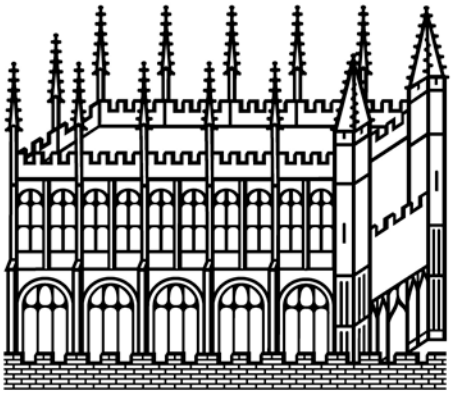

Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY
St. Cross Building, Oxford

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

K 73

Oxford University

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY

Manor Road, Oxford 0X1 3UQ

Telephone: (0865) 271050

Opening Hours:

Full term: Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Saturday 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Vacation: Monday to Friday 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday closed.

The Library is closed for approx. one week at Christmas and at Easter, and during August.

This book should be returned on or before the latest date below:

14 JUN 1993

13 DEC 1998
CANCELLED

CANCELLED
22 OCT 2002

24 NOV 2003
CANCELLED
02 DEC 2013

Readers are asked to protect Library books from rain, etc. Any volumes which are lost, defaced with notes, or otherwise damaged, may have to be replaced by the Reader responsible.

3005200531

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER.

EDITED BY WILLIAM HAZLITT,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

FACULTÉ

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1857.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Cure for a Cuckold	1
Induction to the Malcontent	101
The Thracian Wonder	115
The Weakest goeth to the Wall	213

A

CURE

FOR A

CUCKOLD

A PLEASANT

COMEDY

As it hath been ſeveral times Acted
with great Applauſe.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER *and*
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Placere Cupio.

London. Printed by Tho. Johnſon, and are to be ſold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletchers Head, over againſt the Angel-Inne, on the Back ſide of St. Clements, without Temple Bar 1661.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

THIS play, although not printed till 1661, when, as narrated in the General Introduction to these volumes, Mr. Kirkman published it, must have been acted many years before that time, and before 1649. The story, as summarized by Mr. Genest, runs thus:—"Lessingham is in love with Clare; she sends him a letter, in which she says,

> 'Prove all thy friends, find out the best and nearest,
> Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest.'

Lessingham debates the matter in a soliloquy; he tells four of his friends that he has a duel on his hands, and that he wants a second, who is himself to fight: they decline his proposal, under various pretences. Bonvile agrees to accompany him to the appointed place, notwithstanding that it is his wedding-day. When they arrive at Calais Sands, Lessingham tells Bonvile that he is come thither on purpose to kill him. Bonvile refuses to fight him, and adds, that he may boast to Clare that he has killed his friend, as all friendship between them is dead.

" In Massinger's *Parliament of Love,* Leonora says to Cleremond:—

> ' I have heard thee boast,
> That of all blessings in the earth next me,
> The number of thy trusty, faithful friends
> Made up thy happiness: out of these, I charge thee,
> To kill the best deserver.'

" Cleremond has a soliloquy; all his friends refuse to take a part in the duel, except Montrose. When they come to the spot, they fight, and Cleremond is worsted.

" It seems more probable (observes Mr. Genest) that Webster and Massinger should both have borrowed from the same story, than that either of them should have been guilty of flagrant plagiarism. As they were contemporaries, and as neither of the plays was printed till after the author's death, it is impossible to determine which was the first written.

" In the *Cure for a Cuckold,* Compass returns from sea, after an absence of four years; he finds that his wife (who had supposed him dead) has a child about a quarter of a year old. Instead of being angry, he claims the child: the real father refuses to resign him. A friend recommends Compass to make a divorce between himself and his wife:—' Within two hours you may wed again, and then the cuckold's blotted.' This gives the title to the play. Compass calls his second marriage ' the shedding of horns.' Lessingham marries Clare, and requests Bonvile's forgiveness.

" In 1696, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, Harris brought out a Comedy, entitled, *The City Bride, or the Merry Cuckold,* which is a mere alteration of Webster's play. The names in this alteration are *Bonvile, Friendly,*

Compass, Justice Merryman (father to *Arabella*), *Summerfield, Venter, Spruce, Arabella* (the Bride), *Clara, Compass' wife, Nurse, Mrs. Venter.* The alterations, in other respects, are not material, but they are all for the worse. In particular, the writer has omitted Compass in the last scene, and consequently the best joke in the play." —*Account of the English Stage*, ii. 91.

The copy of this play in the British Museum, from which the present edition has been prepared, is throughout corrected in pencil by some critic, who has applied himself to restore that blank verse which the author manifestly contemplated, but which the printers, whether from ignorance, carelessness, or the desire to economize space, have converted into prose. These emendations have been, for the most part, adopted.

THE STATIONER TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was not long since I was only a book-reader, and not a bookseller, which quality (my former employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle,) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight, e'er since I knew anything, to converse with books; and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, viz. Plays, hath been so extraordinary, that it hath been much to my cost, for I have been, as we term it, a gatherer of plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, bookseller or other: I can at any time show seven hundred in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend, as I sell, to purchase more; all, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable considerations.

In order to the encreasing of my store, I have now this term printed and published three, viz. this called *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and another called *The Thracian Wonder*, and the third called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Two of

these three were never printed, the third, viz. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, hath been formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years since. As for this play, I need not speak anything in its commendation, the authors' names, Webster and Rowley, are (to knowing men) sufficient to declare its worth: several persons remember the acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well; and let me tell you in my judgment it is an excellent old play. The expedient of curing a cuckold, after the manner set down in this play, hath been tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say *probatum est.* I should, I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in commendation of plays in general, but I question not but you have read what abler pens than mine have writ in their vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so encourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion in this nature, to subscribe myself

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Woodroff, a Justice of the Peace, Father to Annabel.
Franckford, a Merchant, Brother-in-law to Woodroff.
Lessingham, a Gentleman, in love with Clare.
Bonvile, a Gentleman, the Bridegroom and Husband to Annabel.
Raymond, Eustace, Lionel, Grover, } Gallants invited to the wedding.
Rochfield, a young Gentleman and a thief.
Compass, a Seaman.
Pettifog, Dodge, } two Attornies.
A Counsellor.
Two Clients.
Two Boys.
A Sailor.

Luce, Wife to Franckford, and Sister to Woodroff.
Annabel, the Bride and Wife to Bonvile.
Clare, Lessingham's Mistress.
Urse, Wife to Compass.
Nurse.
A Waitingwoman.

A CURE FOR A CUCKOLD.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Enter Lessingham *and* Clare.

Lessingham.

THIS is a place of feasting and of joy,
And, as in triumphs and ovations, here
Nothing save state and pleasure.
Clare. 'Tis confest.
Less. A day of mirth and solemn jubilee——
Clare. For such as can be merry.
Less. A happy nuptial,
Since a like pair of fortunes suitable,
Equality in birth, parity in years,
And in affection no way different,
Are this day sweetly coupled.
Clare. 'Tis a marriage——
Less. True, lady, and a noble precedent
Methinks for us to follow. Why should these
Outstrip us in our loves, that have not yet
Outgone us in our time? if we thus lose
Our best and not to be recover'd hours

Unprofitably spent, we shall be held
Mere truants in love's school.
Clare. That's a study
In which I never shall ambition have
To become graduate.
Less. Lady, you are sad:
This jovial meeting puts me in a spirit
To be made such. We two are guests invited,
And meet by purpose, not by accident.
Where's, then, a place more opportunely fit,
In which we may solicit our own loves,
Than before this example?
Clare. In a word,
I purpose not to marry.
Less. By your favour,—
For as I ever to this present hour
Have studied your observance, so from henceforth
I now will study plainness,—I have lov'd you
Beyond myself, misspended for your sake
Many a fair hour which might have been employ'd
To pleasure or to profit; have neglected
Duty to them from whom my being came,
My parents, but my hopeful studies most.
I have stolen time from all my choice delights
And robb'd myself, thinking to enrich you.
Matches I have had offer'd, some have told me
As fair, as rich—I never thought 'em so;
And lost all these in hope to find out you.
Resolve me, then, for Christian charity;
Think you an answer of that frozen nature
Is a sufficient satisfaction for

So many more than needful services?

Clare. I have said, sir.

Less. Whence might this distaste arise?
Be at least so kind to perfect me in that.
Is it of some dislike lately conceiv'd
Of this my person, which perhaps may grow
From calumny and scandal? if not that,
Some late received melancholy in you?
If neither, your perverse and peevish will—
To which I most imply it.

Clare. Be it what it can, or may be, thus it is;
And with this answer pray rest satisfied.
In all these travels, windings, and indents,
Paths, and by-paths, which many have sought out,
There's but one only road, and that alone,
To my fruition; which whoso finds out,
'Tis like he may enjoy me, but that failing,
I ever am mine own.

Less. O, name it, sweet!
I am already in a labyrinth,
Until you guide me out.

Clare. I'll to my chamber.
May you be pleas'd unto your mis-spent time
To add but some few minutes; by my maid
You shall hear further from me. [*Exit.*

Less. I'll attend you.
What more can I desire than be resolv'd
Of such a long suspense? Here's now the period
Of much expectation.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, *and* GROVER, *gallants.*

Ray. What, you alone retir'd to privacy,
Of such a goodly confluence, all prepar'd
To grace the present nuptials!
Less. I have heard some say,
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,
Such power hath meditation.
Eust. O, these choice beauties!
That are this day assembled! but of all
Fair Mistress Clare, the bride excepted still,
She bears away the prize.
Lion. And worthily,
For, setting off her present melancholy,
She is without taxation.[1]
Grov. I conceive
The cause of her so sudden discontent.
Ray. 'Tis far out of my way.
Grov. I'll speak it, then.
In all estates, professions, or degrees,
In arts or sciences, there is a kind
Of emulation, likewise so in this.
There's a maid this day married, a choice beauty;
Now, Mistress Clare, a virgin of like age,
And fortunes correspondent, apprehending
Time lost in her that's in another gain'd,
May upon this—for who knows women's thoughts—
Grow into this deep sadness.

[1] i. e. her merits are so unquestionable that none of them are capable, in legal phrase, of being *taxed off*.

Ray. Like enough.

Less. You are pleasant, gentlemen, or else perhaps
Though I know many have pursu'd her love——

Grov. And you amongst the rest, with pardon, sir,
Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye
On some that not respects her.

Less. That's my fear,
Which you now make your sport.

Enter WAITINGWOMAN.

Wait. A letter, sir.

Less. From whom?

Wait. My mistress.

Less. She has kept her promise,
And I will read it, though I in the same
Know my own death included.

Wait. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Less. Prove all thy friends, find out the best and nearest,
Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest.
Her servant, nay, her hand and character,
All meeting in my ruin! Read again:
Prove all thy friends, find out the best and nearest,
Kill for my sake that friend that loves thee dearest.
And what might that one be? 'tis a strange difficulty,
And it will ask much counsel. [*Exit.*

Ray. Lessingham hath left us on a sudden.

Eust. Sure, the occasion was of that letter sent him.

Lion. It may be it was some challenge.

Grov. Challenge! never dream it:
Are such things sent by women?

Ray. 'Twere an heresy

To conceive but such a thought.

Lion. Tush, all the difference
Begot this day must be at night decided
Betwixt the bride and bridegroom. Here both come.

Enter WOODROFF, ANNABEL, BONVILE, FRANCKFORD, LUCE, *and* NURSE.

Wood. What did you call the gentleman we met
But now in some distraction?

Bon. Lessingham;
A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,
And one of our prime guests.

Wood. He seem'd to me
Somewhat in mind distemper'd. What concern
Those private humours our so public mirth,
In such a time of revels? Mistress Clare,
I miss her, too; why, gallants, have you suffer'd her
Thus to be lost amongst you?

Anna. Dinner done, unknown to any, she retir'd herself.

Wood. Sick of the maid, perhaps, because she sees
You, mistress bride, her school and playfellow,
So suddenly turn'd wife.

Franck. 'Twas shrewdly guess'd.

Wood. Go, find her out. Fie, gentlemen, within
The music plays unto the silent walls,
And no man there to grace it: when I was young,
At such a meeting, I have so bestirr'd me,
Till I have made the pale green-sickness girls
Blush like the ruby, and drop pearls apace
Down from their ivory foreheads; in those days
I have cut capers thus high. Nay, in, gentlemen,

And single out the ladies.
Ray. Well advis'd.
Nay, mistress bride, you shall along with us,
For without you all's nothing.
Anna. Willingly,
With master bridegroom's leave.
Bon. O, my best joy!
This day I am your servant.
Wood. True, this day;
She his, her whole life after, so it should be;
Only this day a groom to do her service,
For which, the full remainder of his age,
He may write master. I have done it yet,
And so, I hope, still shall do. Sister Luce,
May I presume my brother Franckford can
Say as much and truly?
Luce. Sir, he may; I freely give him leave.
Wood. Observe that, brother; she freely gives you leave:
But who gives leave, the master or the servant?
Franck. You're pleasant,
And it becomes you well, but this day most,
That having but one daughter, have bestow'd her
To your great hope and comfort.
Wood. I have one:
Would you could say so, sister; but your barrenness
Hath given your husband freedom, if he please,
To seek his pastime elsewhere.
Luce. Well, well, brother,
Though you may taunt me, that have never yet
Been blest with issue, spare my husband, pray,
For he may have a by-blow, or an heir,

That you never heard of.

Franck (*aside*). O fie, wife, make not my fault too public.

Luce. Yet himself keep within compass.

Franck (*aside*). If you love me, sweet——

Luce. Nay, I have done.

Wood. But if he have not, wench,
I would he had the hurt I wish you both.
Prithee, thine ear a little.

Nurse. Your boy grows up, and 'tis a chopping lad,
A man even in the cradle.

Franck. Softly, nurse.

Nurse. One of the forward'st infants! how it will crow,
And chirrup like a sparrow! I fear shortly
It will breed teeth: you must provide him, therefore,
A coral, with a whistle and a chain.

Franck. He shall have anything.

Nurse. He's now quite out of blankets.

Franck. There's a piece, provide him what he wants;
Only, good nurse, prithee at this time be silent.

Nurse. A charm to bind
Any nurse's tongue that's living.

Wood. Come, we are miss'd
Among the younger fry: gravity ofttimes
Becomes the sports of youth, especially
At such solemnities; and it were sin
Not in our age to show what we have bin.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[1] For *been*, to suit the rhyme.

SCENE II.

Enter LESSINGHAM, *sad, with a letter in his hand.*

Less. Amicitiâ nihil dedit natura majus nec rarius:
So saith my author. If, then, powerful nature,
In all her bounties shower'd upon mankind,
Found none more rare and precious than this one
We call friendship, O, to what a monster
Would this transshape me; to be made that he
To violate such goodness! To kill any,
Had been a sad injunction; but a friend,
Nay, of all friends the most approv'd! A task
Hell, till this day, could never parallel.
And yet this woman has a power of me
Beyond all virtue,—virtue! almost grace.
What might her hidden purpose be in this?
Unless she apprehend some fantasy,
That no such thing has being; and as kindred
And claims to crowns are worn out of the world,
So the name friend: 't may be 'twas her conceit.
I have tried those that have professed much
For coin, nay, sometimes, slighter courtesies,
Yet found 'em cold enough; so, perhaps, she,
Which makes her thus opinion'd. If in the former,
And therefore better days, 'twas held so rare,
Who knows but in these last and worser times
It may be now with justice banish'd th' earth?
I'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled breast
Distemper'd with a thousand fantasies.
Something I must resolve. I'll first make proof

If such a thing there be, which having found,
'Twixt love and friendship 'twill be a brave fight,
To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, *and* GROVER.

Ray. What, Master Lessingham!
You that were wont to be compos'd of mirth,
All spirit and fire, alacrity itself,
Like the lustre of a late bright-shining sun,
Now wrapt in clouds and darkness!
Lion. Prithee, be merry;
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house,
And deads that spirit which thou wast wont to quicken,
And, half spent, to give life to.
Less. Gentlemen,
Such as have cause for sport, I shall wish ever
To make of it the present benefit,
While it exists: content is still short-breath'd;
When it was mine, I did so; if now yours,
I pray make your best use on't.
Lion. Riddles and paradoxes:
Come, come, some crotchet's come into thy pate,
And I will know the cause on't.
Grov. So will I,
Or I protest ne'er leave thee.
Less. 'Tis a business
Proper to myself, one that concerns
No second person.
Grov. How's that? not a friend?
Less. Why, is there any such?
Grov. Do you question that? what do you take me for?

Eust. Ay, sir, or me? 'Tis many months ago
Since we betwixt us interchang'd that name,
And, of my part, ne'er broken.
Lion. Troth, nor mine.
Ray. If you make question of a friend, I pray,
Number not me the last in your account,
That would be crown'd in your opinion first.
Less. You all speak nobly; but amongst you all
Can such a one be found?
Ray. Not one amongst us but would be proud
To wear the character of noble friendship:
In the name of which,
And of all us here present, I entreat,
Expose to us the grief that troubles you.
Less. I shall, and briefly. If ever gentleman
Sunk beneath scandal, or his reputation,
Never to be recover'd, suffer'd, and
For want of one whom I may call a friend,
Then mine is now in danger.
Ray. I'll redeem't,
Though with my life's dear hazard.
Eust. I pray, sir,
Be to us open-breasted.
Less. Then 'tis thus.
There is to be perform'd a monomachy,
Combat or duel, time, place, and weapon,
Agreed betwixt us. Had it touch'd myself,
And myself only, I had then been happy,
But I by composition am engag'd
To bring with me my second, and he too,
Not as the law of combat is, to stand

Aloof and see fair play, bring off his friend,
But to engage his person: both must fight,
And either of them dangerous.
Eust. Of all things
I do not like this fighting.
Less. Now, gentlemen,
Of this so great a courtesy I am
At this instant merely[1] destitute.
Ray. The time?
Less. By eight o'clock to-morrow.
Ray. How unhappily
Things may fall out! I am just at that hour
Upon some late conceived discontents
To atone[2] me to my father, otherwise
Of all the rest you had commanded me
Your second and your servant.
Lion. Pray, the place?
Less. Calais sands.
Lion. It once was fatal to a friend of mine,
And a near kinsman, for which I vow'd then,
And deeply too, never to see that ground:
But if it had been elsewhere, one of them
Had before nine been worms-meat.
Grov. What's the weapon?
Less. Single sword.
Grov. Of all that you could name,
A thing I never practis'd: had it been
Rapier, or that and poniard, where men use
Rather sleight than force, I had been then your man.
Being young, I strain'd the sinews of my arm,

[1] Wholly, absolutely. [2] Reconcile.

Since then to me 'twas never serviceable.

Eust. In troth, sir, had it been a money-matter,
I could have stood your friend; but as for fighting,
I was ever out at that.

Less. Well, farewell, gentlemen. [*Exeunt gallants.*
But where's the friend in all this? Tush, she's wise,
And knows there's no such thing beneath the moon;
I now applaud her judgment.

Enter BONVILE.

Bon. Why, how now, friend? This discontent, which now
Is so unseason'd, makes me question what
I ne'er durst doubt before, your love to me:
Doth it proceed from envy of my bliss,
Which this day crowns me with? or have you been
A secret rival in my happiness,
And grieve to see me owner of those joys,
Which you could wish your own?

Less. Banish such thoughts,
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful friendship
Man e'er could boast of. O, mine honour, sir!
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of sorrow:
Were that free from the power of calumny—
But pardon me, that being now a-dying
Which is so near to man, if part we cannot
With pleasant looks.

Bon. Do but speak the burden,
And I protest to take it off from you,
And lay it on myself.

Less. 'Twere a request,

Impudence without blushing could not ask,
It bears with it such injury.

Bon. Yet must I know 't.

Less. Receive it, then—but I entreat you, sir,
Not to imagine that I apprehend
A thought to further my intent by you;
From you 'tis least suspected—'twas my fortune
To entertain a quarrel with a gentleman,
The field betwixt us challeng'd, place and time,
And these to be perform'd not without seconds:
I have relied on many seeming friends,
But cannot bless my memory with one
Dares venture in my quarrel.

Bon. Is this all?

Less. It is enough to make all temperature
Convert to fury. Sir, my reputation,
The life and soul of honour, is at stake,
In danger to be lost, the word of coward
Still printed in the name of Lessingham.

Bon. Not while there is a Bonvile. May I live poor,
And die despis'd, not having one sad friend
To wait upon my hearse, if I survive
The ruin of that honour. Sir, the time?

Less. Above all spare me [that],[1] for that once known,
You'll cancel this your promise, and unsay
Your friendly proffer; neither can I blame you:
Had you confirm'd it with a thousand oaths,
The heavens would look with mercy, not with justice[2]
On your offence, should you infringe 'em all.

[1] Supplied by Mr. Dyce.
[2] i. e. not with the rigour of strict justice.

Soon after sun-rise, upon Calais sands,
To-morrow we should meet; now to defer
Time one half hour, I should but forfeit all.
But, sir, of all men living, this, alas,
Concerns you least! for shall I be the man
To rob you of this night's felicity,
And make your bride a widow, her soft bed
No witness of those joys this night expects?

Bon. I still prefer my friend before my pleasure,
Which is not lost for ever, but adjourn'd
For more mature employment.

Less. Will you go then?

Bon. I am resolv'd, I will.

Less. And instantly?

Bon. With all the speed celerity can make.

Less. You do not weigh those inconveniences
This action meets with: your departure hence
Will breed a strange distraction in your friends,
Distrust of love in your fair virtuous bride,
Whose eyes perhaps may never more be blest
With your dear sight, since you may meet a grave,
And that not amongst your noble ancestors,
But amongst strangers, almost enemies.

Bon. This were enough to shake a weak resolve,
It moves not me. Take horse as secretly
As you well may: my groom shall make mine ready
With all speed possible, unknown to any.

Less. But, sir, the bride.

Enter ANNABEL.

Anna. Did you not see the key, that's to unlock

My carcanet and bracelets; now, in troth,
I am afraid 'tis lost.

Bon. No, sweet, I ha't;
I found it lie at random in your chamber,
And knowing you would miss it, laid it by:
'Tis safe, I warrant you.

Anna. Then my fear's past:
But till you give it back, my neck and arms
Are still your prisoners.

Bon. But you shall find they have a gentle jailor.

Anna. So I hope: within y' are much enquir'd of.

Bon. Sweet, I follow. [*Exit Annabel.*] Dover?

Less. Yes, that's the place.

Bon. If you be there before me, hire a bark:
I shall not fail to meet you. [*Exit.*

Less. Was ever known
A man so miserably blest as I?
I have no sooner found the greatest good
Man in this pilgrimage of life can meet,
But I must make the womb where 'twas conceiv'd
The tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives
The last it must breathe. Yet there is a fate
That sways and governs above woman's hate. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter ROCHFIELD, *a young gentleman.*

Rochfield.

A YOUNGER brother? 'tis a poor calling,
Though not unlawful, very hard to live on.
The elder fool inherits all the lands,
And we that follow, legacies of wit,
And get 'em when we can too. Why should law,
If we be lawful and legitimate,
Leave us without an equal divident?
Or why compels it not our fathers else
To cease from getting, when they want[1] to give?
No sure, our mothers will ne'er agree to that;
They love to groan, although the gallows echo
And groan together for us; from the first[2]
We travel forth, t' other's[3] our journey's end.
I must forward. To beg is out of my way,
And borrowing is out of date. The old road,
The old high-way 't must be, and I am in 't.
The place will serve for a young beginner,
For this is the first day I set ope shop.
Success, then, sweet Laverna! I have heard
That thieves adore thee for a deity:
I would not purchase by thee but to eat,
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat.
Soft, here may be a booty.

[1] i. e. are in want of the means.
[2] i. e. the groaning.
[3] The gallows.

Enter ANNABEL *and a* SERVANT.

Anna. Hors'd, say'st thou?

Serv. Yes, mistress, with Lessingham.

Anna. Alack, I know not what to doubt or fear!
I know not well whether 't be well or ill:
But sure it is no custom for the groom
To leave his bride upon the nuptial day.
I am so young and ignorant a scholar—
Yes, and it proves so; I talk away perhaps
That might be yet recover'd. Prithee, run:
The forepath may advantage thee to meet 'em,
Or the ferry, which is not two miles before,
May trouble 'em, until thou com'st in ken,
And if thou dost, prithee, enforce thy voice
To overtake thine eyes; cry out, and crave
For me but one word 'fore his departure;
I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure,
Nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing
To keep it from me. Charge him by all the love—
But I stay thee too long: run, run.

Serv. If I had wings, I would spread 'em now, mistress.
[*Exit.*

Anna. I'll make the best speed after that I can,
Yet I am not well acquainted with the path:
My fears, I fear me, will misguide me too. [*Exit.*

Roch. There's good movables, I perceive, whate'er the ready coin be: whoever owns her, she's mine now; the next ground has a most pregnant hollow for the purpose.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter SERVANT, *running over; enter* ANNABEL, *after her* ROCHFIELD.

Anna. I'm at a doubt already where I am.
Roch. I'll help you, mistress; well overtaken.
Anna. Defend me, goodness! What are you?
Roch. A man.
Anna. An honest man, I hope.
Roch. In some degrees hot, not altogether cold,
So far as rank poison,[1] yet dangerous,
As I may be drest. I am an honest thief.
Anna. Honest and thief hold small affinity,
I never heard they were akin before:
Pray heaven I find it now.
Roch. I tell you my name.
Anna. Then, honest thief, since you have taught me so,
For I'll inquire no other, use me honestly.
Roch. Thus then I'll use you. First then, to prove me honest,
I will not violate your chastity,
(That's no part yet of my profession,)
Be you wife or virgin.
Anna. I am both, sir.
Roch. This then it seems should be your wedding day,
And these the hours of interim to keep you
In that double state: come, then, I'll be brief,
For I'll not hinder your desired hymen.
You have about you some superfluous toys,

[1] Dangerous if not well treated.

Which my lank hungry pockets would contrive[1]
With much more profit and more privacy;
You have an idle chain which keeps your neck
A prisoner; a manacle, I take it,
About your wrist too. If these prove emblems
Of the combined hemp to halter mine,
The fates take their pleasure! these are set down
To be your ransom, and there the thief is prov'd.

Anna. I will confess both, and the last forget.
You shall be only honest in this deed.
Pray you take it, I entreat you to it,
And then you steal 'em not.

Roch. You may deliver 'em.

Anna. Indeed I cannot. If you observe, sir,
They are both lock'd about me, and the key
I have not: happily you are furnish'd
With some instrument that may unloose 'em.

Roch. No, in troth, lady, I am but a freshman;
I never read further than this book you see,
And this very day is my beginning too:
These picking-laws I am to study yet.

Anna. O, do not show me that, sir, 'tis too frightful!
Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely;
Use but your hands, perhaps their strength will serve
To tear 'em from me without much detriment:
Somewhat I will endure.

Roch. Well, sweet lady,
Y' are the best patient for a young physician,
That I think e'er was practis'd on. I'll use you
As gently as I can, as I'm an honest thief.

[1] Qy. "contain."—DYCE.

No? will't not do? do I hurt you, lady?

Anna. Not much, sir.

Roch. I'd be loath at all. I cannot do't.

Anna. Nay, then, you shall not, sir. You a thief,

[*She draws his sword.*

And guard yourself no better? no further read?
Yet out in your own book? a bad clerk, are you not?

Roch. Ay, by Saint Nicholas,[1] lady, sweet lady.

Anna. Sir, I have now a masculine vigour,
And will redeem myself with purchase too.
What money have you?

Roch. Not a cross, by this foolish hand of mine.

Anna. No money? 'twere pity, then, to take this from thee;
I know thou'lt use me ne'er the worse for this;
Take it again, I know not how to use it:
A frown had taken 't from me, which thou had'st not.
And now hear, and believe me—on my knees
I make the protestation—forbear
To take what violence and danger must
Dissolve, if I forego 'em now. I do assure
You would not strike my head off for my chain,
Nor my hand for this: how to deliver 'em
Otherwise, I know not. Accompany
Me back unto my house, 'tis not far off:
By all the vows which this day I have tied
Unto my wedded husband, the honour
Yet equal with my cradle purity,
(If you will tax me,) to the hoped joys,
The blessings of the bed, posterity,

[1] St. Nicholas was the patron of thieves.

Or what aught else by woman may be pledg'd,
I will deliver you in ready coin
The full and dearest esteem[1] of what you crave.

Roch. Ha! ready money is the prize I look for:
It walks without suspicion anywhere,
When chains and jewels may be stay'd and call'd
Before the constable; but——

Anna. But? can you doubt?
You saw I gave you my advantage up:
Did you e'er think a woman to be true?

Roch. Thought's free; I have heard of some few, lady,
Very few indeed.

Anna. Will you add one more to your belief?

Roch. They were fewer than the articles of my belief,
Therefore I have room for you, and will believe you.
Stay, you'll ransom your jewels with ready coin;
So may you do, and then discover me.

Anna. Shall I reiterate the vows I made
To this injunction, or new ones coin?

Roch. Neither; I'll trust you: if you do destroy
A thief that never yet did robbery,
Then farewell I, and mercy fall upon me.
I knew one once fifteen years courtier old,
And he was buried ere he took a bribe.
It may be my case in the worser way.
Come, you know your path back.

Anna. Yes, I shall guide you.

Roch. Your arm: I'll lead with greater dread than will,
Nor do you fear, though in thief's handling still.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Estimate, value.

SCENE III.

Enter Two Boys, *one with a* Child *in his arms.*

First Boy. I say 'twas fair play.

Second Boy. To snatch up stakes! I say you should not say so if the child were out of mine arms.

First Boy. Ay, then thoud'st lay about like a man; but the child will not be out of thine arms this five years, and then thou hast a prenticeship to serve to a boy afterwards.

Second Boy. So, sir! you know you have the advantage of me.

First Boy. I'm sure you have the odds of me, you are two to one.

Enter Compass.

But soft, Jack, who comes here? if a point will make us friends, we'll not fall out.

Second Boy. O, the pity! 'tis Gaffer Compass: they said he was dead three years ago.

First Boy. Did not he dance the Hobby-horse in Hackney Morrice[1] once?

Second Boy. Yes, yes, at Green-goose fair; as honest and as poor a man.

Comp. Blackwall, sweet Blackwall, do I see thy white cheeks again? I have brought some brine from sea for thee; tears that might be tied in a true-love knot, for they're fresh salt indeed. O, beautiful Blackwall! if Urse, my wife, be living to this day, though she die to-morrow, sweet fates!

[1] The Morris-dance at Hackney.

Second Boy. Alas! let's put him out of his dumps, for pity's sake!—Welcome home, Gaffer Compass, welcome home, Gaffer.

Comp. My pretty youths, I thank you. Honest Jack, what a little man art thou grown, since I saw thee! Thou hast got a child, since, methinks.

Second Boy. I am fain to keep it, you see, whosoever got it, Gaffer: it may be another man's case as well as mine.

Comp. Sayest true, Jack: and whose pretty knave is it?

Second Boy. One that I mean to make a younger brother, if he live to't, Gaffer. But I can tell you news: you have a brave boy of your own wife's; O, 'tis a shote[1] to this pig!

Comp. Have I, Jack? I'll owe thee a dozen of points[1] for this news.

Second Boy. O, 'tis a chopping boy! it cannot choose, you know, Gaffer, it was so long a breeding.

Comp. How long, Jack?

Second Boy. You know 'tis four year ago since you went to sea, and your child is but a quarter old yet.

Comp. What plaguy boys are bred, now-a-days!

First Boy. Pray, Gaffer, how long may a child be breeding, before 'tis born?

Comp. That is as things are and prove, child; the soil has a great hand in't, too, the horizon, and the clime: these things you'll understand when you go to sea. In some parts of London hard by, you shall have a bride married to-day, and brought to bed within a month after, sometimes within three weeks, a fortnight.

[1] *Shote*, a half-grown hog.
[2] Tagged laces used in the dress of the period.

First Boy. O, horrible!

Comp. True, as I tell you, lads. In another place you shall have a couple of drones, do what they can, shift lodgings, beds, bed-fellows, yet not a child in ten years.

Second Boy. O, pitiful!

Comp. Now it varies again by that time you come at Wapping, Radcliff, Limehouse, and here with us at Blackwall; our children come uncertainly, as the wind serves. Sometimes here we are supposed to be away three or four years together: 'tis nothing so, we are at home and gone again, when nobody knows on't. If you'll believe me, I have been at Surat, as this day; I have taken the long-boat, (a fair gale with me,) been here a-bed with my wife by twelve a clock at night, up and gone again i' th' morning, and no man the wiser, if you'll believe me.

Second Boy. Yes, yes, Gaffer, I have thought so many times that you or somebody else have been at home; I lie at next wall, and I have heard a noise in your chamber all night long.

Comp. Right, why that was I, yet thou never sawest me.

Second Boy. No indeed, Gaffer.

Comp. No, I warrant thee; I was a thousand leagues off, ere thou wert up. But, Jack, I have been loth to ask all this while, for discomforting myself, how does my wife? is she living?

Second Boy. O, never better, Gaffer, never so lusty! and truly she wears better clothes than she was wont in your days, especially on holidays; fair gowns, brave petticoats, and fine smocks, they say that have seen 'em, and some of the neighbours reports that they were taken up at London.

Comp. Like enough: they must be paid for, Jack.

Second Boy. And good reason, Gaffer.

Comp. Well, Jack, thou shalt have the honour on't: go, tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return.

Second Boy. That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago. [*Exit.*

First Boy. Nay, sir, I'll be as forward as you, by your leave. [*Exit.*

Comp. Well, wife, if I be one of the livery, I thank thee. The horners are a great company; there may be an alderman amongst us one day; 'tis but changing our copy, and then we are no more to be called by our old brotherhood.

Enter COMPASS'S WIFE.

Wife. O my sweet Compass, art thou come again!

Comp. O, Urse, give me leave to shed! The fountains of love will have their course: though I cannot sing at first sight, yet I can cry before I see. I am new come into the world, and children cry before they laugh, a fair while.

Wife. And so thou art, sweet Compass, new born indeed, for rumour laid thee out for dead long since. I never thought to see this face again: I heard thou wert div'd to th' bottom of the sea, and taken up a lodging in the sands, never to come to Blackwall again.

Comp. I was going, indeed, wife, but I turn'd back: I heard an ill report of my neighbours, sharks and sword-fishes, and the like, whose companies I did not like. Come kiss my tears, now, sweet Urse: sorrow begins to ebb.

Wife. A thousand times welcome home, sweet Compass.

Comp. An ocean of thanks, and that will hold 'em.

And, Urse, how goes all at home? or cannot all go yet? lank still! will't never be full sea at our wharf?

Wife. Alas, husband!

Comp. A lass, or a lad, wench, I should be glad of both: I did look for a pair of compasses before this day.

Wife. And you from home!

Comp. I from home! why, though I be from home, and other of our neighbours from home, it is not fit all should be from home; so the town might be left desolate, and our neighbours of Bow might come further from the Itacus,[1] and inhabit here.

Wife. I'm glad y'are merry, sweet husband.

Comp. Merry! nay, I'll be merrier yet: why should I be sorry? I hope my boy's well, is he not? I looked for another by this time.

Wife. What boy, husband?

Comp. What boy! why the boy I got when I came home in the cock-boat one night about a year ago: you have not forgotten't, I hope. I think I left behind for a boy, and a boy I must be answer'd: I'm sure I was not drunk; it could be no girl.

Wife. Nay, then, I do perceive my fault is known: dear man, your pardon.

Comp. Pardon! why, thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? I'll hang thee, if there were ne'er a whore in London more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe.

Wife. Your long absence, with rumour of your death—after long battery, I was surpris'd.

Comp. Surpris'd! I cannot blame thee: Blackwall, if it

[1] Equally with Mr. Dyce, I am unable to divine how this, probably, misprint should be corrected.

were double black-wall'd, can't hold out always, no more than Limehouse, or Shadwell, or the strongest suburbs about London; and when it comes to that, woe be to the city, too.

Wife. Pursu'd by gifts and promises, I yielded: consider, husband, I am a woman, neither the first nor last of such offenders. 'Tis true I have a child.

Comp. Ha' you? and what shall I have then, I pray? Will not you labour for me, as I shall do for you? Because I was out o' th' way when 'twas gotten, shall I lose my share? There's better law amongst the players yet, for a fellow shall have his share,[1] though he do not play that day. If you look for any part of my four years' wages, I will have half the boy.

Wife. If you can forgive me, I shall be joy'd at it.

Comp. Forgive thee! for what? for doing me a pleasure? And what is he that would seem to father my child?

Wife. A man, sir, whom in better courtesies we have been beholding to, the merchant Master Franckford.

Comp. I'll acknowledge no other courtesies: for this I am beholding to him, and I would requite it, if his wife were young enough. Though he be one of our merchants at sea, he shall give me leave to be owner at home. And where's my boy? shall I see him?

Wife. He's nurs'd at Bednal Green; 'tis now too late; to-morrow I'll bring you to it, if you please.

Comp. I would thou could'st bring me another by to-

[1] The performers at our earlier theatres were distinguished into whole sharers, three-quarter sharers, half sharers, and hired men, and all but the last were in the favourable position indicated by Compass.

morrow. Come, we'll eat, and to bed, and if a fair gale come, we'll hoist sheets, and set forwards.
Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,
I'll teach a cuckold how to hide his horns. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter WOODROFF, FRANCKFORD, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, GROVER, LIONEL, CLARE, LUCE.

Wood. This wants a precedent, that a bridegroom
Should so discreet and decently observe
His forms, postures, all customary rites
Belonging to the table, and then hide himself
From his expected wages in the bed.
Franck. Let this be forgotten too, that it remains not
A first example.
Ray. Keep it amongst us,
Lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow.
Most likely 'tis, that love to Lessingham
Hath fastened on him, we all denied.
Eust. 'Tis more certain than likely: I know 'tis so.
Grov. Conceal then: the event may be well enough.
Wood. The bride, my daughter, she's hidden too;
This last hour she hath not been seen with us.
Ray. Perhaps they are together.
Eust. And then we make too strict an inquisition.
Under correction of fair modesty,
Should they be stol'n away to bed together,
What would you say to that?
Wood. I would say, speed 'em well;
And if no worse news comes, I'll never weep for't.

Enter NURSE.

How now! hast thou any tidings?

Nurse. Yes, forsooth, I have tidings.

Wood. Of any one that's lost?

Nurse. Of one that's found again, forsooth.

Wood. O, he was lost, it seems then.

Franck. This tidings comes to me, I guess, sir.

Nurse. Yes, truly, does it, sir.

Ray. Ay, have old lads work for young nurses?

Eust. Yes, when they groan towards their second infancy.

Clare. I fear myself most guilty for the absence
Of the bridegroom. What our wills will do
With overrash and headlong peevishness
To bring our calm discretions to repentance!
Lessingham's mistaken, quite out of the way
Of my purpose too.

Franck. Return'd!

Nurse. And all discover'd.

Franck. A fool rid him further off! let him not come near the child.

Nurse. Nor see't, if it be your charge.

Franck. It is, and strictly.

Nurse. To-morrow morning, as I hear, he purposeth to come to Bednal Green, his wife with him.

Franck. He shall be met there; yet, if he forestall my coming, keep the child safe.

Nurse. If he be the earlier up, he shall arrive at the proverb.[1] [*Exit.*

[1] "Early up and never the nearer."—RAY'S *Proverbs.*

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

Wood. So, so,
There's some good luck yet, the bride's in sight again.
Anna. Father, and gentlemen all, beseech you
Entreat this gentleman with all courtesy,
He is a loving kinsman of my Bonvile's,
That kindly came to gratulate our wedding;
But as the day falls out, you see alone
I personate both groom and bride, only
Your help to make this welcome better.
Wood. Most dearly.
Ray. To all, assure you, sir.
Wood. But where's the bridegroom, girl?
We are all at a nonplus, here, at a stand,
Quite out, the music ceas'd, and dancing surbated,[1]
Not a light heel amongst us; my cousin Clare, too,
As cloudy here as on a washing day.
Clare. It is because you will not dance with me;
I should then shake it off.
Anna. 'Tis I have cause
To be the sad one now, if any be:
But I have question'd with my meditations,
And they have render'd well and comfortably
To the worst fear I found. Suppose this day
He had long since appointed to his foe
To meet, and fetch a reputation from him,
Which is the dearest jewel unto man:
Say he do fight, I know his goodness such,

[1] *Surbated*—meaning *bruised in the feet*, wearied. *Dancing* should, probably, be read *dancers*.

That all those powers that love it are his guard,
And ill cannot betide him.

Wood. Prithee, peace,
Thoul't make us all cowards to hear a woman
Instruct so valiantly. Come, the music,
I'll dance myself rather than[1] thus put down.
What! I am rife a little yet.

Anna. Only this gentleman
Pray you be free in welcome to; I tell you
I was in fear when first I saw him.

Roch. (*aside*). Ha! she'll tell.

Anna. I had quite lost my way in
My first amazement, but he so fairly came
To my recovery, in his kind conduct
Gave me such loving comforts to my fears,
'Twas he instructed me in what I spake,
And many better than I have told you yet;
You shall hear more anon.

Roch. (*aside*). So, she will out with't.

Anna. I must, I see, supply both places still.
Come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure,
I will return to you, sir; we must discourse
More of my Bonvile yet.

Omnes. A noble bride, faith.

Clare. You have your wishes, and you may be merry:
Mine have overgone me.

[*Exeunt. Manet Rochfield, solus.*

Roch. It is the trembling'st trade to be a thief!
H'ad need have all the world bound to the peace!
Besides the bushes and the vanes of houses,

[1] [Be].

Everything that moves, he goes in fear of's life on;
A fur-gown'd cat, and[1] meet her in the night,
She stares with a constable's eye upon him,
And every dog's a watchman; a black cow,
And a calf with a white face after her,
Shows like a surly justice and his clerk;
And if the baby go but to the bag,
'Tis ink and paper for a mittimus.
Sure, I shall never thrive on't; and it may be
I shall need take no care, I may be now
At my journey's end, or but the gaol's distance,
And so to the other place. I trust a woman
With a secret worth a hanging; is that well?
I could find in my heart to run away yet:
And that were base, too, to run from a woman:
I can lay claim to nothing but her vows,
And they shall strengthen me.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

Enter ANNABEL.

Anna. See, sir, my promise:
There's twenty pieces, the full value, I vow,
Of what they cost.

Roch. Lady, do not trap me
Like a sumpter-horse, and then spur-gall me
Till I break my wind. If the constable
Be at the door, let his fair staff appear:
Perhaps I may corrupt him with this gold.

Anna. Nay, then, if you mistrust me, father, gentlemen,
Master Raymond, Eustace!

[1] [if he].

Enter ALL, *as before, and a* SAILOR.

Wood. How now, what's the matter, girl?

