crackt them neyther.

Ta. That I know not; indeed I wood be loath to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

Eug. Well, forth my Lord.

Ta. He has an excellent skill in all manner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloves from forty pence, to forty shillings a paire, he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

Hip. A pretty sweet quality beleeeve me.

Tales. Nay Lady he will perfume you gloves himselfe most delicately, and give them the right Spanish Titillation.

Pene. Titillation what's that my Lord?

Tal. Why, Lady, tis a pretty kinde of terme new come up in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded, my Lord; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

Tal. He is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle-worke-edgings, and *French* purles, from an Angell to foure Angells a yarde.

Eug. That's pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grew in the very place, and being a delicate perfumer, he will give it you his perfect, and naturall savour.

Hip. This is wonderfull; forth, sweet Lord *Tales*.

Tal. He will make you flyes, and wormes, of all sorts most lively, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lights a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the Chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

Pene. Never trust me, if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

Tal. He is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with libberds faces, and Lyons heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

Eug. Forth, good Lord *Tales*.

Pene. Nay, good my Lord no more; you have spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.



Hip. I lay my life *Cupid* has shot my sister in love with him out of your lips, my Lord.

Eug. Well, come in, my Lords, and take a bad Dinner with me now, and we will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lord and Lady *Furnifall*.

King. Tale. We attend you, honorable Ladies.

Exeunt.

Actvs Tertii.

SCAENA PRIMA.

Enter Rudesby, Goosecappe.

Rud. Bullaker.

Bul. I, Sir.

Rud. Ride, and catch the Captaines Horse.

Bul. So I doe Sir.

Rud. I wonder, Sir *Gyles*, you wood let him goe so, and not ride after him.

Goos. Wood I might never be mortall sir *Cutt*: if I rid not after him, till my horse sweat, so that he had nere a dry thread on him, and hollod, and hollod to him to stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood have gon off with hollowings; Ile be sworne to yee, & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*, and would never stay for us.

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Rud. How shall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to London, now his horse is gone?

Goos. Why? he is but a lame jad neyther, Sir *Moyle*, we shall soone our'take him I warrent ye.

Rud. And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay my life some Crabfish has bitten thee by the tongue, thou speakest so backward still.

Goos. But heres all the doubt, sir *Cutt*: if no body should catch him now, when he comes at London, some boy or other wood get uppe on him, and ride him hot into the water to wash him; Ile bee sworne I followed one that rid my Horse into the Thames, till I was up tooth knees hetherto; and if it had not beene for feare of going over shooes, because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood have taught him to wash my Horse when he was hot yfaith.

Enter Fowleweathter.

How now sweet Captaine, dost feele any ease in thy paine yet?

Rud. Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine, I thinke, but wood any asse in the World ride downe such a Hill as High-gate is, in such a frost as this, and never light.

Foul. Cods precious, sir *Cutt*: your *Frenchman* never lights I tell ye.

Goos. Light, sir *Cutt*! Slight, and I had my horse againe, theres nere a paltry English frost an them all shood make me light.

Rud. Goe too, you *French* Zanies you, you will follow the *French* steps so long, till you be not able to set one sound steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Goos. Why, sir *Cut*: I care not if I be not sound, so I be well, but we were justly plagu'd by this Hill, for following women thus.

Foul. I, and English women too, sir *Gyles*.

Rud. Thou art still prating against English women, I have seene none of the *French* Dames, I confesse, but your greatest gallants, for men in *France*, were here lately,[24] I am sure, and me thinks there should be no more difference betwixt our Ladies, and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lords, and theirs, and our Lords are as farr byond them yfaith, for person, and Courtship, as they are beyond ours for phantasticality.

Foul. O Lord sir *Cut*. I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tacke for Courtship, and yet the *French* Lords put them downe; you noted it, sir *Gyles*.

Goos. O God sir, I stud, and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

Rud. How did they put them downe, I pray thee?

Foul. Why for wit, and for Court-ship Sir *Moile*.

Rud.[25] As how, good left-handed *Francois*.

Foul. Why Sir when *Monsieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Lady *Hippolyta* as she sate in the presence,—sit downe here good Sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*,—he kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint *French start* in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now, saies he, for your love that I might be buried here.



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Rud. A good pickt-hatch[26] complement, by my faith; but I prethee what answer'd she.

Foul. She, I scorne to note that, I hope; then did he vie[27] it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood have put the third hah to it, if I had beene as my Mistris, and hah, hah, haht him out of the presence yfaith.

Foul. Hah, saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *France*, they wood renew all our civill-wars againe.

Goos. That was not so good, me thinkes, Captaine.

Rud. Well iudgd, yfaith; there was a little wit in that, I must confesse, but she put him downe far, and aunswered him with a question, and that was whether he wood seeme a lover, or a jester? if a lover, a must tell her far more lykelier then those, or else she was far from believing them; if a Jester, she cood have much more ridiculous jests then his of twenty fooles, that followed the Court; and told him she had as lieve be courted with a brush faggot as with a Frenchman, that spent it selfe all in sparkes, and would sooner fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such sparkes were good enough yet to set thatht dispositions a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respected them as sleightly.

Goos. Why so Captaine, and yet you talke of your great Frenchmen; [would] to God little England had never knowne them / may say.

Foul. What's the matter sir *Gyles*? are you out of love with Frenchmen now of a sodaine?

Goos. Slydd Captaine, wood not make one, Ile be sworne? Ile be sworne, they tooke away a mastie Dogge of mine by commission: now I thinke on't, makes my teares stand in my eyes with grieve, I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever / lay withall in my life be this light; never stir if he fought not with great *Sekerson*[28] foure hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and tooke so many loaves from him, that he sterud him presently: So at last the dog cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the beare being heavie with hunger you know, fell upon the Dogge, broke his backe, and the Dogge never stird more.

Rud. Why thou saist the Frenchmen tooke him away.

Goos. Frenchmen, /, so they did too, but yet, and he had not bin kild, twood nere a greevd me.

Foul. O excellent unity of speech.

Enter Will, and lacke at seuerall Doores.

Will. Save ye, Knights.

Ia. Save you, Captaine.

Foul. Pages, welcome my fine Pages.

Rud. Welcome, boyes.

Goos. Welcome, sweet *Will*, good *lacke*.

Foul. But how chaunce you are so farre from London now pages? is it almost Dinner time?

Wil. Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for once, and cood not chuse in pure love to your worships, but we must needs come, and meet you, before you mett our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

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Omnes. A secret, what secret I pray thee?

Ia. If ever your worships say any thing, we are undone for ever.

Omnes. Not for a World beleeve it.

Will. Why then this it is; we over-heard our Ladies as they were talking in private say, they refus'de to meet you at *Barnet* this morning of purpose, because they wood try which of you were most patient.

Ia. And some said you, Sir *Gyles*, another you Sir [*Cutt*] and the third you Captaine.

Om. This was excellent.

Wil. Then did they sweare one another not to excuse themselves to you by any meanes, that they might try you the better; now if they shall see you say nothing in the World to them what may come of it, when Ladies begin to try their suters once, I hope your wisdomes can judge a little.

Foul. O ho, my little knave, let us alone now yfaith; wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

Rud. Faith, and I can forbear my Tongue as well as another, I hope.

Goos. Wood I might be degraded, if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

Foul. Come Knights shall wee not reward the Pages?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, sir *Gyles* give the boyes something.

Goos. Never stirre, sir *Cutt*, if I have ever a groat about me but one three pence.

Foul. Well Knights ile lay out fors all; here, my fine Pages.

Wil. No in deed, ant please your worship.

Foul. O Pages, refuse a Gentlemans bounty?

Ia. Cry you mercy, Sir; thanke you sweet Captaine.

Foul. And what other newes is stirring, my fine villiacos.

Wil. Marry Sir, they are invited to a great supper to night to your Lords house, Captaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will be your great cosen Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*, the Lorde *Tales*, and your Vnckle, Sir *Cutt*. *Rudesby*, Sir *Cutbert Kingcob*.



Foul. The Lord *Tales*, what countriman is he?

Ia. A kentish Lord, sir; his ancestors came forth off Canterbury.

Foul. Out of Canterbury.

Wil. Indeed, Sir, the best *Tales* in England are your Canterbury *Tales*, I assure ye.

Rud. The boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. He writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and he being the tenth sonne his Father had; his Father Christned him *Decem Tales*, and so his whole name is the Lord *Decem Tales*.

Goos. A my mortality the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

Rud. But is the Ladie *Furnifall* (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be?

Foul. Still of the same, Knight, and is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie, for in her sobriety she is madd, and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

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Rud.[29] And therefore, as I heare, he will earnestly invite guests to his house, of purpose to make his wife dronke, and then dotes on her humour most prophanely.

Foul. Tis very true Knight; we will suppe with them to night; and you shall see her; and now I thinke ont, ile tell you a thing Knights, wherein perhaps you may exceedingly pleasure me.

Goos. What's that, good Captaine?

Foul. I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merry Foole, and if I cood helpe him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

Rud. Sbloud thou speakest to us as if we cood serue thy turne.

Foul. O *Fraunce*, Sir *Cutt.* your Frenchman wood not have taken me so, for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merry.

Rud. As thou doest.

Goos. Nay good sir *Cut.* you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare off with Choller Sir *Gyles.*

Wil. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine, Sir?

Foul. I, my good page exceeding faine.

Ia. You meane a wench, do you not, Sir? a foolish wench?

Foul. Nay I wood have a man foole, for his Lord; Page.

Wil. Does his Lord: love a foole, so well I pray?

Foul. Assure thy selfe, page, my Lord loves a foole, as he loves himselfe.

Ia. Of what degree wood you have your Foole Sir? for you may have of all manner of degrees.

Foul. Faith, I wood have him a good Emphaticall Foole, one that wood make my Lord laugh well, and I carde not.

Wil. Laugh well (um): then we must know this, Sir, is your Lord costive of laughter, or laxative of laughter?

Foul. Nay he is a good merry little Lord, and indeed sometimes Laxative of Laughter.

Wil. Why then sir the lesse wit will serue his Lordships turne, marry if he had bin costive of laughter he must have had two or three drams of wit the more in his foole, for we must minister according to the quantity of his Lord[ship's] humor, you know, and if he shood have as much witt in his foole being laxative of laughter, as if he were costive of Laughter, why he might laugh himselfe into an *Epilepsie*, and fall down dead sodainly, as many have done with the extremity of that passion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a Foole.

Foul. Thart ith right, my notable good page.

Ia. Why, and for that health, sir, we will warrant his Lordship, that if he should have all *Bacon*[30] *de sanitate tuenda* read to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well as our Foole shall.

Foul. Remercy, my more then English pages.

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Goos. A my word I have not seene pages have so much wit, that have never bin in *France* Captaine.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almost french Elixers will you helpe my Lord to a Foole so fit for him as you say.

Wil. As fit, Ile warrant you Captaine, as if he were made for him, and he shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord: sits at table.

Foul. Excellent fit, faile not now, my sweet pages.

Ia. Not for a world, sir, we will goe both and seeke him presently.

Foul. Doe so my good waggies.

Wil. Save you Knights.

Ia. Save you Captaine.
Exeunt.

Foul. Farewell, my pretty knaves; come, Knights, shall we resolve to goe to this Supper?

Rud. What else?

Goos. And let's provide torches for our men to sit at dore withall, Captaine.

Foul. That we will, I warrent you, sir *Giles*.

Rud. Torches? why the Moone will shine, man.

Goos. The Moone, sir *Cut*: I scorne the Moone yfaith. Slydd, sometimes a man shall not get her to shine, and if he wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be white too. God forgive me, I cud never abide her since yesterday, she seru'd me such a tricke tother night.

Rud. What tricke, sir *Gyles*?

Goos. Why sir *Cut*. cause the daies be mortall, and short now you know, and I love daie light well; I thought it went away faster than it needed, and run after it into *Finsbury*-fieldes ith calme evening to see the wind-Mills goe; and even as I was going over a Ditch the Moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a Cloud, and lets me fall into the Ditch by Heaven.

Rud. That was ill done in her, indeed sir *Gyles*.



Goos. Ill done sir *Cut?* Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but, and she have noe more good manners, but to make every blacke slovenly Cloud a pearle in her eye I shall nere love English Moone againe, while I live, Ile be sworne to ye.

Foul. Come, Knights, to London: Horse, Horse, Horse.

Rud. In what a case he is with the poor English Moone, because the *French* Moones (their Torches) will be the lesse in fashion, and I warrent you the Captaine will remember it too: tho he say nothing, he seconds his resolute chase so, and follows him, Ile lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the Mooneshine out of their Chambers, and make it lie without Doores all night. I discredit my wit with their company, now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them presently.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Lord Momford, and Clarence. Clarence, Horatio.



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Cla. Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh, and write.
According to my master *Platos* minde,
The soule is musicke, and doth therefore joy
In accents musicall, which he that hates
With points of discord is together tyed,
And barks at *Reason*, Consonant in sense.
Divine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme
Of musicke, and of *Reason*, and presents
The soule exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd[31];
Who must not love her then, that loves his soule?
To her I write; my friend, the starre[32] of friends
Will needs have my strange lines greet her strange eies
And for her sake ile power my poore Soule forth
In floods of inke; but did not his kinde hand
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume
In the white flames of her impassionate love,
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze.
For I am desperate of all worldly joyes,
And there was never man so harsh to men.
When I am fullest of digested life
I seeme a livelesse *Embrion* to all,
Each day rackt up in night-like Funerall.
Sing, good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh, and write.

Canto.

The Letter.

Suffer him to love that suffers not loving; my love
is without passion, and therefore free from alteration._

Prose is too harsh, and Verse is Poetry.
Why shood I write; then? merri[33] clad in inke
Is but a mourner, and as good as naked.
I will not write, my friend shall speake for me.
Sing one stave more, my good *Horatio*.

Canto.

I must remember I know whom I love
A dame of learning, and of life exempt
From all the idle fancies of her Sex,
And this, that to an other dame wood seeme
Perplext and foulded in a rudelesse[34] vaile,



Will be more cleere then ballads to her eye.
Ile write, if but to satisfie my friend.
Your third stance sweet *Horatio*, and no more.

Canto.

How vainele doe I offer my strange love?
I marry, and bid states, and entertaine
Ladies with tales, and jests, and Lords with newes,
And keepe a House to feast *Acteons* hounds
That eate their Master, and let idle guests
Draw me from serious search of things divine?
To bid them sit, and welcome, and take care
To sooth their pallats with choyce kitchin-stuff,
As all must doe that marry, and keepe House,
And then looke on the left side of my yoake
Or on the right perhaps, and see my wife
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me,
Busied to starch her French purles, and her puffs,
When I am in my *Anima reflexa*.
Quid est faelicitas? quae origo rerum?
And make these beings that are knowne to be
The onely serious object of true men
Seeme shadowes, with substantiall stir she keeps
About her shadowes, which if husbands love
They must beleeve; and thus my other selfe
Brings me another body to dispose,
That have already much too much of one,
And must not looke for any Soule of her
To helpe to rule two bodies?



Mom. Fie for shame;
I never heard of such an antedame[35].
Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?
Why, friend, they eyther are mens soules themselves,
Or the most witty Imitatrixes of them;
Or prettiest sweet apes of humane Soules,
That ever Nature fram'd; as I will prove.
For first they be *Substantiae lucidae*,
And purer then mens bodies, like their soules,
Which mens harsh haire both of their brest and chinne
Occasioned by their grose and ruder heate
Plainely demonstrats: Then like soules they doe,
Movere corpora, for no power on Earth
Moves a mans body, as a woman does.
Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*,
Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:
For but for women, who wood care for formes?
I vow I never wood wash face, nor hands,
Nor care how ragg'd, or slovenly I went,
Wer't not for women, who of all mens pompes
Are the true final causes: Then they make
Men in their Seedes immortall, like their soules,
That els wood perish in a spanne of time.
Oh! they be soule-like creatures, and my Neece
The soule of twenty rare soules stil'd in one.

Mom. Oh are ye come Sir, welcome to my Neece, As I may say, at midnight; gentle friend, What have you wrot I pray?

Mom. Indeed the way to believe is to love
[*Hee reads and comments.*
And the right way to love is to believe.
This I will carry now with pen, and incke,
For her to use in answeere; see, sweet friend,
She shall not stay to call, but while the steele
Of her affection is made softe and hott,
Ile strike, and take occasion by the brow.
Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing.]

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Cla. Had ever man so true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour and iuduciall love,
Wood suffer such a flourishing pyne in both
To overlooke the boxe-trees of this time?
When the learn'd minde hath by impulsion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame;
No elementall smoke can darken it,
Nor Northren coldnesse nyppe her *Daphnean* Flower.
O sacred friendship, thanks to thy kinde power,
That being retir'd from all the faithlesse World,
Appear'st to me in my unworldly friend,
And for thine own sake let his noble minde,
By moving presedent to all his kinde,
(Like just *Deucalion*) of Earths stony bones
Repaire the World with humaine bloud and flesh,
And dying vertue with new life refresh.

[*Exit.*

Actvs Qvartvs.

Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.

King. Tis time to leave your Chests, Ladies; tis too studious an exercise after Dinner.

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Tal. Why is it cal'd Chests?

Hip. Because they leane upon their Chests that play at it.

Tal. I wood have it cald the strife of wits, for tis a game so witty, that with strife for maisterie, we hunt it eagerly.

Eug. Specially where the wit of the *Goosecaps* are in chase my Lord.

Tal. I am a *Goosecappe* by the mothers side, Madam; at least my mother was a *Goosecappe*.

Pene. And you were her white[36] sonne, I warrant my Lord.

Tal. I was the youngest, Lady, and therefore must bee her white sonne, yee know; the youngest of ten I was.

Hip. And the wisest of Fifteene.

Tal. And sweet Lady will yee cast a kinde eye now upon my Cosin, Sir *Gyles Goosecappe*.

Pene. Pardon my Lord, I have never a spare eye to cast away, I assure ye.

Tal. I wonder you shood count it cast away, Ladie, uppon him; doe you remember those fewe of his good parts I rehearst to you.

Pene. Verie perfectly, my Lord; amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England: pray lets see some of his worke?

Hip. Sweet Lord, lets see him sowe a little.

Tal. You shall, a mine honour, Lady.

Eug. Hees a goodly greate Knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettelie.

King. From the *Spanish* Pike to the *Spanish* Needle, he shall play with any Knight in England, Ladie.

Eug. But not *e converso*, from the *Spanish* needle to the *Spanish* Pike.

King. I thinke he be too wise for that indeed, Madam, for he has twenty Miles length in land lies together, and he wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a Pike.

Hip. But no man commends my blount Servant sir *Cut. Rudesby*, methinks.



King. Hee is a kinde Gentleman, Ladie, though hee bee blunt, and is of this humour, the more you presume upon him without Ceremonie, the more he loves you; if he know you thinke him kinde once, and will say nothing but still use him, you may melt him into any kindnesse you will; he is right like a woman, and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the greatest favour you can of him, then shamefastly intreat it.

Eug. He saies well to you *Hippolita*.

Hip. I, Madam, but they saie, he will beat one in jest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffles in Courtshippe.

King. Some that he makes sport withall perhappes, but none that he respects, I assure ye.

Hip. And what's his living sir *Cutbeard*?

King. Some two thousand a yeere, Ladie.

Hip. I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I stand not upon living.

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King. O good Ladie, who can live without living?

Enter Momford.

Mom. Still heere, Lordings? good companions yfaith; I see you come not for vittles.

Tal. Vittles, my Lord? I hope wee have vittles at home.

Mom. I, but, sweet Lord, there is a principle in the Polititians physicke: Eat not[37] your meat upon other mens trenchers, and beware of surfets of your owne coste. Manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home, ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire Ladie Feeres[38]?

Eug. What winde blowes you hether, troe?

Mom. Harke you, Madam, the sweet gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

Eug. Aye me still, in that humour? beshrewe my heart, if I take anie Papers from him.

Mom. Kinde bosome doe thou take it then.

Eug. Nay then never trust me.

Mom. Let it fall then or cast it away, you were best, that every body may discover your love suits, doe; theres somebody neare, you note it.—And how have you spent the time since Dinner, nobles?

King. At chests, my Lord.

Mom. Read it, Neece.

Eug. Heere, beare it backe, I pray.

Mom. I beare you on my backe to heare you. And how play the Ladies, sir *Cuthberd*? what men doe they play best withall, with Knights or rookes?

Tal. With Knights, my Lord.

Mom. T'is pittie their boord is no broader, and that some men called guls are not added to their game.

King. Why, my Lo? it needs not, they make the Knights guls.

Mom. That's pretty, sir *Cuthbert*.—You have begon I know, Neece; forth I command you.



Eug. O yare a sweet uncle.

Mom. I have brought here a little *Greeke*, to helpe mee out withall, and shees so coy of her learning forsooth, she makes it strange.—Lords and Ladies, I invite you all to supper to night, and you shall not deny me.

All. We will attend your Lordshippe.

Tal. Come Ladies let's into the gallery a little.

[*Exeunt.*

Mom. And now what saies mine owne deare Neece yfaith?

Eug. What shood she say to the backside of a paper?

Mom. Come, come, I know you have byn a' the belly side.

Eug. Now was there ever Lord so prodigall Of his owne honour'd bloud, and dignity?

Mom. Away with these same horse-faire allegations; will you answer the letter?

Eug. Gods my life, you goe like a cunning spokesman, answer uncle; what, doe you thinke me desperate of a husband?

Mom. Not so, Neece; but carelesse of your poore Vncle.

Eug. I will not write, that's certaine.

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Mom. What, wil you have my friend and I perish? doe you thirst our blouds?

Eug. O yare in a mighty danger, noe doubt on't.

Mom. If you have our blouds, beware our ghosts, I can tell ye; come, will ye write?

Eug. I will not write yfaith.

Mom. Yfaith dame, then I must be your secretary, I see; heres the letter, come, doe you dictate, and ile write.

Eug. If you write no otherwise then I dictate, it will scarce prove a kinde answer, I beleeve.

Mom. But you will be advis'de, I trust. Secretaries are of counsell with their Countesses; thus it begins: *Suffer him to love, that suffers not loving.* What answere you to that?

Eug. He loves extreamey that suffers not in love.

Mom. He answers you for that presently, his love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, for *Pati* you know is *in alterationem labi*; he loves you in his soule, he tels you, wherein there is no passion. Saie dame what answer you?

Eug. Nay if I answere anie thing—

Mom. Why? very well, ile answer for you.

Eug. You answere? shall I set my hand to your answere?

Mom. I, by my faith shall ye.

Eug. By my faith, but you shall answere as I wood have you then.

Mom. Alwaies put in with advice of your secretary, Neece, come, what answere you?

Eug. Since you needes will have my Answere, Ile answere briefly to the first, and last part of his letter.

Mom. Doe so, Neece; and leave the midst for himselfe a gods name: what is your answeare?

Eug. *I cannot but suffer you to love, if you doe love.*

Mom. Why very good, there it is,—and will requite your love; say you so? [*He writes, and she dictates.*]



Eug. Beshrowe my lipps then, my Lord.

Mom. Beshrowe my fingers but you shall; what, you may promise to requite his love, and yet not promise him marriage, I hope; well,— *and will requite your love.*

Eug. Nay good my Lord, hold your hand, for ile be sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

Mom. Well hold off your hand, good Madam, till it shood come on, Ile be ready for it anon, I warrent ye. Now forth,—my love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration: what answere you to that Madam?

Eug. Even this, my Lord: *your love, being mentall, needs no bodily Requital.*

Mom. I am content with that, and here it is;—*but in hart.*

Eug. What but in hart?

Mom. Hold off your hand yet I say;—*I doe embrace, and repay it.*

Eug. You may write, uncle, but if you get my hand to it—

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Mom. Alas Neece, this is nothing, ist anything to a bodily marriage, to say you love a man in soule, if your harts agree, and your bodies meet not? simple marriage rites, now let us foorth: he is in the way to felicity, and desires your hand.

Eug. *My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicity.*

Mom. Very good; may not any woman say this now. Conclude now, sweet Neece.

Eug. *And so God prosper your journey.*

Mom. Charitably concluded, though farre short of that love I wood have shoven to any friend of yours, Neece, I sweare to you. Your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite.

Eug. Read what you have writ my Lord.

Mom. What needs that, Madam? you remember it, I am sure.

Eug. Well if it want sense in the Composition, let my secretary be blam'd for't; thers my hand.

Mom. Thanks, gentle Neece; now ile reade it.

Eug. Why now, more then before I pray?

Mom. That you shall see strait.—*I cannot but suffer you to love if you doe love, and will requite your love.*

Eug. Remember that requitall was of your owne putting in, but it shall be after my fashion, I warrant ye.

Mom. Interrupt me no more.—*Your love being mentall needs no bodily requitall, but in hart I embrace, and repay it; my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicity, and my selfe knit with you in the bands of marriage ever walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our journey:*

Eugenia.

Eug. Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

Mom. By my life but it is, Neece.

Eug. By my life but tis none of my deed then.



Mom. Doe you use to set your hand to that which is not your deed; your hand is at it, Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too.

Eug. Why? this is plaine dishonoured deceit. Does all your truest kindnes end in law?

Mom. Have patience Neece, for what so ere I say, Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free love Shall joyne my friend and thee, or naught at all. By my friends love, and by this kisse it shall.

Eug. Why, thus did false *Acontius* snare *Cydippe*.

Mom. Indeed, deere love, his wile was something like,
And then tis no unheard of treachery,
That was enacted in a goddes Eye:
Acontius worthy love feard not *Diana*
Before whom he contriv'd this sweet deceite.

Eug. Well there you have my hand, but ile be sworne I never did thing so against my will.

Mom. T'will prove the better, Madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your bloud,
Rais'd with my motion bold and opposite,
Deere Neece, suppe with me, and refresh your spirites:
I have invited your companions,
With the two guests that din'd with you to daie,
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*,
The Captaine, and his mates, and (tho at night)
We will be merry as the morning *Larke*.

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Eug. No, no my Lord, you will have *Clarence* there.

Mom. Alas poore Gentleman, I must tell you now,
He's extreame sicke, and was so when he writt,
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;
And for the World he cannot come abroad.

Eug. Is this the man that without passion loves?

Mom. I doe not tell you he is sicke with love;
Or if he be, tis wilfull passion.
Which he doth choose to suffer for your sake,
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,
Vppon my life, he will not trouble you;
And therefore, worthy Neece, faile not to come.

Eug. I will on that condition.

Mom. Tis perform'd.
For were my friend well, and cood comfort me,
I wood not now intreate your company,
But one of you I must have, or I die:
Oh such a friend is worth a monarchy.

[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE 2.)

Enter Lord Furnifall, Rudsbie, Goosecappe, Foulweather, Bullaker.

Fur. Nay, my gallants, I will tell you more.

All. Forth, good my Lord.

Fur. The evening came, and then our waxen starres
Sparkled about the heavenly Court of *Fraunce*,
When I then young and radiant as the sunne
Gave luster to those lamps, and curling thus
My golden foretoppe stept into the presence,
Where set with other princely Dames I found
The Countesse of *Lancalier*, and her neece,
Who as I told you cast so fix'd an eye
On my behaviours, talking with the King.



All. True, my good Lord.

Fur. They rose when I came in, and all the lights Burn'd dim for shame, when I stood up, and shin'd.

Foul. O most passionate description, sir *Cutt.*

Rud. True, of a candles end.

Goos. The passingst description of a candle that ever lived, sir *Cutt.*

Fur. Yet aym'd I not at them, nor seemed to note
What grace they did me, but found courtly cause
To talke with an accomlisht gentleman
New come from Italy; in quest of newes
I spake *Italian* with him.

Rud. What so young?

Fur. *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*

Foul. Slid, a cood speake it, Knight, at three yeeres old.

Fur. Nay, gentle Captaine, doe not set me forth; I love it not, in truth I love it not.

Foul. Slight, my Lord, but truth is truth, you know.

Goos. I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, and I have heard in *France*, they speake *French* as well as their mother tongue, my Lord.

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Fur. Why tis their mother tongue, my noble Knight.
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,
With that Italionate Frenchman, and tooke time
(Still as our conference serv'd) to shew my Courtship
In the three quarter legge, and settled looke,
The quicke kisse of the top of the forefinger,
And other such exploytes of good Accost;
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes
With such attention that their favours swarm'd
About my bosome, in my hart, mine eares,
In skarffes about my thighes, upon mine armes
Thicke on my wristes, and thicker on my hands,
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.
All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may use your Courtship with lesse care
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike
A goodly Sammon, with a little line,
We doe not tugge to hale her up by force,
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;
But let her carelesse play alongst the streame,
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

Foul. A my life a most rich comparison.

Goos. Never stirre if it be not a richer Caparison then my Lorde my Cosin wore at Tilt,
for that was brodred with nothing but moone-shine ith the water, and this has Sammons
in't; by heaven a most edible Caparison.

Ru. Odious thou woodst say, for Comparisons are odious.

Foul. So they are indeed, sir *Cut.*, all but my Lords.

Goos. Be Caparisons odious, sir *Cut*; what, like flowers?

Rud. O asse they be odorous.[39]

Goos. A botts a that stincking word odorous, I can never hitt on't.

Fur. And how like you my Court-counsell, gallants, ha?

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent, my Lord; and beleeeve it, for Emphaticall Courtship,
your Lordship puts downe all the Lords of the Court.

Fur. No, good Captaine, no.

Foul. By *France* you doe, my Lord, for Emphaticall Courtship.

Fur. For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe somewhat.

Foul. Then does your merry entertainment become you so festifally, that you have all the bravery of a Saint *Georges* Day about ye, when you use it.

Fur. Nay thats too much, in sadnesse, Captaine.

Goos. O good, my Lord, let him prayse you, what so ere it costs your Lordship.

Foul. I assure your Lordship, your merry behaviour does so festifally show upon you, that every high holliday, when Ladies wood be most beautifull, every one wishes to God she were turnd into such a little Lord as you, when y'are merry.

Goos. By this fire they doe my Lord, I have heard am.

Fur. Marry God forbid, Knight, they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them, a mine honour.

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Foul. Then for your Lordships quips, and quicke jests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them, a my vertue.

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine. Tha's an excellent wit, and thou shalt have Crownes, a mine honour, and now Knights, and Captaine, the foole you told me off, do you all know him?

Goos. I know him best my Lord.

Fur. Doe you sir *Gyles*? to him then, good Knight, and be here with him and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him unto us sir *Gyles*, paint him lively, lively now, my good Knightly boy.

Goos. Why my good Lord? he will nere be long from us, because we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Very true.

Goos. And as soone as ever we goe to Dinner, and Supper together—

Rud. Dinner and supper together, whens that troe?

Goos. A will come you in amongst us, with his Cloake buttond, loose under his chinne.

Rud. Buttond loose, my Lord?

Goos. I my Lord, buttond loose still, and both the flaps cast over before both his shoulders afore him.

Rud. Both shoulders afore him?

Fur. From before him he meanes; forth good sir *Gyles*.

Goos. Like a potentate, my Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potentate indeed.

Goos. For all the world like a Potentate, sir *Cut.* ye know.

Rud. So Sir.

Goos. All his beard nothing but haire.

Rud. Or something else.

Goos. Or something else as you say.



Foul. Excellent good.

Goos. His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenge alwaies in an uncleane hand-kerchiffe, very cleanly, I warrant you, my Lord.

Fur. A good neate foole, sir *Gyles*, of mine honour.

Goose. Then his fine words that he sets them in, concaticall, a fine Annisseede wench foole, upon ticket, and so forth.

Fur. Passing strange words beleeeve me.

Goos. Knoth every man at the table, though he never saw him before, by sight, and then will he foole you so finely my Lord, that he will make your hart ake, till your eyes runne over.

Fur. The best that ever I heard, pray mercy, good Knight, for thy merry description. Captaine, I give thee twenty companies of commendations, never to be cashierd.

Enter lacke, and Will on the other side.

Am. Save your Lordship.

Fur. My pretty cast-of *Merlins*,^[40] what prophecies with your little maestershippes?

Ia. Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the worse our fortunes.

Foul. Why, whats the matter Pages?

Rud. How now, my Ladies foysting^[41] hounds.

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Goos. M. *lacke*, M. *Ia*. how do ye M. *William*? frolicke?

Wil. Not so frolicke, as you left us, sir *Gyles*.

Fur. Why wags, what news bring you a Gods name?

Ia. Heavy newes indeed, my Lord, pray pardon us.

Fur. Heavy newes? not possible your little bodies cood bring am then, unload those your heavy newes, I beseech ye.

Wil. Why my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lord: is thought too wise for you, and we dare not present him.

Goos. Slydd Pages, youle not cheates of our foole, wil ye?

Ia. Why, sir *Gyles*, hees too dogged, and bitter for you in truth; we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the World laugh at us.

Wil. I indeed, sir *Gyles*, and he knowes you so wel too.

Gyles. Know me? slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.[42]

Ia. Faith he begs you to be content, sir *Gyles*, for he wil not come.

Goos. Beg me? slight, I wood I had knowne that, tother Day, I thought I had met him in Paules, and he had bin any body else but a piller, I wood have runne him through by heaven: beg me?

Foul. He begges you to be content, sir *Gyles*; that is, he praies you.

Goos. O does he praise me then I commend him.

Fur. Let this unsutable foole goe, sir *Gyles*; we will make shift without him.

Goos. That we wil, a my word, my Lord, and have him too for all this.

Wil. Doe not you say so, sir *Gyles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

Goos. Dead? slight that can not be, man; I know he wood ha writ to me ant had byn so.

Fur. Quick or dead, let him goe, sir *Giles*.

Ia. I, my Lord, for we have better newes for you to harken after.

Fur. What are they, my good Novations?



Ia. My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lordship, and these knights and captaine to accompany the Countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies, at his house at supper to night.

Wil. All desiring your Lo: to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

Fur. Withall my hart wagges, and thers amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a' the last, a the tainters, and pricke up your selves for the Ladies.

Goos. O brave sir *Cut:* come lets pricke up the Ladies.

Fur. And will not the Knights two noble kinsemen be there?

Ia. Both will be there, my Lord.

Fur. Why theres the whole knot of us then, and there shall we knocke up the whole triplicitie of your nuptials.

Goos. Ile make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.

Foul. And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

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Fur. With tooth and naile Captaine, a my Lord[ship].

Rud. Hang am Tytts! ile pommell my selfe into am.

Ia. Your Lo: your Cosin, sir Gyles, has promist the Ladies they shall see you sowe.

Goos. Gods me, wood I might never be mortall, if I doe not carry my worke with me.

Fur. Doe so sir Gyles, and withall use meanes
To taint their high blouds with the shafte of Love.
Sometimes a fingers motion wounds their mindes:
A jest, a jesture, or a prettie laugh:
A voyce, a present; ah, things done ith nicke
Wound deepe, and sure; and let flie your gold,
And we shall nuptialls have, hold, belly, hold.

Goos. O rare sir *Cut.* we shall eate nut-shells: hold, belly, hold!

[*Exeunt.*

Ia.—O pittifull Knight, that knowes not nuptialls from nut-shells!

Wil. And now *Comme porte vous, monsieur!*

Bul. *Porte bien, vous remercy.*

Ia. We may see it indeed, Sir, and you shall goe afore with us.

Bul. No good *monsieurs.*

Wil. Another Crashe in my Ladies Celler yfaith, *monsieur.*

Bul. *Remercy de bon ceur, monsieurs.*

[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE 3.)

Enter Clarence, Momford.

Mom. How now, my friend? does not the knowing beames, That through thy common
sence glaunce through thy eyes, To read that letter, through thine eyes retire And
warme thy heart with a triumphant fire?



Cla. My Lord, I feele a treble happines
Mix in one soule, which proves how eminent
Things endlesse are above things temporall,
That are in bodies needefully confin'de:
I cannot suffer their dimensions pierst,
Where my immortall part admits expansure,
Even to the comprehension of two more
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe.

Mom. As how my strange, and riddle-speaking friend?

Cla. As thus, my Lord; I feele my owne minds joy,
As it is separate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other soule
loyn'de in direction to one end, like it;
And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,
As we are joynd, that I shall worke that good
In such a noble spirit as your Neece,
Which in my selfe I feele for absolute;
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content,
When in an others use they give it vent.

Mom. Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which show presents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes;
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I know.
My Neece doth use to paint herselfe with white,
Whose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd,

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Either because she thinks pale-lookes moves most:
Or of an answereable nice affect
To other of her modest qualities;
Because she wood not with the outward blaze
Of tempting beauty tangle wanton eies;
And so be troubled with their tromperies:
Which construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne,
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth of my Neece,
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

Cla. A jealous part of friendship you unfold;
For was it ever seene that any Dame
Wood change of choice a well mixt white and red
For bloodles palenes, if she striv'd to move?
Her painting then is to shun motion,
But if she mended some defects with it,
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare?
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;
(If nature made us either lame or sick,)
We wood not seeke for sound limmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?
So in a face, if Nature be made lame,
Then Art can make it, is it more offence
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?
Who can give instance where Dames faces lost
The priviledge their other parts may boast.

Mom. But our most Court received Poets saies, That painting is pure chastities abator.

Cla. That was to make up a poore rime to Nature.
And farre from any judgment it confered
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes,
And if inchastity possesse the hart;
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare
Doth painting spot it:
Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.
For outward fairenes beares the divine forme,
And moves beholders to the Act of love;



And that which moves to love is to be wisht,
And each thing simply to be wisht is good.
So I conclude mere painting of the face
A lawful and a commendable grace.

Mom. What paradox dost thou defend in this?
And yet through thy cleare arguments I see
Thy speach is farre exempt from flatterie;
And how illiterate custome groslye erres
Almost in all traditions she preferres.
Since then the doubt I put thee of my Neece,
Checks not thy doubtlesse love, forth my deare friend,
And to add^[43] force to those impressions,
That now have caru'd her phantasie with love,
I have invited her to supper heere.
And told her thou art most extreamly sick,
Which thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill.

Cla. Which is exceeding smale to conterfeit.

Mom. Practise a little, love will teach it thee;
And then shall *Doctor Versey* the physitian,
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house,
Whith whom as thou confer'st of thy disease,
He bring my Neece with all the Lords, and Ladies
Within your hearing, under fain'd pretext
To shew the Pictures that hang neere thy Chamber;
Where when thou hearest my voyce, know she is there,
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,
And make her flie into thy opened armes.
Ladies, whom true worth cannot move to ruth,
Trew lovers must deceive to shew their truth.

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[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actvs Qvinti.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesbie, Goosecap, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.

Mom. Where is sir Gyles Goose-cappe here?

Goos. Here my Lord.

Mom. Come forward, Knight; t'is you that the Ladies admire at working, a mine honour.

Goos. A little at once my Lorde for idlenes sake.

Fur. Sir *Cut*, I say, to her Captaine.

Penel. Come good servant let's see what you worke.

Goos. Why looke you, Mistris, I am makeing a fine dry sea, full of fish, playing in the bottome, and here ile let in the water so lively, that you shall heare it rore.

Eug. Not heare it, sir Gyles?

Goos. Yes in sooth, Madam, with your eyes.

Tal. I, Lady; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my Knightly cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare seemes to take part with it.

Hip. That's a verie good reason, my Lord.

Mom. What a jest it is, to heare how seriouslie he strives to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones?

Pene. What shall this be, servant?

Goos. This shall be a great Whale, Mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge Hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him Mistris, for he shal be silke, and Gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be nere so lively.



Pene. Thanke you, good servant.

Tal. Doe not thinke, Lady, but he had neede tell you this a forehand: for, a mine honour, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so lively, that at the first sight I started at it.

Mom. The monster *Caucasus*? my Lord, *Caucasus* is a Mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

Tal. *Cacus* indeede, my Lord, crie you mercie.

Goos. Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil Mistris.

Pene. No by my faith, Servant, t'is better in.

Goos. Why, Ladie, Ile but take it out in jest, in earnest.

Pene. No, something else there, good servant.

Goos. Why then here shall be a Camell, and he shall have hornes, and he shall looke for all the World like a maide without a husband.

Hip. O bitter sir *Giles*.

Ta. Nay he has a drie wit, Ladie, I can tell ye.

Pene. He bobd me there indeed, my Lord.

Fur. Marry him, sweet Lady, to answeere his bitter bob.

King. So she maie answeere him with hornes indeed.



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Eug. See what a pretty worke he weares in his boote-hose.

Hip. Did you worke them your selfe, sir *Gyles*, or buy them?

Goos. I bought am for nothing, Madam, in th'exchange.

Eug. Bought am for nothing?

Tal. Indeed, Madam, in th'exchange they so honour him for his worke, that they will take nothing for any thing he buies on am; but wheres the rich night-cap you wrought, cosen? if it had not bin too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that ever I sawe.

Goos. Why, my Lord, t'was bigge enough; when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

Tal. Indeed the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he needs weare uppon his head.

Eug. You speake for your kinsman the best that ever I heard, my Lord.

Goos. But I beleewe, Madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

Ta. I told him so I warrant you, cosen.

Hip. What doe you thinke hee left out sir *Gyles*?

Goos. Marry, Madam, I can take *Tobacco* now, and I have bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then all the burning glasses ith World.

Eug. Glowe-wormes, sir *Giles*? will they make it burne?

Goos. O good Madam, I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpose, Ile besworne they eat me five Faggots a-weeke in Charcoale.

Tal. Nay he has the strangest devices, Ladies, that ever you heard, I warrent ye.

Fur. That's a strange device indeed, my Lord.

Hip. But your sowing, sir *Gyles*, is a most gentlewoman-like quality, I assure you.

Pene. O farr away, for now, servant, you neede never marry, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

Goos. Nay indeed, mistris, I wood faine marry for all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.



Pene. Let's here it good servant.

Goos. Why, Madam, we have a great match at football towards, married men against batchellers, and the married men be all my friends, so I wood faine marry to take the married mens parts in truth.

Hip. The best reason for marriage that ever I heard sir *Gyles*.

Goos. I pray will you keepe my worke a little, Mistris; I must needes straine a little courtesie in truth. [*Exit Sir Gyles*].

Hip. Gods my life, I thought he was a little to blame.

Rud. Come, come, you he[a]re not me, dame.

Pur. Well said, sir *Cut*: to her now; we shall heare fresh courting.

Hip. Alas, sir *Cut*, you are not worth the hearing, every body saies you cannot love, howsoever you talke on't.

Rud. Not love, dame? slidd what argument woodst have of my love, tro? lett me looke as redde as Scarlet a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy beauty, doe not white me like a shippards holland, I am a *Iewe* to my Creator.

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Hip. O excellent!

Rud. Let me burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turned the very heart in my bellie and made mee readie to be hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

Hip. You shood have hangd longer sir *Cut:* tis not right yet.

Rud. Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my body for thy love, and ile lai't in thy hand to prove it. Doost thinke I am no Christian, have I not a soule to save?

Hip. Yes tis to save yet I warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you use this.

Fur. Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Captaines Courtship, is not heard yet. Good Madam give him favour to court you with his voyce.

Eug. What shood he Court me withall else, my Lord?

Mom. Why, I hope Madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

Fur. I meane with an audible sweete song Madam.

Eug. With all my heart my Lord, if I shall bee so much indebted to him.

Foul. Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me sound musicke.

Fur. Well done Captaine, prove as it wil now.

Enter Messenger.

Me. My Lord, Doctor *Versey* the Physitian is come to see master *Clarence*.

Mom. Light, and attend him to him presently.

Fur. To Master *Clarence*? what is your friend sicke?

Mom. Exceeding sicke.

Tal. I am exceeding sorrie.

King. Never was sorrow worthier bestowed Then for the ill state of so good a man.

Pene. Alas poore Gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

Mom. Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth To trouble Ladies since he cannot quitt them. With anything he hath that they respect.



Hip. Respect, my Lord! I wood hold such a man
In more respect then any Emperour:
For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the World.

Mom. How now young Dame? what sodainly inspird?
This speech hath silver haire, and reverence askes,
And sooner shall have duty done of me,
Then any pompe in temperall Emperie.

Hip. Good Madam get my Lord to let us greet him.

Eug. Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him. His Contemplations greet him with most welcome.

Fur. I never knew a man of so sweet a temper, So soft and humble, of so high a Spirit.

Mom. Alas, my noble Lord, he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The standing lake of Impudence corrupts;
Hath nought in all the World, nor nought wood have,
To grace him in the prostituted light.
But if a man wood consort with a soule
Where all mans Sea of gall and bitternes
Is quite evaporate with her holy flames,
And in whose powers a Dove-like innocence
Fosters her own deserts, and life and death
Runnes hand in hand before them, all the Skies
Cleere, and transparent to her piercing eyes,
Then wood my friend be something, but till then
A *Cipher*, nothing, or the worst of men.



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Foul. Sweet Lord, lets goe visit him.

Enter Goose-cappe.

Goos. Pray, good my Lord, what's that you talke on?

Mom. Are you come from your necessarie busines, Sir *Gyles*? we talke of the visiting of my sicke friend *Clarence*.

Goos. O good my Lord lets visite him, cause I knowe his brother.

Hip. Know his brother, nay then Count doe not denie him.

Goos. Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

Mom. O! the younger brother eldest while you live, sir *Gyles*.

Goos. I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne downe with truth, as never any Knight ith world was I thinke.

Ta. A man wood thinke he speakes simply now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: For often we see the youngest inherite, wherein he is eldest.

Eug. Your logicall wit my Lord is able to make any thing good.

Mom. Well come sweet Lords, and Ladies, let us spend
The time till supper-time with some such sights,
As my poore house is furnished withall,
Pictures, and jewels; of which implements,
It may be I have some will please you much.

Goos, Sweet Lord, lets see them.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Clarence, and Doctor.

Do. I thinke your disease sir, be rather of the minde then the body.

Cla. Be there diseases of the minde *Doctor*?

Do. No question sir, even as there be of the body.



Cla. And cures for them too?

Do. And cures for them too, but not by Physick.

Cla. You will have their diseases, greifes? will you not?

Do. Yes, oftentimes.

Cla. And doe not greifes ever rise out of passions?

Do. Evermore.

Cla. And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

Do. Not the passions of the minde, for the minde many times is sicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

Cla. But is not the mindes-sicknes of power to make the body sicke?

Do. In time, certaine.

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the mind?

Do. No question.

Cla. Then if there be such a naturall commerce of Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why shood not the medicines for one cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*[44]

Cla. Nay then, Doctor, since you cannot make any reasonable Connexion of these two contrarities the minde, and the body, making both subiect to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the minde but one, and that is *Ignorance*.

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Do. Why what is love? is not that a disease of the mind?

Cla. Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the bloode, nor are we subject to any disease, or sorrowe, whose causes or effects simply and natively concerne the body, that the minde by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any passions in the soule, for where there are no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your Master *Galen* refers *parti irascenti*, For *illic est anima sentiens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there also.

Do. But you know we use to say, my minde gives me this or that, even in those addictions that concerne the body.

Cla. We use to say so indeed, and from that use comes the abuse of all knowledge and her practice, for when the object in question only concerns the state of the body; why shood the soule bee sorry or glad for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then she is a foole, if of necessity, and against her will, a slave, and so, far from that wisdom and freedome that the Empresse of Reason and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

Do. Divinely spoken, Sir, but verie Paradoxically.

*Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif; Rudes, Goos: Foul:
Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta, Winnifred.*

Mom. Who's there?

[*Fur.?*] I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the Key of the gallery, me thought I heard the Doctor, and my friend.

Fur. I did so sure.

Mom. Peace then a while, my Lord,
We will be bold to evesdroppe; For I know
My friend is as respective in his Chamber
And by himselfe, of any thing he does
As in a *Criticke Synods* curious eyes,
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule—
Maxime omnium teipsum reverere.

Cla. Know you the Countesse *Eugenia*, Sir?

Do. Exceeding wel, Sir; she's a good learned scholler.

Cla. Then I perceive you know her well indeed.



Do. Me thinks you two shood use much conference.

Cla. Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,
For her estate and mine are so unequall,
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre,
That I hold much too sacred a respect,
Of her high vertues to let mine attend them.

Do. Pardon me, Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe Out of your judgment but from passion.

Cla. Indeed I doe account that passion
The very high perfection of my minde,
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was spoken of the most chast Queene
Of rich *Pasiaca* [?] may be said of her.
Moribus Anteuenit sortem[45], *virtutibus Annos*,
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.

Do. A most excellent *Distick*.



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Mom. Come, Lords, away, lets not presume too much
Of a good nature; not for all I have
Wood I have him take knowledge of the wrong
I rudely offer him: come then ile shew
A few rare jewels to your honour'd eyes;
And then present you with a common supper.

Goos. Iewells, my Lord? why is not this candlesticke one of your jewells pray?

Mom. Yes marry is it, sir *Gyles*, if you will.

Goos. Tis a most fine candlesticke in truth, it wants nothing but the languages.

Pene. The languages servant why the languages?

Goos. Why Mistris; there was a lattin candlesticke here afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

Tal. I thought he had a reason for it Lady.

Pene. I, and a reason of the Sunne too, my Lord, for his father wood have bin ashamed on't.

[*Exeunt.*

Do. Well, master *Clarence*, I perceive your minde
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh
And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,
That you have need of no Physitians helpe.
But, good Sir, even for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Those ground workes of eternity you lay
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here:
For the too strict and rationall Course you hold
Will eate your body up; and then the World,
Or that small poynt of it where vertue lives,
Will suffer Diminution: It is now
Brought almost to a simple unity,
Which is (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The unity must onely be suppos'd.
Let it not faile then, most men else have sold it;
Tho you neglect your selfe, uphold it.
So with my reverend love I leave you sir. [*Exit.*



Cla. Thanks, worthy Doctour, I do amply quite you;
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,
And only by one friend in all the World!
For vertues onely sake I use this wile,
Which otherwise I wood despise, and scorne.
The World should sinke, and all the pompe she hugs
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe,
Ere I sustaine it, if this slendrest joynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings love so well
Had power to save it from the throate of hell.
[He drawes the curtains, and sits within them.]

Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.

Eug. Come on, faire Ladies, I must make you both Familiar witnesses of the most
strange part And full of impudence, that ere I plaide.

Hip. What's that, good Madam?

Eug. I that have bene so more then maiden-nice
To my deere Lord and uncle not to yeeld
By his importunate suite to his friends love
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe,
Farre past his expectation or his hope,
In action and in person greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans sicke state.



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Pene. Is this a part of so much Impudence?

Eug. No but I feare me it will stretch to more.

