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Mr. J. M. Howes

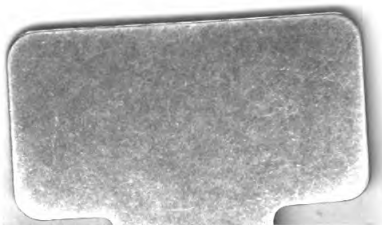
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Mar. 6 1880

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THE  
Bloody Brother;  
OR,  
ROLLO.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

Written by  
Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,  
AND  
Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1718.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**R**ollo, } *Brothers, Dukes of Normandy.*  
Otto, }  
Aubrey, *their Kinsman.*  
Gispert, *the Chancellor.*  
Baldwin, *the Prince's Tutor.*  
Grandpree, } *Captains of Rollo's Faction.*  
Verdon, }  
Trevile, } *Captains of Otto's Faction.*  
Duprete, }  
Latorch, *Rollo's Earwig.*  
Hammond, *Captain of the Guard to Rollo.*  
Allan, *his Brother.*  
Norbrett, }  
La Fisk, } *Five cheating Rogues.*  
Rufee, }  
De Bube, }  
Pipeau,  
Cook.  
*Yeoman of the Seller.*  
Butler  
Pantler.  
Lords.  
Sheriff.  
Guard.  
Officers.  
Boys.



## W O M E N.

Sophia, *Mother to the Dukes.*  
Matilda, *her Daughter.*  
Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

THE



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THE  
Bloody Brother.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.*

*Bald.* **T**HE Brothers then are met?

*Gisb.* They are, Sir.

*Bald.* 'Tis thought they may be reconcil'd.

*Gisb.* 'Tis rather wish'd; for such, whose Reason  
Doth direct their Thoughts without Self-Flattery,  
Dare not hope it.

*Bald.* The Fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd  
His equal Care of both would have united,  
Ambition hath divided: And there are  
Too many on both Parts, that know they cannot  
Or rise to Wealth or Honour, their main Ends,  
Unless the Tempest of the Prince's Fury  
Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yield fit Billows  
In their bad Arts to give way to a Calm,  
Which yielding rest and good, prove their Ruin,  
And in the Shipwreck of their Hopes and Fortunes,  
The Dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten  
That stood affected to the general good,  
With that confirm'd Zeal which brave *Aubrey* does.

*Gisb.* He is indeed the perfect Character  
Of a good Man, and so his Actions speak him.

*Bald.* But did you observe the many Doubts and Cautions  
The Brothers stood upon before they met?

*Gisb.* I did; and yet, that ever Brothers should  
Stand on more nice Terms, than sworn Enemies  
After a War proclaim'd, would with a Stranger,  
Wrong the Reporter's Credit; they saluted

*The Bloody Brother.*

At distance, and so strong was the Suspicion  
 Each had of other, that before they durst  
 Embrace, they were by several Servants search'd,  
 As doubting conceal'd Weapons, Antidotes  
 Ta'en openly by both, fearing the Room  
 Appointed for the Interview was poison'd,  
 The Chairs and Cushions, with like care, survey'd;  
 And, in a word, in every Circumstance,  
 So jealous on both Parts, that it is more  
 Than to be fear'd, Concord can never join  
 Minds so divided.

*Bald.* Yet our best Endeavours  
 Should not be wanting, *Gisbert.*

*Gisb.* Neither shall they.

*Enter Grandpree and Verdon.*

But what are these ?

*Bald.* They are without my Knowledge ;  
 But by their Manners and Behaviours,  
 They should express themselves.

*Grand.* Since we serve *Rollo*,  
 The elder Brother, we'll be *Rollians*;  
 Who will maintain us, Lads, as brave as *Romans*;  
 You stand for him ?

*Verd.* I do. *Grand.* Why, then observe  
 How much the Business, your so long'd-for Business,  
 By Men that are nam'd from their Swords, concerns you.  
 Lechery, our common Friend, so long kept under,  
 With Whips, and beating fatal Hemps, shall rise,  
 And Bawdry, in a *French* Hood plead, before her  
 Virginity shall be carted.

*Verd.* Excellent !

*Grand.* And Hell but grant, the Quarrel that's between  
 The Princes may continue, and the Business  
 That's of the Sword, t'out-last three Suits in Law,  
 And we will make Attornies Lansprifadoes,  
 And our brave Gown-men Practisers of Back-sword;  
 The Pewter of all Serjeants Maces shall  
 Be melted, and turn'd into common Flaggons,  
 In which it shall be lawful to carouse  
 To their most lowlie Fortunes.

*Bald.* Here's a Statesman.

*Grand.* A Creditor shall not dare, but by Petition,  
 To make Demand of any Debt; and that  
 Only once every Leap-year, in which, if  
 The Debtor may be won for a *French* Crown,

*The Bloody Brother.*

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To pay a Soulz, he shall be registred  
His Benefactor.

*Verd.* The Chancellor hears you.

*Grand.* Fear not, I now dare speak as loud as he,  
And will be heard, and have all I speak Law;  
Have you no Eyes? There is a Reverence due  
From Children of the Gown, to Men of Action.

*Gisb.* How's this?

*Grand.* Even so; the Times, the Times are chang'd,  
All Business is not now prefer'd in Parchment,  
Nor shall a Grant pass that wants this Broad-Seal;  
This Seal, d'ye see? Your Gravity once laid  
My Head and Heels together in the Dungeon,  
For cracking a scald Officer's Crown, for which  
A Time is come for Vengeance, and expect it;  
For know, you have not full three Hours to live.

*Gisb.* Yes, somewhat longer.

*Grand.* To what end?

*Gisb.* To hang you; think on that, Ruffian.

*Grand.* For you, School-master,  
You have a pretty Daughter; let me see,  
Near Three a-clock, (by which time, I much fear,  
I shall be tir'd with kissing some five hundred)  
Provide a Bath, and her to entertain me,  
And that shall be your Ransom.

*Bald.* Impudent Rascal.

*Enter to them Trevile and Duprete.*

*Gisb.* More of the Crew?

*Grand.* What are you? *Rollians*?

*Trev.* No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;  
We stand for *Otto*.

*Grand.* You seem Men of Fashion,  
And therefore I'll deal fairly, you shall have  
The Honour this Day to be chronicled  
The first Men kill'd by *Grandpree*; you see this Sword,  
A pretty foolish Toy, my Valour's Servant,  
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,  
It having made, when it was *Charlemaign's*,  
Three thousand Knights; this, Sir, shall cut your Throat,  
And do you all fair Service else.

*Trev.* I kiss your Hands for the good Offer; here's another too,  
the Servant of your Servant shall be proud to be scour'd in your  
sweet Gutts; till when pray you command me.

*Grand.* Your Idolater, Sir.

[*Exeunt, Manent Gisb. and Bald.*

*Gisb.*



## The Bloody Brother.

*Gisb.* That ever such should hold the Names of Men,  
Or Justice be held Cruelty, when it labours  
To pluck such Weeds up!

*Bald.* Yet they are protected, and by the Great ones.

*Gisb.* Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

*Enter to them Aubrey.*

*Aubr.* Is this a time to be spent thus, by such  
As are the principal Ministers of the State?  
When they that are the Heads, have fill'd the Court  
With Factions, a weak Woman only left  
To stay their bloody Hands? Can her weak Arms  
Alone divert the Dangers ready now  
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury  
The Honours of it, leaving not the Name  
Of what it was. Oh, *Gisbert*, the fair Tryals  
And frequent Proofs which our late Master made,  
Both of your Love and Faith, gave him Assurance,  
To chuse you at his Death a Guardian; nay,  
A Father to his Sons; and that great Trust,  
How ill do you discharge? I must be plain,  
That, at the best, y'are a sad Looker-on  
Of those bad Practices you should prevent.  
And where's the Use of your Philosophy  
In this so needful a time? Be not secure;  
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes,  
When they were young, and apt for any Form,  
Were given to your Instruction, and grave Ordering;  
'Twill be expected that they should be good,  
Or their bad Manners will b' imputed yours.

*Bald.* 'Twas not in me, my Lord, to alter Nature.

*Gisb.* Nor can my Counsels work on them, that will not  
Vouchsafe me hearing.

*Aubr.* Do these Answers sort,  
Or with your Place, or Persons, or your Years?  
Can *Gisbert*, being the Pillar of the Laws,  
See them trod under Foot, or forc'd to serve  
The Princes unjust Ends; and, with a Frown,  
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' Abuse?  
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate Madness  
Of his seduced Pupils? See their Minds,  
Which with good Arts he labour'd to build up,  
Examples of succeeding times, o'eturn'd  
By undermining Parasites; no one Precept  
Leading to any Art, or great, or good,  
But is forc'd from their Memory, in whose room  
Black Counsels are receiv'd, and their Retirements

And

*The Bloody Brother.*

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And secret Conference producing only  
Dev'lish Designs, a Man would shame to farther;  
But I talk when I should do, and chide others  
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,  
Now do, or never speak more.

*Gisb.* We are your's.

*Enter* Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, *and*  
Duprete.

*Rol.* You shall know who I am.

*Otto.* I do, my Equal.

*Rol.* Thy Prince; give way ——— were we alone, I'd force thee,  
In thy best Blood, to write thy self my Subject,  
And glad I would receive it.

*Aubr.* Sir. *Gisb.* Dear Lord.

*Otto.* Thy Subject?

*Rol.* Yes, nor shall tame Patience hold me  
A Minute longer, only half my self;  
My Birth gave me this Dukedom, and my Sword  
Shall change it to the common Grave of all  
That tread upon her Bosom, e'er I part with  
A Piece of Earth, or Title that is mine.

*Otto.* It needs not, and I would scorn to receive,  
Though offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know  
From me, tho' not deliver'd in great Words,  
Eyes red with Rage, poor Pride, and threaten'd Action;  
Our Father at his Death, then, when no accent,  
Wer't thou a Son, could fall from him in vain,  
Made us Co-heirs, our part of Land and Honours  
Of equal Weight; and to see this confirm'd,  
The Oaths of these are yet upon Record,  
Who, though they should forsake me, and call down  
The Plagues of Perjury on their sinful Heads,  
I would not leave my self.

*Trev.* Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

*Lat.* Nor I the Elder robb'd of what's his Right.

*Grand.* Nor you?

Let me take place, I say, I will not fee't;  
My Sword is sharpest.

*Aubr.* Peace, you Tinder-boxes,  
That only carry Matter to make a Flame,  
Which will consume you.

*Rol.* You are troublesome, [To Baldwin.]  
This is no time for Arguments, my Title  
Needs not your School-Defences, but my Sword,  
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry  
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your Laws

It

*The Bloody Brother.*

It is in me to change them when I please, [To Gisbert.  
 I being above them; *Gisbert*, would you have me protect them;  
 Let them now stretch their extreamest Rigour,  
 And seize upon that Traytor; and your Tongue  
 Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;  
 And after, under the Pretence of Safety  
 For the sick State, the Land's and Peoples Quiet,  
 Cut off his Head: And I'll give up my Sword,  
 And fight with them at a more certain Weapon  
 To kill, and with Authority.

*Gisb.* Sir, I grant the Laws are useful Weapons, but found out  
 To assure the Innocent, not to oppress.

*Rol.* Then you conclude him Innocent?

*Gisb.* The power your Father gave him must not prove a Crime.

*Aubr.* Nor should you so receive it.

*Bald.* To which purpose,

All that dare challenge any part in Goodness  
 Will become Suppliants to you. *Rol.* They have none

That dare move me in this: Hence, I defie you,

Be of his Party, bring it to your Laws,

And thou thy double Heart, thou popular Fool,

Your moral Rules of Justice and her Ballance;

I stand on mine own Guard. *Otto.* Which thy Unjustice

Will make thy Enemies; by the Memory

Of him, whose better Part now suffers for thee,

Whose reverend Ashes, with an impious Hand,

Thou throw'st out to Contempt, in thy repining

At this so just Decree; thou art unworthy

Of what his last Will, not thy Merits, gave thee,

That art so swoln within, with all those Mischiefs

That e'er made up a Tyrant, that thy Breast,

The Prison of thy Purposes, cannot hold them,

But that they break forth, and, in thy own words,

Discover what a Monster they must serve

That shall acknowledge thee.

*Rol.* Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

*Aubr.* Nor your Miseries begin in Murther.

[*He offers his Sword at Otto, the Faction joying, Aubrey between  
 severs the Brothers.*

Duty, Allegiance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me:

Do you stare on? Is this a Theatre?

Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad Fencers,

To make you Sport? Keep them asunder, or,

By Heav'n, I'll charge on all.

*Grand.* Keep the Peace,

I am for you, my Lord, and if you'll have me,



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I'll act the Constable's part.

*Aubr.* Live I to see this?

Will you do that your Enemies dare not wish,  
And cherish in your selves those Furies, which  
Hell would cast out? Do, I am ready; kill me,  
And these, that would fall willing Sacrifices  
To any Power that would restore your Reason,  
And make you Men again, which now you are not.

*Rol.* These are your Bucklers, Boy.

*Otto.* My Hindrances;

And were I not confirm'd, my Justice in  
The taking of thy Life, could not weigh down  
The Wrong, in shedding the least Drop of Blood  
Of these whose Goodness only now protects thee,  
Thou should'st feel I in Act would prove my self  
What thou in Words dost labour to appear.

*Rol.* Hear this, and talk again? I'll break through all,  
But I will reach thy Heart.

*Otto.* 'Tis better guarded.

*Enter Sophia.*

*Soph.* Make way, or I will force it; who are those?  
My Sons? my Shames; turn all your Swords on me,  
And make this wretched Body but one Wound,  
So this unnatural Quarrel find a Grave  
In the unhappy Womb that brought you forth:  
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,  
Or look on these grey Hairs, made so with Tears,  
For both your Goods, and not with Age; and yet  
Stand doubtful to obey her? from me you had  
Life, Nerves, and Faculties, to use these Weapons;  
And dare you raise them against her, to whom  
You owe the means of being what you are?

*Otto.* All Peace is meant to you.

*Soph.* Why is this War then?

As if your Arms could be advanc'd, and I  
Not set upon the Rack? Your Blood is mine,  
Your Danger's mine, your Goodness I should share in;  
I must be branded with those impious Marks  
You stamp on your own Foreheads and on mine,  
If you go on thus: For my good Name therefore,  
Though all Respects of Honour in your selves  
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your Swords;  
Your Duty should be swifter than my Tongue;  
And join your Hands while they be innocent;  
You have Heat of Blood, and Youth apt to Ambition,  
To plead an easie Pardon for what's past:

B

But

But all the Ills beyond this Hour committed,  
From God or Men must hope for no Excuse.