Anna. For shame, will you bid your kinsman welcome?
No one but I will lay a hand on him:
Leave him alone, and all a revelling!

Wood. O, is that it? Welcome, welcome heartily!
I thought the bridegroom had been return'd: but
I have news, Annabel; this fellow brought it.
Welcome, sir! why, you tremble methinks, sir.

Anna. Some agony of anger, 'tis, believe it,
His entertainment is so cold and feeble.

Ray. Pray, be cheer'd, sir.

Roch. I'm wondrous well, sir; 'twas the gentleman's mistake.

Wood. 'Twas my hand shook belike, then; you must pardon
Age, I was stiffer once. But as I was saying,
I should by promise see the sea to-morrow
('Tis meant for physic) as low as Lee or Margate,
I have a vessel riding forth, gentlemen,
'Tis call'd the God-speed, too,
Though I say't, a brave one, well and richly fraughted;
And I can tell you she carries a Letter of Mart
In her mouth, too, and twenty roaring boys
On both sides on her, starboard and larboard.
What say you, now, to make you all adventurers?
You shall have fair dealing, that I'll promise you.

Ray. A very good motion, sir, I begin,
There's my ten pieces.

Eust. I second 'em with these.

Grov. My ten in the third place.

Roch. And, sir, if you refuse not a proffer'd love,
Take my ten pieces with you, too.

Wood. Your's above all the rest, sir.

Anna. Then make 'em above, venture ten more.

Roch. Alas, lady, 'tis a younger brother's portion,
And all in one bottom!

Anna. At my encouragement, sir,
Your credit if you want, sir, shall not sit down
Under that sum return'd.

Roch. With all my heart, lady. There, sir.
So, she has fish'd for her gold back, and caught it;
I am no thief now.

Wood. I shall make here a pretty assurance.

Roch. Sir, I shall have a suit to you.

Wood. You are likely to obtain it, then, sir.

Roch. That I may keep you company to sea,
And attend you back; I am a little travell'd.

Wood. And heartily thank you, too, sir.

Anna. Why, that's well said.
Pray you be merry: though your kinsman be absent,
I am here the worst part of him, yet that shall serve
To give you welcome; to-morrow may show you
What this night will not, and be full assur'd,
Unless your twenty pieces be ill-lent,
Nothing shall give you cause of discontent.
There's ten more, sir.

Roch. Why should I fear? Foutre[1] on't,
I'll be merry now, spite of the hangman. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A French oath, not susceptible of explanation here.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter LESSINGHAM *and* BONVILE.

Bonvile.

WE are first i' th' field: I think your enemy
Is stay'd at Dover, or some other port,
We hear not of his landing.

Less. I am confident he is come over.

Bon. You look, methinks, fresh colour'd.

Less. Like a red morning, friend, that still foretells
A stormy day to follow: but, methinks,
Now I observe your face, that you look pale,
There's death in't already.

Bon. I could chide your error.
Do you take me for a coward? A coward
Is not his own friend, much less can he be
Another man's. Know, sir, I am come hither
To instruct you, by my generous example,
To kill your enemy, whose name as yet
I never question'd.

Less. Nor dare I name him yet
For disheartening you.

Bon. I do begin to doubt
The goodness of your quarrel.

Less. Now you hav't:
For I protest that I must fight with one
From whom, in the whole course of our acquaintance,
I never did receive the least injury.

Bon. It may be the forgetful wine begot
Some sudden blow, and thereupon this challenge.
Howe'er, you are engag'd; and for my part
I will not take your course, my unlucky friend,
To say your conscience grows pale and heartless,
Maintaining a bad cause. Fight, as lawyers plead,
Who gain the best of reputation
When they can fetch a bad cause smoothly off:
You are in and must through.

Less. O my friend,
The noblest ever man had! when my fate
Threw me upon this business, I made trial
Of divers had profess'd to me much love,
And found their friendship, like the effects that kept
Our company together—wine and riot—
Giddy and sinking; I had found 'em oft,
Brave seconds at pluralities of healths;
But when it came to th' proof, my gentlemen
Appear'd to me as promising and failing
As cozening lotteries. But then I found
This jewel worth a thousand counterfeits:
I did but name my engagement, and you flew
Unto my succour with that cheerfulness,
As a great general hastes to a battle,
When that the chief of the adverse part
Is a man glorious but of ample fame.
You left your bridal-bed to find your death-bed.
And herein you most nobly express'd
That the affection 'tween two loyal friends
Is far beyond the love of man to woman,
And is more near allied to eternity.

What better friend's part could be show'd i' the world!
It transcends all: my father gave me life,
But you stand by my honour when 'tis falling,
And nobly underprop it with your sword.
But now you have done me all this service,
How, how shall I requite this? how return
My grateful recompense for all this love?
For it am I come hither with full purpose
To kill you.

Bon. Ha!

Less. Yes, I have no opposite i' th' world but
Yourself: there, read the warrant for your death.

Bon. 'Tis a woman's hand.

Less. And 'tis a bad hand too:
The most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse.

Bon. Kill me! away, you jest.

Less. Such jest as your sharp-witted gallants use
To utter, and lose their friends. Read there how
I'm fetter'd in a woman's proud command:
I do love madly, and must do madly.
Deadliest hellebore or vomit of a toad
Is qualified poison to the malice of a woman.

Bon. And kill that friend? strange!

Less. You may see, sir,
Although the tenure by which land was held
In villanage be quite extinct in England,
Yet you have women there at this day living
Make a number of slaves.

Bon. And kill that friend!
She mocks you upon my life, she does equivocate:
Her meaning is, you cherish in your breast

Either self-love, or pride, as your best friend,
And she wishes you'd kill that.

Less. Sure, her command
Is more bloody; for she loathes me, and has put,
As she imagines, this impossible task,
For ever to be quit and free from me:
But such is the violence of my affection,
That I must undergo it. Draw your sword,
And guard yourself! though I fight in fury
I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest
'Tis done in heart-sorrow.

Bon. I'll not fight with you,
For I have much advantage: the truth is,
I wear a privy[1] coat.

Less. Prithee put it off then,
If thou beest manly.

Bon. The defence I mean, is the justice of my cause;
That would guard me, and fly to thy destruction.
What confidence thou wear'st in a bad cause!
I am likely to kill thee if I fight,
And then you fail to effect your mistress' bidding,
Or to enjoy the fruit of't. I have ever
Wished thy happiness, and vow I now
So much affect it, in compassion
Of my friend's sorrow: make thy way to it.[2]

Less. That were a cruel murder.

Bon. Believ't, 'tis ne'er intended otherwise,
When 'tis a woman's bidding.

Less. O, the necessity of my fate!

[1] A secret coat of mail.

[2] A line seems to have dropped out here.—DYCE.

Bon. You shed tears.

Less. And yet must on in my cruel purpose:
A judge, methinks, looks loveliest when he weeps
Pronouncing of death's sentence. How I stagger
In my resolve! Guard thee, for I came hither
To do and not to suffer: wilt not yet
Be persuaded to defend thee? turn the point,
Advance it from the ground above thy head,
And let it underprop thee otherwise
In a bold resistance.

Bon. Stay; thy injunction
Was thou should'st kill thy friend.

Less. It was.

Bon. Observe me:
He wrongs me most, ought to offend me least,
And they that study man say of a friend,
There's nothing in the world that's harder found,
Nor sooner lost. Thou cam'st to kill thy friend,
And thou may'st brag thou'st done't; for here for ever
All friendship dies between us, and my heart,
For bringing forth any effects of love,
Shall be as barren to thee as this sand
We tread on, cruel and inconstant as
The sea that beats upon this beach. We now
Are severed: thus hast thou slain thy friend,
And satisfied what the witch, thy mistress, bade thee.
Go, and report that thou hast slain thy friend.

Less. I am serv'd right.

Bon. And now that I do cease to be thy friend,
I will fight with thee as thine enemy:
I came not over idly to do nothing.

Less. O, friend!

Bon. Friend!
The naming of that word shall be the quarrel.
What do I know but that thou lov'st my wife,
And feign'st this plot to divide me from her bed,
And that this letter here is counterfeit?
Will you advance, sir?

Less. Not a blow:
'Twould appear ill in either of us to fight,
In you unmanly; for believe it, sir,
You have disarm'd me already, done away
All power of resistance in me. It would show
Beastly to do wrong to the dead: to me, you say,
You are dead for ever, lost on Calais sands
By the cruelty of a woman. Yet remember
You had a noble friend, whose love to you
Shall continue after death. Shall I go over
In the same bark with you?

Bon. Not for yon town of Calais:
You know 'tis dangerous living
At sea with a dead body.

Less. O, you mock me!
May you enjoy all your noble wishes!

Bon. And may you find a better friend than I,
And better keep him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter NURSE, COMPASS, *and his* WIFE.

Nurse. Indeed you must pardon me, goodman Compass; I have no authority to deliver, no, not to let you see the child: to tell you true, I have command unto the contrary.

Comp. Command? from whom?

Nurse. By the father of it.

Comp. The father! who am I?

Nurse. Not the father sure: the civil law has found it otherwise.

Comp. The civil law! why then the uncivil law shall make it mine again. I'll be as dreadful as a Shrove-Tuesday[1] to thee: I will tear thy cottage, but I will see my child.

Nurse. Speak but half so much again, I'll call the constable, and lay burglary to thy charge.

Wife. My good husband, be patient. And prithee, Nurse, let him see the child.

Nurse. Indeed I dare not. The father first delivered me the child: he pays me well and weekly for my pains, and to his use I keep it.

Comp. Why, thou white bastard-breeder, is not this the mother?

Nurse. Yes, I grant you that.

Comp. Dost thou? and I grant it too: and is not the child mine own, then, by the wife's copyhold?

[1] The London apprentices were wont, on Shrove Tuesday, to assemble together to storm and devastate the houses of ill fame in the city.

Nurse. The law must try that.

Comp. Law! dost think I'll be but a father-in-law? All the law betwixt Blackwall and Tothill-street, and there's a pretty deal, shall not keep it from me, mine own flesh and blood: who does use to get my children but myself?

Nurse. Nay, you must look to that: I ne'er knew you get any.

Comp. Never? Put on a clean smock and try me if thou darest; three to one I get a bastard on thee to-morrow morning between one and three.

Nurse. I'll see thee hang'd first.

Comp. So thou shalt too.

Enter FRANCKFORD *and* LUCE.

Nurse. O, here's the father: now pray talk with him.

Franck. Good morrow, neighbour: morrow to you both.

Comp. Both! morrow to you and your wife too.

Franck. I would speak calmly with you.

Comp. I know what belongs to a calm and a storm too. A cold word with you: you have tied your mare in my ground.

Franck. No, 'twas my nag.

Comp. I will cut off your nag's tail, and make his rump make hair-buttons, if e'er I take him there again.

Franck. Well, sir, but to the main.

Comp. Main! yes, and I'll clip his mane too, and crop his ears, too, do you mark? and backgall him, and spurgall him, do you note? and slit his nose, do you smell me now, sir? unbreech his barrel, and discharge his bullets; I'll gird him till he stinks: you smell me now I'm sure.

Franck. You are too rough, neighbour. To maintain——

Comp. Maintain! you shall not maintain no child of mine: my wife does not bestow her labour to that purpose.

Franck. You are too speedy. I will not maintain——

Comp. No, marry, shall you not.

Franck. —the deed to be lawful: I have repented it, and to the law given satisfaction; my purse has paid for't.

Comp. Your purse! 'twas my wife's purse: you brought in the coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit.

Franck. I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased.

Comp. Pleased! yes, I am pleased well enough, serve me so still. I am going again to sea one of these days: you know where I dwell. Yet you'll but lose your labour: get as many children as you can, you shall keep none of them.

Franck. You are mad.

Comp. If I be horn-mad, what's that to you?

Franck. I leave off milder phrase, and then tell you plain, you are a——

Comp. A what? what am I?

Franck. A coxcomb.

Comp. A coxcomb! I knew 'twould begin with a C.

Franck. The child is mine, I am the father of it. As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame; I do acknowledge and will enjoy it.

Comp. Yes, when you can get it again. Is it not my wife's labour? I'm sure she's the mother: you may be as far off the father as I am, for my wife's acquainted with more whoremasters besides yourself, and crafty merchants too.

Wife. No, indeed, husband, to make my offence both least and most, I knew no other man; he's the begetter, but the child is mine; I bred and bore it, and I will not lose it.

Luce. The child's my husband's, dame, and he must have it. I do allow my sufferance to the deed, in lieu I never yet was fruitful to him, and in my barrenness excuse my wrong.

Comp. Let him dung his own ground better at home, then: if he plant his radish roots in my garden, I'll eat 'em with bread and salt, though I get no mutton to 'em. What though your husband lent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? I'll have the head; let him carry the spindle home again.

Franck. Forbear more words then; let the law try it. Meantime, nurse, keep the child, and to keep it better Here take more pay beforehand: there's money for thee.

Comp. There's money for me, too: keep it for me, nurse. Give him both thy dugs at once: I pay for thy right dug.

Nurse. I have two hands, you see: gentlemen, this does but show how the law will hamper you; even thus you must be used.

Franck. The law shall show which is the worthier gender: A schoolboy can do't.

Comp. I'll whip that schoolboy that declines the child from my wife and her heirs: do not I know my wife's case, the genitive case, and that's *hujus*, as great a case as can be?

Franck. Well, fare you well: we shall meet in another place.

Come, Luce. [*Exit, with Luce.*

Comp. Meet her in the same place again, if you dare, and do you worst. Must we go to law for our children now-a-days? No marvel if the lawyers grow rich; but ere the law shall have a limb, a leg, a joint, a nail,
I will spend more than a whole child in getting;
Some win by play, and others by bye-betting.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER, ANNABEL, *and* CLARE.

Lion. Whence was that letter sent?
Anna. From Dover, sir?
Lion. And does that satisfy you what was the cause
Of his going over?
Anna. It does: yet had he
Only sent this, it had been sufficient.
Ray. Why, what's that?
Anna. His will, wherein
He has estated me in all his land.
Eust. He's gone to fight.
Lion. Lessingham's second, certain.
Anna. And I am lost, lost in't for ever.
Clare (*aside*). O fool Lessingham,
Thou hast mistook my injunction utterly,
Utterly mistook it! and I am mad, stark mad
With my own thoughts, not knowing what event
Their going o'er will come to. 'Tis too late
Now for my tongue to cry my heart mercy.
Would I could be senseless till I hear

[1] i. e. perhaps, as *betters* standing by.

Of their return! I fear me both are lost.

Ray. Who should it be Lessingham's gone to fight with?

Eust. Faith, I cannot possibly conjecture.

Anna. Miserable creature! a maid, a wife,
And widow in the compass of two days.

Ray. Are you sad, too?

Clare. I am not very well, sir.

Ray. I must put life in you.

Clare. Let me go, sir.

Ray. I do love you in spite of your heart.

Clare. Believe it,
There was never a fitter time to express it,
For my heart has a great deal of spite in't.

Ray. I will discourse to you fine fancies.

Clare. Fine fooleries, will you not?

Ray. By this hand, I love you and will court you.

Clare. Fie!
You can command your tongue, and I my ears
To hear you no further.

Ray. On my reputation,
She's off o' th' hinges strangely.

Enter WOODROFF, ROCHFIELD, *and a* SAILOR.

Wood. Daughter, good news.

Anna. What, is my husband heard of?

Wood. That's not the business: but you have here a cousin
You may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry
'Tis by your husband's kindred, not your own,
That we might boast to have so brave a man
In our alliance.

Anna. What, so soon return'd?
You have made but a short voyage: howsoever
You are to me most welcome.

Roch. Lady, thanks;
'Tis you have made me your own creature;
Of all my being, fortunes, and poor fame,
(If I have purchas'd[1] any, and of which
I no way boast,) next the high providence,
You have been the sole creatress.

Anna. O dear cousin,
You are grateful above merit! What occasion
Drew you so soon from sea?

Wood. Such an occasion,
As I may bless heaven for, you thank their bounty,
And all of us be joyful.

Anna. Tell us how.

Wood. Nay, daughter, the discourse will best appear
In his relation: where he fails, I 'll help.

Roch. Not to molest your patience with recital
Of every vain and needless circumstance,
'Twas briefly thus: scarce having reach'd to Margate,
Bound on our voyage, suddenly in view
Appear'd to us three Spanish men of war.
These, having spied the English cross advance,
Salute us with a piece to have us strike:
Ours, better spirited, and no way daunted
At their unequal odds, though but one bottom,
Return'd 'em fire for fire. The fight begins,
And dreadful on the sudden: still they proffer'd
To board us, still we bravely beat 'em off.

Wood. But, daughter, mark the event.

[1] For *acquired.*

Roch. Sea-room we got: our ship being swift of sail,
It help'd us much. Yet two unfortunate shot,
One struck the captain's head off, and the other,
With an unlucky splinter, laid the master
Dead on the hatches: all our spirits then fail'd us.

Wood. Not all: you shall hear further, daughter.

Roch. For none was left to manage: nothing now
Was talk'd of but to yield up ship and goods,
And mediate for our peace.

Wood. Nay, coz, proceed.

Roch. Excuse me, I entreat you, for what 's more
Hath already past my memory.

Wood. But mine it never can. Then he stood up,
And with his oratory made us again
To recollect our spirits, so late dejected.

Roch. Pray, sir.

Wood. I 'll speak 't out. By unite consent
Then the command was his, and 'twas his place
Now to bestir him; down he went below,
And put the linstocks in the gunners' hands;
They ply their ordnance bravely: then again
Up to the decks; courage is there renew'd,
Fear now not found amongst us. Within less
Than four hours' fight two of their ships were sunk,
Both founder'd, and soon swallow'd. Not long after
The third begins to wallow, lies on the lee
To stop her leaks: then boldly we come on,
Boarded, and took her, and she 's now our prize.

Sailor. Of this we were eye-witness.

Wood. And many more brave boys of us, besides;
Myself, for one. Never was, gentlemen,

A sea-fight better manag'd.
Roch. Thanks to heaven
We have sav'd our own, damag'd the enemy,
And, to our nation's glory, we bring home
Honour and profit.
Wood. In which, cousin Rochfield,
You, as a venturer, have a double share,
Besides the name of captain, and in that
A second benefit; but, most of all,
Way to more great employment.
Roch. Thus your bounty [*To Annabel.*
Hath been to me a blessing.
Ray. Sir, we are all
Indebted to your valour: this beginning
May make us of small venturers to become
Hereafter wealthy merchants.
Wood. Daughter, and gentlemen,
This is the man was born to make us all.
Come, enter, enter! we will in and feast:
He 's in the bridegroom's absence my chief guest.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter COMPASS, WIFE, LIONEL, *and* PETTIFOG *the Attorney, and one* BOY.

Compass.

THREE Tuns do you call this tavern? It has a good neighbour of Guildhall, Master Pettifog. Show a room, boy.

Boy. Welcome, gentlemen.

Comp. What, art thou here, Hodge?

Boy. I am glad you are in health, sir.

Comp. This was the honest crack-rope first gave me tidings of my wife's fruitfulness. Art bound prentice?

Boy. Yes, sir.

Comp. Mayest thou long jumble bastard[1] most artificially, to the profit of thy master and pleasure of thy mistress.

Boy. What wine drink ye, gentlemen?

Lion. What wine relishes your palate, good Master Pettifog?

Pett. Nay, ask the woman.

Comp. Elegant[2] for her: I know her diet.

Pett. Believe me, I con her thank for 't:[3] I am of her side.

Comp. Marry, and reason, sir: we have entertained you for our attorney.

Boy. A cup of neat Allegant?

Comp. Yes, but do not make it speak Welsh, boy.

Boy. How mean you?

Comp. Put no metheglin in 't, ye rogue.

Boy. Not a drop, as I am true Briton.

[*They sit down: Pettifog pulls out papers.*

[1] *Bastard*,—a kind of sweet Spanish wine; of which there were two sorts—white and brown. Ritson calls it a wine of Corsica. It approached the Muscadel wine in flavour, and was, perhaps, made from a bastard species of Muscadine grape; but the term, in more ancient times, seems to have been applied to all mixed and sweetened wines.—HALLIWELL.

[2] A pun seems intended here: *Allegant* or *Alligant* (for our old poets write it both ways) is wine of Alicant; or perhaps the following lines may illustrate Compass's meaning:—

"In dreadful darkenesse *Alligant* lies drown'd,
Which marryed men invoke for procreation."
Pasquil's Palinodia. 1634, Sig. C 3.—DYCE.

[3] *Con*,—the Ang. Sax. *connan*, to know. "To con thanks" answers to the French *sçavoir grè*.

Enter FRANCKFORD, EUSTACE, LUCE, *and* MASTER DODGE, *a lawyer, to another table; and a* DRAWER.

Franck. Show a private room, Drawer.

Drawer. Welcome, gentlemen.

Eust. As far as you can from noise, boy.

Drawer. Further this way, then, sir, for in the next room there are three or four fishwives taking up a brabbling business.

Franck. Let 's not sit near them by any means.

Dodge. Fill canary, sirrah.

Franck. And what do you think of my cause, Master Dodge?

Dodge. O, we shall carry it most indubitably. You have money to go through with the business, and ne'er fear it but we 'll trounce 'em; you are the true father.

Luce. The mother will confess as much.

Dodge. Yes, mistress, we have taken her affidavit. Look, you, sir, here 's the answer to his declaration.

Franck. You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge
To call a charge upon me; but 'tis truth
I made a purchase lately, and in that
I did estate the child, 'bout which I 'm sued,
Joint-purchaser in all the land I bought.
Now that 's one reason that I should have care,
Besides the tie of blood, to keep the child
Under my wing, and see it carefully
Instructed in those fair abilities
May make it worthy hereafter to be mine,
And enjoy the land I have provided for 't.

Luce. Right: and I counsell'd you to make that purchase;

And therefore I 'll not have the child brought up
By such a coxcomb as now sues for him.
He'd bring him up only to be a swabber:
He was born a merchant and a gentleman,
And he shall live and die so.

Dodge. Worthy mistress, I drink to you: you are a good woman, and but few of so noble a patience.

Enter BOY.

Boy. Score a quart of Allegant to the Woodcock.

Enter BOY,[1] *like a musician.*

Boy. Will you have any music, gentlemen?

Comp. Music amongst lawyers! here 's nothing but discord. What, Ralph? Here 's another of my young cuckoos I heard last April, before I heard the nightingale.[2] No music, good Ralph: here, boy; your father was a tailor, and methinks by your leering eye you should take after him; a good boy; make a leg handsomely; scrape yourself out of our company. [*Exit Boy.*] And what do you think of my suit, sir?

Pett. Why, look you, sir: the defendant was arrested first by Latitat in an action of trespass.

Comp. And a lawyer told me it should have been an action of the case: should it not, wife?

Wife. I have no skill in law, sir: but you heard a lawyer say so.

[1] In the original, First Boy; corrected to Second Boy by Mr. Dyce. The First Boy has been already recognized by Compass.

[2] He who happened to hear the cuckoo sing before the nightingale was supposed not to prosper in his love affairs.—DYCE.

Pett. Ay, but your action of the case is in that point too ticklish.

Comp. But what do you think? shall I overthrow my adversary?

Pett. Sans question. The child is none of yours: what of that? I marry a widow is possessed of a ward: shall not I have the tuition of that ward? Now, sir, you lie at a stronger ward; for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the civil law, and if you were within compass of the four seas, as the common law goes, the child shall be yours, certain.

Comp. There's some comfort in that, yet. O, your attorneys in Guildhall have a fine time on't!

Lion. You are in effect both judge and jury yourselves.

Comp. And how you will laugh at your clients, when you sit in a tavern, and call them coxcombs, and whip up a cause, as a barber trims his customers on a Christmas-eve, a snip, a wipe, and away!

Pett. That's ordinary, sir: you shall have the like at a *nisi prius*.

Enter FIRST CLIENT.

O, you are welcome, sir.

First Client. Sir, you'll be mindful of my suit?

Pett. As I am religious: I'll drink to you.

First Client. I thank you. By your favour, mistress. I have much business, and cannot stay; but there's money for a quart of wine.

Comp. By no means.

First Client. I have said, sir. [*Exit.*

Pett. He's my client, sir, and he must pay. This is my tribute: custom is not more truly paid in the Sound of Denmark.

Enter SECOND CLIENT.

Second Client. Good sir, be careful of my business.

Pett. Your declaration's drawn, sir: I'll drink to you.

Second Client. I cannot drink this morning; but there's money for a pottle of wine.

Pett. O, good sir.

Second Client. I have done, sir. Morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Comp. We shall drink good cheap, Master Pettifog.

Pett. An' we sate here long, you'd say so. I have sate here in this tavern but one half hour, drunk but three pints of wine, and what with the offering of my clients in that short time, I have got nine shillings clear, and paid all the reckoning.

Lion. Almost a counsellor's fee.

Pett. And a great one, as the world goes in Guildhall; for now our young clerks share with 'em, to help 'em to clients.

Comp. I don't think but that the cucking-stool is an enemy to a number of brabbles that would else be determined by law.

Pett. 'Tis so, indeed, sir. My client that came in now sues his neighbour for kicking his dog, and using the defamatory speeches, *come out, cuckold's cur.*

Lion. And what shall you recover upon this speech?

Pett. In Guildhall, I assure you,[1]—the other that came in was an informer, a precious knave.

Comp. Will not the ballad of Flood[2] that was pressed make them leave their knavery?

[1] Something is wanting here.

[2] Doubtless some ballad-history of the removal of an informer called Flood from the scene of his operations, by a Press Gang.

Pett. I'll tell you how he was serv'd; this informer comes into Turnbull street to a victualling-house,[1] and there falls in league with a wench;—

Comp. A Tweak, or Bronstrops: I learned that name in a play.[2]

Pett. —had, belike, some private dealings with her, and there got a goose.[3]

Comp. I would he had got two: I cannot away with[4] an informer.

Pett. Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge of this, informs against the bawd that kept the house that she used cans[5] in her house: but the cunning jade comes me into th' court, and there deposes that she gave him true Winchester measure.

Comp. Marry, I thank her with all my heart for't.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Here's a gentleman, one Justice Woodroff, inquires for Master Franckford.

Franck. O, my brother, and the other compromiser,[6] come to take up the business.

[1] Turnbull Street (more properly called *Turnmill* Street), a noted resort for courtesans and bad characters. Coffee-houses and other similar victualling-houses were then, as now, applied to evil purposes.

[2] In Middleton and Rowley's *Faire Quarrell*, the play to which, in all probability, our text alludes, *Tweak* is used for harlot, *Bronstrops* for bawd.—DYCE.

[3] "A sore in the groin, which, if it come by lechery, is called a *Winchester goose*, or a botch."—*Nomenclator*, 1585, p. 439 (HALLIWELL). The term "Winchester" was used, because the houses of ill fame along the river in Southwark were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester.

[4] Endure. [5] i. e. I suppose, short measures. [6] Arbitrator.

Enter COUNSELLOR *and* WOODROFF.

Wood. We have conferr'd and labour'd for your peace,
Unless your stubbornness prohibit it;
And be assur'd, as we can determine it,
The law will end, for we have sought the cases.

Comp. If the child fall to my share, I am content to end upon any conditions; the law shall run on headlong else.

Franck. Your purse must run by like a footman then.

Comp. My purse shall run open-mouthed at thee.

Coun. My friend, be calm: you shall hear the reasons.
I have stood up for you, pleaded your cause,
But am overthrown; yet no further yielded
Than your own pleasure: you may go on in law
If you refuse our censure.[1]

Comp. I will yield to nothing but my child.

Coun. [2]'Tis then as vain in us to seek your peace:
Yet take the reasons with you. This gentleman
First speaks, a justice, to me; and observe it,
A child that's base and illegitimate born,
The father found, who (if the need require it)
Secures the charge and damage of the parish,
But the father? who charg'd with education,
But the father? then, by clear consequence,
He ought, for what he pays for, to enjoy.
Come to the strength of reason, upon which
The law is grounded: the earth brings forth,
This ground or that, her crop of wheat or rye;
Whether shall the seedsman enjoy the sheaf,

[1] Opinion, judgment.

[2] This speech, though originally printed as prose, was manifestly intended by the Author to be metrical.

Or leave it to the earth that brought it forth?
The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit,
Spreads her large arms; who but the lord of it
Shall pluck [the] apples, or command the lops?
Or shall they sink into the root again?
'Tis still most clear upon the father's part.

Comp. All this law I deny, and will be mine own lawyer. Is not the earth our mother? and shall not the earth have all her children again? I would see that law durst keep any of us back; she'll have lawyers and all first, though they be none of her best children. My wife is the mother; and so much for the civil law. Now I come again, and y'are gone at the common law. Suppose this is my ground: I keep a sow upon it, as it might be my wife; you keep a boar, as it might be my adversary here; your boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my sow, and wallows in her mire; my sow cries *week*, as if she had pigs in her belly—who shall keep these pigs? he the boar, or she the sow?

Wood. Past other alteration, I am changed;
The law is on the mother's part.

Coun. For me, I am strong in your opinion.
I never knew my judgment err so far;
I was confirm'd upon the other part,
And now am flat against it.

Wood. Sir, you must yield;
Believe it, there's no law can relieve you.

Franck. I found it in myself. Well, sir,
The child's your wife's, I'll strive no further in it;
And being so near unto agreement,
Let us go quite through to't: forgive my fault,

And I forgive my charges, nor will I
Take back the inheritance I made unto it.

Comp. Nay, there you shall find me kind too; I have a pottle of claret and a capon to supper for you; but no more mutton for you, not a bit.

Ray. Yes, a shoulder, and we'll be there too; or a leg opened with venison sauce.

Comp. No legs open'd, by your leave, nor no such sauce.

Wood. Well, brother and neighbour, I am glad you are friends.

Omnes. All, all joy at it.

[*Exeunt Woodroff, Franckford, and Lawyers.*

Comp. Urse, come kiss, Urse; all friends.

Ray. Stay, sir, one thing I would advise you;
'Tis counsel worth a fee, though I be
No lawyer;
'Tis physic indeed, and cures cuckoldry, to keep
That spiteful brand out of your forehead,
That it shall not dare
To meet or look out at any window to you;
'Tis better than an onion to a green wound
I' th' left hand made by fire.
It takes out scar and all.

Comp. This were a rare receipt; I'll content you for your skill.

Ray. Make here a flat divorce between yourselves,
Be you no husband, nor let her be no wife;
Within two hours you may salute again,
Woo and wed afresh; and then the cuckold's blotted;
This medicine is approv'd?

Comp. Excellent, and I thank you. Urse, I renounce

thee, and I renounce myself from thee; thou art a widow, Urse. I will go hang myself two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thyself; then will we meet again in the pease-field by Bishops-Hall, and, as the swads and the cods shall instruct us, we'll talk of a new matter.

Wife. I will be ruled: fare you well, sir.

Comp. Farewell, widow, remember time and place: change your clothes too, do ye hear, widow? [*Exit Wife.*] Sir, I am beholding to your good counsel.

Ray. But you will not follow your own so far, I hope; you said you'd hang yourself.

Comp. No, I have devised a better way, I will go drink myself dead for an hour, then when I awake again, I am a fresh new man; and so I go a wooing.

Ray. That's handsome, and I'll lend thee a dagger.

Comp. For the long weapon let me alone then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LESSINGHAM *and* CLARE.

Clare. O, sir, are you return'd? I do expect
To hear strange news now.

Less. I have none to tell you;
I am only to relate I have done ill
At a woman's bidding; that's, I hope, no news.
Yet wherefore do I call that ill, begets
My absolute happiness? You now are mine;
I must enjoy you solely.

Clare. By what warrant?

Less. By your own condition. I have been at Calais,

Perform'd your will, drawn my revengeful sword,
And slain my nearest and best friend i' th' world
I had for your sake.

Clare. Slain your friend for my sake?

Less. A most sad truth.

Clare. And your best friend?

Less. My chiefest.

Clare. Then of all men you are most miserable.
Nor have you aught further'd your suit in this,
Though I enjoin'd you to't, for I had thought
That I had been the best esteemed friend
You had i' th' world.

Less. Ye did not wish, I hope,
That I should have murder'd you.

Clare. You shall perceive more
Of that hereafter; but, I pray, sir, tell me,—
For I do freeze with expectation of it,
It chills my heart with horror till I know,—
What friend's blood you have sacrific'd to your fury,
And to my fatal sport, this bloody riddle:
Who is it you have slain?

Less. Bonvile, the bridegroom.

Clare. Say? O, you have struck him dead thorough my heart!
In being true to me you have prov'd in this
The falsest traitor. O, I am lost for ever!
Yet, wherefore am I lost? rather recover'd
From a deadly witchcraft, and upon his grave
I will not gather rue but violets
To bless my wedding strewings.[1] Good sir, tell me

[1] The flowers scattered before the bride in the wedding procession.

ENGLISH FACULTY * OXFORD UNIV.

Are you certain he is dead?

Less. Never, never to be recover'd.

Clare. Why now, sir, I do love you
With an entire heart. I could dance methinks:
Never did wine or music stir in woman
A sweeter touch of mirth. I will marry you,
Instantly marry you.

Less. This woman has strange changes. You are ta'en
Strangely with his death.

Clare. I'll give the reason
I have to be thus ecstasied with joy:
Know, sir, that you have slain my dearest friend,
And fatalest enemy.

Less. Most strange.

Clare. 'Tis true.
You have ta'en a mass of lead from off my heart
For ever would have sunk it in despair.
When you beheld me yesterday, I stood
As if a merchant walking on the downs,
Should see some goodly vessel of his own
Sunk 'fore his face i' th' harbour, and my heart,
Retain'd no more heat than a man that toils
And vainly labours to put out the flames
That burn his house to th' bottom. I will tell you
A strange concealment, sir, and till this minute
Never reveal'd, and I will tell it now
Smiling, and not blushing: I did love that Bonvile,
Not as I ought, but as a woman might
That's beyond reason. I did doat upon him
Though he ne'er knew of't, and beholding him
Before my face wedded unto another,

And all my interest in him forfeited,
I fell into despair; and at that instant
You urging your suit to me, and I thinking
That I had been your only friend i' th' world,
I heartily did wish you would have kill'd
That friend yourself, to have ended all my sorrow,
And had prepar'd it, that unwittingly
You should have don't by poison.

Less. Strange amazement.

Clare. The effects of a strange love.

Less. 'Tis a dream sure.

Clare. No, 'tis real, sir, believe it.

Less. Would it were not!

Clare. What, sir! you have done bravely: 'tis your mistress
That tells you you have done so.

Less. But my conscience
Is of counsel 'gainst you, and pleads otherwise.
Virtue in her past actions glories still,
But vice throws loathed looks on former ill.
But did you love this Bonvile?

Clare. Strangely, sir;
Almost to a degree of madness.

Less. Trust a woman!
Never! henceforward, I will rather trust
The winds which Lapland witches sell to men.
All that they have is feign'd, their teeth, their hair,
Their blushes, nay, their conscience too is feign'd;
Let 'em paint, load themselves with cloth of tissue,
They cannot yet hide woman; that will appear
And disgrace all. The necessity of my fate!

Certain this woman has bewitch'd me here
For I cannot choose but love her. O how fatal
This might have prov'd! I would it had for me!
It would not grieve me though my sword had split
His heart in sunder, I had then destroy'd
One that may prove my rival. O, but then
What had my horror been, my guilt of conscience!
I know some do ill at women's bidding
I' th' dog-days, and repent all the winter after:
No, I account it treble happiness
That Bonvile lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory
That our friendship is divided.

Clare. Noble friend, why do you talk to yourself?

Less. Should you do so,
You'd talk to an ill woman: fare you well,
For ever fare you well. I will do somewhat
To make as fatal breach and difference
In Bonvile's love as mine: I am fix'd in 't:
My melancholy and the devil shall fashion 't.

Clare. You will not leave me thus?

Less. Leave you for ever!
And may my friend's blood, whom you lov'd so dearly,
For ever lie imposthum'd in your breast,
And i' th' end choke you! Woman's cruelty
This black and fatal thread hath ever spun;
It must undo, or else it is undone. [*Exit.*

Clare. I am every way lost, and no means to raise me
But blest repentance. What two unvalued jewels
Am I at once depriv'd of! Now I suffer
Deservedly. There's no prosperity settled:
Fortune plays ever with our good or ill,

Like cross and pile,[1] and turns up which she will.

Enter BONVILE.

Bon. Friend.

Clare. O, you are the welcomest under heaven!
Lessingham did but fright me: yet I fear
That you are hurt to danger.

Bon. Not a scratch.

Clare. Indeed you look exceeding well, methinks.

Bon. I have been sea-sick lately, and we count
That excellent physic. How does my Annabel?

Clare. As well, sir, as the fear of such a loss
As your esteemed self will suffer her.

Bon. Have you seen Lessingham since he return'd?

Clare. He departed hence but now, and left with me
A report had almost kill'd me.

Bon. What was that?

Clare. That he had kill'd you.

Bon. So he has.

Clare. You mock me.

Bon. He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silenc'd
All amity between us. You may now
Go and embrace him, for he has fulfill'd
The purpose of that letter. [*Gives her a letter.*

Clare. O, I know't.
And had you known this, which I meant to have sent you
[*She gives him another.*
An hour 'fore you were married to your wife,
The riddle had been constru'd.

Bon. Strange! this expresses

[1] The game now called *Heads or tails.*

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

That you did love me.

Clare. With a violent affection.

Bon. Violent indeed; for it seems it was your purpose
To have ended it in violence on your friend.
The unfortunate Lessingham unwittingly
Should have been the executioner.

Clare. 'Tis true.

Bon. And do you love me still?

Clare. I may easily
Confess it, since my extremity is such
That I must needs speak or die.

Bon. And you would enjoy me
Though I am married?

Clare. No, indeed, not I, sir:
You are to sleep with a sweet bed-fellow
Would knit the brow at that.

Bon. Come, come a woman's telling truth makes amends
For her playing false: you would enjoy me?

Clare. If you were a bachelor or widower,
Afore all the great ones living.

Bon. But 'tis impossible
To give you present satisfaction, for my wife,
My wife is young and healthful, and I like
The summer and the harvest of our love,
Which yet I have not tasted of, so well
That, and you'll credit me, for me her days
Shall ne'er be shorten'd. Let your reason, therefore,
Turn you another way, and call to mind,
With best observance, the accomplish'd graces
Of that brave gentleman, whom late you sent
To his destruction; a man so every way

Deserving, no one action of his
In all his life-time e'er degraded him
From the honour he was born to. Think how observant
He'll prove to you in nobler request that so
Obey'd you in a bad one; and remember
That afore you engag'd him to an act
Of horror, to the killing of his friend,
He bore his steerage true in every part,
Led by the compass of a noble heart.

Clare. Why do you praise him thus? You said but now
He was utterly lost to you; now't appears
You are friends, else you'd not deliver of him
Such a worthy commendation.

Bon. You mistake,
Utterly mistake that I am friends with him
In speaking this good of him. To what purpose
Do I praise him? only to this fatal end,
That you might fall in love and league with him:
And what worse office can I do i' th' world
Unto my enemy than to endeavour
By all means possible to marry him
Unto a whore? and there, I think, she stands.

Clare. Is whore a name to be belov'd? if not,
What reason have I ever to love that man
Puts it upon me falsely? You have wrought
A strange alteration in me: were I a man,
I would drive you with my sword into the field,
And there put my wrong to silence. Go, y'are not worthy
To be a woman's friend in the least part
That concerns honourable reputation;
For you are a liar.

Bon. I will love you now
With a noble observance, if you will continue
This hate unto me; gather all those graces
From whence you have fallen yonder, where you have left 'em
In Lessingham, he that must be your husband.
And though henceforth I cease to be his friend,
I will appear his noblest enemy, and work
Reconcilement 'tween you.

Clare. No, you shall not,
You shall not marry him to a strumpet: for that word
I shall ever hate you.

Bon. And for that one deed
I shall ever love you. Come, convert your thoughts
To him that best deserves 'em, Lessingham.
It's most certain you have done him wrong,
But your repentance and compassion now
May make amends; disperse this melancholy,
And on that turn of fortune's wheel depend,
When all calamities will mend or end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter COMPASS, RAYMOND, EUSTACE, LIONEL, GROVER.

Comp. Gentlemen, as you have been witness to our divorce, you shall now be evidence to our next meeting, which I look for every minute, if you please, gentlemen.

Ray. We came for the same purpose, man.

Comp. I do think you'll see me come off with as smooth a forehead, make my wife as honest a woman once more

as a man sometimes would desire, I mean of her rank, and a teeming woman as she has been. Nay, surely I do think to make the child as lawful a child too as a couple of unmarried people can beget, and let it be begotten when the father is beyond sea, as this was: do but note.

Eust. 'Tis that we wait for.

Comp. You have waited the good hour. See, she comes.

Enter WIFE.

A little room, I beseech you, silence and observation.

Ray. All your own, sir.

Comp. Good morrow, fair maid.

Wife. Mistaken in both, sir, neither fair nor maid.

Comp. No! a married woman?

Wife. That's it I was, sir; a poor widow now.

Comp. A widow! Nay, then I must make a little bold with you: 'tis akin to mine own case; I am a wifeless husband too. How long have you been a widow, pray? nay, do not weep.

Wife. I cannot choose, to think the loss I had.

Comp. He was an honest man to thee, it seems.

Wife. Honest, quoth a', O!

Comp. By my feck,[1] and those are great losses. An honest man is not to be found in every hole, nor every street: if I took

A whole parish in sometimes I might say true,
For stinking mackarel may be cried for new.

Ray. Somewhat sententious.

Eust. O, silence was an article enjoined.

Comp. And how long is it since you lost your honest husband?

[1] By my faith.

Wife. O, the memory is too fresh, and your sight makes my sorrow double.

Comp. My sight! why, was he like me?

Wife. Your left hand to your right is not more like.

Comp. Nay, then I cannot blame thee to weep. An honest man, I warrant him, and thou hadst a great loss of him; such a proportion, so limbed, so coloured, so fed.

Ray. Yes, faith, and so taught too.

Eust. Nay, will you break the law.[1]

Wife. Twins were never liker.

Comp. Well, I love him the better, whatsoever is become of him: and how many children did he leave thee at his departure?

Wife. Only one, sir.

Comp. A boy or a girl?

Wife. A boy, sir.

Comp. Just mine own case still: my wife, rest her soul! left me a boy too, a chopping boy, I warrant.

Wife. Yes, if you call him so.

Comp. Ay, mine is a chopping boy: I mean to make either a cook or a butcher of him, for those are your chopping boys. And what profession was your husband of?

Wife. He went to sea, sir, and there got his living.

Comp. Mine own faculty too. And you can like a man of that profession well?

Wife. For his sweet sake whom I so dearly lov'd,
More dearly lost, I must think well of it.

Comp. Must you? I do think then thou must venture to sea once again, if thou'lt be ruled by me.

[1] i. e. of silence, just recalled to Eustace.

