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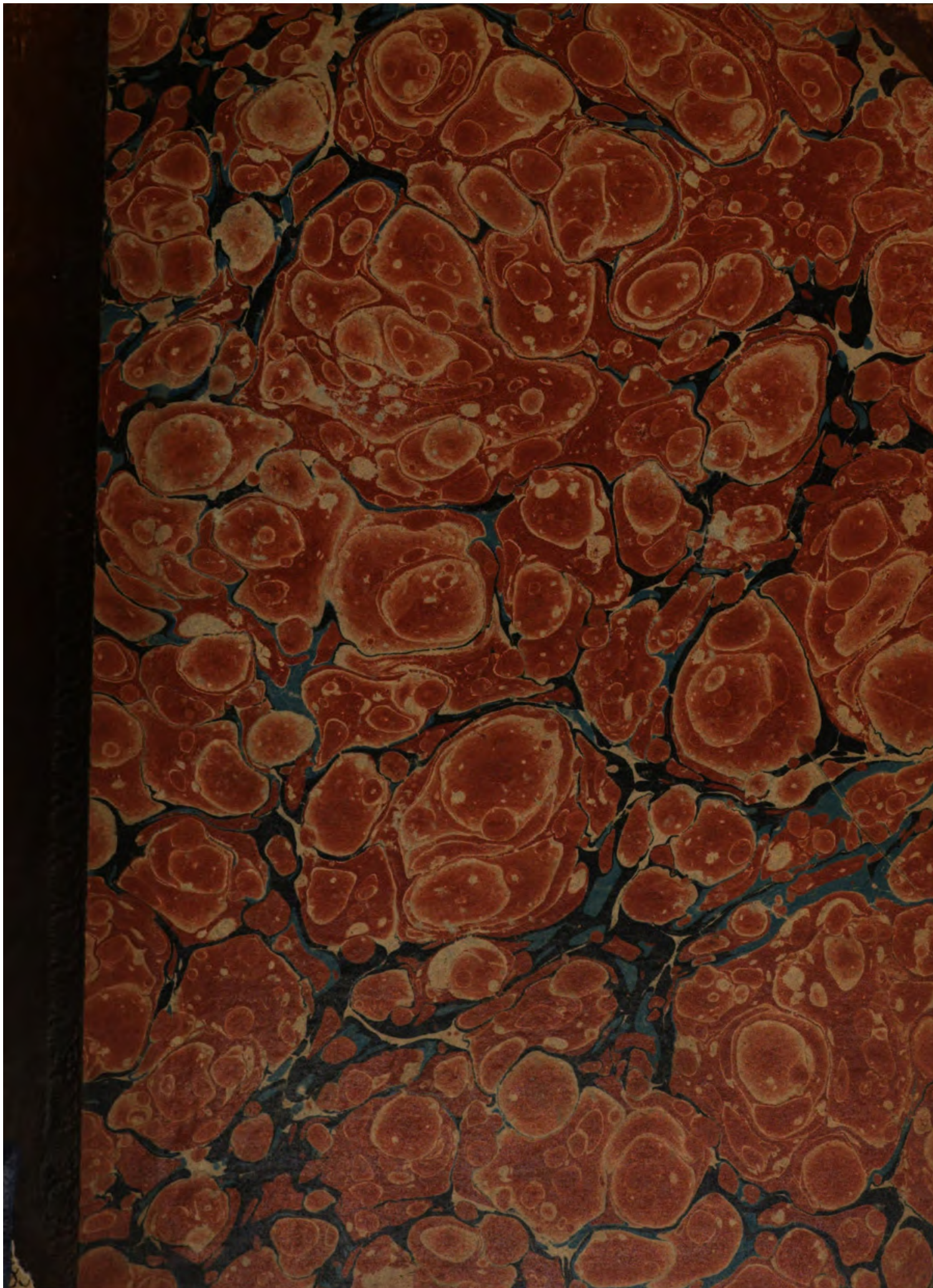
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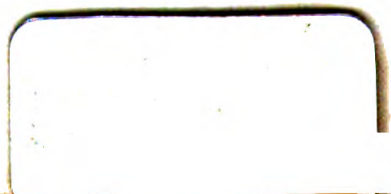


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A-H. C. Slight cropping. Small defect in Atlantic edge.  
4.5.53.

Malone. B. 189.







A  
**Wife for a Month.**

A  
**TRAGI-COMEDY**

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT,*

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER.*



**L O N D O N,**

Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar.* 1717.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE



1850

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# PROLOGUE.

**Y**OU are welcome, Gentlemen, and would our  
Feast

Were so well season'd, to please every Guest;  
Ingenuous Appetites, I hope we shall,  
And their Examples may prevail in all.  
Our noble Friend, who writ this, bid me say,  
He had rather dress, upon a Triumph Day,  
My Lord Mayor's Feast, and make him Sauces too,  
Sauce for each several Mouth, may further go,  
He had rather build up those invincible Pies  
And Castle Custards that affright all Eyes,  
Nay eat 'em all and their Artillery,  
Than dress for such a curious Company  
One single Dish; yet he has pleas'd ye too,  
And you've confess'd he knew well what to do;  
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring  
Sharp Stomachs to the Stories he shall sing,  
And he dare yet, he says, prepare a Table  
Shall make you say, well drest, and he well able.



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**A**lphonso, *King of Naples, elder Brother to Frederick.*  
Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous Brother to*  
*Alphonso, and Usurper of his Kingdom.*

Sorano, *a Lord, Brother to Evanthe, Frederick's wicked*  
*Instrument.*

Valerio, *a noble young Lord, Servant to Evanthe.*

Camillo,  
Cleanthes, } *three honest Court Lords.*  
Menallo,

Rugio, *an honest Lord, Friend to Alphonso.*

Marco, *a Friar, Alphonso's Friend.*

Podramo, *a necessary Creature to Sorano.*

Tonie, *King Frederick's Knavish Fool.*

Castruccio, *Captain of the Cittadel, an honest Man.*

Cupid, *Graces, with other Masquers.*

*Citizens, Lawyer, Physician, Captain, Cut-purse,*  
*Fool, and Attendants.*

## W O M E N.

*Queen, Wife to Frederick, a virtuous Lady.*

Evanthe, *Sister to Sorano, the chaste Wife of Valerio, or*  
*a Wife for a Month.*

Cassandra, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to Evanthe.*  
*Ladies.*

*City Wives.*

## S C E N E N A P L E S.

A

# WIFE *for a* MONTH.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Attendants.*

*Sor.* WILL your Grace speak?

*Fred.* Let me alone, *Sorano*,  
Although my Thoughts seem sad, they are welcome to me.

*Sor.* You know I am private as your secret Wishes,  
Ready to fling my Soul upon your Service,  
E'er your Command be on't. *Fred.* Bid those depart.

*Sor.* You must retire, my Lords.

*Cam.* What new design is hammering in his Head now?

*Cle.* Let's pray heartily  
None of our Heads meet with it; my Wife's old,  
That's all my comfort.

*Men.* Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,  
And I think honest too, 'twould make me start else.

*Cam.* Mine's troubled in the Country with a Fever,  
And some few Infirmities else; he looks again,  
Come let's retire, certain 'tis some the business,  
This new Lord is employed.

*Val.* I'll not be far off, because I doubt the Cause. [Exit.

*Fred.* Are they all gone? *Sor.* All but your faithful Servant.

*Fred.* I would tell thee,  
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.

*Sor.* Pray ye speak it, is it my Head? I have it ready for ye, Sir:  
Is't any Action in my Power? My Wit?  
I care not of what Nature, nor what follows.

*Fred.* I am in Love.

*Sor.* That's the least thing of a thousand,  
The easiest to atchieve. *Fred.* But with whom, *Sorano*?

*Sor.* With whom you please, you must not be deny'd, Sir.

*Fred.* Say it be with one of thy Kinswomen.

*Sor.*

*Sor.* Say with all.

I shall more love your Grace, I shall more honour ye,  
And would I had enough to serve your Pleasure.

*Fred.* Why 'tis thy Sister then, the fair *Evanthe*,  
I'll be plain with thee.

*Sor.* I'll be as plain with you, Sir;  
She brought not her Perfections to the World,  
To lock them in a Case, or hang 'em by her,  
The use is all she breeds 'em for; she is yours, Sir.

*Fred.* Dost thou mean seriously? *Sor.* I mean my Sister;  
And if I had a Dozen more, they were all yours:  
Some Aunts I have, they have been handsome Women,  
My Mother's dead indeed, and some few Cousins  
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.

*Fred.* No, 'tis *Evanthe*.

*Sor.* I have sent my Man unto her,  
Upon some Business to come presently  
Hither, she shall come; your Grace dare speak unto her?  
Large golden Promises, and sweet Language, Sir,  
You know what they work; she is a compleat Courtier:  
Besides, I'll set in.

*Fred.* She waits upon my Queen,  
What Jealousie and Anger may arise,  
Incens'ing her?

*Sor.* You have a good sweet Lady,  
A Woman of so even and still a Temper,  
She knows not Anger; say she were a Fury,  
I had thought you had been absolute, the great King;  
The Fountain of all Honours, Plays and Pleasures,  
Your Will and your Commands unbounded also;  
Go get a Pair of Beads, and learn to pray, Sir.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, your Servant stays.

*Sor.* Bid him come hither, and bring the Lady with him.

*Fred.* I will woo her,  
And either lose my self, or win her Favour.

*Sor.* She is coming in.

*Fred.* Thy Eyes shoot through the Door,  
They are so piercing, that the Beams they dart  
Give new Light to the Room.

*Enter Podramo and Evanthe.*

*Evan.* Whither dost thou go?

This is the King's side, and his private Lodgings,  
What Business have I here? *Pod.* My Lord sent for ye.

*Evan.* His Lodgings are below, you are mistaken,  
We left them at the stair Foot. *Pod.* Good sweet Madam.

*Evan.*

*Evan.* I am no Counsellor, nor important Sutor;  
Nor have no private Business through the Chambers,  
To seek him this way; o' my Life thou art drunk,  
Or worse than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither  
To some base end; now I look on thee better,  
Thou hast a bawdy Face, and I abhor thee,  
A beastly bawdy Face, I'll go no further.

*Sor.* Nay shrink not back, indeed you shall, good Sister.  
Why do you blush? the good King will not hurt ye,  
He honours ye, and loves ye.

*Evan.* Is this the Business?

*Sor.* Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at, if you be wife.

*Evan.* My Father was no Bawd, Sir,  
Nor of that worshipful Stock, as I remember.

*Sor.* You are a Fool.

*Evan.* You are that I shame to tell ye.

*Fred.* Gentle *Evanthe*.

*Evan.* The gracious Queen, Sir,  
Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it,  
And as I think she waits you in the Garden.

*Fred.* Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden,  
I talk of thee, sweet Flower.

*Evan.* Your Grace is pleasant,  
To mistake a Nettle for a Rose.

*Fred.* No Rose, nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth  
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,  
Softness, and satisfying Blessedness,  
As my *Evanthe*.

*Evan.* Your Grace speaks very feelingly;  
I would not be a handsome Wench in your way, Sir,  
For a new Gown. *Fred.* Thou art all Handsomness;  
Nature will be asham'd to frame another  
Now thou art made, thou hast robb'd her of her cunning:  
Each several part about thee is a Beauty.

*Sor.* Do you hear this, Sister?

*Evan.* Yes, unworthy Brother, but all this will not do.

*Fred.* But love *Evanthe*,

Thou shalt have more than Words, Wealth, Ease and Honours,  
My tender Wench. *Evan.* Be tender of my Credit,  
And I shall love you, Sir, and I shall honour ye.

*Fred.* I love thee to enjoy thee, my *Evanthe*,  
To give thee the content of Love.

*Evan.* Hold, hold, Sir, ye are too fleet;  
I have some Business this way, your Grace can ne'er content.

*Sor.* You stubborn Toy.

*Evan.* Good my Lord *Bard* I thank ye.

*Fred.* Thou shalt not go, believe me, sweet *Evanthe*,

So high I will advance thee for this Favour,  
 So rich and potent I will raise thy Fortune,  
 And thy Friends mighty. *Evan.* Good your Grace be patient,  
 I shall make the worst honourable Wench that ever was,  
 Shame your Discretion, and your Choice.

*Fred.* Thou shalt nor.

*Evan.* Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,  
 And shine above the rest, and scorn all Beauties,  
 And mighty in Command? *Fred.* Thou shalt be any thing.

*Evan.* Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank ye.

Have you not such a Title to bestow too?  
 If I prove otherwise, I would know but this, Sir;  
 Can all the Power you have, or all the Riches,  
 But tie Mens Tongues up from discoursing of me,  
 Their Eyes from gazing at my glorious Folly,  
 Time that shall come, from wondering at my Impudence,  
 And they that read my wanton Life, from Curses?  
 Can you do this? Have ye this Magick in ye?  
 This is not in your Power, though you be a Prince, Sir,  
 No more than Evil is in holy Angels,  
 Nor I, I hope. Get Wantonness confirm'd  
 By Act of Parliament an Honesty,  
 And so receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to ye.

Heav'n guide your Grace. *Fred.* *Evan* be, stay a little,  
 I'll no more Wantonness, I'll marry thee.

*Evan* What shall the Queen do? *Fred.* I'll be divorced from her.

*Evan.* Can you tell why? What has she done against ye?  
 Has she contriv'd a Treason 'gainst your Person?  
 Abus'd your Bed? does Disobedience urge ye?

*Fred.* That's all one, 'tis my Will. *Evan.* 'Tis a most wicked one,  
 A most absurd one, and will show a Monster.

I had rather be a Whore, and with less Sin,  
 To your present Lust, than Queen to your Injustice.

Yours is no Love, Faith and Religion fly it,  
 Nor has no Taste of fair Affection in it.

Some Hellish Flame abuses your fair Body,  
 And Hellish Furies blow it; look behind ye,

Divorce you from a Woman of her Beauty,  
 Of her Integrity, her Piety?

Her Love to you, to all that honours ye;  
 Her chaste and virtuous Love, are these fit Causes?

What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd ye?  
 You may find time out in Eternitty,

Deceit and Violence in heav'nly Justice;

Life in the Grave, and Death among the Blessed,  
 E'er Spain or Brack in her sweet Reputation.

*A Wife for a Month.*

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*Sor.* You have fool'd enough, be wise now, and a Woman;  
You have shew'd a Modesty sufficient,  
If not too much, for Court.

*Evan.* You have shew'd an Impudence,  
A more experienc'd Bawd would blush and shake at;  
You will make my Kindred mighty.

*Fred.* Prithee hear me.

*Evan.* I do Sir, and I count it a great Offer.

*Fred.* Any of thine.

*Evan.* 'Tis like enough you may clap Honour on them,  
But how 'twill fit, and how Men will adore it,  
Is still the Question. I'll tell you what they'll say, Sir,  
What the Report will be, and 'twill be true too,  
And it must needs be Comfort to your Master;  
These are the Issues of her Impudence.

I'll tell your Grace, so dear I hold the Queen,  
So dear that Honour that she nurs'd me up in,  
I would first take to me, for my Lust, a Moor,  
One of your Gally-slaves, that Cold and Hunger,  
Decrepit Misery, had made a mock-Man,

Than be your Queen. *Fred.* You are bravely resolute.

*Evan.* I had rather be a Leper, and be shun'd,  
And dye by Pieces, rot into my Grave,  
Leaving no Memory behind to know me,  
Than be a high Whore to Eternity.

*Fred.* You have another Gamester I perceive by ye,  
You durst not slight me else. *Sor.* I'll find him out,  
Though he lye next thy Heart hid, I'll discover him,  
And ye pound peat, I'll make you curse your Insolence.

*Val.* Tongue of an Angel, and the truth of Heav'n,  
How am I blest!

[Exit Val.]

*Sor.* Podrains go in haste

To my Sister's Gentlewoman, you know her well,  
And bid her send her Mistress presently  
The lesser Cabinet she keeps her Letters in,

And such like Toys, and bring it to me instantly. Away.

*Pod.* I am gone.

[Exit.]

*Enter the Queen with two Ladies.*

*Sor.* The Queen.

*Fred.* Let's quit the Place, she may grow jealous.

[Ex. Fred. Sorano.]

