THE HUTH LIBRARY.

LIFE AND WORKS
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

VOL. XIII.—PLAYS.

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY.
THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.
THE SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF JAMES THE FOURTH.
THE COMICALL HISTORIE OF ALPHONСUS,
KING OF ARRAГON.

1594—1599.
Might it please you
But thinck Sir of our honest servises
(I dare not terme them equall) and but waigh well,—
In which I know your Grace a perfect master,
Your judgment excellent,—and then but tell us
And truly (which I know your goodnes will doe)
Why shoulde we seeme so poore, so undertrodden
And though not trusted with the State and Councell,
Why so unable valued. Pardon, great Sir,
If those complaining who feele the waight of envy,
If such poore trod on wormes make shew to turne againe.
Nor is it we that feele, I hope, nor you Sir,
That gives the cullour of this difference:
Rumour, has many tongues but few speake truth:
We feele not onely,—if we did 'twere happie—
Our Cuntry, Sir, our Cuntrie beares the blow too;
But you were ever noble.

Tragedy of Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt
(Bullen's Old Plays, ii. 225).
The Nuth Library

OR

ELIZABETHAN-JACOBEAN

Unique or Very Rare

BOOKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

LARGELY

From the Library of

Henry Nuth Esq.

(Engraved by T.J. Alln from a Photograph.)

Edited with Introductions, Notes and Illustrations, etc.

BY THE

Rev. Alexander F. Grovart, LL.D., F.S.A.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY
The Huth Library.

THE
LIFE AND COMPLETE WORK
IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.,
CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.
ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D. (Edin.), F.S.A. (Scot.),
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.

VOL. XIII.—PLAYS.
FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY.
THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FURIOSO.
THE SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF JAMES THE FOURTH.
THE COMICALL HISTORIE OF ALPHONSUS,
KING OF ARRAGON.
1594—1599.

PRINTED FOR . . . PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.
1881—83.

50 Copies.
CONTENTS.

Introductory Note . . . . . vii
Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay . . . 1
The Historie of Orlando Furioso . . . 111
The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth . 199
The Comical Historie of Alphonsus, King of Arragon . . . 325
"His bounty
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in."

(Antony and Cleopatra v. 2).
INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Of the (probably) numerous Plays of Greene, written wholly by him and authenticated, only four have reached us. These are summarily—

(a) The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay . . .
(b) The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Peeres of France . . .
(c) The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth slaine at Flodden . . .
(d) The Comical Historie of Alphonso, King of Aragon.

I place (a) first, as the following entry from Henslowe’s Diary (Shakespeare Society)—among others—shows that it was an ‘acting play’ in 1591-2, when it was performed by the Lord Strange’s men—

“Rd. at fryer bacone, the 19 of february, fatterdaye . . . xvij" iiij.”

This was two days earlier than ‘Orlando Furioso,’ as another entry of 1591-2 in the same Diary proves:—

“Rd. at orlando, the 21 of february . . . xvij" iiij.”

Neither ‘James the Fourth’ nor ‘Alphonso’ occurs in Henslowe, albeit the likelihoods are that the whole four were composed nearly contemporarily.

Of their publication we have only notices of three of them in the Stationers’ Registers, thus (chronologically):—

7 Decembris [1593]

John Danter
This copie is put ouer by the consent of John Danter to Cuthbert Burbye.
Entred for his copie vnder the b[andes] of the wardens, a plaie booke, intituled, the historie of ORLANDO furioso, one of the xij peeres of Ffraunce . . . vij. (Arber ii. 641)
Entry referred to in margin-note:—
xxvij" die Maii [1594]

Cuthbert Burbye.
Entred for his copie by consent of John Danter and by warrant from Master warden Cawood vnder his hande. A booke entytuled, The historie of ORLANDO furioso, &c. PROVIDED ALWAIES, and yt is agreed that soe often as the fame booke shalbe printed, the saide John Danter to haue th[e] impryntinge thereof . . . vij" (Arber ii. 650).
INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

xiii° maij [1594]

Thomas Creede / Entred vnto him by the like warrant [viz. vnder the hand of master Cawood warden] a booke intituled the Scottifhe story of JAMES THE FFOURTHE slayne at Floden intermixed with a plefent Comedie presented by OBORON Kinge of slayres . . . vjd. C. /

ibid.

(Arber ii. 648).

Adam Islip / Erased) Entred for his Copie vnder th[e handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled the Historye of ffreyer BACON and ffreyer BOUNGAYE . . . . . . . vjd. C. /

(Arber ii. 649).

In agreement with their registration, 'Orlando Furiofo' and 'Fryer Bacon' were published in 1594, but no earlier impression of 'James the Fourth' than 1598 is extant. 'Alphonfus' is not recorded in the Stationers' Registers, earlier or later, and the earliest known exemplar is of 1599. The title-pages (with additional information) of these four Plays will be found in their several places, and in Professor Storojenko's Biography (in our Vol. 1.) annotations and critical details. The whole of these FOUR Plays are included in the present volume.

Following these four, comes the 'Looking Glaffe for London,' which was the joint production of Greene and Lodge. It is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers in the same year [1594] with the other three—

5 Marcij [1594]

Thomas Creede. Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes / a booke intituled the lookinge glaffe for London / by THOMAS LODG[3] and ROBERT GREENE gent . . . vjd (Arber ii. 645).

It was published immediately in 1594. Henslowe's Diary (as before) shows it had been acted in 1591-2—"Rd. at the lookinge glaffe, the 8 of marche 1591-2 vij°." There fall to be added to these FIVE the following :

(a) A Pleafant Conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield . . . .

(b) The Firft Part of the Tragical Raigne of Selimus, emperour of the Turkes . . . .

On the Greene authorship of these two Plays I give proofs in the annotated Biography (as before). It is also my privilege, by the kind-ness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, to furnish a facsimile of the original title-page of 'George a Greene,' showing the MS. notes assigning it to him on the testimony of Juby the actor and (indirectly) of Shakespeare. So early as 1595 this entry is found in the Stationers' Registers:
INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

1 primo die Aprilis [1595]

Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes an Enter-
lude called the Pynder of Wakefield . . . vj
(Arber ii. 295).

The earliest known exemplar (believed to be unique) is of 1599; and it was published by Burbye.

These data will give sanction to our ordering of the succession of the Plays, viz.—1. Fryer Bacon. 2. Orlando. 3. James the Fourth. 4. Alphonfus. 5. Looking-glafe. 6. George a Greene. 7. Selimus.

With respect to the original and early printing of these Plays, it is scarcely possible to overstate their carelessness, either from their imperfect MSS. or transcripts, or the perfunctoriness of the Printers. Dyce, notwithstanding his splendid work on our dramatic literature, must be blamed for the way in which, in the case of Greene (as with others), he has cobbled his text, and adapted it finically to modern grammatical rules. This he has done in a manner and to an extent that as a conscientious Editor I could not sanction, whilst his modernisations otherwise take away all character from Greene's style and freaks of phrasing. With rare exceptions (noted in their places) I recur to the original text, albeit I would pay heartfelt tribute to the evident painstaking of Dyce even when he goes farthest astray (in my judgment). Speaking broadly, the punctuation is arbitrary and random. So far as sense would admit I have adhered to it; yet I must intimate that not unfrequently I have had to depart from these oddities of the original and early quartos—the use of (?) for (?), and of (.) for (.,). I have used the ? and (.) for (,) as being needlessly irritating. Other slight conformities to present usage have been (sparingly) introduced. Perhaps not so often as I ought, I have used the semicolon (;) for comma (,), and preserved and occasionally added to the use of the colon (:). As a rule Greene's texts delight in multiplied sentences divided by a comma (,) alone. From long familiarity I have come to like the colon (:) as stronger than the (rare) semicolon (;). The Student will observe that there are fundamental differences from our present-day punctuation—e.g., when words come between the nominative and the verb a comma (,) only is placed between the last of such words and the verb, whereas we wholly separate the words by placing a comma (,) between the nominative and first word; and so too the comma (,) and colon (:) are frequently interchanged, as well as the comma (,) only employed to mark off a succession of short sentences linked up by a verb. Now and again I have used our semicolon (;) in such cases, and the colon (:) exceptionally. It would have been mere pedantry to have recorded such trivialities of revised punctuation, and
non-observance of the long i and even double long, and short (fs). Otherwise no misprint or slightest alteration has been intentionally over-passed. As a rule I have gratefully adopted Dyce's reduction of prose and fantastically printed *bits* into now blank verse and now rhymed. Where I have not done so the places are noted. It would bely my feeling if I did not accentuate my sense of obligation to Dyce throughout. Repeatedly I have departed from his fillings-in of lacking words, but frequently also have silently accepted them. It would needlessly have encumbered the margins to have recorded such acceptances and rejections.

Nor can I too emphatically express my obligation to my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for his finely painstaking and penetrative helpfulness throughout in the preparation of these Plays.

It must further be noted that, as in other contemporary Plays, the text frequently lengthens out words which we should contract, and which doubtless were then pronounced as now in their contracted form—e.g., 'ere it' for 'ere't,' and 'we haue taken' for 'we've taken.' For all words and things not explained as footnotes, I must refer to the Glossarial-Index. Such words and things and references as it seemed expedient to explain in their places I have done; but though these in the aggregate are considerable, the majority must be looked for as stated. I credit to Dyce all of his notes, etc., accepted, albeit sometimes compressed. A number not given are scarcely for adult readers. Some admitted by me (from Walker, etc.) might as well, perhaps, have been left out.

With these introductory words and explanations, I venture to hope that these Plays of Greene are at long-last reproduced with such integrity and care as to render them more intelligible than hitherto, and, especially, relieved of editorial tinkerings and modernisations. Sooth to say, it is only in flashes (or shall I say gleams?), that they show the genius of the wayward Greene. In other respects they must ever be of rare interest to the thoughtful students of our literature.

A. B. G.
I.

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE
OF FRIER BACON AND
FRIER BONGAY.

1594.
NOTE.

For the exemplar of 'Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay,' 1594, I am indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. It lacks a leaf between A 3 and B, and one at end. These have been supplied from other copies in the British Museum (C. 34, e. 37) and Bodleian (Malone). Opposite is the original title-page. This Play was reprinted in 1599, 1630 and 1655, and modernly. The most of Notes and Illustrations throughout must be looked for in the Glossarial Index, s.v. At foot of pages are given only variations or additions and notes on words likely to be misunderstood.

G.
THE HONORABLE HISTORIE
of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.
As it was plaid by her Maiefties feruants.
Made by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts.

LONDON
Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594.
[Dramatis Personæ.]

King Henry the Third.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Emperor of Germany.
King of Castile.
Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.
Warren, Earl of Suffolk.
Ermsby, a Gentleman.
Ralph Simnell, the King's Fool.
Friar Bacon.
Miles, Friar Bacon's poor scholar.
Friar Bungay.
Jaques Vandermast.
Burden, Mason, Clement, Lambert, Serlsby, Two Scholars, their sons.
Keeper.
Thomas, Richard, Clowns.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Constable.
A Poet.
Lords, Clowns, etc.

Elinor, daughter to the King of Castile.
Margaret, the Keeper's daughter.
Joan, a country wench.
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

A Devil.
Spirit in the shape of Hercules.¹

¹ Accepted from Dyce—not in the original.
The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon.

Enter, Edward the first malcontented, with Lacy earle of Lincolne, John Warren earle of Sussex, and Ermsbie gentleman: Ralph Simnell the kings foole.

Lacie.

Why lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,
When heauens bright shine is shadow'd with a fogge:
Alate we ran the deere and through the Lawndes

Stript with our nagges the loftie frolicke bucks,
That scudded fore the teifers like the wind;
Nere was the Deere of merry Frefingfield
So luftily puld down by iolly mates,
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venison,
So franckly dealt this hundred yeares before:
Nor haue I seene my lord more frolicke in the
And now changde to a melancholie dumpe. [chace,

Warren. After the Prince got to the keepers
And had been iocand in the house a while: [lodge
Tossing of ale and milke in countrie cannes,
Whether it was the countries sweete content,
Or els the bonny damsell fild vs drinke
That seemd so stately in her stammel red:
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,
But straight he fell into his passions. [maister,

Ermsbie. Sirra Raphe, what say you to your
Shall he thus all amort liue malecontent?

Raphe. Heerest thou Ned,—nay looke if hee
will speake to me.

Edward. What sayst thou to me foole?

Raphe. I pree thee, tell me Ned, art thou in
love with the keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why then firha ile teach thee how to
deceiue love.

Edward. How Raphe?

Raphe. Marrie, firha Ned, thou shalt put on my
cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put
on thy clothes, and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my foole.

1 Dyce prints 'Nor haue I seene' etc. as two lines. Once for all I do
not think him thus justified in altering a 6-foot line. Greene may have
so intended to make it 5 feet but there is no sufficient proof.
Edward. And what of this? Raphe. Why so thou shalt beguile Loue, for Loue is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle withfooles nor children: Is not Raphe counsel good Ned? Edward. Tell me Ned Lacie, didst thou marke the mayd, How louely in her country-weedes she lookt: A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld; All Suffolke, nay, all England holds none such. 50 Raphe. Sirha, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceiued. Ermsby. Why, Raphe? Raphe. He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile Stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire. Warren. How prooueft thou that Raphe? Raphe. Why is not the Abbot a learned man, and hath red many booke, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench, yes I warrant thee, by his whole 6o grammer. Ermsby. A good reason Raphe. Edward. I tell the[e] Lacie, that her sparkling Doe lighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire: [eyes And in her trefles she doth fold the lookes

1 The original and 1599 misprint 'liuely'; but 'louely' repeatedly thus occurs in this Play.
Of such as gaze vpon her golden haire:
Her bashfull white, mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes:
Her front is beauties table, where she paints,
The glories of her gorgious excellence:
Her teeth are fhelues of pretious Margarites,
Richly enclosed with ruddie currol cleues: 70
Tufh Lacie she is beauties overmatch,
If thou survaift her curious imagerie.

Lacie. I grant my lord the damself is as faire,
As fimple Suffolks homely towns can yeeld:
But in the court be quaintier dames than she,
Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,
Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of loue. 80

Edward. Ah Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as
And feene the secret bewties of the maid, [my self,
Their courtly coinffe were but foolery.

Ernſbie. Why how watcht you her my lord?

Edward. When as she swept like Venus through
the house,
And in her shape faft foulded vp my thoughtes:
Into the Milkhoufe went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,
As Pallace,² mongſt her Princely hufwiferie:
She turnd her smocke ouer her Lilly armes,
And diud them into milke to run her cheese:

¹ = coral clifs. ² = Pallas.
But whiter than the milke her christall skin,
Checked with lines of Azur, made her blush,
That art or nature durft bring for compare:
Ermfie, If thou hadft seene, as I did note it well,
How bewtie plaid the hufwife, how this girle
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the worke,
Thou wouldef with Tarquine hazard Roome\(^1\) and
all
To win the louely mayd of Fresingfield.

*Raphe.* Sirha Ned, wouldft faine haue her? \(^{100}\)


*Raphe.* Why Ned I haue laid the plot in my
head thou shalt haue her alreadie.

*Edward.* Ie giue thee a new coat, and\(^2\) learne me that.

*Raphe.* Why sirra Ned weel ride to Oxford to
Frier Bacon: oh he is a braue scholler, sirra; they
say he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make
women of deuils, and hee can iuggle cats into
Costermongers.

*Edward.* And how then Raphe?

*Raphe.* Marry, sirha thou shalt go to him; and
because thy father *Harry* shall not misse thee, hee
shall turne me into thee; and Ie to the Court,
and Ie prince it out, and he shall make thee either

---

\(^1\) = Rome—proof of old pronunciation, but it is printed 'Rome' onward (l. 236, 253).

\(^2\) = 'an.
a filken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

Edward. But how shall I haue the mayd?

Raphe. Marry, sirha, if thou beest a filken purse full of gold, then on sundaies sheele hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now sir when she comes into a great preafe of people, for feare of the cut-purse, on a sodaine sheele swap thee into her plackerd; then sirrha being there you may plead for your selfe.

Ermshie. Excellent pollicie.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smocke.

Raphe. Then sheele put thee into her cheft and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon some good day sheele put thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnt from a smocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselfed, Raphe.

Edward. Raphe shall haue a new coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I haue it on my backe Ned.

Edward. Lacie the foole hath laid a perfect plot, For why our countrie Margret is so coy, And standes so much vpon her honest pointes, That marriage, or no market with the mayd: Ermshie, it must be nigromantick spels And charmes of art that must inchaine her loue, Or else shall Edward neuer win the girle:
Therefore my wags, weele horse vs in the morne, And post to Oxford to this iolly Frier: Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed. [way Warren. Content my lord, and thats a speedy To weane these head-strong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am vnknowne, not taken for the They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers, [Prince; 150 That reuell thus among our lieges game: Therefore I haue deuised a policie.

Lacie, thou knowst next friday is S. James, And then the country flockes to Harlston faire. Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there, And ouer-shine the troupe of all the maids, That come to see, and to be seene that day, Haunt thee disguisid among the countrie swaines, Fain th'art a farmers sone, not far from thence, Espie her loues, and who she liketh beft: Coat1 him, and court her, to controll the clowne, Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene, That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese, And fild her fathers lodge with venison, Commends him, and sends fairings to herselife: Buy some thing worthie of her parentage, Not worth her beautie; for Lacie then the faire, Affoords no Jewel fitting for the mayd: And when thou talkest of me, note if she blusht: Oh then she loues; but if her cheekes waxe pale,

1 = keep by side of. Fr. coloyer.
Disdaine it is. Lacie send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.

Lacie. I will my lord so execute this charge,
As if that Lacie were in loue with her. [newes.

Edward. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the
Raphe. And Sirha Lacie, buy me a thousand
thousand million of fine bels.

Lacie. What wilt thou doe with them, Raphe?

Raphe. Mary, euery time that Ned fighs for
the keepers daughter, Ile tie a bell about him, and 180
so within three or four daies I will send word to
his father Harry, that his sonne, and my maister
Ned, is become Loues morris dance.

Edward. Well Lacie, looke with care vnto thy
And I will haft to Oxford to the Frier, [charge,
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
Maift make me lord of merrie Fesingsfield.

Lacie. God send your honour your harts desire.¹

Exeunt.

Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore schooler with 190
bookes under his arme, with them Burden, Mason,
Clement, three doctors.

Bacon. Miles where are you?

Miles. Hic sum doctissime & reverendissime doctor.

Bacon. Attulisti nos libros meos de Necromantia.

¹ Dyce queries 'all your heart's desire'?
Miles. Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum, habitare\(^1\) libros in unum!

Bacon. Now, maisters of our Academicke state, That rule in Oxford, Vizroies in your place, Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts, Spending your time in depth of learned skill, Why flocke you thus to Bacons secret Cell, A frier newly stalde in Brazennose? Say whatts your mind, that I may make replie.

Burden. Bacon we hear that long we haue suspect, That thou art read in Magicks mysterie, In Piromancie to diuine by flames, To tell, by Hadromaticke\(^2\) ebbes and tides, By Aeromancie to discouer doubts, To plaine out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well, maister Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marie sir, he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these names the Fable of the Fox and the grapes, that which is aboue vs pertains nothing to vs.

Burden. I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report, Nay England, and the court of Henrie saies, Th'art making of a brazen head by art, Which shall unfold strange doubts and Aphorifmes, And read a lecture in Philosophie, And by the helpe of Diuels and ghastly fiends,

\(^{1}\) The original 'habitares' but correct in 1630.

\(^{2}\) Error for 'Hydromatix.'
Thou meanest ere many years or daies be past,
To compass England with a wall of brasse.

_Bacon._ And what of this?

_Miles._ What of this maister, why he doth speak mystically, for he knowes, if your skil faile to make a brazen head, yet mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turne to make him haue a copper nose.

_Clement._ Bacon we come not greeuing at thy skil, 230
But ioeing that our Academie yeelds
A man supposde the woonder of the world :
For if thy cunning worke these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brasse,
And statues, such as were built vp in Rome,
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

_Mason._ Then, gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent.

_Bacon._ Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier,
Resolue you doctors, Bacon can by bookes
Make storming Boreas thunder from his caue,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes ;
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe :

1 The original small 'w.'
I haue contrivd and framde a head of brasfe,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuffe)
And that by art shall read Philosophie,
And I will strenthen England by my skil,
That if ten Cæsars livd and raignd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth containe,
They should not touch a graffe of English ground:
The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,
The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,
Carud out like to the portall of the sunne,
Shall not be such as rings the English ftrond
From Douer to the market place of Rie.

Burden. Is this possible?
Miles. Ile bring ye t[w]o or three witnesses.
Burden. What be those?
Miles. Marry sir, three or foure as honest diuels,
and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much
in this,
For he that reades but Mathematicke rules,
Shall finde conclusions that auail to worke
Wonders that passe the common fense of men.

Burden. But Bacon roues a bow beyond his reach,

And tels of more than magicke can performe:
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Haue I not past as farre in state of schooles,
And red of many secrets? yet to-thinke,
That heads of Brasse can vtter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

_Bacon._ Burden, thou wrongft me in detraαng thus,

_Bacon_ loues not to stuffe himselfe with lies:
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare,
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

_Burden._ I will: aske what thou can.

_Miles._ Marrie, sir, heele straigft be on your pickpacke to knowe whether the feminine or the masculin gender be most worthie.

_Bacon._ Were you not yeftcrday, maister Burden, at Henly vpon the Thembs 1?

_Burden._ I was, what then?

_Bacon._ What booke studied you thereon all night?

_Burden._ I, none at all, I red not there a line.

_Bacon._ Then doctors, Frier _Bacons_ art knowes nought.

_Clement._ What say you to this, maister Burden, doth hee not touch you?

_Burden._ I passe not of his friuolous speaches.

_Miles._ Nay maister Burden, my maifter, ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you fo small, that he will leaue no more learning in you than is in _Balaams_ 300 asfe.

1 = Thames.
Bacon. Maisters, for that learned Burdens skill is
And sore he doubts of Bacons Cabalisme, [deepe,
Ile shew you why he haunts to Henly oft:
Not doctors for to tast the fragrant aire,
But there to spend the night in Alcumie
To multiplie with secret spels of art.
Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all.
To prooue my sayings true, Ile shew you straight,
The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe.

Miles. Nay, now my maifter goes to coniuration,
take heede.

Bacon. Maisters stand still, feare not, Ile shewe
you but his booke.

Heere he coniures.

Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.

Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton

on a spit, and a Deuill.

Miles. Oh maister, ceafe your coniuration, or
you spoile all; for heeres a shee diuell come with
a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you haue mard
the diuels supper, but no doubt hee thinks our
Colledge fare is flender, and so hath fent you his
cooke with a shoulder of mutton, to make it
exceed.

Hofteffe. Oh where am I, or whats become of
Bacon. What art thou? [me?

Hofteffe. Hofteffe at Henly, mistresse of the Bell.
Bacon. How camest thou heere?
FRIER BACON

_Hostess._ As I was in the kitchen mongst the maydes,
Spitting the meate gainst supper for my guesle,
A motion mooved me to looke forth of dore.
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes.
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whether I was tane:
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

_Bacon._ No, know you not maister Burden?

_Hostess._ Oh yes good sir, he is my daily gueft,

_What, maister Burden twas but yesternight That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes._

_Burden._ I knowe not what we did; a poxe of all conjuring Friers.

_Clement._ Now iolly Frier tell vs, is this the booke That Burden is so carefull to looke on?

_Bacon._ It is, but Burden, tell me now,

_Thinkeft thou that Bacons Nicromantickke skil Cannot performe his head and wall of Brassé, When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post?_

---

1 The original 'against.'
2 Frequently used for _guests_ by our early writers; so Chamberlayne:
   "The empty tables stood, for never _guess_
   Came there, except the bankrupts whom distress
   Spurrd on," etc.

_Pharonida_, 1659, B. iv., c. iii., p. 53.—_Dyce._
3 The original prints as prose.
Miles. Ile warrant you, maister, if maister Burden could conjure as well as you, hee would haue his booke euerie night from Henly to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden what are you mated by this frolicke Frier?—

Looke how he droops: his gueltie conscience Driues him to bafh and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well, mistres, for I wil not haue you mist, You shall to Henly to cheere vp your guests Fore supper ginne: Burden bid her adew,

Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes:

Sirha away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister Burden, when shal we see you at Henly?

Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.

Burden. The deuill take thee and Henly too.

Miles. Maister, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry sir nowe that my hostesse is gone to prouide supper, conjure vp another spirite, and fend doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus rulers of our Accademicke state,
You haue seene the Frier frame his art by profe:
And as the colledge called Brazennofe,
Is vnder him, and he the maister there:

\[= \text{confounded or astounded; or qy. a chess term?}\]
So surely shall this head of braffe be framde,
And yeeld forth strange and vncoth Aphorismes:
And Hell and Heccate shall faile the Frier,
But I will circle England round with braffe.

Miles. So be it, & nunc & semper, Amen. 380

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Fresningfield, with
Thomas and Ione, and other clownes; Lacie disguis'd in countrie apparell.

Thomas. By my troth Margret, heeres a wether
is able to make a man call his father whorfon: if
this wether hold wee shall haue hay good cheape,
and butter and cheese at Harlston will beare no
price.

Margret. Thomas, maides when they come to
see the faire,
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay:
When we haue turnd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely vp on the rackes,
Then let our fathers prize it as they please.
We countrie fluts of merry Fresningfield,
Come to buy needless noughts to make vs fine,
And looke that yong-men should be francke this
And court vs with such fairings as they can. [day,
Phæbus is blythe, and frolicke looks from heauen,

1 See full note on 'cope' in Glossarial-Index, s.v.
As when he courted louely Semele:
Swearing the pedlers shall haue emptie packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But louely Peggie, Semele is dead,
And therefore _Phæbus_ from his pallace pries,
And seeing such a sweet and seemly faint,
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing gentle sir indeed,
To soothe me vp with such smooth flatterie,
But learne of me, your scoffes to[o] broad before:
Well Ione our bewties must abide their iestes,
We serue the turne in iolly Fressingfield.

Ione. Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers
I warrant you, the meanest of vs both [sone,
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church.
But Thomas, whats the newes? what, in a dumpe?
Gieue me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,
Out with your purse, we must haue fairings now.

Thomas. Faith Ione and shall, Ile bestow a fairing
on you, and then we will to the Tauern, and snap
off a pint of wine or two.

All this while Lacy whispers Margret in the ear.

Margret. Whence are you sir? of Suffolke? for
your tearms are finer than the common fort of
men.

Lacy. Faith louely girle I am of Beckles by,
Your neighbour, not aboue six miles from hence;
A farmers sonne, that never was so quaint,
But that he could do courtesie to such dames:
But trust me Margret, I am sent in charge
From him that revealed in your fathers house,
And sild his, lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyred in greene; he sent you this rich purse;
His token, that he helpt you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with your selfe.

_Margret._ To me? you forget your selfe.¹

_Lacie._ Women are often weake in memorie.

_Margret._ Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man:
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue:
For we haue little leisur to debate of that.

_Ione._ What Margret blush not, mayds muft haue their loues.

_Thomas._ Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if she were angrie.

_Richard._ Sirha are you of Beckls? I pray, how dooth goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him; Ile tell you Margret, a were good to be a gentlemans iade, for of all things the foule hilding could not abide a doongcart.

_Margret._ [aside.] How different is this farmer from the rest,

¹ Dyce gives 'You forget . . . memorie' to Lacy—in error surely?
For evidently the Author meant to mark her (already) liking for Lacy, she disliking even to seem to have encouraged another.
That earst as yet hath pleas'd my wandring sight.
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smeling of the court,
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportiond as was Paris, when in gray,
He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,
Who [am] but the keepers lasse of Fresingfield:
And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly sonne
Passeth the prowdest that hath pleas'd mine eye.

But Peg disclose not that thou art in loue,
And shew as yet no sign of loue to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy loue:
Keepe that to thee till time doth serue thy turne,
To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.
Come Ione and Thomas, shal we to the faire?
You Beckls man will not forlake vs now?

Lacie. Not whilst I may haue such quaint girls
as you.

Margret. Well if you chaunce to come by
Fresingfield,
Make but a step into the keepers lodge,
And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheefe, creame, and fat venison,
You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.

Lacie. Gramarcies Peggie, looke for me eare long.

Exeunt omnes.

1 = 'Who am,' for 'Who but' of original.
Enter Henry the third, the emperour, the king of Castile, Elinor his daughter, Jaques Vandermaytt a Germaine.

Henrie. Great men of Europe, monarks of the Ringd with the wals of old Oceanus, [West, Whose loftie surge is\(^1\) like the battelments That compaft high built Babell in with towers: Welcome my lords, welcome braue westerne kings, To Englands shore, whose promontorie cleeues\(^2\) Shews Albion is another little world: Welcome sayes English Henrie to you all, Chiefly vnto the louely Eleanour, Who darde for Edwards fake cut through the seas, And venture as Agenors damfell through the deepe,\(^3\) To get the loue of Henries wanton fonne. 490  

Castile. Englands rich Monarch, braue Plantagenet,  
The Pyren Mounts swelling aboue the clouds,  
That ward the welthie Castile in with walles,  
Could not detaine the beautious Eleanour,  
But hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,

---

\(^1\) Dyce prints and notes 'surge is' for 'surges',—accepted in text for grammar's sake, albeit Greene was careless therein.  
\(^2\) = cliffs.  
\(^3\) Dyce queries—"And ventures as Agenor's damsel did?" and adds, "Greene would hardly have written here 'through the deep' when the preceding line ended with 'through the seas.'" Certainly Greene did. Who among the Players would have dreamt, even had he been capable, of altering it?
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,
And bide the brunt of froward *Eolus*:
Then may faire England welcome her the more.

*Elinor.* After that English Henrie by his lords,
Had sent Prince Edwards louely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor;
The comly pourtrait of so braue a man,
The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edwards courageous resolution,
Done at the holy land fore Damas walles;
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
To like so of the English Monarchs sonne,
That I attempted perrils for his fake.

*Emperour.* Where is the Prince, my lord?

*Henrie.* He posted down, not long since from the court,
To Suffolke side, to merrie Fremingham,
To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere;
From thence by packets sent to Hampton house,
We heare the Prince is ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the Academie there
To heare dispute amongst the learned men:
But we will send fourth letters for my sonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

*Empe.* Nay rather Henrie let vs as we be,
Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine:

1 = portrait. 2 Fremlingham.
Faine would I see your Universities,  
And what learned men your Academie yields.  
From Hapsburg\(^1\) haue I brought a learned clarke  
To hold dispute with English Orators:  
This doctour, surnamde Jaques Vandermaft,  
A Germaine borne, past into Padua,  
To Florence and to fair Bolonia,  
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,  
And talking there with men of art, put downe  
The chiefeft of them all in Aphorifmes,  
In Magicke, and the mathematicke rules:  
Now let vs Henrie trie him in your schooles. [wel.  

*Henrie.* He shal my lord, this motion likes me  
Weele progresse straight to Oxford with our trains,  
And see what men our Academie bringes.—  
And woornder\(^2\) Vandermaft, welcome to me:  
In Oxford shalt thou find a iollie frier,  
Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower:  
Set him but Non-plus in his magick spels,  
And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,  
And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes  
Not with a poets garland made of Baies,  
But with a coronet of choicest gold.  
Whilst then we fet\(^3\) to Oxford with our troupes,  
Lets in and banquet in our English court. *Exit.*

\(^1\) = Hapsburgh.  
\(^2\) Dyce badly queries 'wondrous?'  
\(^3\) The original 'fit'—a possible misprint for 'fet.'
Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparell, Edward Warren, Ermsby disguised.

Raphe. Where be these vagabond knaues, that they attend no better on their maister?

Edward. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, Ne haue no more posthorne to ride on, Ile haue another fetch.

Ermsbie. I pray you, how is that, my Lord?

Raphe. Marrie sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or fiue dozen of Geefe, and Ile haue them tide fix and fix together with whipcord. Now vpon their backes will I haue a faire field bed with a Canapie, and so when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please ; this will be easie.

Warren. Your honour hath said well: but shall we to Brazennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes?

Ermsbie. Warren, well motioned, we will to the Before we renew it within the towne. [Frier Raphe, see you keepe your countenance like a prince.

Raphe. Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting knaues to wait vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies: haue you not good swords and bucklers?

1 = swaggering fighting.
Enter Friar Bacon and Miles.

Ermfirie. Stay who comes heere.

Warren. Some scholler, and weele aske him where Frier Bacon is.

Bacon. Why thou arrant dunce, shal I neuer make thee good scholler? doth not all the towne crie out, and say, Frier Bacons subfifer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No fir, yes,¹ what is this els? Ego sum tuus homo, I am your man: I warrant you fir as good Tullies phrafe as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on firha, what part of speech is Ego?

Miles. Ego, that is I, marrie, nomen substantiue.

Bacon. How prooue you that?

Miles. Why fir let him prooue himselle and a will, I can be hard, felt, and vnderstood.

Bacon. Oh grosse dunce.

Here beat him.

Edward. Come let vs breake off this dispute between these two. Sirha, where is Brazennose Colledge?

Miles. Not far from Copper-smithes hall.

¹ Dyce alters to ‘yet’ erroneously, not perceiving the intended retraction of the ‘No.’
Edward. What doest thou mocke me? [threatens him.]

Miles. Not I sir, but what would you at Brazennose? [Bacon.

Ermfie. Marrie, we would speake with Frier Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermfie. Marrie, scholler, heres our maister. 600

Raphe. Sirha, I am the maister of these good fellowes, mayft thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell?

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke, for heers the maister fool and a couie of Cocks combs: one wise man, I thinke would spring you all.


Warren. Why Ned I thinke the deuill be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermfie. Nor I mine, Swones Ned I thinke I am bewitcht.

Miles. A companie of scabbes, the proudest of you all drawe your weapon if he can. [Aside.] See how boldly I speake now my maister is by.

Edward. I striue in vaine, but if my sword be shut,

And coniured faft by magicke in my sheath,

Villaine heere is my fist.

Strike him a box on the eare.

1 In the original a new line commences with 'See'—to show it as an 'aside' or separate speech.
Miles. Oh I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light fingered.

Raphe. Ned strike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speakest thou?

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not iudge when all your swords grew faft,

That frier Bacon was not farre from hence?

Edward King Henries sonne and Prince of Wales, Thy foole disguisid cannot conceale thy selfe, I know both Ermstie and the Suffex Earle, Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.

Thou comest in post from merrie Fesingsfield, Faft fancied to the keepers bonny lasse, To craue some succour of the iolly Frier: And Lacie, Ear[e] of Lincolne haft thou left To treat fair Margret to allow thy loues; But friends are men, and loue can baffle Lords; The Earl both woes and courtes her for him- felse.

Warren. Ned this is strange, the frier knoweth al. Ermstie. Appollo could not vtter more than this. Edward. I stand amazed to heare this iolly Frier
Tell euen the verie secrets of my thoughts:
But, learned Bacon since thou knowest the cause
Why I did posting so fast from Fresingfield,
Help Frier at a pinch, that I may have
The love of louely Margret to my selfe,
And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile giue
Liuing and lands to strength thy colledge state.

_Warren._ Good Frier, helpe the Prince in this.

_Raphe._ Why servant Ned, will not the frier doe it? Were not my sword glued to my scabberd by conjuration, I would cut off his head and make him do it by force.

_Miles._ In faith my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike, they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

_Ernisbie._ W[h]at, doctor, in a dumpe, tush helpe the Prince,
And thou shalt see how liberall he will prove.

_Bacon._ Craue not such actions, greater dumps than these?
I will my lord straine out my magicke spels,
For this day comes the earl to Fresingfield,
And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,
Theile be betrothed ech to other fast:
But come with me, weele to my studie straignt,
And in a glasse prospective I will shew
Whats done this day in merry Fresingfield. [paine.

_Edward._ Gramercies, Bacon, I will quite thy

G. XIII.
Bacon. But send your traine my lord, into the towne, My scholler shall go bring them to their Inne: Mean while weele see the knauerie of the earle. 

Edward. Warren leaue me:—and Ermsbie, take the foole, Let him be maister, and go reuell it, Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while. 

Warren. We will my lord. 

Raphe. Faith Ned and Ie lord it out till thou comeft, Ile be Prince of Wales ouer all the blacke pots in Oxford. Exeunt. 

Bacon, and Edward, goes into the study.¹ 

Bacon. Now frolick Edward, welcome to my Cell, Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies: And holds this place his consistorie court, Wherein the diuels pleads homage to his words, Within this glasse prospectiue thou shalt see This day whats done in merry Fresingsfield Twixt louely Peggie and the Lincolne earle. 

¹ Dyce annotates here: "Frier Bacon and Prince Edward, etc.] Here, after the exit of Warren, Ermsby, etc., and after Bacon and Edward had walked a few paces about (or perhaps towards the back of) the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to the interior of Bacon's cell."
Edward. Frier thou gladst me, now shall Edward trie
How Lacie meaneth to his soueraigne lord. [glafe.
  Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the 690

Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.¹

What sees my lord?
Edward. I see the keepers louely lasse appeare,
As brightsome² as the parramour of Mars,³
Onely attended by a iolly frier.
  Bacon. Sit still and keepe the chriftall in your eye.
  Margret. But tell me frier Bungay is it true,
That this faire courtious countrie swaine,⁴
Who faies his father is a farmer nie,
Can be lord Lacie earle of Lincolnshire.
  Bungay. Peggie tis true, tis Lacie for my life,
Or elfe mine art and cunning both doth faile:
Left by prince Edward to procure his loues,
For he in greene, that holpe you runne your cheese,
Is sonne to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

¹So Dyce here: “Enter Margaret and Frier Bungay] Perhaps the
curtain which concealed the upper-stage (i.e. the balcony at the back
of the stage) was withdrawn, discovering Margaret and Bungay standing
there, and when the representation in the glass was supposed to be
over, the curtain was drawn back again.”
²The original ‘bright-sunne,’ Dyce’s lection, accepted.
³= Venus.
⁴Dyce queries “That this fair, witty, courteous” etc.? See before,
Margaret’s first speech (p. 25, l. 452), and Bungay’s next speech but one
here.”
Margret. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust. But did lord Lacie like poor Marg[aret], Or would he daine to wed a countrie laffe? Frier, I would his humble handmayd be, And for great wealth quite him with courtesie. 710

Bungay. Why Margret doest thou loue him?
Margret. His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,¹ Might well auouch to shadow Hellens rape:² His wit is quicke and readie in conceit, As Greece affoorded in her chiefeft prime: Courteous, ah Frier, full of pleasing smiles, Trust me, I loue too much to tell thee more, Suffice to me he is³ Englands parramour.

Bungay. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face Surnamed thee faire maid of Frestingfield? 720
Margret. Yes Bungay, and would God the louely Earle Had that in effe, that so many fought.

Bungay. Feare not, the Frier will not be behind To shew his cunning to entangle loue. [wench, Edward. I thinke the Frier courts the bonny Bacon, methinkes he is a lustie churle Bacon. Now looke my lord.

¹ = Paris.
² The original prints 'cape,' and Dyce changes to 'rape'—accepted.
³ = carrying off, not in modern restricted sense.
⁴ = he's.
AND FRIER BUNGAY.

Enter Lacie [disguised as before].

Edward. Cogs wounds, Bacon, heere comes Lacie.

Bacon. Sit still, my lord and marke the commodie. 730


[Retires with Margaret.]

Lacie. Daphne, the damself, that caught Phæbus faft,
And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,
Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes,
As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle;
Recant thee Lacie—thou art put in trust,
Edward, thy soueraignes sonne hath chosen thee
A secret friend, to court her for himself:
And dareft thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie?—

Lacie, loue makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids thee controll him in his lust,
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguile the laffe:
Lacie, thou loueft, then brooke not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:
For better die, than see her liue disgracde.

Margret. Come Frier I will shake him from his dumpes. [ Comes forward.]

How cheere you sir, a pennie for your thought: 750

1 The originals 'acception.'
Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,
What come from Beckles in a morne so soone.

Lacie. Thus watchfull are such men as liue in
loue, [fleepe,
Whose eyes brooke broken flumbers for their
I tell thee Peggie, since laft Harlston faire,
My minde hath felt a heape of passions. [friend,

Margret. A trussie man that court it for your
Woo you stille for the courtier all in greene?
I maruell that he sues not for himselfe. [for him,

Lacie. Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace 760
But when mine eies furuaid your beautious lookes,
Loue, like a wagge, straight diued into my heart,
And there did shrine the\(^1\) Idea of your felfe:
Pittie me though I be a farmers fonne,
And measure not my riches but my loue.

Margret. You are verie haftie, for to garden well,
Seeds muft haue time to fprout before they fpring,
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.

Bungay. [coming forward.] Deus hic, roome for
a merrie Frier. 770

What youth of Beckles, with the keepers laffe,
Tis well, but tell me heere you any newes?

Margret.\(^2\) No Frier, what newes?

\(^1\) = th'.

\(^2\) Dyce gives this to Lacy, and probably correctly: yet it was a possible speech for her in the circumstances—therefore retained. Original mispunctuates, after ‘No.’
Bungay. Heere you not how the purfeuants do post
With proclamations through ech country towne?
Lacie. For what gentle frier, tell the newes.
Bungay. Dwelt thou in Beckles, & heerst not of these news?
Lacie the Earle of Lincolne is late fled
From Windfor court, disguised like a swaine,
And lurkes about the countrie heere vnknowne.
Henrie suspects him of some trecherie,
And therefore doth proclaime in every way,
That who can take the Lincolne earle, shall haue
Paid in the Exchequer, twentie thousand crownes.
Lacie. The earle of Lincolne, Frier thou art mad,
It was some other, thou mistakest the man :
The earle of Lincolne, why it cannot be.
Margret. Yes, verie well my lord, for you are he,
The keepers daughter tooke you prisioner :
Lord Lacie yeeld, Ile be your gailer once.
Edward. How familiar they be Bacon.
Bacon. Sit still,and marke the sequell of their loues.
Lacie. Then am I double prisioner to thy selfe,
Peggie, I yeeld, but are these newes in ieft?
Margret. In ieft with you, but earnest vnto me:—
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart,
Ah how these earles and noble men of birth
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill!
Lacie. Beleeue me, lafe, I am the Lincolne earle,
I not denie but tyred thus in rags,
I liued disguifd to winne faire Peggies loue.

Margret. What loue is there where wedding
ends not loue? [wife.

Lacie. I meant¹ faire girle to make thee Lacies

Margret. I litle thinke that earles wil stoop so
low. [sleepe?

Lacie. Say, shal I make thee countefle ere I
Margret. Handmaid vnto the earle, so pleafe him-
A wife in name, but fervant in obedience. [selle,
Lacie. The Lincolne countefle, for it shalbe so,
Ile plight the bands, and seale it with a kiffe.
Edward. Gogs wounds Bacon, they kiffe, Ile stab
them.

Bacon. Oh hold your handes my lord it is the
glasse.

Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well,
Made me [to] thinke the shadowes substances.

Bacon. Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach
betwene²
Oxford and Freesingfield, but fit still and see more.

Bungay. Well lord of Lincolne, if your loues be
knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree:
To auoid infuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,

¹ Dyce changes to 'mean'; but cf. 'liued disguifd.'

² Dyce queries "Is this a prose-speach, or corrupted verse?" Probably
a 5-foot and 6-foot line. Printed in the original as in text.
He take my portace forth and wed you heere,—
Then go to bed and seale vp your desires.

_Lacie._ Frier content, Peggie how like you this?
_Margret._ What likes my lord is pleasing vnto me.
_Bungay._ Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my
_Bacon._ What sees my lord now? [booke.

_Edward._ Bacon, I see the louers hand in hand,
The Frier readie with his portace there,
To wed them both, then am I quite vnDONE:
Bacon helpe now, if ere thy magicke seruie,
Helpe Bacon, stop the marriage now,¹
If diuels or nigromancie may suffice, 830
And I will giue thee fortie thousand crownes.

_Bacon._ Feare not my lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier
For mumbling vp his orisons this day. [booke.

_Lacie._ Why speakest not Bungay, Frier, to thy

_Bungay is mute, crying Hud, hud.

_Margret._ How lookeft thou frier, as a man
distraught,
Rest of thy fences Bungay, shew by signes
If thou be dum, what passions holdeth thee?

_Lacie._ Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his
Inchanted him, or else some strange disease [diuels 840
Or Appoplexie hath possed his lungs:

¹ Dyce notes: "Some word, or words, wanting here." It may, however be a 4-foot line. Or it might run 'Helpe Ba/cond [Helpe/and]
now . . . ]
But Peggie what he cannot with his booke
Weel twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.

_Margret._ Els let me die my lord a miscreant.
_Edward._ Why stands frier Bungay fo amazd?
_Bacon._ I haue strook him dum, my lord, & if your honor please
Ile fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with vs in Oxford here. [me.]

_Edward._ Bacon, doe that, and thou contentest
_Lacie._ Of courtesie, Margret let vs lead the frier
_Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With brothes, to bring him from this hapleffe trance.
_Margret._ Or els my lord, we were passing vnkinde
To leaue the frier so in his distresse.

_Enter a deuill, and carry Bungay on his backe._

_Margret._ O, helpe my lord, a deuill, a deuill my lord,
Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe:
Lets hence for Bacons spirits be abroad.

_Exeunt._

_Edward._ Bacon I laugh to see the iolly Frier

1 Dyce queries—
"I have struck him dumb, my lord: and, if you please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straight from Fressingfield,
And he," etc.?  

2 Dyce queries, "passing unkind we were"? Put slight stress on 'we were.'
Mounted upon the diuell, and how the earle
Flees with his bonny lasse for feare:
Astoone as Bungay is at Brazennose,
And I haue chatted with the merrie frier,
I will in post hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacie ere it he long.

Bacon. So be it my lord, but let vs to our
dinner:
For ere we haue taken our repaft awhile,
We shall haue Bungay brought to Brazennose.

Exeunt. 870

Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the regent-
It fits vs talke about the kings repaire, [house,
For he trooped with all the westerne kings,
That lie alongst the Dansic seas by East,
North by the clime of frostie Germanie,
The Almain Monarke, and the Saxon duke,
Caštile, and louely Ellinor with him,
Haue in their iects resolued for Oxford towne.

Burden. We must lay plots of stately tragedies, 880
Strange comick showes, such as proud Roscius

1 Dyce notes "Some word or words wanting." But probably Greene's frequent 4-foot line.
2 = er't.
3 The original 'troopt'—'trooped' needed for scansion, hence so printed.
4 Misprinted in the originals 'Scocon.'
5 = Roscius.
Vaunted before the Romane Emperours,  
To welcome all the westerne Potentates.¹

_Clement_. But more, the king by letters hath foretold,  
That Fredericke the Almaine Emperour,  
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,  
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermaist,  
Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.

_Masoun_. Then must we all make sute vnto the frier,  
To Frier Bacon that he vouch this taulek,  
And vndertake to counteruaile in skil  
The German, els theres none in Oxford can,  
Match and dispute with learned Vandermaist.

_Burden_. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,  
Weele teach him what an English Frier can doe:  
The diuell I thinke dare not dispute with him.

_Clement_. Indeed mas doctor he [ill]pleased you,  
In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,  
From Henly posting vnto Brazennose.

_Burden_. A vengeance on the Frier for his pains,  
But leauing that, lets hie to Bacon straignt,  
To see if he will take this taake in hand.

_Clement_. Stay what rumor is this, the towne is vp in a mutinie, what hurly-burlie is this?

¹ The originals by inadvertence commence Clement's speech with this ine—corrected by Dyce and accepted. Dyce supplies [dis] in l. 897.
Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie, [all three disguised as before] and Miles.

Constable. Nay masters, if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeanour.

Burden. What's the matter fellow?

Constable. Marrie sir, heres a companie of rufflers that drinking in the Tauerne, haue made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

Miles. Salue, doctor Burden, this lubbery lurden, Ill shapte and ill faced, disdaind and disgraced, What he tels vnto vobis mentitur de nobis. [crew? Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this Miles. Ecce asinum mundi, figura rotundi, Neat, sheat and [as] fine, as a briske cup of wine. Burden. What are you? Raphe. I am father doctor as a man would say, the Belwether of this company, these are my lords, and I the prince of Wales.

Clement. Are you Edward the kings sone?

Raphe. Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and I warrant when they see how soundly I have broke his head, theile say twas done by no leffe man than a prince. [of Wales.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the prince 930

1 See note 2, p. 47.
2 The original 'Fugura.'
3 Original reads badly, 'Neat, sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.'
Warren. And why so sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a braue & a wife gentleman.

Warren. Why and thinkest thou doctor that he is not so?

Dost thou detract and derogat from him, Being so louely and so braue a youth.

Ermfrie. Whose face, shining with many a sugred smile, Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet maister doctor, to speake like a proctor, And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true; To ceafe of this quarrell, looke but on his apparell, Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of Walis, The cheef of our gregis, and filius regis:

Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white sone.

Raphe. Doctors, whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a shipp that shall hold all your colleges, and so carrie away the Ninuersitie with a fayre wind, to the Bankefide in Southwarke. How sayft thou, Ned Warraine, shall I not do it?

Warren. Yes my good lord, and if it please your lordship, I wil gather vp al your old pan-
tophles and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of fiue hundred tunne, that shall ferue the turne maruellous well, my lord.

Ermfie. And I my lord, will haue Pioners to undermine the towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walkes.

Miles. And I, with scientia, and great diligentia, 960 will conjure and charme, to keepe you from harme, That vitrum horum mauis, your very great nauis, Like Barclays ship, from Oxford do skip, With Colleges and schooles, full loaden with fooles, Quid dicis ad hoc, worshipfull domine Dawcocke? 

Clement. Why harebraind courtiers, are you drunke or mad, To taunt vs vp with such securilitie? Deeme you vs men of base and light esteeme, To bring vs such a fop for Henries sonne?— Call out the bead[e]s, and conuay them hence 970 Straight to Bocardo, let the roifters lie Close clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

1 The original misprinted 'Bartlets ship.' The reference is to "The shyp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Laten Frencfe and Doche into Englyshe Tonge, by Alexander Barclay Prefte. London by Richarde Pynfon. 1509, folio."—Dyce.

2 "An expression borrowed from the author whose style is here imitated: 'Confiras hoc, Domine Dawcocke!'

Ware the Hauke,—Skelton's Works, i. 163, ed. Dyce."—Dyce.

3 = "the old north gate of Oxford, which was used as a prison; so called, we may certainly presume, from some allusion to the Aristotelian syllogism in Bocardo. It was taken down in 1771."—Dyce.
Ermšbie. Why shall we to prison my lord?
Raphe. What saith Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?
Miles. No no, out with your blades, and hamper these iades,
Haue a flurt and a crash, now play reuell dash,
And teach these Sacerdos, that the Bocardos,
Like pezzants and elues, are meet for themselfes.
Majon. To the prison with them constable.
Warren. Well doctors seeing I haue sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merrie wagges,
Know that prince Edward is at Brazennosfe,
And this attired like the prince of Wales,
Is Raphe, king Henries only loued foole,
I, earle of Suffex,¹ and this Ermšbie
One of the priuie chamber to the king,
Who while the prince with Frier Bacon staines,
Haue reueld it in Oxford as you see.
Majon. My lord pardon vs, we knew not what you were,
But courtiers may make greater skapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?
Warren. I will maister doctar, and satisfie the vintner for his hurt, only I muft desire you to imagine him [pointing to Raphe] all this forenoon the prince of Wales.
Majon. I will sir.

¹The originals 'Essex.'
Raphe. And vpon that I will lead the way, onely I will haue Miles goe before me, because I haue heard Henrie say, that wifedome must go before Maieftie.

[Exeunt.]

Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand, Lacie and Margret.

Edward. Lacie thou canft not fhroud thy traitrous thoughts, Nor couer, as did Cassius, all his wiles, For Edward hath an eye that lookes as farre, As Lincoëus from the shores of Grecia. Did not I fit in Oxford by the Frier, And see thee court the mayd of Frafingfield, Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiffe? Did not proud Bungay draw his portafe foorth, And ioyning hand in hand had married you, If Frier Bacon had not strook him dumbe, And mounted him vpon a spirits backe, That we might chat at Oxford with the frier? Traitor what anfwerft, is not all this true?

Lacie. Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make replie, At Harlftone faire there courting for your grace, When as mine eye furvaid her curious shape, And drewe the beautious glory of her looks,

1 Dyce misalters to 'thy.'
To diue into the center of my heart,
Loue taught me that your honour did but iest,
That princes were in fancie but as men:
How that the louely maid of Freſingfield
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife,
Than concubine vnto the prince of Wales.

Edward. Inurious Lacie, did I loue thee more
Than Alexander his Hepheftion?
Did I vnfould the passion\(^1\) of my loue,
And locke them in the cloflet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himfelfe,
Sole freind, and partner of his fecreat loues,
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake
Th’inchained fetters of fuch priuat freindes?
Bafe coward, fale, and too effeminate,
To be coriuall with a prince in thoughts;
From Oxford haue I pofted fince I dind,
To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.

Margret. Twas I, my Lord, not Lacie stept awry,
For oft he fued and courted for your felfe,
And flill woode for the courtier all in greene,
But I whome fancy made but ouer fond,
Pleaded my felfe with looks as if I lovd;
I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
And flill bewitcht, lovd Lacie with my looks;
My hart with fighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pittie and content at once,

\(^1\) Dyce changes to 'passions,' but such phrasing was common then.
And more I could not cipher out by signes
But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart.
Then worthy Edward measure with thy minde,
If womens fauours will not force men fall,
If bewtie, and if darts of perfing loue,
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes. [loues,

Edward. I tell thee Peggie I will haue thy
Edward·or none shall conquer Marg[a]ret.
In Frigats bottomd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,
Stemd and incaft with burnisht Iuorie
And ouerlaid with plates of Persian wealth ;
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waues
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
To daunce lauoltas in the purple fstreames ;
Sirens with harpes and siluer pflarteries,
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigots ftem,
And entertaine faire Margret with their laies ;
England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee,
Brittaine shal bend vnto her princes loue,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edwards Marg[a]ret.

Margret. Pardon my lord, if Ioues great roialtie
Sent me fuch presents as to Danae,
If Phoebus ti[r]ed in Latonas webs,

1 = Shittim. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
2 The original misprints 'her.
3 Quarto '30 'tyed' = incased.
Came courting from the beautie of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolickke Mercurie;
Not all the wealth heauens treasurie affords,
Should make me leaue Lord Lacie or his loue.

Edward. I haue learnt at Oxford then this point
of schooles,

Ablata\(^2\) causa, tollitur effectus:
Lacie['s] the cause that Margret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English Prince—
Take him away, and then the effects will faile.
Villaine prepare thy selfe, for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosome of an earle.

Lacie. Rather then liue, and misse faire Mar-
grets love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatall doome,
But stab it home, end both my loues and life.