Wife. [1]O, sir, but there's one thing more burdensome
To us, than most of others' wives, which moves me
A little to distaste it: long time we endure
The absence of our husbands, sometimes many years,
And then if any slip in woman be,
As long vacations may make lawyers hungry,
And tradesmen cheaper pennyworths afford
Than otherwise they would for ready coin,
Scandals fly out, and we poor souls [are] branded
With wanton living and incontinency;
When, alas! consider, can we do withal?[2]

Comp. They are fools, and not sailors, that do not consider that: I am sure your husband was not of that mind, if he were like me.

Wife. No, indeed, he would bear kind and honestly.

Comp. He was the wiser. Alack, your land and freshwater men never understand what wonders are done at sea: yet they may observe ashore that a hen, having tasted the cock, kill him, and she shall lay eggs afterwards.

Wife. That's very true indeed.

Comp. And so may women, why not? may not a man get two or three children at once? one must be born before another, you know.

Wife. Even this discretion my sweet husband had:
You more and more resemble him.

Comp. Then, if they knew what things are done at sea, where the winds themselves do copulate and bring forth issue, as thus: in the old world there were but four in all, as nor', east, sou,' and west: these dwelt far from one another,

[1] I have followed Mr. Dyce in giving this speech, originally printed as prose, a metrical arrangement. [2] Can we abstain.

yet by meeting they have engendered nor'-east, sou'-east, sou'-west, nor'-west,—then they were eight; of them were begotten nor'-nor'-east, nor'-nor'-west, sou'-sou'-east, sou'-sou'-west, and those two sou's were sou'-east', and sou'-west' daughters; and indeed, there is a family now of thirty-two of 'em, that they have filled every corner of the world; and yet for all this, you see these bawdy bellows-menders, when they come ashore, will be offering to take up women's coats in the street.

Wife. Still my husband's discretion.

Comp. So I say, if your landmen did understand that we send winds from sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do.

Wife. We cannot help it.

Comp. But you shall help it. Can you love me, widow?

Wife. If I durst confess what I do think, sir, I know what I would say.

Comp. Durst confess! Why, whom do you fear? here's none but honest gentlemen, my friends: let them hear, and never blush for't.

Wife. I shall be thought too weak, to yield at first.

Ray. 'Tush, that's niceness: come, we heard all the rest:
The first true stroke of love sinks the deepest;
If you love him, say so.

Comp. I have a boy of mine own; I tell you that afore-hand: you shall not need to fear me that way.

Wife. Then I do love him.

Comp. So, here will be man and wife to-morrow, then: what, though we meet strangers, we may love one another ne'er the worse for that. Gentlemen, I invite you all to my wedding.

Omnes. We'll all attend it.

Comp. Did not I tell you, I would fetch it off fair? Let any man lay a cuckold to my charge, if he dares, now.

Ray. 'Tis slander, whoever does it.

Comp. Nay, it will come to petty-lassery[1] at least, and without compass of the general pardon, too, or I'll bring him to a foul sheet, if he has ne'er a clean one: or let me hear him that will say I am not father to the child I begot.

Eust. None will adventure any of those.

Comp. Or that my wife that shall be, is not as honest a woman as some other men's wives are.

Ray. No question of that.

Comp. How fine and sleek my brows are, now!

Eust. Ay, when you are married they'll come to themselves again.

Comp. You may call me bridegroom if you please now, for the guests are bidden.

Omnes. Good master bridegroom!

Comp. Come, widow, then: ere the next ebb and tide,
If I be bridegroom, thou shalt be the bride. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

Rochfield.

BELIEVE me, I was never more ambitious,
Or covetous, if I may call it so,
Of any fortune greater than this one,
But to behold his face.

[1] i. e. petty larceny.

Anna. And now's the time;
For from a much-fear'd danger, as I heard,
He's late come over.

Roch. And not seen you yet!
'Tis some unkindness.

Anna. You may think it so,
But for my part, sir, I account it none.
What know I but some business of import
And weighty consequence, more near to him
Than any formal compliment to me,
May for a time detain him? I presume
No jealousy can be aspersed on him
For which he cannot well apology.

Roch. You are a creature every way complete,
As good a wife as woman, for whose sake,
As I in duty am endear'd to you,
So shall I owe him service.

Enter LESSINGHAM.

Less. (*aside*). The ways to love and crowns lie both through blood,
For in 'em both all lets must be remov'd:
It could be styl'd no true ambition else.
I am grown big with project—project, said I?
Rather with sudden mischief, which without
A speedy birth fills me with painful throes,
And I am now in labour. Thanks, occasion,
That giv'st me a fit ground to work upon!
It should be Rochfield, one since our departure,
It seems, engrafted in this family:
Indeed, the house's minion, since from the lord

To the lowest groom, all with unite consent
Speak him so largely; nor, as it appears,
By this their private conference is he grown
Least in the bride's opinion; a foundation
On which I will erect a brave revenge.
Anna. Sir, what kind offices lie in your way
To do for him, I shall be thankful for,
And reckon them mine own.
Roch. In acknowledgment,
I kiss your hand: so with a gratitude
Never to be forgot, I take my leave.
Anna. I mine of you, with hourly expectation
Of a long-look'd for husband. [*Exit.*
Roch. May it thrive
According to your wishes!
Less. Now's my turn.
Without offence, sir, may I beg your name?
Roch. 'Tis that I never yet denied to any,
Nor will to you, that seem a gentleman;
'Tis Rochfield.
Less. Rochfield! You are then the man,
Whose nobleness, virtue, valour, and good parts
Have voic'd you loud: Dover, and Sandwich, Margate,
And all the coast is full of you.
But more, as an eyewitness of all these,
And with most truth, the master of this house
Hath given them large expressions.
Roch. Therein his love
Exceeded much my merit.
Less. That's your modesty.
Now I, as one that goodness love in all men,

And honouring that which is but found in few,
Desire to know you better.

Roch. Pray, your name?

Less. Lessingham.

Roch. A friend to Master Bonvile?

Less. In the number
Of those which he esteems most dear to him
He reckons me not last.

Roch. So I have heard.

Less. Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky planet
Beneath which you were born; 'twas a bright star,
And then shin'd clear upon you: for as you
Are every way well-parted,[1] so I hold you
In all designs mark'd to be fortunate.

Roch. Pray, do not stretch your love to flattery,
'T may call it then in question: grow, I pray you,
To some particulars.

Less. I have observ'd
But late your parting with the virgin bride,
And therein some affection.

Roch. How!

Less. With pardon,
In this I still applaud your happiness,
And praise the blessed influence of your stars.
For how can it be possible that she,
Unkindly left upon the bridal day,
And disappointed of those nuptial sweets,
That night expected, but should take the occasion
So fairly offer'd? nay, and stand excus'd,
As well in detestation of a scorn
Scarce in a husband heard of, as selecting

[1] Endowed.

A gentleman in all things so complete
To do her those neglected offices
Her youth and beauty justly challengeth?
Roch. [1]Some plot to wrong the bride, and I now
Will marry craft with cunning: if he'll bite,
I'll give him line to play on—Wer't your case,
You being young as I am, would you intermit
So fair and sweet occasion?
Yet, misconceive me not, I do entreat you,
To think I can be of that easy wit,
Or of that malice to defame a lady
Were she so kind so to expose herself;
Nor is she such a creature.
Less.[2] On this foundation
I can build higher still.—Sir, I believ't.
I hear you two call cousins: comes your kindred
By the Woodroffs or the Bonviles?
Roch. From neither; 'tis a word of courtesy
Late interchang'd betwixt us; otherwise
We are foreign as two strangers.
Less. Better still.
Roch. I would not have you grow too inward[3] with me
Upon so small a knowledge: yet, to satisfy you,
And in some kind, too, to delight myself,
Those bracelets and the carcanet she wears
She gave me once.
Less. They were the first and special tokens past
Betwixt her and her husband.
Roch. 'Tis confest;
What I have said, I have said. Sir, you have power,
Perhaps, to wrong me, or to injure her:

[1] (Aside). [2] (Aside). [3] *Inward*, i. e. intimate.

This you may do, but as you are a gentleman,
I hope you will do neither.

Less. Trust upon't. [*Exit Rochfield.*

If I drown, I'll sink some along with me,
For of all miseries I hold that chief,
Wretched to be when none coparts[1] our grief.
Here's another anvil to work on: I must now
Make this my masterpiece, for your old foxes
Are seldom ta'en in springes.

Enter WOODROFF.

Wood. What, my friend!
You are happily return'd, and yet I want
Somewhat to make it perfect. Where's your friend,
My son-in-law?

Less. O, sir!

Wood. I pray, sir, resolve me;
For I do suffer strangely till I know
If he be in safety.

Less. Fare you well: 'tis not fit
I should relate his danger.

Wood. I must know't.
I have a quarrel to you already
For enticing my son-in-law to go over:
Tell me quickly, or I shall make it greater.

Less. Then truth is, he's dangerously wounded.

Wood. But he's not dead, I hope.

Less. No, sir, not dead:
Yet sure your daughter may take liberty
To choose another.

[1] Shares.

Wood. Why, that gives him dead.

Less. Upon my life, sir, no: your son's in health,
As well as I am.

Wood. Strange! you deliver riddles.

Less. I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true;
He is wounded in his reputation.
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,
That your fair daughter might take liberty
To embrace another. That's the consequence
That makes my best friend wounded in his fame.
This is all I can deliver.

Wood. I must have more of't;
For I do sweat already, and I'll sweat more:
'Tis good, they say, to cure aches, and o' th' sudden
I am sore from head to foot. Let me taste the worst.

Less. Know, sir, if ever there were truth in falsehood,
Then 'tis most true your daughter plays most false
With Bonvile, and hath chose for her favourite
The man that now pass'd by me, Rochfield.

Wood. Say?
I would thou had'st spoke this on Calais sands,
And I within my sword and poniard's length
Of that false throat of thine! I pray, sir, tell me
Of what kin or alliance do you take me
To the gentlewoman you late mention'd?

Less. You are her father.

Wood. Why, then, of all men living do you address
This report to me, that ought of all men breathing
To have been the last o' th' roll, except the husband,
That should have heard of't?

Less. For her honour, sir, and yours;

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

That your good counsel may reclaim her.

Wood. I thank you.

Less. She has departed, sir, upon my knowledge,
With jewels, and with bracelets, the first pledges
And confirmation of th' unhappy contract
Between herself and husband.

Wood. To whom?

Less. To Rochfield.

Wood. Be not abus'd; but now,
Even now, I saw her wear 'em.

Less. Very likely:
'Tis fit, hearing her husband is return'd,
That he should re-deliver 'em.

Wood. But pray, sir, tell me,
How is it likely she could part with 'em,
When they are lock'd about her neck and wrists,
And the key with her husband?

Less. O, sir, that's but practice:
She has got a trick to use another key
Besides her husband's.

Wood. Sirrah, you do lie;
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds
For every lie given, as men pay twelvepence,
And worthily, for swearing, I would give thee
The lie, nay, though it were in the court of honour,
So oft, till of the thousands I am worth,
I had not left a hundred. For is't likely
So brave a gentleman as Rochfield is,
That did so much at sea to save my life,
Should now on land shorten my wretched days
In ruining my daughter? A rank lie!

Have you spread this to any but myself?

Less. I am no intelligencer.

Wood. Why then 'tis yet a secret:
And that it may rest so, draw! I'll take order
You shall prate of it no further.

Less. O, my sword
Is enchanted, sir, and will not out o' th' scabbard.
I will leave you, sir; yet say not I give ground,
For 'tis your own you stand on.

Enter BONVILE *and* CLARE.

Clare here with Bonvile! excellent, on this
I have more to work: this goes to Annabel,
And it may increase the whirlwind. [*Exit.*

Bon. How now, sir!
Come, I know this choler bred in you,
For the voyage which I took at his entreaty;
But I must reconcile you.

Wood. On my credit
There's no such matter. I will tell you, sir,
And I will tell it in laughter, the cause of it
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible
To be believ'd: ha! ha! he came even now
And told me that one Rochfield, now a guest
(And most worthy, sir, to be so) in my house,
Is grown exceedingly familiar with
My daughter.

Bon. Ha!

Wood. Your wife; and that he has had favours from her.

Bon. Favours!

Wood. Love-tokens I did call 'em in my youth;
Lures to which gallants spread their wings, and stoop
In ladies' bosoms. Nay, he was so false
To truth and all good manners, that those jewels
You lock'd about her neck, he did protest
She had given to Rochfield. Ha! methinks o' th' sudden
You do change colour. Sir, I would not have you
Believe this in least part: my daughter's honest,
And my guess[1] is a noble fellow; and for this
Slander deliver'd me by Lessingham,
I would have cut his throat.

Bon. As I your daughter's,
If I find not the jewels 'bout her.

Clare. Are you return'd
With the Italian plague upon you, jealousy?

Wood. Suppose that Lessingham should love my daughter,
And thereupon fashion your going over,
As now your jealousy, the stronger way
So to divide you, there were a fine crotchet!
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus,
I vow you are not worth a welcome home
Neither from her nor me. See, here she comes.

Enter ROCHFIELD *and* ANNABEL.

Clare. I have brought you home a jewel.

Anna. Wear it yourself:
For these I wear are fetters, not favours.

Clare. I look'd for better welcome.

[1] *Guess*, a corruption of *guest*, not unfrequently used by old writers.—DYCE.

Roch. Noble sir,
I must woo your better knowledge.
Bon. O, dear sir,
My wife will bespeak it for you.
Roch. Ha, your wife!
Wood. Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off o' th' hinges.
Bon. The jewels are i' th' right place: but the jewel
Of her heart sticks yonder. You are angry with me
For my going over.
Anna. Happily[1] more angry for your coming over.
Bon. I sent you my will from Dover.
Anna. Yes, sir.
Bon. Fetch it.
Anna. I shall, sir, but leave your self-will with you.
[*Exit.*
Wood. This is fine; the woman will be mad too.
Bon. Sir, I would speak with you.
Roch. And I with you of all men living.
Bon. I must have satisfaction from you.
Roch. Sir, it grows upon the time of payment.
Wood. What's that? what's that? I'll have no whispering.

Enter ANNABEL, *with a will.*

Anna. Look you, there's the patent
Of your deadly affection to me.
Bon. 'Tis welcome.
When I gave myself for dead, I then made over
My land unto you: now I find your love
Dead to me, I will alter't.
Anna. Use your pleasure.

[1] Haply, perhaps.

A man may make a garment for the moon,
Rather than fit your constancy.
Wood. How's this? Alter your will!
Bon. 'Tis in mine own disposing:
Certainly, I will alter't.
Wood. Will you so, my friend?
Why then I will alter mine too.
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,
In forty thousand pounds after my death:
I can find another executor.
Bon. Pray, sir, do.
Mine I'll alter without question.
Wood. Dost hear me?
And if I change not mine within this two hours,
May my executors cozen all my kindred
To whom I bequeath legacies.
Bon. I am for a lawyer, sir. [*Exit.*
Wood. And I will be with one as soon as thyself,
Though thou rid'st post to th' devil.
Roch. Stay, let me follow and cool him.
Wood. O, by no means!
You'll put a quarrel upon him for the wrong
H' has done my daughter.
Roch. No, believe it, sir, he's my wish'd friend.
Wood. O, come, I know the way of't:
Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper,
Appoint to meet, and cut each other's throats
With cringes and embraces. I protest,
I will not suffer you exchange a word
Without I overhear't.
Roch. Use your pleasure.
[*Exeunt Woodroff and Rochfield.*

Clare. You are like to make fine work now.
Anna. Nay, you are like to make a finer business of't.
Clare. Come, come, I must solder you together.
Anna. You! why I heard
A bird sing lately, you are the only cause
Works the division.
Clare. Who, as thou ever loved'st me?
For I long, though I am a maid, for't.
Anna. Lessingham.
Clare. Why then I do protest myself first cause
Of the wrong which he has put upon you both,
Which, please you to walk in, I shall make good
In a short relation. Come, I'll be the clue
To lead you forth this labyrinth, this toil
Of a suppos'd and causeless jealousy.
Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,
And fevers seize those of the best complexion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter WOODROFF *and* ROCHFIELD.

Wood. Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,
You may believ't before an oracle,
For there's no trick in't, but the honest sense.
Roch. Believe it, that I do, sir.
Wood. Your love must then
Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together.
I say, you must not fight with my son Bonvile.
Roch. Not fight with him, sir?
Wood. No, not fight with him, sir.
I grant you may be wrong'd, and I dare swear

So is my child; but he is the husband, you know,
The woman's lord, and must not always be told
Of his faults neither: I say, you must not fight.
Roch. I'll swear it, if you please, sir.
Wood. And forswear, I know't,
Ere you lay ope the secrets of your valour,
'Tis enough for me I saw you whisper,
And I know what belongs to't.
Roch. To no such end, assure you.
Wood. I say, you cannot fight with him,
If you be my friend, for I must use you:
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my second.

Enter LESSINGHAM.

Prepare thee, slanderer, and get another
Better than thyself, too: for here's my second,
One that will fetch him up, and firk him too.
Get your tools: I know the way to Calais sands,
If that be your fence-school. He'll show you tricks, faith;
He'll let blood your calumny: your best guard
Will come to a *peccavi*, I believe.
Less. Sir, if that be your quarrel,
He's a party in it, and must maintain
The side with me: from him I collected
All those circumstances concern your daughter,
His own tongue's confession.
Wood. Who? from him?
He will belie to do thee a pleasure then,
If he speak any ill upon himself:
I know he ne'er could do an injury.
Roch. So please you, I'll relate it, sir.

Enter BONVILE, ANNABEL, *and* CLARE.

Wood. Before her husband then,—and here he is,
In friendly posture with my daughter too:
I like that well.—Son bridegroom and lady bride,
If you will hear a man defame himself,
For so he must if he say any ill,
Then listen.

Bon. Sir, I have heard this story,
And meet with your opinion in his goodness:
The repetition will be needless.

Roch. Your father has not, sir: I'll be brief
In the delivery.

Wood. Do, do, then: I long to hear it.

Roch. The first acquaintance I had with your daughter,
Was on the wedding-eve.

Wood. So, 'tis not ended yet, methinks.

Roch. I would have robbed her.

Wood. Ah, thief!

Roch. That chain and bracelet which she wears upon her,
She ransom'd with the full esteem in gold,
Which was with you my venture.

Wood. Ah, thief again!

Roch. For any attempt against her honour,
I vow I had no thought on.

Wood. An honest thief, faith, yet.

Roch. Which she as nobly recompens'd, brought me home,
And in her own discretion thought it meet,
For cover of my shame, to call me cousin.

Wood. Call a thief cousin! why and so she might,
For the gold she gave thee, she stole from her husband;
'Twas all his now: yet 'twas a good girl too.
Roch. The rest you know, sir.
Wood. Which was worth all the rest,
Thy valour, lad; but I'll have that in print,
Because I can no better utter it.
Roch. Thus jade unto my wants,
And spurr'd by my necessities, I was going,
But by that lady's counsel I was stay'd,
(For that discourse was our familiarity:)
And this you may take for my recantation;
I am no more a thief.
Wood. A blessing on thy heart!
And this was the first time I warrant thee, too.
Roch. Your charitable censure is not wrong'd in that.
Wood. No; I knew't could be but the first time at most;
But for thee, brave valour, I have in store
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more. [*Soft music.*
Ha! what's this music?
Bon. It chimes an Io pæan to your wedding,
Sir, if this be your bride.
Less. Can you forgive me? some wild distractions
Had overturn'd my own condition,
And spilt the goodness you once knew in me;
But I have carefully recover'd it,
And overthrown the fury on't.
Clare. It was my cause
That you were so possess'd; and all these troubles
Have from my peevish will original:

I do repent though you forgive me not.

Less. You have no need for your repentance, then,
Which is due to it; all's now as at first
It was wish'd to be.

Wood. Why, that's well said of all sides.
But soft, this music has some other meaning:
Another wedding towards! good speed, good speed.

Enter COMPASS *and the* FOUR GALLANTS, BRIDE *between* FRANCKFORD *and another,* LUCE, NURSE, *and* CHILD.

Comp. We thank you, sir.

Wood. Stay, stay, our neighbour Compass, is't not?

Comp. That was and may be again to-morrow; this day Master Bridegroom.

Wood. O, give you joy! but, sir, if I be not mistaken, you were married before now: how long is't since your wife died?

Comp. Ever since yesterday, sir.

Wood. Why, she's scarce buried yet, then.

Comp. No, indeed: I mean to dig her grave soon; I had no leisure yet.

Wood. And was not your fair bride married before?

Wife. Yes, indeed, sir.

Wood. And how long since your husband departed?

Wife. Just when my husband's wife died.

Wood. Bless us, Hymen! are not these both the same parties?

Bon. Most certain, sir.

Wood. What marriage call you this?

Comp. This is called *Shedding of Horns,* sir.

Wood. How?

Less. Like enough, but they may grow again, next year.

Wood. This is a new trick.

Comp. Yes, sir, because we did not like the old trick.

Wood. Brother, you are a helper in this design, too?

Franck. The father to give the bride, sir.

Comp. And I am his son, sir, and all the sons he has; and this is his grandchild, and my elder brother: you'll think this strange now.

Wood. Then it seems he begat this before you.

Comp. Before me! not so, sir; I was far enough off when 'twas done: yet let me see him dares say, this is not my child and this my father.

Bon. You cannot see him here, I think, sir.

Wood. Twice married! can it hold?

Comp. Hold! it should hold the better a wise man would think, when 'tis tied of two knots.

Wood. Methinks it should rather unloose the first,
And between 'em both make up one negative.

Eust. No, sir, for though it hold on the contrary,
Yet two affirmatives make no negative.

Wood. Cry you mercy, sir.

Comp. Make what you will, this little negative was my wife's laying, and I affirm it to be mine own.

Wood. This proves the marriage before substantial,
Having this issue.

Comp. 'Tis mended now, sir; for being double married I may now have two children at a birth, if I can get 'em. D'ye think I'll be five years about one as I was before?

Eust. The like has been done for the loss of the wedding-ring,
And to settle a new peace before disjointed.

Lion. But this, indeed, sir, was especially done,
To avoid the word of scandal, that foul word
Which the fatal monologist cannot alter.

Wood. Cuckoo!

Comp. What's that? the nightingale?

Wood. A night-bird; much good may't do you, sir.

Comp. I'll thank you when I'm at supper. Come, father, child, and bride: and for your part, father, whatsoever he, or he, or t'other says, you shall be as welcome as in my t'other wife's days.

Franck. I thank you, sir.

Wood. Nay, take us with you, gentlemen:
One wedding we have yet to solemnize;
The first is still imperfect, such troubles
Have drown'd our music; but now, I hope, all's friends;
Get you to bed, and there the wedding ends.

Comp. And so good night. My bride and I'll to bed:
He that has horns, thus let him learn to shed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*[1]

[1] The enterprising publisher appends here an advertisement:—"If any gentlemen please to repair to my house aforesaid, they may be furnished with all manner of English or French histories, romances, or poetry; which are to be sold or read for reasonable consideration."

INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT.

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT.

IN Henslowe's Diary[1] appears this Memorandum: "Lent unto W^m^ Borne, the 28 of Septembr 1599, to lend unto Mr. Maxton, the new poete (Mr. Mastone) in earneste of a Boocke called ——, the some of xxxx^s^." "The name 'Mr. Mastone' (writes Collier) is interlined in a different hand, in order to correct the misspelling of *Maxton;* but neither was right, 'the new poete' being, no doubt, the celebrated John Marston. The name of his contribution to Henslowe's Company is nowhere mentioned: his *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* were printed in 1602, and it might be one of these. As far as we know, he commenced his career in 1598, when his *Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and certain Satyres* came out; his *Scourge of Villanie* appeared in the same year, and both were so popular that they were twice reprinted in 1599." In his *Annals of the Stage,* however,[2] Mr. Collier consi-

[1] "Diary of Philip Henslowe," &c. Ed. by Collier for the Shakespeare Society.

[2] iii. 335.

ders that the title of the play, here left blank, was "very possibly the *Malcontent*, which bears internal evidence of having been composed prior to the year 1600." It is evident, from the above memorandum in Henslowe, that Marston, when he first commenced dramatist, had engaged to write for Henslowe's Company, for which Ben Jonson, Drayton, Dekker, Heywood, and many others wrote; and we may be quite certain that Henslowe, having paid his 40*s.* to "Mr. Maxton the new poete," on 28 September, 1599, would not allow this immense outlay to remain long without its use. Assuming, then, with Mr. Collier, that the *Malcontent* was written before 1600, and was the play in question, we may, very fairly, also assume that it was acted towards the close of 1599, and by Henslowe's Company. The play, however, does not appear to have been published until 1604, when it was "printed at London, by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paules Churchyard." By this time, the Company, formerly—most of them—the Lord Chamberlain's Company, but who, under Royal License, dated 19 May, 1603, had now become "the King's Players," were in full play, at the Globe Theatre in the summer, and at the Blackfriar's Theatre in the winter; and, looking around them for material, L. Fletcher and Shakespeare, the managers of *His Majesty's Servants*, thinking the new printed play worthy of reproduction on the stage, engaged Webster *to touch it up* here and there; "not greatly needful (as Burbadge, in the *Induction*, says), only as a sallet to the great feast,"[1] and to write an Induction or Introductory Prologue, of a facetious character, wherewith to tickle the ears of the

[1] See Cundall's answer to Sly, in the Induction.

groundlings, but to us more valuable still, that, in satirizing, it illustrates the manners of the age. William Sly, D. (Dick) Burbadge, H. Cundall, were among the principal King's Players, enumerated, with L. Fletcher and Shakespeare, in the Royal License of 1603, and Sinklow and Lowin, their fellows. From the title-page of this reproduced play it would appear, also, that Marston himself had augmented the piece; that title-page runs thus:

"*The Malcontent. Augmented by John Marston. With the Additions played by the Kings Maiesties servants. Written by Iohn Webster.* 1604. *At London Printed by V. S., for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard.*"

The Malcontent, having been printed in the edition of Marston's Works, which forms part of the present series of "Old English Authors," it has not been deemed expedient to reprint it here, merely for the sake of the few passages, here and there, that may have been written by Webster, for it is impossible to determine which were Marston's *augmentations,* which Webster's additions. It seems, however, to be generally understood that the Induction was wholly contributed by Webster, and therefore, and as, besides, it may be read very well by itself, apart from the *Malcontent,* this piece is here given.

THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT.

WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER.

Enter W. SLY, *a* TIREMAN[1] *following him with a stool.*

Tireman.

SIR, the gentleman will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. Why? we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country-gentleman, dost? dost think I fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou tookest me for one of the players.[2]

[1] A property man, a dresser.

[2] . . . "This brings us to the next point, *viz.* the intrusion of spectators on the stage, where they used to stand, lie, or sit, very much to the annoyance of the actors and to the injury of the scene. In the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, the Tireman wishes to remove Sly and others, supposed to form part of the audience, to which Sly replies: "Why, we *may* sit upon the stage at the *private house*;" there is reason to believe that here it might be insisted upon as a right, though not always enforced. . . . The remark applied, probably, to the private play-house of the Blackfriars. Nevertheless, according to Dekker's *Gull's Horn Book*, 1609, the most confident and obtrusive gallants sometimes 'published their fine suits' to the same advantage, even at the public play-house. The expression here used of 'the *opposed* rascality,' shows that such a practice was ill endured at the public theatre—'neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the scarecrows in the yard hoot at you;' the term *yard* being peculiar to public theatres." —COLLIER'S *Annals of the Stage*, iii. 339.

Tireman. No, sir.

Sly. By God's-lid, if you had, I would have given you but sixpence[1] for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hiss at me! He that will be laughed out of a tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's Harry Cundall, Dick Burbadge, and William Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tireman. An't please you to go in, sir, you may.

Sly. I tell you, no: I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action: I have most of the jests here in my table-book.[2]

Enter SINKLOW.

Sinklow. Save you, coz.

Sly. O, cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here.

Sinklow. No, indeed, cousin; the audience then will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz.

Sinklow. We stayed for you at supper last night at my cousin Honeymoon's, the woollen-draper. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apricocks, the longest cut still to draw an apricock: by this light, 'twas Mistress Frank Honeymoon's fortune still to have the longest cut: I did measure for the women. What be these, coz?

[1] For the three-legged stool, or *tripos*, as Dekker classically denominates it, whereon the gallants *published their fine suits* on the stage, an extra payment of sixpence was, at one time, made, which, later—perhaps in order by raising the price to check the practice—was augmented to a shilling. From Sly's expression, we may infer that already, in 1604, the higher sum was given by persons who desired to wear an air of gentility.

[2] Tablet, note-book.

Enter D. BURBADGE, H. CUNDALL, *and* J. LOWIN.

Sly. The players. God save you.

Burbadge. You are very welcome.

Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis Master Doomsday's son, the usurer.

Cundall. I beseech you, sir, be covered.

Sly. No,[1] in good faith, for mine ease; look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: God's so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I 'll take an order with you. [*Puts his feather in his pocket.*

Burbadge. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

Sly. Why? do you think I 'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laughed at? this play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Blackfriars hath almost spoiled Blackfriars for feathers.[2]

Sinklow. God's so: I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counselled me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loth to spoil it.

Sly. Why, coz?

Sinklow. Because I got it in the tilt-yard; there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up: but I have worn it

[1] *No, in good faith for mine ease.*—A quotation from the part of Osrick, in *Hamlet.* Sly might have been the original performer of that character.—STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. the jests in the plays at the Blackfriar's Theatre at the then excessive foppery of feathers had, by shaming the gallants into a diminution of that excess, injured the trade in feathers, which then largely occupied the traders of Blackfriars. The following passage in the *Malcontent*, (writes Collier,) Act v. Sc. 2, is probably alluded to as having produced this change. "For as now-a-days no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and *no fool but has his feather.*"

up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter play.

Cundall. Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment; but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

Sly. I will not go so far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelvepenny room;[1] and I say again, the play is bitter.

Burbadge. Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against anything that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expense in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in anything else, sir?

Sly. Ay, marry, would I: I would know how you came by this play?

Cundall. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

[1] "It shall be lawful for any man to judge his sixpenny worth, his twelvepenny worth, so to his eighteenpence, two shillings, half-a-crown, to the value of his place, provided alway's his place get not above his wit."—BEN JONSON'S *Induction to Bartholomew Fair.*

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Cundall. Why not Malevole[1] in folio with us, as Jeronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it, *One for another.*

Sly. What are your additions?

Burbadge. 'Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-received custom of music[2] in our theatre. I must leave you, sir. [*Exit.*

Sinklow. Doth he play the Malcontent?

Cundall. Yes, sir.

Sinklow. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

Cundall. O, no, sir, nothing, *Ad Parmenonis suem.*[3]

Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklow. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind, you might venture four of your elbows; yet God defend your coat should have so many.

Sinklow. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I

[1] It is not very easy to understand this passage, unless we suppose that the *Malcontent* was played by "the King's Majesty's Servants" at this time, under the title of *One for Another.* According to the entries in the Stationers' Books, W. Rowley wrote a play called "A Knave in Print; or, *One for Another.*"—COLLIER.

[2] See, as to the use of music in our theatres, Collier's "Annals of the Stage," iii. 446.

[3] Did the author intend a misquotation here?

"Plurima salute Parmenonem
Summum suum impertit Gnatho, quid agitur."

Terent. *Eunuch,* Act ii. Sc. 2.—DYCE.

might have been one of the college of critics once. My cousin, here, hath an excellent memory, indeed, sir.

Sly. Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange, too.

Cundall. What's that, sir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay a hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lowin. 'Tis very strange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There's in all just five and fifty. I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

Cundall. I know not, sir.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were crammed in the horse belly had eaten garlic, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

Cundall. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I would they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sinklow. O, but coz, coz!

" Great Alexander when he came to the tomb of Achilles,
" Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice blessed and
" happy!"[1]

[1] In ridicule, as Mr. Dyce points out, of Gabriel Harvey's Alexandrines, four of which—

" Noble Alexander, when he came to the tombe of Achilles,
Sighing spake with a bigge voyce: O thrice blessed Achilles,
That such a Trump, so great, so loude, so glorious hast found,
As the renowned and surprising Archpoet Homer "—

are set forth in "Three Proper, and wittie, familiar Letters: lately passed betwene two Uniuersitie men: touching the Earth-

Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well of a filthy cullion.

Lowin. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room.

Sly. Come, coz, let's take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lowin. Not any, sir.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore.

[*Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs, be round with them.*[1]

Gentlemen,[2] I could wish for the women's sakes you had all soft cushions; and, gentlewomen, I could wish that for the men's sakes you had all more easy standings.

What would they wish more but the play, now? and that they shall have instantly. [*Exeunt.*

quake in Aprill last, and our English refourmed Versifying." 4to. 1580, p. 39.

[1] This stage direction is suggested by Mr. Collier: it is printed in the old copy as a portion of the text.

[2] This seems intended as a burlesque on the Epilogue to *As you like it*.—REED.

PLAYS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO WEBSTER.

I. The Thracian Wonder.

II. The Weakest Goeth to the Wall.

THE

THRACIAN WONDER.

A COMICAL

HISTORY

As it hath been ſeveral times Acted
with great Applauſe.

Written by JOHN VVEBSTER *and*
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

Placere Cupio.

LONDON:

Printed by Tho. Johnſon, and are to be ſold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletchers Head, over againſt the Angel-Inn, on the Back-ſide of St. Clements, without Temple Bar 1661.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

IN Warner's *Albion's England* is told the story of *Curan and Argentile*, the short outline of which, as given by Collier, in his Poetical Decameron, is this:—"Curan is driven from court on account of his love for Argentile: she attempts to follow him without knowing whither he has fled, and becomes a shepherdess, by mere accident, near the spot where Curan is a shepherd, feeding his flocks; they again fall mutually in love with each other, and in the end, discovering their rank, are united and happy. Warner's story," adds Collier, "is remarkable for the eloquent and natural simplicity with which it is related." It was first printed in 1586. In 1617 appeared,

The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of Curan, Prince of Danske, and the fayre Princesse Argentile, Daughter and Heyre of Adelbright, sometime King of Northumberland.

This was the production of one William Webster, who, although his production was founded upon that of Warner, makes no mention of the obligation. "In Webster's work (writes Collier) the story is much expanded, the incidents are related more in detail, the speeches of the persons are

given at greater length, and the whole is, as the author invitingly says: 'Interlacte with many pritty and pithie prayses of beauty, and other amorous discourses, pleasing, smooth and delightful.'" Next, upon the same subject, appeared:—

The Thracian Wonder. A Comical History, As it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley. Placere Cupio. London: Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletcher's Head, over against the Angel Inn, on the Back-side of St. Clements, without Temple-Bar. 1661.

Mr. Dyce pronounces that, assuredly, not one word of this play was written by Webster; and Collier is equally satisfied that nothing so poor and weakly could have come from the nervous pen of John Webster. "Kirkman," proceeds Collier, "probably knowing the story, and that a man of the name of Webster—William Webster—had versified it, thought he might safely attribute it to his namesake—for there is no reason to suppose relationship—John Webster."[1] The present Editor concurs in the opinion that the play presents no traces of the terrible Webster; but, following the example of Mr. Dyce, he conceives it better to include the production in these volumes, rather than to omit any work which has been ascribed to Webster, and, at all events, not distinctly appropriated to another writer.

[1] Poetical Decameron, i. 268.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is now the second time of my appearing in print in this nature: I should not have troubled you, but that I believe you will be as well pleased as myself; I am sure that when I applied myself to buying and reading of books, I was very well satisfied when I could purchase a new play. I have promised you three this term,—*A Cure for a Cuckold* was the first; this the second; and the third, viz. *Gamer Gurton's Needle*, is ready for you. I have several others that I intend for you suddenly; I shall not (as some others of my profession have done) promise more than I will perform in a year or two, or it may be never; but I will assure you that I shall never leave printing, so long as you shall continue buying. I have several manuscripts of this nature, written by worthy authors; and I account it much pity they should now lie dormant, and buried in oblivion, since ingenuity is so likely to be encouraged by reason of the happy restoration of our liberties. We have had the private stage for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command, though the public stage of England has produced many monstrous villains, some of which have deserv-

edly made their *exit.* I believe future ages will not credit the transactions of our late times to be other than a play or a romance: I am sure in most romantic plays there hath been more probability than in our true (though sad) stories. Gentlemen, I will not further trouble you at this time: only I shall tell you, that if you please to repair to my shop, I shall furnish you with all the plays that were ever yet printed. I have seven hundred several plays, and most of them several times over, and I intend to increase my store as I sell: and I hope you will, by your frequent buying, encourage

Your servant,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pheander, King of Thrace.
King of Sicilia.
Alcade, King of Africa.
Sophos, Brother to Pheander.
Radagon, Son to the King of Sicilia, and Husband to Ariadne.
Eusanius, Son to Radagon and Ariadne.
Leonardo, a Thracian Lord.
Two Thracian Lords.
Two Sicilian Lords.
Two African Lords.
Antimon, an old Shepherd, Father to Serena and the Clown.
Tityrus, a merry Shepherd.
Palemon, a Shepherd, in love with Serena.
The Clown, Son to Antimon.
Two Shepherds, Fisherman, Priest, Soldiers, &c.

Pythia, a Goddess.
Ariadne, Daughter to Pheander and Wife to Radagon.
Lillia Guida, Daughter to Alcade.
Serena, a Shepherdess, Daughter to Antimon.
Two Shepherdesses.

THE THRACIAN WONDER.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Enter Pheander, *with his sword drawn, two* Noblemen *holding him;* Ariadne *flying before him with a Child in her arms.*

First Lord.

GOOD my liege!

Second Lord. Dear Sovereign!

Phean. Why do you keep the sword of justice back
From cutting off so foul a blasted branch?

Second Lord. O, let your milder sense censure this fate,
And cast her not away in hate of spleen!

First Lord. Consider, sir, she is your only child,
Your kingdom's heir, your country's future hope,
And she may live——

Phean. To be a strumpet, sir. Do not vex my soul
With extollation of a thing so vile.
Is't possible a lady of her birth
Should stain her royal race with beastly lust,
And mix the blood of kings with a base issue?
Was it for this you were so long mew'd up

Within your private chamber?
Was it for this we gave so strict a charge
To have your tedious sickness look'd unto?
But our example shall be such on thee,
As all the world shall take a warning by.
What man, or devil in the shape of man,
Was he that durst presume for to pollute thee?
Either confess him, or by all our gods,
I'll plague thy body with continual tortures:
That being done, I will devise a death
That time to come shall never pattern it.

Enter RADAGON, *with his sword drawn.*

Rad. There's not the smallest torture while I live
That shall afflict or touch her tender body.

Phean. What traitor slave dares interrupt
The passage of our will? Cut him in pieces!

Ariad. O, hold your hands! for mercy let him live,
And twenty pieces in my bosom give!

Phean. Death, now 'tis probable—I'll lay my life—
This groom is father to the strumpet's brat.
A guard there! (*Enter a Guard.*) Seize him! make the slave confess;
And if he will not, kill him instantly.

Rad. Villains, unhand me! I'll reveal the truth:
I will not die in base obscurity.
Pheander, know I am not what I seem,
An abject groom, but royal as thyself:
My name is Radagon,
Son to thy enemy, Sicilia's king:
This thirteen months I have continued here

In hope for to obtain, what now I have,
My Ariadne's love. 'Tis I am father
To this princely boy, and I'll maintain't
Even with the utmost hazard of my life.
Phean. Thy life, base lecher!
That is the smallest satisfaction
That thou canst render for thy foul transgression.
And were 't not 'gainst the law of arms and nature,
These hands should sacrifice your guilty souls,
And with your bloods wash the foul stain from off
Our royal house.
As for the brat, his brains shall be dash'd out;
No base remembrance shall be left of him:
I'll have my will effected instantly.
First Lord. Dear Sovereign, let pity plead this case,
And natural love reclaim your high displeasure.
The babe is guiltless of the fact committed;
And she is all the children that you have:
Then, for your country's cause, and kingdom's good,
Be pleas'd to take her to your grace again.
Second Lord. Besides, my liege, 'tis known that Radagon
Is by his noble birth a worthy lord,
Princely descended, of a royal stock,
Although not heir-apparent to a crown:
Then, since their hearts have sympathiz'd in one,
Confirm with love this happy union.
Phean. This hand shall be his priest[1] that dares again
Presume to speak for her.
What worse disgrace did ever king sustain,

[1] The allusion is to the sacrifices, in which the victim was slain by the priest.

Than I by this luxurious[1] couple have?
But you shall see our clemency is such,
That we will mildlier sentence their vile fact,
Than they themselves can look for, or deserve.
Take them asunder, and attend our doom.

Rad. Before you speak, vouchsafe to hear me, sir:
It is not for myself I bend my knee,
Nor will I crave the least forgiveness,
But for your daughter; do but set her free,
And let me feel the worst of tyranny.

Ariad. The like submission do I make for him.

Phean. Stop her mouth!
We never more intend to hear her speak:
I would not have a token of remembrance,
That ever I did bear the name of father.
For you, lascivious sir, on pain of death
We charge you leave our kingdom instantly:
Two days we limit you for your departure;
Which time expir'd, 'tis death to tread upon
Our Thracian bounds. But, housewife,[2] as for you,
You with your brat we'll send afloat the main,
There to be left, never to land again:
And that your copesmate may be sure to lose
The chief content of his desired bliss,
You shall be guarded from our kingdom's confines,
And put to sea, with several winds and tides,
That ye may never more enjoy each other.
She in a small boat, without man or oar,
Shall to the mercy of the waves be left;

[1] i. e. incontinent.
[2] In the modern sense of *hussy*.

He in a pinnace, without sail or pilot,
Shall be dragg'd forth some five leagues from the shore,
And there be drench'd in the vast ocean.
You hear your doom, which shall for ever stand
Irrevocable.
Make no reply. Go, strumpet, get thee hence;
No sin so vile as disobedience. [*Exit.*

Ariad. A heavy, bitter sentence! when for love
We must be banish'd from our native right.
Had his high rage but suffer'd me to speak,
I could have made my chastity as clear
As is the unspotted lamb of innocence.

First Lord. Alas, good lady!
Now, on my faith, I do believe as much:
I'll back return unto his majesty,
And urge him to recall his heavy doom.

Ariad. O, no! I would not for the world, believe me, sir,
Endanger you in such an embassy:
Let him persist; the heavens have ever sent
A tower of strength to guard the innocent.
O Radagon! we two shall never meet,
Until we tread upon the higher frame,
Farewell, dear love. Poor babe, thy wretched birth
Makes us to part eternally on earth.
[*Exit Ariadne and Guard.*

Rad. My life, my soul, all my felicity,
Is in a trice divided from my sight!
No matter now whate'er become of me,
All earthly joys are lost in losing thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[1]

Enter TITYRUS *and* PALEMON.