*Queen.* So suddenly departed! what's the Reason?  
Does my Approach displease his Grace? are my Eyes  
So hateful to him? or my Conversation  
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe*,  
Are you there? then I see his Shame.

B

*Evan.*

*Evan.* 'Tis true, Madam,  
'Thas pleased his Goodness to be pleasant with me.  
*Queen.* 'Tis strange to find thy Modesty in this Place,  
Does the King offer fair? Does thy Face take him?  
Ne'er blush *Evanthe*, 'tis a very sweet one,  
Does he rain Gold, and precious Promises  
Into thy Lap? Will he advance thy Fortunes?  
Shalt thou be mighty, Wench? *Evan.* Never mock, Madam;  
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,  
At least reveng'd; I can be mighty, Lady,  
And glorious too, glorious and great, as you are.

*Queen.* He will marry thee?

*Evan.* Who would not be a Queen, Madam?

*Queen.* 'Tis true *Evanthe*, 'tis a brave Ambition,  
A golden Dream, that may delude a good Mind;  
What shall become of me? *Evan.* You must learn to pray,  
Your Age and Honour will become a Nunnery.

*Queen.* Wilt thou remember me?

*Evan.* She weeps. Sweet Lady

[Weeps]

Upon my Knees I ask your sacred Pardon,  
For my rude Boldness; and know, my sweet Mistress,  
If e'er there were Ambition in *Evanthe*,  
It was and is to do you faithful Duties:  
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,  
And with no few and potent Charms, to wrong ye,  
To violate the chaste Joys of your Bed;  
And those not taking hold, to usurp your State;  
But she that has been bred up under ye,  
And daily fed upon your virtuous Precepts,  
Still growing strong by Example of your Goodness,  
Having no errant Motion from Obedience,  
Flies from these Vanities, as meer Illusions;  
And arm'd with Honesty, defies all Promises.  
In token of this Truth, I lay my Life down  
Under your sacred Foot, to do you Service.

*Queen.* Rise my true Friend, thou virtuous Bud of Beauty,  
Thou Virgin's Honour, sweetly blow and flourish;  
And that rude nipping Wind, that seeks to blast thee,  
Or raint thy Root, be curst to all Posterity;  
To my Protection from this Hour I take ye,  
Yes, and the King shall know——

*Evan.* Give his Heat way, Madam,  
And 'twill go out again, he may forget all. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.*

*Cam.* What have we to do with the Times? we cannot cure 'em.  
Let 'em go on, when they are swoln with Surfeits

They'll

They'll burst and stink, then all the World shall smell 'em.

*Cle.* A Man may live a Bawd, and be an honest Man.

*Men.* Yes, and a wise Man too, 'tis a virtuous Calling.

*Cam.* To his own Wife especially, or to his Sister,  
The nearer to his own Blood, still the honestest :  
There want such honest Men, would we had more of 'em.

*Men.* To be a Villain is no such rude Matter.

*Cam.* No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect,  
Art makes all excellent : What is it, Gentlemen,  
In a good Cause to kill a Dozen Coxcombs,  
That blunt rude Fellows call good Patriots ?  
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

*Men.* 'Tis e'en as much, as easie too, as honest, and as clear,  
To ravish Matrons, and deflower coy Wenches ;  
But here they are so willing, 'tis a Complement.

*Cle.* To pull down Churches with pretension  
To build 'em fairer, may be done with Honour,  
And all this time believe no Gods.

*Cam.* I think so, 'tis faith enough if they name 'em in their Angers,  
Or on their rotten Tombs engrave an Angel ;

Well, brave *Alphonso*, how happy had we been,  
If thou had'st reign'd ! *Men.* Would I had his Disease,  
Ty'd like a Leprosie to my Posterity,

So he were right again. *Cle.* What is his Malady ?

*Cam.* Nothing but sad and silent Melancholy,  
Laden with Grievs and Thoughts, no Man knows why neither ;  
The good *Brandino* Father to the Princess  
Used all the Art and Industry that might be,  
To free *Alphonso* from this dull Calamity,  
And seat him in his Rule, he was his eldest  
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in him,  
For which Cause this was chosen to inherit,

*Frederick* the younger. *Cle.* Does he use his Brother  
With that Respect and Honour that befits him ?

*Cam.* He is kept privately, as they pretend,  
To give more ease and comfort to his Sickness ;  
But he has honest Servants, the grave *Rugio*,  
And Fryar *Marco*, that wait upon his Person.  
And in a Monastery he lives. *Men.* 'Tis full of Sadness,  
To see him when he comes to his Father's Tomb,  
As once a Day that is his Pilgrimage,  
Whilst in Devotion, the Quire sings an Anthem ;  
How piously he kneels, and like a Virgin  
That some cross Fate had cozen'd of her Love,  
Weeps 'till the stubborn Marble sweats with Pity,  
And to his Groans the whole Quire bears a *Chorus*.



*A Wife for a Month.*

*Enter Frederick, Sorano with the Cabinet, and Podramo.*

*Cam.* So do I too. The King with his Contrivers,  
This no Place for us. *Fred.* This is a Jewel. [*Exe. Lords.*]

Lay it aside; what Paper's that? *Pod.* A Letter.  
But 'tis a Woman's, Sir, I know by the Hand,  
And the false Orthography, they write old *Saxon.*

*Fred.* May be her ghostly Mother's that instructs her.

*Sor.* No, 'tis a Cousin's, and came up with a great Cake.

*Fred.* What's that?

*Sor.* A pair of Gloves the Dutchess gave her,  
For so the out-side says. *Fred.* That other Paper? (*Crosses.*)

*Sor.* A Charm for the Tooth-ach, here's nothing but Saints and

*Fred.* Look in that Box, methinks that should hold secrets.

*Pod.* 'Tis Paint, and curls of Hair, she begins to exercise.

A Glass of Water too, I would fain taste it,  
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me,  
Never a Conduit-Pipe to convey this Water.

*Sor.* These are all Rings, Death-heads, and such *Memento's*  
Her Grandmother, and Worm-eaten Aunts left to her,  
To tell her what her Beauty must arrive at.

*Fred.* That, that.

*Pod.* They are written Songs, Sir, to provoke young Ladies;  
Lord, here's a Prayer-book, how these agree!  
Here's a strange Union.

*Sor.* Ever by a surfeit you have a julep set to cool the Patient.

*Fred.* Those, those.

*Sor.* They are Verses to the blest *Evanthe.*

*Fred.* Those may discover. Read them out, *Sorano.*

*To the blest Evanthe.*

*Let those complain that feel Loves cruelty,  
And in sad Legends write their Woes,  
With Roses gently 'has corrected me,  
My War is without rage or blows:  
My Mistress Eyes shine fair on my desires,  
And hope springs up enflam'd with her new fires.*

*No more an Exile will I dwell,  
With folded Arms, and Sighs all day,  
Reckoning the Torments of my Hell,  
And flinging my sweet joys away:  
I am call'd home again to quiet Peace,  
My Mistress smiles, and all my Sorrows cease.*

*Yet what is living in her Eye?  
Or being blest with her sweet Tongue,  
If these no other joys imply?  
A Golden Give, a pleasing wrong:*

*To*

*A Wife for a Month.*

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*To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give  
My Youth, my Fortune, and then leave to live.*

*Fred.* This is my Rival, that I knew the Hand now.

*Sor.* I know it I have seen it, 'tis *Valerio's*,  
That hopeful Gentleman's, that was brought up with ye,  
And by your charge, nourish'd and fed  
At the same Table, with the same allowance.

*Fred.* And all this courtesie to ruin me?  
Cross my desires? h'ad better have fed humbler,  
And stood at greater distance from my fury:  
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,  
Whilst my impatient Heart swells high with choler;  
Better have lov'd despair, and safer kiss'd her. [Ex. Lords.

*Enter Evanthe, and Cassandra.*

*Evan.* Thou old weak fool, dost thou know to what end,  
To what betraying end he got this Casket?  
Durst thou deliver him without my Ring,  
Or a Command from mine own Mouth, that Cabinet  
That holds my Heart? you unconsiderate Ais,  
Your brainless Ideot. *Caf.* I saw you go with him,  
'At the first word commit your Person to him,  
And make no scruple; he is your Brother's Gentleman,  
And for any thing I know, an honest Man;  
And might not I upon the same security deliver him a Box?

*Evan.* A Bottle-head.

*Fred.* You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.

*Evan.* I had rather thou hadst deliver'd me to Pirates,  
Betray'd me to incurable Diseases,  
Hung up my Picture in a Market-place,  
And sold me to wild Bawds. *Caf.* As I take it, Madam,  
Your Maiden-head lies not in that Cabinet,  
You have a closer, and you keep the Key too,  
Why are you vex'd thus? *Evan.* I could curse thee wickedly,  
And with thee more deform'd than Age can make thee;  
Perpetual Hunger, and no Teeth to satisfy it,  
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it;  
Those Hands that gave the Casket, may the Palsie  
For ever make unuseful, even to feed thee.  
Long Winters, that thy Bones may turn to Isicles,  
No Hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee.  
Is thy Care like thy Body, all one crookedness?  
How scurvily thou cryest now? like a Drunkard,  
I'll have as pure Tears from a dirty Spout,  
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,  
Swear and be damn'd, thou half Witch.

*Caf.* These are fine words, well Madam, Madam,

*Evan.*

*Evan*, 'Tis not well, thou Mummy,  
'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——

*Fred*. Has your young Sanctity done railing, Madam,  
Against your innocent Squire? Do you see this Sonnet,  
This loving Script? Do you know from whence it came too?

*Evan*. I do, and dare avouch it pure, and honest.

*Fred*. You have private Visitants, my noble Lady,  
That in sweet Numbers court your goodly Virtues,  
And to the height of Adoration. *Evan*. Well, Sir,  
There's neither Heresie nor Treason in it.

*Fred*. A Prince may beg at the Door, whilst these Feast with ye,  
A Favour or a Grace, from such as I am,

*Enter Valerio, and Podramo.*

Course common things. You are welcome; Pray come near, Sir,  
Do you know this Paper? *Val*. I am betray'd; I do Sir,  
'Tis mine, my Hand and Heart, if I dye for her,  
I am thy Martyr, Love, and Time shall honour me.

*Cas*. You sawcy Sir, that came in my Lady's Name  
For her gilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,  
You scurvy Usher, with as scurvy Legs,  
And a worse Face, thou poor base hanging-holder,  
How durst thou come to me with a lye in thy Mouth?

An impudent lye? *Pod*. Hollow, good Gill, you hobble,

*Cas*. A stinking lye, more stinking than the Teller,  
To play the pilfering Knave? there have been Rascals  
Brought up to fetch and cary, like your Worship,  
That have been hang'd for less, whipt they are daily,  
And if the Law will do me right——

*Pod*. What then, old Maggot?

*Cas*. Thy Mother was carted younger; I'll have thy Hide,  
Thy mangy Hide, embroider'd with a Dog-whip,  
As it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.

*Fred*. Peace good Antiquity, I'll have your Bones else  
Ground into Gunpowder to shoot at Cats with;  
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an Almond,  
There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness  
As the Powder of a dryed Bawd's Skin; be silent.

You are very prodigal of your Service here, Sir,  
Of your Life more it seems. *Val*. I repent neither.

Because your Grace shall understand it comes  
From the best part of Love, my pure Affection,  
And kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly from it;  
If it be error to desire to marry,

And marry her that Sanctity would dote on,  
I have done amiss; if it be a Treason

To graft my Soul to Virtue, and to grow there

To love the Tree that bears such happiness ;  
Conceive me, Sir, this Fruit was ne'er forbidden ;  
Nay, to desire to taste too, I am Traytor ;  
Had you but Plants enough of this blest Tree, Sir,  
Set round about your Court, to beautifie it,  
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the approachers,  
The Ground would scarce yield Graves to noble Lovers.

*Fred.* 'Tis well maintain'd, you wish and pray to Fortune,  
Here in your Sonnet, and she has heard your Prayers,  
So much you dote upon your own undoing,  
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,  
Though at the expiring of that time you dye for't.

*Val.* I could wish many, many Ages, Sir,  
To grow as old as Time in her Embraces,  
If Heav'n would grant it, and you smile upon it ;  
But if my choice were two hours, and then perish,  
I would not pull my Heart back. *Fred.* You have your wish,  
To Morrow I will see you nobly married,  
Your Month take out in all Content and Pleasure ;  
The first Day of the following Month you dye for't ;  
Kneel not, not all your Prayers can divert me ;  
Now mark your Sentence, mark it, scornful Lady,  
If when *Valerio's* dead, within twelve hours,  
For that's your latest time, you find not out  
Another Husband on the same condition  
To marry you again, you dye your self too.

*Evan.* Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.

*Fred.* If when you are married, you but seek to scape  
Out of the Kingdom, you, or she, or both,  
Or to infect Mens Minds with hot Commotions,  
You dye both instantly ; Will you love me now, Lady ?  
My Tale will now be heard, but now I scorn ye

[*Exit.*

[*Manent Valerio, and Evanthe.*

*Evan.* Is our fair Love, our honest, our entire,  
Come to this hazard ?

*Val.* 'Tis a noble one, and I am much in love with malice for it,  
Envy could not have studied me a way,  
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,  
Straighter and nobler, if she had her Eyes ;  
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,  
And blest my Youth with her most dear Embraces,  
I have done my Journey here, my day is out,  
All that the World has else is foolery,  
Labour, and loss of time ; what should I live for ?  
Think but Man's Life a Month, and we are happy.  
I would not have my Joys grow old for any thing ;

A Paradise, as thou art, my *Evanthe*,  
 Is only made to wonder at a little,  
 Enough for human Eyes, and then to wander from.  
 Come, do not weep, Sweet, you dishonour me,  
 Your Tears and Grievs but question my ability,  
 Whether I dare dye; Do you love intirely?

*Evan.* You know I do. *Val.* Then grudge not my felicity.

*Evan.* I'll to the Queen. *Val.* Do any thing that's honest,  
 But if you sue to him, in Death I hate you. *[Exeunt.]*

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

*Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.*

*Cam.* **W**AS there ever heard of such a Marriage?

*Men.* Marriage and Hanging go by destiny,  
 'Tis the old Proverb, now they come together.

*Cle.* But a Month married, then to lose his Life for't?  
 I would have a long Month sure that pays the Soldiers.

*Enter Tony with an Urinal.*

*Cam.* Or get all the Almanacks burnt, that were a rare trick,  
 And have no Month remembred. How now, *Tony*?  
 Whose Water are you casting?

*Tony.* A sick Gentleman's,  
 Is very sick, much troubled with the Stone,  
 He should not live about a Month, by his Urine,  
 About *St. David's Day* it will go hard with him,  
 He will then be troubled with a pain in his Neek too.

*Men.* A pestilent Fool; when wilt thou marry, *Tony*?

*Tony.* When I mean to be hang'd, and 'tis the surer Contract,

*Cle.* What think you of this Marriage of *Valerio's*?

*Tony.* They have given him a hot Custard, and mean to burn his  
 Mouth with it; had I known he had been given to dye honourably,  
 I would have help'd him to a Wench, a rare one, should have  
 kill'd him in three Weeks, and sav'd his Sentence.

*Cam.* There be them would have spared ten days of that too.

*Tony.* It may be so, you have Women of all Virtues:  
 There be some Guns that I could bring him to,  
 Some Mortar-pieces that are plac'd i' th' Suburbs,  
 Would tear him into Quarters in two hours,  
 There be also of the Race of the old Cockatrices,  
 That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

*Men.* What Month wouldst thou chuse, *Tony*, if thou hadst  
 the like Fortune?

*Tony.* I would chuse a mull'd Sack Month, to comfort my Belly,  
 for

for sure my Back would ake for't and at the Months end I would be most dismally drunk, and scorn the Gallows.

*Men.* I would chuse *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.

*Tony.* But you'd go out like a Lamb when you went to hanging.

*Cam.* I would take *April*, take the sweet o'th' Year,  
And kiss my Wench upon the tender Flowrets,  
Tumble on every Green, and as the Birds sung,  
Embrace, and melt away my Soul in pleasure.

*Tony.* You would go a *Maying* gayly to the Gallows.

*Cle.* Prithee tell us some News. *Tony.* I'll tell ye all I know,  
You may be honest, and poor Fools, as I am,  
And blow your Fingers ends. *Cam.* That's no news, Fool.