Margret. Braue Prince of Wales, honoured for
royall deeds,
Twere finne to stab faire Venus courts with
Loues conquests\(^3\) end my lord, in courtesie;
Spare Lacie gentle Edward, let me die,
For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

Edward. Lacie shall die as traitor to his Lord.

Lacie. I haue desuered it, Edward, act it well.

\(^1\) The originals misprint 'come.'
\(^2\) Ibid. 'Abbata.'
\(^3\) Dyce corrects with 'conquest,' but I prefer removing the 's' from 'ends.'
Margret: What hopes the Prince to gaine by Lacies death? [g[a]ret.
Edward. To end the loues twixt him and Mar-
Margret. Why, thinks king Henries sonne that Margrets loue
Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice, ouer the loftie eaft,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heauens.

Lacie. If ought betides to louely Marg[a]ret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie
Should not allure Lacie to ouerliue:
Then Edward short my life and end her\(^1\) loues.

Margret. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth
many loues. [friends.

Lacie. Nay Edward keepe a loue worth many
Margret. And\(^2\) if thy mind be such as fame hath
Then princely Edward, let vs both abide [blazde,
The fatall resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,
And in one toomb knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue.

Edward [aside.] Edward, Art thou that famous prince of Wales,

\(^1\) Dyce queries 'our.' But Greene loved the contrast of 'my' and 'her.'
\(^2\) = An.
Who at Damasco beat the Sarafens,
And broughtst home triumph on thy launces point,
And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe?
Is it princely to disfleur louers leagues?
To part such friends as glorie in their loues?
Leaue Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loues,
So in subduing fancies passion,
Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile.
Lacie rise vp, faire Peggie heeres my hand,
The prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loues he yeelds vnto the earle,
Lacie, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield;
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,
And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,
Will giue her to thee franckly for thy wife.

Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soueraigne,
As if that Edward gaue me Englands right,
And richt me with the Albion diadem. [mean true?

Margret. And doth the English Prince indeed
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loues,
And yeeld the title of a countrie maid,
Vnto Lord Lacie?

Edward. I will faire Peggie as I am true lord.

Marg. Then lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,

1 = I'st.
2 'In 4to '30 'Louers loues.'
3 This line not in the later 4tos.
4 'indeed' accepted from Dyce.
In conquering loue as Cæsars victories; 1140
Margret, as milde and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspatia vnto Cirus selfe,
Yeelds thanks, and, next Lord Lacie, doth inshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart. [past,
Edward. Gramercie Peggie, now that vowes are
And that your loues are not [to] be revolt,
Once Lacie friendes againe; come, we will poft
To Oxford, for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Ellinor.
Peggie I must go see and view my wife,
I pray God I like her as I loued thee. 2
Befide, lord Lincolne we shall hear dispute
Twixt frier Bacon, and learned Vandermaft.
Peggie we leaue you for a weeke or two. [looks, 3
Margret. As it please lord Lacie, but loues foolish
Thinke footstups Miles, and minutes to be houres.
Lacie. Ile haften Peggie, to make short returne,
But pleafe your honour 4 goe vnto the lodge,
We shall haue butter, cheefe, and venison.
And yesteryday I brought for Marg[aret
A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine;
Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

1 = revolted.
2 "Read for harmony’s sake, ’Pray God,’ and pronounce ‘loved.’"
—Walker’s Crit. Exam. of the text of Shakespeare, etc., i. 77. (Wrong?)
3 Dyce queries “Can this be the right word?” I answer, Certainly:
= watching, wistful ‘looks.’
4 The original misprints ‘honour.’
Edward. Tis cheere, lord Lacie, for an Emperor,
If he respect the person and the place:
Come let vs in, for I will all this night,
Ride post vntill I come to Bacons cell.

Exeunt.

Enter Henrie, Emperour, Castile, Ellinor,
Vandermaft, Bungay.

Emperour. Trust me Plantagenet these Oxford schooles
Are richly seated neere the riuere side:
The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere,
The batling pastures laid with kine and flocks,
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,
And schollers seemely in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art:
What is thy judgement, Iaquis Vandermaft?

Vandermaft. That lordly are the buildings of the towne,
Spatious the romes, and full of pleasant walkes:
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

Bungay. I tell thee Germane, Hafpurge holds none fuch,
None red so deepe as Oxenford contains;
There are within our accademicke state,
Men that may lecture it in Germanie,
To all the doctors of your Belgicke schools.

Henrie. Stand to him Bungay, charme this Vandermaft,
And I will vse thee as a royall king. [dermaft,
Vandermaft. Wherein dareft thou dispute with Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Frier can. [me? 1190
Vandermaft. Before rich Europes worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull question vnto Vandermaft.

Bungay. Let it be this, whether the spirites of Piromancie or Geomancie be most predominant in magick?

Vander. I say, of Piromancie.
Bungay. And I, of Geomancie. [spels,
Vander. The cabbalists that wright of magicke
As Hermes, Melchie,1 and Pithagoras,
Affirme that mongst the quadruplicitie
Of elementall essence, Terra is but thought,
To be a punctum squared to the rest;
And that the compasse of ascending elements
Exceede in bignesse and they doe in height,
Judging the concaue circle of the sonne,
To hold the rest in his circomference.
If then as Hermes saies, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and onely giueth shapes to spirites;
Then must these Demones that haunt that place,
Be euery way superiour to the rest. 1210

1 "Meant, I suppose, for Malchus (Melech), i.e. Porphyrius."—Dyce.
Bungay. I reason not of elementall shapes, 
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes, 
Noting their essence nor their qualitie, 
But of the spirits that Piromanie calleth, 
And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends. 
I tell thee Germane, magicke haunts the grounds,¹ 
And those strange [secret] necromantick spels 
That worke such shewes and wondering in the 
Are acted by those Geomantick spirits, [world, 
That Hermes calleth Terrae filii. 

The fierie spirits are but transparant shades, 
That lightly passe as Heralts to bear newes, 
But earthly fiends, closd in the lowest deepe, 
Diffleuer mountaines if they be but chargd, 
Being more grose and massie in their power. 

Vander. Rather these earthly geomantike spirits 
Are dull and like the place where they remaine: 
For when proud Lucipher fell from the heavens, 
The spirits and angels that did sin with him, 
Retaind their locall essence as their faults, 

All subieæt vnder Lunas continent: 
They which offended lesse hang² in the fire, 
And second faults did rest within the aire, 
But Lucifer and his proudhearted fiends 
Were throwne into the center of the earth,

¹ Dyce changes to 'ground' doubtfully.
² Dyce prints 'hung,' but such change of tense was common to Greene, etc.
Hauing leffe understanding than the rest,
As hauing greater finne, and lefser grace.
Therfore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serue
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild forcerers;
Whereas the Piromantick genii
Are mightie, swift, and of farre reaching power.
But graunt that Geomancie hath most force
Bungay, to please these mightie potentates,
Prooue by some instance what thy art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now English Harry, here begins the
We shall see sport betwixt these learned men.

Vandermaft. What wilt thou doe? [gold,
Bungay. Shew thee the tree leavd with refined
Whereon the fearfull dragon held his seate,
That watcht the garden cald Hesperides,
Subdueed and wonne by conquering Hercules.

Vandermaft. Well done.

Heere Bungay conjures and the tree appeares with
the dragon shooting fire.¹

Henrie. What say you royall lordings, to my frier,
Hath he not done a point of cunning skil?

¹ Dyce puts the stage-explanation before ‘Well done.’ But as Vander-
maft foreseeing how he can conquer Bungay would naturally say ‘Well
done’ = that will be well done, I adhere to the original and do not
alter the sequence. Besides, ‘Well done’ as applied to what he sees
hardly agrees with his carping bombastic character, nor with his subse-
quent words ‘Each scholar . . .’
Vander. Ech scoller in the Nicromantick spels
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd,
But as Alcmenas basterd rafed this tree,
So will I raise him vp as when he liued,
And cause him pull the Dragon from his seate,
And teare the branches pecemeale from the roote
Hercules Prodi, Prodi Hercules!  

Hercules appeares in his Lions skin.

Hercules. Quis me vult?            [Hercules,
Vandermaft. Loues bastard sonne, thou libian
Pull off the sprigs from\(^2\) the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
Hercules. Fiat.

Here he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now Bungay, if thou canst by magicke
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, [charm me
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy\(^3\) to be counted learned.
Bungay. I cannot.
Vander. Cease Hercules, vntill I giue thee charge:
Mightie commander of this English Ile,
Henrie, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier;

\(^1\) The first ‘Prodi’ spelled ‘Prodie’ in original.
\(^2\) Original misinserts here a second ‘off.’
\(^3\) In the original misprinted ‘worthy.’
But to compare with Iaquis Vandermafst,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seeke their celles,
To find a man to match him in his art.
I haue giuen non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,¹
Reimes [and] Louain and faire Rotherdam,
Franckford, Utrecht² [Paris] and Orleance :³
And now muft Henrie if he do me right,
Crown me with lawrell as they all haue done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile [be] to this roiall companie,
That fit to heare and see this strange dispite :
Bungay, how standft thou as a man amazd?
What hath the Germane acted more than thou?
Vandermafst. What art thou that questions thus?
Bacon. Men call me Bacon. [learnd
Vander. Lordly thou lookeft, as if that thou wert
Thy countenance as if science held her seate
Betweene the circled arches of thy browses.
Henrie. Now Monarcks, hath the Germain found 1300
his match. [foile,
Emperour. Bestirre thee Iaquis, take not now the
Leaft thou doest loose what foretime thou didst:

¹ In the original misprinted 'Belogna.'
² Ibid. 'Lutrech.'
³ The bracketed words supplied (l. 1286-7).
Bacon. Noe,¹
Vnleffe he were more learnd than Vandermaft.
For yet tell me what haft thou done?
Vandermaft. Raisd Hercules to ruinate that tree,
That Bongay mounted by his magick spels.
Bacon. Set Hercules to worke. [talke,
Vander. Now Hercules, I charge thee to thy Pull off the golden branches from the roote.
Hercules. I dare not; Seest thou not great Bacon heere, [can?
Whose frowne doth act more than thy magick Vndermaft. By all the thrones and dominations,
Vertues, powers and mightie Hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vndermaft.
Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belce-And rules Afmenoth, guider of the North, [phon,
Bindes me from yeelding vnto Vndermaft.
Henrie. How now Vndermaft, haue you met 1320 with your match? [dermaft,
Vandermaft. Neuer before waft known to Van-That men held deuils in such obedient awe;
Bacon doth more than art, or els I faile.
Emperour. Why Vndermaft, art thou overcome? Bacon dispute with him, and trie his skill.
Bacon. I come² not Monarckes for to hold dispute,
With fuch a nouice as is Vndermaft,

¹ In the original 'Noe, vnleffe . . .' one line.
² Dyce changes to 'came' (his) needlessly.
I come to have your royalties to dine
With Frier Bacon here in Brazennofe,
And, for this Germane troubles but the place
And holds this audience with a long suspense,
I'll send him to his Accadémie hence:
Thou Hercules whom Vandermaft did raise,
Transport the Germane vnto Haspurge straight,
That he may learn by trauail gainst the spring,
More secret doomes and Aphorismes of art:
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him.

Exit the Spirit with Vandermaft and the Tree.

Emperour. Why Bacon, whether dost thou send
him? [returne,
Bacon. To Haspurge; there your highness at
Shall finde the Germane in his studie safe.
Henrie. Bacon, thou haft honoured England
with thy skill.
And made faire Oxford famous by thine art:
I will be English Henrie to thy selfe,
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?
Bacon. With me my Lord, and while I fit my
cheere,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gratious as [is] the morning starre of heauen.

[Exit.

1 Original 'springs.'
2 Dyce supposes something wanting here, but it is not so.

Emperour. Is this Prince Edward Henris royall How martall is the figure of his face, [sonne? Yet louely and beset with Amorets.

Henrie. Ned, where haft thou been? [buckes,

Edward. At Framingham my Lord, to trie your If they could fcape the 1 teifers or the toile; But hearing of these lordly Potentates Landed, and prograff vp to Oxford towne, I posted to giue entertaine to them; Chiefe to the Almaine Monarke; next to him, 1360 And ioynt with him, Castile and Saxonie, Are welcome as they may be to the English Court. Thus for the men, but see Venus appeares, Or one that matcheth Venus in her shape: 2 Sweet Ellinor, beauties high swelling pride, Rich natures glorie and her wealth at once, Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion, Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne, If that thou dainft the welcome from my selfe.

Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high minded sone, 1370 The marke that Ellinor did count her aime, I likte thee fore I faw thee, now I loue,

1 Original misprinted 'they.'
2 Dyce divides 'Or one

That . . . ' I prefer remouing 'ouer' from 'ouer-matcheth' and adhering to the one line of original.
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never breake that so,
And therefore so accept of Ellinor.

Castile. Feare not my Lord, this couple will agree,
If loue may crepe into their wanton eyes:
And therefore Edward I accept thee heere,
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

Henrie. Let me that joy in these conforting greets,
And glorie in these honors done to Ned,
Yeeld thankes for all these fauours to my sonne,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.

Miles. Saluete omnes reges, that gouern your Greges
In Saxonie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine:
For all this frolicke rable must I couer the table,
With trenchers, salt and cloth, and then looke for your broth.¹

Emperour. What pleasant fellow is this?

Henrie. Tis my lord, doctor Bacons poore scholler.

Miles. [aside.] My maister hath made me fewer

¹ Printed solid as prose in original. So onward a little. In l. 1387 printed 'thee' in original.

G. X111.
of these great lords, and God knowes I am as serviceable at a table, as a sow is under an apple-tree: tis no matter, their cheere shall not be great, and therefore what skils where the salt stand, before or behinde.

CASTILE. These schollers knowes more skill in actions,¹
How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistry,
Than for to couer courtly for a king.

Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth, and after him Bacon.

MILES. Spill sir, why, doe you thinke I neuer carried twopeny chop before in my life?
By your leaue, Nobility decus, for here comes doctor Bacons pecus,
Being in his full age, to carrie a messe of pottage.

BACON. Lordings admire not if your cheere be this,
For we must keepe our Accademicke fare,
No riot where Philosophie doth raine;
And therefore Henrie place these Potentates,
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

EMP. Presumptuous Frier, what, scoffit thou at a king,
What, doest thou taunt vs with thy pesants fare,
And giue vs cates fit for countrey swaines?

¹ = axioms.
Henrie, proceeds this ieft of thy consent,
To twit vs with such pittance of such price?¹
Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeue the[e] long.

Henrie. By Henries honour, and the royall faith
The English monarcke beareth to his friend;
I knew not of the friers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee Fredericke, for I shewed
the² cates,
To let thee fee how schollers vfe to feede,
How little meate refines our English wits:
Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry fir, I wil.
This day shall be a feftial day with me,³
For I shall exceed in the higheft degree.

Exit Miles.

Bacon. I tell thee Monarch, all the Germane
Could not affoord thy entertainment such, [Peeres 1430
So roiall and so full of Maiestie,
As Bacon will present to Fredericke;
The Baseft waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugges,
Fetcht by Carueils from Aegypts richest straights,

¹ Dyce changes to 'with a pittance of such price.' I prefer the original except deletion of 'a.' Such repetitions, though not to Dyce's taste, were to Greene's; and here it accentuates the Emperor's disgust.
² Dyce prints 'the[fe]' needlessly.
³ One line in the original
Found in the wealthy strond of Africca,
Shall royallize the table of my king;
Wines richer than the Gyptian courtifan
Quaft to Auguftus kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowfd in English Henries feafts;
Candie shall yeld the richest of her canes,
Perfia, downe her volga by Canows,
Send down the secrets of her spicerie;
The Africke Dates, mirabolans of Spaine,
Conferues and Sucketts from Tiberias,
Cates from Iudea, choifer than the lampe
That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttonie;
Shall bewtifie the board for Fredericke,
And therfore grudge not at a friers feaft. [Exeunt.] 1450

Enter two gentlemen, Lambert and Serlby with
the keeper.

Lambert. Come, frolicke keeper of our lieges
game,

1 "'This,' observes my friend Mr. W. N. Lettsom, 'is much as if
France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames.'"—Dyce.
See Glossarial-Index s.v.

2 "i.e. dried plums. The original 'mirabiles' in italics. 'I have
eaten Spanish mirabolanes, and yet am nothing the more metamor-
phosed.'—Greene's Notable Discovery of Coofnage, 1591, Sig. A2."—
Dyce.

3 "A corrupted, or rather (as I think) a mutilated passage. The
to 'balm'; which, he feels confident, restores the true reading: 'Balm,
he says, or the exudation of the Balsamum, was the only export of
Judæa to Rome; and the balm was peculiar to Judæa.' But the
correction 'balm' does not suit what immediately follows."—Dyce.
Whose table speed hath euer venison,
And lacks of wines to welcome passengers;
Know I am in loue with iolly Marg[a]ret,
That ouer-shines our damfels, as the moone
Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield heere my land and liuing lies:
Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,
So thou consent to giue her to my wife,
And I can spend ffive hundreth markes a yeare.

Serlbie. [to Lambert] I am the landlord keeper
By coppie all thy liuing lies in me.
Laxfield did neuer see me raise my due;
I will infeoffe faire Marg[a]ret in all,
So she will take her to a lustie squire.

Keeper. Now courteous gent[ils, if the keepers
Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both,
And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,
Tis doubtfull to decide the question.

It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But fith such squires will stoop to keepers see,
I will, to auoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margret forth, and she shall make her choise.

Exit.

1 Original misprints 'lanflord.'
2 That is, he commences to make his exit. The next words could be spoken to him when just off the stage.
Lambert. Content [thee] Keeper, send her vnto 1480 vs.
Why Serfby is thy wife so lately dead?
Are all thy loues so lightly passed ouer,
As thou canst wed before the yeare be out?

Serfby. I liue not Lambert to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her;
The graue ends and begins a married state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. Peggie, the louelie flower of all townes,
Suffolks faire Hellen, and rich Englands star,
Whose beautie tempered with her hufwifrie,
Maks England talke of merry Frifingfield.

Serfby. I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phebus and his loues;
But this beelue me, Laxfield here is mine,
Of auncient rent seuen hundred pounds a yeare,
And if thou canst but loue a countrie squire,
I wil infeoffe thee Marg[a]ret in all:
I can not flatter, trie me if thou please.

Mar. Braue neighbouring quires, the stay of 1500
Suffolks clime,
A Keepers daughter is too base in gree

1 Original 'graues.'
2 Ibid. 'tall.'
3 Ibid. 'daughters.'
4 = degree.
To match with men accoumpted of such worth;
But might I not displease I would reply.

*Lambert.* Say Peggy, nought shall make vs discontent.

*Marg.* Then, gentils note that loue hath little
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,
Be kindled but by fancies motion;
Then pardon, gentils, if a maids reply
Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my selfe,
Who or of whome loue shall constraine me like.

*Serljby.* Let it be me, and trust me Marg[a]ret,
The meads inuironed with the silver streames,
Whose Batling pastures fateth all my flockes,
Yeelding forth fleeces stapled with such woole,
As Lempflier cannot yeelde more finer fluffe,
And fortie kine with faire and burnifht heads,
With ftrouting duggs that paggle to the ground,
Shall serue thy da[y]ry if thou wed with me.

*Lambert.* Let paffe the countrie wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wawe with Ceres golden sheues,
Filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes;
But Peggie if thou wed thy selfe to me,
Thou shalt haue garments of Imbrodred filke,
Lawnes, and rich networks for thy head attyre;
Costlie shalbe thy fa[i]re abiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lamberts louing wife.

1 Dyce changes needlessly to 'fatten' = fatteth.
Margret. Content you gentles, you have prof-erred faire, 
And more than fits a country maid's degree, 
But give me leave to counsaile me a time, 
For fancie blooms not at the first assault, 
Give me . . . [a pause] 
But ten days respite, and I will reply,¹ 
Which or to whom my selfe affectionats. 
Serlby. Lambert I tell thee, thou art importunate, 
Such beautie fits not such a base esquire: 
It is for Serlby to have Marg[aret. [reach me? 
Lamb. Thinkst thou with [thy] wealth to ouer 
Serlby, I scorn to brooke thy country braues, 
I dare thee Coward to maintaine this wrong, 
At dint of rapier single in the field.     [auoucht ; 1540 
Serlby. Ile answer Lambert what I have 
Margret farewell, another time shall serve. 
Exit Serlby. 
Lambert. Ile follow. Peggie farewell to thy selfe, 
Listen how well ile answer for thy loue. 
Exit Lambert. 
Margeret. How Fortune tempers lucky happes 
with frowns, 
And wrongs² me with the sweets of my delight; 
Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale, 

¹ Dyce queries 'ought these words to be omitted?' I prefer arrangement in text. 
² Dyce queries 'wrings.' Surely not?
Shall I be Hellen in my froward fates,  
As I am Hellen in my matchles hue,  
And set rich Suffolke with my face afire?  
If louely Lacie were but with his Peggy,  
The cloudie darckenesse of his bitter frowne  
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.  
Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,  
When as they looke for aunswere of their loues,  
My Lord will come to merry Frisingsfield,  
And end their fancies, and their follies both;  
Til when Peggie be blith and of good cheere.  

Enter a post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair louely damfell which way leads this  
How might I post me vnto Frisingsfield? [path?  
Which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?  

Margeret. Your way is ready and this path is  
My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingsfield, [right,  
And if the keeper be the man you seeke,  
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?  

Post. Louely, and once beloued of my lord,  
No meruaile if his eye was lodgd so low,  
When brighter bewtie is not in the heauens:  
The Lincolne earle hath sent you letters here,  
And with them iuft an hundred pounds in gold,  

[Giues letter and bag.]  
Sweete bonny wench read them and make reply.

1 Original 'forward.'
Margret. The scrowls that Ioue sent Danae,  
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnifht gold,  
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.  
Tell me whilst that I doe vnrip the feales,  
Liues Lacie well, how fares my louely Lord?  

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to liue  

*The letter, and Margret reads it.*

The bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morne, the flies *Hæmeræ* (faire Peggie) take life with the Sun, and die with the dew; fancie that flippeth in with a gafe, goeth out with a winke, and too timely loues, haue euer the shortest length. I write this as thy grefe, and my folly, who at Frisingfield lovd that which time hath taught me to be but meane dainties; eyes are dissemblers, and fancie is but queasie, therefore know Margret, I haue chosien a Spanish ladie to be my wife, cheefe waighting woman to the Princeffe Ellinour; a Lady faire, and no leffe faire than thy selfe, honorable and wealthy: in that I forfake thee I leaue thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowrie I haue sent thee an hundred pounds, and euer assure thee of my fauour, which shall auail thee and thine much.

*Farewell.*

Not thine nor his own,

*Edward Lacy.*

---

1 Original 'Hæmere,' e being frequently written for æ.
AND FRIER BUNGAY.

Fond Ate\(^1\) doomer of bad-boading fates,
That\(^2\) wrappes proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou inchaunt my byrth-day with such fstars,
As lightned mischeefe from their infancie?
If heauens had vowd, if fstars had made decree,
To shew on me their froward influence,
If Lacie had but lovd, heauens hell and all,
Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde.

Poë. It grieues me damself, but the Earle is forst 1610
To loue the Lady, by the Kings command.

Margret. The wealth combinde within the Eng-
lishe shelues,
Europes commaunder, nor the English King,
Should not haue moude the loue of Peggie from
her Lord.\(^3\)

Poë. What anfwere shall I returne to my Lord?
Margret. Firft for thou camft from Lacie whom
I lovd—
Ah, giue me leaue to sigh at euery thought!
Take thou my freind the hundred pound he sent,
For Margrets resoltution craues no dower;
The world shalbe to her as vanitie,
Wealth trasht, loue hate, pleasure, dispaire,

\(^1\) The originals 'Atæ.'
\(^2\) As before, the interposition of 'that' seems to have led Greene (or the copyist) to put the verb in the third person. Dyce prints silently 'Wrapp'st.'
\(^3\) Dyce queries 'from him,' and adds, "But the earlier part of the speech is also evidently corrupt." Not so. Here we have 6-foot lines, and below in 'Wealth,' etc., a 4-foot line.
For I will straight to stately Fremingham,
And in the abby there be shorne a Nun,
And yeld my loues and libertie to God:
Fellow I giue thee this, not for the newes,
For those be hatefull vnto Marg[a]ret,
But for th'art Lacies man, once Margrets loue.

Post. What I haue heard, what paffions I haue
Ile make report of them vnto the Earle. [seene

Exit Post. 1

Margret. Say that the ioyes his fancies be at reft,
And praies that his misfortune 2 may be hers.

Exit.

Enter Frier Bacon drawing the courtaines with a
white ftick, a booke in his hand, and a lampe
lighted by him, and the brazen Head, and Miles,
with weapons by him.

Bacon. Miles where are you?
Miles. Here fir.
Bacon. How chaunce you tarry so long? 1640
Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the
brazen head craues no furniture? I warrant you
fir I haue so armed my selfe 3 that if all your deuills
come, I will not feare them an inch.

1 See note on l. 1479 before.
2 Dyce silently (as so frequently) prints ‘misfortunes.’ But ‘mis-
fortune’ is used generally, and as standing for all misfortunes.
3 i.e. feeding [my body] is his true meaning, though he would cover
it by showing the arms.
Bacon. Miles, thou knoweft that I haue diued into hell,
And fought the darkeft pallaces of fiendes;
That with my Magick spels great Belcephon,
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formd Luna hid her filuer looks,
Trembling vpon her concaue contenent;
When Bacon red vpon his Magick booke.
With feuen years toffing nigromanticke charmes,
Poring vpon darke Hecats principles,
I haue framd out a monftrous head of brass;
That, by the inchaunting forces of the deuil,
Shall tell out strange and vncoth Aphorifmes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I haue watcht these threescore dayes,
And now our vitall spirites craue some rest:
If Argos\(^1\) livd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not ouerwatch Phobeters\(^2\) night.
Now Miles in thee rest Frier Bacons weale;
The honour and renowne of all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God
That holds the foules of men within his fift,
This night thou watch; for ere the morningftar
Sends out his glorious glifter on the north,
The head will speake; then Miles, vpon thy life,
\(^{1650}\)

---

\(^{1}\) = Argus.  \(^{2}\) = Phobetor.
Wake me, for then by Magick art I le worke,
To end my seven yeares talke with excellence;
If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame.
Draw close the courtaines Miles now; for thy life,
Be watchfull and— Here he falleth asleep.

Miles. So, I thought you would talke your self a sleepe anon; and tis no meruaile for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the nights, haue watcht iuft these ten and fifty dayes; now this is the night, 1680 and tis my talske and no more. Now Iesus blesse me what a goodly head it is, and a nose: you talke of nos autem glorificare, but heres a nose that I warrant may be cald nos autem populare for the people of the parish; well I am furnished with weapons: no w sir I will set me downe by a post and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me, if I chaunce to slumber. [He falls asleep, knocks his head against the post, wakes, thinking the head has spoken.] I thought goodman head, I would 1690 call you out of your memento. Passion of God I haue almost broke my pate. Vp Miles to your task, take your browne bill in your hand, heeres some of your maisters hobgoblins abroad.

With this a great noise.

[The head speakes.]

1 Original 'popelare.'
Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is, Why maister Brazenhead, haue you such a capittall nose, and answer you with fillables, Time is: is this all my maisters cunning, to spend feuen years studie about Time is? well sir, it may be we shall haue some better orations of it anon, well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile set a pricke against my brest: now reft there Miles. Lord haue mercy vpon me, I haue almost kild my selfe: [A great noise.] vp Miles, lift how they rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, frier Bacon, you spent your feuen yeares studie well, that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once, Time was: yea marie, time was when my maister was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazenhead: you shall lie while your arce ake, and your Head speake no better: well I will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a Philosopher of Ariftotles stampe, [A great noise.] what, a freshe noise? take thy pistols in hand Miles.

Heere the Head speakes and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appeares that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.

Head. Time is past.
Miles. Maister maister, vp, hels broken loose, your Head speakes, and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is vp in armes: out of your bed, and take a browne bill in your hand, the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come.¹

Oh passing warily watcht, Bacon will make thee next himselfe in loue;

When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head? did not you say that hee should tell strange principles of Philoſophie? why sir it speaks but two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why villaine hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft? marie hath it thrice: but in all those three times it hath uttered but seuen wordes.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marrie sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if Fabius cumentator² should haue pronounced a sentence: [the second time] he said, Time was, and the third time with thunder and lightning as in great choller, he said Time is past.

¹ Dyce fills in "Rises and comes forward"; but how could this have occurred without his seeing the wreck? I think he is only half awake and rubbing his eyes and in no great haste as knowing that if the head had spoken there would be a long pause. The words "When spake the head?" indicate that his wits were not yet in waking order and himself only half-shuffling off bed: 'Miles... watch' = one 5-foot line.

² The original misprints 'Cumentator,' and Dyce nodded and printed 'Commentator.' Evidently he meant Q. Fabius Maximus surnamed Cunctator; but I have allowed 'Cumentator' to stand, as Miles was, according to Bacon, very little of a Latinist and a great dunce.
Bacon. Tis past indeed. A[h] villaine time is past,
My life, my fame, my glorie, all are past:
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,
Thy seuen yeares studie lieth in the dust;
Thy Brazen-head lies broken, through a flauue
That watcht, and would not when the Head did
What said the Head first? [will,—1750

Miles. Euen sir, Time is.
Bacon. Villaine if thou hadst cald to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watcht, and wakte the sleepie frier,
The Brazen-head had utterd Aphorismes,
And England had been circled round with brasse;
But proud Aftmeroth, ruler of the North,
And Demegorgon maifter of the fates,
Grudge that a mortall man should worke fo much;
Hell trembled at my deep commanding spels,
Fiendes frownd to see a man their ouermatch:
Bacon might boft more than a man might boast,
But now the braues of Bacon hath an end,
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seuen yeares practife forteth to ill end,
And, villaine, fith my glorie hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatall end: 2

1 In original one line, and accepted. See annotated Biography (I.)
2 Original 'fatall to some end'—perhaps defensible, but Dyce's reading accepted.

G. XIII. 6
Villaine auoid, get thee from Bacons fight,
Vagrant, go rome and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

*Miles.* Why then sir you forbid me your service. 1770

*Bacon.* My service villaine, with a fatal curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

*Miles.* Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, The more the fox is curst, the better he fares: God be with you sir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleued gowne on my backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

*Bacon.* Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie steps,
Vntill they doe transport thee quicke to hell,
For Bacon shall haue neuer merrie day,
To loose the fame and honour of his Head.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Emperour, Castile, Henrie, Ellinor, Edward, Lacie, Raphe.

*Emper.* Now, louely prince, the prince² of Albions wealth,
How fares the ladie Ellinor and you?
What haue you courted and found Castile fit

¹ Original 'Exit.'
² Dyce changes to 'prime,' and it is not improbable, but the text is more characteristic of Greene's style.
AND FRIER BUNGAY.

To answer England in equiuolence,
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee?

Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in faire Hellens lookes,
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorits,
That Daphne glansed at his deitie?
Can Edward then fit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe?
Now, Monarcks aske the ladie if we gree.

Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace
or no?

Ellin. Seeing my lord his louely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,
I come not, troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of loue, but so effectionat
As Edward hath in England what he wonne in
Spaine.¹

Cafstile. A match my lord, these wantons needes
must loue,
Men must haue wiues and women will be wed;
Lets haft the day to honour vp the rites.

Raphe. Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

Henry. I Raphe, how then?

Raphe. Marrie Harrie, follow my counsaile, send
for frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele fo con-
iure him and her with his Nigromancie, that they

¹ Dyce here adds 'Corrupted.' Why? He has Ellinor in England
whom his portrait had won in Spain.
shall loue together like pigge and lambe whilest they liue.

Castile. But hearst thou Raphe, art thou content to haue Ellinor to thy ladie?

Raphe. I, so she will promise me two things.

Castile. Whats that Raphe?

Raphe. That shee will neuer scold with Ned nor fight with me: Sirha Harry, I haue put her downe with a thing vnpossible.

Henry. Whats that, Raphe?

Raphe. Why Harrie, didst thou euer see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes?

[to Edw.] no, but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare proue a bag-piper.

Emperour. What saies the lord of Castile and the earle of Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke?

Castile. I stand my lord amazed at his talke,
How he discourseth of the constancie
Of one furnamd, for beauties excellence,
The faire maid of merrie Fresingfield.

Henrie. Tis true my lord, tis wondrous for to
Her beautie passing Marces paramour: [heare,
Her virgins right as rich as Vestas was,
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

1 "Here 'fair' is a dissyllable; see Walker's Shakespeare's Verstication, etc., p. 146."—Dyce.
2 = Mars'.
3 = rite.
Castile. What faies lord Lacie, shall she be his wife?

Lacie. Or els lord Lacie is vnfit to liue:
May it pleafe your highnesse giue me leaue to post
To Fresingfield, Ile fetch the bonny girle,
And prooue in true appareance at the court
What I haue vouched often with my tongue.

Henrie. Lacie, go to the quirie\(^1\) of my stable,
And take such courfers as shall fit thy turne;
Hie thee to Fresingfield, and bring home the laffe,
And for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may pleafe the ladie Ellinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Ellinor. We Castile ladies are not very coy,
Your highnesse may command a greater boone;
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earle
With being partner of his marriage-day.

Edward. Gramercie Nell, for I do loue the lord,
As he thats second to my selfe in loue.\(^2\)

Raphe. You loue her? Madam Nell, neuer
believe him you, though he sweares he loues you.

Ellinor. Why Raphe?

Raphe. Why his loue is like vnto a tapfters
glaffe that is broken with euery tuch, for he
loued the faire maid of Fresingfield once out of 1860

---
\(^1\) = 'quirie.'

\(^2\) Dyce changes to 'thyself'; but 'myself' expresses better how precious was his love to her; and hence I retain it.
all hoe\footnote{\emph{i.e.} out of measure. (\textit{Out of all ho, Immodic?}—Coles's \textit{Dict.})—\textit{Dyce}.}: nay Ned neuer wincke vpon me, I care not I.

\textit{Henrie.} Raphe tels all, you shall haue a good secretarie of him;
But Lacie hafte thee post to Fresingfield:
For ere thou haft fitted all things for her state,
The solemne marriage day will be at hand.

\textit{Lacie.} I go my lord.  \textit{Exit Lacie.}

\textit{Emperour.} How shal we pass this day my lord?
\textit{Henrie.} To horse my lord, the day is passing faire,
Weele flie the partridge or go roufe the deere;
Follow my lords, you shall not want for sport.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\textit{Enter Frier Bacon with Frier Bungay to his cell.}

\textit{Bungay.} What meanes the frier that frolickt it of late,
To fit as melancholie in his cell,\footnote{In original printed twice.}
As if he had neither loft nor wonne to day.

\textit{Bacon.} Ah Bungay \[ah\] my Brazen-head is spo[i]ld,
My glorie gone, my seuen yeares studie loft:
The fame of Bacon bruted through the world,
Shall end and perifh with this deepe disgrace.

\footnote{1 “\emph{i.e.} out of measure. (\textit{Out of all ho, Immodic?}—Coles's \textit{Dict.}).”—\textit{Dyce}.} \footnote{Rather = out of all calling.} \footnote{2 In original printed twice.}
Bungay. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame,
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and working miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserues.

Bacon. Bungay sit down, for by prospectuue skil,
I find this day shall fall out ominous,
Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep:
But what and wherein little can I gesse.
My minde is heauy what so ere shall hap.  

Enter two schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serfsby.  Knocke.

Bacon. Whose that knockes?
Bungay. Two schollers that desires to speake with you.
Bacon. Bid the come in. Now, my youths, what would you haue?

1. S[e]holler. Sir, we are Suffolke men and neighbouring friend[s];
Our fathers in their countries lustie squires,
Their lands adioyne; in Crackfield mine doth dwell,

1 In original misprinted ' on.‘
2 Original and Dyce give this line to Bungay; but evidently they are Bacon’s closing words.
3 These stage directions may have been reversed, or the stage, as sometimes then occurred (as now), may have been divided into two compartments.
And his in Laxfield; we are colledge mates, Sworne brothers, as our fathers liues as friendes.

_Bacon._ To what end is all this? [your cell]

2. _Scholler._ Hearing your worship kept within A glasse prospectiue wherein men might see, What so their thoughts or hearts desiere could wish, We come to know how that our fathers fare.

_Bacon._ My glasse is free for euery honest man; Sit downe and you shall see ere [it be] long¹ How or in² what state your friendly fathers liue;³ Mean while tell me your names.

_Lambert._ Mine, Lambert.

2. _Scholler._ And mine, Serlsbie.

_Bacon._ Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedie.

_Enter Lambert and Serlsbie with Rapiers and daggers._

_Lambert._ Serlsby thou haft kept thine houre like a man,⁴ Th'art worthie of the title of a squire; That durft for proove of thy affection, And for thy mistresse fauour prize⁵ thy bloud;

---

¹ Original begins next line with 'How;' and against Dyce is accepted.
² = a tri-syllabic 1st foot | How or in | .
³ Original, 'father liues.'
⁴ Dyce notes here—'I may just notice that the author intended this line to be read "Serlsby, thou'ft kept thine hower like a man." But he omits to notice that in the line preceding it 'there will be' is to be read 'there' be.'
⁵ = risk in combat.
Thou knowst what words did passe at Fresingfield, 1920
Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke:
I, for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts;
Prepare thee Serlfbie, one of vs will die.

Serlfbie. Thou feest I fingle [meet] thee [in] the field,
And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword:
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sone,
That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,
Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

Lambert. And Serlfbie I haue there a lufty boy, 1930
That dares at weapon buckle with thy sone,
And liues in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy Rapier for weele haue a bout.¹

Bacon. Now lustie yonkers looke within the glasse,
And tell me if you can discoerne your fires.

1. Scol. Serlfbie tis hard, thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.

2. Schol. Lambert, thou lieft, my fathers is the abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

Bungay. How goes it firs?

1. Scholler. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fresingfield.

Bacon. Sit still my friendes and see the euent.

¹ Original 'about.'
**Lambert.** Why stand'st thou Serljbie? doubt'st thou of thy life?

A venie man: faire Margret craues so much.

**Serljbie.** Then this for her.

1. **Scholler.** Ah well thruft.

2. **Scholler.** But marke the ward.

_They fight and kill ech other._

**Lambert.** Oh I am slaine.

**Serljbie.** And I . . . Lord haue mercie on me.

1 **Scholler.** My father slaine, Serlby ward that.

2. **Scholler.** And so is mine Lambert, Ile quite thee well.

[The two schollers stab on(e) another.]

**Bungay.** O strange strattagem.

**Bacon.** See Frier, where the fathers both lie dead:

Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this masacre,
This glasse prospectiue worketh manie woes;
And therefore seeing these braue lustie Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magicke and thine art at once:

The poniard that did end the fatal liues,
Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes,

1 This is no answer to ‘Ward that.’ Something seems dropped.
Query—‘Serlby [my dagger’s out]?’

2 Dyce queries ‘scholars?’

3 Dyce prints ‘Brutes,’ _i.e._ Englishmen—accepted.

4 ‘No need for Dyce’s change to ‘their.’
So fade the glasfe, and end with it the flowes
That Nigromancie did infuse the chriftall with.

*He breaks the glasse.*

*Bungay.* What means learned Bacon thus to breake his glasse?

*Bacon.* I tell thee *Bungay* it repents me fore,
That euer Bacon medled in this art;
The houres I haue fpent in piromantickfe spels,
The fearfull toffing in the latest night,
Of papers full of Nigromantickce charmes,
Coniuring and adiuring diuels and fiends,
With flote and albe and strange¹ Pentagonon;
The wresting of the holy name[s] of God,
As Sother² Eloim,³ and Adonaie,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,
With praying to the fiue-fould powers of heauen;
Are inftances that Bacon muft be damde
For vsing diuels to counteruaile his God.
Yet Bacon cheere thee, drowne not in defpaire,
Sinnes haue their values, repentance can do much;
Thinke mercie fits where Iustice holds her feate
And from thofe wounds thofe bloudie Jews did pierce
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a fe fh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,

¹ Dyce changes to 'frong'—doubtful. The original prints 'Penta
ganon.' From πενταγωνός. Dyce prints 'Pentageron' silently.
² = σωτήρ, Saviour.
³ Original 'Elaim.'
To wash the wrath of hie Iehouahs ire,
And make thee as a new-borned babe from sinne:
Bungay Ile spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God,
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. Exit. 1990

Enter Margret in Nuns apparel, Keeper, her father
and their friend.

Keeper. Margret be not so headstrong in these
Oh burie not such beautie in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue;
Thy fathers haire like to the siluer bloomes
That beautifie the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgive his louely Marg[a]ret.

Margret. A[h] father, when the hermonie of 2000 heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain Illusions of this flattering world,
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Marg[a]ret.
I loued once, lord Lacie was my loue,
And now I hate my selfe for that I loved,
And doated more on him than on my God:
For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repents,
But now the touch of such aspiring finnes
Tells me all loue is lust but loue of heauens,
That beautie vide for loue is vanitie:
The world contains nought but alluring baites,
Pride, van'tie, flatt'rie, and inconstant thoughts.¹
To shun the pricks of death I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss;
To live in Framingham a holy Nunne,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maides to learne of me,
To seek heauens joy before earths vanitie.

Friend. And will you then Margret be shorn a Nunne, and so leave vs all. [woe : 2020]

Margret. Now farewell world, the engin of all
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Chríst:
Adew to daintie robes; this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God,
Than all the shew of rich abilliments.
Farewell, O Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,²
Sweet Lacie, whom I loued once so deere;
Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,
Least I offend to thinke on Lacies loue:
But euen to that as to the rest, farewell. 2030

Enter Lacie, Warrain, Ermshie, booted and spurd.

Lacie. Come on my wags, weere neere the keepers lodge;
Heere haue I oft walkt in the watrie Meades,
And chatted with my louely Marg[a]ret.

Warraine. Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper?

¹ Original reads, 'Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts.'
² Dyce's reading accepted: original runs 'Loue, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell.'
Lacie. Tis the same.
Ermfie. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton\(^1\) to him, a Nunne my lord.
Lacie. Keeper, how farest thou? holla man, what cheere?
How doth Peggie thy daughter and my loue?
Keeper. Ah good my lord, oh woe is me for Peggie;
See where she stands clad in her Nunnes attire,
Readie for to be shorne in Framingham:
She leaues the world because she left your loue:
Oh good my lord, perswade her if you can.
Lacie. Why how now, Margret, what, a male-content?
A Nunne? what holy father taught you this,
To tafke your selfe to such a tedious life,
As die a maid? twere injurie to me,
To smother vp such bewty in a cell. \(^{[misfit]}_{2050}\)
Margret. Lord Lacie, thinking of my former
How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent\(^2\)
In loue; Oh fie vpon that fond conceite,
Whose hap and effence hangeth in the eye;
I leaue both loue and loues content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true loue,
And leauing all the world for loue of him.

\(^1\) = cant word for a whore.
\(^2\) Dyce notes here—"In almost all our early writers (Shakespeare included) are similar instances of a nominative singular being followed by a verb plural when a genitive plural intervenes."
Lacie. Whence Peggie comes this Metamorphosis?
What, shorne a Nun, and I haue from the court,
Posted with coursers to conuaie thee hence
To Windfore, where our Mariage shalbe kept:
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands.
Come Peggy leaue these peremptorie vowes.

Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
And make divorce twixt Marg[ä]ret and him?

Lacy. Twas but to try sweeter Peggies constancie;
But will fair Margret leaue her loue and Lord?

Margret. Is not heauens ioy before earths fading bliss,
And life aboue sweeter than life in loue?

Lacie. Why then, [my] Margret will be shorne a Nun.

Marg. Margret hath made a vow which may not be revokt.

Warraine. We cannot stay my Lord,¹ and if she be so strict,
Our leisur graunts vs not to woo a fresh.

Ermby. Choose you faire damfell, yet the choise is yours,
Either a solemne Nunnerie, or the court,
God, or Lord Lacie; which contents you best,
To be a Nun or els Lord Lacies wife?

¹ Dyce notes that 'my lord' is an addition which has most probably crept in.
Lacie. A good motion; Peggie your answer must be short. [know it well,]

Margret. The flesh is frail; my Lord doth That when he comes with his enchanting face, 2080
What so ere betyde I cannot say him nay: [disrobes.]
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,
And seeing Fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the show of holy Nuns farewell;
Lacie for me, if he wilbe my lord.

Lacie. Peggie thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband,[I]
Truft me, by truth of knighthood, that the King
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,
Vntil I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee: 2090
How faist thou Keeper, art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As [glad as] if the English king had giuen
The parke and deere of Frisingsfield to me.

Erms. I pray thee my Lord of Suflex why art thou in a browne study?

Warraine. To fee the nature of women, that be they never so neare God, yet they loue to die in a mans armes. [haue hied

Lacie. What haue you fit for breakefaft? we And posted all this night to Frisingsfield.2

1 Query—not 'thy husband, I' as Dyce, but 'husband' as a tri-syllable?
2 As prose in original.
Margret. Butter and cheese and humble[s] of a Deere,
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lodge.

Lacie. And not a bottle of wine?
Margret. Weele find one for my Lord. [more,
Lacie. Come Suffix, let [u]s in, we shall haue
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.¹

Exeunt.

Enter a deuill to seeke Miles.

Deuill. How restless are the ghosts of hellish
spirites,
When everie charmer with his Magick spels
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Phlegethon,²
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in post,
Vpon the speedie wings of swiftest winds:
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deepe,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones
For careles watching³ of his Brazen head:
See where he comes: Oh he is mine.

Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner cap.

Miles. A scholler quoth you, marry sir I would
I had bene made a botlemaker when I was made ²¹²⁰

¹ As prose in original.
² Ibid. 'Blegiton.'
³ Ibid. 'watchidg'—query error for 'watching' (1639) or 'watch-adge?—former accepted for text from '30.

G. XIII.
a scholler, for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoolemaister, no, not the clarke of a parish: some call me dunce, another faith my head is as full of Latine as an egg full of oate-meale; thus I am tormented that the deuil and Frier Bacon, haunts me. Good Lord heers one of my maisters deuils, Ile goe speake to him : what maister Plutus, how chere you?

_Deuil._ Dooft thou know me?

_Miles._ Know you fir, why, are not you one of my maisters deuils, that were wont to come to my maister Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

_Deuil._ Yes marry am I.

_Miles._ Good Lord, M[after] Plutus, I haue seene you a thousand times at my maisters, and yet I had neuer the manners to make you drinke. But fir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute ; I warrant you hees as yeomanly a man, as you shall see ; marke you maisters, heers a plaine honest man, without welt or garde\(^1\); but I\(^2\) pray you fir do you come lately from hel?

_Deuil._ I marry, how then?

_Miles._ Faith tis a place I haue desired long to see: haue you not good tipling-house there? may not a man haue a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peecce of chalke,\(^2\)

---

\(^1\) = facing, trimming.

\(^2\) = swindging _i.e._ huge: query—cheese?
and a browne toaft that will clap a white wastcoat on a cup of good drinke?

Deuil. All this you may haue there.

Miles. You are for me, freinde, and I am for you, but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

Deuil. Yes, a thousand: what wouldft thou be?

Miles. By my troth sir, in a place where I may profit my selfe: I know hel is a hot place, and men are meruailous drie, and much drinke is spent there, I would be a tapster.

Deuil. Thou shalt.

Miles. Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer a horfe.

Deuil. Thou shalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now surely her[e]s a courteous deuil, that for to pleafure his friend, will not ftick to make a lade of him self. But I pray you goodman friend, let me moue a queftion to you.

Dev. Whats that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot; But tis no matter, Ile preuent it. [stoops down.]

Dev. What doeft?
Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or els vneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop, Ile make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get vp vpon my backe.

Miles. Oh Lord, heres euen a goodly maruell, when a man rides to hell on the deuils backe!

Exeunt, the deuil roaring, because Miles has spurred him with a will.

Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse fword, next, the King of Castile carrying a fword with a point; Lacy carrying the globe, Edward, Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a doue on it, Ermsby with a Crowne and Scepter; the Queene with the faire Maide of Frexing-field on her left hand; Henry, Bacon, with other Lords attending.

Edward. Great Potentatates, earths miracles for fstate,
Thinke that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these fauours on his martiall sword,
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues,
Yeelding these honours vnto Ellinour.

Henrie. Gramercies, Lordings, old Plantagenet,
That rules and swayes the Albion diadem,
With teares discouers these conceiued ioyes,
And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Ellinor, may quite his Favourites.¹
But all this while what say you to the Dames
That shine like to the chrifall lampes of heauen?

Emperour. If but a third were added to these two,
They did furpaffe those gorgeous Images
That gloried Ida with rich beauties wealth.

Margret. Tis I my Lords, who humbly on my knee,
Must yeeld her horifons to mighty Ioue
For lifting vp his handmaide to this ftaue,
Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,
And grafsde with Kings, Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)
I vow obedience, and fuch humble loue
As may a handmaid to fuch mighty men.

Ellinor. Thou martiall man, that weares the Almaine Crown,
And you the Western Potentates of might,
The Albian Princesse, English Edwards wife,
Proud that the louely ftae of Frefingfield,
Fair Margret, Countesfe to the Lincolne Earle,
Attends on Ellinour: gramercies, Lord, for her,
Tis I giue thankes for Margret to you all,
And refl for her due bounden to your felues.

¹ Dyce queries 'favourers.'
**Henrie.** Seeing the marriage is solemnized,  
Let's march in triumph to the Royall feast.  
But why stands Frier Bacon here so mute?

**Bacon.** Repentant for the follies of my youth,  
That Magicks secret mysteries misled,  
And joyfull that this Royall marriage  
Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Realme.

**Hen.** Why, Bacon, what strange event shall happen to this Lâd?

Or what shall grow from Edward and his Queene?

**Bacon.** I find¹ by deep præscience of mine Art,  
Which once I tempred in my secret Cell,  
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,  
From forth the Royall Garden of a King,  
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,  
Whose brightnesse shall deface proud Phæbus flowre,  
And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaues.

Till then Mars shall be master of the field,  
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:  
The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,  
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;  
With wealthy fauours, plenty shall enrich  
The strond that gladded wandring Brute to see,  
And peace from heauen shall harbour in these leaues

That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower:

¹ "One of those compliments to Queen Elizabeth which frequently occur at the conclusion of dramas acted during her lifetime." —Dyce.
Apollos helletropian then shall ftoope,
And Venus hyacinth shall vaile her top,
Juno shall shut her Gilliflowers vp,
And Pallas bay shall bash her brightest greene,
Ceres carnation, in confort with those,
Shall ftoope and wonder at Dianas Rose.

Henrie. This Prophecie is mysticall.
But, glorious Commanders of Europas loue,
That make faire England like that wealthy Ile
Circled with Gihen and swift Euphrates,
In Royallizing Henries Albion,
With presence of your princely mightinesse,
Let us march; the tables all are spred,
And viandes, such as Englands wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnishe out the bords.
You shall haue welcome, mighty Potentates.
It rests to furnishe vp this Royall Feast,
Only your hearts be frolicke; for the time
Craues that we taste of nought but iouiflance.
Thus glories England ouer all the West.

Exeunt omnes.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vitæ dulci.

FINIS.
The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon (n.d.), on which Greene founded his drama, is noticed by Dyce, and his specimen of it, is now subjoined:

"How Fryer Bacon made a Bronzen Head to speake, by
the which hee would have walled England about with
brasse.

"Fryer Bacon, reading one day of the many conquell of
England, bethought himselfe how he might keepe it here-
after from the like conquells, and so make himselfe famous
hereafter to all posterities. This, after great study, hee
found could be no way so well done as one; which was to
make a head of brasse, and if he could make this head to
speake, and heare it when it speakes, then might hee be
able to wall all England about with brasse. To this purpose
hee got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great
scholler and a magician, but not to bee compared to Fryer
Bacon: these two with great study and paines so framed a
head of brasse, that in the inward parts thereof there was
all things like as in a naturall mans head. This being done,
they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they
were before, for they knew not how to glue those parts
that they had made motion, without which it was impossible
that it should speake: many booke they read, but yet could
not finde out any hope of what they sought, that at the last
they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that
which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To
do this they prepared all things ready, and went one euening
APPENDIX.

105

to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies vested, they spake the words of coniuration; which the Deuill straight obeyed and appeared vnto them, asking what they would? 'Know,' said Fryer Bacon, 'that wee haue made an artificiall head of braffe, which we would haue to speake, to the furtherance of which wee haue raisfed thee; and being raisfed, wee will here keepe thee, vnlesse thou tell to vs the way and manner how to make this head to speake.' The Deuill told him that he had not that power of himselfe. 'Beginner of lyes,' said Fryer Bacon, 'I know that thou doft dissemble, and therefore tell it vs quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleafures.' At thesee threatenings the Deuill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuall fume of the fix hotefl simples it shoule have motion, and in one month space speake; the time of the moneth or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be loft. They being satisfied, licenfed the spirit for to depart.

"Then went thesee two learned fryers home againe, and prepared the simpes ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this brafen head would speake. Thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepy that they could not any longer refraine from rest: then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not unknown to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they loft all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby; therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speake. 'Feare not, good master,' said Miles, 'I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake,
I will call you; therefore I pray take you both your refts and let mee alone for watching this head.' After Fryer Bacon had giuen him a great charge the second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and Miles, alone to watch the brafen head. Miles, to keepe him from sleepping, got a tabor and pipe, and being merry disposed, fung this song to a northren tune of

'Tam'st THOU not FROM NEWCASTLE?'

To couple is a cuftome,
all things thereto agree:
Why should not I, then, loue?
fince loue to all is free.

But Ile haue one thats pretty,
erh cheekes of scarlet die,
For to breed my delight,
When that I ligge her by.

Though vertue be a dowry
yet Ile chufe money flore:
If my loue prone vntrue,
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft vnconstant,
the blacke is often proud;
Ile chufe a louely browne;—
come, fidler, scrape thy crowd.

Come, fidler, scrape thy crowd,
for Peggie the browne is the
Muft be my bride: God guide
that Peggy and I agree!

"With his owne musicke and such songs as these spent he his time, and kept from sleepping at laft. After some noyfe the head spake these two words, TIME is. Miles, hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if
hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner; 'Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, time is? Had hee watched with a lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would haue giuen him more and better words then thou haft yet. If thou canst speake no wiser, they shal sleepe till doomes day for me: time is! I know Time is, and that you shall heare, Good- man Brazen-face:—

To the Tune of 'Daintie, Come Thou to Me.'

Time is for some to plant,
Time is for some to fowe,
Time is for some to graft
The horne, as some doe knowe.

Time is for some to eate,
Time is for some to sleepe,
Time is for some to laugh,
Time is for some to weepe.

Time is for some to sing,
Time is for some to pray,
Time is for some to creepe,
That haue drunke all the day.

Time is to cart a bawd,
Time is to whip a whore,
Time is to hang a theefe,
And time is for much more.