*Gisb.* Can you hear this unmov'd?

No Syllable of this so pious Charm, but should have Power  
To frustrate all the juggling Deceits,  
With which the Devil blinds you.

*Otto.* I begin to melt I know not how.

*Rol.* Mother, I leave you;

And, Sir, be thankful for the Time you live,  
Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)  
To her Perswasion for you.

*Soph.* O yet, stay,

And rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing,

As Enemies; how is my Soul divided?

My Love to both is equal, as my Wishes;

But are return'd by neither; my griev'd Heart,

Hold yet a little longer, and then break.

I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this

Takes from me th' Authority of a Mother's Power;

And therefore, like my self, *Otto*, to thee,

(And yet observe, Son, how thy Mother's Tears

Outstrip her forward Words, to make way for 'em)

Thou art the younger, *Otto*, yet be now

The first Example of Obedience to me,

And grow the elder in my Love.

*Otto.* The means to be so happy?

*Soph.* This; yield up thy Sword,

And let thy Piety give thy Mother Strength

To take that from thee, which no Enemies Force

Could e'er dispoil thee of: Why do'st thou tremble,

And with a fearful Eye fixt on thy Brother,

Observ'st his ready Sword, as bent against thee?

I am thy Armour, and will be pierc'd through

Ten thousand times, before I will give way

To any Peril may arrive at thee;

And therefore fear not.

*Otto.* 'Tis not for my self,

But for you, Mother; you are now engag'd

In more that lies in your unquestion'd Virtue;

For, since you have disarm'd me of Defence,

Should I fall now, though by his Hand, the World

May say it was your Practice.

*Soph.* All Worlds perish,

Before my Piety turn Treason's Parent,

Take it again, and stand upon your Guard,

And while your Brother is, continue arm'd;

*The Bloody Brother.*

And yet this fear is needless, for I know,  
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as Man,  
So tender of his yet untainted Valour,  
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.  
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear  
Both; for others Safety, and not mine own.  
Know yet, my Sons, when of Necessity  
You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better  
To suffer Treason, than to act the Traytor;  
And in a War like this, in which the Glory  
Is his that's overcome; consider then  
What 'tis for which you strive: Is it the Dukedom?  
Or the Command of these so ready Subjects?  
Desire of Wealth? or whatsoever else  
Fires your Ambition? 'This still desp'rate Madness,  
To kill the People which you would be Lords of?  
With Fire and Sword to lay that Country waste  
Whose Rule you seek for: To consume the Treasures,  
Which are the Sinews of your Government,  
In cherishing the Factions that destroy it:  
Far, far be this from you: Make it not question'd  
Whether you have Interest in that Dukedom,  
Whose Ruin both contend for.

*Otto*. I desire but to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

*Rol*. And rather than Posterity shall have cause  
To say I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedom,  
I will accept the Moiety. *Otto*. I embrace it.

*Soph*. Divide me first, or tear me Limb by Limb,  
And let them find as many several Graves  
As there are Villages in *Normandy*:  
And 'tis less Sin, than thus to weaken it.  
To hear it mention'd doth already make me  
Envy my dead Lord, and almost blaspheme  
Those Powers that heard my Prayer for Fruitfulness,  
And did not with my first Birth close my Womb:  
To me alone my second Blessing proves  
My first of Misery, for if that Heav'n  
Which gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his Bounty,  
And *Otto*, my dear *Otto*, ne'er had been,  
Or being, had not been so worth my Love,  
The stream of my Affection had run constant  
In one fair Current, all my hopes had been,  
Laid up in one; and fruitful *Normandy*  
In this Division had not lost her Glories:  
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair Diamond,  
Which being preserv'd entire, exceeds all Value,



*The Bloody Brother.*

But cut in Pieces (though these Pieces are  
Set in fine Gold by the best Workman's cunning)  
Parts with all Estimation: So this Dukedom,  
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may cover,  
But cannot compass; which divided, will  
Become the Spoil of every barbarous Foe  
That will invade it.

*Gisb.* How this works in both!

*Bal.* Prince *Rollo's* Eyes have lost their Fire.

*Gif.* And Anger, that but now wholly possessed  
Good *Otto*, hath given Place to Pity.

*Aub.* End not thus, Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

*Soph.* I see in both, fair Signs of Reconcilement,  
Make them sure Proofs they are so: The Fates offer  
To your Free choice, either to live Examples  
Of Piety, or Wickedness: If the latter  
Blinds so your Understanding, that you cannot  
Pierce through her painted Out-side, and discover  
That she is all Deformity within,  
Boldly transcend all Precedents of Mischief,  
And let the last, and the worst End of Tyrannies,  
The Murder of a Mother, but begin  
The Stain of Blood you after are to heighten:  
But if that Virtue, and her sure Rewards,  
Can win you to accept her for your Guide,  
To lead you up to Heav'n, and there fix you  
The fairest Stars in the bright Sphere of Honour;  
Make me the Parent of an hundred Sons,  
All brought into the World with Joy, not Sorrow,  
And every one a Father to his Country,  
In being now made Mother of your Concord.

*Rol.* Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak you.

*Bald.* I, now they meet like Brothers.

*[The Brothers cast away their Swords, and embrace.]*

*Gisb.* My Heart's Joy flows thro' my Eyes.

*Aubr.* May never Woman's Tongue  
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's Goodness.

*Otto.* If we contend, from this Hour, it shall be  
How to o'ercome in Brotherly Affection.

*Rol.* *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,  
Or as they have one Mind, rather one Name:  
From this Attonement let our Lives begin,  
Be all the rest forgotten.

*Aubr.* Spoke like *Rollo*:

*Soph.* And to the Honour of this Reconcilement,  
We all this Night will, at a publick Feast,

With



With choice Wines, drown our late Fears, and with Musick  
Welcome our Comforts.

*Bald.* Sure and certain ones.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile and Duprete.*

*Grand.* Did ever such a hopeful Business end thus?

*Verd.* 'Tis fatal to us all, and yet you, *Grandpree*,  
Have the least cause to fear.

*Grand.* Why, what's my Hope?

*Verd.* The Certainty that you have to be hang'd;  
You know the Chancellor's Promise.

*Grand.* Plague upon you.

*Verd.* What think you of a Bath, and a Lord's Daughter  
To entertain you?

*Grand.* Those Desires are off.

Frail Thoughts, all Friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Otto's*.

The sev'ral Court'ries of our Swords and Servants

Defer to After-Consequence; let's make use

Of this Night's Freedom, a short Parliament to us,

In which it will be lawful to walk freely;

Nay, to our Drink we shall have Meat too, that's

No usual Business to the Men o'th' Sword.

Drink deep with me to Night, we shall to Morrow,  
Or whip, or hang the merrier.

*Trev.* Lead the Way then.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Latorch and Rollo.*

*Lat.* WHY should this trouble you?

*Rol.* It does, and must do till I find Ease.

*Lat.* Consider then, and quickly;

And, like a wise Man, take the Current with you,

Which once turn'd Head, will sink you; blest Occasion

Offers her self in thousand Safeties to you;

Time standing still to point you out your Purpose.

And Resolution (the true Child of Virtue)

Ready to execute: what dull cold Weakness

Has crept into your Bosom, whose meer Thoughts,

Like Tempests, ploughing up the sailing Forests,

Even with their Swing were wont to shake down Hazards.

What is't, your Mother's Tears?

*Rol.* Prithee be patient.

*Lat.*

*Lat.* Her Hands held up? her Prayers, or her Curses?  
 Oh Power of Paper, drop'd through by a Woman!  
 Take heed the Soldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,  
 In *Rollo* below miserable; take heed your Friends,  
 The Sinews of your Cause, the Strength you stir by,  
 Take heed, I say, they find it not: Take heed  
 Your own Repentance (like a Passing-bell)  
 Too late, and too loud, tell the World y'are perish'd:  
 What noble Spirit, eager of Advancement,  
 Whose Imployment is his Plough; what Sword, whose sharpness  
 Waits but the Arm to wield it; or what hope,  
 After the World has blown abroad this weakness,  
 Will move again, or make a wish for *Rollo*?

*Rol.* Are we not Friends again by each Oath ratified,  
 Our Tongues the Heralds to our Hearts?

*Lat.* Poor Hearts then.

*Rol.* Our worthier Friends.

*Lat.* No Friends, Sir, to your Honour;  
 Friends to your Fall: Where is your Understanding,  
 The noble Vessel that your full Soul fail'd in,  
 Rib'd round with Honours; where is that? 'tis ruin'd.  
 The tempest of a Woman's fighs has sunk it.  
 Friendship, take heed, Sir, is a smiling Harlot,  
 That when she kisses, kills, a soder'd Friendship,  
 Piec'd out with Promises; O painted ruin!

*Rol.* *Latorcb*, he is my Brother.

*Lat.* The more doubted;  
 For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tiger,  
 May fawn and sport, but never leaves his Nature;  
 The jars of Brothers, two such mighty ones,  
 Is like a small Stone thrown into a River,  
 The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,  
 And you shall see a thousand angry Rings  
 Rise in his Face, still swelling and still growing;  
 So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,  
 And dangers Death, the greatest extreme shadow,  
 'Till nothing bound 'em but the shoar, their Graves;  
 There is no manly Wisdom, nor no Safety  
 In leaning to this League, this piec'd patch Friendship;  
 This rear'd-up Reconciliation on a Billow,  
 Which as it tumbles, totters down your fortune;  
 Is't not your own you reach at, Law and Nature  
 Ushering the way before you? Is not he  
 Born and bequeath'd your Subject?

*Rol.* Ha!

*The Bloody Brother.*

15

*Lat.* What Fool would give a storm leave to disturb his Peace,  
When he may shut the Casement? Can that Man  
Has won so much upon your pity,  
And drawn so high, that like an ominous Comet,  
He darkens all your Light; can this touch'd Lyon  
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell Paws,  
Craftily humming, like a Cat to cozen you)  
But when ambition whets him, and time fits him,  
Leap to his Prey, and seiz'd once, suck your Heart out?  
Do you make it Conscience?

*Rol.* Conscience, *Latorch*, what's that?

*Lat.* A fear they tye up Fools in, Nature's Coward,  
Palling the Blood, and chilling the full Spirit  
With apprehension of meer Clouds and Shadows.

*Rol.* I know no Conscience, nor I fear no Shadows.

*Lat.* Or if you did, if there were Conscience,  
If the free Soul could suffer such a curb  
To the fiery Mind, such puddles to put it out;  
Must it needs, like a rank Vine, run up rudely,  
And twine about the top of all our Happiness,  
Honour and Rule, and there sit shaking of us?

*Rol.* It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied;  
And once more am my self again:  
My Mother's Tears and Womanish cold Prayers,  
Farewel, I have forgot you, if there be Conscience,  
Let it not come betwixt a Crown and me,  
Which is my hope of Bliss, and I believe it:  
*Otto*, our Friendship thus I blow to Air,  
A bubble for a Boy to play withal;  
And all the Vows my weakness made, like this,  
Like this poor heartless Rush, I rend in pieces.

*Lat.* Now you go right, Sir, now your Eyes are open.

*Rol.* My Father's last Petition's dead as he is,  
And all the Promises I clos'd his Eyes with,  
In the same Grave I bury.

*Lat.* Now you're a Man, Sir.

*Rol.* *Otto*, thou shew'st my Winding-sheet before me,  
Which e'er I put it on, like Heav'n's blest fire,  
In my Descent I'll make it blush in Blood;  
A Crown, a Crown, Oh sacred Rule, now fire me,  
Nor shall the pity of thy Youth, false Brother,  
Although a thousand Virgins kneel before me,  
And every dropping Eye a Court of Mercy,  
The same Blood with me, nor the Reverence  
Due to my Mother's blest Womb that bred us,  
Redeem thee from my Doubts: Thou art a Wolf here,

Fed.

Fed with my Fears, and I must cut thee from me:  
A Crown, a Crown; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:  
No safety else.

*Lat.* But be not too much stirr'd, Sir, nor too high  
In your Execution: Swallowing Waters  
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,  
And smile in thousand Curles, to gild their Craft;  
Let your Sword sleep, and let my two-edg'd Wit work;  
This happy Feast, the full Joy of your Friendships,  
Shall be his last.

*Rol.* How, my *Latorch*? *Lat.* Why thus, Sir;  
I'll presently go dive into the Officers  
That minister at Table: Gold and Goodness,  
With Promise upon Promise, and Time necessary,  
I'll pour into them.

*Rol.* Canst thou do it neatly?

*Lat.* Let me alone, and such a Bait it shall be,  
Shall take off all Suspicion.

*Rol.* Go and prosper.

*Lat.* Walk in then, and your smoothest Face put on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar,  
with a Jack of Beer and a Dish.*

*Cook.* A hot Day, a hot Day, Vengeance hot Day Boys,  
Give me some Drink, this Fire's a plaguy Fretter:  
Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Jack, Boy;  
This wooden Skiff holds nothing.

*Pant.* And 'faith Master, what brave new Meats; for  
Here will be old Eating.

*Cook.* Old and young, Boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;  
I have Ballast for their Bellies, if they eat a God's Name,  
Let them have ten Tire of Teeth a-piece, I care not.

*But.* But what new rare Munition?

*Cook.* Pith, a thousand;  
I'll make you Pigs speak *French* at Table, and a fat Swan  
Come sailing out of *England* with a Challenge;  
I'll make you a dish of Calves-feet dance the Canaries,  
And a Consort of cram'd Capons fiddle to 'em;  
A Calves Head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks  
Rise from the Dish, and sing all Supper time;  
'Tis nothing Boys: I have framed a Fortification  
Out of Rye paste, which is Impregnable,  
And against that, for two long Hours together,  
Two dozen of Marrow-bones shall play continually:

For



*The Bloody Brother.*

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For Fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white Broth,  
And Pikes come ploughing up the Plums before them;  
*Arion*, like a Dolphin, playing *Eæbrymæ*,  
And brave King Herring with his Oil and Onion  
Crown'd with a Lemon Pill, his way prepar'd  
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

*Pant.* Ay marry Master.