Hip. Marry, Madam, the more the merrier.

Eug. Marrie Madam? what shood I marrie him?

Hip. You take the word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of such kind heate
In your cold bosome, wood to god my breath
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.

Eug. Gods pretious, Ladie, know ye what you say,
Respect you what I am, and what he is,
What the whole world wood say, & what great Lords
I have refused, and might as yet embrace,
And speake you like a friend to wish me him?

Hip. Madam I cast all this, and know your choyse
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores
Of your Iudiciall eyes: I am but young,
And be it said, without all pride I take
To be a maid, I am one, and indeed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weeud[46] in the loomes of greatnes, and of state:
And yet even by that little I have learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I have cride haruest home of thus much judgment
In my greene sowing time, that I cood place
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* minde,
Fild with his inward wealth and noblenes,
(Looke, Madam) here, when others outward trash
Shood be contented to come under here.

Pene. And so say I uppon my maidenhead.

Eug. Tis well said, Ladies, thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wife, you to worldly men.
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent jest
(At least in my poore jesting.) Th'Erle my unckle
Will misse me strait, and I know his close drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By some device or other he hath plotted.



Now when he seekes us round about his house
And cannot find us, for we may be sure
He will not seeke me in his sicke friends Chamber,
(I have at all times made his love so strange,)
He straight will thinke, I went away displeas'd,
Or hartely careles of his hardest suite.
And then I know there is no griefe on Earth
Will touch his hart so much; which I will suffer,
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,
For ile be sworne in motion, and progresse
Of his friends suite, I never in my life
Wrastled so much with passion or was mov'd
To take his firme love in such jelouse part.

Hip. This is most excellent, Madam, and will prove A neecelike, and a noble friends
Revenge.

Eug. Bould in a good cause; then lets greet his friend.—
Where is this sickely gentleman? at his booke?
Now in good truth I wood theis bookes were burnd
That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my uncles friend, no other name
I need give him, to whom I give my selfe.

Cla. O Madam let me rise that I may kneele, And pay some duty to your soveraigne
grace.



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Hip. Good *Clarence*, doe not worke your selfe disease My Lady comes to ease and comfort you.

Pene. And we are handmaides to her to that end.

Cla. Ladies, my hart will breake if it be held Within the verge of this presumtuous chaire.

Eug. Why, *Clarence* is your judgement bent to show
A common lovers passion? let the World,
That lives without a hart, and is but showe,
Stand on her empty, and impoisoned forme,
I knowe thy kindenesse and have seene thy hart
Clest [Cleft?] in my uncles free and friendly lippes,
And I am only now to speake and act
The rite's due to thy love: oh, I cood weepe
A bitter showre of teares for thy sicke state,
I cood give passion all her blackest rites
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts.
But these are common, knowledge is the bond,
The seale, and crowne of our united mindes;
And that is rare and constant, and for that,
To my late written hand I give thee this.
See, heaven, the soule thou gau'st is in this hand.
This is the Knot of our eternitie,
Which fortune, death, nor hell, shall ever loose.

Enter Bullaker, lack, Wil.

Ia. What an unmannerly tricke is this of thy Countesse to give the noble count her uncle the slippe thus?

Wil. Vnmannerlie, you villaynes? O that I were worthy to weare a Dagger to any purpose for thy sake?

Bul. Why young Gentlemen, utter your anger with your fists.

Wil. That cannot be, man, for all fists are shut you know and utter nothing; and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell just for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominable miscarrie her selfe.

Ia. Protest, you sawsie lacke, you! I shood doe my country, and Court-ship good service to beare thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reverend word to

passee their garde; why, the oldest Courtier in the World, man, can doe noe more then protest.

Bul. Indeede, Page, if you were in *Fraunce*, you wood be broken upon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes sonne* in *France* dares say I protest, till he be one and thirty yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that word is not to be possest before.

Wil. Well, I am sorry for my presumption then, but more sory for my Ladies, marie most sorry for thee good Lord *Momford*, that will make us most of all sory for our selves, if wee doe not fynde her out.

Ia. Why, alas, what shood wee doe? all the starres of our heaven see, we seeke her as fast as we can if she be crept into a rush we will seeke her out or burne her.

Enter Momford.

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Mom. Villaines, where are your Ladies? seeke them out.
Hence, home ye monsters, and still keepe you there
Where levity keepes, in her inconstant Spheare. [*Exeunt Pages.*
Away, you pretious villaines! what a plague,
Of varried tortures is a womans hart?
How like a peacockes taile with different lightes,
They differ from themselves; the very ayre
Alter the aspen humors of their bloods.
Now excellent good, now superexcellent badd:
Some excellent good, some? but one of all:
Wood any ignorant babie serue her friend
Such an uncivill part? Sblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,
And nourish *Spiders*? cood she cut my throate
With her departure, I had byn her calfe,
And made a dish at supper for my guests
Of her kinde charge; I am beholding to her.
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre
A man may challenge for her? what? a feather?
So easie to be seene, so apt to trace,
In the weake flight of her unconstant wings?
A mote, man, at the most, that with the Sunne,
Is onely seene, yet with his radiant eye,
We cannot single so from other motes,
To say this mote is she. Passion of death,
She wrongs me past a death; come, come, my friend
Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

Eug. Come uncle shall we goe to supper now?

Mom. Zounes to supper? what a dorr is this?

Eug. Alas what ailes my uncle? Ladies, see.

Hip. Is not your Lordshippe well?

Pene. Good, speake my Lord.

Mom. A sweete plague on you all, ye witty rogues; Have you no pitty in your villanous jests, But runne a man quite from his fifteene witts?

Hip. Will not your Lordship see your friend, and Neece.



Mom. Wood I might sinke if I shame not to see her
Tush t'was a passion of pure jealousie,
Ile make her now amends with Adoration.
Goddesse of learning, and of constancy,
Of friendshippe, and of everie other vertue.

Eug. Come, come you have abus'de me now, I know, And now you plaister me with
flatteries.

Pene. My Lord, the contract is knit fast betwixt them.

Mom. Now all heavens quire of Angels sing Amen,
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blisse;
And Neece tho you have cosind me in this,
Ile uncle you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceive your expectation.
For where you thinke you have contracted harts
With a poore gentleman, he is sole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours
I freely and for ever here bequeath.
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies; let them see
This sodaine, and most welcome Noveltie;
But cry you mercy, Neece, perhaps your modesty
Will not have them partake this sodaine match.

Eug. O uncle, thinke you so? I hope I made My choyce with too much Judgment to
take shame Of any forme I shall performe it with.



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Mom. Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furnifall, Tal: King: Goos: Rud: Foul: Ia: Will, Bullaker.

Mom. My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder, A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue: My friend, and my deere Neece are man and wife.

Fur. A wonder of mine honour, and withall A worthy presedent for all the World; Heaven blesse you for it, Lady, and your choyce.

Ambo. Thankes, my good Lord.

Ta. An Accident that will make pollicie blush,
And all the Complements of wealth and state,
In the succesfull and unnumbered Race
That shall flow from it, fild with fame and grace.

Ki. So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy *Clarence*.

Ambo. Thankes, good sir *Cuthberd*.

Fur. Captaine be not dismaid, Ile marrie thee, For while we live, thou shalt my consort be.

Foul. By *France* my Lord, I am not griev'd a whit, Since *Clarence* hath her; he hath bin in *Fraunce*, And therefore merits her if she were better.

Mom. Then, Knights, ile knit your happie nuptial knots.
I know the Ladies minds better then you;
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue only,
Yet some more wise then some, they chuse for both,
Vertue and wealth.

Eug. Nay, uncle, then I plead This goes with my choise, *Some more wise then some*,
For onely vertues choise is truest wisdom.

Mom. Take wealth, and vertue both amongst you then,
They love ye, Knights, extreamely; and Sir *Cut*:
I give the chast *Hippolita* to you;
Sir *Gyles*, this Ladie—

Pen. Nay, stay there, my Lord. I have not yet prov'd all his Knightly parts I heare he is an excellent Poet too.



Tal. That I forgot sweet Lady; good sir *Gyles*, Have you no sonnet of your penne about ye?

Goos. Yes, that I have I hope, my Lord, my Cosen.

Fur. Why, this is passing fit.

Goos. I'de be loth to goe without paper about me against my Mistris, hold my worke againe; a man knows not what neede he shall have perhaps.

Mom. Well remembred a mine honour sir *Gyles*.

Goos. Pray read my Lord, I made this sonnet of my Mistris.

Rud. Nay reade thy selfe, man.

Goos. No intruth, sir *Cut*: I cannot reade mine owne hand.

Mom. Well I will reade it.

*Three things there be which thou shouldst only crave,
Thou Pomroy or thou apple of mine eye;
Three things there be which thou shouldst long to have
And for which three each modest dame wood crie;
Three things there be that shood thine anger swage,
An English mastife and a fine French page.*

Rud. Sblood, Asse, theres but two things, thou shamst thy selfe.

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Goos. Why sir *Cut.* thats *Poetica licentia*, the verse wood have bin too long, and I had put in the third. Slight, you are no Poet I perceive.

Pene. Tis excellent, servant.

Mom. Keepe it Lady then, And take the onely Knight of mortall men.

Goos. Thanke you, good my Lord, as much as tho you had given me twenty shillings in truth; now I may take the married mens parts at football.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all; and you, Captaine, For merry forme sake let the willowe crowne: A wreath of willow bring us hither straite.

Fur. Not for a world shood that have bin forgot Captaine it is the fashion, take this Crowne.

Foul. With all my hart, my Lord, and thanke you too; I will thanke any man that gives me crownes.

Mom. Now will we consecrate our ready supper
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite;
In forme whereof first daunce, faire Lords and Ladies,
And after sing, so we will sing, and daunce,
And to the skies our vertuous joyes advance.

The Measure.

Now to the song and doe this garland grace.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe,
our Captaine goes downe:
Willowe, willowe, willowe,
his vallor doth crowne.
The rest with Rosemary we grace;
O Hymen let thy light
With richest rayes guild every face,
and feast harts with delight.
Willowe, willowe, willowe,
we chaunt to the skies;
And with blacke, and yellowe,
give courtship the prize_.

FINIS.

NOTE.—In a letter to the *Athenaeum* of June 9, 1883, Mr. Fleay suggests that *Sir Giles Goosecap* is the work of George Chapman. “It was produced by the Children of the Chapel, and must therefore date between 1599 and 1601. The only other plays known to have been represented by the Chapel Children are Lyly’s *Love’s Metamorphosis* and the three *Comical Satires* of Ben Jonson. The present play bears palpable marks of Jonson’s influence.... The author, then, must have been a stage writer at the end of the sixteenth century, probably a friend of Jonson’s, and not surviving 1636. The only known playwrights who fulfil the time conditions are Marston, Middleton, and Chapman. Internal evidence, to say nothing of Jonson’s enmity, is conclusive against Marston and Middleton. Chapman, on the other hand, fulfils the conditions required. He was Jonson’s intimate friend, and died in 1634. In 1598 he was writing plays for Henslow at the Rose Theatre; on July 17, 1599, his connexion with the Admiral’s Company there performing ceased; and his next appearance in stage history is as a writer for the Children of Her Majesty’s Revels, the very company that succeeded, and was, indeed, founded on that of the Children of the Chapel

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at Blackfriars. If Chapman was not writing for the Chapel boys from 1599 to 1601, we do not know what he was doing at all. The external evidence, then, clearly points to Chapman. The internal is still more decisive. To say nothing of metrical evidence, which seems just now out of fashion, probably on account of the manner in which it has been handled, can there be any doubt of the authorship of such lines as these:—

‘According to my master Plato’s mind,’ &c.—iii. II.

And for the lower comedy, act iv., sc. 1, in which Momford makes Eugenia dictate a letter to Clarence, should be compared with the *Gentleman Usher*, iii. 1, and *Monsieur d’Olive*, iv. 1. These are clearly all from one mould.” I, like Mr. Fleay, had been struck by the resemblance to Chapman’s style in parts of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*; but it seems to me that the likeness is stronger in the serious than in the comic scenes. If Chapman was the author, it is curious that his name did not appear on the title-page of the second edition. The reference to the Marechal de Biron’s visit, iii. 1, proves conclusively that the play cannot have been written earlier than the autumn of 1601.

INTRODUCTION TO DOCTOR DODYPOLL.

After reading the passages from “Dr. Dodypoll” in Lamb’s “Extracts from the Garrick Plays,” many students must have felt a desire to have the play in its entirety. I fear that in gratifying their desire I shall cause them some disappointment; and that, when they have read the play through, they will not care to remember much beyond what they knew already. “Dr. Dodypoll” affords a curious illustration of the astounding inequality in the work of the old dramatists. The opening scene, between Lucilia and Lord Lassenbergh, shows rich imagination and a worthy gift of expression. The writer, whoever he may have been, scatters his gold with a lavish hand. In the fine panegyric[47] on painting, there is a freedom of fancy that lifts us into the higher regions of poetry; and dull indeed must be the reader who can resist the contagion of Lassenbergh’s enthusiasm. But this strain of charming poetry is brought too quickly to a close, and then begins the comic business. Haunce, the serving-man, is just tolerable, but the French doctor, with his broken English, is a desperate bore. Soon the stage is crowded with figures, and we have to set our wits on work to follow the intricacies of the plot. Flores, the jeweller, has two daughters, Cornelia and Lucilia. The elder of the two, Cornelia, an ill-favoured virgin, whose affections are fixed on the young Lord Alberdure, has two contending suitors in the doctor and the merchant. Alberdure is in love with Hyanth, but he has a rival in the person of his own father, the Duke of Saxony, who had been previously contracted to the Lady Catherine. Meanwhile Lord Lassenbergh, who is living disguised as a painter under Flores’ roof, has gained the affections

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of Lucilia. In the conduct of the complicated plot no great dexterity is shown. There is a want of fusion and coherence. The reader jumbles the characters together, and would fain see at least one couple cleared off the stage in order to simplify matters. In making Earl Cassimeere marry the deformed Cornelia and share his estate with her father, the author (as Laugbaine observed) has followed Lucian's story of Zenothemis and Menecrates (in "Toxaris, vel De Amicitia"). The third scene of the third act, where Lassenbergh in the hearing of the enchanter chides Lucilia for following him, is obviously imitated from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and in single lines of other scenes we catch Shakespearean echoes. But the writer's power is shown at its highest in the scene (iii. 6) where Lucilia's faltering recollection strives to pierce the veil of her spell-bound senses, gains the light for an instant, and then is lost again in the tumult of contending emotions. The beauty of that scene is beyond the reach of any ordinary poet. And what shall be said of that exquisite description of the cameo in ii. 1?

"*Flores*. See, then, (my Lord) this Aggat that containes The image of that Goddesse and her sonne, Whom auncients held the Soveraignes of Love; See, naturally wrought out of the stone (Besides the perfect shape of every limme, Besides the wondrous life of her bright haire) A waving mantle of celestiall blew Imbroydering it selfe with flaming Starres.

Alber. Most excellent: and see besides (my Lords)
How *Cupids* wings do spring out of the stone
As if they needed not the helpe of Art."

Is there in the whole Greek Anthology anything more absolutely flawless?

As to the authorship of "Dr. Dodypoll" I am unable to form a conjecture. We learn from Henslowe's Diary that a play called the "French Doctor" was popular in 1594; but we are not justified in identifying this piece with "Dr. Dodypoll." Steevens states that the present play was composed before 1596, but he gives no authority for the statement. The song on p. 102, "What thing is love"? is found in William Drummond's MS. extracts from Peele's "Hunting of Cupid" (apud Dyce's Peele).[48]

The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted by the Children of Powles.

LONDON Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for *Richard Oliue*, dwelling in Long Lane. 1600.

The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

Actus Prima.

*A Curtaine drawne, Earle Lassingbergh is discovered
(like a Painter) painting Lucilia, who sits working
on a piece of Cushion worke.*

Lassinberge.^[49] Welcome, bright Morne, that with thy golden rayes
Reveal'st the variant colours of the world,
Looke here and see if thou canst finde disper'st
The glorious parts of faire *Lucilia*:
Take^[50] them and joyne them in the heavenly Spheares,
And fix them there as an eternall light
For Lovers to adore and wonder at:
And this (long since) the high Gods would have done,
But that they could not bring it back againe
When they had lost so great divinitie.



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Lu. You paint your flattering words, [Lord] *Lassinbergh*,
Making a curious pensill of your tongue;
And that faire artificiall hand of yours
Were fitter to have painted heavens faire storie
Then here to worke on Antickes and on me.
Thus for my sake you (of a noble Earle)
Are glad to be a mercinary Painter.

Lass. A Painter, faire *Luci[li]a*? Why, the world
With all her beautie was by painting made.
Looke on the heavens colour'd with golden starres,
The firmamentall ground of it all blew:
Looke on the ayre where, with a hundred changes,
The watry Rain-bow doth imbrace the earth:
Looke on the sommer fields adorn'd with flowers,—
How much is natures painting honour'd there?
Looke in the Mynes, and on the Easterne shore,
Where all our Mettalls and deare Jems are drawne,
Thogh faire themselves made better by their foiles:
Looke on that little world, the twofold man,
Whose fairer parcell is the weaker still,
And see what azure vaines in stream-like forme
Divide the Rosie beautie of the skin.
I speake not of the sundry shapes of beasts,
The severall colours of the Elements,
Whose mixture shapes the worlds varietie
In making all things by their colours knowne.
And to conclude, Nature, her selfe divine,
In all things she hath made is a meere Painter.

[She kisses her hand.]

[Lu.] Now by this kisse, th'admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthie th'onor thou hast given
(With so sweet words) to thy eye-ravishing Art,
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lass. From[51] these base Anticks where my hand hath spearst
Thy severall parts, if I uniting all
Had figur'd there the true *Lucilia*,
Then might'st thou justly wonder at mine Art
And devout people would from farre repaire,
Like Pilgrims, with there dutuous sacrifice,
Adoring[52] thee as Regent of their loves.



Here, in the Center of this Mary-gold,
Like a bright Diamond I enchast thine eye;
Here, underneath this little Rosie bush,
Thy crimson cheekes peers forth more faire then it;
Here *Cupid* (hanging downe his wings) doth sit,
Comparing Cherries to thy Ruby lippes:
Here is thy browe, thy haire, thy neck, thy hand,
Of purpose all in severall shrowds disper'st,
Least ravisht I should dote on mine own worke
Or Envy-burning eyes should malice it.

Lu. No more, my Lord; see, here comes *Haunce* our man.

Enter Haunce.

Haunce. We have the finest Painter here at boord wages that ever made Flowerdelice, and the best bedfellow, too; for I may lie all night tryumphing from corner to corner while he goes to see the Fayries, but I for my part see nothing, but here [sic] a strange noyse sometimes. Well, I am glad we are haunted so with Fairies, for I cannot set a cleane pump down but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Mistresse *Lucilia*, shee's never from him: I pray God he paints no pictures with her; but I hope my fellowe hireling will not be so sawcie. But we have such a wench a comming for you (Lordings) with her woers: A, the finest wench.

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Wink, wink, deare people, and you be wise,
And shut, O shut, your weeping eyes.

*Enter Cornelia sola, looking upon the picture of
Alberdure in a little Jewell, and singing. Enter the
Doctor and the Merchant following and hearkning to her.*

THE SONG.

*What thing is love? for sure I am it is a thing, It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie,
prettie thing; It is a fire, it is a cole, whose flame creeps in at every hoale; And as my
wits do best devise Loves dwelling is in Ladies eies.*

Haunce. O rare wench!

Cor. Faire Prince, thy picture is not here imprest With such perfection as within my
brest.

Mar. Soft, maister Doctor.

Doct. *Cornelia*, by garr dis paltry marshan be too bolde, is too sawcie by garr. Foole,
holde off hand, foole; let de Doctor speake.

Han. Now my brave wooers, how they strive for a Jewes Trump.

Doct. Madam, me love you; me desire to marry you. Me pray you not to say no.

Cor. Maister Doctor, I think you do not love me; I am sure you shall not marry me, And
(in good sadnes) I must needs say no.

Mar. What say you to this, maister Doctor. Mistresse, let me speake. That I do love
you I dare not say, least I should offend you; that I would marry you I had rather you
should conceive then I should utter: and I do live or die upon your *Monasi[la]ble*, I or
no.

Doct. By gar if you will see de *Marshan* hang himselfe, say no: a good shasse by garr.

Han. A filthy French jest as I am a Dutch gentleman.

Mar. Mistresse, Ile bring you from *Arabia*, *Turckie*, and *India*, where the Sunne doth
rise, Miraculous Jemmes, rare stufes of pretious worke, To beautifie you more then all
the paintings Of women with their coullour-fading cheekes.

Doct. You bring stufte for her? you bring pudding. Me vit one, two, tree pence more
den de price buy it from dee and her too by garr: by garr dow sella' dy fader for two



pence more. Madam, me gieve you restoratife; me give you tings (but touth you) make you faire; me gieve you tings make you strong; me make you live six, seaven, tree hundra yeere: you no point so, Marshan. Marshan run from you two, tree, foure yere together: who shall kisse you dan? Who shall embrace you dan? Who shall touth your fine hand? o shall, o sweete, by garr.

Mar. Indeed, M. Doctor, your commodities are rare; a guard of Urinals in the morning; a plagueie fellow at midnight; a fustie Potticarie ever at hand with his fustian drugges, attending your pispot worship.

Doct. By garr, skurvy marshan, me beat dee starck dead, and make dee live againe for sav'a de law.

Han. A plagueie marshan by gar, make the doctor angre.



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Doct. Now, madam, by my trot you be very faire.

Cor. You mock me, M. Doct, I know the contrary.

Doct. Know? what you know? You no see your selfe, by garr me see you; me speake vatt me see; you no point speake so:

Han. Peace, Doctor, I vise you. Do not court in my maisters hearing, you were best.

Enter Flores.

Flo. Where are these wooers heere? poore sillie men,
Highly deceiv'd to gape for marriage heere
Onely for gaine: I have another reache
More high then their base spirits can aspire:
Yet must I use this Doctors secret aide,
That hath alreadie promist me a drug
Whose vertue shall effect my whole desires.

Doct. O *Monsieur Flores*, mee be your worships servant; mee lay my hand under your Lordships foote by my trot.

Flo. O maister Doctor, you are welcome to us, And you, *Albertus*, it doth please me much To see you vowed rivalls thus agree.

Doct. Agree? by my trot sheele not have him.

Ma. You finde not that in your urins, M. Doctor.

Doct. *Mounsieur Flores*, come hedder, pray.

Flo. What sayes maister Doctor? have you remembred me?

Doct. I, by garr: heere be de powdra, you give de halfe at once.

Flo. But are you sure it will worke the effect?

Doct. Me be sure? by garr she no sooner drinke but shee hang your neck about; she stroake your beard; she nippe your sheeke; she busse your lippe, by garr.

Flo. What, wilt thou eate me, Doctor?

Doct. By garr, mee must shew you de vertue by plaine demonstration.

Flo. Well, tell me, is it best in wine or no?



Doct. By garr de Marshan, de Marshan, I tinck he kisse my sweete mistresse.

Flo. Nay, pray thee, Doctor, speake; is't best in wine or no?

Doct. O, good Lort! in vyne: vat else I pray you? you give de vench to loove vatra? be garre me be ashame of you.

Flo. Well, thanks, gentle Doctor. And now (my friends)
I looke to day for strangers of great state,
And must crave libertie to provide for them.
Painter, goe leave your worke, and you, *Lucilia*,
Keepe you (I charge you) in your chamber close.

[Exeunt Cass. and Lucilia.]

Haunce, see that all things be in order set
Both for our Musicke and our large Carowse,
That (after our best countrie fashion)
I may give entertainment to the Prince.

Han. One of your Hault-boyes (sir) is out of tune.

Flo. Out of tune, villaine? which way?

Han. Drunke (sir), ant please you?

Flo. Ist night with him alreadie?—Well, get other Musicke.

Han. So we had need in truth, sir.

[Exit Hans.]

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Doct. Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my leave: see, de unmannerlie Marshan staie, by garr. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Sir, with your leave Ile choose some other time When I may lesse offend you with my staie. [*Exit.*]

Flo. *Albertus*, welcome.—And now, *Cornelia*,
Are we alone? looke first; I, all is safe.
Daughter, I charge thee now even by that love
In which we have been partiall towards thee
(Above thy sister, blest with bewties guifts)
Receive this vertuous powder at my hands,
And (having mixt it in a bowle of Wine)
Give it unto the Prince in his carowse.
I meane no villanie heerein to him
But love to thee wrought by that charmed cup.
We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes;
Why should we, then, shun any meanes we can
To raise us to our auncient states againe?
Thou art my eldest care, thou best deserv'st
To have thy imperfections helpt by love.

Corn. Then, father, shall we seeke sinister meanes
Forbidden by the lawes of God and men?
Can that love prosper which is not begun
By the direction of some heavenly fate?

Flo. I know not; I was nere made Bishop yet;
I must provide for mine, and still preferre
(Above all these) the honour of my house:
Come, therefore, no words, but performe my charge.

Cor. If you will have it so I must consent.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Alberdure, Hyanthe, Leander and Moth.

Alber. My deere *Hyanthe*, my content, my life,
Let no new fancie change thee from my love;
And for my rivall (whom I must not wrong,
Because he is my father and my Prince)



Give thou him honour but give me thy love.
O that my rivall bound me not in dutie
To favour him, then could I tell *Hyanthe*
That he alreadie (with importun'd suite)
Hath to the *Brunswick* Dutchesse vow'd himselfe,
That his desires are carelesse and his thoughts
Too fickle and imperious for love:
But I am silent, dutie ties my tongue.

Hya. Why? thinks my joy, my princely *Aldbure*, *Hyanthes* faith stands on so weake a ground, That it will fall or bend with everie winde? No stormes or lingring miseries shall shake it, Much lesse vaine titles of commaunding love.

Moth. Madam, dispatch him then, rid him out of this earthlie purgatorie; for I have such a coile with him a nights, grunting and groaning in his sleepe, with "O, *Hyanthe!* my deare *Hyanthe!* And then hee throbs me in his armes, as if he had gotten a great Jewell by the eare.

Alber. Away, you wag.—And tell me now, my love,
What is the cause Earle *Cassimere* (your father)
Hath been so long importunate with me
To visit *Flores* the brave Jeweller?

Hyan. My father doth so dote on him, my Lord,
That he thinkes he doth honour every man
Whom he acquaints with his perfections.
Therefore (in any wise) prepare your selfe
To grace and sooth his great conceit of him;
For everie jesture, everie word he speakes,
Seemes to my father admirable good.

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Lean. Indeed, my Lord, his high conceipt of him
Is more then any man alive deserves.
He thinkes the Jeweller made all of Jewels,
Who, though he be a man of gallant spirit,
Faire spoken and well furnisht with good parts,
Yet not so peerleslie to be admir'd.

Enter Cassimere.

Cass. Come, shall we go (my Lord); I dare assure you
You shall beholde so excellent a man,
For his behaviour, for his sweete discourse,
His sight in Musick and in heavenlie Arts,
Besides the cunning judgement of his eie
In the rare secrets of all precious Jemmes,
That you will sorrow you have staide so long.

Alber. Alas, whie would not then your lordships favor
Hasten me sooner? for I long to see him
On your judiciaall commendation.

Cass. Come, lets away then: go you in, *Hyanthe*, And if my Lord the Duke come in my
absence See him (I pray) with honour entertain'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Hya. I will, my Lord.

Leand. I will accompanie your Ladiship, If you vouchsafe it.

Hya. Come, good *Leander*.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

*Enter Constantine, Katherine, Ite,
Vandercleeve, with others.*

Const. Lord *Vandercleeve*, go Lord Ambassadour
From us to the renowmed Duke of *Saxon*,
And know his highnesse reason and intent
Whie being (of late) with such importunate suite
Betroth'd to our faire sister *Dowager*
Of this our Dukedome, he doth now protract



The time he urged with such speede of late
His honourd nuptiall rites to celebrate.

Kath. But, good my Lord, temper your Ambassie
With such respective termes to my renowme
That I be cleer'd of all immodest haste
To have our promist nuptials consummate;
For his affects (perhaps) follow the season,
Hot with the summer then, now colde with winter:
And Dames (though nere so forward in desire)
Must suffer men to blowe the nuptiall fire.

Vander. Madam, your name (in urging his intent)
Shall not be usd, but your right princely brothers;
Who, knowing it may breede in vulgar braines
(That shall give note to this protraction)
Unjust suspition of your sacred vertues,
And other reasons touching the estate
Of both their famous Dukedomes, sendeth mee
To be resolv'd of his integritie.

Const. To that end go, my honourable Lord,
Commend me and my sister to his love
(If you perceive not he neglects our owne)
And bring his princelie resolution.

Kat. Commend not me by any meanes, my lord,
Unlesse your speedie graunted audience
And kind entreatie make it requisite,
For honour rules my nuptiall appetite.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

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*Enter Haunce, Lassingbergh and others following,
serving in a Bancket.*

Han. Come, sir, it is not your painting alone makes your absolute man; ther's as fine a hand to be requir'd in carrying a dish, and as sweete arte to be shew'd in't as in any maister peece whatsoever; better then as you painted the Doctor eene now with his nose in an Urinall.

Lass. Be quiet, sir, or ile paint you by and by eating my maisters comfets. [*Exit.*]

Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Alberdure, Cornelia, and Moth.

Flor_. Prince *Alberdure*, my great desire to aunswere
The greatnes of your birth and high deserts
With entertainment fitting to your state
Makes althings seem too humble for your presence.

Alber. Courteous *S. Flores*, your kinde welcome is
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince,
And I am bound to good Earle *Cassimeere*
For honouring me with your desierd acquaintance.

Cass. Wilt please you therefore to draw neere, my lord?

Flo. Wilt please your grace to sit?

Alber. No, good *S. Flores*; I am heere admiring
The cunning strangenes of your antick worke:
For though the generall tract of it be rough
Yet is it sprinckled with rare flowers of Art.
See what a livelie piercing eye is here;
Marke the conveiance of this lovelie hand;
Where are the other parts of this rare cheeke?
Is it not pittie that they should be hid?

Flo. More pittie 'tis (my lord) that such rare art
Should be obscur'd by needie povertie;
Hee's but a simple man kept in my house.

Alber. Come, sirra, you are a practitioner, Lets have your judgement here.

Han. Will you have a stoole, sir?

Moth. I, and I thanke you too, sir.



Flo. Hath this young Gentleman such skill in drawing?

Alber. Many great maisters thinke him (for his yeares) Exceeding cunning.

Cass. Now, sir, what thinke you?

Moth. My Lord, I thinke more Art is shaddowed heere
Then any man in *Germanie* can shew
Except Earle *Lassingbergh*; and (in my conceipt)
This work was never wrought without his hand.

Flo. Earle *Lassingbergh*! Aye me, my jealous thoughts
Suspect a mischief which I must prevent.
Haunce, call *Lucilia* and the Painter strait,
Bid them come both t'attend us at our feast.—
Is not your Grace yet wearie of this object?
He shew your Lordship things more woorth the sight
Both for their substance and their curious Art.

Alber. Thankes, good sir *Flores*.

Flo. See, then, (my Lord) this Aggat that containes
The image of that Goddesse and her sonne,
Whom auncients held the Soveraignes of Love;
See naturally wrought out of the stone
(Besides the perfect shape of every limme,
Besides the wondrous life of her bright haire)
A waving mantle of celestiall blew
Imbroydering it selfe with flaming Starres.

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Alber. Most excellent: and see besides (my Lords) How *Cupids* wings do spring out of the stone As if they needed not the helpe of Art.

Flo. My Lord, you see all sorts of Jewells heere,
I will not tire your grace with view of them;
Ile onely shew you one faire Aggat more,
Commended chiefly for the workmanship.

Alber. O excellent! this is the very face
Of *Cassimeere*: by viewing both at once,
Either I thinke that both of them do live
Or both of them are Images and dead.

Flo. My Lord, I feare I trouble you too long: Wilt please your Lordships taste th[e]is homely cates?

Corn. First (if it please you) give me leave to greete Your Princely hand with this unworthy gift, Yet woorthy since it represents your selfe.

Alber. What? my selfe, Lady? trust me it is pittie So faire a Jemme should hold so rude a picture.

Cor. My Lord, 'tis made a Jewell in your picture, Which otherwise had not deserv'd the name.

Alber. Kinde mistresse, kindly I accept your favor.

Enter Lassingbergh, Haunce and Lucilia.

Flo. Heere, you young gentleman; do you know this man?

[Exit Han.

Mot. Yes, signior *Flores*, 'tis Earle *Lassingbergh*.—My lord, what meane you to come this disguisd?

Lu. Aye me!

Lass. The foolish boye is mad; I am *Cornelius*. Earle *Lassingbergh*? I never heard of him.

Flo. O *Lassingbergh*, we know your villainie,
And thy dishonour (fond *Lucilia*).
Asse that I was, dull, sencelesse, grosse braynd fool
That dayly saw so many evident signes



Of their close dealings, winckings, becks and touches,
And what not? To enforce me to discern,
Had I not been effatuate even by Fate.
Your presence, noble Lords (in my disgrace)
Doth deeply moove mee, and I heere protest
Most solemnly (in sight of heaven and you)
That if Earle *Lassingbergh* this day refuse
To make faire mends for this fowle trespassse done,
I will revenge me on his treacherous heart
Though I sustaine for him a thousand deaths.

Cass. This action (traitour *Lassingbergh*) deserves Great satisfaction or else great revenge.

Alber. Beleeve me, gallant Earle, your choice is faire. And worthy your most honourable love.

Lassin. My Lord, it greeves me to be thus unmaskt
And made ridiculous in the stealth of love;
But (for *Lucilias* honour) I protest
(Not for the desperate vowe that *Flores* made)
She was my wife before she knew my love,
By secret promise made in sight of heaven.
The marriage which he urgeth I accept,
But this compulsion and unkinde disgrace
Hath altered the condition of my love
And filde my heart with yrksome discontent.



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Flor. My Lord, I must preferre mine honour still
Before the pleasure of the greatest Monarch,
Which since your Lordship seekes to gratifie
With just and friendly satisfaction,
I will endeavour to redeeme the thought
Of your affection and lost love to us.
Wilt please you therefore now to associate
This woorthy Prince at this unwoorthy banquet?

Alber. My Lord, let me intreate your company.

Lassin. Hold mee excusd, faire Prince; my grieved thoughts
Are farre unmeete for festivall delights:
Heere will I sit and feede on melancholie,
A humour (now) most pleasing to my taste.

Flor. Lucilia, waite the pleasure of your love.
My Lord, now to the banquet:
Daughter, commaund us a carowse of wine.

*[Musick sounds awhile; and they sing
Boire a le Fontaine.*

My Lord, I greete you with this first carowse,
And as this wine (the Elements sweete soule)
Shall grow in me to bloud and vitall spirit,
So shall your love and honor grow in me.

Alber. I pledge you, sir.

Cass. How like you him, my Lord?

Alber. Exceeding well. *[Sing boyre a le fontaine.*

Flor. Cornelia, do you serve the Prince with wine?

[Shee puts the powder into the Cup and gives it the Prince.

Alber. I thanke you, Lady; Earle Cassimeere, I greete you, and remember Your faire
Hyanthe.

Cass. I thanke your honour.
[Sing boyre a &c.

Flor. Fill my Lord Cassimere his right of wine.



Cass. *Cornelia*, I give you this dead carowse.

Corn. I thanke your Lordship.
[*Sing boyre a &c.*

Alber. What smoake? smoake and fire.

Cass. What meanes your honour?

Alber. Powder, powder, *Etna*, sulphure, fier: quench it, quench it.

Flor. I feare the medcine hath distemper'd him.—O villaine Doctor!

Alber. Downe with the battlements, powre water on!
I burne, I burne; O give me leave to flie
Out of these flames, these fiers that compasse me.

[*Exit.*

Cass. What an unheard off accident is this? Would God, friend *Flores*, t'had not happen'd here.

Flor. My Lord, 'tis sure some Planet[53] striketh him; No doubt the furie will away againe.

Cass. Ile follow him. [*Exit.*

Lass. What hellish spright ordain'd this hatefull feast That ends with horror thus and discontent?

Flor. I hope no daunger will succееde therein;
However, I resolve me to conceale it.—
My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit,
And deck your selfe with ornaments more fit
For celebration of your marriage?

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Lass. I, I, put on me what attire you will; My discontent, that dwels within me still.

[Exeunt

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Haunce solus.

Hans. Whom shall a man trust? a Painter? No: a servant? No: a bed fellowe? No: For, seeming for to see, it falls out right: All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Ho, *Zaccharee*, bid *Ursula* brushe my two, tree fine Damaske gowne; spread de rishe coverlet on de faire bed; vashe de fine plate; smoake all de shambra vit de sweete perfume.

Hans. Heer's the Doctor: what a gaping his wisdom keepes i'the streete! As if he could not have spoken all this within.

Doct. Ho, *Zaccharee*, if de grand patient come, you finde me signior *Flores*.

Hans. By your leave, maister Doctor.

Doct. *Hans*, my very speciall friend; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you veale.

Hans. What, do you make a Calfe of me, M. Doctor?

Doct. O no, pardona moy; I say vell, be glad for see you vell, in good health.

Hans. O, but I am sick, M. Doctor; very exceeding sick, sir.

Doct. Sick? tella me, by garr; me cure you presently.

Hans. A dead palsey, M. Doctor, a dead palsey.

Doct. Veare? veare?

Hans. Heere, M. Doctor; I cannot feele, I cannot feele.

Doct. By garr, you be de brave, merry man; de fine proper man; de very fine, brave, little, propta sweet Jack man; by garr, me loov'a you, me honour you, me kisse'a your foote.

Hans. You shall not stoope so lowe, good M. Doctor; kisse higher if it please you.



Doct. In my trot me honour you.

Hans. I, but you give me nothing, sir.

Doct. No? by garr, me giv'a de high commendation passe all de gold, precious pearle in de vorld.

Hans. I, sir, passe by it, you meane so, sir. Well, I shall have your good word, I see, M. Doctor.

Doct. I sayt.

Hans. But not a rag of money.

Doct. No, by my trot, no point money; me give de beggra de money, no point de brave man.

Hans. Would I were not so brave in your mouth.—But I can tell you newes, maister Doctor.

Doct. Vat be dat?

Hans. The young Prince hath drunke himselfe mad at my maisters to day.

Doct. By garr, drunke, I tinck.

Hans. No, sir, starke mad; he cryes out as if the towne were a fier.

Doct. By garr, me suspect a ting.

Hans. Nay, I can tell you more newes yet.

Doct. Vat newes?

Hans. If your cap be of capacitie to conceive it now, so it is. Ile deale with you by way of Interrogation:—

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*Who is it must marry with Lucilia bright?
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.*

Doct. By garr, me no conceive vatt you say.

Hans. Let wisdom answer: *I aske what is man? A Pancake tost in Fortune's frying pan.*

Doct. Vat frying pan? by garr, I tinck de foolish petit Jack is madd.

Hans. For, as an Asse may weare a Lyons skinne, So noble Earles have sometimes Painters binne.

Doct. Garrs blurr, he ryme de grand Rats[54] from my house: me no stay, me go seek 'a my faire *Cornelia*. *[Exit.*

Hans. Farewell Doctor Doddy, in minde and in body An excellent Noddy: A cockscomb[55] incony, but that he wants mony To give *legem pone*. O what a pittifull case is this! What might I have done with this wit if my friends had bestowed learning upon me? Well, when all's don, a naturall guift is woorth all.

[Exit.

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Hoscherman, with others, &c.

Hard. The Ambassador of *Brunswick* (good my lord) Begins to murmure at his long delays?

Hosc. Twere requisit your highnes wold dismisse him.

Alph. Who holds him? let him go.

Hard. My Lord, you know his message is more great
Then to depart so slightly without answer,
Urging the marriage that your grace late sought
With *Katherine*, sister to the Saxon Duke.

Hosk. Whom if your highnes should so much neglect
As to forsake his sister and delude him,
Considering already your olde jarre
With the stoute *Lantsgrave*, what harmes might ensue?

Alph. How am I crost? *Hyanthe* 'tis for thee That I neglect the Duchesse and my vowes.



Hard. My Lord, twere speciallie convenient Your grace would satisfie th'embassador.

Alph. Well, call him in.

Hosk. But will your Highnes then Forsake *Hyanthe*?

Alph. Nothing lesse, *Hosk[erman]*.

Hosk. How will you then content th'embassadour?

Alph. I will delaie him with some kinde excuse.

Hard. What kinde excuse, my Lord?

Alph. For that let me alone; do thou but soothe
What I my selfe will presently devise
And I will send him satisfied away.

Hard. Be sure (my Lord) Ile soothe what ere you say.

Alph. Then let them come, we are provided for them.

Enter Vandercleeve the Ambassador attended.



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My lord Ambassador, we are right sorrie
Our urgent causes have deferd you thus
In the dispatch of that we most desire.
But for your answer: know I am deterr'd
By many late prodigious ostents
From present consumation of the nuptials
Vowd twixt your beauteous Dutchesse and our selfe.
O what colde feare mens jealous stomachs feele
In that they most desire! suspecting still
'Tis eyther too too sweete to take effect
Or (in th'effect) must meete with some harshe chaunce
To intervent the joye of the successe.
The same wisht day (my Lord) you heere arriv'd
I bad Lord *Hardenbergh* commaund two horse
Should privately be brought for me and him,
To meete you on the waye for honours sake
And to expresse my joye of your repaire:
When (loe!) the horse I us'd to ride upon
(That would be gently backt at other times)
Now, offring but to mount him, stood aloft,
Flinging and bound. You know, Lord *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. Yes, my good Lord.

Alph. And was so strangely out of wonted rule That I could hardlie back him.

Hard. True, my liege; I stood amaz'd at it.

Hard. Well, yet I did, And riding (not a furlong) downe he fell.

Hard. That never heeretofore would trip with him.

Alph. Yet would I forward needs, but *Hardenbergh*.
More timorous then wise, as I supposed,
(For love so hardned me feare was my slave)
Did ominate such likelie ill to me
If I went forward, that with much enforcement
Of what might chance he drave me to retreat.
Didst thou not *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. I did, my Lord.



Alph. I warrant thou wilt say
Thou never yet saw'st any man so loathe
To be perswaded ill of so ill signes.

Hard. Never in all my life.

Alph. Thou wonderst at it?

Hard. I did indeed, my liege, not without cause.

Alph. O blame not, *Hardenbergh*, for thou dost know How sharpe my heart was set to
entertaine The Lord of this Ambassage lovingly.

Hard. True, my good Lord.

Alph. But (coming back) how gently the Jade went,— Did he not, *Hardenbergh*?

Hard. As any horse on earth could do, my Lord.

Alph. Well, sir, this drew me into deepe conceit,
And to recomfort me I did commaund
Lord *Hardenbergh* should ope a Cabanet
Of my choise Jewels and to bring me thence
A ring, a riche and Violet *Hiacinthe*,
Whose sacred vertue is to cheere the heart
And to excite our heavie spirits to mirthe;
Which^[56], putting on my finger, swift did breake.
Now this, indeed, did much discomfort me,
And heavie to the death I went to bed;
Where in a slumber I did strongly thinke
I should be married to the beautious Dutchesse,

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And coming to my Chappell to that end,
Duke *Constantine* her brother with his Lords
And all our peeres (me thought) attending us,
Forth comes my princelie *Katherine* led by death,
Who threatening me stood close unto her side,
Urging by those most horrible portents
That wedding her I married mine owne death.
I, frighted in my sleepe, struggled and sweat,
And in the violence of my thoughts cryed out
So lowde that *Hardenberghe* awakt and rose.
Didst thou not *Hardenberghe*?

Hard. I felt I did, for never yet (my Lord) Was I in heart and soule so much dismaide.

Alph. Why thus you see (my Lord) how your delaies Were mightilie and with huge
cause enforste.

Amb. But dreames (my lord) you know growe by the humors
Of the moist night, which, store of vapours lending
Unto our stomaches when we are in sleepe
And to the bodies supream parts ascending,
Are thence sent back by coldnesse of the braine,
And these present our idle phantasies
With nothing true but what our labouring soules
Without their active organs safelie worke.

Alph. My lord, know you there are two sorts of dreams,
One sort whereof are onely phisicall,
And such are they whereof your Lordship speakes;
The other Hiper-phisicall, that is
Dreames sent from heaven or from the wicked fiends,
Which nature doth not forme of her owne power
But are extrinsecate, by marvaile wrought;
And such was mine. Yet, notwithstanding this,
I hope fresh starres will governe in the spring;
And then, assure your princelie friend your maister,
Our promise in all honour shall be kept.
Returne this answer, Lord Ambassador,
And recommend me to my sacred love.



Amb. I will, my lord; but how it will be accepted I know not yet; your selfe shall shortly heare.

Alph. Lords, some of you associate him.—Ha, ha!

[Exeunt all but Alph. [and Hard.

Hard. Exceeding well and gravelie good, my lord.

Alph. Come, lets go and visit my *Hianthe*, She whose perfections are of power to moove The thoughts of *Caesar* (did he live) to love.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Lassing., Lucil., Cor., Han., and Doct.

Ha. Well, mistr., God give you more joy of your husband then your husband has of you.

Doct. Fie, too, too bad by my fait. Vat, my lord? melancholie? and ha de sweete Bride, de faire Bride, de verie fine Bride? o monsieur, one, two, tree, voure, vive, with de brave capra, heigh!

Han. O the Doctor would make a fine frisking usher in a dauncing schoole.

Doct. O by garr, you must daunce de brave galliarr. A pox of dis melancholie!



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Cass. My Lord, your humors are most strange to us, The humble fortune of a servants life Should in your carelesse state so much displease.

Lass. *Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.*

Flor. Could my childes beautie moove you so, my lord, When Lawe and dutie held it in restraint, And now (they both allowe it) be neglected?

Lass. I cannot rellish joyes that are enforst; For, were I shut in Paradice it selfe, I should as from a prison strive t'escape.

Luc. Haplesse *Luci[li]a*, worst in her best estate!

Lass. He seeke me out some unfrequented place
Free from these importunities of love,
And onelie love what mine owne fancie likes.

Luc. O staie, my Lord.

Flor. What meanes Earle *Lassenbergh*?

Cass. Sweete Earle, be kinder.

Lass. Let me go, I pray.

Doct. Vat? you go leave a de Bride? tis no point good fashion; you must stay, be garr.

Lass. Must I stay, sir?

Doct. I spit your nose, and yet it is no violence. I will give a de prove a dee good reason. Reguard, Monsieur: you no point eate a de meate to daie, you be de empty; be gar you be emptie, you be no point vel; be garr you be vere sick, you no point leave a de provision; be garr you stay, spit your nose.

Lass. All staies have strength like to thy arguments.

Cass. Staie, *Lassenbergh*.

Luc. Deare Lord.

Flo. Most honord Earle.

Lass. Nothing shall hinder my resolved intent, But I will restlesse wander from the world Till I have shaken off these chaines from me.

[Exit La.



Luc. And I will never cease to follow thee Till I have wonne thee from these unkinde thoughts.

Cass. Haplesse *Lucilia*! [*Exit Luc.*]

Flor. Unkinde *Lassenbergh*!

Doct. Be garr, dis Earle be de chollericke complexion, almost skipshack, be garr: he no point staie for one place. Madame, me be no so laxative; mee be bound for no point moove six, seaven, five hundra yeare from you sweete sidea; be garr, me be as de fine *Curianet* about your vite necke; my harte be close tie to you as your fine Buske or de fine Gartra boutte your fine legge.

Hans. A good sencible Doctor; how feelinglie he talkes.

Doct. A plage a de Marshan! blowe wind!

Han. You need not curse him, sir; he has the stormes at Sea by this time.

Doct. O *forte bien*! a good Sea-sick yeast by this faire hand: blowe wind for mee! puh, he no come heere, Madame.

Flo. Come, noble Earle, let your kind presence grace Our feast prepar'd for this obdurate Lord, And give some comfort to his sorrowfull bride Who in her pitteous teares swims after him.

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Doct. Me beare you company, signior *Flores*.

Flor. It shall not need, sir.

Doct. Be garr, dis be de sweet haven for me for anchor.

Flor. You are a sweet smell-feast,[57] Doctor; that I see. Ile [have] no such tub-hunters use my house. Therefore be gone, our marriage feast is dasht.

Doct. Vat speake a me de feast? me spurne a, me kick a de feast; be garr, me tell a me do de grand grace, de favor for suppa, for dina, for eata with dee; be garrs blur, we have at home de restorative, de quintessence, de pure destill goulde, de Nector, de Ambrosia. *Zacharee*, make ready de fine partricke, depaste de grand *Otamon*.

Han. *Zacharee* is not heere, sir, but Ile do it for you. What is that *Otomon*, sir?

Doct. O de grand Bayaret de Mahomet, de grand Turgur, be garr.

Ha. O a Turkie, sir, you would have rosted, would you? Call you him an *Otoman*?

Doct. Have de whole ayre of Fowle at commaund?

Flor. You have the foole[58] at command, sir: you might have bestowed your selfe better. Wil't[59] please you walke, M. Doct. Dodypoll.

[*Exeunt all but the Doctor.*]

Doct. How? Doddie poole? garrs blurr, Doctor Doddie, no point poole. You be paltrie Jacke knave, by garr: de doctor is nicast, de doctor is rage, de doctor is furie, be gar, the doctor is horrible, terrible furie. Vell, derre be a ting me tinke; be gars blur, me know, me be revenge me tella de Duke. Vell, me say no more: chok a de selfe, foule churle, fowle, horrible, terrible pigge, pye Cod.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE 2.]

Lea. I wonder what varietie of sights Retaines your father and the prince so long With signior *Flores*?

Hya. O signior *Flores* is a man so ample
In every complement of entertainment,
That guests with him are, as in Bowers enchanted,
Reft of all power and thoughts of their returne.



Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.

Lean. Be silent, heere's the Duke.

Alp. Aye me beholde Your sonne, Lord *Hardenbergh*, courting *Hyanthe*.

Har. If he be courting tis for you, my liege.

Alph. No, *Hardenbergh*; he loves my sonne too well
—My faire *Hyanthie*, what discourse is it
Wherewith *Leander* holdes you this [thus?] attentive?
Would I could thinke upon the like for you.

Hya. You should but speake and passe the time, my lord.