'Do you tell vs, copper-nose, when time is? I hope we schollers know our times, when to drinke drunke, when to kiffe our hofles, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it,—that time comes feldome.' After halfe an houre
had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were thefe, **Time was**. Miles respectted thefe words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master: and in scorne of it sung this song;

**TO THE TUNE OF 'A RICH MERCHANT-MAN.'**

*Time was when thou, a kettle,*  
*wert filld with better matter;*  
*But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle*  
*when he thy fides did batter.*

*Time was when conscience dwellèd*  
*with men of occupation;*  
*Time was when lawyers did not thriue*  
*fo well by mens vexation.*

*Time was when kings and beggers*  
*of one poore fluffe had being;*  
*Time was when office kept no knaues,—*  
*that time it was worth feeing.*

*Time was a bowle of water*  
*did giue the face reflection;*  
*Time was when women knew no paint,*  
*which now they call complexion.*

'Time was! I know that, brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what things there was when Time was; and if you speake no wiser, no master shall be waked for mee.' Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake again thefe words, **Time is past**; and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this
APPENDIX.

noyfe the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake; but that being vanished, they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieued, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles, halfe dead with feare, said that it fellowne of itselfe, and that with the noyfe and fire that followed he was almost frightened out of his wits. Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake? 'Yes,' quoth Miles, 'it spake, but to no purpose: Ie haue a parret speake better in that time that you haue been teaching this brazen head.' 'Out on thee, villaine!' said Fryer Bacon; 'thou haft vndone vs both: hadst thou but called vs when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory and our eternal fames. What were the wordes it spake? 'Very few,' said Miles, 'and those were none of the wifest that I haue heard neither: firft he said, TIME IS.' 'Hadst thou calld vs then,' said Fryer Bacon, 'we had been made for euer.' 'Then,' said Miles, 'half an hour after it spake againe and said, TIME WAS.' 'And wouldst thou not call vs then?' said Bungey. 'Alas,' said Miles, 'I thought he would haue told me some long tale, and then I purpozed to haue called you: then halfe an hour after he cried, TIME IS PAST, and made such a noyfe that hee hath waked you himfelfe, mee thinkes.' At this Fryer Bacon was in such a rage that hee would haue beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey: but neuerthelesse, for his punishment, he with his art struck him dumbe for one whole month space. Thus the greate worke of these learned fryers was ouerthrown, to their great grieues, by this simple fellow.'
II.

THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

1594—1599.
NOTE.

Our text (substantially) is the 4to of 1599; but throughout, that of 1594 has been collated. I gladly accept Dyce's readings, etc., from the Alleyn MS., albeit it is singularly corrupt and needs critical study. It exemplifies how unauthoritative were the acting copies often. See annotated Biography in Vol. I.—G.
THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FURIOSO, ONE OF THE TWELVE PEERES OF FRANCE.

As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie.

AUT NVNC AUT NVNQUAM.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.
Dramatis Personæ.¹

Marsillus, Emperor of Africa.
Soldan of Egypt.
Rodamant, King of Cuba.
Mandricard, King of Mexico.
Brandimart, King of the Isles.
Sacripant.
Orlando.
Ogier.
Namus.
Oliver.
Turpin.
Duke of Aquitain.
Rossillon.
Medor.
Orgalio, page to Orlando.
Sacripant's man.
Tom.
Ralph.
Fiddler.
Several of the Twelve Peers of France, whose names are not given. Clowns, Attendants, etc.
Angelica, daughter to Marsillus.
Melissa, an enchantress.
Satyrs.]

¹ Accepted from Dyce, except 'Marfillus,' not Marfilius, and 'Rodamant,' not 'Rodomont'—adhering to the original.
The Historie of Orlando Fvriofo,
One of the Twelve Peeres of France.

Enter Marsillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica his daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando, Countie Sacrèpant, with others.

Marsillus.

ICTORIOUS Princes, summon’d to appeare Within the Continent of Affrica; From feuen-fold Nilus to Taprobany,\(^1\) Where faire Apollo darting foorth his light Playes on the seas; From Gadis Ilands, where stoute Hercules Imbladfe his Trophees on two pofts of brasse, To Tanais, whose swift-declining floods Inuiron rich Europa to the North;

\(^1\) = Sumatra.
All fetcht
From out your Courtes by beauty to this Coaft, To seeke and sue for faire Angelica;
Sith none but one must haue this happie prize, At which you all haue leueld long your thoughts; Set each man forth his passions how he can, And let her Cenfure make the happieft man.

Souldan. The faireft flowre that glories Affrica, Whose beautie Phoebus dares not dafeh with showres, Ouer whose climate neuer hung a cloud, But smiling Tytan lights the Oryzon; Egypt is mine, and there I hold my state, Seated in Cairye and in Babylon;
From thence the matchleffe beautie of Angelica, Whose hiew[']s as bright as are those filuer doues That wanton Venus manth vpon her fist, Forst me to crosfe and cut th'Atlantick Sease, To ouerfearch the feareful Ocean, Where I arriud t'eternize with my Launce

1 One line in original, *'All . . . coaft.'
2 = Cairo.
3 Alexandria formerly named 'Babylon'; but the geographical license was in those times so great that Greene may have intended the great Babylon.
4 Dyce annotates—"'matchless.' Qy. *dele* this word? But the text is wretchedly corrupt." I counter-query—Is it a six-foot line? or five-foot + a syllable, pronouncing Angel'ca? *Certs* this scansion of Angelica as Angel'ca, an iambus plus an ending syllable, is common throughout the Play. So six lines onward.
5 Dyce notes "'manth,' to show that the word, for the sake of the metre, was to be pronounced as one syllable." See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*
The matchleffe beautie of faire Angelica; 
Nor tilt, nor tournay, but my Speare and shield 
Refounding on their Crefts and sturdy Helmes, 
Topt high with Plumes, like Mars his Burgonet, 
Inchaung on their Curats\(^1\) with my blade, 
That none so faire as faire Angelica. 
But leauing these such glories as they be, 
I loue, my Lord: let that suffice for me. 

_Rodamant._ Cuba my feate, a Region so inricht 
With fauours sparkling from the smilling heauens, 
As those that seeke for trafficke to my Coast, 
Accounted\(^2\) like that wealthy Paradise 
From whence floweth Gyhon and swift Euphrates: 
The earth within her bowels hath inwraupt, 
As in the massie storehouse of the world, 
Millions of golde, as bright as was the showre 
That wanton Ioue sent downe to Danæ. 
Marching from thence to manage armes abroade, 
I paft the triple-parted Regiment 
That froward Saturne gaue vnto his fonnes, 
Erecting statutes\(^3\) of my Chiualrie, 
Such and so braue as neuer Hercules 
Vowd for the loue of louely Iole. 
But leauing these such glories as they be, 
I loue, my Lord; let that suffice for me.

\(^1\) = cuirasses.  
\(^2\) Dyce corrects into 'Account it.'  
\(^3\) Dyce corrects by 'statues'; but see Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Mandrecard. And I, my Lord, am Mandricard of Mexico,
Whose Clymate's] fairer then Iberias,¹
Seated beyond the sea of Trypoly,
And richer then the plot Hesperides,
Or that fame Ile wherein Vlysses loue
Luld in her lap the yong Telegonus²;
That did but Venus tread a dayntie step,³
So would she like the land of Mexico,
As, / Paphos and braue Cypres set a side,
With me sweete louely Venus would abide.

From thence, mounted vpon a Spanish Barke,
Such as transported Iason to the fleece,
Come from the South, I furrowed Neptunes Seas,
Northeast as far as is the frozen Rhene;
Leauing faire Voya, croft vp Danuby,
As hie as Saba, whose inhaunfing streames
Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Russians:
There did I aet as many braue attempts,
As did Pirithous for his Proserpine.
But leauing these suchories as they be,
I loue, my Lord; let that suffice for me.

Brandemart. The bordering Ilands, seated here in ken,
Whose shores are sprinkled with rich Orient Pearle,

¹ Original 'Tyberius'—Dyce's correction.
² Ibid. 'Telegone.'
³ Dyce notes here, "This line—before which something has certainly dropped out—appears to be corrupted." Doubtful.
More bright of hiew then were the Margarets
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion;
The sands of Tagus all of burnisht gold
Made Thetis neuer prouder on the Cliffs
That ouerpiere the bright and golden shore,
Then doe the rubbifh of my Country seas:
And what I dare, let fay the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who, mand with mightie 90
Fleetes,
Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,
Filling our seas with stately Argoeties,
Caluars and Magars, hulkes of burden great;
Which / Brandyemart rebated from his coaft,
And fent them home ballaft with little wealth.
But leauing these such glories as they be,
I loue, my Lord; let that suffice for me.

Orlando. Lords of the South, and Princes of esteeme,
Viceroyes vnto the state of Affrica,
I am no king, yet am I princely borne,
Descended from the royall house of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnamde Orlando the Countie Palatine.
Swift fame hath 2 founded to our Westerne seas
The matchles beautie of Angelica,
Fairer then was the Nimph of Mercurie,

1 So Dyce again, "This speech is mutilated." Again doubtful.
2 Original 'that.'
Or, when bright Phoebus mounteth vp his coach, And tracts Aurora in her silver steps; And sprinkles from the folding of her lap, White lilies, roses, and sweet violets. Yet thus believe me, Princes of the South, Although my countries loue, dearer then pearle, Or mynes of golde, might well have kept me backe; The sweete conversing with my King and friends, (Left all for loue) might well have kept me backe. The Seas by Neptune hoysed to the heauens, Whose dangerous flawes might well have kept me The fauage Moores and Anthropophagi; [backe; Whose lands I past might well have kept me backe; The doubt of entertainement in the Court When I arriud, might well have kept me backe; But so the fame of faire Angelica Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her loue, As neither Countrey, King, or Seas, or Cannibals, Could by despairing keepe Orlando backe. I lift not boast in acts of Chiualrie, (An humour neuer fitting with my minde) But come there forth the proudest Champion That hath suspition in the Palatine,

1 The original 'Who' I change to 'Or.' See Glossarial-Index under 'Nymph of Mercurie.'
2 * = herse.
3 ^= blasts.
4 Original misprinted 'Anthropagei.'
5 Dyce queries—"'king, feas, cannibals'?")
And with my truftie fword [hight] Durandell, Single, Ile register vpon his helme
What I dare doe for faire Angelica.
But leaving these, such glories as they be;
I loue, my Lord;
Angelica her felfe fhall speake for me.

Marfillus. Daughter, thou hear'ft what loue hath here alleadgd,
How all these kings, by beautie summond here,
Put in their pleas, for hope of Diademe,
Of noble deeds, of wealth, and chiualrie,
All hoping to posseffe Angelica.

Sith fathers will may hap to ayme amisfe,
(For parents thoughts in loue oft ftep awry,)
Chufe thou the man who beft contenteth thee,
And he fhall weare the Affrycke Crowne next me;
For truft me, daughter, like of whome thou pleafe,
Thou fatisfide, my thoughts fhall be at eafe.

Angelica. Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica,
Sith / fathers will hangs on his daughters choyce,
And I, as earft Princesse Andromache
Seated amidst the crue of Priams fones,
Haue libertie to chufe where beft I loue;
Muft freely fay, for fancie hath no fraud,
That farre vnworthy is Angelica.

1 Dyce annotates — "In this line 'fword' is a dissyllable; see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc, p. 32." I prefer supplying [hight]—'fword' as a dissyllable is not good.

2 Qy. 'well'?
Of such as deigne to grace her with their loues;  
The Souldan with his seate in Babylon,  
The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico,  
Whose wealthy Crownes might win a womens wil;  
Yong Brandemart, master of all the Iles  
Where Neptune planted hath his treasurie;  
The worst of these, men of so high import  
As may command a greater Dame then I.  
But Fortune, or some deepe inspiring fate,  
Venus, or els the baftard brat of Mars,  
Whose bowe commands the motions of the minde,  
Hath sent proud loue to enter such a plea  
As nonsutes all your Princely euidence,  
And flat commands that, maugre maieftie,  
I chuse Orlando, Countie Palatine.

*Rodam.* How likes Marsillus of his daughters choice?  
*Marsillus.* As fits Marsillus of his daughters spoufe.  
*Rodamant.* Highly thou wrongft vs, King of Affrica,

To braue thy neighbour Princes with disgrace,  
To tye thine honour to thy daughters thoughts,  
Whose choyce is like that Greekish giglots loue,  
That left her Lord, [her Lord] Prince Menelaus,  
And / with a swaine made fcape away to Troy.  
What is Orlando, but a ftragling mate,  
Banisht for some offence by Charlemaine,
Skipt from his countrey as Anchifes sonne, And meanes, as he did to the Carthage Queene, To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue? Orlando. Iniurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree To wrong a stranger with discurtesie. Wert not the sacred presence of Angelica Preuailes with me (as Venus smiles with Mars) To set a Superfedeas on my wrath, Soone should I teach thee what it were to braue. Mandre. And Frenchman, wert not against the lawe of Armes, In place of parly for to draw a sword, Untaught companion, I would learne you knowe What dutie longs to such a Prince as he. Orlando. Then as did Hector fore Achilles Tent, Trotting his Courser softly on the plaines, Proudly darde forth the stoutest youth of Greece; So who stands hies in his owne conceite, And thinkes his courage can performe the moft, Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground, And I will pawne my honour to his gage, He shall e’re night be met and combated. Marjillus. Shame you not, Princes, at this bad To wrong a stranger with discurtesie? [agree, Beleeue me, Lords, my daughter hath made choyce, And, maugre him that thinkes him most agricud, She shall enjoy the Counte Palatine.

1 = degree. 2 Original ‘of’
Brandemart. But would these Princes follow my aduice,
And enter Armes as did the Greekes gainst Troy;
Nor he, nor thou shouldest haue Angelica.

Rodamant. Let him be thought a daftard to his That will not sell the travels he hath paft [death,
Dearer then for a womans fooleries:
What sayes the mightie Mandrecard?

Mandre. I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troope my selfe with such a crew of men
As shall so fill the downes of Afrrica,
Like to the plaines of waterie Theffalie,
Whenas an Easterne gale, whifling aloft,
Hath\(^1\) ouerspred the ground with grafhoppers.
Then see, Marfillus, if the Palatine
Can keepe his Loue from falling to our lots,
Or thou canst keepe thy Countrey free from spoile. 220

Marfil. Why, thinke you, Lords, with hautie menaces
To dare me out within my Pallace gates?
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint
Of that which neuer could be got by loue?
Pass from my Court, make hast out of my land,
Stay not within the bounds Marfillus holds;
Left, little brooking thes\(e\) vnfitting braues,
My cholar ouer-flip the law of Armes,
And I inflict reuenge on such abuse.

\(^1\) Original 'Had.'
Rodam. Ile beard and braue thee in thy proper towne,
And here infkonce my selfe despite of thee,
And / hold thee play till Mandrecard returne:
What fayes the mightie Souldan of Egypt?
Sould. That when Prince Menelaus with all his mates
Had ten yeeres held their siege in Asia,
Folding their wrathes in cinders of faire Troy:
Yet, for their Armes grew by conceit of love,
Their Trophees were but conquest of a girle:
Then trust me, Lords, Ile neuer manage armes
For womens loues that are so quickly loft.

Brandem. Tush, my Lords, why stand you vpon termes?
Let vs to our Skonce,—and you, my Lord, to Mexico.

Orlando. I firs, infkonce ye how you can,
See what we dare, and thereon set your rest.

Manet Sacripant and his man.

Sacrepant. Boaft not too much, Marfillus, in thy selfe,
Nor of contentment in Angelica;
For Sacrepant must haue Angelica,

1 Dyce notes here, "An addition by the transcriber, I presume."
Certainly not: laus is a monosyllable, as before.
And with her, Sacrepant must have the Crowne:
By hooke or crooke I must and will have both.
Ah, sweet Revenge, incense their angry mindes,
Till all these Princes weltring in their bloods,
The Crowne doe fall to Countie Sacrepant!

Sweet are the thoughts that smother\(^1\) from conceit:
For when I come and set me downe to rest,
My chaire presents a throne of maiestie;
And when I set my bonnet on my head,
Me / thinkes I fit my forehead for a Crowne;
And when I take my truncheon in my fift,
A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts;

My dreames are Princely, all of Diadems.
Honour: me thinkes the title is too base:
Mightie, glorious, and excellent,—I these,
My glorious\(^2\) genius, found within my mouth;
These please the eare, and with a sweet applause
Make me in termes coequall with the gods.
Then [take] these,\(^3\) Sacrepant, and none but these;
And these, or els make hazard of thy life.
Let it suffice, I will conceale the rest.—

Sirra.

*Man. My Lord?*

*Sacre. My Lord! How basely was this flauere brought vp,*

---

\(^1\) Qy.—smoulder? but see Glossarial-Index, s.v.
\(^2\) Dyce says—"A wrong epithet,—repeated by mistake from the preceding line." Not at all: it is caught up from it.
\(^3\) Dyce queries 'Then win these'?  
\(^4\) So 'Ay'?
That knowes no titles fit for dignitie,
To grace his master with Hyperboles!
My Lord!
Why, the baseft Baron of faire Affryca
Deserues as much; yet Countie Sacrepant,
Must he a swaine salute with name of Lord!
Sirra, what thinkes the Emperour of my colours,
Because in fielde I weare both blewe and red at once?\(^1\)

\textit{Man.} They deeme, my Lord, your honour\(^2\)
lies at peace,
As one that's newter in these mutinies,
And couets to rest equall friends\(^3\) to both;
Neither envious to Prince Mandrecard,
Nor wishing ill vnto Marsill[i]us,\(^4\)
That you may safely passe where er'e you please,
With / friendly salutations from them both.

\textit{Sacrepant.} I, fo they gesse, but leuell farre awry;
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine Embleme forteth to another sense.
I weare not these as one resolu'd to peace,
But blue and red as enemie to both;
Blue, as hating King Marsill[i]us,

\(^1\) Dyce again, "An interpolation": but rather another six-foot line.
\(^2\) \textit{i.e.} his Honor the Count Sacripant. So earlier.
\(^3\) Original has 'friends,' and as it is still a colloquialism (though it may be a vulgar one) to say 'He is friends with both,' Greene may have meant it. See Glossarial Index, \textit{s.v.}, against Dyce's reading of 'friend.'
\(^4\) Whence it is clear that Marsillus and Mandrecard and their followers appeared in those colours. Marsillus had 'red,' as onward.

G. XIII.
And red, as in reuenge to Mandrecard;
Foe vnto both, friend onely to my selfe,
And to the Crowne; for thats the golden marke
Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe.
Seeft thou not all men presage I shall be King?
Marsillus fends to me for peace; Mandrecard
Puts off his cap, ten mile off: two things more,
And then I cannot misfe the Crowne.

*Man.* O, what be those, my good Lord?

*Sac.* First must
I get the loue of faire Angelica.
Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt, to haue what I desyre,
But how I might beft with mine honour woo;
Write, or intreate [fie] fie, that fitteth not;
Send by ambaffadours, no, that’s too base;
Flatly command, I, that’s for Sacrepant;
Say thou art Sacrepant, and art in loue,
And who
In Affrica dare say the Countie nay?

*O Angelica,*
Fairer then Chloris when in all her pride
Bright Mayas fonne intrapt her in the net,
Wherewith Vulcan intangled the god of warre!

---

1 = toward.
2 Dyce alters to 'not thou' needlessly; and queries 'See’ft not all men presage?' etc.
3 Original (1594) reads 'Afrie,' and this, with 'And who,' makes a five-foot line.
Man. / Your honour is so far in contemplation of Angelica as you haue forgot the second in attaining to the Crowne.

Sacrep. Thats to be done by poyson, Poinard,¹ or any means of treachery, To put to death the traitrous Orlando. But who is this comes here? Stand close.

Enter Orgalio, Orlando's Page.

Orgalio [to himself]. I am sent on imbaflage, to the right mightie and magnificent, alias, the right proud and pontificall, the Countie Sacrepant. For Marfallus and Orlando, knowing him to be as ful of prowess as policie, and fearing left in leaning to the other faction, he might greatly prejudice them, they seeke first to hold the candle before the deuill; and knowing him to be a Thraffonical mad-cap, they haue sent mee a Gnathonical companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now sir, knowing his astronomicall humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the streetes. But, whist, lupus est in fabula.

Sacrepant. Sirra, thou that ruminatest to thy selfe 340 a Catalogue of priuie conspiracies, what art thou?

¹ Dyce said of the original word here, "'Prowess'—Cannot be right," but unlike his wont retained it in text, though suggesting 'poniard.' I accept 'poinard,' albeit Sacripant is so vain that he might conceit his 'prowess' as superior to Orlando's. Cf. Orgalio's speech, l. 330.
Orgalio. God faue your Maieftie!
Sacrepent. My Maieftie! Come hither, my well nutrimented knaue: whom takeft thou me to be?
Orgalio. The mighty Ma[n]dricard of Mexico.
Sacrepent. I holde these salutations as ominous: For saluting mee by that which I am not, he presageth what I shall bee; for so did the Lacedæmonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter, wore the Kingly Diadem. / But why deemest thou me 350 to be the mightie Mandrecard of Mexico?
Orgalio. Marrie, fir,—
Sacrepent. Stay there: wert thou neuer in France?
Orgalio. Yes, if it please your Maieftie.
Sacr. So it seemes, for there they salute their King by the name of Sir, Monsier— but forward.
Orgalio. Such sparkes of peereleffe maieftie,
From those lookes, flame like lightning from the East,
As either Mandrecard, or else some greater 360
Sacr. [aside.] Me thinkes these salutations make my thoughts
To be heroicall,—
But say, to whome art sent?
Orgalio. To the Countie Sacrepant.
Sacre. Why, I am he.
Orgalio. It pleaseth your maieftie to iest.
Sacre. What e’re I seeme, I tell thee I am he.

¹ 'Thou' of original I remove, as making the line un-scanable.
Orgalio. Then may it please your honour, the Emperour Marsillus, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your Excellencie to dine with them.

Sacre. Is Angelica there?

Orgalio. There, my good Lord.

Sacre. Sirra.

Man. My Lord?

Sacre. Villaine, Angelica sends for me: see that Thou entertaine that happy messenger, And bring him in with thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Orlando, the Duke of Aquitaine, the Countie Rossillon, with fouldiers.

Orlando. Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame, Whose glories brighter then the burnifht gates, From whence Latonas lordly sonne doth march, When mounted on his coach tinsfeld with flames, He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens; This is the place where Rodamant lies hid: Here lyes he, like the theefe of Thessaly, Which feuds abroad and searcheth for his pray, And, being gotten, straignt he gallops home, As one that dares not breake a speare in field. But truft me, Princes, I haue girt his fort, And I will sacke it, or on this Castle wall
Ile write my resolution with my blood.
Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

*Sound a parle, and one comes on the wals.*

*Sol.* Who is't that troub[e]leth our sleepees?

*Orlando.* Why, sluggard, feest thou not Lycaons¹ fonne,
The hardie plough-fwaine vnto mightie Ioue,
Hath traced his siluer furrowes in the heauens,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,
Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot?
I tell thee, sluggard, sleepe is far vnfit
For such as still haue hammering in their heads
But onely hope of honour and Reuenge:
These cald me forth to roufe thy master vp.
Tell him from me, false coward as he is,
That / Orlando, the Countie Palatine,
Is come this morning, with a band of French,
To play him hunts-vp with a point of warre;
Ile be his minstrell with my drum and fife;
Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,
Let Fortune throw her fauours where she lift.

*Sol.* French-man, between halfe sleeping and awake,

Although the mystie vaile straund ouer² Cinthia

¹ Original misprinted 'Lycanos.'
² Doubtful whether this be an over-syllable, or whether 'ouer' should be 'o'er.' 'Euer' and 'neuer' are so spelt in this Play, though they be monosyllables.
Hinders my fight from noting all thy crue;
Yet for I know thee and thy stragling groomes
Can in conceite build Castles in the Skie,
But in your actions like the stammering Greeke
Which breathes his courage bootelesse in the ayre,
I wish thee well, Orlando; get thee gone,
Say that a centynell did suffer thee;
For if the Round or Court of Gard shoulde heare
Thou or thy men were braying at the walles,
Charles wealth, the wealth of all his Westerne
mynes,
Found in the mountaines of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransom to the King for thee.

Orlando. Braue centynell, if nature hath' inchaft
A sympathie of Courage to thy tale,
And, like the Champion of Andromache,
Thou, or thy mafter, dare come out the gates,
Maugre the Watch, the Round, or Court of gard,
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but still the crauen sleepe se cure,
Pitching his gard within a trench of stones,
Tell / him his walles shal ferue him for no proove,
But as the sonne of Saturne in his wrath
Pasht all the mountaines at Typhues head,
And topsie-turuie turnd the bottome vp,

1 Original ‘had.’

2 Dyce needlessly annotates—“Something has dropped out at the end of this sentence.” Not at all. The sense is, ‘so shall Rodamant’s castle be pashed and turned topsy-turvy.’
So shall the Castle of proud Rodamant,—
And so, braue Lords of France, lets to the fight.  

Exeunt omnes.

Allarum. Rodamant and Brandimart flee. Enter Orlando with his coate.

Orlando. The Foxe is scapte, but heres his case: I mist him neere; t'was time for him to trudge.

[Enter the Duke of Aquitain.]

How now, my Lord of Aquitaine?

Aquí. My Lord,
The court of gard is put vnto the sword,
And all the watch that thought themselues so sure,
So that not one within the Castle breathes.

Orl. Come the,
Lets poft amaine to find out Rodamãt,
And then in triumph march vnto Marsillus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Medor and Angelica.

Angelica. I maruaile, Medor, what my father meanes
To enter league with Countie Sacrepant?

Medor. Madam, the king your father's wife inough;
He knowes the Countie (like to Cassius)
Sits sadly dumping, ayming Cesars death,
Yet crying Aue to his Maiestie.
But, / Madame, marke a while, and you shall see
Your Father shake him off from secrecie.¹

Angelica. So much I gesse; for when he wild I should
Giue entertainment to the doating Earle,
His speach was ended with a frowning smile.

Medor. Madame, see where he comes: I will² be gone. [Exit Medor.

Enter Sacrepant and his man.

Sacrepant. How fares my faire Angelica?  470

Angelica. Well, that my Lord so friendly is in league,
(As honour wils him) with Marfull[us]us. [thee?
Sacred. Angelica shall I haue a word or two with

Angelica. What pleaseth my Lord [me] for to command?

Sacrepant. Then know, my loue, I cãnot paint my Nor tell a tale of Venus and her sonne, [grief,
Reporting such a Catalogue of toyes:
It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate.
Onely giue leaue, my faire Angelica,
To say, the Countie is in loue with thee.  480

¹ Dyce queries 'him from society'? But the 'him' in the phraseology of that day may be Marsillus himself, or he may shake Sacrepant out of that secrecy which he now hugs.
² Original 'Ile be.'
Angelica. Pardon, my Lord; my loues are ouer-past:
So firmely is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As loue hath left no place for any els. [not
Sacrep. Why, ouer-weening Damfeli, feest thou
Thy lawlesse loue vnto this stragling mate
Hath fild our Affricke Regions full of blood?
And wilt thou still perfèver in thy loue?
Tush, leave the Palatine, and goe with me.
Angelica. Braue Countie, know, where sacred loue
vnites;—
The /knot of gerdian at the shrine of loue
Was neuer halfe so hard or intricate
As be the bands which louely Venus tyes.
Sweete is my loue; and, for I loue, my Lord,
Seeke not, vnlese as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-fwaines traces with thy fword;
Or flice the flender fillets of my life,
Or3 els, my Lord, Orlando muft be mine.
Sacrepant. Stand I on loue? ftoop I to Venus’
lure,
That neuer yet did feare the god of warre?
Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant
Held louers paines for pining passions?
Shall fuch a Syren offer me more wrong

1 Dyce again queries—‘ So firm’s ’?
2 Original ‘ Cordion.’
3 Here he queries needlessly, ‘ For ’? and adds finically, “ but the whole
speech is corrupted.” The sense is ‘ Seek not [me] unless as,’ etc.
Then they did to the Prince of Ithaca? No:
As [he] his eares, fo, Countie, ftop thine eye.
Go to your needle (Lady) and your clouts;
Goe to fuch milk-fops as are fit for loue:
I will implo[y] my bufie braines for warre.

Angelica. Let not, my Lord, deniall breed offence:
Loue dooth allow her favours but to one,
Nor can there fit within the sacred shrine
Of Venus, more then one installed heart.
Orlando is the Gentleman I loue,
And more then he can not inioy my loue.

Sacrep. Damfell, be gone; fancie hath taken leave;
Where I tooke hurt, there haue I heal'd my selfe,
As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
Fetcht help at selfe'same poyn[ted] speare.4
Beautie / gan braue, and beautie hath repulfe;
And, beautie, get ye home5 to your Orlando.

Exit Angelica.

Man. My Lord, hath loue amated him, whose thoughts
Haue euer bene heroicall and braue?
Stand you in dumpes, like to the Mirmydon

1 'Ithaca' to be pronounced 'Ith'ca.' Dyce transfers 'No' to a line by itself wrongly.
2 Original 'lords.' 5 Dyce alters to 'may not.'
4 Dyce queries badly 'deadly-pointed spear?'
5 Dyce alters to 'gone'—doubtful.
Trapt in the tresses of Polixena,  
Who, mid the glorie of his chialrie,  
Sat daunted with a maid of Asia?  

Sacre. Thinkft thou my thoughts are lunacies of  
No, they are brands fier'd in Plutoes forge,  
Where fits Thiphone tempering in flames  
Those torches that doe set on fire Reuenge.  
I lou'd the dame; but brau'd by her repulse,  
Hate calls me on to quittance all my ils;  
Which first must come by offering preiudice  
Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.  

Man. O, how may that be brought to passe, my  
Sac. Thus.  

Thou see'ft that Medor and Angelica  
Are still so secret in their priuate walkes,  
As that they trace the shadie [cov'red] lawndes,  
And thickest shadowed [leafy] groues;  
Which well may breed suspition of some loue.  
Now, than the French no Nation vnder heauen  
Is sooner toucht with stinges of ieloise.  

Man. And what of that, my Lord?  
Sacre. Hard by, for solace, in a secret grous,  
The Countie once a day sayles not to walke:  
There / solemnely he ruminates his loue.  
Vpon those shrubs that compasse in the spring,  
And on those trees that border in those walkes,  
Ile flily haye engrauen on euery barke

1 Dyce notes "A corrupted passage."
The names of Medor and Angelica.
Hard by, Ile haue some roundelayes hung vp,
Wherein shall be some posies of their loues,
Fraughted so full of fierie passions
As that the Countie shall perceiue by prouje
Medor hath won his faire Angelica.

*Man.* Is this all, my Lord?

*Sacrepant.* No;
For thou like to a shepheard shalt be cloathde,
With staffe and bottle, like some countreye swaine
That tends his flockes feeding vpon these downes.
There fee thou buzze into the Countie's eares
That thou haft often seene within these woods
Base Medor sporting with Angelica;
And when he heares a shepheards simple tale,
He will not thinke t'is fainde.
Then either a madding moode will end his loue,
Or worfe betide him through fond ielosie.

*Man.* Excellent, My Lord: see how I will play the shepheard.

*Sacre.* And marke thou how I play the caruer:
Therefore be gone, and make thee readie straight.

*Exit his man.*

*Sacrepant* [carves the names and] hangs vp the Roundelayes on the trees, and then goes out; and his man re-enters like a Shepheard.
THE HISTORIE OF

Shep. Thus all alone, and like a shepheard s
As Paris (when Oenone lou'd him well) [swaine, 580
Forgot he was the sone of Priamus,
All clad in gray, fat piping on a reed;
So I transformed to this countrey shape,
Haunting¹ these groues to worke my master's will,
To plague the Palatine with ielosie,
And to conceite him with some deepe extreame,—
Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke.

Enter Orlando and his page Orgalio.

Orlando. Orgalio, goe see a centinell be plac'd,
And bid the fouldiers keepe a Court of gard,
So to hold watch till secret here alone,
I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue.

Orgalio. I will, my Lord. Exit Orgalio.

Orlan. Faire Queene of loue, thou mistres of
delight,²
Thou gladnome lampe that waitft on Phoebes traine,
Spreading thy kindenes through the iarring Orbes,
That in their vnion prayfe thy lafting powers;
Thou that haft staid the fierie Phlegons course,
And madeft the Coachman of the glorious waine
To droope, in view of Daphnes excellence;
Faire pride of morne, sweete³ beautie of the euem

¹ Dyce queries badly 'Haunt in,' and adds, "Or is the passage mutilated?"
² Venus and the star Venus.
³ Dyce here tells us the MS. Alleyn (which commences with the present speech) omits the three first words and reads 'faire.' The MS. is most corrupt, and Dyce much too facile in adopting it.
Looke on Orlando languishing in loue.
Sweete solitarie groues, whereas the Nymphes
With / pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,
Witness Orlandoes faith vnto his loue.
Tread she these lawnds, kinde Flora, boaft thy pride,
Seeke she for shades, spread cedars for her sake.
Faire Flora make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet Chriftall springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drinke.
Ah, thought, my heauen! ah, heauen, that knows
my thought!
Smile, ioy, in her that my content hath wrought.

Shep. [aside]. The heauen of loue is but a plea-

fant hel,
Where none but foolish wise imprisned dwell.

Orlan. Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be
these,
That flocke with doubtfull motion in thy minde?
Heauen smiles, and trees do boaft their fummers
pride.
What? Venus writes her tryumphs here beside.

1 Alleyn MS. ' wheare.'
2 Ibid. ' sweet flora, boaft thy flowers.'
3 Ibid. (badly) ' shade '; which Dyce accepts.
4 Ibid. ' kinde Flora, make her couch fair criftall springes :
   washe you her Roses, yf the long to drink.'
5 Ibid. ' are thoef.'
6 Ibid. ' motions.
7 Ibid. ' heauens smile, thes.'
8 Ibid. ' fummer,' which Dyce accepts.
9 Ibid. ' Venus hath grauen hir.'
Shep. [aside]. Yet when thine eye hath seene, thy heart shall rue
The tragick chance that shortly shall infue.

Orlando reads. Angelica: Ah, sweete and heauenly\(^1\) name,

Life to my life, and essence to my joy!
But, soft!
This Gordion knot together counites
A Medor partner in her peerleffe loue.
Vnkinde; and will she bend her thoughts to change?
Her name, her writing! Ah foolish\(^2\) and vnkind!
No name of hers, vnlefs the brookes relent
To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe
To / raise his moysten'd lockes from out the reedes,
And flow with calme alongst his turning bounds: \(^630\)
No name of hers, vnlefs Zephyrus\(^3\) blowe
Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods;\(^4\)
Where all the world for wonders do awaite.
And yet her name! for why Angelica;
But, mixt with Medor, not\(^5\) Angelica.
Onely by me was lou'd Angelica,
Onely for me muft liue Angelica.

I finde her drift: perhaps the modest pledge

\(^1\) Alleyn MS. 'blessed.'
\(^2\) Dyce prints 'Foolish and unkind.'
\(^3\) Alleyn MS. 'the Zephyr,' which Dyce accepts. I prefer text, but delete 'the' before Zephyrus = west wind.
\(^4\) Ibid. 'along the defert woodes of Arden, wher the world for wonders waights.'
\(^5\) Ibid. 'then not.'
Of my content, hath with a secret smile
And sweet disguise restrain'd her fancy thus,
Shadowing Orlando under Medors name;
Fine drift (faire Nymph) Orlando hopes no lesse
Yet more! are Muses masking in these trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a Goddesse, in despite of me,
That haue no goddess but Angelica?

Shep. Poore haples man, these thoughts containe
thy hel!

*Orlando reades this Roundelay.*

Angelica is Lady of his heart,
Angelica is substance of his joy,
Angelica is medicine of his smart,
Angelica hath healed his annoy.

*Orlando. Ah, false Angelica! What, haue we more?*

Another.

Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie springs,
The Cedar, Cypresse, Laurell, and the Pine,
Joy in the notes of love that Medor sings
Of those sweetie looks, Angelica, of thine.

1 MS. Alleyn, 'a priu thought.'
2 Ibid. 'Shadowing'—accepted for 'Figuring' of 4tos.
3 Ibid. 'forming,'
4 Ibid. 'goddess'—accepted for 'other' of 4tos
Then Medor, in Angelica take delight,  
   Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night. 660

Orlando. What, dares Medor\(^1\) court my Venus  
What may Orlando deeme?\(^2\)  
Aetna, forfake the boundes of Sicily,  
For now\(^3\) in me thy reaftles flames appeare.  
Refus’d, contemn’d, disdain’d: what worse than  
Orgalio! \(^3\)  

Orgalio. My Lord?\(^4\)  

Orl. Boy,\(^5\) view these trees carued with true-  
love knots,  
The inscription Medor and Angelica:  
And read these verses hung vp of their loues:  
Now tell me, boy, what doest thou thinke? 670

\(^1\) Alleyn MS. ‘and night’—‘and’ a misreading from l. 660 for ‘at.’  
So corrected and accepted.  

\(^2\) “A mutilated passage, which in MS. Alleyn stands thus, incomplete:—

\[\ldots \ldots \ldots \text{sorowes dwell.}\]
\[\text{dare Medor court my Venus? can hir eyes}\]
\[\text{bayte any lookes but suche as must admvre?}\]
\[\text{what may Orlando deeme? }’’—\text{Dyce.}\]

\(^3\) \text{Ibid.} ‘for why.’  

\(^4\) MS. Alleyn—

\[\ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \text{what not, then thus.}\]
\[\ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \text{angry breft.}\]

\[\text{Argalio. } \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \ldots \text{my Lord.’—Dyce.}\]

\(^5\) \text{Ibid.} gives this speech thus:—

“\text{come hether, Argalio: vilayne, behold these lynes;}\]
\[\text{see all these trees carued with true loue knottes,}\]
\[\text{wherin are figured Medor and Angelica,}\]
\[\text{what thinkest thou of it?}’’
Orlando. By my troth, my Lord, I thinke Angelica is a woman.

Orgalio. Therefore vnconstant, mutable, hauing their loues hanging in their eye-lids; that as they are got with a looke, so they are lost againe with a winke. But heres a Shepheard; it may be he can tell vs newes.

Orlando. What messenger hath Ate sent abroad With idle lookes to listen my laments? Sirra, who wronged happie Nature so, To / spoile these trees with this Angelica?— Yet in her name (Orlando) they are blest.

Shep. I am a shepheard swaine, thou wandering Knight, That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue.

Orlan. Not follow loue? darft thou dispraise my heauen, Or once disgrace or preiidice her name? Is not Angelica the Queene of loue, Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowers? She is. Then speake, thou peasant, what is he That dare attempt or court my Queene of loue, Or I shall fend thy soule to Charons charge.

1 Alleyn MS. 'then.' 2 Ibid. 'lament.' 3 Misprinted 'As' in 4tos. 4 Ibid. 'darft': original 'why dareft' and perhaps should be in text, and deleting 'thou.' 5 Ibid. 'offer disgrace, and.' 6 Ibid. 'That dares attempt to court,' in 4tos. 7 Ibid. 'will.'
Shep. Braue Knight, since feare of death in-
forceth stiLL
In greater mindes submiffion and relent;
Know that this Medor, whose vn happie name
Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,
Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.
Yon Caue beares witnesse of their kinde content;
Yon medowes talk the actions of their ioy;
Our shepheards in their fongs of Solace sing,
Angelica doth none but Medor loue.1

Orlando. Angelica doth none but Medor loue?
Shall Medor, then, possesse Orlando's loue?
Daintie and gladsome beames2 of my delight,
Delicious browes,3 why smiles your heaven for thoese
That, wounding you, proue poor Orlando's foes?
Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian Nymphs

1 Alleyn MS. 'Nought but Angelica and Medors loue. 
Orl. Nought but Angelica and Medors loue!' 
See Glossarial Index, s.v.

2 Ibid. The original 4tos ('94 and '99) have —
   'Daintie and gladsome beames of my delight,
    Delicious bowers, why smiles your heavens for thoese
    That wounding make you proue Orlando's foes?'

MS. Alleyn has:
   'danty and gladsome beames of my delight,
why feast your gleames on others infull thoughtes?
delicious browes, why smile your heavens for thoese,
that wounding you proue poor Orlando's foes

3 Misprinted 'bowers' in original.
That wont to waile¹ your late² departed loues;
Thou / weeping floud, leaue Orpheus wayle for me; 710
And, Tytons Neeces, gather all in one
Those fluent springs of your lamenting teares,
And let them streame along⁴ my faintfull lookes.

_Shep. [aside.]_ Now is the fire, late smothered in
suspect,
Kindled, and burnes within his angry breft:
Now haue I done the will of Sacripant.⁵

_orlan. Fæmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum:_
Discourteous women, Natures fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first created curse,
Base female sexe, sprung from blacke Ates loynes, 720
Proud, [and] disdainfull, cruell, and vnuiust;
Whose words are shaded⁶ with enchanting willes,⁷
Worse then Medusa, mateth all our minds:
And in their hearts fits shameleffe trechery,
Turning a truthles, vile circumference.

¹ Better the text than 'singe' of MS. Alleyn. Dyce accepts 'singe' on
the ground that 'waile' occurs in next line, oblivious of Greene's trick
of repetition.
² Accepted from Alleyn MS. for 'new' of 4tos. ³ _Ibid._ 'proude.'
⁴ 'flow' of 4tos inferior to 'stream along' of MS. Alleyn.
⁵ "After the word 'Sacripant,' something is wanting in MS. Alleyn:
 it then gives,
'Argalio, seek me out Medor, seek out that fame,
 that dare inchafe him with Angelica':
 it then marks a speech in reply to Orlando as having ended with the
word 'be,' after which it is again imperfect down to ' _O femminile
ingegno,' etc.'—Dyce.
⁶ Dyce queries 'o'er-shaded,' and adds, "But the passage is mutilated."
⁷ = wiles.
O could my furie paint their furies forth!
For hels no hell, compared to their hearts,
Too simple deuils to conceale their arts;
Borne to be plagues vnто the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall pestilence to the world.

O femminile ingegno, de tutti mali fede,
Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,
Contrario oggetto proprio de la fede!
O infelice, o mifer chi ti crede!
Importune, superbe, dispettose.

Priue d’amor, di fede, e di consiglio,
Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrate
Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate.¹—

Villaine, what art thou that followest me?"
**ORLANDO INVRIOSO.**

Orgalio. Alas, my Lord, I am your servant, 74°

Orlando.

Orgalio. No, Villaine, thou art Medor:
That ranst away with [faire] Angelica.

Orga. No, by my troth, my Lord, I am Orgalio;
Aske all these people else.

Orlando. Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.

Orga. My Lord, looke where he sits.

Orlando. What, sits he here, and braues me too?
Shep. No, truely, Sir, I am not he.

Orlando. Yes, Villaine. *He draws him by the leg.*

Orga. Helpe, helpe, my Lord of Aquitaine!

Enter the Duke of Aquitaine, and shouldeirs.

Orgalio. O, my Lord of Aquitaine, the Count Orlando is runne mad, and taking of a shepheard by the heeles, rends him as one would teare a Larke! See where he comes, with a leg on his necke.

Enter Orlando with a leg.

Orl. Villaine, prouide me straignt a Lyon's
Thou seest I now am mightie Hercules; [skinne,

*And finde out Medor ther, you vilaynes, or Ile dye.

. . . . . , . . . . . . shall I doe?

ah, ah, ah, Sirka, Argalio!

Ile sweare the speares framd out of . . . ?"*—Dyce.

1 ll. 749-50 one epic line.
Looke wheres my maffie club vpon my necke.
I muft to hell,
To feeke for Medor and Angelica,
Or else I dye. [away;
You / [you] that are the refte, get you quickly
Prouide ye horses all of burnifht gold,
Saddles of Corke, because Ile haue them light;
For Charlemaigne the great is vp in Armes,
And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes
To feeke for Medor and Angelica.

So he beateth them all in before him: Manet

Enter Marjillus.

Orgalio. Ah, my Lord, Orlando——
Marjillus. Orlando? what of Orlando?
Orga. He, my Lord, runs madding through the
woods,
Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage.
Step but aside into the borthing groue,
There fhall you fee ingrauen on every tree
The lawleffe loue of Medor and Angelica.
O see, my Lord, not any shrub but beares
The curfed fiampe that wrought the Counties rage.
If thou beeft mightie King Marjillus,[i]us,
For whom the Countie would adventure life,
Reuenge it on the falfe Angelica,
Marfileus. Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage
Did never more revenge his wrongd Hippolytus
Then I will on the false Angelica.
Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth;
Teare from his breft the daring villaines hart.
Next take that base and damn'd adulteresse—
(I scorne / to title her with daughters name)
Put her in rags, and, like some shepheardefle,
Exile her from my kingdome presently.
Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.
Exit Orgalio.

Enter a souldier, with Mandrecard disguised.

How now, my friend? what fellow haft thou there?
   Sol. He sayes, my Lord,
That he is servuant vnto Mandrecard.

Marfileus. To Mandrecard? 
It fits me not to fwaye¹ the Diademe
Or rule the wealthie Realms of Barberie,
To fteine my thoughts with any cowardife.
Thy master [ouer] brau'd² me to my teeth,
He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe;
For which, nor he, nor his, fhall scape my hands.
No, souldier, thinke me resolute as he. [agree,
   Mandre. It grieues me much, that Princes dis-

¹ Dyce queries 'who fway,' etc., and 'And rule,' etc., but in Greene's
looser style 'to' and 'or' can stand.
² Ibid. 'proudly' or 'boldly brau'd'?
Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward:
But leaving that, pardon me, gracious Lord.

Marsillus. For thou intreatst, and newly art arriv'd,
And yet thy sword is not imbrewd in blood,
Vpon conditions, I will pardon thee;
That thou shalt neuer tell thy master, Mandrecard,
Nor any fellow-souldier of the Campe,
That King Marsillus licenst thee depart
He shall not thinke, I am so much his friend,
That he, or one of his, shall scape my hand.

Mandre. I sweare, my Lord, and vow to keep my word.

Marsillus. Then take [to thee] my banderoll of [For] mine, and none but mine, shall honour thee,
And safe conduct thee to port Carthagene. [here,

Mandre. But say, my Lord, if Mandrecard were
What fauour should he finde, or life or death?

Marsillus. I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king
To prize his wrath before his curtise.
Were Mandrecard, the King of Mexico,
In prifon here, and crau'd but libertie;
So little hate hangs in Marsillus breast,
As one entreatie should quite race it out.
But this concernes not thee, therefore, farewell.

Exit Marsillus.

Mandre. Thankes, and good fortune fall to such
As couets to be counted curteous. [a king
Blush, Mandrecard;  
The honour of thy foe disgraceth thee;  
Thou wrongest him that wishest thee but well;  
Thou bringest store of men from Mexico  
To battaile him that scornes to injure thee,  
Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.  

Backe to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home;  
Bouge not a foote to aid Prince Rodomant;  
But friendly gratulate these favours found,  
And meditate on nought but to be friends.  

Exit.

Enter Orlando attired like a mad man.

Orlando. Woods, trees; leaues, trees,  
Woods; tria sequuntur tria. Ho, Minerua!

---

1 "This nonsense is much fuller in MS. Alleyn:—

'Orlando.

Solus. . . . .

Woodes, trees, leaues, leaues, trees, woodes; tria sequuntur tria, ergo optimus vir non est optimus magistratus. a penny for a pott of beer  
and sixe pence for a peec of beife? wounds! what am I the wors?  
o minerua! false; god morrow; how doe you to day? sweet godesse, now  
I see thou louest thy vllifes. louely Minerua, tell thy vllifes, will Ione  
send Mercury to Calipso to lett me goe?  
Here he harkens.] will he? why then he is a good fellow; nay more,  
he is a gentleman, everyhaire of the head of him. tell him I haue bread  
and beife for him: lett him put his arme into my bag thus deep, yf he  
will eate. goddeff, he shall haue it. thre blew beans [def. in MS.] a  
blew bladder, rattle bladder [def. in MS.] Lantorne and candle light;  
child [def. in MS.] children, a god when . . .  
He walketh vp and downe] but soft you, minerua, whats a clock? [def.  
in MS.] hye tree.  
He finges.] I am Orlando [def. in MS.] fo brag. [def. in MS.] who . . .  
Jupiters brayne when you were
false, Good morrow; how do you to-day? Tell me, sweet Goddesse, will Ioue send Mercurie to Calipso, to let me goe; will he? [hearkens] why, 850 then, hees a Gentleman, euery haire a the head on him. But, ho, Orgalio: where art thou, boy?

Orgalio. Here, my Lord: did you call me?

Orlando. No, nor name thee.

Orga. Then God be with you.

Orgalio proffers to goe in.

Orlando. Nay, preethee, good Orgalio, stay; Canft thou not tell me what to say?

Orgalio. No, by my troth.

Orlando. O, this it is; Angelica is dead.

Orga. Why, then, she shall be buried.

He whistles for him.] begotten. Argalio, Argalio!

farewell, good Minerva; haue me recommended to vulcan, and tell him I would fayne see him dance a galyard.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . my lord,
I pray the, tell me one thing: doft thou not know wherfore I cald the . . . . . . . . . . . . . . neither.

Why knowest thou not? nay nothing, thou mayft be gone. stay, stay, villayne, I tell thee, Angelica is dead, nay she is in deed.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . lord.

but my Angelica is dead.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . my lord.

He beats] and canft thou not weep.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . Lord.

Why then begin, but first lett me gene [def. in MS.] A begins to weep] your watchword, Argalio.

Argalio, stay.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . '”—Dyce. Some of this is necessary for the sense. He fancies himself. Ulysses.
Orlando. But my Angelica is dead.

Orgalio. Why, it may be so.

Orlando. But she's dead and buried. [fiercely]

Orga. I, I thinke so.

Orlando. Nothing but I thinke so, and it may be so! He beateth him.

Orga. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Orlando. Why, shall I tell you\(^1\) that my loue is dead,

And can ye not weepe for her?

Orgalio. Yes, yes, my Lord, I will.

Orlando. Well, doe so, then. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

Orlando. Angelica is dead. Orgalio cryes. Ah,/

poore flaue: so, cry no more now.


Orlando. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

Orlando. Medors Angelica is dead.

\(\text{Orgalio cryes, and Orlando beats him againe.}\) 880

Orgalio. Why doe you beate me, my Lord?

Orlando. Why, flaue, wilt thou weepe for Medors Angelica? thou muft laugh for her. [will.

Orgalio. Laugh? yes, Ile laugh all day, and\(^2\) you

Orlando. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

\(^1\) Original ('99) \text{thee.} \quad \quad \quad \quad ^2 \text{=} \text{an.}
Orlando. Medors Angelica is dead.
Orgalio. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Orlando. So, 'tis well now.
Orgalio. Nay, this is easier then the other was.
Orlando. Now away!

Seeke the herbe Moly; for I must to hell,
To seeke for Medor and Angelica.
Orgalio. I know not the hearbe Moly, i' faith.
Orlando. Come, Ile lead ye to it by the eares.
Orgalio. Ti's here, my Lord, ti's here. [does so.]
Orlando. Ti's indeede:

Now to Charon, bid him dress his boat,
For he had neuer such a passenger.

Orgalio. Shall I tell him your name?
Orlando. No, then he will be afraid, and not be at home.

Enter two Clownes.

Thom. Sirra Rafe, an thou'lt goe with me, Ile let thee see the brauest mad man that euer thou sawest.

Rafe. Sirra Tom; I beleue it was hee that was at our towne a Sunday; Ile tell thee what he did, sirra: he came to our house, when all our folkes were gone to Church, and there was no bodie at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bad mee fetch him some drinke.

1 Omitted in '99 410.
Now, I went and fetcht him some; and ere I came againe, by my troth, hee ran away with the rost-meate, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.

_Thom._ By my troth, that was braue: but, sirra, he did so course the boyes, laft sunday; and if ye call him mad man, heele run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth.

_They spe Orlando._

_Rafe._ O, Tom, looke where he is: call him mad man.

_Tom._ Mad man, mad man.

_Rafe._ Mad man, mad man.

_Orlando._ What saieft thou, villaine?¹

_He beateth them._

So, now you shall be both my soldiers.

_Tom._ Your soldiers! we shall haue a mad captaine then.

_Orlan._ You must fight against Medor. [nose.

_Rafe._ Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody

_Orlan._ Come then, and Ile giue you weapons straite.

_Exeunt omnes._

_Enter Angelica, like a poore woman._

_Angel._ Thus causelesse banisht from thy natuue home,

¹ Dyce annotates, "Surely we may suspect that Greene wrote, 'What say ye, villaines?'" Doubtful.

² Dyce misreports the 4to of 1599 as 'my.'
Here fit, Angelica, and rest a while,
For to bewayle the fortune⁠¹ of thy loue.

Enter Rodamant and Brandemart, with soouldiers.

Rodamant. This way she went, and farre she
cannot be.

Brandemart. See where she is, my Lord: speake ⁹４⁰
 [you] as if

You² knew her not.

Roda. Faire shepherdesse, for so thy fittinge seemes,
Or Nymph, for leffe thy beautie cannot be;
What, feede you sheepe vpone these downes?

Angel. Daughter I am vnto a bordering Swaine,
That tend my flockes within these shady groues.

Roda. Fond gyrl, thou liest; thou art Angelica.

Brande. I, thou art she, that wrongd the Palatine.

Angel. For I am knowne, albeit I am disguisde, ⁹５⁰
Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throate,
Sith thou reportst I wrongd the Palatine.

Brande. Nay then, thou shalt be vsed according³
To thy deserts. Come, bring her to our tents.

Rod. But stay, what drum is this?⁴

Enter Orlando with a Drum and soouldiers, with
spits and dripping pans.

Brande. Now see,

Angelica, the fruites of all your loue.

¹ Better than Dyce's change to 'fortunes.' ² 4to '99 'Yee.'
³ Dyce queries 'accordingly,' but that were not English. Pronounce
 'vsæd.' ⁴ This line omitted in the 4to of 1599: accepted from 1594.
Orlando. Souldiers, 960
This is the Citie of great Babylon,
Where / proud Darius was rebated from:
Play but the men, and I will lay my head,
Weele facke and raze it er'e the funne be set.

Clowne. [Tom.] Yea, and scratch it too. March faire, fellow frying pan. [laughter?

Orlan. Orgalio, knowft thou the cause of my
Orgalgo. No, by my troth, nor no wise man else.

Orlan. Why, sirra, to thinke that if the enemie
were fled er'e we come, we will not leaue one of 970
our owne fouldiers aliue, for we two will kill them
with our fists.

Rafe. Fo, come, let's go home againe : heele set
Probatum est vpon my head pcece anon.

Orlan. No, thou shalt not be hurt, nor thee;
Backe fouldiers ; looke where the enemie is.

Thom. Captaine, they haue a woman amongst them.

Orlan. And what of that?

Thom. Why, strike you downe the men, and 980
then let me alone to thruft in the woman.

Orlan. No, I am challenged the single fight;
Sirra, ift you [that] chalenge me the combate?