*Tony.* You may be Knaves then when you please, stark Knaves,  
And build fair Houses, but your Heirs shall have none of 'em.

*Men.* These are undoubted. *Tony.* Truth is not with the hearing,  
I'll tell you News then; there was a drunken Saylor,  
That got a Mermaid with Child as she went a Milking,  
And now she sues him in the Bawdy-Court for it,  
The Infant-monster is brought up in *Fish-street*.

*Cam.* Ay, this is something.

*Tony.* I'll tell you more, there was a Fish taken,  
A monstrous Fish, with a Sword by his side, a long Sword,  
A Pike in's Neck, and a Gun in's Nose, a huge Gun,  
And Letters of Mart in's Mouth, from the Duke of *Florence*.

*Cle.* This is a monstrous lye. *Tony.* I do confess it:  
Do you think I would tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em?  
You are honest things, we Courtiers scorn to converse with. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* A plaguy Fool: But let's consider, Gentlemen,  
Why the Queen strives not to oppose this Sentence,  
The Kingdom's Honour suffers in this cruelty.

*Men.* No doubt the Queen, though she be virtuous,  
Winks at the Marriage, for by that only means  
The King's flame lessens to the youthful Lady,  
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,  
She hopes to rock asleep his Anger also;  
Shall we go see the preparation?

'Tis time, for Strangers come to view the wonder,

*Cam.* Come, let's away, send my Friends happier Weddings.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Queen and Evanthe.*

*Queen.* You shall be merry, come, I'll have it so:  
Can there be any Nature so unnoble,  
Or Anger so inhuman, to pursue this?

*Evan.* I fear there is. *Queen.* Your fears are poor and foolish,  
Though he be hasty, and his Anger Death,  
His Will like Torrents, not to be resisted,

Yet Law and Justice go along to guide him;  
 And what Law, or what Justice can he find  
 To justify his Will? what Act or Statute,  
 By Human, or Divine Establishment,  
 Left to direct us, that makes Marriage Death?  
 Honest fair Wedlock? 'twas given for encrease,  
 For preservation of Mankind, I take it;  
 He must be more than Man then that dare break it;  
 Come, dress ye handsomly, you shall have my Jewels,  
 And put a Face on that contemns base Fortune,  
 'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful,  
 Outlook his Anger. *Evan.* O my *Valerio!*  
 Be witness my pure Mind, 'tis thee I grieve for.

*Queen.* But shew it not; I would so crucifie him  
 With an innocent neglect of what he can do,  
 A brave strong picusicorn, that I would shake him;  
 Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine Eyes,  
 And all the Graces on that Nature gave thee,  
 Make up thy Beauty to that height of Excellence,  
 I'll help thee, and forgive thee, as if *Venus*  
 Were now again to catch the God of War,  
 In his most rugged anger; when thou hast him,  
 (As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)  
 And kneeling at thy conquering Feet for mercy,  
 Then shew thy Virtue, then again despise him,  
 And all his Power, then with a look of Honour  
 Mingled with noble Chastity, strike him dead.

*Evan.* Good Madam dress me,  
 You arm me bravely,

*Queen.* Make him know his cruelty  
 Begins with him first, he must suffer for it,  
 And that thy Sentence is so welcome to thee,  
 And to thy noble Lord, you long to meet it.  
 Stamp such a deep impression of thy Beauty  
 Into his Soul, and of thy Worthiness,  
 That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* sleep  
 In one rich Earth, hung round about with Blessings,  
 He may run mad, and curse his Act; be lusty,  
 I'll teach thee how to dye too, if thou fear'st it.

*Evan.* I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me strongly,  
 And my weak Mind. *Queen.* Death is unwelcome never,  
 Unless it be to tortur'd Minds and sick Souls,  
 That make their own Hells; 'tis such a benefit  
 When it comes crown'd with Honour, shews so sweet too!  
 Though they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,  
 For every living thing would love it else,

Fly boldly to their peace e'er Nature call'd 'em;  
 The Rest we have from labour, and from trouble  
 Is some Inticement, every thing alike,  
 The poor Slave that lies private has his liberty,  
 As amply as his Master, in that Tomb,  
 The Earth as light upon him, and the Flowers  
 That grow about him, smell as sweet, and flourish.  
 But when we love with Honour to our ends,  
 When Memory and Virtue are our Mourners;  
 What pleasure's there! they are infinite, *Evanbe*,  
 Only, my virtuous Wench, we want our senses,  
 That benefit we are bar'd, 'twould make us proud else,  
 And lazy to look up to happier life,  
 The Blessings of the People would so swell us.

*Evan.* Good Madam, dress me, you have dress'd my Soul.  
 The merriest Bride I'll be for all this misery,  
 The proudest to some Eyes too.

*Queen.* 'Twill do better, come, shrink no more.

*Evan.* I am too confident.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Frederick, and Sorano.*

*Sor.* You are too remis and wanton in your Angers,  
 You mould things handsomly, and then neglect 'em;  
 A powerful Prince should be constant to his Power still,  
 And hold up what he builds, then People fear him:  
 When he lets loose his Hand it shews a weakness,  
 And Men examine or contemn his Greatness:  
 A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up  
 A Revenge equal, not a Pity in you.

*Fred.* She is thy Sister. *Sor.* And she were my Mother,  
 Whilst I conceive 'tis you she has wrong'd, I hate her,  
 And shake her nearness off; I study, Sir,  
 To satisfy your Angers that are just,  
 Before your Pleasures. *Fred.* I have done that already  
 I fear has pull'd too many Curses on me.

*Sor.* Curses or Envies, on *Valerio's* Head,  
 Would you take my counsel, Sir, they should all light,  
 And with the weight not only crack his Skull,  
 But his fair credit; the exquisite vexation  
 I have devis'd, so please you give way in't,  
 And let it work, shall more afflict his Soul,  
 And trench upon that Honour that he brags of,  
 Than fear of Death in all the frights he carries,  
 If you sit down here they will both abuse ye,  
 Laugh at your poor relenting Power, and scorn ye.  
 What satisfaction can their Deaths bring to you,  
 That are prepar'd, and proud to dye, and willingly,



*A Wife for a Month.*

And at their ends will thank you for that honour?  
 How are you nearer the desire you aim at?  
 Or if it be revenge your anger covers,  
 How can their single Deaths give you content, Sir?  
 Petty revenges end in Blood, slight angers,  
 A Prince's Rage should find out new Diseases,  
 Death were a pleasure too, to pay proud Fools with.

*Fred.* What should I do? *Sor.* Add but your power unto me,  
 Make me but strong by your protection,  
 And you shall see what Joy, and what delight,  
 What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him.  
 I'll make him wish he were dead on his Marriage-day,  
 Or Bed-rid with old Age, I'll make him curse,  
 And cry and curse, give me but Power. *Fred.* You have it,  
 Here, take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.

*Sor.* It shall be now Revenge, as I will handle it,  
 He shall live after this to beg his Life too:  
 Twenty to one by this Thread, as I'll weave it,  
*Evantbe* shall be yours.

*Fred.* Take all Authority, and be most happy.

*Sor.* Good Sir, no more Pity.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tony, three Citizens, and three Wives.*

*1 Wife.* Good Master *Tony* put me in.

*Tony.* Where do you dwell?

*1 Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the great Shoulder of Mutton.

*Tony.* A hungry Man would hunt your House out instantly,  
 Keep the Dogs from your Door; Is this Lettice Ruff your  
 Husband? a fine sharp Sallet to your Sign.

*2 Wife.* Will you put me in too?

*3 Wife.* And me, good Master *Tony*.

*Tony.* Put ye all in? you had best come twenty more; you  
 Think 'tis easie, a trick of Legerdemain, to put ye all in,  
 'Twould pose a Fellow that had twice my Body,  
 Though it were made into Chines and Fillets.

*2 Wife.* Put's into th' Wedding, Sir, we would fain see that.

*1 Wife.* And the brave Masque too.

*Tony.* You two are pretty Women, are you their Husbands?

*2 Cit.* Yes, for want of better.

*Tony.* I think so too, you would not be so mad else  
 To turn 'em loose to a company of young Courtiers,  
 That swarm like Bees in *May*, when they see young Wenches;  
 You must not squeak.

*3 Wife.* No, Sir, we are better tutor'd.

*Tony.* Nor if a young Lord offer you the courtesie.

*2 Wife.* We know what 'tis, Sir.

*Tony.* Nor you must not grumble,

*A Wife for a Month.*

21

If you be thrust up hard, we thrust most furiously.

1 *Wife.* We know the worst.

*Tony.* Get you two in then quietly,  
And shift for your selves; we must have no old Women,  
They are out of use, unless they have Petitions,  
Besides they cough so loud they drown the Musick.  
You would go in too, but there is no place for ye?  
I am sorry for t, go and forget your Wives,  
Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently.  
You may have Heirs may prove wise Aldermen,  
Go, or I'll call the Guard.

3 *Cit.* We will get in, we'll venture broken Pates else.

[*Ex. Cit. and Woman.*]

*Tony.* 'Tis impossible,  
You are too securely Arm'd; how they flock hither,  
And with what joy the Women run by heaps  
To see this Marriage! They tickle to think of it,  
They hope for every Month a Husband too;  
Still how they run, and how the wittals follow 'em,  
The weak things that are worn between the Legs,  
That Brushing, Dressing, nor new Naps can mend,  
How they post to see their own Confusion?  
This is a merry World.

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* Look to the Door Sirrah,  
Thou art a Fool, and maist do mischief lawfully.

*Tony.* Give me your Hand, you are my Brother Foo';  
You may both make the Law, and mar it presently.

Do you love a Wench? *Fred.* Who does not, Fool?

*Tony.* Not I, unless you will give me a longer lease to marry her.

*Fred.* What are all these that come, what business have they?

*Tony.* Some come to gape, those are my fellow Fools;  
Some to get home their Wives, those be their own Fools;  
Some to rejoice with thee, those be the times Fools;  
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor Fools,

*Enter Cassander, an old Lady passing over.*

A set People call them honest. Look, look King, look,  
A weather-beaten Lady, new Careen'd.

*Fred.* An old one.

*Tony.* The Glasse of her Eyes are new rub'd over,  
And the worm-eaten Records in her Face are daub'd up neatly;  
See lays her Breasts out too, like to poch'd Eggs

That had the Yolks suckt out; they get new Heads also,  
New Teeth, new Tongues, for the old are all worn out,  
And as 'tis hop'd, new Tails. *Fred.* For what?

*Tony.* For old Courtiers,

The

The young ones are too stirring for their Travels.

*Fred.* Go leave your knavery, and help to keep the Door well, I will have no such pres.

*Tony.* Lay thy Hand o'thy Heart, King.

*Fred.* I'll have ye whipt.

*Tony.* The Fool and thou are parted.

[*Exit.*

*Fred.* *Sorano* work, and free me from this Spell,

'Twixt love and scorn there's nothing felt but Hell.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Servants.

*Val.* Tie on my Scarf, you are so long about me,

Good my Lords help, give me my other Cloak,

That Hat and Feather. Lord what a Taylor's this,

To make me up thus straight! One Sigh would burst me,

I have not room to Breathe; come button, button,

Button, apace. *Cam.* I am glad to see you merry, Sir.

*Val.* 'Twould make you merry had you such a Wife,

And such an Age to enjoy her in. *Men.* An Age, Sir?

*Val.* A Month's an Age to him that is contented,

What should I seek for more? Give me my Sword.

Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now

Had but a Lady of that Youth and Beauty

To bless your selves this Night with, would ye not?

Pray ye speak uprightly. *Cle.* We confess ye happy,

And we could well wish such another Banquet,

But on that price, my Lord— *Val.* 'Twere nothing else,

No Man can ever come to aim at Heav'n,

But by the knowledge of a Hell. These Shoes are heavy,

And if I should be call'd to Dance they'll clog me,

Get me some Pumps; I'll tell ye brave *Camillo*,

And you dear Friends, the King has honour'd me,

Out of his Gracious Favour has much honour'd me,

'To limit me my time, for who would live long?

Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,

Such a Disease, that hangs like lead upon us.

As it increases, so Vexations,

Griefs of the Mind, pains of the feeble Body,

Rheums, Coughs, Catarrhs, we are but our living Coffins;

Besides, the fair Soul's old too, it grows covetous,

Which shews all Honour is departed from us,

And we are Earth again. *Cle.* You make fair use, Sir.

*Val.* I would not live to learn to lie, *Cleanthes*,

For all the World, old Men are prone to that too;

Thou that hast been a Soldier, *Menallo*,

A noble Soldier, and defied all Danger,

Adopted thy brave Arm the Heir to Victory,

Would'st thou live so long till Strength forsook thee?

Till

Till thou grew'st only a long tedious Story  
Of what thou hadst been? till thy Sword hang by,  
And lazy Spiders fill'd the Hilt with Cobwebs?

*Men.* No sure, I would not. *Val.* 'Tis not fit ye should,  
To die a young Man is to be an Angel,  
Our great good Parts put Wings unto our Souls:  
We'll have a rouse before we go to Bed, Friends,  
Pray ye tell me, is't a handsome Mask we have?

*Cam.* We understand so.

*Val.* And the young Gentlemen dance?

*Cle.* They do Sir, and some dance well.

*Val.* They must before the Ladies,  
We'll have a rouse before we go to Bed, Friends,  
A lusty one, 'twill make my Blood dance too.

[*Musick.*

*Cam.* Ten, if you please. *Val.* And we'll be wondrous merry.  
They stay sure, come, I hear the Musick forward,  
You shall have all Gloves presently.

[*Exit.*

*Men.* We attend Sir, but first we must look to th' Doors.

[*Knocking within.*

The King has charged us.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Servants.*

*1 Ser.* What a Noise do you keep there? call my Fellows O'  
the Guard; you must cease now until the King be enter'd; he is  
gone to th' Temple now.

*2 Ser.* Look to that back Door, and keep it fast;  
They swarm like Bees about it.

*Enter Camillo, Clantes, Menallo, Tony following.*

*Cam.* Keep back those Citizens, and let their Wives in,  
Their handsome Wives.

*Tony.* They have crowded me to Verjuice,  
I sweat like a Butter-Box.

*1 Serv.* Stand further off there.

*Men.* Take the Women aside, and talk with 'em in private;  
Give 'em that they came for.

*Tony.* The whole Court cannot do it;  
Besides, the next Mask, if we use 'em so,  
They'll come by Millions to expect our largess:

We have broke a hundred Heads. *Cle.* Are they so tender?

*Tony.* But 'twas behind, before they have all Murrions.

*Cam.* Let in those Ladies, make 'em room for shame there.

*Tony.* They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,  
A Gent. bald, they are curtail'd Queens in hired Clothes,  
They come out of *Spain* I think, they are very sultry.

*Men.* Keep 'em in Breath for an Ambaffador [Knocks within.  
Methinks my Nose shakes at their Memories,

What bouncing's that? *Within.* I am one of the Musick, Sir.

*Within.*

*A Wife for a Month.*

*Wirbin.* I have Sweet-meats for the Banquet.

*Cam.* Let 'em in.

*Tony.* They lye my Lord, they come to seek their Wives;  
Two broken Citizens.

*Cam.* Break 'em more, they are but brusled yet.  
Bold Rascals, offer to disturb your Wives?

*Cle.* Lock the Doors fast, the Musick, hark the King comes.

*A Curtain drawn.*

*The King, Queen, Valerio, Evanthe, Ladies, Attendants, Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.*

*A M A S K.*

*Cupid descends, the Graces sitting by him, Cupid being bound the Graces unbind him, he speaks.*

*Cupid.* Unbind me, my Delight, this Night is mine;  
Now let me look upon what Stars here shine,  
Let me behold the Beauties, then clap high  
My colour'd Wings, proud of my Deity;  
I am satisfy'd, bind me again, and fast,  
My angry Bow will make too great a waste  
Of Beauty else; now call my Maskers in,  
Call with a Song, and let the Sports begin;  
Call all my Servants the Effects of Love,  
And to a Measure let them nobly move.  
Come you Servants of proud Love,

Come away:

Fairly, nobly, gently move.  
Too long, too long you make us stay;  
Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,  
Distrust and Jealousie, be you too here;  
Consuming Care, and raging Ire,  
And Poverty in poor Attire,  
March fairly in, and last Despair;  
Now full Musick strike the Air.

*Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousie, Care, Ire, Despair, they dance, after which Cupid speaks.*

*Cupid.* Away, I have done, the Day begins to light,  
Love's, you know your Fate, good Night, good Night.

*Cupid and the Graces ascend in the Chariot.*

*King.* Come to the Banquet, when that's ended, Sir,  
I'll see you i'bed, and so good night; be merry;  
You have a sweet Bed-Fellow. *Val.* I thank your Grace,  
And ever shall be bound unto your Nobleness.

*King.* I pray I may deserve your Thanks, set forward. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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

*Enter divers Monks, Alphonso going to the Tomb, Rugio and Frier  
Marco discover the Tomb and a Chair.*

*Mar.* **T**HE Night grows on, lead softly to the Tomb,  
And sing not 'till I bid ye; let the Musick  
Play gently as he passes. *Rug.* O fair Picture,  
That wert the living Hope of all our Honours;  
How are we banisht from the Joy we dreamt of?  
Will he ne'er speak more?

*Mar.* 'Tis full three Months, Lord *Rugio*,  
Since any articulate Sound came from his Tongue.  
Set him down gently.

*[Sits in a Chair.]*

*Rug.* What should the Reason be, Sir?

*Mar.* As 'tis in Nature with those loving Husbands,  
That sympathize their Wives Pains, and their Throes  
When they are breeding, and 'tis usual too,  
We have it by Experience; so in him, Sir,  
In this most noble Spirit that now suffers;  
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*  
Fell sick, he felt the Griefs, and labour'd with them,  
His Fits, and his Disease he still inherited,  
Grew the same thing, and had not Nature check'd him,  
Strength and Ability, he had dy'd that Hour too.

*Rug.* Emblem of noble Love! *Mar.* That very Minute  
His Father's Breath forsook him, that same Instant,  
A rare Example of his Piety,  
And Love paternal, the Organ of his Tongue  
Was never heard to sound again; so near Death  
He seeks to wait upon his worthy Father,  
But that we force his Meat, he were one Body.

*Rug.* He points to th' Tomb. *Mar.* That is the place he honours.  
A House I fear he will not be long out of.  
He will to th' Tomb, good my Lord lend your Hand;  
Now sing the Funeral Song, and let him kneel,  
For then he is pleas'd.

*[A Song.]*

*Rug.* Heav'n lend thy powerful Hand,  
And ease this Prince. *Mar.* He will pass back again.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Valerio.*

*Val.* They drink abundantly, I am hot with Wine too,  
Lustily warm, I'll steal now to my Happiness,  
'Tis Midnight, and the silent Hour invites me,  
But she is up still, and attends the Queen;  
Thou Dew of Wine and Sleep hang on their Eye-lids,

D

Steep

Steep their dull Senses in the Healths they drink,  
That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evantbe*.

The King is merry too, and drank unto me,  
Sign of fair Peace. O this Night's Blessedness!

If I had forty Heads I would give all for't.

Is not the end of our Ambitions,

Of all our human Studies, and our Travels,

Of our Desires, the obtaining of our Wishes?

Certain it is, and there Man makes his Center.

I have obtain'd *Evantbe*, I have married her,

Can any Fortune keep me from enjoying her?

*Enter Sorano.*

I have my Wish, what's left me to accuse now?

I am Friends with all the World, but thy base Malice;

Go glory in thy Mischiefs thou proud Man,

And cry it to the World thou hast ruin'd Virtue;

How I contemn thee, and thy petty Malice!

And with what Scorn I look down on thy Practice!

*Sor.* You'll sing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,

And wish these hot Words——— *Val.* I despise thee, Fellow,

Thy Threats, or Flatteries, all I fling behind me;

I have my end, I have thy noble Sister,

A Name too worthy of thy Blood; I have married her,

And will enjoy her too. *Sor.* 'Tis very likely.

*Val.* And that short Month I have to bless me with her

I'll make an Age, I'll reckon each Embrace

A Year of Pleasure, and each Night a Jubile,

Every quick Kiss a Spring; and when I mean

To lose my self in all Delightfulness,

Twenty sweet Summers I will tye together

In spite of thee, and thy malignant Master;

I will die old in Love, though young in Pleasure.

*Sor.* But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee.

Thou art the poorest miserable thing

This Day on Earth; I'll tell thee why, *Valerio*,

All thou esteemest, and buildst upon for Happiness,

For Joy, for Pleasure, for Delight, is past thee,

And like a wanton Dream already vanish.

*Val.* Is my Love false? *Sor.* No, she is constant to thee,

Constant to all thy Misery she shall be,

And curse thee too. *Val.* Is my strong Body weaken'd,

Charm'd or abus'd with subtle Drink? Speak, Villain.

*Sor.* Neither, I dare speak, thou art still as lusty

As when thou lov'dst her first, as strong and hopeful,

The Month thou hast given thee is a Month of Misery,

And where thou think'st each Hour shall yield a Pleasure,

Look

Look for a killing Pain, for thou shalt find it  
Before thou dyest, each Minute shall prepare it,  
And ring so many Knells to sad Afflictions;  
The King has given thee a long Month to die in,  
And miserably die. *Val.* Undo thy Riddle,  
I am prepar'd what ever Fate shall follow.

*Sor.* Dost thou see this Ring?

*Val.* I know it too. *Sor.* Then mark me,  
By Vertue of this Ring, this I pronounce to thee,  
'Tis the King's Will. *Val.* Let me know it suddenly.

*Sor.* If thou dost offer to touch *Evantbe's* Body  
Beyond a Kiss, though thou art marry'd to her,  
And lawfully as thou thinkest may'st enjoy her,  
That Minute she shall die. *Val.* O Devil —

*Sor.* If thou discover this Command unto her,  
Or to a Friend that shall importune thee,  
And why thou abstainest, and from whose Will, ye all perish;  
Upon the self-same Forfeit: Are ye fitted, Sir?  
Now if ye love her, ye may preserve her Life still,  
If not, you know the worst: how falls your Month out?

*Val.* This Tyranny could never be invented  
But in the School of Hell, Earth is too innocent;  
Not to enjoy her when she is my Wife?  
When she is willing too? *Sor.* She is most willing,  
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,  
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it;  
There are such Women that will dye with Pleasure:  
The Axe will follow else, that will not fail  
To fetch her Maiden-Head, and dispatch her quickly;  
Then shall the World know you are the cause of Murther,  
And as 'tis requisite your Life shall pay for't.

*Val.* Thou dost but jest, thou canst not be so monstrous  
As thou proclaim'st thy self; thou art her Brother,  
And there must be a feeling Heart within thee  
Of her Afflictions; wert thou a Stranger to us,  
And bred amongst wild Rocks, thy Nature wild too,  
Affection in thee as thy breeding, cold,  
And unrelenting as the Rocks that nourish'd thee,  
Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble  
When the rude Sea threatens Divorce amongst 'em,  
They that are senseless things shake at a Tempest;  
Thou art a Man — *Sor.* Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,  
And Patience now will best become thy Nobleness.

*Val.* Invent some other Torment to afflict me,  
All, if thou please, put all Afflictions on me,  
Study thy Brains out for 'em, so this be none  
I care not of what Nature, nor what Cruelty,



Nor of what length. *Sor.* This is enough to vex ye.

*Val.* The Tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,  
 And from me shall be registred Authentick;  
 To have my Joys within my Arms, and lawful,  
 Mine own Delights, yet dare not touch.  
 Even as thou hatest me Brother, let no young Man know this,  
 As thou shalt hope for Peace when thou most need'st it,  
 Peace in thy Soul, desire the King to kill me,  
 Make me a Traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,  
 And give thee cause, so I may die immediately;  
 Lock me in Prison where no Sun may see me,  
 In Walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me;  
 Keep me from Meat, and Drink, and Sleep, I'll bless thee;  
 Give me some damned Potion to deliver me,  
 That I may never know my self again, forget  
 My Country, Kindred, Name and Fortune; last,  
 That my chaste Love may never appear before me,  
 This were some Comfort. *Sor.* All I have I have brought ye,  
 And much good may it do ye, my dear Brother,  
 See ye observe it well; you will find about ye  
 Many Eyes set, that shall o'er-look your Actions,  
 If you transgress, ye know, and so I leave ye.

*Val.* Heav'n be not angry, and I have some hope yet.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

*Enter Frederick, and Sorano.*

*Fred.* Hast thou been with him?

*Sor.* Yes, and given him that, Sir,  
 Will make him curse his Birth; I told ye which way.  
 Did you but see him Sir, but look upon him,  
 With what a troubled and dejected Nature  
 He walks now in a Mist, with what a silence,  
 As if he were the Shrowd he wrapt himself in,  
 And no more of *Valerio* but his Shadow,  
 He seeks Obscurity to hide his Thoughts in,  
 You would wonder and admire for all you know it,  
 His jollity is down, valed to the Ground, Sir,  
 And his high hopes of full Delights and Pleasures  
 Are turn'd Tormentors to him, strong Diseases.

*Fred.* But is there hope of her? *Sor.* It must fall necessary,  
 She must dislike him, quarrel with his Person,  
 For Women once deluded are next Devils;  
 And in the height of that Opinion, Sir,  
 You shall put on again, and she must meet ye.

*Fred.* I am glad of this. *Sor.* I'll tell ye all the Circumstance  
 Within this Hour; but sure I heard your Grace,  
 To Day as I attended, make some stops,  
 Some broken Speeches, and some sighs between,

And

And then your Brother's Name I heard distinctly,  
And some sad Wishes after. *Fred.* Ye are i'th' right, Sir,  
I would he were as sad I could wish him,  
Sad as the Earth. *Sor.* Would ye have it so?

*Fred.* Thou hearest me,  
Though he be sick with small hope of Recovery,  
That hope still lives, and Mens Eyes live upon it,  
And in their Eye their Wishes; my *Sorano*,  
Were he but cold once in the Tomb he dotes on,  
As 'tis the fittest place for Melancholy,  
My Court should be another Paradise,  
And flow with all Delights.

*Sor.* Go to your Pleasures, let me alone with this,  
Hope shall not trouble ye, nor he three Days.

*Fred.* I shall be bound unto thee.

*Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.*

*Sor.* I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

*Fred.* Be gone, they are going to Bed, I'll bid good Night to 'em.

*Sor.* And mark the Man, you'll scarce know 'tis *Valerio*. [*Exit.*

*Cam.* Cheer up my noble Lord, the Minure's come,  
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness;  
We did you wrong, you need no Wine to warm ye,  
Desire shoots through your Eyes like sudden Wild-fires.

*Val.* Beshrew me Lords, the Wine has made me dull,  
I am I know not what. *Fred.* Good Pleasure to ye,  
Good Night and long too, as you find your Appetite  
You may fall to. *Val.* I do beseech your Grace,  
For which of all my Loves and Services  
Have I deserved this?

*Fred.* I am not bound to answer ye.

*Val.* Nor I bound to obey in unjust Actions.

*Fred.* Do as you please, you know the Penalty,  
And as I have a Soul it shall be executed;  
Nay look not pale, I am not used to fear, Sir,  
If you respect your Lady, good Night to ye.

*Val.* But for respect to her, and to my Duty,  
That reverend Duty that I owe my Sovereign,  
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,  
The good Night should be thine; good Night for ever.  
The King is wanton, Lords, he would needs know of me  
How many nick Chases I would make to Night.

*Men.* My Lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect Gamester.

*Val.* Faith no, I am unacquainted with the Pleasure,  
Bungle a Set I may: How my Heart trembles,  
And beats my Breast as it would break his way out!  
Good Night, my noble Friends.

*Cle.* Nay we must see you toward your Bed, my Lord.

*Val.* Good faith it needs not,

'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

*Cam.* No, no, till the Bride come, Sir.

*Val.* I beseech you leave me,

You will make me bashful else, I am so foolish.

Besides, I have some few Devotions, Lords,

And he that can pray with such a Book in's Arms—

*Cam.* We'll leave ye then, and a sweet Night wait upon ye.

*Men.* And a sweet Issue of this sweet Night crown ye.

*Cle.* All Nights and Days be such till you grow old, Sir.

*Val.* I thank ye, 'tis a Curse sufficient for me,

A labour'd one too, though you mean a Blessing.

What shall I do? I am like a wretched Debtor,

That has a sum to tender on the Forfeit

Of all he is worth, yet dare not offer it.

Other Men see the Sun, yet I must wink at it;

And though I know 'tis perfect Day, deny it:

My Veins are all on Fire, and burn like *Aetna*,

Youth and Desire beat larums to my Blood,

And add fresh Fuel to my warm Affections.

I must enjoy her, yet when I consider,

When I collect my self, and weigh her danger,

The Tyrant's Will, and his Power taught to Murder,

My tender care controls my Blood within me,

And like a cold fit of a peevish Ague

Creeps to my Soul, and flings an Ice upon me,

*Enter Queen, Evanthe, Ladies, and Fool.*

That locks all powers of Youth up: But prevention—

O what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,

To be unable, Bed-rid with Diseases,

Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen*;

What a rare benefit! But I am curst,

That that speaks other Men most freely happy,

And makes all Eyes hang on their Expectations,

Must prove the bane of me, Youth, and Ability.

She comes to Bed, how shall I entertain her?

*Tony.* Nay I come after too, take the Fool with ye,

For lightly he is ever one at Weddings!

*Queen.* *Evanthe*, make ye unready, your Lord stays for ye,

And prethee be merry. *Tony.* Be very merry, Chicken,

Thy Lord will Pipe to thee anon, and make thee Dance too.

*Lady.* Will he so, good-man *As*? *Tony.* Yes good Filly,

And you had such a Pipe, that piped so sweetly,

You would dance to Death, you have learnt your sinque a pace.

*Evan.*

*Evan.* Your Grace desires that that is too free in me,  
I am merry at the Heart. *Tony.* Thou wilt be anon,  
The young Smug Boy will give thee a sweet Cordial.

*Evan.* I am so taken up in all my Thoughts,  
So posselt Madam with the lawful sweets  
I shall this Night partake of with my Lord,  
So far transported (pardon my Immodesty.)

*Val.* Alas poor Wench, how shall I recompence thee?

*Evan.* That though they must be short, and snatcht away too  
Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em  
Before a tedious Pleasure with Repentance.

*Val.* O how my Heart akes! *Evan.* Take off my Jewels, Ladies,  
And let my Ruff loose, I shall bid good Night to ye,  
My Lord stays here. *Queen.* My Wench, I thank thee heartily,  
For learning how to use thy few Hours handsomly,  
They will be years I hope; off with your Gown now,  
Lay down the Bed there? *Tony.* Shall I get into it  
And warm it for thee? a Fool's Fire is a fine thing,  
And I'll so bus thee.

*Queen.* I'll have ye whipt, ye Rascal.

*Tony.* That will provoke me more, I'll talk with thy Husband,  
He's a wise Man I hope. *Evan.* Good night dear Madam,  
Ladies, no further Service, I am well,  
I do beseech your Grace to give us this leave,  
My Lord and I to one another freely,  
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies,  
Women and Page we'll be to one another,  
And trouble you no farther. *Tony.* Art thou a wise Man?

*Val.* I cannot tell thee *Tony*, ask my Neighbours.

*Tony.* If thou beest so, go lye with me to Night,  
The old Fool will lie quieter than the young one,  
And give thee more Sleep, thou wilt look to Morrow else  
Worse than the prodigal Fool the Ballad speaks of,  
That was squeez'd through a Horn. *Val.* I shall take thy Counsel.

*Queen.* Why then good night, good night my best *Evan* be,  
My worthy Maid, and as that Name shall vanish,  
A worthy Wife, a long and happy; follow Sirrah.

*Evan.* That shall be my care, Goodness rest with your Grace.

*Queen.* Be lusty Lord, and take your Lady to ye,  
And that Power that shall part ye be unhappy.

*Val.* Sweet rest unto ye, to ye all sweet Ladies;

*Tony* good night. *Tony.* Shall not the Fool stay with thee?

*Queen.* Come away Sirrah. [Exeunt *Queen* and *Ladies*.]