*Cook.* All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble Goose  
Turn o'th' Toe thrice, do a cross Point presently,  
And sit down again, and cry Come eat me:  
These are for Mirth. Now Sir, for matter of Mourning,  
I'll bring you in the Lady Loin of Veal,  
With the long love she bore the Prince of *Orange*.

*All.* Thou Boy, thou.

*Cook.* I have a trick for thee too,  
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

*Teo.* What's that, good Master?

*Cook.* 'Tis a Sacrifice.

A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under  
The blown God *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hoghead,  
His Altar Beer: before that, a plump Vintner  
Kneeling, and offering Incense to his Deity,  
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.

*But.* This when the Table's drawn to draw the Wine on.

*Cook.* Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song, Butler.

*Pant.* This will be admirable. *Teo.* Oh Sir, most admirable.

*Cook.* If you'll have the Pasty speak, 'tis in my power,  
I have Fire enough to work it; come, stand close,  
And now rehearse the Song, we may be perfect,  
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

The drinking S O N G.

**D***rink to day and drown all Sorrow,  
You shall perhaps not do it to morrow.  
Best while you have it use your Breath,  
There is no drinking after Death.*

*Wine works the Heart up, makes the Wit,  
There is no Cure 'gainst Age but it.  
It helps the Head-ach, Cough and Ptisick,  
And is for all Diseases Physick.*

*Then let us swill, Boys, for our Health;  
Who drinks well, loves the Commonwealth.  
And he that will to Bed go sober,  
Falls with the Leaf still in October.*

Well have you born your selves; a red Deer Pye, Boys,  
And that no lean one, I bequeath your Virtues;  
What Friends hast thou to day? no Citizens?

*Pant.* Yes Father, the old Crew.

*Cook.* By the Ma's true Wenches:

Sirrah, set by a Chine of Beef, and a hot Pasty,  
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:  
And do you mark, Sir, Italk me to a Pheasant,  
And see if you can shoot her in the Cellar.

*Pant.* G'd a mercy, Lad, send me thy roaring Bottles,  
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,  
That all thou speake'tt shall be pure Helicon.

*Enter Latorch.*

*Monfieur Latorch?* What News with him? Save you.

*Lat.* Save you, Master, save you, Gentlemen,  
You are casting for this Preparation;  
This joyful Supper for the Royal Brothers:  
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your Charge,  
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver  
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must look on  
This Night's Solemnity, and see the two Dukes,  
Or I shall lose my Credit; you have Stowage?

*But.* For such freight I'll find room, and be your Servant.

*Cook.* Bring them, they shall not starve here, I'll send 'em Victuals  
Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence, Sir.

*Lat.* God a mercy noble Master.

*Cook.* Nay, I'll do't.

*Teo.* And Wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like Ducks.

*Lat.* What Misery it is that Minds so royal,  
And such most honest Bounties, as yours are,  
Should be confin'd thus to Uncertainties?

*But.* Ay, were the State once settled, then we had Places.

*Teo.* Then we could shew our selves, and help our Friends, Sir.

*Cook.* I, then there were some Savour in't, where now  
We live between two Stools, every Hour ready  
To tumble on our Noses; and for ought we know yet,  
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next Day.

*Lat.* I would fain speak unto you out of Pity,  
Out of the Love I bear you, out of Honesty,  
For your own Goods; nay, for the general Blessing.

*Cook.* And we would as fain hear you, pray go forward.

*Lat.* Dare you but think to make your selves up Certainties,  
Your Places and your Credits ten times doubled,  
The Princes Favour, *Rollo's*?

*But.* A sweet Gentleman.

*Teo.* Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his Right too:

*Cook.*

*The Bloody Brother.*

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*Cook.* By the Mafs a Royal Gentleman indeed, Boys,  
He'd make the Chimnies smoak.

*Lat.* He wou'd do't, Friends,  
And you too, if he had his Right, true Courtiers;  
What could you want then? dare you?

*Cook.* Pray you be short, Sir.

*Lat.* And this my Soul upon't, I dare assure you,  
If you but dare your Parts.

*Cook.* Dare not me, Monsieur,  
For I that fear not Fire nor Water, Sir,  
Dare do enough, a Man would think.

*Teo.* Believe't, Sir;  
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,  
You shall not find us Flinchers.

*Lat.* Then I'll be sudden.

*Pant.* What may this mean? And whither would he drive us?

*Lat.* And first, for what you must do, because all Danger  
Shall be apparently ty'd up and muzzl'd,  
The Matter seeming mighty: There's your Pardons.

*Pant.* Pardons? Is't come to that? Gods defend us.

*Lat.* And here's five hundred Crowns in bounteous Earnest,  
And now behold the matter.

[Latorch gives each a Paper.]

*But.* What are these, Sir?

*Teo.* And of what Nature? To what Use? *Lat.* Imagine.

*Cook.* Will they kill Rats? they eat my Pyes abominably,  
Or work upon a Woman cold as Christmas?  
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,  
May I taste them?

*Lat.* Is your Will made?

And have you said your Prayers? for they'll pay you:  
And now to come up to you, for your Knowledge,  
And for the godd you never shall repent you,  
If you be wise Men now.

*Cook.* Wise as you will, Sir.

*Lat.* These must be put then into the several Meats  
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his Wine, Sir,  
Into his Bread by you, by you into his Linnen.  
Now if you desire, you have found the means  
To make you, and if you dare not, you have  
Found your Ruin; resolve me e'er you go.

*But.* You'll keep your Faith with us?

*Lat.* May I no more see light else.

*Cook.* Why 'tis done then.

*But.* 'Tis done.

*Pant.* 'Tis done which shall be undone.

*The Bloody Brother.*

*Lat.* About it then ; farewell, y'are all of one Mind ?

*Cook.* All. *All.* All, all.

*Lat.* Why then, all happy.

[*Exit.*

*But.* What did we promise him ?

*Teo.* Do you ask that now ?

*But.* I would be glad to know what 'tis.

*Pan.* I'll tell you,

It is to be all Villains, Knaves and Traitors.

*Cook.* Fine wholesome Titles.

*Pan.* But if you dare, go forward.

*Cook.* We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.

*Pan.* Very true, Sir.

*Cook.* What a goodly Swing I shall give the Gallows? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be rewarded, not with a Rope, but with a royal Master : and yet we may be hang'd too.

*Teo.* Say it were done ; who is it done for ? is it not for *Rolle* ?  
And for his Right ?

*Cook.* And yet we may be hang'd too.

*But.* Or say he take it, say we be discovered ?  
Is not the same Man bound still to protect us ?  
Are we not his ?

*But.* Sure, he will never fail us.

*Cook.* If he do, Friends, we shall find that will hold us.  
And yet methinks, this Prologue to our Purpose,  
These Crowns should promise more : 'tis easily done,  
As easie as a Man would roast an Egg,  
If that be all ; for look you, Gentlemen,  
Here stand my Broths, my Finger slips a little,  
Down drops a Dose, I stir him with my Ladle,  
And there's a Dish for a Duke : *Olla Podrida.*  
Here stands a bak'd Meat, he wants a little seasoning,  
A foolish Mistake ; my Spice-Box, Gentlemen,  
And put in some of this, the Matter's ended ;  
Dredge you a Dish of Plovers, there's the Art on't.

*Teo.* Or as I fill my Wine.

*Cook.* 'Tis very true, Sir,

Blessing it with your Hand, thus quick and neatly first, 'tis past  
And done once, 'tis as easie  
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

*Pan.* But 'tis a damn'd Sin.

*Cook.* O, never fear that.

The Fire's my Play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, Boys.

*But.* Why then, have with you.

*Teo.* The same for me.

*Pan.* For me too.

*Cook.*



*The Bloody Brother.*

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*Coo.* And now no more our Worships, but our Lordships.

*Pan.* Not this Year, on my Knowledge, I'll unlord you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Servant and Sewer.*

*Ser.* Perfume the Room round, and prepare the Table,  
Gentlemen Officers, wait in your Places.

*Sew.* Make room there,  
Room for the Duke's Meat. Gentlemen, be barether,  
Clear all the Entrance: Guard, put by those Gapers,  
And Gentlemen-Ushers, see the Gallery clear,  
The Dukes are coming on.

*Hoboys, a Banquet.*

*Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Gispert,  
Baldwin, Attendants, Hamond, Matilda, and Edith.*

*Ser.* 'Tis certainly inform'd.

*Otto.* Reward the Fellow, and look you mainly to it.

*Ser.* My Life for yours, Sir.

*Soph.* Now am I straight, my Lords, and young again,  
My long since blasted Hopes shoot out in Blossoms,  
The Fruits of everlasting Love appearing;  
Oh! my blest Boys, the Honour of my Years,  
Of all my Cares, the bounteous fair Rewarders.  
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever  
Within a Mother's Love lock up your Friendships:  
And my sweet Sons, once more with mutual Twinings,  
As one chaste Bed begot you, make one Body:  
Blessings from Heav'n in thousand Showers fall on you.

*Aubr.* Oh! Woman? Goodness never to be equal'd,  
May the most fruitful Creatures of thy Sex  
But kneeling at thy Monument, rise Saints.

*Soph.* Sit down my worthy Sons; my Lords, your places.  
Ay, now methinks the Table's nobly furnisht;  
Now the Meat nourishes; the Wine gives Spirit;  
And all the Room stuck with a general Pleasure,  
Shews like the peaceful Boughs of Happiness.

*Aubr.* Long may it last, and from a Heart fill'd with it,  
Full as my cup; I give it round, my Lords.

*Bald.* And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow  
Refuses it; Men dying now should take it,  
And by the vertue of this Ceremony  
Shake off their Miseries, and sleep in Peace.

*Rol.* You are sad, my noble Brother.

*Otto.* No, indeed Sir.

*Soph.* No sadness, my Son, this Day.

*Rol.*

*Rol.* Pray you Eat,  
Something is here you have lov'd ; taste of this Dish,  
It will prepare your Stomach.

*Otto.* Thank you Brother : I am not now dispos'd to Eat.

*Rol.* Or that,  
You put us out of heart Man, come, these bak'd Meats  
Were ever your best Diet.

*Otto.* None, I thank you.

*Soph.* Are you well, noble Child?

*Otto.* Yes, gracious Mother.

*Rol.* Give him a cup of Wine, then, pledge the Health,  
Drink it to me, I'll give it to my Mother.

*Soph.* Do, my best Child.

*Otto.* I must not, my best Mother,  
Indeed I dare not ; for of late, my Body  
Has been much weakned by excess of Diet ;  
The promise of a Feaver hanging on me,  
And even now ready, if not by Abstinence——

*Rol.* And will you keep it in this general freedom ;  
A little Health preferr'd before our Friendship?

*Otto.* I pray you excuse me, Sir.

*Rol.* Excuse your self, Sir,  
Come 'tis your fear, and not your favour, Brother.  
And you have done me a most worthy kindness  
My Royal Mother, and you Noble Lords ;  
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly ;  
What Faith can be expected from his Vows,  
From his dissembling Smiles, what fruit of Friendship  
From all his dull Embraces, what blest Issue,  
When he shall brand me here for base Suspicion ?  
He takes me for a Poisoner.

*Soph.* Gods defend it, Son.

*Otto.* I could say something too.

*Soph.* You must not so, Sir,  
Without your great forgetfulness of Virtue ;  
This is your Brother, and your honour'd Brother.

*Rol.* If he please so.

*Soph.* One noble Father, with as noble Thoughts,  
Begot your Minds and Bodies ; one care rockt you,  
And one Truth to you both was ever Sacred ;  
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flies your Goodness ?  
Because the right Hand has the power of cutting,  
Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maim'd ?  
They are one my Child, one Power, and one Performance,  
And join'd together thus, one Love, one Body.

*Aubr.* I do beseech your Grace, take to your Thoughts

More

*The Blooay Brother.*

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More certain Counsellors than Doubts or Fears,  
They strangle Nature, and disperse themselves  
(If once believ'd) into such Foggs and Errors  
That the bright Truth her self can never sever:  
Your Brother is a royal Gentleman,  
Full of himself, Honour, and Honesty,  
And take heed Sir, how Nature bent to Goodness,  
(So streight a Cedar to himself) uprightnes  
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

*Rol.* Nay my good Brother knows I am too patient.

*Lat.* Why should your Grace think him a Poisoner?  
Has he no more respect to Piety?  
And but he has by Oath ty'd up his Fury,  
Who durst but think that Thought?

*Aubr.* Away thou Firebrand.

*Lat.* If Men of his Sort, of his Power and Place,  
The e'dest Son in honour to his Dukedom.

*Bald.* For shame contain thy Tongue, thy poisonous Tongue,  
That with her burning Venome will infect all,  
And once more blow a Wild-fire through the Dukedom.

*Gisb. Latorch,* if thou be'tt Honest, or a Man,  
Contain thy self.

*Aubr.* Go to, no more, by Heav'n  
You'll find you've plaid the Fool else, not a word more.

*Soph.* Prethee sweet Son.

*Rol.* Let him alone sweet Mother, and my Lords.  
To make you understand how much I honour  
This sacred Peace, and next my Innocence,  
And to avoid all further difference  
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,  
I quit my place, and take my leave for this Night,  
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

*Aubr.* Shall we wait on your Grace?

*Rol.* I dare not break you. *Latorch.*

[*Ex. Rol. and Lat.*

*Otto.* Oh Mother, that your tenderness had Eyes,  
Discerning Eyes, what would this Man appear then?  
The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him  
To ruin *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning  
He hid his Heart, nothing appearing outwards,  
But came like Innocence, and dropping Pity,  
Sighs that would sink a Navy, and had Tales  
Able to take the Ears of Saints, belief too,  
And what did all these? Blew the fire to *Ilium*.  
His crafty Art (but more refin'd by Study)  
My Brother has put on: Oh I could tell you,  
But for the reverence I bear to Nature,



Things

Things that would make your honest Blood run backward.

*Soph.* You dare tell me?

*Otto.* Yes, in your private Closet,  
Where I will presently attend you; rise,  
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

*Soph.* Is this the joy I look'd for?

*Otto.* All will mend,  
Be not disturb'd dear Mother, I'll not fail you.

[*Ex. Soph. and Otto.*]

*Bald.* I do not like this.

*Aubr.* That is still in our Powers,  
But how to make it so that we may like it.

*Bald.* Beyond us ever; *Latorch* methought was busie,  
That Fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will do a sudden mischief.