Alp. Passe-time that pleaseth you is the use of time:
Had I the ordering of his winged wheele
It onely should serve your desires and mine.
What should it do if you did governe it.

Hya. It should go backe againe and make you yong.

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Alph. Swounds, *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. To her againe, my Lord.

Alp. *Hyanthe*, wouldst thou love me, I would use thee So kindlie that nothing should take thee from me.

Hya. But time would soone take you from me, my lord.

Alp. Spight on my soule: why talke I more of time? Shee's too good for me at time, by heaven.

Har. I, and place to (my Lord) I warrant her.

Omnes. Stop, stop, stop!

Enter Alberdure mad; Motto and others following him.

Mott. O stay, my Lord.

Albe. *Hyanthe*, *Hyanthe*, o me, my love!

Lea. Heer's the Duke his father, heele marr all.

Albe. O villaine, he that lockt her in his arms
And through the river swims along with her.
Staie, traiterous *Nessus*, give me bowes and shafts.
Whirre! I have strooke him under the shorte ribs:
I come, *Hyanthe*! O peace, weepe no more. [*Exit.*

Alp. Meanes he not me by *Nessus*, *Hardenbergh*?

Hard.[60] My lord, he is surelie mad.

Alph. *Hyanthe* loves him:
See how she trembles and how pale she lookes!
She hath enchanted my deere *Aldbure*
With crafts and treasons and most villanous Arts
Are meanes by which shee seekes to murder him.
Hardenbergh, take her and imprison her
Within thy house: I will not loose my sonne
For all the wealth the Loves of heaven embrace.

Hya. What meanes your grace by this?

Alp. Away with her!

Hya. You offer me intolerable wrong.

Alp. Away with her, I say.

Har. Come Ladie, feare not, Ile entreate you well.

Hya. What injurie is this!

[Exit Hard. with Hyan.]

Alph. So now I have obtainde what I desir'd,
And I shall easilie worke her to my will;
For she is in the hands of *Hardenbergh*
Who will continually be pleading for me.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Roome! a halle, a hall! be garr, vere is de Duke?

Alp. Heere, maister Doctor.

Doct. O we have grand important matter for tella your grace how de know de cause for de wish cause your sonne is da madman.

Enter Alberdure running.

Alb. What? art thou heere? sweete *Clio*, come, be bright; Take me thy Timbrell and Tobaccho pipe, And give *Hyanthe* musicke at her windowe.

Doct. Garrs blurr, my cap, my cap, cost me de deale a French crowne.

Alb. But I will crown thee with a cod of Muske, Instead of Lawrell, and a Pomander[61]: But thou must write *Acrostignues* first, my girle.

Doct. Garzowne, what a pox do you stand heere for, de grand poltrone pezant, and see de Doctor be dus?

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Alb. Aye me, what *Demon* was it guide me thus? This is *Melpomene*, that Scottish witch[62], Whom I will scratche like to some villanous gibb, And—

Doct. O Garzowne, la diable, la pestilence, gars blur!

Alp. Lay holde upon him, helpe the Doctor there!

Alb. Then reason's fled to animals, I see, And I will vanish like Tobaccho smoake. *Exit.*

Doct. A grand pestilence a dis furie

Alp. Follow him, sirs, *Leander*, good *Leander*! But, Doctor, canst thou tell us the true cause Of this suddaine frenzie?

Doct. O by garr, pleaze your grace heare de long tale [or] de short tale?

Alp. Briefe as you can, good Doctor.

Doct. Faite and trot, briefe den, very briefe, very laccingue. De Prince, your sonne, feast with de knave Jeweller, *Flores*, and he for make a Prince love a de foule croope-shouldra daughter *Cornelia*, give a de prince a de love poudra which my selfe give for the wenche a before, and make him starke madde be garr because he drinke a too much a.

Alp. How know you this?

Doct. Experience teach her, by garr; de poudra have grand force for inflama de bloud, too much make a de rage and de present furie: be garr, I feare de mad man as de devilla, garr blesse a.

Enter Hardenbergh.

Alp. How now, sweete *Hardenbergh*?

Har. The Prince, my Lord, in going downe the staires Hath forst an Axe[63] from one of the Trevants (?), And with it (as he runnes) makes such cleare way As no man dare oppose him to his furie.

Alp. Aye me, what may I do? heere are such newes As never could have entred our free ears But that their sharpnesse do enforce a passage. Follow us, Doctor; 'tis *Flores* treacherie That thus hath wrought my sonnes distemperature.



Exit [Alph.

Hard. Flores, the Jeweller?

Doct. I, he, dat fine precious stone knave: by garr, I tinke I shall hit upon hir skirt till be thred bare new.

Exit [Doct with Hard.

[SCENE 3.]

Musicke playing within. Enter a Peasant.

Pes. 'Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way. O harke; What brave musick is this under the green hill?

Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.

O daintie, O rare, a banquet! would to Christ
I were one of their guests. Gods ad, a fine little
Dapper fellow has spyed me: What will he doo?
He comes to make me drinke: I thanke you, Sir.
Some of your victuals, I pray; Sir; nay now keepe
your meate, I have enough I; the cup, I faith.

Exit.

*Enter the spirit with banquetting stuffe, and missing
the pesant, looks up and downe for him; the rest
wondering at him; to them enters the Enchanter.*



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Ench. Where is my precious cup, you Antique flames?
Tis thou that hast convaide it from my bowre,
And I will binde thee in some hellish cave
Till thou recover it againe for me.
You that are bodyes made of lightest ayre,
To let a Peasant mounted on a Jade
Coozen your curtesies and run away
With such a Jewell, worthy are to endure
Eternall pennance in the lake of fier.

Enter Lass. and Lucilia.

Lass. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still?
Should I entreate thee to attend me thus,
Then thou wouldst pant and rest, then thy soft feete
Would be repining at these niggard stones:
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like winde,
Ne tedious space of time nor storme can tire thee.
But I will seeke out some high slipperie close^[64]
Where every step shall reache the gate of death,
That feare may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodillesse be when you are there, For love despiseth death and
scorneth feare.

Lass. Ile wander, where some boysterous river parts This solid continent, and swim
from thee.

Luc. And there Ile follow though I drown for thee.

Lass. But I forbid thee.

Luc. I desire thee more.

Lass. Art thou so obstinate?

Luc. You taught me so.

Lass. I see thou lovest me not.

Luc. I know I doo.

Lass. Do all I bid thee then.

Luc. Bid then as I may doo.



Lass. I bid thee leave mee.

Luc. That I cannot doo.

Lass. My hate.

Luc. My love.

Lass. My torment.

Luc. My delight.

Lass. Why do I straine to wearie thee with words? Speech makes thee live; Ile then with silence kill thee, Henceforth be deafe to thy words and dumbe to thy minde.

Ench. What rock hath bred this savage-minded man?
That such true love in such rare beauty shines[65]!
Long since I pittied her; pittie breeds love,
And love commands th'assistance of my Art
T'include them in the bounds of my command.
Heere stay your wandering steps; chime[66] silver strings,
Chime, hollow caves, and chime you whistling reedes,
For musick is the sweetest chime for love.
Spirits, bind him, and let me leave[67] my love.

[SCENE 4.]

*Enter A[l]berdure at one doore, and meetes with
the Pesant at the other doore.*

Alb. *Hyanthe*, o sweet *Hyanthe*, have I met thee?
How is thy beautie changed since our departure!
A beard, *Hyanthe*? o tis growne with grieve,
But now this love shall tear thy grieve from thee.

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Pes. A pox on you! What are you? Swounds, I think I am haunted with spirits.

Alb. Weepe not, *Hyanthe*; I will weepe for thee,
Lend me thy eyes. No, villaine, thou art he
That in the top of *Eruines* hill
Daunst with the Moone and eate up all the starres,
Which made thee like *Hyanthe* shine so faire;
But, villaine, I will rip them out of thee.

Enter Motto and others.

Pea. Slid, holde your hands.

Alb[68]. I come with thunder.

Pea. Come and you dare.

Mott. Holde, villaine; tis the young prince *Alberdure*.

Pea. Let the young prince hold then; slid, I have no starres in my bellie, I; let him seeke his *Hyanthe* where he will.

Alb. O this way by the glimmering of the Sunne
And the legieritie[69] of her sweete feete
She scowted on, and I will follow her.
I see her, like a goulden spangle, sit
Upon the curled branch of yonder tree.
Sit still, *Hyanthe*; I will flie to thee.

Exit.

Mott. Follow, follow, follow!

Exeunt all but Peas.

Enter Flores and Hance.[70]

Pea. Together and be hanged. O heere comes more; pray God I have better lucke with these two. By your leave, sir, do you know one Maist. *Flores*, I pray?

Flo. What wouldst thou have with him?

Pea. Faith, Sir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune with a peece of plate. I doe hope you will use plaine dealing, being a Jeweller.

Flo. Where hadst thou this?



Pea. In a very strange place, sir.

Han. He stole it, sir, I warrant you.

Flo. I never sawe a Jemme so precious,
So wonderful in substance and in Art.
Fellow, confesse preciselie where thou hadst it.

Pea. Faith, sir, I had it in a cave in the bottome of a fine greene hill where I found a company of Fairies, I thinke they call them.

Flo. Sawst thou any more such furniture there?

Pea. Store, sir, store.

Flo. And canst thou bring me thither?

Pea. With a wet finger[71], sir.

Han. And ha they good cheere, too?

Pea. Excellent.

Han. O sweete thiefe!

Flo. Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring
Will soone dissolve and guard me free from feare.
—Heer's for the cup; come, guide me quickly thither.
Ah, could I be possest of more such Jemmes,
I were the wealthiest Jeweller on earth.

Exeunt.

[SCENE 5.]

*Enter Enchanter, leading Luc. and Lass. bound by
spirits; who being laid down on a green banck,
the spirits fetch in a banquet.*



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THE SONG.

O princely face and fayre, that lightens all the ayre, Would God my eyes kind fire might life and soule inspire. To thy rich beauty shining in my hearts treasure, The unperfect words refining for perfect pleasure.

Ench. Lie there and lose the memorie of her
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee
By my enchantments. Come, sit down, fair Nimphe,
And taste the sweetnesse of these heavenly cates,
Whilst from the hollow cranies[72] of this rocke
Musick shall sound to recreate my love.
But tell me had you ever lover yet?

Luc. I had a lover, I thinke, but who it was,
Or when, or how, long since, aye me, I know not.
Yet beat my timerous thoughts on such a thing;
I feele a pasionate hearte but finde no flame,
Thinke what I know not, nor know what I thinke.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me, then? I am thy love,
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertaine
With lookes, with vowes of love, with amorous kisses.
Lookst thou so strange? dost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Sure I should know you.

Ench. Why, love? doubt you that?
Twas I that lead you through the painted meadows,
When the light Fairies daunst upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leafe an orient pearle[73]
Which, strooke together with the silver winde
Of their loose mantels, made a silvery chime.
Twas I that winding my shrill bugle horn,
Made a guilt pallace breake out of the hill,
Filled suddenly with troopes of knights and dames
Who daunst and reveld whilst we sweetly slept
Upon a bed of Roses, wrapt all in goulde.
Doost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Yes, now I know you.

Ench. Come then, confirme thy knowledge with a kiss.



Luc. Nay, stay, you are not he: how strange is this!

Ench. Thou art growne passing strange, my love, To him that made thee so long since his bride.

Luc. O, was it you? come then. O stay a while:
I know not what[74] I am nor where I am,
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

Enter Flores with Hance and the Peasant.

Pea. This is the greene, Sir, where I had the cup,
And this the bottome of a falling hill;
This way I went following the sound. And see—

Han. O see, and seeing eate withall.

Flo. What? *Lassenbergh* laid bound, and fond *Lucilia*.
Wantonly feasting by a strangers side!
—Peasant, be gone:

[Exit Peasant[75]]

Hance, stand you there and stir not.— Now sparckle forth thy beams, thou vertuous Jemme, And lo[o]se these strong enchantments.

Ench. Stay! aye me,
We are betrai'd! Haste, spirits, and remove
This table and these cups,—remove, I say:
Our incantations strangely are dissolv'd.



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Exeunt Ench. with spirits and banquets.

Han. O spightfull churles! have they caried away all? has haste made no waste?

Luc. My Lord, Earle *Lassenbergh*, o pardon me.

Lass. Away from me.

Luc. O can I in these bands?
Forget the dutie of my love to you?
Were they of Iron, or strong Adamant,
My hands should teare them from my wronged Lord.

Flo. O, *Lassenbergh*, to what undoubted perrill
Of life and honour had you brought your selfe
By obstinacie of your froward minde,
Had not my fortune brought me to this place
To lo[o]se the enchantment, which enthralled you both,
By hidden vertue of this precious ring.
Come, therefore, friendly and imbrace at last
The living partner of your strange mishaps
Justly pursuing you for flying her.

Lass. Leave me, I say; I can endure no more.

Lu. Ah, have I loos'd thee then to flie from mee?

Lass. Away! [*Exit.*

Lu. Ile follow thee,

Flo. Tarrie, *Lucilia*.

Lu. Deare father, pardon mee. [*Exit.*

Flo. Sirrah, attend her. Poore wretch, I feare this too much love in thee Is fatall to thee.
Up, Sirrah, follow your mistresse.

Han. I, sir, I go; my mistresse dogs the banket and I dog her.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

[*Actus Quartus.*]



Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.

Motto. So, sir, lay even downe your handie worke.

Rap. Nay, sir, your handie worke, for you were the cause of his drowning.

Mot. I? I defie thee. Wert not thou next him when he leapt into the River?

Rap. O monstrous lyar!

Mot. Lye! you peasant, go too: Ile go tell the Duke.

Rap. I, sir, Ile go with you, I warrant you.

[Exeunt.]

Alb. What sodain cold is this that makes me shake,
Whose veines even now were fill'd with raging fire?
How am I thus all wet? What water's this
That lies so ycelike, freezing in my blood?
I thinke the cold of it hath cur'd my heate,
For I am better temperd than before.
But in what unacquainted place am I?
O where is my *Hyanthe*, where's *Leander*?
What, all alone? nothing but woods and streames?
I cannot guesse whence these events should grow.

Enter Peasant.

Pea. O that I could lose my way for another cup, now. I was well paide for it yfaith.

Alb. Yonder is one; Ile enquire of him. Fellow, ho! peasant!

Pea. Aie me, the mad man againe, the mad man.

Alb. Saie, whither fliest thou.

Pea. Pray, let me goe, sir; I am not *Hyanthe*, in truth I am not, sir.

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Alb. *Hyanthe*, villaine? wherefore namest thou her?

Pea. If I have any scarres in my belly, pray God I starve, sir.

Alb. The wretch is mad, I thinke.

Pea. Not I, sir, but you be not madde, you are well amended, sir.

Alb. Why tellest thou me of madnesse?

Pea. You were little better then mad even now, sir, when you gave me such a twitch by the beard.

Alb. I can remember no such thing, my friend.

Pea. No, sir, but if you had a beard you wold.

Alb. What place is this? how far am I from court?

Pea. Some two myles and a wye byt, sir.

Alb. I wonder much my friends have left me thus. Peazant, I pray thee change apparell with mee.

Pea. Change apparell, I faith you will lose by that, sir.

Alb. I care not; come, I pray thee, letts change.

Pea. With all my heart, sir, and I thanke you, too. Sblood y'are very moist, sir, did you sweat all this, I pray? you have not the desease, I hope?

Alb. No, I warrant thee.

Pea. At a venture, sir, Ile change. Nothing venter, nothing enter.

Alb. Come, letts be gone.

Pea. Backe, sir, I pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Cassimere, Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, and Raphe.



Har. Thus, *Flores*, you apparantly perceive
How vaine was your ambition and what dangers,
All unexpected, fall upon your head,
Povertie, exile, guiltinesse of heart,
And endlesse miserie to you and yours.
Your goods are seized alreadie for the Duke;
And, if Prince *Alberdure* be found deceast,
The least thou canst expect is banishment.
Earle *Cassimere*, I take^[76] your word of pledge
Of his appearance. Pages of the Prince,
Come guide me straight where his drownd bodie lies,
Drownes his father in eternall teares.

[Exit cum servis; manet Al.]

Mot. Drownes him and will hang us.

Mar. Good Signior *Flores*, I am sorry for you.

Doct. Marshan, parle vu pen. Be garr, me vor grand love me beare de good Mershan,
vor de grand worte, be garr, and de grand deserte me sea in you, de bravea Mershan,
me no point rivall; you have *Cornelia* alone, by my trot, ha, ha, ha!

Mar. M. Doctor *Doddie*, surnam'd the Amorous'de, I will overcome you in curtesie, your
selfe shall have her.

Doct. No, by garr, *Marshan*: you bring de fine tings from de strange land vere de
Sunne do rise, de Jewell, de fine stuffe vor de brave gowne: me no point. Come, by
garr, you have *Cornel*.

Cass. Hands off, base Doctor! she despiseth thee, Too good for thee to touch or looke
upon.

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Flo. What wretched state is this, Earle *Cassimere*, That I and my unhappie progenie
Stand subject to the scornes of such as these!

Cass. Grieve not, deare friends, these are but casuall darts.
That wanton Fortune daily casts at those
In whose true bosomes perfect honour growes.
Now, *Dodypoll*, to you: you here refuse
Cornelias marriage? you'le none of her!

Doct. Be garr, you be the prophet; not I by my trot.

Cass. Nor you, maste[r] merchant? shee's too poore for you!

Mar. Not so, sir; but yet I am content to let fall my suite.

Cass. *Cornelia*, both dissembled they would have you; Which like you best?

Cor. My Lord, my fortunes are no chusers now,— Nor yet accepters of discourtesies.

Cass. You must chuse one here needs.

Doct. By garr, no chuse mee, me clime to heaven, me sincke to hell, me goe here, me
go dare, me no point deere, by garr.

Cass. If you will none, whose judgement are too base To censure true desert, your
betters will.

Flo. What meanes Lord *Cassimere* by these strange words?

Cass. I mean to take *Cornelia* to my wife.

Flo. Will you, then, in my miserie, mock me too?

Cass. I mock my friend in misery? heavens, scorne such! Halfe my estate and halfe
my life is thine; The rest shall be *Cornelia's* and mine.

Doct. O bitter shame, be garr.

Flo. My Lord, I know your noble love to me
And do so highly your deserts esteeme
That I will never yeeld to such a match.
Choose you a beautious dame of high degree
And leave *Cornelia* to my fate and mee.



Cass. Ah, *Flores, Flores*, were not I assured
Both of thy noblenesse, thy birth and merite,
Yet my affection vow'd with friendships toong,
In spite of all base changes of the world
That tread on noblest head once stoopt by fortune
Should love and grace thee to my utmost power.
Cornelia is my wife: what sayes my love?
Cannot thy father's friend entreat so much.

Cor. My humble minde can nere presume To dreame in such high grace to my lowe seate.

Cass. My graces are not ordered in my words. Come love, come friend; for friendship now and love Shall both be joynde in one eternall league.

Flo. O me, yet happy in so true a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Doct. Est possible, by garr? de foole Earle drinke my powder, I tinke. Mershan tella mee.

Mar. What, maister Doctor Doddie?

Doct. Hab you de blew and de yellow Velvet, ha?

Mar. What of that, sir?

Doct. Be gar, me buy too, three peece for make de Cockes-combe pur the foole Earle, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

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Mer. Fortune fights lowe when such triumphe on Earles.

[*Exit.*

(SCENE 3.)

*Enter Lassenbergh singing, Lucilia following;
after the song he speakes.*

Lass. O wearie of the way and of my life, Where shall I rest my sorrow-tired[77] limmes!

Luc. Rest in my bosome, rest you here, my Lord; A place securer you can no where finde.

Lass. Nor more unfit for my displeased minde. A heavie slumber calles me to the earth; Heere will I sleepe, if sleep will harbour heere.

Luc. Unhealthful is the melancholic earth:
O let my Lord rest on *Lucilia's* lappe.
Ile helpe to shield you from the searching ayre
And keepe the colde dampes from your gentle bloud.

Lass. Pray thee, away; for, whilst thou art so neere, No sleepe will seaze on my suspicious eyes.

Luc. Sleepe then, and I am pleazd far off to sit
Like to a poore and forlorne Sentinell,
Watching the unthankful sleepe that severs me
From my due part of rest deere love with thee.

She sits farre off from him.

Enter Const. Dutchesse with a willowe garland, cum aliis.

Con. Now are we neere the court of *Saxonie*, Where the duke dreames such tragicall ostents.

Amb. I wonder we, now treading on his soile, See none of his strange apparitions.

Kath. We are not worthy of such meanes divine,
Nor hath heaven care of our poore lives like his.
I must endure the end and show I live
Though this same plaintive wreathe doth show me forsaken.
Come, let us forth.



Const. Stay, sister; what faire sight Sits mourning in this desolate abode?

Dut. Faire sight indeed it is, and much to faire To sit so sad and solitarie there.

Con. But what is he that cur-like sleepes alone?

Dut. Look, is it not my Nephew *Lassingbergh*?

Amb. Madame, 'tis hee.

Dut. Ile sure learne more of this.—

Lady, if strangers that [do] wish you well

May be so bould to aske, pray whats the cause

That you [so] more then strangely sit alone?

Luc. Madam, thus must forsaken creatures sit Whose merits cannot make their loves consort them.

Dut. What a poore fellow in my miserie! Welcome, sweet partner, and of favour tell me, Is this some friend of yours that slumbers heere?

Luc. My husband (madame) and my selfe his friend, But he of late unfriendly is to me.

Con. Sister, lets wake her friend.

Dut. No, let him sleepe;

And, gentle dame, if you will be rulde by me,

Ile teach you how to rule your friend in love:

Nor doubt you our acquaintance, for the man

Whom you so much affect is friend to us.

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Shee riseth.

Luc. Pardon me, Madame; now I know your grace.

Dut. Then knowst thou one in fortune like thy selfe,
And one that tenders thy state as her owne.
Come, let our Nephew Lassingberg sleepe there,
And, gentle Neace, come you to court with us,
If you dare mixe your loves successe with mine.
I warrant you I counsell for the best.

Luc. I must not leave him now (madame) alone, Whom thus long I have followed with such care.

Dut. You wearie him with too much curtesie; Leave him a little and heele follow you.

Luc. I know not what to doo.

Dut. Come, come with us.

Con. Dame, never fear; get you a Willow w[reath]; The Dutchesse (doubt not) can advise you well.

Luc. Lets wake him then, and let him go with [us].

Dut. That's not so good; I pray be rulde by me.

Luc. Sleep, then, deare love; and let sleep that doth bind Thy sence so gently, make thee more kinde.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Hance in the Prince's apparrall, and the Peasant.

Pea. Come, sirra, money for your gentlemans apparel; you promist me money, sir, but I perceive you forget your selfe.

Han. True, pride makes a man forget himselfe; and I have quite forgot that I owe thee any.

Pea. But Ile put you in minde, sir, if there be any sergeants in *Saxonie*; I thinke I meane not to loose so much by you.

Han. Why, I have lost a maister and a mistresse, and yet I aske thee no money for them.



Pea. I bought them not of you, sir; therefore pay me my money.

Han. I will pay thee morningly every morning as long as thou livest; looke in thy right shooe and thou shalt finde sixe pence.

Pea. What a fowle knave and fairie! Well, use thy conscience: I thanke God I stand in neede of no such trifles. I have another jewell heere which I found in the Princes pocket when I chang'd apparell with him; that will I make money of, and go to the jeweller that bought the cup of mee. Farewell: if God put in thy mind to pay me, so; if not, so.

[*Exit.*

Han. O brave free-harted slave, he has the laske of mind upon him.

Lass. What speech is this that interrupts my rest? Who have we heere?

Han. Sometime a serving man, and so were yee, Both now jolly gentlemen you see.

Lass. What, sir, how came you thus gallant, I beseech you?

Han. I turn'd the spit in Fortune's wheele, sir.

Lass. But, stay, where is *Lucilia*?

Han. Marry, where say you, sir?



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Lass. Villaine, looke for her, call her, seeke her out.

Lucillia! where's my love, o where's *Lucillia!*

Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her

Hath driven her to some desperate exigent.

Who would have tempted her true love so farre?

The gentlest minds with injuries overcome

Growe most impacient: o *Lucilia*,

Thy absence strikes a loving feare in me,

Which from what cause so ever it proceedes

Would God I had beene kinder to thy love.

Enter Hard, with a Guard, Motto, Raphe.

Hard. Slaves, can ye not direct us to the place?

Mot. Yes, sir, here's the place we left him in.

Ra. O see (my lord) heer's one weares his apparrell.

Hard. But where is he? stay, sirra, what are you That jet thus in the garments of the Prince.

Han. Bought and sold, sir, in the open market, sir. Aske my maister.

Hard. Earle *Lassingbergh*, where is the Princes body?

Lass. Why aske you me, my Lord?

Hard. Since you are in the place where he was drownd, And this your hinde here hath his garments on.

Lass. Enquire of him then.

Hard. Ile enquire of you And of your gallant, too. Guard, apprehend them And bring them presentlie to court with us.

Lass. What meanes Lord *Hardenberg* to entreate me thus?

Har. That you shall know anon: bring them away.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 4]

Enter Leander and Hyanthe.



Lean. O, Madam, never were our teares bestowed
Of one whose death was worthier to be mon'd.
Deere *Alberdure*, why parted I from thee,
And did not like the faithful *Pilades*
Attend my deare *Orestes* in his rage?

Hya. O my sweete love, O princelie *Alberdure*,
Would God the river where thy course lay drownde
Were double deepe in me and turned to teares
That it might be consumde for swallowing thee.

Enter Alber, with a basket of Apricocks, disguised.

Alber. In this disguise Ile secretly enquire
Why I was so forsaken of my friend
And left to danger of my lunacie.
Here is the man that most I blame for this,
Whose vowed friendship promisd greater care;
But he, it seemes, enamour'd of my love,
Was glad of that occasion, and I feare
Hath turned her womanish conceipt from me.
Ile prove them both. Maister, wilt please [you] buy
A basket of well riped Apricocks?

Lea. I pray thee keepe thy dainties; I am full Of bitter sorrowes as my hart can holde.

Alb. It may be, Maister, your faire Lady will.

Hya. No, friend; my stomach is more full then his.

Lea. Where dwellest thou, friend?



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Alb. Not farre from hence, my Lord.

Lea. Then thou knowest well which was the fatall streame Wherein the young prince *Alberdure* was drown'd?

Alb. I know not he was drowned, but oft have seene
The pittious manner of his lunacie;
In depth whereof he still would eccho forth
A Ladies name that I have often heard,
Beautious *Hyanthe*; but in such sad sort
As if his frenzie felt some secret touch
Of her unkindnesse and inconstancie,
And when his passions somewhat were appeaz'd,
Affording him (it seemed) some truer sence.
Of his estate, left in his fittes alone
Then would he wring his hands, extreamly weeping,
Exclaiming on the name of one *Leander*,
Calling him Traitor and unworthie friend
So to forsake him in his miserie.

Lea. Accursed I! o thou hast mooved me more Than if a thousand showers of venom'd
darts With severall paines at once had prickt my soule.

Hya. O thou ordained to beare swords in thy tounge, Dead thou hast struck me and I live
no more.

Alb. It seemes your honoures loved him tenderly.

Lea. O my good friend, knewest thou how deer I loved him.

Hya. Nay, knewest thou, honest friend, how deere I loved him.

Alb. I see, then, you would rejoyce at his health.

Lea. As at my life, were it revived from death.

Hya. As at my soule, were it preserv'd from hell.

Alber. Be then from death and hell recovered both
As I am now by your firme loves to me.
Admire me not, I am that *Alberdure*
Whom you thought drown'd; that friend, that love am I.

Lea. Pardon, sweete friend.



Hya. Pardon, my princely love.

Alber. Dear love, no further gratulations now
Least I be seene and knowne; but, sweete *Leander*,
Do you conceale me in thy father's house.
That I may now remaine with my *Hyanthe*
And at our pleasures safely joy each others love.

Lea. I will (deare friend) and blesse my happy stars That give me meanes to so
desir'de a deed.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Cassimeere, Flores with the Cup,
Peasant, and the Marchant.*

Mar. See, signior *Flores*,
A Peasant that I met with neere your house,
Where^[78] since he found you not he asked of me
The place of your abode; and heere I have brought him.

Flo. I thank you, sir. My good Lord *Cassimeere*,
This is the man that brought this cup to me
Which for my ransome we go now to offer
To my good lord the Duke.

Cass. What brings he now?

Flo. That will we know. Come hither, honest friend; What wisht occasion brings thee
now to me?

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Pea. This occasion, sir; what will ye give me for it?

Flo. Thou art a luckie fellow; let us see.
Lord *Cassimeere*, this is the haplesse Jewell
That represents the form of *Alberdure*,
Given by *Cornelia* at our fatall feast.
Where hadst thou this, my good and happy friend?

Pea. Faith, sir, I met with the young prince all wet, who lookt as if he had been a quarter of a yeare drowned, yet prettelie come to himselfe, saving that he was so madde to change apparrell with me; in the pocket whereof, sir, I found this Jewell.

Flo. O tell me trulie, lives prince *Alberdure*?

Pea. He lives a my word, sir, but very poorely now, God help him.

Cass. Is he recovered of his lunacie?

Pea. I, by my faith, hee's tame enough now, Ile warrant him.

Flo. And where is he?

Pea. Nay, that I cannot tell.

Cass. Come, *Flores*, hast we quicklie to the Court With this most happie newes.

Flo. Come, happie friend,
The most auspicious messenger to me
That ever greeted me in Pesants weeds.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor.

Mar. I would I could meet M. Doctor Doddie, I have a tricke to gull the Asse withall; I christned him right Doctor Doddipole. Heere he comes passing luckely; Ile counterfeit business with him in all poste haste possible. Maister Doctor, Maister Doctor!

Doct. Shesue, vat ayle de man?

Mar. I love you, Maister Doctor, and therefore with all the speed I could possiblie I sought you out.

Doct. Vell, vat?



Mar. This, sir; the marriage which we thought made even now, betweene Earle *Cassimere* and *Cornelia*, was but a jest only to drawe you to marry her, for she doth exceedinglie dote upon you; and *Flores* her father hath invented that you are betrothed to her and is gone with a supplication to the Duke to enforce you to marrie her.

Doct. Be garr, me thought no lesse. O knave jeweller! O vile begger! be my trot, Marshan, me studdie, me beat my braine, me invent, me dreame upon such a ting.

Mar. I know, sir, your wit would forsee it.

Doct. O by garr, tree, fore, five monthe agoe.

Mar. Well, sir, y'ave a perilous wit, God blesse me out of the swinge of it, but you had best looke to it betimes, for Earl *Cassimere* hath made great friends against you.

Doct. Marshan, me love, me embrace, me kisse de, will, be my trot.

Mar. Well, sir, make haste to prevent the worste.

Doct. I flie, Marshan, spit de Earle, spit de wenche, spit all bee garre. Se dis, Marshan, de brave Braine be garre. [*Exit.*]

Mar. De brave braine by garre, not a whit of the flower of wit in it. Ile to the Courte after him, and see how he abuses the Duke's patience.



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[Exit.

[SCENE 2.]

*Enter Alphonso, Hard., Lassing., Leander, Stro.,
Hosherman, Motto, and Raphe.*

Alp. Aye me! what hard extremitie is this? Nor quick nor dead can I beholde my sonne.

Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell.

Hance. Behold your sonne; [your] Blessing, noble father.

Hard. Malipart knave, art thou the Princes sonne?

Han. I, sir, apparrell makes the man.

Alp. Unhappy man, would God I had my sonne, So he had his *Hyanthe* or my life.

Lea. Should he enjoy *Hyanthe* [then], my Lord? Would you forsake your love, so he did live?

Alp. My love and life, did my deere sonne survive.

Lea. But were he found or should he live, my Lord,
Although *Hyanthe's* love were the chiefe cause
Of his mishap and amorous lunacie,
I hope your highnesse loves him over well
To let him repossesse his wits with her.

Alp. My love is dead in sorrow for his death; His life and wits should ransome worlds from me.

Lea. My Lord, I had a vision this last night
Wherein me thought I sawe the prince your sonne
Sit in my fathers garden with *Hyanthe*
Under the shadow of the Laurell tree.
With anger, therefore, you should be so wrongde
I wakt, but then contemned it as a dreame;
Yet since my minde beates on it mightelie,
And though I thinke it vaine, if you vouchsafe,
Ile make a triall of the truthe hereof. [Exit.

Alp. Do, good *Leander.* *Hardenbergh*, your sonne
Perhaps deludes me with a vision[79]



To mocke my vision that deferde the Dutchesse,
And with *Hyanthe* closlie keepes my sonne.

Hard. Your sonne was madde and drownd: this cannot bee.

Alp. But yet this circumventing speech [of his] Offered suspition of such event.

Stro. My lord, most fortunate were that event That would restore your sonne from death to life.

Har. As though a vision should do such a deed!

Alp. No, no, the boyes young brain was humorous: His servant and his Page did see him drown'd.

*Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe; Alberdure
seeming fearefull to come forward.*

Lea. Come on, sweet friend; I warrant thee thy love; Shun not thy fathers sight that longs for thee.

Alb. Go then before, and we will follow straight.

Lea. Comfort, my Lord, my vision proov'd most true:
Even in the place, under the Lawrell shade,
I found them sitting just as I beheld them
In my late vision; see, sir, where they come.

Alp. Am I enchanted or see I my sonne?
I, I, the boy hath plaide the traytor with me.
O, you young villaine, trust you with my love!
How smoothe the cunning treacher lookt on it;



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Hard. But, sirra, can this be?

Lea. You knew him to be mad, these thought him drown'd.
My Lord, take you no more delight to see
Your sonne recovered of his life and wits?

Alp. See, see, how boldly the young pollytician
Can urge his practice. Sirra, you shall know
Ile not be over-reacht with your young braine.
All have agreed, I see, to cozen me,
But all shall faile. Come, Ladie, I will have
You spight of all, and, sonne, learne you hereafter
To use more reverend meanes to obtaine
Of me what you desire. I have no joy
To see thee raizd from a deluding death.

Hya. My Lord, 'tis tyrannie t'enforce my love.

Lea. I hope your Highnesse will maintaine your word.

Alp. Doost thou speake, Traitor? straight Ile have you safe For daring to delude me in my love.

Albe. O friend, thou hast betraide my love in vaine:
Now am I worse then eyther mad or drown'd,
Now have I onely wits to know my griefes
And life to feel them.

Hya. Let me go to him.

Alp. Thou shalt not have thy will nor he his love;
Neither of both know what is fit for you.
I love with judgment and upon cold bloud,
He with youths furie, without reasons stay;
And this shall time and my kind usage of thee
Make thee discern; meane time consider this,
That I neglect for thee a beautious Dutchesse
Who next to thee is fairest in the world.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Duke of *Brunswick* and his sister, The beautious Dutchesse, are arrived here.

Alp. Whats that; the Dutchesse?



Mess. Even her grace, my Lord.

Alp. Why, *Hardenbergh*, ha! is the Dutchesse come?

Hard. I know not, my good Lord. Where is the Dutchesse?

Mess. Hard by, my Lord.

Alp. Sounes, I am not here; go tell her so: Or let her come, my choice is free in love. Come, my *Hyanthe*, stand thou close to me.

Mess. My Lord, the Duke himselfe has come to urge Your promise to him, which you must not break.

Hosch. Nor will you wish to break it, good my lord,
I am assur'd, when you shall see the Dutchesse,
Whose matchlesse beauties will renew the minde
Of her rare entertainment, and her presence
Put all new thoughts of love out of your minde.

Alp. Well, I do see 'tis best, my sweete *Hyanthie*, That thou stand further.

Hya. Ile be gone, my Lord.

Alp. Not gone, but mix thy selfe among the rest. What a spight is this! counsell me, *Hardenbergh*.

Hard. The Dutchesse comes, my Lord.

Alp. Out of my life, how shall I look on her?

*Enter Constan., Kather., Lassen., Lucil., Cassi.,
Cornelia, Ite. A Song: after the Dutchesse speakes.*



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Kath. How now, my Lord? you looke as one dismaid; Have any visions troubled you of late?

Alp. Your grace and your most princely brother here Are highlie welcome to the *Saxon* Court.

Kath. O you dissemble, sir, nor are we come In hope of welcome, but with this poore head-peece To beare the brunt of all discourtesies.

Const. My Lord, wee come not now to urge the marriage,
You sought with such hot suite, of my faire Sister,
But to resolve ourselves and all the world
Why you retained such mean concept of us
To slight so solemne and so high a contract
With vaine pretext of visions or of dreames.

Alp. My Lord, I here protest by earth and heaven
I holde your state right highlie and renowned
And your faire sisters beauties and deserts
To be most worthy the greatest king alive;
Onlie an ominous vision troubled me
And hindred the wisht speede I would have made
(Not to dissolve it, though it were diferd,)
By such portents as, least you thinke I faine,
Lord *Hardenbergh* can witnesse is most true.

Hard. Most true, my lord, and most prodigious.

Alp. Yet Ile contemne them with my life and all Ere Ile offend your grace or breed suspect Of my firme faith in my most honoured love.

Kath. No, no, my lord: this is your vision That hath not frighted but enamoured you.

Alp. O Madame, thinke you so? by Heaven I sweare
She's my sonnes love.—Sirra, take her to you.
Have I had all this care to do her grace,
To prove her vertues and her love to thee,
And standst thou fearefull now? Take her, I say.

Lea. My Lord, he feares you will be angry with him.

Alp. You play the villaine: wherefore should he feare?
I onely proved her vertues for his sake,
And now you talke of anger. Aye me wretche,
That ever I should live to be thus shamed!



Alb. Madame, I sweare the Ladie is my love; Therefore your highnesse cannot charge my father With any wrong to your high woorth in her.

Con. Sister, you see we utterly mistake
The kinde and princelie dealing of the Duke:
Therefore without more ceremonious doubts
Lets reconfirme the contract and his love.

Kath. I warrant you, my Lord, the Duke dissembles.

Alp. Heere on my knees, at the altar of those feete,
I offer up in pure and sacred breath
The true speech of my hart and hart it selfe.
Require no more if thou be princelie borne
And not of rocks or rutheslese tygers bred.

Kath. My Lord, I kindlie cry you mercy now,
Ashamed that you should injurie your estate
To kneele to me; and vowe before these lords
To make you all amends you can desire.

Flo. Madame, in admiration of your Grace
And princelie wisdom, and to gratifie
The long wisht joye done to my Lord the Duke,
I here present your highnesse with this cup,
Wrought admirable by th' art of Spirits,
Of substance faire, more rich then earthly Jemmes,
Whose valew no mans judgement can esteeme.



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Alp. Flores, Ile interrupt the Dutchesse thanks
And for the present thou hast given to her
To strengthen her consent to my desires,
I recompence thee with a free release
Of all offences twixt thy selfe and me.

Flo. I humblie thanke your excellence.

Kath. But where is now unkinde Earle *Lassinbergh*,
That injures his faire love and makes her weare
This worthlesse garland? Come, sir, make amends,
Or we will heere awarde you worthie penance.

Lass. Madame, since her departure I have done More hartie penance then her hart
could wish, And vowe hereafter to live ever hers.

Kat. Then let us cast aside these forlorne wreathes, And with our better fortunes
change our habits.

Enter Doctor in poste, the Marchant following him.

Doct. O stay, my Lorte, me pray you on knee von staie.

Alp. What's the matter, Doctor?

Doct. O me bret be garr for haste.

Con. What ayles the hastie Doctor?

Doct. My Lort be garr he lyes falslie in his troate; Me proove by the duell dat he be the
fallce knave.

Alp. Who is it, man, with whom thou art so bold?

Doct. My Lorte, if me make my contrack of marriage, if me be not as loose as de vide
worlde, if me doe not alleadge—

Alp. I pray thee, man, what meanest thou?

Doct. Be garr, enforme your grace vot he dare I will proove by good argument and
raison dat he is de falce beggerlie Jeweller, dat I no point marrie *Cornelia*. Vat say you
now?

Cass. My Lord, no doubt some man hath guld the Doctor, Supposing he should be
enforste to wed her That is my wife and ever scorned him.



Doct. Vat you say? de Marshan tell a me I marrie *Cornelia* spit my nose.

Alp. The Marchant I perceive hath trimde you, Doctor. And comb'd you smoothelie.
Faith, I can him thanke That thus revives our meeting with such mirth.

Doct. O be bright de heaven, est a possible! and by heaven I be revenge dat vile
Marshan, me make de medecine drie up de Sea, seaven towsand, towsand million
d'stlloe, fife hundred, hundred dram *Fuffian, Marquerite, Balestiae, Hematete,*
Cortemedian, Churchacholl, Pantasite, Petrofidem, Hynape, and by garr de hot *Pepre;*
me make de vinde, de grease collicke puffe, blowe by garr, teare de Sayle, beate de
maste, cracke de Ship in towsand towsand peeces!

Exit.

Alp. Farewell, gentle Doctor Doddipoll.
And now, deere Ladie, let us celebrate
Our happie royall nuptials and my sonnes
With this our sweete and generall amitie
Which heaven smile on with his goulden eye.

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE DISTRACTED EMPEROR.

In the Appendix to Vol. II. I have given some account of this anonymous play, which is here printed for the first time from Egerton MS. 1994. As the play bears no title in the MS., I have named it at a venture "The Distracted Emperor."

An ill-shaped and repulsive piece of work it certainly is; crude and cheerless, but marked with signs of unmistakable power. At the time when I made the extracts for the Appendix, I thought that Cyril Tourneur might possibly be the author. On further reflection, it seemed to me that the stronger passages are much in Marston's manner. The horrid scene where Charlimayne is represented hugging the dead queen recalls the anonymous "Second Maiden's Tragedy." Marston, who shrank from nothing, would not have hesitated to show us the Archbishop, in his search for the magic ring, parting the dead queen's lips, with the ironical observation, "You cannot byte me, Madam." The trenchant satire that abounds throughout the play reminds us frequently of Marston, though there is an absence of that monstrous phraseology which distinguished his "Scourge of Villanie" and early plays. But, looking at the play as a whole, I should have very great hesitation in allowing it to be Marston's. My impression is that Chapman had the chief hand in it. The author's trick of moralising at every possible opportunity, his abundant use of similes more proper to epic than dramatic language, the absence of all womanly grace in the female characters,—these are points in which the present play may be compared with Chapman's published tragedies. Orlando's speech at the beginning of Act ii., "O that my curse had power to wound the starres," &c., in which he compares himself, with epic elaboration, to "an argosie sent rychlye fourthe" and now "meanelye retourninge without mast or helm," to my thinking closely suggests Chapman. It is not quite impossible that the present play may be Chapman's lost "French tragedy" (entered on the Stationers' Registers, June 29, 1660), a copy of which was among the plays destroyed by Warburton's cook.

It is due to Mr. Fleay that I should mention his solution of the difficulty. Taking the mysterious letters on the last page, "Nella [Greek: ph d ph n r] la B," he says: "La B. is the contraction for La Buffa,[80] one of the characters in the play; and the enigmatic letters, simply substituting the names for the letters themselves, read thus, 'Nella fi-delta fi-ni-ro la buffa,' which is good enough Italian for an anagram, meaning 'I will end trifling in fidelity.' But 'Nella fedelita (or fidelita) finiro la B.' transposed, gives us 'Il Fabro Natanielli (or Natanielle) Field,' i.e., 'Nathaniel Field the author'" (*Athenaeum*, March 3, 1883). Far be it from me to deny the ingenuity of this explanation, but when Mr. Fleay, not having seen the complete play, proceeds to say that the extracts I gave "are

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quite consistent with the supposition that it is one of Field's lost works," I must take leave to dissent. Field is the author of two comedies, "A Woman is a Weathercock" and "Amends for Ladies," and he assisted Massinger in the "Fatal Dowry." His comedies are well-constructed, bright, and airy. There is no slovenliness in the workmanship, and success is attained by honest, straightforward endeavour. It seems to me quite incredible that the author of those two admirable comedies should be responsible for the gloomy, ponderous tragi-comedy here presented to the reader. What share Field had in the "Fatal Dowry" I do not intend to discuss minutely. The chief figure in that play, Charolois, I take to be a study in Massinger's gravest manner; but if we allow that Field should be credited with more than the comic scenes in the "Fatal Dowry," his claim to the present play is not at all strengthened. Perhaps, after all, no author's name is concealed under the enigmatic letters.[81] In any case, Field's is the last name that could be put forward with any show of likelihood.

THE DISTRACTED EMPEROR.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Printed for the first time from Egerton MS. 1994.

The Distracted Emperor.

Actus Primus.

Enter La Busse and Didier.

Bus. Thou looke for dygnitie! yes, thou mayst looke, But pray thee, fellowe, see thyne eies be good Or thou mayst looke and never fynde the way.

Did. Howe can myne eies fayle when so fayre a marke As honor lyes before me?

Bus. Thou sayst well;
The thought of honor is a perfect greene,
And greene is good for th'eie syghte. Syllie man,
Arte growne fantasticke in thy latter days?
Trust me, I thought thou rather couldst have wisht
To feele thyne eies bournt out into their socketts
Then thus to live and see the blacke disgrace
That will approatche, and soone, if thou darest live.
And yet you looke for dygnitie! oh madnes!
What, haveinge fyrst beene cheated of thy wealthe,
Darest thou againe be cheated of thy witt,—



And thynke so poor a lord as is my father,
The most dyspysd forsaken *Ganelon*,
Can propp thy mynde,[82] fortune's shame upon thee!
Wayte with a trencher, goe learne policye;
A servingman at dynner tyme will teach thee
To give attendance on the full-fedd gieste,
Not on the hungry sharke; and yet you thynke
To feede on larke by serving my poore father!

Did. Nothing but larke, *La Busse*? Yes, mightie surloyns.

Bus. Your lorde and master would be gladd of halfe.
Pyttied companion, spare thy feeble eies,
Looke not for honor least thou loose thy syghte.
Such followers as thou, that would repayre
A broken state by service, may be lyckned
To shypwrackt marchants that will rather seeke
To catche a rotten board or to be cast
Uppon some frozen Ile then perish quycklie.
But thou perhaps seekst voluntary pennance,
Meaninge to perishe in a frozen clyme
Because thou hast abused thy former blessings;
Thy gameinge humor hath beene like a fyer.

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Did. Why? because my money burnt in my pursse tyll I left it?

Bus. No, but because it taught the furyous way
To blasphemye and curses which have kyndled
A desperatt fyer in thee to play and loose,
So that although thou purchase letteres patente
To begge in all the provynces of *Fraunce*,
Pretendinge that thy state was lost by fyer,
Yet thou wouldst dye a beggar.

Did. If I dye
Before my letters pattente be expyred,
Howe can I chuse (though I repayre my state)?
But leaveing thys and you to the pore hope
Of other mens and perhaps my cast cloathes,
I tell thee, syllie creature, I am nowe
Spreadinge my wings and mountinge to a heyghte
From whence I will with scorne beholde such thyngs
As all th'ambityon thou art master of
Can never make thee hope or wish to be.
And for my fortunes past, which you so much
Esteeme and present [sic] wouldst doe reverence toe,
I vallewe theym at thys! and for the like
Would not bestowe the labor of amen
To any good man's wishes. The laboringe clouds
Insteade of vapours have exhald from earthe
A blessing for me, and about this tyme
(By the full revolution of my starres)
Should rayne it down uppon me.

Bus. Tushe.

Did. Observe,
First heare me, know the meanes and when y'ave doone
Fall downe and worshypp. Thys same verye day,
Nay thys most fortunate mynute, the emperoure,
The great, th'unconquered mightie *Charlimayne*,
Is marryed to the syster of my lorde
To your most fayre-eied aunte, rare *Theodora*.

[*Florish.* A crye within "God save Theodora the Empresse!"]

You heare thys?



Buss. I wishe myne eares had to the pillorye
Payd tribute rather then let in this sounde.
Unfortunate *Orlando*! thy fayrest hopes,
Like to a blaze of artifciall fire,
No sooner have a beinge but expyre.

Did. What! passyionate in rhyme? I must be taught
To give attendance on the full-fedd guest![83]

Bus. You may be dambd
For useing sorcerye upon the kynge.
That naturell heate, which is the cause and nurse
Of younge desyers, his pallsye hath shooke of,
And all the able facultyes of man
Are fled his frost of age to that extreame
Theres not enough to cherrish a desyer
Left in his saplesse nerves.

Did. In this your worshypp
Gives my hopes illustratyon. Age must doate
To a Judgments dearth that may be cheated on
Yet that cheate rest unquestyond. Doe you heare?
The kynge is beinge maryed to your aunte
Hathe bounde hys fortunes to my lord, and he
Will, like a ryver that so long retaynes
The oceans bounty that at last it seemes
To be it selfe a sea, receyve and keepe
The comon treasure; and in such a floode,
Whose thycknes would keepe up what naturullye
Covetts the center, can you hope Ile synke?

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Bus. Hell take thy hopes and thee!

Did. But I would have
You understand that I may rise agayne
Without the catchinge of a rotten boarde
To keepe bare life and mysserye together
To fyght eche other.

Bus. Furies fryght thy soule!
Is a good mans ill fate thy nourishment?
Noble *Orlando*, what omynous fatell starre
Ruld thy nativitie that fire must be
Strooke out of Ice to ruyne all thy hopes:
This marriage is their grave.

Did. Sir, I may rayse A broken state by service.

Bus. Yes, of the devyll
To whom thou art a factor. Slave, 'tis thou
That hast undoone my father and increast
His evyll inclinatyons. I have seene
Your conference with witches, night-spell knaves,
Connivyng mountebanks and the damned frye
Of cheating mathematicks. And is this
The issue of your close contryvances[84]?
If in thys p[ro]myst throng of future ill
There may be found a way to anye good
Of brave *Orlando* the great palladyne,
My constant industry shall tyer the day
And outwatche night but I will fynde it for hym;
And yf to doe hym good—

Enter La Fue.

Fue. Where's *Didier*?

Did. Here, thou contemptible thyng that never werte
So free as to put on thyne owne ill hatt;
Thou that hast worne thy selfe and a blewe coate
To equall thryddbareness and never hadst
Vertue inough to make thee [be] preferrd
Before aught but a cloak bagge,—what to me?



Fue. The wishe of poxe enough to make thee all One entire scabb. Dost thou abuse thy elders?

Did. I cry your reverence mercye, I confes You are more antique.

Fue. Antycke in thy face! My lord shall knowe.