*Tony.* How the Fool is sought for! Sweet Malt is made of  
easie Fire,

A hasty Horse will quickly tire, a sudden Leaper sticks i'th Mire,  
Phlebotomy and the word lie nigher, take heed of Friend, I thee  
require; This

This from an Almanack I stole, and learn this Lesson from a Fool:  
Good night my Bird. [Exit Tony.]

*Evan.* Good night, wife Master Tony;  
Will ye to Bed, my Lord? Come, let me help ye.

*Val.* To Bed *Evanthe*, art thou sleepy?

*Evan.* No, I shall be worse if you look sad upon me,  
Pray ye let's to Bed. *Val.* I am not well, my Love.

*Evan.* I'll make ye well, there's no such Physick for ye  
As your warm Mistress's Arms. *Val.* Art thou so cunning?

*Evan.* I speak not by experience, 'pray ye mistake not,  
But if ye love me—— *Val.* I do love so dearly,

So much above the base bent of Desire,  
I know not how to answer thee. *Evan.* To Bed then,

There I shall better credit ye; fie my Lord,  
Will ye put a Maid to't, to teach ye what to do?

An innocent Maid? Are ye so cold a Lover?

In truth you make me bluth, 'tis Midnight too,

And 'tis no stoln Love, but authorised openly,

No Sin we covet; pray let me undress ye,

You shall help me; prithee sweet *Valerio*

Be not so sad, the King will be more merciful.

*Val.* May not I love thy Mind? *Evan.* And I yours too,  
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with Virtue;

But if we love not one another really,

And put our Bodies and our Minds together,

And so make up the concord of Affection,

Our Love will prove but a blind Superstition:

This is no School to argue in, my Lord,

Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,

Pray let's dispatch, if any one should come

And find us at this distance, what would they think?

Come, kiss me, and to Bed.

*Val.* That I dare do, and kiss again.

*Evan.* Spare not, they are your own, Sir.

*Val.* But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious;

Too sensual in my Love, and too ambitious:

O how I burn! to pluck thee from the Stalk,

Where now thou grow'st a sweet Bud and a beauteous,

And bear'st the prime and honour of the Garden,

Is but to violate thy Spring, and spoil thee.

*Evan.* To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger ye.

*Val.* Let's sit together thus, and as we sit

Feed on the sweets of one another's Souls.

The happiness of Love is Contemplation,

The blessedness of Love is pure Affection,

Where no alloy of actual dull Desire,

Of Pleasure that partakes with Wantonness,  
Of human Fire that burns out as it kindles,  
And leaves the Body but a poor Repentance,  
Can ever mix; let's fix on that, *Evanthe*,  
That's Everlasting, the other Casual;  
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,  
Blind as her self, and full of all Afflictions.  
Shall we love virtuously? *Evan*. I ever loved so.

*Val*. And only think our Love; the rarest Pleasure,  
And that we most desire, let it be Human,  
If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloy's our Appetites;  
I would not lessen in my Love for any thing,  
Nor find thee but the same in my short Journey,  
For my Love's safety. *Evan*. Now I see I am old, Sir,  
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despis'd,  
And am not worth your noble Fellowship,  
Your fellowship in Love, you would not else  
Thus cunningly seek to betray a Maid,  
A Maid that honours you thus piously;  
Strive to abuse the pious Love she brings ye.  
Farewel my Lord, since ye have a better Mistress,  
For it must seem so, or ye are no Man,  
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,  
So much I love ye still. *Val*. Stay my *Evanthe*,  
Heav'n bear me Witness, thou art all I love,  
All I desire; and now have Pity on me,  
I never lyed before; forgive me Justice,  
Youth and Affection stop your Ears unto me.

*Evan*. Why do you weep? If I have spoke too harshly,  
And unbecoming, my beloved Lord,  
My Care and Duty, pardon me. *Val*. O hear me,  
Hear me *Evanthe*; I am all on Torture,  
And this Lie tears my Conscience as I vent it;  
I am no Man. *Evan*. How, Sir?

*Val*. No Man for Pleasure, no Woman's Man.

*Evan*. Goodness forbid my Lord, sure you abuse your self.

*Val*. 'Tis true, *Evanthe*;

I shame to say you will find it.

[Weeps.]

*Evan*. He weeps bitterly,

'Tis my hard Fortune, bless all young Maids from it;  
Is there no help, my Lord, in Art will comfort ye?

*Val*. I hope there is. *Evan*. How long have you been destitute?

*Val*. Since I was young. *Evan*. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.  
Now you shall know 'tis not the Pleasure, Sir,  
(For I am compell'd to love you spiritually)  
That Women aim at, I affect ye for,

'Tis for your Worth ; and kiss me, be at Peace,  
 Because I ever lov'd ye, I still honour ye,  
 And with all Duty to my Husband follow ye ;  
 Will ye to Bed now ? ye are asham'd it seems ;  
*Pygmalion* pray'd, and his cold Stone took Life ;  
 You do not know with what Zeal I shall ask, Sir,  
 And what rare Miracle that may work upon ye ;  
 Still blush ? prescribe your Law. *Val.* I prithee pardon me.  
 To Bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,  
 Mourn both our Fortunes, our unhappy ones :  
 Do not despise me, make me not more wretched.  
 I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, *Evanthe*,  
 As my poor Date is but a Span of time now,  
 To recompence thy nobly Patience,  
 Thy Love and Virtue with a fruitful Husband,  
 Honest and honourable.

*Evan.* Come, you have made me weep now,  
 All fond Desire die here, and welcome Chastity,  
 Honour and Chastity ; do what you please, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter at one Door Rugio and Friar Marco, at the other Door Sorano, with a little Glass-Viol.*

*Rug.* **W**H A T ails this Piece of Mischief to look sad ?  
 He seems to weep too.

*Mar.* Something is a hatching,  
 And of some bloody Nature too, Lord *Rugio*,  
 This Crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

*Sor.* Hail holy Father,  
 And good Day to the good Lord *Rugio* ;  
 How fares the sad Prince, I beseech ye, Sir ?

*Rug.* 'Tis like you know, you need not ask that Question,  
 You have your Eyes and Watches on his Miseries  
 As near as ours, I would they were as tender.

*Mar.* Can you do him good ? As the King and you appointed him,  
 So he is still, as you desir'd I think too,  
 For every Day he is worse (*Heav'n pardon all*)  
 Put off your Sorrow, you may laugh now, Lord,  
 He cannot last long to disturb your Master,  
 You have done worthy Service to his Brother,  
 And he most memorable Love. *Sor.* You do not know, Sir,  
 With what Remorse I ask, nor with what weariness

I groan and bow under the Load of Honour,  
And how my Soul sighs for the beastly Services  
I have done his Pleasures, these be witness with me,  
And from your Piety believe me Father,  
I would as willingly uncloath my self  
Of Title, that becomes me not, I know;  
Good Men and great Names best agree together;  
Cast off the glorious Favours, and the Trappings  
Of Sound and Honour, Wealth and Promises,  
His wanton Pleasures have flung on my Weakness,  
And chuse to serve my Country's Cause and Virtues,  
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my Ruins,  
As I would hope Remission of my Mischiefs.

*Rug.* Old and experienc'd Men, my Lord *Sorano*,  
Are not so quickly caught with gilt Hypocrisie;  
You pull your Claws in now and fawn upon us,  
As Lions do to entice poor foolish Beasts;  
And Beasts we should be too if we believed ye;  
Go exercise your Art. *Sor.* For Heav'n's sake scorn me not,  
Nor add more Hell to my afflicted Soul  
Than I feel here; as you are honourable,  
As you are charitable, look gently on me:  
I will no more to Court, be no more Devil,  
I know I must be hated even of him  
That was my Love now, and the more he loves me  
For his foul Ends, when they shall once appear to him  
Muste before his Conscience and accuse him,  
The fouler and the more falls his Displeasure.  
Princes are fading things, so are their Favours.

*Mar.* He weeps again, his Heart is toucht sure with remorse.

*Sor.* See this, and give me fair Attention, good my Lord  
And worthy Father see, within this Viol  
The Remedy and Cure of all my Honour,  
And of the sad Prince, lyes. *Rug.* What new Trick's this?

*Sor.* 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly  
Ill and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonso*,  
And whilst I was a Knave I sought his Death too.

*Rug.* You are too late convicted to be good yet.

*Sor.* But Father, when I felt this Part afflict me,  
This inward Part, and call'd me to an audit  
Of my Misdeeds and Mischiefs— *Mar.* Well, go on Sir.

*Sor.* O then, then, then, what was my Glory then, Father?  
The Favour of the King, what did that ease me?  
What was it to be bow'd to by all Creatures?  
Worship, and courted, what did this avail me?  
I was a Wretch a poor lost Wretch. *Mar.* Still better.



*Sor.* 'Till in the midst of all my Grief I found  
Repentance, and a learned Man to give the Means to it,  
A Jew, an honest and a rare Physician ;  
Of him I had this Jewel; 'tis a Jewel,  
And at the Price of all my Wealth I bought it,  
If the King knew it I must lose my Head,  
And willingly, most willingly I would suffer,  
A Child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.

*Mar.* To whom would you apply it?

*Sor.* To the sick Prince,  
It will in half a Day dissolve his Melancholy.

*Rug.* I do believe, and give him Sleep for ever.  
What Impudence is this, and what base Malice,  
To make us Instruments of thy Abuses?  
Are we set here to poison him?

*Sor.* Mistake not; yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble Care,  
And worthy virtuous Servants; if you will see  
A flourishing Estate again in *Naples*,  
And great *Alphonso* reign that's truly good,  
And like himself able to make all excellent;  
Give him this Drink, and this good Health unto him. [*Drinks.*  
I am not so desperate yet to kill my self;  
Never look on me as a guilty Man,  
Nor on the Water as a speedy Poison:  
I am not mad, nor laid out all my Treasure,  
My Conscience and my Credit, to abuse ye:  
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now  
Upon my Heart and Head! Sure I am a new Man,  
There is no sadness that I feel within me,  
But as it meets it, like a lazy Vapour  
How it flies off. Here, give it him with Speed,  
You are more guilty than I ever was,  
And worthier of the Name of evil Subjects,  
If but an Hour you hold this from his Health.

*Rug.* 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure, he is a good Man,  
It must be so, come, let's apply it presently,  
And may it sweetly work.

*Sor.* Pray let me hear on't, and carry it close, my Lords.

*Mar.* Yes, good *Sorano*. [*Exe. Rugio and Marco.*

*Sor.* Do my good Fools, and honest pious Coxcombs,  
My wary Fools too: Have I caught your Wisdems?  
You never dreamt I knew an Antidote,  
Nor how to take it to secure mine own Life;  
I am an Ass, go, give him the fine Cordial,  
And when you have done go dig his Grave, good Frier.  
Some two Hours hence we shall have such a Bawling,

And

And roaring up and down for *Aqua vita*,  
Such rubbing, and such nointing, and such cooling,  
I have sent him that will make a Bonfire in's Belly,  
If he recover it, there is no Heat in Hell sure.

[Exit.

*Enter Frederick, and Podramo.*

*Fred. Podramo?* Pod. Sir.

*Fred.* Call hither Lord *Valerio*, and let none trouble us.

*Pod.* It shall be done, Sir.

[Exit.

*Fred.* I know he wants no Additions to his Tortures,  
He has enough for human Blood to carry,  
Yet I must vex him further;  
So many, that I wonder his hot Youth  
And high-bred Spirit breaks not into Fury,  
I must yet torture him a little further,  
And make my self Sport with his Miseries,  
My Anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

*Enter Valerio.*

Now my young marry'd Lord, how do you feel your self,  
You have the Happiness you ever aim'd at,  
The Joy and Pleasure. *Val.* Would you had the like, Sir.

*Fred.* You tumble in Delights with your sweet Lady,  
And draw the Minutes out in dear Embraces,  
You live a right Lord's Life. *Val.* Would you had tryed it,  
That you might know the Virtue but to suffer:  
Your Anger, though it be unjust and insolent,  
Sits handsomer upon you than your Scorn;  
To do a willful Ill, and glory in it,  
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.

*Fred.* Hast thou not found a loving and free Prince,  
High in his favours too; that has confer'd  
Such hearts ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,  
All thou couldst ask? *Val.* You are grown a Tyrant too  
Upon so suffering, and so still a Subject;  
You have put upon me such a Punishment,  
That if your Youth were honest it would blush at:  
But you are a shame to Nature, as to Virtue.  
Pull not my Rage upon ye, 'tis so just,  
It will give way to no respect; my Life,  
My innocent Life, I dare maintain it, Sir,  
Like a wanton Prodigal you have flung away;  
Had I a thousand more I would allow 'em,  
And be as careless of 'em as your will is;  
But to deny those rights the Law hath given me,  
The holy Law, and make her Life the Penance,  
Is such a studied and unheard of Malice,  
No Heart that is not hired from Hell dare think of;

*A Wife for a Month.*

To do it then too, when my Hopes were high,  
High as my Blood, all my Desires upon me,  
My free Affections ready to embrace her,

*Enter Cassandra.*

And she mine own; Do you smile at this? Is't done well?

Is there not Heav'n above you that sees all?

[*Exit Val.*]

*Fred.* Come hither Time, how does your noble Mistress?

*Caf.* As a Gentlewoman may do in her case that's newly married,  
Sickly sometimes, and fond on't, like your Majesty. (Sir :

*Fred.* She is Breeding then?

*Caf.* She wants much of her Colour,  
And has her qualms as Ladies use to have, Sir,  
And her disquits.

*Fred.* And keeps her Chamber? *Caf.* Yes, Sir.

*Fred.* And eats good Broths and Jellies.

*Caf.* I am sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.

*Fred.* Alas, good Lady, for it,  
She should have one could comfort her, *Cassandra*,  
Could turn those Tears to Joys, a lusty Comforter.

*Caf.* A comfortable Man does well at all hours,  
For he brings comfortable things.

(Onions ;

*Fred.* Come hither, and hold your Fan between, you have eaten  
Her Breath stinks like a Fox, her Teeth are contagious,  
These old Women are all Elder-pipes; do ye mark me?

[*Gives a Purse.*]

*Caf.* Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,  
That am both old and virtuous?

*Fred.* Therefore the fitter, the older still the better,  
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,  
Yet upon necessary use — *Caf.* 'Tis true, Sir.

*Fred.* Her feeling sense is fierce still, speak unto her,  
You are familiar; speak, I say, unto her,  
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.

*Caf.* Alas, she is honest, Sir, she is very honest,  
And would you have my Gravity —

*Fred.* I, I, your Gravity will become the cause the better,  
I'll look thee out a Knight shall make thee a Lady too,  
A lusty Knight, and one that shall be ruled by thee,  
And add to these, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,  
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,  
But do it home, we'll all be Friends too, tell her,  
And such a joy — *Caf.* That's it that stirs me up, Sir,  
I would not for the World attempt her Chastity,  
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.

*Fred.* For that I urge it too.

*Caf.* A little evil may well be suffered for a general good, Sir,  
I'll take my leave of your Majesty.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*

*A Wife for a Month.*

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*Enter Valerio.*

*Fred.* Go fortunately, be speedy too: Here comes *Valerio*,  
If his Affliction have allayed his Spirit  
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,  
How do you now? *Val.* Your Majesty may guess,  
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,  
That can tye up Mens honest Wills, and Actions.

*Fred.* You clearly see now, brave *Valerio*,  
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,  
To interpose against a raging Lion;  
I know you have suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,  
And with a kind of pity I behold it,  
And if you dare be worthy of my Mercy,  
I can yet heal you, yield up your *Evanthe*,  
Take off my Sentence also. *Val.* I fall thus low, Sir,  
My poor sad Heart under your Feet I lay,  
And all the Service of my life.

*Fred.* Do this then, for without this 'twill be impossible;  
Part with her for a while. *Val.* You have parted us,  
What should I do with that I cannot use, Sir?

*Fred.* 'Tis well consider'd, let me have the Lady,  
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,  
How all this difference——

*Val.* Will she come, do you think, Sir?

*Fred.* She must be wrought, I know she is too modest,  
And gently wrought, and cunningly.

*Val.* 'Tis fit, Sir.

*Fred.* And secretly it must be done. *Val.* As thought.