*Aubr.* Hell look to him,  
For if there may be a Devil above all yet,  
That Rogue will make him; keep you up this Night,  
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

*Bald.* I will, and in my Watches use my Prayers.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, and Edith.*

*Otto.* **Y**OU wonder, Madam, that for all the Shews  
My Brother *Rollo* makes of hearty Love,  
And free Possession of the Dukedom 'twixt us,  
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,  
As if, beneath those Veils, he did convey  
Intents and Practices of Hate and Treason?

*Soph.* It breeds indeed my Wonder.

*Otto.* Which makes mine,  
Since it is so safe and broad a beaten Way,  
Beneath the Name of Friendship to betray.

*Soph.* Though in remote and further-off Affections,  
These Falshoods are so common, yet in him  
They cannot so force Nature.

*Otto.* The more near  
The Bands of Truth bind, the more oft they sever,  
Being better Cloaks to cover Falshood over.

*Soph.* It cannot be, that Fruits, the Tree so blasting,  
Can grow in Nature: Take heed, gentle Son,  
Lest some stubborn'd Suggester of these Treasons,  
Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather  
His tender Envies, to such foul Attempts;



Or that your too much Love to rule alone  
Breed not in him this jealous Passion;  
There is not any Ill we might not bear,  
Were not our Good held at a Price too dear.

*Otto.* So apt is Treachery to be excus'd,  
That Innocence is still aloud abus'd;  
The Fate of Virtue even her Friends perverts,  
To plead for Vice oft-times against their Hearts,  
Heav'n's Blessing is her Curse, which she must bear,  
That she may never love.

*Soph.* Alas, my Son, nor Fate, nor Heav'n it self,  
Can or would wrest my whole Care of your Good  
To any least Secureness in your Ill:  
What I urge flows from my curious Fear;  
Lest you should make your Means to 'scape, your Snare.  
Doubt of Sincereness is the only Mean  
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

*Otto.* I rest as far from wrong of Sincereness,  
As he flies from the Practice; trust me, Madam,  
I know by their Confessions, he suborn'd,  
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,  
This Evening-Feast was poison'd, but I fear  
This open Violence more, that treacherous Odds,  
Which he, in his insatiate Thirst of Rule,  
Is like to execute.

*Soph.* Believe it, Son,  
If still his Stomach be so foul to feed  
On such gross Objects, and that Thirst to rule  
The State alone, be yet unquench'd in him,  
Poisons and such close Treasons ask more time,  
Than can suffice his fiery Spirit's Haste:  
And, were there in him such Desire to hide  
So false a Practice, there would likewise rest  
Conscience and Fear in him of open Force,  
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

*Mat.* Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust  
What proves his tenderest Thoughts to doubt it just.  
Who knows not the unbounded Flood and Sea,  
In which my Brother *Rollo's* Appetites  
Alter and Rage with every Puff and Breath?  
His swelling Blood exhales, and therefore hear,  
What gives my temperate Brother Cause to use  
His readiest Circumspection, and consult  
For Remedy against all his wicked Purposes;  
If he arm, arm; if he strew Mines of Treason;  
Meet him with Countermines; it is Justice still

(For Goodness sake) t'encounter Ill with Ill.

*Soph.* Avert from us such Justice, equal Heav'n,  
And all such Cause of Justice.

*Otto.* Past all Doubt

(For all the sacred Privilege of Night)

'This is no time for us to sleep or rest in;

Who knows not all things haly are prevented

With Ends of all Impiety, all but

Lust, Gain, Ambition.

*Enter Rollo armed, and Latorch.*

*Rol.* Perish all the World

E'er I but lose one Foot of possible Empire.

Be flights and colours us'd by Slaves and Wretches,

I am exempt by Birth from both these curbs,

And since above them in all Justice, since

I sit above in Power, where Power is giv'n,

Is all the right suppos'd of Earth and Heav'n.

*Lat.* Prove both, Sir, see the Traitor.

*Otto.* He comes arm'd, see Mother, now your confidence.

*Soph.* What rage affects this Monster?

*Rol.* Give me way, or perish.

*Soph.* Make thy way, Viper, if thou thus aff. & it.

*Otto.* This is a Treason like thee.

*Rol.* Let her go.

*Soph.* Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my Son;

'And through my Breast let his rude Weapon run,

To thy life's innocence.

*Otto.* Play not two Parts,

Treacher and Coward both; but yield a Sword,

And let thy arming thee be odds enough

Against my naked Bosom.

*Rol.* Loose his hold.

*Mat.* Forbear, base Murtherer.

*Rol.* Forfake our Mother.

*Soph.* Mother dost thou name me, and put't off Nature thus?

*Rol.* Forfake her Traitor,

Or by the spouse of Nature, through hers

This leads unto thy Heart.

*Otto.* Hold. *Soph.* Hold me still.

*Otto.* For twenty Hearts and Lives I will not hazard  
One drop of Blood in yours.

*Soph.* Oh thou art lost then.

*Otto.* Protect my Innocence, Heav'n.

*Soph.* Call out Murther.

*Mat.* Be murthered all, but save him.

*Ed.* Murther, murther.

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*Rol.* Cannot I reach you yet.

*Otto.* No, Fiend.

*Rol.* *Latorch*, rescue, I'm down.

*Lat.* Up then, your Sword cools, Sir!

Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out!

*Rol.* Ha, have at you, there, Sir.

*Enter Aubrey.*

*Aubr.* Author of Prodigies, what fights are these?

*Otto.* Oh give me a Weapon, *Aubrey*.

*Soph.* Oh part 'em, part 'em.

*Aubr.* For Heav'n's sake no more.

*Otto.* No more resist his fury, no rage can  
Add to his mischief done.

*Soph.* Take Spirit my *Otto*,  
Heav'n will not see thee dye thus.

*Mat.* He is dead, and nothing lives but Death of every goodnes!

*Soph.* Oh he hath slain his Brother, curse him Heav'n.

*Rol.* Curse and be cursed, it is the fruit of cursing.

*Latorch*, take off here, bring too, of that Blood

To colour o'er my Shirt, then raise the Court

And give it out how he attempted us

In our Bed naked: Shall the Name of Brother

Forbid us to enlarge our State and Powers?

Or place affects of Blood above our Reason?

That tells us all things good against another,

Are good in the same line against a Brother.

*Enter Gisbert, and Baldwin.*

*Gisb.* What affairs inform these Out-cries?

*Aubr.* See and grieve. *Gisb.* Prince *Otto* slain!

*Bald.* Oh execrable slaughter!

What Hand hath Author'd it?

*Aubr.* Your Scholar's, *Baldwin*.

*Bald.* Unjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,  
For being his Schoolmaster, must own this Doctrine:

You are his Counsellors, did you advise him

To this foul Parricide?

*Gisb.* If Rule affect this Licence, who would live  
To worse, than die in force of his Obedience?

*Bald.* Heav'n's cold and lingring Spirit to punish sin,  
And human Blood so fiery to commit it,  
One so outgoes the other, it will never  
Be turn'd to fit Obedience.

*Aubr.* Burst it then

With his full Swing given, where it brooks no Bound,

Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests

To be our Refuge (since our Powers are strengthless).

Is to conform our Wills to suffer freely,  
 What with our Murmurs we can never master ;  
 Ladies, be pleas'd with what Heav'n's Pleasure suffers,  
 Erect your Princely Countenances and Spirits,  
 And to redress the Mischiefs now resitless,  
 Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or cross it ;  
 Which all amends, and vow to it your best,  
 But till you may perform it, let it rest.

*Gisb.* Those Temporizings are too dull and servile,  
 To breath the free Air of a Manly Soul,  
 Which shall in me expire in Execrations,  
 Before for any Life I sooth a Murtherer.

*Bald.* Pour Lives before him, till his own be dry  
 Of all Life's Services and human Comforts ;  
 None left that looks at Heav'n is half so base .  
 To do those black and hellish Actions Grace.

*Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond and Guard.*

*Rol.* Haste *Latorch* ;  
 And raise the City as the Court is rais'd,  
 Proclaiming the abhorr'd Conspiracy  
 In Plot against my Life.

*Lat.* I haste, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

*Rol.* You there that mourn upon the justly Slain,  
 Arise and leave it, if you love your Lives,  
 And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.

*Mat.* What will the Butcher do ? I will not stir.

*Rol.* Stir, and unforc'd stir, or stir never more :  
 Command her, you grave Beldam, that know better  
 My deadly Resolutions, since I drew them  
 From the infective Fountain of your own,  
 Or, if you have forgot, this fiery Prompter  
 Shall fix the fresh Impression on your Heart.

*Soph.* Rise Daughter, serve his Will in what we may ;  
 Lest what we may not be inforce the rather.  
 Is this all you command us ?

*Rol.* This Addition only admitted, that when I endeavour  
 To quit me of this Slaughter, you presume not  
 To cross me with a Syllable, for your Souls ;  
 Murmur, nor think against it, but weigh well,  
 It will not help your ill, but help to more,  
 And that my Hand wrought thus far to my Will,  
 Will check at nothing till his Circle fill.

*Mat.* Fill it, so I consent not, but who sooths it  
 Consents and who consents to Tyranny, does it.

*Rol.* False Traiteurs, die then with him.

*Aubr.* Are you mad, to offer at more Blood, and make your self  
 More



More horrid to your People? I'll proclaim,  
It is not as your Instrument will publish

*Rol.* Do, and take that along with you——so nimble!  
Relign my Sword, and dare not for thy Soul  
To offer what thou insolently threatnest;  
One Word, proclaiming cross to what *Latorch*  
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish.

*Aubr.* Well, Sir, not for your Threats, but for your Good;  
Since more Hurt to you would more hurt your Country,  
And that you must make Virtue of the Need  
That now compels you, I'll consent as far  
As Silence argues, to your Will proclaim'd:  
And since no more Sons of your Princely Father  
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish  
You should rule like your Father, with the Love  
And Zeal of all your Subjects; this foul Slaughter  
That now you have committed, made ashamed  
With that fair Blessing, that, in place of Plagues,  
Heav'n tries our mending Disposition with:  
Take here your Sword, which now use like a Prince,  
And no more like a Tyrant.

*Rol.* This sounds well, live, and be gracious with us.

*Gisb.* and *Bald.* Oh, Lord *Aubrey*.

*Mat.* He flatter thus? *Sopb.* He temporizes fitly.

*Rol.* Wonder invades me; do you two think much,  
That he thus wisely, and with Need consents  
To what I author for your Country's Good?  
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellor.

*Gisb.* Your Chancellor is not your Flatterer, Sir.

*Bald.* Nor is it your Tutor's part to shield such Doctrine.

*Rol.* Sir, first know you,

In Praise of your pure Oratory that rais'd you,  
That when the People, who I know by this  
Are rais'd out of their Rests, and hast'ning hither  
To witness what is done here, are arrived  
With our *Latorch*, that you, *ex tempore*,  
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit  
And justify this forced Fact of mine;  
Or for the proud Refusal lose your Head.

*Gisb.* I fashion an Oration to acquit you?

Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easie  
To excuse a Paricide than to commit it.

*Rol.* I do not wish you, Sir, to excuse me,  
But to accuse my Brother, as the Cause  
Of his own Slaughter, by attempting mine.

*Gisb.* Not for the World, I should pour Blood on Blood;

It were another Murther to accuse  
Him that fell innocent.

*Rol.* Away with him, hence, hail him straight to Execution!

*Aubr.* Far fly such Rigour your amendful Hand.

*Rol.* He perishes with him that speaks for him;  
Guard, do your Office on him, on your Lives Pain.

*Gisb.* Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own Death.

*Rol.* Let it wing it,

He threatens me; Villains, tear him Piece-meal hence.

*Guard.* Avant Sir. *Ham.* Force him hence.

*Rol.* Dispatch him, Captain,  
And bring me instant Word he is dispatched,  
And how his Rhetorick takes it.

*Ham.* I'll not fail, Sir.

*Rol.* Captain, besides remember this in chief;  
That being executed, you deny  
To all his Friends the Rites of Funeral,  
And cast his Carcass out to Dogs and Fowls.

*Ham.* 'Tis done, my Lord.

*Rol.* Upon your Life not fail.

*Bald.* What impious daring is there here of Heav'n!

*Rol.* Sir, now prepare your self, against the People  
Make here their Entry, to discharge the Oration  
He hath denied my Will.

*Bald.* For Fear of Death? ha, ha, ha.

*Rol.* Is Death ridiculous with you?  
Works Misery of Age this, or thy Judgment?

*Bald.* Judgment, false Tyrant.

*Rol.* You'll make no Oration then?

*Bald.* Not to excuse, but aggravate thy Murder if thou wilt,  
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it  
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy self,  
With such another justly merited Murther.

*Rol.* I'll answer you anon.

*Enter Latorch.*

*Lat.* The Citizens are hasting, Sir, in heaps, all full resolv'd,  
By my Perswasion, of your Brother's Treasons.

*Rol.* Honest Latorch.

*Enter Hamond.*

*Ham.* See, Sir, here's *Gisbert's* Head.

*Rol.* Good speed; was't with a Sword?

*Ham.* An Axe, Sir,

*Rol.* An Axe? 'twas vilely done, I would have had  
My own fine He dsm n done it with a Sword;  
Go take this Doward here, and take his Head  
Off with a Sword.

*Ham.*

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*Ham.* Your Schoolmaster? *Rol.* Even he.

*Bald.* For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best  
Of all thy damned Justices; away,  
Captain, I'll follow.

*Ed.* Oh stay there. Duke, and in the midst of all thy Blood and  
Hear a poor Maid's Petitions, hear a Daughter,  
The only Daughter of a wretched Father;  
Oh stay your haste, as you shall need this Mercy.

*Rol.* Away with this fond Woman.

*Ed.* You must hear me,  
If there be any Spark of Pity in you,  
If sweet Humanity and Mercy rule you;  
I do confess you are a Prince, your Anger  
As great as you, your Execution greater.

*Rol.* Away with him.

*Ed.* Oh Captain, by thy Manhood,  
By her soft Soul that bade thee, I do confess Sir,  
Your Doom of Justice on your Foes most righteous;  
Good noble Prince look on me.

*Rol.* Take her from me.

*Ed.* A Curse upon his Life that hinders me;  
May Father's Blessing never fall upon him,  
May Heav'n never hear his Prayers: I beseech you,  
Oh Sir, these few Tears beseech you; these chaste Hands woo you,  
That never yet were hear'd but to things holy,  
Things like your self, you are a God above us;  
Be as a God then, full of saving Mercy,  
Mercy, Oh Mercy, for his sake Mercy;  
That when your stout Heart weeps, shall give you Pity;  
Here I must grow.