Did. But pray thee let me fyrst Knowe what my lorde would have me knowe by thee.

Fue. I scorne to tell thee or to talke with thee;
And yet a woulde speake with thee,—and yet I will not tell thee;
Thou shalt shortlye knowe thou hadst bene better—
I say no more; though my deserts be hydd
My adge is not, for I neare weare a hatt;
And that shalbe ballast to my complaynte
To make it goe more steadye to thy ruyne.
It shall, dost heare, it shall. [*Exit Fue.*]

Did. Hence, chollerycke foole, Thy threats to me are like the kyngs desyer, As uneffectuall[85] as the gloawormes fyer.

*Loude musique. Enter Charlimayne, Bishop Turpin,
Ganelon, Richard, Theodora, Gabriella, and attendants.*

Charl. This musyque is to[o] dull to mix it selfe
With the full Joy I tast. O *Ganelon*,
Teache me a meanes t'expresse the gratytude
I owe thy vertues for thys royall matche,
Whereby me thynks my ice is tournd to fyer,
My earthe to ayre; those twoe base elements
Can challenge nothinge in my composition,
As thou and *Theodora* now have made me:
For whiche be thou our lorde greate Cunstable.



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Did.—Observe.

Bus.—Matters to make me mourne eternallye.

Gan. Your bountye speaks you, sir, a god on earthe, For you rewarde a service that's so meane It scarce speaks dutye (for you are my emperoure)—

Charl. Tys thou hast made me greater then my name
How mysserablye so ere our nature maks
Us thynke a happynes, was a greate burthen,
But nowe tys all the heaven I wishe to knowe;
For Tyme (whose ende like hys originall
Is most inscrutable) hathe nowe payde backe
The sapp of fortie winters to theise veanes,
Which he had borrowed to mayntayne hys course
From these late dead now manlye facultyes.
Kysse me, *Theodora*. Gods, carouse your fyll,
I envye not your nectar; from thys lypp
Puerer Nepenthe flowes. Some tryumphes, lords!
I challengde all of you at Barryers.

Bus. Alas, good man! A gawntletts wayght will presse him into cynders.

Char. I am so rapt with pleasure and delighte
I scarce thynke I am mortall; all the Joys,
Wherewith heavens goodnes can inryche a man,
Not onlye greete but dwell upon my sence,
And whyles I see thee cannot stray from thence,
Most excellent *Theodora*.

The. Tys onlye your acceptance maks me so;
For Butye's like a stone of unknowne worthe,
The estymatyon maks it pretyous;
For which the Jemes beholden to the owner.

Char. Did you ere heare a voyce more musycall?
The Thracian *Orpheus*, whose admyred skyl
Is sayd to have had power ore ravenous beasts
To make theym lay their naturall feircenes by
When he but toucht his harpe; that on the floods
Had power above their regent (the pale Moone)
To make them tourne or stay their violent course
When he was pleasd to ravishe theym with sounds,
Neare had abyllitie with all his arte



To matche the naturall musyque of thy voyce.
And were I on the axeltree of heaven
To note the Zodiaks anuall chaunge and course,
The Sunns bryghte progresse and the planetts motyons,
To play with Luna or newe lampe the starres,
To note Orion or the Pleiades,
Or with the sunne guyld the Antipodes,—
Yet all the glorye, in exchaunge for thee,
Would be my torment and heavens crueltye.

Bus. Was ere man thus orejoyd with mans own curse!

Enter Reinaldo.

Char. Thou only arte happynes.

Rei. Not, greate Lord, for I Bringe newes that doth include—

Char. Cossan, your blame,
And tys a dylligence of too muche pryde
That interrupts myne admyratyon.

Rei. My newse when knowne will raze out that beleife
And be as wellcome as a gentyll callme
To a longe daungerd seaman in a storme,
Suche as up on *Aeneas* straglinge fleete
At *Juno's* will by *Aeolus* was raysd
When in his flyght from horror he sawe more
Then *Troy* affoarded; for the newese I brynge
Is vyctorie, which crownes the crownes of kynges.

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Char. Cossen *Reinaldo*, if youle sytt and prayse The fayre eies of my fayre love, I will heare Tyll you be tyerd with talkinge.

Rei. What is this?
Is this the voyce of mightie *Charlimayne*?
Sir, from your worthye nephewe I am come,
The ever feard *Orlando*, who in *Spayne*
Hath with hys owne fame mixt your happynes
By a blest vycorye.

Char. We have no leasure
To heare, nor are we able to contayne
Another happynes, nor is theire other.
Successe in warre is but a pleasyng dreame
From whence a drume may fryght us. Here doth rest
My happynes which cannot be exprest.

[*Ex. Cha., The., Gab., and attendants.*

Tur. Pryncely *Reinaldo*, doe not let amaze
Struggle within you; you but yet survay
The out syde of our wonder.

Rich. Brother, 'tis more Then can be wrytten in a cronyckle.

Rei. But must not be without my reprehensyon. Come, I will followe hym: when
Charles dothe flye From honor, where shall goodnes hope to lye?

[*Exe. all but Gan. and Rich.*

Gan. Stay, worthye frende, and let me playnlye knowe How you affect t[hys] humor in
the kynge.

Rich. Faythe, generally as a good subject should,—
Delighted with the joy hys kynge receyves
(And which I hope and wish may styll contynewe),
But in partycular—because the cause
Of hys joy cannot chuse but worke to you
Effecte worthye your vertues. For my old love,
Tys nowe lodg'd in a desperatt memorye.

Gan. But dost not seeme a most grosse dott[age]?

[*Rich*]
Though certaynlie desyer's the onlye thynge



Of strengthe about hym, and that strength is hys
With a conceyt that putts desyers in act.

Gan. And is not that a dottage at the least?

Rich. I dare not taxe the actyon of a kynge By giveinge it an ill name in my thoughts.

Gan. Y'are modest, sir, nor I; but yet if I
Felte not a straunger love within my selfe
In this my strength of memorye and yeares,
Abyllities of bodye and of brayne,
More doatinge on a man than he on her,
A would not scape my censure.

Rich. I beleive
(To which beleife a long experyence
Of youre knowne worthe most steddylie directs)
That if suche an affectyon manadge you,
Tys not the man or sexe that causes it
But the styll groweing vertues that inhabytt
The object of your love.

Gan. Tys orrackle, most happye pryncelye *Richard*,
Thou youngest and thou fayrest braunch of *Aimon*;
And thy still growing vertues have made thee
The object of that love. When first I sawe thee
(Though but with a meare cursorye aspecte)
My soule did prompt me that so fayre a forme
Could not but be the myne of manye vertues.
Then mysser-like I sought to ope the myne
And fynde the treasure, whereuppon I wanne
Your inmost frendshipp, which with joy attaynd
In seekinge for a sparke I found a flame,
Whose rychnes made me admyratyons slave
And staggerd me with wonder.



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Rich. Good sweete lorde,
Forbeare thy courtshypp, our acqwayntance is
Too oulde, & as I hope frendshypp too fyrme
To be nowe semented.

Gan. True, my best freinde;
And thoughe I wante arhythmatycke to counte
My treasure in thee, pray thee give me leave
To joy in my posession of suche blysse
To which all honours in our *Fraunce* compaird
Were as a rushe mongst manye myllions shared.

Rich. Sir, thoughe I knowe there is nothyng in me
Able to give a flattery hope to thryve
In the most abject slave to it that courts,
And therefore cannot doute it in your selfe,
Yet I beseeche you talke of somethynge elles
Or I shall growe unmannerlye & leave you:
Myne owne prayse is my torture.

Gan. Heaven forbydd
Yf I shoulde torture hym I love so muche,
Beyond expression! And synce this offends thee
Ile speake of that shall please my noblest *Rycharde*.

Rich. Your pleasure & your honorable ends Are bounds beyond which I have no
delighte.

Gan. If from thys marydge there myght sprynge a sonne,
Which is myne ende, my honors would knowe none,
But like a ryver that receyves his name
Or fyrst oryginall from some mountayns foote,
Begyns a syngle streame, but at last growes
To have no bounds but what it could oreflow—
But tys impossyble.

Rich. Improbable; For snowe and fyer can hardlye generate.

Gan. But whyle the snowe lyes on a mountayns topp,
Consumeinge with the heat which comfortts all
Excepte it selfe, the fyer may be blowne
Into a second flame.

Rich. I graunte you that—



Gan. Posytion and request; or elles I perishe.

Rich. What meanes my *Ganelon*?

Gan. Faythe to be playne
And not to wrong the love, which I have founde
Ever in thee, with any further doute,
My love would have thee call a kynge thy sonne
And gett him of my sister. Startst thou backe?
Come, I doe knowe thou lovest her with thy soule
And has syght for her often. Now enjoy,
And doe not stande amazd: if thou refuse,
Then my hopes like the flower of flaxe receyve
Their byrthe and grave together; for by heaven
To be made monarke of the unyverse
And lorde of all claspt in the seagods armes,
I would not have her toucht unlesse by thee:
And if the thoughts of men were scrutable
To man and mongst men might be knowne to me,
The foole that should attempt her but in thoughte
[Could]e better hand-bounde wrastell with the sea.
But yet my love doth offer her to thee,
And tys rejected.

Rich. You mistake me, sweete:
I am all yours and what you shall thynke fytt
Ile cease to questyon, yet my contyence calls
It a disloyall and a monstrous fact.

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Gan. Tutt, a prosperous synne is nowe a vertuous acte; Let not that starte you.

Rich. I am confyrm'd, but yet the Emp[e]resse—

Gan. Why, knowe not I howe deare she valewes you,
And but for thys hope would not live an hower.
Come, her consent shall flye to meet your wishes
And locke you in saftie. In the nexte roome
Stay me a littill.—Now my projects goe [*Exit Richard.*
Uprighte and steddye. Let me style my selfe
(And proudlye too) the mynion of the fates.
The emperoure knytts newe honors to my house,
Whylst to my bloode I seeke to bynde hys crowne
And cheate hys lawfull heyre; and synce the lawe
Makes all legitimate in wedlocke borne,
By whom so ere begott, the way is even
Unto my future blysse and earthlye heaven.—
And see howe luckily this fellow comes!
Happynes courtts me.

Enter Didier.

Did. My most honoured lord.

Gan. O *Didier*, the famous nephewe unto *Charles*, The onlye heyre and hope of fruytfull
Fraunce, Famous *Orlando*, is returninge home.

Did. So tys given out.

Gan. But might there not be somethynge given the prynce
To stay hys journey? Ile be playne with thee,
For thy knowne love is worthye all my trust:
He is an envyouous torrent interposd
Twixte me and many honors, *Didier*,
And since unpassable must be choakt with earthe.
Thou understandst me?

Did. Yes, sir, a must dye.

Gan. And in his journey homewarde. A smale drame
Will purdge hys soule away, & twilbe thoughte
Some of the rebells in these frontyre townes,
By him reducst to false obedyence,
Have, in revendge o'the servytude wherein



Hys sworde hathe fyxte them, doone't; so not so much
As bare suspytion ever will attache thee.

Did. I'm glad y've named me in't; I was afrayde
I should have beene lefte out in that brave acte,
Where to my proper hate unto *Orlando*
And love to you entyce me equallye.

Gan. O by no meanes, whom should I trust but thee;
Tys thou & I must make eche other happye.
Repayre the with thys golde, & for thy paynes
Be equall sharer in my present meanes
And future blessinges.

Did. No more, Sir; Ile dooe't.
I speake it with a confydence whereby
Ide have you say unto your selfe 'tys doone.'

Gan. Thanks, my most honest *Didier*.
Other affayres of seryous consequence
Call me; the Empresse must be solicyted
Unto an acte for which I'de loathe her but
My ends have glorious aymes.



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Did. Aboute them, Syr, and doute not thys. [*Exit Ganelon.*
Yet methynks it were not fytt in polycie
To venture all in one pore shallowe boate,
The sea of state goeinge so rough and hye.
Factyons in courte are like to suyts in lawe
Where goulde and grace keepe equytie in awe;
And but thys maryadge rules the emperoure,
Who shall protect me in so many ways
Leading to severall and confused ends?
I will keepe no dyrecte one but even wander
As myne owne proper saftie shall direct me.
And though I wishe my lorde may rayse his bloode,
Yet that wishe should give way to myne owne good.

Enter La Busse, Gabriella and Bertha.

Bus. Save Mounseire *Didier*!

Did. Mounseir *La Busse*, my lords most loved sonne,
Your companye is fayre.

[*Exit Didier.*

Gab. The fellowe mocks us.

Bus. Had a sayd good too, then you might have doutd, But fayr's an epethyte you
bothe may challenge.

Ber. And why not good?

Bus. A courtier might have spared it
And as he is a courtier beene excusd
Thoughe it were false; for he whose tonge and harte
Runne one selfe course shall seldome find the way
To a preferment. Nowe the courte is growne
As strange a beast as the thronged multytude,
Dyffers not from the rabble, onlye tys
The upper house.

Ber. Why will you be a lymbe Of such a beast?

Bus. Faythe, onlye for sporte sake.

Gab. I rather thynke to make it more deformd.



Buss. Be not so bytter, ladye. Howe can I,
Though I shoulde onlye studye vanytie,
Be seene amongst so manye that out-glosse me
In everye severall follye.

Ber. Yet littill *Richard*, *Aimons* youngest sonne, Is suche a man your envye cannot taxe
hym.

Gab. Mallyce with all her poysons cannot wounde Hys faire deserved reputatyon.

Bus. Sytts the wynde there?

Gab. Yes, syr, and blowes me hence In quest of hym I doe so much affecte. [*Ex.*
Gabriella.

Ber. Stay, Ile goe with you.

Bus. Oh, by no meanes, madam; Methynkes your longe attendance at the courte
Should make you not so apt to spoyle good sporte.

Ber. Sdeath! sporte! pray let me goe.

Bus. Not yet, by *Venus*. You fyrst shall knowe my soule hath deeplye vowed My love
and servyce to your excellent selfe.

Ber. Veye good sir,
I knowe y'are sonne unto the Mynion.
But yet I knowe your father loves you not,
And thats good too.

Bus. If truthe at courte be good For any thyng, then, madam, you say true. For tys
most true that I—

Ber. Pray let me goe.



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Bus. Shunne not hys syghte that dothe adore your syghte.
How fares the Empresse? Like to a bloweing rose
Nypt with a colde frost, will she styll keepe in
Cyrckled with ice?

Ber. I knowe not nor I care not.

Bus. But you can guesse.—Or in the frosts Dyspighte Will she blowe out?

Ber. Sir, y'are unmannerlie To stay and question me: I must be gone.

Bus. Take my harte with you.

Ber. He whose harte and tonge Runne one selfe course shall seldome fynde the way
To a preferrment.

Bus. Sfoote, doe you thynke your love Such a preferrment? nay then, fare you well.

Ber. Vyllanous man! [*Ex. Bertha.*]

Bus. Well, now unto my father whom I knowe
Hates me but for my goodnes; and althoughe
I cannot blame the Empresse, yet on hym
Ile vent myne honest spleene, and he shall knowe
Vertue at porest hath yet one advocate,
Though muche too meane to helpe her.—See, a comes.

Enter Ganelon.

Gan. The Empresse and younge *Richard* are in league,
Arme knytt and harte knytt with the fervencye
That no joy can exceede. Heaven blesse the mixture!
—But stay; whose thys? O my curyous sonne,
What newse with you, Sir?

Bus. Sir, though your emynence may guyld your vyce
And greatnes make your ills seeme glorious
To some too farre beneathe you, that neare looke
Into the chynckes and crannyes of the state,
Yet, Sir, with reverence, knowe you have doone ill
To crosse *Orlandos* fayre successyon
By thys unequall maryadge.

Gan. Arte growne madd?
Thoughe I neare knew thee muche opprest with witt,



I did not thynke thee such a foe to sence
To speake with suche a daring impudence.

Bus. Howe's that?

Gan. Thus and observe me. As you love the cubboarde
Wherein your calves brayns are lockt up for breakfast,
Whenere agayne thou shalt but dare to play
The dogge and open thus when I am present
Without my spetyall lycence and comand,
Ile vexe thee so with punishment and shame
That life shalbe thy torment. Hence, thou slave,
Of no more shyrtts, than soules, and they consistinge
Of equall foulness! hence, I say! Ignorance
Shall not excuse thee thus agayne offendinge.

Bus. Preposterous! I walke for want of spyrrytt.
[Exit La Busse.]

Gan. Pyttie of follye! wherefore shoulde thys boy,
Thys thyng of too nyce contyence, nay my sonne,
Trobble hym selfe with any acte of myne
As if they helde proportion with hys state,
Wytt or condytion? Such thyngs are swayd by chaunce:
And naughts more arrogant than Ignorance.—
But here comes he that hathe brayne to plott
And spyrrytt to acte.

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Enter Didier.

Howe is it *Didier*?

Did. As you comanded, Sir.

Gan. Hast doone it then?

Did. And without all suspytion?

Gan. Halfe my soule,
Let me imbrace thee. All my cares and feares
Thou hast dyspeyrct for ever; from hys deathe
My future honors take a glorious byrthe.

Enter La Fue.

Fue. Hees never from hym; nay I must begone;
Past servyce is forgott. Doe you heare, my lorde?
Beggars must be no chusers. I am one,
The proverb proves it, an oulde serving man:
At your choyse therefore be it, whether I
Or that knave shall stay with you, for both must not;
Your house (though lardge) cannot contayne us bothe.

Gan. Why, whatts the matter, *Fue*?

Fue. Matter of wronge.
Full twoe and twentye severall liverye coats,
Made & composed all for severall yeares,
Have I runne throughe in your most faythfull service.
Oth scullerye I was three yeares before:
So, blacke and blewe[86], I make account I've served
Your Lordshypp five and twentye.

Gan. What meanes thys?

Fue. My servyce notwithstandinge, thys proude Jacke
Abuses me in words I understand not;
And therefore in playne tearmes if you keepe hym
I am no longer for you.

Gan. Patyence, man:
If thys be all Ile see it remedyed.



He shalbe sorrye for the wronge thats past
And promyse thee to second it with other.

Fue. Shall he? why, let him then, and I wilbe content to dye in peace.

Did. I bothe repent and promyse no amends.

Fue. Well, that shall pacyfie, we will be frends And live in peace together.

Did. On condytion That hence you take no lycence to deprave My good indevours.

Fue. In my contyence He wrongs me now agayne.

Did. Nor on this growe Sawcie and insolent.

Fue. Hay da! can oughte
Proceeding from my gravitie to thee
Be esteemd sawcynes? you heare, my lorde;
Can fleshe and bloode induer thys? I doe knowe
My servyce is more pretyous then to be
Thus touzd and sullyed by hys envyous breathe;
And though in pollycie I will not leave
Your lordshypps servyce, yet if pollycie
Or brayne of man may studdye a revendge,
Thys wytt of myne thats seldome showne in vayne
Shall fashyon out a rare one.

[Exit La Fue.

Gan. Syllye foole! Come, *Didier*; mynde not hys peeyvishe hate Ile make thee yet
obscurd an envyed state.

[Exeunt.

Actus 2.

[SCENE I.]

Enter Orlando, Reinaldo, Oliver, Souldiers, Attendants.

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Orl. O that my cursse had power to wounde the starres
That with a more then envyous aspect
Thus racke me & my fortunes! married?
I coulde almost brable with destenye
For giveinge thys curst maryadge holye forme.
And suer it errd in't: tys no gordyon knott
That tyes suche a disparitye together.
But what will not soothd prynces? their hie blood
A flatterye drawes toth lees, and more corrupte
Then a disease thats kyllyng. Nowe must I,
Like to an Argosie sent rychlye fourthe,
Furnisht with all that mighte oppose the winds
And byde the furye of the sea-gods rage,
Trusted with halfe the wealthe a kyngdome yeilds,
Havinge, insteade of addinge to her store,
Undoone her selfe and made a thousand pore;
Meanlye retourninge without mast or helme,
Cable or anchor, quyte unrygd, unmand,
Shott throughe and throughe with artefyciall thunder
And naturall terror of tempestuous stormes,
Must (that had beene the wonder of the worlde
And loved burthen of the wanton seas)
Be nowe a subject fytt for all mens pytties
And like to such, not cared for a jott, must lye by & rott:
And so must I.

Rei. His dottage maks hym thynke
Hym selfe so happye in thys cursed matche
That when the newse of your successe aryved
(Thoughe cladd in laurell and fayrest victorie)
He had no eare for't, all his powers beinge fylled
With a supposed joy conceyvd in her.

Oli. He has not dealt like *Charlimayne* t'expose
You to the horror of a cyvill warre,
And, whylst your loyalte made glorious way
To hys wisht ends of conquest, thus to crosse
Your fayre successyon.

Orl. Twas a speedinge plott
To sende me into *Spayne*, whylst *Ganelon*
Tooke the ryght course; yet, if I had beene here,
The envyous destenye that dothe attende
On all my undertakings, would have made



My best meanes uslesse to have hynderd it.
For not the cooning of slye *Ganelon*,
Charlimayne's dottage, nor her wytching eie
(To whom I nowe must be obedyent)
Can challenge any share in my disgrace;
But myne owne fortune that did never smyle
But when it gave me a full cause to cursse.
And were the way to my successyon free
As when I left the courte, yet gaynst all sence
And possybyllitie somethynge suer woulde sprynge
From my meare fate to make another kynge:
So, torrent-like, my fortune ruynes all
My rights of byrthe and nature.

Rei. You have doone ill To soothe hys adge unto thys vyolence.

Oli. With penytence tys confest, consyderinge Preventyon hathe quyte fledd us, & no way's Lefte eyther for revendge or remedye.

Orl. I am the verye foote-ball of the starres,
Th'anottomye [sic] of fortune whom she dyssects
With all the poysons and sharpe corrosyves
Stylld in the lymbecke of damde pollycie.
My starres, my starres!
O that my breath could plucke theym from their spheares
So with their ruyns to conclude my feares.

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Enter La Busse.

Rei. Smoother your passions, Sir: here comes his sonne—
A propertie oth court, that least his owne
Ill manners should be noted thynks it fytt
In pollycie to scoffe at other mens.
He will taxe all degrees and think that that
Keepes hym secure from all taxation.

Orl. Y'are deceyved; it is a noble gentylman And hated of his father for hys vertues.

Bus. Healthe and all blessings[87] wherewith heaven and earthe May comforte man,
wayte on your excellence!

Orl. Although I know no mans good wyshe or prayrs
Can ere be heard to my desyred good,
I am not so voyde of humanitie
But I will thanke your love.

Rei. Pray, sir, what newse Hath the court lately been deliverd of?

Bus. Such as the gallimaufry that is found
In her large wombe may promise: he that has
The fayrest vertues weares the foulest shyrt
And knows no shyfte for't: none but journeymen preists
Invay agaynst plurallitie of liveings
And they grow hoarse ithe cause, yet are without
The remedye of sugar candye for't.
Offices are like huntinge breakfasts gott
Hurlye burlie, snatcht with like greedynes,
I & allmost disjested too as soone.

Oli. I, but in sober sadness whatts done there?

Bus. Faythe, very littill, Sir, in sober sadnes,
For there disorder hurryes perfect thyngs
To mere confusyon: nothing there hath forme
But that which spoyles all forme, & to be shorte
Vice only thrives and merryt starves in courte.

Rei. What of the maryadge of your noble aunte Our fayre eied royall empresse?

Bus. Trothe, I wonderd, Sir,
You spoke of that no sooner, yet I hope



None here are jealyous that I brought one sparke
To kyndell that ill flame.

Orl. No, of my trothe, I know thee much too honest; but how fares The Empresse now,
my dear exequetresse?

Bus. Sir, as a woman in her case may doe; Shee's broughte [to] bedd.

Rei. What, has she a chylde, then?

Bus. I, my Lord.

Orl. A Sonne!

Bus. Mys-fortune hath inspyrd you, Sir; tys true.

Orl. Nay when my fortune faylls me at a pynche I will thynke blasphemy a deede of
merrytt. O harte, will nothing breake the?

Rei. Tis most straunge.

Orl. Straunge? Why, if she had been spayd
And all mankynd made Euenucks, yet in spyghte
My ill fate would have gotten her with chylde—
Of a son, too. Hencefourthe let no man
That hathe a projecte he dothe wishe to thryve
Ere let me knowe it. My mere knowledge in't
Would tourne the hope't successe to an event
That would fryghte nature & make patyence braule
With the most pleasinge objecte.

Bus. Sir, be at peace; Much may be found by observatyon.



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Orl. Th'arte bothe unfriendlie & uncharytable.
Thys observation thou advysest to
Would ryvett so my thoughts uppon my fate
That I should be distrackt. I can observe
Naughte but varyetye of mysseries
Crossynge my byrthe, my blood and best endeavours.
I neare did good for any but great *Charles*,
And the meare doing that hath still brought forth
To me some plague too heavye to be borne,
But that I am reservd onlye to teach
The studyed envye of mallignant starrs.
If fortune be blynde, as the poetts houlde,
It is with studyinge myne afflictions;
But, for her standing on a roullinge stone,
Theire learninge faylls them, for she fixed stands
And onlye against me.

Rei. Move hym no further;
But if your observatyon can fynde out
A coneinge in the carryadge of theise ills
That may be questioned, Ile thanke your love,
And be your servant: pray be inquisitive.

Orl. Inquiseytive? for what? my miseryes
Requyer no searche, they playnlye shewe themselves,
And in theire greatnes crowne what made them greate.
The power of Fortune, which by theym beinge crownd
Doth tyrannize uppon me.

Enter Didier.

Did. Healthe attend
Thys honord presence! may your wellcome home
Retayne proportion with those worthye deeds
Whereby y'ave yearn'd all wellcome.

Orl. What is he?

Did. Howe ere my dutye and best wishes shall
Ever attend you, and those wishes be
Putt into acte to doe you anye servyce.



Bus. Thart a grosse flatterer, and knowe there is
More sympathye betwixte mere contraryes
Then twixte thy words and wishes.

Did. Then your knowledge
Has no true ryghte doone to it, beinge so greate
To be so littill famed. I never hearde
That you ere did or durst knowe any thyng
But dynner tyme & coronatyon day,
The tylters collours & theire pages suyts,
But to theire Empresas[88] you styll gave up
An Ignoramus.

Bus. Th'art a parasytte;
Thou & thy fortunes wayte uppon my father
And like an evyll aungell make hym doe
Those fearful thyngs I tremble to delyver.
Therefore the love which thou protestest here
Can be at best but fayn'd & beares more shewe
Of treacherye then zeale.

Did. How say you by that?

Orl. *Ganelon's* servant! Will it not suffyce
The mallyce of my starres to presse me downe
With a most pondrous wayghte of injuryes
But they must keepe me wakinge with the syghte
O' th'authors on't, to myxe my sufferings
With heate and anger? Syrha, howe dare you
Upbrayd me with your presence? or doe you thynke
My wrongs and fortune have made me so tame
That I am a fytt subject for your spleene,
Your trencher envye & reverssyon rage?
Or arte so greate an Infydell to doute
My mischeifes snayle-pacst that thou spurst on newe
In full carryere uppon me?



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Did. I disclayme *Ganelons* servyce other then to serve Your worthy ends, which is the onlye end Whertoe I ere seemd hys.

Bus. Monstrous deceytfull vyllayne!

Orl. Impossyble!

I cannot be so happye, & if thou
Beare but the least affectyon to my cause,
Thy fortunes like thy trenchers wilbe chaungd
To a sordyd foulenes that will loathe thy nature.

Did. For that no matter, I darre fortunes worst
In ryghte of vertue; & if you'le be pleased
Thys screane may be removed that keepes away
All comfortable heate from everye man
Which he stands neare, Ile tell you thyngs that shall
Confyirme you I am yours.

Orl. He shall not goe,
Nor can I hope successe in any thyng
(More then my sworde), & mucche lesse be confyrmed.

Oli. Pray, sir, withdrawe.

Rei. Althoughe I thynke thys fellowe meanes no good
We may dyscover & prevent hys ill:
Pray leave us, sir.

Bus. I will; but yet beware That fellowe. [*Exit La Busse.*]

Did. I fyrst desyre
To be beleived my love & utmost servyce
Are vowed unto your greatnes, to which beleife
The hazard of my life throughe all the daungers
That ever fryghted weake mortallitie,
Shalbe an instygation. Fyrst, Sir, knowe
The empresse is departed.

Orl. Whyther! to hunt worsse fortunes then I suffer?

Did. Sir, she is deade, a fever shooke her bloode
After her chylde bedd sycknes, & of it
She dyed last mornynge.

Rei. Wonderful!! what newse of her younge sonne?



Did. It lyves & is a pryncelye littill one, *Lewis* the *gentyll* calld, a hopefull infante.

Oli. But smale hope of the emperours righte to it.

Orl. Howe taks hys majesty the emperesse deathe?

Did. Straunglye, beyond all presydents of greife.
Being dead it seemes he loves her ten tymes more
Then ere he loved her liveinge (yet that love
Outwentt all dottage in th'extreamytie):
He will not give her buryall, but in's armes
Carries her up & downe, courts, kysses, toys,
Mournes when she maks no answe; often faynes
To understande her sylence; swears that deathe
Cannot, nay darre not, hurte suche excellence.

Orl. Why, thys is absolute madnes! Where's byshopp *Turpin*? His reverence shoulde persuade hym.

Did. So he hathe, But tys in vayne: he heares naught but his passyon.

Orl. Why, styll thou heapest uppon me newe misfortunes.

Did. But will delyver comforte. For some prooffe Of myne integrytie, knowe I was hyerd
By *Ganelon* to poyson you.

Rei. Whatts thys?

Did. To which performance I so soothd hys hopes That he beleives tys doone.

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Orl. And so it had,
But that my Fortune knewe my deathe would be
Toe greate a blessinge for me & remove
The object of her envye past her spleene.
What wretchednes is thys! haveinge indeede
All the worlds mysseryes that have a name,
A new one out of pyttie must be founde
To adde to infynitts. My heavy cursse,
But that't would be a blessinge, shoulde rewarde thee;
And for thy disobedyence to thy lorde
Ile torture thee, for I will wish thee well.

Did. Did ever mans preservatyon plauge [sic] hym thus? Wonder confounds me.

Rei. My most worthy cossen, Will you not take advantage of thys plott?

Orl. No; what advauntage? the emperour's eares are glewed Gaynst althyngs but hys passyons.

Did. Great Sir, no;
The vyolence of hys passyon notwithstandinge,
Havinge hys deathe-slayne mistres in hys armes,
He heares all causes criminall as if
She did but slumber by hym.

Oli. Tys an offerd meanes To bringe your foe in hatred with the emperour Revyve your hopes.

Orl. As cordyalls doe call backe
A dyinge man from hys aproachynge peace
To make h[im suffer] still the mysseryes
Of hys allmost past sycknes. I reffuse it,
And by my suffrynge nowe will shewe my selfe
Too noble to complayne. I neare coulde fynde
Pleasure or ease in others punishment,
Or if I were so base to take delighte
In the afflyctions of another man
My fate would guard me from't, for tys decreed
That onlye I of all mankynde shall neare
Be master of a hope shall have successe:
So all the opposytion I can make
Would onlye make my greives rydiculous
And dyvorce pyttye from theym. Neare will I.

[*Ex. Orlando.*]



Did. Heres a straunge humor!

Oli. I, but let it not Deterre you from hys accusatyon.

Did. Ile justefye what I have sayd.

Rei. Doe so,
And bothe myne entertaynment and rewarde
Shall pay thy love and faythe.

[*Ex. all but Didier.*

Did. I doe not like
Thys entertaynment at the second hande:
It looks like barbers physicke, muddylie.
Is thys a welcome worthye of the love
I have exprest? Had I tooke up hys hauke
Or matcht a coatch-horse for hym suche a servyce
Had deserved more respect then he gives me.
I like a wise man have lefte certayne meanes,
For hop't preferments: 'twas dyscreeetlye doone
And ledd by vertue too. Thys vertue is
The scurvyest, harlottryest, undoeinge thynge
That ever mixte with rysinge courtyers thoughts.
But t'has a cursse. It is impossyble
Ere to gett into *Ganelon* agayne,
Havinge not onlye not performd hys will
But tould hys purpose. And howe slyghte so ere
The earle of *Angeres* houlds thys accusatyon,
T'will be examynd: therefore I must throughe—
But howe? thoughe it be true I cannot prove it
By other testymonie then myne owne;
And that hys owne denyall will bereave me
Of the beleife due to it. Yet will I stand too't styll:
To deter vyce heaven gives a power to will.



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Enter Ganelon.

Gan. Y'are well mett.

Did. I thanke you.

Gan. Th'art a vylayne.

Did. It may be so; your lordshypp can defyne me If you would shewe your readinge or your practyse.

Gan. *Orlando* is retourned.

Did. Tys well.

Gan. It is; But it had beene better for your perjurd roaugshipp Your harte had gordgd a hauke.

Did. Wa, ha ho, man!
Your buzarde is a kynde of byrde of prey,
Your lordship knowes too, that will feede on all
Unable to outflye or to resist,
But suche pursued her basenes and her sloathe
At once apeare. You understand me, sir?

Gan. Nowe a leane castrell[89] ceyze thee? Arte thou flesht? Must naught encounter you but byrds of rapyne?

Did. Good, good, you stretche a foule comparysson The best that I have hearde. But be assurd I am no scarabb for a castrells breakfast.

Gan. Why, you are growne a desperatt darringe rouge, A roaigue of noyse and clamor, are you not?

Did. And in dyspyghte of all your fearfull bells
Of greatnes and aucthorytie, will tourne heade,
Fly in thye bossome, and so styngge thee then
That thou shalt curse thy beinge.
[Exit Didier.]

Gan. Thys is well,
Exceedinge well: upbrayded by my slave
Armed by my trust agaynst me! I coulde nowe
Wise a stronge packthread had stytychd up my lips
When I made thys roaigue inmate of my breast.



My seryous counsaylls and's owne servyces
He sells like goods at outcryes—"Who gives most?"
Oh what dull devyll manadgd my weake braynes
When first I trusted hym; Harte, I have made
My counsaylls my foes weapons, wherewith he
May wound me deeplie. Suer he has reveald
My purposse and reward to poyson hym:
So I bestryde a myne which to my ruyne
Wants but a sparke,—and farewell, *Ganelon*!
Nowe the poxe take my harte for trustynge hym!
What a brave noble creature were a man see and so prevent
nay of his slave.

Enter Richard.

Ric. Health attend you!

Gan. O my dearest sweete,
Thy presence makes thee master of thy wish;
For in it rests my health and happynes.
Howe does my best friend? faythe, you look most sadd,
And we have bothe full cause. My syster's deathe
Hath, like the moone in opposytion,
Put out the eie of heaven. But doth the emperour
Styll keep her in hys armes.

Ric. Yes, styll and styll;
Nay with such vyolence love seemes to growe
And flourishe most in deathe. *Mesantius* wrathe,
That tyed dead to the livinge, seemes in hym
The joy of all man's wishes. Soothe he is
Anything now but famous *Charlymayne*.



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Gan. I cannot blame hym; tis a furye man
Can neither tame nor conquer. But, dear frende,
Is there no meanes to come to the dead queene
Out of the emperours presence?

Ric. Sir, theres none;
He hath her evermore within hys armes,
And when a sleepes your syster *Gabriella*
Or the oulde Bishopp *Turpin* doe attend her.

Gan. I, there you name a newe afflyctyon,
That syster is an ulcer in my bloode:
Howe doe you with her doatinge passyons?

Ric. Sleyght them beyond your wishes.

Gan. Thou dost amaze me with thy noble vertue,
And thence I honor thee. As for that mayd
Still let her frantique love receyve repulse
And crowne thy contynence; for though I was
Content the queene should stray, yet thys[90]
I would not have to fall for chrystendome.

Ric. You neede not feare me: if not contynence, Yet myne owne will is armour strong
enoughe.

Gan. I know't; and here she comes.

Enter Gabriella.

Gab. Brother, God save you!—O my noble *Richarde*, You make me oulde ithe
mornynge of my yeaes. Shall stylI your winter nypp me?

Gan. What doe you meane?

Gab. T'express a love thats good and vertuous.

Gan. Fye, thys doth stayne your noble modestye.

Gab. To tell before you myne affectyon
In publique I confes it would make me
A subject for taxation.

Gan. Anywhere. Come, a must not love you.



Gab. Heavens forbydd!
And I must tell you, brother, that I darre
(And with no other then a syster's spleene)
Justifye myne affectyon.

Gan. So, And what wants thys of impudence?

Gab. As much
As you of charytie if your tonge bee
A faithfull servant to your mynde.

Gan. Tys well: You would be whored (mayd), would you not?

Ric. Pray, Forbeare.

Gab. Your reprehensyon is unmannerlye,
While Ile enduer no longer. Fayre Sir, knowe
I will not have my true love circomscrybd
Within the lymits of your pollycie,
Come, y'are wicked.

Gan. Repentance would doe well.

Gab. Tys a fytt matche for threescore and ten yeares
And at that sober age I meane to wedd it.
Yet knowe that my desyers are not so wild
But they stay here. Nor will I ever stray
Beyond this most loved object.

Ric. Say not so:
It never can retourne your recompence.
Vertue, my soules dower, which is now contractt
And richlie to be marryed unto heaven
Shall ever keepe me from affectyon:
Beleve it, madam, I will never love.

Gab. Then have false hopes raysd me to th'topp of all Onlye to forme my ruyne in my fall.

Gan. Nay, no more fallinge. Come, my noble frende; And, ladye, cherishe not these whorishe longings.



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[Exe. Gan. Rich.

Gab. Not cherrishe them? yes, blowe them into flames
Create as the full desyers that warme my bloode.
What, am I younge, fruytfull, and somewhat fayre,
And shall my pleasures beare the servyle yoake
Of hys strycte rules and so chayne up my blood
In manackles of ice? Fyrst Ile dare
All pangs make men thynke of mortallitie,
But I will love hym; yes, I will love hym styl
And so be servd both in my lust and will.

*Enter Charlimayne with the queene in his armes,
Turpin, La Busse.*

Turp ... Sir, let me perswade ... Thys dottage ore the deade is monstrous, Nor
suits youre greatnes nor your gravitie.

Char. No more;
He that perswades me from thys loved embrace
Is my most mortall enemye, and here
I sweare Ile hate hym to destructyon.
O, *Gabriella*, come; thy syster sleepes
A longe, longe slumber, but she is not deade;
Goodnes can never perishe, and if so
Yet deathe shall not devyde us. Why, I have
Not full so many mynuts to survyve
As one pore breathe may recon, and shall I
For that short space forgett her? No we'll stay
And close our loves both in one monument.

Turp. Was never seene suche an affectyon!

Char. Come, *Gabriella*, let us sett her downe;
And seate her easylie, doe not hurt my queene;
The downie breathe that sweepes amongst the meads,
Kissinge the gentyll flowers that sweeten hym,
Are stormes and tempests to her tenderness:

[They place the dead bodye in a chayre.
No ayre shall blow uppon her. Happye soule!
Indeede I dearelye love thee, for I see
The rose and lyllie sprynginge in thy cheeks
Fresher than ever. Deathes imortal sythe



Dare not offend thy branches: O, thou arte
A thyng beyond mortall corruptyon.

Buss.—What will a make of her?

Turp.—Even what his fancye pleases.

Char. If she be dead howe sweete a thyng is deathe,
Howe riche, howe glorious and unmatchable!
And howe much follye is in fearfull man [*Sitts by her.*
To flye from that which is so amyable!
Deare, give me leave to touche thee and imprinte
My soule uppon theise rubyes. All the fame
And garlands I have woone throughe Chrystendome,
The conquests I have made of *Fraunce*, of *Spayne*,
Of *Ittalie*, *Hungarie*, *Germanie*,
Even to the uttmmost east poynt, placd with thee
Are toys of worthlesse valewe. Here's my crowne,
And but for thys I were not *Charlymayne*.

Turp. Alas, tys she maks hym not *Charlymayne*!

Char. Comaund some musique. Everye man departe,

[*Exe. Bus. and attend[ants]. Soft musique.*

But *Turpin* and my sister. Heavye sleepe
Presses me to her bossome; gentyll sweete,
Let me not hurte thy goodnes, for my rest
Shall but like softe ayre gentlye cover thee.
[*Sleepes on her bosome.*



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Turp. What, madam? is he salve a sleepe?

Gab. Most soundlye, Sir: sadnes from hys soule Hath charmd hys sence with slumber.

Turp. Then, if it please your goodnes to withdrawe And fytt hys hyhgnes chamber, I will watche And call you at hys wakyng.

Gab. Willinglye. [*Ex. Gabriella.*]

Turp. I have not seene so stronge a fytt as thys,
It is beyond all fevers; for thys feynde,
Thys most mallygnant spyrritt called love,
Raynes in him above wonder, nay above
Th'accounte of learnynge or experyence.
I've reade in younger studyes there are charmes,
Spells and devysses to comand men's harts;
That charracters and imadges and scrolles
Can even bynd the soule to servytude.
It may be that's wrought on the emperoure.
I know the hate of *Ganelon* to be
A myne of all deceytfull polycie,
And thys affectyon thus unnaturall,
Can but have such a father. Suer Ile trye,
If I can fynde the carryage. Pardon me, deathe,
That I thys once ryffell thy treasurye.
Theres nothyng heare conceald but deathe and colde
And emptye sylence, no companyon.
What, shall I then leave of? My harte says noe;
Ile yet breake ope another cabanett.
Nay, I must parte your lipps; the mouthe, they say,
Harbors most oft weomen's corruptyons:
You cannot byte me, madam. Ha, whats thys?
A ryngel!
A very curyous ryngel, a dayntye ringel
Hydd underneathe her tonge. Blesse me, fate!
Somethynge depends uppon it: what it is
I will aprove and be the treasurer.

Enter Gabriella.

Gab. Howe nowe, my Lorde? awaks the emperour?

[*Char. stirrs.*]



Turp. I sawe him move even now: agayne he styrrs.
Good sweete, excuse me: when a dothe awake
I will retourne imedyatlye.

[Exit Turp.]

Gab. I will.

Char. Hey ho!

Who waytts without? dothe nobodye attend? pleasure

Ha!

Woman's attendaunce? in the name of chaunge

When did *Charles* use such frayltie? Men at armes

Did ever guarde me: am I now forsooke?

Enter Richard, La Busse and attendants.

O you are wellcome. Ha! what creature's thys?

Deathe coopeld to my bossome, to my chayre?

What traytor shewd thys embleme? Why my age

Did neare forgett mortalltye, nor hathe

The wantonst thought in prynces made me looke

Beyond the hower of deathe. Let me viewe her.

Rich.—Here's a chaunge; he wilbe *Charles* agayne.

Bus.—Why, thys maks althyngs more myraculous.

Char. Tys the dead Empresse! In the name of healthe Who plact her bodye here?

Rich. Onlye your maiesty, From strengthe of whose imbrace not anye tonge Had
power to drawe her.



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Char. Gentyll coosse,
Doe not take judgment from me: in my mynde
Was never fyxte a franticke passyon.
But more of that hereafter: take it hence
And let the ladyes garde it tyll it be
Interrd with publique sollempe obsequy.

[Attendants, La Busse and Gab. carie away the dead.]

Where is Orlando my renowned nephewe?

Rich. Without, attendinge your hye pleasure.

Char. Good coosse, intreate hys presence that hys face
May blesse an ould man's eie sight. O tys he *[Exit Rich.*
Hathe brought to *Fraunce* her wishes in suche wreathes
Of uncomparaed conquests that it bends
With weaknes of requyttall. Here he comes!

Enter Orlando, Reinaldo, Oliver, Richard and Didier,
Attend[ants].

O my best souldier, wellcome! I growe younge
With thynkinge of thy gloryes. Wellcome, coosse,
Wellcome, renowned *Oliver*, wellcome all!
But thou, myne eagle, wellcome as my healthe!
Th'ast brought me peace, the braunche of hapynes.

Orl. The good that I have doone, Sir, is without me
And I partake not of it, but within me
I bringe and beare more mysseryes then would
Unpeople your whole kyngdome.

Char. Whats the matter?

Orl. Sir, to let passe somethynge without your power
Nowe to be remedied, I am persuaded
(Thoughe I persuade my selfe to littill purposse)
To tell you of a practyse gainst my life
By *Ganelon*.

Char. Call hym; you shall be hearde,
You are to me toe pretyous to take wronge.
Yet, nephewe, be advisd, for you doe knowe
That indyrect surmyses more abuse



And in that strange abuse more deeplye wounde
An inocent brest then proves a guyltie one.

Orl. Sir, I best knowe howe muche abuses wounde
An inocent brest: myne keepes a register
With corsives charactred on everye syde
Of the grieve drinkinge pap[er]. But I say,
Were *Ganelon* here—

Enter Ganelon.

Gan. As he is, my lorde,
To aunswere everye thyng your abusd nature,
The mallyce of thys slave or of the world,
Can charge me with. Speak then the uttermost.

Orl. I say you are a man that haveinge longe
Practysd agaynst myne honor in myne absence
At last didst deale with thys just gentyllman
(For so I must repute hym, though hys pyttie
Be myne afflyction) to poyson me.

Gan. My emperour,
If thys aspertyon may fynde out a way
Thorrowe your easynes to wound myne honor,
Justyce hathe left the earthe.

Char. What say you, Syr? ha!

Did. I say and sweare by all dyvinitie
That can rewarde or punyshe, tys most true
That with a summe of goulde and further hopes
Of future honors he did wyne my promysse
To poyson the greate Palladyne.



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Char. Thys is dyrect.

Gan. A dyrect vyllanye!
If suche proofes may prevayle gaynst any man,
Any such slave, discarded for's badd life,
May make hys former master forfayte hys;
You may in ten days hange up all your nobles
And yet have lawe for't. But if any man
(Thys slave except), although hys synns would make
The sunne put on a cloud to shame his syghte
And the grasse wither with his loathed ...,
Will justefye thys accusatyon,
Ile remayne destitute of all replee.

Char. Nephewe, what other prooffe have you?

Orl. Your majestie sees all,
And the thyrde parte of that product gaynst me
Or gaynst another man (for anye ellse)
Would be enoughe.

Rei. Why, in suche casses, where basse pollycie Works on the lives of prynces, God
forbydd But one mans oathe should stand for testymonye.

Oli. Espetyallye where cyrcumstances leade
Dyrectlye to the poynte he aymethe at.
All *Fraunce* dothe knowe he hates the *Palladyne*.

Ric. In soothe I doe not thynke so. Envyes tonges Are sharpe and manye, and they
ever cleave Most to'th oppressed, oft to'th inocent.

Rei. Doe not deceyve your selfe out of your love. Brother, tys knowne he is most
treacherous.

Bus. Worthy *Reinaldo*, carrye better thoughts: My father is your servant, and dothe
love you.

Rei. Would a loved vertue as I knowe you doe, I then would honor hym. Uppon my life
In thys he is most guyltye.

Char. Come, no more.
There is some cyrcomstance but no due prooffe,
And from that grounde my nephewe shall perceyve
Howe dearlye I doe pryze him. *Ganelon*,
Hencefourthe you never more shall see the courte:



Yare banyshyt thence. You have a cuntrye house,
Let that receyve you: when you thence departe
Your life is forfayte. Away!

Gan. I doe obay
Your Majestye.

[*Exe. Gan., La Busse.*

Orl. Is thys a punishment?

Rei. Tys a disgrace, best cossen.

Did. And noble bloode Hathe more sence of disgrace then wounds.

Orl. Hence, slave!
By heaven a does rewarde hym for hys synne.
Was ever man like me unfortunate?
Not see the courte! why tys the greatest favor
In a kyngs guyfte, and had hys hyghnes pleasd
T'have sent me to deathe we had bothe beene easd.

Enter Turpin.

Char. O my deare sweete! where has my best frend beene?
My joy of life, my ages comforter!
Indeede I've had a tedyous mysse of thee.

Tur. What meanes your majestie?

Char. I meane to live for ever on thy necke
And bathe thy bossome with my joyfull teares.
O thou arte sweete and lovelye as the sprynge,
Freshe as the mornynge on the blushing rosse
When the bright sonne dothe kysse it.

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Orl. Ha, whats thys?

Tur. I am your pore weake servant, an ould man, That have but onlye prays to pleasure you.

Char. Thou art all butye, spyces and perfume,
A very myne of imortallytie.
Theise hayres are oth complexion of the skye,
Not like the earthe blacke browne and sullyed.
Thou hast no wrinckles: theise are carracters
In which are wrytt loves happiest hystorye.
Indeede I needs must kysse theym, faythe I will.
[Kisses Turpin.]

Orl.—Wonder when wilt thou leave me? thys is straunge.

Rei.—Nay, farre above my readinge.

Orl.—Upon my life! The ould men will not ravyshe one another?

Tur. Deare Sir, forbear; see howe theise prynces scorne Thys toe much wanton passyon.

Char. They are joys
Toe good for them to wyttness. Come, my sweete;
We will in private measure our delights
And fyll our wishes bryme full. *F[r]aunce* is thyne,
And he is but disloyall dare repyne.

[Ex. Char., Turp.]

Orl. This visyon I must followe; when Charles growes thus The whole worlde shaks:
thys comett's omynous.

[Ex. all but Didier.]

Did. I am a polyticke coxcombe: honestye
And contyence are sweete mystresses; though to speake truthe
I neare usd eyther mearlye for it selfe.
Hope, the last comforte of eche liveinge man,
Has undoone me. What course shall I take now?
I am worsse then a game; both syds have lost me.
My contyence and my fortunes keepe me fytt
For anye ill. Successe may make all fayre;
He that for naught can hope should naught dispayre.



[Exit.

Actus Tertius.

(SCENE I.)

Enter Eldegrad and Gabriella.

[*Eld.*] it is not possyble
The smoothe face of the wanton lovelye *Richard*
Should promise more true fortytude in love
Then tourne a recreant to perswatyons.

Gab. Why, mother, you have seene the course of thyngs,
The smale assurance and the certayne deathe,
The meare deceytfull scope and shadowed ruyns
That are most conynglie knytt up in pleasures;
And are you styll to learne or will you trust
A lovelye face with all your good beleife?
My dutye checks myne anger, or I should—

Eld. What should you?

Gab. Give your tast a bytternes.

Eld. I pray thee, doe; bytter thyngs expell poyson; See if my follyes may be purdgd a littill.