*Fred.* I'll warrant ye her Honour shall be fair still,  
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, *Valerio*;  
You see a thousand that bear sober Faces,  
And shew off as inimitable Modesties;  
You would be sworn too that they were pure Matrons,  
And most chaste Maids; and yet to augment their Fortunes,  
And get them noble Friends—— *Val.* They are content, Sir,  
In private to bestow their Beauties on 'em.

*Fred.* They are so, and they are wise, they know no want for't,  
Nor no Eye sees they want their honesties.

*Val.* If it might be carried thus. *Fred.* It shall be, Sir.

*Val.* I'll see you dead first; with this caution,  
Why, sure I think it might be done. *Fred.* Yes, easily.

*Val.* For what time would your desire Grace her Body?

*Fred.* A Month or two, it shall be carried still  
As if she kept with you, and were a Stranger,  
Rather a hater of the Grace I offer;  
And then I will return her with such honour——

*Val.* 'Tis very like I dote much on your Honour.

*Fred.*

*Fred.* And load her with such Favour too, *Valerio*——

*Val.* She never shall claw off? I humbly thank ye.

*Fred.* I'll make ye both the happiest, and the richest,  
And the mightiest too—— *Val.* But who shall work her, Sir?  
For on my Conscience she is very honest,  
And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond.

*Fred.* Why, you must work her, any thing from your Tongue,  
Set off with golden and persuasive Language,  
Urging your dangers too. *Val.* But all this time  
Have you the Conscience, Sir, to leave me nothing,  
Nothing to play withal?

*Fred.* There be a thousand, take where you wilt.

*Val.* May I make bold with your Queen,  
She is useless to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,  
And but a loyal Wife that may be lost too;  
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.

*Fred.* How, Sir?

*Val.* 'Tis so, Sir: thou most glorious Impudence,  
Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,  
But thou must pick me out to make a Monster?  
A hated wonder to the World? Do you start  
At my intrenching on your private liberty,  
And would you force a High-way through mine Honour,  
And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen  
Is of that excellent Honesty,  
And guarded with Divinity about her,  
No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhallowed  
I would so right my self. *Fred.* Why, take her to ye  
I am not vex'd at this, thou shalt enjoy her,  
I'll be thy Friend, if that may win thy courtesie.

*Val.* I will not be your Bawd, though for your Royalty  
Was I brought up, and nourish'd in the Court,  
With thy most Royal Brother, and thy self,  
Upon thy Father's charge, thy happy Father's,  
And suck'd the sweetness of all human Arts,  
Learn'd Arms and Honour, to become a Rascal?  
Was this the expectation of my Youth,  
My growth of Honour? Do you speak this truly,  
Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,  
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible  
There should be such a Devil in a King's shape,  
Such a malignant Fiend. *Fred.* I thank ye, Sir,  
To Morrow is your last day, and look to it,  
Get from my sight, away.

*Val.* Ye are---Oh, my Heart's too high and full to think upon ye.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Evanthe, and Cassandra.*

*Evan.* You think it fit then, mortified *Cassandra*,  
That I should be a Whore? *Caf.* Why a Whore, Madam?  
If every Woman that upon necessity  
Did a good turn, for there's the main point, mark it,  
Were term'd a Whore, who would be honest, Madam?  
Your Lord's Life, and your own, are now in hazard,  
Two precious lives may be redcm'd with nothing,  
Little or nothing; say an hour's or day's sport,  
Or such a Toy, the end to it is wantonness.  
(That we call Lust that Maidens lose their Fame for)  
But a compell'd necessity of Honour,  
Fair as the Day, and clear as Innocence,  
Upon my Life and Conscience, a direct way——

*Evan.* To be a Rascal. *Caf.* 'Tis a kind of Rape too,  
That keeps you clear, for where your Will's compell'd,  
Though you yield up your Body, you are safe still.

*Evan.* Thou art grown a learned Bawd, I ever look'd  
Thy great sufficiency would break out. *Caf.* You may,  
You that are young and fair, scorn us old Creature;  
But you must know my years, e'er you be wise, Lady,  
And my Experience too; say the King loved ye?  
Say it were nothing else?

*Evan.* I, marry Wench, now thou comest to me.

*Caf.* Do you think Princes Favours are such slight Things,  
To sling away when you please? There be young Ladies,  
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,  
And leap aloft too. *Evan.* Such are light enough;  
I am no Vaulter, Wench; but canst thou tell me,  
Though he be a King, whether he be sound or no?  
I would not give my Youth up to Infection.

*Caf.* As sound as Honour ought to be, I think, Lady;  
Go to, be wise, I do not bid you try him;  
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,  
Your Lord's Life hanging on the Hazard of it,  
If you be so wilful proud.

*Evan.* Thou speakest to the point still;  
But when I have lain with him, what am I then, Gentlewoman?

*Caf.* What are you? why, the same you are now, a Woman,  
A virtuous Woman; and a noble Woman,  
Touching at what is noble, you become so.  
Had *Lucrece* e'er been thought of but for *Tarquin*?  
She was before a simple unknown Woman,  
When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend Saint;  
And do you think she yielded not a little?  
And had a kind of Will to have been re-ravish'd?

Believe it, yes: There are a thousand Stories  
Of wondrous loyal Women, that have slipt,  
But it has been on the Ice of tender Honour,  
That kept 'em cool still to the World. I think you are blest,  
That have such an Occasion in your Hands to beget a Chronicle,  
A faithful one. *Evan.* It must needs be much Honour.

*Caf.* As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;  
And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live  
So quietly, and peaceably together,  
And be what you please. *Evan.* But suppose this, Wench,  
The King should so delight me with his Company,  
I should forget my Lord, and no more look on him.

*Caf.* That's the main Hazard, for I tell you truly,  
I have heard Report speak he is an infinite Pleaser,  
Almost above Belief; there be some Ladies,  
And modest to the World too, wondrous modest,  
That have had the Blessedness to try his Body,  
That I have heard proclaim him a new *Hercules*.

*Evan.* So strongly able? *Caf.* There will be the Danger,  
You being but a young and tender Lady,  
Although your Mind be good, yet your weak Body,  
At first encounter too, to meet with one  
Of his unconquer'd Strength. *Evan.* Peace thou rude Bawd,  
Thou studied old Corruptress, tye thy Tongue up,  
Your hired base Tongue; is this your timely Counsel?  
Dost thou seek to make me doat on Wickedness?  
Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?  
To be a Whore, because he has sufficiency  
To make a Hundred? O thou Impudence!  
Have I reliev'd thy Age to mine own Ruin?  
And worn thee in my Bosom, to betray me?  
Can Years and Impotence win nothing on thee  
That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?  
And where thy Blood wants Heat to sin thy self,  
Force thy decrepit Will to make me wicked?

*Caf.* I did but tell ye. *Evan.* What the damnedst Woman,  
The cunning'st and the skilful'st Bawd comes short of;  
If thou hadst liv'd ten Ages to be damn'd in,  
And exercis'd this Art the Devil taught thee,  
Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly.

*Caf.* I did not bid you sin. *Evan.* Thou wood'st me to it;  
Thou that are fit for Prayer and the Grave,  
Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,  
Thou taught'st the way; go follow your fine Function,  
There are Houses of Delight, that want good Matrons,  
Such grave Instructors, get thee thither, Monster,

And

And read variety of Sins to Wantons,  
And when they roar with Pains, learn to make Plaisters.

*Caf.* This we have for our good Wills.

*Evan.* If e'er I see thee more,  
Or any thing that's like thee, to afright me,  
By this fair Light I'll spoil thy Bawdery,  
I'll leave thee neither Eyes nor Nose to grace thee.  
When thou wantest Bread, and common Pity towards thee,

*Enter Frederick.*

And art a starving in a Ditch, think of me,  
Then die, and let the wandring Bawds lament thee ;  
Be gone, I charge thee leave me. *Caf.* You'll repent this. [*Exit.*

*Fred.* She's angry, and t'other crying too, my suit's cold.  
I'll make your Heart ache, stubborn Wench, for this ;  
Turn not so angry from me, I will speak to you,  
Are you grown so proud with your Delight, good Lady,  
So pamper'd with your Sport, you scorn to know me ?

*Evan.* I scorn ye not, I would you scorn'd not me, Sir,  
And forc'd me to be weary of my Duty ;  
I know your Grace, would I had never seen ye.

*Fred.* Because I love you, because I dote upon ye,  
Because I am a Man that seek to please ye.

*Evan.* I have Man enough already to content me,  
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,  
As all the World can yield. *Fred.* That's but your Modesty,  
You have no Man, nay never look upon me,  
I know it, Lady, no Man to content ye,  
No Man that can, or at the least, that dares,  
Which is a poorer Man, and nearer nothing.

*Evan.* Be nobler, Sir, inform'd. *Fred.* I'll tell thee, Wench,  
The poor Condition of this poorer Fellow,  
And make thee blush for shame at thine own Error ;  
He never tendred yet a Husband's Duty  
To thy warm longing Bed. *Evan.* How should he know that ?

*Fred.* I am sure he did not, for I charg'd him no,  
Upon his Life I charg'd him, but to try him ;  
Could any brave or noble Spirit stop here ?  
Was Life to be preferr'd before Affection ?  
Lawful and long'd for too ? *Evan.* Did you command him ?

*Fred.* I did in policy to try his Spirit.

*Evan.* And could he be so dead cold to observe it ?  
Brought I no Beauty, nor no Love along with me ?

*Fred.* Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him.  
I should have lov'd him if he had ventur'd for't,  
Nay, doted on his Bravery. *Evan.* Only charg'd ?  
And with that spell sit down ? dare Men fight bravely



For poor slight things, for Drink, or Ostentation ;  
And there indanger both their Lives and Fortunes ?  
And for their lawful Loves fly off with fear ?

*Fred.* 'Tis true, and with a cunning base fear too to abuse thee ;  
Made thee believe, poor innocent *Evanthe*,  
Wretched young Girl, it was his Impotency ;  
Was it not so ? deny it.

*Evan.* O my anger ! at my Years to be cozen'd with a young [Man !

*Fred.* A strong Man too, certain he lov'd ye dearly.

*Evan.* To have my Shame and Love mingled together,  
And both flung on me like a weight to sink me,  
I would have dyed a thousand times.

*Fred.* So would any,  
Any that had the Spirit of a Man ;  
I would have been kill'd in your Arms.

*Evan.* I would he had been,  
And buried in mine Arms, that had been noble,  
And what a Monument would I have made him ?  
Upon this Breast he should have slept in peace,  
Honour and everlasting Love his Mourners ;  
And I still weeping 'till old Time had turn'd me,  
And pitying Powers above, into pure Crystal.

*Fred.* Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my way been stuck  
With Deaths, as thick as frosty Nights with Stars,  
I would have ventur'd.

*Evan.* Sure there is some trick in't ; *Valerio* ne'er was Coward.

*Fred.* Worse than this too,  
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser Nature,  
He set your Woman on ye to betray ye,  
Your bawdy Woman, or your sin Sollicitor ;  
I pray but think what this Man may deserve now,  
I know he did, and did it to please me too.

*Evan.* Good Sir afflict me not too fast, I feel  
I am a Woman, and a wrong'd one too,  
And sensible I am of my abuses.  
Sir, you have loved me.

*Fred.* And I love thee still, pity thy wrongs, and doat upon thy (Person,

*Evan.* To set my Woman on me 'twas too base, Sir.

*Fred.* Abominable vile. *Evan.* But I shall fit him.

*Fred.* All Reason and all Law allows it to ye,  
And ye are a Fool, a tame Fool, if you spare him.

*Evan.* You may speak now, and happily prevail too,  
And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.

*Fred.* I am at Heart. She staggers in her Faith,  
And will fall off I hope, I'll ply her still.  
Thou abused Innocence, I suffer with thee,

If I should give him *Life*, he would still betray thee;  
That Fool that fears to die for such a *Beauty*,  
Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.  
I do not say he would have been *Bawd* himself too.

*Evan.* Follow'd thus far? nay then I smell the *Malice*,  
It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness,  
There can be no such Man, I am sure no *Gentleman*;  
Shall my *Anger* make me *Whore*, and not my *Pleasure*?  
My sudden inconsiderate *Rage* abuse me?  
Come home again, my frightened *Faith*, my *Virtue*,  
Home to my *Heart* again; he be a *Bawd* too?

*Fred.* I will not say he offered fair, *Evanthe*.

*Evan.* Nor do not dare, 'twill be an impudence,  
And not an *Honour* for a *Prince* to lie;  
Fye, Sir, a *Person* of your *Rank* to trifle,  
I know you do lie. *Fred.* How?

*Evan.* Lie shamefully, and I could wish my self a *Man* but one  
To tell you openly you lie too basely. (Day,

*Fred.* Take heed, wild Fool.

*Evan.* Take thou heed, thou tame Devil,  
Thou all *Pandora's* Box in a *King's* Figure,  
Thou hast almost whor'd my weak *Belief* already,  
And like an *Engineer* blown up mine *Honour*;  
But I shall countermine, and catch your *Mischief*.  
This little *Fort* you seek, I shall man nobly,  
And strongly too, with chaste *Obedience*.  
To my dear *Lord*, with virtuous *Thoughts* that scorn ye.  
*Victorious* *Thomyris* ne'er won more *Honour*  
In cutting off the *Royal* Head of *Cyrus*,  
Than I shall do in conquering thee; farewell,  
And if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too;  
'Twill give thee nobler *Lights* than both thine *Eyes* do.  
My poor *Lord* and my self are bound to suffer,  
And when I see him faint under your *Sentence*,  
I'll tell ye more, it may be, then I'll yield too.

*Fred.* Fool unexampl'd, shall my *Anger* follow thee? [Exit.

Enter *Rugio*, and *Fryar* *Marco*, amaz'd.

*Rug.* Curst on our *Sights*, our fond *Credulities*,  
A thousand *Curses* on the *Slave* that cheated us,  
The damned *Slave*.

*Mar.* We have e'en sham'd our *Service*,  
Brought our best *Care* and *Loyalties* to nothing;  
'Tis the most fearful *Poyson*, the most potent,  
Heav'n give him *Patience*: Oh it works most strongly,  
And tears him, *Lord*. *Rug.* That we should be so stupid  
To trust the arrant't Villain that e'er flatter'd,

The bloodiest too, to believe a few soft Words from him,  
And give way to his prepar'd Tears:

*Alphonso, Witbin.* Oh, Oh, Oh.

*Rug.* Hark, Fryar *Marco*, hark, the poor Prince:  
That we should be such Block-heads,  
As to be taken with his drinking first!  
And never think what Antidotes are made for!  
Two Wooden Sculls we have, and we deserve to be hang'd for't;  
For certainly it will be laid to our Charge;  
As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily,  
Which way to turn, or what to——

*Mar.* Let's pray, Heav'n's Hand is strong.

*Rug.* The Poison's strong, you would say.

*Enter Alphonso, carried on a Couch by two Fryars.*

Would any thing—— He comes, let's give him Comfort.

*Alpb.* Give me more Air, Air, more Air, blow, blow,  
Open thou Eastern Gate, and blow upon me,  
Distil thy cold Dews, O thou Icy Moon,  
And Rivers run thro' my afflicted Spirit.

I am all Fire, Fire, Fire, the raging Dog-Star  
Reigns in my Blood, O which way shall I turn me?  
*Aina*, and all his Flames burn in my Head.

Fling me into the Ocean, or I perish;  
Dig, dig, dig, till the Springs fly up,  
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into 'em,  
And bathe my scorch'd Limbs in their purling Pleasures.  
Or shoot me up into the higher Region,  
Where Treasures of delicious Snow are nourish'd,  
And Banquets of sweet Hail.

*Rug.* Hold him fast, Fryar, O how he burns!

*Alpb.* What, will ye sacrifice me?

Upon the Altar lay my willing Body,  
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy Incense;  
And as I turn me you shall see all Flame,  
Consuming Flame; stand off me, or you are Ashes.