Bran. Frantickie companion, lunaticke and wood,²
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heauen,
Thy madnesse shal not priuiledge thy life.

¹ I remove a second ‘no’ of the 4tos. ² = mad, furious.
G. XIII. 1 I
Orlan. I tell thee, villaine, Medor wrongd me so, Sith thou art come his Champion to the field, Ile learne thee know, I am the Palatine.

Allarum. They fight; Orlando kils Brandemart; and all the rest flee, but Angelica [and Orgalio].

Orgalio. Looke my Lord, here's one kild.

Orlan. Who kild him?


Orlan. I? No, no, I see who kild him.

He goes to Angelica, and knows her not.

Come hither, gentle sir, whose prowesle hath performde such an act: thinke not the curteous Palatine will hinder that thine honour hath atchieued. Orgalio, fetch me a fword, that pre- sently this squire may be dubd a Knight.

Ange. Thanks, gentle Fortune, that fends me such good hap,

Rather to die by him I loue so deare,

Then liue and see my Lord thus lunaticke.

Orgalio [giving a fword.] Here, my Lord.

Orlando. If thou beeft come of Lancelots worthy Welcome thou art.

Kneele downe,—sir Knight; rise vp, sir Knight; Here, take this fword, and hie thee to the fight.

Exit Angelica.

1 But Brandemart appears onward, and Rodamant is said to be dead onward. See Glossarial-Index under 'Brandemart' on this passage.
2 "Blank-verse corrupted."—Dyce.
Now tell me, Orgalio, what doft thou thinke; will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire?

Orgalio. He cannot chufe, being of your making.

Orlan. But where's Angelica now?

Orga. Faith, I cannot tell.

Orlan. Villaine, finde her out,

Or else the torments that Ixion feeles,
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides—

"Here we have a wrong quantity—'Belides.'" MS. Alleyn (which wants a good deal immediately before this line) has:—

'That the belydes. yonle fetch me hir, fir.

fpare no coft, run me to Charlemagne,
and say Orlando sent for Angelica. away, villainy!

Oh, oh! as though that Sagitar in all his pride could take faire Leda from stout Jupiter;
and yet, forsooth, Medor durft enterprife to rescue Orlando of Angelica.

fyrha, you that are the messenger to Ione,
you that can sweep it through the milke white pathe that leads unto the synode house of Mars,
fetch me my helme, tempred of azure feele,
my sheild, forged by the ciclopps for Anchifes sonne,
and see ye f I dare combat for Angelica.

heauen and hell, godes and deuylls! whers Argalio?

. . . . . . . . . . . Angelica.

Ah my dear Angelica!

fyrha, fetch me the harping ftarr from heauen,
Lyra, the pleafant myntrell of the fpheares,
that I may dance a galyard with Angelica.

ride me to Pan; bidd all his waterimphes come with ther bagpypes and ther tamberins.

. . . . . . . . for a woeman.

howe fares my fweet Angelica?

. . . . . . . . for his honefty.

art thou not fayre Angelica,
Villaine, wilt thou not finde her out?

Orga. Alas, my Lord, I know not where she is.

Orlando. Runne to Charlemaine, spare for no cost;

Tell him, Orlando sends for Angelica.

*with browes as faire as faire Ibythea,
That darks Canopus with her siluer hewe?
. . . . . art Angelica.
Why are not thele those ruddy coulered cheekes,
Wher both the lillye and the blushing rofe
fyttles equall suted with a natyve redd.
. . . . . a ballad.
Are not, my sweet, thes eyes, these sparking lampes
Whereout proud Phebus flajheth fourth his lights?
. . . . . with an othe.
but tell me, fals Angelica,
.strumpett, worfe then the whorifh loue of Mars,
traytrefle, furpaffing trothles Crefida,
that so inchaft his name within that groue,
wheres medor? say me for truth wher medor is.
yf Jupiter hath flutting him with young Ganymede,
by heauen, Ile fetch him from the heles of Ioue.
inconftant, bafe, iniurious and vntrue!
such strumpetts shall not scape away with life.
. . . . . god be with you.
[def. in MS.] wher are my fouldiours? whers all
the campe, the captayns, leutenantes, fargeantes,
[def. in MS.] of the band, corporalles and [I]ancrefaedes,
gentlemen and mercenaries? feet thou not, medor
flandes brauing me at the gates of Rome?
. . . . . to much wages.
follow me! I may [mufl.] goe seek my captaynes out,
that Medor may not have Angelica.

*Exit.*"—Dyce.

1 Omitted in the 4to of 1594.
ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Orgalio. Faith, Ile fetch you such an Angelica as you neuer saw before

Exit Orgalio.

Orlan. As though that Sagittarius in his pride
Could [not] take Læda from stoute Jupiter!
And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst
Attempt to reauie Orlando of his loue.
Sirra, you that are the messenger of Ioue,
You that can sweep it through the milke white path
That leads vnto the Senate house of Mars,
Fetch me my shielde tempered of purest steele,
My helme
Forg'd by the Cyclops for Anchifes sonne,
And see if I dare combate² for Angel'ca!

Re-enter Orgalio, with the Clowne [Tom] dreft like Angelica.

Orgalio. Come away, and take heede you laugh not.

Clowne. No, I warrant you; but I thinke I had best goe backe and shaue my beard.

Orgalio. Tush, that will not be seene.

¹The run of the after-text and the scansion seem to require, if any sense is to be got from it, that 'could [not]' should be the text and 'braue' before 'Leda' deleted. Was this fable invented by Orlando for the occasion? In the language of the day (see Batman) the planet Jupiter was the Lord of Sagittarius by night as the Sun was its Lord by day.

²"So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4tos, '94 and '99, 'dare not combat.'"—Dyce.
Clo. Well, you will giue me the halfe crown ye promiſt me?

Orgalio. Doubt not of that, man.

Clo. Sirra, diſt not fee me ferue the fellow a fine tricke, when we came ouer the Market-place?

Org. Why, what was that?

Clowne. Why, he comes to me and sayd, Gentlem− woman, wilt pleafe you to take a pint or a quart? No gentlewoman, said I, but your friend and Doritie.\(^1\)

Orgalio. Excellent: Come, fee where my Lord My Lord, here is Angelica.

Orlan. Mas, thou sayft true, tis she indeed; how faires The faire Angelica?

Clowne. Well, I thanke you heartily.

Orlan. Why, art thou not that faire Angelica, With browes\(^2\) as bright as faire Erythea That darkes Canopus with her filuer hiew? 1060

Clowne. Yes, forsooth.\(^3\)

Orlan. Are not thefe the beautious cheekes Wherein the Lillies and the native Rose Sit equall futed with a blushing red?

Clo. He makes a garden-plot in my face.

\(^1\) = Dorothy.

\(^2\) "So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4to '94, 'Whofe hiew.'" —Dyce. But perhaps 'hiew[']s' were preferable.

\(^3\) Lines 1061-2 = one iambic line.
Orlando. Are not, my deare, those [eyes the]¹ radiant eyes
Whereout proud Phœbus flaseth out his beames?

Clo. Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers brauely.

Orlan. You are Angelica?

Clowne. Yes, marrie, am I. [Medor? 1070

Orlan. [threateningly] Wheres your sweet heart

Clowne. Orgalio, giue me eighteen-pence, and let me go.

Orlando. Speak, ftrumpet, speake. [quart.

Clowne. Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a

Orlan. Why, ftrumpet, worse than Mars his trothlesse loue,

Falser the faithles Cressida," thou shalt not scape.

Clowne. Come, come, you³ doe not vse me like a Gentlewoman: and if I be not for you, I am for another.

Orlan. Are you? that will I trie. 1080

He beateth him out. Exeunt omnes.

Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with drum and trumpets.

Oger. Braue Peeres of France, fith we haue past the bounds,

Whereby the wrangling billowes seeke for straites

¹ Walker (Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 151) corrects the versification by reading 'the' before radiant, and Dyce accepts. I prefer to read as in text.

² I remove 'ftrumpet' of 4tos after 'Cressida.'

³ Original 4tos 'yeed' as before—query 'ee' or 'you' or 'thou'?
To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes;
Sith we haue furrowd through these wandring tides
Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys daunce
Vpon the Hyperborian billowes crefts,
That braues with streames the watrie Occident;
And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime
Sought-to by greedie mindes for hurtfull gold;
Now let vs seeke to venge the Lampe of France
That lately was eclipsed in Angelica;
Now let vs seeke Orlando forth, our Peere,
Though from his former wits lately estrang'd,
Yet famous in our favours as before:
And fith by chance we all encountred be,
Let's seek revenge on her, that wrought his wrong.

_Namus._ But being thus arriud in place vn-
knowne,
Who shall direct our course vnto the Court
Where braue Marfillus keepes his royall State?

_Enter Marfillus and Mandrecard like Palmers._

_Oger._ Loe here, two Indian Palmers hard at
hand,
Who can perhaps refolue our hidden doubts.
Palmers, God speed.¹

_Marfillus._ / Lordings, we greet you well.
_Oger._ Where lies Marfillus Court, friend? canst
thou tel?

¹ This and next one line in original.
Mar. His court is his campe, the Prince is now 

Turp. In armes? [in armes. i110

What's he that dares annoy so great a king?

Mandre. Such as both loue and furie doeth 
confound:

Fierce Sacrepant, incenf with strange desires, 
Warres on Marfillus; and Rodamant being dead, 
Hath leuied all his men, and traitour like 
Assailes his Lord and louing soueraigne:
And Mandrecard, who late hath bene in Armes
To prosecute reuenge against Marfillus, 
Is now through fauours past become his friend. 
Thus stands the state of matchlesse India. [course; i120

Oger. Palmer, I like thy braue and briefe dis-
And couldst thou bring vs to the Princes Campe, 
We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands. 

Marfil. Ye stranger Lords, why seeke ye out 
Marfillus?

Oliuer. In hope that he, whose Empire is so large, 
Will make both minde and Monarchie agree.

Marfil. Whence are you, Lordes, and what 
request you here?

Namus. A question ouer hautie for thy weed, 
Fit for the king himselfe for to propound. [weeds 

Mandre. O sir, know [thou] that vnder simple i130
The gods haue maskt: then deeme not with dis-
To anfwere to this Palmers question, [daine 
Whose coate includes, perhaps, as great as yours.
Oger. Hautie their words, their persons full of state;
Though habite be but meane, their mindes excell.
Wel, / Palmers, know
That Princes are in India arriu'd,
Yea, even those Westerne princely Peers of France
That through the world aduentures vndertake,
To finde Orlando late incenft with rage.
Then, Palmers, sith you know our ftiles and state,
Aduife vs where your king Marsillus is,

Marsillus. Lordings of France, here is Marsillus,¹
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in person bring you to his Campe.

Oger. Marsillus? and thus disguife?  
Marsillus. Euen Marsillus and thus disguiised.
But what request these Princes at my hand?

Turpin. We sue for law and iustice at thy hand:
We seeke Angelica thy daughter out;
That wanton maide, that hath eclips the ioy
Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.

Marsillus. My daughter, Lords? why she[ʼs]
exilde;²
And her grieu’d father is content to lose
The pleafance of his age, to countnance law.

¹ This line shows the true spelling is ‘Marsilius.’ See Glossarial-Index, s.n.
² Dyce again annotates, ‘‘Here ‘lords’ is a disyllable (see Walker’s Shakespeare’s Versification, etc., p. 32). So again in the next speech of Marsilius: ‘Lords of France, what would you more of me?’’—Not allowable.
Oliuer. Not onely exile shall await Angelica, But death, and bitter death, shall follow her. Then yeeld vs right, Marsillus, or our swords Shall make thee feare to wrong the Peeres of France.  

Marsil. Words cannot daunt me, Princes, be assured; But law and iustice shall ouerrule in this, And I will burie father's name and loue. The haplesse maide, baniisht from out my land, Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne: Her, if ye finde, with furie persecute; I now disdaine the name to be her father. Lords of France, what would you more of me?  

Oger. Marsillus, we commend thy princely minde, And will report thy iustice through the world. Come, Peeres of France, lets seeke Angelica, Left for a spoile to our reuenging thoughts.  

Exeunt omnes.  

Enter Orlando like a poet, [and Orgalio.]  

Orlan. Orgalio,¹ Is she not like those purple coloured Swans That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia?  

¹ Alleyn MS. reads as below, and I accept l. 1175 from it for 'Is not my loue,' etc., and so l. 1178 from same.

'Sirha, is she not like those purple coulered swannes, that gallop by the coache of Cinthya? her face siluered like to the milkwhite shaape that loue came dauncing in to Semele? tell me, Argalio, what fayes Charlemagne?
Orgalio. Yes, marry, is she, my Lord.

Orlan. Her face filuer'd like to the milke white\(^1\) shape

That Ioue came dauncing in to Semele? \(^2\)

Orgalio. It is, my Lord.

Orlan. Then goe thy wayes, and clime vp to And tell Apollo that Orlando fits [the Clowds, Making of verses for Angelica.

If he deny\(^3\) to send me downe the shirt

his nephew Orlando, palantyne of fraunce, is poet laureat for geometry.

. . . . .

Orlando.

. . . . . in the w[def. in MS.]

bafe mynded traytors! yf you dare but say

Thetis is fayrer then Angelica,

Ile place a peal of ryfing riuers in your throates
[def. in MS.] Virgill, Lucian [Lucan], Ovide, Ennius, Sirba, were not these poettes? . . . yes, my lord.

Then Ioue, trotting vpon proud Eolus,

shall not gayneshay, but maugre all his boultes

Ile try with vulcane cracking of a launce,

Yf any of the godes miflikes my rondelayes,

Argalio, these be the lockes Apollo turnd to bowes, when crimfon daphne ran away for Ioue.

loue! whatls loue, villayne, but the baftard of Mars, the poyfon of penns, and yet thou feest I wear

badges of a poet laureat . . . the world.

Clyme vp the cloudes to Galaxsy straigt,

And tell Apollo,' etc.

'Orgalio . . . Cynthia' not in '99 4to.

\(^1\) 4to '94 reads, 'Is not her face filuer'd like that white-milk shape.'

\(^2\) "So MS. Alleyn (as already shown). The 4tos, 'When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele.'"—Dyce.

\(^3\) "Alleyn MS. The 4tos, 'And if he doe deny.'"—Dyce.
Which Deianyra sent to Hercules,
To make me braue vpon my wedding day,
Tell him
Ille vp the Alpes, and post to Meroe,¹
(I know he knowes that watrie lakith hill,)
And pull the harpe out of the minstrel's hands,²
And pawne it vnto louely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the fair Angelica.

Orgalio. / But, my Lorde, Apollo is asleepe, and
will not heare me.

Orlando. Then tell him, he is a sleepe knaue:
but, sirra, let no man³ trouble mee, for I muft lie
downe a while, and talke with the starres.

¹ So MS. Alleyn; better than 4tos, 'Ile passe the Alpes and vp to
Meroe.'
² "Is this an allusion to the statue of Memnon?"—Dyce.
³ Dyce reads 'nobody.' "In MS. Alleyn, after the line which ends
the preceding speech of Orlando ('That she may fetch me fayre An-
gelica') we find:—
't vilayne, will he not send me it?
. . . . . . no answerr.
So, Orlando muft become a poet.
No, the palatyne is fent champion vnto the warrs.
take the Laurell, Latonas baftard fonne:
I will to flora, firha, downe vpon the ground,
for I muft talke in lecrett to the starres.
. . . . . . doth lye.
when Ioue rent all the welkin with a crake.
fye, fye! tis a falses verse . . . penyleffe.
how, fellow, wher is the Artick bear, late baighted
from his poel? fcurry poetry! a litell to long.
. . . . . . by force.
Oh, my fweet Angelica, brauer then Iuno was.
but, vilayne, the conuerft with Medor.
THE HISTORIE OF

Enter [Tom as] a Fidler.

Orgalio. What, old acquaintance? well met.

Fidler. Ho, you would have me play Angelica 1200 againe, would ye not?

Orgalio. No, but I can tell thee where thou may'st earne two or three shillings this morning, euen with the turning of a hand.

Fidler. Two or three shillings? tush, thou wolt 1 coufen me, thou: but and thou canst

. . . . . . . I giue.
drowned be Canopus child in those arcadyan twins.
is not that sweet, Argalio?
. . . . . . confesse it.
flabb the old whore, and fend her soule to the diuell.
Lende me the nett that vulcan trapt for Mars.
[def. in MS.] felows, vilaynes, whats there adoe the court is cald, an nere a Senatur.
Argalio, geve me the chayre; I will be judg
my selfe . . . foulioures.
So, firs, what fayes Caffius? why flabb'd he Cæfar in the senate howse?
. . . . . . his furye.
Why fpeakes not, vilayne, thou peasaut?
Yf thou beest a wandring knight, say who hath crackt a Launce with the? . . . to him.
what sayest? Is it for the armour of Achilles thou doest ftriue? yf be Ajax shall trot away to troy, geue me thy hand ulisses, it is thine. . . Armorer.
And you, fair virgin, what say you?
Argalio, make her confesse all . . .

ORLANDO.

. . . . . haue rele't."—Dyce.

1 4to of 1599 'wolt'; Dyce 'wot'—former accepted.
tell where I may earne a groat, Ile giue thee fixe pence for thy paines.

Orgalio. Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

Fidler. Why, he is mad still, is he not?

Orgalio. No, no: come, play.

Fidler. At which fide doeth he vse to giue his reward?

Orgalio. Why, of any fide.

Fidler. Doth he not vse to throw the chamber-pot sometimes? T'would grieue me he should wet my fiddle-strings.

Orgalio. Tush, I warrant thee.

He playes and fings any odde toy, and
Orlando wakes.

Orlando. / Who is this? Shan Cuttelero? Heartily welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

Fidler. No, sir, you should haue said "Shan the Fidideldo.

Orlando. What, haft thou brought me a sword?

He takes away his fiddle.

Fidler. A sword? no, [no], sir, that's my fiddle.

Orlando. But doeft thou thinke the temper to be good?

1 Dyce alters to 'my' without need. He refers to Orlando's second speech after this; but it does not sanction 'my.'
And will it hold,
When thus and thus, we Medor do affaile?

He strikes and beats him with the fiddle.

Fidler. Lord, sir, youle breake my liuing. [To Org.] You told me your master was not mad.
Orlando. Tell me—why¹ haft thou mard my fword?
The pummel's well, the blade is curtall short:
Villaine, why haft thou made it so?

He breaks it about his head. Exit Fidler.

Fidler. O Lord, sir, will you² answere this?

Enter Melissa with a glasse of wine.

Orlando. Orgalio, who is this?
Orgalio. Faith, my Lord, some old witch, I thinke.

Melissa. O, that my Lord would but conceite my tale:
Then would I speake and hope to find redresse.

Orlando. Fair Polixena,³ the pride of Ilion,

¹ 4to of '99 'what.' ² I change from 'you will' of 4tos.
³ The line can be rectified by reading 'Polyxene,' or by omitting 'the.' The former seems preferable, as we have had 'Telegone' before, though in this the final 'e' is pronounced. MS. Alleyn:—

' [def. in M.S.] the flowes [flower] of Ilium.

Fear not Achilles overmadding boy:

Pyrrhus shall not. Argalio, why suffrest this olde trott to come so nere me.

away with thes rages!
Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy;
Pyrrus shall not, &c.\(^1\)——

Sounes, Orgalio, why suffereft thou this old trot, to come so nigh me? 1250

Orgalio. Come, come, stand by, your breath stinkes.

*Orlando*. What? be all the Troianes fled?
Then giue me some drinke.

*Melissa*. Here, Palatine, drinke;
And euery bee thou better for this draught.

*Orlando*. What's here?
The paltrie bottle that Darius quaft?

*He drinkes, and she charmes him with her wand, and he lies downe to sleepe.* 1260

fetch me the Robe that proud Apollo wears,
that I may Iett it in the capytoll.
Argalio, is Medor here? say whiche of these is he. courage! for why, the palatyne
of fraunce straight will make slaughter
of these daring foes. currunt.

... ... ... ...
are all the troyans fled? then giue me
some drynke, some drink... my lord.
els will I fett my mouth to Tigris streames,
and drink vp overflowing Euphrates.
... ... ... ... my lord.
This is the gefey shepherdes bottle, that Darius
quaft. fo, fo, fo, oh fo... ...
Inchaunt.]

\(^1\) "Sometimes means, in old dramas, any nonsense the player chose
to utter extempore."—*Dyce*. Perhaps Greene wrote more and the
Players 'cut' it.

**G. XIII.** 12
Else would I set my mouth to Tygres’ streames,
And drinke vp overflowing Euphrates.
Mine eyes are heauie, and I needes must sleepe.

*Melissa strikes with her wande, and the Satyres enter with musique, and play round about him; which done, they stay: he awaketh and speakes.*

What shewes are these,
That fill mine eyes with view of such regard
As heauen admires to see my slumbering dreams? 1270
Skies are fulfilld with lampes of lasting joy,
That boaft the pride of haught Latonas sonne,
Who lightneth all the candles of the night.
Mnemosyne hath kift the kingly Ioue,
And entertaind a feast within my braines,
Making her daughters' solace on my brow.
Me thinks, I feele how Cynthya tunes conceites
Of sad repent, and meloweth those desires

1 “Not only is the present scene mutilated and corrupted, but this and the next line are shuffled out of their place: vide the preceding quotation from MS. Alleyn.”—Dyce. See Glossarial-Index, s.v., on this passage.
2 MS. Alleyn:—
   ‘*What* heavenly fightes of pleasaunce filles my eyes,
   that feed the pride with view of such regard? [def. in MS.] admyres to fe the slombring dreams.’—Dyce.
3 = haughty.
4 “So MS. Alleyn.—The 4tos ‘He.’”—Dyce.
5 MS. Alleyn ‘ had ’: 4tos misprint ‘ Nymosene.’
6 “i.e. the Muses. So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos ‘daughter.’”—Dyce.
7 MS. Alleyn ‘ tyms.’
That phrenfies 
scares had ripened in my head.
Ate, Ile kiffe thy restlessche cheeke a while,
And suffer fruitlesse passion bide controll.

[He lieth downe againe.

_Melisso. O vos Siluvia, Satyri, Faunique, Deæque,
Nymphæ Hamadriaides, Driades, Parcaeque potentes!
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
Infernæque domus et nigra palatia Ditis!
Tuque Demogorgon, qui nostis fata gubernas,
Qui regis infernum solium, celumque, solumque!
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;
In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,
Spargite, quis misere reuocetur rapta per umbras
Orlandi infelix anima.

_Then let musique play before him, and so goe forth._

_Orlando. What fights, what shapes, what strange-
conceited dreams,_

More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba
When fall of Troy was figured in her sleepe.
Iuno, me thought, sent downe from heauen\(^1\) by Ioue,
Came / swiftly sweeping\(^2\) through the gloomy ayre;
And calling Iris,\(^3\) sent her straight abroad
To summon Fauns, the Satyrs, and the Nymphes, \(1300\)
The Dryades, and all the demigods,
To secret council; [and, their] parle past,
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.
With that,
Mounted vpon\(^4\) her parti-colour'd Coach, [ayre,
Being drawne with Peacockes proudly through the She flew\(^5\) with Iris to the sphere of Ioue.
What fearefull thoughts\(^6\) arise vpon this shew!
What desert groue is this? How thus disguised? \(1310\)
Where is Orgalio?

\(^1\) MS. Alleyn ‘sent from the heauen.'
\(^2\) Ibid. ‘sweeping swiftly.'
\(^3\) “So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos have merely:—
‘ And calling Fame, the Satyres, and the Nymphes,
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.'”—Dyce.
\(^4\) The 4tos ‘on.'
\(^5\) MS. Alleyn ‘flipt.'
\(^6\) Ibid. ‘what thoughts arise vpon this fearfull showe!
wher? in what woodes? what vncoth groue is this
how thus disguyfed? where is Argalio? Argalio!
. . . . . . . mad humores.

fay me, fir boy, how cam I thus disguyfed,
lke mad Orelles quaintly thus attyred?
. . . . . . . you are.
As I am! villayne, termefl me lunaticke?
tell me what furye hath inchaunted me?
. . . . . . .

what art thou, some fibill, or some godes,
or what? frely fay on.'
**ORLANDO FURIOUSO.**

**Orgalio.** Here, my Lord.

**Orlando.** Sirra, how came I thus disguifed?
Like mad Oreftes, quaintly thus attir'd? ¹

**Orgalio.** Like mad Oreftes? nay, my Lord, you may boldly juftifie the comparison; for Oreftes was neuer fo mad in his life as you were.

**Orlando.** What, was I mad? what Furie hath enchanted me?

**Melisfa.** A Furie, fure,² worse then Megera was, That reft her fonne from truftie Pilades.

**Orlando.** Why, what art thou, Some Sybel, or fome goddefe? freely speake.

**Melisfa.** Time not affords to tell each circum-

But thrice hath [changing] Cynthia chang'd her hiew,
Since thou, infecte with a lunafie
Haft gadded vp and downe thefe lawnds and groues,
Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,
All for the loue of faire Angelica,
Whom thou with Medor didft fuppofe plaid fable.
But Sacrepant had grauen thefe rundelayes,
To sting thee with infecting jealousie:

¹ "So MS. Alleyn (as just shown). The 4tos 'disguifed.'"—Dyce.
² "'fure' omitted in the 4to of 1599. This fpeech is imperfect. Greene must have written something equivalent to :
'A fury, fure, worfe than Megera was,
That fought to 'venge the blood of Clytemnfebra,
And reft her fon from trufty Pilades.'"—Dyce.
The swaine that tolde thee of their oft converfe,  
Was servant vnto Countie Sacrepant:  
And truft me, Orlando, Angelica,  
Though true to thee, is banisht from the Court,  
And Sacrepant  
This day bids battell to Marsilius.  
The armies readie are to giue affaile;  
And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both  
Stand all the worthie matchlesse Peeres of France, 1340  
Who are in queft to feck Orlando out.  
Muse not at this, for I haue tolde thee true:  
I am\(^1\) she that cured thy diseafe.  
Here take these weapons, giuen thee by the fates,  
And hie thee, Counte, to the battell straight.  
_Orlando_. Thankes, sacred goddesse,\(^2\) for thy helping hand.  
[Now] Thither will I hie to be reueng'd.  
[Exeunt omnes.  

\(^1\) Dyce queries, ‘_And I am’?\(^2\)  
\(^2\) ‘MS. Alleyn has the following speech, which seems to belong to the close of the present scene :—

_Orlando_.  

\(\ldots\ldots\)  
Hath then the [def. in MS.] of Alcumenas child  
ledd fourth my thoughts, with far more egar rage  
then wratled in the brayne of Phillips fonne,  
when mad with wyne he praclised Clytus fall.  
break from the cloudes, you burning brandes of Ire,  
that flyr within the thunderers wrathful fiftes,  
and fixe your hideous fyers on Sacrapant,  
from out your fatall treforyes of wrath,  
you waftfull furys, draw those eben bowles,
Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing Marsillus and Mandrecard.

Sacrepant. Viceroyes, you are dead;
For Sacrepant, alreadie crown'd a king,
Heaues vp his fword to haue your Diademes.

Marsillus. Traitour, not dead, or any whit dismaide;
For deare we prize the smalleft droppe of blood.

Enter Orlando, with a scarfe before his face.

Orlando. Stay, Princes,
Base not your felues, to combate such a dog.

that bofte d lukewarme bloud at Centaures feast,
to choak with bloud the thirsty Sacrapant,
thorow whom my Clymene and hebe fell,
thorow whom my spritites with fury wer suppreft.
my fancyes, post you vnto Pindus topp:
ther midft the sacred troupes of nimphes inquiere,
seek for my Venus nere Erycinne,
or in the vale of [def. in MS.] yf the sleep.
tell her Orlando [def. in MS.] second Mars,
hath robd the burning hill of Cicelye
of all the Ciclops treaurs ther bestowed,
to venge hir wronges, and stoupe thofe haunted conceiptes,
that fough my Ielowy e and hir diigrace.
Ride, Nemefis, vpon this angry fteel
that thremeth thofe that hate Angelica,
who is the fonne of glory that consumes
Orlando, even the phenix of affect.  

[Exit.'"—Dyce.

1 Dyce alters modernly to 'nor.'

2 MS. Alleyn :—

' . . . . . . flau as he.

Prynces, for shame! vnto your royall campes.'

See Glossarial-Index on this, s.v.
Mount on your Courfers, follow those that flee,
And let
Your conquering swords be tainted in their bloods:
Pasle ye for him; he shall be combated.

[Exeunt Kings.

Sacre. Why, what art thou that brauest me thus?
Orlando. I am, thou seeft, a mercenarie fouldier,
Homely attir'd, but of so hautie thoughts,
As nought can serue to quench th'aspiring flames,
That burne as doe the fires of Cicely,
Vnleffe I win that princely Diademe,
That seemes so ill vpon thy coward's head.

Sacrepant. Coward?
To armes, fir boy? I will not brooke these braues,
If Mars himselfe euen from his firie throne
Came arm'd with all his furnitures of warre.

[They fight: S. falls.

Oh villaine! thou haft slain a Prince.  

1 MS. Alleyn:—

‘follow the chafe, mount on your courfers strong ;
manage your spears, and lett your slaughtering swordes
be taynted with the bloud of them that flee.
from him passe ye; he shalbe combated.’

2 Dyce corrects into ‘fly.’

3 Ibid., ‘ . . . . . withine.
I am, thou seeft, a cuntry feruile fwayne.’

Runs better. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

4 ‘The 4tos, ‘Homely, yet of such’: Alleyn MS. accepted.
5 ‘So MS. Alleyn. The 4tos ‘thoughts.’’—Dyce.
6 MS. Alleyn ‘fcorch.’
7 = Sicily.
8 MS. Alleyn ‘King.’
Orlando. Then mayft thou think that Mars himselfe came downe,
To vaile thy plumes and heaue thee from thy pompe,
Proude that thou art: I recke not of thy gree,
But I will haue the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glorie of thy diademe. [Takes it.
Sacrepant. These words bewraie thou art no base born Moore,
But by discent sprung from some royall line:
Then freely tell [to] me, what [is] thy name?
Orlando. Nay, first let me know thine.
Sacrepant. Then knowe that thou haft slaine
Prince Sacrepant.
Orlan. Sacrepant!
Then let me at thy dying day intreate,
By that same spHERE wherein thy soule shall rest,

1 MS. Alleyn:—
'S Then mayft thou deme some second mars from heauen
is fent, as was Amphitrius fother fonne.'
2 Ibid. ' a crowne.'
3 Dyce prints from Alleyn MS. badly ' Prove what.' I have punctuated
, after 'pomp,' and : after 'art.'
4 ' i.e. degree. After this line, MS. Alleyn has:—
 'as Lampethufas brother from his coach,
 prauncing and visor open, went his course
 and tumbled from Apollo's chariott,
 so shall thy fortunes and thy honor fall.
 to prove it, Ile haue the guerdon of my sword
 which is the glory of thy diademe.'—Dyce.
5 MS. Alleyn ' firft thine.'
If loue denye not passage to thy ghoft,
Thou tell me
Whether thou wrongdft Angelica or no?

Sacre. O, that's the thing that pricks my conscience!
O, thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke!
I tell thee, knight, for thou doest seeme no less,
That I ingraued the roundelayes on the trees,
And hung the schedules of poore Medors loue,
Intending so to breed [jealous] debate
Betweene Orlando and Angelica:
O, thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica!
Now tell [to] me, what shall I call thy name?

Orlando. Then dead is the fatal author of my ill.

Bafe villaine, vaffall, vnworthy of a crowne,
Know that the man that strooke the fatal stroke,
Is Orlando, the Countie Palatine,
Whom fortune sent to quittance all thy wrongs.

1 MS. Alleyn, 'then tell me, ye.'
2 The 4tos 'sedulet.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
3 MS. Alleyn:
   'Extinguifh, proud tefyphone, those brandes:
    fetch dark Alecfio from black phlegeton,
    or Lethe water to appeafe those flames,
    that wrathfull Nemefis hath fett on fire.
    dead is the fatal author of my yll.'
4 Ibid. 'vaffall! bafe vilayne! worthleffe.'
5 Ibid. 'labd the difmall.'
6 Ibid. 'palatyne of francke.'
7 4tos 'my': 'thy' from Alleyn MS. accepted.
Thou foil'd and slaine, it now behooves me straight
To hie me fast to massacre thy men:
And / so, farewell, thou devil in shape of man.

[Exit Orlando. 1410]

Sacrepant. Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,
Set such a baleful period on my life
As none might end the days of Sacrepant
But mightie Orlando, riuall of my loue?
Now holde\(^2\) the fatal murderers of men
The sharpned knife readie to cut my thread,
Ending the scene of all my tragedie:
This day, this houre, this minute ends the dayes
Of him that liued worthy old Neftors age.
Phoebus, put on\(^3\) thy fable futed wreathe,
Clad all thy spheres in darke and mourning weedes:
Parcht be the earth, to drinke vp euery spring:
Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue;
Heauen turne to bras, and earth to wedge of steele;
The world to cinders. Mars, come thundring downe,
And never sheathe thy swift reuenging sword,
Till, like the deluge in Dewcalion's dayes, [blood.
The highest mountaines swimme in streames of Heauen, earth, men, beasts, and euery liuing thing,
Confume and end with Countie Sacrepant! [Dyes. 1430

\(^1\) Alleyn MS. 'dogg.' \(^2\) 4to of '94 'holdeth.' \(^3\) The 4tos 'out.'
Enter Marsfillus, Mandrecard, and twelue Peeres, with Angelica.

Marsfillus. Fought is the fiede, and Sacrepant is With / such a massacre of all his men, [flaine, As Mars, descending in his purple robe, Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of blood To banquet all the demigods of warre.

Mandrecard. See, where he lyes slauftered with- out the Campe, And by a simple swaine, a mercenarie, Who brauely tooke the combate to himfelfe: Might I but know the man that did the deede, I would, my Lord, eternize him with fame.

Oger. Leaving the factious Countie to his death, Command, my Lord, his body be conuaid Vnto some place, as likes your Highnes best. See, Marsfillus, posting through Affrica, We haue found this straggling girle, Angelica, Who, for she [fouly] wrong'd her loue Orlando, Chiefest of the Western Peeres, converfing with So meane a man as Medor was, We will haue her punitft by the lawes of France, To ende her burning luft in flames of fire.

1 As before, 'I am' was pronounced 'I'm,' and 'we have' as 'we've,' though printed in full. So l. 1402 'dead is' for 'dead's.'

2 "Another halting passage."—Dyce.

Dyce divides '/Chiefest . . . converfing.' I have corrected, the second being a 4-foot line.

4 The 4to of 1599 'loue.'
Marsillus. Beshrew you, Lordings, but you doe your worst;
Fire, famine, and as cruell [a] death⁠¹
As fell to Neros mother in his rage.

Angelica. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
And Lords of France, come from the Westerne seas,
In quest to finde mightie Orlando out,
Yet, ere I die, let me haue leave to say,
Angelica held euer in her thoughts
Most / deare the loue of Countie Palatine.
What wretch hath wrongd vs with suspect of luft,²
I know not, I, nor can accuse³ the man ;
But, by the heauens, whereto my soule shal flee,⁴
Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando.
I speake not this as one that cares to liue,
For why my thoughts are fully malcontent ;
And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,
You quit Orlando's wrong vpon Angelica.

Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face. 1470

Oliuer. Strumpet, feare not, for, by faire Maya's sonne,

---

¹ Dyce queries 'Hers be fire,' etc. I read 'Fire' as = fier, and insert [a]. Or we may take it simply as a four-foot line.
² The 4to of 1599 'loue.'
³ The 4to of 1599 'excuse.'
⁴ Dyce again reads 'fly.'
This day thy soule shall vanish vp in fire,
As Semele, when Iuno wil'd the trull
To entertaine the glory of her loue.

_Orlando_. Frenchman, for so thy quaint aray imports,
Be thou a Peere, or be thou Charlemaine,
Or hadst thou Hec tor or Achilles heart,
Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,
That did in courage farre surpasse them all,
I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throate—
The greatest braue Cisalpine France can brooke—
In saying that sacred Angelica
Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine,
I am a common mercenary fouldier;
Yet, for I see my Prince is abusde
By new-come straglers from a forren coast,
I dare the proudest of these Western Lords
To cracke a blade in triall of her right.

1 = beguiled.
2 MS. Alleyn 'beeft . . . beeft.' Perhaps more emphatic.
3 "So MS. Alleyn (which has also 'harten'). The 4tos 'Hector.'" —Dyce.
4 MS. Alleyn 'the infuld metempsichosis of them all.'
5 Ibid. 'within.'
6 'Cisalpine' from Alleyn MS. accepted as better from a Frenchman than 4tos 'Tranfalpine.'
7 Dyce annotates: "Walker (Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 15) notices that here 'sacred' is a trisyllable; and his editor adds that 'saying' is a monosyllable." Pure nonsense. See annotated Biography.
8 MS. Alleyn 'thawthe Indian mercenary.' See Glossarial Index, s.v.
9 Ibid. 'the.'
10 Ibid. 'an vncooth.'
11 Ibid. 'the.'
Mandre. Why, foolish-hardie, daring, simple groome,  
Follower of fond conceited Phaëton;  
Knowest thou to whome thou speakest?  

Marcellus. Braue fouldier (for so much thy courage says),  
These men are Princes dipt within the blood  
Of Kings most royall, seated in the West,  
Vnfit to accept a challenge at your hand;  
Yet thanks that thou wouldest in thy Lords defence  
Fight for my daughter; but her guilt is knowne.  

Angelica. I, rest thee, fouldier, Angelica is false:  
False, for she hath no triall of her right;  
Souldier, let me die for the 'mffe of all.  

Wert thou as stout as was proud Theseus,  
In vaine thy blade shoulde offer my defence;  
For why, thefe be the champions of the world,  
Twelue Peeres of France that neuer yet were foild.  

Orlando. How Madam, the twelue Peeres of France?  

Why, let them be twelue deuils of hell;

1 "i.e. 'filly-minded.'”—Dyce.  
2 Here we have printed '/to accept/'; elsewhere, though not always, the 'to' is printed 't';  
3 The 4to of 1594 'is.'  
4 MS. Alleyn:—  

Twelue peres of fraunce, twelue divylles, whatts that  
what I haue spoke, ther I passe my sword  
to seale it on the helme of him that dare,  
Malgrade,' etc.  

See annotated Biography on this and other Alleyn readings.
What I haue faid, [thereto] Ile pawne my fword,  
To feale it on the shield of him that dares,  
Malgrado of his honour, combate me.  
  Oliuer. Marrie fir, that dare I.  
  Orlando. Y'ar a welcome man, fir.  
  Turpin. Chaftice the groome (Oliuer) and learne  
    him know  
We are not like the boyes of Africca,  

1 MS. Alleyn reads as follows—on which see annotated Biography:

  You that so proudly bid him fight,  
  out with your blade, for why, your turne is next.  
  tis not this champion can discourage me.  

  Pugnant. M. vietus]  
  You, fir, that braued your heraldry,  
  wher is the honor of the howfe of fraunce?  
  faire princeffe, what I may belongs to the:  
  wittnes I well hane hanfeled yet my fword.  
  now, fir, you that will chaftyce when you meet,  
  beftirr you, french man, for Ile tafce you hard.  
  Oliuer vietus]  
  Prouide you, lordes ; determyne who is next :  
  pick out the stoutest champion of you all.  
  they wer but striplinges : call you those the peers?  
  Hold, madam, and yf my life but left it out,  
  Ile gard your person with the peires of fraunce.  
  by my fide.  
  So fir, you haue made a godly oracion,  
  but ufe your fword better leſt I well  
  beſwinge you.  
  Pugnant]  
  by my faith you have done pretily well ; but,  
  firha french man, thinck you to breath? come,
Orlando. Heare you, fir?  
You that fo peremptorily bad him fight,  
Prepare your weapons, for your turne is next;  
Tis not one Champion can\(^1\) discourage me.  
Come, are ye readie?

\textit{He fights first with one, and then with another, and overcomes them both.}\(^{1520}\)

So, \\textit{stand aside}:—  
And, Madame, if my fortune laft it out,  
Ile gard your person with twelue Peeres of France.

\textit{Oger. [aside.]} Oh Oger, how canst thou \textit{stand},  
and see a flawe

Disgrace the house of France?  
Sirra, prepare you;  
For angry Nemesis fits on my sword  
To be reueng\^d.

\textit{Orlando.} Well said, Frenchman: you haue made  
a goodly oration; but you had best to vse your  
sword better, leaft I beswinge you.  

\textit{They fight a good while, and then breathe.}\(^{1530}\)

\textit{Oger.} Howsoe're\(^2\) disguif\^d in base or Indian\(^3\)  
shape,

\[^1\text{So MS. Alleyn (as shown above). The atos 'that can.'}\]
\[^2\text{Dyce prints 'Howe'er.'}\]
\[^3\text{Cf. l. 1484.}\]
Oger can well discerne thee by thy blowes;
For either thou art Orlando, or the deuill.

*Orlando.* [taking off his scarf.] Then, to assure you that I am no deuill,
Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.

*Oger.* And none can be more glad then Oger is,
That he hath found his Cousin in his sense.

*Oliuer.* When as I felt his blowes vpon my shield,
My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceiude, 1540
Who might this be, if not the Palatine?

*Turpin.* So had I said, but that report did tell
My Lord was troubled with a lunacie. [awhile,

*Orlando.* So was I, Lordes; but giue me leaue
Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,
So to submitt to faire Angelica.—
Pardon, thy Lord, faire faint Angelica,

1 = thou'rt.
2 'Lordes' accepted from Alleyn for 'Lordings' of 4tos. The MS.
Alleyn thus reads:—
'So was I, Lordes; but giue me leaue a while,
humbly as mars did to his paramour
when as his godhead wrongd hir with fulpect,
so to submitt to faire Angelica,
upon whose louly Rofeat cheekes, me femes,
the criftall of hir morne more clerly spredes,
then doth the dew vpon Adonis flower.
faire nimphe, about whose browes fittes floras pride,
Elifian bewty trappes about thy lookes,
pardon thy Lord, who, perft with Teolowfe,
darkned thy vertues with a great ecclipe.
pardon thy Lord, faire saynt,' etc."—Dyce.
Whose loue, stealing by steps into extremes,
Grew by supposition to a causecleffe¹ lun'cie.

Angelica. O no, my Lord, but pardon me.¹⁵⁵⁰
For had not Orlando lou'd Angelica,
Ne're had my Lord falne into these extremes,
Which we will parly priuate to ourselfes;
Ne're was the Queene of Cypresse halfe so glad²
As is Angelica to fee her Lord,
Her deare Orlando, settled in his sense.

Orlando. Thankes, my sweet loue.³
But why stands [thus] the Prince of Affrica,
And Mandrecard the King of Mexico,
So deepe in dumps, when all reioyce befsde?⁴

First know, my Lord, I slaughtred Sacrapant; ¹⁵⁶⁰

¹ I spell 'lun'cie' for 'lunacie' of the 4tos.
² Dyce annotates, "Here a line, which informed us why the queen of Cyprus (Venus) 'was glad,' has been omitted by mistake." Very doubtful.
³ M.S. Alleyn 'sweet Angelica.'
⁴ Dyce says, "A speech addressed to Orlando, which immediately followed these words, is wanting." Surely baseless? MS. Alleyn reads as follows:—

"when all reioyse befsides?"

[First know I am the Countie] Palatyne.
And that, my leig, durandal hath averd agaynst my kinsmen and the peires of fraunce.
next know, my Lord, I slaughtred Sacrapant.
I am the man that did the flawse to death,
who falsely wrongd Angelica and me;
for when I ftabd the traytor to the hart,
and he lay breathing in his lateft gafpe,
he frankly made confession at his death
That he,' etc."—Dyce.

I have filled in a line within [   ].
I am the man that did the flaue to death;
Who frankly there did make confession,
That he engrau'd the Roundelayes on the trees,
And hung the schedules\(^1\) of poore Medor's loue,
Intending by falspect to breed debate
Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica;
His hope had hap, but we had all the harme;
And now reuenge leaping from out the seate
Of him that can\(^2\) command sterne Nemesis,
Hath powrde those\(^3\) treasons iuftly on his head.
What faith my gracious Lord to this?

\(^1\) MS. Alleyn 'scedule.'
\(^2\) \textit{Ibid.} ' can '—accepted for ' may ' of 4tos.
\(^3\) \textit{Ibid.} ' heapd his.' "After this line the MS. goes on and ends as follows (bits within [ ] our fillings in):

' [In slaying him I did but] honor the[e].
[And now give] thankes, Angelica, for her.
but nowe, my Lordes of fraunce, frolick, my frendes,
and welcome to the courts of Africa.
courage, companyons, that haue past the feas
furrowing the playnes of neptune with your keles
to feke your frend the county Palatyne.
you thre, my Lordes, I welcome with my fword,
the reft, braue gentlemen, my hart and hand.
what welth within the clime of Africa,
what pleasure longft [= belongest] the costes of mexic.
Lordinges, commaund, I dare be bold so far
with Mandrycard and prince Marfilius.
the pretious shrubbes, the [balmy trees] of mirh,
the founts as riche as Eden did asford,
whatfo euer is faire and pleasing, Lordinges, vfe,
and welcome to the county Palatyne.
. . . . . . or none.
ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Marfillus. I stand amazde, deepe ouer-drencht with ioy,
To heare and see this vnexpected ende:
So well I rest content.—You Peeres of France,
Sith it be prou'd Angelica is cleare,
Her, and my Crowne, I freely will bestow
Upon Orlando, the Countie Palatine.

Orlando. Thankes, my good Lorde. And nowe
my friendes of France,
Frollicke, be merry; we will haften home,
So soone as king Marfillus will consent
To let his daughter wend with vs to France.
Meanwhile weele richly rigge vp all our Fleete,
More braue than was that gallant Grecian keele
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of golde:
Our Sailes of Sendall spred into the winde;

Thankes, Affrike vicroye, for the Lordes of fraunce.
and, fellow mates, be merry, we will home
as done as pleasteth King Marfillus
to let his daughter passe with vs to fraunce.
meane while wele richly rigg vp all our fleet
more braue then wer the [def. in MS.] keles.'"—Dyce.

Supply [gallant Grecian] as in text.
'Dyce prints 'Ye' modernly.
= splendid.
" 'A kinde of Cipres stuffe or filke' (Minsheu's Guide into Tongues, 1617).
'CENDALUM, Cendatum, etc. Tela subserica, vel
pannus fericus, Gallis et Hifpanis, Cendal: quibusdam quasi Setal,
interposito, n. ex fela, seu fericico; aliis ex Graeco ouvbo, amiicis ex
lino Ægyptiaco: aliis denique ex Arabico Cendali, folium delicatum,
subtile: vel lamina subtilior.' (Du Cange, Gloss.)'—Dyce.
" 'Here, as in numerous passages of our early writers, 'into' is equi-
valent to 'unto.'"—Dyce.
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest filke,
Fetcht from the natue loomes of labouring wormes,
The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth
That is transported by the Westerne bounds;
Our stems cut out of gleaming Iuorie;
Our planks and sides framde out of Cypresse wood,
That beares the name of Cyparissus change,
To burft the billowes of the Ocean Sea,
Where / Phœbus dips his amber-tressles oft,
And kissses Thetis in the dayes decline;
That Neptune proude fhall call his Trytons forth
To couer all the Ocean with a calme;
So rich fhall be the rubbish of our Barkes,
Tane here for ballas to the Ports of France,
That Charles himselfe fhall wonder at the sight.
Thus, Lordings, when our banquettings be done,
And Orlando espowf'd to [faire] Angel'ca,¹
Weele furrowe through the mouing Ocean,
And cheerely frollicke with great Charlemaine.

¹ Dyce accentuates—'éd.' I read as in text, for Angelica is several times so scanned, and here smoothens the line.

FINIS.
III.

THE
SCOTTISH HISTORIE OF
JAMES THE FOURTH.

1598.
NOTE.

For the (unique) exemplar of 'James the Fourth' I am indebted to the Huth Library, where it forms one of the plays in the Charles II. red-morocco-bound collection formerly in the Charlemont Library (39 leaves, A to K 3).

Dyce must have spent infinite pains in the preparation of his text. The original is tryingly corrupt. As a rule I have accepted his reduction of the chaotically printed portions into blank verse. It would have been "idle pains" to have recorded all such. For the source—unknown to Dyce, Dr. David Laing, and everybody—see Storojenko's annotated Biography in Vol. I. The original title-page is given opposite. G.
THE
SCOTTISH
Historie of James the
fourth, slaine at Flodden.

Entermixed with a pleafant Comedie, presented
by Oboram King of Fayeries:

As it hath bene sundrie times publikely
plaide.

Written by Robert Greene, Maifter of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598 [4°].
[Dramatis Personæ.]

King of England.
Lord Percy.
Samles.
King of Scots.
Lord Douglas.
Lord Morton.
Lord Ross.
Bishop of St Andrews.
Lord Eustace.
Sir Bartram.
Sir Cuthbert Anderson.
Ateukin.
Iaques.
A Lawyer.
A Merchant.
A Divine.
Slipper, {s sons to Bohan.
Nano, a dwarf,}
Andrew.
Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Huntsmen, Soldiers,
Reuellers, &c.

1 Accepted from Dyce.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOROTHEA, Queen of Scots.
COUNTESS OF ARRAN.
IDA, her daughter.
LADY ANDERSON.
Ladies, &c.

OBERON, King of Fairies.
BOHAN.
Antics, Fairies, &c.]
THE SCOTTISH HYSTORIE
of James the fourth, slain at Flodden.

Muficke playing within.

Enter After Oberō, King of Fayries; an[d] Antique[s], who dance about a Tombe, plac'ft conveniently on the Stage, out of the which, suddainly starts vp as they daunce, Bohan a Scot, attyred like a ridstall man, from whom the Antique[s] flye. Oberon Manet.

Bohan.

Y fay, whats thou?

Oberon. Thy friend Bohan.

Bohan. What wot I, or reck I that, whay, guid man, I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe, als ene to me. Git the[e] ganging, and trouble not may

1 "A mis-spelling, if not a corruption."—Dyce. = Ridsdal = Ridsdale. See Glossarial-Index, s.v. I have changed 'flyes' to 'flye.'

2 = Antics. See l. 24.
whayet,\(^1\) or ays gar\(^2\) the[e] recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary ma\(\text{s}\), fall I.

**Ober.** Why, angrie Scot, I vifit thee for loue: then what mooues thee to wroath?\(^3\)

**Bohan.** The deele awhit reck I thy loue. For I knowe too well, that true loue tooke her flight twentie winter fence to heauen, whither till ay can, weele I wot, ay fal nere finde loue: an thou lou'ft me, leaue me to my selfe. But what were those Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whayle?\(^4\)

**Oberon.** My subiec\(\text{t}e\)s.

**Boh.** Thay subiec\(\text{t}e\)s, whay, art thou a King?

**Ober.** I am.

**Bohan.** The deele thou art, whay, thou look'ft not so big as the king of Clubs, nor so sharpe as \(30\) the king of Spades, nor so faine as the king Adaymonds, be the maffe ay take thee to bee the king of fal\(\text{f}e\) harts: therfore I rid\(^5\) thee, away or

---

\(^1\) The Scotch is as bad as present-day Scotch in *Punch.* = ‘my quiet.’

\(^2\) ‘i.e., ‘I’ll make.’ Bohan, the reader will observe, sometimes says ‘Ay’ and sometimes ‘I’: nor in several other words does he always adhere to the Scottish dialect.”—Dyce.

\(^3\) ‘Walker (*Shakespeare’s Versification*, etc., p. 167) would make this speech verse:—

‘ Why, angry Scot, I visit thee for love;

Then what movest thee to wrath?’”—Dyce.

\(^4\) = erewhile.

\(^5\) = rede, *i.e.* advise.
aye so curry your Kingdome, that yous be glad to runne to saue your life.

_Ober._ Why, ftoycall Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me, heare is my bref't, strike.¹

_Boh._ Thou wilt not threap me:² this whiniard has gard many better mē to lope thē thou: [Tries to draw his sword.] But how now? Gos 40 sayds, what, wilt not out? Whay, thou wich, thou deele, gads fute, may whiniard.

_Ober._ Why, pull man: but what an twear out, how then?

_Boh._ This, then, thou weart best begon first: for ayl so lop thy lyms, that thouse go with half a knaues carkaffe to the deele. [not?]

_Ober._ Draw it out: now strike foole, canst thou

_Boh._ Bread ay gad,³ what deele is in me? whay, 50 tell mee thou škipiack, what art thou?

_Ober._ Nay first tell me what thou waft from thy birth, what thou haft past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a Tombe, & leauest the world? and then I will releafe thee of these bonds; before, not.

_Boh._ And not before? then needs muft needs fal: I was borne a gentleman of the beft bloud

¹ "Here again, Walker (ubi supra) would arrange as verse:—

'Why, ftoical Scot, do what thou dar'ft to me:
Here is my bref't, strike.'"—Dyce.

² "i.e., 'obstinately contradict me, that this sword has made many better men to leap,' etc."—Dyce. Scarcey accurate. See Glossarial-Index, s.v. 'threap.'

³ = Bread of God.
in all Scotland, except the king. When time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier: where, though ay lift not praise my selfe, ay engraued the memory of 60 Boughon\(^1\) on the skin-coate of some of them, and reueld with the proudest.

Ober. But why, liuing in such reputation, didst thou leaue to be a Courtier?

Boh. Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promises, & my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares service, one outran me; and what the deele should I then do there? No no: flattering knaues that can cog and prate fasteft, speede best 70 in the Court.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee?

Boh. I then chang'd the Court for the countrie, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swaines more vile then the knauery of courtiers: the charge of children more heauie then seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe: and therefore I gaue ore that, & went to the Citie to dwell, & there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the nere.\(^2\) 80

Ober. And why?

Boh. Because, in seeking friends, I found table

\(^{1}\) sic—and retained because it is possible it was meant to represent the Scottish pronunciation, \textit{i.e.}, of Buchan?

\(^{2}\) See Glossarial-Index, \textit{s.v.}
guests to eate me, & my meat, my wiues goslings to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life, which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the citie worst of all, in good time my wife died: ay wood she had died twentie winter sooner, by the maffe: leaving my two sones to the world, and shutting myself into this Tombe, where if I dye, I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilst I liue, cannot be free fro ill companie. Besides, now I am sure gif all my friends faile me, I fall haue a graue of mine owne prouiding: this is all. Now what art thou?

Ober. Oberon, King of Fayries, that loues thee because thou hatest the world, and to gratulate thee, I brought those Antiques to shew thee some sport in dauning, which thou haste loued well.

Boha. Ha, ha, ha, thinkest thou those puppets can please me? whay, I haue two sones, that with one scottish gigge shall breake the necke of thy Antiques.

Ober. That would I faine see.


1 "Some words are wanting here."—Dyce. Doubtful.

2 "As innumerable passages in early books prove, this was frequently the spelling of 'Ho': so in the folio Shakespeare, 1623:—

'Ware pensals. How? ['Ware pencils, ho!']