Gab. Spleene shall not taynte my goodnes
So muche as to account your errors follyes;
But, I proteste, were you another woman,
I should be bouldlye seryous and tell you
That all the wytts of chrystendome are spent
In stryppinge the corrupted harte of smoothnes:
And yet you thynke a smoothe perswadinge boy
Beares all hys daunger in hys cheeke and eie!
Shall weomen trust a sweete and courtlye face
When they themselves deceyve most by the face?
Why serves our owne dissemblinge arte if we
Cannot suspect when others doe dissemble?



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Eld. True, daughter; love is like the weassell that went into the meale-chamber; it comes in a littill chyncke no bygger then our eie syghte, but haveinge a whyle fedd on imagynatyon dreames sonnetts to the tune of syghes and heyhos; it growes plumpe and full of humor; it asks a crannye as bygg as a conye borrowe to gett out agayne.

Gab. And wherefore then should I trust in the face?
Mother, tys true your sonne, my cruell brother,
The toe much wise, toe subtyll *Ganelon*,
Onlye withdrawes *Richards* affectyon.
Even to my selfe a swore a should not love me;
And who that knowes hym, knowes he is not ledd
By the charme of hys voyce onlye?

Eld. Trust me, wenche,
Twas tyrannye to speake so; but in thys
Where lyethe our preventyon?

Gab. Onlye thus:
You must by all meanes styrre dissentyon
Twixte *Rychard* and my brother, tourne their loves
To mortall hate and emulatyon;
Which but effected, *Richard* suer will love
Bee't but alone to crosse hys enemye.

Eld. Content thy selfe, gyrl. There is not the malytious creature nowe liveinge, no, not a venemous and craftie stepdame, nor a tale-carr[y]inge, truthe-pervertinge gossypp cann make theire seedes of enmytie poyson the love of parentts, husbands, neighbours or good fellowshypp sooner or more effectuallye then I will crosse their frendshypp. But to better purpose—

Gab. Peace, no more: here comes the aged byshopp The kyngs inamord darlinge.

Enter Turpin.

Tur. Best ladye, well encounterd: howe runns chaunce With your deare sonne, my good lord *Ganelon*?

Eld. Better then envye wishes, gratyous sir.
Lost from the courte he left behynde hym there
All cares and all vexatyon: nowe he sleepes,
Eats, drynks and laughes, and, but when he dothe sweate,
Moves not hys hatt tyll bedd tyme; dothe not fawne,
Nor crouche, nor crynge, nor startche his countenance;



Is not tane up with other mens affayres
But onlye looks to's owne comodytie.

Tur. Hys chaunge was passynge happye then, it seemes.

Gab. Bothe for hymselfe and hys; for, greate sir, nowe
He onlye wayts on hys partycullar,
Seeks from a cuntrye comonwealth to rayse
All hys to cuntrye fortunes; which, they say,
Is safest, surest, and least envyed.

Tur. Why, prettie Ladye, you'le not leave the courte?

Eld. Yes, gratyous lorde; I'me sent to bringe her thence.
Our pore retyred famylie must plante
Theire braunches in the broade ayre, not be plashd[91]
Or propt agaynst the walls of pallaces.

Tur. I doe comend your tempers, but, madam, tys
Hys highnes pleasure, for some spetyall ende
Onlye to hym reveald, that instantlye
Your sonne repayre to'th courte, which I intreate
You will imparte unto hym.



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Eld. Most willinglie; Yet suer I knowe hys harte [is] settled there Which to the courte is a contrarye speare.

[*Ex. Eldegr. and Gab.*

Tur. Howe prettylie theise weomen can dissemble!
O tys a foule and damned sorcerye
And maks the best of wisdom and of men,
Of fame and fortitude, more loose then ayre,
Foolishe as idyotts, basse as cowardysse.
Why I am even rackt with compliment
And torturde past all suffrance; age nor sexe
Houlde difference in thys incantatyon.
But I will trye it further, harke a comes;
Nowe must I passe the pike of lunacye.

Enter Charlimayne, La Busse and Richard.

Char. Come, come, my dearest; wherefore doe you starve
My quicke desyers with your so cruell absence?
I pray thee tender my declyninge age,
Stande allways neare that I may never faynte;
For thou inspyrst in me more strengthe and life
Then mightie nature when she made me younge.

Tur. Sir, I have allways beene your humblest servante.

Char. O you dyssemble fynelye!

Tur. I protest, sir.

Char. Nay, then I may beleive you flatter me,
But say thou dost and seeme to love me dearelye,
For I confess, as freelye as I love,
One littell sparke of thee outbuys my kyngdome;
And when my kyngdomes gone pray what am I?
A pore decrepyd mysserable thyng
That needs no greater plauge then adge and wrinckles.

Tur. Indeed your passyon is toe vyolent.
I doe adore you next to dietie [sic]
And will lay downe my life for you to treade on.

Char. Oh[92] nowe religion teache me to beleive
Another god, or I must forfayte heaven



And worshypp what I see, thys happy creature.
Nowe courtyers flatterye cannot keepe my sence
From knowinge what I feele, for I am weake:
Tys all my comfort nowe to thynke on thee
Who bryngst my captive soule to libertie.
Chuse then a fytt rewarde, examyne all,
All my domynions and authoryties;
Thynke what may please thee, make a full request
Or I shall growe a burthen to thy favors.

Tur. What shall I aske, that in your favours have All that I can desyer?

Char. Nay, aske me somethynge: Come, tell't in myne eare?

Bus. What thynke you, lorde? Has any favrytt all he can desyer.

Rich. Yes, and a be contented.

Bus.—Right, sir, thats the questyon, but can a favoryte be so easylie contented?

Rich.—Most easylie, being such a worthy reverend prellatt.

Bus.—Foote, man, let him be ten thousand preists[93] and a will styll wante somethynge. Give hym but tyme and a wadger with thee, *Richard*, he asks somewhat. See, see, the emperour instructs hym; a good ould loveinge soule and he is a good ould love he has chossen. I doe not nowe blame hys doatinge on my sister.

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Rich.—No more, no more, tys daungerous jestinge with edge tooles[s], muche more with prynces.

Bus.—If prynces have edgtooles I graunte it; but does his grave majestie looke like a lorde of that mettall? Come, come, be not seveare; let us prate whylst they whysper.

Rich.—Is that good manners?

Bus.—Shall not we doe as the kynge does; manners give place to pollycie and I am suer greate formall outsyds thynke it an aspyringe pollycie to doe or seeme to doe as the kinge dothe.

Rich.—Come, thou art wanton!

Bus.—As the Bishopp is costyve in hys begging. Twere a myrackle should he aske nothyng. Let me see: does no bodye stande in his way to be removed? (thanks to heaven my father is shrunke alreadye) or does not somebodye stand toe farre of that a would draw nearer. Somewhat there must be.

Char. How now, cossen, what says *La Busse*?

Bus. Marrye, my lorde, I say if you should give half the libertye of begginge to a courtier of myne acquayntance that you gave to the Byshopp, you would be beggd out of your whole kyngdome in a cople of mynuts.

Char. Like enough, for thy acquayntance are foule beggarlye companyons; yet would thy father had thy vertue.—But, sweete frend, Assure thy selfe th'ast fyxte my resolutyon As fyrme as destenye, and I will give All satisfactyon to the Palladyne.

Tur. It wilbe royall in you.

Enter Ganelon.

Char. Kysse me, sweete.—O you are wellcome; stand up. And howe does thys retyred life agree With *Ganelon*?

Gan. As *Ganelon* with it,
Most desolatiye, sir. I have induerd
Subjection to my fate since last I sawe you;
In all which haplesse bondage I have gaynd
[Not one] howers comforte tyll twas dooblye yearnd
Synce fyrst I knewe what sleepe and wakinge mente
I never slepte in quyett nor awakt
But with a hartye wishe to sleepe my last.
Not a pore simple jest hathe made me smyle



Tyll I had payd the tribute of my cares
Over and over. Fortune has opposd
My naturall blessings and my wishest ends;
Those verye honors which my byrthright claymes
Have cost me more vexatyon to preserve
Than all the numerous tyttells of a kynge
Purchasd with plauge and famyne; yet in all
My days of sorrowe I was styll to learne
A suffrynge of that impyous accounte
Which nowe afflycts me.

Char. O you are conynge.

Tur. Yes, and may teach the worlde to counterfayte.

Enter Orlando, Reinaldo and Oliver.

But here comes the earle of *Angeres*.

Char. Nephewe, y'are discontented and I woulde Give all rights to your honor, which
did cause Me latelye thus to send for you.

Orl. Tys true,
You sent unto me, sir, and I obayd
And came: but then, Sir, what became of me?
You sente me presentlye away for *Spayne*.
Nay, never frowne, I doe remember thys
As well methynks as if it hapned nowe.



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Char. Your memoryes toe blame; you doe mistake.

Orl. O that I could mistake or never thynke
Uppon thys daylie terror to my sence.
Sir, tys a thyng I labour to mystake
But cannot, for my starrs will have it thus.

Char. You wronge your fortunes and convert their good Into a stronge disease.

Orl. So pray you tourne me then into an hospytall,
I have a straunge disease. But, gratyous Sir,
Littill thought I, when I departed hence
And conquerd you all Spayne, to tourne diseasd.

Char. Be patyent, and Ile undertake the cuer.

Orl. Oh I should shame your physsycke, though indeede
Tys the kyngs evyll I am trobled with,
But such a rare kyngs evyll that I feare
My chyldrens chyldren wilbe taynted with't.

Rei.—A touches hym most bouldlye.

Oli.—Even to the quicke of hys last maryadge.

Orl. Beleive't, my sycknes is like the disease
Which runns styll in a blood, nay more extreame,
For frends and kyndred bothe must feelee my cursse:
But what good man can well escape a cursse
When Emperours, that should be absolute,
Will take advyse from everye shyftinge sycophant?

Gan. Mallyce and factyon could have sayd no more.

Orl. Are you then guyltie of advyse, my lorde?

Gan. Sir, if the kynge accuse me I submytt.

Char. I must accuse you bothe, but punnyshe one,
You, *Ganelon*, I meane: there dothe belonge
Unto your fault muche more then banishment.
I heare discharge you of all offyces,
Honors and tyttells or whatere exceeds
The slender name of a pore gentyllman.
Besyds I fyne you out of your estate



At fortye thousand crownes, and never hence
To see the courte, but live thence banyshed.
Nephewe, this may suffyce you; if't be light
Ile lay more burthens on hym.—Come, best frende.

Orl. Sir, I desyer no mans miserye.

[*Ex. Cha., Turp.*

Gan. Then welcome once agayne my libertie!
Nowe, my sweete frend, may I discourse with thee
And utter my dystraction; only nowe
Can I retayne thee fullye in my bossome.
Before I was devyded in my selfe,
The emperour and the state did clayme a parte;
But all my frendshypp nowe is undisturbd
And onlye thou shalt have what manye had,
My best imployments and my whole desyers.

Rich. You are a juell fyttter for the State,
And I feare what will followe. Sure th'emperoure,
Has loosend everye pearle about hys crowne
In loosinge you, the glorye of hys kingdome.

Gan. No, no, he shall complayne that wantinge me
He wants his refudge, and my glorye then
Shalbe to scorne hys favors whylst my thoughts
Onlye take pleasure in a perfytt frende,
Which is your selfe, that onlye ... to me enoughe to caper



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Orl. What meanes he by theise frantycke sygnes of myrthe?
Cossen *Reinaldo*, cossen *Oliver*,
Why does he growe thus guyddie?

Gan. What says the emperours nephewe? does he grudge
That I should take a pore content in shame?
Your envye will discredite you, my lorde.
Gentyllmen, have you not hearde of *Aesopps* dogge
That once lay snarlinge in the oxes maunger?

Orl. Rei. Oli. What then?

Gan. He was an arrant peevyshe curre,
Nothyng but so; and I protest syncerlye
I would have hangd that dogge (had he beene myne)
Althoughe a lyonnesse had beene hys dame.

Orl. Your dogs comparysons a saucye foole.

Gan. Sir, I am just of your opynion I;
For what extreame beast but a foolishe curre
Would envye that which he hym selfe dispyses?
Be not offended, Sir, thoughe symple I
Can live in peace at home with hungrye leeks
And never curse my planettes. I can leape
With more actyvitie then yesterday.—*Capers.*
Does thys offend you, Sir?

Orl. Exceedinglye.

Rei. Were you thus nymble ever from a boy?

Gan. No, in good faythe it taks me of the sodayne.

Oli. Your harte is lighter then it needs, I doute.

Gan. Yes, and your heade is lighter then your heeles.

Bus. It is the honor of hys gravitie
Not to be shaken with rydiculous winds
Of envye or of scandall. Good Sir, thynke
His resolutyons nowe his champyons.

Gan. Syrha, no more; you shall goe home with me
And learne to laughe at fortune; I have there



A worthy matche and vertuous wife for thee
And she shall pyle up all your flatterye:
The courte hath no use for it.—Sir, methought
You talkt of lightnes, did you not?

Orl. Yes, that your heade is lighter then your heeles.

Gan. It is, I thanke my starres; howe can it chuse,
Beinge disburdend of so manye feares,
So much attendance and so manye synnes
By losse of my late offyces? I am bounde
(My contyence knowes it well) to blesse your lordshipp
If you or others moved the emperour
To my displaceinge. I am nowe unloaded
Of all the wayghtie cares that did oppresse me,
And shall I not discover what I am.
A nymble and a newe borne quyet man. [*Capers.*]
—Does thys offend you?

Enter Turpin.

Tur. Where's lorde *Richard*?

Rich. Here, reverend Sir.

Tur. Hys majestie comands you uppon payne
Of life and your aleagance that from hence
You never more converse with *Ganelon*
Eyther by letter, speeche or compliment.
No not so much as see hym; and withall
You must imediatlye attend his hyghnes.

Rich. I am hys servant.

[*Ex. Tur., Rich.*]



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Gan. Tyll nowe I neare felt thunder, I am strooke To deathe with mans soft languadge.
Come away: Tyll nowe I neare saw trulye a sadd day.

[*Ex. Can., La Busse.*

Orl. Wherefore did the angrye emperour Degrade thys merrye lorde? To pleasure me,
Did he not, cossen?

Rei. Yes, to satisfye The wronge he did in plottinge of your deathe.

Orl. He did so, righte, but tys as fruytlesse all As catchynge of the moone: tys past
mans power To take away my cursse of destenye.

Oli. Tys that opynion multiplyes your cursse.

Orl. Had any man but such a slave as I
Look't to have tryumphd in hys base dejection
And he should have beene gluttet with hys fortunes,
Whylst I and all the projects I can make
Cannot (with fortunes leave) gett a good dreame.

Rei. Doe not so blame your fortunes, worthy cossen: You have in many actyons
prosperd well.

Orl. Good, doe not studye how to flatter me;
I am in althyngs most unfortunate.
Witnes my fyrst love to *Angellica*, my cursse
My manye shypwracks, my halfe combattings,
Charmes and inchauntments or whatever ells
Can breake the harte of resolutyon.

Rei. What say you to your conquests?

Orl. Tut, in thosse
Fortune did never medle: honor there
Served in her person, not by substytute.
Instead of which pore blessinge not a day
Hathe hapned synce without some mysserye.
Wheres now my hope of byrthrighte, where all *Fraunce*?
Drownd in the cradle of a chamber groome.
And now, just now, resolveinge to aflycte
That myserable lorde, he doth dispyse
Me & hys shame, because in me it lyes.
By heaven I will release hym!



Rei. Nothinge so: Pray leave thys angrye moode and followe me; Ile add a torment to hys mysserye.

[Exe.]

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Eudon, Eldegrade, Bertha & Gabrielle.

Eud. Ile sooner shrynke back when my lifes assaulted
Then when my promyse shalbe claymd (good madam).
I promysd to your lorde that *Bertha* here,
My daughter, should be marryed to hys sonne,
And Ile perform't; for onlye to that ende
I've brought her nowe.

Eld. And, Sir, tis noblye doone;
I knowe the matche is more desyred by hym
Then the kyngs favors, which at thys tyme he
Is laboringe to recover, but's retourne
I knowe wilbe most sodayne.

Eud. Weele attend it.

Gab. Hey hoe.

Ber. Why syghes thou, frende?

Gab. Not at your joys but myne afflyctyons.
Your in a good way, *Bertha*, ryde spurrd on,
May come unto your journey: I must tyre,
Theres not a swytche or prycke to quycken me.

Ber. Yes, when younge *Rychard* hunts your purlue ground. Come, I doe know you will not chaunge your ryder.



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Gab. Not if a would fall to hys exercyse.

Ber. Th'art styll thy selfe (all madnes).—But no more; Here comes your brother.

Enter Ganelon, La Busse.

Eud. Healthe to my noble lorde!

Gan. You wishe me my worst enemye, yet, Sir,
Tys wellcome since you wishe it. O I am
At thys tyme nothyng but extreame disgrace.

Eud. Shake you for that? Why, noble lorde, you knowe
Disgrace is ever like the greate assay
Which turnes imperfyt mettalls into fume
And shewes pure gould to have an absolute valewe
Because it styll remayns unchaungable
Disgrace can never scarre a good mans sence,
Tys an undaunted harte shoes Innocence:
Shame in a guyltie man (like wounds & scratches
In a corrupted fleshe) may ranckell deepe,
Good mens dishonors heale before they weepe.

Gan. Pray thee, noble *Eudon*, save thy selfe, And come not neare me; I am pestilent.

Eud. I doe not feare infection.

Gan. I knowe tharte noble & a man of warre,
One that hathe feard no mortall wound so muche
As to be recond fearfull; but the cause,
The cause of my dull ruyne must affryghte you
You have not flynte enoughe to arme your soule
Agaynst compassyon; & that kylls a souldior.
Let me have roame to breathe at lardge my woes
And talke alone, least the proceedinge ayre
That easeth me beget in you a payne.
Leave me, pray leave me: my rude vyolence
Will halfe distract your spyrrytts, my sadd speeche
Like such a noyse as drownds all other noyse
Will so afflyct your thoughts & cares on me
That all your care besyde must be neglected.
My tyme of patyence is expyrd; pray leave me.

Eld. Ithe name of wonder, sir, what dothe afflyct you.



Eud. You boare your banyshment most brave tyll nowe.

Gan. I did, & could as quyetlye endure
To be exposd uppon the publique scaffold
To all myne enemyes contempt, but nowe
I'me more then banyst, all my honors lost,
My wealthe, my places everye one the kyngs;
I hardlye am a pryvate gentyllman.
And more then thys, my onlye dearest frend,
My *Richard*, I must never see agayne.

Gab.—Excellent newse! hould, there lle honor thee.

Eud. Why, all thys is a tryfell; suche a blast
As should not move a weake reede. Come, I love
Your selfe and not your fortunes: pray forgett em.
See, I have brought my daughter, and desyer
The matche betwixt us may be consumate.

Gan. O you are noble that can pyttie scorne! And werte not for my frends losse all the
rest I should loosse like my shadowe.

Eld. I, and hym, When I have toulde you myne intelligence. Come, hees not halfe so
good as you imagine.

Gan. Goe, y'are a woman, and that styll implyes Can be malytious.—But are you then
resolvd To match with myne ill fortunes?



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Eud. Sir, I am.

Gan. What says fayre *Bertha*?

Ber. That my free will dothe bynde My love to his comandment.

Gan. Then take her, boy; we wilbe hencefourthe frends,
And howsoever crosses come & goe
Ile leave thee cloathes inowe for winter tyme.

Bus. Sir, I am bound to you & to my mistress,
And will so arme my servyce with delighte
That, madam, you shall counte thys maryadge yoake
The onlye lyst of pleasure.

Ber. Thats my hope: Bate me the pleasure, and, beleive it, Sir, I shall crye out oth
bargayne.

Bus. Feare me not.

Gan. Come, we will have thys maryage sollempnyzd,
In which I meane to feighte with agonye
And shoe the worlde I can cast honors of
More easlye then my garments. Wisdome & thought
Most precious ever when tys dearest bought.

[*Exe. all but Gab.*

Gab. Suer thys should be the day of *Valentyne*
When everye byrd dothe coople, onlye I
Pore forlorne turtle, haveinge lost my mate,
Must dye on a bare braunche. Wytt defend me!
Youthe & my pleasures will not suffer it.
I've here contryved a letter to my frende
In myne ill brothers name. It may worke
Somethynge to gayne my wishes; at the worst
It cannot make me more then I am accurst.
And heres my messenger.—

Enter La Fue.

Howe nowe Mounseir *Fue*?
Whyther gost thou in suche a sweatinge passyon?



Fue. O, Madam, sweatynge is goode for the itche, and the rascall *Didier* haveing playd the roague with my lord ist possyble but I should itche to be about hys eares when I see the knaves countenance? Therefore to avoyde troble I affect sweatinge.

Gab. Why, thou dost not see hym nor art thou licklye.

Fue. O by all meanes I cannot mysse the devyll. Why, I am goeing to the courte, Madam, & the knave wilbe in everye corner, *Didier* I meane, by all meanes; so that if I doe not sweate I shall scratche the skynne from myne elbowes.

Gab. Then to further your sweatinge take paynes with thys letter; tell noble *Richard*, the sonne of *Aimon*, your master sente it, but doe not tell your master I imployd you. Take this rewarde and deale wiselye.

Fue. As wisely as my blewe coate will suffer me.

[Exe.]

Act 4.

[SCENE I.]

Enter Richard readinge a letter.

Rich. [Read] *Myne enemyes have labord much, but my worst afflyctyon is thy lamented absence which may endanger us alyke. There is no means to prevent all evyls but the injoyinge of my sister Gabriella: therefore force in thy selfe an affectyon. She may otherwise growe discontent and trooble us with her mallyce. Therefore preserve thy selfe and me together, who am thy best on earthe: Ganelon.*

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Thys letter sente me by my dearest frende
Like spells and witchcraft dothe amaze my brayne.
He urdges me to love where a dothe knowe
I can by no meanes fancye; yet tys so,
Our safties doe compell it, & to that
I must of force bowe, teachinge my harde harte
To seme most softe when tys most hard[e]ned.

Enter Turpin.

Tur. Where is pryncelye *Richard*?

Ric. Here, reverend lorde.

Tur. The kynge comands your presence, O deare Sir, I am orejoyd in your most brave
advauncments. Why, you are now the fayrest stare^[94] in *Fraunce*.

Rich. I doe not understand your reverence.

Tur. The emperour will make my meanyng playne. day Cunstable of *Fraunce*,
Countye *Poyteirs*, marquysse of *Sallun*,
And grand le seignior of the ordnance.

Ric. Theise are the dignities of noble *Ganelon*!

Tur. But these shall all be *Richards*.

Ric. Heaven forbydd! I will not weare the garments of my frende.

Tur. O doe not say so; they are forfayted roabs And never did become hys policie.

Ric. Good Sir, be charytable.

Tur. Indeede I am, But thys dothe least concerne me. Sir, I knowe The emperoure
expects you.

Enter La Fue.

Ric. I will attend hym.—O y'are happylie mett.
My urgent busynes maks my language shorte:
Comend me to thy master, give hym thys, [*Gives letters and money.*
Thys to the fayrest *Gabrielle*; thys
Your selfe may drynke at your best leasure. [*Ex. Richard.*



Fue. Why, so thys goulde has made my choller as colde as snowe watter. I had thought to have whysteld hym a braule^[95] for makinge me daunce attendance. Waytinge on courtyers is like knocking at greate mens gatts in dynner tyme: well may a man make a noyse but hunger & hard fare keepes the porter deafe styll. Tys scurvie passinge scurvye in good sadnes.

Tur. Now, Mounseir *La Fue*, you are of the retyred familye.

Fue. Tyerd famylie? No, we are not tyerd, yet we may be wearye, and yet he that spurrs me for a tyerd jade I may chaunce kycke hym in the dark.

Tur. Come, your anger mistaks: I said retyred.

Fue. I hate words I understand not: be that eyther tyers or retyers me may chaunce curse his journey.

Tur. Styll so angrye? di[d]st never take physsycke?

Fue. P[er]a[dve]nter I have, p[er]a[dve]nter I have not.

Tur. By all meanes doe; choller will kyll thee ells. But to my purposse: heares Gould, comend me to thy master and give him thys token from me. [*Gives the ringe.* You see howe thynges runne; hys frend has all hys honors.



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Fue. And you had talkd thus before y'ad never tyerd me.

Tur. Stay, goe not yet, here comes the emperoure.

Fue. Mas, Ile have a syghte on hym.

Enter Charlimayne, Richard, Didier.

Char. Doe not perswade me; cossen, you shall weare The honors I have given; what was *Ganelons* Onlye belongs to *Rychard*, he shall weare theym.

Rich. But without ease or comforte.—Good my lorde,
You have a power in hys hyghnes love
Beyond power to interprett: pray you begge
Hys grace will ease thys burthen.

Char. Nor he nor any creature on the earthe Hath power in me beyond the rule of wisdome.

Tur. Not now, I knowe; that charme is altered. —Sweete lorde, I darre not lymytt kings affectyons. You have no honors but you merrytt theym.

Char. Ha!
Wonder, howe dost thou houlde me! noble sence,
Doe not forsake my reason. Good sweete lords,
What excellent thyng is that, that, that, that thyng
That is beyond discryption? knowe you hym?

Fue.—Hath spyed me and comends me: I may mounte.

Tur. Tys a dyspyssed groome, the drudge of *Ganelon*.

Char. Tys the best forme of man that ere I sawe. Let me admyre hym.

Tur.—The ringe dothe hould hys vertue everye where, In weomen, men & monsters.

Rich.—Whence growes thys? Madnes to it is wisdome.

Char. Why, tys a bodye made by symetree
And knytt together with more arte & care
Then mathematycks cyrckles. *Durers* rules
Are perfytted in hym. Why, theirs a face
Figurd with all proportyons! browe & eie,
Rounde cheeke & lyp, a nose emperyall,
And everye feature ells of excellence!



Fue. Alas I am but a grosse servyngman, yet vertue will sparkell.

Char. Why, theres a hande that aunswers to hys foote!

Fue. I & a true one toe, or bourne it ells.

Char. A legge and necke of one cyrcompherence,
A waste that is no hygher then hys thye,
And all parts ells of stronge proertyon.
I am inchaunted with thys vyssyon.

Did.—In hells name what behould's hys majestie To doate uppon thys rascall!

Fue. It was a scurvye thyng in nature that she did not tourne mans eies inwarde.
Why, had I seene as much as the emperoure I myghte have been a monarke by thys
time. I will growe proude.

Char. O thou the only sweetnes of my soule,
Give me but leave to touche thee, let my hand
(Chast loves most bashful messenger) presume
[To stro]ake theise flowers that in thy lovelie [chee]kes
Flouryshe like somer garlands. In soothe my soule
Loves thee beyond relatyon; for thee I doate
And dye in thyne affectyon. Come, Ile make
Thee greater then all *Fraunce*, above the peres,
The proudest he that breathes shall thynke hym blest
To do thee servyce, and esteeme it heaven
To be thyne ape in imytatyon.



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Fue. Nowe must I be coy by all meanes.—Trulye for myne owne parte I must love by dyscretyn, and discretyon tells me I ought not to love an ould man, for ould men must needs be ingrattfull.

Char. Why, deare sweete?

Fue. Because they can never live to rewarde benefytts.

Tur.—Bytter knave.

Char. O doe not feare; my bountye shall exceede
The power of thyne askynge; thou shalt treade
Uppon the heads of prynces. Bowe, you lords,
And fall before thys saynte I reverence.

Tur. Rich. Did. Honors to hym the emperor doth honor!

Fue. Aryse, my good subjects; onlye for that roauge there the first acte of my chronickle shalbe hys hanginge.

Did. O be not angrye with your humble servante: I ever did adore you,

Fue. Yes like the meales that thou hast devourd halfe chewd for greedynes. But revendge comes nowe gallopinge.

Char. Who hathe displeasd my dearest? name hys name, The verye breathe shall blast hym; onlye, sweete, Love me & have thy wishes.

Fue. Well, I am contented to love you; and why? For nothing but because you are an ould man.

Char. Why, tys the onlye tye of faythfulines:
Age is the onlye object of the harte,
And by's experyence onlye hathe aspyrd
Toth heyght of all perfectyon.

Fue. True, for I'll stande too't an ould man is able to see more, doe more, & comand more then any young man in Chrystendome.

Char. Prove it, my sweete; thou arte myne advocate.

Fue. Why, a sees more, through spectackles which make everye thyng apeare bygger than it is; does more, for a never lights from hys horse but hees readye to pull the saddle after hym; and for comandment he may call twentye tymes to hys servant ere he have hys will once performed.



Rich.—Sfoote, the knave dothe abuse hys hyghnes groslye.

Tur.—Tut, not at all when't cannot be dyserned.

Char. Why, I doe nowe doate on thyne excellence. Thys witts unparaleld.

Did.—True, except a man searche the Idyotts hospytall.

Char. Thou never shalt goe from me.

Fue. O yes, by all meanes. Shall my master say I ranne away like a rascall? No, you shall give me leave to take my leave. That ceremonye performd, I'm yours tyll doomes day.

Char. I cannot live without thee.

Fue. Ile not stay a day at furthest.

Char. I darre denye thee nothyng. Kysse & goe: Thynke how I languyshe for thee.

Fue. And I will condole in recyprocall kyndnes.

Char. Bishopp, attend my dearest.

Tur. Greate Sir, I was toe impudent even nowe
To trooble you with my token; good Sir, please
To give it me agayne: a meaner man
Shall serve my humble messadge.



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Fue. Bishopp, I doe voutsafe it; theres thy ringe.
[*Gives him the ringe.*]

Tur.—And you agayne a basse most scurvye thyng.

[*Exe. Turp., Fue.*]

Enter La Busse.

Char. Howe nowe, *La Busse*? What newse from *Ganelon*?

Bus. Suche as can come from sorrowe: he is all
Wretchednes and mysfortune, and in me
Speaks to your sacred goodnes to be pleasd
Voutsafe to call your fayre dove to your fyst
(Mercye I meane) that may abate the stroake
Of your sharpe eagle justyce, and you will
Be wrytt the best of prynces.

Char. Come, no more: Your fathers sentence is irrevocable.

Bus. Yet, gratyous Sir, sende hym hys honors backe And for those fewe pore howers
he hathe to breathe Let hym enjoy those deare companyons.

Char. You are the good sonne of an evyll man
And I comend your vertue, but thys suyte
Is past all restytution: to thys prynce
I've given all your father governed.

Rich. Which, royall sir?

Char. Cossen, no more; I know your modesty. your languadge; hees my foe
That next solycytts me for *Ganelon*.

Bus. O doe not make me, sir, be impyous,
For shoulde your breathe crushe me to attomyes,
Yet whylst my memorye can call hym father
I must invocke you for hym.

Char. Which to prevent
Take my last resolutyon, & from it
Swearve not in thyne alleagance: when thou shalt
Meete me uppon a way was never usd
By horse nor man, and thou thy selfe dost ryde
On neyther horsse, mare, asse, & yet thy beast



An usuall thyng for burthen, thou thy selfe
Neyther uncloathd nor naked, & shalt brynge
Thy greatest frend & greatest enemye
Coopld for thy companyons; then I vowe
To doe thy father honor, but tyll then
My mallyce hangs about hym.—Come, coossen, attend us.

[Exe. *Char.*, *Rich.*

Bus. Then dye, pore *Ganelon*. When I shall meete
The kyng on no hye way, when I shall ryde
Uppon no beast & yet a beast of burthen,
Be neyther nakt nor cloathed, in my hande
My greatest frende & greatest enemye;
And but then get his favor. There is no sphynxe
That can absolve thys ryddell: well, tys decreed
Ile breake my brayne but Ile performe the deede.

Did. Sir, would it were in me to helpe your fortune.

Bus. It was in you to bringe us to thys fortune.
But I am charmd from anger: onlye thus
My father badd me tell you that he hathe
Not many howers to live, & dothe desyer
To parte in peace with all men, even with you
Whom he hathe nowe forgiven hartylie;
And if you please to vissytt him you may
Fynde love without capitulatory [sic].



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Did. Sir, Ile attend hym. [*Ex. La Busse.*

Yet I've heard a tale

Of a feirce snake that wounded by a swayne

Rememberd it for twentye yeares together

And at the last revendgd it; so may he.

I, but another tale tells of an asse

Which haveinge throwne hys cruell ryder wente

In pyttie to the surgeon, who recurd

The sycklie man & reconcyld the asse.

Why may not *Ganelon* be like the asse

And thys fayre messadge like the curyng surgeon?

Ile trye it; synce *Orlando* is unsuer,

Tys *Ganelon* from whence may come my cure.

[*Ex. Didier.*

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Ganelon, Eldegrad & Gabriella.

Gan. Good mother, syster, deare spyrrytts, doe not haunte me:

I will not from eternytie beleive

That *Richard* is unfaythfull.

Eld. No, runne on,

Swallowe thy shames like full bytts tyll they choake you

And make the people prophesye that you

Shalbe undoone by your false *Ganimede*.

Gan. A poxe uppon the people! Would you have Me to depend uppon their orackles?

Gab. Depend on your owne goodnes; doe not trust

A traytor in your bossome. *Richard*, they say

Hathe begd your honor and your offyces:

Hes counte of *Poyteers*, marquysse of *Saluca*.

Eld. Cunstable & master of the ordnance.

Gan. It cannot be nor will I credyt it.

Eld. Then perishe in your dullnes. Nay, sir, more;

It was hys earnest suyt to the emperoure

To be dyvorst your presence: I can prove it.



Gab. And I that he by secret charmes hathe sought To make spoyle of myne honor, but in vayne Doe I complayne where theres no profyttinge.

Fue. In the way of ordynarye curtesye I doe salute you, & notwithstandinge my greatnes grace you to give you thys, &, ladye, you thys. [*Gives letters.*]

Gan. Why, howe nowe? what motyons thys? Is the knave falne out with hys five sences.

Fue. Ganelon, no, but in love with my knowne vertues.—Hould, theres your yarde [*gives hys coate*] & a halfe of somers wearynge. Frends we mett, frends we parte: if you please me I may prayse you, if you seeke me you may fynd me, a loves littill that loves longe; and so I leave you to the tuytion.

Gan. Heyday, the knaves lunatycke! syrha sott

[*Fue.*] Tys daungerous for your shynns; take heede of my[schief]. Favorytts are not without their steccados, imbrocados & pun[to]-reversos[96]. No more but so: you have no honor, no offyce, littill land, lesse money, least wytt. Y'are a pore man & I pyttie you. When next you see me tys in the emperours bossome.

[*Ex. La Fue.*]

Gan. Whats thys? scornd of my drudge, mockt & abusd? Foote! I will throwe my dager after hym.

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Eld. But thys is nothyng to the heape of scornes Will flowe on you hereafter. What says your letter?

Gan. Ile tell you presentlye.

Eld. What a madd tyrant is mans stronge beleife!
Makinge hym hunte hys proper myschiefe fourthe,
Takinge delight in desperatyon.
O theres no foe to our credulytie.

Gan. O mother, yes; *Aimons* youngest sonne
Richards a slave above credulytie.
Why, alls confyrmd here underneathe hys hande;
A dothe not blussh to write to me a hathe
All honors that I challendge; good sweet, looke,
[*Eldegrad* reads.
Read & recorde a vyllayne. What speaks youres?

Gab. No lesse than I imagynd, fearfull seidge
Agaynst my name & honor.
[*Ganelon* reads.

Eld.—So, it taks;
Thys polytycke trycke, wenche, hathe set up the walle
Of stronge partytyon twixt theym. Hence their loves
Shall never meete agayne.

Gan. O monstrous vyllayne, wouldst thou make her whore?
I tell you, shallowe braynd unfaythfull hynde,
Th'adst better have kyst *Juno* in a cloude
And beene the dadd to Centaurs.

Eld. Save your wrathe: Tys fytt that nowe your wisdome governe you.

Gan. Mother, it shall; I am not yet past all Recoverye.

Enter La Busse.

Nowe, sir, what newes at courte?

Bus. Strange & unwholsome; you are still in fallinge; Alls given your frend to be your enemye.

Gan. I knowe the full relatyon. You did not seeke By basse ways my reprayall?



Bus. God forbydd! I spoake but what myght suyte your noblenes.

Gan. What aunswere made the emperoure?

Bus. That when I shall
Meete hym uppon a way was never usde
By horse nor man, & I myselfe to ryde
Neyther on horse, mare, asse, & yet the beast
An usuall thyng for burthen, & withall
Come neyther nakd nor cloathed, & doe bringe
My greatest frend & greatest enemye,
You then shall have hys favor, not before.

Gan. A myght in one worde playnlye have sayd “never” And saved much
cyrcomstance. What sayd *Richard*?

Bus. Faythe, seemd to speake, but utterd nothyng.

Elde. Why that exprest hym bravelye.

Gan. A thynks me fallinge & avoyds my swindge
Least I should fall on hym, nor helps me forward
To dryve away the feare of doutyd ruyne.
Even thus doe beasts avoyde the shaken tree
And browze uppon the twygs that gave them shelter.
Myce be more sotyable; they keepe the house
Tyll everye roome be fyerd about their eares,
But frends will vanyshe at reporte of daunger.
Where shall I fyxe my trust? My woes are nowe
Beyond my synns, yet Ile nor bend nor bowe.



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[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Orlando, Reinaldo, Oliver.

Orl. Pray, thee, good coosse, perswade not my beleife;
I cannot stoope[97] the harte of *Ganelon*.
My crosse unhappye fortune hathe decreed
A never shalbe conquerd; any ells,
Should a but vowe to conquer 50 worlds,
I would beleive a myght doo't: onlye I
Shall never master a dejected slave.

Rei. Indeede tys but your passyon so perswads you.

Oli. Be not fantastique; that which we perswade
Hathe bothe an eassye and a certayne way,
Nor can it yeild to you a syngle joye
But muche redoobled sweetnes. And behould
Here comes the newe made marquesse.

Enter Richard.

Good sweete lorde,
Give my free speche suer passadge.

... ..

Ol. Foote! thys newe pyle of honor walks as if A would knocke patts with heaven.

Rich. Tys not unlike Your owne true pryde dothe make you speculous.

Rei. Tys farre shorte of youre sweete harte *Ganelons*.

Rich. Sir, hees a noble gentyllman.

Oli. A Baboone, A verye windye caske of emptynes.

Rich. I wonder y'are so impudent. My frende
Hath vertues left: if you had eyther shame
Or charytie you would accuse your lybells.
But as the ravens which in *Arabia* live,
Haveinge flowne all the feylde of spyces ore,
Seaze on a stynkinge carkasse, so doe you
Swiftlye leape over a most plentyous vale



Of good examples which grace *Ganelon*
And fasten on the scandall which was formd
By a lewde treacherous knave to gett rewarde.

Oli. I give your aplycatyon the broade lye.

Rich. And tys thy last foule languadge.
[*Offer to Drawe.*

Orl. Hould! who drawes must be myne enemye.

Rich. I'm easlye chydd from tumulte, but, deare Sir,
Tell me in pryvatt howe you dare maynteyne it.

[*Whisper.*

Enter alofte[98] Ganelon.

Gan.—Yonder a stands consultinge with my foes.
Perhapps thys present mynute he reveales
My systers whoredome, or to take away
All feare of my revendge he now contryves
That my sadd deathe may fynishe my disgrace.
Myne eies are dazeld, but it is no wonder,
For in that glassye fellowe I dyserne
The true reflectyon of my fate & feares.
Tys he, tys he; there wants but a good crossbowe[99]
To levell at hys harte nowe. I began
A littill synce to chide my rashe beleife
And so was readye to tourne foole agayne;
But I am nowe deliverd & hencefourthe,
If wisdome or occassyon doe me righte,
I will determine never to mystake.
Heres a full prooffe of what my mother spake.

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Oli. As I respect myne honor I will meete you.

Rei. Are you agreed?

Oli. Yes, sir.

Orl. Away and shape our purposse.

[*Ex. all but Richard.*

Rich. Tys put to tryall; but I doe suspecte
Theire whysprynge plotts. Thys equall hazard may
Shadowe the meanyng of some certayne danger,
The rather synce *Reinaldo* seconds it.
I must see *Ganelon* & speake theise douts:
This quarrell most concerns hym, for the wronge
And capytall abuse toucht onlye hym.
I gave a constant promyse never more
To vyssytt hym without the emperours leave,
And yet I will adventure. He may guesse
At secrett workings & confyrme my feare.
Thys nighte I will adventure, & obay
As he shall fashyion me to meete or stay.

[*Ex.*

Actus 5.

[SCENE 1.]

Enter Eldegrade & Didier.

Eld. What, have you vyssyted my greived sonne?

Did. Madam, I have.

Eld. And you are reconcyld? you see hys harte
Is made of meltinge waxe & not of marble.
Faythe, twas a harde parte; you have brought us lowe,
Lowe as the earthe we treade on, but Ile ceasse
Further reitteratyon: synce hees pleasd
To burye all, I wilbe patyent;
You knowe I ever lovd you & you have
Doone me most worthye, honest offyces.



Did. And many more will dedycatt unto you;
My lorde & I am reconcyld at full
And have disburdend all our greivances.
I doe confes I was bewytcht with fate
But will redeeme myne error; synce I knowe
He loves me nowe more then he did before,
I will deserv't so bravely you shall call
And sweare I am a noble instrument.

Eld. You trust hys protestatyns then?

Did. Madam, or ells I were an Infidell.

[*Eld.*]

And I could chyde my love that pytties you.
He dothe dissemble with you; you are lost.
Of myne owne knowlege he hathe layd suche baytts
You cannot live twoe howers. Goe where you will,
He hathe a plott that haunts you. If you can
Fynde for your selfe any preventyon,
Use it with quicke indevor; for I knowe
The thunder speaks that presentlye will splytt you.

Did. You doe amaze me.

Eld. And like the chaesd Roe stand in that amaze
Tyll the hounds catche you. What I speake
Is to prevent your present tragedye
And to blott murder from my *Ganelon*.
Be wise. [*Ex. Eldegrad.*]

Did. Am I then noosd! will styll my villanous wytts
Betray me to mysfortune, am I lymed!
What shall I doe? flight will not nowe avayle me.
I knowe hys projects like hys mallyce runns
To everye place of hoped securytie.
I have't: thys key, which I have choycelye kepte

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(Longe synce by me most fynelye counterfaytt)
Enters hys chambers & hys cabanett
And everye place retyrd. I am resolvde;
Thoughe I had thousand ways to scape besyde,
Yet I will stay onely to murther hym.
Within hys lodginge will I hyde me safe,
And when sleepe lulls hym—farwell *Ganelon*!
He shall not outlive mydnyght: here Ile lye,
And thoughe I followe nexte thys lorde shall dye.
[*Hydes hym.*

Enter Ganelon.

Gan. My plotts are layd most certayne & no fatte
Can interposse betwixte theym: *Didier* dyes
And so shall *Richarde*. O the wearye thoughts
That keepe a daylie senate in my braynes,
Repeat unto me what I loathe to heare,
A frends disloyaltye. Be wysser you
That undertake the greate & hallowed leauge
Of frendlye comforte. Scoole your ryotous bloode
And teache your fancies Wisdome; be not drawne
With suche a frayle unproffyttable thyng
As face or person when you chusse a frende;
Th'are all deceytfull. Would my funerall rytts
Were as I wishe provyded, to dispeirse
A warnynge by my horryble abuse,
And I would dye to morrowe. I lament
That such another pyttied foole as I
Should be amongst the liveinge.—Harke! who knocks?
[*Richard knocks.*

Aunswere, what are you?

Rich. Open to your frende.

Gan. O my starrs, tys he! can myschiefe thus
Come flynge to my bossome?—Sir, I come
To open twoe dores, thys & thy false bossome.
[*Stabbs hym.*



Rich. O y'ave slayne me! tell me, cruell Sir,
Why you have doone thys that myne inocent soule
May teache repentance to you—

[Dies.

Gan. Speake it out.
What, not a worde? dumbe with a littill blowe?
You are growne statlye, are you? tys even so:
You have the trycke of mightie men in courte
To speake at leasure & pretend imployment.
Well, take your tyme; tys not materyall
Whether you speake the resydue behynde
Nowe or at doomes day. If thy comon sence
Be not yet parted from thee, understande
I doe not curse[100] thee dyinge, because once
I loved thee dearlye; & collect by that
There is no devyll in me nor in hell
That could have flesht me to thys violent deathe,
Hadst thou beene false to all the worlde but me.—
But he is nowe past thynkinge on for that,
And were he buryed all were perfytted.

[Didier stepps out.

Did. What will you say if I become the sexton?

Gan. That after that thou mayst hang thy selfe ithe bellroppes. —What makst thou heare?

Did. I will assuer you, Sir, No legge to your wise lordshypp for my life, Thyngs standinge as they doe.



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Gan. Very good, Sir, Y'are wondrous merry.

Did. Can you blame me, Sir, When I may treade upon myne enemye? I am your condemd creature, I am lost.

Gan. Howe camst thou hyther?

Did. Why, looke you, Sir, by thys, [*Shoes the key.* Thys that Ive kepte as a stronge cordyall Agaynst your vyllanyes. Nay, behould it well, For as I live tys counterfayte.

Gan. What a leaden-skulld slave he maks me.— Why, art thou doutfull of me? faythe I love thee.

Did. Yes, as the devyll does freirs holye water.
Come, I doe knowe your practyse gaynst my life,
And ment my selfe t'have easd myne injuryes;
But nowe thys act hathe given you to the lawe
And saved me from all daunger.

Gan. What! that I
Have practysd gaynst thee! tys most damned false.
I doe protest I love thee trulye, fullye.
Come, let us joyne; my contyence says thou didst
But what was good & noble.

Did. Nay, by's lighte,
I make no suyte fort, tys at your free choyce.
If I but chaunce to toule hys passinge bell
And give the parryshe notyce who is dead,
You know what tends the rumor.

Gan. Come, no more;
I faythe I love thee dearelye, trust uppon't;
And to abandon feare on eyther parte,
Give the dead carcasse lodginge in the ground:
We bothe are safe & thys newe frendshypp sounde.

Did. Once more Ile trust you.
Come, then, my burthen, no, my wellcome taske.
Howe prosperous villanye keepes all in awe:
We are saved by that which glutts bothe deathe & lawe.

[*Exe. with the dead.*

[SCENE 2.]



Enter Oliver.

Oli. The hower is past, the place & cyrcomstance
And all the formes of manhood(?) are expyrd,
And yet younge *Richard* comes not. Tys most straunge:
He is as valyent as is victorye,
And dare uppon a roughe say [sea?] hye as heaven
Court all amazed daunger. Nowe to fayle
Is past all revelatyon: suer as deathe
Our whole plott is reveeld.

Enter Reinaldo.

Rei. Howe nowe, cossen? suer the hower is past?
Yet no newse of my brother: as I live
The youth is valyent, feare deters hym not.

Oli. Suer as deathe, our plott is all disclosd.
And that there was no meanyng in the feighte,
But onlye to withdrawe him from hys frend
On whom he doats toe dearlye.

Rei. Suer tys so,
And it will vexe the noble palladyne
Above the heyghte of madnes; nay, beleiv't
T'will chaunge opynion to a constant faythe
Of hys extreame mysfortunes. See a comes.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Howe now, my lords? howe speede your noble plotts?
What, have you woone younge *Richard* from hys frend?
Tell me whose eloquence hathe doone the deede
And I will honor hym.



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Oli. He hathe forborne th'incounter, and in that
Hathe drownd us in amazement: we suppose
Our plotts discoverd.

Orl. No more, keepe backe the rest,
For I can read misfortunes in your browes.
Vengeance consume theise projects! they are basse,
And bassnes ever more doth second theym;
The noble youthe smyle[s] at our follyes, nay,
Scornes the base languadge that you uttered,
Which is by thys tyme with the emperoure.
O twas a speedinge way to doe us shame!

Rei. Take truce with passyon: I dare bouldlye sweare There is some other mysterye.

Oli. At worst
Ile make it for our purposse every way
And even kill the soule of *Ganelon*.
With talkinge of the cowardyse, so that you
Houlde patyence for a mynute.

Orl. Patyence!
Preache it to cynicks or greene sycknes gyrles
That have not blood enough to make a blushe
Or forme an acte might cause one. I have longe
Like to a reeling pynetree shooke the earthe
That I was rooted in, but nowe must fall
And be no longer the fatts tennys ball.

Rei. Come be more temperd, you shall see from thys
Sprynge pleasure that you wishe for. *Olyver*
Shall instantlye upbrayd false *Ganelon*
With *Rychards* mucche unworthynes.

Oli. Thats decreed
For in such tearms I meane to sett hym fourthe
As shall even burst hys gall with agonye:
Nay, it shall make hym never darre t'apeare
Where men resorte, or knowe ought but hys feare.

Orl. You have lardge promysse, but acts as slowe As dyalls hands that are not seene
to goe.

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE 3.]

Enter Didier with a letter.

Did. My cares & feares are past, but *Ganelons*
Thys letter woulde revyve if t'were reveald,
Nay begett newe ones to hym of suche wayghte
That he must synke beneathe theym. Thys I founde
(Mongst other thyngs) in haplesse *Richards* pockett
When I interr'd hym, subscribd by *Ganelon*,
Whereby's owne hand woulde leade hym to the blocke
Should I discover it; for heres contaynd
The kyngs abuse & *Gabriellas* whoreinge.
But I am now beforehand: to hym selfe
Ile give thys letter; so begett[101] in hym
A fyrme beleife of myne integrytie
Which now goes upryghte, does not halte betweene
Preferment & disgrace; for, come what will,
I am all *Ganelons* & wilbe styll.

Enter Ganelon.

And see, he comes. My Lord—

Gan. O *Dydier*, Resolve me where & howe thou hast disposd The most false bodye of
my falsest frende.

Did. The ravenous earthe, that eatts what it hathe fedd, Hathe swallowd it.

Gan. But where? what peice of earthe
Couldst thou fynde badd enough to hyde hys bones.
If in some flowrye meade th'ast hym interr'd
The poyson of hys synns will choake the sprynge,
And, if thou hast not layd hym deepe enough,
Corrupt the ayre & cause a generall plauge.



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Did. Bothe those are, Sir, prevented by the dytche, Whose deepe banks seeme to be halfe bottomlesse, Where he is layd a rottinge.

Gan. Without all helpe! counsaile in thys were daungerous.

Did. Sir, I was fryer & clarke & all my selfe; None mournd but nyghte, nor funerall tapers bore But erringe starres.