Tit. Come, I must know your cause of discontent.
Pal. I know it is your love to urge thus far,
And 'tis my love thus to conceal it from you:
Should I relate my cause of sorrow to you,
And you,
Seeking my remedy, should wound yourself,
Think what a corsive[2] it would prove to me:
And yet I wonder you conceive it not:
If you consider truly your own state,
You'll find our cause of grief to be alike.
Tit. You have found a pretty way to silence me;
But 'twill not serve, indeed it will not, sir,
Because I know you do dissemble with me.
The strongest allegation that ye have,
Is that you sorrow for a father's death,
And that I know is feign'd; for since that time
Myself have heard you in your roundelays
More frolic far than any of the swains;
And in your pastimes on the holidays
Strive to surpass the activest of us all.
Therefore that cannot serve you for excuse;
And for your flocks, I am sure they thrive as well
As any shepherd's do upon the plain:
That makes me wonder, and importunate

[1] The sea-coast of Thrace.
[2] Corrosive.

To know the cause that might procure this sadness.

Pal. Since nothing but the truth will satisfy,
Take't in a word; brother, I am in love.

Tit. Ha! ha! what's that?

Pal. A god, which many thousands do adore.

Tit. A fable that fond fools give credit to:
I that have been a shepherd all my life,
And ne'er train'd up to school, as thou hast been,
Would scorn to be deluded by a fiction,
A thing that's nothing but inconstancy.
Didst never hear the invective that I made?

Pal. No, nor desire it now.

Tit. Yes, prithee mark it;
I'll tell thee my opinion now of love.

Love is a law, a discord of such force,
That 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce;
Love's a desire, that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years pluck'd from our prime;
Love is a thing to which we soon consent,
As soon refuse, but sooner far repent.

Then what must women be, that are the cause
That love hath life? that lovers feel such laws?
They're like the winds upon Lapanthae's shore,
That still are changing: O, then love no more!
A woman's love is like that Syrian flower,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Enter old ANTIMON *and* CLOWN.

Pal. See, Orpheus, you have drawn listeners.

Tit. What, dost make beasts of 'em?

Ant. Come, son, let's make haste to fold up our flocks, I fear we shall have a foul evening.

Clown. I think so too, father, for there's a strong wind risen in the back door. S'nails! yonder's Master Tityrus, the merry shepherd, and the old fool my father would pass by: we'll have a fit of mirth before we part.

[*Runs against Tityrus.*

Tit. Hoyse! a God's name, cannot the puppy see?

Clown. Hardly, sir, for he has been troubled with sore eyes this nine days.

Tit. Muscod, come hither: what shall I give thee to put my brother Palemon from his dumps?

Clown. I do not know what you'll give me; but promise what you will, I'm sure to be paid if I meddle with him: he's the strangest humoured man now of late that e'er I met withal; he was ready to lay his hook o'er my pate t'other morning for giving him the time of the day. But upon one condition I'll venture a knock this once.

Tit. What's your condition?

Clown. Marry, that you would give me a delicate song to court my wench withal; but it must be a good one, for women are grown so musical now-a-days, they care not a pin for a song unless it be well pricked.

Tit. O, I have one a' purpose: hark, shalt hear it.

I care not for these idle toys,
That must be woo'd and pray'd to;
Come, sweet love, let's use the joys
That men and women use to do.
The first man had a woman
Created for his use, you know;

Then never seek so close to keep
A jewel of a price so low.

Delay in love 's a lingering pain,
That never can be cur'd;
Unless that love have love again,
'Tis not to be endur'd.

Clown. But then you shall have her say,

I cannot, nor I dare not,
For fear my mother she do chide.

Tit. Tush, she'll ne'er blame thee to use the game,
Which she herself so oft hath tried.

Clown. O, excellent! this will fit her to [a] hair, i' faith: I'll to him[1] presently.

Tit. So, I'm delivered: a fool and a madman are well put together; for none but fools or madmen will love women. [*Exit.*

Clown. How do you do, sir?

Pal. What's that to you, sir? [*Strikes him.*

Clown. 'Tis something to me, sir, as I take it.

Pal. You shall have more, sir, if you trouble me.

Clown. You shall not need, sir; this is more than I looked for. I tell you, sir, my blood begins to rise.

Pal. You might have passed by me, then; you saw me busy.

Clown. I felt you busy, though I saw you not.

Pal. My mind was busy.

Clown. I minded not that indeed.

Pal. Muscod, come hither; come, we'll sit together.

[1] *Him*,—i. e. Palemon, whom, in return for Tityrus' song, the Clown was "to put from his dumps."—DYCE.

Clown. Not within the length of your hook, by your leave.

Pal. Come nearer, man; I will not strike, believe me.
I prithee tell me, dost thou love a woman?

Clown. Yes, by this hand do I, two or three.

Pal. Wert thou to choose 'mongst all our Thracian dames,
Who would'st select to make thy mistress of?

Clown. Why, I would choose a woman; somebody that I liked, I know not who.

Pal. What think'st thou of my mistress? is not she
The fairest shepherdess we have in Thrace?

Clown. The fairest! do you make a doubt of 't? is there anybody dares compare with her? Who is your mistress? Let me know that before I praise her any further.

Enter SERENA.

Pal. See where she comes!
Like to Diana in her summer's weed,
Going to sport by Arethusa's fount.

Clown. This is my sister! what an ass was he could not have told me so before, I might have spoke a good word for him: I'm glad she's come, I'll e'en sneak away, and glad I'm so rid of him. [*Exit.*

Pal. Will you still blast me with such coy disdain?
Shall all my services
Be still neglected with disdainful scorn?
Could I dissemble love, make tears my truchman,[1]
Defile my faith with oaths, that in the utterance

[1] *truchman*,—i. e. interpreter: the old copy, "*truce man.*"—DYCE.

Make the hearers tremble ; should I profane,
In seeking to compare, with flattery ;
Should I do this, I surely should obtain
What loyal service never can make mine.

Ser. I cannot answer in such eloquence
As you have studied to accost me with,
But in plain terms resolve yourself, I hate you :
Who can do less than hate such impudence,
That having had so many flat denials,
Dares prosecute again his hated suit ?

Pal. With low-bent knee I do submit myself,
And beg your pardon for presumption :
If my endeavours might deserve your love,
What would Palemon for Serena do !

Ser. If e'er Palemon then have hope to gain
The smallest favour from Serena's love,
He must perform a task I will impose.

Pal. I shall account me bless'd by your employment.

Ser. I will not credit you, unless you take
An oath for the performance.

Pal. By all the gods we Thracians do adore,
I will perform it whatsoe'er it be,
So you'll consent to love me when 'tis done.

Ser. My hand and faith upon't. Now mark my words :
You never shall again renew your suit,
Nor see my face until I send for you,
Unless we chance to meet at unawares ;
And meeting so, to turn away your eyes,
And not to speak, as you respect your vow.

Pal. O, everlasting labyrinth ! Dear love,
Recal this doom, and let me undergo

Herculean labours: 'tis too great a woe
To be debarr'd your sight; rather command me
To rip up this heart, these hands shall do it;
Bar me my food—I'll like the Argive live
In contemplation of my mistress' beauty:
I'll make thee arbours in those shady vallies
Whereas [1] the snickfail grows, and hyacinth;
The cowslip, primrose, and the violet,
Shall serve to make thee garlands for thy head.

Ser. Nothing shall serve, but what I have prefix'd.

Pal. I'll pluck the moon from forth the starry throne,
And place thee there to light the lower orb;
And if stern Pluto offer to embrace thee,
I'll pitch him headlong into Phlegethon.

Ser. Phœbus defend me! O, I fear he's mad!

Pal. Or if thou'lt live, and be the shepherds' queen,
I'll fetch Senessa from the down of swans [2]
To be thy handmaid: the Phrygian boy,
That Jove so doated on, shall be thy page,
And serve thee on his knee:
Thou shalt be guarded round with jolly swains,
Such as was Luna's love on Latmus' hill:
Thy music shall surpass the Argus'-tamer.[3]
If this content thee not,
I'll dive into the bottom of the deep,
And fetch thee bracelets of the orient pearl;

[1] Where.

[2] In common with Mr. Dyce, I am wholly unable to make sense of this line. I think I have seen the name Senessa as the appellation of a certain Druidess.

[3] *Argus'-tamer*,—i. e. Mercury; an allusion to the well-known story of Iö.—DYCE.

The treasure of the sea shall all be thine.

Ser. He's stark mad! some power withhold him here,
Until I find some place to shelter me! [*Exit.*

Pal. Art thou gone in haste,
I'll not forsake thee;
Runn'st thou ne'er so fast,
I'll o'ertake thee:
O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
Through the green meadows,
From the fields, through the towns,
To the dim shadows.

All along the plain,
To the low fountains,
Up and down again
From the high mountains;
Echo then shall again
Tell her I follow,
And the floods to the woods,
Carry my holla, holla!
Ce! la! ho! ho! hu! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A dumb Show. Thunder and Lightning. Enter OLD ANTIMON *bringing in* ARIADNE *shipwrecked, the* CLOWN *turning the Child up and down, and wringing the clouts: they pass over the stage: exeunt. Enter* RADAGON, *all wet, looking about for shelter as shipwrecked; enter to him* TITYRUS, *seems to question him, puts off*

his hat and coat and puts [them] on him; so guides him off; exeunt. Storm ceases.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. This storm is o'er:
But now a greater storm is to be fear'd,
That is, your censures[1] of this history.
From cruel shipwreck you have here beheld
The preservation of these banish'd princes:
Who being put to sea in mastless boats,
With several winds and tides, were driven back
To the same coast that they were banish'd from:
Which understanding, lest they should be known,
They change their names, and habits, and persuade
The silly shepherds they are foreigners:
In several cottages remote from court
These lovers live, thinking each other dead.
The sighs, the tears, the passions that were spent
On either side, we could describe to you;

Enter TIME *with an hourglass, sets it down, and exit.*

But Time hath barr'd us. This is all you see
That he hath lent us for our history:
I doubt we hardly shall conclude so soon:
But if you please to like our author's pen,
We'll beguile Time, and turn his glass again. [*Exit.*

[1] Opinions.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Court of Thrace.

Groans of dying men heard within. Enter TWO LORDS *of Thrace, severally.*

First Lord.

GOOD gods, be merciful!

Within. Oh! oh! oh!

Second Lord. Some power defend us from this noisome sickness!

Stand! who's that? The wind![1]

First Lord. Keep distance then. O, my lord, is't you?
This is a fearful visitation:
The people as they walk drop down in heaps.

Enter LORD LEONARDO.

Retire and keep the wind: here comes another.

Leon. Oh! oh! [*Falls dead.*

Second Lord. Mercy, he's dead!

First Lord. Who is't?

Second Lord. I cannot well discern him; but I think
It is the Lord Leonardo; yes, 'tis he.

First Lord. A fearful rest receive him, he was virtuous!
My lord, I would fain exchange some private words with you;
I think you are clear.

[1] i. e. do not stand to windward of me, lest I catch the infection.—DILKE.

Enter SOPHOS, *the king's brother, reading a letter.*

Second Lord. Upon my life, I am.

First Lord. Let's walk together, then.

Soph. Alas, poor niece! cruel, unnatural father!
A Phalaris, a smiling tyrant,
To use his daughter with such cruelty!
Bless me! I fear I have taken the infection.

First Lord. 'Tis Sophos, the king's brother, come to court.

Soph. I heard some speak; keep off, whate'er you be:
Who is't? Pallation? Where's the king my brother?

First Lord. In his bedchamber.

Soph. Tell him I am here.

First Lord. I shall, my lord. Some there remove the body. [*Exit.*

Soph. No, it shall lie;
Himself shall see in what a state we live.
His daughter's murder'd, banish'd I should say,
And the Sicilian prince, both innocent:
[1] A little infant perish'd, the gods know
As lawfully begot as he or I.

[1] This is a separate speech in the quarto, and has *Cor. Flor.* prefixed to it. The same error occurs again in this very Act. I have no doubt, from this and innumerable other circumstances, that the play was printed from the theatre copy: this was *originally* a *marginal* direction to remind the prompter to give timely notice of a flourish of cornets, as Sophos shortly after exclaims, "Heyday! is this a time for music?" The printing from the playhouse copy will in a great degree explain the reason of so much appearing as prose that was certainly designed for verse. We have the evidence of Colman that even in his time the several characters were copied out for the performers without distinction in this particular.—DILKE.

Nay, never stare, 'tis true:
The gods are not displeased without cause.
Heyday! is this a time for music?
And so it is indeed; for every one
Is ready to kick up his heels.
[*Within.* Oh! oh! oh!]
Ay marry, sir, here's music fits the time.

Enter PHEANDER *in his gown and cap, and* FIRST LORD.

Phean. What horrid shrieks and clamours fill our ears!
Are groans fit music for a prince's court?
Soph. 'Tis music fit for princes that delight
In devilish dances. Look, sir, behold!
Here's one hath danc'd himself quite out of breath;
Here's good Leonardo gone: your daughter's dead,
(Poor niece, with tears I speak it,) and your land
Infected with a plague incurable:
Your court——
And 'twas not wont to be the court disease:
What should occasion this but——
Would I durst speak what I suspect!—suspect, said I?—
Nay, what is truth, for that's beyond suspicion.
Read that, then guess the cause of our inflictions.
Phean. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
This was a subtle, and a shrewd device
To shadow treachery; was it not, my lords?
Having wrapp'd treason in a poison'd paper,
Delivers it to us to take the infection.
Soph. By the bless'd sun 'tis false! I am no traitor;
As loyal as the truest subject here;
Yet there is poison in 't, of power and strength

To make a father's heart to swell and burst
At the recital of such tyranny.
Thy daughter's chaste, a royal spotless princess:
She here doth vow, and call the gods to witness,
She ne'er admitted him unto her bed,
Until the nuptual rites were celebrate;
Yet, tyrant like, thou putt'st her unto sea,
Not suffering her to plead her innocence,
Where she and her poor babe did suffer death.

Phean. Dissembling hypocrite! art not asham'd
To lay such shallow baits to catch a crown?
Observe what a discover'd way he treads!
Thinking her dead,
(Which all you know she justly merited,)
H'as forg'd this letter,
To turn your hearts with seeming pity,
To dispossess us, and be king himself:
But you, whose hearts have ever yet been loyal,
Know how to censure[1] of such treachery,
With true discretion. Pray ye use him kindly;
Let him not feel too many cruel tortures;
He is our brother; though he have transgress'd
The law of gods and nature, we are loath
To punish with too much severity.

Soph. Ha! ha! ha! Now give me leave to laugh.
Devouring crocodile, dost think I fear to die?
Let death fright those that fear to die for ever:
Let me behold him in his ugliest shape,
He's then most lovely.
If I did fear, I'd ne'er have utter'd this;

[1] Judge.

It was to clear thy daughter's innocence,
And blaze thy infamy unto the world;
For this I did it; if for this I die,
I die for truth, live with eternity.

Phean. Take him aside until we call for him.

Soph. Do not touch me, slaves, I scorn to run.

[*Exit Guard with Sophos.*

Phean. Your counsel, lords, what we had best to do;
You see his guilt apparently appears:
We dare not call a public consultation
For fear of the infection: unto you
We will refer the manner of his death.
Here seat yourselves, and every man set down
His several censure; which when we survey,
We'll give our sentence, either life or death. [*Exit.*

[*They seat themselves at a table severally, and fall to writing.*

Enter a SICILIAN LORD.

Sicil. Lord. I think this be the land of Golgotha,
Inhabited by none but by the dead,
Except some airy shadows, and they're silent:
The streets are strew'd with breathless carcases,
As 'twas in Rome when Marius Sylla warr'd.
All that do see me shun me like the plague,
And shut their doors; sure I am not infectious.
Entering the court, the guard stood gazing at me,
And gave me free access into the palace,
Without demanding whence, or what I came for:
The strangeness of their looks and fearful action
Makes me imagine that I am transform'd.

Would I could meet but with a water-spring,
To see if I retain my wonted shape!
This should be near the presence;—what are these?
They should be lawyers; they're not dumb I'm sure.
First Lord. What's he?
Second Lord. Some stranger.
Third Lord. How came he in the guard?
Sicil. Lord. They speak; I'll try if they can hear.
First Lord. Keep back: who are you?
The cause of your approach so near the king?
Sicil. Lord. Your outsides speak you noble. Know, my lords,
The cause of my arrival in this land,
Is in the search of princely Radagon,
Now son and heir to the Sicilian king;
If ever you did hear of such a prince,
Let not fore-passed hate extinguish him,
But glad an aged father with a son,
Who now is all the children he hath left.
They shake their heads and weep: Good gods, I fear
They have ta'en away his life by tyranny!

Enter PHEANDER, *ready*.[1]

Phean. What stranger's that? What makes him in our court?
What, are you dumb? Why do you not resolve us?
First Lord. He is a subject to Sicilia's king,
And comes in search of banished Radagon.
Sicil. Lord. How! banished?

[1] *Ready*,—i. e. dressed: when last on the stage he was "in his gown and cap."—DYCE.

Phean. Ay, sir, banish'd:
And 'twas too mild a satisfaction
For the base wrongs that I sustain'd by him:
In a small boat, hopeless of help or life,
He was put forth to sea by our command.
This you may tell your king; and so begone.
Sicil. Lord. You could not be so unmerciful,
To use a virtuous prince so cruelly;
You durst not so transgress the law of kings,
To murder him, although your enemy.
I know no cause of his did merit it,
But the stern hate of ancient enmity.
Phean. How dare you, sir, capitulate the cause?
Go bid your master come himself to know,
And then perchance we may resolve it him.
Sicil. Lord. Be sure he will, thou cruel homicide!
And ask the cause in such a thundering language,
Will make both thee and all that hear it tremble. [*Exit.*
Phean. We'll answer him as loud, sir, fear it not.
But to our first affairs: what is your censure?
Is life or death the sentence we must give?
First Lord. Mine is his life, my liege.
Second Lord. And so is mine.
Third Lord. Mine is his life, but not his liberty.
Phean. Why not his death as well? his fact is treason.
First Lord. Suspected, but not prov'd; therefore 'tis fit
He should be kept close prisoner, till we hear
How the rude multitude do stand affected,
For he was deeply seated in their hearts.
Phean. We are resolv'd, let him be straight brought forth;

We'll use him with what clemency we may:
I know the gods, whom kings should imitate,
Have plac'd us here to rule, not overthrow:

Enter SOPHOS.

Justice shall hand-in-hand with mercy go.
We spake, before, a king, but now a brother:
If you will yet confess your guilt, and cause
That mov'd you first unto this forgery,
We may perhaps forgive you; otherwise
There is no other favour but to die.

Soph. Ha, ha, ha! to die!
I do not think I shall be made so happy,
For death's the honest man's felicity:
There is no favour that I crave but death;
In living here I shall more torments find;
But being dead, there ends my misery.

Phean. If you will yet confess, we will have mercy.

Soph. Mercy! on whom? for what? you are deceiv'd:
It is a thing not in thy power to give.
Mercy's immortal, and to human eyes
Is never seen till fleshly passion dies.

Phean. It seems then, sir, you do desire to die?

Soph. With full consent;
For life's a loathsome vale of misery.

Phean. In which thou still shalt live: thy life we give,
But doom thee to perpetual banishment:
We limit you no time; therefore dispatch.
See that he instantly depart the court.

Soph. Dost think I'll stay? By all our gods,
Thy crown and kingdom shall not hire me to't!

Tyrant, farewell; if e'er I do return,
Cities that now stand, shall be heaps of stone. [*Exit.*

Phean. This foggy cloud dispers'd, I hold it fit
Some post to Delphos to the oracle,
To know what shall ensue these thunder-claps
That threaten such destruction: we ourself
Will see you furnish'd for the offering.
Whom shall we send? Cleanthes? no. You two,
Prepare for your departure presently.
What though he was our brother? 'tis not fit
Mistrustful men should live within our court:
What is't to be a king and stand in awe?
Those that entreat, and may command with fear,
Are fitter to climb up than tarry here.

[*Exeunt. Cornets flourish.*

SCENE II.

Enter TITYRUS *and* RADAGON, *severally.*

Tit. Stirring so early, partner? Then I see
You'll prove a wealthy shepherd: watchfulness
Is the chief star within our calendar:
'Twere vain to ask you how you affect this life,
Your forwardness expresses that you like it.

Rad. Who can dislike a peaceful happiness?
Methinks I never prov'd a sweeter happiness:
In every corner here content sits smiling:
The mountain tops I make my morning walks,
The evening shades my recreation;
And when night's queen puts on her gorgeous robe,
I take delight to gaze upon the stars,

In which, methinks, I read philosophy;
And by the astronomical aspects
I search out nature's secrets; the chief means
For the preventing my lamb's prejudice.
I tell you, sir, I find, in being a shepherd,
What many kings want in their royalties.

Tit. I joy in your content; yet wonder, sir,
You do frequent such melancholy walks.
I have observ'd your passions many times,
And seen you sit, sole companied with thought,
As if your passions were your comforters;
I fear some foolish female has entrapp'd you.

Rad. Not any, sir, believe it; that's a thing
I thank my stars I ne'er did estimate.
Love, that imparadiseth some, to me
Is hell itself, if hell on earth there be.

Tit. Bless'd be the hour that e'er I met with thee!
Not love a woman! have I a second self?
O, happy, happy man! not love a woman!

Rad. I do not yet, assure you.

Tit. Nor ever do, if you do love yourself:
Of all things in the world take heed of 'em.
I have a brother mad, forsooth, for love.
But that I had a mother, I could wish,
That there were no such things as women are.
We shall have such a hoyting[1] here anon,
You'll wonder at it. 'Tis Pan's holiday,
The chiefest festival the shepherds keep;
'Tis held upon this green.

Rad. I thought as much; belike, then, that's the cause

[1] *Hoyting*,—idle and noisy mirth.—DILKE.

This place is so bedeck'd and strew'd with flowers.

[*Music.*

Tit. The very same. They come; observe the custom.

Enter old ANTIMON, *and another old* SHEPHERD; *after them two* SHEPHERDS *dressed for dancing, then the* CLOWN *with garlands upon his hook, himself dressed with ribands and scarfs; then* ARIADNE, *the Princess, like a Shepherdess, with* SERENA, *and two other* SHEPHERDESSES, *to dance. Cease music.*

Ant. Tityrus, well met! you are the welcom'st man
I see to-day: the wenches were afraid
You'd not have come, and then our roundelays
Had all been spoil'd.

Tit. Sir, you may thank this man:
Pray bid him welcome, he's a stranger here.

Ant. What countryman?

Rad. Sicilia gave me life,
On whose fair promontories I have liv'd
This many years, till covet to see change
Brought me to Thrace, which I affect so well,
I would continue.

First Shepherd. And welcome.

Second Shepherd. Welcome.

Clown. Y' are very heartily welcome.

Ant. Son, set down thy hook, and shake it[1] lustily;
Win me the garland, and I promise thee
I'll give thee two fat wethers to make merry.
O, when I was a young man, I'd a' tickl'd it!

Clown. I warrant ye, father, for the cast of the leg,

[1] *Shake it*,—i. e. dance.—DILKE.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

The standing caper, or the placket jump,
Let me alone, I'll firk 'em up, i' faith.

First Shepherd. Sir, you'll make one? nay, no excuse shall serve;
We know you can, and will not be denied.

Rad. I shall but shame our countrymen. Will you?

Tit. Who, I? and 'twere not to observe the ceremony,
They should not have me here. I must do somewhat.

Ant. Come, y' are well match'd; strike music and begin;
We two will sit as judges.

[*Dance, wherein Ariadne dances with Radagon. Dance ends. Soft music. The men all pass by the two old Shepherds, bowing low as they pass, Radagon last; as he makes a congé the old Shepherds put the crown upon his head; he offers to refuse it; they put it on him, and set him betwixt them.*

Ant. Nay, you must not refuse it; 'tis deserv'd;
You have it with a general consent;
This shall confirm 't.

[*The rest of the Shepherds pass by him with obeisance.*

First Shepherd. And this.

Second Shepherd. And this.

Rad. I thank you.

[*Music again. The Shepherdesses come with low courtesies to Ariadne, crown her Queen of the Shepherdesses: they lead her to Radagon the King—she and they make obeisance to him, he rises and kisses her. Music ceases.*

Ant. Come, spread the cloth, and bring away the meat:
So, so, sit down. Daughter, attend the queen;
It may be thy turn next.

Enter CLOWN *with a table-cloth; he and* ANTIMON *spread it ridiculously on the ground; they all sit down.*

That's a good boy.

[*Music. Dishes of apples, nuts, and cheese-cakes.*

Enter TITYRUS, *like old Janus, with a coat girt to him, a white beard and hair: a hatchet in one hand and a bowl in the other. He sings.*

Now does jolly Janus greet your merriment;
For since the world's creation,
I never changed my fashion;
'Tis good enough to fence the cold:
My hatchet serves to cut my firing yearly,
My bowl preserves the juice of grape and barley:
Fire, wine, and strong beer,
Makes me live so long here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

All the potent powers of plenty wait upon
You that intend to be frolic to-day:
To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres eke attend ye,
To keep encroaching cares away.
That Boreas' blasts may never blow to harm you;
Nor Hyems' frosts, but give you cause to warm you:
Old father Janevere drinks a health to all here,
To give the merry new year a welcome in.

Ariad. Good Janevere, depart: another time
We'll bid thee welcome as befits thy years;
But now our flocks are young, and should they feel
But the smallest breath from thee sent in a storm,
They would go near to perish: prithee, leave us.

Tit. Since you desire my absence,
I will depart this green;
Though loath to leave the presence
Of such a lovely queen;
Whose beauty, like the sun,
Melts all my frost away;
And now, instead of winter,
Behold a youthful May.[1]

Omnes. Tityrus! Welcome.

Enter PALEMON.

Pal. I come, I come, I come!

Clown. I go, I go, I go! [*Climbs up a tree.*

Ser. O, hide me from him!

[*Exeunt all but Palemon and Clown.*

Pal. Puff, they're blown away with a whirlwind:
Thanks, gentle Æolus! th' 'ast left my love
Upon a lofty pine.

Clown. Yes, I shall pine, for I'm like to get no victuals whilst he is here.

Pal. That's not her voice: no, now I see her plain,
'Tis an owl in an ivy-bush.

Clown. I'm glad he takes me for an owl: now if I could but cry like one—ta-wit, ta-wo!

Pal. O, 'tis my love! she says I come to woo;
'Tis true:
Come down, dear love; or stay, I come to thee.

Clown. No, no, no! I come, I come down to thee. He'll break my neck if he get up once. [*Comes down.*

[1] Pulls off his disguise.

Pal. Alas! poor heart, how pale and black she looks!
I think she's almost starv'd: she's black i' th' mouth!
See, here's a banquet: come, sit down, my love.
Clown. I'm glad a' this, we shall feed again.
Pal. Yet stay: now I remember,
Those that are kept from victuals a long time,
Must not be cloy'd too much, for fear they surfeit.
Clown. I warrant you, my love, I will not feed.
Pal. No, do not feed.
Clown. Yes, yes, a little.
Pal. No, 'tis dangerous; we'll first to sea,
And purge the blood that dims thy rosy cheeks.
Clown. Let's fill our bellies, and we shall purge the better.
Pal. It is not good to purge on a full stomach.
Come, we'll embark us in this hollow tree,
And sail to Jericho. Music! shall we dance?
Clown. Ay, ay, we'll dance to Jericho.

[*Wild and irregular music. They dance off the stage like madmen.*

SCENE III.

Consort,[1] *a lesson. A Table and Tapers. Enter* PRIEST *and* TWO THRACIAN LORDS. *Ceremonies ended, the Priest speaks.*

Priest. Know, sacred goddess, these are sent
From fertile Thrace, whose discontent

[2] *Consort,* for concert.

By noisome sickness is increas'd:
But how, or when it shall be ceas'd,[1]
Their king, Pheander, craves resolve;
The reason of his country's grief,
And when they shall regain relief?

[*Pythia above, behind the curtains.*

Pyth. The ireful gods, with full consent,
Have plagued the Thracian continent;
Their court and country woe shall sing,
For the transgression of their king;
Who, 'gainst all right and piety,
Hath quite expell'd pure chastity:
But for the time when plagues shall end,
This schedule to the king I send;
Wherein at large is full express'd
When all your woe shall be redress'd.

[*Throws down a paper.*

Priest (*reads*). *Content shall keep in town and field,*
When Neptune from his waves shall yield
A Thracian Wonder; and as when
It shall be prov'd 'mongst Thracian men,
That lambs have lions to their guides,
And seas have neither ebbs nor tides;
Then shall a shepherd from the plain
Restore your health and crown again.
The oracle pronounces still obscure;
But what is writ is truth most sure:
Though ne'er so hard to you it seem,
Time will make clear what you misdeem. [*Exit.*

[1] "Pythia speaks in the music-room, behind the curtains."—*Old Copy*, margin.

First Lord. But we that time shall never live to see.
What Thracian Wonder can the sea-waves yield?
Lambs ne'er will have stern lions for their guide,
Or when will seas leave off their ebbs and tides?
Second Lord. Never, O, never!
First Lord. Then ne'er shall Thrace be bless'd.
But we will bear this problem to the king,
And let him know that for his tyranny
His subjects suffer this calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ANTIMON *and* ARIADNE.

Ant. Minion, take heed; turn not my proffer'd love,
By peevishness and folly, to disdain; for if thou dost——
Ariad. You'll turn me out of all;
I know it is the sequel of your words,
Which I, unhappy wretch, must undergo:
Were every lamb increas'd unto a flock,
And every flock to thousands multiplied,
I must not love you.
Ant. You must not!
Ariad. And worse,
I must for ever hate you if you name
But love again; I must ingrateful be
For all the courtesies you have bestow'd.
Love, or the thought of it, to me,
Is like the talon of a soaring hawk
Striking a silly dove, it murders me.
Ant. So, you are sensible of your own grief,

But no other pity; I am wounded too,
But you feel it not.

Ariad. Where are you wounded, sir?

Ant. Even at the heart: I am wounded for thy love.

Ariad. If I could see it bleed, I should believe 't.

Ant. You would! I thank you heartily for that.

Ariad. Sure, sir, I think you would not fear a wound:
Cold and decaying nature has made you
Strike-free, you have no blood to die with;
Y' are now buried in your skin's sear-cloth;
And would you warm that monumental robe
At love's fire in your grave?

Ant. Scorn'd and abus'd! 'tis 'long of Menalcas.
Go! with that hand preserv'd thee from the wrack
Of the devouring billows, that ravenous
And merciless assembly of salt drops;
That charitable hand, that long hath been
The tender foster-father to thy wants;
With that hand now I turn thee off: turn thou
Thy face no more to any house of mine;
I'll burn them all ere they shall cover thee.
Thou wert my joy, but this thy scornful spite
Has made me hate where I took most delight. [*Exit.*

Ariad. My sweet Eusanius! It is his loss
Makes me unfortunate; that weighty grief
Follow'd by mercies, yet wert thou the chief;
Where'er thou art, Fate in spite send me hither,
Though in the arms of death we meet together.

Enter TITYRUS; *sings.*

I loved a lass, (alas! my folly,)

Was full of her coy disdaining;
I courted her thus; What shall I, sweet Dolly,
Do for thy dear love's obtaining?
At length I did dally so long with my Dolly,
That Dolly, for all her feigning,
Had got such a mountain above her valley,
That Dolly came home complaining.

Ariad. O, misery, misery! which way should I turn from thee?

Tit. Ha! there's a foolish lover, upon my life; a female heigho, i' faith. Alas, poor heart, why dost thou sit dejected? pretty soul, he is a hard-hearted stubborn clown, I warrant him, whate'er he is; but I hold him the wiser man for't though: will he not do, filthy churl as he is? Poor heart, would I had a heart could pity thee!

Ariad. Whate'er you are, sir,
My miseries have not deserved your scorn.
I do beseech you leave me with my sorrows,
For I desire no other company.

Tit. Ha! a good face, i' faith, a special good face; fine babies in her eyes; those lips speak now, methinks, and say, Come kiss me. How now, Tityrus! the singing satire against all women, the madrigal-maker against good faces, beauty's despiser, are you in contemplation now? I must not turn my tale sure from shepherds' roundelays to epithalamiums, and sonnets, and Io's, and heighos: this were odd if I should; and yet, by my troth, I think I must for aught I can perceive: that thievish god, Cupid, that useth to steal hearts, affections, and sighs out of men's bosoms, is now crept into mine, and spite of my proud heart, makes me confess, that—

Love's a lovely lad,
  His bringing-up is beauty;
Who loves him not is mad,
  For I must pay him duty;
    Now I'm sad.

Hail to those sweet eyes,
  That shine celestial wonder;
From thence do flames arise,
  Burn my poor heart asunder;
    Now it fries.

Ariad. Sir, you are rustic, and no generous spirit
To make calamity your merry theme:
Beseech you leave me.

Tit. Cupid sets a crown
  Upon those lovely tresses;
O, spoil not with a frown
  What he so sweetly dresses!
    I'll sit down.

Ariad. You'll force me then to rise, and fly your folly:
Yet why should you have power to banish me
From this free spreading air, that I may claim
For mine as well as yours? But 'tis no matter,
Take this place to ye; where'er you force me go,
I shall keep still my sad companion, woe.

Tit. Nay, then, have at you in prose, if metre be no metre[1] for you; you must not leave me thus; and as even till this hour I hated women, and therefore must needs be the honester man, I will not stay you for any ill, by my

[1] A play upon *meeter*, fitter.

hook and troth, la. And now do not I know what to say to you neither, but you have a good face, white neck, a dainty cheek, soft hand, and I love you; if my nurse had ever taught me better language, I could afford it you.

Ariad. That very word will feather my slow feet,
And make me fly from you. I hate all love,
And am in love with nought but hate and scorn,
Sorrows and griefs; I am expos'd to them,
Turn'd from a charity that fed me once,
To naked poverty; thrust into the mouth
Of Fortune's battery, to stand all malice
That she can shoot at mortal.

Tit. What heart could be so cruel? hand so ungentle?

Ariad. Old Antimon's; till this hour courteous,
Now most unkind and spiteful.

Tit. Why then, have Love and Hate mistaken their quivers to-day? He that was courteous to women is now turned unkind, and I that ever hated am struck most pitifully in love with 'em. Here, take all the store I have, to defend thee from common necessities, to feed and lodge: I will be thus bountiful though I never have better of thee while I live; and I am sorry I am no better furnished: if thou remainest in these fields, I'll lend thee enough to stock thee with a flock, and give thee day enough for payment too. He that should have said I would have been thus bountiful to-day morning, I would have said by this time he had been a witch. Fare thee well! I have some strange meditations, that I desire to be alone myself now; some of 'em must out again howsoever.

Whither shall I go,
To escape away from folly?

For now there's love I know,
Or else 'tis melancholy:
Heigh, heigho!

Yonder lies the snow,
But my heart cannot melt it:
Love shoots from his bow,
And my poor heart hath felt it:
Heigh, heigho!

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *with the* TWO LORDS *from the Oracle.*

Phean.

WHAT news from Delphos? what says the oracle?
Wherefore is Thrace thus pester'd with these plagues?

First Lord. My liege, we have perform'd your dread command;
Yet not command so much, as our desire
Did make our tedious travels to seem short,
Until we heard Apollo's ireful doom;
But then——

Phean. What then? nay, quick; go on, I say;
We long to hear the oracle's decree.

First Lord. Having pronounc'd the gods were all displeas'd
With woeful Thrace, she said our sorrow's spring

Was caus'd by the transgressions of our king,
Who, 'gainst the law of equity and right,
Had from his sight abandon'd chastity:
But for the time when plagues and woes shall end,
Deliver this unto your Thracian king:
Till this be full accomplish'd, 'tis in vain
Ever to hope, or seek redress again.

Phean. (*reads*). *Content shall keep in town and field,*
When Neptune from his waves, &c.
Pish! these moral mysteries are incredulous,
Nor can they contradict the will of kings:
Comets portend at first blaze, but take effect
Within the bosom of the destinies;
So oracles at Delphos though foretold,
Are shap'd and finish'd in your council-house:
And yet I charge you both upon your lives,
Let not the commons understand so much,
Lest several censures raise a mutiny:
'Tis death to show a discontented brow,
But smooth your over-burthen'd grief with smiles:
There's no disaster that afflicts a clime,
But it contains some limitation.
Let's wait the time, and with domestic care
Strive to maintain those honours we have won.

[*A cry within, arm, arm.*

Let's stand upon our guard, I fear some treason.

Enter a FISHERMAN.

Speak, villain, quickly, what means this noise?

Fish. My duty, mighty king, made me presume
To press thus boldly to your highness' presence,

To bid you make prevention 'gainst your foes:
They are in number numberless to tell;
And, as I guess, are of Sicilia. [*Tucket.*

Phean. What trumpet's this? is it our enemy?

Enter a SICILIAN LORD.

Second Lord. One from the enemy.

Phean. Quickly the news, that we may give an answer.

Sicil. Lord. My royal master, the Sicilian King——

Phean. We know your message, sir, in that one word;
In naming him we understand the cause.

Sicil. Lord. Desires to parley with your majesty.

Phean. We'll parley in no language but in steel:
This shall maintain the justice I have done
Against my daughter, and base Radagon;
Whose hateful name when I but think upon,
Adds vigour to my heart to take revenge.
Begone, and tell your king, for his presumption,
We'll lash him from our land with iron rods,
And drag him at our stirrup through the streets.

Sicil. Lord. Prepare for battle when this answer's known.
[*Exit.*

Phean. We'll meet him in the midway: say we come.

First Lord. Your grace were better parley with the foe,
And take a truce, my liege, for certain days:
Let your pretence be search of Radagon,
Which proposition they'll consent unto:
Then have we time to fortify our land,
And muster stronger powers to make resistance;
For, as we are,
We are but a handful to a multitude.

Phean. Were they ten times as many, and we fewer,
They should not rest one night within our bounds,
Till I have sated my revenge in blood:
Have we so many foreign conquests won,
And shall we fear a broil in our own land?
Our powers shall march and issue forth the towns,
Armies shall grapple, and the earth shall groan,
To bear the burthen of war's horror.
Come, let's on; base fear's the brand of slaves;
They that die nobly, shall have honour'd graves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Trumpets flourish. Enter the KING *of* SICILIA, *with* TWO SICILIAN LORDS, CAPTAINS, *Drums and* SOLDIERS.

K. of Sicil. Did he receive our message with such scorn?
First Sicil. Lord. With such a barbarous and proud disdain,
He scarce would suffer me to utter it;
But bid me back return and tell your grace
He'd lash you from his land with whips of steel,
And when he'd ta'en you prisoner, hand to hand,
He'd drag you at his stirrups through the streets.
K. of Sicil. I'm glad they are so valiant. Then they come?
First Sicil. Lord. The voice of *arm, arm!* hurried through the court
As swift as lightning, and their clattering arms,
Put on in haste, made such a horrid noise,
As if a voice had issued from the clouds,

ENGLISH FACULTY OXFORD UNIV.

And all the way pursu'd me:
Methinks my ears still tingle with the sound.
K. of Sicil. Courage, Sicilians! let this be your honour,
They are no cowards that you fight withal;
For they have been approv'd in foreign lands.
Second Sicil. Lord. Let 'em be what they will, we stand prepar'd;
If they be bold, we are as resolute;
If valiant, we undaunted and resolv'd.
Let it be seen which of our swords this day
Carves deepest wounds upon the breast of Thrace.
First Sicil. Lord. In equal balance since our fortunes lie,
Let each man strive to conquer; vanquish'd, die.
K. of Sicil. I like your forward spirits, and commend 'em.
In all our troops I cannot spy a man
Whom I mislike or dread; and for my part,
As you have seen a burning taper fall,
And burn most bright when it begins to fade,
So shall you see me in declining age.
Methinks I cannot hear their drums to thunder,
Nor their hoarse brazen pipes breathe forth a sound,
To publish their defiance. [*Soft and plaintive music.*
First Sicil. Lord. Does not that echo issue from the town?
K. of Sicil. These are no braving tones.
Second Sicil. Lord. Yet nearer, nearer still.
K. of Sicil. Beat up our drums, and drown their hornets' sound.

Enter PHEANDER *and* LORDS, *his Drum unbraced, Ensigns folded up, himself in a Palmer's Gown, Hat and Staff.*

K. of Sicil. How now, what are these?
First Sicil. Lord. Mummers, my lord, I think.
Set down your drums! we'll play for all your crowns.
I'm sure you know me: you have too much cause.
Phean. Behold, great sir, my ensigns folded up,
My drums unbrac'd, and all those instruments
That should encourage war quite put to silence;
There's not a hand in all our warlike host
That's arm'd for opposition or defence.
Second Sicil. Lord. Is this the man would lash us from his land
With whips of steel?
K. of Sicil. Where are the horses, to whose curled tails
We must be bound, and dragg'd along the streets?
First Lord. Can you, my lord, bear these injurious brands?
This would put life in statues carv'd with hands,
Much more encourage cowards: we that late
Persuaded you to peace, upon our knees
Entreat you to command your ensigns wave,
And by our ancient honours, which our foes
Cannot without a blushing cheek deny,
We'll make 'em know they do defy their victors.
Phean. He forfeits his allegiance that again
Presumes to motion war.
I wish my sorrows shadows, but, alas!
They are too real, too essential:

They dwell not in the face and outward brow,
But have their habitation here within;
Where they torment me and shall ever,
Till I behold Sicilia's son secur'd,
And my fair daughter fast clos'd in my arms;
Those two poor innocent, and spotless souls,
Whom my remorseless rage and tyranny
Hath sold to all afflictions.

K. of Sicil. Speak, Pheander;
Are not those passions merely counterfeit?
Do they proceed from fear and cowardice,
That thus thou fold'st thy warlike ensigns up,
And without stroke of battle giv'st the day;
Or, which I rather deem, from policy,
And Machiavelian cunning?

Phean. Neither, prince;
But mere repentance for my late misdeed;
Which is so heinous in the eyes of heaven,
It seems beyond their pardon: therefore now,
In expiation of that horrid act,
And to inflict due penance on myself,
(All regal ornaments of state put off,
Awe, and command that wait on majesty,)
I henceforth vow a lasting pilgrimage,
Either to bring the prince, thy son, alive,
And tender him to safety in thine arms,
(Withal with her fair beauty, to rich Thrace
Robb'd of so rare a jewel); or, if dead,
End the remainder of my afflicted hours
In exile, and forsaken solitude,
In deserts scarce discover'd.