*Rol.* By Heav'n, I'll strike thee, Woman.

*Ed.* Most willingly, let all thy Anger seek me,  
All the most studied Torments, so this good Man,  
This old Man, and this Innocent escape thee.

*Rol.* Carry him away, I say.

*Ed.* Now Blessing on thee, Oh sweet Pity,  
I see it in thy Eyes. I charge you Soldiers,  
Even by the Prince's Power, release my Father,  
The Prince is merciful, why do you hold him?  
He is old, why do you hurt him? speak, Oh speak, Sir;  
Speak as you are a Man; a Man's Life hangs, Sir,  
A Friend's Life, and a sister Life, upon you:  
'Tis but a Word, but Mercy quickly spoke, Sir;  
Oh speak, Prince, speak.

*Rol.* Will no Man here obey me?  
Have I no Rule yet? as I live he dies  
That does not execute my Will, and suddenly.

*Bald.*

*The Bloody Brother.*

*Bald.* All that thou canst do takes but one short Hour from me:

*Rol.* Hew off her Hands. *Ham.* Lady, hold off.

*Ed.* Nay, hew 'em.

Hew off my innocent Hands, as he commands you.

[*Exeunt Guard, and Count Baldwin.*]

They'll hang the faster on for Death's Convulsion.

Thou Seed of Rocks, will nothing move thee then?

Are all my Tears lost? all my righteous Prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken Wrath? I stand thus then,

Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,

And to thy Face in Heav'n's high Name defie thee;

And may sweet Mercy, when thy Soul sighs for it,

When under thy black Mischiefs thy Flesh trembles,

When neither Strength, nor Youth, nor Friends, nor Gold

Can stay one Hour, when thy most wretched Conscience

Wak'd from her Dream of Death, like Fire shall melt thee,

When all thy Mother's Tears, thy Brother's Wounds,

Thy People's Fears and Curses, and my Loss,

My aged Father's Loss shall stand before thee——

*Rol.* Save him I say, run, save him, save her Father,

Fly and redeem his Head

[*Exit Latorch.*]

*Ed.* May then that Pity,

That Comfort thou expect'st from Heav'n, that Mercy

Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, Howling find thee,

Despair, Oh my sweet Father, Storms of Terrors,

Blood till thou burst again.

*Rol.* Oh fair sweet Anger.

*Enter Latorch and Hamond with a Head.*

*Lat.* I am too late, Sir, 'twas dispatch'd before,

And his Head is here.

*Rol.* And my Heart there; go bury him,

Give him fair Rites of Funeral, decent Honours.

*Ed.* Wilt thou not take me, Monster? highest Heav'n

Give him a Punishment fit for his Mischiefs.

*Lat.* I fear thy Prayer is heard, and he rewarded:

Lady, have Patience, 'twas unhappy Speed;

Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his Fault, but Fate's;

He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded,

In care of you, the heavy Object hence

Soon as it came: Have better Thoughts of him.

*Enter Citizens.*

*1 Cit.* Where's this young Traitor?

*Lat.* Noble Citizens, here,

And here the Wounds he gave your Sovereign Lord.

*1 Cit.* This Prince of Force must be

Belov'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus preserv'd.



*The Bloody Brother.*

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*2 Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heav'n, you know,  
He must be just, and all his Actions so.

*Rol.* Concluded like an Oracle. Oh how great  
A Grace of Heav'n is a wise Citizen!  
For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wise, as't makes me just,  
As it preserves me, as I now survive  
By his strong Hand to keep you all alive:  
Your Wives, your Children, Goods and Lands kept yours,  
That had been else Preys to his Tyrannous Power,  
That would have prey'd on me, in Bed assaulted me  
In sacred Time of Peace; my Mother here,  
My Sister, this just Lord, and all had felt  
The certain Gulf of this Conspiracy,  
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellor,  
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest  
In-all my Dukedom) were the monstrous Heads;  
Oh trust no honest Men for their sakes ever,  
My politick Citizens, but those that breathe  
The Names of Cut-throats, Usurers and Tyrants,  
Oh those believe in, for the foul-mouth'd World  
Can give no better Terms to simple Goodness:  
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous  
For saving my own Life sought by my Brother;  
Yet those that sought his Life before by Poison  
(Though mine own Servants, hoping to please me)  
I'll lead to Death for't, which your Eyes shall see.

*1 Cit.* Why, what a Prince is here!

*2 Cit.* How just!      *3 Cit.* How gentle!

*Rol.* Well, now my dearest Subjects, or much rather  
My Nerves, my Spirits, or my vital Blood;  
Turn to your needful Rests, and settled Peace,  
Fix'd in this Root of Steel, from whence it sprung  
In Heav'n's great Help and Blessing: But e'er Sleep  
Bind in his sweet Oblivion your dull Senses,  
The Name and Virtue of Heav'n's King advance  
For yours, in chief for my Deliverance.

*Cit.* Heav'n and his King save our most pious Sovereign.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Rol.* Thanks my good People. Mother, and kind Sister,  
And you my noble Kinsman, things born thus  
Shall make ye all command whatever I  
Enjoy in this my absolute Empire.  
Take in the Body of my Princely Brother,  
For whose Death, since his Fate no other way  
Would give my eldest Birth his supream Right,  
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,

E

And

And wash his Sepulchre with kindly Tears.

*Aubr.* If this Game end thus, Heav'n's will rule the set.  
What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[*Exeunt omnes prater* I atorch, and Edith.]

*Lat.* Good Lady rise, and raise your Spirits withal,  
More high than they are humbled; you have Cause,  
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;  
And when your Ears are freer to take in  
Your most amendful and unmatched Fortunes;  
I'll make you drown a hundred helpless Deaths  
In Sea of one Life pour'd into your Bosom;  
With which shall flow into your Arms, the Riches,  
The Pleasures, Honours, and the Rules of Princes;  
Which though Death stop your Ears, methinks should open 'em,  
Assay to forget Death.

*Ed.* Oh slaughter'd Father!

*Lat.* Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and bless  
The Fate that yet you curse so; since for that  
You spake so movingly, and your sweet Eyes  
With so much Grace fill'd, that you set on fire  
The Duke's Affection, whom you now may rule  
As he rules all his Dukedom; is't not sweet?  
Does it not shine away your Sorrows Clouds?  
Sweet Lady, take wise Heart, and hear and tell me:

*Ed.* I hear no Word you speak.

*Lat.* Prepare to hear then,  
And be not barr'd up from your self, nor add  
To your ill Fortune with your far worse Judgment;  
Make me your Servant to attend with all Joys  
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:  
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, command me  
To watch out every Minute, for the stay  
Your modest Sorrow fancies, raise your Graces,  
And do my Hopes the Honour of your Motion,  
To all the offered Heights that now attend you:  
Oh how your Touches ravish! how the Duke  
Is slain already with your Flames embrac'd!  
I will both serve and visit you, and often.

*Ed.* I am not fit, Sir. *Lat.* Time will make you, Lady. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E H.

*Enter the Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler, to Execution.*

1 *Guard.* Come, bring in these Fellows, on, away with 'em.

2 *Guard.* Make room before there, room for the Prisoners.

1 *Boy.*



1 Boy. Let's run before, Boys, we shall have no Places else.

2 Boy. Are these the Youths?

Cook. These are the Youths you look for,  
And, pray my honest Friends, be not so hatty,  
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

3 Boy. Here's a wife Hanging; are there no more?

But. Do you hear, Sir? you may come in for your share if you please.

Cook. My Friend, if you be unprovided of a Hanging,  
You look like a Good-Fellow, I can afford you  
A reasonable Pennyworth.

2 Boy. Afore, afore, Boys, here's enough to make us Sport.

Teo. Pox take you,

Do you call this Sport? are these your Recreations?  
Must we be hang'd to make you Mirth?

Cook. Do you hear?

You Custard-Pate, we go to't for High Treason,  
An honourable Fault: Thy foolish Father  
Was hang'd for stealing Sheep.

Boys. Away, away, Boys.

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now?  
You, Chip, Pantler, you peaking Rogue, that provided us these  
Necklaces; you poor Rogue, you costive Rogue, you.

Pant. Pray, pray, Fellows.

Cook. Pray for thy crusty Soul? where's your Reward now,  
Goodman Manchet, for your fine Discovery?  
I do beseech you, Sir, where are your Dollars?  
Draw with your Fellows, and be hang'd.

Teo. He must now;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his Comfort,  
A Place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd Rascal.

Cook. Hang handsomly for shame, come, leave your praying,  
You peaking Knave, and die like a Courtier,  
Die honestly, and like a Man; no Preaching,  
With I beseech you take Example by me,  
I liv'd a lewd Man, good People. Pox on't,  
Die me as if thou hadst din'd, say Grace, and God be with you.

Guard. Come, will you forward?

Cook. Good Mr. Sheriff, your Leave, this hasty Work  
Was ne'er done well; give us so much time as but to sing  
Our own Ballads, for we'll trust no Man,  
Nor no Tune but our own; 'twas done in Ale too,  
And therefore cannot be refus'd in Justice.  
Your penny-pot Poets are such pelting Thieves,  
They ever hang Men twice; we have it here, Sir,  
And so must every Merchant of our Voyage.



He'll make a sweet Return else of his Credit.

*Yeo.* One Fit of our own Mirth, and then we are for you.

*Guard.* Make haste then, dispatch.

*Yeo.* There's Day enough, Sir.

*Cook.* Come, Boys, sing chearfully, we shall ne'er sing younger.  
We have chosen a loud Tune too, because it should like well.

The S O N G.

*Come Fortune's a Whore, I care not who tell her,  
Would offer to strangle a Page of the Cellar,  
That should by his Oath, to any Man's thinking,  
And Place, have had a Defence for his Drinking;  
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,  
Instead of his Wages, she gives him a Halter.*

Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we,  
As ever did sing in a hempen String under the Gallow-tree.

II.

*But I that was so lusty,  
And ever kept my Bottles,  
That neither they were musty,  
And seldom less than Pottles;  
For me to be thus stopt now,  
With Hemp instead of Cork, Sir,  
And from the Gallows lopt now,  
Shews that there is a Fork, Sir,  
In Death, and this the token,  
Man may be two ways killed,  
Or like the Bottle, broken,  
Or like the Wine, be spilled.*

Three merry Boys, &c.

III.

*Oh yet but look on the Master Cook, the glory of the Kitchen,  
In sowing whose Fate, at so lofty a rate, no Taylor e'er had stitching,  
For though he makes the Man, the Cook yet makes the Dishes,  
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my Wishes,  
That I who at so many a Feast, have pleas'd so many Tasters,  
Should now my self come to be drest, a Dish for you my Masters.*

Three merry Boys, &c.

*Cook.* There's a few Copies for you; now farewell Friends:  
And good Mr. Sheriff let me not be Printed  
With a brass Pot on my Head.

*But.* March fair, march fair, afore, good Captain Pantler.



IV.

Pant. *Ob Man or Beast, or you at least,  
That wear or Brow or Antler,  
Prick up your Ears, unto the Tears  
Of me poor Paul the Pantler,  
That thus am clipt, because I chipt  
The cursed Crust of Treason  
With Loyal Knife; Ob doleful Strife,  
To hang thus without reason.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Aubrey, and Latorch.*

*Aub.* **L** *Latorch,* I have waited here to speak with you,  
And you must hearken; set not forth your Leg<sup>s</sup>  
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;  
An honest Affair than this I urge too,  
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be  
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your Fortune  
To have our Master's Ear above the rest  
Of us that follow him, but that no Man envies;  
For I have well consider'd, Truth sometimes  
May be convey'd in by the same Conduits  
That Falshood is: These Courses that he takes  
Cannot but end in Ruin; Empire got  
By Blood and Violence, must so be held:  
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,  
That toiling still to remove Enemies  
Makes himself more; It is not now a Brother,  
A faithful Counsellor of Estate, or two,  
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd;  
It is a Multitude that begin to fear,  
And think what began there must end in them,  
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em;  
And they are not an easie Monster quell'd.  
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;  
And one by one employ 'em to the block; but when they once  
grow formidable to their Clowns, and Coblers, 'ware then, guard  
themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *Latorch,* the service  
would not discredit the good Name you hold with Men, besides  
the profit to your Master and the Publick.

*Lat.* I conceive not so, 'Sir:  
They are airy Fears; and why should I object them unto his fancy?  
Wound:

Wound what is yet sound? your Counsels colour not  
 With reason of State, where all that's necessary still is just.  
 The actions of the Prince, while they succeed,  
 Should be made good, and glorified; not question'd.  
 Men do but shew their ill Affections, that——

*Aubr.* What? Speak out.

*Lat.* Do murmur against their Masters.

*Aubr.* Is this to me?

*Lat.* It is to whosoever dislikes of the Duke's courses.

*Aubr.* Ay! is't so? at your Stateward, Sir?

*Lat.* I'm sworn to hear nothing may prejudice the Prince.

*Aubr.* Why, do you? or have you, ha?

*Lat.* I cannot tell, Mens Hearts shew in their Words sometimes.

*Aubr.* I ever thought thee

Knave of the Chamber, art thou the Spy too?

*Lat.* A Watchman for the State, and one that's known,  
 Sir, to be rightly affected.

*Aubr.* Bawd of the State;

No less than of thy Master's Lusts. I now  
 See nothing can redeem thee; dost thou mention  
 Affection, or a Heart, that ne'er hadst any?  
 Know'st not to Love or Hate, but by the State,  
 As thy Prince does't before thee? That dost never  
 Wear thy own Face, but put'st on his, and gather'st  
 Baits for his Ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,  
 And e'er thou dar'st utter a Thought's thine own,  
 Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him  
 As if thou wert to pass a Ford, there proving  
 Yet if thy Tongue may step on safely or no;  
 Then bring'st his Virtue asleep, and stay'st the Wheel  
 Both of his Reason and Judgment, that they move not:  
 White'st over all his Vices; and at last  
 Dost draw a Cloud of Words before his Eyes,  
 Till he can neither see thee nor himself?  
 Wretch, I dare give him honest Counsels, Ay,  
 And love him while I tell him Truth; old *Aubrey*  
 Dares go the straightest way, which still's the shortest,  
 Walk on the Thorns thou scatter'st, Parasite,  
 And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou  
 Then let'st a Look fall, of the least dislike  
 I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword; at height,  
 And pluck thy Skin over thy Face, in fight  
 Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,  
 Slave, against whom all Laws should now conspire,  
 And every Creature that hath Sense, be arm'd,  
 As 'gainst the common Enemy of Mankind;

That

That sleep't within thy Master's Ear, and whisper't  
'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;  
Bid't him trust no Man's Friendship, spare no Blood  
That may secure him; 'tis no cruelty  
That hath a specious End; for Sovereignty  
Break all the Laws of kind; if it succeed,  
An honest, noble, and praise-worthy Deed;  
While he that takes thy Poisons in, shall feel  
Their virulent workings in a point of Time,  
When no Repentance can bring Aid, but all  
His Spirits shall melt, with what his Conscience burn'd,  
And dying in Flatterers Arms, shall fall unmourn'd.  
There's matter for you now.