*Borb.* Most miserable Wretches. *Alpb.* Bring hither Charity  
And let me hug her, Fryar, they say she's cold,  
Infinite cold, Devotion cannot warm her;  
Draw me a River of false Lovers Tears  
Clean thro' my Breast, they are dull, cold, and forgetful,  
And will give Ease; let Virgins sigh upon me,  
Forfaken Souls, the Sighs are precious,

Let them all sigh: Oh Hell, Hell, Hell, Oh Horror!  
*Mar.* To Bed, good Sir. *Alpb.* My Bed will burn about me,  
Like *Phaeton*, in all consuming Flashes  
I am inclosed, let me fly, give room;

Betwixt the cold Bear, and the raging Lion  
Lies my safe way; O for a Cake of Ice now,  
To clap unto my Heart to comfort me;  
Decrepit Winter hang upon my Shoulders,  
And let me wear thy frozen Icles  
Like Jewels round about my Head, to cool me;  
My Eyes burn out, and sink into their Sockets,  
And my infected Brain like Brimstone boils.  
I live in Hell, and several Furies vex me;  
O carry me where no Sun ever shew'd yet  
A Face of Comfort, where the Earth is chrystal,  
Never to be dissolv'd, where naught inhabits  
But Night and Cold, and nipping Frosts, and Winds  
That cut the stubborn Rocks and make them shiver;  
Set me there, Friends.

*Rug.* Hold fast, he must to Bed, Erier, what scalding sweats

*Mar.* He'll scald in Hell for't, that was the Cause.

*Alpb.* Drink, Drink, a world of Drink,  
Fill all the Cups and all the antique Vessels,  
And borrow Pots, let me have Drink enough;  
Bring all the worthy Drunkards of the Time,  
The experienc'd Drunkards, let me have them all,  
And let them drink their worst, I'll make them Ideots,  
I'll lye upon my Back and swallow Vessels;  
Have Rivers made of cooling Wine run through me,  
Not stay for this Man's Health, or this great Prince's,  
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; oh, oh.

*Mar.* He cools a little, now away with him,  
And to his warm Bed presently.

*Alpb.* No Drink? no Wind? no cooling Air?

*Rug.* You shall have any thing.

His hot fit lessens, Heav'n put in a Hand now,  
And save his Life; the e's Drink, Sir, in your Chamber,  
And all cool things.

*Alpb.* Away, away, let's fly to 'em. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Valerio and Evanthe.*

*Evan.* To say you were impotent, I am asham'd on'r,  
To make your self no Man, to a fresh Maid too,  
A longing Maid upon her Wedding Night also,  
To give her such a dor. *Kal.* I prithee pardon me.

*Evan.* Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable,  
Or like a Gentleman under the Surgeon's Hands,  
And so not able, there had been some Colour;  
But wretchedly to take a Weakness to ye,  
A fearful Weakness, to abuse your Body,  
And let a Lie work like a Spell upon ye,

**A Lie to save your Life!**

*Val.* Will you give me Leave, Sweet?

*Evan.* You have taken too much Leave, and too base Leave too;  
To wrong your Love: hast thou a noble Spirit?  
And canst thou look up to the Peoples Loves,  
That call thee worthy, and not blush. *Valerio*?  
Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,  
And no Shame touch thee?

*Val.* Shame attend the sinful, I know my Innocence.

*Evan.* Ne'er think to face it, that's a double Weakness,  
And shews thee falser still: The King himself,  
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,  
But juster than thou art, in pity of my Injuries,  
Told me the Truth. *Val.* What did he tell thee, *Evanthe*?

*Evan.* That but to gain thy Life a Fortnight longer,  
Thy lov'd poor Life, thou gav'st up all my Duties.

*Val.* I swear 'tis false; my Life and Death are equal,  
I have weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one Fortune;  
But Kings are Men, and live as Men, and die too.  
Have the Affections Men have, and their Falsehoods;  
Indeed they have more Power to make 'em good;  
The King's to blame, it was to save thy Life, Wench,  
Thy innocent Life, that I forbore thy Bed,  
For if I had toucht thee thou hadst dyed, he swore it.

*Evan.* And was not I as worthy to die nobly?  
To make a Story for the time that follows.  
As he that married me? What Weakness, Sir,  
Or Disability, do you see in me,  
Either in Mind or Body, to defraud me  
Of such an Opportunity? Do you think I marry'd you  
Only for Pleasure, or Content in Lust?  
To lull you in my Arms, and kiss you hourly?  
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,  
If that had caught me, and have known all Delicates;  
There's few that would have shun'd so fair an Offer.  
O thou unfaithful fearful Man, thou hast kill'd me,  
In saving me this way; thou hast destroy'd me,  
Robb'd me of that thy Love can never give more;  
To be unable to save me? O Misery!  
Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,  
I would have lain with thee under a Gallows,  
Tho' the Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the Furies  
With Iron Whips and Forks, ready to torture me.  
I would have; hug'd thee too; tho' Hell had gap'd at me  
Save my Life! that expected to die bravely,  
That would have woo'd it too: Would I had married

An *Ennuch*, that had truly no Ability,  
Than such a fearful Liar; thou hast done me  
A scurvy Courtesie, that has undone me.

*Val.* I'll do no more, since you are so nobly fashion'd,  
Made up so strongly, I'll take my Share with ye,  
Nay, Dear, I'll learn of you.

*Evan.* He weeps too tenderly;  
My Anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me;  
And if I have offended, be more angry,  
It was a Woman's Flath, a sudden Valour,  
That could not lie conceal'd.

*Val.* I honour ye, by all the Rites of holy Marriage,  
And pleasures of chaste Love, I wonder at ye,  
You appear the Vision of a Heav'n unto me  
Stuck all with Stars of Honour shining clearly,  
And all the Motions of your Mind Celestial;  
Man is a Lump of Earth, the best Man spiritless,  
To such a Woman; all our Lives and Actions  
But Counterfeits in *Arras* to this Virtue;  
Chide me again, you have so brave an Anger,  
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,  
That I could suffer like a Child to hear ye,  
Nay, make my self guilty of some Faults to honour ye.

*Evan.* I'll chide no more, you have robb'd me of my Courage,  
And with a cunning Patience check'd my Impudence;  
Once more Forgiveness.

[*She kneels.*

[*Kisses her.*

*Val.* Will this serve, *Evanthe*?  
And this, my Love? Heav'n's Mercy be upon us;  
But did he tell no more?

*Evan.* Only this Trifle: You set my Woman on me, to betray me;  
'Tis true, she did her best, a bad old Woman,  
It stirr'd me, Sir.

*Val.* I cannot blame thee, Jewel.

(*way* —

*Evan.* And methought when your Name was founded that

*Val.* He that will spare no Fame, will spare no Name, Sweet;  
Tho' as I am a Man, I am full of Weakness,  
And may slip happily into some Ignorance,  
Yet at my Years to be a Bawd, and cozen  
Mine own Hopes with my Doctrine —

*Evan.* I believe not, nor ever shall; our time is out to Morrow.

*Val.* Let's be to Night then full of Fruitfulness,  
Now we are both of one Mind, let's be happy,  
I am no more a wanting Man, *Evanthe*,  
Thy warm Embraces shall dissolve that Impotence,  
And my cold Lye shall vanish with thy Kisses:  
You Hours of Night be long, as when *Alcmena*

Lay by the lusty Side of *Jupiter*;  
 Keep back the Day, and hide his Golden Beams,  
 Where the chaste watchful Morning may not find 'em;  
 Old doating *Tytbon* hold *Aurora* fast,  
 And tho' she blush the Day break from her Cheeks,  
 Conceal her still; thou heavy Wain stand firm,  
 And stop the quicker Revolutions;  
 Or if the Day must come, to spoil our Happiness,  
 Thou envious Sun peep not upon our Pleasure,  
 Thou that all Lovers curse, be far off from us.

*Enter Castruchio with Guard.*

*Evan.* Then let's to Bed, and this Night in all Joys  
 And chaste Delights—— *Cast.* Stay, I must part ye both;  
 It is the King's Command, who bids me tell ye,  
 To Morrow is your last Hour.

*Val.* I obey, Sir,  
 In Heav'n we shall meet, Captain, where King *Frederick*  
 Dare not appear to part us.

*Cast.* Mistake me not, though I am rough in doing of my Office,  
 You shall find, Sir, you have a Friend to honour ye.

*Val.* I thank ye, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter Fryar Marco, and Rugio.*

*Rug.* H AVE you writ to the Captain of the Castle?

*Mar.* Yes, and charged him,  
 Upon his Soul's health, that he be not cruel,  
 Told him *Valerio's* worth among the People,  
 And how it must be punish'd in Posterity,  
 Though he scape now. *Rug.* But will not he, Fryar *Marco*,  
 Betray this to the King? *Mar.* Though he be stubborn,  
 And of a rugged Nature, yet he is honest,  
 And honours much *Valerio.* *Rug.* How does *Alphonso*?  
 For now methinks my Heart is light again,  
 And pale Fear fled. *Mar.* He is as well as I am;  
 The Rogue against his will has saved his Life,  
 A desperate Poison has re-cur'd the Prince.

*Rug.* To me 'tis most miraculous.

*Mar.* To me too, till I consider why it should do so,  
 And now I have found it a most excellent Physick,  
 It wrought upon the dull cold misty Parts,  
 That clog'd his Soul, which was another Poison,  
 A desperate too, and found such matter there,  
 And such abundance also to resist it,

And

*A Wife for a Month.*

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And wear away the dangerous heat it brought with it,  
The pure Blood and the Spirits scap'd untainted.

*Rug.* 'Twas Heav'n's high Hand, none of *Sorano's* Pity.

*Mar.* Most certain 'twas; had the malicious Villain

*Enter Castruchio*

Given him a cooling Poison, he had paid him.

*Rug.* The Captain of the Castle.

*Mar.* O ye are welcome, how does your Prisoner?

*Cas.* He must go for dead;

But when I do a Deed of so much Villany,  
I'll have my Skin pull'd o'er mine Ears, my Lord.

*Enter Alphonso, and Fryars.*

Though I am the King's, I am none of his Abuses;  
How does your Royal Charge? That I might see once.

*Mar.* I pray see now, you are a trusty Gentleman.

*Alph.* Good Fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no Sickness.

*Cas.* He speaks again.

*Alph.* Nothing that bars the free use of my Spirit,  
Methinks the Air's sweet to me, and Company

A thing I covet now: *Castruchio.*

*Cas.* Sir; he speaks, and knows; for Heav'n sake break my pate,  
That I may be sure I sleep not. (Lord,

*Alph.* Thou wert honest,

Ever among the Rank of good Men counted,  
I have been absent long out of the World,  
A Dream I have lived, how does it look *Castruchio?*  
What wonders are abroad?

*Cas.* I fling off Duty to your Dead Brother, for he is dead in  
And to the living hope of brave *Alphonso,* (Goodness,  
The noble Heir of Nature, and of Honour,  
I fasten my Allegiance. (secret.

*Mar.* Softly Captain, we dare not trust the Air with this blest  
Good Sir, be close again, Heav'n has restor'd ye,  
And by miraculous Means, to your fair Health,  
And made the instrument your Enemies Malice,  
Which does prognosticate your noble Fortune;  
Let not our careless joy lose you again, Sir,  
Help to deliver ye to a further Danger:  
I pray you pass in, and rest a while forgotten,  
For if your Brother come to know you are well again,  
And ready to inherit as your Right,  
Before we have strength enough to assure your Life,  
What will become of you? and what shall we  
Deserve in all Opinions that are honest,  
For our loss of Judgment, Care, and Loyalty?

*Rug.* Dear Sir, pass in: Heav'n has begun the Work,



And blest us all, let our Endeavours follow,  
To preserve this blessing to our timely Uies,  
And bring it to the noble End we aim at;  
Let our Cares work now, and our Eyes pick out  
An hour to shew ye safely to your Subjects,  
A secure hour.

*Alph.* I am counsel'd; ye are faithful.

*Caf.* Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.  
Once more the tender of my Duty. *Alph.* Thank ye.

*Caf.* Keep you the Monastery.

*Rug.* Strong enough I'll warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Fool, and Podrano.*

*Pod.* Who are all these that crowd about the Court, Fool?  
Those strange new Faces? *Fool.* They are Suiters, Coxcomb,  
Dainty fine Suitors to the Widow Lady,  
Thou hadst best make one of 'em, thou wilt be hanged as handsomly  
At the Month's end, and as much joy follow'd,  
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning Bawds for thee,  
And holy Nuns, whose vestal Fire ne'er vanishes,  
In sackcloth Smocks, as if thou wert Heir apparent  
To all the impious Suburbs, and the Sink-holes.

*Pod.* Out you base Rogue. *Fool.* Why dost abuse thy self?  
Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman,  
But why does not thy Lord and Master marry her?

*Pod.* Why, she is his Sister.

*Fool.* 'Tis the better, Fool,  
He may make bold with his own Flesh and Blood,  
For o' my Conscience there's none else will trust him;  
Then he may pleasure the King at a dead pinch too,  
Without a *Mephestophilus*, such as thou art,  
And ingross the Royal Disease like a true Subject.

*Pod.* Thou wilt be whipt. *Fool.* I am sure thou wilt be hang'd,  
I have lost a Ducker else, which I would be loath to venture  
Without certainty. They appear. [Suitors pass by.

*Pod.* Why these are Rascals.

*Fool.* They were meant to be so, does thy Master deserve better  
(kindred?)

*Pod.* There's an old Lawyer,  
Trim'd up like a Gally Foist, what would he do with her?

*Fool.* As Usurers do with their Gold, he would look on her,  
And read her over once a Day, like a hard Report,  
Feed his dull Eye, and keep his Fingers itching;  
For any thing else, she may appeal to a Parliament,  
*Sub Pana's* and *Post Kaes* have spoil'd his Codpiece;  
There's a Physician too older than he,  
And *Gallen Gallinacius*, but he has lost his Spurs,  
He would be nibbling too.

*Pod.*

*Pod.* I marked the Man, if he be a Man.

*Fool.* H'as much ado to be so,  
 Searcloths and Serrups glew him close together,  
 He would fall a pieces else; mending of the Patients,  
 And then trying whether they be right or no  
 In his own Person, there's the honest care on't,  
 Has mollify'd the Man; if he do marry her,  
 And come but to warm him well at *Cupid's Bonfire*,  
 He will bulge so subtilly, and suddenly,  
 You may snatch him up by *Parcels*, like a *Sea Rack*:  
 Will your *Worship* go, and look upon the rest, Sir,  
 And hear what they can say for themselves? [*Exeunt.*

*Pod.* I'll follow thee.

*Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, and Castruchio.*

*Cam.* You tell us wonders.

*Cas.* But I tell you truths, they are both well.

*Men.* Why are not we in Arms then?

And all the Island given to know——

*Cas.* Discreetly and privately it must be done, 'twill miss else,  
 And prove our Ruins; most of the noble Citizens  
 Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it,  
 Prepare your Hearts and Friends, let theirs be right too,  
 And keep about the King to avoid suspicion;

*Enter Frederick and Sorano.*

When you shall hear the Castle Bell, take Courage,  
 And stand like Men; away, the King is coming. [*Exeunt Lords.*

*Fred.* Now Captain, what have you done with your Prisoner?

*Cas.* He is dead, Sir, and his Body flung into the Sea,  
 To feed the Fishes, 'twas your will, I take it,  
 I did it from a strong Commission,  
 And stood not to Capitulate. *Fred.* 'Tis well done,  
 And I shall love you for your Faith. What anger  
 Or sorrow did he utter at his End?

*Cas.* Faith little, Sir, that I gave any ear to,  
 He would have spoke, but I had no Commission  
 To argue with him, so I flung him off;  
 His Lady would have seen, but I lock'd her up,  
 For fear her Womans Tears should hinder us.

*Fred.* 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my *Sorano*,  
 We hear not from the Monastery; I believe  
 They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.

*Cas.* Did you name the Monastery? *Fred.* Yes, I did, Captain.

*Cas.* I saw the Fryar this Morning, and Lord *Rugio*,  
 Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their Hands,  
 And all the holy Men hung down their Heads.

*Sor.* 'Tis done I'll warrant ye. *Cas.* I ask'd the Reason.

*Fred.*

*Fred.* What answer hadst thou? *Caf.* This in few Words, Sir  
Your Brother's dead, this Morning he deceased;  
I was your Servant, and I wept not, Sir,  
I knew 'twas for your good. *Fred.* It shall be for thine too  
Captain, indeed it shall. O my *Sorano*,  
Now we shall live. *Sor.* Ay, now there's none to trouble ye.