K. of Sicil. A sad vow!

Phean. To make which good, to thee, Sicilia's king,
In part of recompense to thy great wrongs,
I here resign all state and empire up,
My crown, my sceptre, and majestic orb,
Until the truce prefix'd be quite expir'd:
And charge you all, on your allegiance, lords,
That you the faith and homage sworn to me,
Pay to this king in all just loyalty.
This pilgrim's weed be now my robe of state,
No other gay trim will Pheander wear;
My sword, the sword of justice borne before me,
Is now no better than a palmer's staff,
By which I will do justice on myself
In humble penance; and instead of gold
And cups of hollow'd pearl, in which I us'd
To quaff deep healths of rich pomegranate wine,
This scallop shall be now my drinking cup
To sip cold water: I am now, Sicilia,
A man reform'd; for, lo! I die to state,
Live only to devotion. Lords, adieu!
These are my arms, yon kingdom to pursue. [*Exit.*

K. of Sicil. I hear your prince's mind, and hope his vows
Are out of his mere zeal and penitence,
Which I accept: will you accord with him,
And promise your true fealties to us?

First Lord. As we to him were, we are now to you,
As loyal and as faithful; 'twas his pleasure,
And we submit to both, acknowledging
His wrongs to you, and, take them at the best,

Far above all forgiveness.

Second Lord. You cannot boast of any conquest won,
To gain a kingdom and lose such a son.

K. of Sicil. This to us is a full satisfaction,
And we know how to requite your gratitude.
The regency, by him assign'd to us,
We in our bounty reassign to you;
Be your own lords, excepting still the fealty
Due to your sovereign at his back return;
In whose forc'd absence should you need our aid,
We shall be your protector.

Thr. Lords. Noble in all his acts is Sicily.

K. of Sicil. Billet our soldiers in such neighbouring towns,
Where victual and best harbour may be had;
Withal proclaim not the least violence
Be done to any Thracian; they are ours now,
Though under your command.
Here was a happy war, fought without blows,
Yet no dishonour in't: he that endures
Such war within can be no coward sure.
In all designs this still must be confess'd,
He that himself subdues, conquers the best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Trumpets flourish. Enter ALCADE, KING OF AFRICA, SOPHOS, LILLIA GUIDA, EUSANIUS, MOORS, *and* GUARD.

Alcade. Where's Sophos?
Soph. Here, my lord.
Alcade. Has our command
Been well effected that we gave in charge?
Soph. Great king, it has.
Alcade. Our purse, and people, are at thy dispose:
Levy an army of the stoutest men
Afric affords; we love thee, thou art honest.
In Africa the Moors are only known,
And never yet search'd part of Christendom;
Nor do we levy arms 'gainst their religion,
But like a prince, and royal justicer,
To patron right, and supplant tyranny:
We are in this as gods, and in like care
Should punish ignomy, and virtue spare.
Eus. They gave a partial measure that subscrib'd
Afric within so small and strict a limit,
Making great Europe boundless. Royal sir,
Give me but leave
To go with Sophos to the Thracian wars,
That I may speak your fame unto the world,
And where you are but heard of, make you famous.
If ever fame, or valour, crown my youth
With the least honours, all my services

I'll dedicate to you and my fair mistress,
The wonder of her sex; whose beauty shines
Like to a star amongst so many clouds
Of her own nation: Lillia Guida's name
From thence shall be as much in Christendom,
As Greekish Helen's was. Good sir, speak for me.

Soph. 'T had been my first request, but that I fear'd
It would offend your mistress: she being pleas'd,
Upon my knee I do entreat for you.

Lil. To show my willingness, I'll be the third myself,
And humbly crave it may not be denied.
I do not love to be attended on
In a wrought night-cap; obey'd with quilted calves;
Give me a man that agues cannot quake,
Nor fire tremble. Pardon me, princely father,
It is your spirit speaks; I am your own,
And by that privilege become your suitor.

Alcade. Our daughter has prevail'd; Sophos, your ear.

Lil. To give encouragement unto thy hopes,
Receive this favour:[1] may it prove a charm
Unto thy arm, and double puissance add
Unto thy strength, when any danger's extant.

First Moor. This it was
That I long since suspected; this shall prove
His tragic fate, and ruin to her love.[2]

Eus. You grace me beyond merit: while I live
I will make known your honours; rank your name
Amongst the bravest dames of Christendom;
And when I view this scarf, it will infuse
Undaunted vigour, make me overcome

[1] Gives him a scarf. [2] Whispers the king.

Impossibilities; they're easy to desire.[1]

Alcade. Treason, didst say?

First Moor. Against your majesty;
Dishonour of your fair and beauteous child:
Their motions, gestures, looks, and conference,
I have observ'd, and watch'd with jealous eyes,
And find 'em all corrupt. Alack! my liege,
Behold before your face their amorous fire
Breaks forth into bright flames; is't not apparent?
His suit to leave the court, her seconding
His treason with a boon, and favour too.
You thought 'twas his desire to go to wars;
Believe it not, there's no such man in him;
It is some secret plot they have contriv'd
To fly away: prevent it speedily.

Alcade. Thou hast infus'd a spirit into my breast
I never yet did feel: strange impudence!
Ambition never heard of in a peasant!
A slave, that neither knows his birth, nor breeding,
Should thus presume for to seduce a princess!
Hence with that traitor! let him have a death
As horrid as his crime.

Soph. How's this?

Eus. A traitor!

First Moor. Ay, traitor, traitor, sirrah!

Eus. Sirrah, you lie! this shall maintain't
'Gainst thee or any dares affirm this title.
Mount us, great king, upon some lofty spire,
Where is but room for two——
Place him amidst an host, in this just cause,

[1] Easily overcome by him who desires to overcome them.

To clear my honour, and her innocence,
I'll pierce through armed guards, and make my way
Through halberts, pikes, and deadly killing shot;
Break through many battles,[1] sally
Through whole squadrons, and make him
Like a confused lump that ne'er had form.
Guard me, you sacred powers! lest I forget
Time, presence, place, and on this ugly slave
Commit an outrage.

Alcade. Kill, and stop his fury!
Insolent boy! how dares thy violence
Offer itself in blows, and we in presence?
Had we no other cause, this were enough
To take away thy life. Away with him!

Soph. Stay yet, dear sir!
As ever I deserv'd grace at your hand,
Hear me first speak: behold him bow to you,
That in your cause hath made great kings to kneel,
And tender you submission: for my sake,
Let him not suffer death; 'tis undeserv'd.
I will engage all that I have on earth
That he is loyal: let not false surmise,
Suspect, and jealousy, beget belief
To wrong your princely thoughts: in killing him,
You make me guilty, and a murderer,
For I first brought him hither; to my hands
He did commit his life, being a child,
When on the plain of Thrace I took him up;
Let him not lose it at a holy altar;
And princes' courts are such, and should maintain

[1] Battle-ranks.

As divine privilege as sanctuary;
For kings that circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air in which themselves draw breath.

Lil. Bless'd be that orator! Gracious father—

Alcade. Let her not speak, her words confirm suspect:
Bear her away unto her private chamber,
There let her be confin'd a prisoner,
Till we determine further.

First Moor. It shall be done.

[*Exit Guard with Lillia.*

Alcade. Sophos, his life is thine, but not his freedom.

Eus. Durance! worse than death!

Alcade. No; banishment:
Save Africa make all the world thine own.

Soph. The king's all mercy.

Eus. I'll proclaim as much.

First Moor. Ay, but, my lord, what safety for my life,
Which he so much hath threaten'd?

Eus. I scorn to touch thy life, thou timorous slave!
But traitors are all cowards: fare thee well;
And my dear foster-father, wanting whom
I lose my better part: thus they thrive,
That cannot flatter kings; feel death[1] alive. [*Exit.*

Alcade. Nay, Sophos, be not sad;
'Tis thy pretended[2] good that we pursue:
The girl was wanton, and the boy was young,
And love is kindled by desire as soon,
In one poor minute, as an age of time:
We banish'd him, that she might fancy thee,
Whom we intend shall have her: 'tis true as we

[1] [Being]. [2] Intended.

Are royal, if you please for to accept of her.

Soph. 'Tis an honour that I shall never merit,
To spouse a princess of her excellency;
For I have nothing worthy her affection:
She cannot give consent to love a man
That's banish'd from his land and native soil:
I have no titles for to honour her,
And that's a thing that women most affect.

Alcade. Sir, you inherit virtue: that's a thing
No mortal can restore; all other state
We will invest you with; the crown of Thrace
Shall be your own, or cost ten thousand lives:
Our sable ensigns, never yet before
Display'd beyond the Mediterranean sea,
Shall now be seen to fly; men have livers there
Pale as their faces, and, when we appear,
Will frighted run from such a golden soil.
Our home-bred fear have end; foreign foes
Must be our conquest now.
Come, my best Sophos, ere the next moon spring,
My child shall call thee husband, Thrace her king.

[*Trumpets flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter PHEANDER *in a Pilgrim's habit, alone, reading the Oracle.*

Phean.

CONTENT shall keep in town and field, &c.
I know not in what sense to apprehend it,
So intricate this matter seems to me;

Yet in these latter lines I read a comfort;
Then shall a shepherd from the plain,
Restore your health and crown again.
There is a sign of truth already past,
For when Apollo did pronounce this doom,
I was a king, and did enjoy my crown,
And I must be depos'd before restor'd.
But then the man—ay, there's the doubt of all;
For ever since I took this pilgrim's habit
I have wandered up and down to find this shepherd;
Wander'd indeed! for in the search of him,
I have lost myself. Sitting upon the plain,
I saw a face of such surpassing beauty,
That Jove and nature, should they both contend
To make a shape of their mix'd purity,
Could not invent a sky-born form so beautiful as she:
Be she a mortal, and a shepherdess,
Her beauty may become a prince's court.
Why may not I, wedding this shepherd's queen,
Beget an heir that may restore my crown?
I'll lay my life the oracle meant so.
The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours from their lights possess their powers.
But now the means for to obtain this prize?
I'll send a private messenger to court,
To bid Pallation, with a well-arm'd troop,
At such a certain hour to meet me here,
And lie in secret ambush 'bout the house.
I will conceal myself, and watch a time
To bear away this wonder of our clime. [*Stands aside.*

Enter ARIADNE, *and* TITYRUS *after her singing, &c.*

Tit. O stay, O turn, O pity me,
That sighs, that sues for love of thee!
O lack! I never lov'd before;
If you deny, I'll ne'er love more.

No hope, no help! then wretched I
Must lose, must lack, must pine, and die;
Since you neglect when I implore,
Farewell, hard, I'll ne'er love more.

Enter PALEMON, *franticly habited, dancing over the stage; Old* ANTIMON, *antic-like;* CLOWN, *like Maid Marian;*[1] *exeunt.*

Tit. Here's a sight
Gives a fresh wound unto my love-sick heart:
To think a man that was reputed wise,
Should lose himself in a Dædalian maze,
And run mad for a woman; woman, that's the cause;
It is indeed, happy remembrance!
In searching out his wound, I have cur'd myself:
Shall I see my brother's wits caught in a pursenet,
And run my head into the same noose?
Then count me for a woodcock; no, I am now
The man I was, and will still say—

There is not any wise man,
That fancy can a woman;
Then never turn your eyes on
A thing that is so common:

[1] Maid Marian was the lady of the Morrice-dance.—DILKE.

For be they foul or fair,
They tempting devils are,
Since they first fell;
They that love do live in hell,
And therefore, men, beware. [*Exit.*

Ariad. What a distraction's this! Was ever seen
So strange a dotage? not in him alone,
But 'tis in general: that did not grief
Usurp too much upon a heart opprest,[1]
'Twere mirth would move to laughter.

Enter EUSANIUS, *like a shepherd.*

This is no lover, sure; I know him not;
Yet I mistrust the hanging of his head:
I'll note him further; 'tis a handsome fellow.
Eus. This habit is most frequent in this place,
I'll wear't for fashion sake; 't may be a means
To gain a sight of the fair shepherdess,
Whose beauty fills the clime with wonderment.
Ariad. Alas, poor man, he's troubled too in mind!
Would I could overhear him: how he stands!
Eus. I know not where to lie, and it grows late;
I have not, since I enter'd on these plains,
Seen any creature that has human sense:
A woman first! good luck, an't be thy will.
Ariad. Why kneel you, sir?
Eus. Not to ask blessing, sweet;
That were a foul disgrace unto a virgin.
Ariad. For aught you know, I am a mother, sir.

[1] A correction by Mr. Dilke. The original has *suppressed.*

Eus. Would you were mine. Please you, I'll make you one.

Ariad. I thank your love, sir, but I am one already.

Eus. Then my suit's at an end: yet one word more.

Ariad. What is't sir? I'm in haste.

Eus. No more but this;
Nay, in your ears, lest you misconstrue me.

Enter RADAGON.

Rad. So close, and privately! then I perceive
I have been too neglectful: shallow fool!
That having had such opportunity,
So long continuance, place, and privacy,
Durst never utter thy affections.
When I beheld her first I fancied her,
And more because she favour'd[1] my dead wife,
Whose memory I still mourn; but since she's gone,
Rather than lose regeneration, I
Could wed with her: she's fair, and may be honest;
Though the world deem 'em contrarieties.
I'm seen, and must go on.

Ariad. Menalcas,
You come as wish'd for: here's a stranger, sir,
That wants reposure: will you, for my sake,
Allow him entertain? the night draws on,
And 'twere unhospitable to deny him;
You shall command as great a courtesy.

Rad. I doubt it not. To me y'are welcome, sir;
Such homely cates as a poor cottage yields,
You shall be sure to taste. Shepherds in this

[1] Resembled.

Come nearest to the gods, for they allow
The smallest hospitality;
Witness when Baucis feasted Jupiter.
Ariad. For that I'll interrupt you; you shall both,
Before you part from hence, taste of our cheer.

Enter PHEANDER.

Whence is that aged man? Pray question him:
Let him not go before he have relief.
Rad. Come nearer, father. 'Tis a great wonder
To see a pilgrim wandering in these parts.
What countryman?
Phean. A Roman, gentle sir;
One that hath vow'd in weary pilgrimage
To spend the poor remainder of his days:
To such, you know, all places are alike.
Eus. How long have you continu'd in this land?
Phean. But a small time.
Eus. You have not seen the court?
Phean. Not yet, fair sir.
Rad. What should we do at court? we have a king
Knows no religion; heathens, infidels,
Inhabit there: the poor live most secure,
For as they know no good, they fear no ill:
But we must not decypher.[1] Come, sit down.
Eus. Fair mistress.
Ariad. Good sir, sit; this is my place.
Rad. Seat you. Fie! fie! compliment!
Ariad. Here's no variety; but such as 'tis,
If you can feed, y'are welcome: shepherd's fare.

[1] i. e. characterize

Eus. We thank you.

Rad. Sir, fall to: y'are sad, methinks.

Phean. Not sad, but somewhat griev'd to think report
Should scandalize so sweet a continent.
Not only foreigners, but Thracians born,
Hate and abhor the clime and government,
Saying it is infectious, and your king
A misbelieving tyrant, infamous.

Ariad. Where heard you this?

Phean. All Thrace proclaims as much.

Rad. I cannot tell: but trust me, sir, 'tis thought
It was a cruel deed, not like a king,
Much less a father, having but one child,
To banish her; and for so small a fault.

Eus. What was the offence?

Rad. A customary thing,
I cannot well appropriate a name.

Ariad. Is it so slight, and do you shame to utter't?

Rad. Your presence must excuse me; otherwise,
I should have found a title.

Ariad. Then I'll speak:
It was so heinous, and so vile a fact,
The king could not in justice pardon it;
'Twas a disgrace to him, shame to her sex,
Dishonour to herself, and progeny:
What greater infamy unto a king,
Than for to blot his name with bastardy?

Rad. You speak well in the defence of virtue, sweet;
But if such defaults should be punish'd,
We should have but few women in our kingdom.
Admit the princess, in her wanton blood,

Committed such an error; do but think
What frailty is, the baits—nay more, 'tis thought
That they were man and wife; if it were so,
He could be little better than a tyrant.

Phean. A tyrant! nay, a villain, murderer:
Pray pardon me, I must, and will have leave
To speak my conscience; should I see the king,
I'd tell him to his face he were a tyrant.
Say she did err, he was the cause on't,
Not suffering her to wed where she did love.
What may his subjects think? he being dead,
For want of issue, they shall servile be
To Turks, and Infidels, if worse than he
Can anywhere be found.

Ariad. Dotard, forbear!
Thou hast already spoke more than thy life
Can ever satisfy. If that the king
Had known they had been married, questionless
He would have been more merciful; but that
Rests in suspicion: his sentence was pronounc'd
As they were guilty, not as man and wife;
And then what punishment can be too great?
His suppos'd ill was so much lenity.
To live had been to die a lingering death,
For reputation is the life of honour,
And that once lost, the mother hates the child,
Curses the man she did commix withal,
And, like a shame-fac'd felon, seeks to shun
The face of every one that knows her guilt.

Phean. Admired'st of all women, now I see
There is much virtue lives in poverty.

Eus. And yet methinks the mother's shame is not
To be compared unto the injury
The child sustains;
For she receives her sorrows by consent;
But the poor infant, guiltless of the fact,
Grown to maturity, shall bear the brand
Of bastard by his birth; be dispossess'd
Of all inheritance due to the seed
That's sown in holy wedlock; if a curse
Belong unto the issue of base lusts,
'Tis given to the child for to bestow
On those that did beget him: sure, I think,
Whoe'er he was that wrong'd so fair a dame
As your king's daughter, could be no true prince,
But some base upstart, that deluded her
Under a feigned title.

Rad. Slave, thou liest!

[*Radagon strikes Eusanius with his hook; she holds Eusanius; Pheander, Radagon.*

Ariad. Had you e'er a mother, sir?

Eus. I cannot tell. Unhand me.

Ariad. For my sake, or if there be
A woman in the world whom you affect,
In her name I conjure ye, let my tears
Assuage your just-mov'd anger;

[*Pheander whispers with Radagon.*

It will discredit me, endanger you,
If you should strike him here. I'll give you reason.

Rad. This is some fallery; it cannot be.

Phean. Now by my holy vow, what I prescribe
I will approve; I know you love this woman;
The revelation of celestial orbs,

The aspects, and influence of heavenly planets,
Do direct my skill: by palmistry, and physiognomy,
I have declar'd to kings accidents past,
Portents to come, and told to what event
Present designs should run: what, should I make
Experiments of art on him that not believes it?

Rad. Troth, I do.

Phean. Then reconcile yourself unto this man;
Let him by no means use to visit her;
For in the hour of his nativity,
Some powerful working star was in conjunction
With too forward Venus: take him from her,
And all th' auxiliary heavenly helps,
That may give physic to a love-sick heart,
I'll invocate to be benevolent,
And ere to-morrow's sun she shall be yours.

Ariad. See, sir, he comes towards you.

Rad. Sir, for my rash offence I'm sorry.

Ariad. What would ye more, good sir?

Rad. If you desire a further satisfaction,
You shall have it.

Eus. How?

Rad. Thus.

Eus. 'Tis accepted.

Phean. This device took well. Now to my plot. [*Exit.*

Ariad. I fear you are not friends yet.

Rad. Who, not we?
Why should you think so? look you, we embrace;
Shake hands; nay more, we will be bed-fellows,
And early in the morn revisit you.

Ariad. Where lies the palmer? Gone, and take no leave!

Rad. O, fear not him, he is provided for.
Come, sir, take leave and part. [*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*

Ariad. Good rest to both.
There is a fire kindled in my breast;
I have not felt a flame this twenty years;
Betwixt these two I stand in a dilemma,
Not knowing which to fancy or forsake,
So equal my heart doth stand affected.

Enter PHEANDER *again, and* TWO LORDS *in ambush.*

Phean. That's she: I'll not be seen.

Ariad. I am resolv'd, since from them both I am freed,
Thus I'll conclude, he that first speaks shall speed.

First Lord. That's I.

Second Lord. I.

Ariad. Help! help!

First Lord. It is in vain to call.

Ariad. O, would this hour might be my funeral!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ANTIMON *and* CLOWN; ANTIMON *brave,*[1] *antickly attired in brave*[2] *clothes.*

Ant. A glass, a glass, a glass! I'll trust my face no more in the fair water, 'tis not bright enough to show me in my smugness; reach a glass.

Clown. A looking-glass!

[1] i. e. radiant with self-satisfaction.
[2] i. e. fine.

Ant. A looking-glass, I say.

Clown. You shall, sir, presently; there's one stands under my bed.

Ant. Why that's a jorden, fool.

Clown. So much the better, father; 'tis but making water in't, and then you may behold your sweet phisnomy in the clear streams of the river Jordan.

Ant. I smell 'twill be a match.

Clown. If you smell a match, take heed of your nose, for a little thing will set it a fire.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

Ant. How sits my suit? is it not spruce and neat?

Clown. A most impertinent suit, I assure you.

Ant. She cannot choose but love me now; I'm sure old Menophon ne'er courted in such clothes: were it not best I should leave off some part of this my bravery, lest appearing suddenly in this bright splendour, the wenches, overcome, and ravish't with my sight, fall at dissension, and so go by th' ears about me?

Clown. 'Twas well remember'd that; in any case look you put off some of those glittering weeds until you see your mistress; all the maids will be stark mad to see you; do but mark when they behold you, how they'll fight for you; you'll hardly 'scape their fingers, I'm afraid.

Ant. Ay, say'st thou so? here, do thou wear 'em then, and give 'em me when Mariana comes.[1]

Clown. Yes, marry, will I, if you can overtake me; I'll court her first myself. Father, farewell.

Ant. Nay, but——

Clown. I shoot at no such butts. Father, farewell.

[*Runs off.*

[1] Pulls off part of his dress, which the Clown puts on.

Ant. O, villain! slave! I have sold half my flocks to buy these clothes, and now am cheated.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

See if the rogue has not sent company to laugh at me: if Tityrus should see me in this shape, he would make a ballad on't. I'll after him, and if I catch the rascal, I'll say nothing. [*Exit.*

Tit. Yet, beauty of these fields, be less obdure,
And stay his labouring brains of that great toil
In which it travails for thee.

Ser. Love a madman!

Tit. If he be mad, 'tis you have made him so:
Can you not fancy your own workmanship?
Will you not cure him whom you help'd to kill?

Ser. Were his hurts
Made in the body, I have helping herbs,
And such choice simples, as should cure his wounds;
No shepherdess knows better than myself
How to restore him.
But where that herb, or science can ye find,
That hath the virtue to restore the mind?

Tit. Mind! he minded you too much, the more fool he;
That man's mad that minds any of you all;
For you are—let me see—

Foolish, idle toys,
That Nature gave unto us,
But to curb our joys,
And only to undo us;

For since Lucretia's fall,
There are none chaste at all:
Or if perchance there be
One in an empery,[1]
Some other malady
Makes her far worse than she.
Out upon ye all!

'Twere too much to tell
The follies that attend ye;
He must love you well
That can but discommend ye;
For your deserts are such,
Men cannot rail too much
Nor is the world so blind,
But it may easily find
The body, or mind,
Tainted in womankind.
O, the devil take you all!

Ser. Have you now done?

Tit. Done! 'Sfoot! if I could find words enough, and bad enough, I'd rail at you all till to-morrow morning.

Ser. If ye should, I'll have the last word.
I have been silent yet, vex me no more;
For if I once begin, I'll make thee mad too,
And send thy wits a wool-gathering
After thy brother's.

Enter RADAGON *and* EUSANIUS.

Tit. What the devil are these women made of?

[1] i. e. (I suppose) an empire.

Do not think I would surcease my suit,
But for this interruption.

Rad. Is there no valley, nor no mountain's top
Free from these clamours? You see we are intercepted:
But for these, this should have been the place.

Eus. Let's watch a fitter time, and spy a place
Of more conveniency.

Rad. 'Tis agreed: all friends.

Eus. Till then.

Rad. Think you I meant otherwise?

Eus. No.

Rad. Well then.

Enter ANTIMON *running after the* CLOWN.

Clown. O, father, well overtaken.

Ant. 'Tis well you are return'd, sir; I was coming,
I was e'en coming for you. How now, what are these?

Rad. Receive this stranger to your fellowship,
A partner and a brother, that desires
A life retir'd; and if my genius prompts me not amiss,
He will deserve our loves.

Tit. However, sir,
To me he's welcome; chiefly for your sake
My love I tender.

Rad. Pray know this man;
This is the jovialest shepherd in all Thrace.

Eus. His aspect speaks for him. Sir, I desire
To be known better to you; and you, fair dame,
Whose beauty adds more lustre to these fields,
Than all that summer Flora can produce.

Ser. These plains much honour'd are by your presence.

Ant. Receive a welcome too of Antimon.

Clown. And I, his son, sir; welcome, good partner;[1]
Nay, good sir, I crave less of your courtesy,
And more of your acquaintance.

Ant. Since we are met by chance so luckily,
Let us proceed unto our country's pastimes,
To give this courteous stranger entertain.

Clown. Ay, good father, let's not lose our sports in any case.

Ser. Whom shall we crave to call upon the queen?

Rad. That office shall be mine; stay my return.
Now if the palmer do but keep his word,
I shall enjoy what I so long have wish'd.

Enter a SHEPHERD *wounded, running.*

Ha! what sad object's this? How cam'st thou wounded?

Clown. Sure some sheep has bit him.

Rad. Speak, how cam'st thou hurt?

Shep. In rescue of our queen, basely surpris'd.

Rad. Surpris'd! by whom?

Shep. By Thrace's king;
Who, pilgrim-like, wrapp'd in a russet weed,
Taking advantage when she was alone,
Has, with a private ambush, stole her hence.

Rad. To the court gates let us pursue the ravisher;
His court, and all the powers that he can raise,
Shall not protect him. Plague upon his craft!
Is this his skill in physiognomy?
Worthy friend, let me but call you so,
And let our strife be buried in our loves;

[1] Eusanius bows.

The cause remov'd, let the effect thus die:
And as our hands, so let our hearts unite,
To take revenge on this injurious king.

Eus. Sir, what is yet scarce man, my heart shall ripen;
I'll stretch beyond my years and power of strength,
But I'll assist you in this enterprise.

Tit. Let's muster all the shepherds to our aid,
And fetch her back perforce.

Rad. In the meantime be it your charge to cure
This wounded swain, that sought to rescue her.

Ser. I'll use my best of skill.

Ant. Old as I am
I'll go along, and let my mistress know
The King of Thrace makes Antimon his foe.

Clown. If I light on him handsomely, I'll have a bout with him at quarter-staff.

Tit. One thing let me entreat:
To draw my frantic brother to the field,
Inform him 'tis Serena is stolen hence:
To prove if either terror of the wars,
His mistress' loss, or sight of death, and blood,
Can win him to his wits.

Rad. Persuaded well.

Clown. What's he will take that charge? Marry, that will I; let me alone with him, I'll put it in his pate, I cannot say his brains, because he has none: I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Rad. Whom shall we make
Our general, and leader of this rabble?

Tit. Whom but yourself
Shall we impose so great a charge upon?

Rad. Rather bestow it on this noble youth.

Eus. That warlike charge would not become my years:
I shall be proud to be your soldier, sir.

Enter PALEMON *and* CLOWN.

Pal. Give me my arms; I'll fetch her back again.

Clown. Give you more legs, you'll ne'er o'ertake her else.

Pal. I'll leap into the saddle of the moon,
And tie two stars unto my heels, like spurs;
I'll make my warlike lance of a sunbeam,
And mounted on some strange Bucephalus,
Thus will I overthrow my enemy.

Clown. This 'tis to keep madmen company, that has not the wit to know his friends from his foes; but we shall have your brains beat in again.

Pal. Sirrah, take the moon,
And place it me upon the axletree;
I'll mount on horseback straight.

Clown. The moon's not up yet, sir; some three hours hence you shall be sure to have her.

Pal. How know you that, sir?

Clown. Well enough, sir, 'tis a shepherd that keeps her, and he's called *the man in the moon.*

Pal. I'll fetch a sheepskin then to make a drum,
Ta, ra, ranta, ra, tan, tara, ran tan. [*Exit.*

Rad. He has possess'd him well; let him go on.
Now courage, fellow soldiers, and let's try
To fetch her back, or in her quarrel die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Trumpets flourish. Enter PHEANDER, LORDS, *Drums, Colours, and Soldiers.*

Phean. Is't possible the number of the swains
Should be so many?
Second Lord. Full five hundred strong.
Phean. What's their pretence?
First Lord. That's yet unknown, my lord,
Unless it be to have their queen again.
Phean. How should they know 'twas we that stole her thence?
First Lord. Belike the swains that sought to rescue her,
Heard some one name the king; no other cause
Could give intelligence, 'twas done so private.
Phean. What should we fear? let's meet 'em in the field:
Were their force trebled o'er, when we appear
They'll fly like hares that fear the lion's frowns.
How might we do for to behold the rebels?
First Lord. They lie so low entrench'd beyond the hill
That fronts the castle gate, that no prospect
About the house can yield the least survey.
Phean. Let's parley with 'em then; so we may hear
What they pretend, and view their regiment.[1]
Second Lord. Here is a herald to the same effect
Arriv'd at court.
Phean. Go, bring him in;
We'll hear what brave defiance they have sent.

[1] Their arrangement, mode in which they are drawn up.

Enter Old ANTIMON *with a piece of painted Cloth like a Herald's Coat,* CLOWN *sounding a Tucket before him.*

Now, sir, the prologue to this bloody tragedy.

Ant. I am a herald, come to tell the king
That he has done a most mischievous thing:
We had but one fair ewe amongst our lambs,
And he has stol'n her with his wolfish rams;
For which our shepherds vow by force of arm,
To fetch her back, kill all, but do no harm:
But if you'll set her free, they bid me say,
They'll take her home, and so make holiday.

Omnes Lords. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ant. It seems they are not angry at my words,
Because they laugh; I fear'd they'd draw their swords.

Phean. Tell 'em we render thanks for their good mirth,
And would entreat a parley, if they'll come
And meet us here under the castle wall.

Ant. You would entreat 'em fairly for to come?

Phean. I thought as much. Go you along with him,
And tell their general what you heard us say.

Second Lord. I shall. Come show me to your general.

[*Exeunt Antimon, Clown, and Second Lord.*

First Lord. Will you in person parley with the rout?

Phean. Why not?

First Lord. 'Tis dangerous, for fear the swains,
Not knowing what belongs to law of arms,
Being once cross'd, should offer violence.

Phean. 'Tis well advis'd: Pallation, bid our guard
Be near our person; bring up all our troops
Close to the gates, that if occasion serve,

They may at unawares make issue forth,
And cut off all the rear: see it perform'd.
I have a trick new crept into my brain;
And if my policy deceive me not,
Shall bring these several bodies to one head,
And crown all my designs with full event.
[*A march within.*
They're coming; keep your ranks.

Enter all the Shepherds, RADAGON, EUSANIUS, TITYRUS, PALEMON, CLOWN, ANTIMON.

Phean. Which is the general?
Omnes. This.
Phean. We would exchange some private words with him.
Rad. You are deceiv'd; I better understand
The name and honour of a general,
Than to disgrace it 'gainst the law of arms.
Though we are not so expert as those men
That daily practise 'em, yet you shall find
We'll make a shift to right our injuries.
Phean. 'Sdeath! where learnt he this discipline?
Are shepherds now become such martialists?
I see I must dissemble.
Rad. If you have aught to say, speak publicly
No private protestations, bribes, nor fears,
Have power to convert our resolutions.
We need not to capitulate[1] our wrongs,
They are too apparent. Let us see our queen,
And if she have receiv'd the smallest wrong,

[1] Recapitulate.

A general ruin shall o'erspread the land;
We'll fire thy castles, burn up all thy towns,
And make a desolation of thy people.

Phean. You cannot be so shallow as to think,
took her with a lustful appetite:
This honour'd badge[1] proclaims that lust is past.
Our seizing her was motive to your good,
If you conceive it. List! and I'll explain it.
Within our land our foes are resident;
Sicilia's king, under whose government
These many years you have been servitors.
The reason this; when he did first invade,
We found ourself too weak to make resistance,
And under show of satisfaction,
We did resign to him our dignity,
Pretending search of Radagon, his son;
Which he accepted, and did back return
To Sicilia,
Leaving a deputy to govern here:
And though Pallation bore the name of rule,
It was by his permission. Do but weigh
The servile yoke of foreign government,
What danger may ensue, what privilege
You lose in Thrace if we be dispossess'd,
The time of truce 's expir'd, and he's return'd
To take possession; for without his son,
Our crown and kingdom, both are forfeited
Into his hands; which yet we may prevent.
If you'll agree to join your force with ours,
And back expulse him, we'll not only grant

[1] His grey hairs.

Your queen her liberty, but we'll enlarge
Your former privilege: give you choice
Of state, honour, and dignity; make you lords and knights;
And in remembrance of the shepherds' wars,
Add a new festival; which at our charge
Shall yearly be perform'd. Consider on't.

Rad. Happy position! Thanks, great justicer!
Occasion puts revenge into my hand!
To think that I should be so fortunate,
To be commander of a band of men,
To war against my father: bless'd event!

Phean. What's your reply?

Clown. Good general, consent; I have a foolish desire to be a lord.

Pal. And what shall I be?

Clown. You shall be a lord too, and if you'll be quiet; there are a great many mad lords.

Phean. What answer do you give?

Rad. Were it in me
To give an answer, you should soon prevail;
But 'tis a general voice; for my own part,
My service and myself I offer to you.

Eus. And so do I.

Tit. And I.

Omnes. So do we all.

Phean. A king that's thus held up can never fall.
Draw all your force within the castle walls;
'Tis large and spacious, and will well contain 'em.
This night we'll feast, to-morrow shall be seen
Your loves to us.

Rad. Our's to the shepherd's queen. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Drum and Colours. Enter KING OF SICILIA, LORDS, *and Soldiers.*

King of Sicilia.

IS all our army in a readiness,
Prepar'd for battle if occasion serve?

First Sicil. Lord. They are, my lord.

K. of Sicil. This day our truce takes end, the king return'd,
And we expect our son's delivery.

First Sicil. Lord. Pray heaven it be so happy, but I fear
A worse intent; for all the way he comes
The commons rise; shepherds and silly swains
That never were inur'd to carry swords,
Take arms and follow him.

K. of Sicil. What's that to us? Did he not make a vow
Ne'er to return until he found my son?
May be he comes for to invest us king,
And offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And so conclude this weary pilgrimage.

First Sicil. Lord. You speak, my liege, as you yourself would do;
But he that dar'd to banish 'em,
Think you he fears to violate an oath?
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe.
Be still in readiness: you do not know
How soon he may assault us.

K. of Sicil. Thou speak'st but well, 'tis good to doubt
the worst,
We may in our belief be too secure;
As king's forbidden to condemn the just,
So kings for safety must not blame mistrust.

Enter SECOND LORD.

Why is this haste?

Second Sicil. Lord. To bid you haste to arms:
The foe comes on, the sentinels fall off,
The scouts are posting up and down the plain
To fetch in all the stragglers. Thrace's king
Has break his vow, and seeks by force of arms
For to expulse you.

First Sicil. Lord. Will ye yet give credit
To a tyrant's oath?

K. of Sicil. By yon bright sphere I vow, and if there be
A greater punishment for perjury
Reigning on earth than is the conscience' sting,
I will inflict it on this perjur'd man.
You spirits resolute 'gainst fear and death,
You that have hitherto maintain'd your being
In equal power, like rivals to the gods,
Now show your valour; let us not debate
Our wrongs like women; for the wrath of kings
Is like an angry cloud, swollen big with fire,
That speaks revenge in thunder. [*Distant charge.*
Hark! they charge.
Beat a defiance! See, the signal's given;
Who dies in this just cause, shall live in heaven.

Alarum. The Shepherds give the first assault, and beat off some of the Sicilian Lords: enter EUSANIUS, *driving over the* KING OF SICILIA: *enter* RADAGON.

Rad. The fury of this boy will overthrow
All my designs: twice since the fight begun,
In spite of my best art, he has unhors'd
My royal father, and, the last career,
Drew blood from his shrunk veins; yet the good old man,
Like to an aged oak that long hath stood,
Endangers all that seek to cut him down.
He does not bear that fearful policy,
That many use, to fight in base disguise,
But has a white flag carried before him,
Which does signify the justice of his cause,
His innocence;
Or as a mark, as if a man should say:
I am the butt you aim at, shoot at me.
The greatest conquest I have won this day,
Hath been the preservation of his life,
With hazard of mine own: in my pursuit,
Thinking to place him in his court of guard,[1]
I follow'd him so far that I was forc'd
To make retire for to recover breath.

Enter EUSANIUS, *with the* KING OF SICILIA, *prisoner.*

Eus. Why do you sound a retreat? the day is ours;
See, here's their king; I knew him by his ensign,
Which I seized in spite of all oppos'd.
Here, general, to your hands I do commit him:

[1] The place where the guard musters.

Carry Thrace's king
This as a ransom for the shepherds' queen. [*Soft alarum.*
Hark! the fight renews; one hour more
Makes a full conquest, and I'll ne'er give o'er
Till it be finish'd. [*Exit.*

Rad. But that no fame, or credit, can be got
To conquer age, I'd scorn for to present
Another's prisoner.

K. of Sicil. Aged as I am, had I a sword
I'd scorn as much to be subdued by thee.

Rad. That shall be tried. Here, take you arms again.

K. of Sicil. Art thou in earnest then? come on, i' faith.
How now! what means this? wilt thou not fight with me?

Rad. Yes, sir, that I will; with you I'll fight,
But never fight against you. See the man
That thrice this day preserv'd you from your foe,
And the last time I bore you off from death;
I, that man,
Am now your champion; do not question why,
But rest assur'd, for you I'll live and die. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum, and the Shepherds within crying, fly! fly! &c.
Enter EUSANIUS *and all the Shepherds.*

Eus. What coward's that began this fearful cry?
Is not the day likely to be our own?
Have I not taken their king prisoner,
Seiz'd his white flag, and by our general's hand
Sent him unto Pheander?

Tit. But he's revolted, and has set him free,
And we have ne'er a general to lead us.

Eus. O villain, traitor, coward!

Were he my father I should call him so:
Fly from his colours! Courage, fellow swains!
Let us not blot the honour we have won.
Want of a general? I'll supply that place,
Rather than lose so fair a victory.

Pal. No; I'll be general.

Clown. Ay, ay, and so you shall, and I'll be commander over you. We should be led like wild geese then, i' faith; wild geese, nay, woodcocks rather; for your wild geese keep their wings, their front, their rear, and have a leader too.

Tit. Ay, ay, you are the man.

Eus. Follow, then; come. [*Exeunt.*

A great Alarum. Enter RADAGON.

Rad. Sound a retreat!
It is impossible to win the day;
These shepherds fight like devils: I saw a man
Borne on our lances' points quite from the earth,
Yet when he came to ground he fought again,
As if his strength had been invincible.
[*A shout and flourish of trumpets.*
Hark, how the proud foe with triumphant voice
Proclaims unto the world his victory!

Enter TWO SICILIAN LORDS.

Second Sicil. Lord. Hark! how Sicilia, with triumphant voice,
Proclaims unto the world his victory.

Rad. Sicilia!

Second Sicil. Lord. Ay, Sicilia,

Sophos, brother to the Thracian king,
Is with Alcade, King of the Africans,
Come to assist you.
Rad. Give 'em entertain
With all the royal pomp our state can yield.
Second Sicil. Lord. He shall have soldier's welcome; that's the best.

Trumpets flourish. Enter one way the KING OF SICILIA *and* LORDS; *another,* ALCADE, SOPHOS, LILLIA GUIDA, *Drums and Colours.*

K. of Sicil. To give a welcome fitting to the state
Of Afric's king, Sophos, and this fair dame,
Whose beauty all the western world admires,
Were to neglect a greater happiness;
For by your aid fair Victory sits crown'd,
Pluming her golden wings upon our crest:
Let us not beat her back by detraction.
Alcade. Royal sir, we come to fight and not to feast;
Yet for this night we will repose ourselves:
Our troops are weary, and our beauteous child
Rests undispos'd of: let her have a guard
Of demi-negroes, cull'd from either part,
And let her lodgings be plac'd next our own;
That's all we do desire.
K. of Sicil. Which we'll perform.
Soph. Let the retreat we heard at our approach,
Call back your powers: and early in the morn,
Whenas the daring enemy comes on,
Thinking to prey upon a yielding foe,
Our forces shall confound 'em; Thrace shall know

Sophos is here, come to perform his vow.

[*Trumpets flourish a retreat. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PALEMON *wounded*, TITYRUS *and* CLOWN.

Pal. Upon 'em, upon 'em, upon 'em! they fly, they fly, they fly!

Clown. Ay, ay, they run away.

Tit. I'm glad they are retreated; had they stood,
His lack of sense had been his loss of life;
Howe'er, he 'scapes it yet: come, now retire.

Pal. I'll have my love first.

Clown. So ho, ho, boys!

Pal. What noise is that? are you a fowler, sir?

Clown. I know not what belongs to a retreat, sir; I was the first man took flight, and lured off the rest as well as I could.

Pal. Then y' are an engineer?

Tit. An admirable fellow, Palemon.
Hold him in talk whilst I run for Serena,
And use my best persuasions to procure
Her gentle patience his deep wounds to cure. [*Exit.*

Pal. Come, then, grave Nestor, to the council table:
Nay, you shall see that I can speak to you.

Clown. And you shall hear that I can answer you.

Pal. You say you are a falconer?

Clown. Or a fowler, which you please.

Pal. What think you, Nestor, if we lim'd our pikes,

As you your twigs, and set 'em in the way
Just as the army flies? Do you not think
They would hang fast by the wings?

Clown. Yes, if they do not leave their wings behind 'em, and fly away with their legs.

Pal. May they do so?

Clown. Faith, ay, sir, 't has been the coward's fashion time out of mind.

Pal. Or, father,
Shall's cast into the air a gorgeless falcon,
That mounting the bleak region, till she spy
My beauteous love Serena, then souse down,
And snatch her from the army?
Jove's bird, the eagle, in her talons bore
His darling Ganymede to his palace so:
Speak, Nestor, is it possible or no?

Clown. Very easy, sir, if women be made of such light stuff as they say they are; besides, no falcon but dares venture upon a ringtail, and what's a woman else?

Pal. Then as stern Pyrrhus did old Priam take,—
Or stay,—
As cruel Nero with his mother did,
I'll rip thy bowels out, then fling thee
Like a gorgeless falcon in the air;
But first I'll tie these bells unto thy legs,
That I may know which way to follow thee.

Clown. Nay, an you begin to meddle with my legs, I'll show you as fair a pair of heels as e'er you saw in your life.

Pal. Nay, fly me not, my fair Angelica.

Clown. Put up thy bilbo then, my mad Orlando.

Pal. Thy hand shall be the scabbard; there it is:

I yield me to thy mercy, Alexander;
Yet save my life, great Cæsar.

Enter TITYRUS *and* SERENA.

Clown. As we are Alexander, we will save thy life. Come, sit at Cæsar's feet. So, so, now I'll deal well enough with you.

Tit. Prithee, have more remorse; if not for love,
For love of life, help to redress his wounds;
Remember 'tis for you he came thus hurt,
Take pity on his smart.

Ser. Had I like power to restore his sense,
As to recure his wounds, upon the earth
I would leave no means unthought, unsought for,
But I'd apply 't for his recovery.