Gan. And they did erre indeed To shewe their lights at hys curst funerall. Did not a dog bewray thee?

Did. Baw, waw, waw! Sir, troble not your selfe
With any doute oth' secrecy was usd
In actinge your comand. And, Sir, because
I will not have it rest within my power
At any tyme to wronge or to traduce
Your honour by a probable suspytion,
Receyve thys letter which atts buryall
I founde in's pockett. Sir, it might concerne you,
 [Give the letter & Ganelon reads.]
And deeplie toe, if it should be reveald.
—It calls up all hys bloode into hys face
And mucche dystempers hym.

Gan. Deathe! I am lost in treason: my fordgd hand
Hathe whored my liveinge syster & displays
All my basse plotts agaynst the emperoure.
By heaven tys false, fordgd, false as heresy!

Did. How! a fordgd hand?

Gan. Yes, *Didier*. When was it dated, trow?
Torment! synce my restraynt of libertie!
Good gentyll patyence manadge me a whyle,
Let me collect. Certaynlye *Rychards* harte
Coude not but doubte thys charrackter, & in
The strengthe of doute he came to me last nyghte
To be resolvd; or ells why should he beare
Suche daunger in hys pockett? Admyttinge thys,
What followes then? Why, if that were the ende
Of's vysytatyon, then it needs must followe
That thys prevayld not with hym. And what then?
Why, then my syster, as all weomen ells,



Seeinge her selfe neglected in her lust,
Thought any ill way to obtayne it just.

Did. A strange presumtyon.

Gan. Yet a lyttill further.
It is resolvd that my systers onlye ende
Was to enjoy *Rychard* unlawfullye:
Howe might a fallinge out twyxt hym & me
Assyst the ende (for such a thyng she causd)?
How?
What a dull slave am I! why twas as mucche
As the untyinge of hys codpeyce poynte,
Almost the *rem in re*! for whyle he stoode
Constant to my dyrectyons all was well,
But, those abandond, then,—harte! I am madd:
I pray thee, *Diddier*, helpe me to cursse
Me & my rashnes, that so curbd my reason
I would not heare hym speake but put hym strayght
To everlastynge sylence.

Did. No, my lorde, Letts cursse the lust of woman.

Gan. Well rememberd.

Did. And yet there is a heavye one prepard To meete them where they act it in the darke.

Gan. True, *Didier*, there is so, and from that May penytence want power to rescue theym.



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Did. Be there a dearthe of arte to helpe complexion, And for theym many housses of correctyon.

Gan. And if it be possyble o let the Bedle Not with their money but hys owne whypp medle, And lashe theym soundlye.

Did. No, thats not so good: May all their soundnes tourne toth poxes foode.

Gan. May constables to cadges[102] styll comend theym And their knowne foes, age & ill cloathes attend theym.

Did. May they want skyl to banyshe their breathes stynke, And onlye Barbers potyons be their drynke. May their sore wast their lynn into lynte For medlinge with other stones then flynte.

Gan. And to conclude thys hartylie breathd cursse; Their lives beinge monstrous, let their ends be worsse.

Did. Amen.

Enter Gabriella.

Gab. Amen to what?

Did. Faythe, madam, a was prayinge for hys syster.

Gan. O you are wellcome.—Worthye frend, withdrawe.—

[Exit Didier.

Nowe my rare pollytycke syster, what will please you?

Gab. My rare ingenyous brother, why doe you aske?

Gan. Ile tell thee, woman, & observe it well,
Thou shalt remayne the porest wretche alyve,
The most forsaken of delight & pleasure
That ever breathd a myserable life,
If I may knowe what pleasses you. Beware
And answer wiselye: you are leaveinge nowe
All that hath tyckld your insatyatt bloode,
When you resolve my questyon: I will strypp
Your sweet contents of to the naked soule
Before you parte. Doe you laughe? by heaven I will.

Gab. What brave exployts youle doe uppon the sodayne!



Gan. If you account theym so tys well, tys well.

Gab. Fye, fye, what moves you to thys froward wellcome?

Gan. Calst it allreadye frowarde? shallowe foole,
I should salute thee with my daggers poynte
And never make thys parley; but I'me kynde,
And youle confes it when you reade that letter.
You knowe the charackter & the whole scope
Ere you peruse one worde, I make no questyon.
But reade it, doe, that whyle you seeme to reede
You may make readye for another worlde.
Why doe you studye? flatter not your selfe
With hope of an excusse.

Gab. You are not madd!

Gan. Yes, foorsoothe,
I will confes my selfe emptye of sence,
Dealinge with suche a wyttie sparke as you.
Theres no comparysson: a sparke, sayd I?
I meant a bonefyer made of wytt & lust;
One nourryshes another. Have you doone?
Does any thyng you reade allay your coldnes.

Gab. You thynke thys letter myne?

Gan. I doe indeede,
And will with horror to thy wanton thoughts
Make thee confes it, that thy soule beinge easd
May fly away the sooner.



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Gab. What you—

Gan. Fond woman, doe not trust me, there is deathe
And undyssembld ruyne in my words.
Make your prayrs quycklye.

Gab. I protest unto you, As I have contyence & a soule to save—

Gan. That's a fantastycke oathe; proceede, proceede.

Gab. I did not wryte thys letter nor have seene *Richard* synce it was wrytten: what was doone He & my mother wrought it.

Gan. Shall I beleive you? are you vertuous?

Gab. Examyne but the ende & then adjudge me.

Gan. Then my suspytyon proves a false conceyte,
And I am wondrous glad to have it so
Because it proves you honest. I am nowe
Agayne resolvd that *Richard* was a vylayne,
And therefore am I gladd agayne, because
He hathe what he deservd & has no more.

Gab. He did deserve your seryous contempt And is rewarded with it.

Gan. And with deathe.

Gab. Ha! oh is he murderd then?

Gan. Does that amaze you?
Yes I have murderd hym & it becomes
The glorious parte of conquerynge my selfe,
To say hereafter, when I would relate
A storye worth attentyon, that thys hande,
Thys constant ryght hand, did deliver me
In spyghte of dottage & my naturall pittye.

Gab. O you are falne into the bloodyest cryme That ever tyrant threatned.

Gan. Idle feare.

Gab. Come, y'are a vylayne & most bloodye slave,
One that your spotted synns make odyous,
For *Rychard* was all good & vertuous.



Dispayre nowe maks me honest & Ile speake
Truthe with true testymonye, for here it comes.

Enter Eldegrade.

We twoe contryved & wrytt these charracters,
By Heaven we did; twas onlye we that spreade
The poyson of debate & stryfe betwyxt you.
On us, base man, tourne thy most bloodye edge,
For thou hast slayne the noblest inocent.

Gan. Thyne owne invockt cursse ceaze thee,

[He runns at Gab., and Elde. stepps between?, & he kills both.]

Gab. Thys should have ceazd me sooner; let me dye. Thy pardon, *Richard*: love thats
too vyolent Is evermore with some straunge myscheifs spentt. *[Dies.]*

Eld. Foule desperatyon ceaze thee, & whats worsse Dye with thy mothers last breathd
heavye cursse. *[Dyes.]*

Gan. They have left a darknes so extreame behynde
I cannot fynde a prayre to blesse theire soules.
See here then, polytycke creature, subtyll man,
Here see thy myscheife. Irreligious foole,
That makst it contyence onlye when thou leavest
Synns of preferment unaccomplyshed,
Thou that repynst agaynst thy starrs & lucke
When heaven prevents the bassnes of thy gayne;
Littill thynkst thou wherefore thy gaynes will serve,
Nor wherefore thy close pollycie should fayle
Tyll thou forsakst it, & then, wretched clay,
Thou fyndst a horsse & dogge thy betters: they
Dye unperplext with sence of dyinge, thou
Seest what thy sence abhorrs thy falts allowe.
I feele thee comeinge, my distracted chaunge,
Like an ill-favord hangman: pray thee strike,
Aproatche & doe thyne offyce.



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Enter Oliver.

What arte thou?

Oli One that will prove you *Rychard* is a cowarde.

Gan. Good darringe tonge, be not toe desperatt. He was your deare frend, was he not?

Oli Yes, had he not beene pretyous unto you, But hys muche faythe to you did make me hate hym, And he had felt it had he darred th'incounter.

Gan. Pray, no more, & worthy Sir, be boulde
To say here stands the most afflycted soule
That ever felt the mysseryes of byrthe.
Make me beleive my plaugs are infynett
That I may so desyer to leave my fleshe
And be deliverd from theym. Wherefore, looke you:
It is my mother & my systers deade,
I was there murtherer; goe tell the worlde:
That paper will give satisfactyon.

[Oliver takes the letter & reads.]

Enter Didier.

O you are wellcome; are you an offycer?
The captayne of the guard, I thynke. Come on:
Be not affrayd, arest me, Ile submytt.
Nor doe reproatche my vallor; I have darred
As much as he that durst affront the gods,
But greife hath staynd me.

Did. What meane you, Sir? Why I am *Didier*.

Gan. That buried *Richard*? Oh, *Didier*,
I was a barbarous wretche in kyllinge hym.
Digg up his bodye, brynge it hyther, goe:
Hys wounds will fall a bleedinge & the syghte
Will soften my conjealed bloode, for nowe
Me thynks I am not passyionate. But stay,
Let all sweete rest preserve hym: I will thynke
Howe reeling in the anguyshe of hys wounds
I would not heare hym when a was about
To teache repentance, and that onely thought



Shall melt me into cynders. I am like
The needye spendthryfte nowe, that an inforcst
To make my wants knowne where I must not hope
To gett releife. Releife? tys a vague hope
And I will banyshe the conceyte. Come hyther,
Looke uppon thys & wonder yet a littill
It was my handyworke, yet nothyng neare
The synne of kyllinge *Richarde*.

Oli. Have you then slayne the noblest worthy *Richard*?

Gan. Yes, by the false illussyons of theise twoe.

Oli. A garde within there!

[Enter a guard & apprehends Ganelon & Didier.]

Gan. Fayth, it will not neede,
I knowe my ende of journey. For hys deathe
I murderd theise: thys temporyzing knave
Buryed him last nyght; all I can aleadge
Agaynst hym is concealment of the murther.

Did. Tys come about: twas allways in my mynde Nothyng should hange me, beinge
naught by kynde.

Oli. Bringe theym away. Treason so greate as thys Was never seene synce man had
power to wishe.

[Exe. with the dead Bodyes.]

[SCENE 4.]

Enter Charlimayne, Turpin, Eudon & Attendants.



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Char. What pageants thys that on the fallowd lands Crosses me everye way? I cannot goe But styll he meets me full jumpe.

Tur. Beleve me, Sir.
I have not seen an antycke more disguysed.
A gallopps ore the newe plowde lands as fast
As twere a comon hye way, yet no speeche
Can make hym to forsake theym.

Eud. Nay, whats more,
The beast he rydds on is not usuall,
Tys neyther horsse nor asse, and yet a beast
Nymble & fytt for burthen.

Char. Eudon, goe
Bydd hym dismounte & as he loves hys life
Presentlye come before us. I will knowe [*Ex. Eudon.*
The ende of thys straunge purposse. Suer there must
Some secrett hange uppon it! thyngs doone thus
Are seldome jests, unlesse jests seryous.

*Enter Eudon & Busse, leading in twoe lymes Byrtha
& a Spaniell, hymselfe cladd all in nett.*

O tys *La Busse*; I've founde hys stratagem.—
Nowe, Sir, y'are wellcome; whence growes thys dysguyse?

Bus. Sir, from the fayre protectyon of your grace
And satisfactyon of your vowe; which doone,
Bouldlye I hope I may voutsafe to begge
My fathers deare deliverance.

Char. Noble sonne,
What wouldst thou doe hadst thou a noble father!
But come, sir, synce you putt me to the test,
Resolve the doute: your fathers pardoned
When you shall meet me uppon no hye way.

Bus. Which even nowe I did: the fallowe lands, Newe plowed & tylld are free from
passengers.

Char. Tys graunted; but your selfe, Sir, must not ryde Of horse nor mare nor asse, &
yet the beast An usuall thyng for burthen.



Bus. Suche is myne, A Mule, that is the bastard breede betwyxte An asse & mare, & onlye fytt for labor.

Char. But, sir, you must be neyther cloathed nor naked.

Bus. Nor am I, myghtie Sir: thys pore thynne nett Nor leaves me nakht nor yet dothe cover me.

Char. You prettylie orereache me; but you must Bring in your hand the faythfullst frend you challenge.

Bus. Thys is he, my faythfull trustye spanyell, The verye typpe & truthe of true affectyon.

Char. But with hym must be joynd your greatest enemye.

Bus. They are not farre assunder: a curst wife
Is evermore mans worst aflyctyon,
And shee that outgoes myne in bytternes
May fryght the whole worlde.

Char. Come, y'are ingenyous,
And I confes th'ast conquerd, thoughe I knowe
Thy father houlds as much unworthynes
As may excusse tyrranye in a prynce:
Yet for thys goodnes & thys industrie,
Th'exemple of the sweetest disposytion,
For all th'offences yet reveald unto me
I freelye pardon hym.

Bus. And you are good And like your selfe, a verye god[103] in pyttie.

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Ber. And from thys mercye I will new create In me a spyrrytt full of humblenes.

Enter La Fue in gallantrye.

Fue. Roame there & uncover, gentyllmen. I that am myne owne gentyllman usher am the best gentyllman in *Fraunce* at thys present. Give place & avoyde these.

Bus. What meanes the peasant? syrha, are you madd?

Fue. Yes, and I were halfe nakt as you are. Roame I say!—O my sweete harte, I will [*Offers to kisse Charli.*] kysse thy whyte lipps in the syght of thys whole assemblye.

Char. Avaunte, I say! what meanes thys lunatycke.

Tur. Pore sott howe hees deceyvd! th'inchauntments vanyshed.—Syrha learne better manners.

Fue. How! syrha to my greatnes! I am not in case to carrye your tokens. Ould man, you had better manners when last I lefted you.—Come, sweete love, I will love thee without more intreatye. Let us withdrawe & in pryvate rumynat our selves together.

Char. Is there no whypps for knaves are impudent? Thys sawcynes will make your skynne [to] smarte.

Fue. Away, away! Y'are an ould man & should be wyse. I tell you I was not in love with you tyll you doated on me; to drawe me into a fooles paradyse[104] & there leave me is not an honest man's parte nor a good chrystyans.

Char. What kynde of madnes call you thys? for shame! Shall I be torturd with hym?

Tur. Tys but a rude grosse weaknes, which anon lle shoe at full unto your majestie.

Fue. Come, sweete *Charles*, I knowe thou lovest me, & love will creepe where it cannot goe. Come, letts condole together.

Char. Yes, if I like your example. Goe presentlye And give him fortye lashes: make hym bleede Soundlye, away with hym!

Fue. Howe, howe, how! fortye lashes! so I shall bleede to deathe. Call you that soundlye? Foote! I am sicke with thought on't.

Char. Away with hym! And if a prate, see that you dooble them: Away!

Fue. Well I will never trust the wooeinge of a great man whylst I live agayne: & they be as false to weomen as to men they have sweete eeles to hould by.

Char. Yet has a leave to prate?

Tur. Away with hym, —But on your lives give hym no punyshment.

[*Ex. Fue. & guard.*

Char. I have not seene a madnes of thys nature:
But let him smarte for't.—*Eudon*, give comand
That *Ganelon* attend me presentlye.
But, stay—
What sollemp sound is thys? I am prevented.

[*Dead marche.*]—*Funeral sounde. Enter Orlando,*
Reinaldo leading Ganelon, Oliver, Didier; two
horses, one with Eldegr. & Gab., the other Richard.

The cause of thys?



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Orl. O my most sacred lorde, I bring you here
The worlds extreamest monster, suche a man
Whose ills excede the lawes inventyon.
Fyrst looke on thys, the fayre & comelye braunche
Of *Aimons* noble famylie; then on theise,
His fayrest syster & hys dearest mother
(O heaven that I should name that dreadfull name
In such a case as murder!) all by hym
And hys right hand, with thys ill mans advyse,
Murderd unjustlye.

Rei. To which I adde
Treasons of daunger & of hys disgrace
Bothe to your crowne & person; and thoughe they
Myght glutt the lawe, yet my brothers blood
And theise twoe inocentts, I hope, will pleade
Dyvorce of all repyvall.

Oli. Lastlye I
With theys stronge proofs, cannot be argued of,
Confyrme all past denyall; hys owne hand
Here of thys pap[er] maks a regyster [*Gives the letter.*
Of myscheives above wonder. Who reads thys,
Thoughe flynte, must melt in pyttie.

Bus. Dye all my hopes, & in thys masse of shame
Be buried both my memorye & name.
[*Ex. La Busse.*

Gan. What a lardge passage or cyrcompherence
Theise prynces make to come unto the way
Which lyes before theire nosses! tys lost wytt
To seeke an engyne for the desperatt,
Why, deathes in all he looks on; but to hope
Safty were more then dyetye[105] can promysse.
Let it suffyce all's true, & thus I rest:
If I dye once, not ever, I am blest.

Char. I am amazd: what I have reade & heard
Tournes me like *Gorgon* into senclessnes.
He speaks heare of a rynge, a wythcraft rynge,
By which I was inchaunted to hys syster.
Where is that damned juell?



Tur. Here in my safe possessyon, thys is it,
Which at her deathe, lodgd underneathe her tonge,
I found by carefull searche. Good deare sir, keepe it
And hencefourthe onlye love your royall selfe.
The spell is past example, & hys synne
Can onlye ballance downe the wyckednes.

Gan. Butt I confes it, & the sorcerrer
That made it I did murder conynglye,
And at her deathe had I recompast it,
I had beene kynge of *Fraunce*. Thys noble knave
Was pryvie to the passadge.

Did. Tys toe late Nowe to denye it: deathe never bryngs hys smarte But when a strycks
gaynst lawe or gaynst desarte.

Char. Away with them, & see theym presentlye
Broken uppon the wheele.

[*Ex. Gan. Did. & guard.*

Nephewe, for you

I give you freelye here the realme of *Spayne*
And all domynions in it; for your garde
Ten thousand of our best *Frenche* gentyllmen.
And wishe your fortunes like your valure be
The best of everye lived posterytie.

Orl. Sir[106], you doe bynde me to eternall servyce
Bothe in your love & justyce, for we fynde
Th'instructyons that on evyll men depends
Is to compare their projects with their ends.

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[Exe.

FINIS. [Greek: Telos]

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

Nella [Greek: ph d ph n r] la B.[107]

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE TRYALL OF CHEVALRY.

This play was printed in 1605, and is stated on the title-page to have been “lately acted by the right Honorable the Earle of Darby his servants.” It has not been reprinted, and copies of the old quarto are exceedingly rare. There is an air of old-fashionedness about the diction and the metre that would lead us to suppose the play was written several years before the date of publication. The wearisome practice, in which the characters so freely indulge, of speaking in the third person is very characteristic of the earlier dramatists, notably of Greene. Yet it is clear, from more than one passage, that the author was acquainted with Shakespeare’s historical plays. Dick Bowyer’s puns on the sentinels’ names (ii. 1) were certainly suggested by Falstaff’s pleasantries with the recruits in *Henry IV.*, Part II. Winstanley absurdly ascribes the piece to William Wager, who flourished (?) when Shakespeare was a child. If I were obliged to make a guess at the authorship, I would name Chettle or Munday, or both. It is not altogether improbable that the *Tryall of Chevalry* may be the play by Chettle and Wentworth Smith, entitled *Love Parts Friendship*, acted in 1602[108]. Bourbon and Rodorick are just such a pair of villains as young Playnsey and Sir Robert Westford in Chettle and Day’s *Blind Beggar*. The low comedy in both pieces might well have come from the same hand, though Dick Bowyer is certainly more amusing than the roystering companions in the *Blind Beggar*.

I make no claim for high excellence on behalf of this unknown playwright. The writing is at times thin and feeble, and the versification is somewhat monotonous. But with all its faults, the language is dramatic. The writer was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and something of Shakespeare’s spirit breathes through the pages of this forgotten play. Take such a speech as the following, from the second scene of the opening act:—

Must I be spokesman? *Pembrooke* plead for love? Whose tounge tuned to the Instruments of war Never knew straine of fancy; on my breath Affection never dwelt, but war and death! But if thou lov’dst to have thy soldiers fight, Or hearten the spent courages of men, *Pembrooke* could use a stile invincible. Lov’dst thou a towne, Ide teach thee how to woo her With words of thunder-bullets wrapt in fire,[109] Till with thy cannon battry she relent And humble her proud heart to stoop to thee. Or if not this, then mount thee on a steed Whose courage never awde an yron Bit, And thou shalt

heare me hollow to the beast And with commanding accents master him. This courtship
Pembroke knows, but idle love, The sick-fac't object of an amorous brayne, Did



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never clothe mine eye-balls, never taught This tounge, inurde to broyles and stratagems,
The passionate language of a troubled heart: I am too blunt and rude for such nice
service. Yet since my friend injoynes me to this taske, Take courage, Ile both speake,
plead, woo for thee, And when I want fit words to move her mind, Ile draw my sword and
sweare she must be kind.

One may smile at the notion of holloaing “to the beast,” but the whole passage is
vigorous, and some single lines (e.g. “The passionate language of a troubled heart”)
are excellent.

THE HISTORY of the tryall of CHEUALRY,

With the life and death of Causaliero *Dicke Bowyer*.

As it hath bin lately acted by the right *Honourable the Earle of Darby* his servants.

LONDON Printed by Simon Stafford for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop
in Paules Church-Yard, neere S. Austens Gate. 1605.

The Historie of the triall of Chevalry.

Actus Primus.

[SCENE 1.]

*Enter Lewes, King of France, Philip his sonne, Katharina his daughter, Roderick and
Flaunders, with drum and colours, and soldiers at one dore: at the other enter Navar,
Ferdinand, Bellamira, and, the Earle of Pembroke, and Burbon.*

[*Lew.*] Duke *Roderick* and my noble cozen *Flaunders*, Are your Battalions ready for the
charge?

Rod. Ten thousand men of Orleance I commaund And those are bravely marshald on
the playn, Ready to be commaunded by your Highnesse.

Flaund. As many of the warlike brood of *Mars*
Doe call me Generall: those, my gracious Lord,
Together with my selfe I recommend
To be commaunded by your Majesty.

Lew. Thanks, Earle of *Flaunders*, Duke of *Orleance*, thanks. What lets us that we
charge not on the foe?

Nav. My Lord of Pembroke, are your Englishmen Squadron'd with ours and ready for the charge?

Pem. The French and English make one warlike body Whereof your Highnesse is the moving head: Or peace or warre, as pleaseth you, direct.

Nav. Then war and give the signal through the host.

Lew. Navar, Navar, submission were more meete Then to adde bloud to wrong.

Nav. What wrong, King *Lewes*? The Kingdome of Navar we will acknowledge To hold of none but of the King of Kings.

Lew. Three hundred yeres prescriptions on our sides; So long thy Ancestors by fealty Have helde thy Kingdome of the Crowne of France.

Pem. Talke not of yeres, yeres limit not a Crowne;
There's no prescription to inthrall a King.
He finds it written in the Rowles of time
Navar's a Kingdome solely absolute,
And by collusion of the Kings of France,
The people speaking all one mother tounge,
It hath bin wrested for a Royalty
Untruly due unto the Crowne of France.
That *Pembrook* speaks the truth, behold my sword,
Which shall approve my words substantiall.

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Rod. *Pembrooke*, you are too plaine in your discourse.

Bur. I tell thee, *Rodoricke*, *Pembrooke* soldier-like Hath truely opened what ten thousand lives Will hardly doe if warre be made the Judge.

Rod. If war be Judge? Why, shallow-witted *Burbon*,
Who shall decide this difference but war?
Hath not the Judge put on his Scarlet Robe?
Is not the field prepar'd? our men in armour?
The trumpets ready for the sound of death,
And nothing hinders us but our owne words?
Leave idle parley, my dread soveraigne Lord,
And soone resolve the Duke in fire and smoke
That he maintaines a title false and forg'd,
And that *Navar* is a usurping Lord.

Na. On that Ile hazzard all these valiant lives. Sound Drums and Trumpets! make King *Lewes* know He makes his best friend prove his greatest foe.

Lew. Why pause our drums? our trumpets beat as loud! Till the bright ayre be made a purple cloud.

Phil. Pause, gracious father.

Ferd. Noble father, pause. Let *Ferdinand* thy sonne so far prevayle That peace, not war, may end this difference.

Bel. For *Bellamiraes* sake abstayne from war.

Phil. *Philip* thy sonne humbly desires a peace: Let not my father sheathe his warlike sword Within the bowels of his Countrymen.

Kath. Thy daughter *Katharina* prays the like.

Nav. From whence proceeds this sudden sound of peace? Comes it from me? what? from my *Ferdinand*, From *Bellamira* my sweet second selfe?

Lew. Or rather comes it, *Lewes*, from thy soule, Thy *Philip* the true image of thy selfe, Thy *Katharina* thy heart's chiefest joy?

Rod. Princes, you aske you know not what your selves.

Pem. *Rodoricke*, they aske a sweet and pleasing boone.

Rod. Why, they aske peace and we are set for war.



Fer. Tis a bad peace exceeds not a just war.

Phil. We will not rise from this submissive ground Till we obtayne, if not a peace, a truce.

Fer. Nor shall our feet be guilty of new steps Till I obtayne a truce from murdering war.

Lew. Shew me some reason (sonne) for this demand.

Nav. Shew me some reason (children) for this prayer.

Fer. I love the daughter of thine enemy: Fayre *Katherina* hath inthrald my heart.

Phil. I love the daughter of thine enemy: Fayre *Bellamira* hath inthrald my heart.

Pem. Is love the cause? then wherefore wage we war?
What matter ist who weares both Diadems,
When the succession lives in eythers heyre?
If *Ferdinand* be crown'd king of Navar,
Fayre *Katherina* shalbe crownd his Queene:
If *Philip* weare the Diadem of France,
Fayre *Bellamira*, made his lovely Queene,
Swayes half the Scepter. See what heaven can doe,—
Provide for peace even in the jawes of war!



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Kath. How sweetly doth the Earle of Pembroke speake! Now, trust me, I am ravisht with his voyce.

Lew. What says *Navar*? What, is [i]t war or peace?

Na. A truce for three moneths, so it please your Highnes,
During which time our children shall have leave
With Drum and Trumpet to surveigh the Campe,
To court our daughters and to feast themselves
As fits the sonnes of honourable foes.
And if it prove a match betweene them both,
There end all difference: Ile bequeath my Crowne
As a rich offering to their nuptiall Rites.

Lew. Here, strike the truce upon my kingly hand,
Which is as surely ratified in this
As by the testimonial of a world.
So now for three moneths space all warres surcease:
Our thoughts are wholly fixt on love and peace.

[Exe.

Manent Rodorick and Burbon.

Rod. Zounds, here's a truce made up by miracle!

Burb. Ile crosse it by a wily stratageme.

Rod. What stratageme?

Bur. By love to *Bellamira*.
O could I dive into the Prince's heart
By any insinuation ne're so base,
How easily might I effect my plot
To make the kingdome of Navarre mine owne.
'Twere but a dram or so unto the sonne,
And a small thing would send the old man hence.
What, noble *Rodorick*? to gayne a Crowne
A Duke would doe much.

Rod. More then poyson two. But you, my Lord, forget your selfe too farre. Know you to whom you have disclosde your heart?

Bur. Why, to the Duke of Orleance.



Rod. The deare friend Of *Lewes* the French King.

Burb. King me no Kings.

Although we seeme to be of severall sides,
Rodorick, we love together like true friends.
This Truce gives ayme to our intention:
Assist me (worthy *Orleance*) to effect
First my desired love and next the Crowne.

Rod. *Peter de Lions* is your Lordships servant,
A boone companion and a lusty knave.
He is in love with *Bellamiraes* mayd,
And by that love he may bestead your Highnesse
More then your best friends in your best designes.
Call him forth.

Burb. What! *Peter*!

Enter Peter.

Pet. Here, my Lord.

Burb. Why dost thou looke so wildly?

Pet. Not with drinke Nor yet with rage.

Rod. His lookes are wild with love.

Pet. With love, surreverence[110]? can there be a face
In all the world patcht up with eyes and lips,
A forehead and a payre of crimson cheeks,
To make me doat on, to make me looke wild?

Rod. Come, come, tis knowne that you love *Thomasin*.



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Pet. Zounds they that know that know my heart & all: I have not the power to deny it, tis most true.

Burb. And tis most true that I love *Bellamira*.
Now, if thou art in favor of thy wench,
Many a meeting thou mayst helpe me to
And learne besides what sutors seeke her love
And whom she most affects. These things once knowne
Twere worth a Dukedome, *Peter*.

Pet. Sbloud, give me A Dukedome and Ile warrant you the knowledge Of these things ten times o're.

Rod. Theres Angels for thee, *Peter*, thinke on them
And doe thy best to helpe thy master's love.—
Well howsoever I smooth it to the Duke,
My thoughts are bent on his destruction.

Pet. You have my heart In your purse; Ile doe anything for you.

Bur. And thou shalt want no gold; and so farwel.

[*Exeunt.*

Pet. I cannot chuse to farewell, and have the good Angels to comfort me; yet I am melancholy. Heeres gold to make me merry: O but (hey ho) heres love to make me sad. To avoyd prolixity I am crost with a Sutor that wants a piece of his tounge, and that makes him come lisping home. They call him *Cavaliero Bowyer*; he will have no nay but the wench. By these hilts, such another swash-buckler lives not in the nyne quarters of the world. Why, he came over with the Earle of Pembroke, and he limps and he limps & he devoures more French ground at two paces then will serve *Thomasin* at nineteene. If ever he speake French, to avoyd prolixity, he will murder the tounge. Ile provide for him; theres but small choice. Either he shall renounce the wench or forsake his lame legs, his lisping tounge and his life to: for by S. *Denis* I had rather dye in a ditch then be bobd[111] of my fayre *Thomasin*.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE 2.]

Enter at one dore Philip and Roderick, a drummer before them with his Drum at his back: at the other dore Ferdinand and Pembroke with their Drummes.

Ferd. Whither goes royall *Philip* thus prepar'd?



Phil. On what adventure goes Prince *Ferdinand*?

Ferd. To conquer all the world, fayre *Katharine*, Whose beauty in mine eye surmounts it far. Vertue and love conducts me to your sister.

Phil. On the like voyage are my fortunes bound, I goe to winne thy sister.

Ferd. Some fayre *Starre* On our great hopes shine fayre and debonaire.

Pem. Amen, sayth *Pembroke*.

Rod. Amen, sayth *Rodoricke*,

Ferd. This way my Love dwels.

Phil. In this ayre breathes mine.

Both. Farewell.

Phil. Prince *Ferdinand* if these cross loves Enjoy a wisht success, peace here shall dwell.



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Ferd. And we be friendly Brothers.

Phil. True.

Ferd. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Philip and Rodoricke.*]

Pem. Pity such true love, which like blessed seed
Sowne in such fertile soyle his princely brest,
By the rough stormy brow and winters hate
Of adverse parents should be timelesse nipt
And dye e're it attayne maturity.
For I have heard the Princesse whom he serves
Is hotely courted by the Duke of Burbon,
Who to effect his choyce hath in these warres
Furnisht your father with a gallant power;
His love may haply then disable *Philip*.

Fer. O no; my father doth affect the Prince:
Besides, my sister's heart is so combin'd
To his in perfect love that *Burbon's* hate
Nor all the world that knot can separate.
Then sorrow not for him, but turne the streame
Of gentle pity on thy wretched friend
Within whose bosome love hath kindled fire
So ardent that the flames will bury me.
Philip is throned in my sister's eyes,
But in my love disdayne and hatred lyes.

Pem. Doth she not pay true kindnesse with the like?

Fer. As stepdames orphanes, night the cleer-fac't day,
So doth she hate me and returne my woes
Like a steeld Anvil backward on my selfe.
She is all hate, yet such a lovely foe
That I must kisse the sword that wounds me so.

Pem. Interre these thoughts, this is her fathers tent: Drum, give a friendly summons to the king.

Fer. Forbeare a while (deare *Pembroke*): by our vows
Which in the booke of heaven are registered,
By all the rightes of friendship, by that love



Thou bear'st thy native Country, I conjure thee
This day to be the Trumpet of my worth;
To speake the passions of thy grieved friend
To *Katharine's* ears, till those pure ivory gates,
Pearst with the volley of thy battering words,
Give way to my laments to touch her heart.
For this have I extracted thee from many,
Made thee my fellow Pilgrim to her shrine,
Knowing thy thoughts from loves Religion free:
When thy prayers fayle thy tongue may plead for me.

Pem. Must I be spokesman? *Pembrooke* plead for love?
Whose tounge tuned to the Instruments of war
Never knew straine of fancy; on my breathe
Affection never dwelt, but war and death!
But if thou lov'dst to have thy soldiers fight,
Or hearten the spent courages of men,
Pembrooke could use a stile invincible.
Lov'dst thou a towne, Ide teach thee how to woo her
With words of thunder-bullets wrapt in fire,[112]
Till with thy cannon battry she relent
And humble her proud heart to stoop to thee.
Or if not this, then mount thee on a steed
Whose courage never awde an yron Bit,
And thou shalt heare me hollow to the beast

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And with commanding accents master him.
This courtship *Pembrooke* knowes, but idle love,
The sick-fac't object of an amorous brayne,
Did never clothe mine eye-balls, never taught
This tounge, inurde to broyles and stratagems,
The passionate language of a troubled heart:
I am too blunt and rude for such nice service.
Yet since my friend injoynes me to this taske,
Take courage, Ile both speake, plead, woo for thee,
And when I want fit words to move her mind
Ile draw my sword and sweare she must be kind.
Drummer, report our presence to the king.

*A parley and answered. Enter France, Flaunders
and attendants.*

Lew. Prince *Ferdinand* and honourd English *Pembrooke*,
Now by *S. Denis* welcome! One runne straight
And give our daughter notice of these ghests.
What, man? we know you come prepar'd to woo,
To woo, to winne: now by our sacred life
We wish in soule our daughter were your wife.
Our sonne is with your sister: faire hap wayt,
For peace or war lives in your love or hate.
Welcome once more: first wee le go see your love,
After to banquet and from thence to woo.
Be merry then; wee le share a friendly part,
But you shall tryumph in our daughter's heart.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Katharine, her man Bowyer, and a Paynter.

Kath. See that the tent be ready furnished
By this my father and those Lords are met,
Mongst whom the noble *Pembrooke*, like the Sunne,
Out-shines the borrowed glory of the rest.
And well I may compare him to the Sunne,



That but once lookt upon with his fayre shape
Hath dazled my poore senses and left me blind.
But, sirra, where's the man I bade you bring?

Bow. If you can judge of colours (madam) this is he. Paynter, stand forth.

Kath. An earnest cause (my friend) importunes me, Wherein I am to crave thy cunningst Arte.

Payn. Such as it is you may commaund, faire Princesse.

Kath. But are thy colours fresh, thy pensill smoothe?
Thy hand unwavering, and thy head dislodg'd
Of all unquiet harsh incumbrances?
For thou must draw proportion of those parts
Whose worth to tell my tounge wants utterance.

Payn. Feare you not, Madam; I am well prepar'd.

Kat. Then hither strait with youthfull *Ferdinand*, *Navar's* stout sonne, there comes an English Knight, *Pembrooke* they call him, honourably borne. Him (when we are in conference) thou shalt marke And to the life set doune his counterfet. Nor is it needful I should shew him thee! The goodliest person in the traine, that's he.

Bow. Let me alone to give the Paynter destruction. I know him as well as the Begger knowes his dish^[113]: he weares a white Scarfe in his hat and an Orange tawny feather upon his arme.



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Kath. Foole, indirectly thou describ'st another,
Thats Prince *Navar*: *Pembrooke* his plume is Azure
A little intermixt with spotlesse white,
Prefiguring the temper of the Sky
With whose hye motion his great mind doth move.

Bow. Orange tawny and Azure, all's one, all is but feather; there is no difference I am sure but in colour.

Kath. Why, thats as much as may be, is it not?

Bow. Not so, Ile prove the contrary: You are fayre and I am foule; is it that all the difference betweene you and I? there's another thing in it if you marke it well.

Kath. I prythee peace and with thy ignorance
Draw not the Paynter likewise into errour.
Here take thy stand; thou knowst him by these markes
I lately spake of. Seeme to excell thine Arte
And I will study to requite thy paynes.

Enter Lewes, Ferdinand, Pembrooke, Rodoricke, and Flaunders.

Lew. Thus did the Greeks, when they begirt the walles
Of strong-built Troy, sometimes with friendly cheeks
Entertayne peace and spend their frolick houres
In courtly feasting of each other foe.
Welcome, young *Ferdinand*! I promise you
It cheeres my spirit we doe embrace you here:
And welcome too, brave Lord. We cannot say,
As if we were in Paris we might say,
Your viands shall be costly: but presume,
Such as the Camp affords, wee have the best.
Daughter, I prythee bid them welcome.

Kath. My Lord, I doe,
That with the Congy of a bended knee,
But this with my true hearts[114] loyalty.
Lords, you are welcome by my father's leave.

Lew. Why, now thou dost content thy father *Kate*,
When wholly unto merrymment inclined
Thou answerst with like simpathy of mind.



Ferd. But yet her looks are haggard and obscure, Which makes me doubtfull sheele not stoop to lure.

Lew. Princes, let's enter: come, Ile lead the way! The feast is mine, you are my ghests this day.

Ferd. Now, *Pembrooke*, shew thy friendships true effect; Obtayne her love, my life thou shalt protect.

[*Exeunt Lew. Ferd. Rod. & Flaund.*]

Kath.—He stayes behind the rest. O happy houre! Worke on (sweet Paynter) to inrich mine eye With that which els procures my tragedy.

Pem. Fayre Madam, in this confluence of sweet joy,
When every one resorts unto the feast,
Me thinkes you should not thus retyre alone,
As seeming your best fare were heavy mone.

Kath. I am not (Sir) alone, nor do I starve
My appetite with any wil-full fast;
I have a banquet of sweet pleasing thoughts
That is more precious then the costliest feast.

Pem. But at your father's boord there sits a ghest
To whom the cup of *Ganimede* will seeme
But juice of Hemlocke, and the daintiest dish
As much unsavory as the Pomice stone,
Unlesse your presence season his delight.

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Kath. I am sorry I want skill to serve his dyet; I have not bin instructed to such end.

Pem. But I will teach you (Madam) if you please.

Kath. Rather the party grieved first should shew
Wherein we erre, els how can we discern
What is our fault or how we may amend?

Pem. That office he commits unto my tounge.

Kath. Is he not able then to speake himselfe?

Pem. Yes, Madam, I have heard when *Ferdinand*,
With whom in *Padua* I was conversant,
So spake in the assembly of the learn'd,
With such a grace and well composed phrase,
As many thought grave *Tullies* eloquence
Flowed like a hony River from his lips.

Kath. He wanteth then belike sufficient courage.

Pem. Never liv'd Knight lesse prejudic'd in that
Then valiant *Ferdinand*, whom I have seene
Couch his stiffe[115] Launce with such dexterity
As if the god of battell had himselfe
Entered the Lists, and preassing to the midst
Of steele-composed troops like lightning fly
Till he had made a passage with his sword.

Kath. So puissant in his fortitude with men,
And daunted with a silly womans looks!
How can that be?

Pem. Yes, when you weygh the force
Of your resistlesse and controwling beauty.
It is your beauty, were his power and spirit
Ten times more hauty-ventrous then it is,
Compels it stoope in homage to your foot
As trembling Lambs when they to Lions couch.

Kath. 'Twas well he chose so good an Orator To plead the imperfections of his cause.

Pem. I should have that opinion of my selfe If for my sake your Grace would favour him.



Kath. Yes, for your sake we have endur'd his name,
And for your sake we tolerate his suite;
But, when you cease to speake, then all that prayse
You have attributed to his desert
Seemes borrowed from your selfe; you are the man
Whose eloquence compares with *Ciceroes*,
You are the man whose knightly fortitude
Lives in the world unprejudic'd of any,
You vanquish beauty and inthrall the mind
Of female weaknesse with no lesser awe
Then Indian vassayles stoop unto their Lords.
The name of *Ferdinand* you have mista'ne.
Say tis your selfe, and then your whole discourse
Observes the perfect method that it should.

Pem. Should I be false and trecherous to my friend? I am intreated but to speake for him.

Kath. But for your selfe would be more acceptable.
Oh pardon me, nor let immodest stayne^[116]
Cleave to my brow: my love is chastely bred.
Other then *Pembrooke Katharine* never vowes
Shall be authoriz'd in her mayden thoughts.

Pem. Mistake me not, I say tis *Ferdinand* Dyes in affection to your Deity.



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Kath. But in affection I survive to none But onely *Pembrooke*.

Pem. Will you be esteem'd A cruel murtheresse of a loyall friend?

Kath. Will *Pembrooke* triumph in a womans fall?

Pem. You anger me. Respect young *Ferdinand*.

Kath. You please me not to speake of *Ferdinand*.

Pem. Nay, then, tis time to go or wrong my friend.
Since, Madam, what I would I cannot doe,
Mine honour here bids me leave off to woo. [*Exit.*

Kath. Stay, *Pembrooke*, Katharine will sue to thee; So shalt thou keepe thy fayth and loyalty.

Bow. Tary, sir, tary, we want the length of your nose: nay, if you will not heare, Ile be so bold as to follow your nose. Sir, tary, tary.

[*Exit.*

Kath. He will not heare nor (too unkind) looke backe.

Payn. But, Madam, spight his heart you shall see this.

Kath. Give me his picture. Image far more kind
Then is the substance whence thou art deriv'd,
Which way soever I divert my selfe
Thou seemst to follow with a loving eye.
Thee will I therefore hold within my armes
As some small comfort to increasing harmes.

Enter Ferd.

Ferd.—What meanes my second selfe by this long stay?
I cannot rest till I be certified
What good or bad successe my suite returnes.
But he is gone, and in faire *Katharines* hand
I see his picture. What may this pretend?

Kath. Thou hast done well indeed, in every part
Thou shewst complete and cunning workmanship;
His eye, his lip, his cheeke are rightly fram'd,
But one thing thou hast grossly over-slipt:



Where is his stubborne unrelenting heart
That lurkes in secret as his master doth,
Disdayning to regard or pity me.

Payn. Madam, his heart must be imagined By the description of the outward parts.

Kath. O no, for then it would be tractable, Mild and applausive as the others be.

Ferd. No Prince but *Pembrooke* dwels in *Katharines* eye.

[*Kath*] Whose that disturbs our pleasing solitude?

Ferd. Know you not me? my name is *Ferdinand*, Whose faithfull love Lord *Pembrooke* late commenct.

Kath. Speake then for *Pembrooke* as he did for you Or els your bootlesse suite will soon be cold.

Ferd. Why he was Orator in my behalfe.
If I should speake for him, as he for me,
Then should I breathe forth passions[117] not mine owne.—
I, I, tis so; the villaine in my name
Hath purchas'd her affection for himselfe,
And therefore was he absent from the feast,
And therefore shuns my sight and leaves behind
This counterfet to keep him still in mind.
Tis so, tis so; base Traytor, for this wronge
My sword shall cut out thy perfidious tounge. [*Exit.*



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Enter Bowyer.

Bow. I have runne till I sweat, sweat till my shirt cleaves to my backe, cryed till I am hoarse, and am hoarse till I cannot cry; and yet he will not come backe.

Kath. No matter, fellow, I have here a pledge Which I will zealously devote me to.—
There's thy reward: withdraw, my father comes.

[Exit Painter.

Enter Lewes.

Lew. Where are these Lords? the one hath sate with me
And suddenly is risen from the boord,
The other came not at all. Daughter, saw you
The Prince or *Pembrooke* which way they are gone?

Kath. Backe to their Tents, my Lord, as I suppose.

Lew. Back to their tents and take no leave of us?
Nay, then I feare their meaning was too smoothe
And some black Treason cover'd in their smiles.
Which we will seeke immediately to prevent.

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

[SCENE 1.]

Enter Dicke Bowyer and soldiers, with Drum and colours.

Bow. Stand, give the word along, stand.

Lieu. Stand there!

Bow. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Captayne.

Bow. Is the watch set in the King's quarter yet.

Lieu. An houre agoe.

Bow. 'Zounds what foolish Canaanits were they to run in debt to their eyes for an
houres sleepe sooner then they needed! Sergeant.



Ser. Anon, Sir.

Bow. Anon, Sir! s'hart the Rogue answers like a Drawer, but tis the tricke of most of these Sergeants, all clincum clancum. Gods dynes[118], I am an *Onyon* if I had not rather serve formost in the forlorne hoope of a battell or runne poynt blancke against the mouth of a double charged Cannon then come under the arrests of some their pewter pessels. Zounds, tis hotter a great deale then hell mouth and *Dives* burning in Sulphur: but thou art none of the genealogy of them. Where must we watch to night?

Serg. In the furthest Trenches that confront the enemies campe.

Bow. Thats the next way to have all our throats cut.

Lieu. That cannot be; you know, Captain, there's a peace toward.

Bow. A pox a peace, it keeps our Ancient whole, but s'hart our gaberdines go to wrack. But *futra!* tis well known since *Dick Bowyer* came to France he hath shewed himselfe a gentleman and a Cavaliero and sets feare at's heeles. And I could scape (a pox on it) th'other thing, I might haps return safe and sound to England. But what remedy? al flesh is grasse and some of us must needes be scorcht in this hote Countrey.

Lieutenant *Core*, prithee lead my Band to their quarter; and the rogues do not as they should, cram thy selfe, good *Core*, downe their throats and choak them. Who stands Sentronell to night, Sir?

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Sol. That must I, Captayne.

Bow. You, *Rafe Nod*? zounds, soldiers, follow my discipline, say your prayers, you are all dead men, all dust and ashes, all wormes meat.

Lieu. How so, Captayne?

Bow. Doe you make him Sentronell? s'hart heele nod[119] presently: and he do not sleepe sitting upon the poynt of a Spanish needle, *Dicke Bowyer's* a very shittle-cocke. *Nod!* zounds, he is one of the nine sleepers, a very Dormouse: & I had a pageant to present of the seven deadly Sinnes[120], he should play Slouth; and he did not sleepe when he should speake his part I am a Badger.

Soul. That's true; you have halfe the nature of a Badger, for one leg is shorter then another.

Bow. Zounds, you Rogue, doe not you know that? Ile tell you: s'hart and I lye, call me Jebuzite. Once as I was fighting in S. Georges fields, and blind Cupid seeing me and taking me for some valiant *Achilles*, he tooke his shaft and shot me right into the left heele; and ever since *Dick Bowyer* hath beene lame. But my heart is as sound as a bell: heart of Oake, spirit, spirit! Lieutenant, discharge *Nod* and let *Cricket* stand Sentronell till I come.

Lieu. He shall, Captayne.

Bow. On afore! strike Drum, march soldiers, keep your place, *Nod*. Lusty, my harts, for the honour of England and our brave General the Earle of Pembroke! [*Exeunt soldiers.*] So I have discharg'd my selfe of these. Hot shot![121] now to my love. Some may say the tale of Venus loving Mars is a fable, but he that is a true soldier and a Gent. as *Dick Bowyer* is, & he do not love some varlet or other, zounds he is worse then a gaping Oyster without liquor. There's a pretty sweet fac't mother[122] that waits on the princesse that I have some mind to; but a whorson *Architophel*, a parasite, a rogue, one whose face looks worse then a Tailors cushion of old shreds and colours, zounds like a weavers leg in an old ditch feeding horseleaches; & this trotter is my ryval & loves *Thomasin*: his name is *Peter de Lions*, but s'hart (I will not sweare neither) if I do not turne Rich. *Cor de Lion* with him, if I do not teare out his heart and eate it with mustard, let him say *Dick Bowyer's* a Mackarell. Yonder hee comes with my property hand in hand. Zounds! I say nothing, but ile heare what they say and determine afterward.

Enter Peter and Thomasin.

Pet. Thomasin, you know me, I hate prolixity: in a word, my humour is thus, I love.

Bow.—And I do not spoyle that humor, so—



Pet. Your answer compendiously & avoyd prolixity.

Tom. Mary muffle[123]! by Jesu I scorne to humble the least part about me to give answer to such a trothing question: as I live it joults mine eares worse in hearing then the princes coach on a broken cawsey.

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Pet. Thomasin, leave this pace & take me with you[124]. My Lord loves your Lady, yet I heare she is this night betrothed to the Prince of France: I love you & shall I lose you? No: I hate prolixity; in a word, the end is Ile mary you.

Tho. Prety, as God save me! What will Captaine Bowyer say to that if he should know it?

Bow.—A good Rogue, by Jesu!

Pet. Bowyer a Captayne? a Capon, a button mould, a lame haberdine[125], a red beard Sprat, a Yellowhammer, a bow case, a very Jackdaw with his tounge slit.

Bow.—Zounds, what a Philistine is this! what a dictionary of proper names hath the Rogue got together! heart, his tounge crawles as fast as the cheese doth in Germany. Ile pearce you for this, you Lobster.

Pet. Bowyer? *mordu! futra*[126] for him! and that sowre crab do but leere at thee I shall squeeze him to Vargis[127].

Bow. And you squeeze me I may haps grow saucy with you, you whorson burnd Pudding pye, you drye Parsnip. Kisse me, Thomasin. So, dare you stand to your word now and squeeze me.

Pet. Stumps, I challenge thee for this indignity. Bowyer, I will gyrd my selfe with thy guts. I am a souldiour and a Captayne.

Bow. Captayne? s'hart, and thou hast under thy charge any other then Pigmies I am a Gogmagog. Dost thou heare, sowgelder? and I do not with sixe Cranes (wel marshald) overrunne thee and thy hundred and fifty, say Dick Bowyer's a coward.

Pet. For that word draw.

Tho. Hold, Gentlemen.

Bow. Peace, good Thomasin, silence, sweet socket [sucket?]. Peter, dost see this sword? this sword kild Sarlaboys, that was one Rogue: now it shall kill thee, that's two Rogues. Whorson puttock[128], no garbage serve you but this? have at you!

As they fight enters Pembroke.

Pem. Who's this at enmity within our Camps? What! Bowyer and the servant to great Burbon? Both sheathe your weapons: by our martiall law This act is death.