*Lat.* My Lord, this makes not for loving of my Master.

*Aubr.* Loving? No;

They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

*Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, and Guard.*

*Rol.* I'll hear no more.

*Ham.* Alas, 'tis for my Brother: I beseech your Highness.

*Rol.* How, a Brother? had not I one my self? Did Title  
Move me when it was fit that he should Die? away.

*All.* Brother, lose no word more, leave my good Cause  
T' upbraid the Tyrant, I'm glad I'm slain  
Now in those times, that will'd some great Example  
T' assure Men we can die for Honesty.

*Rol.* Sir, you are brave, 'pray that you hold your Neck  
As bravely forth anon unto your Headsman.

*All.* Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by,  
*Rollo,* 'twould make thee quake to see me Die.

*Aubr.* What's his Offence?

*Ham.* For giving *Gisbert* burial, who was sometimes his Master.

*All.* Yes, Lord *Aubrey*,

My gratitude and humanity are my Crimes.

*Rol.* Why bear you him not hence?

*Aubr.* My Lord, (stay Soldiers)  
I do beseech your Highness, do not lose  
Such Men for such slight causes. This is one  
Has still been faithful to you, a try'd Soul  
In all your Father's Battels; I have seen him  
Beset a Friend against a score of Foes,  
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred  
For you, Sir, were you in some danger.

*All.* 'Till he kill'd his Brother, his Chancellor, the his  
Master, to which he can add nought to equal *Nero*,  
But killing of his Mother.

*Aubr.* Peace, brave Fool,



Thou valiant Afs: Here is his Brother too, Sir,  
 A Captain of your Guard, hath serv'd you long,  
 With the most noble witness of his truth  
 Mark'd in his Face, and every part about him,  
 That turns not from an Enemy. But view him,  
 Oh do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean  
 That he shall hold his Place: It is not safe  
 To tempt such Spirits, and let them wear their Swords,  
 You'll make your Guards your Terrors by these Acts,  
 And throw more Hearts off from you than you hold;  
 And I must tell you, Sir, with my old freedom,  
 And my old Faith to boot, you have not liv'd so  
 But that your state will need such Men, such hands  
 Of which here's one, shall in an hour of tryal,  
 Do you more certain Service with a stroke,  
 Than the whole bundle of your Flatterers,  
 With all the unsavory unction of their Tongues.

*Rol.* Peace, Talker.

*Aubr.* One that loves you yet, my Lord,  
 And would not see you pull on your own Ruins:  
 Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,  
 Awe and affrights are never tyes of Love;  
 And when Men begin to fear the Prince, they hate him?

*Rol.* Am I the Prince, or you?

*Aubr.* My Lord, I hope I have not utter'd ought should urge  
 that question.

*Rol.* Then practise your Obedience, see him dead.

*Aubr.* My Lord? *Roll.* I'll hear no more.

*Aubr.* I'm sorry then; there's no small despair, Sir, of their Safety,  
 whose Ears are block'd up against Truth; come, Captain.

*Ham.* I thank you, Sir.

*Aubr.* For what? for seeing thy Brother die a Man, and honest?  
 Live thou so, Captain, I will assure thee,

Although I die for't too; come—— [Ex. all but *Roll* and *Lat.*

*Rol.* Now, *Latorch*, what do you think? (boldest.

*Lat.* That *Aubrey's* Speech and Manners sound somewhat of the

*Rol.* 'Tis his custom.

*Lat.* It may be so, and yet be worth a fear. (too.

*Rol.* If we thought so, it should be worth his Life, and quickly

*Lat.* I dare not, Sir, be Author

Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous.

But with your Highness favour and your licence.

*Rol.* He talks, 'tis true; he is licens'd: Leave him,

We now are Duke alone, *Latorch*, secur'd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And



And see it ours with pleasure: Only one  
Wish'd joy there wants to make us to possess it,  
And that is *Editb*, *Editb*, she that got me  
In Blood and Tears, in such an opposite minute,  
As had I not at once felt all the flames  
And shafts of Love shot in me, his whole Armory,  
I should have thought him as far off as Death.

*Lat.* My Lord, expect a while, your Happiness  
Is nearer than you think it; yet her Griefs  
Are green and fresh, your vigilant *Latorch*  
Hath not been idle; I have leave already  
To visit her, and send to her.

*Rol.* My Life.

*Lat.* And if I find not out as speedy ways,  
And proper Instruments to work and bring her  
To your fruition; that she be not watch'd  
Tame to your Highness wish, say you have no Servant  
Is capable of such a trust about you,  
Or worthy to be Secretary of your Pleasure.

*Rol.* Oh my *Latorch*, what shall I render thee  
For all thy travels, care, and love?

*Lat.* Sir, one Suit, which I will ever importune, till you grant me.

*Rol.* About your Mathematicians?

*Lat.* Yes, to have  
The Scheme of your Nativity judg'd by them,  
I have't already erected; O my Lord,  
You do not know the labour of my fears,  
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope  
Any Security but from the Stars;  
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell Man more  
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.

*Rol.* All thy Petitions still are care of us.  
Ask for thy self.

*Lat.* What more can concern me, than this?

*Rol.* Well, rise true honest Man, and go then,  
We'll study our selves a means how to reward thee.

*Lat.* Your Grace is now inspir'd; now, now your Highness  
Begins to live, from this hour count your joys:  
But, Sir, I must have Warrants, with blanks figur'd,  
To put in Names, such as I like.

*Rol.* You shall.

*Lat.* They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure;  
Oh I shall bring you wonders; there's a Friar  
*Rufee*, an admirable Man, another  
A Gentleman, and then *la Fiske*,  
The Mirror of his Time; 'twas he that set it.



But there's one *Norbret* (him I never saw)  
 Has made a Mirror, a meer Looking-glass,  
 In shew you'd think't no other; the form Oval;  
 As I am given to understand by Letter,  
 Which renders you such Shapes, and those so differing;  
 And some that will be question'd and give answers;  
 Then has he set it in a Frame, that wrought  
 Unto the Revolutions of the Starr,  
 And so compact by due proportions  
 Unto their harmony, doth move alone  
 A true Automaton; thus *Dædalus* Statues,  
 Or *Vulcan's* Tools——

*Rol.* Dost thou believe this?

*Lat.* Sir? Why, what should stay my Faith, or turn my Sense?  
 He has been about it above twenty Years,  
 Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;  
 And Art and Time, Sir, can produce such things.  
 What do I read there of *Hiarbas* Banquet?  
 The great *Gymnosophist*, that had his Butlers  
 And Carvers of pure Gold waiting at Table?  
 The Images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?  
 The Wooden Door that flew? A Snake of Brass  
 That hiss'd? and Birds of Silver that did sing?  
 All those new done by the Mathematicks,  
 Without which there's no Science, nor no Truth.

*Rol.* You are in your spear, *Latorch*: and rather  
 Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it,  
 You've won upon me that I wish to see  
 My Fate before me now, what'er it be.

*Lat.* And I'll endeavour, you shall know with speed,  
 For which I should have one of trust go with me,  
 If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him  
 Send you my first Dispatches; after I  
 Shall bring you more, and as they come still more.

*Rol.* Take your way,  
 Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us.

[*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* *Rufee*, *de Bube*, *la Fiske*, *Norbret*, and *Pippeau*.

*Ruf.* Come, bear up Sirs, we shall have better days,  
 My Almanack tells me.

*Bub.* What is that? your Rump?

*Ruf.* It never itch'd in vain yet; s'lid *la Fiske*,  
 Throw off thy sluggish Face, I cannot abide  
 To see thee look like a poor Jade i'th' Pound,

That



That saw no Meat these three days.

*Fiske.* 'Slight to me

It seems thirteen Days since I saw any.

*Ruf.* How?

*Pif.* I can't remember that I ever saw  
Or Meat or Mony, you may talk of both  
To open a Man's Stomach or his Purse,  
But feed 'em still with Air.

*Bub.* Friar, I fear

You do not say your Office well a-days.

*Nor.* Pox, he feeds

With leachery, and lives upon th' exchange  
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the Market-women.

*Ruf.* And what do you, Sir, with the Advocate's Wife,  
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctoral Bed,  
To take the Mathematical Trance so often?

*Fiske.* Come, we are stark naught all, bad's the best of us,  
Four of the seven deadly spots we are;  
Besides our Leachery, we are envious,  
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,  
Most covetous now we want it; then our Boy  
He is a fifth spot, Sloth and he undoes us.

*Bub.* 'Tis true, the Child was wont to be industrious,  
And now and then sent to a Merchant's Wife  
Sick of the Husband, or a swearing Butler  
That miss'd of his Bowls, a crying Maid  
Had lost a Silver Spoon; the Curry Comb  
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;  
But now——

*Pip.* What now? Did not I Yester-morning  
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peasant,  
Whose Ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you  
Might conjure for him? and then last Night,  
Six Soulz from the Cook's Wife, you shar'd among you,  
To set a figure for the Pestle I stole,  
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,  
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You  
Talk of your Lands and Castles in the Air,  
Of your twelve Houses there: But it is I  
That bring you in your Rents for 'em, 'tis *Pippeare*  
That is your Bird-call.

*Nor.* Faith he does well,  
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs say  
In a fine dextrous Line.

*Fiske.* But not as he did  
At first, then he would sail with any Wind



Into every Creek and Corner.

*Pip.* I was light then,  
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,  
But now with often and far venturing for you  
Here be Leaks sprung, and whole Planks wanting, see you;  
If you'll new sheath me again, yet I am for you  
To any Bog or Sleights, where-e'er you'll send me;  
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark  
Put in for any Service; 'less it be  
O'th' Isle of Rogues, and there turn Pirate for you?

*Nor.* Faith he says Reason, Fryar, you must leave  
Your neat crisp Claret, and fall to your Cyder  
A while, and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons  
And Turkies for a time, and take a good  
Clean Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too must content him with  
wholsom two souz'd Petitoes, no more Crown Ordinaries, till we  
have cloath'd our Infant.

*Bube.* So you'll keep  
Your own good Motions, Doctor, your dear self.

*Fiske.* Yes, for we all do know the Latitude  
Of your Concupiscence.

*Ruf.* Here about your Belly.

*Bube.* You'll pick a Bottle open or a Whimsey,  
As soon as the belt of us.

*Fiske.* And dip your Wrist-bands,  
(For Cuffs you've none) as comely in the Sauce  
As any Courtier——hark, the Bell, who is there?

*Ruf.* Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.

*Pip.* They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is  
Of the Duke's Bed-chamber.

*Ruf.* *Latorch*, down,

On with your Gown, there's a new Suit arriv'd,  
Did I not tell you, Sons of Hunger? Crowns,  
Crowns are coming towards you, Wine and Wenches  
You shall have once again, and Fiddlers:  
Into your Studies close; each lay his Ear  
To his Door, and as you hear me to prepare you  
So come, and put me on that Vizard only.

*Enter Latorch, and Hamond.*

*Lat.* You'll not be far hence Captain, when the  
Business is done you shall receive present Dispatch.

*Ham.* I'll walk, Sir, in the Cloyster.

*Ruf.* Monsieur *Latorch*; my Son,  
The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.

*Iat.* I'm glad to hear their Secretary say so,  
My learned Father *Rufee*, where's *la Fiske*,

Monsieur



*The Bloody Brother.*

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*Monfieur de Bube*, how do they?

*Ruf.* At their Studies,  
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,  
Still at their Books, they will not be pull'd off,  
They stick like cupping Glasses; if ever Men  
Spoke with the Tongue of Destiny, 'tis they.

*Lat.* For loves sake let's salute 'em.

*Ruf.* Boy, go see,  
Tell them who's here, say, that their Friends do challenge  
Some portion of their Time, this is our Minute,  
Pray 'em they'll spare it: they are the Sun and Moon  
Of Knowledge; pity two such noble Lights  
Should live obscur'd here in an University,  
Whose Beams were fit t'illumine any Court  
Of Christendom.

*Enter la Fisk, de Bube, and Pippeau.*

*Lat.* The Duke will shortly know 'em.

*Fiske.* Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'll find it  
Four Almucanturies at least.

*Bube.* It is so.

*Ruf.* Still of their learned stuff, they care for nothing,  
But how to know, as negligent of their Bodies  
In Diet, or else, especially in their Cloaths,  
As if they had no change.

*Pip.* They have so little  
As well may free them from the Name of Shifters.

*Fiske.* Monsieur *Larorch*?

*Lat.* How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your Virtues?

*Bube.* A most happy hour, when we see you, Sir.

*Lat.* When you hear me then  
It will be happier; the Duke greets you both  
Thus, and though you may touch no Mony, Father,  
Yet you may take it.

*Ruf.* 'Tis his Highness Bounty,  
But yet to me, and these that have put off  
The World, superfluous,

*Fiske.* We have heard of late of his Highness good success.

*Bube.* And gratulate it.

*Lat.* Indeed he hath 'scap'd a strange Conspiracy,  
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prays, by me,  
You would again consult, and make a Judgment  
On what you lately erected for my Love.

*Ruf.* Oh, Sir, we dare not. *Fiske.* For our Lives.

*Bube.* It is the Prince's Scheme.

*Lat.* T'encounter with that fear,  
Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your Names,

And

And



And be secured all three.

*Bube.* We must intreat some Time, Sir.

*Lat.* I must then intreat, it be as present as you can.

*Fiske.* Have you the Scheme here? *Lat.* Yes.

*Ruf.* I would you had, Sir, another Warrant.

*Lat.* What would that do?

*Ruf.* Marry we have a Doctor, Sir, that in this Business  
Would not perform the second Part.