Loves Labour's Lost, Act. v., sc. 2.

'How? Let the doore be lock'd.'

Hamlet, Last scene."—Dyce.

G. XIII.
Enter Slipper and Nano [talking merrily].

Haud your clacks\(^1\) lads, trattle\(^2\) not for thy life, but gather vppe your legges, and daunce me forthwith a gigge worth the fight.

*Slip.* Why, I must talk, on\(^3\) I dy fort: wherefore was my tongue made?

*Boha.* Prattle an thou darft, ene word more, and ais dab this whiniard in thy wembe.

*Ober.* Be quiet *Bohan.* Ile strike him dumbe, and his brother too: their talk shal not hinder our gyg: fall to it, dance I say, mâ.

*Boh.* Dance Humer,\(^4\) dance, ay rid\(^5\) thee.

*The two dance a gig deuisèd for the nonst.*\(^6\)

Now get you to the wide world with more the my father gaue me: thats learning enough, both kindes, knauerie & honestie: and that I gaue you, spend at pleasure.

*Ober.* Nay, for their sport I will giue them this gift: to the Dwarf I giue a quicke witte, prettie[nes] of body, and awarrant\(^7\) his preferment to a Princes seruice, where by his wisdome he shall gaine more lôue then comon. And to loggerhead\(^8\) your sonne I giue a wandering life,

---

\(^1\) = voluble chatter.  \(^2\) = trifling talk: see Glossarial-Index, s.v.

\(^3\) Dyce changes to 'an,' which is not Scotch.

\(^4\) Dyce, in his first edition, printed 'Heimore' from a modern text: neither is intelligible. Query 'Cummer' or 'Kimmer' = companion, meant?  \(^5\) = rede, as before.

\(^6\) = nonce.  \(^7\) = I warrant.  \(^8\) = squabbler.
and promise he shall neuer lacke, and auow that if in all distresses he call vpon me, to helpe him: now let them go. Exeunt with curtesies.

Boh. Now King, if thou bee a King, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the yeare 1520. was in Scotland, a king, ouer-ruled with parasites, misled by lust, & many circumstances, too long to trattle on now, much like our court of Scotland this day. That story haue I set down: gang with me to the gallery, & Ie shew thee the fame in Action, by guid fellowes of our country men: and then when thou feest that, iudge if any wise man would not leave the world if he could.

Ober. That will I see: lead, and ile follow thee. Exeunt.

Laus Deo detur in Eternum.

Enter the King of England, the King of Scots, Dorithe his Queen, the Countesse, Lady Ida, with other Lords. And Ateukin with them aloofe.

Aētus primus. Scena prima.

K. of Scots. Brother of England, since our neigh-boring land And neare alliance doth inuite our loues, The more I think vpon our last accord,
The more I greeue your suddaine parting hence:
First, lawes of friendship did confirme our peace
Now both the seale of faith and marriage bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend.
These force in me affection full confirm'd,
So that I greeue, and this my heartie griefe
The heauens record, the world may witnesse well
To loose your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowed friend.

K. of Eng. Link all these louely stiles, good
king, in one,
And since thy griefe exceeds in my depart,
I leaue my Dorithea to injoy
Thy whole compact[ed] loues and plighted vowes.
Brother of Scotland, this is my ioy, my life,
Her fathers honour, and her Countries hope,
Her mothers comfort, and her husbands blisse :
I tell thee king, in louing of my Doll,
Thou bind'st her fathers heart, and all his friends,
In bands of loue that death cannot dissolue.

K. of Scots. Nor can her father loue her like to
My liues light, and the comfort of my foule: [me,
Faire Dorithea, that was Elengs pride,
Welcome to Scotland, and in signe of loue,
Lo, I inuest thee with the Scottifh Crowne./
Nobles and Ladies, ftoupe vnto your Queene.
And Trumpets found, that Heralds may proclaime,
Faire Dorithea peerlesse Queene of Scots.
All. Long live and prosper our faire Q. of Scots. 180
Enstall and Crowne her.

Dor. Thanks to the king of kings for [this] my dignity,—
Thanks to my father, that provideth so carefully,—
Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honour,—
And thanks to all that love their King and me.

All. Long live faire Dorithea, our true Queene.

K. of E. Long shine the sun of Scotland in her pride,
Her fathers comfort, and faire Scotland's bride.
But, Dorithea, since I must depart,
And leave thee from thy tender mothers charge,
Let me advise my louely daughter first,
What best befits her in a forraigne land.
Liuie Doll, for many eyes shall looke on thee;
Have care of honor and the present state;
For she that steps to height of Maieftie,
Is eu en the marke whereat the enemy aimes.
Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,
Thine affable discourse to abject minde:
If coy, detraeting tongues will call thee proud.
Be therefore warie in this slippery state:
Honour thy husband, love him as thy life:
Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,
Who foodth no vice, who flatter not for gaine:
But love such friends as do the truth maintaine.

1 Dyce changes to 'With' needlessly.
Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone,
And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

Dor. I will engraue these precept[es] in my heart,
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps,
May bless my father with continuall grace.

K. of E. Then son farwell:
The favoring windes inuites vs to depart./
Long circumstance¹ in taking princely leaues
Is more officious then conuenient.
Brother of Scotland, loue me in my childe:
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. of Sc. Then louely Doll, and all that favor me,
Attend to see our English friends at sea:
Let all their charge depend upon my purse:
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord,
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.
Onely faire Countesse, and your daughter, stay,
With you I haue some other thing to say.

[Exeunt all, in all royaltie, saue the King, the
Countesse, Ida, Ateukin.

K. of S. [Aside]. So let them tryumph that haue
cause to ioy,
But wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death;
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill;
For thy false heart disfenting from thy hand,
Misled by loue, haft² made another choyce,

¹ = ceremonious offices.       ² Dyce corrects into 'hath.'
Another choyce, euен when thou vowdst thy soule
To Dorithæa, Englands choyseft pride;
O then thy wandring eyes bewitcht thy heart:
Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,
When periur'd man, though faire Doll had thy hand,
The Scottish Idaes beauty stale¹ thy heart:
Yet feare, and loue hath tyde thy readie tongue
From blabbing forth the passions of thy minde,
'Les² fearefull silence haue in suttle lookes
Bewrayd the treason of my new vowd loue,
Be faire and louely Doll, but here's the prize,
That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes:
Yet, how so ere I loue, I muft be wife—
Now louely Countesse, what reward or grace
May I imploy on you for this your zeale,
And humble honors, done vs in our Court,
In entertainment of the English King? / [done ;

Countesse. It was of dutie Prince, that I haue
And what in fauour may content me most,
Is, that it please your grace to giue me leaue
For to retorn vnto my Countrey home.

K. of Scots. But, louely Ida, is your mind the
fame?

Ida. I count of Court, my Lord, as wise men do;
Tis fit for those that knowes, what longs thereto:
Each person to his place ; the wife to Art,
The Cobler to his clout, the Swaine to Cart.

¹ = stole. ² The original 'left': Dyce's correction accepted.
K. of Sc. But Ida, you are faire, and beautie shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

Ida. If beutie (as I know there's none in me)
Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be;
The farther from the Court I were removed,
The more, I thinke of heauen I were beloued.

K. of Scots. And why?

Ida. Because the Court is counted Venus net,
Where gifts and vowes for stales are often set:
None, be she chaste as Vejla, but shall meete
A curious toong to charmge her eares with sweet.

K. of Scots. Why Ida, then I see you set at naught
The force of loue.

Ida. In sooth, this is my thoght
Most gracious king, that they that little proue,
Are mickle blest, from bitter sweetes of loue.
And weele I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,
That like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting:
He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,
He on Kings pillowes, bends his prettie knees;
The boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,
He hath a leaded foote, and wings to flie:
Besfrow me yet, for all these strange effects,
If I would like the Lad, that so infects.

K. of Scots. [a.""] Rare wit, fair face, what hart could more desiere?
But Dow is faire, and doth concerne thee neere. / Let Dow be faire, she is wonne; but I must woe And win faire Ida; theres some choyce in two.— But Ida, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread King?

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing As loue: had I my wish—

Ida. What then?

K. of Scots. Then would I place his arrows here, His bewtie in that face.

Ida. And were Apollo moued and rulde by me, His wisdome should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returns our traine.

Enter the traine backe.

Welcome, faire Dow:

How fares our father? is he shipt and gone?

Dor. My royall father is both shipt and gone: God and faire winds direct him to his home.

K. of Sc. Amen, say I.——[Aside.] Wold thou wert with him too:

Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.

But Countesse, you would be gone, thence, farwell. Yet Ida, if thou wilt, stay thou behind, To accompany my Queene.

But if thou [not] like the pleasures of the Court;— [Aside.] Or if she likte me, tho she left the Court,— What should I say? I know not what to say.—
You may depart: and you, my curteous Queene, 
Leaue me a space; I haue a weightie cause 
To thinke vpon:—Ida, it nips me neere; 
It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

Exeunt all sauing the King and Ateukin.

K. of Scot. Now am I free from fight of commo 
Where to my felfe I may discole the griefe [eie, 
That hath too great a part in mine affects.

Ateu. [afide.] And now is my time, by wiles & 
words to rife, 
Greater then those that thinks themselues more wife. 

K. of Scots. And firft, fond King, thy honor 
dothe engraue, / 
Vpon thy browes, the drift of thy disgrace:
Thy new-vowd loue, in fight of God and men, 
Linke¹ thee to Dorithea during life; 
For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife? 
Deceitful murtherer of a quiet minde, 
Fond loue, vile luft, that thus misleads vs men, 
To vowe our faithes, and fall to fin againe. 
But Kings fhoupe not to euer common thought. 
Ida is faire and wife, fit for a King: 
And for faire Ida will I hazard life, 
Venture my Kingdome, Country, and my Crowne: 
Such fire hath loue to burne a kingdom downe. 
Say Doll dislikes, that I eſtrange my loue:

¹ Dyce alters to 'Links,' but see Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Am I obedient to a woman's look? 
Nay, say her father frown when he shall hear 
That I do hold faire Idaes' love so dear.
Let father frown and fret, and fret and die, 
Nor earth, nor heaven shall part my love and I.
Yea, they shall part vs, but we first must meet, 
And wo, and win, and yet the world not see.
Yea, there's the wound, & wounded with that thought, 
So let me die: for all my drift is naught.

Ateu. [coming forward]. Most gracious and imperial Maistrie,—
A little flattery more were but too much.—

K. of Scots. Villaine what art thou 
That thus darest interrupt a Prince's secrets? 

Ateu. Dread King, thy vassal is a man of Art, 
Who knowes, by constellations of the stars, 
By oppositions and by dire aspects, 
The things are past and those that are to come. 

K. of S. But where's thy warrant to approach 
my presence? 

Ateu. My zeal, and ruth to see your graces 

Makes me lament, I did detract so long. 

K. of S. If thou know'st thoughts, tell me what 
mean I now?

1 = see't.
2 Dyce gives this to 'Ateu.' as an 'aside,' and begins 'K. of Scots' with 'Villaine,' etc. Accepted. 3 Original misprints 'drie.'
Ateu. Ile calculate the cause

Of those your highnesse smiles, and tell your thoughts. [Takes paper or book and pen from his girdle]

K. of S. But leaft thou spend thy time in idle-
And misse the matter that my mind aimes at,
Tell me, what star was opposite—when that was thought?

He strikes him on the eare.

Ateu. Tis inconuenient, mighty Potentate,
Whose lookes resemble loue in Maiestie,
To scorne the sooth of science with contempt.
I see in those imperiall lookes of yours,
The whole discourse of loue: Saturn combuft,
With direfull lookes, at your natuitie,
Beheld faire Venus in her siluer orbe:
I know, by certaine axiomes \(^1\) I haue read,
Your graces griefs, & further can expresse
Her name, that holds you thus in fancies bands.

K. of S. Thou talkeft wonders.

Ateu. Naught but truth O King,
Tis Ida is the mistrefse of your heart,
Whose youth muft take impression of affects:
For tender twigs will bowe, and milder mindes
Will yeeld to fancie, be they followed well.

K. of S. What god art thou, compofde in humane shape?

\(^1\) Original misprints 'exiomies.'
Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
How knowst thou this?

_Ateu._ Euen as I know the meanes
To worke your graces freedome and your loue:
Had I the mind, as many Courtiers haue,
To creepe into your bofome for your coyne,
And beg rewards for euery cap and knee,
I then would say, If that your grace would giue
This leafe, this manor, or this pattent seald
For this or that I would effect your loue:
But _Ateukin_ is no Parasite, O Prince.
I know your grace knowes schollers are but poore,—
And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
Your mightinesse is so magnificent,
You cannot chuse but cast some gift apart,
To eafe my bashfull need that cannot beg.
As for your loue, oh might I be imployd,
How faithfully would _Ateukin_ compasse it:
But Princes rather truft a smoothing tongue,
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

_K. of Scots._ _Ateu[kin]_, If so thy name, for so thou faift,
'Thine Art appeares in entrance of my loue;
And since I deeme thy wisedom matcht with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone
Shalt be the Agent to dissolue my grieue.
Sooth is, I loue, and _Ida_ is my loue;
But my new marriage nips me neare, *Ateukin*:
For *Dorithea* may not brooke th’abufe.

*Ateu*. These lets are but as *moates*¹ against the fun,
Yet not so great; like² dust before the winde,
Yet not so light. Tut, pacifie your grace:
You haue the sword and scepter in your hand;
You are a King, the state depends on you;
Your will is law. Say that the case were mine,
Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,
She should consent, for that our liues, our goods,
Depend on you; and if your Queene repine,
Although my nature cannot brooke of blood,
And Schollers grieue to heare of murtherous deeds,—
But if the Lambe should let the Lyon’s way,
By my aduise the Lamb should lose her life.
Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,
Who am too base to kisse your royall feete;
For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent,
Nor countenance here in Court; but, for my loue,
Your Grace shal find none such within the realme.

*K. of S.* Wilt thou effect my loue? shall she be mine?

*Ateu*. Ile gather Moly, crocus,³ and the earbes
That heales the wounds of body and the minde;

¹ Original misprints ‘moathes.’
² Qy. [The] dust . . . [Is] not?
³ In the original ‘Moly-rocus’; corrected by Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*, March 1833, p. 217.
Ile set out charmes and spels, nought shalbe left/
To tame the wanton if she shall rebell:
Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

K. of S. Thou shalt haue gold, honor, and
wealth inough;
Winne [thou] my Loue,¹ and I will make thee great.

Ateu. These words do make me rich, most noble
Prince;
I am more proude of them then any wealth.
Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
Beleeue me, I would boldly publish this:—
Was never eye that sawe a sweeter face,
Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit:
O God, how I am rauisht in your woorth!

K. of S. Ateu[kin], Follow me, loue must haue
ease.

Ateu. Ile kissle your highnesse feet, march when
you please.  Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their
billes, readie written, in their hands.

Andrew. Stand back sir, mine shal stand highest.  440
Slip. Come vnder mine arme sir, or get a foot-

¹ Original a superfluous 'else' here.
² Dyce queries 'Win thou my loue,' etc., or 'Win but my loue,' etc.? Former accepted in text, though not by Dyce himself.
floule; or else by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

Nano. Agree, my maisters; every man to his height: though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

Andr. Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes; as good lucke comes on the right hand, as the left: here's for me.

Slip. And me.

Nano. And mine. [They set up their bills.]

Andr. But tell me, fellowes, till better occasion come, do you seeke maisters?

Ambo. We doo.

Andr. But what can you do worthie preferment?

Nano. Marry I can smell a knaue from a Rat.

Slip. And I can licke a dish before a Cat.

Andr. And I can finde two fooles vnfought: how like you that?

But, in earneft, now tell me of what trades are you two?

Slip. How meane you that fir, of what trade?

Marry, Ile tell you, I haue many trades: /
The honest trade when I needs must;
The filching trade when time serves;
The Cousening trade as I finde occasion.
And I haue more qualities: I cannot abide a ful cup vnkist,
A fat Capon vnca ru'd,
A full purfe vnpickt,
Nor a foole to prooue a luftice as you do.

Andr. Why fot, why calft thou me foole ?
Nano. For examining wifer then thy felfe.
Andr. So doth many more then I in Scotland.
Nano. Yea, thofe are fuch as haue more autho-
ritie then wit, and more wealth then honestie.

Slip. This is my little brother with the great
wit; ware him. But what canft thou do, tel me,
that art fo inquifitiue of vs ?

Andr. Any thing that concernes a gentleman to
do, that can I do.

Slip. So you are of the gentle trade ?
Andr. True.

Slip. Then gentle fir, leaue vs to our felues, for
heare comes one as if he would lack a fervant ere
he went. Andrew stands aside.

Enter Ateukin.

Why fo, Ateukin? this becomes thee beft,
Wealth, honour, eafe, and angelles in thy cheft :
Now may I fay, as many often fing,
No fishing to the sea, nor fervice to a king.
Vnto this high promotion 1 doth belong
Meanes to be talkt of in the thickeft throng.

1 Original 'promotions,'
And first, to fit the humors of my Lord,  
Sweete layes and lynes of loue I muft record;  
And such sweete lynes and loue-lays Ie endite,  
As men may wish for, and my leech\(^1\) delight:  
And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,  
That men may fay, the world doth run on  
For men of art, that rife by indirection \(\text{[wheele}s\); 500  
To honour and the fauour of their King,  
Muft vfe all meanes to faue what they haue got,  
And win their fauours whom they\(^2\) neuer knew.  
If any frowne to fee my fortunes fuch, /  
A man muft beare a little, not too much:  
But, in good time, these billes partend, I thinke,  
That fome good fellowes do for fervice feeke.  

[Reads.  
Read. If any gentleman, spirituall or temperall,  
will entertaine out of his fervice, a young stripling  
of the age of 30 yeares, that can sleep with the  
boundeft, eate with the hungriefe, work with the  
faickefte,\(^3\) bye with the lowdeft, face with the proudeft,  
*\&c.*, that can wait in a Gentlemans chamber, when  
his maiſter is a myle of, keepe his stable when tis  
emptie, and his purse when tis full, and hath many  
qualities worfe then all these, let him write his  
name and goe his way, and attendance shall be giuen.  

Ateu. By my faith, a good fervuant: which is he?  

\(^1\) = liege, \text{not} = leach, a physician.  
\(^2\) Original 'he.'  
\(^3\) 'A friend conjectures 'fickerefte.' Qy. 'stouteft'?"—Dyce. \text{Sic}!!
Slip. Trulie sir, that am I!

Ateu. And why doest thou write such a bill? Are all these qualities in thee?

Slip. O Lord I sir, and a great many more; some better, some worse, some richer, some porer. Why sir, do you looke so? do they not please you?

Ateu. Trulie, no, for they are naught, and so art thou: If thou haft no better qualities, stand by.

Slip. O sir, I tell the worst first; but, and you lack a man, I am for you: Ile tell you the best qualities I haue.

Ateu. Be breve then.

Slip. If you need me in your chamber, I can keepe the doore at a whistle; in your kitchin, turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the fire burne; but if in the stable,—

Ateu. Yea there would I use thee.

Slip. Why there you kill me, there am I,¹ and turne me to a horse & a wench, and I haue no peere.

Ateu. Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

Slip. Why so sir: a horse hath two properties of a man, that is, a proude heart and a hardie

¹ "A corrupted passage. The Rev. J. Mitford (Gent. Mag. for March 1833, p. 217) suggests 'am I a per fe, turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.'"—Dyce. No corruption. Cf. l. 529: the 'and'

l. 537 = an, as in l. 528.
Ateu. A woman: why, what properties of a woman hath a Horse?


Second, a soft pace.
Third, a broad forehead.
Fourth, broad buttockes.
Fift, hard of warde.
Sixt, easie to leape vpon.
Seuenth, good at long iourney.
Eight, mouing vnder a man.
Ninth, alway busie with the mouth.
Tenth, Euer chewing on the bridle.

Ateu. Thou art a man for me: whats thy name?

Slip. An auncient name sir, belonging to the Chamber and the night-gowne. Gessie you that.

Ateu. Whats that? Slipper?

Slip. By my faith, well geft; and so tis indeed. Youle be my master?

Ateu. I meane so.

¹ = take out your note-book. ² = in what way.
Slip. Reade this first.

Ateu. [reads] Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine a servant of more wit than stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.

What of this?

Slip. He is my brother sir; and we two were born togither, must ferue togither, and will die togither, though we be both hangd.

Ateu. Whats thy name?


Ateu. The etimologie of which word, is a dwarfe: Art not thou the old ftoykes\( ^1 \) fon that dwels in his Tombe?

Ambo. We are.

Ateu. Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou giue thy selfe wholly to be at my disposition?

Nano. In all humilitie I submit my selfe.

Ateu. Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee courtly, and present thee to the Queene as my gift: art thou content?

Nano. Yes, and thanke your honor too.

Slip. Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

Andr. [coming forward.] May it please your honor to abase your eye so lowe as to looke either on my bill or my selfe?

Ateu. What are you?

An. By birth a gentleman; in profession a

\( ^1 \) = Stoic's.
fcholler; and one that knew your honor in Edenborough, before your worthinesse cald you to this reputation: By me, Andrew Snoord.\(^1\)

Ateu. Andrew, I remember thee: follow me, and we will confer further, for my weightie affaires for the king commands me to be briefe at this time. Come on Nano, Slipper, follow.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]

Enter Sir Bartram with Eustas, and others, booted.

S. Bar. But tell me louely Eustas, as thou lou’ft Among the many pleafures we haue paft, Which is the rifeft in thy memorie, To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend? Eu. What makes Sir Bartram thus inquisitiue? Tell me good knight, am I welcome or no? Sir Bar. By fweet S[aint] Andrew and may fale\(^2\) I fweare, As welcom is my honest Dick to me, As mornings sun, or as the watry moone In merkift\(^3\) night, when we the borders track. I tell thee Dick, thy right hath cleerd my thoughts,

\(^1\) Either the bill itself has been omitted by accident, or he presents it, merely repeating its last words, and pointing to his signature.

\(^2\) = my soul: but it isn’t Scotch at all—‘fual,’ not ‘fale,’ is the right word. Or is it = my sell (self)?

\(^3\) = murkiest, darkest. So in Hogg’s famous song, ‘tween the gloamin’ an’ the mirk when the kye comes hame.’
Of many baneful troubles that there woond:
[Aye] welcome to Sir Bartram as his life:
Tell me [my] bonny Dicke, haft got a wife?

Eust. A wife: God shield Sir Bartram, that
were ill,
To leave my wife and wander thus aforay:
But time and good advice, ere many yeares,
May chance to make my sannie bend that way.
What newes in Scotland? therefore came I hither,
To see your Country and to chat togethur.

Sir Bar. Why man, our Countries blyth, our
king is well,
Our Queene so, so, the Nobles well, and worfe,
And weele are they that are about the king,
But better are the Country Gentlemen:
And I may tell thee, Eustace, in our liues
We old men neuer saw so wondrous change:
But leave this trattle, and tell me what newes
In louely England with our honest friends?

Eust. The king, the Court, and all our noble
frends
Are well: and God in mercy keepe them so.
The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts,
That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,
Commends them to my honest friend Sir Bartram,

1 Dyce queries 'As welcome to Sir Bartram as his life!
But tell me,' &c.?
I prefer to read as in text, 'aye.'
2 Original misprints 'were.'
And many others that I have not seene:
Among the rest, the Countesse Elinor,
From Carlile; where we merry oft haue bene,
Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me
By message this faire ladies face to see.

[Shows a portrait.]

Sir Bar. I tell thee Euftace, 'lefs¹ mine old
eyes daze,
This is our Scottifh moone and evenings pride:
This is the blemish of your English Bride:
Who failes by her, are sure of winde at will.
Her face is dangerous, her fight is ill:
And yet in sooth, sweet Dicke, it may be said,
The king hath folly, their's vertue in the mayd.

Euft. But knows my friend this portrait? be
aduifd.

Sir Bar. Is it not Ida,² the Countesse of Arain's
dughters? /

Euft. So was I told by Elinor of Carlile:
But tell me louely Bartram, is the maid
Euil-inclind, misled, or Concubine
Vnto the King, or any other Lord?

[Sir] Ba. Shuld I be brief & true, thē thus my 660

Dicke:
All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Lassie,
Nor Europ can surpafs her³ for her gifts,
Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest:

¹ Original misprints 'left,' as before. ² = portrait of. ³ Ibid. 'art.'
But our fōd king, not knowing sin in luft,
Makes loue by endless e meanes and precious gifts;
And men that see it dare not sayt, my friend,
But wee may wish that it were otherwise:
But I rid ¹ thee to view the picture still,
For by the persons sights,² there hangs som ill.

[Euft.]³ Oh good sir Bartram, you suspect I loue 670
—Then were I mad—her⁴ whom I never sawe,
But how so ere, I feare not entisings;
Desire will giue no place vnto a king:
Ile see her whom the world admires so much,
That I may say with them, There liues none such.

[Sir] Bar. Be Gad, and fa⁵ both see and talke
with her;
And when th'haft done, what ere her beautie be,
Ile warrant thee her vertues may compare
With the proudest she that waits vpon your Queen.

[Enter Servant.] 680

[Serv.]⁶ My Ladie intreats your Worship in to
fupper.

[Sir] Ba. Guid bony Dick, my wife will tel

¹ = rede, as before.
² = eyes: Dyce corrects into 'right.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
³ Original mis-assigns these six lines to Sir Bartram.
⁴ Ibid. misprints 'hee.'
⁵ = you shall.
⁶ Original gives this to Eustace, and does not mark the entrance of the Servant.
Was neuer no man in her booke before;
Be Gad, shees blyth, faire, louely, bony, &c.²

Exeunt.

Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act:

to them a round of Fairies, or some prittie dance.

Boh. Be Gad, gramerfs, little king, for this,
This spirt is better in my exile life,
Then euer the deceitful world could yeeld.

Ober. I tell thee Bohan, Oberon is king,

Of quiet, pleafure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world,
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to one.³

Liue thou this life,⁴ exilde from world and men,
And I will fhew thee wonters ere we part.

Boh. Then marke my ftory,⁵ and the strange doubts,⁶

That follow flatterers, luft, and lawleffe will,

¹ Original misprints ‘lewely.’ Dyce annotates: ‘i.e., I suppose, ‘lovely.’ The Rev. J. Mitford (Gent. Mag. for March 1833, p. 218), speaking of the present passage, says, ‘This word (lewely) we find in the old romance of Havelok, ed. Madden, v. 2921:—

‘So the rofe in rofer,
Hwan it is fayr fprad vt newe
Ageyn the funne, brith, and lewe.’"

But was Mr. Mitford aware that in the lines just quoted ‘lew’ means ‘warm’?"

² Dyce queries, ‘Was the player here to speak extempore whatever he chose?’ Rather = goes out talking.

³ Dyce alters to ‘me,’ but hardly admissible.

⁴ Original misprints ‘in this life.’

⁵ ibid. ‘flay.’

⁶ See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
And then say I have reason to forsake
The world, and all that are within the same.
Gow shrowd vs in our harbor, where weele see
The pride\(^1\) of folly, as it ought to be.  

*Exeunt.*

After the first act.

Ober. Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg,\(^2\)
And meanes to paint the worldes inconstant waies:
But turne thine ene, see what\(^3\) I can commaund.

*Enter two battailes, strongly fighting, the one Semiramis,\(^4\) the other Stabrobates; she flies, and her Crowne is taken, and she hurt.*

Boh. What gars this din of mirk and balefull harme,

\(^1\) Dyce annotates, "Qy. 'prize' (i.e. reward)? The whole of what follows, till the beginning of the next act, is a mass of confusion and corruption." Not so. See annotated Biography in Vol. I., and on next note,

\(^2\) 'After the first act . . . thy gyg'—Oberon speaks of 'thy gyg,' but Bohan has only given one, viz., at close of the Induction; nor can Bohan be the real speaker of this speech: for first, he has spoken just before, 'Be gad,' etc.; and secondly, because of the line 'But turn,' etc., which cannot possibly belong to any but Oberon. Hence it seems clear this is displaced and should come after the 'jig' in the Induction, probably after Slipper and Nano have gone out, albeit I cannot explain Bohan's 'marke my words and prosecute my gyg,' nor the '2,' nor Oberon's words after '2.' Very possibly in the representation this bit as to Semiramis, etc., was cut and the dialogue of the part left slightly altered to allow of this cutting. That some error has been made is shown by the words 'After the first act,' for they are not immediately after the first act, and we have, not half a page before this, "Enter Bohan and the fairy king after the first act."

\(^3\) Original misprints 'which for.'

\(^4\) *Ibid.* 'Simi Ranus' and onward 'Simeranus.' So on a little, 'Staurobates' and 'S. Taurobates.'
Where every weane\(^1\) is all betaint with bloud?  

\textit{Ober.} This shewes thee \textit{Bohan}, what is worldly Semiramis, the proud \textit{Affirrian Queene}, \textit{pompe.} When Ninus died, did levy\(^2\) in her warres Three millions of footemen to the fight, Five hundred thousand horse, of armed chars A hundred thousand more, yet in her pride Was hurt and conquered by \textit{S. Taurobates.}

Then what is \textit{pompe}?  

\textit{Bohan.} I see thou art thine ene,\(^3\) Thou bonny King, if Princes fall from high: My fall is past, until I fall to die.
Now marke my talke, and prosecute my gyg.

2.

\textit{Ober.} How shuld these crafts withdraw thee from the world? /

But looke my \textit{Bohan}, \textit{pompe} [again] allureth.\(^4\)

\textit{Enter Cirus, king[s] humbling themselues; himselfe crowned by Oliue [and] Palm.}\(^5\) at last dying, layde in a marbell tombe with this inscription:

\begin{quote}
Whofo thou bee that passeft [by], 
For I know one shall passe; knowe I,
\end{quote}

\(^{1}\) = child.  \(^{2}\) Original misprints 'tene.'  
\(^{3}\) = \textit{ain}, own: but qy. 'hast' for 'art'?  
\(^{4}\) Dyce annotates 'a quadrisyllable (see Walker's \textit{Shakespeare's Versification}, etc., p. 146)'—nonsense.  
\(^{5}\) Ibid., 'I cannot even conjecture what the author wrote here.' The original misprints 'Oliue Pat.' Altered \textit{ut supra}.  

Am Cirus of Persia¹ [and I pray]
Leaue me not thus like a clod of clay
Wherewith my body is couered.

All exeunt.

Enter the king in great pompe, who reads it, & issueth,
   [and] crieth Ver meum.²

Boha. What meaneth this?

Ober. Cirus of Persia,

Mightie in life, within a marbell graue
Was layde to rot ; whom Alexander once
Beheld in tombe, and weeping did confesse-
Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse :  
Why then boast men?

Boh. What recke I then of life,

Who make³ the graue my home,⁴ the earth my wife ?

¹ Dyce annotates, "The 4to,  
   'I am Cirus of Persia,
   'And I prithee leaue me not thus,' etc.

But all this is stark nonsense. See the inscription on the tomb of Cyrus
in Plutarch, Alex. 69." In l. 734 original misprints 'bydy,'

² Dyce annotates, "The 4to 'vermeum': qy. if a misprint for
'vermium,' the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of
earthly grandeur?  'We think with him (the editor of the present
volume) that it is an introduction to a moral reflection; but that it is
"Ver meum," my spring hath passed away, etc. The king probably
quoted the two first words of some moral sentence, and "Vermium"
was not likely to be the common by-word.'—Rev. John Mitford (Gent.  
Mag. for March 1833, p. 217)."

³ Dyce inadvertently states that the original has 'makes.'

⁴ Ibid. annotates, "The 4to 'tombe' [it is 'tumbe']. Corrected by
Mr. Collier, Introd. to The Tempest, p. 11, Shakespeare, ed. 1858."
[Ober.] But mark mee more.¹

3.

Boh. I can no more: my patience will not warpe²
To see these flatterers,³ how they scorne and carpe.
Ober. Turne but thy head.

Enter [f]our kings carr[ying] Crowns, Ladies
presenting odors to Potentate⁴ inthrond, who sud-
dainly is slaine by his servaunts, and thrust out,
and so they eate. Exeunt.

[Boh.] Sicke is the werld, but whilke is he I fawe?
Ober. Sesostris, who was conquerour of the werld,
Slaine at the laft, and stampt on by his flaues.

Boh. How blest are peur men then, that know
their graues.⁵

Now marke the seuell of my Gig./

An weele meete ends.⁶ The mirk and fable night
Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroade:
Thou nill me ftyay: haile then thou pride of kings.
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.

Marke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles
The loathe of finnes, and where corruption dwells.
Haile me ne mere with showes of gudlie fights;
My graue is mine, that rids me from dispights.

¹ Original mis-assigns this to Bohan. ² See Glossarial Index, s.v.
³ Ibid. misprints 'flatteries.' ⁴ Ibid. 'Potentates.' ⁵ Ibid. 'graue.'
⁶ Original 'An he weele meete ends.' I delete 'he': but it is
obscure still. — well met?
Accept my gig, guid King, and let me rest;
The graue with guid men, is a gay-built nest.

Ober. The rising funne doth call me hence away;
Thankes for thy gyg, I may no longer stay:
But if my traine did wake thee from thy rest,
So shall they sing thy lullabie to rest. [Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Schena Prima.

Enter the Countesse of Arran, with Ida, her daughter,
in theyr porch, sitting at work.

A Song.¹

Count. Faire Ida, might you chufe the greatest
good,
Midst all the world, in blessings that abound:
Wherein my daughter, fhold your liking be?
Ida. Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie.

Count. And why?
Ida. Since these are meanes to draw
the minde
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.

Count. Might you haue wealth, and Fortunes
ritcheft store?

Ida. Yet would I (might I chufe) be honest
For she that fits at fortunes feet alowe [poore.

¹ "In the printed copies of our early plays the 'songs' are frequently omitted."—Dyce. It was because any song was chosen according to circumstances.
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,  
But those that prancke one top of fortunes ball,  
Still feare a change ; and fearing, catch a fall.

  Count. Tut, foolish maide, each one contemneth need.

  Ida. Good reasō why, they know not good indeed.

  Count. Many marrie, then, on whom distresse doth loure. /

  Ida. Yes, they that vertue deeme an honest Madame, by right this world I may compare
Vnto my worke, wherein with heedful care,  
The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,  
As I with needle drawe each thing one land,  
Euen as hee lift : some men like to the Rose  
Are fashioned fresh ; some in their stalkes do close,  
And borne do fuddaine die ; some are but weeds,  
And yet from them a secret good proceeds :
I with my needle if I please, may blot  
The fairest rose within my cambricke plot ;  
God with a becke can change each worldly thing,  
The poore to rich, the begger to the king.
What then hath man, wherein hee well may boaft,  
Since by a becke he liues, a louer, is lost?

  Enter Eustace with letters.

  Count. Peace Ida, heere are straungers neare at hand.

1 = on.  2 Original misprints 'earth.'  3 = by a lour.
Euft. Madame, God speed!
Count. I thanke you gentle squire.
Euft. The countrie Countesse of Northumberland
Doth greete you well, and hath requested mee
To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

He carries the letter[s].
Count. I thanke her honour, and your selfe my friend.

Shee receiues and peruseth them.

I see she meanes you good, braue Gentleman.
Daughter, the Ladie Elinor salutes
Your selfe as well as mee: then, for her sake
T'were good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

Ida. As much salute as may become my sex,
And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,
I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.
Good sir, sit downe: my mother heere and I
Count time mispent, an endless vanitie.

Euft. [aside.] Beyond report, the wit, the faire,
the shape.— / [see it ?
What worke you heere, faire Mistresse? may I

Id. Good Sir, looke on: how like you this compaét?

Euft. Me thinks in this I fee true loue in act:
The Woodbins with their leaues do sweetly spred,

The Roses blushing prancke them in their red,

1 = beauty.
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;  
This bird hath life indeed if it could sing:  
What meanes, faire Mistres, had you in this worke?  

Ida. My needle sir.  
Euft. In needles then, there lurke

Some hidden grace, I deeme beyond my reach.

Id. Not grace in the, good sir, but those that teach.  

Euft. Say that your needle now were Cupids
[Aside.] But, ah, her eie muft bee no leffe,  
In which is heauen and heauenlifte;  
In which the foode of God is shut,  
Whose powers the pureft mindes do glut!  

Ida. What if it were?  
Euft. Then see a wondrous thing;  
I feare mee you would paint in Tereus' heart  
Affection in his power and chiefeft parte.  

Ida. Good Lord sir, no, for hearts but pricked  
Are wounded fore, for fo I heare it oft.  

Euft. What recks the wound, where but your happy eye  
May make him liue whom Ioue hath iudgd to die?  

Ida. Should life & death within this needle lurke,  

Ile pricke no hearts, Ile pricke vpon my worke.

1 Dyce annotates, after altering to 'lurk,' "The 4to 'lurkes,' which destroys the rhyme. The construction is, 'I deem there lurk' = lurks.' Greene (as commonly) violates grammar for rhyme's sake.  
2 Original 'Teneus,' not 'Teneus' as Dyce states.  
3 *Ibid.* 'parts.'  
4 *Ibid.* 'second.'
Enter Ateukin, with Slipper the Clowne.

Coun. Peace Ida, I perceiue the fox at hand.

Eust. The fox? why fetch your hounds, & chace him hence.

Count. Oh sir, these great men barke at small offence.

Come,¹—will it please you enter, gentle sir?

[They] Offer to exeunt.

Stay, courteous Ladies; favour me so much /
As to discourse a word or two apart.

Count. Good sir, my daughter learnes this rule of
To shun ressort, and strangeers companie: [mee,
For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,
Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Slip. Now, I pray you sir, what akin are you to a pickrell?

Ateu. Why knaue?

Slip. By my troth sir, because I neuer knew a proper situation fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a gudgin.

Ateu. What meanest thou by this?

Slip. Shifting fellow sir,—these be thy words:² shifting fellow: this Gentlewoman I feare, knew you[r] bringing vp.

Ateu. How so?

¹ Original gives this line to Ateukin: I delete 't' before 'enter' of 4to, albeit 't'enter' was as usual meant, though printed in full.

² Dyce annotates, "i.e. the words which describe you."
Slip. Why sir, your father was a Miller, that
could shift for a pecke of grift in a bushell, and
you a faire spoken Gentleman, that can get more
land by a lye then an honest man by his readie mony.

Ateu. Catije, what sayest thou?

Slip. Why sir, that if shee call you shifting
knaue, you shall not put her to the proofe.

Ateu. And why?

Slip. Because sir, liuing by your wit as you do,
shifting is your letters pattents: it were a hard
matter for mee to get my dinner that day wherein
my Maister had not solde a dozen of deuices, a
cafe of dogges, and a shute of shifts, in the
morning. I speake this in you[r] commendation
sir, & I pray you so take it.

Ateu. If I liue, knaue, I will bee revenged.
[beats him.] What Gentleman would entertaine
a rascall thus to derogate from his honour?

Ida. My Lord, why are you thus impatient?

Ateu. Not angrie Ida; but I teach this knaue
How to behaue himselfe among his betters.—
Behold, faire Counteffe, to assure your stay,
I heere present the signet of the king,
Who now by mee, faire Ida, doth salute you:
And since in secret I haue certaine things/
In his behalfe good Madame to impart,
I craue your daughter to discourse apart.2

1 See Glossarial-Index, s.v. 2 As usual 'a part' in original.
Count. Shee shall in humble dutie bee addreft
To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

Id. Now gentle sir, what would his grace with me?

Ateu. Faire, comely Nimph, the beautie of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late
Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue;
And though his power and Maiestie requires
A straight commaund before an humble fute,
Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase
As to intreat your fauour, honest maid.

Ida. Is he not married sir, vnto our Queen?

Ateu. Hee is.

Ida. And are not they by God accurst,
That seuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

Ateu. They bee: what then? wee seeke not to displace
The Princesse from her seate, but, since by loue
The king is made your owne, hee is resolude
In priuate to accept your dalliance,
In spight of warre, [or] watch, or worldly eye.

Ida. Oh how hee talkes, as if hee should not die,
As if that God in iustice once could winke
Vpon that fault I am ashamed to thinke.
Ateu. Tut Mistresse, man at first was born to erre; 
Women are all not formed to bee saints: 
Tis impious for to kill our native king,  
Whom by a little favour we may saue. 

Ida. Better then liue vnchafte, to lie in graue. 

Ateu. Hee shall erect your state, & wed you well. 

Ida. But can his warrant keep my foule from hell? 

Ateu. He will inforce, if you refift his sute. 

Ida. What tho? the world may shame to him account, 
To bee a king of men and worldly pelfe; / 
Yet hath no power to rule and guide himselfe. 

Ateu. I know you gentle Ladie, and the care 
Both of your honour and his graces health, 
Makes me confused in this daungerous state. 

Ida. So counsell him, but sooth thou not his finne: 
Tis vain allurement that doth make him loue: 
I shame to heare, bee you ashamed to moue. 

Count. I see my daughter growes impatient; 
I feare me, hee pretends some bad intent. 

Ateu. Will you dispise the king, & scorne him so? 

Ida. In all alleagance I will serue his grace, 
But not in luft: oh how I blufh to name it! 

1 Original misprints 'liue.'  
2 = then.  
3 Original gives this line to Ateukin, and reads 'Yet hath to power no rule,' etc,
Ateu. [aside.] An endlesse worke is this: how should I frame it?

They discourse privately.

Slip. Oh Mistresse, may I turne a word vpon you?

Count. Friend, what wilt thou?¹

Slip. Oh what a happie Gentlewoman bee you trulie! the world reports this of you Mistresse, that a man can no sooner come to your house, but the Butler comes with a blacke Jack and Fayes, welcome, friend, heere’s a cup of the best for you: verilie Mistresse you are said to haue the best Ale in al Scotland.

Count. Sirrha, go fetch him drinke.

[Servant brings drink.

How likest thou this?

Slip. Like it, Mistresse? why, this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that euer I tafted: Ile prooue in this Ale and to[a]ft, the compasse of the whole world. First, this is the earth,—it lies² in the middle, a faire brown to[a]ft, a goodly countrie for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon: next, this is the sea, a fair poole for a drie tōgue to fishe in: now come I, & seing the world is naught, I diuide it thus; & because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as Aristotle faith, I put

¹ Original gives this line also to Ateukin.
² Ibid. misprints 'tics.'
the both into their first Chaos, which is my bellie; and so mistresse you may see your ale is become a myracle.

**Eusface.** A merrie mate Madame, I promise you.

**Count.** Why sigh you sirrah?

**Slip.** Trulie Madam, to think vpon the world, which, since I denouced it, keepes such a rumbling in my stomack, that vnleffe your Cooke giue it a counterbuffe with some of your rosted Capons or beefe, I feare me I shall become a loose body, so daintie, I thinke I shall neither hold faft before nor behinde.

**Count.** Go take him in, and feaft this merrie swaine—

Syrrha, my cooke is your phisitian;
He hath a purge for to disieft¹ the world.

[Exeunt Slipper and Servant.

**Ateu.** Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

**Ida.** As I haue said, in dutie I am his;
For other lawlesse lufts, that ill befeeme him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.²

**Count.** *Ida*, come in:—and sir, if so you please,
Come, take a homelie widowes intertaine. [nye;

**Ida.** If he haue no great hafte, he may come
If hafte, tho he be gone, I will not crie. [Exeunt.

**Ateu.** I see this labour loft, my hope in vaine;
Yet will I trie another drift againe.

¹ = digest.

² Dyce queries 'em'?—no call for change.
[SCENE II.]
Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas, Morton, with others, one way; the Queene, with 1000 Dwarfes\(^1\) [Nano] an other way.

B. S. Andr. [among themselfes.] Oh wrack of Comonweale! Oh wretched state!

Doug. [ibid.] Oh haplesse flock whereas the guide is blinde!

Mort. [ibid.] Oh heedlesse youth, where coun-saile is despfid.

[They all are in a muse.]

Dorot. Come prettie knaue, and prank it by my fide;

Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

Dwarf. Madame altho my lims are very small, My heart is good; Ile ferue you therewithall.

Doro. How, if I were affaid, what couldst thou do? /

Dwarf. Madame, call helpe, and boldly fight it to:

Altho a Bee be but a little thing,

You know faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

Dor. How couldst thou do me good were I in greefe?

Dwar. Counsell deare Prince[fe], is a choyce releefe:

\(^1\) Original misprints 'Dwarfes.'
Tho *Neftor* wanted force, great was his wit,  
And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

_S. And. [aside]._ Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,  
Toft in the doubtfull streame, without a helme,  
Such is a Monarke without good aduice.

I am oreheard : caft raine vpon thy tongue;  
Andrewes, beware ; reproofe will breed a scar.

_Mor._ Good day, my Lord.  
_B. S. And._ Lord Morton, well y-met :—  
Whereon dreames Lord *Douglas* all this while?

_Dou._ Of that which yours and my poore heart  
doth breake :  
Altho feare shuts our mouths, we dare not speake.

_Dor. [aside.]_ What meane these Princes sadly to  
Somewhat, I feare, betideth them amisse, [consult ?  
They are so pale in lookes, so vexed in minde :  
In happie houre ye Noble Scottifh Peeres,  
Haue I incountred you : what makes you mourn?

_B. S. And._ If we with patience may attention  
gaine,  
Your Grace shall know the cause of all our grieue.

_Dor._ Speake on, good father ; come and fit by  
I know thy care is for the common good.  
_B. S. And._ As fortune, mightie Prince[fe] reareth  
To high estate and place in Common-weale,

1 See Glossarial-Index under 'raine' on this technical blunder.  
2 Original misprints 'deemes': Dyce's correction accepted, though  
not by himself, in text.  
3 Original 'the,' because MS. had ye = the.  
4 _Ibid._ 'attentiu.'
So by divine bequest to them is lent
A riper judgement and more searching eye,
Whereby they may discern the common harme;
For where our fortunes\(^1\) in the world are most,
Where all our profits rise and still increase,
There is our minde, thereon we meditate,
And what we do partake of good advice,/
That we imploy for to concern the same.
To this intent, these nobles and my selfe,
That are (or should bee) eyes of Common-weale,
Seeing his highnesse reachlesse\(^2\) course of youth,
His lawlesse and unbridled vaine in loue,
His to[o] intentione trust to flatterers,
His abiest care of councell and his friendes,
Cannot but greeue; and since we cannot drawe
His eye or Judgement to discern his faults,
Since we haue spake, and counsaile is not heard,
I, for my part, (let others as they lift)
Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will;
Leaft with a ruthfull eye I should behold
His ouerthrow, which, fore I feare is nye.

Doro. Ah father, are you so estranged from loue,
From due alleagance to your Prince and land,
To leaue your King when most he needs your help?
The thriftie husbandmen are never woont,
That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forfake them;

\(^1\) Original misprints ‘importunes’: Mr. Collier’s correction accepted.
\(^2\) = reckless.
But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,
They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne;
In calmer waues the fillie sailor striues.
Are you not members, Lords of Common-weale,
And can your head, your deare annointed King,
Default, ye Lords, except your selues do faile?
Oh stay your steps, returne and counfaile him.

Doug. Men seek not mossé vpon a rowling stone,
Or water from the fiue, or fire from yce,
Or comfort from a rechlesse monarches hands.
Madame, he sets vs light that seru’d in Court,
In place of credit, in his fathers dayes:
If we but enter presence of his grace,
Our payment is a frowne, a scoffé, a frumpe;
Whilst flattering Gnato⁴ prancks it by his side,/ 1080
Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds;
And if your grace consider your estate,
His life should vrge you too, if all be true.

Dor. Why, Douglas, why?

Doug. As if you haue not heard
His lawlesse loue to Ida growne of late,
His carelesse estimate of your estate.

Doro. Ah Douglas, thou misconstruest² his intent:

¹ Dyce annotates, "i.e., Ateukin:—our author appears to have wavered between these two names (see post). Gnatho is the parasite in the Eunuchus of Terence." Rather is used as an epithet of character.
² 'Gnato' is immediately followed by Ateukin, ll. 1161-2.
² See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
He doth but tempt his wife, he tryes my loue: This iniurie pertaines to me, not to you.\textsuperscript{1} 
\begin{itemize}
\item The King is young; and if he step awrie, He may amend, and I will loue him still.
\item Should we disdain our vines because they sprout Before their time? or young men, if they straine Beyd their reach? No: vines that bloome and spread Do promise fruites, and young men that are wilde In age growe wise. My frendes and Scottifh Peeres, If that an English Princesse may preuaile, Stay, stay with him: lo, how my zealous prayer Is plead with teares: fie Peeres, will you hence? \textsuperscript{1100}
\end{itemize}

\textit{S. And.} Madam, tis vertue in your grace to plead; But we that see his vaine vntoward course, Cannot but flie the fire before it burne, And shun the Court before we see his fall.

\textit{Doro.} Wil you not stay? then Lordings, fare you well.

Tho you forfaie your King, the heauens, I hope, Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer.

\textit{Dwar.} Content you Madam; thus old \textit{Ouid} Tis foolish to bewaile recureleffe things. [fings, 
\textit{Dorothea.} Peace, [foolish] Dwarfse;\textsuperscript{2} these words 1110 my patience moue.

\textsuperscript{1} The second 'to you' = t' you.
\textsuperscript{2} Dyce annotates, "An epithet belonging to this word would seem to have dropped out." I supply 'foolish.'
Dwar. Altho you charme my speech, charme not my loue. [Exeunt Nano and Dorothea.

Enter the King of Scots: Arius, the nobles spying him, returns.

K. of S. Douglas, how now! why changeft thou thy cheere?

Doug. My priuate troubles are so great, my liege,

As I must craue your licence for a while,

For to intend mine owne affaires at home.

King. You may depart. [Exit Douglas.

But why is Morton sad?

Mor. The like occasion doth import me too,

So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.

K. of S. Well sir, you may betake you to your ease. [Exit Morton.

[Aside.] When fuch grim fyrs are gone, I fee no let To worke my will.

S. And. What, like the Eagle, then,

With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose?
O King, canft thou indure to fee thy Court Of finest wits and Judgements dispossed,

Whilft cloking craft with soothing climbes so high

As each bewailes ambition is so bad?

Thy father left thee with estate and crowne,

1 "The 4to '8. Atten.' but it is plain, from the King's reply, that the Bishop of St. Andrews is the speaker."—Dyce.
A learned councell to direct thy Course¹:
These carelesslie, O King, thou castest off,
To entertaine a traine of Sicophants.
Thou well maist see, although thou wilt not see,
That euyry eye and eare both sees and heares
The certaine signes of thine incontinence.²
Thou art alyed vnto the English King
By marriage; a happie friend indeed,
If vsed well; if not, a mightie foe.
Thinketh your grace, he can indure and brooke
To haue a partner in his daughters loue?
Thinketh your grace, the grudge of priuie wrongs
Will not procure him chaunge his smiles to threats?
Oh be not blinde to good: call home your lordes;
Displace these flattering Gnatoes, drive them hence;
Louse, and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife;
Or else (which God forbid) I feare a change:
Sinne cannot thriue in courts without a plague.

_K. of S._ Go pack thou too, vnles thou med thy talk:

On paine of death, proud Bishop, get you gone,
Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

_S. And._³ Thou god of heaué preuent my count-
tries fall !

_Exeunt._

_K. of S._ These staies and lets to pleasure, plague
my thoughts,

¹ Original misprints 'Court.' ² As before, 'S. Atten.' ³ Ibid. 'incontinence.'
Forcing my greeuous wounds anew to bleed;
But care that hath transported me so farre,
Faire Ida, is disperft in thought of thee;
Whose answere yeeldes me life, or breeds my death: 1160
Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe.

Enter Gnato.

Ateukin, What newes?

Ateu. The adament, o King, will not be filde,
But by it self, and beautie that exceeds,
By some ex[c]eeding fauour muft be wrought.
Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,
Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death:    
Shee's holy, wife, and too precife for me.

K. of S. Are these thy fruites of wits, thy fight 1170
in Art?
Thine eloquence? thy pollicie? thy drift?
To mocke thy Prince? Thē, catiue, pack thee hence,
And let me die deououred in my loue.

Ateu. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reasons power:
My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,
The effence of my foule, my God on earth,
Sit downe and reft your selfe: appease your wrath,
Leaft with a frowne yee wound me to the death.
Oh that I were included in my graue,

Original 'sute': Mr. Collier's correction accepted, in "Introd. to The Tempest, p. 11, Shakespeare, ed. 1858." —Dyce.
That eyther now, to faue my Princes life,
Must counsell crueltie, or loose my King.

K. of S. Why firrha, is there meanes to moue her minde?

Ateu. [As to himself.] Oh should I not offend my royall liege.

K. of S. Tell all, spare naught, so I may gaine my loue.

Ateu. Alaffe my foule, why art thou torne in For feare thou talke a thing that shoulde displeafe?

K. of S. Tut, / speake whatfo thou wilt, I pardon thee.

Ateu. How kinde a word, how courteous is his
Who would not die to succour such a king?—
My liege, this louely maid of modest minde
Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares
Faire Dorotheas power : your grace doth know,
Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue.

Were Ida sure to bee your wedded wife, [mand:
That then the twig would bowe, you might com-

Ladies loue presents, pompe, and high estate.

K. of S. Ah Ateukin, how shuld we displace\(^1\) this let?

Ateu. Tut, mightie Prince. Oh that I might
bee whist !\(^2\)—

K. of S. Why dallieft thou?

Ateu. I will not moue my Prince;

\(^{1}\) Original misprints 'display.'

\(^{2}\) = silent.
I will preferre his safetie 'fore¹ my life.
Hear me, o king! tis Dorotheas death
Must do you good.

K. of S. What, murther of my Queene?
Yet, to enjoy my loue, what is my Queene?
Oh but my vowe and promife to my Queene:
I, but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene:
With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawne?
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare?
If Dorothe[a] die, will Ida loue?

Ateu. Shee will, my Lord. [means;
K. of S. Then let her die: deuife, aduife the 1210
Al likes me wel that lends me hope in loue.

Ateu. What, will your grace consent? then let
mee worke:
Theres heere in Court a Frenchman, Iaques calde,
A fit performer of our enterprife,
Whom I by gifts and promife will corrupt
To slaye the Queene, fo that your grace will feale
A warrant for the man, to faue his life.

K. of S. Nought shall he want; write thou, and
I wil signe:
And, gentle Gnato, if my Ida yeelde,/
Thou shalt haue what thou wilt; Ile giue the[e] 1220
A Barony, an Earledome for reward. [straight
Ateu. Frolicke young king, the Lasse shall be
your owne.

¹ Original misprints ' before.'
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

Exeunt.

Chorus. Enter Bohan with Obiron.

3. Act.

Boh. So Oberon, now it beginnes to worke in The auncient Lords by leauing him alone, Disliking of his humors and despight, Lets him run headlong, till his flatterers, Sweet[n]ing his thoughts of luckleffe luft With vile perfwafions and alluring words, Makes him make way by murther to his will. Iudge, fairie king, haft heard a greater ill? Ober. Nor seen more vertue in a countrie maid. I tell the[e] Bohan, it doth make me forrie, To thinke the deeds the king meanes to performe. Boha. To change that humour, stand and see the rest: I trow my sonne Slipper will shewes a left.