Bow. Ile be hangd then. Dost thou heare, noble Generall? Dicke Bowyer knowes what belongs to service: we did not draw of any malice, by this element of iron & steele, but

to measure which of our swords were longest.—Ile save you for once, you Sarazen, because I see youle hang scurvily: but the next time—

Pem. Good Captayne Bowyer, let our English troops Keepe a strong watch to night: my throbbing heart, Like to a Scritchowle in the midnight houre, Bodes some black scene of mischief imminent.

Bow. Never feare, Generall: if Julius Caesar rise up against us, e're he do my Lord any wrong, zounds Ile be cut smaller then pot-hearbs. Ile to the trenches: come, Thomasin. —Leere not, Lobster, lest I thump that russeting^[129] face of yours with my sword hilt till that it looke as pyde colourd as the Rainbow. By Jesu, Ile do it, and therefore follow me not.

[Exeunt.]



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Pem. Why should this loade of griefe lye on my heart
With such a ponderous waight? I know no cause,
Unlesse it be by thinking on the wrong
My friend receyves in the unmatched love
Which Katherine beares me: yet my fayth is sound,
And like a solid Rock shall check her teares.
Katharine loves me; yet, for my friends delight,
Pembroke will hate her love and flye her sight.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Bourbon, Navar, Philip, Bellamira, Rodoricke, and attendants.

Bur. Navar, you sprinckle me with foule reproch And dimme the luster of our royall
name With colours of dishonour.

Nav. Heare me, Bourbon.

Bur. What words can satisfy so great a wrong? Have you not, with consent of all your
Lords, Promis'd your daughter to this generous prince?

Nav. Their true love forst us to it.

Bur. True love? 'tis faynd.

Phil. Ha, Bourbon!

Bel. Gentle Philip—

Phil. With my sword Ile prove my love unfayned, thee a false Lord.

Bur. This like a Sanctuary frees thy toung And gives thee childish liberty of speech,
Which els would fawne and crouch at Burbons frowne.

Phil. Now by St. Denis—

Bur. Ile not chat with boyes:
Navar, to thee I speak. Thy daughters looks,
Like the North Star to the Sea-tost Mariners,
Hath brought me through all dangers, made me turne
Our royall Palace to this stage of death,
Our state and pleasure to a bloudy Campe,
And with the strength and puissance of our force



To lift thy falling and decayed state
Even to her pristine glory. In thy quarrell,
Burbon hath set himselfe against his king
And soyl'd his greatnesse with a Traytors name,
Now when our worth expected rich reward,
Fayre Bellamira, wonder of her time,
Must Philip have her?

Phil. Burbon, she is mine.

Bur. Mortdew! Ile be reveng'd, by heaven I will,
Or I will pave these plaines with the dead bodies
Of our deare subjects. We have sworne thy fall:
That oathes thy death, our rage thy funerall.

Nav. Heare our excuse.

Bur. We will not credit ayre. —Peter, watch Rodorick: when the prince is gone Tell him
Ide speake with him.

Pet.—Enough, tis done.

Bur. Navar, this setting Sun, which sees our wrong,
Shall e're his morrowes beames gui[]de the proud East,
View *Himens* rites turnd to a tragick feast.

[Exit Burbon.]

Nav. His anger beares him hence. Young prince of France,
Since, to reduce our enmity to love
And thereby like a fayre and lovely Bryde
To mary peace to France, we are content
To bring the sea-tost barke of your affects,
Halfe shipwrackt with the tempest of these wars,
To their desired port, as we agreed,
Go to your father and informe him thus:
If personally heele view our friendly Tents
And seale these Articles of peace proposde,
This night you shall be troth-plight to our child.



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Phil. Were it to search the furthest Northern clime
Where frosty Hyems with an ycie Mace
Strikes dead all living things, Ide find it out,
And borrowing fire from those fayre sunny eyne
Thaw Winters frost and warme that dead cold clime:
But this impose is nothing, honour'd King.
Ile to my father and conduct him hither;
For whilst my soule is parted from her sight
This earth is hell, this day a tedious night.
Come, Rodorick, you shall beare me company.

[Exeunt Phil. Pet. & Rod.]

Pet. He shall not, for Ile stay him instantly.

Nav. 'Twere pity to keepe two such loves asunder.
Daughter, you & your Ladies to your tent
And deck you richly to receive the prince.

[Exit Bella.]

Enter Pemb., after him Ferd.

My Lord of Pembroke, happily returnd!
How doth our sonne? See where he comes himselfe.
Speake, boy: how spedst thou with fayre Katherine?

Ferd. I know not how.—Is trothlesse Pembroke there?

Nav. Be not dismayd; at length sheele pity thee.
Sonne, bid our Officers adorne our Court
In her chiefe glory, for this happy night
Shall set a period to this smarting war.
Your sister shalbe troth-plight to Prince Philip,
And France and we made friends about it then.
Pembroke, have you the charge to see our Captaines
Prepare a martiall welcome to the King.
Ile not be idle: since Navar was crownd
Our heart with so much joy did ne're abound.

[Exit Navar.]

Fer. Nor mine with so much hate. Pembroke, a word.

Pem. What wills your Grace?



Fer. That Pembroke is a villayne. Looke not so strange: I speake it; not your friend;
But hee that in his soule hath sworne thine end.

Pem. A villayne? and my death? I am amaz'd: Art thou awake, or is all this a dreame.

Fer. A dreame of death. Meet me to morrow morning,
As thou art Pembroke and a Gentleman,
By yon fayre River side which parts our Camps.
You know the place: come armde, and so farewell.

Pem. Deare friend.

Fer. Push! meet me.

Pem. Ferdinand, I will.

Fer. Revenge, smile on, thou shalt drink bloud thy fill.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Peter standing sentronell.

Pet. This is my wayting night: tis for no good
That I stand sentronell. Well, good or ill,
I care not greatly, so I get the gold:
Therefore, to avoyd prolixity, here walke I.
Here comes the men that must reward my paine.

Enter Burbon and Rodoricke.

Bur. Have you the poyson?

Rod. And a strong one too.
Heere's a preservative to save your hand:
When Rodoricke fayles your Lordship, heaven shall fayle
To illuminate the world with cheereful light.

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Bur. Then here about should Peter wayt for me, For this is the Pavilion of the Princesse.

Pet. My Lord.

Bur. Peter.

Pet. Here is the key that opens to the Tent:
I stole it from my sweet heart Thomasin.
Enter without prolixity, woo and winne the Lady;
But give me gold (my Lord) and Ile to Dice.

Bur. Hold, take thy fill.

Pet. And it shall goe as fast.

Bur. Now, gentle Peter, get thee unto rest.
My businesse craves the absence of the world:
None but my selfe and Rodoricke shall behold
The secret complot that I doe intend.

Pet. I goe, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Bur. Now, blessed key, open unto my love,
Doe more then loving lynes or words can doe.
My letters have bin answerd with disdayne:
Her father I have mov'd to gayne my love,
But he is frosty in my fervent suite;
And now perforce I will obtayne her love
Or ease her puling hatred by revenge.

Rod. You stay too long: Ile help to turne the key.

Discover her sitting in a chayre asleepe.

Bur. What do I see? the majesty of heaven
Sit in a mayden slumber on the earth?
What, is my Bellamira turnd a goddessse?
Within the table of her glorious face
Methinks the pure extraction of all beauty
Flowes in abundance to my love-sick eye.
O, Rodoricke, she is admirably fayre;
And sleeping if her beauty be so rare
How will her eyes inchaunt me if she wake.



Here, take the poyson; Ile not stayne her face
For all the treasure of the Westernne Island.

Rod. I see no such admired perfection.
Waken her, Burbon, and this loving charme,
Which now hath led your sences prisoner,
Will vanish, and her speach, full of reproofe,
Beget a new phantasma all of hate.
Thou wilt detest her when she shall deny thee.

Bur. Waken her Roderick, for I want the power.

Rod. I hope I am disguisde sufficiently
That Bellamira cannot know my face.—
Madam, fayre Bellamira!

Bel. Here I am: Who calls on Bellamira?

Bur. I, fayre love; The Duke of Burbon that doth honor thee.

Bel. The Duke of Burbon in my Tent so late! Where is my Gard? what, Peter, Thomasin!

Rod. Step to her and restrayne her lest she call: Ile be a looker on and be unknowne.

Bur. What needs your Highnesse call for any Gard
Since you are garded with a faythfull frend?
Behold me, Madam, humbly on my knee
Come to renew my suite: vouchsafe me love
Or with this weapon take away my life.
Much better 'twere a thousand times to dye
Then live in torment of your scorching eye.
You have inflam'd my heart; oh quench that flame
Or into cinders turne my haplesse truncke,
Haplesse in being unbelov'd by you.



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Bel. My Lord of Burbon, you presume too much
On th' extremity of passion.
Have I not answerd many an idle letter
With full assurance that I cannot love?
Have I not often *viva voce* checkt
Your courtly kindnes, frownd upon your smiles,
Usde you unkindly, all to weane your love?
And doe you still persever in your suite?
I tell thee, Burbon, this bold part of thine,
To breake into my Tent at dead of night,
Deserves severe correction, and the more
Because it brings mine honour into question.
I charge thee, as thou art a Gentleman,
Betake thee to thine own Pavilion,
And let this answer satisfie for all:
Burbon, I cannot nor I will not love thee.

Bur. Cannot nor will not? Zounds, Madam, but you must.

Bel. Must I?

Bur. And shall.

Bel You will not force me to it?

Bur. Or force that sparkling beauty from your face.
Looke not so fiercely nor cry out for helpe,
For if you doe this makes you cry your last.
Seing neyther words, kind letters, hearty sighes.
Humble intreaty nor a world of payne
Can move you to take pittie of my love,
But Tyrant-like your beauty seeks my life;
I will blot out that beauty with this juice.
Thus, thus I wipe away my passions,
Thus doe I heale the torments of my love,
Thus doe I ransome my intralld eye,
And by depriving of the cause of life
Kill th' effect, which was a world of sorrow.
Farewell, foule Bellamira; I am pleasde
In this revenge that no way could be easde. [*Exit.*

Rod.—Zounds, he has don't: now, Roderick, joy thy fill.
Burbon is thine, the Dukedome is thine owne,
For only he in the Inheritance



Stood as an obstacle to let my clayme.
This deed of his will take away his life:
And then let me alone to enjoy his land.
He steale away unseene, cause unsuspected;
I would not for the world be once detected. [*Exit.*

Bel. Poyson my face! oh most inhuman wretche!
Revenge more vile then to abbridge my life.
What, Thomasin! What, brother Ferdinand!
My kingly father! is there none that heares?
Then Treason, treason! let that waken you,
For capitall is this offence to me.

Enter Navar, Pembroke, Ferdinand and Thomasin.

Tho. O Jesu! mistris, what ayles your face?

Nav. Her face!

Ferd. Tis spotted like a Panthers skin.

Pem. O were those spots as kindly beautiful Then were fayre Bellamira undeform'd.

Nav. O what divine power hath sent this Leprosy?

Ferd. Say, beautious Sister.

Pem. Speake, fayre Bellamira.

Nav. My sweet daughter, speake.

Pem. Her silence argues a tormented spirit.



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Ferd.—Thy countenance argues a deceitfull soule.

Enter Lewes, Philip, Rodoricke and Flaunders.

Lew. Where is Navar?

Phil. Where is fayre Bellamira?

Bel. My Philip! oh give leave to fly his sight.

Nav. Stay, gentle daughter; heele not injure thee.

Lew. Heere are the Articles concluded on.
I could not rest till I had signed them
And brought them to your Highnesse. A moneth hence
The mariage shall be fully solemnized,
So please your Majesty and your fayre daughter.
Are you content?

Nav. To live in discontent.

Phil. Methinks this royall presence hath dim looks.
Is it because they are in the armes of night,
Which sets a leaden lustre in the eye?
Or hath some accident occoasted [sic] them
That troubles their aspect with melancholy?
Is Navar well? is Ferdinando well?
Is Pembroke well? is Bellamira well?
O where is Bellamira? tell me, Princes,
For now my tongue hath strooke upon her name
I feele a kind of killing extasie.
Where is she? in her Tent?

Bel.—Deny me father. I would not see Prince Philip with this face.

Phil. Why speak you not? what, have I toucht the string
Whereon the burden of your sorrow lyes?
Father, look round about: see you my love?
Rodoricke, look round about: see you my love?

Lew. I see her not.

Rod. Nor I.



Phil. I say not so:
The garments that she weares mine eye should know.
What Lady's this that hides her heavenly face?
Here are no Basilisks with killing eyes:
You need not hide your beauty: sweet, look up,
Me thinks I have an interest in these looks.
What's here? a Leper amongst Noble men?
What creatures thys? why stayes she in this place?
Oh, tis no marvell though she hide her face,
For tis infectious: let her leave the presence,
Or Leprosie will cleave unto us all.

Bel. O let me leave the presence, gentle father, When Philip bids his Bellamira goe.

Phil. My Bellamira!

Lew. How? my sonnes belov'd!

Phil. Is this my love? was this your beauteous child?

Nav. My child.

Ferd. My sister.

Pem. Beauteous Bellamira.

Nav. Spotted.

Ferd. Disfigured.

Pem. Made a loathsome Leper.

Rod. How came this sudden alteration?
For she was comely, lovely, beautiful,
When the day left his Charriot to the night.

Nav. That heaven doth know, and onely Bellamira. Daughter, I charge thee, tell me how it came.

Bell. Burbon, oh Burbon,—

Lew. Did he doe the deed?

Bell. He came into my Tent at dead of night
And rubd my face with an infectuous herbe
Because I would not graunt unto his love.
I cry'd for helpe, but none did succour me.



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Rod.—I know he did and laugh to thinke on [i]t.

Lew. And he shall rue his treason.

Phil. Threaten not;
Leave the revenge to me whom it concernes.
Tis I am robd of a delicious looke,
A heavenly sparkling brow, a starry eye,
A countenance fayrer than Auroraes lookes
When all the East is guilded with her blush.
Tis I will be reveng'd, but not before
I have espoused my lovely Bellamira.

Lew. Espoused her!

Nav. How? marry a face deform'd!

Ferd. A leprous creature!

Pem. An infectuous mayd!

Rod. One whose sores are perchance incureable!

Phil. Be they incureable, it is my Love,
And for my sake she hath indur'd this wrong;
And should I now forsake her thus distrest
I could not merit a true Lovers name.
To shew I love her I will marry her
Before the moneth expire, nay in the morne:
Delays, perchance, may make her think I scorne.

Bel. Marry with me? fetch me a looking glasse
That I may see how sweet a bride I am.
Oh I detest my selfe. Deare, hate me, too:
I am not to be maryed but to death.
Though I were Empresse of the spacious world
Ide lay my selfe and kingdome at thy feet.
Live, noble Philip, joy some happy match;
Tis my unworthinesse makes me deny thee.

Phil. Thinkst thou, because thy face is spotted, so
Thou art not worthy of thy Philips love?
Thy face to me was but a Mar[e]s[c]hall
To lodge thy sacred person in my mind,
Which long agoe is surely chambred there.



And now what needs an outward Harbinger?
I doe affect, not superficially:
My love extendeth further than the skin.
The inward Bellamira tis I seeke,
And unto her will Philip be espousde.

Nav. Oh admirable love!

Lew. O my deare sonne, Thou makest me famous by thy loyalty.

Rod. I never heard the like.

Pem. Pen never writ A worthyer Story to posterity.

Ferd.—Pen never writ of a more treacherous friend Then, Pembroke, thou hast prov'd
to Ferdinand.

Phil. Sweet Love, prepare thee to be Philips Bryde;
For heere I sweare, as I am royall borne,
Ile marry thee before the mornings Sunne
Hath runne the third part of his glorious course.
Father, good night; deare friends, deare Love, good night:
Mariage, I hope, will make my spirits more light.

[*Exit.*

Nav. Good night, sweet son. King Lewes, stay with me; Be thou my comforter, Ile
comfort thee.

[*Exeunt kings.*

Ferd. Pembroke, remember that thou faile me not. [*Exit.*

Pem. O God, what may these moody lookes intend? Me thinks, I should have better
from my friend. [*Exit.*



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Bel. Now, Bellamira, thou hast time to thinke
Upon these troublous matters. Should I suffer
So brave a Gentleman as Philip is
To wed himselfe to my unworthy selfe,
It would be counted vertue in the Prince
But I were worthy of a world of blame.
No, Philip, no; thou shalt not wrong thine honour
Nor be impeacht by Bellamiraes spots.
In some disguise Ile steale away to-night
And ne're appeare more in my Philips sight.

[Exit.

Actus Tertius.

[SCENE 1.]

Enter Dicke Bowyer.

Bow. There is no toyle to this walkinge of the Round. S'hart, I have been stumbling up and downe all this night like a Brewers horse that has ne're a good eye in his head. Tis as darke as Pitch: I can resemble our Campe to nothing better then hell, save that in hell they are always waking and heere the villaynes are as drowsie as swyne. Lieutenant Nod! why you might have shot a double Cannon in his eare and never have wakt him. I jogd and I jogd, I showted and I showted, and yet the mungrel snorted, you might heare him to Dover: at last I dragd him by the heeles into a ditch of water and there left the Lobster crawling. A the tother side, Core being appoynted to stand sentynell upon the Wallounes quarter, s'hart the Loach gets me into a Sutlers bath and there sits mee drinking for Joanes best cap: but by this hand, and as Dicke Bowyer is a Soldier and a Cavaliero, he shall sit in the boulds for it to morrow. My comfort is in these extremities that I brought Thomasin to her Ladies Tent, leaving her new-come Lover to picke strawes. But, soft: *qui vou la?*[130]

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. My name is Ferdinand.

Bow. Stand!

Ferd. Why, Captayne, thou dost knowe me well inough.

Bow. Know or not know, without the word you passe not.

Ferd. Soliman.



Bow. So, *allie, allie, Monseur.*

Ferd. First, tell me, sawest thou Pembroke come this way?

Bow. I saw him not.

Ferd. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Bow. As much to you. Zounds, these French think to outface us with a card of ten^[131]: but, and his beard were made of brasse, Dicke Bowyer will make him know the discipline of war. Here comes another.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Who's there? Dick Bowyer?

Bow. Some call me so: what then?

Pem. Pembroke salutes thee.

Bow. O good morrow, my Lord, good morrow.

Pem. I prythee, Captayne, sawst thou Ferdinand, Sonne to Navar, as thou didst walke the round.

Bow. Even now, my Lord, he past along this way.

Pem. Himselfe alone? or had he company?

Bow. Nay, questionlesse, he was alone, my Lord.

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Pem. Couldst thou discern his face? how did he looke?

Bow. Faith, scurvily, my Lord, like a greene cheese or the inside of a rotten Pumpian.
[132]

Pem. There is Crownes for thee to drinke. [*Exit Pem.*]

Bow. I thanke your Lordship. To see the difference betweene these French Curre and our English Cavaliers! There's as much bounty in them as there's Marchpane in a dish of Almond butter. I might have stood heere till my teeth chatter in my head e're the tother Launcepresado[133] would have sayd, Here, Captayn Bowyer, there's a Cardicue[134] to wash downe melancholy. But, had I knowne as much, I would have basted him till his bones had rattled in his skin.

Enter Core and other Souldiers bringing in the Clowne.

All. Come, sir, you shall answere your walking before our Captayne.

Clow. Well, sirs, take heed what you doe: I am a Princes man; if you stay me upon the kings hye way I can lay fellowship to your charge.

Core. But, sirra, we can lay Treason to thine for being without the word.

Clow. Without the word! O pernicious Frenchman! without the word! why, I have call'd thee Villayne, him Rascall, this Slave, that Rogue; and am I still without the word.

Core. I, sir, the word that must serve your turne, the Watch-word.

Clow. Fayth, y'are like to watch this twelve moneth ere you have any other words at my hands.

Bow. How now, masters? what calfe are you dragging to the slaughter-house there, ha?

Core. A stragler and a spy, Captayne, I pray examine him.

Bow. So, Lieutenant Core, you are crept from your cups at last: Ile talke with you anon. But, sirra, to you: From whence come you?

Clow. I came, Sir, from the king of Fraunces campe.

Bow. So, what's your name?

Clow. My name, sir, is Bow wow.



Bow. S'hart, what a name's that! the Hedge-hog mocks us. Bow wow, quotha? what kin art thou to the generation of Dogges?

Clow. No dog, sir: would you should know it, though I be encompassed with cures.

Bow. Zounds, he calls us cures! hang the hotch-potch up in a fathom or two of match.

Clow. Not you, sir; I call not you so. I know you to be a very insufficient ill-spoken Gentleman.

Bow. Well, sirra, whom do you serve?

Clow. My master, sir, is the Lady Catherine, the French king's daughter. I have bin abroad about some businesse of hers, and am now going backe againe.

Bow. An honorable Lady, sir. Let him goe; tis against the law of armes to stay him.

Clow. Stand of. But, soft; I doe not know your name, sir, that my Lady may give you thanks.

Bow. My name's Dick Bowyer.

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Clow. Then, master Dicke Bowyer, after my heartie commendations, adue! but as for the rest I shall, I say no more, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Bow. How now, Core? how can you answer your being a tippling when you should stand Sentinel?

Core. Beleeve me, Captayne, I had but a whiffe or two; for I was passing dry.

Bow. Thou art alwayes dry: the whorson Maultworm has a throat like the burning Clyme or a Glassemakers Furnace. But your remove from thence has sav'd you from the boulds. How now? what Water-Spanyell have we heere?

Enter Nod.

Core. Tis Lieutenant Nod.

Nod. Captayne, deride me not. I protest I came by this mischaunce by good service, by following a spy that came to discover our army.

Bow. O notable Rogue! did not I find thee asleepe and threw thee into a ditch?

Nod. Was't you? by this light, I took you for a spy.

Bow. Yet saw me not no more then a Molewarp. This is an egregious Rogue.

Nod. Yes, I saw you well ynough and I did but try how you would use me.

Bow. By this flesh and bloud many one that lyes in his grave was not halfe so sencelesse. But the Watch breakes up: every one to his quarter, away!

[Exeunt.

[SCENE 2.]

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Tis true, they are gone together, and I am sent to watch Prince Ferdinand and the Earle of Pembroke. This way they went, but they are got out of sight. I were very bad to be a hound, that have no better a sent. If they were hares as they are men, I should think them squatted. But, husht! here comes one of them.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. The morne lookes red, red mornes doe threat a storme;
That storme shall light on Pembroke or my selfe.
This is our meeting place; here runnes the streame



That parts our camps; the time consorts the place;
And (Pembrooke) if thy reputation hold,
It is thy q. to enter.

Enter Pembrooke.

Clow. Heere comes the tother; this is lucke upon lucke. Now will I run and fetch my mistris the Lady Katharine to part their fray. [*Exit.*]

Pem. Good end succeed my early heavynesse!
Three times my feet, as loth to guide me hither,
Have stumbled in a playne and even way.
My sword forsooke his scabbard once or twice;
Bloud from my nostrills thrice hath spowted forth,
And such a dymnesse overrunnes my sight
That I have tane a tree to bee a man
And question'd with it about serious things.
This is the place where I must meet my friend:
Yonder he stands.—Good morrow, Ferdinand.

Ferd. Good morrow to thy death. Draw, Pembrooke, draw, The ground thou treadst upon must be thy grave.

Pem. Draw upon Ferdinand?



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Ferd. I, upon me.
Dally not, Pembroke; I am bent to fight
And that with thee for the best blood thou bearest.

Pem. You have some reason for this resolution.

Ferd. My will.

Pem. A sorry argument to kill your friend.
I must have better reason than your will
Or Ile not draw upon my Ferdinand.
Our love is older then of one dayes growth;
A yeres continuance hath united us.
Have we not made an enterchange of othes,
Sworne love to one another twenty times,
Confirmd that friendship by society,
Encreasde it with the simpathy of mind,
Making one pleasure pleasure unto both?
And shall this bond be broken upon will?

Ferd. Then youle not draw?

Pem. Yes, neerer to thy person In friendly sort to embrace thee, Ferdinand.

Ferd. Thou art a coward and thou dar'st not fight.

Pem. Thou knowst the contrary, for we have fought At every weapon to approve our skill.

Ferd. Goe to, you are a villayne and a coward, And by the royall blood that gave me life
Ile kill thee, Pembroke, though thou do not draw.

Pem. Kill me? thou wilt not wrong thine honour so?

Ferd. Zounds but I will; &, traitor, take thou that.
[Wounds him.]

Pem. Wound me so desperately? nay, then, Ile draw,
Not to offend but to defend my selfe.
Now I perceyve it is my blood thou seekst.
Witnesse, you heavens and all you gracious powers
That stand auspicious to this enterprise,
That Pembroke drawes forth an unwilling sword.

Ferd. Why, so; now manfully defend thy selfe.



Pem. Another wound? then Pembroke, rowse thy spirit
And beare no longer with this haire-braynd man.
Yet (Ferdinand) resolve me of the cause
That moves thee to this unkind enterprise,
And if I satisfie thee not in words
This double wound shall please thee with my bloud;
Nay, with my sword Ile make a score of wounds
Rather then want of bloud divorce thy love.

Ferd. I hate thee deadly and I seeke thy life:
What other reason, Pembroke, wouldst thou have?
Prepare, prepare, in this conflict to show
Thou art a knight and canst o'recome thy foe.

Pem. And if I spare thee not, impute the cause To thine owne rashnes and mine aking wounds.

Fight, and hurt eche other; both fall downe as dead.

Ferd. I hope I have slayne thee.

Pem. Oh I feare thy life. How fares my Ferdinand?

Ferd. What? liv'st thou yet? Then my fare is ill.

Pem. I am markt for death, I feele a generall fayntnesse through my lymmes; Expendce of bloud will soone expend my life.

Ferd. The like debility my joynts doe feele.



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Pem. Then we must both dye. In the latest of death Tell me, oh tell me, whence proceeds this hate?

Ferd. I feare not (Pembrooke) to discover now.
Thou wert my Spokes-man unto Katherine
And treacherously thou stol'st away her heart.
Oh I can say no more, my spirits doe faynt:
Pembrooke, farewell; I have reveng'd my wrong.

Pem. O yet a little longer, gracious time,
Detayne his princely spirit in his brest
That I may tell him he is misse-inform'd
And purge my selfe unto my dying friend.
But death hath layd his num-cold hand upon me:
I am arrested to depart this life.
Deare Ferdinand, although thou be my death,
On thee Ile friendly breathe my latest breath.

Enter Forrester.

For. How full of pleasure is this Forrest life!
My Parke I liken to a Common wealth
In which my Bucks and Does are Citizens;
The Hunters Lodge the Court from whence is sent
Sentence of life or death as please the King;
Onely our government's a tyranny[135]
In that wee kill our subjects upon sport.
But stay; what Gentlemen do heere lye slayne?
If any sparke of life doe yet remayne
Ile helpe to fanne it with a nymble hand.
The organ of his hand doth play apace;
He is not so far spent but that with helpe
He may recover to his former state.
How is the other? I doe feel soft breath
Breake from between his lips. Oh for some ayd
To beare them to the Forrest to my Lodge,
But as I am Ile try my utmost strength
To save their lives. First seene shall be the first:
Patience and Ile returne and fetch the other.

[Exit.

Enter Fisherman.



Fisher. My angle-rod is broke, my sport is done,
But I will fetch my net to catch some fish;
To lose both fish and pleasure is too much.
Oh what contentment lives there in the brooke!
What pretty traines are made by cunning hands
To intrap the wily watry Citizens[136]!
But what art thou that lyeest on the ground?
Sleepst thou or art thou slaine? hath breath his last?
No sparke of life appeares, yet from his eye
Me thinks I see a glymmering light breake forth,
Which, wanting strength, is like a twilight glimse.
If there be any hope to save his life
Ile try my utmost cunning. To my house,
Poore Gentleman, Ile beare thee as a ghest,
And eyther cure thy wounds or make thy grave.

[Exit.

*Enter Forrester, missing the other taken away,
speaks anything, and exit.*

Enter Clowne and Katharine.

Clow. Just in this circle I left the two Princes ready to draw; for I read the whole
discourse of the Combate in their red eyes.

Kath. Heere lye their weapons and heere flowes their bloud.

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Clow. Have they not slayne one another and buryed themselves?

Kath. Peace, foole; [i]t is too sure that they are slayne.

Clow. O Lord, then let mee turne my selfe into a Ballad and mourne for them?

Kath. Thou angrest me with jesting at my sorrow. Hence from my sight! my heart is full of griefe And it will breake, the burthen is so great.

Clow. Goe from your sight? then let me goe out of your company, for I had as leewe leave your sight as your company. Is this my reward for watching and watching? Oh, Mistris, doe not kill mee with unkindnesse[137]: I shall, I shall—

Kath. What shall you?

Clow. Weepe out mine eyes and fill the holes with salt water.

Kath. I prythee leave me; I am not displeasd,
But fayne would vent my sorrowe from my heart.
Hold, take my purse, spend that and leave my presence.
Goe everywhere; enquire my Pembroke out,
And if thou bringst me to his breathlesse truncke
I will reward thee with a treble gift.

Clow. Well, I were best bee going, now I am so fayrely offred. Mistris, your reward hath stopt my eares and entic'de my legs to be walking. Farewell, I will goe, God knows whither, to seeke and to finde both and neyther. Farewell, sweet Mistris. [*Exit.*]

Kath. O Pembroke, let me kneele unto thy bloud:
And yet I know not whether't be thy bloud,
Save that my soule by a divine instinct
Tells me it is the treasure of thy veynes.
If thou beest dead, thou mirrour of all men,
I vow to dye with thee: this field, this grove,
Shall be my receptacle till my last;
My pillow shall be made a banke of mosse,
And what I drinke the silver brooke shall yeeld.
No other campe nor Court will Katharine have
Till fates do limit her a common grave.

[SCENE 3.]

Enter Fraunce, Navar, Philip, Flaunders, Thomasin, and attendants.

Nav. Our daughter fled? when? whither? which way? how?



Tho. I know not.

Phil. Bellamira, my lives joy!
Upon those pinnyons that support her flight
Hovers my heart; you beare away my soule.
Turne, turne agayn, and give this earthly frame
Essentiall power, which for thine absence dyes.
Thou art the sweet of sweets, the joy of joyes;
For thee was Philip borne. O turne agayne,
And Philip is the blesseddest of men.

Lew. We are glad she's gone though we dissemble it. —Sonne, bridle this affection,
cease these laments: She did not value them.

Nav. Lewis, she did, Till savage hate that shape disfigured.



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Phil. O she was worthy to be Queene of heaven;
Her beauty, e're it suffred violence,
Was like the Sunne in his Meridian Throne,
Too splendent for weake eyes to gaze upon.
She was too bright before, till being hid
Under that envious cloud, it took the place
Of a darke ground to show a lovelyer face.
That Leprosie in her seemd perfect beauty
And she did guild her imperfections o're
With vertue, which no foule calumnious breath
Could ever soyle: true vertues dye is such
That malice cannot stayne nor envy tuch.
Then say not but her worth surmounts these woes.

Nav. She griev'd to tye you to a hated bed And therefore followed Burbon for revenge.

Phil. Bourbon! who names him? that same verball sound
Is like a thunderclap to Philips eares,
Frighting my very soule. Sure you said Burbon,
And to that prodegie you joynd revenge,
Revenge that like a shaddow followes him.
'Twas he that made me bankrout of all blisse,
Sude the divorce of that pure white and red
Which deckt my Bellamiraes lovely cheeks:
And shall he scape unpunisht?

Lew. Joyne your hands And all with us sweare vengeance on the Duke.

Phil. Not for the world: who prosecutes his hate On Burbon injures me; I am his foe,
And none but I will work his overthrow.

Lew. What meanes our sonne?

Phil. To hunt him for revenge.
The darkest angle of this universe
Shall not contayne him: through the bounded world
Ile prosecute his flight with ceaslesse steps,
And when long travell makes them dull or faynt,
Bayting[138] them fresh with Bellamiraes wrongs,
Like Eagles they shall cut the flaxen ayre
And in an instant bring me where he is.

Lew. Where goes our sonne?



Phil. To hell, so that in that kingdome Fate would assertayne me to meet with Burbon.
Where ever I confront him, this shall kill him.

Nav. Thou shalt have ayd to compasse thy revenge.

Phil. No ayd but this strong arme. Farewell, farewell! Since Bellamira hath forsooke
her friend, I seeke destruction (Burbon) and mine ende. [*Exit.*

Lew. Stay him: this fury will betray thy life.

Nav. Poore king made wretched by thy daughters losse!

Lew. Poore king made wretched by thy desperat sonne!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Spend not your woes too fast, but save some teares To dew the obsequies of
your dead sonne.

Nav. What? Ferdinand?

Mess. Hee's slaine by Pembrokes hands
And Pembroke left breathles by Ferdinand.
Theire quarrell is uncertain and their bodies
By some uncivill hands convayed away,
And no inquiry can discover them.

Nav. Our sonne slaine? Bellamira poysoned? Navarre, teare off these hayres and
raging die.



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Enter Rodoricke.

Lew. More Tragedies at hand? what newes brings Rodoricke?

Rod. Such as will make the hearers sencelesse truncks.
Why doth your highnes in your foe-mens tents
Revell away the time and yield your person
To the knowne malice of your enemies,
Whilst in your owne tents rapine and foule lust
Graspes your fayre daughter to dishonour her?

Lew. Our daughter?

Rod. She is slily stolen from thence,
Yet none knows whither save one Sentinell,
Who doth report he heard a wretched Lady
Exclaime false Ferdinand would ravish her.

Lew. That was my child, dishonor'd by thy sonne.

Nav. You wrong him, France.

Lew. Thou hast betrayed us, king,
And traynd us to a loathed festivall,
The mariage of thy staynd and leprous child,
Whilst in our absence Ferdinand unjust
Hath staind our daughters beautie with vild lust.

Flaun. If you remember, he & English Pembroke Last day forsooke your Campe as discontent.

Lew. That proov'd their loves were fayn'd, and of set malice He came to view our Campe, how he might act That deed of obloquy and scape with lyfe.

Nav. Tis Fraunce hath done the wrong: you have commenst
This deed of death on Pembroke & our son,
And now, to cover it, suggest and fayne
Our guiltlesse sonne a guilty ravisher.
But render me their bodies.

Lew. Where's our Child?

Nav. Seeke her.

Lew. Seeke Ferdinand.



Nav. Fraunce!

Lew. Petty king, For this our wrong looke to be underling.

Nav. What Drum is this?

Lew. Are we intrapt, Navar?

Rod. Feare not. On yonder hill, whose lofty head
Orelooke the under-valleyes, Royall Burbon,
Attended by ten thousand Souldiers,
Craves peace and faire accord with mighty Fraunce.

Nav. Burbon that was the ruyne of my Child! Summon our forces straight and charge
the slave.

Lew. What meanes the king of Fraunce?

Rod. To joyne with him.

Nav. What? with a Traytor and a murtherer?

Lew. He did a deed of merit and of fame,
Poysoned the Sister of a ravisher,
A Tarquin, an incestuous Tereus,
And our poore Child the wronged Philomell.
Arayne our Battailes straight and joyne with Burbon.

Nav. Heare what wee'le urge.

Lew. Speake then in warre and death: In other termes our rage will spend no breath.

Nav. And we will speake so lowd that heaven it selfe
Shall echo with the clangor. Both our children
Weele race from our remembrance, and advance
No other thought but how to plague proud France.
Conjoyne with Burbon! e're three suns shall set
In the vast kingdome of Oceanus,
In a pitcht field weele meet the king of Fraunce
And that false traytor Duke.



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Lew. Navar, thou dar'st not.

Nav. Now by Saynt Denis and our Grandsire's tombe Weele meet thee.

Lew. Welcome. O bring valiant men, Weel think on nought but graves & tombs till then.

[Exeunt.]

Rod. Ha, ha! I laugh to see these kings at jarr.
How civill discord, like a raging floud
Swelling above her banks, shall drowne this land
Whilst Rodoricke on her ruines builds his hopes.
The king of Fraunce, through my suggestion,
Thinks Katherine his daughter ravished,
Who onely, winged with love, is fled the Campe.
Pembroke and Ferdinand, in mutual strife,
Slayne by eche other doth confirme my words
And for revenge whets keene the two Kings swords.

[Exit.]

Actus Quartus.

[SCENE 1.]

Enter Pembroke armde and the Forrester.

Pem. I thank thee, Forrester, whose rough grown walks,
Wild in aspect, afford more courtesy
Then places smother for civility.
My life, redeemd by thy industrious hand,
Remaynes in love and duty bound to thee.

For. Fayre Knight, prevention of sad death by health More joyes my soule then thanks
or rich reward. But is your armour easy? sits it well?

Pem. I never in my life was better fitted.
This should be that unlucky fatall place
Where causlesse hate drew bloud from Ferdinand.
Behold the grasse: a purple register
Still blusheth in remembrance of our fight.
Why wither not these trees, those herbs and plants?
And every neighbour branch droup out their grief?
Poore soules, they do, and have wept out their sap.



Yet I have paid no duty to my friend.
Where is the Tombe I wold you to erect?

For. See, valiant knight, proportiond and set up As well as my poore skill would suffer mee: And heere his picture hangs.

Pem. You have done well:
Yon hand I see's a perfect Architect
In sorrowes building. Once more let suffice
I quite your painfull travell but with thanks.
Now leave me to my selfe, for here I vow
To spend the remnant of my haples dayes.
No knight nor Prince shall ever passe this way
Before his tongue acknowledge *Ferdinand*
The faythfullst lover and the lovingst friend
The world contaynes. Ile have his Sepulcher,
As yet but naked and ungarnished,
E're many dayes hang richer with the spoyles
And vanquisht Trophies of proud passengers
Then was the Romans wealthy Capitoll.
So, gentle Forrester, bequeath thy prayers
In my assistance: that is all I crave.

For. The God of power give power unto your arme That you may prove victorious-fortunate.



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Pem. Farewell, kind host.

[Exit Forester.]

And now let me embrace
This empty Monument of my lost friend.
Oh! wer't so happy to enshrine his bones
How blest should *Pembrooke* be! but they are torne
By the fierce savadge *Woolfe* whose filthy mawe
Is made an unfit grave to bury him.
But, if (without offence) I may desire it,
I wish his soule from Paradise may see
How well his name is kept in memorie.
These eyes that saw him bleed have wept for him,
This heart devisde his harme hath sigh'd for him,
And now this hand, that with ungentle force
Depryv'd his life, shall with repentant service
Make treble satisfaction to his soule.
Fortune, thou dost me wrong to suffer me
So long uncombated: I prythee send
Some stubborne knight, some passenger,
Whose stout controuling stomach will refuse
To yield to my prescription but by force.
I hate this idle rest of precious time.

Enter Kathar.

How now? derid'st thou my devotion, goddesse,
Thou sendst a woman to incounter me?
Henceforth Ile hold thee for a fayned name
And no disposer of my Christian hopes.
But, soft; I know that face: oh, !! tis she
Was unjust cause of all my misery.

Kath. Long have I wandred with unquiet mind
To find my *Pembrook*. That they fought, I heare;
That they were wounded both to death, I heare;
But whether cu'rde or dead I cannot heare,
Nor lives there any (if deceasde) can tell
Within what place their bodies are interr'd.
Since therefore all my travell is in vayne,
Here will I take a truce with former care.
This cursed nook was that unlucky plot
Where cursed *Ferdinand* did kill my love.
What knight is this? Ile question him: perhaps



He can resolve me where my Pembroke is.
—Joy and good fortune, sir, attend your state.

Pem. Your wishes come too late. What seeke you, Madam?

Kath. Tell me, sir knight, for so you seeme to be,
Know you this dismall place you do frequent?
Or have you heard of that unhappy fight
Was here perform'd by Pembroke and his foe?

Pem. Yes, Madam, I have heard of it long since And to my grief knew both the gentlemen.

Kath. But can you tell me if they live or no, Or, dead, what hand hath given them buryall?

Pem. Rest you assured, Madam, they are dead:
The one of them, to whom I was allyed
And neerely knit in friendship from my youth,
By me lyes buried heere: a braver knight
And truer Lover never breathd in Fraunce.

Kath. O tell me, is it Pembroke? if for him
You have erected this fayre monument,
Perpetuall honour I will do your state.

Pem. Not only, Madam, have I built this tombe
In his memoriall, but my selfe have sworne
Continuall residence within this wood;
And for the love I bare him weare these armes
That whatsoever knight, adventurer, or other,
Making his journey this way and refusing
To do knights homage to my breathlesse friend,
By this assayling steele may be compeld.



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Kath. Oh let me know your name, so kindly mov'd To dignifie my Pembroke's high deserts.

Pem. You did not heare me say 'twas Pembroke, Madam.
What is become of him I do not know
Nor greatly care, since he did wrong my friend
And first inkindled this dissensious brawle.
This buried here is noble Ferdinand,
His fathers comfort and his Countryes hope.
Oh, Madam, had you seene him as I did,
Begirt with wounds that like so many mouthes
Seem'd to complayne his timelesse overthrow,
And had before bin inward with his vertues;
To thinke that nature should indure such wracke
And at one time so many precious gifts
Perish by death, would have dissolv'd your heart.
He was the very pride of fortitude,
The house of vertue, and true friendship's mirrour.
Looke on his picture: in the armes of death
When he was ready to give up the ghost,
I causde it to be drawne. If at that time,
In that extremity of bitter pangs,
He lookt so lovely, had so fresh a colour,
So quick a moving eye, so red a lip,
What was his beauty when he was in health?
See with what courage he indur'd the combat,
Smiling at death for all his tyranny.
Had death bin ought but what he was, sterne death,
He would have bin enamour'd with his looks.

Kath.—A certayne soft remorse
Creeps to my heart, perswades me he was true,
Loving and vertuous, but my selfe unkind
Coyly to scorne the proffer of his mind.

Pem. O that in Justice of her former hate
She now would hopelesse doat on Ferdinand.
Ile do the best I can to bring her on:
Despaire and madnesse fetch her off againe.—
Madam, how say you? wast not a greivous thing
So rich a Jem should lye rak't up in dust,
So sweet a flower be withred in his prime?



Kath. Death was a villayne for attempting it
And so was Pembroke for effecting it.
No bloudy Scythian or inhumane Turke
But would ha trembled to ha toucht his skin
Or spilt one drop of his Heroick bloud.

Pem. Had not that Lady then an yron heart,
A rude ingratefull mind, a savadge spirit,
That knew this vertuous honourable Knight,
This gracious shape and unmatched excellence,
To be intangled with her fervent love,
To serve her in all loyalty of heart,
To reverence and adore her very name,
To be content to kisse the lowly earth
Where she did set her foot; and when he sued
For grace, to scorne him, to deride his sighes,
And hold his teares and torment in contempt?
Of all that ever liv'd deserv'd she not
The worlds reproch and times perpetuall blot?

Kath. Heard you him ever speak of such a one?

Pem. Oft times, but chiefly then when he perceyv'd
His hurt was mortall and no way but death,
At every grone he cald upon her name
As if that sound were present remedy;
And when insulting death drew short his breath
And now was ready to close up his eyes,
Farewell, quoth he, where e're I find a shrine
My soule fly thou to beautious Katharine.

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Kath. That ruthlesse mind, that iron savage heart,
So greatly loved and so little loving,
Breathes in this brest; 'twas I returnd disdaine
For deepe affection, scorne for loyalty,
And now compassionlesse shall pine my selfe.
Oh, Ferdinand, forgive me, Ferdinand:
Injoyne me any penance for that wrong,
Say I shall tread a tedious pilgrimage
To furtherest Palestine, and I will do it.
But peace, fond woman! these exclames are vaine:
Thy Ferdinand is dead and cannot heare,
As thou wast sometimes deafe and wouldst not heare.

Pem. A just reward.—Come, Madam, have you done? Give me the picture I may hang it up.

Kath. Oh take it not away: since I have lost
The substance, suffer me to keep the shaddow.
Me thinks, so long as this is in my hand,
I claspe my Ferdinand between mine armes;
So long as I behold this lively forme,
So long am I refreshed by his smiles,
So long, me thinks, I heare him speak to me.
Knew I the Paynter drew this counterfeyt
I would reward him with a mynt of gold.

Pem. If such a pleasure you receyve by this,
I tell you, Madam, I shall shortly have
His whole proportion cut in Alabaster,
Armd as he was when he encountred here,
Which kneeling shall be set upon his tombe.

Kath. On that condition I will gather flowers
And once a day come straw them at his feet,
And once a day pay tribute of choyce thanks
To you the furtherer of my happinesse:
Till then I place the picture where it was.

Enter Clowne and Bellamira.

Clow. Come on, Madam; me thinks now a maske would do well. But I perceyve your drift, I smell your policy; you think a bold face hath no need of a black mask. Shall I tell you what you look like? A broyld herring or a tortur'de Image made of playster worke.



Bel. So, sirra, you may scoffe my misery.

Pem. Still haunted with these women! are men vanisht? Or what occasion leaves the Realme of Fraunce So voyd and empty of adventurous knights?

Clow. Out of peradventure, Madam, the ghost of Saint George is come out of England to see what hospitality S. Denis keeps in Fraunce.

Pem. Poore Bellamira, I lament thy state But I must still suppress my discontent. —
What are you, so deformed with lothsome spots? And what that Anticke keeps you company?

Clow. Anticke; thou lvest: and thou wert a knight of ginger-bread I am no Anticke. The whole parish where I was borne will sweare that since the raigne of Charlemain there was not a better face bred or brought up amongst them.

Pem. Away, ye russeting—

Kath. Have patience, Knight: how ever thus deform'd,
This Lady is the daughter of Navar.
Madam, it joyes me I have met you heere
Though much laments me of your heavy plight.
There needs no repetition of your wrong:
I know the villayne Burbon did the deed,
Whom my incensed brother will revenge.

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Bel. For Philips sake I have been martyrd thus,
And for his sake left King and Courtly life
To entertayne a Pilgrims payneful habit.
But on what strange adventure stayes this Knight
Within this desolate forsaken wood?

Kath. For love of Ferdinand your princely brother Whose hearse he gards in honorable
Armes.

Bel. Is this my brothers Hearse; is this the place
Where I was shipwrackt of a brothers name?
Oh let me spend a loving sigh for him
And sacrifice a sisters holy rites.
For ever rest, sweet Ferdinand, in peace
Untill thy body glorified from heaven
Become immortal by thy soules returne.

Pem. Poore Bellamira, how I pity thee, Yet must forbear to comfort thy distresse.

Clow. Is my yong Lord buried here? I say no more, but I pray God send him a joyful
insurrection.

Kat. Inough, sweet Bellamira.
These leprous spots tis time they were remov'd.
Come, goe with me: since I left Aquitayne
And came acquaynted with these private walks,
It was my happy chance to meet an Hermit
Whose skill in Phisike warrants present cure
And pure refining of your poysoned bloud.
Ile bring you thither: afterward select
Delicious sweets to decke your brothers tombe.
Come, sirra, follow us.

[*Exeunt.*

Clow. Doe not think, Madam, that Ile forsake you. And so, sir, you that walk in pewter
vessayle, like one of the worthy,es, will you be rul'd by me?

Pem. Wherein?

Clow. To set a gyn for Woodcocks & catch your selfe first.

[*Exit.*



Pem. Hence, beetle-head. And, Pembroke, now bethink
How great a tyde of miseries breakes in.
First, thou art taxed with the losse of him
Whom equall with thy selfe thou holdest Deare;
Next, Bellamira is become a Leper,
Whose absence Philip carefully laments;
Then trecherous Burbon joynes himselfe with Fraunce
And both the Kings are angerly incenst;
But last, which is some comfort to the rest,
Disdaynfull Katharine wastes with fruiteless love:
Would all so minded like mishap might prove.
But by this signall there are knights at hand:
I must provide their valours to withstand.

*Enter Fraunce, Burbon, Rodoricke, Peter de Lions, at
one dore; at the other Navar, Flaunders, Dicke
Bowyer and Souldiers: Pembroke betweene them.*

Pem. Stay your intended march.

Lew. What Peere of France
Or in the world, so haughty-resolute,
Dare breathe the word of "stay" to mighty Fraunce?

Nav. Or what art thou presum'st to stay my course?

Pem. A knight I am and to adventures bound:
This monument erected for my friend
By me is garded. If you meane to passe,
You must do homage or else fight with me.

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Lew. Homage of me! Know I am King of France And in subjection to no earthly powers.

Nav. Thou knowst not what thou sayst to challenge us
Of any such inferiour priviledge.
What homage is it thou requir'st of us?

Pem. First to acknowledge him lyes buried here The faythfulst Lover and most valyant
Knight That in this time drew sword or manag'd horse.

Bow. And what was he? Ascapart[139] or your countreyman Gargantua, that stuff
every button of his coate with a load of hay? 'S hart, wee have met a fellow here's all
mouth, hee speakes nothing but Monarch. Doest thou heare, King? give me leave to
incounter this puckfist,[140] and if I doe not make him cry *Peccavi* say Dicke Bowyer's a
powdered Mackrell.

Pet. My bloud beginnes to boyle; I could be pleasd To have this fellow by the eares but
that Theres many of my betters heere in place.

Fland. King of Navarre, let Flanders cope with him.

Burb. Imperiall France, give Burbon leave to try The hazzard of a combat with this
Boaster.

Pem. Dispatch, Navarre: one of you come forth To enterchange a warlike blow or two.

Lew. First let us know what penalty thou setst Upon thy selfe if thou be vanquished.

Pem. A recantation of my former wordes,
A servitude to him that conquers me;
But who soever is by me subdued
Must leave his Shield to beautifie this shrine.

Bur. Let not, Navar, my Lord, rob us of honor. Say Burbon first shall breake a Launce
with him.

Rod. Ascribe that priviledge, my Lord, to mee; And Roderick will have death or victory.

Lew. No, noble Roderick; Burbon shall begin, And as he speedes we will imploy your
power.

Pem. Provide thee, Burbon, Ile not favour thee.

Bur. Be sure Ile shew thee like hostility.



Lew. Hold, the advantage is [up]on thy side; The Duke of Burbon shal hang up his shield.

Pem. Ide rather have his life then al your shelds. Who is next?

Bow. Zounds, I think he has a patten to take up all the shields ith countrey. Hang me, if thou wantst worke heeres for Navar, the earle of Pembrok and Cavaliero Bowier. [*Fight.*] A thousand pound to a Taylors bodkin this fellow has a familiar; but howsomever, thou mayst thank my lame legge. Theres my shield.