Tit. This is the tyranny we men endure;
Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

Ser. O, may I prove the first! upon my knees,
If ever a poor virgin's prayers were heard,
Grant the fruition of my suit may prove
A saving health both to his life and love!

Tit. Nay, and you go about it with such willingness,
'Twill come to a good end sure:
The whilst you dress his wounds I'll sit and sing,
And invocate the gods to pity him. [*Sings.*

Fair Apollo, whose bright beams
Cheer all the world below:
The birds that sing, the plants that spring,
The herbs and flowers that grow:
O, lend thy aid to a swain sore oppress'd,

That his mind
Soon may find
The delight that sense admits!
And by a maid let his harms be redress'd,
That no pain
Do remain
In his mind to offend his wits![1]

Ser. His blood returns; rub his pulses o'er the fire;
His looks prescribe[2] an alteration.

Clown. Would I could hear him speak a wise word once!

Pal. Either the earth, or else my head turns round.

Tit. 'Las, my poor brother!

Ser. Peace, disturb him not.

Pal. And yet methinks I do not feel such pains
As I was wont to endure. Ha!
Sure I should know—Speak, are not you my love?

Tit. He knows her. Ay, 'tis she.

Pal. And you my brother?

Tit. True.

Clown. And what am I?

Pal. A fool.

Clown. But you are no madman now, I'm sure. He that can distinguish a fool from a woman is a wise man, believe it.

Ser. Palemon, see, since it hath pleas'd the gods,
In pity of thy youth, to grant thy sense,
Serena grants her love, and at thy feet
Craves pardon for her cruel injury.

[1] Thus arranged by Mr. Dyce.
[2] Indicate.

Pal. More welcome now than ever, my Serena!
Love that is often cross'd, at length obtain'd,
Is sweeter far than pleasure easily gain'd.

Tit. But what shall I do now? I'm gone in the common law; and if a jury of women go upon me, I'm sure to be cast. I think I had best to appeal to the men first, and make them my arbitrators.

Clown. O, no, no, no! make your peace with the women first, whate'er you do; for if they take the matter in hand, your men are ne'er able to stand long in a case against them.

Tit. Then first to you whom I have wrong'd so much;
And next, to all that's here: [*Sings.*
Forgive me, O, forgive me my cruel disdain!
Never poor lover endured such pain,
As I will in my skill, your praises to tell,
And never sing other till death rings my knell.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love.
Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove
It lies in their power to restore life and love. [*Exeunt.*

A great Alarum, and Excursions; then enter EUSANIUS *and Shepherds, with* ALCADE, SOPHOS, *and* WHITE MOOR, *prisoners.*

Eus. The honour of thy overthrow, brave Moor,
Is due to great Pheander, King of Thrace;
But thy crown's ransom does belong to me.

Alcade. Take life and all, it is not worth the keeping,
Without addition of a victory.
To be a peasant's prisoner! cursed fate!
Why should a king be so unfortunate?

Soph. Unhappy chance! came I to Thrace for this,
To lose both life and honour, in the land
That gave me life? and by a brother too?
Black destiny!

Eus. Some post unto Pheander,
And glad his ears with this our victory.

Enter FIRST THRACIAN LORD.

First Lord. Why come ye on so slowly? renew the fight:
Our king is taken prisoner by that slave,
That by his falling off lost the last battle.

Eus. Pheander taken!

Alcade. That's some comfort yet:
I hope Sicilia will not ransom him,
Till he consent unto our liberty.

Soph. And if he should,
He were unworthy to be term'd a king.

Eus. Why, then, let's summon 'em unto a parley,
First offer to exchange our prisoners,
And then begin the bloody fight again.

First Lord. Summon a parley then.

A Parley. *Enter* KING OF SICILIA, RADAGON, LORDS, *with* PHEANDER *prisoner.*

Look here, Sicilia: since by chance of war
Our Thracian king is taken prisoner,
To ransom him we will deliver back
Into your hands the great Alcade, Sophos,
And this white Moor.

Phean. Three prisoners for one! Detain 'em still;

I'll not be ransom'd at so dear a rate.

Alcade. And if thou shouldst, I scorn it should be so;
For look what ransom Sicilia sets down,
I'll pay it trebly o'er to ransom us.

K. of Sicil. We'll take no ransom, but will set you free
By force of arms.

Eus. Bear back the prisoners, and renew the fight.

Rad. Stay;
Dar'st thou that seem'st so forward, hand to hand,
In single opposition end this strife?

Eus. O, were these kings but pleas'd it should be so,
How soon would we decide this difference!

K. of Sicil. What says Alcade? if he be so content,
I'll gladly put my right upon his sword.

Phean. The like will I upon my champion,
Whose unmatch'd valour has been well approv'd.

Alcade. I like his fair aspect, and give consent.
May'st thou prove happy in this enterprise!

Rad. I'll lose my life, or gain your liberty.

Eus. The like will I, or set Pheander free.

[*Exeunt Rad. and Eus.*

Phean. Then till the champions be in readiness,
Let the conditions be concluded on.
Pallation, draw the articles for us.

K. of Sicil. And you for us: if we be overcome,
Pheander is to have his liberty,
And we depart this land, resigning back
All interest, due by his permission,
And never seek revenge for our lost son;
This, as we are royal, we'll consent unto.

Alcade. If Thrace be overcome,

He shall surrender all his dignity
Into our hands; which Sophos shall enjoy,
With our fair daughter, paying Sicily
A yearly tribute; and your soldiers' pay,
Since their abode in Thrace, shall be discharg'd
From our exchequer.

Phean. This I'll add besides;
Because by us Sicilia lost a son,
Whoever shall enjoy the crown of Thrace,
Shall once a year, clad in his pilgrim's weeds,
Offer sacrifice unto the gods,
And lay his crown down at Sicilia's feet.

Soph. And Sophos vows to offer up his life
A ransom for this beauteous African,
If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

K. of Sicil. There's Sicilia's hand.

Phean. And mine.

Alcade. There's Alcade's.

Lil. And mine.

Soph. And Sophos' join'd in one.

First Lord. A happy end crown this contention!

Pal. Beseech your graces, since this difference
Is to be ended by a shepherd's hand,
To let our queen be set at liberty,
To see the champion that must fight for her.

Phean. Go, fetch her forth.
And now I call to mind the oracle,
That said a shepherd should restore my crown;
Sure one of these will prove the happy man.

K. of Sicil. The trumpet sounds again; let's take our seats,

And see who shall obtain the victory.

Phean. Nay, altogether now, till the last stroke
Make a division.

Enter ARIADNE *brought in by Shepherds.*

O, the shepherds' queen!

Alcade. A lovely dame! Sit by our daughter's side.
The combatants will take encouragement [*Tuckets.*
From your fair eyes. Hark! now they come.

Enter RADAGON, *brought in by the* SICILIAN LORDS, EUSANIUS *by the Shepherds: with Shields pictured with Neptune riding upon the waves.*

Clown. Now, boy, thrust home! 'tis for a lady.

Pal. Courage, fellow swain.

First Sicil. Lord. The champions are prepar'd; sound to the fight.

Rad. I for my king.

Eus. I for my country's right. [*Fight.*

Second Sicil. Lord. So, recover breath.

Phean. What means that strange device upon their shields?
'Tis something sure concerns the oracle;
God Neptune riding on the waves o' th' sea?
I'll question them to know the meaning on't.

Eus. Come, sir.

Alcade. What means the king of Thrace?

Phean. To ask a question ere they fight again.

Alcade. Then speak al[illegible], we'll have no whispering.

Phean I prithee tell me, 'tis to thee I speak;
What heinous wrongs hast thou receiv'd from us,

Or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove
The chiefest champion for our enemy?
Rad. So please these kings vouchsafe me audience,
I shall tell you.
Both. Speak freely.
Rad. In brief, Pheander,
I am nor subject unto him nor you,
More than the duty of a son allows;
Though this rude transmigration of my hair
Bars me your knowledge, with the change of time,
Yet here behold the banish'd Radagon.
K. of Sicil. My son!
Ariad. My husband!
Phean. Shame and my joy so struggle in my breast,
I shall dissolve to air. O, my dear child!
Rad. Can it be possible that we should live
So long together, and not know each other?
Ariad. I knew Menalcas, but not Radagon.
Rad. I Mariana, not my beauteous wife.
But what's become of my Eusanius?
Had I my child again my joy were full.
Ariad. Alas, I lost him fourteen years ago,
Keeping my flocks upon the plain of Thrace.
Rad. This greater tide of joy o'ercomes the less,
And will not suffer me as yet to mourn.
Soph. Pray speak those words again;
Where did you lose him? on the plains of Thrace?
Ariad. Indeed I did, just fourteen years ago.
Soph. The time—the place—how habited? and then—
Ariad. In a small coat made of a panther's skin,
A garland on his head, and in his hand

A hook made of a cane.

Soph. The very same; the time, the place, the habit,
All things just as you describe to me; that child,
I, being banish'd from my native soil,
Found sporting in the plains, and that's the child
I carried with me into Africa.

Alcade. Was that the child you brought into the court?
What adverse fate had I to banish him!

Lil. Far worser fate had I to lose my love.

Eus. That child, so found, so lost,
Brought up in Africa, and banish'd thence,
Should be myself.

Lil. Eusanius! Ay, 'tis he.

Ariad. O, my dear child!

Eus. Are you my mother? this my father, then?

Phean. Is this my warlike grandchild?

Alcade. What wonder's this?

Phean. Now is the oracle confirm'd at full.
Here is the wonder, being wrack'd at sea,
Which Neptune from his waves cast up again:
These are the lions that did guide the lambs,
Living as shepherds, being princes born:
And these the seas,
Whose equal valour neither ebbs nor tides,
But makes a stand, striving for victory:
Their shields proclaim as much, whose figure is
Neptune commanding of the rugged waves:
And this the happy shepherd from the plain,
Whose sight restores me all my joys again.

K. of Sicil. Radagon, thou shalt wear Sicilia's crown.

Phean. Pheander's too, which is too small a satisfaction

For the great wrongs he hath sustain'd by us.
Rad. Do not impose more cares upon my head,
Until my joys be fully finished.
Good father, keep your crown and govern still,
And let me frolic with my beauteous bride:
And for Pheander's crown, let me entreat
My uncle Sophos, partner in our wars,
May, if he survive, be King of Thrace.
Phean. With all my heart: and for these harmless shepherds,
Whose loves have been co-partners in our wars,
Once every year
They shall be feasted in our royal palace,
And still this day be kept as holiday,
In the remembrance of the shepherds' queen.
Alcade. 'Twould ask an age of time to explicate
All our delights. Eusanius, take our child,
With her our royal crown of Africa.
Thy pardon, Sophos, for we promis'd thee.
Soph. I willingly resign my interest, sir.
Phean. One forty days we'll hold a festival
Within the court of Thrace before we part.
When was there such a *Wonder* ever seen?
[1]Twenty years banish'd, and live still a queen! [*Exeunt.*

[1] The quarto reads, "*Forty* years;" but Ariadne, in the fourth act, has said, "she had not felt a flame this *twenty* years."

THE

WEAKEST

goeth to the VVall.

As it hath been ſundry times plaid by the right-honourable Earle of Oxenford, *Lord great Chamberlaine of* England *his ſeruants.*

LONDON,

Printed by *G. P.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſould at his ſhop in Chancery-Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1618.

THE WEAKEST GOETH TO THE WALL.

THE first edition of this play is said to have been printed in 1600; but the only edition I have seen is that of 1618, which, on the title-page, purports to have "been sundry times plaid by the right-honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great Chamberlaine of England, his seruants." The play, to adopt Mr. Genest's summary, "begins with a dumb show: the Duke of Anjou kills the Duke of Burgundy; the Duchess of Burgundy leaps into a river to avoid the French; she leaves Frederick, who is her nephew and an infant, on the bank; the Duke of Brabant finds the child; here ends the dumb show. The King of France is very desirous to set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; he reconciles the Dukes of Anjou and Boulogne, and appoints them to govern during his absence. Lodowick, Duke of Boulogne, is brother to the Duchess of Burgundy. Anjou is so far from being sincere in his reconciliation, that he drives Lodowick, by force of arms, from Boulogne. Lodowick, with his wife and daughter, Oriana and Diana, makes his escape into Flanders. Lodowick is reduced to poverty; he leaves his wife and daughter, and sets out to seek his fortune; he arrives at Ardres in Picardy; he begs alms of Sir Nicholas, the curate: Sir Nicholas has no

money to spare, but offers him the place of sexton, which is vacant; Lodowick accepts the offer. In the mean time the Spaniards invade France; they carry all before them. Anjou opposes them, but is put to flight. The Duke of Brabant had brought up the child whom he had found, without knowing who he is; he calls him Ferdinand. Ferdinand becomes a man; he falls in love with Odillia, the duke's daughter. She falls in love with him; they make their escape and come to Ardres, where they are married, Lodowick being at that time sexton. Ferdinand's money is exhausted; he is forced to leave Odillia, and enter into the French army. The Duke of Espernon and the rest of the French nobility issue a proclamation, inviting the Duke of Boulogne to resume the government of the kingdom. He leaves Ardres in consequence of the proclamation. A battle takes place between the French and Spaniards; the latter are defeated. Ferdinand distinguishes himself in the battle. The Dukes of Brabant and Boulogne join the Duke of Espernon. The Duke of Brabant on seeing Ferdinand is in a rage; he insists that Ferdinand should be put to death, according to law, for having stolen the heiress of a prince, without being a prince himself. Ferdinand turns out to be Frederick, and the son of the Duke of Boulogne. The Duke of Brabant is reconciled. Odillia, Oriana, and Diana arrive, and all ends happily. This," adds Mr. Genest, "is a good play; it seems to be entirely fictitious. Barnaby Bunch, an English tailor, is a good comic character; he becomes sexton at Ardres on the departure of Lodowick."

In "Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession,"—a work containing "Eight novels employed by English dramatic poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth," originally published

by Barnaby Riche, in the year 1581, and reprinted from a copy of that date in the Bodleian Library, by the Shakespeare society,—"the incidents of the first novel (writes the editor of the reprint) are very much the same as those of the play, '*The Weakest Goeth to the Wall,*' which was twice printed, first in 1600, and secondly in 1618, the title-page professing that it had been 'sundry times played by the Right Honourable Earl of Oxenford, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, his servants.' If for 'Lord Great Chamberlain of England' we could read 'Lord High Chamberlain of her Majesty,' this being the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and which, subsequently to the accession of James I., changed its style, by patent, to that of the King's servants, or players, *The Weakest goeth to the Wall* would then have had the advantage of being represented by the same actors as had been engaged in performing the works of our great dramatist. Not one of the names of the characters is the same as in Riche's novel; the scene and action is entirely changed, and an attempt is made to give the piece a historical appearance by the introduction of the King of France and various members of his court. In the very first scene the King is represented as about to embark on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and reproaching some of his peers for interposing delay:—

> 'How long shall I entreat? how long, my lords,
> Will you detain our holy pilgrimage?
> Are not our vows already registered
> Upon the unvalued sepulchre of Christ?'

The last line affords an instance of the precise mode in which Shakespeare uses the word 'unvalued' for *invaluable* in *Richard III.;* and some portions of the play would hardly be unworthy of his pen. The novel of 'Sappho, Duke of

Mantona,' may also have been one of those which Riche tells us existed in a dramatic form when he wrote in 1581, and that older play may have served for the foundation of *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall;* as it appeared in print in 1600, it may have been a revival of the more ancient drama, with additions and alterations, such as were constantly made by our early playwrights, in order to give new attractiveness to productions they found in possession of the company for which they wrote. The course taken in the instance before us was possibly this:—when Riche composed his novel, there was a play upon the subject in the course of representation, and that play, not long before it appeared in print, in 1600, under the title of *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall,* had received some modernizations and improvements which on revival increased its popularity. The names of the characters may or may not have been continued from the older drama, and it seems more likely that Riche changed them in his narrative, which was made up from the drama, in order to afford to his work a greater appearance of novelty. As a whole, *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* deserves reprinting, and although anonymous, we hope it will not, at the proper time, escape the attention of the Shakespeare Society." The present Editor deeply regrets that the Shakespeare Society did not continue its labours, so as to accomplish this object, for he should then have had judicious guidance through the pages of this play. As it is, he derives great satisfaction from the circumstance that the production which he had already determined to print, as the alleged work of Webster, should be favourably regarded, for its intrinsic merits, by so competent an authority.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King of France.
Lodowick, Duke of Boulogne.
The Duke of Brabant.
The Duke of Anjou.
Frederick, Son to the Duke of Boulogne, and Nephew to the Duke of Burgundy.
Sir Nicholas, the Curate of Ardres.
Barnaby Bunch, an English Tailor.

Oriana, Duchess of Burgundy.
Diana, her Daughter.
Odillia, Daughter to the Duke of Brabant.

THE WEAKEST GOETH TO THE WALL.

A DUMB SHOW.

After an Alarum, enter, one way, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY; *another way, the* DUKE OF ANJOU *with his power; they encounter:* BURGUNDY *is slain. Then enter the* DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY *with young* FREDERICK *in her hand, who, being pursued of the French, leaps into a river, leaving the child upon the bank, who is presently found by the* DUKE OF BRABANT, *who comes to aid* BURGUNDY *when it was too late.*

PROLOGUE.

THE Duke of Anjou, fatally inclin'd
Against the family of Bullen,[1] leads
A mighty army into Burgundy,
Where Philip, younger brother of that house,
Was Duke; whose power unequal with his foes,
Receiv'd the foil;[2] and being slain himself,
The soldiers afterward pursue his wife.
She, flying from the city, took with her
Her pretty nephew, Lodowick's tender son,
Brought up and foster'd by his uncle Philip,
And in her flight, to 'scape the bloody hands

[1] Boulogne. [2] Was foiled.

Of those that follow'd, leaps into a river,
And there untimely perish'd in the flood.
The little Frederick, left upon the shore,
The tardy Duke of Brabant, all too late
That came with succour to relieve his friend,
Espies, and ignorant of whence he was,
Maintains and keeps him, till he came to age:
Of him, his fortune, and his father's woes,
The scene ensuing further shall disclose. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter KING OF FRANCE, *a Nobleman bearing his crown, and another his hat, staff, and pilgrim's gown; with them conversing,* DUKE OF ANJOU *and* LODOWICK, *Duke of Bullen.*

King. How long shall I entreat? how long, my lords,
Will you detain our holy pilgrimage?
Are not our vows already register'd
Upon th' unvalu'd[1] sepulchre of Christ,
And shall your malice and inveterate hate,
Like a contrarious tempest, still divorce
Our soul and her religious chaste desires?
If it be treason to attempt by force
To take from me this earthly crown of mine,
What is it when you study to deprive
My soul of her eternal diadem?
Oh, did you but regard my just demand,
Or would, like subjects, tender[2] your king's zeal,

[1] See Preface, p. 217.
[2] In the sense of have a tender regard for.

You could not choose but entertain a peace.
Why frown you, then? why do your sparkling eyes
Dart mortal arrows in each other's face?
Am I a friend, and can I not persuade?
Am I a King, and shall I not prevail?
Anjou be pacified, and Bullen leave[1]
To feed thy swelling stomach with contempt.

Lod. Your Grace doth know (with pardon be it spoken)
My wrongs are such, as I have cause to frown,
Nor can you blame me if I loath his sight
That was the butcher of my brother's life.
In Burgundy what slaughters did he make?
What tyranny left he unpractis'd there?
Philip suppress'd, did not their bloody hands
Extend to women and resistless[2] babes?
Amongst the rest, was not the Duchess drown'd?
And, that which draws continual floods of tears
From these mine eyes, and daily doth assail
My feeble heart with never-dying grief,
Miscarried not young Frederick, my son?
Ah, was not he untimely, by their means,
Cut off, that should have comforted mine age?
Poor boy, whose piteous, speaking eye
Might have been able to have turn'd the hearts
Of savage lions: yet they spared him not.

King. Ah, speak no more of Burgundy's decease,
Nor wake the quiet slumber of thy son;
But with the grey decrepid hairs of thine,
That are expir'd since Frederick was entomb'd
With his dear aunt amidst the liquid waves,

[1] Cease. [2] For *unresisting*.

Let slip the memory of that mishap,
And now forget it, and forgive it too.

Lod. Although, I must confess, the least of these
Incumbent evils is argument enough
To whet the bluntest stomach to revenge,
Yet that your Highness may perceive my mind
Doth savour of mildness and compassion,
And that the Bullen Duke may ne'er be found
To be a traitor to his King's command,
There is my dagger, and I'll lay my hand
Under the foot of Anjou where he treads,
And I will do it, to deserve your love.

King. We thank thee, Bullen, for thy kind respect;
But he that should be foremost to set ope
The gate of mercy, and let friendship in,
Upon whose head redounds the whole reproach
Of all these injuries, swollen big with ire,
Stands, as an outlaw, still upon defiance.

Merc. I must dissemble, there's no remedy.

King. Look, Anjou, here, and let his summer's brow
Thaw the hard winter of thy frozen heart.

Merc. Dread sovereign, Anjou likewise doth submit,
And, with repentant thoughts for what is past,
Rests humbly at your Majesty's dispose.

King. Then take the Duke of Bullen by the hand,
And, treading former hatred under foot,
Wherewith your houses have been still oppress'd,
Like subjects of your king, be reconcil'd.

Merc. There is my hand, Lodowick, the hand of him
That thought to have embru'd it in thy blood,
But now is made the instrument of peace.

Lod. And there is mine, with which I once did vow
To sacrifice thy body to pale death,
But now I do embrace thee as a friend. [*They embrace.*

Merc. (*aside*). The like do I, but to another end,
For Louis no sooner shall depart from hence,
But straight new deeds of mischief I'll commence.

King. This joys my soul; and more to let you know
How pleasing this retrait[1] of peace doth seem,
Till I return from Palestine again,
Be you joint governors of this my realm.
I do ordain you both my substitutes,
And herewithal bequeath into your hands
The keeping of the crown. Myself, adorn'd
With these habiliments of humble life,
Will forward to perform my promis'd vow.

Lod. The God of heaven be still your Highness' guide.

Merc. (*aside*). And help to thrust thy partnership aside.

King. Lodowick, the love that thou dost bear to us,
And, Mercury, the allegiance thou dost owe,
Now, in my absence, both of you will show.
So leaving, and relying on your trust,[2]
I bid farewell, remember to be just. [*Exit.*

Merc. Brother of Bullen! so I'll call you now—
For why, this birth of new authority
Will have it so—let me entreat your Grace
That you'll excuse my sudden haste from hence;
I have some urgent cause of great affairs,
That call me to the country for a while,
But long it shall not be ere I return.

Lod. At your good pleasure be it, brother of Anjou;

[1] This picture (Ital. *ritratto*). [2] Good faith.

Yet let me tell you, that the jealous world
By this our separation will misjudge.
Merc. Not for so short a space; on Friday next
I mean, God willing, to revisit you.
Lod. Adieu, my lord! (*Exit Anjou.*) The strange
events that time,
In his continuance, often brings to pass!
Not two hours since, I would have sworn he lied,
That would have told me Anjou and myself
Should ever have been heard to interchange
Such friendly conference; but my word is past,
And I will keep my covenant with the King.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, *Petitioners.*

First Gen. God save your honour.
Second Gen. Health to the Duke of Bullen!
Lod. Gentlemen, y'are welcome; come you with news?
Or have you some petition to the King?
First. Gen. A suit, my lord, which should have been
preferr'd
Upon the King himself, but, being gone
Upon his pilgrimage before we came,
The power now to do us right remains
Within your hands, whom, as we understand,
His Grace hath made vicegerent of the land.
Lod. What is your suit?
Second Gen. This paper will unfold,
If please you take perusal of the same.
Lod. O, I remember now, it is to have
A patent seal'd for certain exhibition[1]

[1] Stipend, allowance.

Given by his Highness for your service done
Against the late invasion of the English.

First Gen. True, my good lord.

Lod. Well, I will do you any good I can:
But, gentlemen, I must be plain with you;
I am but the half part of that authority
Which late you spake of; for with me is join'd
The Duke of Anjou, equally possess'd,
And he even now departed from the court.
But when he doth return, you shall be sure
To be dispatch'd.

First Gen. When he returns, my Lord!
That will not be, I fear, till angry war
Hath brought destruction on some part of France.

Lod. How say you that? till angry war hath brought
Destruction on some part of France! why so?

First Gen. Because, my lord, in secret he hath levied
A mighty power, which since, as we are told,
Lying not far from Paris, had in charge,
As on this day, to meet the Duke at Mullins.[1]

Lod. A town near neighbouring on my territories.
It is even so: this proud, dissembling Duke
Made our reconcilement but a colour
To cloak his treason till the King were gone,
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,
As when the turf the adder lurked in
Is shorn away, begins to show itself.
It is at me he aims; the blood he drank
In Burgundy will not allay his thirst.
Orleans must administer a fresh supply.

[1] Moulins.

But, least my wife and daughter, whom I left
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,
(Which now is all the comfort I have left,)
Come, gentlemen, I will dispatch your suit,
And afterward ride post unto my house.

First Gen. We will attend upon your excellence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BARNABY BUNCH, *a Botcher*,[1] *with a pair of shears, a handbasket with a cross-bottom*[2] *of thread, three or four pair of old stockings, pieces of fustian and cloth, &c.*

Bunch. Bon jour, in French, is good morrow in English: true, and therewithal good morrow fair—what? maids—no, good morrow, fair morning. And yet, as fair as it looks, I fear we shall have rain, these French fleas bite so filthily. We travellers are abject, that's to say, ordered, to many mysteries and troubles. I, Barnaby Bunch, the botcher now, whilome (that is, sometime) of a better trade; for I was an ale-draper,[3] as Thames and Tower-wharf can witness: well, God be with them both! my honourable humour to learn languages and see fashions has lost me many a stout draught of strong ale, what at London, what at Gravesend, where I was born. This France, I confess, is a goodly country, but it it breeds no ale-herbs; good water, that's drink for a horse, and de vine blanket, and de vine coverlet,[4] dat is vine claret for great out-rich cobs.

[1] A jobbing tailor, a mender of old clothes. [2] A ball.
[3] One who deals in ale, a measurer out of ale.
[4] Bunch, who here speaks broken English, plays upon the word *vin blanquette* (a delicate white wine of Gascony), *coverlid wine*.

Well fares England, where the poor may have a pot of ale for a penny, fresh ale, firm ale, nappy ale, nippitate[1] ale, irregular, secular ale, courageous, contagious ale, alcumistical[2] ale. Well, up with my ware, and down to my work, and on to my song, for a merry heart lives long.

[*He hangs three or four pair of hose upon a stick, and falls to sewing one hose-heel, and sings:*

King Richard's gone to Walsingham,
(*He speaks*). Kate, is my goose roasted?
To the Holy Land.
(*He speaks*). I mean my pressing-iron, wench.
To kill Turk and Saracen that the truth do withstand.
(*He speaks*). Prithee, make it hot, I must use it.
Christ's cross be his good speed, Christ's foes to quell.
(*He speaks*). Let it not be red-hot, Kate?
Send him help in time of need, and to come home well.

O, for one pot of mother Bunch's ale, my own mother's ale, to wash my throat this misty morning! it would clear my sight, comfort my heart, and stuff my veins, that I should not smell the savour of these stockings. Well fare cleanly Englishmen yet; these Frenchmen's feet have a pocky strong scent.

Enter two or three CITIZENS, *one after another, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide.*

Who be these that run so fearfully? ha! citizens, by the mass, citizens, that look as they were scared.

[1] *Nippitate*,—a cant word for strong liquors, especially ale (HALLIWELL). Cotgrave, however, translates "nipping," *piquant*, and I have heard the phrase *nipping ale*.

[2] i.e. elevating the drinkers: transmuting them, as it were, alchemistically, from brass into gold.

(*He sings*).

"John Dorrie bought him an ambling nag, to Paris for
to ride a,[1]
And happy are they can seek and find, for they are gone
to hide a."

First Cit. How blessed is this botcher, that can sing
When all the city is set on sorrowing.
[*He seeks up and down for a place to hide his plate.*
Where shall I hide this little that I have,
Whilst speedy flight attempt my life to save?
Second Cit. O unexpected, sudden misery,
More bitter made by our security!
We unprovided, and our foes at hand,
The head depress'd, how can the body stand?
[*Seeks, as above.*
Where shall I shroud, unseen, this little pelf,
Whilst I, by flight, essay to save myself?
Third Cit. Whom have we here? my gold will me betray.
Thee must I leave, with life to steal away.
[*He seeks, as above.*
Thou art my life, then if I live 'tis wonder,
When limbs and life are forc'd to part in sunder.
First Cit. Who's there?
Second Cit. A friend; who thou?
First Cit. No enemy; what's he?

[1] From a ballad, or *Three Man's Song*, of ancient date, setting forth "the prowesse of one Nicholas, sonne to a widow near Foy, and how he slew at sea John Dory" (Giovanni Doria).

Third Cit. A citizen, your neighbour; what fellow's that?

First Cit. A botcher, a poor English mechanic.

Second Cit. What shall we do in this calamity?

First Cit. Hide what we have, and fly from th' enemy.

Third Cit. O, how near is he?

Second Cit. He'll be here to-night.

Third Cit. No mean to save our lives but present flight.

Bunch. What, are these thick-skinned, heavy-pursed, gorbellied churls mad? what, they do fear to be robbed, I think. O, that they would hide their money where I might find it! that should be the first language I would learn to speak. Though I have no money, I am as merry as they,

> "And well fare nothing once a year;
> For early up and never the near."

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. O, whither fly ye, silly, heartless shadows?
What sudden fear so daunts your courage?
Are ye surpris'd with dread of enemies?
Then arm yourselves to guard yourselves and yours.
Let not base rumours drive ye from your den,
As hares from forms: stay, fight, and die like men.

First Cit. Noble Duke Lodowick, what avails our stay,
When all our power cannot defend one part?

Lod. We shall have help.

Second Cit. From whom?

Lod. From Count Laval.

First Cit. No: he and Trosthey are with Mercury.

Lod. Yet Monsieur Rossibroune may come in time.

Third Cit. All is but hazard; we are sure of none.

Therefore, God be w' you, my Lord, for I'll save one.
[*Exit.*

Second Cit. And I another.

First Cit. And I, if I can. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Lod. Are ye all gone? stays there not one man?
Good fellow, what art thou?

Bunch. A corrector of extravagant hose feet.

Lod. Wilt thou abide,
And fight against the approaching enemy?

Bunch. Enemy, what enemy?

Lod. The perjur'd Duke of Anjou, Mercury,
That comes to sack this unprovided town.

Bunch. Is he near hand?

Lod. I,[1] nearer than I wish.

Bunch. O, that I had my pressing-iron out of the fire, and my clean shirt from my laundress, that I might bid this town farewell, and bless it with my heels towards it. Fie! fie! down with my stall, up with my wares, shift for myself.

Lod. So all will leave me in extremity.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Nuntio. Dear, honoured Lord, make haste to save yourself.
The armed troops of treacherous Mercury
Approach so fast, and in such multitudes,
That some of them are seen within a league,
And not a man of ours in readiness,
Except it be to run; none to resist.

Lod. Then must I run as fast as they;

[1] An old form of "ay."

Lodowick till now was never runaway.

[*Exeunt Lodowick and Messenger.*

Bunch. If everybody run, 'tis time for me to go. O, that my customers had their ware, and I money for mending them; here's sudden wars when we ne'er thought upon it. Well, if I had had grace, I might have tarried at Tower-wharf, armed with a white apron, a pot in my left hand, a chalk in my right;

What makes this in the Pye? sixpence, said I;
Fill here, hey, in the Swan,[1] by and by!
Anan, anan! there might I have eat my fill,
And drunk my fill, and slept my fill,
And all without fear, safe as a mouse in a mill.
Here, if the enemy come, will be nothing but kill, kill, kill,
And I am sure to be in most danger,
Because I am an Englishman and a stranger.
This is the luck of them that travel foreign lands.
Now one pair of running legs are worth two pair of working hands. [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE MERCURY *with Soldiers, Drum, and Ensign.*

Mer. A plague upon you! was the palace watch'd,
That he and his have all escaped thus?
O, I could tear my very heartstrings out,
I am so stung with this indignity.
Will no man bring me word that he is taken?
Night, wert thou anything but what thou art,
A thick dark shadow that art only seen,
I would not live, till thou wert banished.
But let me go, and now shall Anjou shine

[1] The distinguishing name of the rooms at the Inn.

More brighter than the burning lamp of heaven,
Where in the height of the celestial signs,
In all his pomp he sails along the skies.
Now France shall shake with terror of my name;
Only my word shall be a parliament,
Enacting statutes as shall bind the world,
Where majesty shall plead prerogative,
In mighty volumes, writing with his hand
The uncontroll'd decrees of sovereignty.
Lodowick expulsed, and King Louis gone,
Yet once is Anjou King of France alone.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messen. My lord.

Mer. Is Lodowick taken? ransom him to me,
And take my dukedom, whatsoe'er thou be.

Messen. I am a messenger of other news.

Mer. O, but salute mine ears with that sweet sound,
And in that music be all actions drown'd.

Messen. My lord, to arms, to arms, my lord of Anjou!
The power of Spain hath passed the Pyren[1] hills,
And are already enter'd into France,
Under Hernando, the great Duke of Medina.
The frontiers lie all blazed with rude war:
The fields are covered with uncivil[2] arms
Of sunburnt Moors, and tawny Africans,
Which they have brought; they scorn to bear their spoils.
Their neighing jennets, armed to the field,
Do yerk[3] and fling, and beat the sullen ground,
And uncontroll'd, come loose abroad in France.

[1] Pyrenean. [2] Uncivilized. [3] Kick.

Navarre is sack'd, and like a mighty flood,
The haughty Spaniard overturneth all.
Gather your power, make head against the foe:
The devil drives; 'tis full time to go.

Mer. The devil burst those bawling chops of thine,
Spain, and the plague, and hell and all together!
If the full tun of vengeance be abroach,
Fill out and swill until you burst again.
Come dog, come devil, he that 'scapes best,
Let him take all, and split, and roar, and choke
Hook swords and caps, if hell will ha't thus do.
Let him lives longest wipe the reckoning out!
Sound drum: away, before our glory die.
Some shall be low, that now do look full high!

SCENE III.

Enter JACOB VAN SMELT, LODOWICK, ORIANA, DIANA, *and* BUNCH.

Jacob. Well, my lifekins, so ick must be you wert, dat is you host; and you mine ghess, to eat met mie, and slope met mie, in my huys: well, here bene van you, vier,[1] (four as you seg in English) twea mannikins, twea tannikins —twea mans, twea womans; speak, wa will you geven by de dagh? by de week? by de mont? by de yeere? all to maal.[2]

Bunch. Saving your tale, mine host, what is your name?

[1] And you my guests, to eat with me and sleep with me in my house; here be of you——.
[2] Altogether, once for all.

Jacob. Yacob van Smelt.

Bunch. Smelt! Lord, many of your name are taken in the Thames; you'll not be angry?

Jacob. Angry? niet, niet.[1]

Bunch. How? nit?[2] nay, then, I perceive I shall be angry first. Zounds! twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a tailor, in plain English, a botcher; and though my countrymen do call me pricklouse, yet you, Flemish boor, shall not call me nit. Ye base butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks dwell in the Thames, and are sold like slaves in Cheapside by the hundreth, two pence a quartern.

Jacob. God pestilence, beest thou frantic?

Lod. Patience, my friends; fellow, he spake no ill.
My gentle host was casting his account,
To what our weekly charges must amount.

Jacob. Yaw, yaw, true, true.

Bunch. True, true? lie, lie: did not you say, first you would mall us all? and then call'd me nit, nit? 'tis not your big belly, nor your fat bacon, can carry it away, if ye offer us the boots.[3] What though we be driven from our own dwelling? there's moe fitling[4] houses then yours to host in.

Lod. Well, mine host Jacob, though our state be poor,
Yet will we pay you justly our compound.
For me, my wife, and daughter, by the week,
For diet, lodging, and for laundry,
So long as we shall host within your house,
Five guelders weekly I will answer you.

[1] Not at all.
[2] Nit, the egg of a louse, or other small animal. (ASH.)
[3] An old phrase, meaning to make us a laughing-stock.
[4] More fitting.

Jacob. Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone [1] daughter, well; wea sall be tall for dis gack? dis shellam?[2]

Bunch. I,[3] ye shall find me a tall fellow if ye try me. But what is it ye talk of me?

Lod. He doth demand who shall defray thy charge,
For meat, and drink, and lodging in his house?

Bunch. Neither you nor he; let him take care for a large winding-sheet to wrap his fat guts in. Have not I a trade? Yes, goodman Smelt, if ye have any hose to heel, breeches to mend, or buttons to set on, let me have your work.

Jacob. Goots moorkne,[4] beest thou a snyder?[5] snip, snap, mette [6] shears.

Bunch. Speak reverently of tailors, or I'll have ye by the ears.

Jacob. Yaw, yaw, 'tis good honest man's occupation, good true man's living.

Bunch. I,[3] sir, I live by it, and neither charge this man's purse, nor run upon your score. I'll get me a little hole to put—

Jacob. A knave's head in.

Bunch. My head in, and fall to work here, and instead of *parle buon francoys*, learn to brawle out butterbox, yaw, yaw! and yawn for beer like a jackdaw.

Jacob. Hear me eance; Ick heb alleine schottel, a little stall, by mine huys dore; sall dat hebben for a skoppe.[7]

Bunch. Hebben, habben, quoth a? what shall I hebben?

[1] Fair, pretty.
[2] Who'll be answerable for this fellow?
[3] For "ay."
[4] Gut morghen—"Good morning, t'ye."
[5] Tailor. [6] With.
[7] My house door, you shall have that for a shop.

Lod. A place to work in Jacob offers thee.
Hark hither, Bunch. [*He takes him aside and whispers.*

Jacob. I frow, hey comt here:
[*He takes Oriana by the hand.*
You bene a skone frow, *a soot a lieffe:* up miner zeele,[1] dat is, by my soule, Ick love you met my heart. And you wlll love me, smouch me, and be my secret vriend, de charle sall niet knowne. Ick will you gelt[2] geven, and your man sall niet betall,[3] niet pay for your logies, noe your meat. What seg you?

Oriana. I say, mine host, that you are ill advis'd,
To tempt the honour of a stranger's wife.
Consider, if your fortune were as ours,
In foreign place to rest ye for a time,
Would you your wife should be allur'd to sin,
To break her vow, and to dishonour you?

Jacob. Swig, swig,[4] peace, Ick sall an aunder time talk met you. [*Jacob whispers with Oriana.*

Lod. No, Bunch, by no means tell from whence we came,
Nor what enforced us seek a refuge here.
And, though my want at instant be extreme,
Yet, when the heavens shall better my estate,
Thy secrecy will I remunerate.

Bunch. Why, what do ye think of me? a horseleech to suck ye? or a trencher-fly to blow ye? or a vermin to spoil ye? or a moth to eat through ye? no, I am Barnaby Bunch, the botcher, that ne'er spent any man's goods but my own. I'll labour for my meat, work hard, fare hard,

[1] You are a pretty woman, sweetheart.
[2] Money. [3] Pay. [4] Silence.

lie hard, for a living. I'll not charge ye a penny; I'll keep your counsel. And ye shall command me to serve you, your wife, and your daughter in the way of honesty, like honest Barnaby.

Lod. Gramercy, honest friend.

Oriana. No, Jacob, no,
Need cannot force, nor flattery entreat.

Jacob. Swig dan, nea meare: come, sall us in to eat?

[*Exeunt Jacob, Bunch, and Oriana.*

Lod. Even when you please, mine host. Come, daughter,
Come, be of good comfort; heaven is where it was.
When fortune's storm awhile our state hath tost,
A calmer gale may give what we have lost.

Diana. Assure ye, sir, even as I am your child,
Not discontent, but patience makes me mild,
If inward grief external joy supplant,
It moans not mine, but your unwonted want.

Lod. Thou seest how easily I endure the smart,
Because thy mother and thyself bear part.
Come, let us in, on him that knows us best
Let's fix our hope, and so in patience rest. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter HERNANDO DE MEDINA, *and* DON UGO DE CORDOVA, *with their Soldiers.*

Hernando.

IT seems that the nobility of France
Are all asleep, that, unresisted, thus
We dive into the entrails of their land.

Is there no haughty chevalier, no spirit
Heroic, dare so much as once demand
Wherefore we come, or offer us to fight?
Why, then, proceed we as we have begun,
To take possession, not to conquer here.
What city call you this?

Ugo. Chamount, my Lord.

Her. Mount? whither does it mount? I'll make it lie
As level as her other fellows do.
And though her lofty turrets touch the clouds,
Yet will I teach her, like an humble handmaid,
To make a lowly courtesy to the ground.
Chamount shall stoop, Medina says the word.
But who are these? Don Ugo, question them.

Enter CITIZENS.

Ugo. Of whence are you? speak quickly, lest my sword
Prevent[1] your tongues by searching of your hearts.

First Cit. Great Prince of Spain, we are th' inhabitants
Of this distress'd city of Chamount.

Her. Yet more of mount? shall I be haunted still
With echo of Chamount? how dare you, slaves,
Have any such proud title in your mouths?
'T shall stoop, I say; be that your city's name,
For I will make it stoop before I pass.

Second Cit. Thou dread commander of the Spanish
force,
If not for our humility and prayers,
Yet for these presents which we bring to thee,
(A cup of gold, and in the same contain'd,

[1] Anticipate.

Five thousand marks) respect our naked walls,
Draw not thy sword against our yielding souls,
But, passing by in peace, let this alone,
(This harmless city 'mongst all other ruins,)
Stand as a trophy of thy clemency.

Her. Would you corrupt our valour with your coin?
Or do you think the Spaniard is so poor,
A little gold can make him sell his honour?
No: were your streets through ston'd with diamonds,
And you should dig them up to bring them hither:
Or were your houses, in the stead of slate,
Cover'd with silver, and yourselves prepar'd
To tear it off, and give it unto us:
Nay, were your walls of purest chrysolite,
And pull'd beside their bounds for our own use,
Yet would we scorn all this and ten times more,
For we count honour sweetness of dominion;
'Tis lordship that we come for, and to rule,
More worth then millions. Stoop and kiss our feet;
Bring forth your daughters and your fairest wives
To be our concubines; wait you yourselves
Upon our trenchers, and, like stable grooms,
Rub our horse-heels; and then, perhaps, we'll yield
That you shall live, or so, but, otherwise,
Look for no pity at Medina's hand;
And, for an instance, thus and thus I seal
[*He kills them.*
The covenant of my great controlling spirit.
And now amain give onset to the town.

Enter MERCURY *and his Men.*

Mer. First, insolent Medina, here is one
Will try thee how thou canst but end a man,
Before thou lay thy force unto a wall.