1 This word is misplaced in original at l. 1248.
2 Qy. —a kind of introduction to Act. 3?
3 Pronounced 'gins,' though printed in full.
4 Original misprints 'alue.'  
5 Ibid. 'refspight.'
6 Dyce changes to 'Soliciting,' and annotates, "The excellent correction of Walker, Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 349: 'Read,' he says, ' 'Soliciting' (in the old Latin sense, as frequent in the writers of that age.' The 4to 'Sweeting,' which Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, etc., p. cxvi) 'has no doubt ' is a misprint for 'Suiting.'"—I prefer my text, as above.
7 Mr. Collier corrected to 'lawless,' and Dyce accepted. Not needed.
8 Original 'sends.'  
9 Ibid. 'merrie.'  
10 = shew's, i.e. us.
Enter Slipper with a companion, boy or wench, dauncing a hornpipe, and daunce out againe.

Boha. Now after this beguiling of our thoughts, And changing them from sad to better glee, Lets to our fell, and fit and see the rest, For, I beleue, this lig\(^1\) will prooue no iest.

Exeunt.

\textit{Actus 3. Schena Prima.}

Enter Slipper one way, and Sir Bartram another way.

Bar. Ho fellow, fstay and let me speake with thee. Slip. Fellow: frend, thou doest disbuse me; I am a Gentleman.

Bar. A Gentleman, how so?


Bar. And what of that?

Slip. O simple witted, marke my reaason. They that do good seruice in the Common-weale are Gentlemen; but such as rub horses/do good seruice in the Common-weale, Ergo tarbox Maifter Courtier, a Horfe-keeper is a Gentleman.

Bar. Here is ouermuch wit, in good earneft. But firra, where is thy Maifter?

Slip. Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground, drawing out red into white, swallowing that downe without chawing that was neuer made without treading.

\(^1\) = Play.
Bar. Why, where is hee then?
Slip. Why, in his selle, drinking a cup of neate and briske claret in a boule of siluer: Oh sir, the wine runnes trillill down his throat, which cost the 1270 poor vintner many a stampe before it was made. But I must hence sir, I haue haste.
Bar. Why whither now, I prithee?
Slip. Faith sir, to Sir Siluester, a Knight hard by, vpon my Maisters arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the leafe of E[a]ft Spring shall bee confirmed; and therefore must I bid him prouide trah, for my Maister is no friend without mony.
Bar. [aside.] This is the thing for which I sued so
This is the leafe which I, by Gnatoes means, [long, 1280 Sought to possesse by pattent from the King; But hee injurious man, who liues by crafts, And selles kings fauours for who will giue moft, Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couerly Will fell away the thing pertaines to mee: But I haue found a present helpe, I hope, For to preuent his purpose and deceit.—
Stay, gentle friend.
Slip. A good word! thou hafte won me: this word is like a warme caudle to a colde stomacke. 1290
Bar. Sirra, wilt thou for mony and reward, Conuay me certaine letters, out of hand, From out thy maisters pocket?

1 Original misprints 'Vintnerd.'
2 Ibid. 'candle.'
Slip. Will I sir? why, were it to rob my father, hang my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your commandment, sir. What will you give me, sir?

Bar. A hundredth pounds.

Slip. I am your man: give me earnest. I am dead at a pocket sir; why, I am a lifter, master, 1300 by my occupation.

S. Bar. A lifter: what is that?

Slip. Why sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse asloone as any theefe in my countrie.

S. Bar. Why fellow hold; here is earnest, ten pound to assure thee. [Gives money.] Go, dispatch, and bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou sees; and assure thy selfe thou shalt both have thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony.

Slip. I will, sir—Now roome for a Gentleman, my masters: who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new Angell?

[Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

Enter Andrew and Purveyor.

Pur. Sirrha, I must needs haue your maisters horses: the king cannot bee vnserued.

And. Sirrha, you must needs go without them, because my Master must be serued.
Pur. Why, I am the kings Purueyer, and I tell thee I will haue them.

And. I am Ateukins servuant, Signior Andrew, and I fay, thou shalt not haue them.

Pur. Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darft.

And. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darft.

Pur. Sirrha, sirrha, tame your tongue, leaft I make you.

And. Sirrha, sirrha, hold your hand, leaft I bum1 you.

Pur. I tell thee, thy Masters geldings are good, and therefore fit for the king.

And. I tell thee, my Masters horses haue gald backes, and therefore cannot fit the King. Purueyer, Purueyer, puruey thee of more wit: darft thou presume to wrong my Lord Ateukin,2 being the chiefest man in Court?

Pur. [to himself]. The more vnhappie Commonweale where flatterers are chief in Court.

And. What sayest thou?

Pur. I fay thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall schoole thee.

And. A figge for them and thee, Purueyer; they seeke a knot in a ring that would wrong my maifter or his servants in this Court.

1 = beat you thereon. 2 Original misprints Ateukins.'
Enter Iaques.

Pur. The world is at a wife passe, when Nobilitie is afraid of a flatterer.

Iaq. Sirrha, what be you that parley contraMonfieur my Lord Ateukin? en bonne foy, prate you against Syr Alteffe, mee maka your tefte to leap from your shoulers, par ma foy c'y feraie.3

And. Oh signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe a forward and friendly Gentleman in my Maifters behalfe: I will cause him to thanke you.

Iaq. Poultron, speake me one parola against my bon Gentilhome, I shall estampe your guttes, and thumpe your backa, that you no poynt mannage this tenne ours.

Pur. Sirrha, come open me the stable, and let mee haue the horses; and, fellow, for all your French bragges, I will doo my dutie.

And. Ile make garters of thy guttes, thou villain, if thou enter this office.

Iaq. Mort Dieu6 take me that cappa pour votre labeur: be gone, villein, in the mort. [Exit.

Pur. What, will you resift mee then? well, the Councell, fellow, shall know of your insolency. [Exit.

1 Of course 'contre' more accurate, but 'contra' is kin with his pseudo-Italian endings.
2 Original 'teft.' 3 Ibid. 'per ma foy cy fere ie.'
4 A Frenchman would say 'parolle' or 'parole': 'estampe' misprinted 'aftrampe.'
5 Original 'lieu.' 6 Ibid. 'notre.'
Andr. Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I can best spare / from my backe partes, and get you gone with a vengeance. [Exit Purueyor.

Enter Gnato.

Ateu. Andrew.

Andr. Sir.

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket laft night?

Andr. Which sir, your anno[t]ations vpon Mat-

chauell?

Ateu. No sir : the letters pattents for eafť spring. 1380

An. Why sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask that queftiō.

Ateu. Yea sir, and will work wonders too with1 you, vnlesse you finde them out : villaine, search me them out, and bring thē me, or thou art but dead.

Andr. A terrible word in the latter end of a fessions. Master, were you in your right wits yesternight?

Ateu. Doeſt thou doubt it?

Andr. I, and why not sir? for the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest, and a foole may dance in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock: besides, such as giue themſelles to Philautia,2 as

1 Original 'which.'
2 "i.e., φιλαυρία, self-love. The 4to 'Plulantia.' Corrected by Mr. Collier, Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, p. cxvii."—Dyce.
you do, maister, are so cholericke of complection, that that which they burne in fire ouer night, they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah I take care of your worship: this common-weale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.

Ateu. Thou flatterest me.

Andr. Is it flatterie in me sir, to speake you faire? what is it then, in you to dallie with the King?

Ateu. Are you prating knaue? I will teach you better nurture. Is this the care you haue of my wardrop, of my accounts, and matters of trust?

Andr. Why alasse sir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited, as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them; but since you are growne greater, and your Garments more fine and gaye, if your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride and commend my cleanlinesse: as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for mee.

Ateu. Villaine, go, flie, finde them out: if thou losest them, thou losest my credit.

And. Alasse, sir, can I loose that you never had?

Ateu. Say you so? then hold, feel you that you never felt. [Beats him.

[Re-enter Iaques.]

Ia. O monsieur, ayez patience; pardon your pauvre valet: me bee at your commaundement. 1420

1 Original 'pauvre valet.' So before, 'aies patient.'
Ateu. Signior Jaques, wel met; you shall command me.—Sirra, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market-place; promise a great reward to them that findes them; looke where I fupt and euery where.

And. I will fir—Now are two knaues well met, and three well parted: if you conceiue mine enigma, gentlemen, what shall I bee then? faith, a plain harpe shilling.[Exit.

Ateu. Sieur Jaques, this our happy meeting hinderers

Your friends and me, of care and greeuous toyle,
For I that looke into deserts of men,
And see among the fouldiers in this court
A noble forward minde, and judge thereof,
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raife them vp
Who merritt credite in the Common-weale.
To this intent, friend Jaque[s], I haue found
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd
Both with the king, and with the best in Court:
For I espie in you a valiant minde,
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you.
To this intent (if so your truft and faith,
Your secrecie be equall with your force)

1 Dyce annotates: "So again, in the next act, the same speaker, when alone on the stage, says, 'is not this a wily accord, gentlemen?' Nor would it be difficult to cite passages from various early dramas, in which, with similar impropriety, the audience is addressed."
2 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
3 Original misprints 'hides.
I will impart a service to thy selfe,
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,
And what or hee, and I with him, can worke /
Shall be impoyed in what thou wilt desire.

Iaq. Me swear by my ten bones, my signior to be loyal to your Lordship's intents, affaires:
ye[a], my monseigneur, que non ferai-je pour, your pleasur? By my sworda, me be no babillard.

Mee. Then hoping one thy truth, I prithee see
How kinde Ateukin is to forward thee.
Hold, [giving money] take this earnest pennie of my
And marke my words; the King, by me, requires
No slender service, Iaques, at thy hands,
Thou must by priuie practise make away
The Queene, faire Dorethea, as she sleepe;
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:
Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

Iaq. Stabba the woman! par ma foi, monseig-
neur, me threfa my weapon into her belle, so me
may be guard par le roi. Mee do your service:
but me no be hanged pour my labor?

Mee. Thou shalt haue warrant Iaques, from the
King:
None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.

1 Original 'signior.'
2 Original misprints 'ye my monsignieur, qui non fera ic pour. Yea
pleasure?'
3 Ibid. 'babie Lords.'
4 Original 'mee.'
5 Ibid. 'per ma foy, monsignieur.'
6 Ibid. 'per le roy.'
7 Ibid. 'pur.'
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Do not I loue thee, Iaques? feare not then:
I tell thee whofo toucheth thee in ought
Shall injure me: I loue, I tender thee:
Thou art a subiect fit to serve his grace.
Iaques, I had a written warrant once,
But that by great misfortune late is lost.
Come, wend we to S. Andrewes, where his grace
Is now in progresse, where he shall assure
Thy safetie, and confirme thee to the act.
Iaques. We will attend your noblenesse.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]

Enter sir Bartram, Dorothea the Queene, Nano,
Lord Ros, Ladies, attendants.]

Doro. Thy credite Bartram, in the Scottifh Court, 1480
Thy reuerend yeares, the stricknesse of thy vowes,
All these are meanes sufficient to perswade;
But loue, the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts,
That hath possession of my constant minde,
Exiles all dread, subdueth vaine suspect.
Me thinks no craft should harbour in that breft
Where Maieffie and vertue are instaled:
Me thinke my beautie should not cause my death.

Bar. How gladly, soueraign Princeffe, would
I erre,
And bide ¹ my shame to sauе your royall life:

¹ Dyce queries 'find'?—doubtful. I print 'bide for 'binde' of original.
'Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,
To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime;
But if in due preuention you default,
How blinde are you that were forewarned before.

_Doro_. Suspition without cause deserueth blame.

_Bar_. Who see,¹ and shunne not harmes, deserue the same:
Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.

[Giues warrant.

_Doro_. What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote it not.

_Bar_. Heere is his warrant, vnder seale and signe, 1500 To Iaques, borne in France, to murther you.

_Doro_. Ah carelesse King, would God this were not thine.

What tho I reade? Ah should I thinke it true?

_Roffe_. The hand and seale confirmes the deede is his.

_Doro_. What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

_Nano_. Madame, _Lucretius_ faith, that to repent Is childifh, wisdome to preuent.

_Doro_. What tho?²

_Nano_. Then cease your teares that haue dismaid
And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

_Bar_. What needes these³ long suggestions in 1510 this caufe,

¹ I read 'see' for 'sees' of original.
² = then, as before.
³ Original 'this.'
When every circumstance confirmeth trueth?
First, let the hidden mercie from aboue
Confirme your grace, since by a wondrous meanes
The practife of your daungers came to light:
Next, let the tokens of approued trueth
Gouerne and flay your thoughts, too much seduc’t,
And marke the sooth, and liften the intent.
Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords
Can witnesse this, that whileft your husband’s firre
In happie peace posleft the Scottifh Crowne,
I was his sworne attendant heere in Court;
In dangerous fight I neuer fail’d my Lord,
And since his death, and this your husband’s raigne,
No labour, dutie, haue I left undone,
To teftifie my zeale vnto the Crowne:
But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are

dim,
Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle:
I came to court, in hope, for fervice past,
To gaine some leafe to keepe me, beeing olde.
There found I all was vpffie turuy turnd,
My friends displac’ft, the Nobles loth to craue:
Then fought I to the minion of the King,
*Auteukin*, who, allured by a bribe,
Affir’d me of the leafe for which I sought:
But see the craft: when he had got the graunt,
He wrought to fell it to Sir *Siluefter*,
In hope of greater earnings from his hands:
In briefe, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes, 
By one his needie feruante for reward, 
To steale from out his pocket all the briefes; 
Which hee perform'd, and with reward refignd. 
Then when I read (now marke the power of God) 
I found this warrant seald among the rest; 
To kill your grace; whom God long keepe alive. 
Thus, in effect, by wonder are you sau'd: 
Trifle not then, but seeke a speedie flight; 
God will conduct your steppes and shield the right. 

Dor. What should I do? ah poore vnhappy 
Queen, 
Borne to indure what fortune can contrive. 
Ahlafe, the deed is too apparant now: 
But oh mine eyes, were you as bent to hide 
As my poore heart is forward to forgie, 
Ah cruell king, my loue would thee acquite. 
Oh what auailles to be allied and matcht 
With high estates, that marry but in shewe? 
Were I [but] bafer borne, my meane estate 
Could warrant me from this impendent harme; 
But to be great and happie, these are twaine. 

Ah Rosfe, what shall I do? how shall I worke? 

Rosfe. With speedie letters to your father send, 
Who will reuenge you, and defend your right.

1 Original 'feruants.'
2 I read 'contrive' for 'containe' of original.
3 Dyce queries "'If I were bafer'? or (according to the phraseology of our author's time) 'Were I more bafer'?" 'But' is preferable.
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight:
As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded:
As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded:
We are one heart, tho rent by hate in twaine;
One soule, one effence doth our weale containe:
What then can conquer him, that kils not me?
Rofe. If this aduice displease, then, Madame, flee.
Dor. Where may I wend or trauel without feare? 1570
Rofe. Where not, in changing this attirre you weare?
Dor. What, fhall I clad me like a Country maide?
Na. The pollicie is base, I am affraide.
Dor. Why Nano?
Na. Aske you why? What, may a Queene March foorth in homely weede, and be not feene?
The Rose, although in thornie shrubs she spread,
Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead;
And noble mindes, altho the coate be bare,
Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are.
Bar. The Dwarfe faith true.
Dor. What garments likste thou than?
Na. Such as may make you feeme a proper man.
Dor. He makes me bluth and smile, tho I am sad.
Na. The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.
Dor. What, fhall I iet in breeches like a squire?
Alasfe, poor dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeete.2

1 Original misassigns to 'Nano.' Cf. l. 1573.
2 Dyce annotates, "Corrupted. This line ought to rhyme with the preceding one."—Not necessarily so.
Na. Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,
Your sword vprehnd with queint & comely grace:
If any come and question what you bee,
Say you, a man, and call for witnesse mee.

Dor. What should I weare a sword? to what intent?

Na. Madame for shew; it is an ornament:
If any wrong you, drawe: a shining blade
Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

Dor. But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,
What should I do? I feare I should bee slaine.

Nano. No, take it single on your dagger so:
Ile teach you, Madame, how to ward a blow.

Do. How little shapes much substance may include!—

Sir Bartram, Raffe, yee Ladies, and my friends,
Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,
Hence will I flie disguifed like a squire,
As one that seekes to liue in Irish warres:
You gentle Raffe, shall furnifh my depart.

Raff. Yea Prince, & die with you with all my
Vouchsafe me then in all extremeft states [hart:
To waight on you and ferue you with my beft.

Dor. To me pertaines the woe: liue thou 1 in rest.
Friends, fare you well; keepe secret my depart:
Nano alone shall my attendant bee.

Nano. Then Madame, are you mand, 2 I warrant ye:

1 Original 'then.'  2 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate,
Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate.

Rofs. How fore wee grieue to part so soone away.
Dor. Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.
Nano. The time in words mispent is little woorth;
Madam walke on, and let them bring vs forthe.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Enter Boha[n.]

Boh. So, these sad motions make the faire[y]
sleepe;
And sleepe hee shall in quiet and content:
For it would make a marbell melt and weep,
To see these treasons gainst the innocent.
But since shee scape by flight to saue her life,
The king may chance repent she was his wife.
The rest is ruthfull; yet to beguile\(^1\) the time,
'Tis interlaft with merriment and rime.  Exeunt.

A\(\text{\ae} \)\(\text{\ae} \)us Quartus. Schena Prima.

After a noyse of hornes and shewtings, enter certaine 1630
Huntsmen, (if you please, singeing), one way; another way Ateukin and Iaques.\(^2\)

Ateu. Say, Gentlemen, where may wee finde the king?

\(^1\) Original misprints 'beguilde.'

\(^2\) Ibid. gives 'Gnato,' but, as before, 'Gnato' is only another name for 'Ateukin': but note it is = parasite, and so allowable.
Hunts. Euen heere at hand, on hunting [he is bent],
And at this houre hee taken hath a stand,
To kill a Deere.

Ateu. A plesant worke in hand:
Follow your sport, and we will seeke his grace.

Hunts. When such him seeke, it is a wofull case.

Exeunt Huntsman one way, Ateu[kin] 1640
and Iaq[ues] another.

[SCENE II.]

Enter Eustace, Ida, and the Countesse.

Count. Lord Eustace, as your youth & vertuous
Deferues a farre more faire and richer wife, [life
So, since I am a mother, and do wit
What wedlocke is and that which longs to it,
Before I meane my daughter to bestow,
Twere meete that she and I your state did know.

Eust. Madame, if I consider Ida's woorth,
I know my portions merrit none so faire ;
And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent
A thousand pound ; which may her state content.

Count. But what estate, my Lord, shall she posseffe ?

Eust. All that is mine, graue Countesse, & no
But / Ida, will you loue ?

1 Original misprints 'faire.'
2 Dyce needlessly alters to 'portion merits.'
Ida. I cannot hate.

Eufi. But will you wedde?

Ida. Tis Greeke to mee, my Lord; Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

Eufi. Shall I some signe of fauour, then, receive? 1660

Ida. I, if her Ladiship will giue me leaue.

Count. Do what thou wilt.

Ida. Then, noble English Peere, Accept this ring, wherein my heart¹ is set, A constant heart, with burning flames befret, But vnnder written this, O morte dura:
Heereon when so you looke with eyes Pura, The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

Eufi. Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.

Hunts. Widdowe Countesse, well ymet;
Euer may thy ioyes bee many;— 1670
Gentle Ida, faire befet,²
Faire and wife, not fairer any:
Frolike Huntsmen of the game
Willes you well, and giues you greeting.

¹ Dyce queries 'a,' and refers to 'Walker's Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 329.'

² Dyce annotates, after changing to 'fair befet,' "So Walker, who adds, 'Scoticè, ut passim' (Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 293)"—but not admissible. — well-surrounded. 'Saire befet' is indeed Scotch, but not at all in keeping with occasion or speaker.
Ida. Thanks, good Woodman, for the fame,  
And our fport, and merrie meeting.  

Hunts. Vnto thee we do present  
Siluer heart with arrow wounded.  

Eufi. [aside.] This doth shadow my lament,  
[With]¹ both feare and loue confounded.  

Ladies. To the mother of the mayde,  
Faire as th’lilies, red as rofes,  
Euen fo many goods are faide,  
As her felfe in heart fuppofes.  

Count. What are you, friends, that thus doth  
with vs wel? [hunting beene,  

Hunts. Your neighbours nigh, that haue on  
Who vnderftanding of your walking foorth, /  
Prepare this traine to entertaine you with:  
This Ladie Douglas, this Sir Egmond is.  

Count. Welcome ye Ladies, and thousand thanks 1690  
for this;  

Come, enter you a homely widdowes house,  
And if mine entertainment pleafe you, let vs² feaft.  

Hunts. A louely lady neuer wants a gueft.  

[Exeunt: Mane[n]t Euface, Ida.  

Eufi. Stay gentle Ida, tell me what you deeme,  
What doth this hart,³ this tender heart befeeme? 

¹ Dyce well supplies ‘with,’ but ill places it after ‘Both.’  
² Dyce queries “if an interpolation”? = let’s.  
³ Original ‘haft,’ and Dyce asks, “Is there not something wrong in the next speech?” Clearly something has been omitted from this speech of Eustace’s.
JAMES THE FOURTH. 279

Ida. Why not my Lord, since nature teacheth art
To fencelesse beastes to cure their greevous smart;
 Distannum\(^1\) servues to close the wound againe.

Eufi. What helpe for those that loue? 1700
Ida. Why, loue againe.

Eufi. Were I the Hart,—
Ida. Then I the hearbe would bee:
You shall not die for help; come, follow me.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]

Enter Andrew and Iaques.

Iaq. Mon dieu, what malheur be this? Me come
a the chamber, Signior Andrew, mon dieu; taka my
poinyard en ma main, to giue the Estocade to the
damoisella: par ma foi, there was no person; elle
s'est en allée.\(^2\)

And. The woors lucke Iaques: but because I
am thy friend, I will aduise the[e] somewhat tow-
ards the attainement of the gallowes.

Iaq. Gallowes: what be that?

An[d]. Marrie, sir, a place of great promotion,

\(^1\) Original ' Distannum.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
\(^2\) French continuously bad in original: e.g., 'Deiu' (bis) . . . 'mal-
heure' . . . 'mon maine' . . . 'per ma foy' . . . 'cetf' . . . 'alle,' and so onward, 'Purquoy' (but oy for oi was common then) . .
tout ven' . . . 'money' . . 'rama' = rame, i.e. row, labour, but the 'a'
(Italianate), as frequently in this Play.
where thou shalt by one turne aboue ground, rid
the world of a knaue, & make a goodly ensample
for all bloodie villaines of thy profession.

[Iaq.] Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew?

And. I say, Iaques, thou must keep this path, and 1720
high thee; for the Queene, as I am certified, is
departed with her dwarfe, apparelled like a squire.
Overtake her, Frenchman, stab her; Ile promise
thee, this dubblet shall be happy.

Iaq. Pourquoi?

And. It shall serve a jolle Gentleman, / Sir Do-
minus Monsignior Hangman.

Iaq. C'est tout un; me will rama pour la monnoie.

[Exit.

And. Go, and the rot consume thee! Oh what 1730
a trim world is this? My master liu[e]s by
cousoning the king, I by flattering him: Slipper,
my fellow, by staigning, and I by lying: is not this
a wylie accord, Gentlemen? This last night, our
iolly horfekeeper, being well stept in licor, confeffed
to me the staigning of my maisters writings, and his
great reward: now dare I not bewraye him, leaft
he discouer my knauerie; but thus haue I wrought.
I vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide him
necessaries; but if I and my fellowes faile not, 1740
wee will teach him such a leffon, as shall cost him
a chiefe place on pennileffe bench for his labour:
but yond he comes.
Enter Slipper, with a Tailor, a Shoomaker, and a Cutler.

Slip. Taylor.
Tayl. Sir.
Slip. Let my dubblet bee white Northren, five groates the yard: I tell thee, I will bee braue.
Tayl. It shall sir.
Slip. Now sir, cut it me like the battlements of a Cufterd, full of round holes: edge me the sleeues with Couentry-blew, and let the lynings be of ten-penny locorum.
Tayl. Very good sir.
Slip. Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.
Tayl. And why so? that fashion is flate.
Slip. Oh friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee a flap is a great friend to a florrie: it stands him instead of cleane napery; and if a mans sirt bee torne, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a cleane huswifes scoffe.
Tayl. You say sooth sir.
Slip. [Giving money.] Holde take thy mony; there is seuen shillings for the dubblet, and eight for the breeches: seuen and eight; birladie, thirtie fixe is a faire deal of mony.
Tayl. Farwell sir.
Slip. Nay, but stay Taylor.

1 Dyce annotates, "A word, if it be not a misprint, with which I am unacquainted." Query—misprint for 'florrie' = flurry? See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Tayl. Why sir?

Slip. Forget not this speciall make, let my back-parts bee well linde, for there come many winter stormes from a windie bellie, I tell thee. [Exit Tailor.] Shoomaker.

Shoe-ma. Gentleman, what shoos will it please you to haue?

Slip. A fine neate calues leather, my friend.

Shoe. Oh sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

Slip. I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am Slipper, which hath his best grace in summer to bee suted in Jackafs skins. Guidwife Clarke, was my Grandmother, and Goodman Neatherleather mine Vnckle; but my mother good woman, Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and dreft by a good fellow, an Englishman, is growne to some wealth: as when I haue but my upper-parts clad in her husbands costlie Spanifh leather, I may bee bold to kiss the fayrest Ladies foote in this contrey.

Shoe. You are of high birth sir: but haue you all your mothers markes on you?

Slip. Why knaue?

Shoemaker. Because if thou come of the bloud of the Slippers, you should haue a Shoomakers Alle thruf through your eare.

1 Original 'mate.'

2 Ibid. 'lakus,' or it might be meant for 'Iakus': Collier's emendation is accepted in note on Shakespeare, ed. 1858, vol. v., p. 600.
Slip. [Giving money.] Take your earnest, friend, and be packing, and meddle not with my progenitors. Exit [Shoemaker.] Cutler.

Cutler. Heare fir.


Slipper. Thou faieft true; but it must haue a verie faire edge.

Cutler. Why so fir?

Slip. Because it may cut by himselfe, for trulie, my freende, I am a man of peace, and weare weapons but for facion.

Cutler. Well fir, giue me earnest, I will fit you.

Slip. [Giving money.] Hold, take it: I betruft thee, friend; let me be wel armed.

Cutler. You shall. Exit Cutler.

Slip. Nowe what remains? theres twentie Crownes for a house, three crownes for houſhol[d] stuffe, fix pence to buie a Constables staffe; nay, I will be the chiefe of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a servuant, to make an [w]hole familie. Shall I marrie with Alice, goodmā Grimshaues daughter? she is faire, but indeede her tongue is like Clocks on Shrouetuesday, alwaies out of temper. Shall I

1 Original 'a Rapier and Dagger'—Collier's emendation accepted in ibid., vol. v., p. 599. Evidently the context involves an (intended) blunder here, albeit it might be meant to be indicated only in pronunciation.
wed Sifley of the Whight? Oh no; she is like a frog in a parcely bed; as scittish as an e[e]le: if I seek to hāper her, she wil horne me. But a wench must be be, maister Slip. Yea, and shal be, dear friend.

And. [aside.] I now wil drieue him from his contemplations. Oh, my mates, come forward: the lamb is vpent, the fox shal preuaile.

Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take Slipper with them.

Slip. I will, my freend[s], and I thanke you heartilie: pray keepe your curtesie: I am yours in the way of an hornepipe.—[Aside.] They are strangers, I see, they vnderstand not my language: wee, wee.¹

Whilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money, and the other Antiques depart.

Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what, not one croffe point against Sundayes? What ho sirrha, you gone,² you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a right greeke one turne more.—Theeues, theeues: I am robd, theeues. Is this the knauerie of Fiddlers? Well, I will then binde

¹ "I know not what this means. (In the fifth scene of the present act the 4to has 'Wee' as the spelling of the Fr. 'Oui.')"—Dyce.
² = gomeral, foolish fellow: 4to misprints 'gone.'
the whole credit of their occupation on a bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that have confounded me of my money.  

**Exeunt.**

**[SCENE IV.]**

*Enter Nano, Dorothea in mans apparel.*

_Doro._ Ah Nano, I am wearie of these weedes,  
Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare,  
Wearie of loue, from whom my woe proceedes, /  
Wearie of toyle, since I haue loft my deare.  
O wearie life, where wanted\(^1\) no distresse,  
But euery thought is paide with heauineffe. /  

_Nano._ Too much of wearie: madame, if you please,  
Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your eafe.  

_Doro._ How looke I, Nano？ like a man or no?  

_Nano._ If not a man, yet like a manlie throwe.\(^2\)

_Doro._ If any come and meete vs on the way,  
What should we do, if they inforce vs stay? [field:  

_Nano._ Set cap ahuffe, and challenge him the  
Suppoze the worfe, the weake may fight to yeeld.  

_Doro._ The battaile Nano, in this troubled minde,  
Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.  
The bodie’s wounds by medicines may be eased,  
But griefes of mindes by falues are not appeased.

\(^1\) Dyce ‘ wanteth ’—not so good.  

\(^2\) = shrew.
Na[no]. Say Madame, will you heare your Nano fing?

Dor. Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing. 1870

Na[no]. What, if I fing of fancie, will it please?

Dor. To such as hope successe such noats breede ease. [sheepe?

Na[no]. What, if I fing like Damon, to my

Dor. Like Phillis, I will fit me downe to weep.

Na[no]. Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure small,

Ile fit me downe, and fing you none at all.

Doro. Oh be not angrie, Nano.

Nano. Nay, you loath

To thinke on that which doth content vs both.

Doro. And⁠¹ how?

Nano. You scorne desport when you are wearie, 1880

And loath my mirth, who live to make you merry.

Doro. Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

Na[no]. Tis vertue to contemne fals[e] Fortunes

Do[r]. What shuld I do to please thee, friendly squire?

Na[no]. A smile a day is all I will require:

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,

Ile kill this cursed care, or else beshowe me. /

Dor.² We are descried; Oh Nano, we are dead.

¹ = ‘An’; Dyce queries ‘As’?
² 4to misprints ‘Doug . . . Nano.’
Enter Iaques, his sword drawne.

Nano. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed.

Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand,
And I will seek for rescue out of hand. [death.

Dor. Run, Nano runne, preuent thy Prince[s]e
Na[no]. Feare not, Ile run all danger out of
breath. [Exit.

Iaq. Ah you calleta, you s trumpet: la Mai-
tressa Doretie, êtes vous surpris? Come, say your
pater nofter, car vous êtes morte, par ma foi.

Do[r]. Calleſt me s trumpet, catiue as thou art?
[I'm no s trumpet] but euen a princeſſe born,
Who ſcornes thy threats—
Shall neuer French man ſay, an Englifh mayd
Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

Iaq. You no dites votres prières? morbleu,
mechante femme, guarda your breſta there: me
make you die on my morglyay. [wife,

Doro. God ſheed me, hapleſſe princeſſe and a
And faue my soule, altho I looſe my life.

They fight, and shee is fore wounded.

1 4to gives this line to Dorothea.
2 Ibid. misprints 'calletta . . . ta Matressa Doretie est, vous surpris' and 'eſt mort.'
3 Ibid. 'callet': Dyce's emendation accepted. Of course in 'calletta' he simply uses his (absurdly) favourite Italianate 'a,' We might read "Callet! me strumpet!"
4 Ibid. misprints 'voïtre priéges, morbleu merchants famme.'
5 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
Ah I am slaine: some piteous power repay
This murdered cursed deed, that doth me slay. 1910

_Iaq._ Elle est toute morte: me will runne pour a
wager, for feare me be surpris and pendu for my
labour. _Bien, je m'en allerai au roy lui dire mes
affaires. Je ferai un cheualier for this daies tra-
uaile._1

Exit.

_Enter Nano S[ir] Cuthbert Anderson, his sword
drawne [and Servants]._

_S. Cuth._ Where is this poore distressed gentle-
man? [the death.

_Nano._ Here laid on ground, and wounded to
Ah gentle heart, how are these beautious lookes
_Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death:
Oh wearie soule, breake thou from forth my brest,
And ioyne thee with the soule I honoured most._

_S. Cuth._ Leaue mourning friend; the man is
yet aliue.
Some helpe me to convey him to my house:
There will I see him carefully recured,² [therer.
And send [forth] priuie search to catch the mur-
_Nano._ The God of heauen reward the[e],
curteous knight!_

_[Exeunt. And they beare out Dorothea._

1 4to French again bad: _e.g.,_ 'morc . . . pur ... surpryes Be in
_Le meu uera . . . any csns me Le ferra on cheualier._
² = recovered.
[SCENE V.]

Enter the King of Scots, Iaques, Ateukin, Andrew; Iaques running with his sword one way, the King with his traine an other way.

K. of S. Stay Iaques, feare not; sheath thy murtering blade: Loe here thy King and friends are come abroad To saue thee from the terrors of pursuite: What, is she dead?

Iaq. Oui, Monsieur, elle is blesée par la tête over les épaules: I warrant, she no trouble you. Ateu. Oh then my liege, how happie art thou grown,

How fauoured of the heauens, and bleft by loue: Mee thinkes I see faire Ida in thine armes, Crauing remission for her late contemp; Mee thinkes I see her blushing steale a kische, VNiting both your soules by such a sweete, And you, my King, suck Nectar from her lips. Why then delaies your grace to gaine the rest You long desired? why loose we forward time? Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage:
If she deny your fauour, let me die.

1 4to again had French, 'Wee ... blesse ... per laque tete ... oues espaules.' As shown by the ' ' of 4to 'tete', the word was originally 'tete,' and is so spelled in Cotgrave, who does not give 'tete,' but only 'tete,' a 'pap' or 'teat.'
2 4to 'attempt': Dyce's emendation accepted.
3 4to 'thinke.'
Andr. Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare at his natuitie, that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of the Thracian stone; for who toucheth it, is exempted from griefe, and he that heareth my Maister’s counsell, is alreadie possesed of happinesse; nay, which is more myraculous, as the Nobleman in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme of Bees laid honey on his lippes in token of his eloquence, for *melle dulcior*¹ 1960 *fluit oratio*.

Ateu. Your grace must beare with imperfections: This is exceeding loue that makes him speake.

K. of S. Ateukin, I am rauisht in conceit, And yet deprest againe with earnest thoughts. Me thinkes, this murther foundeth in mine eare A threatening noyse of dire and sharp reuenge: I am incenst with greefe, yet faine would ioy. What may I do to end me of these doubts?

Ateu. Why Prince, it is no murther in a King, 1970 To end an others life to saue his owne: For you are not as common people bee, Who die and perishe with a few men’s² teares; But if you faile, the state doth whole default, The Realme is rent in twaine, in such a losse; And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true, Of euills need[ful]³ we must chuse the leaft:

Then better were it that a woman died 
Then all the helpe of Scotland should be blent. 
Tis pollicie, my liege, in euerie state, 
To cut off members that disturb the head: 
And by corruption generation grows, 
And contraries maintain the world and state. 

K. of S. Enough, I am confirmed. Atcukin, come, 
Rede me of loue, and rid me of my greefe; 
Driue thou the tyrant from this tainted brest, 
Then may I triumph in the height of ioy. 
Go to mine Ida, tell her that I vowe 
To raise her head, and make her honours great: 
Go to mine Ida, tell her that her haires 
Shall be embellisht with orient pearles, 
And Crownes of Saphyrs, compassing her browes, 
Shall warre with those sweete beauties of her eyes: 
Go to mine Ida, tell her that my soule 
Shall keepe her semblance closed in my brest; 
And I, in touching of her milke-white mould, 
Will thinke me deified in such a grace: 
I like no stay; go write, and I will signe: / 
Reward me Iaques; giue him store of Crowne[s]. 
And, sirrha Andrew, scount thou here in Court, 
And bring me tydings, if thou canst perceiue 
The leaft intent of muttering in my traine; 

1 Dyce queries 'as'? 1980 
2 4to misprints 'rid.' 1990 
3 4to misprints 'embollisht.' 2000 
4 Ibid. 'weare.'
For either those that wrong thy Lord, or thee, 
Shall suffer death.

Ateu. How much, ò mightie king,
Is thy Ateukin bound to honour thee: [knees; 
Bowe thee [then], Andrew, bend thine fturdie 
Seest thou not here thine onely God on earth? 

[Exit the King.]

Iaq. Mais ou est mon argent, seigneur?  
Ateu. Come, follow me.—[Aside.] His graue, I see, is made, 
That thus on suddain he hath left vs here.— 
Come, Iaques : we will haue our packet soone di- 
patcht, 
And you shall be my mate vpon the way. 

Iaq. Comme vous plaira, monsieur. 

Andr. Was neuer such a world I thinke before, 
When sinners seeme to daunce within a net: 
The flatterer and murtherer, they grow big; 
By hooke or crooke promotion now is fought. 
In such a world, where men are fo-misled, 
What should I do, but, as the Prouerbe faith, 
Runne with the Hare, and hunt [too] with the 
Hound?

To haue two meanes befeemes a wittie man:
Now here in Court I may aspire and clime 

1 4to misplaces this stage direction five lines above. Ateukin was not the man to waste useless flattery on an absent king.

2 Dyce rightly alters from 'Signior,' and so perhaps 'feignior' before should not be 'Signior' but 'seigneur.' 

3 4to 'come . . . plora.'
By subtiltie before my maisters death:
And if that faile, well fare an other drift;
I will, in secret, certaine letters send
Vnto the English King, and let him know
The order of his daughters ouerthrow,
That if my maister crack his credit here,
As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may haue meanes within the English Court
To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice.

Exit.

Chorus.  Enter Bohan and Obiron.

Ober. Beleue me, bonny Scot, these strange euents
Are paffing pleasing, may they end as well.

Boha. Else say that Bohan hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet then any paff
Do not more gree to make the faerie greet.
But my small son made prittie handsome shift
To faue the Queene, his Mistresse, by his speed.

Obiro. Yea, [and] yon lad[d]ie, for his fport
he made,
Shall see, when leaft he hopes, Ile stand his friend,
Or else hee capers in a halters end.

Boha. What, hang my son? I trow not, Obiran:
Ile rather die then fee him woe begun.

1 4to misprints 'for'; Dyce's emendation accepted, though not by himself, in text.
2 4to misprints 'ouerthow.'
3 4to 'glee' = agree, and 'greet' = sorrow.
4 Ibid. Yea, you Ladie for his fport, etc. Dyce annotates, "Oberon alludes to Slipper."
Enter a round, or some daunce at Pleasure.

Ober. Bohan, be pleas'd, for, do they what they will, Heere is my hand, Ile saue thy son from ill. Exit.

Actus Quintus. Schena Prima. Enter the Queene in a nightgowne, Ladie Anderson, and Nano.

Lady And. My gentle friend, beware, in taking aire, Your walkes growe not offensive to your woundes. Do. Madame, I thank you of your courteous care: My wounds are well nigh clof’d, tho fore they are. L. And. Me thinks these closed wounds shou'd breed more griefe, Since open wounds haue cure, and find reliefe. Dor. Madame, if vndiscovered wounds you meane, They are not curde, because they are not seene. L. And. I meane the woundes which do the heart subdue. Nano. Oh that is loue: Madame, speake I not true?

[Ladie Anderson overheares. La. And. Say it were true, what value for such a fore? Nano. Be wife, and shut such neighbours out of dore.

Nano. Then chain him well, and let him do [Enter Sir C. at the side unseen overhearing.

S. Cuth. [aside.] In ripping up their wounds, I see their wit;

But if these wounds be cured, I sorrow it.

Doro. Why are you so intentive to behold My pale and wofull looks, by care controlled?

La. And. Because in them a readie way is found To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

Nano. Good Master, shut your eyes, keepe that conceit:

Surgeons giue Quoine to get a good receit.

Doro. Peace, wanton son: this Ladie did amend My woundes: mine eyes her hidden griefe shall end: Looke not too much, it is a weightie cafe.

Nano. Whereas a man puts on a maidens face, For many times, if Ladies ware^1 them not, A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

S. Cuth. [aside.] Ile breake off their dispute, least loue proceed

From couert smiles to perfect loue indeed. Comes forward.

Nano. The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee still.

L. And. Tut, wee can flie such cats, when so we

1 4to 'weare.'
JAMES THE FOURTH.

S. Cutb. How fares my guest? take cheare, nought shall default,
That eyther doth concern your health or ioy;
Vfe me, my house, and what is mine is yours. 2090

Doro. Thankes, gentle knight; and if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long to do as much for you.

S. Cutb. Your vertue doth acquite me of that doubt:
But courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,
I must to Edenbourg, vnto the king, [warres.—
There to take charge, and waight him in his Meane while, good Madame, take this squire in charge,
And vfe him so as if it were my selfe.

L. And. Sir Cuthbert, doubt not of my dilligence:
Meane while, till your returne, God send you health. 2100

Doro. God bless his grace, and, if his cause be iust,
Prosper his warres: if not, hee'el mend, I truft:
Good/sir, what mooues the king to fall to armes?

S. Cutb. The king of England forrageth his land,
And hath besieged Dunbar¹ with mightie force.

Doro. What other newes² are common in the Court?

Sir Cutb. [giving letters to Lady Anderson.] Reade you these letters, Madame; tell the squire
The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

¹ 4to 'Dambac.' ² Ibid. gives this line to Sir Cuthbert.
Doro. God prosper you, and bring you backe from thence:

Exit [Sir Cuthbert Anderson].

Madame, what newes?

La. And. They say the Queene is slaine.

Doro. Tut, such reports more false then trueth containe.

[leave him.

L. And. But these reports have made his Nobles

Doro. Ah carelesse men, and would they so deceiue him?

[the croffe;

La. And. The land is spoyle, the commons fear

All crie against the king, their cause of losse:

The English king subdues and conquers all.

Doro. Ah lasse, this warre growes great, on causes small.

L. And. Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone, still dreading death.

Doro. Woes me, for him I moane:

Helpe [me] now helpe [me, for] a suddaine qualme

Aselfes my heart.

Nano. Good Madame, stand his friend:

Giue vs some licor to refresh his heart.

L. And. Daw thou him vp, and I will fetch thee forth

Potions of comfort, to repres his paine. Exit.

1 Dyce notes, "The 4to 'her,' the transcriber perhaps having forgot that Dorothea is disguised as a man."

2 "i.e. revive, resuscitate. The 4to, 'Daw thou her vp,' and in the next line, 'her paine.'—Dyce.
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Nano. Fie, Princeffe, faint on euery fond report:
How well-nigh had you opened your estate:
Couer these sorrowes with the vaile of ioy,
And hope the best; for why this warre will cause 2130
A great repentance in your husbands minde.

Doro. Ah Nano, trees liue not without their sap,
And Clytie1 cannot blush but on the sunne;
The thirstie earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are leane where rivers do not runne: / Where soule is rest from that it loueth best,
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Thou knowest the Princes losse must be my death,
His griefe, my griefe; his mischiefe must be mine:
Oh if thou loue me, Nano, high to court,
Tell Roffe, tell Bartram, that I am alieue;
Conceale thou yet the place of my aboade:
Will them,2 even as they loue their Queene,
As they are charie of my soule and ioy,
To guard the King, to serve him as my Lord.
Haste thee, good Nano, for my husbands care
Consumeth mee, and wounds mee to the heart.

Nano. Madame I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

Dor. Go thou with speed: euen as thou holdest me deare,
Returne in haste.

Exit [Nano]. 2150

1 = Clytie.

2 Dyce queries "'But will them,' or 'And will them'—'will them, i.e. desire them.'
Enter Ladie Anderson.

L. An. Now sir, what cheare? come taft this broth I bring.

Doro. My griefe is past, I feele no further sting.

L. And. Where is your dwarfe? why hath hee left you sir?

Doro. For some affaires: hee is not traueld farre.

L. And. If so you please, come in and take your reft.

Doro. Feare keepes awake a discontented breft.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

After a solemn service, enter, from the widdowes [Countefs of Arran] house, a service, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you lift: to them Ateukin and [his] Gnato [= Laques].

Ate. What means this triumph, frend? why are these feastes?

Serv. Faire Ida sir, was marryed yestreday Vnto sir Eusface, and for that intent Wee feast and sport it thus to honour them: An if you please, come in and take your part; My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare./

[Exit with other Reuellers.

1 Dyce reads, 'After a solemn service enter, from the Countefs of Arran’s house, a band of Reuellers,’ etc.
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Ianq. Monseigneur, why be you so fadda? faites bonne chere: foutre de ce monde! 1

Ateu. What, was I borne to be the scorne of To gather feathers like to 2 hopper-crowe, [kinne? And loose them in the height of all my pompe? Accursed man, now is my credite lost: Where is my vowes I made vnto the king? What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare That I haue caufde him kill a vertuous Queene, And hope in vaine for that which now is lost? Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens Are iuft, and will reuenge; I know my finnes Exceede compare.—Should I proceed in this? This Euftace muft a main 3 be made away: Oh were I dead, how happy shou'd I bee.

Ianq. Est ce donc à tel point votre état 4? faith, then, adeiu, Scotland, adeiu, Signior Ateukin: me will homa to France, and no be hanged in a strange country. Exit. 2190

Ateu. Thou dost me good to leaue me thus alone, That galling griefe and I may yoake in one. Oh what are subtile meanes to clime on hig h When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame? I promis Idaes loue vnto the Prince, But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne:

1 4to reads, 'Monsigneur . . . fette bon chere fontre.'
2 I remove a superfluous 'a ' before 'hopper-crowe.'
3 4to 'a man.'
4 Ibid. 'donque a tell poynct voitres etat.'
I practis’d Dorotheas haplesse death,
And by this practis haue commenst a warre.
Oh cursed race of men, that traficque guile,
And in the end themselues and kings beguile: 2200
Ashamde to looke vpon my Prince againe;
Ashamde of my suggeftions and aduife;
Ashamde of life; ashamde that I haue erde;
Ile hide my felfe, expeeting for my fhame.
Thus God doth worke with those that purchase fame
By flattery, and make their Prince their gaine.¹

[Exeunt.

[SCENE III.]

Enter the King of England, Lord Percey, Samles,
and others. /

K. of Eng.² Thus farre, ye ³ English Peeres, haue
we displayde

¹ 4to ‘gaine’—I cannot accept Dyce’s reading (‘game’), as Greene was not at all particular as to rhyme, and ‘gaine’ yields a rather better and more suitable meaning.

² Dyce annotates, ‘To the speeches of the King of England throughout this scene is prefixed ‘Arius.’ ‘It is a singular circumstance,’ says Mr. Collier, ‘that the King of England, who forms one of the characters in this play, is called Arius, as if Greene at the time he wrote had some scruple in naming Henry VIII., on account of the danger of giving offence to the Queen and court’ (Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet., iii. 161. But it is only in the present scene that the King of England is called ‘Arius’; and in a stage-direction to an earlier scene (p. 200, sec. col.) the 4to gives the name ‘Arius’ when the King of England cannot be meant.” But ‘Arius’ before seems an error, as he never speaks.

³ 4to, ‘the,’ because written ‘y’ = the.
Our waving Ensignes with a happy warre;
Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde
My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot.
And now before Dambar our campe is pitcht;
Which, if it yeeld not to our compromise,
The plough shall furrow where the pallace stood,
And furie shall enjoy so high a power
That mercie shall bee baniisht from our swords.

[Enter Douglas and others on the walls.] 2220

Doug. What seekes the English King?
K. of Eng. Scot, open those gates, and let me enter in:
Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,
Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,
And lay this citty leuell with the ground.
Doug. For what offence? for what default of ours?
Art thou incenst fo sore against our state?
Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne
To pray on those that never did offend?
What though the Lyon (king of brutish race) 2230
Through outrage finne, shall lambes be therefore slaine?
Or is it lawfull that the humble die
Because the mightie do gainsay the right?

1 = Dunbar, still locally 'Dumbar.' 2 4to 'compromise.'
* 4to 'place.' 4 Ibid. 'envy.'
O English King, thou bearest in thy crest
The King of beasts, that harmes not yeielding ones:
The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field,
A signe of peace, not of revenging warre.
Be gracious, then, vnto this little towne;
And, tho we haue withstood thee for a while
To shew allegiance to our lieuest liege,
Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe,
Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld our selues.

K. of Eng. What, shal I enter then, and be your Lord?

Doug. We will submit vs to the English king.

They descend downe, open the gates, and humble them.

K. of Eng. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:/
This hand now reard, my Douglas, if I lift,
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine,
But since I see thee wise and olde in yeares,
True to thy king, and faithfull in his warres,
Liuue thou and thine.  Dambar is too too small
To giue an entrance to the English king:
I, Eaglelike, disdaine these little soules,
And looke on none but those that dare resift.
Enter your towne, as those that liue by me:

1 4to 'brest.'
2 Dyce changes to 'themselves' needlessly, 'humble them' being a reflective verb.
For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle:
Mine English soldiers, as you loue your king,
Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

Exeunt. 2260

[SCENE IV.]

Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Divine.

Lawyer. My friends, what thinke you of this present state?
Were euer seene such changes in a time?
The manners and the fashions of this age
Are, like the Ermine skinne, so full of spots,
As soone[r] may the Moore bee washed white,
Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

Merch. What sees mas Lawyer in this state amisse?

Law. A wresting power that makes a nofe of wax

Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtile drift,
In all estates to cline by others loffe,
An eager thirst of wealth, forgetting trueth:
Might I ascend vnto the higheft states,
And by discent discover euery crime,
My friends, I shoule lament, and you would greeue
To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

Diu. O Lawyer, thou haste curious eyes to prie
Into the secret maimes of their estate;

\[1 = \text{Master.} \quad 2 = \text{thirst.}\]
But if thy vaile of error were vnmaikt,
Thy selfe shold see your feet, do maime her moft.
Are you not those that shold maintaine the peace,
Yet onely are the patrones of our strife? /
If your profession haue his ground and spring
First from the lawes of God, then countries right,
Not any waies inuerting natures power,
Why thruee you by contentions? why deuise you
Clawfes and subtile reafons to except?
Our state was first, before you grew fo great,
A Lanterne to the world for vnitie: 
Now they that are befriended, and are rich
Oppresse the poore: come Homer without quoine,
He is not heard: What shall we terme this drift?
To say the poore mans caufe is good and iuft,
And yet the rich man gaines the beft in lawe:
It is your guife (the more the world laments)
To quoine prouifoes to beguile your lawes,
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
When you delay your common-pleas for yeares.
Mark what these dealings lately here haue wrought:
The craftie men haue purchaft great mens lands:
They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone:
If these complaine, by you they are vndone:
You fleese them of their quoine, their children beg,
And many want, because you may bee rich:

1  4to  Or preffe.'
This scarre is mightie, maister Lawyer. Now war hath gotten head within this land, Marke but the guise. The poore man that is readie to rebell; hee spoyles, he pilles; [wrongd We need no foes to forrage that wee haue: 2310 The lawe (fay they) in peace confum'd vs, And now in warre we will confume the lawe, Looke to this mischiefe, Lawyers: conscience knowes You liue amisse; amend it, leaft you end.

Law. Good Lord, that these diuines should see so farre.

In others faults, without amending theirs? Sir, sir, the generall defaults in state, (If you would read before you did correct) Are, by a hidden working from aboue, By their successful changes still remoud. 2320 Were not the lawe by contraries maintaine, How could the truth from falsehood be discerned? Did wee not taste the bitterness of warre, How could wee know the sweet effects of peace? Did wee not feel the nipping winter frostes, How should we know the sweetnesse of the spring? Should all things still remaine in one estate, Should not in greatest arts some scarres be found? Were all vpright and chang'd, what world were this?

1 "Here 'Lawyer' is a trisyllable (see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 177)."—Dyce. 2 4to 'man.' 3 Ibid. 'their.' 4 Ibid. 'remainde.'
A Chaos, made of quiet, yet no world;
Because the parts thereof, did still accord:
This matter craues a variance, not a speech.
But Sir Diuine, to you: looke on your maines,
Divisions, sects, your simonies, and bribes,
Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall;
You shal perceiue you are the cause of all.
Did each man know there were a storme at hand,
Who would not cloath him well, to shun the wet?
Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the leaft,
Know what were finne, without a partiall glofe,
Wee[d] need no long disouery then of crimes,
For each would mend, aduife by holy men:
Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your finnes;
But if they were depainted out for life,
Alasfe, wee both had wounds inough to heale.

Merch. None of you both, I see, but are in fault;
Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.
This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do;
But wee may say, Physitian, mend thy selfe.
This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke;
But all are words, I see no deeds of woorth.

Law. Good Merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth; /
Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe.

1 4to misprints 'sumonies.'
2 Dyce over-boldly changes to 'discourfing': the text is equivalent to that, and is more Greeneian.
What should I terme your state, but euen the way
To every ruine in this Common-weale?
You bring vs in the meanes of all excessse,
You rate it and retail it as you please;
You sweare, forswere, and all to compasse wealth;
Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen;
You are the groundworke of contention.

First heedlesse youth by you is overreacht;
Wee are corrupted by your many crownes;
The Gentlemen, whose titles you haue bought,
Loose all their fathers toyle within a day,
Whilst Hob your son, and Sib your nutbrowne childe,
Are Gentlesfolkes, and Gentles are beguilde.
This makes so many Noble mindes to stray,
And take finifter courses in the state.

Enter a Scout.

Scout. My friends, begone, and if you loue your liues;
The King of England marcheth heere at hand:
Enter the campe, for feare you bee surprisde.

Diuine. Thankes, gentle scout.—God mend that is amisse,
And place true zeale whereas corruption is!

Exeunt.
[SCENE V.]

Enter Dorothea [in man's apparel], Ladie Anderson, and Nano.

Doro. What newes in Court, Nano? let vs know it. [shew it; Nano. If so you please, my Lord, I straight will 2380
The English king hath all the borders spoyled,
Hath taken Morton prisoner, and hath slaine
Seuen thousand Scottifh lads¹ not farre from Tweed.

Doro. A wofull murther and a bloodie deed.

Nano. The king,² our liege, hath fought by many
For to appease his enimie by prayers: [meanes
Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore
Faire Dorothea, long suppos'd dead:
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,
That who so euer returne the Queene to Court 2390
Shall haue a thoufand Markes for his reward.

L. And. He / loues her, then, I see, altho inforst,
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her :
Why fit you sad, good fir? be not dismaide.

Na. Ile lay my life, this man would be a maide.
Dor. [aside.] Faine would I shewe my selfe, and
change my tire.

[Lady] And. Whereon divine you fir?

Na. Vpon desire

¹ 4to ' Lords.' "Corrected by Mr. Collier, Introd. to The Tempeft, p. 11, Shakespeare, ed. 1858."—Dyce.
² 4to ' Thinking.'
Madam, marke but my skill, Ile lay my life,
My maifter here will prooue a married wife.