Lew. Now, Roderick, betake you to your taske. [*Fight.*

Rodor. My fortune's answerable to the rest.

Lew. Since all miscarrie, Fraunce will put his chaunce Upon the hazzard of the Dice for once.

Pem. You are an Honorable foe, my Lord: [*Fight.* By law of Armes you must hang up your shield.

Lew. I yeld to law and thy approved valour. King of Navar, will onely you sit out?

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Nav. No, king of Fraunce: my bloud's as hot as thine And this my weapon shall confirme my words. [*Fight.*

Bow. Navar, downe too! 'S hart this fellow hath the tricke of it. If he be not a witch or some Devill let me be slickt into a Carbinado.[141]

Nav. Thou sonne of Chivalrie, let me now intreate To know his name for whome thou reapst this honor, Or what he was whose bodie's heere interde?

Pem. A valiant Knight, his name yong Ferdinand, Slayne by misfortune of a friendly hand.

Nav. Is it my sonne thou makst thy valours prise
And striv[e]st to eternize with thy sword?
Let me embrace thee. Not alone my shield,
But I will leave my heart upon his shrine.
My dearest Ferdinand, I would my sighes
Or sad lamenting teares might have the power
Like Balme to quicken thy benumbed joynts:
Then would I drowne this marble e're I went
And heat it hote with vapour of my breath.

Lew. Navar, this now may testify thy wrong In false accusing me for his remove.

Nav. Thou maist be guilty still for ought I know;
For though I find him dead I find not yet
The Tragick manner of his haples end.
Thou mayst as well have murdred Ferdinand
As favour him hath poysond Bellamira.

Lew. Injurious king, it was base Ferdinand,
On whom just heavens have shown just vengeance heere,
Ravisht my Katharine and convayed her hence
Where I shall never more behold her face.

Nav. Tis false, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords.

Lew. Tis true, and wee'le mayntain it with our swords.

Pem. By heaven, the tounge prophanes the sacred name
Of Ferdinand with any villany,
Ile cut it out or stop his throate with bloud
And so dam in his blasphemous upbraydes.



Nav. Content thee, knight; Ile ease thee of that labor.
To morrow is expir'd the time of truce:
Fraunce, on with thy Battalions to the plaine
Thou wast prepar'd before to pitch upon.
Ile meet thee there.

Lew. And I will meet with thee. Sound Drums and Trumpets: honord knight, farewell:
Who shall survive next morn strange newes shall tel.

[Exeunt.]

Pem. Thus heady rage, blind in her rash resolve,
Drew Ferdinand and mee into the field
As now it doth these hot incensed kings.
Wer't not my vowes prohibit my desire,
To stay the inconvenience of this fight,
I would discover where their Daughters are,
To shew the error they are shrouded in:
But Time hath run a desperate course with mee
And desperate let them runne to misery.
Here comes a Straggler of their Army. Stand!

Enter Philip.

Phil. What voice is that presumes to byd me stand?

Pem. His that can force thee if thou wilt not stand.



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Phil. By this bright ayre reflected on my sword,
If the whole army of Navar had said
As much to Philip, yet he would not stand.
And thou but one, how dar'st thou prefer it,
Knowing how sharp a Spurre doth pricke me on,
The death of Burbon for my Bellamire?

Pem. Hang up thy shield, as other knights have done,
Upon the Hearse of noble Ferdinand,
And thou mayest freely passe without controule.

Phil. The Hearse of Ferdinand! I honor him:
He was the brother of my dearest Love.
What's this I see? my fathers batterd shield.
The shield of Fraunce! of Flaunders! Burbons too?
It can not then impeach or prejudice
The name of Philip to consort with such,
Especially being done for Ferdinand.
There is my shield, and, Knight, but for my haste,
I would expostulate of other things:
But, after traytrous Burbon I have slayne,
Knight, looke for me, Ile visit thee agayne.
Now, Rodorick, keepe thy word, and I am blest,
But if thou fayle Ile forward with the rest. [*Exit.*

Pem. Successful action sit upon thy sword![142]
This net of sorrowes, I perceyve, intangles
Not only Pembroke but the Court of France;
Navar and his associats are all toucht.
Time looke upon us and at last determine
These heart-dissevering tumults with a peace.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Since, Ferdinand, by gracious providence
Thou art recovered of thy mortall wounds,
With the new life thy body is revivde
Revive the ancient passions of thy mind.
Think on thy friend, on Pembroke take remorse,
Whose honord life thy hasty hand cut off.
This is the place, as I remember mee.
Whats heere? a Tombe? who hath prevented me
In my religious duty to my friend?
Yon Knight, I doubt not, can resolve me.



Pem. What art thou? stand!

Ferd. A Knight, and fayne would know What sacred monument and Tombe this is.

Pem. His, whilst he liv'd, that of the worlds increase
Was the most loyall friend and valiant Knight;
Which thou must likewise ratifie with me
And hang thy shield up to adorne his Hearse
Or venture Combate for denying it.

Ferd. His name, I pray thee.

Pem. Ferdinand.

Ferd.—What's he
Acquainted with my name? belike some one
Lov'd Pembroke, and supposing (wrongfully)
Me slaine by him, to satisfie for that
Observes this honor in my memory.
Be not thou, Ferdinand, ingratefull then,
But stand for Pembroke as this Knight for thee.

Pem. What answer givest thou? shal I homage have?

Ferd. Not for his sake thou nam'st, not for Ferdinand.
There liv'd a Knight exceld his petty fame
As far as costly Pearle the coursest Pebble,—
An English Knight cald Pembroke: were his bones
Interred heere, I would confesse of him
Much more than thou requir'st, and be content
To hang both shield and sword upon his Hearse.



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Pem. How comes this stranger by my name? Belike
He was affected unto Ferdinand,
And for his sake (hearing he did me wrong)
Covets to make amends, or meanes to prove
If I imbrace him with unfayned love.
He shall not doubt of that.—Once more I say
Twas Ferdinand was the renowned Knight
Of all the world.

Ferd. But I deny that saying, Giving to Pembroke that preeminence.

Pem. For Ferdinand my valour will I try.

Ferd. In Pembrooks valour I will fight and die.

[Discover eche other in fighting.]

Pem. Eyther I dreame or this is Ferdinand.

Ferd. My sight deludes me or stout Pembroke lyves.

Pem. Thrice happy hour[143]! I do embrace my friend.

Ferd. Welcome, oh welcome, Pembrok, to myne armes, Whom I imagined death had
tane from me.

Pem. The like did I by Princely Ferdinand, But that he lives my soule confounds with
joy.

Ferd. Tell me, deare friend, since our unlucky fight Have you heard ought of my
disdainfull Love?

Pem. Of her and all the rest. Her Father lives:
This is his shield and this is great Navars,
This Rodoricks, [this] the Duke of Orleance,
And this malicious Burbons: all the which
I forc't from them to beautifie thy shrine.
But tis of Katharine thou desir'st to heare:
She likewise hath bin here; her flinty heart,
So much before inclined to cruelty,
Now waxeth tender: she no sooner saw
Thy picture here, but by heavens providence,
Or how I know not, she so doats on it
As I supposde she would a dyed for love.



Ferd. Has then my shaddow and supposed death Brought that to passe my living substance could not?

Pem. It hath, and never Lady more enamour'd
Then now is Katharine of her Ferdinand.
I told her, and no more then truth I told,
A cunning Carver had cut out thy shape.
And whole proportion in white alablaster,
Which I intended here should be set up.
She earnestly entreated she might have
A sight of it and dayly be permitted
To deck thy tombe and statue with sweet flowers:
Shée's but even now departed to that end,
And will (I know) be quickly here agayne.
Now, for assurance I dissemble not,
Instead of thy resemblance cut in stone
Kneelee here, thyself, and heare her pitious mone.

Ferd. Content! I hold your counsell for the best; Weele once conclude our sorrowes with a jest.

Pem. Soft there's a cushion: nay, and you must be bare And hold your hands up, as the maner is.

Ferd. What if I held a book as if I pray'd?

Pem. Twere best of all; and, now I think upon'
Here is a booke: so, keepe your countenance;
You must imagine now you are transformed.
Yonder she comes; in any case stir not.



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Enter Katharine.

Kath. I feare I have detracted time too long
In my determinde service to my Love;
But Ile redeeme my fault with double care.
See where his statue is set up: kind knight,
For ever Katharine will record thy truth.

Pem. How say you, Madam; ist not very like him!

Kath. As like as if it were himselfe indeed.
And would to God my prayers might be heard,
That, as the image of Pigmalion once,
Life might descend into this sencelesse stone:
But that was faynd, as my desire is fond;
Relentlesse Death withholds my Ferdinand,
And no intreaty may recover him.
In token, then, I do repent my scorne
That I was cruell to so kind a friend,
Thou, the presenter of his absent person,
Receive these sweets; thy temples be adorn'd
With this fresh garland; thy white ivory hand
Boast of this ring, which, if thou wert alive,
Should bind our faythes up in a nuptiall knot:
But, for thou canst not be reviv'd agayne,
He dwell with thee in death, and, as my spirit
Mounts to the happy mansion of thy spirit,
So, to accompany thy shaddow here,
Ile turne my body to a shaddow, too,
And, kneeling thus, confront thy silent lookes
With my sad looks. This is the Instrument:
Now, Ferdinand, behold thy Katharine comes.

Ferd. And she is welcome unto Ferdinand.

Pem. Ile play the dark for both and say Amen. Nay, muse not, madam: tis no
sencelesse Image, But the true essence of your wished Love.

Kath. I am asham'd to looke him in the face.

Ferd. Hide not those splendant lights: hereafter be A constant wife; it shall suffice for
me.

Kath. Heaven cast her off if Katharine prove not so.



Pem. Of that no more: now let us haste from hence
To quiet the dissension lately sprung
Betweene your parents. Philip, likewise gone
To be reveng'd on Burbons trechery,
Perhaps may stand in need of friendly ayd.
To him and them our vowes must next be payd.

Ferd. What Pembroke counsels we consent unto.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

[SCENE 1.]

Enter Rodoricke and Philip.

Rod. Now whilst our Armies wearied with the heat
That the bright sunne casts from his midday throne,
Abstayne from bloudy intercourse of war,
He lead thee, Philip, unto Burbons Tent.

Phil. Rodoricke, thou highly favourest me in this And doubt not, if my complot take effect, Ile make thee Duke of Burbon.

Enter Lewes, Flaunders, and Burbon.

Rod. Stay your speach; Heere comes King Lewis.

Phil. They can not know me, I am so disguisde.

Bur. Follow my counsayle and immediately Begin the Battayle.

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Lew. Why, the heat's [so] great It burnes [us] in our Armour as we march.

Flaun. It burnes the enemy as well as wee.

Bur. It warmes our Souldiers spirits and makes them fire,
I had rather dye then, when my bloud is hot,
Be awde by counsell till it freeze like Ice:
He is no Souldier that for feare of heat
Will suffer victory to fly the field.

Rod. My Lord of Burbon, ye are more hot then wise.

Bur. Roderick, me thinkes you are very peremptory.

Rod. It is in zeale of the generall good.
Go to your Tent, refresh your unscorcht[144] lymmes;
There draw your battels modell, and as soone
As the coole winds have fand the burning Sunne
And made it tractable for travaylers,
Arme you and mount upon your barbed Steed,
Lead forth your Souldiers and in good array
Charge bravely on the Army of our foe.

Lew. The Duke of Orleance hath counseld well.
Ile in and recreate me in my tent.
Farewell, my Lord: when you resolve to fight,
Proclayme your meaning by a Canons mouth
And with a volley I will answere you.

[Exeunt Lewes and Flaunders.]

Bur. If you will needs retyre, farewell, my Lord.
Ha, Rodericke, are not we fine Polyticsians
That have so quaintly wrought the king of Fraunce
Unto our faction that he threatens warre
Against the almost reconcilde Navar?

Rod. But this is nothing to the actes wee do.
Come, come, my Lord, you trifle time with words:
Sit downe, sit downe, and make your warlike plot.—
But wherefore stand these murderous Glaves so nye?

Phil.—Touch them not, Roderick; prythee let them stand.

Bur. Some paper, pen, and incke.

Enter Peter.

Pet. My Lord.

Bur. Post to the Master Gunner
And bid him plant his demy culverings
Against the kings pavilion.

Peter. Presently.

Bur. But first bring pen and incke and paper straight.

[Peter sets pen, ink, &c., before Burbon, and exit[145]

Rodoricke, thou shalt assist mee in this plot.

Rod. Do it your selfe, my Lord; I have a charge
Of souldiers that are very mutinous,
And long I dare not stay for feare my absence
Be cause of their revolt unto Navar.

Bur. Then to your Souldiers: I will to my plot.

Phil.—Away, my Lord, leave me unto the Duke.

Rod.—Kill you the Duke (and after Ile kill thee).
[Exit Rod.

Bur. This pen is stabbed and it will not write: The incke that's in the standage[146] doth
looke blacke, This in my pen is turnd as red as bloud.

Phil. The reason that the platforme[147] you would make Must by this hand be written
with thy bloud.

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Bur. Zounds, what art thou that threatens Burbon so?

Phil. One that's as desperat-carelesse of his life As thou art timorous and fearst to dye.

Bur. Comest thou to kill me?

Phil. If I should say no, This weapon would condemne me, which I seyz'd Of purpose, Burbon, to bereave thy life.

Bur. Why, fond man, mad man, know'st thou what thou doest?

Phil. I know it, Burbon, and I know besides What thou wouldst say to daunt my resolution.

Bur. What would I say?

Phil. Why, that this place is death,
As being thy Tent, environ'd with thy slaves,
Where if I kill thee tis impossible
To scape with life: this, Burbon, thou wouldst say.
But Philip is not be mov'd with words.

Bur. Philip!

Phil. I, Philip, Bellamiraes Love,
Whose beauty, villayne, thou hast poysoned;
For which I have vow'd thy death, and thou shall dye.
Therefore betake you to what fence you will;
Amongst this bundle chuse one weapon forth
And like a worthy Duke prepare thy selfe
In knightly manner to defend thy life;
For I will fight with thee and kill thee, too,
Or thou shalt give an end unto my life.
But if thou call unto thy slaves for helpe,
Burbon, my sword shall nayle thee to the wall.
And thinke Prince Philip is a Prince indeed
To give thee this advantage for thy life.

Bur. Boy, I will scourge your insolence with death.

Phil. Come on. *Fight, and kill Burbon.*

Bur. Oh, I am slayne.

[*Enter Rodorick.*]



Rod. Murder! murder! Burbon the Duke is slayne!

Phil. Peace, Roderick, I am Philip thy deare friend.

Rod. Thou art a counterfet, I know thee not.

Phil. Didst not thou guide me unto Burbons Tent?

Rod. I guide thee to the Tent? I know thee not. What! murder! ho! will no man heare my voyce?

Enter Peter and 2 or 3 souldiers.

Pet. Yes, here are those [that] can heare well ynough. Where is the murdered and the murderer?

Rod. Peter, behold thy masters breathlesse truncke, And there's Prince Philip that hath murdered him.

Pet. To avoyd prolixity Ile kill him; yet first give me leave to weepe for my master.

Rod. First seyze the murderer and after weepe.

Phil. He that first ventures to attach my life
Let him be sure he hath a life to spare,
For I will send one breathlesse to the grave.

Pet. You that have nyne lives assault the gentleman.

Rod. What, peasants! dare you not attach the slave?
Ile rayse the whole Campe but Ile apprehend him.
Alarum, drummes! Souldiers, incircle him,
And eyther apprehend or slay the wretch.



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Enter Pembroke and Ferdinand.

Pem. Tis princely Philip. Helpe to rescue him.

Rod. What slaves are these that dare oppose themselves In rescue of a murderer
'gainst an Host?

Ferd. Such as will make thee, Roderick, fly for life.

Pet. Zounds, men are mortall; to avoyd prolixity, My lord of Orleance, your best course
is flying, And therein I will be your follower.

Rod. Fly before three, and be thus strong? 'Twere madnesse.

Pem. We trifle time; let's drive them from the Tent.

Alarum and drive away Peter and Rodoricke.

Pem. Live, worthy Philip; Pembroke bids thee live,
That did suspect this complot at the tombe
When in the honour of Prince Ferdinand
You did resigne your shield.

Phil. Th[e] Earle of Pembroke!

Ferd. And Ferdinand that loves thee as his soule.

Phil. Two lives I owe my starres beside mine owne
In sending me two friends of such import.
Durst you adventure thorow the enemies Campe
And put your lives in danger to save mine?

Pem. The rumour of the Duke of Burbons death
Hath so possest the Campe with admiration
That they regardlesse suffer all to passe.
Only this Roderick wakens them a little,
But cannot weane them from their wondring minds.

Phil. That Roderick is a perfect villayne turn'd;
For though he guided me unto his Tent
And gave his liking that the Duke should dye,
Yet how the villayne cryed to murder me!
But come: in this confusion let's be gone,
Tis dangerous to abide in Burbons Tent.
Rodoricke, thou art the next must taste of death;



That taske once done, we shall with little payne
Our angry fathers reconcile agayne.

[Exeunt.

[SCENE 2.]

*Alarum. Enter Navar, Bowyer, Nod, Core, Souldiers,
[with] drum and colours.*

Nav. The Alarum sounded in the enemies Campe; Now for Navar and Fame stand to it, sirs.

Bow. Hart, stand to it? heere's some of us knowes how to runne away and they be put to it. Though wee have left our brave Generall, the Earle of Pembroke, yet here's Cavaliero Bowyer, Core and Nod, by Jesu, sound cards: and Mahound and Termagant[148] come against us, weele fight with them. Couragio, my hearts! S. George for the honour of England!

Nav. The adverse part comes on; fight gallantly.

Enter Fraunce, Flaunders and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Lew. Is false Navar so thirsty to drinke bloud
That he must joyne the Squadron of his troops
Before the signall of the battel's given?
Belike you thought to take us unpreparde.
No, king: our wrong hangs like a watch before us,
And makes us nomber every short-lyvd minute
Till your lives answer for our Daughters death.
Charge, brave spirits! Saint Denis now for Fraunce!



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Nav. Saint Denis for Navar! Alarum, Drums!

Alarum: they fight, Fraunce put to the worst; enter Rodorike and Peter; the fight continued, and Navar driven in.

Lew. Navar and his weake forces make retire; Pursue them, Sirs, the victorie is ours.

Rod. Be like starv'd Lions 'mongst a heard of Beasts, Ruthelesse and bloody; slaughter[149] all you meete Till proud Navar be slayn or kisse your feet. Saint Denis! and cry murder through the host!

Alarum. Enter Pembroke, Ferdinand and Philip.

Pem. He that steps forward with a murdring thought, Marries him selfe to death. Fraunce, cease the fight: They are Frenchmen you pursue, Frenchmen you should save: Dig not for Traytors love your subjects graves.

Lew. What franticke knights are those that dare oppose Their single force against our multitudes?

Phil. Those that wish you and Fraunce bright fames encrease, So you would chase hence war and welcome peace.

Rod. That was the Traytor that slew royall Burbon.

Pet. Downe with the villaynes.

Rod. Souldiers, seyze on him And then pursue Navar with sudden death.

Ferd. Ere the least hayre fall from his kingly head, Rodorick, thy base trunck shall be butchered.

Pem. Will you accept of peace?

Lew. Follow Navar!

Pet. Downe with that murderer!

Fer. Zounds, then, in spight Weele save Navar and chase you hence in fight.

All. Ha, ha!

Pem. Nay, smile not; though our number's few Our great hearts tell us we shall conquer you. Alarum and S. George!



*Alarum: they fight. Enter Navar and his forces,
Fraunce chaste away.*

Nav. Fraunce and his daunted forces gives us ground. Charge, charge agayne, and we are Conquerours.

Phil. Stand or ne're stirre agayne.

Nav. What meane these knights?

Pem. To stop your passage this way, great Navar.
I charge thee by the duty of a king,
Thy love to Justice and thy subjects lives,
You sound retreat and make a peace with Fraunce.

Nav. A peace! and have the vantage of the day!

Bow. That's a tricke by Jesu to mocke an Ape: wee'le none of that.

Nav. Wee'le have no peace but what our swords can make. Follow the chase.

Phil. Are you growne insolent? For one light puffle of fortune proves it so? Nay, then our swords turn to your overthrow.

Alarum: they fight and drive in Navar.

Fer. That was my father that you fought against.

Phil. You did as much to mine.

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Pem. Princes, agree:
Force cannot end this war, but policy.
Therefore disperse your selves, and let our Squires
With Trumpets in their mouthes sound lowd retreat
Where you perceive the fight most violent.
The strangenesse of which act will straight amaze;
When they shall heare both peace and war denounc'd,
And one selfe instant, they will soone retire
To know the issue. Princes, fall to worke,
Tis worke of charity; 'twould doe me good
If we could end this battell without blood.

Fer. I hope we shall: farewell, Ile to my charge.

Pem. The like will Pembroke.

Phil. Philip is not last: Yet, though I seeke the safety of my friends, Rodorick shall lose his blood ere this fight ends.

Alarum; excursions. Enter Peter leading Thomasin.

Pet. Struggle not, strive not; your sweete heart Bowyer cannot save you. Without prolixity you must goe with mee.

Tho. Helpe, helpe.

Pet. And the God of warre come in thy defence my humour is to kill him. Come away.

Enter Bowyer.

Bow. By Jesu, and you go this way you must pay custom. Zounds, you pick-hatch[150] Cavaliero petticoat-monger, can you find time to be catching *Thomasin*? come, deliver, or by Zenacrib & the life of king Charlimayne, Ile thrash your coxcombe as they doe hennes at Shrovetide[151]. No, will you not doe, you Tan-fat? Zounds, then have at you.

They fight, Bowyer hath the wench, rescued by Fraunce, recovered by Navar. Philip meetes Rodorick, rescued by Peter. Retreat is sounded, the enemies begin to retire, Rodorick chased by Philip. Enter at severall doores, after retreat sounded, Pembroke and Ferdinand.

Ferd. Are the Kings severd? will they bow to peace?

Pemb. Peace is a welcome ghest unto their hearts,
But Rodoricke (like a greedy envious churle



Fearing to spend his wealth) still keeps them backe.
Tis he exasperates the Princes hate,
And when our Trumpets call them to retyre
He with warres clangor sets them on agayne.
Unless he be remoov'd our labour's lost.

Ferd. It shall not, for Ile seek him through the Host And with this sword pare off the
Traytors head.

Pem. Doe, and Ile scoure these ranks: if Pembroks eye Encounters his, he meets his
Tragedy.

Alarum. Enter *Philip* pursuing *Rodoricke*.

Phil. Stay, warlike friends, and ayd me in revenge.

Ferd. That is Rodoricke.

Pem. Heere's the Traytor, strike him downe.

Phil. Who lifts his arme at him strikes at my brest.

Rod. Why have you thus ring'd me about with swords?

Phil. To shew thee thou must dye.

Rod. What have I done That thus you labour my destruction?



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Pem. Thou wer't a party in all Burbons wrongs.

Ferd. Falsely term'd Ferdinand a Ravisher.

Pem. Set discord 'twixt these kings.

Phil. Practised my death.

Pem. Villayne for this our swords shall stop thy breath.

Ferd. Stand not to argue, let's all runne at him.

Phil. Now as you love my love or prize mine honour,
Touch not the Traytor; he is Philips foe,
And none but I must work his overthrow.
Thrice in the battell he was rescued from me,
But now hee's fallen into the Lyons paw
From whence the whole world cannot ransom him.
Preservers of my life, heroick friends,
Be you my safety; keepe the souldyers off,
Whilst in the midst by fayre and equall fight
I send this Traytor to eternal night.

Ferd. By heaven agreed.

Pem. Heere Pembroke takes his stand: Come Fraunce and all the world, I will not
start Till Philips knightly sword pierce Rodoricks hart.

Rod. Accurst, I am betrayd, incompast round; Now lyfe and hope and state must kisse
the ground.

Phil. Rodorick, thou seest, all wayes are stopt to flie; Be desperat then, fight bravely,
and so die.

*Alarum: they fight. Enter to Pembroke Navar, Bowyer, and Souldiers: to Ferdinand
Fraunce, Flaunders, and Souldiers: they fight and keepe them backe. Rodoricke would
scape; still kept in the midst, and kild by Philip.*

Phil. Now are his trecheries repaid with death. Philip and Pembroke, sound your
retreats With better hope; in him all hatred ends: The kings will now love peace and
soone be friends.

Exeunt. Enter Peter wounded, Bowyer following.



Bow. Zounds, never runne for the matter; a scratcht face can not serve your turne, we must have bloody noses. Stand on your gard; and I do not make haggasse puddings of your guttes, Ile never dominier in the long Alleyes agayne.

Pet. Cymnel, Ile crack you for this. Ile teach you to deale with Peter de Lions, and that without prolixitie.

Bow. Do; have at you in earnest. S. George, you rogue!

Alarum; fight. Bowyer kills him.

Bow. So, there's for your prolixities, there's for Thomasin. The Thornbackly slave! and he were made of anything but gristles, I am a pumpian. 'Shart he had no mettle in him; yet how the villayne crak't[152] and dominierd when he was living: ah, sirra, never gryn for the matter, tis Captayne Bowyer that speaks it. When thou meetst the great Devill, commend me to him and say I sent him thee for a new years gift. And there's one Sarlaboys to, as arrant a blood-sucker and as notable a coward as ever drew weapon in a bawdy house, he carryes my marke about him. If Dicke Bowyer be not writ a bountifull benefactor in hell for my good deeds in sending thither such Cannibals, I am a rabbit sucker[153]: yet I scorne to vaunt of my deeds, too. They sound a retreat. Farewell, Peter, and learne hereafter what it is to be rivall to an English gentleman, Cavaliero Bowyer, one of the nine worthy.

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*A retreyt. Enter at one dore Fraunce, Flaunders, and
Souldiers: at the other dore Navar, Bowyer and Souldiers.*

Lew. Navar, why have you sounded a retreyt? Will your proud heart decline and call us lord?

Nav. We thought by the faynt language of your drums Fraunce would have knowne his errorr and beg'd peace.

Lew. Fraunce beg a peace!

Nav. Navar call you his Lord!

Flan. Why did you cease the fight and sound retreat.

Bow. Not we by this beard, not we by the life of Pharo[154].

Nav. Your Trumpets, guided by your faynting breath, Dehorted us from war and sounded peace.

Lew. Navar derides us.

Nav. Fraunce, tis you that doo't.

Lew. Sound war and bravely let us once more too't.

Enter in the Middest Pembroke, Ferdinand and Philip.

Pem. Kings of Navar and Fraunce, why doe you thus
With civill butchery wound this blessed land,
Which like a mother from her melting eyes
Sheds crimson teares to see you enemyes?
Lewes of Fraunce, wherein hath great Navar
Dangerd your state that you should prosecute
War with her largest ruine? how hath Fraunce
Sowed such inveterate hate within your brest
That to confound him you will undergoe
The orphans curse, the widdowes teares and cries
Whose husbands in these warres have lost their lives?
Ere you contend discourse your grievances.

Lew. False Ferdinand, his sonne, ravisht our child.

Ferd. Now by my knighthood, honor, and this gage, Fraunce, Ile approve you wrong that Ferdinand.



Phil. Who can accuse him?

Lew. That did Rodorick.

Pem. That Traytor for a deed so false, so foule, Hath answerd it by this even with his soule.

Nav. Our sonne and valours bloome, th[e] English Pembroke, By Lewes treachery were butchered.

Phil. Were the whole world joynd in so false a thing, Alone Ide combat all and cleere the King.

Pem. Fraunce never had designe in their two deaths.

Nav. He leagu'd with Burbon that destroyd my child.

Lew. He poysoned her deservedly.

Phil. That deed of shame Cut off his life and raced out Burbons name.

Lew. His death shalbe thy death, for thy hand slue him.

Nav. This other in the battell twice to day Made us retire. Fraunce, shall we joyne in league Till we have veng'd our malice on these knights?

Lew. Navar, agreed. Souldiers, this kyld your Lords.

Nav. And this our fame. Let's mangle them with swords.



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Pem. Take truce a while with rage: heare what we'le urge.
This knight slew Burbon, this inforst you fly;
Therefore you hate them and for hate they die.
Since then true vertue is disfigured,
Desert trod downe, and their heroick worth
In justice doomd on Traytors merits Death,
Behold these two, which thousands could not daunt,
But your ingratitude, on bended knee
Yeeld up their swords to bide your tyranny.
'Twas he kild Burbon; if you love him dead,
Shew it by paring off this valiant head:
Do you the like. To this revenge apace:
They feare not threats, and scorne to beg for grace.

Lew. And they shall find none.

Nav. Knights, tryumph in death: We are your headesmen, kings shall stop your breath.

They take off their helmets.

Lew. Philip, my sonne!

Nav. Young Ferdinand my joy!

Pem. Call them not sonnes, whom you would fayne destroy.

Nav. Hold not our age too long in deepe suspect. Art thou [my] Ferdinand?

Lew. And thou [my] Philip?

Ferd. We are the friendly sonnes of adverse parents, Your long lost children: though supposed slayne, We live and come to joy your age agayne.

Nav. Welcome all earthly blisse.

Lew. Welcome, deare child; Thy presence halfe our sorrow hath exil'd.

Pem. How soon this Scene is changd! those that even now
Were sworne warres servants now to peace do bow:
Then, Pembroke, strive to make their joys more full.
See, kingly father to that princely sonne,
Pembroke, the hated murderer of his friend,
Pembroke, that did devide thee from his sight
And cut so many passages of death
In his indeared bosome, humbly thus



Forgets his honour and from your hye hand
Invokes revenge for wounding Ferdinand.

Ferd. Still he surmounts me in an honour'd love.
Rise, friend, or if thou striv'st to have the world,
In me as in a glasse see a false friend.
Behold, I kneele and here proclayme to all
My friendship's broke but thine substantiall.

Nav. Model of vertue, honord Pembroks Earle,
Rise in as deare regard as Ferdinand.
Oh had I Bellamira once in hold,
Age would turne youth & I should ne're be old.

Lew. Had I my Katharina once agayne Our joy were then stretcht to the highest
strayne: But she was ravisht and then murdered.

Phil. Beare not that hard opinion: Rodoricks tounge Slaundred that Prince and did his
vertue wrong.

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Pem. Lewis of Fraunce, heare what an English Earle
Speaks in the front and view of all thy Host.
If ever Ferdinand staynd Katharines honour
I was a party: yet in all your Campe
Who dares step forth and call me ravisher?
No, Fraunce: know Pembroke is an Englishman
Highly deriv'd, yet higher in my thoughts;
And for to register mine acts in brasse,
Which all-devouring time shall ne're race out,
Have I through all the Courts of Christendome
In knightly tryall prov'd my vertue sound,
Raisd England's fame aloft; and shall I now
In her next continent, her neighbour Realme,
Fraunce, on whose bosome I may stand and see
That blessed soyle that bred and fostred me,
Soyle all my late got honour to consent
Unto a royall Princes ravishment?
Ide sooner from a mountayne cast my selfe,
Or from a hungry Lyon teare his prey,
Then dare to act a deed so infamous.

Enter Katharina.

But words are ayre. Lewis, behold this face:
This prooves our honour cleere from all disgrace.

Lew. My Katharine!

Phil. My deare Sister!

Fer. My fayre Love!

Pem. See, Princes, loves effect: she flies your hand To live imbrac't with her deare Ferdinand.

Lew. And heaven forbid that we should sunder them.
Navar, reach me thy hand: grym war is fled
And peace shall end the same in a nuptiall bed.
Sonne Philip, ratify your sisters choyce.

Phil. Even with my soule; for ever live you blest.
Oh, Bellamira, had not cursed Burbon
For beauty robd thy cheeks with leprosie,



Hadst then but stayd with me, as is their state,
So had bin mine, happy and fortunate.

*Enter Clowne attyred like a Gentleman, Bellamira
following with a Scarfe on her face.*

Clow. By your leave, sweet blouds: may a Gentleman or so deceyve two or three ounces of words in this assembly?

Lew. You may.

Clow. Is there not a young Kings sonne amongst you, who treading the steps of his father is called Philip.

Phil. I am the man thou seekst.

Clow. Then the old saying is verified, He that seeks shall find. Heere is a poore kinswoman of mine would desire some private conference with you, or so.

Phil. With me?—whom see I? Bellamira!

Nav. Daughter!

Phil. Do not deride my woes; speake, speake, I pray.

Pem. Looke not so strange; it is thy lovely Love
Thus manag'd to approve thy constancy.
Embrace her then: and now Navar and Fraunce,
Here end our strife and let all hatred fall
And turne this warre to Hymens festivall.

Nav. This Pembrooks counsell we subscribe unto.

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Lew. The like doth Fraunce. Lovers, imbrace your loves
And, Capitaines, joyne your bands; mix power with power
And let those swords, which late were drawne for death,
Sleepe in their sheaths. You, worthy Pembroke[155],
And all your followers, shall receyve our favours
In plenteous largesse. So, set on to Court;
Sound Drums and Trumpets, deafe the ayre with cryes,
And fill eche subjects heart with joyes increase
T'applaud our childrens love and this dayes peace.

[Exeunt.]

FINIS.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] 4tos. *Will*.

[2] References to the lapwing's subtlety are very common. Cf. Shakesp., *Measure for Measure*, i. 4, 32, &c.

[3] An old game at cards; it is supposed to have resembled cribbage.

[4] "To make ready," meaning "to dress," is a very common expression in old authors.

[5] An obvious reference to Queen Elizabeth.

[6] So Elbow:—"My wife, Sir, whom I *detest* before heaven and your honour," &c. (*M. for M.*, II. 1).

[7] Ovid, *Metamorph.* I. 1.

[8] People who walk with *mincing* steps. I have not met the word elsewhere. (Cf. *dancitive*, p. 31.)

[9] A beggar (Ital. *besogno*) Vid. Dyce's Glossary under "Besonian".

[10] "Knight of the post" was the name given to those who gained their living by giving false evidence at law-courts. Nares quotes from Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse":—"A knight of the post, quoth he, for so I am tearmed: a fellow that will swear any thing for twelve pence."

[11] Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. *Vaunt-curriers* to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts. (First folio.)



[12] “Division” was a technical term in music for “the running a simple strain into a great variety of shorter notes to the same modulation” (Nares). The “plain song” was the simple air without variations.

[13] Sir Thomas Overbury says, in his character of ‘A very woman,’ that ‘her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wee little finger bewraies carving’.

[14] 4tos. Ladies.

[15] 4tos. Eternesses.

[16] To do anything with ‘a wet finger’ is to do it easily. ‘It seems not very improbable that it alluded to the vulgar and very inelegant custom of wetting the finger to turn over a book with more ease.’—*Nares*.

[17] Ov. Metam. I., ll. 322-23.

[18] Ed. 1606, one; ed. 1636, on.

[19] The 1606 ed. marks “Exit” Penelope.

[20] Here Momford retires to the back of the stage, where Clarence is waiting. The 4tos. mark “Exit.” I thought the lines “*Mens est*,” etc., were Horace’s, but cannot find them. “Menternque” destroys sense and metre. An obvious correction would be “et nomen.”

[21] “*Falsus honos juvat, et mendax infamia terret*
Quem, nisi mendosum et medicandum.”
Hor. Ep. I. 16, ll. 39, 40.



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[22] A card that cools a player's courage (l. Hy. VI., v. 3, l. 83, &c.).

[23] The "Family of Love" was the name given to a fanatical sect; David George, of Delph (obit 1556), was the founder.

[24] The reference is to the visit of the Marechal de Biron and his suite in the autumn of 1601.

[25] 4tos. *Foul*.

[26] Pick-thatcht, ed. 1606.

[27] A term in card-playing; to "vie" was to cover a stake.

[28] The name of a famous bear. Cf. Epigrams by J. D.—

"Leaving old Plowden, Dyer and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hanks and Sacarson."

Master Slender ("Merry Wives," l. 1) told Anne Page: "I have seen Sackarson loose twenty times and have taken him by the chain."

[29] 4tos. *King*.

[30] The reference is, I suppose, to Roger Bacon's "Libellus de retardandis Senectutis accidentibus et de sensibus conservandis. Oxoniae, 1590."

[31] Quy. inframed (F.G. Fleay).

[32] Ed. 1636, "state."

[33] Ed. 1636 makes sad work of the text here:—

"Merry clad in inke,
Is but a *manner*" &c.

[34] Quy. thridlesse (sc. that cannot be pierced). Mr. Fleay suggests "rimelesse."

[35] Ed. 1636 reads "antheame."

[36] "White-boy" was a common term of endearment for a favourite son.

[37] Quy., hot.

[38] *i.e.*, companions.

[39] Doubtless the writer was thinking of Dogberry's "Comparisons are odorous."

[40] A pun is intended. "Cast of merlins" = a flight of merlins (small hawks); and "cast-of" = cast-off.

[41] "Foisting-hound." A small lap-dog with an evil smell, "Catellus graveolens."

[42] The 'clap-dish' which beggars used to beat in order to attract the attention of the charitable.

[43] Both quartos give "all."

[44] Ovid, *Metam.*, l., 523.

[45] Ed. 1606: *Antevenit sortem moribus*.

[46] 4tos. weend.

[47] "That most lovely and fervid of all imaginative panegyrics."—Swinburne's "Study of Shakespeare," p. 141.

[48] "Dr. Dodypoll" is a very rare play, to be found only in the libraries of wealthy collectors. The copy in the library of the British Museum is catalogued as "imperfect; wanting Sig. A 2"; but it corresponds in all respects with Mr. Huth's. Perhaps an "Address to the Reader," or a "Dedication" was cancelled.

[49] Before the reader goes further, let him turn to Sonnet xvii. in Mr. Swinburne's series of "Sonnets on English Dramatic Poets."

[50] The author was doubtless thinking of *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2:—

"And when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

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[51] 4to. Form.

[52] 4to. adorning. Possibly there is the same confusion in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2: —“And made their bends adornings.”

[53] See notes of the commentators on *Hamlet*, i. 1, 165, “Then no planets strike.”

[54] See the commentators on *As You Like It*, iii. 2. “I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras’s time that I was an Irish rat.” A short time ago the subject of “rhyming rats to death” was discussed anew in “Notes and Queries.”

[55] Qto. cockfromb in cony. The word “incony” (meaning sweet, delicate) occurs twice in *Love’s Labour Lost*. Its derivation is uncertain.

[56] 4to. With.

[57] This word is found in Holland’s “Ammianus” and Harrington’s “Epigrams” (see Nares’ “Glossary,” ed. Halliwell). A similar compound (of more common occurrence) is “smell-smock.”

[58] The reader will remember the punning lines in 3 *Henry VI.*, v. 1:—

“Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown’d.”

[59] 4to. Wilt it.

[60] 4to. *Flor.*

[61] A perfume-ball worn round the neck or carried in the pocket.

[62] The trials of the Scotch witches in 1590 (for practising to shipwreck James VI. on his return with his bride from Denmark) were too horrible to be soon forgotten.

[63] 4to Ape.

[64] Quy. cliffe.

[65] I suspect that we should read—

“What rock hath bred this savage-minded man
That such true love in such rare beautie *shuns*?”

[66] 4to. clime.



[67] Quy. lead.

[68] 4to. *Alp*.

[69] Vide note on vol. I, p. 117.

[70] The direction in the 4to is "*Enter Flores and Homer!*"

[71] Vide note [16].

[72] 4to. craines.

[73] Compare *Midsummer Nights Dream*, ii. 1, 15: "And hang a pearl on every cowslip's ear."

[74] 4to. where.

[75] Not marked in the 4to.

[76] 4to. rake.

[77] 4to. Sorrowed tired.

[78] The 4to prints the lines thus:—

"Where since he found you not,
He asked of me the place of your abode,—
And heere I have brought him?"

In other passages I have restored the metre silently.

[79] Qto. vision.

[80] I regret to say that Mr. Fleay was misled by a mistake of mine. In my first hasty reading of the play I took the long double "s" to be a double "f": the character is "La Busse."

[81] Mr. C.H. Herford, to whom I showed the MS., writes as follows:— "The first two words make it highly probable that the whole inscription is, like them, in Italian. In that case the first two Greek letters give very easily the word 'fidelta' (= _phi, delta _), which combines naturally with the *nella*. The second part is more difficult, but perhaps not hopeless. [Greek: fnr] may, perhaps be read *phi ny* (as Latinised spelling of [Greek: nu]), *ro*, or *finiro*. Then, for the 'La B.,' suppose that the words form, as emblems often do, a rhymed couplet; then 'B.' would stand for Belta, and naturally fall in with 'la.' The whole would then read—

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'*Nella fidelta*,
Finiro la Belta.

This does not seem to me very excellent Italian, but we need not suppose the author was necessarily a good scholar; and in that case we might extract from it the fairly good sense: 'I will make fidelity the end (the accomplishment) of beauty.'" This explanation seems to me very satisfactory.

["'La Bussa' suits my explanation as well as, if not better than 'La Buffa.' The meaning now is, 'I will end my *task* faithfully, with an equivoque on 'I will end *La Busse*, or the play containing him as a character, faithfully.' There is no shadow of reason for supposing a rhyme, or for Field's thinking that any reader would interpret La B. by *la belta*. Moreover no other name but Field's out of the 200 known names of dramatic writers anterior to 1640, can be found in the letters. There are other works of Field than those commonly attributed to him still extant, as will be seen in a forthcoming paper of mine." —F.G. FLEAY.]

[82] So the MS., but I suspect that we should read "ruyne," which gives better sense and better metre.

[83] The next line, as in many instances, has been cut away at the foot of the page.

[84] "The *close contriver* of all harms."—Macbeth, iii. 5.

[85] "The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual fire*."—Hamlet, i. 5.

[86] "Blacke and blewe," *i.e.*, first as a kitchen-drudge and afterwards as a personal attendant. Blue was the livery of serving-men.

[87] It is not always easy to distinguish between final "s" and "e" in the MS. I printed "blesseing_e_" in the Appendix to vol. II.

[88] Devices on shields.

[89] A baser sort of hawk (kestrel).

[90] A word before or after "thys" seems wanted to complete the line: "yet, *Richard*, thys;" or, "yet thys disgrace."

[91] Gervase Markham in the Second Part (cap. vi.) of the "English Husbandman" gives the following explanation of the term *plashing*.—"This plashing is a halfe cutting or deviding of the quicke growth, almost to the outward barke, and then laying it orderly in a sloape manner, as you see a cunning hedger lay a dead hedge, and then with the smaller and more plyant branches to wreathe and binde in the tops, making a fence as

strong as a wall, for the root which is more then halfe cut in sunder, putting forth new branches which runne and entangle themselves amongst the old stockes, doe so thicken and fortifie the Hedge that it is against the force of beasts impregnable” (ed. 1635, pp. 68-9).

[92] The first five lines of this speech are crossed through in the MS.

[93] In the MS. “reverend prelats” is crossed out and “preists” written above. To make sure that the correction was understood, the author or reviser has written in the left-hand margin, “read preists.”

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[94] *i.e.*, star.

[95] “Brawl” was the name of a dance.

[96] Old terms in the art of fencing.

[97] In Halliwell’s “Nares” two instances of the transitive use of stoop (“to lower, humiliate”) are given, and *both are from Chapman*.

[98] On the upper stage, a balcony raised a few feet from the ground. Cf. stage-direction in *Day’s Humour out of Breath*, iv. 3. “*Enter Aspero, like Hortensio, Florimell, and Assistance on the upper stage.*” Later in the same scene: “*They renew Blind mans Buff on the Lower stage.*” See also Dyce’s note on Middleton’s *Family of Love*, i. 3.

[99] A correction in the MS. for *Musquett*.

[100] In the Appendix to Vol. II. I printed “misse”; and so one would naturally read the word before becoming thoroughly acquainted with the handwriting.

[101] The words “so begett” are repeated in the MS.

[102] *i.e.* prisons.

[103] MS. good.

[104] The expression “Fool’s paradise” was common long before Milton used it. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (Jan. 7, 1882) gives instances of its occurrence in Udall’s “Apophthegmes of Erasmus,” 1542. I have met it in Bullein’s “Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence,” 1564.

[105] For the spelling cf., Vol. ii. pp. 139 (l. 14), 179 (l. 12). “Diety” for “deity” is not uncommon in print as well as MS.; cf., Saltonstall’s translation of Ovid’s “*Ars Amoris*,” 1639, p. 14:—

“Oft pray’d she to the gods, but all in vaine,
To appease their *Dieties* with blood of beasts thus slaine.”

[106] In the MS. these lines are scored through.

[107] The juxtaposition of this anagram with the preceding motto (which did not appear in the Appendix to Vol. ii.) strongly confirms my interpretation of La B. as *la bussa*; for the anagram is a kind of paraphrase on the motto, and should be read doubly in this way: Nataniele Field, il fabro, Nella fidelta finiro la Bussa. I, Nathaniel Field, the author will finish the work (*terminat auctor opus*) faithfully (*i.e.*, at the time appointed, *terminat hora diem*). —F.G. Fleay.

["Terminat hora" &c. or some similar tag, is frequently found at the end of old plays. I cannot see that Mr. Fleay's interpretation is strongly confirmed,—or affected at all,—by the presence of the motto.]

[108] See Henslowe's Diary, ed. Collier, p. 220:—"Lent unto Thomas Downton the 4 of maye 1602 to bye a boocke of harye Cheattell and Mr. Smyth called the Love partes frenship the some of"

[109] *King John*, i. 2.—"And now instead of bullets *wrapt in fire*."

[110] Another form of the apologetical expression "save-reverence."

[111] *i.e.* cheated, cozened.

[112] An echo from "King John," i. 2:—

"And now instead of *bullets wrapt in fire*
To make a shaking fever of your walls," &c.



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[113] A common proverbial expression. The dish is the wooden “clap-dish” on which beggars clattered to attract attention.

[114] I should prefer “true heart his loyalty”—for the metre’s sake.

[115] 4to. staffe.

[116] 4to. strayne.

[117] 4to. his passions.

[118] “A corrupt oath, the origin of which is obscure and not worth inquiring.”—Nares.

[119] The author certainly had in his mind Falstaff’s puns on the names of the recruits, Mouldy, Shadow, &c. (ii. *Henry IV.* iii. 2).

[120] An extemporal play by the famous Richard Tarleton. The “plat” is preserved at Dulwich College. See Collier’s “Hist. of Dramatic Poetry,” iii. 394 (first edition).

[121] So the 4to, but I should prefer “So I have discharg’d myselfe of these hot-shots.” The term “hot-shot” seems to have been originally applied to sharp-shooters.

[122] *i.e.*, maid: an East-Anglian usage of the word “mother.” See Forby’s “Vocabulary of East Anglia.” “Mauther” is the commoner form (found in Ben Jonson and others), but “mother” occurs in Chettle and Day’s *Blind Beggar* and elsewhere.

[123] I find this expression of feminine impatience in Dekker’s *Honest Whore* (Dramatic Works, ii. 26):—“*Marry muffe*, sir, are you growne so dainty!”

[124] Let me understand you. The expression is of constant occurrence.

[125] A term of contempt like “pilchard” and “poor John.” “Haberdine” was the name for an inferior kind of cod used for salting.

[126] So Pistol, “A foutre for the world, and worldlings base!” “A foutre for thine office!” ii. *Henry IV.* v. 3.

[127] Verjuice was made by pounding crab-apples.

[128] Kite.

[129] Dingy. “Russet” or “russeting” was the name of the coarse brown dress worn by shepherds.

[130] In *Henry V.*, iv. 1, Pistol accosts the king with “Che vous la?” according to the first folio. Modern editors correct the intentional blunder.



[131] To “outface with a card of ten” was just what we mean by “browbeat.” The expression (which is very common) was no doubt drawn from the game of primero.

[132] Old spelling of “pumpkin.”

[133] The officer of lowest rank (now called “lance corporal”).

[134] *Quart d'ecu*.

[135] Cf. Day's *Ile of Guls*, ii. 2:—

“But forresters, like images, set forth
The tyrannie of greatness without pittie.”

Everybody remembers Jaques' moralising in *As You Like It*, ii. 1.

[136] Cf. Day's *Humour out of Breath*, I. 2:—“Deceive the watry subjects.”

[137] To “kill with kindness” was a proverbial saying.

[138] A falconer's term: to flap the wings when preparing for flight.

[139] A giant who was conquered by Sir Bevis of Southampton. See notes of the commentators on *2 Henry VI.*, ii. 3: “Therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.”

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[140] *i.e.*, a vain boaster. “Puckfist” is the fungus commonly known as “puff-ball.”

[141] “Carbonade. A carbonado, a *rasher on the coals*.”—COTGRAVE.

[142] Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 3:—

“Upon your sword sit laurel victory.”

The form of expression is common. Cf. *Knight of Malta*, iv. 2 (Fletcher’s portion):—

“Art thou a knight? did ever on that sword
The Christian cause sit nobly?”

I make this note because I find Mr. G.C. Macaulay, in his interesting “Study of Francis Beaumont,” choosing the words, “Victory sits on his sword” (*Maid’s Tragedy*, i. 1), as one of the “special passages which suggest imitation, conscious or unconscious,” of Shakespeare.

[143] 4to. honord. The correction (which would occur to most readers) is made by Dyce on the fly-leaf of his copy in the Dyce and Forster Library.

[144] If we retain “unscorcht” we must suppose the construction to be proleptic. But quoy. “sun-scorcht.”

[145] The stage-direction is my own.

[146] Ink-stand (more commonly “standish”).

[147] Plan, design. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 1. “And I will lay the *platform* of his death.”

[148] “Termagant” or “Trivigant” is often coupled with “Mahound.” Cf. “Faery Queene,” vi. 7. (47):—

“And oftentimes by Termagant and Mahound swore.”

Our ancestors were not accustomed to draw fine distinctions. They regarded Mohammedans as heathens, and Termagant and Mahound as false gods.

[149] 4to. Ruthelesse and bloody slaughters.

[150] “Pickt-hatch” was a notorious brothel in or near Turnbull Street.

[151] See Strutt’s “Sports and Pastimes,” p. 212 (ed. 1801).

[152] Swaggered, crowed.

[153] *i.e.* sucking rabbit. So Falstaff,—“Hang me up by the heels for a *rabbit sucker*” (I *Henry IV.*, ii. 4).

[154] A variation of Bobadil’s oath “By the foot of Pharaoh.”

[155] For the sake of the metre I should like to read “You, Pembroke, worthy knight.”