Her. Now, by mine honour, welcome to the field!
Lives there a Frenchman, then, dare try with us?
I thought you had been pigmies all till now,
And durst not look a Spaniard in the face;
But now I see you are of taller shapes:
However hearted, that is yet unknown.

Mer. So hearted, Spaniard, as we are resolv'd
To plague thee for thy damned cruelty.

Her. Talk then no longer; show your chivalry.

[*Alarum, they fight; Mercury is wounded and put to flight.*

Her. Was this the worthy champion, so resolv'd
To plague us, as he said? was this the man
France had pick'd out, to take her quarrel up?
No sure; a trusty wight, when hands serve not,
He knows the way to take him to his heels.
Yet it is good that we did meet with him,
Be it but for this, to keep our hands in ure,[1]
And breath our pursy bodies, which, I fear,
Would have grown stiff for want of exercise.
But now no more: enter the city gates,
And therein boldly every one devise
How he can lord it in the Frenchmen's eyes. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Use.

SCENE II.

Enter EMANUEL, *with* LEONTIUS.

Ema. Could I resolve myself sufficiently,
He should not stay one hour in my court.
But I have noted in her, from her birth,
A strange ennated[1] kind of courtesy,
An affable, inclining lenity,
With such a virgin meekness to regard,
As may abuse a wise and grounded censure,[2]
In judging of affection and of honour.

Leon. Pardon me, gracious lord, I speak it not
In any sort to wrong your princely daughter,
Or to impeach your judgment any wise
In your opinion of the gentleman,
But as a just and honest subject should,
In matters that concern my trust so much.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY OXFORD UNIV.

Ema. Nor, as I am a prince, I think thou dost,
I have so good assurance of thy love,
Which may, I trust, induce thee to resolve me,
From what conceit[3] proceeds thy strong surmise.

Leon. This other day, for hunting of the stag,
Attending fair Odillia to the forest,
Whenas the hounds had rous'd the trembling deer,
And every man spurr'd hard unto the cry,
Riding along a goodly covert side,
The company all straggling here and there,

[1] Innate.
[2] As may lead even a wise and sound judgment to be mistaken.
[3] Conception.

Only the princess and young Ferdinand,
Curbing their steeds in with their silken reins,
Into a grove rode secretly together.
Thrice did I see him kiss her snowy hand,
And with three humble courtsies bow his head
Down to the stirrup of Odillia;
Then did I see him whisper in her ear,
When with her fan she won the wanton wind,
To cool his face as they rode gently on.
Then came they to a little purling brook,
Where, as they paus'd, as it should seem, to hear
The bird's sweet music to the bubbling stream,
Then did I see him lift his eyes towards hers,
Taking her glove that lay upon her lap,
A thousand times did reverence to the same,
And in his baldrick wrapp'd it choicely[1] up,
Whenas she pluck'd a bloomed[2] lemon branch
With her white hand out of her coronet,
And with her fingers twin'd it in his lock,
And smil'd, and bow'd her head into his bosom.
And thus, with gentle parlance, both together,
They paced on unto the flow'ry lawn.

Ema. If this be not surmis'd which thou report'st,
It should be sign of some affection.

Leon. I'll not enforce it on your Excellence
By circumstance; but only this I saw.

Ema. Where's Ferdinando? saw you him of late?

Leon. Lord Strozzi and your daughter be at chess,
And they saw him but even very now.

Ema. Go call him hither presently to me.

[1] Carefully, as a precious thing. [2] Blooming.

Leon. I trust you will not urge me[1] in the matter.

Ema. Go to, I will not. [*Exit Leontius.*

How now? a villain that I found by chance,
To court my only daughter and my heir!
And, having thus receiv'd him by my favours,
Will the vile viper sting me for my love!

Enter FREDERICK *as* FERDINANDO, *he kneels*; *after him, enter* ODILLIA.

Sirrah, come hither; didst thou never hear
How first I found thee, being but a child,
Hid in the sedge fast by a river side,
As it should seem of purpose to be lost,
Being so young, that thou hadst not the sense
To tell thy name, or of what place thou wast?

Fred. I have heard your Lordship often so report it.

Ema. Did thy adulterous parents cast thee off,
As it should seem, ashamed of thy birth?
And have I made a nursery of my court
To foster thee, and, grown to what thou art,
Enrich'd thee with my favours everywhere,
That from the loathsome mud from whence thou cam'st,
Thou art so bold, out of thy buzzard's nest,
To gaze upon the sun of her perfections?
Is there no beauty that can please your eye
But the divine and splendant excellence
Of my beloved, dear Odillia?
How darest thou, but with trembling and with fear,
Look up toward the heaven of her high grace?
And even astonish'd with the admiration,

[1] i. e. bring me forward.

Let fall the gaudy plumes of thy proud heart?
Dare any wretch, so vile and so obscure,
Attempt the honour of so great a princess?
Fred. Hear me, my Lord.
Odil. Nay, hear me, princely father,
For what you speak to him concerns me most.
Never did he attempt to wrong mine honour,
Nor did his tongue e'er utter yet one accent,
But what a virgin's ear might safely hear.
I never saw him exercise himself
In any place where I myself was present,
But with such graceful modest bashfulness,
As well beseemed both his youth and duty.
I never saw him yet presume my presence
But with a low subjected reverence,
A brow as humble as humility.
And when I have enforced him to speak,
In anything I had employ'd him in,
His words have been in such an humble key,
As silence would have told a secret in.
But if his service to me be suspected,
Attending me to help me to my horse,
Or bend my bow when I have shot a deer,
Discours'd of nations, played at mawe[1] and chess,
Or led me by the arm when I had walk'd,
If this may breed suspicion of my love,
I cannot keep the tongue of jealousy.
Fred. When did I ever but approach the place

[1] *Mawe* was a game played with a piquet pack of thirty-six cards, and any number of persons from two to six formed the party.

Where she hath been, but kneeling on the earth,
As if the ground were holy where she trod?
When was I seen to gaze once in her glass,
For fear the crystal wherein she beheld her,
Should tell my disobedience to her eyes?
When was I seen to smell but to a flower,
To which the princess had but smelt before,
As far unworthy that my sense should taste
So rich an odour as had pleased her's?
When was I seen to look once in her face,
But as a man beholding of the sun,
That casts his head down dazzled with his rays?
I never nam'd that name Odillia,
But with such worship, and such reverence,
As to an angel, if he should appear.
Her have I lov'd for fear, and fear'd for love,
For I adore divine Odillia.

Ema. Frederick, thy humble and submissive carriage
Hath satisfied me fully at this time.
And my Odillia, tak't not in ill part,
That too much love breaks out into suspicion.
It is the fault of love, Odillia,
And hath his pardon as it doth offend.
Then come, Leontius, you and I'll away;
Go back, Odillia, and attend your play.

[*Exit with Leontius.*

Fred. Madam, you see that jealousy attends
Upon the hours of our successful love.
What is your princely pleasure with my service?
I fear suspicion but too much espies;
I see that trees had ears and bushes eyes.

Odil. Dear Ferdinand, provide, then, for our flight;
I regard nothing in respect of thee;
Only be constant, and I'll go with thee,
In all the ways that fortune can direct.
Go, get you hence, I will attend my sport;
Much is to do, and time is very short.

SCENE III.

Enter JACOB *and* LODOWICK; *Jacob hath a long board chalked.*

Jacob. Come, floux,[1] betall gelt,[2] Lodowick, gelt! ware bene de France crown? de rix daler? de Anglis skelling? ha? pay, pay, betall, betall; lik dore,[3] Lodowick, see de creet, de chalke: eane, twea, dree, viar guildern for brant ween:[4] fiftick[5] guildern for rost for de eat; zeven guildern for speck,[6] case,[7] bouter and bankeate:[8] keck, look in dy burse betall,[9] shellam,[10] betall, Ick mought gelt heb; come, pay.

Lod. My gentle host, have patience but awhile,
I will endeavour to come out of debt,
As speedily as God shall give me means,
Forbearing neither lessens nor acquits
One groat of duty; only your good mind
Shall be approv'd for respiting a time.

Jacob. Respit? rest divell, godt's curse! my gelt, Ick can niet forbear, niet suffer, niet spare. Mine gelt, a dow-

[1] Immediately. The Dutch word is *fluks*; but I have not, in this or in the other vernacular of Jacob, thought fit to alter the text.
[2] Pay money. [3] Look there. [4] Brandy.
[5] Fifty. [6] Bacon. [7] Cheese. [8] Sweetmeats.
[9] Pay. [10] Rogue.

sand divells, Ick mought de brewer, de baker, de butcher betall, so heb ye niet gelt, give me a pawn, ean gage: oh haere dat his frow mought met[1] me blieuen[2] for de debt.

Lod. Jacob, alas, thou seest what wealth I have,
Apparel, jewels, plate, and gold I lack.
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremity,
For all my riches are within thy house.
My virtuous wife and daughter are my treasure,
Which above all world's wealth beside I measure.

Jacob. Godts sacrament! harma charle,[3] begger a mench, loope dy selv,[4] ye sall niet slape eane nought mare in mine huys; geve me dy frow and dy meskyn, wyffe and doughter, to pledge for my gelt, for Ick weat well, dow wilt redeem and ransom dem twea: loup, doo shellam and nempt[5] de gelt and coine here, and buy out dy wife and kinde,[6] dy skone[7] daughter.

Lod. Alas! what comfort is there left for me,
If those dear jewels be impawn'd to thee?
My wife and daughter, Jacob! change thy mind;
Divide us not, O be not so unkind.

Jacob. Godts hannykin,[8] unkind? But, boor, give me gelt or pawn, or Ick sall dee in de vanga port starven.[9]

Lod. No remedy? well, call my wife and daughter;
If they consent to be engag'd to thee,
I'll leave them; else, thou shalt imprison me.

Jacob. Ha, gods tostie, mought Ick de skone frow, his wiff, here hold, Ick begare[10] niet cost, niet zilver, niet gold.

[1] With. [2] Remain. [3] Poor churl.
[4] Be off with yourself.
[5] Be off, you rascal, and bring back money. [6] Child.
[7] Pretty. [8] Johnkin.
[9] Put you into prison. [10] I should wish.

Enter ORIANA, DIANA, *and* BUNCH.

Dore[1] she comen ; dore, dore, all so clare wyte and zool[2] as de zun ; wellicome zoota lieff,[3] hey ! courage, mine,[4] wan alls ge done. [*Lodowick looks sadly, Jacob merrily.*

Ori. What planet's opposition have we here,
That makes a storm in sunshine, heat in frost?
The heavens are clouded, drossy earth is clear,
My husband frowns, but frolick is mine host.
O fire and ice, O fear and doubt together,
What envious star directs my coming hither?

Lod. No heavier star nor more malevolent
Needs Lodowick than this Flemish excrement.
Dear Oriana, thou dost know our state
Cast down, spurn'd, scorn'd by fortune, and by fate,
Yet never grief so nearly galls my heart,
As when I think that thou and I must part.

Ori. Why must we part?

Lod. Ask Jacob ; he can tell.

Jacob. Well, meyster, well, frow, Ick mought de gelt heb ; ye man hebt niet to betall ; he sall niet langer in my huys blieven ; keck, see, dore de skore ; Ick will him trust nea mare. Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb, dat must you selva bene, and you skone daughter : by godth moorky ! he sall to prison to de vanga port, els.

Lod. Well, then I must persuade her patience,
To be thy pawn, thy prisoner in mine absence.

[1] There.
[2] What comparison in relation to the sun *zool* may mean I do not know.
[3] Sweetheart. [4] Love.

Bunch. What? how, pawn? how, prisoner? for what? for the score? a pox on that chalk; it's an easier matter to chalk a pound, than to get a penny to pay it. You shall not go, nor she shall not lie to gage for a little money; let me see how much is it? what be these guilders?

[*Lodowick whispers with Oriana and Diana.*

Jacob. Yaw eleck eane a guilder.

Bunch. Fifty, and four, and seven, is five-and-forty: mass, I have but twenty stivers towards it; that's all I have sav'd since I came here to Newkerk. This Flaunders is too thrifty a country, for here the women will heel their husbands' hose themselves. Faith, if your score had been but a score of stivers, I meant I would have paid it, clear'd the chalk clean.

Jacob. Swegen,[1] and drinkin, Bunch; de scone frow and se daughter sall be mien pawn, mien gage; me de frow, dow de meskyn.[2]

Bunch. Ha, say you so? no, Butterbox, I'll set a spoke in your cart. Hear ye? [*to Lodowick*] this foul, fat Smelt tells me that he has smelt out a smock commodity for a pawn, that is, to have your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wise, make your bargain that he do not use your pawn; for though it will not be much the worse for the wearing, yet it is pity it should be slubbered by such a cullion as Jacob Smelt.

Lod. Prithee be quiet. Jacob, I will leave
My dearest, most unvalued[3] jewels here:
Entreat[4] them well, as thou wilt answer me
At my return, even with thy dearest blood,

[1] Peace. [2] Girl. [3] For *invaluable*. [4] For *treat*.

If they miscarry in thy custody.
Friend Bunch, farewell; be kind unto these twain,
And if I live, I'll recompence thy pain.

Bunch. Faith, as kind as Cockburn ;[1] I'll break my heart to do them good. But whither will you go?

Lod. I know not yet: where fortune shall direct.
Leave us awhile to take a sad farewell:
That done, I part, and they shall stay with you.

Jacob. Well, well; hah, min skone friester, mien lieff! dow sall met mie blieven, and dy mannykin a weigh lope, heigh loustick.[2]

Bunch. Gep, wihi,[3] see how the slovenly Smelt leaps. I think you could be content to be rid of this beer-fly, this bacon-faced butterbox awhile.

Lod. Indeed I could.

Bunch. Indeed and you shall. Jacob, I have news for ye, passing profitable, pleasurable news; there's a tun of English stark[4] beer, new come to Newkerk this day, at two stivers a stoup; come, I'll give thee a stoup or two.

Jacob. Gramercys, Bunch, brave Bunch, mien liever broder,[5] Anglis beer? oh hear, tosti, godts towsand! a weigh gane!

Bunch. Go; well, parting in a morning is past remedy at midnight. God be with ye, sir; I could weep, but my tears will not pleasure ye. If I see ye no more till I see ye again, God ha'ye in his kitchen. As for you two, I shall see you left in pledge till I have drunk to you, and

[1] An old proverb.
[2] Well, my pretty dear, my sweetheart, you shall with me remain, and your little man go off; hey, let's be jolly!
[3] As though to a curvetting horse.
[4] Strong.
[5] Dear brother.

you pledg'd me, twenty times. Once more, adieu.

[*Exeunt Jacob and Bunch.*

Lod. Ah, beastly brutal, baser than the dung,
That hast no touch nor feeling of my want,
That such a drunken, greasy slave discards.
Ah, Oriana, never till this hour
Did I confess my want or misery,
For but of thee, and my poor sweet Diana,
I never made account that aught was mine,
But poorer now than poverty itself,
Of all I had you only were the best,
Now must I too forego you with the rest.

Ori. Ah, must we part? why, whither wilt thou go?
Ah, my dear lord, yet whilst we liv'd together,
With what content have we endur'd our woe!
Now, like a sea-tost navy in a storm,
Must we be sever'd unto divers shores?
O, that the poorest beggars that do breathe
Should yet have that which is denied to us,
But to have partners in their misery!

Dia. Good father, since our fortune is to beg,
Let me become the beggar for you both.
What shall become of me, if you do leave me?
Many will give me bread if I do ask,
But there is none that can give me a father.

Lod. Ah, my poor wench, if I should stay with you,
This gripple[1] miser, this uncivil wretch,
Will, for this little that I am indebted,
Unchristianly imprison you and me,
Where we shall surely perish then for want.

[1] Greedy, rapacious.

But I will cross the narrow seas, for England,
To London; where, ere long, I make no doubt
To get so much as shall redeem you hence,
And shall redeem this poor estate of ours,
Till fairer fortune hap to show her head.

Ori. Farewell, farewell! now all my joy doth go,
Go you alone, while we alone with woe.

Dia. Farewell, dear father.

Lod. My sweet girl, adieu!
He bless us all that keeps both me and you.

[*Exit Lodowick.*

Enter JACOB *and* BUNCH, *to* ORIANA *and* DIANA.

Jacob. Com't here, Bunch, dow beest eane right shapt charle. O, de stark Anglis beere! whare zijne,[1] whare zijne die frow and de skone daughter? keck dore,[2] Bunch, nempt de meskyn,[3] Ick sall de moore[4] hebben. Come, Oriana, you been myen gage vor gelt, myen liver love, myen zooterkin.[5]

Bunch. Your sooterkin? your drunkenskin! Mistress, how do ye? is your husband gone? why, be of good cheer, here's a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye; take all in my purse, spend all that I get, and command my work to help ye out of debt.

Ori. Thanks, gentle friend, but how shall I requite it?

Bunch. Tush, talk not of quittance. I'll live by a pittance. Unline my purse, and use my person, and for my limbs, take the best in the bunch.

[1] Where are. [2] See there. [3] Take the girl.
[4] For *moer*, *moeder*, "mother."
[5] My pledge for money, my dear love, my poppet.

Jacob. Godts sacrament, Bunch, swig, swig;[1] come, frow, dy man is away gane; lat ource be frolick, lustick; heigh speel,[2] zing, and daunce:

" Ick love mijne liverkin, heye!
Ick basse mijne zottalieffe ho!
Ick mot niet slape, niet drenk zane stope
Medoont mijne jolicka froe.
Hey lustick."[3]

Dia. Wil't please you, mother, leave this barbarous beast, And take you to your chamber?

Ori. [4]I, my child. [*They go out.*

Bunch. I'll tell thee, Smelt, thou shouldst be a codshead, thou art so rude. I am of the house of the Bunches; a bunch of keys will jingle, a bunch of laths will ring, a bunch of roots are windy meat, and a bunch of garlic will make ye sweat, yet I keep no stir.

Jacob. Shellam, ick be gare niet dy froes bene gan.

Bunch. Then let us follow; we shall overtake them anon.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter LODOWICK, *fainting.*

Lodowick.

IMPERIOUS fortune, when thou dost begin
To show thine anger, how implacable
And how remorseless are thy bitter checks!

[1] Peace. [2] Sport.

[3] The purport of this joviality of Jacob's is that he loves his little love, and that he will kiss his sweetheart, and that he won't sleep, or drink a stoup, without his pleasant woman.

[4] For *ay*.

To loss of honour, danger of my life;
To the endangering of my life, thou addest
A separation 'twixt my wife and me;
To that, base poverty; to that, contempt:
And now thou tak'st from me my strength of limbs,
Enfeebling me for lack of sustenance.
All this thou giv'st me of thine own accord.
One thing let me entreat thee to restore,
Which, with my tears, I beg, though thou wouldst send
Death to fill up the measure of thy spite:
That it may be sufficient thou hast forc'd
My heart to sigh, my hands to beat my breast,
My feet to travel, and my eyes to weep;
Enjoin not, now, my tongue to ask an alms.
But thou art deaf, and I must either beg,
Or starve for food to comfort me withal.
And lo, in happy time, here cometh one,

Enter SIR NICHOLAS,[1] *reading very earnestly on a letter.*

Where I may make a trial of my skill;
A man, it seems, belonging to the church.
I have some knowledge in the Latin tongue,
Perhaps, for that, he'll sooner pity me.
Siste gressus, quæso, reverende pater,

[1] The country clergyman was distinguished, in our author's time, as long before and even up to the reign of Charles II., by the appellation of *Sir*, as *Sir* Hugh in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," *Sir* Topas in "Twelfth Night," &c. The custom owes its origin to the language of our Universities, which confers the designation of *Dominus* on those who have taken their first degree of Bachelor of Arts; the word *Dominus* was naturally translated *Sir*, and, as almost every clergyman had taken his first degree, it became customary to apply the term to the lower class of the hierarchy. —DRAKE, *Shakespeare and his Times*, i. 88.

Et oculos flecte tuos in miserum;
Respice spretum, respice, precor, egenum.
Sir Nich. What's this?
Lod. Oh, miserere paupertatis meæ,
Respice spretum, respice, precor, egenum.
Sir Nich. It seems that thou art needy, and wouldst beg
An alms of me; is that thy meaning? speak.
Lod. Ita, domine, ita, nam vehementer.
Sir Nich. Tut, a fig's end, *vehementer* quotha?
There's a word, indeed, to beg withal;
It is enough to bring thee to the stocks.
This is no University, nor school,
But a poor village; and, I promise thee,
I never could abide this Romish tongue.[1]
'Tis harsh, 'tis harsh, and we, I tell thee true,
Do eat and drink in our plain mother phrase.
If thou dost want, and wouldst have part[2] with us,
Then do as we do, like an honest man,
Show thy true meaning in familiar terms.
Lod. I am, good sir, if please you, much distress'd,
Having no money, friends, nor meat to eat.
If it may stand with your humanity
To give me some relief, I'll pray for you,
And, whilst I live, be thankful for the same.
Sir Nich. Why so, now I understand thy meaning.
Is not this better far than *respice,*
And *precor,* and such inkhorn[3] terms,
As are intolerable in a commonwealth?

[1] Sir Nicholas, it is seen, shared the ignorance which then generally characterized his class.
[2] Share. [3] i. e. school.

Conjurors do use them, and thou know'st
That they are held flat felons by the law.
Be sure thou mightst have begg'd till thou were hoarse,
And talk'd until thy tongue had had the cramp,
Before thou wouldst have been regarded once.
It is not good to be fantastical
Or scrupulous[1] in such a case as this.
But to the purpose; thou art poor, thou say'st?
Lod. Exceeding poor, poorer than Irus;[2]
He did enjoy the quiet of the mind,
Although his body were expos'd to want:
But I in body and in mind am vex'd.
Sir Nich. I fear, by keeping riotous company,
Or some such misdemeanour.
Lod. Then I wish
That God may turn your heart from pitying me.
Sir Nich. Well, thou say'st well; thou hast an honest face,
And art, beside, a pretty handsome fellow.
Methinks thou couldst not want a service long,
If thou wouldst be contented to take pains.
Lod. O, sir, the world has grown so full of doubts,
Or, rather, so confounded with self-love,
As[3] if a poor man beg, they straight condemn him,
And say he is an idle vagabond:
Or, if he ask a service, or to work,
They straightway are suspicious of his truth:
So that, however,[4] they will find excuse

[1] *Scrupulous*, says Halliwell, means *doubtful.*
[2] Irus, the beggar of Ithaca.
[3] For *that.* [4] In some way or other.

That he shall still continue miserable.
And 'tis as common as 'tis true withal,
The weakest ever go unto the wall.
Sir Nich. By my faith, thou say'st true;
The more is the pity.
Lod. But if you will vouchsafe, because my state
Is very bare, and I am here unknown,
To be a means to help me to some place,
Where I may serve, my pains, I do not doubt,
Shall prove my poverty no counterfeit.
Sir Nich. Faith, I must tell thee I have little coin;
My benefice doth bring me in no more
But what will hold bare buckle and thong together,
And, now and then, to play a game at bowls,
Or drink a pot of ale amongst good fellows.
And for my parishioners, they are husbandmen,
Nor do I know any that lacks a servant.
But this:[1] the sexton of our church is dead,
And we do lack an honest painful[2] man,
Can make a grave, and keep our clock in frame,
And, now and then, to toll a passing-bell.
If thou art willing so to be employ'd,
I can befriend thee.
Lod. Oh, with all my heart,
And think me treble happy by the office.
Sir Nich. Thy wages is not great, not much above
Two crowns a quarter, but thy vails will help.
As first: the making of a grave's a groat;
Then ringing of the bell at every burial,
Twopence a knell, which, likewise, is a groat:

[1] Is open to you. [2] Painstaking.

And, now and then, the masters of our parish,
(As good man Flail, and Bartholomew Pitchfork,)
Will bid thee home to dine and sup with them.
Beside, thou hast a house to dwell in rent-free:
And, for the liking that I have in thee,
Thou shalt be somewhat better, too, for me:
The grazing of a pig within the churchyard,
Or, when I gather up my tithes, an egg,
A good hog's-pudding, or a piece of souse:[1]
What, man, 'tis good fare in a country house.
Come, follow me, I'll see thee plac'd forthwith.

Lod. I thank you, sir; when all things run awry,
True labour must not be thought slavery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter FREDERICK *and* ODILLIA.

Fred. If you be able to endure the way
Till we have passed Brabant, we will on;
But, madam, if you hardly brook your travel,
We'll take the right-hand way into the forest,
Where we will shroud us secretly till night.

Odil. Let us not stay near to my father's court.
Not for a world I would not hazard thee:
No world could save, if taken thou shouldst be.
Methinks 'tis long before the sun arise.

Fred. Ah, it is long,[2] Odillia, of thine eyes:
Who,[3] slumbering still, imagines it is night,

[1] From the Dutch *sout*, salt, anything parboiled and kept in salt pickle. [2] "Along of," by reason of. [3] i. e. the Sun.

And that the shining is his sister's light.[1]

Odil. No, 'tis the moon, sweet Ferdinand, I see,
Keeps back her brother still to look on thee.

Fred. I marvel not, poor light, if she decline,
When my Odillia doth so early shine.

Odil. Come, come, sweet love! O, I am full of fear!
Be I the moon, thine arm must be my sphere.

Fred. O, were I heaven, thou ever shouldst shine there.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter EMANUEL *and* CHAMONT.

Ema. O, misery! why didst thou bait my fall
With these descending shadows of my good?

Cha. My Lord, ne'er stand upon these vain exclaims,
But, by pursuit, seek to redress your wrongs.
'Tis speedy expedition must recover
What light belief and oversight hath lost.

Ema. Horses, I say, let horses be sent forth!
No Christian prince that treads on Europe's mould,
I think, that will so far engage his honour
As entertain this damned fugitive.
Horses, I say, spur, spur; through every coast
Put on the wings of speedy expedition
In the pursuit of my Odillia.
Deafen the very air with your exclaims,

[1] The Moon.

[2] These lovers' fancies are somewhat obscure; but they were, doubtless, quite clear to the interlocutors, and will, probably, be intelligible to others similarly enamoured.

And fill each province with the ceaseless bruit:[1]
Ring out this famous wrong in your pursuit.

Cha. Come, come, my lord, incessant speed must post;
Words cannot get what you have vainly[2] lost.

SCENE IV.

Enter JACOB, ORIANA, *and* DIANA.

Jacob. Oh, herr Godt, mijne lifekin, ware will ye from me gane?

Ori. Farewell, mine host! we are for England bound,
Out of your debt; for you are satisfied.

Jacob. Yaw, yaw, ye hab well betald.[3]

Ori. So leave I you to seek my husband out,
Whom your uncivil usage forced hence.
Your imperfections, Jacob, are extreme.
Excess in diet kindled fire of lust,
The smoke whereof unkindly chased away
My loving husband, whom I must pursue.
We owe ye nothing, not so much as love,
Since, for your lust, you have abus'd us all;
We have not fall'n, though want did wrestle hard;
Our fingers'-ends our honours have sustain'd.
Flanders, farewell! irksome without my lord,
And, Newkerk, for his sake, be thou abhorr'd.

Jacob. Hore ye[4] well, frow? ken ye ware to find your man?

Ori. I trust at London.

[1] Report, sound. [2] Idly, foolishly. [3] Paid. [4] Hear ye.

Dia. Mother, please you go.
The air's infected where this glutton breathes,
That makes us pilgrims without devotion.
Amend thy manners, or let all refuse
To host with thee, that wouldst thy guests abuse.
[*Exit Oriana and Diana: manet Jacob.*

Jacob. Adieu, skone meskin, adieu zoot frow,
Ick will minje selve strauen up de galligo bobbinto,
Ick sall be dode slone met dis meager love.[1]

Enter BUNCH.

Sweg, Jacob, sweg, here come Bunch dat bove.[2]

Bunch. Now, mine host rob-pot, empty-can, beer-sucker, gudgeon!—smelt, I should say—have the women paid ye?

Jacob. Yaw, yaw, all to mall.

Bunch. All to mall, drunken cannibal, and where be they, I pray ye?

Jacob. Ah, Bunch, Bunch, dey bene aweigh lop't, dey will niet langer met mije blieuen.

Bunch. Blieuen, ye blockhead: no, thou art such a drunken goat,
That the devil will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coat.
And whither are they gone, beer-barrel?

Jacob. Ick weat not;[3] for England, for Loundres, they segt.

Bunch. How? for England, for London? O, Saint Kathern's Dock!
And leave me behind them? Dost thou not mock?

[1] The precise manner of Jacob's here announced death I cannot determine. [2] That ox? [3] Know not.

Jacob. Niet for ware.[1]

Bunch. For Ware, drunkard? thou saidst for London even now.

Jacob. Yaw for Loundres, 'tis ware, 'tis true.

Bunch. Then, gentle swill-bowl, I'll bid Flanders adieu. O, pitiless parcels of woman's flesh! that knew London is my country, and, for all my good will, would not call me to their company! Well, Bunch will not ban[2] them, nor yet follow them, nor yet tarry here; but take up my tools, my pressing-iron and shears, my needle and thimble, and back again for France,

To learn more *wee* and *wee daw*,[3]
And so farewell, Jacob, with your great maw.
Adieu, mine host lick-spigot, at the sign of the slipper,
When you meet with the cat, for my sake, whip her.

Jacob. Ha, Bunch, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang leven,[4]
Come, met me, at parting, ick sall de twea stopes van beere geven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter FERDINAND *and* ODILLIA.

Ferd. Thus far, sweet lady, safely are we 'scap'd,
And hardly shall they overtake us now,
Though every way pursuit do follow us.
Be cheerful, then, Odillia; love is guide,
Who swears that fortune shall us not divide.

[1] No, truly. [2] Curse them. [3] *Oui; oui-da.*
[4] Ha, Bunch, my heart is broken; I may not long live; Come with me; at parting, I shall two stoups of beer give.

Odil. Dear Ferdinand, I neither fear nor doubt;
Peril is but a bugbear for a child.
My heart is firm, and fortified with love:
Witness this desperate tender of mine honour
Into thy hands, which thou hast yet preserv'd.

Ferd. And will preserve it, whilst I draw this breath,
And bring it sacred to our nuptial bed.

Odil. Then, Ferdinand, belike ye mean to wed?

Ferd. Mean not you so?

Odil. Yes, but with whom?

Ferd. Madam, I trust with me.

Odil. Well may'st thou trust; I'll marry none but thee.
I know thy bringing up, though not thy birth;
Thou art deriv'd from Adam, form'd of earth:
From that first parent all descended are,
Then who begat or bare thee's not my care.
Thou stol'st my heart; I stole with thee thus far;
Love wrought our joy; lack[1] shall not make us jar.

Ferd. O, happy accents of a heavenly tongue!

Odil. Let's journey on; we tarry here too long.

Enter BUNCH.

Alas! who is this?

Bunch. Faith, one that will do ye no wrong.

Ferd. Peasant, thou canst not.

Bunch. No, sir, ye are deceiv'd, I am no peasant; I am Bunch the botcher: peasants be ploughmen; I am an artificial.[2]

Odil. Simple and pleasant this poor fellow seems;
Question him further, Ferdinand.

[1] Of wealth. [2] A mechanic.

Ferd. I will. My friend, where are we?

Bunch. Cannot you tell?

Ferd. No.

Bunch. Then ye ha' no wit; are not we here, I pray you?

Ferd. We are here, indeed; but say, what country's this?

Bunch. Nay, ye asked me not that before, nor I cannot tell ye it now.

Odil. Whither go you, my friend?

Bunch. 'Tis true indeed, your friend, and Barnaby Bunch. I am going to France.

Ferd. And can ye speak French?

Bunch. I would be sorry else.

Ferd. D'où venez vous?

Bunch. I never learn'd so far; I cannot tell ye that: I am but a stranger in the country: here comes one, perchance, can tell ye.

Enter LODOWICK, *like a Sexton.*

Ferd. I pray you, sir, what territory's this?

Lod. Part of the base[1] country of France it is.
The village name is Ardres in Picardy.

Ferd. What entertainment can the town afford
To travellers?

Lod. Too mean for such as you.

Ferd. Inhabit you this village?

Lod. I[2] forsooth.
Why gazest thou upon me so, my friend?

Bunch. By Jacob's staff, and Jumbal's fiddle,

[1] Low. [2] Ay.

Because I'll spose[1] ye with a riddle.
Two hes, two shes, by night fled tuch,[2]
And light upon a hannykin[3] Dutch.
Jacob builded a new kirk,
And, with his chalk, writ such a quirk,
That wife and child were left alone,
The score is paid, and they are gone.

Lod. Let this alone, friend, till another time;
My skill is small in riddles or in rhyme.
(*Close aside to Bunch*). Be silent, Bunch, till we be rid of these.

Ferd. You seem a man belonging to the church,
And we have church-work to be finish'd.
In plainest terms, we would be married:
Accomplish our desire for recompense.

Lod. I blush not at my calling, gentlemen;
The sexton's place of Ardres I now profess.
If that fair damsel do consent with you,
I'll call the vicar to conjoin ye straight.

Odil. Call him, good friend, for my consent is pass'd.

Bunch. Nay, but call him quickly; for, ye see, she's in haste.

Lod. Master, Sir Nicholas, here's a commodity,
A marriage, that must quickly be dispatch'd.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. Gramercy, sexton, this was featly watch'd.
Welcome, fresh gallants, to the town of Ardres.
A pretty couple! youthful as the spring, sweet as is
May morning. Do you desire to be knit together?

[1] Expose, discover. [2] Perhaps, the touch of their enemies.
[3] Little John, Jack.

Ferd. In holy marriage, sir, would we be join'd.

Sir Nich. In holy wedlock, gentles, so I mean.
Ye are in the state of grace; twins in affection;
Turtles in true love. I know ye have no licence,
And 'tis no matter; holy matrimony shall pass my liberty
Without examining: you'll pay me?

Ferd. I.[1]

Sir Nich. Come, I'll glue you together, by and by,
To the lawful bed, to the lawful bed.
Fie on this fornication, this lascivious lust!
And yet the flesh pricks my holy self now and then.
Come, follow me: I'll call some more witness,
And clap it up presently.

[*Exeunt Ferdinand, Odillia, and Sir Nicholas. Manent Lodowick and Bunch, who have whispered.*

Lod. But are my wife and daughter gone indeed
For London, and have paid the debt we ought?[2]

Bunch. By my shears (and that's a shaving oath),
They are gone for London; they have paid Jacob.
But they shall lose their labour,
Because you are not in England.

Lod. But I will send, or I will soon be there.
I must not live divided from my joy.

Bunch. And yet I think you live well by this science of sextonship. Lord, do not you pray that the pip may catch the people, that you may earn many groats for making graves? your churchwardens find bell-ropes, and you hands to shake them.

Lod. Th'art a mad fellow. But, how knew'st thou me in this disguise?

[1] Ay. [2] Owed.

Bunch. Tut, well enough. But, hark! the vicar calls.
Lod. Come, Bunch! we'll find more time to talk anon.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter HERNANDO, DON HUGO, *and* MERCURY, *disguised, in private conference with* HERNANDO, *with Soldiers.*

Hernando.

I LIKE thy words, and, though I reck not much
The death of any private man in France,—
Because in multitudes consists our glory,—
Yet, to make known how we cherish such
As will in any sort revolt to us,
Kill Epernon, as thou hast underta'en,
And thy reward shall be a ton of gold.

Mer. Hernando, I will do it; not so much
For money, as for zeal I bear to Spain;
Though, I confess, the principal reason
That urgeth me, being a Frenchman born,
So to forget the love my country claims,
Is the insufferable wrongs I bear,
The wrongs that Epernon hath done to me;
And in that point I hold it no disgrace
To malice him that first dishonour'd me.

Her. Why, true: thy reason is substantial.
For, say a father do forget to show
The love by nature he doth owe his son,
In my opinion, 'tis no sin at all
If such a son cast off the awful duty
Which to his father otherwise were due.
In all things just proportion must be kept.

If the king care not for the commonwealth,
Why should the commonwealth respect the king?
But, to the purpose: how wilt thou contrive
The manner of his death?

Mer. Why, as I told your Grace,
In this day's parley 'twixt the French and you,
Whilst you are busy, I'll insert myself
Amongst the soldiers of that aged earl,
And, gathering near his person, suddenly
Thus send my poniard to his hateful breast.

[*He attempts to stab Hernando. They stay his arm.*

Hugo. What! didst thou mean to wound our general?

Her. Silence, Don Hugo! no such matter, man;
He is a villain, and we'll use him so.

Mer. I am indifferent; had I spilt his blood,
It was[1] my coming; but, prevented thus,
Now Epernon shall be the mark I aim at;
For one I vow, though to have slain them both
Had been exceeding good. How now, my lord!
Misconstrue me not; I meant your Grace no hurt,
Though mine enkindled fury, when I thought
Of Epernon, made me draw my poniard forth,
It was to show how resolute I am.

Her. I know it was; sound we parley, then,
That Epernon may know we are in place
Where conference was appointed to be had;
And, as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

Enter EPERNON, *carried in his chair, and Soldiers marching.*

Now, cripple, what your legs refuse to do,

[1] (The object of).

I know your hands will, presently, perform;
I mean, deliver me the crown of France.

Eper. Raise me a little, fellows, in my chair.
Hernando, what said'st thou? deliver thee
The crown of France? why, straggling Spaniard,
What makes thee overween thy valour so?
Think'st thou, because I seem a wither'd tree,
That I am sapless, quite? no, Duke, there lives
Within this rivell'd flint some sparks of fire,
Which, if thou touch, will fly into thy face.
Nor do not thou contemn me for mine age:
This eye is not so dim, but I perceive
The marks of arrogance upon thy brow:
I,[1] and for frown I can return thee frown.
What! glory not so much upon thy strength;
The day hath been, this body which thou seest
Now falling to the earth, but for these props,
Hath made as tall a soldier as yourself
Totter within his saddle; and this hand,
Now shaking with the palsy, cask[2] the beaver
Of my proud foe, until he did forget
What ground he stood upon. Go to, go to!
The crown of France deliver'd to thy hand?
Good king, how is thy dignity blasphem'd!
But, do thy worst: I am his substitute,
And, though I cannot strike, yet, with a beck,
Can I raise up more fists about thine ears
Than thou hast hairs upon thy tawny scalp.

Her. Am I revil'd and baffled to my face,
And by a dotard? one but for his tongue,

[1] Ay. [2] Perhaps, hammer it as one hammers a cask.

In whom there is no difference 'twixt himself,
A mere anatomy, a jack of Lent,[1]
And the pale image of a bloodless ghost?
Yet doth he look as big as Hercules,
And would be thought to have a voice like thunder.
Well, Epernon, there is a privilege
That babes may speak their pleasure without check,
Else quickly should my sword break off this parley,
And with a fillip send thee to thy grave.

Eper. Call'st a'me back? it never shall be said,
But Epernon will show himself a man,
And while the breath is in his nostrils, prove
A real substance, and maintain the right
Of Lewis of France, even by the dint of sword.
Lend me your hands, I'll challenge him the fight.
T'wit me with babe! lend me your hands, I say.

First Sold. Ah, good, my lord, presume not, you are weak.

Eper. Weak, knave? thou liest.

Her. Get him a standing stool,
And then, perhaps, the child will learn to go.

Eper. Yet child again! alack, it will not be,
My heart is good enough, but tyrant age
Benumbs those instruments with which my heart
Should execute the office of a knight.
Medina, thou mayst thank the rigorous[2] hands
Of strength-decaying age. These legs of mine,
Had they not proved rebels to my mind,
Ere this, I would have taught thee to usurp

[1] Stuffed puppets which used to be thrown at during Lent.
[2] Stiffened.

Upon our confines; but what they omit,
Here are both arms and legs to see perform'd.
First Sold. Sirrah, stand back! know'st thou what
manners is,
To press so near the person of our general?
Mer. I am a soldier, wherefore may I not?
First Sold. Shall every common soldier, at a time
When serious matters are determin'd on,
Betwixt both armies, impudently thrust
Into the secrets of his prince? Stand back.
Second Sold. Lay hands upon the villain; see, within
his fist,
A naked poniard.
Eper. How now, countrymen,
What unexpected mutiny is that?
Her. A plague upon't, Don Hugo, he's discover'd.
First Sold. Some treason, as it seems, my noble lord.
This base companion, since you first began
To sit in parley, hath at sundry times
Saucily presum'd to undermine your talk:
And, being reprehended for the same,
We found this dagger hid within his sleeve.
Eper. Doubtless he meant to murder me.
Now, God be thanked, I have 'scaped his hands.
Her. List, Epernon; he is a man of mine;
Touch not a hair of him, lest for that hair
I send a hundred thousand of your souls
To dwell in darkness.
Eper. How? A man of thine?
Unless I be deceiv'd, I know that face.
It is the traitor Mercury, disguis'd.

Her. Mercury, my foe? had I but known so much,
I would have made him sure enough ere this.
But, Epernon, mark what I say to thee:
If thou wilt redeliver to my hands
That juggling duke, as I am gentleman,
And true to Spain, I will depart your land.

Eper. Deliver him? not for the wealth of Spain;
Nor for the treasure you do yearly bag
From both the Indies: but, Medina, say
What reason mov'd thee term the duke thy man?
And wherefore didst thou mention redelivery,
As though sometime he had been in thy hand?

Her. I'll tell thee, Epernon, as I am knight,
Not swerving from the truth in any point,
And keeping faith accordingly, reward
His trait'rous purpose, which is all I crave.
This morning he was brought unto my tent,
Where, being admitted, openly he shew'd
How he had been disgrac'd and wrong'd by thee,
For which he promis'd, if I would consent,
In this day's parley he would murder thee.
I, seeing his resolution, was persuaded:
And promising, I needs must say, reward,
Though I do know, when he had done the deed,
How I was minded to have dealt with him,
He thrust himself amongst thy followers,
And what the peril is you see yourselves;
But all this while I knew not who he was,
More than a private discontented person,
For if I had, the wretch had never lived
To be an eyesore to his countrymen.

First Sold. Oh, bloody practice! Soldiers, join with me,
And we will tear him piecemeal with our hands.
All the rest. Agreed: let him not live a minute longer.
Eper. Pacify yourselves; not one of you,
On pain of our displeasure, once offer
To touch a limb of him. Ungrateful Duke,
Wherein hath Epernon deserv'd thy hate,
That thou should'st basely seek to murder him?
But wherefore ask I that? when 'tis well known
Thou didst as wrongfully pursue the life
Of noble Lodowick—that true gentleman,
That very map of honourable carriage.
Amend, amend; be sorry for thy fault;
That, though thy body perish by the law,
Thy wretched soul may have a place in heaven.
Mer. Tell not me, Epernon, of heaven nor hell.
I am a peer and regent of this realm,
And thus you ought not to entreat a prince.
All the Sold. Thou, regent of the realm? Speak that again,
And we will slit thy weasand with our swords.
Eper. Soldiers, forbear.
Her. Nay, Epernon, show justice
Upon that caitiff, that perjured slave,
That coward duke, or here I do protest,
For ever I will speak in thy dispraise,
Reporting to the world thou art no knight,
Nor worthy of the name of Epernon.
Eper. My lord, I may not take upon myself
To be his judge; he is a peer of France,
And must have open trial by his peers.