*Lat.* Not him that you writ to me of?

*Ruf.* The very same.

*Lat.* I should have made it, Sir, my suit to see him;  
Here is a Warrant, Father, I conceiv'd  
That he had solely applied himself to Magick.

*Ruf.* And to their Studies too Sir, in this Field  
He was initiated, but we shall hardly  
Draw him from his Chair.

*Lat.* Tell him he shall have Gold.

*Fiske.* Oh, such a Syllable would make him to forswear  
Ever to breath in your fight.

*Lat.* How then?

*Fiske.* Sir, he, if you do please to give him any thing,  
Must have't convey'd under a Paper.

*Ruf.* Or left behind some Book in his Study.

*Bube.* Or in some old Wall.

*Fiske.* Where his Familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases him, (Sir,

*Bube.* Or else I'll go and assay him.

*Lat.* Take Gold with you.

*Ruf.* That will not be amiss; give it the Boy, Sir,  
He knows his Holes, and how to bait his Spirits.

*Pip.* We must lay in several Places, Sir.

*Ruf.* That's true; that if one come not the other may hit.

*Lat.* Well go then; is he so learned, Gentlemen?

*Fiske.* The very top of our Profession, mouth of the Fates;  
Pray Heav'n his Spirits be in a good humour to take,  
They'll fling the Gold about the House else.

*Bube.* Ay, and beat the Fryer if he go not well  
Furnish'd with Holy-water,

*Fiske.* Sir, you must observe him.

*Bube.* Not cross him in a Word, for then he's gone.

*Fiske.* If he do come, which is a Hazard, yet  
Mafs he's here, this is speed.

*Enter* Norbret, Rusee, and Pippeau.

*Nor.* Where is our Scheme,  
Let's see, dispatch, nay stumbling now, who's this?

*Ruf.* Chief Gentleman of the Duke's Chamber, Doctor.

*Nor.* Oh let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtier,



I'll spare his Complement, tell him : what's here?  
The geniture Nocturnal, Longitude  
At forty Nine and ten Minutes? How are the Cardins?

*Fisk.* *Libra* in twenty four, forty four Minutes,  
And *Capricorn*.

*Nor.* I see it, see the Planets,  
Where, how are they dispos'd? The Sun and *Mercury*,  
*Mars* with the *Dragon's Tail* in the third House,  
And *pars Fortuna* in the *Imo Caeli*,  
Then *Jupiter* in the Twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.

*Bube.* And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta*.

*Nor.* I see it, peace, then *Saturn* in the Fifth,  
*Luna* i'th' Seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,  
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th' ascendent,  
And join'd with *Libra* too, the House of *Venus*,  
And *Junia Caeli*, *Mars* his Exaltation  
In the seventh House, *Aries* being his natural House  
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him  
To be the Almuten.

*Ruf.* Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,  
Whether you examine it by *Ptolemy's* way,  
Or *Messetbales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

*Fiske.* No other Planet hath so many Dignities  
Either by himself, or in regard of the Cusps.

*Nor.* Why hold your Tongue then if you know it; *Venus*  
The Lady of the Horoscope, being *Libra*,  
The other part, *Mars* rules: so that the Geniture,  
Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,  
None else being in sufficient Dignity,  
She being in *Aries* in the Seventh House,  
Where *Sol* Exalted, is the Alchoroden.

*Bube.* Yes, for you see he hath his Termin  
In the Degrees where she is, and enjoys  
By that, six Dignities.

*Fiske.* Which are clearly more  
Than any else that view her in the Scheme.

*Nor.* Why I saw this, and could have told you too,  
That he beholds her with a Trine Aspect  
Here out of *Sagittary*, almost partile,  
And how that *Mars* out of the self same House,  
(But another Sign) here by a Platique Aspect  
Looks at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling  
The House where the Sun is; all this could I  
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,  
That this same Quartile Aspect to the Lady of Life,  
Here in the Seventh, promises some Danger,



*Cauda Draconis* being so near *Mars*,  
And *Caput Algol* in the House of Death.

*Lat.* How, Sir? I pray you clear that.

*Nor.* What is the question first?

*Ruf.* Of the Duke's Life, what Dangers threaten him?

*Nor.* Apparent, and those sudden, when the Heyley  
Or Alchoroden by direction come  
To a Quartile opposition of the place  
Where *Mars* is in the Geniture (which is now  
At Hand) or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

*Lat.* But they may be prevented.

*Nor.* Wisdom only

That rules the Stars, may do it; for *Mars* being  
Lord of the Geniture in *Capricorn*,  
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,  
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope.  
So she being in her Exilium, which is *Scorpio*,  
And *Mars* his Gaudium, is o'er-rul'd by him,  
And clear debilitated five Degrees  
Beneath her ordinary Power, so

That, at the most, she can but mitigate.

*Lat.* You cannot name the Persons bring this danger?

*Nor.* No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no Man,  
That is a work, Sir, of another Place.

*Ruf.* Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewdly.

*Lat.* Sir, we do fear one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he  
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

*Fiske.* I know him, the Duke's Kinsman, a tall Man?  
Lay hold of't, *Norbret*.

*Nor.* Let me pause a little,

Is he not near of kin unto the Duke?

*Lat.* Yes, reverend Sir.

*Nor.* 'Fart for your Reverence, keep it till then; and somewhat

*Lat.* He is so. [high of Stature?

*Nor.* How old is he?

*Fiske.* About seven and fifty.

*Nor.* His Head and Beard inclining to be grey.

*Lat.* Right, Sir,

*Fiske.* And fat?

*Nor.* He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?

*Lat.* You speak the Mao, Sir.

*Nor.* Well, look to him, farewell.

[Exit Norbret]

*Lat.* Oh, it is *Aubrey*; Gentlemen, I pray you,  
Let me receive this under all your Hands.

*Ruf.* Why, he will shew you him in his Magic Glas  
If you intreat him, and but gratifie



A Spirit or two more.

*Lat.* He shall eat Gold

If he will have it, so shall you all; there's that  
Amongst you first, let me have this to send  
The Duke in the mean time; and then what fights  
You please to shew; I'll have you so rewarded  
As never Artists were, you shall to Court  
Along with me, and there wait your Fortunes.

*Babe.* We have a pretty part of't in our Pockets;  
Boy we will all be new, you shall along too.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Sophia, Matilda, and Edith.*

*Mat.* Good Madam, hear the Suit that *Edith* urges,  
With such submissive Beseeches; nor remain  
So strictly bound to Sorrow for your Son,  
That nothing else, though never so befitting,  
Obtains your Ears, or Observation.

*Soph.* What would she say? I hear.

*Ed.* My Suit is, Madam,  
That you would please to think as well of Justice  
Due to your Son's Revenge, as of more wrong added  
To both your selves for it, in only grieving.  
Th' undaunted Power of Princes should not be  
Confin'd in deedless cold Calamity;  
Anger, the Twin of Sorrow, in your Wrongs  
Should not be smother'd, when his Right of Birth  
Claims th' Air as well, and force of coming forth.

*Soph.* Sorrow is due already, Anger never  
Should be conceived, but where it may be born  
In some Fact fit t'employ his active Flame,  
That else consumes who bears it, and abides  
Like a false Star that quenches as it glides.

*Ed.* I have such means t'employ it as your Wish  
Can think no better, easier, or securer;  
And such as but th' Honours I intend  
To your Partakings, I alone could end,  
But your Parts in all dues to crying Blood  
For Vengeance in the Shedder, are much greater:  
And therefore should work your Hands to his Slaughter.  
For your Consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong  
To your severe and most impartial Justice,  
To move you to forget so false a Son  
As with a Mother's Duty made you curse him.

*Mat.* *Edith*, he is forgot, for any Son  
Born of my Mother, or to me a Brother.



For should we still perform our Rights to him  
 We should partake his Wrongs, and as foul be  
 In Blood and damned Parricide as he.  
 And therefore tell the happy means that Heav'n  
 Puts in thy Hand, for all our long'd-for Freedom  
 From so abhorr'd and impious a Monster.

*Sopb.* Tell what she will, I'll lend nor Hand nor Ear  
 To whatsoever Heav'n puts in her power. [Exit.]

*Mat.* How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes?  
 Sweet *Edith*, be not any Thought the more  
 Discourag'd in thy Purpose, but assured  
 Her Heart and Prayers are thine; and that we two  
 Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

*Edith.* Madam, my self alone, I make no doubt  
 Shall be afforded Power enough from Heav'n  
 To end the Murtherer: All I wish of you,  
 Is but some richer Ornaments and Jewels  
 Than I am able to provide my self,  
 To help out the Defects of my poor Beauty,  
 That yet hath been enough, as now it is,  
 To make his Fancy mad with my Desire?  
 But you know, Madam, Women never can  
 Be too fair to torment an amorous Man;  
 And this Man's Torments I would heighten still,  
 Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my Mother's,  
 And thou shalt paint too, that his Blood's Desire  
 May make him perish in a painted Fire;  
 Hast thou been with him yet?

*Edith.* Been with him? no;  
 I set that hour back to haste more his longing;  
 But I have promis'd to his Instruments,  
 The Admittance of a Visit at our House,  
 Where yet I would receive him with all Lustre  
 My Sorrow would give Leave to, to remove  
 Suspicion of my Purpose.

*Mat.* Thou shalt have  
 All I can add, sweet Wench, in Jewels, Tires,  
 I'll be my self th' Dier; nor may I  
 Serve my own Love with a contracted Husband  
 More sweetly, nor more amply, than may't thou  
 Thy forward Will with his bewitch'd Affections:  
 Affect'st thou any personal Aid of mine,  
 My noblest *Edith*?

*Edith.* Nought but your kind Prayers,  
 For full Effect and Speed of my Affair.



*Mat.* They are thine, my *Editb*, as for me, my own;  
For thou well know'st, if Blood shed of the best  
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear  
To shed Blood still? or where, alas, were then  
The endless Love we owe to worthy Men?

*Ed.* Love of the worthiest ever blefs your Highness.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Rollo with a Glass, Aubrey, and Servants.*

*Rol.* I Never studied my Glass till now,  
It is exceeding well; now leave me, Cousin,  
How takes your Eye the Object?

*Aubr.* I have learn'd  
So much, Sir, of the Courtier, as to say  
Your Person does become your Habit;  
But being call'd unto it by a noble War,  
Would grace an Armour better.

*Rol.* You are still  
For that great Art of which you are the Master;  
Yet I must tell you, that to the Encounters  
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring  
As troubled Blood, Fears mixt with flatt'ring Hopes,  
The Danger in the Service too as great,  
As when we are to charge quite through and through  
The Body of an Army.

*Aubr.* I'll not argue  
How you may rank the Dangers, but will die in't,  
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant  
In every Circumstance, as far as Honour  
Is from Shame and Repentance.

*Rol.* You are slow.

*Aubr.* I would speak my free Thoughts, yet not appear so;  
Nor am I so ambitious of the Title  
Of one that dares talk any thing that was  
Against the Torrent of his own Opinion,  
That I affect to speak ought may offend you;  
And therefore, gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think  
My Manners or Discretion have inform'd me  
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you:  
And not to check at what concerns me not:  
I look not with sore Eyes on your rich Out-side,  
Nor rack my Thoughts to find out to what purpose



'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,  
And that, I hope, offends not for a Subject  
Towards his Prince in things indifferent;  
To use the Austerity of a censuring *Caro*  
Is Arrogance, not Freedom.

*Rol.* I commend  
This Temper in you, and will cherish it.

*Enter Hamond with Letters.*

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* employed you?

*Ham.* True, Sir.

*Rol.* I must not now be troubled with a Thought  
Of any new Design; good *Aubrey* read 'em,  
And as they shall direct you, use my Power,  
Or to reply, or execute.

*Aubr.* I will, Sir.

*Rol.* And Captain, bring a Squadron of our Guard  
To th' House that late was *Baldwin's*, and there wait me.

*Ham.* I shall.

*Rol.* Some two Hours hence.

*Ham.* With my best Care.

*Rol.* Inspire me Love, and be thy Deity,  
Or scorn'd, or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me.

*Ham.* My stay to do my Duty, may be wrongs  
Your Lordship's Privacy.

*Aubr.* Captain, your Love  
Is ever welcome; I intreat your Patience  
While I peruse these.

*Ham.* I attend your Pleasure.

*Aubr.* How's this, a Plot on me?

*Ham.* What is contain'd

In th' Letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

*Aubr.* To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my Head  
Brought to the Axe by Knaves that cheat for Bread?

The Creatures of a Parasite, a Slave;  
I find you here *Latorch*, nor wonder at it;  
But that this honest Captain should be made  
His Instrument, afflicts me; I'll make Trial  
Whether his Will or Weakness made him do it.  
Captain, you saw the Duke, when he commanded  
I should do what these Letters did direct me,  
And I presume you think I'll not neglect,  
For Fear or Favour, to remove all Dangers,  
How near soever that Man can be to me  
From whom they should have Birth.

*Ham.* It is confirm'd.

*Aubr.* Nor would you, Captain, I believe, refuse,

[Exit.

*The Bloody Brother.*

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Or for respect of Thankfulness, or Hopes,  
To use your Sword with tullest Confidence  
Where he shall bid you strike.

*Ham.* I never have done

*Aubr.* Nor will, I think——

*Ham.* I hope it is not question'd.

*Aubr.* The means to have it so, is now propos'd you.  
Draw ; so, 'tis well ; and next cut off my Head.

*Ham.* What means your Lordship ?

*Aubr.* 'Tis, Sir, the Duke's Pleasure :  
My Innocence hath made me dangerous,  
And I must be remov'd, and you the Man  
Must act his Will.

*Ham.* I'll be a Traitor first, before I serve it thus.

*Aubr.* It must be done,

And that you may not doubt it, there's your Warrant,  
But as you read, remember, *Hamond*, that  
I never wrong'd one of your brave Profession ;  
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve  
That Man of whose Love I was most ambitious  
Could find no Object of his Hate but me.

*Ham.* It is no Time to talk now, honour'd Sir,  
Be pleas'd to hear thy Servant, I am wrong'd,  
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,  
Stay to express the manner how ; but if  
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs,  
Your life is dearer to me than my own,  
May I live base, and dye so : Sir, your pardon.