*Fred.* Captain, bring out the Woman, and give way  
To any Suitor that shall come to marry her,  
Of what degree soever. *Caf.* It shall be done, Sir. [Exit *Caf.*

*Fred.* O let me have a lusty Banquet after it,  
*Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Fool.*  
I will be high and merry. *Sor.* There be some Lords  
That I could counsel ye to fling from Court, Sir,  
They pry into our Actions, they are such  
The foolish People call their Countries Honours;  
Honest brave things, and stile them with such Titles,  
As if they were the patterns of the Kingdom;  
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,  
And talk at random of our Actions.

They should be lovers of your Commands,  
And followers of your will; Bridles and Curbs  
To the hard-headed Commons that malign us,  
They come here to do honour to my Sister,  
To laugh at your severity, and fright us;  
If they had power, what would these Men do?  
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whisper?

*Fred.* I shall silence 'em,  
And to their shames, within this Week, *Sorano*;  
In the mean time have Patience.

*Sor.* How they jeer, and look upon me as I were a Monster?  
And talk and jeer? How I shall pull your Plumes, Lords,  
How I shall humble you within these two Days?  
Your great Names, nor your Country cannot save ye.

*Fred.* Let in the Suitors. Yet submit, I'll pardon ye,  
You are half undone already, do not wind  
My Anger to that height, it may consume ye,

*Enter Lawyer, Physician, Captain, and Cutpurse.*  
And utterly destroy thee, fair *Evanthe*: Yet I have Mercy.

*Evan.* Use it to your Bawds,  
To me use Cruelty, it best becomes ye,  
And shews more Kingly: I contemn your Mercy;  
It is a cozening, and a bawdy Mercy;  
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me?  
Or is it fit I thank you for a Pity, when you have kill'd my Lord?

*Fred.* Who will have her? *Evan.* My Tears are gone,  
My tears of Love to my dear *Valerio*,

But

But I have fill'd mine Eyes again with Anger;  
O were it but so powerful to consume ye.  
My Tongue with Curses I have arm'd against ye,  
With Maiden Curses, that Heav'n crowns with Horrors,  
My Heart set round with hate against thy Tyranny;  
O would my Hands could hold the fire of Heav'n,  
Wrapt in the Thunder that the Gods revenge with,  
That like stern Justice I might fling it on thee;  
Thou art a King of Monsters, not of Men,  
And shortly thou wilt turn this Land to Devils.

*Fred.* I'll make you one first, and a wretched Devil.  
Come, who will have her?

*Law.* I, an't like your Majesty, I am a Lawyer,  
I can make her a Jointure of any Man's Land in *Naples*,  
And she shall keep it too, I have a trick for it.

*Fool.* Canst thou make her a Jointure of thine Honesty,  
Or thy Ability, thou lewd Abridgement?  
Those are Non-suited and flung o'er the Bar.

*Phy.* An't please your Majesty to give me leave,  
I dare accept her; and though old I seem, Lady,  
Like *Æsop*, by my Art I can renew Youth and Ability.

*Fool.* In a powdering Tub  
Stew thy self tender again, like a Cock Chicken;  
The Broth may be good, but the Flesh is not fit for Dogs sure.

*Capt.* Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine Honour,  
I am a poor Captain, as poor People call me,  
Very poor People, for my Soldiers  
They are Quartered in the outside of the City,  
Men of Ability to make good a high Way;  
We have but two grand Enemies that oppose us,  
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallows.

*Fool.* I believe ye, and both these you will bind her for a Jointure;  
Now Signior Firk.

*Cut-purse.* Madam, take me and be wife,  
I am rich and nimble, and those are rare in one Man;  
Every Man's Pocket is my Treasure,  
And no Man wears a Sute but fits me neatly;  
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest Linnen,  
I have a tribute out of every Shop, Lady.  
Meat you shall eat, I have my Caters out too,  
The best and lustiest, and drink good Wine, good Lady,  
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.  
And at the worst—— *Fool.* It is but capering short, Sir,  
You seldom stay for Agues or for Surfeits,  
A shaking fit of a Whip sometimes o'ertakes ye,  
Marry you die most commonly of Choakings,

Obstructions of the Halter are your ends ever;  
Pray leave your Horn and your Knife for her to live on.

*Evan.* Poor wretched People, why do you wrong your selves?  
Though I fear'd Death, I should fear you ten times more,  
You are every one a new Death, and an odious,  
The Earth will purifie corrupted Bodies,  
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.  
Go home, go home, and get good Nurses for you,  
Dream not of Wives.

*Fred.* You shall have one of 'em, if they dare venture for ye.

*Evan.* They are dead already,  
Crawling diseases, that must creep into  
The next Grave they find open; are these fit Husbands  
For her you have loved, Sir? Though you hate me now;  
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,  
Your Nobleness, in that you have done otherwise,  
And named *Evanthe* once as your poor Mistres,  
Might offer worthier choice.

*Fred.* Speak, who dare take her for one Month, and then Die?

*Phy.* Die, Sir?

*Fred.* Ay, die Sir, that's the condition.

*Phy.* One Month is too little

For me to repent in for my former Pleasure,  
To go still on, unless I were sure she would kill me,  
And kill me delicately before my Day;  
Make it up a Year, for by that time I must Die,  
My Body will hold out no longer.

*Fred.* No Sir, it must be but a Month.

*Law.* Then farewell Madam,

This is like to be a great year of Dissention  
Among good People, and I dare not lose it,  
There will be Money got.

*Capt.* Bless your good Ladiship,  
There's nothing in the Grave but Bones and Ashes,  
In Taverns there's good Wine, and excellent Wenches,  
And Surgeons while we live.

*Cat-purse.* Adieu sweet Lady,  
Lay me when I am a dead near a rich Alderman;  
I cannot pick his Purse; no, I'll no Dying,  
Though I steal Linnen, I'll not steal my Shrowd yet.

*All.* Send ye a happy Match.

[*Exeunt.*

*Fool.* And you all Halters, you have deserved 'em richly.  
These do all Villanies, and Mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they  
fear not,

To flinch where a fair Wench is at the Stake.

*Evan.* Come, your Sentence, let me Die: You see, Sir,

None

None of your valiant Men dare venture on me,  
A Month's a dangerous thing.

*Enter Valerio disguis'd.*

*Fred.* Away with her, let her die instantly.

*Evan.* Will you then be willing  
To die at the time prefixt? That I must know too,  
And know it beyond doubt.

*Fred.* What if I did, Wench?

*Evan.* On that condition if I had it certain,  
I would be your any thing, and you should enjoy me,  
How ever in my Nature I abhor you,  
Yet as I live I would be obedient to you;  
But when your Time came how I should rejoice,  
How then I should bestir my self to thank ye,  
To see your Throat cut, how my Heart would leap, Sir!  
I would die with you, but first I would so torture ye,  
And cow you in your End, so despise you,  
For a weak and wretched Coward, you must end sure;  
Still make ye fear, and shake, despised, still laugh at ye.

*Fred.* Away with her, let her die instantly.

*Cam.* Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,  
His Habit shews no less, may be his business  
Is for this Lady's Love.

*Fred.* Say why ye come, Sir, and what you are.

*Val.* I am descended nobly, a Prince by Birth, and by my  
A Prince's Fellow, *Abidos* brought me forth, (Trade a Soldier,  
My Parents Duke *Agenor* and fair *Egla*,  
My business hither to renew my Love  
With a young noble Spirit, call'd *Valerio*;  
Our first acquaintance was at Sea, in fight  
Against a *Turkish* Man of War, a stout one,  
Where Lion-like I saw him shew his Valour,  
And as he had been made of compleat Virtue,  
Spirit, and Fire, no dreggs of dull Earth in him:

*Evan.* Thou art a brave Gentleman, and bravely speakest him.

*Val.* The Vessel dancing under him for joy,  
And the rough whistling Winds becalm'd to view him;  
I saw the Child of Honour, for he was young,  
Deal such an Alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,  
His trowing Sword flew like an eager Falcon,  
And round about his reach invade the *Turks*,  
He had intrench'd himself in his dead Quarries;  
The silver Crescents on the Tops they carried  
Shrunk in their Heads to see his Rage so bloody,  
And from his Fury suffered sad Eclipses;  
The game of Death was never plaid more nobly;

H

The

Dare

The meager Thief grew wanton in his Mischiefs,  
And his shrunk hollow Eyes smil'd on his Ruins.

*Evan.* Heav'n keep this Gentleman from being a Suitor,  
For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so Noble.

*Val.* But what can last long? Strength and Spirit wasted,  
And fresh supplies flew on upon this Gentleman,  
Breathless and weary with Oppression,  
And almost kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance  
In a tall Ship I had to view the Fight;  
I set into him, entertain'd the *Turk*,  
And for an Hour gave him so hot a Breakfast,  
He clapt all Linnen up he had to save him,  
And like a Lover's Thought he fled our Fury;  
There first I saw the Man I lov'd, *Valerio*,  
There was acquainted, there my Soul grew to him,  
And his to me, we were the twins of Friendship.

*Evan.* Fortune protect this Man, or I shall ruin him.

*Val.* I made this Voyage to behold my Friend,  
To warm my Love anew at his Affection;  
But since I landed, I have heard his Fate:  
My Father's had not been to me more cruel.  
I have lamented too, and yet I keep  
The treasure of a few Tears for you Lady,  
For by description you were his *Evantbe*.

*Evan.* Can he weep that's a Stranger to my Story,  
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank ye;  
If noble Spirits after their departure  
Can know, and wish, certain his Soul gives thanks too;  
There are your Tears again, and when yours fail, Sir,  
Pray ye call to me, I have some store to lend ye. Your Name?

*Val. Urbino.*

*Evan.* That I may remember,  
That little time I have to live, your Friendships,  
My Tongue shall study both.

*Fred.* Do you come hither only to tell this story, Prince *Urbino*?

*Val.* My business now is, Sir, to woo this Lady.

*Evan.* Blessing defend ye; do you know the danger?

*Val.* Yes, and I fear it not, danger's my Play-fellow  
Since I was Man 'thas been my best Companion,  
I know your Doom, 'tis for a Month you give her  
And then his Life you take that marries her.

*Fred.* 'Tis true, nor can your being born a Prince,  
If you accept the Offer, free you from it.

*Val.* I not desire it, I have cast the worst,  
And even that worst to me is many Blessings:  
I lov'd my Friend, not measur'd out by time,

Nor

Nor hired by circumstance of Place and Honour,  
But for his wealthy self and worth I lov'd him,  
His Mind and noble Mold he ever mov'd in,  
And woo his Friend because she was worthy of him,  
The only Relick that he left behind, Sir,  
To give his Ashes Honour; Lady take me,  
And in me keep *Valerio's* Love alive still;  
When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me,  
Heav'n must want Light, before you want a Husband,  
To raise up Heirs of Love and noble Memory,  
To your unfortunate——

*Evan.* Am I still hated? hast thou no end, O Fate, of my  
Was I ordain'd to be a common Murdres? (Affliction?  
And of the best Men too? Good Sir——

*Val.* Peace, Sweet, look on my Hand.

*Evan.* I do accept the Gentleman, I faint with Joy.

*Fred.* I stop it, none shall have her, convey this Stranger hence.

*Val.* I am no Stranger—— Hark to the Bell that rings,  
Hark, hark, proud *Frederick*, that was King of Mischiefe,  
Hark, thou abhorred Man, dost thou hear thy Sentence?  
Does not this Bell ring in thine Ears thy Ruin?

*Fred.* What Bell is this?

*Cam.* The Castle Bell: Stand sure, Sir, and move not, if you  
do you perish.

*Men.* It rings your Knell. *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.

*All.* *Alphonso*, King *Alphonso*.

*Fred.* I am betray'd, lock fast the Palace.

*Cam.* We have all the Keys, Sir,

And no Door here shall shut without our Licence.

*Cle.* Do you shake now, Lord *Sorano*? no new Trick?  
Nor speedy Poison to prevent this business?  
No bawdy Meditation now to fly to?

*Fred.* Treason, Treason, Treason.

*Cam.* Yes, we hear ye,

*Enter Alphonso, Rugio, Marco, Castruchio, and Queen,  
with Guard.*

And we have found the Traitor in your shape, Sir,  
We'll keep him fast too.

*Fred.* Recover'd! then I am gone,

The Sun of all my Pomp is set and vanish'd.

*Alb.* Have you not forgot this Face of mine, King *Frederick*?  
Brother, I am come to see you, and have brought  
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;  
I pray sit down, I do beseech your Majesty,  
And eat, eat freely, Sir; why do you start?  
Have you no Stomach to the Meat I bring you?



Dare you not taste? Have ye no Antidotes?  
 You need not fear; *Sorano's* a good Apothecary.  
 Methinks you look not well, some fresh Wine for him,  
 Some of the same he sent me by *Sorano*;  
 I thank you for't, it sav'd my Life, I am bound to ye,  
 But how 'twill work on you—I hope your Lordship  
 Will pledge him too, methinks you look but scurvily,  
 And would be put into a better colour,  
 But I have a candy'd Toad for your Lordship.

*Sor.* Would I had any thing that would dispatch me,  
 So it were down, and I out of this fear once.

*Fred.* Sir, thus low, as my Duty now compels me,  
 I do confess my unbounded Sins, my Errors,  
 And feel within my Soul the smarts already;  
 Hide not the noble Nature of a Brother,  
 The Pity of a Friend, from my Afflictions;  
 Let me a while lament my Misery,  
 And cast the Load off of my Wantonness,  
 Before I find your Fury; then strike home,  
 I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice,  
 And then how willingly, O Death, I'll meet thee!

*Alph.* Rise, Madam, those sweet Tears are potent speakers,  
 And Brother live, but in the Monastery,  
 Where I lived; with the self-same silence too;  
 I'll teach you to be good against your will, Brother,  
 Your Tongue has done much harm, that must be Dumb now;  
 The daily Pilgrimage to my Father's Tomb,  
 Tears, Sighs, and Groans, you shall wear out your Days with,  
 And true ones too, you shall perform, dear Brother;  
 Your Diet shall be slender to inforce these;  
 Too light a Penance, Sir. *Fred.* I do confess it.

*Alph.* *Sorano*, you shall——

*Sor.* How he studies for it!

Hanging's the least part of my Penance certain? [*Evanthe kneels.*]

*Alph.* What Lady's that that kneels?

*Caf.* The chaste *Evanthe*.

*Alph.* Sweet, your Petition?

*Evan.* 'Tis for this bad Man, Sir,  
 Abominable bad, but yet my Brother.

*Alph.* The bad Man shall attend as bad a Master,  
 And both shall be confin'd within the Monastery;  
 His rank Flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting,  
 But once a Week he shall smell Meat, he will surfeit else,  
 And his immodest Mind compell'd to Prayer;  
 On the bare Boards he shall lye, to remember  
 The wantonness he did commit in Beds;  
 And drink fair Water, that will ne'er inflame him; He

He sav'd my Life though he purpos'd to destroy me,  
For which I'll save his, though I make it miserable:  
Madam, at Court I shall desire your Company,  
You are Wise and Virtuous, when you please to visit  
My Brother *Frederick*, you shall have our Licence,  
My dearest best Friend, *Valerio*.

*Val.* Save *Alphonso*.

*Omn.* Long live *Alphonso*, King of us, and *Naples*.

*Alph.* Is this the Lady that the wonder goes on?  
Honour'd sweet Maid, here take her my *Valerio*,  
The King now gives her, she is thine own without fear:  
Brother, have you so much Provision that is good,  
Not season'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks,  
That we may venture on with honest safety,  
We and our Friends?

*Fred.* All that I have is yours, Sir.

*Alph.* Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptial,  
Then to our Coronation with all-speed:  
My virtuous Maid, this Day I'll be your Bride-man,  
And see you bedded to your own desires too;  
Beshrew me, Lords, who is not merry hates me,  
Only *Sorano* shall not bear my Cup:  
Come, now forget old Pains and Injuries,  
As I must do, and drown all in fair Healths;  
That Kingdom's blessed, where the King begins  
His true Love first, for there all Loves are Twins.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

**W**E have your Favours, Gentlemen, and you  
Have our Endeavours, (dear Friends, grudge not now)  
There's none of you, but when you please can sell  
Many a lame Horse, and many a fair Tale tell;  
Can put off many a Maid unto a Friend,  
That was not so since th' Action at Mile-end;  
Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love  
Untainted Flesh, we hope our Friends will prove.

B O O K S

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