But when the King, my master, doth return,
As shortly we are told he means to do,
At his discretion be his punishment.
Mean space, Medina, I can do no more,
But see him safely kept in iron bands.

Her. Do[1] that as thou art knight; and for this day
I do proclaim a solemn truce with thee,
And not a sword of ours shall hurt the French.

Eper. As I am knight and liegeman to the King,
He shall be kept in fetters till he come.

Her. It is enough: now back unto our tents.

Eper. And we unto the city whence we came,
And for our safety praise Jehovah's name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter VILLIERS, *the Merchant, with* ORIANA *and* DIANA.

Ori. How shall we, gentle sir, requite the grace
Which in so great necessity we find
At your kind hands; but with our daily prayers
Implore the heavens for your prosperity?

Dia. Which we will never cease to do, so long
As life remains in our distressed bodies.

Vil. These words are needless; what I do to you,
The duty of a Christian binds me to.
Remember, then, the promise you have made,
That if your husband live not, whom yourselves
Do verily imagine to be dead,

[1] So, presumably the original has "now."

That then you are my wife.

Ori. That promise I will keep
Unfeignedly, with hearty thanks to heaven,
That if my husband do not breath this life,
My misery yet sorts[1] me at the last
A second choice, so loving and so kind.

Dia. And I right willingly shall call him father,
That in such virtuous sort respects our need,
Without impeachment of our honest fame;
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.

Vil. When I do otherwise than as beseems
The reputation both of yourselves and me,
Convert your love to me to deadly hate,
And may all tongues condemn me with reproof.
Come in, then, take possession of your own:
My lands, my house, my goods, and all is yours;
Only my sister's portions, which I have,
Upon our troth-plight vow of marriage,
(If so your husband live not,) set apart
And ordered in a readiness for her.
Come, lovely mother, and thy virtuous child:
When angry storms are past, the heavens smile. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter FERDINAND, ODILLIA, *and* LODOWICK.

Odil. Thus, Ferdinand, I see that we must part.

Ferd. Our needy state enforceth it, sweetheart.

[1] Allots to.

Odil. Will you to France?
Ferd. To France.
Odil. And to the wars?
Ferd. To my advancement war must be the means.
I cannot dig, I have no handicraft:
Our coin is spent, and yet I cannot crave,
And thought of want, your want, doth wound my soul,
When I consider what you are.
Odil. O, peace,
What am I but the wife of Ferdinand,
By love and faith unto thy fortune bound?
O, let me follow thee to those French wars!
Ferd. O, prize your honour and my credit more!
Were it convenient, we would not divide:
But as it is, I must go, you must bide.
Odil. So says discretion; but true love repines,
That want should sever those whom he combines.
But pardon, sweet, my speech is spent in vain;
You must depart: when will you come again?
Ferd. Soon, if success do answer my desire.
Odil. You'll write to me?
Ferd. As oft as I can send.
Odil. You'll leave me here?
Ferd. With this assured friend,
Whose kindness in abundance we have found.
Lod. Alas, good sir, my means are weak, ye know;
In sooth, I am no richer than I show.
Were wishes wealth, your want should be supplied,
And have no power your persons to divide:
For I protest, in all my life before,
I ne'er saw two whom I affected more.

But this adds weight to mourners' leaden grief,
Words may bemoan, but cannot give relief.
For part you must, extremity to shun:
In war is wealth and honour to be won.
Odil. And fame, and death, and then am I undone.
Lod. Why, death dwells here; you see my daily trade:
For men of peace how many graves are made?
Your spouse with wealth and worship may return,
And bring you joy that at his parting mourn;
Hope so, and hinder not his good intent,
That for his honour and your welfare's meant.
O, that my cottage, where ye must remain,
Were (for your sake) the glorious't house in Spain:
But as it is, your own it is, and I,
Your poor, poor host, will tend you carefully.
But I am tedious in persuasion,
And you foreslow[1] the present time's occasion.
Odil. O, do not mount him on the wings of haste
That goes too soon!
Ferd. Dearest, mine hour is past;
You gave me leave to go, revoke it not.
By lingering here there's no good fortune got.
Odil. You'll wear my favour?
Ferd. Else let Heaven hate me.
Odil. Farewell, sweetheart.
Ferd. Dear love, God comfort thee.
Father, I leave my jewel in your hand. [*Ferd. is going.*
Lod. I will be careful.
Odil. Sweetheart, Ferdinand.
Ferd. What says Odillia?

[1] Delay, impede.

Odil. Nothing but God-b'y ye. [*Exit Ferdinand.*

Lod. Such loath farewell my wife and daughter took!
God bless them both, and send us well to meet!
Take comfort, lady, though this hour be sad,
His safe return with wealth may make you glad.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS *and* BUNCH; *Sir Nicholas hath a paper in his hand.*

Sir Nich. Sexton, I have sought thee in every seat in the church, doubting thou hadst been drowsy, and fallen asleep in some pew.

Bunch. I'll be sworn from the chancel to the belfry ye have sought him, and in the steeple, for fear he had been crept into a bell, and been asleep. Lord, how do you, mistress? fie, why do you weep?

Sir Nich. Fair lady, let pass mourning for the absent; 'tis like sorrowing for the dead: either idolatry or hypocrisy, I cannot tell which. I could preach patience to ye, but your own wit is as much as my learning; your husband's absence you must bear; yea, and bear him also, in mind I mean. There be but three things that save us or condemn us: that is, thoughts, words, and deeds; and you may have comfort in all, and so be saved in them all; your own good thoughts, a good comfort; your friend's good words, a better comfort; and your husband's good deeds, at his return, the best comfort. Thus much for instruction. Command my service day and night, to ride and run, to do ye good.

Odil. So, master Vicar, I am glad ye have done.

Sir Nich. For this time and place I have, because I have somewhat to say to my sexton. Here's a thing in writing,

sexton, that is sent to be published through all the French king's dominions. Read it; let me hear it; and then thou shalt know my mind.

Lod. (*reads*). To all Christians, and especially to the King's liege people, Lord Epernon and the rest of the French nobility send greeting: Whereas the thrice noble and renowned Prince Lodowick, Duke of Bulloigne, was by the King's majesty (at his departure to go on his devoted pilgrimage to the blessed sepulchre) appointed joint governor, regent, and protector of the realm of France, together with that pernicious arch-traitor Mercury, Duke of Anjou, during the king's absence: And that the said noble Duke of Bulloigne was, by the treacherous, unjust, and unlawful force of the said Mercury, expulsed out of his dukedom, lands, territories, and revenues, and dispossessed of his place, if not of his life: Forasmuch as the said notorious malefactor Mercury hath since proved himself an open enemy unto his native country and king: We have thought good to publish and proclaim, that whosoever can bring true notice of the safety and life of the said Duke Lodowick shall have twenty thousand crowns. And he that doth present him alive shall have fifty thousand crowns. To the end that the said most honourable virtuous duke may be fully repossessed and restored to all his lands, liberties, and places of authority in this realm of France. Dated the last of May, &c. Subscribed by Epernon and others.

Sir Nich. By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a vicar as myself, thou readest so well. I prithee soon, at evensong, read this to the parishioners. I cannot be there, for I have promised to bowl a match with good fellows, this afternoon, at Guynes, for a wager, wet and

dry: viz. two gallons of Gascoigne wine and two French crowns. I can stay no longer; I fear they stay for me.

Bunch. By this light, I never saw him make such haste into the pulpit.

Lod. Hear me one word, good master, ere ye go,
And grant me one petition, which is short.
All these French crowns I dare assure mine own:
For I do know where that poor duke remains,
And will present him to old Epernon.
My suit is, that you take this honest Bunch
To be your sexton whilst I am away.

Sir Nich. I am content; give Bunch the church-door key,
Upon condition thou wilt say
Evensong to the parish this afternoon,
And read that publication to them.
Then go thy way to-morrow, if thou wilt.
Lord, how time passes! In my conscience, I burn daylight;
'Tis one o'clock at least. Fare ye well, fare ye well!
I come, i'faith, lads, I come; though I come late,
I hope to lie as near the mistress as any of ye all. [*Exit.*

Bunch. Well, I see I shall have your office, and I trust you'll bestow your spade and your pick-axe upon me, that I may grind them sharp, to dispatch a grave quickly. And I pray you, as ye travel up into high France, send the plague and the pox, and as many diseases as you can, down into this country to kill the people, that I may get money for their graves' making.

Lod. Here, take the key, and toll to evening prayer.
I'll do my master's bidding ere I go.

Bunch. Sancti, Amen! God give me joy and luck in

mine office. Now, boys, beware that ye wipe not your noses on your sleeves; for, an' ye do, off goes your arm with the church-door key. And, dogs, keep out of the chancel, ye shall smell of the whip else. And, honest prentices, if ye please me, I'll not ring the four o'clock bell till it be past five. In occupation and an office! now I see I shall thrive. [*Exit.*

Odil. And will you go, and leave me here alone,
My only friend, now Ferdinand is gone?

Lod. Ask of your thoughts if they can counsel keep;
Which, if upon your honour you assure,
You shall partake a secret very strange.

Odil. My faith and honour be engag'd for it.

Lod. Exterior shows express not always truth,
Nor do imaginations ever fail.[1]
My sexton's case doth cloud nobility;
And, if opinion do not reason wrong,
Rich noble blood flows through your pure, clear veins,
Which conceit draws these secrets from my soul.
That fortune's scorn, that sorrow-tossèd Duke,
Lodwick of Bulloigne, tells this tale to you,
That can conceive, conceal, and counsel me.
Say, lady—for I know you are no less—
Have I not cause, when proclamation tells
That Lodowick shall receive redress of wrongs,
To claim the due that thereunto belongs?

Odil. Great cause, my lord, and I to be content
In this poor cot to rest me patient
Until my husband come or send for me.

Lod. O, had these tidings come ere he had gone!

[1] So in the text.

Then he nor I had travelled alone:
For, lady, I affirm it constantly,[1]
I love the gentleman religiously;
Which in my better'd fortunes he shall find,
And then to you I purpose to be kind:
Then what you are speak freely your fair mind.

Odil. Emanuel, Duke of Brabant, call'd me child,
Till him for love my Ferdinand beguil'd.

Lod. I said and knew ye were no vulgar dame,
For sparks of honour will burst into flame.
Hapless Odillia! but most fortunate,
Compar'd with my poor wife's and daughter's state.

Odil. Where be those ladies? let me them attend.

Lod. O, knew I where, all grief were at an end!
I hear that London is their mansion[2] place.

Odil. But, shall they not be sent for by your Grace?

Lod. Not yet, Odillia; first I'll visit France;
Where, if good stars my state do re-advance,
And grant me power to free my native soil
From those that now her wealth and beauty spoil,
I may with comfort then call home my joy;
Till then their sight will but renew annoy.

Odil. What can you prize so highly as their sight?

Lod. Women discern not men's affairs aright.
I prize mine honour and my country's good
More than wife, children, or my proper blood.

[*A bell tolls within.*

Hark! the bell tolls; the sexton I must play
By promise once; to-morrow I'll away.
Let me receive some token at your hand

[1] Assuredly. [2] For *resting-place.*

That I may carry unto Ferdinand:
And this forget not, for a final end,
To come to us, if we for you do send. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter EPERNON, *brought in in his chair.*

Epernon.

SO from this place I shall behold the fight
Betwixt both armies. Now, go one of you,
And with our leaders presently give charge;
The other stay with me. Oh, might the sight
Of Epernon be like the noontide sun,
With the reflection of his feeble eye
To melt, like wax, the courage of our foes,
And make the Frenchmen stiff as adamant!
Then could my heart excuse mine idle hands
That they bear not a part in that conflict.
But now defiance from each party flies.
[*Sound trumpet first.*

Enter FERDINAND, *pursuing* DON HUGO, *cutting him soundly.*

A valiant gentleman, whate'er thou art!
And, by mine honour, very nobly fought:
I have not seen, in all my life before,
So young, and tender, and effeminate face
Father such rough and manly fortitude.
How like a weighty hammer did his sword

Fall on the Spaniard's shrinking burgonet![1]
That, had he not betook him to his heels,
This hour had been his latest hour of life. [*Alarum.*

Enter FERDINAND *again, pursuing* DON HUGO.

What! still in chase? he will not give him o'er
Till he hath slain or made him yield, I see:
A right-begotten cockrell of the game!
Whence may he come? as I remember me,
I never saw him in our camp till now.
I prithee (*to a Soldier*), go range through our battle-ranks,
And, when you overtake him, gently crave
He will vouchsafe to come and speak with me.
My heart's enamour'd on his valorous deeds.
Spaniard, some more of such a haughty breed
Would make the stoutest of your hearts to bleed!

Enter FERDINAND.

And here he comes. Fair bud of chivalry,
Welcome to Epernon! give me your hand.
I thank you, even with all my very heart,
For this good service you have done to-day.
Are you of France, I pray you? or what place
Is honour'd by your noble parentage?

Ferd. I am, my lord, the Duke of Brabant's subject;
A younger brother, whose inheritance
Is little more than what his sword shall purchase;
And for that cause, admonish'd[2] of these wars
Between the haughty Spaniard and this realm,
The noble Bourbon gave me entertain.

[1] A kind of helmet. [2] Informed.

Eper. Are you his soldier? trust me, for his sake,
I love you better than I did before;
And, for some confirmation of my love,
Take this in earnest of a greater good.

Ferd. I humbly thank your lordship, and will rest
A faithful servitor to France and you.

Eper. Nay, stay awhile! refresh your weary limbs;
A little intermission will do well
Amidst these sweating garbolds:[1] holy rood![2]
There runs a thought into my labouring mind,
Which from my heart sends gladness to mine eyes.
Methinks, the more I view this gentleman,
The more he doth resemble Bulloigne's Duke,
The virtuous Lodowick, both for face and limb.
When he and I were fellow-mates in arms
Against the Turk, such deeds of hardiment
Did Lodowick show, as he hath done this day.
Even such a gesture had he when he talk'd;
As mild and affable in time of peace
As he was stern and boist'rous in the wars.
All these apparent in this towardly youth:
Earl Lodowick's want[3] doth wet my cheeks with ruth.[4]

A shout within; enter a SOLDIER.

What means this cheerful shout?

Sold. My Lord,
The battle[5] of the Spaniards is dispers'd.
Beside, I bring to you this happy news:
The worthy Duke of Bulloigne, long desir'd,

[1] Commotion, tumult. [2] By the Holy Cross.
[3] Absence. [4] Sorrow. [5] Battle-ranks.

And much bewailed for his injury,
Lives; and, return'd about an hour since,
At his first coming, arm'd in complete steel,
Challeng'd the Duke Medina at his tent;
And there in single combat, like himself,
And like a father of his country's weal,
Hath slain that proud disturber of our peace:
For which the soldiers, as you heard, my Lord,
Did fill the air with their applausive shouts;
Thronging about him in such clustering heaps,
To see his face and do him reverence,
As scarce he hath free passage to this place.

Eper. Oh, that I had or legs or wings to fly,
That I might quickly satisfy mine eye
With sight of him, whose company's more worth
Than heaps of countless and unvalued treasure!
But where's the other leader of that rout,
Surnam'd Don Hugo? Is he 'scap'd the field?

Sold. This gentleman, before Medina died,
Gave him his passport to his longest home.
But, my good Lord, I almost had forgot
The latter part of my behoveful[1] message.
There is a stranger Duke, of whence, my haste
Suffer'd me not to be instructed,
That likewise came with aid into our camp,
And is well known unto my Lord of Bulloigne.

Eper. Now, if I were enclos'd within my grave,
I would as willingly forsake the world
As woeful prisoners, many years detain'd
In dark obscurity, could be content
To change the dungeon for a public walk.

[1] Full of behoof, advantage, profit.

But first let us embrace our loving friend.

Sold. Your Honour may sit still; he's coming hither.

Enter LODOWICK, EMANUEL, *Duke of Brabant, with Soldiers.*

Eper. Right worthy Duke, whose vict'ries ever shone
Through clouds of envy, and disast change,
Make rich my bosom with embalming thee;
And wherein aught restrains my falt'ring tongue,
Let vows[1] for words distinguish my content.
Welcome! oh, welcome! to ungovern'd France,
Whose working-garment of afflicting war
Is now cast off, and she hath girt herself
In peaceful robes of holiday attire.
And you, my Lord of Brabant, as I think—

Bra. Your friend, Lord Epernon, in what he may.

Eper. Welcome! in sooth, your presence with the rest
Hath made me happy, and my country blest.

Lod. These greetings, reverend Earl, exceed desert.
Had it been Lodowick's fortune to have done
Ten times more service than this day's exploit,
It might not be sufficient to redeem
The lack of his endeavours all this while.
But Heaven and you, I hope, will pardon me,
Considering I was forced from hence to fly.

Eper. I,[2] and most wrongfully enforc'd, my Lord.
But he that was the author of that ill,
The trait'rous Duke of Anjou, by just heavens,
Now at your mercy stands: one fetch him forth;
And, Lodowick, repossessed in the place

[1] Wished. [2] Ay.

Of that authority his Highness gave,
Judge and condemn according as you please.
Lod. No, let him still be prisoner where he is;
Your wisdom hath discover'd his abuse,
And our dread Sovereign shall determine it.
Were it my wrongs were greater than they are,
I will not be a factor for myself.
Now, what is he, my Lord, of all this train,
By whom our other enemy was slain—
Don Hugo de Cordova? fain would I
Know that brave gentleman, and, for the same,
Add somewhat more unto his honour'd name.
Eper. Therein, my Lord, I shall account myself
Much pleasur'd by your Grace; and this is he,
My Lord of Brabant's subject, as he said.
Bra. My subject! trait'rous villain, how he lies!
But I will be reveng'd upon his crimes.
Lod. What may I call your name, young gentleman?
Ferd. My name is Ferdinand.
Lod. (*aside*). I know it well.
And little thinks he 'tis the sexton's hand
Draws forth a sword to give him knighthood here:
But I am glad it is my fortune's chance
To be of power to show him any grace,
Whom I admir'd, when first I saw his face.
Kneel down, young Ferdinand; and now again
Rise up, Sir Ferdinand, Lodowick's knight.
Bra. And rise withal, base Ferdinand, false wretch!
Viler than puddle dirt, thou spring of hate!
Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Durst thou avow thou wast my subject? durst

That impious tongue pronounce my name,
Whom thou hast most ingratefully incens'd?
Villain, more abject than thought can decipher!
But I am glad that we are met at last.
Here, in this presence, I do challenge[1] thee
Of most notorious felony and theft.
Let me have justice on this fugitive,
You peers of France, or else you injure me.

Lod. What moves the noble Brabant to this rage?

Eper. Oh! wherefore stain you virtue and renown
With such foul terms of ignomy and shame?

Bra. Virtue, my lords? you gild a rotten stick;
You spread fair honour's garment on the ground,
And dignify a loathsome swine with pearl.
This shadow of a seeming gentleman,
This gloss of piety, deceives your sight:
He's nothing so, nor so, but one, my lords,
Whom I have fostered in Court of alms,
And, to requite my careful indulgence,
Hath, Judas-like, betray'd his master's life,
And stolen mine only daughter, to allay
The sensual fire of his enkindled lust;
For which let me have justice and the law.

Lod. You shall have justice, though I cannot think
So fair a shape hath had so foul a forge.

Eper. Alack the day, misfortune should so soon
Disturb our friendship was so well begun!
Come hither, Ferdinand, and tell me truth
If thou be guilty as the duke informs?

Ferd. I do not deny, my Lord, but I am married

[1] Accuse.

Unto Odillia, though unworthy far
Of such a gracious blessing; yet her love
Was forward in the choice as well as mine.

Bra. See how he goes about to choke the fact
With love and marriage; no, adult'rous swain,
Your hedge-betrothing covenant shall not serve.
Where is your sweet companion? where is she?
But we will talk of that another time.
Why is my Lord of Bulloigne so remiss?
Will he not presently be given in charge,
A pair of bolts be clapp'd upon his heels?

Lod. Without offence, my Lord, unto your Grace,
Myself will undertake to be his bail;
And he shall answer, if you so be pleased,
Your accusation, when you will appoint
A day of hearing; be it to-morrow next.

Bra. And even to-morrow let this trial be;
I will no longer have the cause deferred. [*Exit.*

Eper. And Ferdinando, in this time of need,
Old Epernon will stand thee in some stead.
Good Duke of Bulloigne, use him kindly yet,
Whilst I do follow this incensured lord,
And try if tears may drive him to accord. [*Exit.*

Lod. Now, Ferdinand, here's none but you and I—
Know you not me?

Ferd. I cannot call it to my mind, my Lord,
That ever I did see your Grace till now.

Lod. Bethink yourself; look better on my face.

Ferd. There is, my Lord, with pardon be it spoke,
A man in Ardres, a sexton of a church,
With whom I had acquaintance; he, methinks,

Is somewhat like your Excellence, or else
I do not know where I have seen your favour.[1]

Lod. The sexton there is Duke of Bulloigne here:
Be not abash'd, 'twas I to whom you left
Your fair Odillia, and 'tis I can witness
That you and she are lawful man and wife.
This may be some defence against the stream
Of angry Brabant, that pursues your life.
Come, I have sent in private for the dame,
And by all means will shield you both from shame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS *with a Letter,* ODILLIA *with a Letter in her hand,* BUNCH, *and* NUNTIO.[2]

Sir Nich. And must we thus, fair lady, forego your sweet company?

Odil. You see, my Lord of Bulloigne sends for me;
With him remains my husband, Ferdinand:
So you perceive how much it me concerns,
To leave this place, to better my estate.

Sir Nich. I cannot blame a fair lady to leave a bad thing to go to a better.
My friend, thank the Duke of Bulloigne, my quondam sexton, for his kind letter.
I may say, that ne'er a priest in Picardy can say beside,
That I have had a duke to my sexton, be it spoken without pride.

[1] Look, countenance.
[2] i. e. the messenger from Lodowick.

Bunch. The devil ye ha'? Was he not my predecessor, I pray ye? I was his 'quaintance afore he knew you, friend; do my condemnations to him, one Bunch that booth'd in his city, ran away in his company, and dwelt where he dwelt with Dutch Jacob Smelt. And for my better grace, ye may say, Barnaby Bunch that has his sexton's place. Hark ye, friend, you have brought no diseases with ye, have ye? [*Aside.*

Nuntio. Why dost thou ask so fond[1] a question?

Bunch. Marry, I spake to him, when he went, to send the plague or the pox, or some disease of high France, down into this low country, to lay the men of Ardres low, that I may have money for their graves, and marry one of their wives; if ye have any 'firmity about ye, as the stone, or the dropsy, the pip, or the palsy, I'll give you as much for it as any other, to have it left in our parish.

Odil. Will ye not write, Sir Nicholas, to the duke?

Sir Nich. To tell ye true, lady, a letter of six lines is three days work for me. The duke knows my mind, as well as if I did write; if he have a better benefice or two for me, tell him I will come.

Bunch. Then we come both, the vicar and the sexton.

Odil. Why, Bunch, I thought you would have gone with me.

Bunch. Truly not thus advis'd; if ye had no husband, so: but having a husband, no; I can be but well, and the hardest of my learning is past. I can say Amen without book, chime two bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference of the strokes in tolling for men and women; grease the bell-ropes, turn the clappers, sweep the

[1] Foolish.

church, help the vicar on with his surplice. All this I have by rote, ye may tell the duke, as if I had been bound prentice to the trade; and for making a grave, come all Picardy for the price of my pickaxe.

Odil. We stay too long; Sir Nicholas, farewell,
And farewell, Bunch. [*Exeunt Odillia and Nuntio.*

Bunch. Heartily to you; pray ye commend me to your husband, M. farting Androw.

Sir Nich. Ferdinando, Bunch, thou mis-term'st his name.

Bunch. So have you done many a one in the first Lesson, God forgive ye.

Sir Nich. Let that pass amongst the rest of my venial sins,
And tell me, Bunch, where's the best liquor?

Bunch. At the Green Dragon, gentle master Vicar.

Sir Nich. Will the Dragon sting?

Bunch. From the head to the heel;
He will sting your brain so that he'll make your feet reel.

Sir Nich. Let's go play for two pots; away, Bunch, away.

Bunch. Then the parish is like to have no service to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter LODOWICK, EMANUEL, EPERNON *in his chair*, FREDERICK *with the Provost and a Headsman.*

Bra. My Lord of Bulloigne, many things might urge
Your speed of justice for so just a wrong,—
As the regard of your own princely state,

In case of him that is an equal peer;
The right of princes, which should underprop
An honourable and direct revenge.
I could, perhaps, say, were it not injustice,
The blood of Brabant should deserve of Bulloigne;
But I disrobe and strip off all regard,
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you
As comes an infant born into the world.

Lod. My Lord of Brabant, what I freely urge,
Is not to stop or run[1] the course of justice,
Which must sway all our actions, and must stand
Steady and fixed in one certain point;
But only by entreaty to your Grace
To supple[2] your proceeding in this case.

Eper. My Lord of Brabant, may old Epernon,
By license of my Lord, the Duke of Bulloigne,
Have leave to speak? an old fool that I am,
By your good patience, let me say my mind.
Now, by my troth, I cannot speak for tears.
Alas, alas, there's something I would say!
Now, God help age, would I were in my grave!
Justice may cut off Ferdinand; where is he?
Oh! art thou there, poor man? alas, alas,
Justice may cut him off, I'll not deny,
But turn him with his sword amongst his foes,
And he that buys his life shall buy it dear!
Alas, poor boy, would I could do thee good!
Oh, to see him lead an army in the field
Would make a man young, were as old as I!
I would thou hadst died where I saw thee last,

[1] Run aside. [2] To render pliant.

Even in the midst of all the Spanish army,
On that condition, I had died with thee.
God help, God help, an ill mischance soon falls,
And still the weakest go unto the walls!

Bra. Defer me not, my Lord, let me have justice.

Lod. My Lord, you must have justice, that you know;
But yet, my Lord of Brabant, might not love
Rebate this sharp edge of your bitter wrath,
With what an easy sweetness should our judgment
Be relished of every gentle heart?

Bra. My Lord of Bulloigne, urge me not with pity;
He against whom I am thus pitiless
Robb'd me of pity. Proceed unto your judgment.

Eper. God help, pity is banish'd from the earth, I see;
Thou pitiest none, nor no man pities thee!

Bra. Old man, thou dotest.

Eper. Thou art a haughty lord, I tell thee, Brabant;
The day hath been thou durst not tell me so.

Lod. Have patience, gentle father, true noble Lord,
He will have death;—who's there?
Command the lady presently be brought.

[*Lodowick ascends, the Lady is brought in.*

Bra. Lodowick of Bulloigne, is it not enough
Thou hast delayed me in the case of justice,
But bring'st this hateful whore into my sight,
To vex and grieve my soul? I tell thee, Bulloigne,
Thou wrong'st mine honour with indignity.

Fred. Ah, were it any tongue that called thee so
But his, Odillia, I would make that word
Heretical and full of blasphemy!

Bra. My Lord of Bulloigne, I will not abide her.

Lod. My Lord, you must abide her, since for her
You seek the life of this young Ferdinand,
Sift law so strictly, follow the offence,
Take all advantage of your evidence.

Eper. Now, by my troth, a goodly wench indeed.
Alas, poor earl! fair princess, speak thy mind,
And I'll stand by thy side, and yet I cannot.
Ah, this whoreson age, well, well! [*He weeps.*

Bra. I will not hear her speak.

Lod. All's one, my Lord of Brabant; we will hear her.
Speak freely, Princess, and without control.

Odil. Right reverend Lord, if only for my sake
My father seek the death of Ferdinand,
I here acquit my husband of the fault,
Although I cannot of the punishment.
I was the thief, I was the ravisher,
And I am only guilty of the fact.
How like a robber did I lie in wait
With beauty to entrap his gentle youth?
And, like a spirit, when he hath walk'd alone,
How was I ever tempting him to love?
How with my favour did I work his breast,
Which at the first was stubborn, iron-cold;
Till I brought his heart to supple temper,
To take the soft impression of affection?
With these allurements would I oft entice him:
"Though thou be base, my love shall make thee noble;
Though thou be poor, my power shall make thee rich;
Though thou be scorn'd, my state shall make thee reverenced."
Let any of you all think with himself,

Were he so mean, so friendless, and unknown,
Woo'd by a virgin princess of my birth,
So young, so great, so rich as is myself,
Thinks he, he would not do as he hath done?
He's guiltless of the fault; I was the cause,
Let me endure the rigour of your laws.

Fred. O, thou dost wound my love with too much loving,
Thy beauty is not prized but with death;
That man hath not a soul that would not die
One hour t'enjoy thy blessed company!

Eper. Nay, I must weep out these poor eyes are left;
I never saw a cause so full of pity.

Bra. My Lord, proceed. The law adjudges death
To him that steals the heir of any prince,
That's not a prince that doth commit the act.
He is my slave; one that was found by me,
Being a child, not fully two years old,
And, as't should seem, begot in bastardy,
And by the parents to that wicked fruit,
Left in the river's sedge, there to be drown'd,
What time the wars in Burgundy fell out,
And that my duchess perish'd in the flight.
Nor never did I know what was his name,
Being so young, he could not tell the same:
Only upon his muckiter[1] and band he had an F;
By which I did suppose his name was Ferdinand,
And so I nam'd him.

Lod. (*aside*). O blessed heaven! what sound is this I hear?
My little boy was lost even at that time;

[1] A handkerchief.

Just of that age, and by that river's side,
Whose name was christen'd Frederick by my father,
And had an F on everything he wore.
It is my son; be silent yet awhile.
My Lord of Brabant, then I take exception
Both unto your indictment and your plea.

Bra. As how, my Lord of Bulloigne? do me justice.

Lod. He is indicted by the name of Ferdinand,
And I will prove him christened Frederick;
And thus is your indictment overthrown.

Bra. It is a fallacy, my Lord of Bulloigne;
He hath been ever called by that name.
Bulloigne, do me justice, or by Heaven
It is not France shall hold thee, impious Duke.

Lod. Nay, if ye be so hot, my Lord of Brabant,
Then to your plea, that doth concern him most.
The law is this, that he shall lose his head
That steals away the heir of any prince,
If not a prince that doth commit the rape.

Bra. So is my plea.

Lod. I grant, but void in this:
He is a prince that stole away thy daughter,—
This is not Ferdinand, but Frederick;
The heir of Bulloigne, and my only son.
Ah, my sweet boy! ah, my dear Frederick!
Here now I stand, and here doth stand my boy;
In Christendom let any two that dare
Aver it to the father and the son,
That he is not as great a prince as Brabant.

Eper. Nay, I'll be one,[1] any three whate'er they be,

[1] Making three against.

And Brabant, be thou one to answer us;
Some honest man help me to Frederick,
For joy I shall weep out mine eyes.
Bra. Bulloigne, how dost thou know him for thy son?
Lod. Why, cousin Brabant, you say you found him
Hid in the sedge by the river; even at that instant,
And at the very place, the Duchess, my dear sister, perished,
With whom my little boy was at that time,
The place, the instant, and his certain age,
The letters set to signify his name,
The very manner of your finding him,
When you departed from me with your army,
In the pursuit of traitorous Mercury;
These all affirm that he is only mine.
Bra. My Lord of Bulloigne, I embrace your love,
In all true, firm, and brotherly affection.
I make your son my son, my daughter yours;
And do entreat, in princely courtesy,
Old grief[1] henceforth no more be thought upon.
Lod. Dear brother Brabant, your true princely kindness
Doth but forestall what I would have requested;
Right noble Prince, I give you Frederick,
And I accept your sweet Odillia.
Come, thou art now the Duke of Bulloigne's daughter,
Thy husband is the Duke of Brabant's son,
Thou shalt be now my care, my son thy father's.
Thus do we make exchange betwixt each other's:
Thus should it be betwixt two loving brothers.
Eper. Nay, nay, let me be one, I pray you, Lords,

[1] In the sense of grievance.

I have no child left to inherit mine
When I shall die; as long I cannot live,
I freely give them all that e'er I have. [*He weeps.*

Lod. A thousand thanks, true noble Epernon.
Brother of Brabant, Frederick, and fair Princess,
Embrace this noble Lord, and hold him dear.

All together. Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,
And be you ever honour'd of us all.

Enter VILLIERS, ORIANA, *and* DIANA.

Vil. Justice, my Lord of Bulloigne, I beseech you.

Bul. My friend, what is thy cause, then, let us know.
Sit down, good brother Brabant, and the rest.

Vil. My Lord, my suit is here against a widow
That I have long time sued in way of marriage.

Bul. Let me with judgment view this woman well.
[*Aside.*
Stay, let me see, it is my Oriana,
And my poor Diana, my dear loved girl.
Alas, poor souls, what woe and misery
Have ye endured since I left you last!
I will forbear my knowledge, till I see
To what effect this cause will sort unto.
Tell on your case. Of whence, or what's your name?

Vil. I am of Rochelle, and my name Villiers.

Lod. Of what profession?

Vil. A merchant I, my honourable Lord.

Ori. But though you be a merchant, I believe
Here is some ware you must not deal withal.
Think'st thou, Diana, my dear Lord thy father
Will know us in this sempsters' poor disguise?

Dia. Madam, I know not, for much time is past
Since he at Newkerk parted with us last.
She must be widow, if the merchant's wife;
But by this match I think he'll hardly thrive.
Lod. M. Villiers, you shall have justice, sir;
Speak in your cause; you have free liberty.
Vil. My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case:
This gentlewoman, whom my suit concerns,
Being embark'd for England with her daughter,
To seek her husband as she made report,
'Twixt Sluys in Flanders, where she went aboard,
And Goodwin Sands, by sturdy adverse winds
Was beaten back upon the coast of France,
And came to Rochelle, where my dwelling is;
I, taking liking of her, entertained her,
Let her a house convenient, as I thought,
And lent her money to supply her wants,
And afterwards, won by affection,
I did solicit her in way of marriage,
But still she did defer me with delays,
Because she said her husband still did live;
But for my kindness, if her husband died,
She told me then I was the likest to speed.
She having got some money by her needle,
Desired me to let her have a lease.
The lease was drawn, to which she put her name
Widow, which here her own hand testifies;
Which being thus confessed by herself,
I by her promise claim her for my wife.
Lod. The case is plain.
Ori. That he shall go without me.

Lod. Lady, what way have you to avoid this bond?
Here is your hand set to confirm the deed.
Ori. But not my heart; and that I will be sworn.
Here's one, I think, that hath had that too long
To leave it now, or else I have more wrong.
Unto the scrivener I referr'd the same,
And he put that word, widow, to my name.
I humbly do entreat your Highness' favour,
For if you knew where I had dwelt before,
I think you would do that for me, and more.
Lod. Speak, gentlewoman, where have you been bred?
Ori. I was attending in my younger years,
And this sweet girl, though now thus mean and poor,
Upon the Duchess, the Duke's wife of Bulloigne,
Though I say it, one that she loved once,
Whilst she did flourish in prosperity;
And had not fortune much impaired her state,
I had not now stood in such need of friends. [*She weeps.*
But when the greatest into danger falls,
The weakest still do go unto the walls.
Lod. 'Tis very true, that I have tried myself;
Thy tears no longer can conceal my love.
Rise, Oriana; rise, my sweet Diana;
Lodowick's true wife, and his right virtuous.
Embrace thy lost son, Frederick, once more,
Whom we supposed never to have seen.
With him receive a daughter, Brabant's heir;
He hath been foster-father to thy boy,
And both are here to full complete our joy.
Ori. My dear Frederick!
Dia. My beloved brother!

Fred. Oh, happy Frederick, finding such a mother,
And such a sister, father, friends, and all,
Never to man did better fortune fall!

Lod. How say you, Mr. Merchant? is your suit void
In law or no? is she a widow now?

Vil. No, my good Lord, and I rejoice thereat.

Lod. Thanks; but we will requite thy love and kindness,
Extended to them in necessity:
And our reward thou shalt have liberally.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What news with thee, thou comest in such haste?

Mes. His Highness from his holy pilgrimage
Is home return'd, and doth require your presence.

Lod. That's but our duty; welcome is our King!
His Highness now shall sentence traitorous Anjou,
According as his treacheries deserve;
And all our joys shall be disclosed to him,
That have so happily this day befallen.
Thus time the saddest heart from sorrow calls,
And helps the weak long thrust unto the walls. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

Library of Old Authors.

Elegantly Printed in fscp. 8vo.

The following Works are already published, each Author sold separately.

THE DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MARSTON. Now first collected, and edited by J. O. Halliwell. 3 vols. 15*s*.

"A poet of distinguished celebrity in his own day, no less admired for the versatility of his genius in tragedy and comedy, than dreaded for the poignancy of his satire; in the former department the colleague of Jonson, in the latter the antagonist of Hall."—*Rev. P. Hall.*

"The edition deserves well of the public; it is carefully printed, and the annotations, although neither numerous nor extensive, supply ample explanations upon a variety of interesting points. If Mr. Halliwell had done no more than collect these plays, he would have conferred a boon upon all lovers of our old dramatic poetry."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE VISION AND CREED OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN. Edited by Thomas Wright; a new edition, revised, with additions to the Notes and Glossary. 2 vols. 10*s*.

"Like all Middle-English Poems written on the principle of alliteration, the 'Vision of Piers Ploughman' abounds in philological difficulties; and these are increased by the fact that no satisfactory edition of the text had yet appeared (*till the present time*). The poem itself is exceedingly interesting. Whoever the writer was, he wrote well. He was a keen observer of human nature; alive to the abuses which prevailed in Church and State at the period when he lived, and equally competent and willing to expose them. Along with the most pungent satire and the sternest invective there are interspersed, throughout his work, passages of a different character,—touches exhibiting a deep perception of the gentler feelings of human nature,—lines which

in harmony and grace and beauty would not suffer by a comparison with the more admired productions of the courtly Chaucer." —*Athenæum.*

"The Vision of 'Piers Ploughman' is one of the most precious and interesting monuments of the English Language and Literature, and also of the social and political condition of the country during the fourteenth century. . . . . Its author is not certainly known, but its time of composition can, by internal evidence, be fixed at about the year 1362. On this and on all matters bearing upon the origin and object of the Poem, Mr. Wright's historical introduction gives ample information. . . . . In the thirteen years that have passed since the first edition of the present text was published by the late Mr. Pickering, our old literature and history have been more studied, and we trust that a large circle of readers will be prepared to welcome this cheaper and carefully revised reprint."—*Literary Gazette.*

INCREASE MATHER'S REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES OF THE EARLIER DAYS OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION. With introductory Preface by GEORGE OFFOR. Portrait. 5*s.*

A very singular collection of remarkable sea deliverances, accidents, remarkable phenomena, witchcraft, apparitions, &c. &c., connected with Inhabitants of New England, &c. &c. A very amusing volume, conveying a faithful portrait of the state of society, when the doctrine of a peculiar providence and personal intercourse between this world and that which is unseen was fully believed.

JOHN SELDEN'S TABLE TALK. A new and improved Edition, by S. W. SINGER. Portrait. 5*s.*

"Nothing can be more interesting than this little book, containing a lively picture of the opinions and conversations of one of the most eminent scholars and most distinguished patriots England has produced. There are few volumes of its size so pregnant with sense, combined with the most profound learning; it is impossible to open it without finding some important fact of discussion, something practically useful and applicable to the business of life. Coleridge says: 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages in any uninspired writer.' . . . . Its merits had not escaped the notice of Dr. Johnson, though in politics opposed to much it inculcates, for in reply to an observation of Boswell in praise of the French Ana, he said, 'A few of them are good, but we have one book of that kind better than any of them—Selden's Table Talk.'"—*Mr. Singer's Preface.*

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. Edited by W. B. TURNBULL. Portrait. 5*s.*

"The Sonnets of Drummond," says Mr. Hallam, "are polished and elegant, free from conceit and bad taste, and in pure unblemished English."

FRANCIS QUARLES' ENCHIRIDION. Containing Institutions—Divine, Contemplative, Practical, Moral, Ethical, Œconomical, and Political. Portrait. 3*s.*

"Had this little book been written at Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country." —*Headley.*

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. Now first collected. Edited, with Life and Notes, by E. F. RIMBAULT. Portrait after Pass. 5*s.*

GEORGE WITHER'S HYMNS AND SONGS OF THE CHURCH. Edited, with Introduction, by EDWARD FARR. Also the Musical Notes, composed by ORLANDO GIBBONS. With Portrait after Hole. 5*s.*

GEORGE WITHER'S HALLELUJAH; OR, BRITAIN'S SECOND REMEMBRANCER, in Praiseful and Penitential Hymns, Spiritual Songs, and Moral Odes, with Introduction by EDWARD FARR. Portrait. 6*s.*

Hitherto this interesting volume has only been known to the public by extracts in various publications. So few copies of the original are known to exist, that the copy from which this reprint has been taken cost twenty-one guineas.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL. Now first completely edited by W. B. TURNBULL. 4*s.*

"In sweetness, in classical purity of language, in melodious rhythm, these poems will not suffer by comparison with the contemporaneous works even of Edmund Spenser or Sir Philip Sidney."—*Northern Times.*

LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

THE ILIADS OF HOMER, Prince of Poets, never before in any Language truly translated, with a Comment on some of his chief Places. Done according to the Greek by GEORGE CHAPMAN, with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. RICHARD HOOPER. 2 vols. with Portrait of Chapman, and Frontispiece. 12*s.*

THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER, truly translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. RICHARD HOOPER. 2 vols. with Frontispiece. 12*s.*

"The translation of Homer, published by George Chapman, is one of the greatest treasures the English language can boast."—*Godwin.*

"With Chapman, Pope had frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he read his version."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"He covers his defects with a daring, fiery spirit that animates his translation; which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have writ before he arrived at years of discretion."—*Pope.*

"Chapman's translation, with all its defects, is often exceedingly Homeric, which Pope himself seldom attained."—*Hallam.*

"Chapman writes and feels as a poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."—*Coleridge.*

"I have just finished Chapman's Homer. Did you ever read it?—it has the most continuous power of interesting you all along."—*Lamb.*

THE MISCELLANIES of JOHN AUBREY, F.R.S. (on Omens, Dreams, Day Fatality, Apparitions, Portents, Knockings, &c. &c.) The fourth Edition, with some Additions, and an Index, Portrait, and Cuts. 4*s.*

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. Edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT. 4 vols. £1.

Several other Works of our good old Authors are in progress.

Published by JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
36, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

ENGLISH
OXF
UNIV

ENGLISH FACULTY
OXFORD
UNIV.

ENGLISH FACULTY
LIBRARY
OXFORD
UNIV.

ENGLISH FACULTY
OXFORD
UNIV.
LIBRARY