[*Ex. Ham.*

*Aubr.* I am both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for slaughter ;  
On every side, about, behind, before me,  
My certain Fate is fix'd : Were I a Knavé now,  
I could avoid this : Had my Actions  
But meer relations to their own Ends, I could 'scape now :  
Oh Honesty ! thou elder Child of Virtue,  
Thou seed of Heav'n, why to acquire thy Goodness  
Should Malice and Distrust stick Thorns before us,  
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards ?  
But Heav'n is got by suffering, not disputing ;  
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then ?  
Or say he does know it, where's my Loyalty ?  
I know his Nature, troubled as the Sea,  
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,  
And I know Princes are their own Expounders.  
Am I afraid of Death ? of dying nobly ?  
Of dying in mine Innocence uprightly ?  
Have I met Death in all his forms, and fears,

Now

Now on the points of Swords, now pitch'd on Lances,  
 In fires, and storms of Arrows, Battles, Breaches,  
 And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me  
 Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'll meet him;  
 My Loyal Hand and Heart shall give this to him,  
 And though it bear beyond what Poets feign  
 A Punishment, Duty shall meet that pain;  
 And my most constant Heart, to do him good,  
 Shall check at neither pale Affright nor Blood.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Dutchess presently would crave your presence.

*Aubr.* I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep  
 Thy Honour living, though thy Body sleep.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Edith, a Boy, and a Banquet set out.*

*Edith.* Now for a Father's Murther, and thy ruin,  
 All Chastity shall suffer if he reign;  
 Thou blessed Soul, look down, and steel thy Daughter,  
 Look on the Sacrifice she comes to send thee,  
 And through the bloody Clouds behold my Piety,  
 Take from my cold Heart fear, from my Sex pity,  
 And as I wipe these Tears off, shed for thee,  
 So all remembrance may I lose of Mercy;  
 Give me a Woman's anger bent to Blood,  
 The wildness of the Winds to drown his Prayers,  
 Storm-like may my Destruction fall upon him,  
 My Rage like roving Billows as they rise,  
 Pour'd on his Soul to sink it, give me Flattery,  
 (For yet my constant Soul ne'er knew dissembling)  
 Flattery the food of Fools, that I may rock him  
 And lull him in the Down of his Desires;  
 That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,  
 His Heav'n forgot, and all his Lusts upon him,  
 My Hand, like Thunder from a Cloud, may seize him.  
 I hear him come, go Boy, and entertain him.

*Enter Rollo.*

## S O N G.

*Take, oh take those Lips away  
 That so sweetly were forsworn,  
 And those Eyes, like break of day,  
 Lights that do mis-lead the Morn;  
 But my Kisses bring again,  
 Seals of Love, though seal'd in vain.*

*Hide,*



Hide, oh hide those hills of Snow,  
Which thy frozen Blossom bears,  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears,  
But first set my poor Heart free,  
Bound in those Ivy Chains by thee.

*Rol.* What bright Star, taking Beauty's form upon her,  
In all the happy lustre of Heav'n's glory,  
Has drop'd down from the Sky to comfort me?  
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee  
My rude hand touch thy Beauty, nor this Kiss,  
The gentle Sacrifice of Love and Service,  
Be offer'd to the honour of thy Sweetness.

*Ed.* My gracious Lord, no Deity dwells here,  
Nor nothing of that Virtue, but Obedience,  
The Servant to your Will affects no flattery.

*Rol.* Can it be flattery to swear those Eyes  
Are Love's eternal Lamps he fires all Hearts with?  
That Tongue the smart string to his Bow? those Sighs  
The deadly Shafts he sends into our Souls?  
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of Beauty.

*Ed.* Your Grace is full of game.

*Rol.* By Heav'n, my *Edith*,  
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee.

*Ed.* And thine on Brambles, that have prick'd her Heart out.

*Rol.* The sweetness of th' *Arabian* Wind still blowing  
Upon the treasures of Perfumes and Spices,  
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee Mistress.

*Ed.* Will't please you sit, Sir?

*Rol.* So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle Maid, there is no speaking to thee,  
The Excellency that appears upon thee  
Tyes up my Tongue: Pray speak to me.

*Ed.* Of what, Sir?

*Rol.* Of any thing, any thing is excellent.  
Will you take my directions? speak of Love then;  
Speak of thy fair self, *Edith*; and while thou speak'st,  
Let me, thus languishing, give up my self, *Wench*.

*Ed.* H'as a strange cunning Tongue. Why do you sigh, Sir?  
How masterly he turns himself to catch me?

*Rol.* The way to Paradise, my gentle Maid,  
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repenance finding,  
With all her holy helps, the Door to enter:  
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feel?

*Ed.* Your Tears, Sir.

You weep extremly; strengthen me now Justice.  
Why are these Sorrows, Sir?

*Rol.* Thou'lt never love me

If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left  
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,  
But swimming thither in these Tears.

*Ed.* I stagger. *Rol.* Are they not drops of Blood?

*Ed.* No. *Rol.* They're for Blood then,  
For guileless Blood, and they must drop, my *Editb.*  
They must thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

*Ed.* If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

*Rol.* I prithee look upon me, turn not from me;  
Alas I do confess I'm made of mischiefs,  
Begot with all Man's miseries upon me;  
But see my sorrows, Maid, and do not thou,  
Whose only sweetest Sacrifice is Softness,  
Whose true condition, Tenderness of Nature——

*Ed.* My Anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my Justice.

*Rol.* Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,  
As I have done, to murder with thy Eyes,  
Those blessed Eyes, as I have done with Malice.  
When thou hast wounded me to death with Scorn,  
(As I deserve it, Lady) for my true Love,  
When thou hast loaden me with Earth for ever,  
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,  
Take heed my nightly Dreams of Death and Horrour  
Pursue thee not; No time shall tell thy Grievs then,  
Nor shall an hour of Joy add to thy Beauties.  
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy Father,  
As I was smear'd in Blood, do not thou hate me,  
But thus in whiteness of my wash'd Repentance,  
In my Heart's Tears and truth of love to *Editb.*  
In my fair life hereafter.

*Ed.* He will fool me.

*Rol.* Oh with thine Angel Eyes behold and close mine  
Of Heav'n we call for Mercy, and obtain it;  
To Justice for our Right on Earth, and have it;  
Of thee I beg for Love, save me, and give it.

*Ed.* Now Heav'n thy help, or I am gone for ever,  
His Tongue has turn'd me into melting Pity.

*Enter Hamond and Guard.*

*Ham.* Keep the Doors safe, and upon pain of Death  
Let no Man enter 'till I give the word.

*Guard.* We shall, Sir.

*Ham.* Here he is in all his pleasure; I have my wish.

*Rol.* How now? Why dost thou stare so?

[*Exeunt.*

*Ed.*

*Ed.* A help, I hope.  
*Rol.* What dost thou here? who sent thee?  
*Ham.* My Brother, and the base malicious Office  
 Thou mad'st me do to *Aubrey*; pray. *Rol.* Pray?  
*Ham.* Pray; pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy Soul else,  
 Pray suddenly. *Rol.* Thou can't not be so traiterous.  
*Ham.* It is a Justice; stay, Lady;  
 For I perceive your End; a Woman's Hand  
 Must not rob me of Vengeance. *Ed.* 'Tis my Glory.  
*Ham.* 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me; by the Gods, *Rollo*,  
 There is no way to save thy Life. *Rol.* No?  
*Ham.* No, it is so monstrous, no Repentance cures it.  
*Rol.* Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood  
 Will cast upon thy cursed Head. *Ham.* Poor Guard, Sir.  
*Ed.* Spare not, brave Captain.  
*Rol.* Fear or the Devil has thee.  
*Ham.* Such fear, Sir, as you gave your honour'd Mother,  
 When your most virtuous Brother, shield-like, held her,  
 Such I'll give you; put her away.  
*Rol.* I will not, I will not die so tamely. (thee?)  
*Ham.* Murtherous Villain, wilt thou draw Seas of Blood upon  
*Ed.* Fear not, kill him good Captain, any way dispatch him,  
 My Body's honour'd with that Sword that through me  
 Sends his black Soul to Hell: Oh, but for one hand.  
*Ham.* Shake him off bravely.  
*Ed.* He's too strong, strike him.  
*Ham.* Oh, am I with you, Sir? Now keep you from him.  
 What, has he got a Knife?  
*Ed.* Look to him, Captain, for now he will be mischievous.  
*Ham.* Do you smile, Sir?  
 Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more.  
*Ed.* Oh bravely thrust; take heed he come not in, Sir;  
 To him again, you give him too much repite.  
*Rol.* Yet will you save my life, and I'll forgive thee,  
 And give thee all, all Honours, all Advancements,  
 Call thee my Friend. *Ed.* Strike, strike, and hear him not.  
 His Tongue will tempt a Saint. *Rol.* Oh for my Soul sake.  
*Ed.* Save nothing of him.  
*Ham.* Now for your farewell,  
 Are you so wary? take you that. *Rol.* Thou that too;  
 Oh thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely. [Dis.]  
*Ed.* The just Reward of Murthe' falls upon thee.  
 How do you, Sir? Has he not hut you?  
*Ham.* No, I feel not any thing.  
*Aubr.* I charge you let us pass [Within.]  
*Guard.* You cannot yet, Sir. *Aubr.* I'll make way then.

*Guard.* We are sworn to our Captain, and 'till he give the Word.

*Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and Attendants.*

*Ham.* Now let them in there. *Soph.* Oh, here he lies. Sorrow on sorrow seeks me. Oh, in his Blood he lies.

*Aubr.* Had you spoke sooner  
This might have been prevented;  
Take the Dutchess,  
And lead her off, this is no fight for her Eyes.

*Mat.* Oh bravely done, Wench.

*Ed.* There stands the noble Doer.

*Mat.* My Honour ever seek thee for thy Justice,  
Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave Adventure,  
A Justice even for Heav'n to envy at.  
Farewel my Sorrows, and my Tears take truce,  
My wishes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,  
'Till this hour never beauteous; 'till thy life,  
Like a full Sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,  
Flow'd from thee in these Rivers, never righteous:  
Oh how my Eyes are quarry'd with their joys now?  
My longing Heart even leaping out for lightness?  
But dye thy black sins with thee, I forgive thee.

*Aubr.* Who did this deed?

*Ham.* I, and I'll answer it.

*Ed.* He faints, oh that same cursed Knife has kill'd him! [Dies.]

*Aubr.* How?

*Ed.* He snatch'd it from my Hand, for whom I bore it,  
And as they grappl'd

*Aubr.* Justice is ever equal,  
Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest.  
Did you know of his Death?

*Ed.* Yes, and rejoyce in't.

*Aubr.* I'm sorry for your Youth then; though the Strictness  
Of Law shall not fall on you, that of Life  
Must presently; go to a Coyster, carry her,  
And there for ever lead your Life in Penitence.

*Ed.* Best Father to my Soul, I give you Thanks, Sir:  
And now my fair Revenges have their ends,  
My Vows shall be my Kin, my Prayers my Friends. [Exit.]

*Enter Latoch, and Juglers.*

*Lat.* Stay there, I'll step in and prepare the Duke.

*Nor.* We shall have brave Rewards?

*Fisk.* That is without question.

*Lat.* By this Time where's my puffing Friend, Lord *Aubrey*?  
Where's that good Gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,  
And burst my self with meer Imagination:



*The Bloody Brother.*

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A wise Man, and a valiant Man, a just Man;  
To suffer himself be juggl'd out of the World,  
By a Number of poor Gipsies? farewell Swash-buckler,  
For I know thy Mouth is cold enough by this Time;  
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,  
And ne'er draw Blood in shew: Now shall my Honour,  
My Power and Virtue walk alone: My Pleasure  
Observ'd by all, all Knees bend to my Worship,  
All Suits to me as Saint of all their Fortunes,  
Prefer'd and crowded to, what full Place of Credit,  
And what Place now? your Lordship? no, 'tis common,  
But that I'll think to morrow on; now for my Business.

*Aubr.* Who's there?

*Lat.* Dead, my Master dead? *Aubrey* alive too?

*Gua. Latorch,* Sir. *Aubr.* Seize his Body.

*Lat.* My Master dead?

*Aubr.* And you within this half Hour,  
Prepare your self, good Devil, you must to it,  
Millions of Gold shall not redeem thy Mischief.  
Behold the Justice of thy Practice, Villain;  
The Mass of Murthers thou hast drawn upon us;  
Behold thy Doctrine; you look now for Reward, Sir,  
To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your Labours?  
And you shall have it; make his Gallows higher  
By ten Foot at the least, and then advance him.

*Lat.* Mercy, Mercy. *Aubrey.* 'Tis too late, Fool,  
Such as you meant for me, away with him. [*He is led out.*]  
What gaping Knaves are these? bring 'em in, Fellows.  
Now, what are you?

*Nor.* Mathematicians, if it please your Lordship.

*Aubr.* And you drew a Figure?

*Fisk.* We have drawn many.

*Aubr.* For the Duke, I mean; Sir *Latorch's* Knaves you are.

*Nor.* We know the Gentleman.

*Aubr.* What did he promise you?

*Nor.* We are paid already.

*Aubr.* But I will see you better paid; go whip them.

*Nor.* We do beseech your Lordship, we were hir'd.

*Aubr.* I know you were, and you shall have your Hire;  
Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,  
Till he record himself a Rogue.

*Nor.* I am one, Sir.

*Aubr.* Whip him for being one, and when th'are whipt,  
Lead 'em to the Gallows to see their Patron hang'd:  
Away with them.

*Nor.* Ah, good my Lord.

[*They are led out.*]

*Aubr.*

*The Bloody Brother.*

*Aubr.* Now to mine own Right, Gentlemen.

*1 Lord.* You have the next indeed, we all confess it,  
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

*2 Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer  
Than Blood or Mischiefs dare infringe again,  
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,  
Full of the Blood as you are, of that Nearness,  
How blessed would it be?

*Aubr.* I apprehend you, and so the fair *Matilda* dare accept  
Me, her ever constant Servant.

*Mat.* In all Purenness,  
In all Humility of Heart and Services,  
To the most noble *Aubrey*, I submit me.

*Aubr.* Then this is our first Tie, now to our Business.

*1 Lord.* We are ready all to put the Honour on you, Sir.

*Aubr.* These sad Rites must be done first: Take up the Bodies ;  
This, as he was a Prince, so Princely Funeral  
Shall wait upon him: On this honest Captain,  
The Decency of Arms, a Tear for him too.

*So, sadly on, and as we view his Blood,  
May his Example in our Rule raise Good.*



F I N I S.