_Doro. [aside to N.]_ Wilt thou bewray me Nano?
_Nano. [aside to Q. D.]_ Madam, no: 2400

[Aloud.] You are a man, and like a man you goe:
But I that am in speculation seene
Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

_Dor. [aside to N.]_ Thou art not dwarfe, to
learne thy mistresse mind:
Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind,
But yet I blush.

_Na. [aside to Q. D.]_ What blushe you, Madam,
To be your selfe, who are a fayned man?
Let me alone.

[than, me so?] _La. And._ Deceitfull beautie, haft thou scornd
_Nano. Nay, mufe not, madam, for she
tels you true.

_La. An._ Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred
my shame.

_Nano._ And womens faces work more wrongs
then these:
Take comfort, Madam, to cure [y]our diseafe,
And yet he loues a man as well as you,
Onely this difference, he cannot fancie two.

1 = skilled.
2 "The 4to ‘maiden, for she.’ I hardly understand this; and perhaps the text here is somewhat mutilated: but it is evident that Lady Anderson has not yet learned the sex of her guest."—Dyce.
3 4to ‘our.’
4 Ibid. ‘she.’
La. An. Blush, greeue, and die in thine infaciat luft.¹

Do. Nay, liue, and ioy that thou haft won a That loues thee as his life by go[o]d desert.

La. An. I ioy, my Lord, more then my tongue Though² not as I desir’d, I loue you well; [can tell : 2420 But modestie, that neuer blusht before, Discouer my false heart: I say no more. / Let me alone.

Doro. Good Nano, stay awhile.
Were I not sad, how kindlie could I smile, To see how faine I am to leauе this weede: And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede: But danger hates delay, I will be bold.
Faire lady, I am not, [as you] suppoſe, A man, but euæ that Queene, more hapleffe I, Whom Scottifh King appointed had³ to die: I am the hapleffe Princesse for whose right These kings in bloudie warres reuenge dispight ⁴; I am that Dorothea whom they seeke, Yours boundен for your kindnees and releefe; And since you are the meanes that saue my life, Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire, Whereas your husband shal enjoy reward, And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

¹ These two speeches of Lady Anderson were doubtless spoken to herself, and perhaps also the other before.
² ⁴to ‘Although.’ ³ Ibid. ‘hath.’ ⁴ = avenge?
[La.] An. Pardon, most gracious Princesse, if you
My rude discourse and homelie entertaine; [please, 2440
And if my words may fauour any worth,
Vouchsafe my counsaile in this waightie cause:
Since that our liege hath so vnkindly dealt,
Gieue him no truft, returne vnto your fyre;
There may you safelie liue in spight of him.

Doro. Ah Ladie, so wold worldly counsell work;
But constancie, obedience, and my loue,
In that my husband is my Lord and chiefe,
These call me to compassion of his state 1:
Difwade me not, for vertue will not change.

[La.] An. What woonderous constancie is this I
heare:
If English dames their husbands loue so deer,
I feare me, in the world they haue no peere.

Na. Come, Princes[fe] wend, and let vs change
your weede:
I long to see you now a Queene indeed. Exeunt./

[SCENE VI.]

Enter the King of Scots, the English Herauld,
& Lords.

K. of S. He would haue parly Lords:—Herauld,
say he shall,
And get thee gone: goe, leaue me to my selfe. 2460
Exit Herauld.—Lords retire.

1 4to 'e estate.'
'Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres;  
The one affures me of my Idaes loue,  
The other moues me for my murthred Queene:  
Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy,  
And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weale.  
Ahlasse, what hell may be compared with mine,  
Since in extreames my confort do consist?  
Warre then will cease, when dead ones are resuied;  
Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope.  
Who doth disturb me? Andrew?

Andrew enter[s] with Slipper.

Andr. I, my liege.  
K. of S. What newes?  
Andr. I think my mouth was made at first  
To tell these tragique tales, my lieifest Lord. [worst.  
K. of S. What, is Ateukin dead? tell me the  
Andr. No, but your Ida—[and] shall I tell him  
Is married late (ah, shall I say to whom?) [all?]—  
My maister sade (for why he shames the Court)  
Is fled away; ah moft vnhappie flight.  
Onelie my selfe, ah, who can loue you more?  
To shew my dutie, (dutie past beleife)  
Am come vnto your grace, (Oh gratious liege)  
To let you know,—Oh would it weare not thus!  
That loue is vain, and maids soone loft and wonne.  
K. of S. How haue the partial heauens, the,  
dealt with me,
Boading my weale, for to abase my power?
Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppresse?
Injurious loue is partiall in\(^1\) my right,
And flatterling tongues, by whom I was miisled,
Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state and me.
Methinkes I heare my Dorothea's goall
Howling reuenge for my accursd hate:
The goalls\(^2\) of those my subjectts that are flaine
Pursue me, crying out, woe, woe to lust:
The foe pursues me at my pallace doore,
He breakes my rest, and spoyles me in my Camp.
Ah, flattering broode of Sicophants, my foes:
First shal my dire reuenge begin on you:
I will reward thee Andrew.

Slip. Nay sir, if you be in your deeds of charitie remember me. I rubd M[after] Ateukins horfe heeles when he rid to the medowes.

K. of S. And thou shalt haue thy recompense for that.—

Lords, beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,
Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

And. If so your grace in such fort giue rewards,
Let me haue nought; I am content to want.

Slip. Then, I pray sir, giue me all; I am as ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me sir.

K. of S. Then hang them both as traitors to

\(^1\) = to?\(^2\) 4to 'gifts.'
Slip. The case is altered sir: Ile none of your gifts. What, I take a reward at your hands, Maister? faith sir no: I am a man of a better conscience. [away.

K of S. Why dallie you? go draw them hence

Slip. Why, alas sir, I will go away. I thanke you gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains: I will not trouble his honors maistership; Ile run away.

K. of S. Why stay you? moue me not. Let search be made

For vile Ateukin: who so findes him out
Shall haue fayne hundreth markes for his reward.
Away with the[m].

Enter Oberon and Antiques, and carrie away the Clowne [Slipper]; he makes mops, and sports, and scornes. [Andrew is removed.]

Lords, troop about my tent;
Let all our foouldiers stand in battaile ray,
For, lo, the English to their parley come.

March over brauelie, first the English hoste, the sword caried before the King by Percy. The Scottish on the other side, with all their pompe brauelie.

K. of S. What seekest the King of England in this land?
K. of Eng. False, traitorous Scot, I come for to reuenge
My daughters death; I come to spoyle thy wealth, Since thou hast spoyled me of my marriage-joy; I come to heape thy land with Carkaffes, That this thy thirstie foyle, choakt vp with blood, May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head; I come to quit thy laweleffe loue with death:
In briefe, no meanes of peace shall ere be found, Except I haue my daughter or thy head.

K. of S. My head, proud King? abase thy prancking plumes:
So striuuing fondly maieest thou catch thy graue.
But if true judgement do direct thy course,

1 4to 'thirstie': old spelling of 'thirsty,' but misprinted with f.
2 "'quit,' i.e. requite. The 4to 'quit thy loueleffe loue.' Altered to 'lawleffe' by Mr. Collier, Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, etc., p. cxvi."—Dyce. But I cannot accept this new reading. As his words, before and after this line, speak only of Dorothea, I retain 'loueleffe loue' as one of Greene's bad-conceited expressions.
3 4to 'plaines.'
These lawfull reasons should deuide the warre:  2550
Faith, not by my consent thy daughter dyed.

K. of E. Thou liest false Scot: thy agents haue
coisfeit it.

These are but fond delayes: thou canst not thinke
A means to reconcile me for thy friend.
I haue thy parasites confeffion pend;
What then canst thou alleage in thy excuse?

K. of S. I will repay the raunfome for her bloud.
K. of E. What; thinkft thou catieue, I wil sel my
child?

No, if thou be a Prince and man at armes,
In singule combat come and trie thy right,
Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face.

K. of S. I brooke no combat, false iniurious
King;
But since thou needlesse art inclinde to warre,
Do what thou dareft; we are in open field;
Arming my battailes I will fight with thee.

K. of E. Agreed. Now, trumpets, found a
dreadfull charge.
Fight for your Princesse [my] braue Englishmen.

[K. of S.] Now for your lands, your children,
and your wiues,
My Scottifh Peeres, and lastly for your King.  2560

1 Dyce queries 'This lawful reason should disuert the war'?
2 4to 'for to.'  8 Ibid. 'tooke.'  
4 Ibid. 'thy': 'battailes' = vanguard, rearguard, and middle host.
5 Dyce gives these two lines to the King of England.
Alarū founded; both the battailes offer to meet, &
as the Kings are ioyning battaile, enter Sir 2570
Cutbert [Anderson] and the Lady Cutbert, with
the Queene Dorothea richly attired, [and Nano].

S. Cutb. Stay, Princes, wage not warre: a priuie
grudge
Twixt such as you (most high in Maiestie)/
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.
How many swordes, deere Princes, fee I drawne?
The friend against his friend, a deadly friend
A desperate diuision in those lands
Which, if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.
Oh stay, with reason mittigate your rage;
And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
Intreat a boone, good Princes, of you both.

K. of E. I condiscend, for why thy reuerend
years
Import some newes of truth and consequence.
K. of S. I am content, for Anderson, I know:
Thou art my subieft, and doost meane me good.
S. Cutb. And. But by your gracious fauours grant
me this,
To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.
K. of E. See, by my sward, and by a Princes
faith,
In euery lawfull fort I am thine owne.

1 Dyce over-licentiously changes to 'fiend.'
2 4to gives this line to the King of England.
K. of S. And, by my Scepter and the Scottish Crowne
I am resolu’d to grant thee thy request.

[Sir] Cutb. I see you trust me, Princes, who repose

The weight of such a warre uppon my will.
Now marke my fute. A tender Lyons whelp,
This other day, came stragling in the woods,—
Attended by a young and tender hinde,—
In courage hautie, yet tyr’d like a lambe.
The Prince of beasts had left this young in keepe,
To foster vp as louemate and compere,
Unto the Lyons mate, a neighbour friend:
This stately guide, seduced by the fox,
Sent forth an eger Woolfe, bred vp in France,
That gript the tender whelp, and wounded it.
By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,
I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelpe:
I tooke them both, and brought them to my house.
With charie care I haue recurde the one;
And since I know the lyons are at strife
About the losse and damage of the young,
I bring her home: make claime to her who lift.

'Hee discouereth her [Queen Dorothea].

Doro. I am the whelpe, bred by this Lyon vp,
This royall English king, my happy fire:

1 Dyce prints 'haught' needlessly: but I print 'tyr’d' for his 'tyred.'
2 Ibid. queries 'and'!
3 = recovered, as before.
JAMES THE FOURTH.

Poore Nano is the hinde that tended me.
My father, Scottifh king, gauue me to thee,
A haplesse wife: thou, quite misled by youth,
Haste sought finifter loues and forrange ioyes.
The fox Ateukin, cursed Parafite,
Incensit your grace to fend the woolfe abroad,
The French borne Iaques, for to end my daies:
Hee, traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,
And left mee wounded; where this noble knight
Both rescued mee wounded, and mine, and fau’d my life.
Now keep thy promife: Dorothea liues;
Giue Anderfon his due and iuft reward:
And since you kings, your warres began by me,
Since I am safe, returne, surcease your fight.

K. of S. Durft I presume to looke vpon those eies
Which I haue tired with a world of woes,
Or did I thinke submission were ynough,
Or sighes might make an entrance to thy\(^1\) foule;
You heauens, you know how willing I wold weep;
You heauens can tell, how glad I would submit;
You heauens can say, how firmly I would sigh.

Do. Shame me not Prince, companion in thy bed,
Youth hath misled;—tut, but a little fault:
Tis kingly to amend what is amissle.
Might I with twife as many paines as these
Unite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord

\(^1\) 4to misprints ‘my,’ and Dyce follows suit.
See how incessant labours I would take.—
My gracious father, gouerne your affects:
Give me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this
[neck],
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse:
Ah mightie Prince, this king and I am one:
Spoyle/ thou his subiects, thou despoyleft me;
Touch thou his brest, thou doest attainct this heart:
Oh bee my father, then, in louing him. [increase,

K. of Eng. Thou prouident kinde mother of 2650
Thou muft preuaile, ah nature, thou muft rule:
Holde daughter, ioyne my hand and his in one;
I will embrace him for to fauour thee:
I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

Dor. Ah -royall husband, fee what God hath
wrought!
Thy foe is now thy friend.—Good men-at-armes,
Do you the like. These nations if they ioyne,
What Monarch, with his leigemen, in this world,
Dare but encounter you in open fielde?

K. of S. Al wisdome ioynde with godly pietie! 2660
Thou English king, pardon my former youth;
And pardon, courteous Queen, my great misdeed;
And, for assurance of mine after life,
I take religious vowes before my God,
To honour thee for father, her for wife.

\[1\text{4to 'fauour.'}\]
Sir Cuthbert. But yet my boones, good Princes, are not past:
First, English king, I humbly do request,
That by your means our Princeffe may vnite
Her loue vnto mine aldertrue: loue,
Now you will loue, maintaine, and helpe them both. 2670

K. of Eng. Good Anderson, I graunt thee thy request. [mickle more:

Sir Cuthbert. But you, my Prince, must yeelde me
You know your Nobles are your cheefest staies,
And long time haue been bannisht from your Court:
Embrace and reconcile them to your selfe:
They are your hands, whereby you ought to worke.
As for Ateukin and his lewde compeeres, 
That sooth'd you in your finnes and youthly pompe, 
Exile, torment, and punifh such as they; 
For greater vipers neuer may be found 2680
Within a state, then such aspiring heads,
That reck not how they clime, so that they clime./

K. of S. Guid Knight, I graunt thy fute.—First
I submit,
And humble[y] craue a pardon of your grace.—
Next, courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues
Forgiue mine errors past, and pardon mee.
My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdone,

1 4to gives to Lady Anderson this and the next speech of Sir Cuthbert Anderson. On II. 2667—2689 see annotated Biography in Vol. I.

2 See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours),
Heereafter, truft me, you are deare to me.
As for Ateukin, who fo findes the man,
Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straignt be hangd,
As all his vaine abetters now are dead.¹
And Anderson our Treasurer shall pay
Three thousand Markes for friendly recompence.
Nano.² But Princes, whilst you friend it thus in one,
Me thinks of friendship Nano shal haue none.
Doro. What would my Dwarfe, that I will not bestow ?
Nano. My boone, faire Queen, is this, that you would go:
Altho my bodie is but smale and neate,
My stomache after toyle, requireth meate:
An eafe fute, dread Princes[sc]; will you wend ?
K. of S. Art thou a Pigmey borne, my prettie frend ?
Nano. Not so, great King, but nature, when she framde me,
Was scant of earth, and Nano therefore namde me;
And, when she faue my bodie was so smale,
She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

¹ 4to, 'As all his vaine arbetters now are divided.' See Glossarial Index, under 'divided.'
² Ibid. 'L. Andr.'
³ 'To this and the next speech of the King of Scots the 4to prefixes merely 'K.' Part of the text appears to be wanting here.'—Dyce.
K. [of Scots.] Till time when?
Dor. Eate then.
K. [of Scots.] My friend, it stands with wit,
To take repast when stomach humbleth it.
Dor. Thy policy, my Nano, shall prevail.

Come, royall father, enter we my tent:
And, soldiers, feast it, frolick it; like friends:
My Princes, bid this kinde and courteous traine
Partake some favours of our late accord.
Thus warres haue end, and, after dreadfull hate,
Men learn at last to know their good estate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
IV.
THE COMICALL HISTORIE
OF ALPHONSUS
KING OF ARAGON.
1599.
NOTE.

I owe continuous thanks to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire for his unique exemplar of this Play. See title-page opposite, with its 'Printed' for 'Printed.' Our present use of 'Comedy' and 'Comical' is misleading. Here the latter is = a spectacular piece, much as Dante so names his tremendous poem a 'Comedy.' Dyce's rule of re-writing stage-directions is peculiarly unhappy in the present Play. I have restored the whole; and they (1) Give a graphic idea of the modes of procedure on the Elizabethan stage, (2) Explain how as a whole this Play is less corrupted than any—i.e. as having probably been printed direct from the Author's holograph. G.
THE
COMICALL
HISTORIE OF
Alphonfus, King of Aragon,
As it hath bene sundrie times Acted.
Made by R. G.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1599.
[Dramatis Personæ.]

Carinus, the rightful heir to the crown of Aragon.
Alphonsus, his son.
Flaminius, King of Aragon.
Belinus, King of Naples.
Duke of Milan.
Albinius.
Fabius.
Lælius.
Miles.

Amurack, the Great Turk.
Arcastus, King of the Moors.
Claramont, King of Barbary.
Crocon, King of Arabia.
Faustus, King of Babylon.
Bajazet, a lord.
Two Priests of Mahomet.
Provost, Soldiers, Janissaries, &c.

Fausta, wife to Amurack.

1 Accepted from Dyce.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPHIGENA, her daughter.

MEDEA,¹ an enchantress.

MAHOMET (speaking from the Brazen Head).

VENUS.

The Nine Muses.]

¹ "Greene is not the only modern poet who has introduced an enchantress of this name, distinct from the ancient one (see Tasso's Rinaldo, Canto x.)"—Dyce.
The Comicall Historie of Alphonfus, King of Arragon.

ACT I.

After you haue founded thriſe,¹ let Venus be let downe from the top of the Stage, and when she is downe, say:

Oets are scarce, when Goddesſes themſelues
Are forſt to leaue their high and ſtately feates,
Placed on the top of high Olympus Mount,
To seeke them out, to pen their Champions praise. 10
The time hath bene when Homers fugred Mufe,
Did make each Eccho to repeate his verse,

¹ "In our early theatres the performance was preceded by three soundings or flourishes of trumpets. At the third sounding the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience was drawn (opening in the middle and running upon iron rods), and the play began."—Dyce.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

That every coward that durst crack a speare,
And Tilt and Turney for his Ladies sake,
Was painted out in colours of such price
As might become the proudest Potentate.
But now a dayes so yrksome idlest\(^1\) flights,
And cursed charmes haue witch'd each students
That death it is to any of them all,#mind,
If that their hands to penning you do call:

O Virgil, Virgil, wert thou now alие,
Whose painfull pen, in stout Augustus dayes,
Did daigne\(^2\) to let the base and silly fly\(^3\)
To scape away without thy praife of her;
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,
Alphonjus fame vnto the heauens shoulde clime:
Alphonjus fame, that man of Ioue his feed,
Sprung from the loines of the immortall Gods,
Whose fire, although he habit on the earth,
May claime a portion in the fierie Pole,
As well as any one what ere he be.

But setting by Alphonjus power diuine,
What man alie, or now amongst the ghasts,
Could counteruaile his courage and his stength?\(^4\)

But thou art dead, yea Virgil, thou art gon:
And all his acts drownd in obliuion.\(^5\)

---

\(^1\) The 4to 'Idels.'
\(^2\) = disdain.'—Dyce. Qy. 'condescend not to,' etc. ?
\(^3\) "The 4to 'flea.' The Culex is the poem alluded to."—Dyce.
\(^4\) This line is printed twice over in the 4to: possibly meant to be repeated with sad cadence.
No, *Venus*, no, though Poets proue vnkind,
And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,
Yet rather then they shall be cleane forgot,
I, which was wont to follow *Cupids* games,
Will put in vre Mineruaes sacred Art;
And this my hand, which vfed for to pen
The praise of loue, and *Cupids* peerles power,
Will now begin to treat of bloudie *Mars*,
Of doughtie deeds and valiant victories.

*Enter Melpomine, Clio, Errato, with their sisters,*
  *playing all upon sundrie Instruments, Calliope onely excepted, who coming last, hangeth downe the head, and plaies not of her Instrument.*

But see whereas the stately *Muses* come,
Whose harmony doth very far surpasse
The heauenly musick of *Appolloes* pipe!
But what meanes this? *Melpomine* her selfe
With all her sisters found their Instruments,
Onely excepted faire *Calliope*,
Who, comming last & hanging downe her head,
Doth plainly shewe by outward actions
What secret forrow doth torment her heart.

  *Stands aside.*

  *Mel. / Calliope*, thou which so oft didst crake
How that such clients cluftred to thy Court,
By thick and threefold, as not any one
Of all thy sisters might compare with thee;
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Where be thy schollers now become, I troe?
Where are they vanisht in such suddain fort,
That while as we do play vpon our stringes,
You stand still lazing, and haue naught to do?

Clio. Melpomine, make you a why of that?
I know full oft you haue [in] Authors red,
The higher tree, the sooner is his fall,
And they which first do flourish and bear sway,
Vpon the sudden vanish cleane away.

Cal. Mock on apace! my backe is broad enough
To bear your flouts, as many as they be.
That yeare is rare, that nere feeles winters stormes;
That tree is fertile, which nere wanteth frute;
And that same Mufe hath heaped well in store,
Which nuer wanteth clients at her doore.
But yet, my sistres, when the surgent seas
Haue ebde their fill, their waues do rise againe
And fill their bankes vp to the very brimmes;
And when my pipe hath easd her selfe a while,
Such store of sistres shal my seate frequent,
That you shall see my schollers be not spent.

Errato. Spent (quoth you) sister? then we were too blame,
If we should say your schollers all were spent:
But pray now tell me when your painfull pen
Will rest enough?

Mel. When husbandmen sheere hogs.
Ven. [coming forward.] Melpomine, Errato,¹ and 90 the rest,
From thickest shrubs dame Venus did espie
The mortall hatred which you ioyntly beare
Vnto your sifter high Calliope.
What, do you thinke if that the tree do bend,
It followes therefore that it needs must breake?
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,
It never shall be able for to found?
Yes Muses, yes, if that she wil vouchsafe
To entertaine Dame Venus in her schoole,
And further me with her instructions,
She shall haue scholars which wil daine to be
In any other Muses companie.

Calliope. Most sacred Venus, do you doubt of that?

Calliope would thinke her three times blest
For to receiue a Goddes in her schoole,
Especially so high an one as you,
Which rules the earth, and guides the heauens too.

Ven. Then found your pipes, and let vs bend our steps
Vnto the top of high Pernassus hill,
And there together do our best devoutyr

For to describe Alphonsus warlike fame;
And, in the maner of a Comedie,
Set downe his noble valour presently.

¹ "Wrong quantity."—Dyce.
Alphonse, King of Aragon.

Calli. As Venus wils, so bids Calliope.
Melpo. And as you bid, your sistres do agree.

Exeunt.

Enter Carinus the Father and Alphonse his sonne.

Carinus. My noble sonne, since first I did recount
The noble acts your predecessors did
In Aragon, against their warlike foes,
I never yet could see thee joy at all,
But hanging downe thy head as malcontent
Thy youthful days in mourning have been spent.
Tell me Alphonse, what might be the cause
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?
Hath old Carinus done thee any offence
In reckoning up these stories vnto thee?
What / nere a word but mumme? Alphonse speake
Vnles your Fathers fatall day you seeke.

Alphonse. Although deare father, I haue often
Nere to vnfold the secrets of my heart [vowde
To any man or woman, who some ere
Dwels vnderneath the circle of the skie;
Yet do your words so coniure me, deare fire,
That needs I must fulfil that you require.
Then so it is: amongst the famous tales
Which you rehearst done by our fires in warre,
When as you came vnto your fathers daies,
With sobbing notes, with sighs & blubbring teares,

1 4to 'Clarinus,' 2 The 4to (:) after 'malcontent.'
And much ado, at length you thus began:

'Next to Alphonfus should my father come
For to possess the Diadem by right
Of Aragon, but that the wicked wretch
His yonger brother, with aspiring mind,
By secret treason robd him of his life,
And me his fonne of that which was my due.'

These words my fire, did so torment my mind,
As had I bene with Ixion¹ in hell,
The rauening bird could neuer plague me worfe;
For euer since my mind hath troubled bene
Which way I might revenge this traitorous fact,
And that recover which is ours by right.

Car. Ah my Alphonfus, neuer thinke on that,
In vaine it is to trieue against the streame:
The Crowne is loft, and now in hucksters hands,
And all our hope is caft into the dust:
Bridle these thoughts, and learne the fame of me,—
A quiet life doth passe an Emperie.

Alphon. Yet noble father, ere Carinus brood
Shall brooke his foe for to usurpe his seate,
Heele die the death with honour in the field,
And fo his life and sorrowes briefly end.
But / did I know my froward fate were such
As I should faile in this my iust attempt;
This sword deare father, should the Author be,

¹ "Wrong quantity again. And here Greene confounds the punishment of Tityns with that of Ixion."—Dyce.
To make an end of this my Tragedie.
Therefore sweet fire, remaine you here a while,
And let me walke my Fortune for to trie:
I do not doubt but ere the time be long,
Ile quite his coft, or else my selfe will die. 170

Cari. My noble sonne, since that thy mind is such
For to reuenge thy fathers foule abuse,
As that my words may not a whit preuaile
To stay thy iourney, go with happie fate,
And soone returne vnto thy fathers Cell,
With such a traine as Iulius Cæsar came
To noble Rome, when as he had atchieu’d
The mightie Monarch of the triple world.
Meanetime Carinus in this fillie groyne
Will spend his daies with praiers and horizons
To mightie Ioue, to further thine intent:
Farewell deare sonne, Alphonfus, fare you well.

Exit.

Alphon. And is he gone? then hie Alphonfus hie,
To trie thy fortune where thy fates do call:
A noble mind disdaines to hide his head
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.

Enter Albinus.

Alphonfus make as though thou goest out.

Albinus say

Albi. What loytring fellow haue we spied here?
Presume not villain further for to go,
Vnles you do at length the same repent.

Alphonsus comes towards Albinus.

Alphon. Villain faist thou? nay, vilain in thy throat:
What knowst thou skipiack, whom thou vilain calst?
Albi. A common vassall I do villain call.
Alphon. / That shalt thou soone approue, per-
fwade thy self,
Or else Ile die, or thou shalt die for me.
Albi. What, do I dreame, or do my dazeling eies
Deceiue me? Ist Alphonsus that I see?
Doth now Medea vse her wonted charmes
For to delude Albinius fantastie?
Or doth black Pluto, king of darke Auerne,
Seeke [for] to flout me with his counterfeit?
His bodie like to Alphonsus framed is;
His face resembles much Alphonsus hewe;
His noble mind declares him for no les;
Tis he indeed! Wo worth Albinius,
Whose babling tongue hath causde his owne annoy.
Why doth not Ioue send from the glitting skies
His Thunderbolts to chastice this offence?
Why doth dame Terra cease with greedie iawes
To swallow vp Albinius presently?
What, shall I fliie and hide my traytorous head

1 i.e. "Left (as afterwards)."—Dyce.
From stout Alphonfus whom I so misusde?
Or shall I yeeld? Tush, yeelding is in vaine:
Nor can I flie but he will follow me.
Then caft thy selfe downe at his graces feete,
Confesse thy fault, and readie make thy breft
To entertaine thy well deserued death.

Albinus kneeles down.

Alph. What newes my friend? why are you
[now] so blanke
That earst before did vaunt it to the skyes?

Albi. Pardon deare Lord, Albinius pardon craues
For this offence, which, by the heauens I vowe,
Unwittingly I did vnto your grace;
For had I knowne Alphonfus had bene here,
Ere that my tongue had spoke so trayterously,
This hand should make my very soule to die.

Alphon. Rife vp my friend, thy pardon soon is
got;
[Albinius rifes vp.]
But prithie tell me, what the cause might be
That in such fort thou erst vpbraidedst me?

Albi. Most mightie Prince, since first your
fathers fire
Did yeeld his ghost vnto the sisters three,
And olde Carinus forced was to flie
His native foyle, and royall Diadem;
I, for because I seemed to complaine
Against their treason, shortly was forewarnd

1 The 4to places this after the speech of Alphonsus.
Nere more to haunt the bounds of Aragon,
On paine of death; then, like a man forlorne,
I sought about to find some resting place;
And at the length did happe vpon this shore,
Where shewing forth my cruell banishment,
By King Belinus I am succoured.
But now my Lord, to answere your demand;
It happens so, that the usurping King
Of Aragon, makes warre vpon this land,
For certaine tribute which he claymeth heere:
Wherefore Belinus sent me round about
His Countreys, for to gather vp [his] men
For to withstand this most injurious foe;
Which being done, returning with the king,
Dispightfully I did so taunt your grace,
Imagining you had some foildier bene,
The which, for feare had sneaked from the Campe.

Alphon. Inough Albinius, I do know thy mind:
But may it be, that these thy happie newes
Should be of truth, or haue you forged them?

Albi. The gods forbid that ere Albinius tongue
Should once be found to forge a fayned tale,
Especially vnto his soueraigne Lord:
But if Alphonlus thinke that I do faine,
Stay here a while, and you shall plainely see
My words be true, when as you do perceiue

1 Dyce annotates, "Something has dropped out from this line."
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARAAGON.

Our royall armie march before your face;
The which, ift please my Noble Lord to stay,  
Ile haften on with all the speed I may. 

Alphon. Make haste Albinius, if you loue my 270  
But yet beware, when as your Armie comes, [life:  
You do not make as though you do me know,  
For I a while a souldier base will be,  
Vntill I finde time more convenient  
To shew Albinius, what is mine intent.  

Albi. What ere Alphonfus fittest doth esteeme,  
Albinius for his profit best will deeme. Exit.  

Alphon. Now do I see both Gods and fortune  
to[o]  
Do ioyne their powers to raife Alphonfus fame;  
For in this broyle I do not greatly doubt 280  
But that I shall my Couzens courage tame.  
But see whereas Belinus Armie comes,  
And he himselle vnlesse I gesse awrie:  
Who ere it be, I do not paffe a pinne;  
Alphonfus meanes his souldier for to be.  

Enter Belinus, King of Naples, Albinius, Fabius,  
marching with their souldiers.  

Beli. Thus farre my Lords, we trained haue our  
For to encounter haughtie Arragon, [Campe  
Who with a mightie power of stragling mates 290  
Hath trayterously aßayled this our land,  
And burning Townes, and facking Cities faire,
Doth play the diuell where some ere he comes.
Now, as we are informed by our scouts,
He marcheth on vnto our cheefe [s] feate,
_Naples_, I meane, that Citie of renowne,
For to begirt it with his bands about;
And so at length, the which high _Ioue_ forbid,
To sacke the same, as earst he other did.
If which shou'd happe, _Belinus_ were vndone,
His countrey spoyld, and all his subie&[s] flaine.
Wherefore your soueraigne thinketh it moft meet
For / to preuent the furie of the foe,
And _Naples_ succour, that distressed Towne,
By entring in, ere Aragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withfand their cruell batterie.

_Albì_. The fillie serpents, found by Country swaine,
And cut in pieces by his furious blowes,
Yet if her\(^1\) head do scape away vntoucht,
As many write, it very stranglye goes
To fetch an herbe, with which in little time
Her battered corpes againe she doth conioyne:
But if by chance the ploughmans sturdie staffe,
Do happe to hit vpon the Serpents head,
And brufe the same, though all the rest be found,
Yet doth the fillie serpents lie for dead;
Nor can the rest of all her bodie serue
To finde a salue which may her life preferue.

\(^1\) "The 4to 'his': but see what follows."—_Dyce_.

Euen so my Lord, if Naples once be lost
Which is the head of all your graces land,
Easie it were for the malicious foe,
To get the other Cities in their hand:
But if from them that Naples Towne be free,
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall be.
And therefore mightie King, I thinke it best,
To succour Naples, rather then the rest.

Beli. Tis brauely spoken; by my Crowne I
I like thy counsel, and will follow it. [sweare

But harke Albinius, dost thou know the man
That doth so closely ouerthwart vs stand?

Albi. Not I, my Lord, nor neuer saw him yet.

Beli. Then prithee, goe and ask him presently,
What countrey man he is, and why he comes
Into / this place? perhaps he is some one
That is sent hither as a secret spie
To heare and fee in secret what we do.

Albinius and Fabius go toward Alphonfus.

Albi. My friend, what art thou, that so like a
Doft sneake about Belinus royall Campe? [spie

Alphon. I am a man.

Fabi. A man? we know the same:
But prithee tell me, and set scoffing by,
What country man thou art, and why you come,
That we may soone resolue the King thereof?

Alphon. Why, say I am a fouldier.
Fabi.
of whose band?

Alphon. Of his that will most wages to me giue

Fabi. But will you be

Content to servue Belinus in his wars? ¹

Alphon. I,

If he will reward me as I do deferue,
And grant what ere I winne, it shalbe mine

Incontinent.

Albi. Beleeue me sir, your servuice costly is:
But fstay a while, and I will bring you word

What King Belinus fayes vnto the fame.

Albinius go towards Belinus.²

Beli. What newes Albinius? who is that we see?

Albi. It is, my Lord, a fouldier that you see,

Who faine would servue your grace in these your

But that, I feare his servuice is too deare. [warres,

Beli. Too deare? why so? what doth the
fouldier craue?

Albi. He craues my Lord, all things that with
He doth obtaine, what euene that they be.

[Alphonfus draws near.

Beli. Content my friend; if thou wilt succour me,

What ere you get, that challenge as thine owne;

Belinus giues it franckly vnto thee,

Although it be the Crowne of Aragon.

Come on therefore, and let vs hie apace

¹ The 4to a single line, and so ll. 352-3, 4-5.
² = he'll.

² Ibid. 'Alphonsus.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

To Naples Towne, whereas by this, I know,
Our foes haue pitcht their tents against our walles.

[Alphon.] March on, my Lord, for I will follow
And do not doubt but, ere the time be long, [you;]
I shall obtaine the Crowne of Aragon. Exeunt.

ACT II.

Of the Historie of Alphonsus.

Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, Alphonsus, with
the souldier: assome as they are in, strike vp
alarum awhile, and then enter Venus.

Venus. Thus from the pit of pilgrimes pouertie
Alphonsus ginnes by step and step, to climbe
Vnto the topp of friendly Fortunes wheele:
From banisht state, as you haue plainely feene,
He is transformed into a souldiers life,
And marcheth in the Ensigne of the King
Of worthy Naples, which Belinus hight;
Not for because that he doth loue him so,
But that he may reuenge him on his foe.
Now on the topp of lustie barbed steed
He mounted is, in glittering Armour clad,
Seeking about the troupes of Aragon,
For to encounter with his traiterous Neece.
How he doth speeed, and what doth him befall,
Marke this our Act, for it doth shew it all.

Exit Venus.

1 "These three lines in the 4to form a part of Belinus' speech."—Dyce.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON. 347

**Strike vp alarum. Enter Flaminius at one doore,**
**Alphonius at an other: they fight; Alphonius**
**kill Flaminius, and say—**

*Alphon.* Go packe thou hence vnto the Stygian 400
And make report vnto thy trayterous fire [lake,
How well thou haft enioyd the Diadem
Which / he by treafon fet vpon thy head ;
And if he ask thee who did send thee downe,
Alphonius say, who now must weare thy crowne.

**Strike vp alarum. Enter Lælius, who seeing that**
**his King is slaine, vpbraides Alphonius in this fort.**

*Læli.* Traytor, how darest thou looke me in the face,
Whose mightie King thou trayterously haft slaine ?
What, doft thou thinke Flaminius hath no friends 410
For to reuenge his death on thee againe ?
Yes, be you sure that, ere you scape from hence,
Thy gafping ghooft shall beare him companie,
Or else my felfe fighting for his defence,
Will be content, by those thy hands to die.

*Alphon.* Lælius, fewe words would better thee
Especially as now the case doth stand ; [become,
And diddeft thou know whom thou doft threaten thus,
We shouuld you haue more calmer out of hand :
For Lælius know, that I Alphonius am,
The sonne and heire to olde Carinus, whom
The trayterous father of Flaminius
Did secretly bereaue of his Diadem.
But see the iuft reuenge of mightie Ioue!
The father dead, the sonne is likewise slaine
By that mans hand who they did count as dead,
Yet doth furuiue to weare the Diadem,
When they themselues accompany the ghosts
Which wander round about the Stigian fieldes.

Lælius gaze upon Alphonfsus. 430
Mufe not hereat, for it is true I say;
I am Alphonfsus, whom thou haft misuside./

[Laëli.] The man whose death I did so oft
lament?
Kneele downe.

Then pardon me for these vncurteous words,
The which I in my rage did vtter forth,
Prickt by the dutie of a loyall mind;
Pardon, Alphonfsus, this my first offence,
And let me die if ere I flight again.

Alphon. Lælius, I faine would pardon this 440
And eke accept thee to my grace againe, [offence,
But that I feare that, when I stand in need
And want your helpe, you will your Lord betray:
How say you Lælius, may I truft to thee?

Laëli, I, noble Lord, by all the Gods I vowe;
For first shall heauens want stars, and foming feas
Want watry drops, before Ie traytor be
Vnto Alphonfsus, whom I honour so.
Alphon. Well then, arise; and for because Ile Lælius rises.
If that thy words and deeds be both alike,
Go haste and fetch the youthes of Aragon,
Which now I heare haue turnd their heele & fled:
Tell them your chance, and bring them back again
Into this wood; where in ambushment lie
Vntill I come or fend for you my selfe.

Læli. I will my Lord. Exit Lælius.

Alphon. Full little think Belinus and his Peeres
What thoughts Alphonsus cæseth in his mind;
For if they did, they would not greatly haste
To pay the same the which they promift me.

Enter Belinus, Albinius, Fabius, with their
souldiers, marching.

Beli. Like simple sheep, when shepheard absented is,
Farre / from his flock, aﬄaild by greedié wolues,
Do scattering flie about, some here, some there,
To keepe their bodies from their rauening iawes,
So do the fearefull youthes of Aragon
Run round about the greene and pleasant plaines,
And hide their heads from Neapolitans:
Such terror haue their strong and sturdie blowes
Strooke to their hearts, as for a world of gold,
I warrant you, they will not come againe.
But noble Lords, where is the knight become

1 The 4to 'Wolfe.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Which made the blood besprinkle all the place
Whereas he did encounter with his foe?
My friend Albinius, know you where he is?

Albi. Not I my Lord, for since in thickest rankes
I sawe him chase Flaminius at the heeles,
I never yet could set mine eyes on him.

Albinius spies out Alphonsus, and shewes him to Belinus.

But see, my Lord, whereas the warriour stands,
Or else my fight doth faile me at this time.

Beli. Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,
Hath slaine the King or else some other Lord,
For well I wot, a carkas I did see
Hard at his feete lie strugling on the ground.
Come on, Albinius, we will try the truth.

Belinus and Albinius go towards Alphonsus. 490

Belinus say to Alphonsus. 2

Haile to the noble victor of our foes.

Alph. Thanks mightie Prince, but yet I seek not
It is not words must recompence my paine,
But deeds: when first I tooke vp Armes for you,
Your promise was, what ere my sword did winne
In fight, as his Alphonsus shoule it craue.

Shewe Belinus Flaminius, who lieth all this
while dead at his feete.

1 The 4to 'do.' 2 Ibid. places this a line above.
See then where lies thy foe Flaminious,
Whose Crowne my sword hath conquered in the
Therefore Belinus, make no long delay, [field;
But that discharge you promist for to pay.
Beli. Wil nothing else satysfie thy conquering
mind
Befides the Crowne? Well, since thou haft it wonne,
Thou shalt it haue, though farre againft my will.

Alphonfsus fit in the Chaire; Belinus takes the
Crowne off of Flaminious head, and puts it on
that of Alphonfsus.

Here doth Belinus Crowne thee with his hand
The King of Arragon.

Sound Trumpets and Drummes within.
What, are you pleasde?

Alphon. Not so Belinus, till you promise me
All things belonging to the royall Crowne
Of Aragon, and make your Lordings sweare
For to defend me to their vtmost power
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.
Beli. Marke, what belonged erst vnto the Crowne
Of Aragon, that challenge as thine owne;
Belinus giues it franckly vnto thee,
And sweare[s] by all the powers of glittering skies,
To do my best for to maintaine the same;
So that it be not prejudiciall
Vnto mine honour, or my Countrey foyle.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Albi. And by the sacred seate of mightie Ioue
Albinius sweares that firft heele die the death
Before heele see Alphonfus suffer wrong.

Fabi. What erft Albinius vowd we ioynly vow.

Alphon. Thanks mightie Lords; but yet I greatly feare
That very fewe will keep the oathes they sweare.
But what Belinus, why stand you so long,
And ceafe from offering homage vnto me?
What, know you not that I thy soueraigne am,
Crowned by thee and all thy other Lords,
And now confirmed by your solemne oathes?
Feed not thy selfe with fond perfwasions,
But presently come yeeld thy Crowne to me,
And do me homage, or by heauens I sweare
Ile force thee do it maugre all thy traine.

Beli. How now base brat? what are thy wits
thine owne,
That thou dareft thus abraide me in my land?
Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,
Or else, by Ioue, Ile make thee to repent
That ere thou setteft thy foote in Naples foyle.

Alphon. Base brat, sayest thou? as good a man
But saye I came but of a base descent, [as thou:
My deeds shall make my glory for to shine
As cleare as Luna in a winters night.
But for because thou braggeft so of thy birth,
Ile see how it shall profit thee anon.
Fabi. Alphonfus, ceafe from these thy threatning words,  
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind,  
Or else be sure thou shalt the fame repent.

Alphon. How now sir boy, will you be pratling  
Tis best for thee to hold thy tatling tongue, [too?  
Vnles I fend some one to scourge thy breech.  
Why then I fee 'tis time to looke about  
When euer boy Alphonfus dares controll:  
But be they sure, ere Phæbus golden beams  
Haue / compassed the circle of the skie,  
Ile clog their toongs, since nothing else will serue  
To keep those vilde and threatning spechess in.  
Farwell Belinus, loke thou to thy selfe:  
Alphonfus meanes to haue thy Crown ere night.  

Exit Alphonfus.

Beli. What, is he gone? the diuel break his necke,  
The fiends of hell torment his traiterous corpes:  
Is this the quittance of Belinus grace,  
Which he did shewe vnto that thankles wretch,  
That runagate, that rachell, yea that theefe?  
For well I wot, he hath robd me of a Crowne.  
If euer he had sprung from gentle blood,  
He would not thus misufe his fauourer.

Albi. That runagate, that rachell, yea that theeff!  
Stay there1 sir King, your mouth runs ouer much ;

1 = lest.  
2 4to 'their.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARAGON.

It ill becomes the subiect for to vse
Such trayterous termes against his souereigne.
Know thou Belinus, that Carinus sonne
Is neither rachell nor [a] runagate:
But be thou sure that, ere the darksome night
Do drive God Phæbus to his Thetis lap,
Both thou and all the rest of this thy traine,
Shall well repent the words which you haue saie.

Beli. What, traiterous villain, doft thou threaten me?—
Lay hold on him, and see he do not scape;
Ile teach the slaue to know to whom he speakes.

[Albi.] To thee I speake,¹ and to thy fellowes all;
And though as now you haue me in your power,
Yet doubt I not but that in little space
These eyes shall see thy treason recompenft,
And then I meane to vaunt² our victorie.

Beli. Nay proud Albinius, neuer build on that;
For / though the Gods do chance for to appoynt
Alphonfus victor of Belinus land,
Yet shalt thou neuer lye to see that day:—
And therefore Fabius, stand not lingring,
But presently slash off his trayterous head.

Albi. Slash off his head? as though Albinius head
Were then so easie to be slashed off:

¹ "The 4to gives these five lines to Belinus."—Dyce.
² Ibid, has a superfluous ' of.'
In faith sir, no; when you are gone and dead, I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.

Beli. Why, how now Fabius? what, do you stand in doubt
To do the deed? what fear you? who dares seek
For to revenge his death on thee again,
Since that Belinus did command it so?
Or are you want so dainty that you dare
Not use your sword for staining of your hands?
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,
And I will be his butcher for this time.

Fabius give Belinus thy sword drawne; Belinus say as followeth.

Now sir Albinius, are you of the minde
That erst you were? what, do you looke to see,
And triumph in Belinus overthrow?
I hope the very sight of this my blade
Hath changed your minde into another tune.

Albi. Not so Belinus, I am constant still.
My minde is like to the Aeseton stone,
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire,
Denieth1 to becommen colde againe:
Euen so am I, and shall be till I die;
And though I should see Attropos appeare
With knife in hand, to slit my thread in twaine,
Yet nere Albinus should perswaded be
But that Belinus he should vanquisht see.

1 The 4to 'deineth.'
Bel. Nay, then Albinius, since that words are vain
For to perfwade you from this herefie,
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.

Belinus offers to strike off Albinius' head: strike up
alarum; enter Alphonsus and his men; fly
Belinus and Fabius, follow Alphonsus and
Albinius. Enter Lælius, Miles, and his
servants.

Læli. My noble Lords of Aragon, I know
You wonder much what might the occasion be
That Lælius, which earst did fly the field,
Doth egge you forwards now vnto the warres;
But when you heare my reafon, out of doubt
Yowle be content with this my rash attempt.
When firft our King, Flaminius I do meane,
Did set vpon the Neapolitans,
The worst of you did know and plainly see
How farre they were vnable to withstand
The mightie forces of our royall Campe;
Vntill such time as froward fates we thought,—
Although the fates ordaind it for our gaine,—
Did fend a ftraunger stout, whose furtdie blowes
And force alone, did cause our overthrow.
But to our purpose; this fame martmill knight

1 "Here 'sure' is a dissyllable (see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 146)."—Dyce. Of course, as invariably in pronunciation.
2 4to 'Milos.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Did hap to hit vpon Flaminius
And lent our King then such a friendly blow
As that his gasping ghost to Lymbo went.
Which, when I fawe, and seeking to reuenge,
My noble Lords, did hap on such a prize
As neuer King nor Keifar got the like.

Mi[les]. Lælius, of force we muft confesse to thee,
We wondred all whenas you did perfwade
Vs to returne vnto the warres againe;
But since our maruell is increased much
By/these your words, which found of happinesse:
Therefore good Lælius, make no tarrying,
But soone vnfolde thy happie chaunce to vs.

La. Then friends and fellow soldiers, hark to me;
When Lælius thought for to reuenge his king
On that fame knight, insteed of mortall foe,
I found him for to be our cheefeſt friend.

Mi. Our cheefeſt friend? I hardly can beleue
That he, which made such bloudie massacres
Of stout Italians, can in any poynť
Beare friendship to the countrey or the King.

La. As for your king Miles, I hold with you,
He beare no friendship to Flaminius,
But hated him as bloudie Attropos;
But for your country, Lælius doth auowe,
He loues as well as any other land;
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Yea sure, he loues it best of all the world.
And for because you shall not thinke that I
Do say the same without a reason why,
Know that the knight Alphonfus hath to name,
Both sonne and heire to old Carinus, whom
Flaminius' fire bereaued of his Crowne;
Who did not seeke the ruine of our hoft
For any enuie he did bear to vs,
But to reuenge him on his mortall foe;
Which by the helpe of high celestiall Ioue
He hath atchieu'd with honour in the field.

Mi. Alphonfus, man? Ie nere perfwaded be
That ere Alphonfus may furiue againe,
Who with Carinus, many yeares agoe,
Was faid to wander in the Stigian fieldes.

Læli. Truth Noble Miles; these mine ears haue heard,

For certaintie reported vnto me,
That olde Carinus, with his peerleffe fonne,
Had felt the sharpnesse of the fisters' sheeres;
And / had I not of late Alphonfus seene
In good estate, though all the world shoulde say
He is aliuue, I would not credit them:
But fellow fouldiers, wend you backe with me,
And let vs lurke within the secret shade
Which he himfelfe appointed vnto vs;
And if you find my words to be vrntroth,
Then let me die to recompence the wrong.
Strike up alarum: Enter Albinius with his sword drawne, and say

Albi. Lælius make haste: soldiers of Aragon, Set lingering by, and come and helpe your King, I meane Alphonfus, who, whilest that he did Pursue Belinus at the very heeles, Was suddenly enuironed about With all the troupes of mightie Millaine land.  

Mi. What newes is this? and is it very so? Is our Alphonfus yet in human state, Whom all the world did judge for to be dead? Yet can I scarce giue credit to the fame: Giue credit? yes, and since the Millain Duke Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure, Ere Cynthia, the fhining lampe of night, Doth scale the heauens with her horned head, Both he and his shall very plainly see The league is burft, that caused long the glee.  

Læ. And could the traytor harbor in his brest Such mortall treason gainst his foueraigne, As when he shoulde with fire and fword defend Him from his foes, he seake his overthrow? March on my friends: I nere I shall joy at all, Vntill I see that bloudie traytor's fall. Exeunt.

Strike up alarum: flie Belinus, follow Lælius: flie Fabius, follow Albinius: flie the Duke of Millain, follow Miles.
ACT / III.

Strike vp alarum: Enter Venus.

[Venus.] No sooner did Alphonfsus with his troupe
Set on the fooldiers of Belinus band,
But that the furie of his sturdie blowes
Did strike such terror to their daunted mindes
That glad was he which could escape away
With life and limme, forth of that bloudie fray.

Belinus flies vnto the Turkish foyle,
To craue the aide of Amuracke their King;
Vnto the which he willingly did consent,
And sends Belinus, with two other Kings,
To know god Mahomets pleafure in the fame.

Meane time the Emprefs by Medeas helpe,
Did vfe such charmes that Amuracke did see,
In foundeft sleepe, what afterward should hap:
How Amuracke did recompence her paine,
With mickle more, this Act shall fhew you plaine.

Exit Venus.

Enter one, carrying two Crownes vpon a Creft;
Alphonfsus, Albinius, Lælius, and Miles, with their fooldiers.

Alph. Welcome braue youthes of Aragon, to me,
Yea welcome, Miles, Lælius, and the rest,
Whose prowefle alone hath bene the onely cause
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON. 361

That we, like victors, haue subdued our foes.
Lord, what a pleasure was it to my minde,
To see Belinus, which not long before
Did with his threatenings terrifie the Gods,
Now scudde apace from warlike Lælius blowes:
The Duke of Millaine, he increaf our sport,
Who doubting that his force was ouerweake
For to withstand Miles, thy sturdie arme,
Did giue more credence to his frisking skippes
Then to the sharpnesse of his cutting blade.
What Fabius did to pleasure vs withall,
Albinius knowes as well as I my selfe;
For, well I wot, if that thy tyred steed
Had bene as fresh and swift in foote as his,
He should haue felt, yea knowne for certaintie,
To checke Alphonfus, did deferue to die.
Breefly, my friends and fellow peers in armes,
The worst of you deferue such mickle praife,
As that my tongue denies for to set forth
The demie parcell of your valiant deeds;
So that perforce, I must by dutie be
Bound to you all, for this your courtesie.

Mi. Not so my Lord; for if our willing armes
Haue pleasured you so much as you do say,
We haue done nought but that becommeth vs,
For to defend our mightie soueraigne.

1 The 4to 'When.'
2 Ibid. 'doo' superfluously before 'deferue.'
As for my part, I count my labour small,
Yea though it had been twise as much againe,
Since that Alphonfsus doth accept thereof.

Alphon. Thankes, worthie Miles: least¹ all the world
Should count Alphonfsus thanklesse for to be,
Lælius, fit downe, and, Miles fit by him,
And that receiue the which your swords haue won.

Sit downe Lælius and Miles.
First, for because thou, Lælius, in these broils,
By martial might didst proud Belinus chafe
From troop to troop, from side to side about,
And never ceast from this thy swift pursuit
Vntill thou hadst obtain'd his royal Crowne,
Therefore, I say, Ile do thee naught but right,
And giue thee that [the] which² thou well haft wonne.

[Set the Crowne on his head.
Here doth Alphonfsus Crowne thee Lælius, King
Of Naples Towne, with all dominions
That earst belonged to our trayterous foe,
That proud Belinus in his regiment.

Sound Trumpets and Drummes.
Miles, thy share the Millain Dukedom is,
For, well I wot, thy sword deseru'd no leffe.

Set the Crowne on his head.

¹ = lest. Dyce queries and annotates, "'but left'? Walker (Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 271) would read 'left that.'
² "Walker (ubi supra) 'that the which,' as in the fourth line of this speech."—Dyce.
The which Alphonfus frankly giueth thee,
In presence of his warlike men at armes;
And if that any stomacke this my deed,
Alphonfus can reuenge thy wrong with speed.

\textit{Sound Trumpets and Drummes.}

Now to Albinius, which in all my toyles
I haue both faithfull, yea, and friendly found:
Since that the Gods and friendly Fates affigne
This prefent time to me to recompence
The sundry pleasures thou haft done to me,
Sit downe by them, and on thy faithfull head

\textit{Take the Crowne from thy owne head.}

Receiue the Crowne of peerlesse Aragon.

\textit{Albi.} Pardon deare Lord, Albinius at this time;
It ill becomes me for to weare a Crowne
When as my Lord is deftitute himselfe:
Why, high Alphonfus, if I shoule receiue
This Crowne of you, the which high Ioue forbid,
Where would your selfe obtaine a Diadem?
Naples is gone, Millaine posseffed is,
And nought is left for you but Aragon.

\textit{Alphon.} And nought is left for me but Aragon?
Yes, surely yes, my Fates haue so decreed,
That Aragon should be too base a thing
For to obtaine Alphonfus for her King.
What, heare you not how that our scatter'd foes
Belinus, Fabius, and the Millaine Duke,
Are fled for succour to the Turkish Court?
And thinke you not that Amurack their King
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,
Seek to revenge Belinus overthrow?
Then doubt I not but ere these broyles do end,
Alphonfus shall possesse the Diadem
That Amurack now weares vpon his head.
Sit downe therefore, and that receiue of mee,
The which the Fates appointed vnto thee.

Albi. Thou king of heauen, which by thy
power diuine
Doft see the secrets of each liuers heart,
Beare record now with what vnwilling mind
I do receiue the Crowne of Aragon.

Albinius fit downe by Lælius & Miles; Alphonfus
set the Crowne on his head, and say.

Alphon. Arise Albinius, King of Aragon,
Crowned by me, who, till my gasping ghoft
Do part asunder from my breathlesse corpes,
Will be thy shield against all men aliue
That for thy kingdome any way do striue.

Sound Trumpets and Drummes.
Now since we haue, in such an happie houre,
Confirmd three kings, come, let vs march with speed
Into the Citie, for to celebrate
With mirth and ioy this blisful festiuall.

Exeunt omnes.
Enter Amurack the great Turke, Belinus, Fabius, Arcaftus King of Moores, Claramount King of Barbery, Baiazet a Lord, with their traine. 860

Amu. Welcome Belinus, to thy cosens Court, Whose late arriuall in such posting pace Doth / bring both ioy and sorrow to vs all; Sorrow, because the Fates haue bene so false To let Alphonfus drive thee from thy land, And ioy, since that now mightie Mahomet Hath giuen me cause to recompence at full The sundry pleasures I receiu’ed of thee. Therefore Belinus, do but aske and haue, For Amurack doth grant what ere you craue. 870

Beli. Thou second sun, which with thy glimfing beames Doeft clarifie each corner of the earth, Belinus comes not, as earst Mydas did To mightie Bacchus, to desire of him That what so ere at any time he toucht Might turned be to gold incontinent. Nor do I come as Jupiter did erft Vnto the Pallace of Amphitrion, For any fond or foule concupiscence. Which I do beare to Alcumenaeas hew. 880

But as poor Saturne, forst by mightie Ioue To flie his Countrey, baniſht and forlorne, Did craue the aide of Troos King of Troy;
ALPHONSES, KING OF ARRAGON.

So comes Belinus to high Amurak,
And if he can but once your aide obtaine,
He turnes with speed to Naples backe againe.

Amu. My aide Belinus? do you doubt of that?
If all the men at armes of Affrica,
Of A[5ia likewise, will sufficient be
To press the pompe of that usurping mate;
Assure thy selfe thy kingdom shall be thine,
If Mahomet say I vnto the same;
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,
And find such spoiles in ransacking their Tents
As neuer any Keifar did obtaine,
Yet would I not set foote forth of this land,
If Mahomet our iourney did withstand.

Beli. Nor would Belinus, for King Cre[5us tr]ash,
With Amurack [fo] to displease the Gods
In pleasing me in such a trifling toy.
Then, mightie Monarch, if it be thy will,
Get their consents, and then the act fulfill.

Amu. You counsel well; therefore Belinus, haste,
And, Claramount, go beare him companie,
With King Arcaftus, to the citie walles:
Then bend with speed vnto the darksome groue
Where Mahomet, this many a hundred yeare,
Hath prophesied vnto our auncesters.
Tell to his Priests, that Amurack your King,
Is now seleeting all his men at armes
To set vpon that proud Alphonfus’ troupe.
The cause you know, and can enforme him well,  
That makes me take these bloudie broyles in hand:  
And say, that I desire their sacred God,  
That Mahomet which ruleth all the skies,  
To send me word, and that moost speedely,  
Which of vs shall obtaine the victory.

Exeunt omnes præter Baiazet and Amurack.

You, Baiazet, go poste away apace  
To Siria, Scythia, and Albania,  
To Babylon, with Mesopotamia,  
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands  
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:  
Charge all their Kings with expedition  
To gather vp the cheefest men at armes  
Which now remaine in their dominions,  
And on the twentie[th] day of the fame month  
To come and wait on Amurack their King  
At his chiefe city Constantinople.  
Tell them, moreouer, that who so doth faile,  
Nought else but death from prifon shall him baile.  

Exit Baiazet. As soone as he is gone,  
Sound musike within.

What heauenly Musicke soundeth in my eare?  
Peace Amurack, and hearken to the fame.  

Sound musike, hearken Amurack, and fall a sleepe.

1 Dyce wrongly changes to 'them.' It is 'Mahomet' to whom they are sent, and Greene attends to his thought rather than to grammar.
Enter Medea, Fausta the Empresse and Iphigina, her daughter.

Medea. Now haue our charmes fulfild our minds
High Amurack is lulled faft a sleepe, [full well : 940
And doubt I not but, ere he wakes againe,
You fhall perceiue Medea did not gibe
When as she put this practife in your mind :
Sit, worthie Fausta, at thy spowfe his feete.

Fausta and Iphigina fit downe at Amuracks feete.
Iphigina, fit thou on the other fide :
What ere you see, be not agaft thereat,
But beare in mind what Amurack doth chat.

Medea do ceremonies belonging to conjuring, and fay.
Thou, which wert wont in Agamemnons days, 950
To utter forth Apollos Oracles
At sacred Delphos, Calchas I do meane,
I charge thee come ; all lingring fet aside,
Vnles the pennonce you thereof abide :
I conjure thee, by Plutos loathfome lake,
By all the hags which harbour in the fame,
By flinking Stix and filthie Flegeton,
To come with fpeed, and truly to fulfill
That which Medea to thee fhreight fhall will.

Rife, Calchas vp, in a white Cirples and a
Cardinals Myter, and fay. 960

1 = stratagem, or device. 2 = surplice.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARAUGON. 369

Cal. Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make an end
Of troubling vs with these thy cursed Charmes?
What meanst thou thus to call me from my graue?
Shall nere my ghost obtaine his quiet rest?

Me. Yes, Calchas yes, your rest doth now approch;
Medea means to trouble thee no more,
When as thou hast fulfild her mind this once.
Go get thee hence to Pluto backe againe,
And there enquire of the Deftinies
How Amurack shall speed in these his warres:
Peruse their bookes, and marke what is decreed
By Ioue himselfe and all his fellow Gods;
And when thou knowst the certaintie thereof,
By fleshlesse visions shewe it presently
To Amuracke, in paine of penaltie. [ing minde,

Cal. Forst by thy charme, though with vnwill-I haft to hell, the certaintie to finde.

Calchas finke dwayne where you came vp.

Me. Now peerles Princes, I muft needs be gon; My haftie businesse calls me from this place.
There resteth nought, but that you beare in minde What Amuracke in this his fit doth say:
For marke what dreaming, madam, he doth prate
Assure your selfe that that shall be his fate.

1 "In this line 'inquire' is a trisyllable (see Walker's Shakespeare's Versification, etc., p. 146."—Dyce.
Fau. Though very loth to let thee so depart, 
Farewell Medea, eaiser of my hart. Exit Medea.

Sound Instruments within: Amurack as it were in a dreame, say.

Amu. What Amurack, doest thou begin to nod? Is this the care that thou haft of thy warres? 
As when thou shouldft be prancing of thy steed, 
To egge thy soouldiers forward in thy warres, 
Thou sittest moping by the fireside? 
See where thy Viceroyes grouell on the ground, 
Look where Belinus breatheth forth his ghost, 
Behold by millions how thy men do fall 
Before Alphonjus, like to fillie sheepe. 
And canft thou stand still lazing in this fort? 
No proud Alphonjus, Amurack doth flie 
To quaile thy courage, and that speedilie.

Sound Instruments a while within, and then Amuracke say.

And doest thou think, thou proud iniurious God, 
Mahound I meane, since thy vaine prophesies 
Led Amurack into this dolefull case, 
To haue his Princely feete in irons clapt, 
Which erft the proudest kings were forft to kiffe, 
That thou shalt scape vnpunisht for the same? 
No, no, asfoone as by the help of Ioue, 
I scape this bondage, downe go all thy groues, 
Thy alters tumble tumble round about the streets,
And whereas erst we sacrifisde to thee,
Now all the Turks thy mortall foes shall bee.

Sound Instruments a while within.

Amuracke say.

Behold the Iemme and Iewel of mine age,
See where she comes, whose heauenly maiestie
Doth far surpasse the braue and gorgeous pace
Which Cytherea, daughter vnto Ioue,
Did put in vre when as she had obtaind
The golden Apple at the shepheard's hands.
See, worthie Fausta, where Alphonfus stands,
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be
With all the men at armes of Affrica;
See now he stands as one that lately sawe
Medusaes head, or Gorgons hoarie hue.

Sound Instruments a while within,

Amurack say:

And can it be that it may happen so?
Can Fortune proue so friendly vnto me
As that Alphonfus loues Iphigina?
The match is made, the wedding is decreed:
Sound trumpets, haw, strike drums for mirth &
glee:
And three times welcome fonne in lawe to mee.

Fausta rise vp as it were in a furie, wake
Amuracke, and say.

Fau. Fie Amurack, what wicked words be these?
How canst thou looke thy Fausta in the face,
Whom thou hast wronged in this shameful sort?
And are the vows so solemnely you sware
Vnto Belinus, my most friendly neece,
Now wast so clearly from thy traitorous heart?
Is all the rancor which you earst did beare
Vnto Alphonjus wore so out of mind
As, where thou shouldest pursue him to [the] death
You seek to giue our daughter to his hands?
The Gods forbid that such a hainous deed,
With my consent, shou'd ever be decreed:
And rather then thou shouldest it bring to passe,
If all the armie of Amazones
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,
Assure thy selfe that Fausta meanes to fight
'Gainst Amuracke, for to maintaine the right.

Iphi. Yea mother, say,—which Mahomet forbid,—
That in this conflict you should haue the foyle,
Ere that Alphonfus shou'd be cald my spowse,
This heart, this hand, yea, and this blade, shou'd be
A readier meanes to finishe that decree.

Amuracke rise in a rage from thy chaire.

Amu. What threatning words thus thunder in
mine eares?

Or who are they, amongst the mortall troups,
That dares presume to vse such threats to me?
The prowdeft Kings and Keisers of the land
Are glad to feed me in my fantasie;
And shall I suffer then, each pratling dame
For to upbraid me in this spightfull sort?
No, by the heauens, first will I loose my Crowne,
My wife, my children, yea, my life and all:
And therefore Fausta, thou which Amuracke
Did tender erst as the apple of mine eye,
Auoyd my Court, and, if thou lou’st thy life,
Approach not nigh unto my regiment.
As for this carping gyrl Iphigina,
Take her with thee to beare thee company,
And in my land I reede be scene no more,
For if you do, you both shall die therefore.

Exit Amurack.

Fau. Nay, then, I see tis time to looke about,
Delay is dangerous, and procureth harme:
The wanton colt is tamed in his youth,
Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and
And plurifies, when they begin to breed
With little ease, are driven away with speed.
Had Faust a then when Amuracke begunne,
With spightful speeches to controll and checke,
Sought to preuent it by her martiall force,
This banishment had neuer hapt to me.
But the Echinus, fearing to be goard,
Doth keepe her younglings in her paunch so long, 1090
Till, when their prickes be waxen long and sharpe,
They put their damme at length to double paine:
And I, because I loathed the broyles of Mars,
Bridled / my thoughts and pressed downe my rage;
In recompence of which my good intent,
I haue receiued this wofull banishment.
Wofull, said I? nay, happie I did meane,
If that be happie which doth set one free:
For by this meanes I do not doubt ere long
But Faust/a shall with eafe reuenge her wrong,
Come daughter, come: my minde forteleth me
That Amuracke shall soon requited be.

Make as though you were a going out, Medea
meete her and say.¹

Me. Fausta, what meanes this suddenn flight of yours?
Why do you leaue your husbands princely Court,
And all alone passe through these thickest groues,
More fit to harbour brutifh sauadge beafts
Then to receive so high a Queene as you?
Although your credit would not stay your steps
From bending them into these darkifh dennes,

¹ "Here a change of scene is supposed,—from the palace of Amurack to certain ' groves': see the next speech. It must be remembered that, in our author's days, the theatres had no painted moveable scenery."—Dyce.
Yet should the danger, which is imminent
To every one which paffeth by these pathes,
Keepe you at home with fayre Iphigina.
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?
I greatly feare some hap hath hit amis.  

Fau. No toy Medea, tickled Faustae head,
Nor foolish fancie ledde me to these groues,
But earnest business egges my trembling steps
To paffe all dangers, what so ere they be.
I banisht am Medea, I, which erft
Was Emprefle ouer all the triple world,
Am banisht now from pallace and from pompe.
But if the gods be fauourers to me,
Ere twentie dayes I will reuenged be.

Me. I thought as much, when firft from thickest
I saw you trudging in such postinge pace. [leaues
But to the purpose; what may be the cause
Of this [fo] strange and sudden banifhment?

Fau. The cause, afke you? a simple cause, God
Twas neither treafon, nor yet felonie, [wot :
But for because I blamde his foolifhnes.

Me. I heare you say fo, but I greatly feare,
Ere that your tale be brought vnto an end,
Youle prove your felfe the author of the fame.
But pray be briefe: what follie did your fpowfe?
And how will you reuenge your wrong on him?

Fau. What follie, quoth you? such as neuer yet
Was heard or feene, since Phæbus firft gan shine.
You know how he was gathering in all haste
His men at armes, to set vpon the troupe
Of proude Alphonfus; yea, you well do know
How you and I did do the best we could
To make him shew vs in his drowtie dreame
What afterward should happen in his warres.
Much talke he had, which now I haue forgot;
But at the length, this surely was decreed,
How that Alphonfus and Iphigina
Should be conioynd in Iunoes sacred rites.
Which when I heard, as one that did despise
That such a traytor should be sonne to me,
I did rebuke my husband Amuracke:
And since my words could take no better place,
My fword with helpe of all Amazones
Shall make him soone repent his foolishnes.

Me. This is the cause then, of your banishment?
And now you goe vnto Amazon
To gather all your maydens in array,
To set vpon the mightie Amuracke?
Oh foolish Queene, what meant you by this talke?
Those pratling speeches haue vndone you all.
Do you disdaine to haue that mightie Prince,
I meane Alphonfus, counted for your sonne?
I tell / you Faustia, he is borne to be
The ruler of a mightie Monarchie:
I must confesse the powers of Amuracke
Be great; his confines stretch both far and neare;
Yet are they not the third part of the lands
Which shall be ruled by Alphonjus hands:
And yet you daine\(^1\) to call him sonne in law:
But when you see his sharpe and cutting sword
Piercing the heart of this your gallant gyrle,
Youle curfe the houre wherein you did denay
To ioyne Alphonjus with Iphigina.

Fau. The gods forbid that ere it happen so.
Me. Nay, neuer pray, for it must happen so.
Fau. And is there then, no remedie for it?
Me. No, none but one, & that you haue forsworn.

Fau. As though an oath can bridle so my minde
As that I dare not breake a thousand oathes
For to eschew the danger imminent.
Speake good Medea, tell that way to me,
And I will do it, what so ere it be.

Me. Then, as already you haue well decreed,
Packe to your countrey, and in readinesse
Select the armie of Amazones:
When you haue done, march with your female
To Naples Towne, to succour Amuracke: [troupe
And so, by marriage of Iphigina,
You soone shall driuie the danger cleane away.

Iphigi. So shall we soone\(^2\) eschew Caribdis' lake,
And headlong fall to Syllaes greedie gulph;

\(^1\) = disdain.

\(^2\) "A recollection of the celebrated line in Gaultier's \textit{Alexandreis}:-
'\textit{Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdi.'}"—\textit{Dyce.}
I vowd before, and now do vow againe,
Before I wedde Alphonjus, Ile be flaine.

Me. In vaine it is to strive against the streame;
Fates must be followed, and the gods decree
Must needs take place in every kinde of cause.
Therfore, faire maid, bridle these brutifh thoughts,
And learne to follow what the fates affigne.

When Saturne heard that Juppiter his sone
Should druiue him headlong from his heauenly feat,
Downe to the bottome of the darke Auarne,
He did command his mother presently
To do to death the young and guiltlesse childe:
But what of that? the mother loathd in heart
For to commit so vile a massacre;
Yea, Ioue did liue, and, as the fates did say,
From heauenly seate draue Saturne cleane away.

What did auail the Caftle all of Steele,
The which Acrifius caufed to be made
To keepe his daughter Danae clogged in?
She was with childe for all her Caftles force;
And by that child, Acrifius, her fire,
Was after slaine, so did the fates require.
Thoufand1 examples I could bring hereof;
But Marble ftones [do] need2 no colouring,
And that which euery one doth know for truth
Needs no examples to confirme the fame.

1 I remove a superfluos ' A ' in 4to.
2 4to ' ftones needs.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

That which the fates appoint must happen so,
Though heauenly Ioue, and all the Gods say no. 1220

Fau. Iphigina, she sayth naught but truth,
Fates must be followed in their iust decrees;
And therefore, setting all delayes aside,
Come, let vs wend vnto Amazone,
And gather vp our forces out of hand.

Iphi. Since Fausta wils, and fates do so command,
Iphigina will neuer it withstand.

Act IV.¹

Enter Venus.

Ven. Thus haue you seene how Amuracke him-
selfe,
Fausta his wife, and euery other King
Which / holds their scepters at the Turke his hands,
Are now in armes, entending to destrye,
And bring to nought, the Prince of Aragon.
Charmes haue been vsde by wife Medeas art,
To know before what afterward shall hap;
And King Belinus, with high Claramount,
Ioynd to Arcaftus²; which with Princely pompe
Doth rule and gouerne all the warlike Moores,
Are sent as Legats to god Mahomet,
To know his counsell in these high affaires.
Mahound, prouokte by Amurackes discourse,

¹ 4to misprints '3.'
² Ibid. ' Alphonfus.
Which, as you heard, he in his dreame did ye, Denies to play the Prophet any more; But, by the long intreatie of his Priests, He prophesies in such a craftie sort As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport. Yet poore Belinus, with his fellow Kings, Did giue such credence to that forged tale As that they loft their dearest liues thereby, And Amuracke became a prisoner Vnto Alphon/us, as straight shall appeare. Exit Venus.

Let there be a brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind the Stage, out of the which cast flames of fire, drums rumble within: Enter two Priests.

1. Pr. My fellow Priest\(^1\) of Mahounds holy house, What can you judge of these strange miracles Which daily happen in this sacred seate?

Harke what a rumbling ratleth in our eares.

2. Pr. Thrife ten times Phæbus with his golden beames

\(^1\) 4to misprint 'Priests.'
Hath compassed the circle of the skie, 1270
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workemen hir'd,
And fild her barnes with frutefull crops of corne,
Since first in Priesthood I did lead my life;
Yet in this time I never heard before
Such feareful sounds, nor saw such wondrous sights;
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I haue,
What Mahomet, by these his signes, doth craue.

Speake out of the brazen Head.

Ma. You cannot tell, nor will you seeke to know:
Oh peruerse priest[s], how carelesse are you waxt;
As when my foes approach vnto my gates, 1280
You stand still talking of 'I cannot tell':
Go packe you hence, and meepe the Turkishe kings,
Which now are drawing to my Temple ward:
Tell them from me, God Mahomet is dispou'd
To prophesie no more to Amuracke,
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free
As that it needs must chat and raile at me.

Kneele downe both.

1. Pr. Oh Mahomet, if all the solemne prayers
Which from our childhood we haue offered thee, 1290
Can make thee call this sentence backe againe,
Bring not thy Priest[s] into this dangerous state:
For when the Turke doth heare of this repulse,
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Ma. [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]
Thou sayest truth: go call the Princes in:
Ile prophesie vnto them for this once;
But in such wise as they shall neither boast,
Nor you be hurt in any kinde of wise.

Enter / Belinus, Claramont, Arcaftus [and Fabius]: 1300
go both the Priests to meet him: the first say

1. Pr. You Kings of Turkie, Mahomet our God,
By sacred science having notice that
You were sent Legats from high Amuracke
Vnto this place, commaunded vs, his Priests,
That we should cause you make as mickle speed
As well you might, to heare for certaintie
Of that shall happen to your King, and ye.

Beli. For that intent we came into this place;
And fithens that the mightie Mahomet
Is now at leisur for to tell the fame,
Let vs make hafte and take time while we may;
For mickle daunger hapneth through delay.

2. Pr. Truth, worthy king, and therfore you
yourfelse,
With your companions, kneele before this place,
And listen well what Mahomet doth say.

Beli. As you do will, we ioynly will obey.

Kneele all downe before the brazen Head.

Ma. [speaking out of the Brazen Head.]
Princes of Turkie, and Embassadors

1320
Of Amuracke to mightie Mahomet,
I needs must muse that you, which erst haue bene
The readieft souldiers of the triple world,
Are now become fo flacke in your affaires
As, when you shoulde with bloudie blade in hand
Be hacking helmes in thickest of your foes,
You stand stilloytering in the Turkish foyle.
What, know you not how that it is decreed
By all the gods, and chiefly by my selfe,
That you with triumph shoulde all Crowned bee? 1330
Make haste [then] Kings, left when the fates do see
How carlely you do neglect their words,
They / call a Counsell, and force Mahomet
Againft his will some other thing to set.
Send Fabius backe to Amuracke againe,
To hate him forwards in his enterprize;
And march you on, with all the troupes you haue,
To Naples ward, to conquer Aragon;
For if you stay, both you and all your men
Must needs be sent downe straight to Lymbo den. 1340

2. Pr. Muse not, braue kings, at Mahomet dis-
course,
For marke what he forth of that mouth doth say
Assure yourselues\textsuperscript{2} it needs must happen so;
Therfore make haft, go mount you on your steeds,
\textsuperscript{1} "Qy. 'Make haste, then, kings,' etc.? Walker (\textit{Crit. Exam. of th Text of Shakespeare}, etc., ii. 148) conjectures 'Make haste, ye king etc., and 'Make haste, haste, kings,' etc.'—Dyce.
\textsuperscript{2} 4to 'your selfe.'
And set vpon Alphonsus presently:
So shall you reape great honor for your paine,
And scape the scourge which els the Fates ordaine.

Rife all vp.

Beli. Then, proud Alphonsus, looke thou to thy Crowne:
Belinus comes, in glittring armor clad,
All readie preft for to reuenge the wrong
Which, not long since, you offred vnto him;
And since we haue God Mahound on our side,
The victorie must needs to vs betide.

Cla. Worthie Belinus, set such threats away,
And let vs haft as fast as horse can trot,
To set vpon presumptuous Aragon.—
You Fabius, haft, as Mahound did commaund,
To Amuracke with all the speed you may.

Fabi. With willing mind I haften on my way.

Exit Fabius.

Beli. And thinking long till that we be in fight,
Belinus hastes to queale Alphonsus' might.

Exeunt omnes.

Strike vp alarum awhile. Enter Carinus.

Cari. No sooner had God Phaebus brightsome beames
Begun / to diue within the Westerne seas,
And darksome Nox had fpred about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsie sleepe
Did take possessiou of Carinus fence,
And Morpheus¹ shewed me strange disguised shapes.

Methought I saw Alphonfus, my deare sonne,
Plaft in a throane all glittering cleare with gold,
Bedeckt with diamonds, pearles & precious stones,
Which fhind fo cleare and glittered all fo bright,
Hiperions coach² that well be term'd it might.

Aboue his head a canapie was set,
Not deckt with plumes, as other Princes vfe,
But all befet with heads of conquered kings,
Enftald with Crowns, which made a gallant shew,

And ftrooke a terror to the viewers harts.

Vnder his feete lay grouelling on the ground
Thousand of Princes, which he in his warres
By martiall might might did conquer and bring lowe:
Some lay as dead as either flrock or fltone,
Some other tumbled, wounded to the death;
But moft of them, as to their soueraigne king,
Did offer duly hommage vnto him.

As thus I stood beholding of this pompe,
Methought Alphonfus did efpie me out,
And, at a trice, he leauing throane alone,
Came to imbrace me in his blessed armes.

Then noyfe of drums and found of trumpets shrill
Did wake Carinus from this pleafant dreame.

¹ The 4to 'Morphei.'
² Ibid. 'couch.'
Something, I know, is now foreshewne by this:
The Gods forfend that ought should hap amis.

Carinus walke vp and downe. Enter the Duke of
Millain in Pilgrims apparell, and say.

Du. This is the chance of fickle Fortunes wheele;
A Prince at morne, a Pilgrim ere it be night.
I, which, /erewhile did daine\(^2\) for to posseffe
The proudest pallace of the wefterne world,
Would now be glad a cottage for to finde,
To hide my head; so Fortune hath affigne.
Thrife Hesperus with pompe and peereleffe pride
Hath heau'd his head forth of the Easterne feas,
Thrife Cynthia, with Phæbus borrowed beames,
Hath shewé her bewtie throgh the darkifeh clowdes,
Since that I, wretched Duke,\(^3\) haue tafted ought,
Or drunke a drop of any kinde of drinke.
Instead of beds set forth with Ibonie,
The greenifh graffe hath bene my resting place;
And, for my pillow stuffed \([\text{soft}]\) with downe\(^4\)
The hardifh hillockes haue sufficed my turne.
Thus I, which erft had all things at my will,
A life more hard then death do follow still.

Ca. \([\text{aside.}]\) Me thinks I heare, not very far
from hence,

\(1 = \text{ere't.}\)
\(2 = \text{disdain.}\)
\(3 \text{ to 'Dulce.'}\)
\(4 \text{ 'Stuffed [soft] with down,' I imagine' (Walker's Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare, etc., ii. 268).—Dyce.}\)
Some wofull wight lamenting his mischance:
Ile go and see if that I can espie
Him where he sits, or ouerheare his talke.

Du. Oh Millaine, Millaine, little doft thou thinke
How that thy Duke is now in such distresse;
For if thou didft, I soone should be releaft
Forth of this greddie gulf of miserie.

Ca. [aside]. The Millaine Duke: I thought as much before,
When first I glaunft mine eyes vpon his face.
This is the man which was the onely cause
That I was forft to flie from Aragon:
High Ioue be prai’d, which hath allotted me
So fit a time to quite that iniurie.—

Pilgrime, God speed.

Du. Welcome, graue sir to me.

Cari. Me thought as now I heard you for to speak
Of Millaine land: pray do you know the fame?

Du. I, aged father, I haue cause to know
Both Millaine land, and all the parts thereof.

Cari. Why then, I doubt not but you can resolue Me of a question, that I shall demaund.

Duke. I, that I can, what euer that it be.

Cari. Then to be briefe: not twentie winters past,
When these my lims, which withered are with age,

1 = requisite.  
2 The 4to gives these two lines to Carinus.
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,
I still desirous, as yoong gallants be,
To see the fashions of Arabia,
My native soyle, and in this pilgrims weed,
Began to trauell through vnkenneled lands.
Much ground I past, and many soyls I saw;
But when my feet in Milain land I set,
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw
As neuer in my life I found the like.
I pray good sir, what might the occasion bee
That made the Milains make such mirth and glee?

Duk. This solemne ioy whereof you now do
Was not solemnizèd, my friend, in vaine; [speak
For at that time there came into the land
The happièst tidings that they ere did heare;
For newes was brought vpon that solemne day
Vnto our Court, that Ferdinandus proud
Was flaine himselfe, Carinus and his sonne
Were banisht both for euer from Aragon:
And for these happie newes that ioy was made.

Cari. But what, I pray, did afterward become
Of old Carinus with his banisht sonne?
What, heare you nothing of them all this while?

Du. Yes, too too much, the Milain Duke may
say.
Alphonfus first by secret meanes did get
To be a fouldier in Belinus warres,
Wherein he did behaue himselfe so well
As that he got the Crowne of Aragon;
Which being got, he disposseft also
The King Belinus which had fostered him.
As for Carinus, he is dead and gone:
I would his sonne were his companion.

Car. A blither build vpon that traytors tongue:
But, for thy friendship which thou shewedst me,
Take that of me, I frankly give it thee. Stab him.
Now will I hafte to Naples with all speed,
To see if Fortune will so fauour me
To view Alphonsus in his happie state.

Exit Carinus.

Enter Amuracke, Crocon King of Arabia, Fauftus
King of Babilon,[and] Fabius, with the Turkes
Ganesfaries.

Amu. Fabius, come hither: what is that thou sayest?
What did god Mahound prophacie to vs?
Why do our Viceroyes wend vnto the warres
Before their king had notice of the same?
What, do they thinke to play bob foole with me?
Or are they waxt so frolicke now of late,
Since that they had the leading of our bands,
As that they thinke that mightie Amuracke
Dares do no other then to soothe them vp?
Why speakest thou not? what fond or franticke fit
Did make those carelesse Kings to venture it?
Fa. Pardon, deare Lord; no franticke fit at all, 
No frolicke vaine, nor no presumptuous mind 
Did make your Viceroyes take these wars in hand; 
But forft they were by Mahouns prophecie 
To do the fame, or else resolue to die.  

Amu. So sir, I heare you, but can scarce 1 believe 
That Mahomet would charge them go before, 
Against Alphonsus, with fo small a troupe, 
Whose number far exceeds King Xerxes troupe. 2 

Fa. Yes, Noble Lord, and more then that, hee 
said 
That, / ere that you, with these your warlike men, 
Should come to bring your succour to the field, 
Belinus, Claramount, and Arcajus too 
Should all be crownd with crownes of beaten 
gold, 
And borne with triumphes round about their têts.  

Amu. With triumph, man? did Mahound tell 
them fo?—  
Prouoft, go carrie Fabius presently 
Unto the Marshalsy: there let him rest, 
Clapt sure and safe in fetters all of steele, 
Till Amuracke discharge him from the fame; 
For be he sure, vnles it happen fo 
As he did say, Mahound did prophesie, 
By this my hand, forthwith the flaue shall die.  

1 4to ‘scare,’ 
2 Dyce queries ‘hoft’: but Greene never hesitates to repeat a word.
Lay hold of Fabius, and make as though you carrie him out: Enter a foouldier, and say.

Sold. Stay, Prouoost stay, let Fabius alone:
More fitteth now that euery lustie lad
Be buckling on his helmet, then to stand
In carrying foouldiers to the Marvhalifie.

Amu. Why, what art thou that darest once presume
For to gainsay that Amuracke did bid?

Sold. I am, my Lord, the wretched[t] man aliue,
Borne vnderneath the Planet of mishap;
Erewhile a foouldier of Belinus band,
But now—

Amu. What now?

Sold. The mirror of mishap;
Whose / Captaine is slaine, and all his armie dead,
Onely excepted me, vnhappy wretch.

Amu. What newes is this? and is Belinus slaine?
Is this the Crowne which Mahomet did fay
He shou'd with triumph weare vpon his head?
Is this the honour which that cursed god
Did prophesie shou'd happen to them all?
Oh Daedalus, and wert thou now aliue
To fasten wings vpon high Amuracke,
Mahound shou'd know, and that for certaintie,
That Turkish Kings can brooke no iniurie.

1 4to 'Mess.' = soldier-messenger. So throughout.
Fabi. Tush, tush, my Lord; I wonder what you meane,\(^1\)
Thus to exclaime against high Mahomet.
Ile lay my life that, ere this day be past,
You shall perceiue these\(^2\) tidings all be waste.

Amu. We shall perceiue, accursed Fabius?
Suffice it not that thou haft bene the man
That first didst beate those babies in my braine,
But that, to helpe me forward in my greefe,
Thou seekest to confirme so fowle a lie?

Stab him.

Go get thee hence, and tell thy trayterous King
What gift you had, which did such tidings bring.—
And now, my Lords, since nothing else will serue,
Buckle your helmes, clap on your steeled coates,
Mount on your steeds, take Launces in your hands;
For Amuracke doth meane this very day
Proude Mahomet with weapons to assay.

Sold. Mercie high Monarch: it is\(^3\) no time now
To spend the day in such vaine threatnings
Against our god, the mightie Mahomet.
More / fitteth thee to place thy men at armes
In battle ray, for to withstand your foes,
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.

\(\text{Sound drummes within.}\)

\(^{1}\) In 4to these lines and others before and after are printed short—viz.,
'Tush, tush my Lord,
I wonder what you meane,' etc.

\(^{2}\) 4to ' his.'

\(^{3}\) Ibid. ' tis.'
Hark, how their drummes with dub a dub do come!
To armes, high Lord, and set these trifles by,
That you may set vpon them valiantly.

_Amu._ And do they come? You kings of

_Turkie [land]_

Now is the time in which your warlike armes
Must raise your names above the starrie skies:
Call to your minde your predecessors acts,
Whose martiall might, this many a hundred yeare,
Did keepe those fearefull dogs in dread and awe,
And let your weapons shew _Alphonfus_ plaine,
That though that they be clapped vp in clay,
Yet there be branches sprung vp from thefe trees,
In Turkish land, which brooke no injuries.
Besides the fame, remember with your felues
What foes we haue; not mightie Tamberlaine,
Nor fouldiers trained vp amongst the warres,
But feareful boors,¹ pickt from their rurall flocke,
Which, till this time, were wholy ignorant
What weapons ment, or bloudie _Mars_ doth craue.
More would I say, but horses that be free
Do need no spurs; and fouldiers which themselues
Long and desire to buckle with the foe,
Do need no words to egge them to the fame.

_Enter Alphonsus, with a Canapie carried over him
by three Lords, having over each corner a

¹ 4to 'bodies.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Kings head crowned; with him Albinius, Laelius, Miles, with Crownes on their heads, and their Souldiers.

Besides the same, behold whereas our foes Are marching towards vs most speedilie. Courage, my Lords, ours is the victorie.

Alph. Thou Pagan dog, how darst thou be so To set thy foote within Alphonsus land? What, art thou come to view thy wretched kings, Whose traiterous heads bedecke my tent so well? Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof There is a place left vacant, art thou come To have thy head possesse the highest seate? If it be so, lie downe, and this my sword Shall presently that honor thee affoord. If not, pack hence, or by the heauens I vow, Both thou and thine shall verie soone perceiue That he that seekes to moue my patience Must yeld his life to me for recompence.

Amu. Why, proud Alphonsus, thinkft thou Amurack, Whose mightie force doth terrefie the Gods, Can ere be found to turne his heeles, and flie Away for feare from such a boy as thou? No, no, although that Mars this mickle while Hath fortified thy weake and feeble arme,

1 4to 'bedeckt . . . tents.'
2 Ibid. 'thee.'
And Fortune oft hath view'd with friendly face
Thy armies marching victors from the field,
Yet at the presence of high Amuracke
Fortune shall change, and Mars, that God of might,
Shall succour me, and leave Alphonsus quight.

Alphon. Pagan I say, thou greatly art decei'd:
I clap vp Fortune in a cage of gold,
To make her turne her wheele as I thinke best;
And as for Mars whom you do say will change,
He moping sits behind the kitchin doore,
Prest at commaund of every Scullians mouth,
Who dares not stir, nor once to moue a whit,
For feare Alphonsus then should stomack it.

Amu. Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth
Doth ceafe from renting vnderneath thy feete,
To swallow vp that cankred corpes of thine.
I muse that Ioue can bridle so his ire
As, when he heares his brother so misusfde,
He can refraine from sending thunderbolts
By thick and threefold, to reuenge his wrong.
Mars fight for me, and Fortune be my guide:
And Ile be victor, what fome ere betide.

Albi. Pray loud enough, left that you pray in vain:
Perhaps God Mars and Fortune are a sleepe.

Amu. And Mars lies flumbring on his downie bed,

1 4to 'thofe.'
2 And = an, i.e. if.
3 The 4to gives these five lines inadvertently to Albinius.
Yet do not think but that the power we haue,  
Without the helpe of those celestial Gods,  
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,  
Alphonfus stragling armie to subdue.  

Læ. You had need as then to call for Mahomet,  
With hellish hags [for] to perform the fame.  

Fau. High Amurack, I wonder what you meane,  
That, when you may with litle toyle or none  
Compell these dogs to keepe their toongs in peace,  
You let them stand still barking in this fort:  
Beleeue me, soueraigne, I do blufh to see  
These beggers brats to chat fo frolikelie.  

Alphon. How now sir boy? let Amurack himselfe,  
Or any he, the proudest of you all,  
But offer once for to vnsheath his fword,  
If that he dares, for all the power you haue.  

Amu. What darft thou vs? my selfe will venter  
To armes, my mates.  

Amuracke draw thy fword: Alphonfus and all the  
other kings draw theirs. Strike vp alarum: flie  
Amuracke and his companie. Follow Alphonfus  
and his companie.

ACT / V.  

Strike vp alarum. Enter Venus.  

Ven. Fearce is the fight, and bloudie is the broyle;  
No sooner had the roaring cannon shot,
Spit forth the venome of their fired panch,
And with their pellets sent such troupes of soules
Downe to the bottome of the darke Auerne,
As that it\(^1\) couered all the Stigian fields;
But, on a sudden, all the men at armes,
Which mounted were on luftie coursers backes,
Did rush togither with so great a noyfe
As that I thought the giants one time more
Did scale the heauens, as erft they did before.
Long time dame Fortune tempred so her wheele
As that there was no vantage to be seene
On any sife, but equall was the gaine.
But at the length, so God and Fates decreed,
Alphonsus was the victor of the field,
And Amuracke became his prifoner;
Who so remaind vntil his daughter came,
And by her marying did his pardon frame.

1670

\[\text{Exit Venus.}\]

Strike vp alarum: flie Amuracke, follow Alphonsus,
and take him prifoner: carrie him in. Strike vp
alarum: flie Crocon and Fauftus. Enter Faufta
and Iphigina, with their armie, and meete them,
and say.

Fau. You Turkifh kings, what sudden flight is
this? [prowes
What means the men, which for their valiant

\(^1\) "It is frequently applied by our early writers to plural nouns: but
agy, 'they'?"—Dyce.
Were dreaded erst cleane through the triple world, 1690
Thus cowardly to turne their backes and flie?
What froward fortune hapned on your fide?
I hope your king in safetie doth abide?

_Cro._ I, noble madam, _Amurack_ doth liue,
And long I hope he shall enjoy his life;
But yet I feare, vnles more succour come,
We shall both loofe our king and soueraigne.

_Fau._ How fo, King _Crocon_? doft thou fpeak in
To proue if _Faufta_ would lament his death? [ieft,
Or elfe hath any thing hapt him amis?
Speake quickly _Crocon_, what the caufe might be,
That thou doft vtter forth these words to me.

_Cro._ Then, worthie _Faufta_ know that _Amuracke_,
Our mightie king, and your approued fpowfe,
Prickt with defire of euerlafting fame,
As he was preffing in the thickest rankes
Of Aragonians, was, with much adoo,
At length tooke prifoner by _Alphonfus_ hands,
So that, vnles you succour foone do bring,
You loofe your fpowfe, and we fhall want our king. 1710

_Iphi._ O haples hap, oh dire and cruell fate!
What injurie hath _Amuracke_, my fire,
Done to the Gods, which now I know are wrath?
Although vniuftly and without a caufe.
For well I wot, not any other king,
Which now doth liue, or since the world begun
Did fway a fcepter, had a greater care
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON. 399

To please the Gods, then mighty Amuracke:
And for to quite our fathers great good will,
Seeke they thus basely all his fame to spill? 1720

Fau. Iphigina, leave off these wofull tunes:
It is not words can cure and eafe this wound,
But warlike swords; not teares, but sturdie speares,
High Amuracke is prisoner to our foes:
What then? thinke you that our Amazones,
Ioynd with the forces of the Turkish troupe,
Are not sufficient for to set him free?
Yes, daughter, yes, I meane not for to sleepe
Vntill he is free, or we him company keepe.—
March on, my mates.  Exeunt omnes. 1730

Strike vp alarum: flie Alphonfus, follow
Iphigina, and say,

Iphi. How now Alphonfus! you which neuer yet
Could meet your equall in the feates of armes,
How haps it now that in fuch fudden fort
You flie the presence of a fillie maide?
What, haue you found mine arme of fuch a force
As that you thinke your bodie ouerweake
For to withstand the furie of my blowes?
Or do you else disdaine to fight with me,
For ftaining of your high nobilitie? 1740

Alp. No, daintie dame, I wold not haue thee
That ever thou or any other wight [think
Shall live to see Alphonfus flie the field
From any king or Kaiser who some ere:
First will I die in thickest of my fo,
Before I will disbase mine honour so.
Nor do I scorne, thou goddes, for to staine
My prowes with thee, although it be a shame
For knights to combat with the female sect
But love, sweete mouse, hath so benumbd my wit,
That, though I would, I must refraine from it.

Iphi. I thought as much when first I came to
Your noble acts were fitter to be writ
Within the Tables of dame Venus son
Then in God Mars his warlike registres:
When as your Lords are hacking helmes abroad,
And make their speares to shiuer in the air,
Your mind is busied in fond Cupids toyes.
Come / on, i'faith, Ile teach you for to know,
We came to fight, and not to loue, I trow.

Alphon. Nay virgin stay. And if thou wilt
To entertaine Alphonis simple sute,
Thou shalt ere long be Monarch of the world:
All christned kings, with all your Pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees vnto Iphigina.
The Indian foyle shalbe thine at command,
Where euery step thou settest on the ground
Shall be receiued on the golden mines;
Rich Paistolus, that riuer of account,
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARAGON. 401

Which doth descend from top of Tmolus's mount,
Shall be thine owne, and all the world beside,
If you will graunt to be Alphonfus bride.

Iphi. Alphonfus bride? Nay, villain, do not thinke
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts,
As for to make me loue and fancie him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As, if my death could bring to passe his baine,
I would not long from Plutos port remaine.

Alph. Nay then, proud pecock, since thou art so 1780
As that intreatie will not moue thy minde [ftout
For to consent to be my wedded spowse,
Thou shalt, in spite of Gods and Fortune too,
Serue high Alphonfus as a concubine.

Iphi. Ile rather die then euuer that shall hap.

Alphon. And thou shalt die vnles it come to pas.

Alphonfus and Iphigina ffight. Iphigina flie;
follow Alphonfus. Strike vp alarum. Enter
Alphonfus with his rapier, Albinius, Lælius,
Miles, with their Souldiers. Amurack, Faufta, 1790
Iphigina, Crocon, and Fauftus, all bounde with
their hands behind them. Amuracke looke angrily
on Faufta.

Enter / Medea.

Med. Nay Amurack, this is no time to iarre,
Although thy wife did, in her frantick moode,

G. XIII. 26
Vse speeches which might better haue been sparde,
Yet do thou not judge this same time to be
A season to requite that inuiurie.
More fitteth thee, with all the wit thou haft,
To call to mind which way thou maist release
Thy felfe, thy wife, and faire Iphigina,
Forth of the power of ftout Alphonfus hands;
For, well I wot, fince firit you breathed breath,
You never were fo nie the fnares of death.
Now Amurack, your high and kingly feate,
Your royall fcepter and your ftafely Crowne,
Your mightie Countrey, and your men at armes,
Be conquered all, and can no fuccour bring.
Put then no truft in these fame paltrie toyes,
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,
Clapt vp in chains; whose life and death depend
Upon the hands of thy moft mortall foe.
Then take thou heed, that what fom ere he fay,
Thou doeft not once presume for to gainfay.

Amu. Away you foole! thinke you your cursed
charmes
Can bridle fo the mind of Amuracke
As that he will ftand croaching to his foe?
No, no, be sure that, if that begger's brat
Do dare but once to contrary my will,
Ile make him foone in heart for to repent
That ere fuch words gainft Amuracke he fpent.

1 4to 'the.'  
2 Ibid. 'deaths depends.'
Med. Then, since thou dost disdain my good.  
Looke to thy selfe, and if you fare amis, [aduise, 
Remember that Medea counsel gauae 
Which might you safe from all those perils faue.¹ 
But Faufta, you, as well you have begun, 
Beware you follow till your friend's aduise: 
If that Alphonfus do desire of thee 
To have your daughter for his wedded spouse, ¹ ¹ ³ ⁰ 
Beware you do not once the same gainfay, 
Vnles² with death he do your rashnes pay. 

Fau. No, worthie wight; first Faufta means to 
Before Alphonfus she will contrarie. [die 

Med. Why, then, farwell.—But you, Iphigina, 
Beware you do not oversqueamish wax, 
When as your mother giueth her consent. 

Iphi. The Gods forbid that ere I should gainfay 
That which Medea bids me to obay. 

Exit Medea. ¹ ⁸ ⁴ ⁰ 

Rise vp Alphonfus out of his chaire, who all this 
while hath bene talking to Albinius, and say. 

Al. Now Amurack, the proud blasphemous dogs, 
(For so you termed vs) which did brall and raile 
Against God Mars and fickle Fortunes wheele, 
Haue got the gole for all your solemne praiers. 
Your selfe are prisoner, which as then did thinke 
That all the forces of the triple world 

¹ Dyce queries 'fav'd ... haue'—Certainly not. 
² = lest.
Were insufficient to fulfill the same.  
How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,  
Or hath God Mars such force or power divine,  
As that he can, with all the power he hath,  
Set thee and thine forth of Alphonys hands?  
I do not thinke but that your hopes so small  
As that you would with verie willing mind  
Yeeld for my spowfe the faire Iphigina,  
On that condition, that without delay  
Fausla and you may scotfree scape away.  

_Amu._ What, thinkst thou, vilain, that high  
_Amurack_  
Beares such a minde as, for the feare of death,  
Heele yeeld his daughter, yea, his onely ioy,  
Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?  
No traytor, no; for [though] as now I lie  
Clapt vp in Irons and with bolts of steele,  
Yet do there lurke within the Turkish foyle  
Such troupes of fouldiers, that, with small ado,  
Theile set me scotfree from your men and you.  

_Alp._ 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'traitor' & 'dunghil knight'?  
Now, by the heauens, since that thou doft deny  
For to fulfill that which in gentle wise  
_Alphonys_ craues, both thou and all thy traine  
Shall with your liues requite that injurie.—  
_Albinius_, lay holde of _Amuracke_,  
And carrie him to prison presently,
There to remaine vntill I do returne
Into my tent; for by high lOue I vowe,
Vnles he waxe more calmer out of hand,
His head amongf't his fellow Kings shall stand.

Albinius cárrie Amuracke forth, who as he is going, must say.

Amu. No villaine, think not that the feare of death
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.

[Exit in custody of Albinius.

Alphon. Now Lælius, take you Iphigina,
Her mother Faușta, with these other Kings,
And put them into prisons feuerally;
For Amuracks stout stomacke shall vndo
Both he himfelfe and all his other crew.

Faușta kneele downe.

Fau. Oh sacred Prince, if that the salt-brine 1890
tearres,
Distilling downe poor Fauștas withered cheekes,
Can / mollifie the hardnes of your heart,
Lessen this iudgement, which thou in thy rage
Haʃt giuen on thy luckles prisoners.

Alphon. Woman away! my word is gone and past;
Now, if I would, I cannot call it backe.
You might haue yeelded at my first demaund,
And then you need[ed] not to feare this hap.—
Lælius, make hafte, and go thou presently
For to fulfill that I commanded thee.
Rise vp Faufta, kneele downe Iphigina, and say.

Iphi. Mightie Alphonfus, since my mothers late
Is so rejected that in any case
You will not grant vs pardon for her sake,
I now will trie if that my wofull prayers
May plead for pittie at your graces feete.
When first you did, amongst the thickeft rankes,
All clad in glistening armes encounter me,
You know your selfe what loue you did protest
You then did beare vnto Iphigina:
Then for that loue, if any loue you had,
Reuoke this sentence, which is too too bad.

Alp. No damsel; he that will not when he may,
When he desires, shall surely purchase nay:
If that you had, when first I profer made,
Yeelded to me, marke, what I promist you,
I would haue done; but since you did denie,
Looke for deniall at Alphonfus hands.

Rise vp Iphigina, and stand a side. Alphonfus talke
with Albinius. Enter Carinus in Pilgrims

clothes, and say.

Cari. [aside.] Oh / friendly Fortune, now thou
shewest thy power
In raising vp my sonne, from banisht state
Vnto the top of thy most mightie wheele:
But, what be these, which at his sacred feete

1 4to ' damsel damsel.'
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

Do feeme to pleade for mercie at his hands?
Ile go and fift this matter to the full.

_Gotoward Alphonsus, and speake to one of his soldiers._

Sir Knight, and may a Pilgrim be so bolde
To put your person to such mickle pain
For to enforce me what great King is this,
And what these be, which, in such wofull fort,
Do feeme to seeke for mercie at his hands?

_Soul._ Pilgrim, the King that fits on stately throne
Is cald Alphonsus; and this matron hight
Fausta, the wife to Amuracke the Turke;
That is their daughter, faire Iphigina;
Both which, together with the Turke himselfe,
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

_Alph. [spie out Carinus and say._] And can the gods be found so kind to me
As that Carinus now I do espie?
Tis he indeed.—Come on, Albinius:
The mightie conquest which I haue atchievd,
And victories the which I oft haue¹ wonne,
Bring not such pleasure to Alphonsus hart
As now my fathers presence doth impart.

Alphonsus _and Albinius go toward Carinus:_

Alphonsus _stand looking on Carinus, Carinus say._

¹ 4to twice 'haue.'
Alphonjus, King of Arragon.

Cari. What, nere a word Alphonjus? art thou dumb?
Or doth my presence so perturbe thy minde
That, for because I come in Pilgrims weed,
You thinke each word which you do spend to me
A great disgrace vnto your name to be?
Why speakeft thou not? If that my place you craue,
I will be gone, and you my place shall haue.

Alph. Nay father stay, the Gods of heauen forbid
That ere Alphonjus should desire or wish
To haue his absence whom he doth account
To be the [guiding] Loadstone of his life.
What, though the Fates and Fortune, both in one,
Haue bene content to call your louing sonne
From beggers state, vnto this princely seate,
Should I therefore disdaine my aged fire?
No, first both Crowne and life I will deteſt,
Before such venome breed within my brest.
What erſt I did, the sudden ioy I tooke
To fee Carinus in such happie state,
Did make me do, and nothing else at all,
High Ioue himſelfe do I to witnes call.

Cari. These words are vaine; I knew as much before.
But yet Alphonſus, I muſt wonder needs
That you, whose yeares are prone¹ to Cupids ſnares,
Can suffer such a Goddes as this dame

¹ 4to 'prone.'
Thus for to shead such store of Christall teares.
Beleeue me sone, although my yeares be spent,
Her sighes and sobs in twaine my heart do rent.

Alph. Like power, deare father, had she ouer me,
Vntill for loue I looking to receiue
Louve backe againe, not onely was denied,
But also taunted in most spightful fort:
Which made me loathe that which I erst did loue,
As she her selfe, with all her friends, shall proue.

Cari. How now Alphonsus? You which haue
so log
Bene trained vp in bloudie broyles of Mars,
What, know you not that Caffles are not wonne
At first assault, and women are not wooed
When first their futers profer loue to them?
As for my part, I should account that maide
A wanton wench, vnconstant, lewde and light,
That yeelds the field before she venture fight;
Especially vnto her mortall foe,
As you were then vnto Iphigina.
But, for because I see you fitter are
To enter Lifts and combat with your foes
Then court faire Ladyes in God Cupids tents,
Carinus meanes your spokesman for to bee,
And if that she consent, you shall agree.

Alphon. What you commaund, Alphonsus muft
not flie,
Though otherwise perhaps he would denie.
Cari. Then, daintie damsell, fint these trickling teares,
Ceafe fighes and fobs, yea, make a merrie cheare:
Your pardon is already purchased,
So that you be not ouer curious
In granting to Alphonsus iuft demand.

Iphi. Thankes, mightie Prince: no curiofer Ile bee
Than doth become a maide of my degree.

Cari. The Gods forbid that ere Carinus tongue
Should go about to make a mayd consent
Vnto the thing which modestie denies.
That which I ask is neither hurt to thee,
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,
But good and honest, and will profit bring
To thee and those which leane vnto that thing.
And that is this: since first Alphonsus eyes
Did hap to glaunce vpon your heauenly hew,
And saw the rare perfection of the fame,
He hath desired to become your spowse:
Now, if you will vnto the fame agree,
I dare assure you that you shall be free.

Iphi. Pardon deare Lord; the world goes very hard
When womenkinde are forced for to wooe;
If that your sonne had loued me fo well,
Why did he not informe me of the fame?

1 = over-scrupulous.
Ca. Why, did he not? what, haue you cleane forgot
What ample profers he did make to you
When hand to hand, he did encounter you?
'Iphi. No, worthy sir, I haue not it forgot;
But Cupid cannot enter in the brest
Where Mars before had tooke possession.
That was no time to talke of Venus games
When all our fellowes were pressed in the warres.
Cari. Well, let that passe: now canst thou be content
To loue Alphonas, and become his spouse?
'Iphi. I, if the high Alphonas could vouchsafe
To entertaine me as his wedded spouse.
Alphon. If that he could? what, doft thou doubt
of that?
Iason did iet when as he had obtaind
The golden fleece by wife Medeas art;
The Greekes rejoyned when they had subdued
The famous bulwarkes of most stately Troy;
But all their mirth was nothing in respect
Of this my joy, since that I now haue got
That which I long desired in my heart.
Ca. But what sayes Fausta to her daughters choice?
Fau. Fausta doth say, the Gods haue bin her
To let her live to see Iphigina [friends,
Bestowed so vnto her hearts content.
ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARAUGON.

Alphon. / Thankes, mightie Empresse, for your gentlenes;
And, if Alphonfus can at any time
With all his power requite this curtesie,
You shall perceiue how kindly he doth take
Your forwardnesse in this his happie chance.

Cari. Albinius, go call forth Amuracke:
Weele see what he doth say vnto this match.

Exit Albinius, bring forth Amuracke.

Most mightie Turke, I, with my warlike sonne
Alphonfus, loathing that so great a Prince
As you should liue in such vnseemly fort,
Haue sent for you to proffer life or death;
Life, if you do consent to our demand,
And death, if that you dare gainfay the fame.
Your wife, high Fausta, with Iphigina,
Haue giuen consent that this my warlike sonne
Should haue your daughter for his bedfellow:
Now resteth nought but that you do agree,
And so to purchase sure tranquillitie.

Amu. [aside.] Now Amurack, aduise thee what thou sayest;
Bethinke thee well what answere thou wilt make:
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words.
If thou deny to be Alphonfus fire,
Death is thy share; but if that thou consent,
Thy life is sau’d. Consent? nay, rather die:
Should I consent to give Iphigina
Into the hands of such a beggars brat?
What, Amuracke, thou dost deceive thy selfe;
Alphonfus is the sonne vnto a King:
What then? the[n] worthy of thy daughters loue.
She is agreed, and Faufta is content;
Then Amuracke will not be discontent.—

Take Iphigina by the hand, and giue her to
Alphonfus.

Heere, braue Alphonfus, take thou at my hand
Iphigina, I giue her vnto thee;
And for her dowrie, when her father die[s],
Thou shalt possesse the Turkiish Emperie.
Take her I say, and liue King Nestors yeeres:
So would the Turke and all his Noble Peeres,

Alphon. Immortall thankes I give vnto your grace.

Cari. Now, worthy Princes, since by helpe of

Ioue
On either side the wedding is decreed,
Come, let us wend to Naples speedily
For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.

Amu. As you do will, we ioynly do agree.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Venus with the Muses, and say.

Ve. Now worthy Muses, with unwilling mind
Venus is forst to trudge to heauens againe:
For Jupiter, that God of peerles power,
Proclaimed hath a solemn festiuall
In honour of Dame Danaes luckles death;
Vnto the which, in paine of his displeasure,
He hath invited all the immortal Gods
And Goddesses, so that I must be there,
Vnlesse I will his high displeasure beare.
You see Alphonfus hath with much ado,
At length obtain'd fayre Iphigina,
Of Amuracke her father, for his wife;
Who now are going to the Temple wards,
For to perform dame Lunoes sacred rites;
Where we will leaue them, till the feast be done;
Which, in the heauens, by this time is begun.
Meane time, deare Muses, wander you not farre
Foorth of the path of high Pernassus hill,
That, when I come to finish vp his life,¹
You may be readie for to succour me:
Adieu, deare dames; farwell, Calliope.

Cal. Adieu, you sacred Goddess of the skie.

Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently,
let a chaire come downe from the top of the stage, and draw her vp.

Well, louing sisters, since that she is gone,

¹ Dyce annotates here, "This proves that Greene intended to write a Second Part of Alphonfus. Perhaps, indeed, he did write one: 'possibly,' observes Mr. Collier (Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet., iii. 171), 'the continuation has perished.'" See Storojenko's annotated Life, in our Vol. I., in relation to 'Selimus,' now restored to Greene.
Come, let vs haste unto Pernassus hill,
As Citherea did [vs] lately will.

Melpom. Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

Exeunt omnes, playing on their Instruments.

FINIS.